

## **Introduction**

### **Roster**

Leader:	Graaven Brightrock	Wicca Dwarf (M)
MilSci:	Kayseri	Illus Human(F)
Scribe:	G. Brightrock	
	Counot	Fire Elf(M)
	Hammer of the Gods	Rune Human(M)
	Zantos	Name Elf(M)
	Albion	Mind Elf(M)
	Hamish	Wicca Human(M)

### **Mission**

Find and rescue Godric, first son of Eddric Earl of Pevensey.  
Godric is missing after setting off to hunt down a tiger – reported to be in the woods around Buxton. He was riding with his squire, Tiwald (of the Marches), Odda the huntsman and a guardsman by the name of Deor.

Eddric has sent his own people in for Godric – they have not returned.

## **Log**

### **Off to a good start (Meadow 1 – 3)**

Our meeting with the guardsman Serjent Abbo went well and smooth. He had the coin to provide us with shadow wings and so we flew directly to Pevenston.

Hammer landed awkwardly – breaking his shoulder, buying him a day in the infirmary. His biggest complaint seems to be the lack of females there.

Earl Eddric met with us before we start our search. He answered our impertinent questions with royal grace to this effect...

- 1) There are no obvious political machinations afoot.
- 2) No ransom had been demanded.
- 3) Godric had no other reason for being in the woods other to hunt down a tiger (and what ever else he could find)
- 4) All of the Earl's family have Linking Life Force objects – Godric's (two items) are both intact. At this time he is alive and in one piece.
- 5) Kayseri has studied Godric's likeness – enough to reproduce an illusion of it. She has also questioned Oswald, second son of Eddric about his brother's nature. (Reckless but not stupid)

- 6) We have some items of Godric's for scent for Kayseri's hounds.
- 7) His Grace has furnished us with Lesser Enchantments
- 8) We have drawn provisions from Pevenston's quartermaster

Tomorrow we will fly to Buxton and start our hunt.

### ***Good Hunting (Meadow 4 – 8)***

We flew to Buxton via the roads – following our guide.

A flying search of the area gave us the lay of the land but no clues as to the whereabouts of Godric or his missing rescuers.

The Lady of Buxton greeted us well enough. Her Lord was away at the frontier leaving her somewhat short of men and material.

We talked to her and the remaining huntsmen of the forest, tigers and missing princelings.

Apparently the last tiger to roam these lands is now decorating the good lady's father's mantle place.

At that point we understood that the rescue party of guardsmen had gone to the local hunting lodge just out of Buxton. We followed their example and spent the night out there. After Kayseri's cleaning detail – the rotting deer carcass was fed to the local wolves.

Our hunt started in earnest on a bright day. I had no problems following the guardsmen into the forest.

During our trail we were beset by pixifolk. I believe that I was the first to fall into their enchanted sleep.

My fellows were variously affected – only Albion escaped sleep and or regression to childhood.

They tell me that Cournot blasted a pixi or two into the netherworld and Hammer of the Gods dined on pixi flesh while in his snake form.

It was left to our Mind Mage to keep our children (Zantos, Hamish and Cournot) in line until the rest of us awoke and could help.

Hammer was both childish and caught in snake hide for some time.

I have not straightened events out yet but young Hamish is sporting a nasty horseshoe scar on his forehead and Zantos has become fixated with an acorn and one of Kayseri's ladels (now transformed into a mighty sling and a magic, lucky acorn)

It took two days for our cohort to re-establish sane working order (such as it is).

### ***Enchanted Forest. (Meadow 9 – 14)***

We have had the good fortune to acquaint ourselves with the guardsmen sent to rescue Godric – lead by master Gwerbet He has been wandering these woods for the last two weeks, unable to progress or retreat. He told us of how they travel from their last encampment only to arrive back a couple of days later. Always entering from the opposite side of the camp they left.

Making use of Hammer's Runes of Truth and Divination and Zantos's aura detection – we deduced that we have wandered into an enchanted area.

(The divination tells us that the area measures 12 miles across and 'none may leave'. It is a masterful ritual of illusion – in a ring around this area.)

### ***Flets, a Snake and a Tiger (Oh My) (Meadow 15 – 18)***

Within this enchanted forest stand some trees with flets built on them. (A flet is a tree house built in the elven style) We eventually found three – two rudimentary lodgings and one relatively opulent abode with 3 bedrooms and a proper cooking mantle.

