

## **Once upon a time,**

about last Tuesday, a fine stout prince sojourned in the town of Seagate. He had travelled many leagues, looking for an auspicious number of worthy souls to aid him in his time of troubles. [8→]

In his lands of Fantasia there lived a beautiful princess that had taken a dislike to the fortunes laid out for her by her mother the queen. The strong willed lass had left the comfort of the palace and ventured forth into the wildes – looking for fortunes of her own making. [8→]

Resting after the Samhain celebrations – it came to the fine prince's notice that Seagate hosted a manor house of adventuring souls. It was a strange and wonderful place filled with monsters of all sorts and peopled with princes and humans – training hard in schools of war and adventuring arts. Surely this would be the place to find a band of trusty stout hearts.

No sooner than said – seven adventuring princes, a wolf and a dog stepped forth to join in company and put wrongs to right. They were ...

Wordsmith a leader amongst princes, Dirk and his wolf to advise him on military matters, Graaven the storyteller, Garridhe mighty, Dur who walks the earthen path, Angelica known as Flap and Olga (with dog, Suzy) – beastmistress. [8→]

The fine prince gifted the stout hearts with a map of his lands so they might travel knowledgably on their quest. [8→]

His words of wisdom were “Don't tell the elves because they'll tell the flowers and they'll tell the Ivy and the Ivy will tell everyone”.

## **Up up and away on**

the winds of a hurricane did ride the Seven and the fine prince to the lands of *Fantasia*.

The Seven found themselves in a forest of thinking trees. Flap amused herself – talking at the trees while the rest endeavoured to rescue Suzy the dog from the highy branches of an oak.

Quote: “Don't believe everything a leaf tells you”. Dirk, on hearing Angelica saying that the oak had *told* her that it would let her climb it safely to rescue Suzy.

Prince Graaven led his fellows to the nearest town – a town with a [castle](#) and the name of Fantasia. They bandied about a story to tell to any who asked. They would say that they were questing to find the best beer in all the lands. Their reception at the gates was most appropriate – the humans stood to attention most courteous in the wake of the Stout Hearts' progress to the castle.

## **At the castle –**

the Seven were made welcome and rested well. They learned that the tutors and body servants, responsible for the princess were being examined thoroughly and they were most welcome to inspect the proceedings and their graves.

They asked to see a protocol advisor and [Lord Seral](#) answered that call – he advised them that topica non-gratia were reflective surfaces, rose bushes, the weather, princesses and mothers (in general but step mothers specifically). Lord Seral left them to rest some more while he went off to arrange a dusting of courtiers to visit during diner.

The seven did indeed rest and talk quietly amongst themselves – recapping their strange adventures so far and lamenting the eleven pubs that Graaven did not stop at on the way to the castle. They noted that some picture frames were empty – were they mirrors?

**A**t the same moment that someone referred to the princess with the phrase ‘Snow White’ – there was a loud crash and a tinkle from the room next door. The Seven investigated and found a storeroom of giant urns, all pretty with paintings of vines and birds. Unfortunately – one of them was whole no more, in pieces on ground.

**The Seven Dwarves Adventure – Episode 2**

As Prince Garin was indisposed due to a massive and unexpected hangover, I Prince Dirk from Beyond the Blood Kingdom, take up the tale. There may even appear to be more than one dwarf in the party...

**What enables the wise sovereign and the good general to strike and conquer, and achieve things beyond the reach of ordinary dwarves, is foreknowledge.**

***Drum BloodAxe, The Dwarven Military Expert, 50AP***

We went for a wander to check out the general layout of the castle before dinner. It was big. Very big and maze like. The pageboy found us barely in time to get us to dinner.

## Dinner

First a chat with Prince Verris.

- He looked a little like the one we met.
- There seems to be a family resemblance in all the princes so far.
- He had last been impacted by planar travel magics 2 or 3 months ago (DA – Dirk).

So who hired us?

- Hunting on the green and purple roads is good. They hunt sentients. (Humans, animals?)
- Wood cutters and peasant women are good to ask if you have lost things
- There are bandits and rebels on the roads
- There are wolves on the icy wastes (get there by any road but the green road). These wolves used to be rulers of Fantasia but they were replaced by the element/witch. (More on this later)
- He is 230 years old (DA WordSmith).
- You can find a which, Black Gwyn by going down the Blue road for an hour or two, turn left off the road, and the brambles will take you there...

Then with Prince Quinn.

- True form Prince (Generic name: Dwarf, sub type – Prince) (DA )
- You get to the Crystal Kingdom down the Purple Road.

The Prince organised a trip to a local pub that night and agreed to guide us in the morning.

## At the Pub

We were escorted by the expected collection of assassins, spies and courtiers. They couldn't hold their alcohol for toffee, however. Except one who was just pretending to be passed out. We asked for a troubadour and I asked for good epic stuff. We got the story of the lost 12<sup>th</sup> Kingdom.

- The troubadour was called Alfreus. He was a long lived sentient fey (elf?)
- He had a bardic spell on him – Orchestral Accompaniment (DA Dirk)
- The 12<sup>th</sup> kingdom (once the central kingdom, element Mercy) was lost when 13 princes or princes insulted or were not merciful to witches, wolf (the youngest Prince didn't get it out of a trap), etc etc. So the 12 offended entities turned up at the birth of the 13<sup>th</sup> royal child (13 is significant – one more than the number of kingdoms?) and cast a multi-layered curse, sealed and made unbreakable by a 13<sup>th</sup> entity (unknown, unlike the rest). The royal line will not reappear until who knows when (as this is obscured by the curse), and with the loss of the Royal family, the Kingdom was lost and scattered to the borders of the other kingdoms (didn't understand this bit). Still, the maps had to be rearranged.
- The troubadour was definitely afraid of princes

The troubadour also played some good decent stuff, good beat, stompy (stumpy?) stuff with lots of metal on metal and a bit of Gregorian chanting.

### In Bed

We got home around 2 to discover Bed warming human maidens. I couldn't possibly say who might have been crass enough to take advantage of this, but I certainly didn't.

### Map Tuition

Prince Quinn gave map lessons (especially to Angel).

Bead positions represent kingdoms. Our map (obviously made in Fantasia) has Fantasia in the middle, represented by 4 beads in the middle.

Move one bead down a road you get to a kingdom e.g. the bead at the end of the purple road and the rest at the centre represents the Crystal Kingdom. That is, move from Fantasia down the Purple road, and get to the Crystal Kingdom.

