

## Lux - Courtier

In long hallways filled with tapestries you walk and gossip with thine companions—Lords, Ladies, Generals, wielders of power and prestige, movers of heaven and earth. Thou speak, and they listen. Thy displeasure is feared, as the Duke and Duchess alike are swayed by your word, and while nobody knows from whence you came, they dare not discuss it bar most privately.

Yet none know the true reason for your ascent to influence. Arcane enchantments, magics of the mind both light and dark, answer thine skillful call. First Duchess, then Duke, fell to thine literal spell, bewitched in truth and practice. Long since it's worn away, yet still they look upon thee fondly—such is the power of your art.

But with Lux, each unraveled layer is revealed to be yet another apparent terminus hiding what lies beneath. For in truth, thine magics were not natural nor self-learned, but were taught unto thee by the Grand Magister of the French queen herself. Thine efforts have not been for personal gain, but for the French crown, and the fruit of thine endeavors is ripening rapidly. The French army camped outside Dunhurst has come at your beckoning, for the time of French domination of this pathetic kingdom is nigh. To speed these efforts, thou must secure loyalists forthwith. Bind word to deed by securing the binding signatures of two notable figures at the faire this day, to further the efforts of France.

Beware, for the miserable English wretches threaten to spoil your well-laid schemes. Thy spies inform thee that the French battle plans have been stolen! No other can be trusted with this, so you've come to this harvest faire where perhaps they will be handed over or sold for coin. You must recover them, without them falling into the hands of the English royalty, lest thine ambition fall to ruin.

Though that much may be going ill, not all fortune hath gone awry: Peter, a member of the Secret Police who mayest have discovered thine true aim, has been killed—regrettably, you don't know by whom. The karmic nature of witchcraft demands this deed be rewarded—you must find the assassin, and ensure 50 gold coins pass from you to their coinpurse, to prevent misfortune leaning more heavily on your efforts.

Your taste for magical knowledge ever needs slaking. Harvest faires like these inevitably harbor some sorcerous goods, and this one is famous for ensorcelled vegetation. Magic beans would perfectly suit further study.

Lastly, misplaced trust precedes death. Any drink not from thine enchanted cup could be poisoned. And it goes without saying—English agents and loyalists are surely about: protect thineself. For France!

## Common Knowledge

- This popular Harvest Faire draws crowds for many miles, and it caters to those

from every walk of life.

- The King's English army is camped nearby to defend Dunhurst. The attacking French are on the march, and should arrive next week!
- The popular Priestess Penelope was kidnapped yesterday. The Church hasn't paid the ransom of 100 gold pieces.
- A pagan Cult has been gaining popularity. The Church is displeased, and has been trying to root them out.

## Street Knowledge

- Buyers and sellers of underground magical items identify each other by casually using the phrase "shapely sword sheath"
- Buyers and sellers of documents with murky origins identify each other by casually using the phrase "delightful devilish deeds"

## Goals

- Get 2 Oaths of French Loyalty signed by willing players
- The French battle plans have been stolen. Recover them!
- The Secret Policeman Peter has been killed. Reward the killer with 50 gold pieces, lest karma smite thee!
- Find some magic beans for later study
- Any drink could be poisoned. Don't drink out of a cup you don't own at the faire.
- Stay out of trouble

Lux	
Secret	Priestess Penelope was not kidnapped—she defected to the French.
Clue	Lordyn can't be a sorceress—she has no magical aura!