A tiger, presumably 'the tiger', interrupted our first night under a flet. Hammer of the Gods, in python form, made short work of subduing the beast – leaving it to the tender mercies of Albion.

We used the now bound tiger to help us understand more of about the enchantment encircling us. Several hours of playing fetch with a tiger and indulging in the philosophy of triangles taught us that sentient beings were trapped and we could find the centre if we wanted to. It is on this day that we found the salubrious flet.

Our opinion at this point was that we had stumbled into an area of imprisonment. The prisoners either made the flets or they were observation posts for the guards/keepers. We had also observed that the area could be of strategic importance for someone trying to keep advancing armies from advancing through this valley.

By the morning of the eighteenth the tiger would become a liability and so we dispatched it and claimed its pelt and teeth.

### ***Amulets of Luck indeed (Meadow 19 - 21)***

We decided to make camp for a few days in order to hunt, rest and deal with this tiger. Its teeth were destined to become amulets of luck and for that we needed to collect the right herbal ingredients.

Kyseri paid dearly in helping me with the tiger – she suffered two debilitating backfires. The itching – we could deal with (*hypnotism*) but the enfeeblement was beyond our skills. This, along with Hammer's arthritic state made us look a sorry bunch indeed.

Zantos on the other hand did very well in finding my herbs and perforce the corridor out of here. The plants grow in straight lines – marking the road to freedom. Of course we verified this with a ritual of divination.

On the 21<sup>st</sup> Meadow – we walked out of the forest only to trespass on elvan lands.

### ***The lands of King (?) (Meadow 21 – Heat 2)***

Our reception party was a cool affair including bows, arrows and not so veiled threats. We found out that these elves were holding Godric and his company for trespass until they could decide what to do with him.

We were less than cordially invited to stand before the king to explain ourselves.

It took us a day and a half to reach the elf dwelling despite the necessity for medicinal hypnotisms (I fell foul of the itching malady – attempting to help Kyseri) and recasting of Kyseri's pony.

By and by we stood before King (?). He can speak the common tongue; this distinguishes him from many of his subjects.

We apologised for our trespass – explaining that no one knows of his kingdom so it was difficult to consciously avoid it. This was accepted.

We also discussed the fate of Godric. In short - we bargained for his life (not to mention our own).

What we thought of, as a prison area is actually an ancient defence gone awry. It is – by effect, keeping these elves imprisoned, or at least limiting their options of travel, in their own lands. We agreed to collect the necessary ingredients for a ritual to remedy this situation.

They need four paws of a griffon and a collection of herbs.

Kyseri knows of griffons in this area from her adventures out this way and the elf philosophers told us of an area north of Azadmere where we may find the herbs.

I arranged to take Godric and his crew with us by giving our parole to return and leaving Gwerbet behind. In my mind – this meant that we could keep an eye on the lordling and keep him out of trouble for he had been restless and rude to his hosts.

We took nine days to prepare and train for our quest. I completed three amulets of luck (the fourth tooth was broken during the extraction).

This has to be recorded ... Hamish came up with a superb idea. After incessantly plotting to get us out of trouble that we were not in, Hamish produced a gem that helped us ensnare a griffon in short order.

He suggested that we string ropes in a spider's web fashion and lure the griffon in to the net with an illusionary pony.

We refined the ropes into a weighted net and made it invisible.

With the power of flight – bestowed by an elf air mage – we flew to the mountains and set our trap. Hamish eventually summoned a griffon and it fell plumb into our snare. I believe that Godric's huntsman Oddo loosed the killing arrow to the beast's heart.

We took various trophies along with the paws back to the elves.

It will take a couple of days to fix a few backfires before embarking on the much less dangerous adventure of hunting plant life.

### ***Searching for a flower in a forest***

And so ... we flew out some 90 miles NNE past Azadmere, over a mountain range and set down in a valley-forest. Looking for a very small orchid parasite on a birch. The task looked to be a long one until Kyseri suggested a flying search for high mana zones because we all know that strange and wonderful things grow in high mana zones.

During this exercise – Hamish broke himself, setting down too hard. As it happens - in a high mana zone. I flew back for help and the others did some exploring.