"If you go down the Green Road (Kingdom A) and then the Yellow road, you get to another kingdom (B). Then down the green road to (C) and then Yellow back to Phantasia".

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Outer Wastes are represented by the beads being flung to the four corners.

I guess that there are 4 kingdoms one road from Fantasia (one bead in a corner)

6 kingdoms at the end of two roads

That gives 10 kingdoms plus Fantasia at the middle and 1 kingdom at the end of 4 roads (if that is possible) (the 12<sup>th</sup> kingdom) or maybe just lost .

Can you travel 3 roads to a new kingdom?

The numbers here need to be replaced by the numbers of the elements/kingdoms below..

Starting at Fantasia, this gives one way of travelling to each kingdom. There are of course others.

Kingdom	Road	Kingdom (1 bead)	Road	Kingdom (2 beads)
2	Purple	Crystal (2)		
3	Green	3		
4	Yellow	4		
5	Blue	5		
6	Purple	Crystal (2)	Green	6
7	Purple	Crystal (2)	Yellow	7
8	Purple	Crystal (2)	Blue	8
9	Green	3	Yellow	9
10	Yellow	4	Blue	10
11	Green	3	Blue	11
12	Lost			

### The last Tutor (of the Princess)

We were taken down underground nearer/under the central citadel. It got colder and colder, down to -5. This is nearer the heart of Fantasia.

- The Tutor was human with a sub-type of Tutor.
- He was ill, cursed? By the princess we are meant to find? He was here for his health, apparently. He didn't look convinced he was going to live long. Last spell to impact – refrigeration.
- Name Athonis the Tutor, previously of the Blood Kingdom.

- There is inter Kingdom communication (according to Prince Quinn) (although they appear to be somewhat in conflict according to a dead tutor)
- The princess was a quick study and taught by him
  - Revenge
  - Deportment
  - Warcraft
  - Cursing
  - Dialectic
  - Questing
  - Potions
  - History
  - Needlecraft
  - Outdoors stuff
- Lessons were in the mornings up in the teaching rooms, with 3 younger sisters, the oldest 18 months younger
- Advanced classes in Cursing were given by the queen
- She had been to the Blood Kingdom and the Crystal Palace
- She had imaginary friends
- He taught Princess Rosie in the Blood Kingdoms

#### Education

We were taken to see 3 princes (humans) and 4 princesses educated by tutor.

- The princes were Alexander, Leon and Ronald
- The children were bluish and cold (0 degrees)
- The princes not yet dwarves (get that way at puberty)
- The princesses had blue eyes
- They are linked to the Heart of Fantasia
- They can be insulated from the Heart by an Ice counter spell area affect
- Not sure if they draw power from the Heart

#### Armoury

Prince Quinn took us to the armoury.

- The weaponsmiths/armourers were gnomes and humans.
- Magic armour (mostly ornate, all metal) was available in
  - Non-discomfort
  - Resist curses
  - Shininess
- We were offered +5 weaponsmithed daggers, cold iron, with the insignia of the royal house as gifts (I'm not sure who accepted this gift – makes magic a bit tricky, after all)
- We were offered magic weapons, various enchantments available, for 1 lb of gold

#### The Grave Yards

- There were loads of graves with white flowers (killed by princesses), and lots but less killed by princes, and a few other colours. No dates.
- Our informant was Daniel the Tutor – who had fragments of eyeballs lodged in his brain He told us the following
  - The Hearts of the Kingdoms are witches, intelligent and powerful beings (godlike?)
  - Queens graduate to be hearts by defeating them
  - Princess can become queens (by defeating the queens), or witches or disappear or get princes?

- The hearts of the kingdoms represent and control and are Elements (but not as we know it, or colleges)
- Princesses rebel sometimes (Princes?)
- Those that do end up as plants or beats

### **A Living Tutor's view on the Elements (Kingdoms)**

We then found a living tutor and asking about the elements - just to give a completion to the element discussion that had arisen. And here they are:

1. Krystal
2. Blood
3. Ice
4. Time
5. Gold
6. Death
7. Coercion (Charm, seduction)
8. Lust
9. Despair (Ennui)
10. Fear
11. Envy
12. Mercy (lost 12th kingdom)

Hence you can travel between the kingdoms and get combinations – down the Blue road to hate and despair..?

And this is where we ended up last session. Maybe 3pm?

### **The Seven Dwarves Adventure – Episode 3**

Alas, our comrade Graaven of Brightrock is still feeling poorly, and, I Prince Dirk, from Beyond the Blood Kingdom, continue the tale. There is no truth to the rumour that his malingering is due to a sexually transmitted disease.

**What enables the wise sovereign and the good general to gain respect, and achieve things beyond the reach of ordinary dwarves, is the ability to drink.**

### ***Drum BloodAxe, The Dwarven Military Expert, 51AP***

We visited a tutor (Gareth) who gave us the element/kingdom correspondence. There are three tutors. He taught Martial Arts, and Weapons, and another travelling skills, and another courtly skills (including cursing?). He was also from the Blood kingdom, where our missing princess was a friend with the Princess Rosalind. The Blood kingdom is down the Green Road. we again repaired to the graveyard. We looked around for recently dead tutors, to no avail. There were a few whose graves looked recent (remember that there are no dates inscribed on the tombstones in Fantasia). These dead included Emily the cook. However, we opted to visit the Royal enclosure. This is in the corner of the main graveyard. Angel drove the gardeners away with inane questions and drivel (well done, our secret weapon). We determined that there was a ward of 30 foot diameter in the area of the entrance. It was warded – with a curse of freezing which could be countered by a Necro Special (DA: Wordsmith). It was triggered by one with a current Royal Heart curse (Dirk DA). We opted not to remove it believing none of our party had yet been cursed by a Royal. However Garrick was struck down and

frozen in place. He proved very difficult to move (if not impossible). Both namers attempted and succeeded with a dissipation. The ward was gone.

We retired to our chambers and did a divination (Wordsmith), determining the affect was a Necromantic Icy Doom), the MA being 23. However, the lifting of the affect was determined to be only a temporary escape, as the curse would come into affect again in 20 hours. There was some discussion of how Garrick obtained the curse – it was even suggested it was due to the use of the bed warming maidens – a possibility that Garrick could not deny.

