



1 Fellow Travellers

- Debbs (Tim)
- Willhelm (Paul)
- Luca (Tom)

2 Diary of travelling in the land of Joiry

2.1 Session 1

While travelling to the Spring Fair at Latour-Rose the party discovered a stash of fine Murano glassware, perhaps abandoned due to the recent troubles, and decided to cart it to the fair to sell.

Several days out of Latour-Rose as evening set the party were set upon by a group of goblins and very large timber wolf. Before the wolf, filled with feral cunning beyond what is normal, could attack Willhelm ensorcelled the creature. I rushed forward and smote one of the goblins with my scepter and the remaining fled.

I bribe the wolf with a ration of dried meat, for which it was satisfied and disappeared into the darkness.



- Use ration for wolf

We travelled on into the darkness, spying what looked to be a giant on a hill some distance away. We hurried on towards a flickering fire in the distance, finding the fire outside a small stony bothy by the roadside.



A group of half a dozen ne'er-do-wells were already occupying the bothy, with a tarp set up to give extra cover. On a fire was a pot with a rabbit stew.

Their leader, a slim man called Evander, invited us to join them. They all looked like brigands except a young woman called Elene, a servant to Andrea de Courte, a merchant from Latour-Rose. I could not determine if she was a captive or not, but we were outnumbered so nobody wanted to push it.

- Small wiry fellow
- Woman with cudgel
- Large man with cudgel

Fortunately Luca and his dog turned up with a brace of conies, enough meat for all our group with some to spare. I broke out my jug of honey wine and shared it around the whole group, reducing the tension and quite possibly saving us from violence.



Both parties eventually settled down for the night, with each group setting a watch. Some time towards dawn the wolf made an appearance but the remains of the stew were enough to keep it from devouring anybody. We left at sunrise and headed along road to the next town.

Reaching the town of Lac-de-fer in the early morning and purchase a meal at an inn called the Leaping Fish. I am incensed to hear a cult known as the Tideborn has occupied and desecrated the church in the village.

- Spent 2sp for good breakfast

However mindful of the valuable cargo we were carrying and our few numbers I held my wrath in check. We were forced to sell one of the glass goblets to the local bargeman for passage across the lake.





On the barge we were accompanied by The Three Players, a troupe of entertainers named Yslen the Magnificent, Breagle the Strong and Eloise. As we crossed the waters a small fishing boat approached and we were accosted by one Carlu the Corsair, a cruel-faced fellow with an impressive moustache. He claimed to be searching for a Lady Annavyn and demanded to search and stab the womenfolk on the barge.

With swift action from Willshelm and Luca the corsair's bowmen were robbed of the bows and with a mighty push by Luca the barge lurched away from the boat, causing the corsairs to plunge into the water rather than leap aboard. Both the boat and the barge hastily rowed and polled away, leaving them to flounder.

2.2 Session 2

We enter the town of Latour-Rose and are greeted by local guard and gardener named Antoine. He recommended going to Monsieur Boutin, the stall manager, who is at the center of the town.

- The Juggler's Zeal
- River running through the center of the town
- Castle falling down
- Baronial square has palace

Monsieur Boutin recommends two stall holders, M d'Salice and M d'Courte, for selling the glassware to, otherwise we can hire a stall in the main square, at the cost of 100sp per day and 1/20 of the sale as taxes. The alternative is to set up in the Pauper's square, which costs nothing, apart from the tax. However selling valuable items in the pauper's square is to invite theft and there will be few buyers.



Henri the guard clears a path to M d'Salice and M Boutin quietly suggests not taking anything less than ten talens for glass. After a short discussion we depart, followed by an non descript character by the name of Martin.

At M d'Courte he offers to sell it on our behalf, taking a fifth as his cut. We sell two pieces to him for a gold talen and 100 silver pennies. Afterward we return to d'Salice and sell the remaining items for ten talens and 200 silver pennies, immediately splitting the money so each receive two talens. We are recommended the Hungry Cock by Martin as a place to lodge for the night.

Spend the remainder of the day shopping, encountering a number of strange people including Talak the Thred Merchant and Lady Snika.



- Spent 1 talents buying a new set of cloths
- Spent 1 talent on book and hourglass

I purchase a new set of travelling robes and boots, an hour glass and a book containing local folk songs.

We return to the Hungry Cock and while supping out evening meal are set upon by Martin and a crew of thugs. Somehow Lady Snika gets involved and steals a boot from right off Luca's foot. After a short fracas the thugs leave with the badly beaten Martin and the inn keeper is forced to hand over 212 silver pennies for this part in the ambush. We depart for fresh lodging. In the proceedings Lady Snika and her dog show they are not what they seem, but some sort of fey creatures.

2.3 Session 3

Monsieur Boutin, market-master, has a favour to ask of the heroes having helped them when they arrived in Latour-Rose.

Merchants and other travelers have complained of raids on the northern road. The bandits seem to have made their camp in an old ruin, long crumbled. The ruin is said to be haunted and perhaps cursed, and given the guard are largely volunteers it is proving hard to get anyone to investigate.

