



1 Myself and my fellow Travellers

While a man of the cloth I see my calling as collecting and singing the folk songs of our many varied lands.



We are travelled from the poor lands of the Auvergne, heading south to the Country of Joiry, known for its rich wines and good food. Word has reached us of a Spring Festival in the town of Latour-Rose.

My companions are an odd mix to be on the road but the presence of Luca the woodman and his bloodhound Rex have proved, I am convinced, of a strong deterrent to many a brigand and highwayman.

Wilhelm the Wondrous, a conjurer of sorts, has a disarming air about him, with many a stranger giving him the benefit of the doubt, seemly out of nowhere.

Last is the waif Debbs, know is local of the Country and on some errand to Latour-Rose. She seems weak with weapons but her spy glass has come in handy many a time, for danger avoided is danger overcome.

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 Wilhelm 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 Anwyn and demanded to search and stab the womenfolk on the barge.

With swift action from Wilshelm 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 pulled 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



We spend some time in Latour-Rose, enjoying much that the fair has to offer, and I settle into my new clothes and carefully wear in the boots.

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 this 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 of 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 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 seems 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.

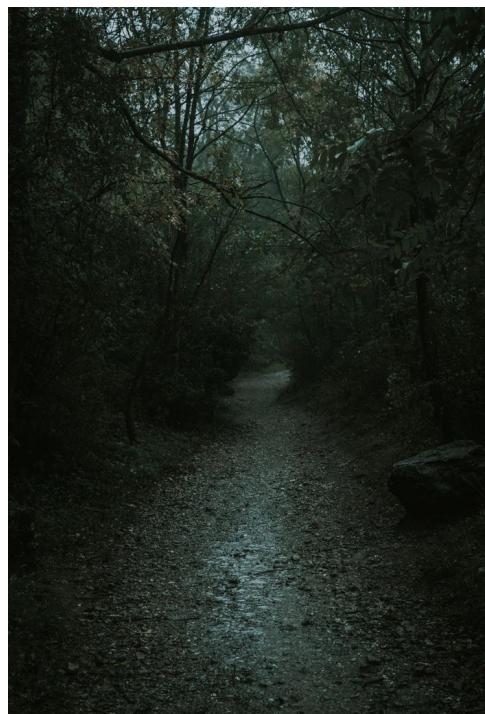
Brother Fabien is a large and watchful man, and strikes me as a former soldier who has witnessed too much war and horror for this soul to take. While morose and reserved the cudgel he carried spoke of violence repressed.

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 foraging 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 versus 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.





3.1 Session 5 - 2026.02.09

Clara, the pretty young daughter to the Baron Latour's head laundress, has gone missing. It is feared she caught the eye of the cruel Vicomte de Malmont.

Clara is due to be married soon. The head cook Mathilde asks Debbs and her companions to help, having befriended Debbs when Wilshelm and Debbs were recently attending the castle. As Wilshelm entertained, Debbs was taken care of below stairs.

Can the heroes find Clara before she is ruined?

While Luca and I make our way back from the Priory Wilshelm had been requested to do a command performance for the Baron Latour and his court.

While Wilshelm was performing one of the Baron's guests, Vicomte Henri de Malmont by name, threw a dagger at him. While Wilshelm was not injured the trick was ruined. Later a half gold talon is also thrown by Malmont but this time Wilshelm caught it.



While this was happening on stage Debbs was in the kitchen with Mathilde, the head cook, a large woman of maybe 40 years. It seems that Debbs and Mathilde had crossed paths some years earlier when Debbs was in the care of nearby wise woman.

It seems Mathilde has taken a shine to Debbs and introduced her to the head of the baronial household, a Madam Chastain, who, while skeptical of Debbs, accepted her desire to learn to dance as a genuine attempt to improve herself and her station, and organised some introductory lessons with one of the dance masters.

The following day Luca and I return and Debbs says Mathilde has requested assistance from the party. Within the household there is a laundress named Leia, who has a daughter Clara. She is due to be married to the son of Antoine, the cobbler and some times town guard.

When we are arrive, some time midmorning, we are plied with a proverbial feast of game pie, wine and other quality food and beverage. While the rest of us tucked in to the fine spread Mathilde and Luca seem to be passing heavy

looks between each other, possibly more than what is appropriate in casual company.