## Dinner

We had an informal dinner in our rooms. Prince Verris joined us. We learned the following:

- Nigel the chamberlain, a tall thin human, dressed normally in silver and blue, also disappeared at the same time as the princess. He left his pointy hat behind.
- There have been a few border disputes with the Crystal kingdom.
- There is no current out and out warfare between the kingdoms.
- The current Ice king comes from the Blood kingdom
- Hunting
  - Princesses don't hunt
  - There is some compact/treaty with the fey, which means that certain weapons (and magics) are proscribed on both sides? (This fits with the fey bard having some kind of theoretical immunity in the city bounds)
  - Rowan shafts, silver and iron are all effective against some creatures, but ineffective against others

The Prince organised a trip to a local pub that night.

## At the Pub

Unlike the night before, the Prince was our host and lead us to a large house, which did not outwardly resemble a tavern. However, inside it most definitely was, and designed for Dwarves to boot, as was the ale. Excellent stuff. It certainly must be said that the Prince could organize a piss up in a brewery.

A drinking competition then ensued. We drank, and Prince Verris tried to pump us for information, and we him. Although it was 1 against 7 he had been formally trained for this and soon many of our number were under the table – Wordsmith in particular. I (Dirk) perhaps fared the best on our side, but gleaned little information except that four of the crowns are 'weapon' crowns – one of them being the Fantasian crown. Another weapon crown belonged to Trivia. The Mercy kingdom had crown, but I cannot recall what it's power was (a crown now lost). The others also had special powers. I let slip that the crown we were searching for enabled shape changing and language abilities. I also volunteered the party for a dragon hunt in the morrow (a much more satisfactory activity than hunting humans for servants, in my view). Looking for ward to it.

Eventually Angel, as is her wont, got bored and hacked open an ale cask. This proceeded to fill the floor behind the bar up to the lip on the step – resulting in a 1 foot swimming pool of the finest Dwarven ale. Naturally Prince Verris, myself and a few others (names, anyone?) took up the challenge and tried to empty it. As there was little space and a requirement to jostle for position, this resulted in the invention of an excellent new drinking game, just when we thought we had seen them all.

## The morning after the night before

Skipping quickly past the bed warming human maidens (metaphorically, that is), we retired to bed. Angel then made systematic and annoying attempts to wake everyone early (before 10am, that is). I went back to sleep. I note that being good Dwarven ale, no hangovers were suffered. The previous nights had definitely been impure.

Dur's bed warmer had bared their door (should that be bared or barred?). My wolf and Olga's dog were let loose and apparently had a good time down with the hunting dogs. Eventually Wordsmith and myself sat down with Garrick to do a long divination (Worksmith) and a dissipation (Dirk). Unfortunately, the dissipation failed, and Garrick stiffened up again. We both resumed a dissipation ritual.

Meanwhile Angel went off to find excitement, and met a tutor and young princesses. She was persuaded to join in a game and rescue them from a high tower. They started a fire, the smoke of which alerted the party (Angel had to be involved). Dur and Olga went off to investigate while Wordsmith and I continued our rituals.

## The rescue

Angel, Dur and Olga joined forces. They came across the first of the princesses' obstacles. An Ice lizard/snake thing blocked one room. After some confusion about who had what magical weapon (doubtless still clouded by the previous evening's excesses), Dur and Olga killed the beast. Unfortunately not before Angel had been frozen in place. Dur and Olga had whipped on a vapour breathing before starting on the rescue, which was good in that the smoke from the room above was now rather thick. The princesses cries for help were turning from playful to more impatient as the burning furniture and tapestries seemed to have got a little out of control. Dur and Olga plunged into the smoke and flames and rescued the princesses from the highest tower room. Olga persuaded one of the princesses to remove the frozen magics from Angel (which she did with a wave of the hand). Olga anticipated well that a boon would be in order.

### Removing the curse.

Garrick once again had the curse removed. However, he was somewhat stiff in the wrong places. It appeared that the curse would cause him to freeze up if he strayed too far from Fantasia. The party approached the princesses' Tutor (the one who taught them basic cursing). He tried to persuade the Molly (the youngest) to remove it, but the Princess said that she had chosen Garrick and wouldn't remove it until he had promised to quest for her and provide a ring, and come back to her. Garrick provided a ring and promises, and being a dwarf, is sure to honour these promises. (Perhaps he should have threatened to tell her mother, which works in Angel's case, sometimes). The princess then removed her curse (confirmed by divination, but she claimed it was in abeyance, so Garrick, watch out). The MA of this Royal Ice-link curse was 16 and the rank 1.

### Audience with the Queen.

We were summoned at last to an audience with the Queen. This was an informal affair (alone with the Queen) in chambers past the unfortunate Tutor. The chambers had various formal and informal sections. It was very cold in there, but we wore the warm formal robes provided. We were asked to leave all weapons outside.

- The Queen was very tall and thin, and about -5 degrees, as far as we could tell.
- She informed us that we had brought about or fitted a prophecy which related to a revolution. This prophecy was in the form of visions, not bad poetry, luckily.
- She had not decided which side we were on (we had the distinct impression that if she had decided that we were on the side of the revolutionaries, we would be dead or worse).
- She left us in no doubt that we would be best to dispose of the revolution as chaos would result without the stable order of things.
- Apparently 7 dwarves is a magical number, the only more powerful number would be the addition of 13 witches.
- She said that Prince Verris would be trusted and knew the situation
- She asked what plane we were from and we of course told her that some called it Brightrock
- She was aware of other planes
- She complimented us on trying to be discreet as to our origins
- She quizzed us on our purpose for being on this plane, and had heard the 'Questing for our crown' story. We confirmed this account of our purpose.



- She advised that some kingdoms would not take princes questing for a crown very kindly (especially Blood and Death?) unless it was very clear that their own crowns were not threatened
- She claimed that there were no mind readers in her castle, as hers was the power of preservation of secrets, effectively
- Other kingdoms such as that of Charm (Don't call it Coercion!) may be able to extract secrets from people
- She gave us 72 hours to be on our way.

### **A theory**

Olga proposed the interesting theory that a rebel prince hired us. This would be a gamble on their part that we would take their side once we had seen the state of things. However, it would explain why Prince Verris has not Planar Travelled for 2 or 3 months if the rebels had hired us...After all, the very fact we managed to DA both our employer and Prince Verris implies they are different people. It didn't sound like the Queen knew where we were from or why we were here – but that could have easily been dissembling...