The curious thing is the bandits appear more interested in taking captives than treasure, though they take that too. So far no demand for ransom has been received nor prisoner released...





Surely however the heroes, who are brave and armed with faith, steel and magic, will prove up to this task.*

Having spent some time in Latour-Rose the party have picked up some followers and a mule. We acknowledge the favour owed to Monsieur Boutin and after collecting additional equipment and supplies from the town vow to set forth as the fair is winding down.

- Maurice the Muleteer
- Didier the Didier
- Armand the Mendicant
- Rayée (mule)



We head north from Latour-Rose and after a while meet The Three Players, whom we had encountered previously near Lac de Fer. Towards the evening we reach the path, heading off to the left into pine forest, but elect to continue on for another hour and make camp in an existing clearing next to the road.

After an evening of song, dance and tricks all have a safe night and leaving the group the party heads back south to the path. After maybe half an hour we encounter a group of peasants gathering snails and mushrooms. They say there is a group rebuilding the ruined temple deeper in the forest and that they had started before the winter. While their group is not particularly large, and might hesitate attacking a group of five there has been a giant feral cat stalking the area for the last few months.



We pay an old woman five silver pennies to show us way to the temple, another three to four hours further into the

forest. After a while on the path the mule refuses to budge so it is tied off in a thicket some way off the path.

We continue on for a good hour before discovering some concealed leycap mushrooms, a little way off the path. While gathering them the cry of a wild cat is heard and it attempts to ambush the party. With swift action the cat is taken down with a couple of crossbow bolts and as it lay wounded a cloud of darkness seeps out of its body.

I present the Holy Fingerbone and calling forth the power of our Lord banish the evil back to the Pit. The cat shrinks back to the size of an ordinary feral animal and the party, rather than slay the beast or leave it to die, patch it up with bandages and salves.



We track through the forest for another couple of hours, staying near but not on the path. Nearing the temple I stash my cart a little off the path and while doing so hear voices approaching along the path towards us.

Carefully stealthing through the underbrush we spy two people in black robes pushing a cart with a corpse loaded onto it. In conversation they say it will only be another few nights before the great work is done. We track the cultists to a stream where there are a number of bodies, possibly even half a dozen, dumped near the water.

An ambush and melee ensue and both cultists are rightfully slain. The corpse is that of a merchant who was in Latour-Rose for the faire, by the name of Vincent Guerin.

Leaving the stream and grisly occupants we return back and after an hour and a half reach a stone wall. Beyond is some sort of chapel or temple, and the sounds of a couple talking.

Another melee ensues with one of the cultists, a woman of unknown description, animating two corpses with foul necromancy. I destroy one with my vial of holy water and the other is eventually beaten down.

Inside the temple there is a dark alter which is being restored by blood sacrifice but it cracked by me striking it with my lit censor. The woman manages to escape using some sort of darkness magic but leaves her book behind.

After it all over we capture two cultists, a woman with a burnt face and a large burly man. We rescue two teenagers, who are the son and daughter of Vincent Guerin.



By the alter are stairs going into a cellar and within is a chest and a statue of of a toad god, which is destroyed. Around the cellar are strange runes carved into its walls and on reviewing the book it seams the cultist leader was attempting to transcribe them.

The chest reveals nine gold talens, 466 silver pennies, a beautiful inlaid wooden box worth perhaps 400sp, a box containing one and 1/3 Lightsucker candles and a pair of very familiar Moreno goblets worth 200sp.



The book contains one and 3/4 spells, which Willhelm claims. We rescue another two people leave the temple, pushing hard to get back to the road by night fall. The following day we return to Latour-Rose and hand over the captive cultists. Later we are feasted by the town and my spend items replaced by the church.

3 Session 4

After a short discussion it is decided Willhelm should hold the Lightsucker candle, as nobody else wanted to be associated with such dark sorcery. Due to its fragile nature it needs to be kept in a sturdy box.

A few days after our return Father Jan asks if can escort Brother Fabien to the Priory of Ste. Elodie de la Forest, which is deep in the Forest du Tarascon, the same forest that the fallen temple is.

It is pressed upon us the there is a path through the forest to the priory and that while poorly tended is denizens of the forest will not harm those who travel along it.

However there are bandits, and dispossessed men following the war, that roam the forest however and Brother Fabien carries a valuable hymnal so it is thought unwise for him to travel alone.

The church does not offer coin for this service but rather will pay in gear, provisions and room and board.

Brother Fabien is a large and watchful man, and strikes me as a former soldier who has witnessed too much war and horror for this soul to take. While morose and reserved the cudgel he carried spoke of violence repressed.