Cournot and Hammer played some more with their emerging hobby (the philosophy of triangles) in the search for the centre of this enchanted area. (*a familiar feeling*). There seems to be some report of mile long string and imaginary clues.

Kyseri and Albion climbed birches looking for our elusive orchid. I believe that Albion is getting the hang of climbing claws now.

At the centre – there is a rock, a big rock – more of a boulder. It is extremely magical and the source of this plentiful mana.

We have thought hard about taking the rock with us – and will think more on the subject when we've the time.

I returned with a healer and his protection of three warriors by dinnertime. Hamish will be up and about in a day or so.

## **"Who needs constitution when you have style?"**

*(Hammer of the gods, Heat 5 802wk)*

Around the manarock, in a circle, are five trees of note – they are home to Dryads. The elves tell us that Dryads are pleasant folk who live in trees.



This did bring up the subject of other faye of nastier disposition – namely Satyrs and Nymphs.

We have agreed that – even if we look like we are moving of our own free will towards the company of these beasties – we are to be rescued. Hammer made some joke about giving him a week or so...

Almost predictably, at the third watch, our camp was visited by a frolicking band of goat-legged faye. To which master Hammer winked at me and legged it for the company of Nymphs.

That night I learned a valuable lesson in

emergency diplomacy. It is not advisable to frighten someone awake and then *Hypnotise* them (even for their own protection) for they will, understandably, resist you. As it happens – Cournot was lucky enough to not resist too hard and therefore followed my suggestions about not falling for the charms of Nymphs or Satyrs.

It took us about two hours of chasing, cross hypnosis, undetectability and general shenanigans to recover Hammer.

For which I was berated. It seems that Hammer actually did want us to wait a week for him. He does not believe that more than a day or so would have pleased him to death.

\*A special note of brilliance from Albion for suggesting that hypnotisees be told that neither Nymphs nor Satyrs were sexually attractive.

\*A special note of hilarity upon hearing that Albion thought that there was a band of Sadists wandering around the forests and he might be 'in' there.

As of the morning of the sixth – we still do not have our plant and so the search continues.

### ***Godric goes home (Heat 6 – 11)***

We put our heads together and thought that the Dryads around the magic stone could tell us where to go for parasitic orchids.

One of the five answered Cournot's calls and deigned to show us a specimen that we could take for the cause. She was insistent that we did not harm the host birch. And so we spent a day practising and experimenting non-damaging tree climbing.

Best of all is Hammer of the Gods – changed to his snake form. He had to devise a way to carry implements of extraction up the tree to use in human form then to carry them all down, serpentine again.

We (Kayseri) also played with illusionary flying creatures for a way to get back to the elves with the freshest plant specimen possible. As it turns out – her spells do not help her to create any beast, which we could think of, that was helpful here.

Hammers thoughts turned to Sylphs. He thought that an airy fey could help us get back quicker. I think it was Cournot that forwarded the idea that Hammer just wanted to meet yet another beauty.

True or not – we took it as a plan.

The next day we reported to the Dryad for the honour of collecting our quest plant. She told us of a Sylph – on the mountain 'yonder'.

We trekked out to the foothills that very day and started the climb on the morning of the next.

I took a party of three to the summit Cournot, Hammer and Me. Once we got to the top, we had very little idea how to introduce ourselves or even how to tell if the sylph was home.

My thought was to do a ritual of purification and hopefully attract her attention. Cournot was less subtle and more effective – he called to her in elven tongue and she appeared. He petitioned this gossamer winged beauty with our story and need.

Long after I would have lost patients with his squeaking and babbling she smiled and agreed to help us.

Soon we were all flying back to the elf king.

He took our offering and released the lordlings – indeed he ordered a flight spell cast on Godric and Squire Tiwald so we could deliver them soonest while the rest of the Earls men were to be escorted to the edge of the elf domain with their horses.

***A Hero's Welcome. (Heat 11 – 17)***

Young Godric was delivered safe and sound to his noble parents and we have been paid handsomely for our services.

I am glad to report that the town of Pevenston receives heroes extremely well and much good-natured carousing was had by all (who wanted it).

We spent one week organising our prizes (War Horses, Care of the Baron (?))

It took us four weeks to travel to Seagate.