### **A Suggestion**

Let's check out that grove of trees which DAed as assisting planar travel. Perhaps a chat to the trees or a divination might let us know how we can return if required...

***A***nd the princes set about preparing for a dragon hunt.

**T**here was the obligatory foray to the pub amongst the gracious entourage where a bard of great wisdom sung the virtues of hunting the beastly dragons and the reasons to heed the lessons of old. Apparently the great wyrms are wily and wise to the ways of princes.

**E**arly on the morrow the mighty Verris did give escort to the travelling seven into the demesne of his queen and she laid blessings of icy armour and other gifts of her realm upon them.

**O**n the short journey of merely half a day The Seven accompanied the favoured prince of the ice kingdoms and his entourage who carried the battle keg, amongst other necessary supplies.

**T**was the littlest prince who gave argument about the nature of the hunt and so brought to pass many interesting happenstance. For – near the source of the scaly quarry, Angelica talked with the fey denizens of the forest and made them give guidance and direction into the very hiding place of the Dragon, Beryl and her cohort – The Princess Rosie. As Angelica made to have tea with the hunted – the other princes blithely went about the strategies of the hunt.

**G**raaven of the Brightrock called upon his skill to summon Beryl into the ambush (little did he know that their planned surprise was no surprise at all). Beryl did answer his magical summons with lashings of fire from above. This did not deter the brave hunters as they manoeuvred themselves into another strategic fighting position.

**S**ooner, rather than later, the gory work of Verris ensued. The princes battled hard with the fiery Beryl and traded great blows – axe verses tooth, claw, tail and wings. In a rush to join battle – the misguided Graaven sort to fly, with his comrade, Wordsmith, to his foe and met an oncoming tree at great speed wounding him beyond walking. The Naming Prince tended to the broken one and set up a defensive spell barrier.

**B**eryl also took flight once more and settled just outside her cave so that she could hear the battle poems made in her honour by the Prince Angelica and the Princess Rosie. Verris and Garrick pushed on to join battle once more. This brought the brave duo unto an untimely end as they fell victim to the illusions of the dragon and the Blood Sorceries emanating from the princess.

**I**t must be told of the Prince Dirk and his cursed axe. For sadness it is told that after both hunted and hunters sued for a truce the evil weapon kept it's bloodlusty grip on the Marshall Prince and so he heft to cleft more on. He too fell to Beryl's mighty claw – though his price was paid in pain and dishonour not the fatal sum of Icy Verris and our Fighting Prince.

## **Truce**

Finally the peace of a truce fell upon the battleground.

Rosie of the Blood Kingdom demanded that the remaining Princes give good reason for their acts of war upon the Kingdoms of Blood and Enchantment (Beryl turns out to be a princess of the Enchanted Kingdom).

She also wished that they declared for a side in a war that they knew nought of.

The princes took to blustering about concepts of truth and forgiveness amongst a host of other virtues that they apparently represented. They hedged and blustered (committing the Seven to a quest to awaken the kingdom of mercy) more until the Broken Prince was brought into the Blood Princess's presence. Then Graaven took and made some understanding of the nature of the situation and where the Seven stood in its midst.

The Blood Princess told the princes of the enlightened folk who would tolerate all the races in their land and let people follow their own paths be they leaders or servants. She looks for a day when enlightened queens become the heart of the kingdoms. The Seven agreed that the cause was at least in principle a good one and that they would help in what way they could – if only they could be healed and brought back into the world of the living. Rosie went on to tell of the fey that might help with these matters and treated the living princes to mead tea.

Bright with optimism – Prince Angelica went to find the fey of earlier acquaintance to negotiate a rescue. Olga kept princely company on this worthy quest.

They did indeed talk with the fey named Goodfellow[[8→](#)]. He invited the princes to convene at his next destination and these were his instructions ... “Go further down the green road and cut across to the purple, take a right at the brambles and go down the rabbit hole”.

There – the fey promised to meet them and see to their friends' various and fatal wounds.

That night was spent on the smoking battleground under a curious moon that travels on a differing path to that of the sun. Some of the healthier princes flew off in the wee hours of the morn to rescue their adventuring supplies from the scattered, battle weary horses. They would need the supplies for the day's travels – Many plans were hatched to achieve this onerous journey and taken into account was the promise of Beryl extracted by Angelica to aid in the flight of the Broken and Dead Princes.

## **Flight**

Alas – come the needy time of departure – neither Beryl nor Rosie were to be found. Some of the less charitable princes thought that the princesses had scarpered in the knowledge that the ice queen had send avenging forces in the wake of her favourite son's death.

The Curious Prince, smallest of stature and sense, took up the challenge of finding the errant princesses and ventured into Beryl's cave. Unfortunately, the magical wardings placed in the Angelica's way proved too much and turned the wee adventurer into a granite-crystal form – causing much consternation amongst the fellow princes. Now they were faced with the task of removing Angelica from the dragon's cave along with the crippled and the corpse into a region of safety before the avenging horde gained upon them.

### *At the rabbit hole*

Clever are Princes of Brightrock in the ways of magic and physical philosophy and with speed and with haste they took to the air – leaving many, sorely missed belongings (namely the battle-keg) for the Ice Queen's dogs of war to find. And so they went in search of the mystical rabbit hole, betwix'd Blood and Fear. Soon enough – an hearty prince spotted the brambles next to the split oak and the adventurers again walked on the land (Graaven lay there in agony, Garrick was still dead and Angelica nothing more than a complex lump of rocks).

There they spent some time searching for a likely way through the long and wicked thorns of the protective bramble patch to the rabbit hole – time was of the essence. Amongst the clamour of industry, out of the dust appeared a fey cute in silver ball gown – Freya Puck of name and healer of nature.

Freya took to Prince Graaven with a view to making him walk again. It was unfortunate that Freya did not understand the physical nature of princes well and so remade the Prince of Brightrock with legs, fey in shape giving the prince a most unprincely gate. Garrick was then brought back into the ranks of the living and Angelica was made into a complex lump of walking rock.

Once again the princes numbered seven true – and yet they still could not gain entrance unto the rabbit hole. Time was running short. The resolution came with permission to take the 'back' entrance and so Freya led the seven around the hill and to the portal into the Enchanted Kingdom.

### *Camping in the Enchanted Kingdom.*

Well met were the Princes of Brightrock by animal and prince alike. This was the most enchanted of kingdoms seated in lush forests amidst talkative animals, babbling brooks and most importantly - hidden from the sight of the Kingdoms of the Coloured roads.