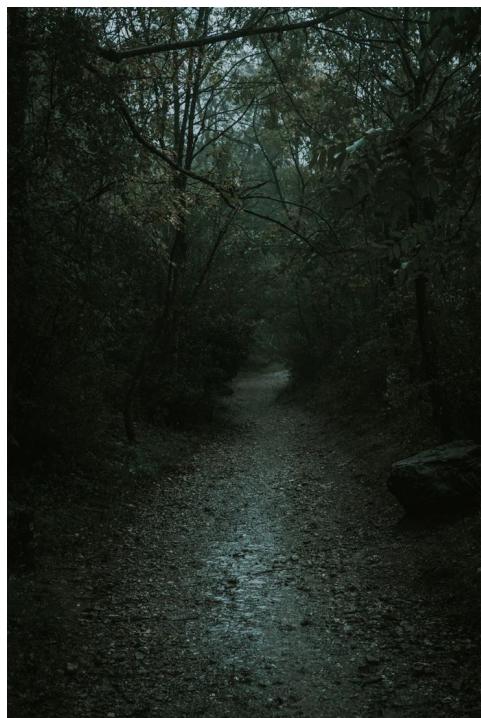
The group, five men, a mule and my hand cart, set off north along the road, laden with six days of travel rations. The path leading to the priory is not as far along as the path

to the temple and we camp on the road over night before heading in.

After a couple of hours into the forest meet a group of 20 peasants who are forging for mushrooms and other materials. Luca offers some rations and we stop and have a short second breakfast with the group.

Their leader warns us to always stay on the path, for it is a blessed path, and provided we do not do violence to the forest the forest and its creatures will not harm us. However men are not bound by this and they speak of a group of deserters further to the west (along the path).

The peasants say this close to the road it is safe to stray off the path but they do not travel further in, particular because there are men further along.



We continue along, the path slowly closing in but wide enough for the mule and cart, until we reach a fallen tree. Luca is a fine woodsman and his sharp axe makes good work, and between myself, Fabien and the mule we clear the cut pieces off onto the sides. I stack up some of the wood onto the cart for later use.

After not more than half an hour Luca detects the smell of woodsmoke from a recently doused fire. I use the wood to create a small barricade across the cart as a form of cover, should bowmen appear.

Luca steals forth and spies a camp set up on the path, with four tents, with five men and a single women. Two of the men have bows, while the leader has an axe and the others have knives.

Returning, Luca formulates a plan for myself and Fabien to wander towards the camp with the flagon on honey wine, singing and staggering as if we had imbibed too much.





This occurs, and their leader, Martin the Bloody, demands we surrender. Feining surprise and fright we flee back to the cart where Luca lies in wait.

Throwing away their advantage with having bows the instead charge after us and are taken by complete surprise when hold our ground strike with weapons.

We are hard pressed, with three verses five, but to my surprise the women stabs one of the deserters in the back and when he turns to remonstrate, stabs him again in the chest. After that we gain the advantage, but not before Luca and Fabien take wounds. Martin surrenders but before the woman, having finished off two of her wounded compatriots, can go to work on him Luca beheads him.

We gather up a couple of bows and arrows, but there is little else the deserters have on them, or in their camp. The women, Gaelle by name, claims to be held against her will. Luca seems skeptical but considering she acted against them is given the benefit of the doubt.



Towards the evening see torches off the path and we hear singing. We all stopper our ears and avoid looking at the lights. Camping, we set a watch with myself, Maurice and Armand, but are not disturbed.

Travelling on for next half a day its gets slow and boggy but we find a stream so we wash the dirt and blood of the bandit encounter.



At noon see a pack of six wolves lying across the path. Luca initially tries to shoo them away with a stick and I try with the smoke of the censor but in the end it takes a large fire and plenty of smoke to drive them away. This takes a couple of hours and its starts to rain. We push on and are forced to wade waist deep through a puddle blocking the path. This takes quite some time and it getting dark as we start moving again.

After setting camp a voice calls out to us, and a satyr named Ilikon offers us sustenance. After ensuring no fey trickery we welcome him and are plied with a fine rich wine, heady and strong.

A friendly competition ensues and with my lead and Fabien's rich baritone accompaniment the satyr is bested and in return we are taught a Song of the Forest.



Afterward more fey arrive and revelry ensues, with Gaelle dancing wildly with Ilikon. Ilikon tries to get Gaelle to join them, and after much discouragement from Luca and myself, chooses to go for a year and a day, and only with Ilikon, with the promise of a gossamer dress, meeting the elf king and riding on the back of a bumble bee.

In return we are given the flagon of wine and warned that path goes near the elf kingdom, who are beautiful but fell. In the morning all wounds are healed and wake up refreshed but with a hangover.



Off the path are three tall slender figures with cat's eyes, silver hair and armed with swords and bows. They are elves of the forest, their leader called Eloriel.

We are invited to the Elf Court, but we all politely decline, although I offer to come after our task is done, for I quest for song and tales, and I'm intrigued by their statement that there are places mortals can go that they cannot.





The generously give a parcel of six honeycakes each of which can keep a man fed for a day, and an Elfwhistle which may be blown once for aid and then must be returned (if blown again it will still call something forth) and three Trueflight arrows (d12, 50% chance of being retrieved). I offer to quest a trifle for them and they give me fine wooden box in which you are to capture the laughter of a child, which will not rob the child of voice or future merriment.

Its rains heavily through out the day so slow going but we are not attacked and towards the end of day see a palisade and a group of monks attending the area inside.

We are taken to Friar Thomas and both Fabien and the hymnal are safely delivered. After Evensong an early night is welcome with a warm cot in a dry room.

