Infernal Zoo 2023 Story Log

Chris Hines

Larry, Curly, and Moe, three Feldraks of unparalleled ambition and fiery hearts, had always dreamed of one thing - conquering the Infernal Zoo, a mysterious and dangerous realm known to be home to the most fearsome creatures in the underworld. They were not your typical trio; Larry, the eldest, was the strategist, Curly, the middle brother, had an insatiable appetite for knowledge, and Moe, the youngest, was the muscle of the group.

Their obsession with the Infernal Zoo began with bedtime stories their mother used to tell them. She described it as a place of untamed beauty, where creatures from the darkest corners of the abyss roamed freely. But it wasn't just the awe-inspiring beasts that captivated their imaginations; it was the thrill of conquest that beckoned them.

One fateful night, after years of plotting and preparing, the trio decided to embark on their perilous journey. Larry devised a cunning plan to infiltrate the Infernal Zoo. Curly, the scholar among them, had meticulously researched the secrets of the realm and knew its inner workings better than anyone. Moe, the brute force, was armed to the teeth and ready to protect his brothers no matter what obstacles they encountered.

Their journey was fraught with peril, as they navigated treacherous rivers of lava, dodged the fiery breath of colossal dragons, and outwitted cunning demons guarding the gates of the Zoo. But Larry's cunning strategies, Curly's knowledge, and Moe's brute strength proved to be an unstoppable combination. Finally, after a series of harrowing adventures and close calls, they stood at the heart of the Infernal Zoo. Its denizens, once the stuff of their wildest dreams, now cowered before them. The brothers had achieved their conquest!

Aaron Chaum

Yvraine stared off into the distance, registering subconsciously the changing color of the leaves heralding a shift in the rhythm of nature. The castle behind her thrummed with the energy of the preparations being made for this years Hunt. She had lost count of the number of hunts she had led, but she remembered her first...her mind drifted back to that day long ago during her last year as Initiate when her father had agreed to let his children join the hunt.

That Hunting season had begun much like any other with her father and uncle Chaynal preparing for the Hunt. They had groused eloquently about the volume of raiders setting upon Taphria's shores hunting for dragon's eggs as they readied themselves to come to the noble creature's rescue. Then...a messenger, one of the trading posts had been raided by an old nemesis...her father could not let it pass unattended. Her uncle had been tasked with leading the Hunt in his stead and bringing Yvraine, her cousin and her brother along.

Her father brought most of the available dragons with him in his counterattack leaving his brother to make a pilgrimage to the forested mountains to request the aid of the Dragonguard who dispatched giant treemen and foot soldiers clad in green scale armor to join them in the Hunt. Leading the force was a gold armored Dragonguard champion on a chariot drawn by green drakes. When the Dragonguard had arrived at the castle they had pledged powerful oaths of fealty to her Uncle anointing him a holy warrior and laying powerful enchantments on him.

We mustered additional levies of archers to complement the Dragonguard’s combat abilities, clouds of arrows would help ensure the foul beasts did not roam freely while cavalry outriders would confuse and disrupt opposing forces.

Maarken had sought to read the skeins of fate as they embarked on the voyage but the mists of time were murky and unclear. He had been training most of his young life under her mother’s tutelage and had just recently attained the rank of Master.

Her brother carried the Household standard of House Cyroc, his mysterious druid masters allowing him to lend his aid as a healer on their mission. It was his sworn oath to protect the eggs and return them to the caverns beneath the Dragon Temple where they would reach hatching age in safety.

She and Eingana had left their island home many times before that day, but that was their first mission as part of a Cyrocian force. She had completed her Initiate studies but not begun her training as a Master then. She had trained so hard to master her limited spells that the air around her dragon fairly sparked with pyromantic and alchemical magic throughout the trip.

When they made landfall the mists in the shallows were impenetrable, excellent cover to avoid being seen, but disturbing for the total lack of information they had on what would greet them when they waded ashore. They encountered a dense jungle replete with dangerous poisonous reptiles of all shapes and sizes. Their Hunting party had encountered all manner of scum and villainy throughout their harrowing adventure that year, heroic elves had lost their lives to preserve the lives of the unborn dragons they had rescued and songs were still sung of the great deeds from that year’s Hunt...