Here 'twas, the seven met the goodly Prince William Scarlet son of the Lust Queen and bold member of Goodfellow's seven. [8→] Although there were only six present at that time– the seventh was promised to show to join his erstwhile fellows at any time. Goodfellow said that he (who calls himself the first prince) sends messages now and again.

Will made an excellent host and did help to unravel many of the mysterious peculiarities of the land of Phantasia [8→] not least, of which was the directions to the scattered kingdom of Mercy. [8→]. During the quiet

festivities the Gracious Princess Cindy visited with the Princes and restored Angelica into a more suitable princely form. A well-earned sleep was had by most...

**P**rinces Wordsmith and Graaven did wield their magical sight – Wordsmith to the nature of Prince William [8→] and Graaven to the future [8→].

**I**n the morning at the crack of elevenes Graaven led the seven into an audience with the Princesses of the Revolution. [8→]

**A**gain the First Prince of Brightrock was called upon to explain the actions of the unfortunate incident between them and Princesses Blood & Enchantment. He did wax for sometime of the nature of dragons, peasants and enlightenment until the Princesses took it upon themselves to cure the Military Prince of his bloodlust and then to dispel the curse that was laid upon his weapon.

**T**hey quizzed the seven on the plans so far to further the cause of enlightenment and the Princes requested that they might quest to visit the scattered remains to Mercy. There they might find the crown of Mercy and from there, a candidate for the throne of that beleaguered kingdom. This was greeted with mixed enthusiasm but granted nonetheless.

**A**lso granted was the boon of observation. It was given to Wordsmith the Naming Prince to understand the nature of Time [8→]

**W**ith a keen sense of adventure and survival, the Seven Princes took leave of the Princesses to start their tour of the Mercy Kingdom.

## *Aspects of Phantasia*

### *The road to Mercy*

**T**he seven decided to fly to a good starting point for their quest via the purple road, around Fear and down the blue road some way towards Mercy on the Trackless Jungle. With the thought that a real quest has many chance meetings and so the princes must walk or ride the roads but any meetings before leaving the lands of the Blood Kingdom would be fruitless – hence the airy passage.

**W**alking down the road, the seven discussed the nature of their quest and how marvellous it would be to bring the enlightened ones to their thrones. They were talking of the merits of finding great riches on the way when they happened upon an old woman – collecting wood in the forest. Of course – the princes offered to help the aged crone and she led them into her village.

**T**he village of no name was a strange affair indeed. Graciously the tender Dur gifted the village with the name of Ernest and the villagers rejoiced in the glory of their new name. In their honour – villagers of Ernest left the princes to sleep the night in their humble abode with the enchanted pigs (blessed with *talk to wolf*) while they stood vigil in the woods.

**A**nnon – just after tea. The alarm was raised. Some band of monsters was closing in on The Seven and the pigs had nothing good to say about it. The Prince of Words set about with magics of foreboding, as did Graaven. The Seven stood in battle order – set to receive these monsters from any angle.

**I**n no time at all – there came four wolves the size of ponies – allblood lust and spittle. They prowled the edge of Graaven’s protections while the Naming Princes spied their auras’. Dirk revealed that these wolves of grotesque size were generically named *Princes*. This inspired Graaven to call out ...

“Princes of Mercy – desist. We are no’ your enemies and we shall no’ harm ye”

**A**nd yet the wolf-princes prowled the magical lines. They even broke through, stealing towards the brave young adventurers. Prince Graaven held true and addresses the beastly wolves even though they were now breathing down upon him.

“Hold. Good Princes of Mercy and let us parley – for we quest in your name – our quest is for the very Kingdom of Mercy”

**T**he wolves stopped, hunkered down to talk with the Princes Seven of the nature of their quest. They all agreed that Mercy should be restored, the Queens should fall and the curse [ [8→](#) ] – binding them to wolvern form for the last two hundred years – should be broken. The Princesses of Mercy were described as bird form and not liked terribly much by their lupine brothers. They also talked of the nearby tower. It was a cursed place that had once been a part of the Mercy Keep – now blasted into thirteen pieces and ensorcelled with ‘*lack of mercy*’. (Upon inspection – the 1/13 part tower was indeed blasted, scoured and darkly cursed with a lack of mercy)

## ***Crossroads and Quarrels.***

**O**nto the Aspect of Mercy by The Trackless Jungle... having been thoroughly confounded by the magnitude of the Mercy Castle’s fate – not to mention the poor Princes. The Seven headed towards the Mercy Crossroads – The first staging point of their worthy quest.

In a copse, on a hill, in view of the Jungle with no path, a chatty Ash tree told Prince Angelica of a party that was due to happen three days from the day of their arrival. It was decided that a three day tarry would be good for recuperation and a party could be uplifting and so the Questing Princes set a camp for to wait and see the proceedings.

That very night – they were alarmed by the approach of horses and horsemen. They were hurried, harried and wearing strange white hats. (Olga took a shine to the hats immediately). As the Princes watched from a goodly distance, they dismounted their sweating beasts, tethering them for the night. As one the four men, took posts facing down each coloured road and announced with heraldic flare thus ...

*“Her imperial highness the lady of the Ice Heart, declares the Seven Outlander Princes OUTLAW and EXILE. Non shall give quarter or shelter on pain of ... displeasure. It is so decreed.”*

All the Princes took a dim view of this turn of events and so they began to plot.

In the cover of a *shell of silence* – Graaven cast a series of hypnotic charms upon the weary messengers he then stole into their camp (along the well marked track laid down by the other stealthy princes) to invite the watchman up to his quiet space for an interview. The enchanted one told the good princes of the Ice Queen’s dastardly plans for the intrepid heroes and that they were one of two teams of couriers – riding the far roads – delivering her message of intent. His own team was to travel to Jealousy, Mercy by Sea, Gold, Time and Back to Ice. Their counterparts’ road would take them to Ennui, Krystal, Death, Mercy on Sands and Fear before returning to Ice via Blood.

It occurred to the Princes of the Bright that the wicked Queen had unknowingly delivered a powerful weapon unto them – for information is a large part of winning a battle. New messages were to be delivered to the castles not yet visited – a mixed bag of disinformation, threats and just not-what-the-queen-meant-to-say. The very thought of this sent the princes into fits of hilarity. It was a good thing that the messengers were under Graaven’s spell, lest they could think that something was amiss.