We are told that Clara has gone missing and it is feared she has been taken by the agents of de Malmont, for whom stories tell that he takes captives to his hunting grounds in the Foret de Tarascon and hunts them for cruel sport, given gold to those few that escape but otherwise inflicting punishment on those re-captured.

We decide to set off to this lodge, collecting some garlic salts and spoiled meat to confounds the hounds of the hunts, while Luca is given a flask of fortified port and all given a fine packed spread for the road.

Antoine joins us for the road for he has been there before as part of this guarding duties. He tells there may be half a dozen guards at the hunting lodge but one of the, Pierre, is a good man come upon hard times, and may be turned. They are said to be lead by master huntsman, Serge, a brutal and cruel man.

It is near moon by the time we set off and travel along the now well known road to the north. At some point Luca's rodent travelling companion makes its appearance again, much to Antoine's surprise.



After a quiet and peaceful night camping near the road we enter the forest down a well kept path. Luca finds a pinch in the path and fells several trees to form a substantial barricade, carving into it words to the effect that it is the work of the Merry Bandits of Latour-Rose.

On a side note the Candle lasts a couple of hours per use but make the volume pitch black.

A short few hours after noon we reach the hunting grounds, a high palisade encircling them with a single large gate through. Somewhere inside is the lodge itself. Luca scouts the perimeter and finds a number of places where



trees have overground the wall but we would not be able to get the mule or cart across.

There is a guard hut outside the gates with two guards. Antoine indicates there will be maybe half a dozen guards all up, a similar number of beaters, and possibly a score of servants in the lodge.



Debb tries of distract the two guards while Luca stealths forward. Debb spills the fine packed lunch, for which I am still upset about it, and one of the guards scrabbles to retrieve the food. Then without warning Luca strikes own down with a savage blow of the axe while the second is cut down with crossbow fire before Luca finishes him off.

The two other guards, who where inside the gate, come out to see what is going off. Wilhelm charms one of them while the other flees, Luca going off in persuit. We enter through the open gate and stable the mule by the guard house, which has a small fence around it. The inside of the grounds is much like the woods we had travelled though save an area around 10 feet from the palisade has been cleared, making escape a difficult prospect.

While Wilhelm distracts his new found friend Debb departs after Luca. After a bit we hear dogs and Antoine says the beaters and huntmaster will be out setting traps.

Wilhelm and I, along with the last of the gate guards, heads down a well maintained path towards the lodge. A little way along we both attack the guard, slaying him, and hide the body in the trees.

From the distance we can hear horns, the baying of hounds and other comotion, so we push on and reach the lodge. The call has gone up so I crash though a window before it can be secured by shutters, the servant fleeing before me. Wilhelm follows, his dash across from the trees not noticed by the group at the main entrance.

Inside we sneak along a corridor, ducking into a side room near the entrance. From outside a bloody and enraged Luca starts rending the door with his axe while Debb screams the Red Cap will take them all.

Inside mutiny and chaoas reign and I attempt to surprise Serge with a crafty crossbow attack. He charges us and I manage to duck and strike him in his manhood, but not

before Wilhelm suffers a new mortal blow. I finish Serge off with a crushing blow to the back of the head and we are almost attacked by Luca in his red mist.

While Debb sees to Wilhelm Luca and I canvas the lodge, finding the prisoners in a cell in the cellar. After quite some time everybody collects themselves and we head back towards to gate, the remaining servants, guards and beaters no where to be seen.



We collect our assorted company from the gatehouse and Luca sets a trap he had found on the path. Debb arrives late, having set the lodge ablaze. We take a crafty path back through the forest, missing de Malmont but by a few short minutes.

A day later we return to Latour-Rose. I leave to join even-song at the chapel, the others to our lodgings and Luca to some secluded pantry with the grateful Mathilde.

Later de Malmont, his man companion Le Chevalier Roger Lavigne, his man Alex and guard Bruno, along with his retinue, also arrive back in Latour-Rose. Rumours from the street are that he was incandescent with rage for the fire had gutted his lodge, but also his evil deeds had stirred the forest against him and sent forth a revenant to deliver justice and punishment.

The Vicomte and company depart Latour-Rose the following day while I contemplate the breaking in a new pair of travelling boots hand crafted by Antoine.