Yvraine shook her head and roused herself from her reverie, even now one of the dragons born from the eggs rescued that year was soaring the thermals below with an Initiate on its back. The time had come again to defend the dragons...time to summon the Hunting Party…

Ben Kerr

In the grim and blood-soaked world of 9th Age, the three vampire siblings, Timmy, Jimmy, and Ginny, embarked on a perilous quest. The lost kingdom of Davis de California had once again resurfaced from the depths of oblivion, and within its cursed borders lurked abominations that sent shivers down the spines of even the most battle-hardened vampire lords.

Timmy, the eldest of the trio, bore a cursed amulet that granted him mastery over dark magic. His eyes, as crimson as the blood they craved, burned with an ancient power. Jimmy, the middle sibling, wielded a massive obsidian greatsword, enchanted with the souls of his fallen enemies. Ginny, the youngest, had the gift of seeing into the future, a talent that often saved their undead lives.

As they ventured into the accursed land of  Davis de California, they found a world swallowed by shadows, where twisted creatures prowled and ancient curses weighed heavily upon the land. It was clear that the kingdom had fallen to the most malevolent of chaos.

Their first encounter was with the dreaded Joshua of house Gurin, a beastly monstrosity with multiple heads and tentacle-like appendages. The three siblings hardened their will against the trials to come in the great battlefield that would become known as The Infernal Zoo!!

Joel Boccio

Brother Mark was a lowly cultist.

He believed in the power from beyond the veil but his lusty desires got the best of him.  He broke into his master's temple and tried to exploit the dark magic for his own pleasure.

At first, beautiful, pale skinned demons danced through the rip in the viel.  Their elegant and seductive motions lulled him into a daze.  More and more daemons emerged as the tear in reality grew,  The demonic forms getting deadlier and larger with each passing wave.

Sensing the disturbance in the magical flux, the ritual master arrived to see what his disciple had done.

It took all of his power to close the breach but not before the largest and most terrifying daemons had escaped.

In his moment of lust and weakness, brother Mark had unleashed an infernal zoo on the world!

Evan Boritas

In the scorching heart of the desert, Pharaoh Khetep commanded attention atop his golden chariot, adorned with a headdress that shimmered in the relentless sun. His three majestic sphinx companions, Amun, Bastet, and Ra, radiated an air of ancient mystique, their sleek forms etched with symbols of power and protection.

One blistering day, amidst the swirling sands, Pharaoh Khetep, wielding a staff passed down through generations, rallied his formidable army. With a commanding voice that echoed across the dunes, he ordered the charge. The desert became a theater of war, resonating with the rhythmic march of soldiers and the thunderous roars of his enchanted sphinxes taking flight.

As the battle unfolded, the sphinx trio unleashed their mystical prowess. Amun's ethereal flames engulfed enemies, Bastet's gaze froze them in their tracks, and Ra's blinding light incapacitated those who dared cross their path. These guardians soared above the chaos, their wings casting shadows on the shifting sands.

Pharaoh Khetep, a master of ancient incantations, wove spells that shaped the very fabric of reality. His staff crackled with arcane energy as he invoked the blessings of forgotten gods, reinforcing his troops and weakening the resolve of adversaries. The desert seemed to tremble beneath the weight of his magical prowess.

A rival sorcerer emerged, a dark figure seeking to unravel the pharaoh's forces with curses and shadowy beasts. Yet, the sphinxes descended upon the sorcerer, their combined might overwhelming his malevolent magic. The rival's illusions shattered like glass, and his power crumbled beneath the relentless assault of the ancient trio.

In a final, awe-inspiring act, Pharaoh Khetep conjured a colossal sandstorm that swept across the battlefield, a force of nature itself. The enemy forces were engulfed, their cries swallowed by the tempest's fury. When the sands settled, silence reigned, broken only by the triumphant roars of the sphinxes.

Amidst the aftermath, Pharaoh Khetep stood resilient, his headdress slightly askew, a symbol of the struggle endured. His army hailed him as a living legend, the sphinxes circling him in a protective embrace. The tale of this epic battle etched itself into the annals of time, a testament to the indomitable power of unity, loyalty, and the ancient arts.

Dave K

So my witchhunters in my army have their own personal goal at the Zoo this year which will be scored as "witchhunter points". Their goal is to eliminate all of this dark sorcery, even if high elves are casting it.

My army gets 2 points every time an opponent's channeler model is killed or flees off the board.

My army gets 1 point every time an opponent's model that can cast spells (but can't channel) is killed or flees off the board. Bound spells count.