The first mischievous communiqué to the Beauteous Queen of Jealousy, couched in courtly speech went something like this...  
*“We have-a your daughter... you will deliver the false Prince Verris to our court for trial and execution – or we shall-a not be-a pleased”.*

**F**or The Shining Sovereign of Gold...

*“Seven worthy questing princes shall pay visit to the Golden Court. They are agents of order – charged with rooting out the unpleasant disturbances of late. Please supply them with all they ask for and we will recompense you well.”*

To keep the messengers in their hypnosis the spell had to be recast before every twelfth hour had past and so the Princes found themselves flying many leagues in order to keep ahead of their unwitting patsies – hopping to one quadrant and back – keeping each team in tow. The first team road a convenient path for their plans – camping in the right places for the next briefing. The path of Ennui was not going to be timed correctly and needed some imagination and drama.

### ***Princes to the Rescue***

With the speed of the wind – the Adventurers flew to meet with the Ice Queen’s men on the Green road to Ennui. They split into two squads – Dirk led the ‘ambushing’ Princes and left his trusty Shadow (now talking wolf) to lead the ‘rescue’.

The riders’ horses could not abide Wordsmith’s forbidding magics and so they faltered on their path to the World-weary castle - letting the darkly clad Princes have at them. Then with flair belonging in legends the remaining team swept in to see the ‘Black Princes of Death’ off – ‘Saving’ the lives of the beset white couriers.

Soon – the grateful men fell under Prince Graaven’s mesmerism...

They took these messages into their intended castles ...

Ennui – *“We shall trample your unworthy bodies into the ground that you laze upon and we will lay you down along side your worthless friends in the Bone Castle”*

Krystal – *“Dear Sister – we clarify our previous message”* Krystal, being a neighbour of Ice had already received the Ice Queens’ original missive. *“Our decree of exile of our outlandish agents is a ruse – to enable them to infiltrate the renegade children”*

Death – *“Fie on thee my Necrotic Sister – We tire of your existence and will correct this situation forthwith”*

### ***Verris Interrupted.***

During the proceedings of merry havoc sown well – Verris who started this merry tale – paid visit to the Busy Princes. He came to them on the winds of a storm to straighten out a few points [8-1].



## ***The Shining City***

**A**s a matter of course – the Seven took to the Yellow Road into the Castle City of Gold. For what is a beautiful, story like their spinning, for, if not to profit by. At the gates of this marvellous city – Dirk bid his compatriots to carry on without him for he could not withstand the presence of gold (such a vindictive curse upon a Prince has never before been cast). The selfless Dur of the wildes stayed to keep the Military Prince company as Five Princes set forth to pay court to the Queen of Gold.

**T**hey walked through the Shining City in awe. Peasants in cloth-of-gold poured slops onto a gilded street, from buckets of beaten gold. Onwards to the inner city and the castle itself. Young Garrick a warrior true openly wept at the site of the squat – three-foot thick walls of gold. All were mystified at the woven gold bridge leading them into the Golden Castle.

**T**he Princes of Brightrock worked well to keep their audience short and sweet – citing their urgent need to be on with the job at hand and so the good Queen ordered them to be well provisioned quickly. She bade one of her daughters to gift them with a token that they could signal the ‘attack’ when needed. The Princess breathed on a pansy – turning it into a perfect golden flower for Graaven to wear.

**T**he Queen was made aware of Dirk’s magical malady and was most concerned – she would rectify this problem personally.

## ***Old Ladies and Golden Sticks.***

**T**he standard dress for an incognito queen in phantasia is an old woman with a bundle of sticks. No different was the shining queen but for the fact that her sticks were solid gold. She visited with Prince Dirk and told him that his curse had voided him of her element. She would give him the gift of gold as a matter of security of her heart. Queens of Phantasia take hearts very seriously. And so the Queen of Gold caused molten gold to flow through Prince Dirk’s veins. It took the military prince some time to recover from that shocking moment.

**I**t soon came time to leave and so the princes turned to their newly acquired warhorses. They looked upon the fine steeds and the sturdy beasts of battle stared back! Graaven bade Prince Dur to speak with the horses – to find the nature of their training. It is remarkable that in a fantastic world – magical workings can turn up surprising results, for now all the horses spoke in the trading tongue to be understood by anyone. What the horses wanted to make understood is that they were nobody’s drudges and it would take a stouthearted horseman indeed to master the likes of them. Graaven the brave (and quietly confident) stepped up to the challenge. There began a contest of strength, will and agility. While no one would doubt the magnificent strength of the horse – the horse had not counted on the Wiccan Prince’s willingness to use *harm entity* as a training tool. Soon enough – the correct pecking order was established. For it is the Princes who must ride the horses and it would not do to have it any other way. Onwards they travelled down the Green road towards Mercy on Sands to follow the yellow road to Fear as so to avoid the Ice Kingdom and its wrathful mistress.

## ***Babes in the woods.***

The winds blew hot and the sandy grit began to bother the tiring horses. The sun marched on through a hot sky as the Princes hove to for a well-deserved rest. Their thoughts of a cooked lunch were disturbed by the smell of smoke – that of a campfire. This deserved closer inspection.

Two children, a boy and a girl, sat shivering in the sweltering sun by a meagre fire. They were hungry and confused.

The gentle princes sat with them, fed them and told stories of great quests and acts of mercy. The children were Gaston and Gracie. [8→] All fed and sleepy – the Princes watched over them as they slept quietly in the cloth of gold capes – draped over them in gentle kindness. The Naming Princes studied them deeply and came up with a surprising revelation. It would seem that young Goldie was a long lost Princess of Mercy. What a find! This changed things (most of all the plan). Now it was not necessary to meet with the wolf princes but to make haste for the bramble patch that would lead to the Enchanted Kingdom. There the Princes would present the candidate for the Throne of Mercy.

## ***Well met – Sister of Mercy.***

With the help of the guardians of the bramble gate – The Seven re-entered The Enchanted Kingdom just in time for midnight celebrations – thimbles of ale all round. In the morning they would meet with the enlightened eleven.

In the morning – preparations were hastily attended to and young Gracie was fashioned into an elegant young lady care of the talented Titania. And so the Princes, along with Prince William, escorted Gracie into the Court of the Queens' ascending.

In a land that is enchanted such that certain concepts send the natives into a miasma – it is rather difficult to convey the idea that here stands the thirteenth member of the court. So the Princes spent long frustrating hours presenting their precious find. What they did do is convince the Princesses that they should prepare for a naming ceremony quickly followed by a coronation. This – they were happy with and set to the arrangements. They planned to invite everybody (if you forget to invite someone – they are sure to turn up in a fit of spite) even if the invitations were going to have to be sent to the wrong castles. They said that it only matters that the invitations were sent and thence adhered to form.

That done – the rest of the plan needed some action. It was decided that the Courtly Prince and the Namer should stay behind to organise the festivities while the Rest would take Verris on his grand tour of the pleasure boats of Alusia.

## ***Three Celebrations and a Funeral.***

To make a queen one simply takes a princess who wishes to be queen and has the power and fortitude to declare it. The princess has to be married to a prince (her coronation will make him a king).

A King does not have to start life as a royal but must be a Prince before he marries a Princess. Here's the rub – how does one become a Prince if one is merely a human common born? Certainly not by noble deeds or merely acting like a prince. In Phantasia – only a Namer could make a peasant into a prince. Easy for some.

**F**or it had been decided that Gaston would wed Gracie.

## ***The Giving of Names.***

**I**n three days it was given to Princes' Graaven and Wordsmith to prepare Gracie and Gaston for their big day. The Naming Prince did not know where to start – but start he must. First they tried hypnotising the boy and leading him through a Princely story in an effort to let him reveal his “princely” nature. This naming ceremony did not work. Gaston still felt like the boy he was. Next the organising princes put their heads together and came up with a dangerous yet cunning plan.

During their travels – the adventurers had explored the possibility of casting spells that would normally be beyond their reach. The practice was draining to say the least but not conclusively impossible. What if Master Wordsmith could take his training in the Alusian Naming Arts and cobble together a ritual that would give young Gaston the True Name of Prince.

They collected some of the resident Princess' skilled in the arts of healing and began Wordsmith's Very Own Naming Ritual made of *True Form* and *Divination*.

For three hours, they laboured at the magical task – battling the life threatening drain that became faster at each turn.

Wordsmith stopped for fear of draining all of his party.

Once more the brave Namer attempted his piece-together ritual – this time, Graaven organised seven Enlightened Princesses (Seven is a powerful number don't you know) and arranged them in a circle and held the boy for seven hours while Wordsmith worked his skills and Princess Dorothea kept everyone alive to tell the tale. The end of the ritual saw the boy Gaston emerge as the Good Prince Carl in proper Princely (dwarvish) form.

After that – Naming Gracie, Princess Grace was a doddle.

## ***A Royal Wedding.***

**O**n the morning of the wedding – many, many guests came to the Enchanted Forest for this most auspicious occasion. Safe to say that none of the landed queens could attend because – while they had received invitations – they had all got the wrong ones (what a pity). There were questing princes, retired married princesses and their husbands, enchanted animals and trees, troubadours and tutors, peasant folk and courtiers even an old woman carrying a bundle of sticks. All stopped by Princess Grace to give a gift of one sort or another. Grace's brothers – still in wolf form came to offer fealty to their sister. Each of the twelve Enlightened Princesses offered a gift of a ‘thorn’ made of the element of their hearts. As they gave their gift – they wove the thorns into a crown – the New Crown of Mercy. Even Verris cut short his stay in Alusia to attend Grace's wedding. His gift – Grace's memories restored. His boon – to be Carl's best man.

**T**he Naming Prince took his place as official celebrant – he performed a hand fasting like no one of Phantasia had ever seen before. It was left up to Princess Grace to complete the day's ceremonies.

## ***A Coronation.***

**G**olden hair, milky pale skin and newly married – Princess Grace took up the Crown of Thorns. Her Crown, gifted to her by her peers. She placed the spiny circlet on her head – pressing it down until her delicate forehead bled and she turned to the gathering and announced ...

*“I am Grace – Queen of Mercy”*

**A**ll were quiet – waiting for a challenge. Only a fool would not have expected one at such an auspicious nay, revolutionary occasion. There were a lot of fools in that crowd that day. Fools that were surprised at the outburst from the ‘old woman carrying sticks’.

## ***The King is Dead ...***

**A**t the back of the celebration stood not a bent old crone but a queen, tall and resplendent in her arrogance. She made a speech about not have given her gift here it was.

**P**hantasia Queen of Phantasia cast forth from her hand a curse of terrible intent directed at the new Royal Couple. At that point – the Seven Princes of Brightrock sprang into action.

**G**raaven drew The Bane Blade and threw it hoping to sever Queen Phantasia’s hand. If the blade had been a rock – The Wiccan Prince would have struck true.

**O**lga threw herself in the path of the deadly curse, only to fly under the levan bolt. Prince Carl did not fail in this – he put himself between the malignant mana spray and his bride. The brave hero was disintegrated into a shower of blue sparks.

**A**ngelica went to have a stiff word with the meddling old queen just in time to wear the effects of Dur’s *Dragonflame* ring. The ironic pity was that Phantasia was hardly touched by the deadly fire.

**W**ordsmith stood by his charges and set protective magics around them.

**G**arrick and Dirk went forth to do battle with the most powerful monarch in this world for over 200 years.

**E**ach Princess and a good few Questing Princes took up arms and joined the fray. For all their considerable power – the Dark Queen put them down like lambs. The situation looked dire indeed.

**A**t this point Queen Grace stepped to the fore and cried ...

*“Peace!”* and all was quiet for a short time. *“Queen Phantasia – By the gift of Verris – I remember more than even he would expect. I know that you have destroyed many kingdoms and that you have assimilated the kingdoms of Mercy, Memory, Plant and Animal”*

**T**he Conquering Queen may have been impressed but she was in no mood to chat. She spat insults. This did not faze Grace and she spoke more ...

*“I shall not allow you to wreck any more havoc – I am in my heart and I will vanquish you.”*

**T**he Queen Phantasia’s insults turned into real curses as she began to attack Queen Grace. This time she was intent on sucking the mercy from the Heart of Mercy just like she had done to her mother before her. Only last time, she did not have to contend with seven adventurers of the guild in Seagate.

**T**he battle took up again with more passion and brutality. Finally – Dirk and Dur managed to hold Phantasia down while Garrick did his best to slit her throat. Even Graaven re-took up the Bane Blade to have a go at her.

**I**t took the final blow from the Worthy Wordsmith to deal to Queen Phantasia – long may she suffer in the fires of whatever kind of hell she believed in.

## ***N*ew Beginnings.**

**W**ith Queen Phantasia’s grip on them loosened – The people of the old kingdoms shucked their long worn curses. All of the Princes and Princesses took their rightful human stature (leaving our Seven the only Dwarves on Phantasia). What a site to see – Animals, Trees, Tutors and Troubadours all changes before each other’s eyes.

**V**erris stepped in as Best Man to marry Grace. (No surprise there)

**T**atania took up her rightful throne – that of the Enchanted Kingdom. She declared that the other kingdoms released from servitude.

**N**ow it is up to the eleven Enlightened Princesses to set about wresting their thrones from their mothers.

***The End***

## Glossary

### **Adventurers**

Leader	Wordsmith	Namer	3'9"
Mil Sci	Dirk	Namer	4'7"
Scribe	Graaven	Wicca	4'3"
	Garric	Illusionist	4'6"
	Dur	Earth	4'8"
	Olga	Beast Mistress	4'7"
	Angelica	Water	3'6"

### **Princes in General**

In Fantasia – all Dwarves seem to be princes. Those without land to govern are known as questing princes. There seems to be no room in the culture for female dwarves. Hence we are all referred to as Your Highness and Sir.

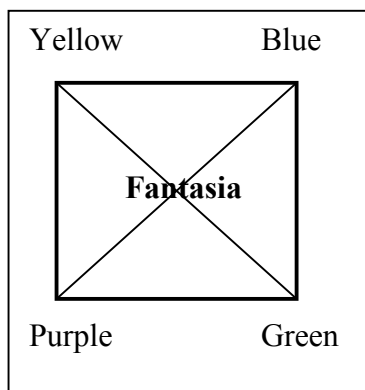
### **The Fine Prince**

Known as Veris

### **The Princess**

Known as Aphasisa: 6'4" Blonde Human

### **The Map**



A frame made of twigs lashed together with twine. Twine crossing the frame in a diagonal set with a knot in the middle. One coloured bead in each quarter.

All the beads in the centre (covering the knot) symbolises the city of Fantasia. When each bead is taken to the extreme edge it symbolises a place on the world of Fantasia.

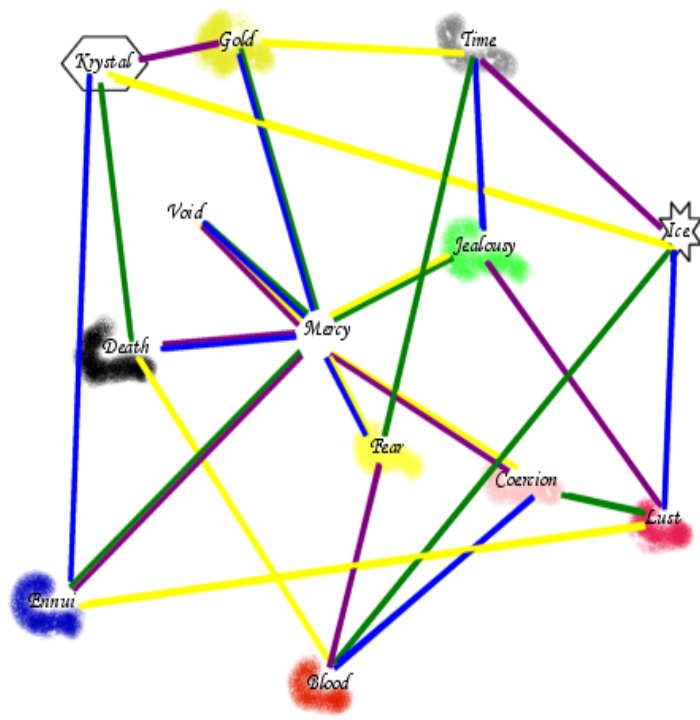
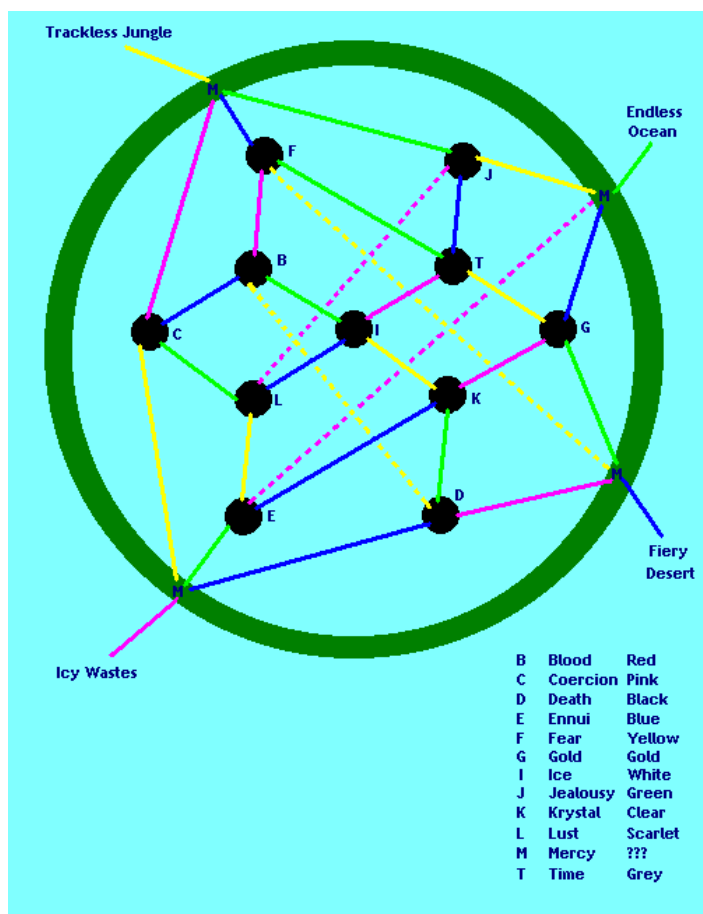
1. Green – The Blood Kingdoms
2. Purple – Wilderness
3. Yellow - “Wine No Beer”
4. Blue – Some Towers.

Each string represents a road. The bead represents travel down that path and multiple beads point to travel down multiple paths.

In essence – the map seems to be more of a memory-jogging device than a navigable map.

\* Veris values this map at some 20,000 gp

**Cities per Coloured Roads & Graaven's rework to centralise Mercy**



**The Castle**

A solid edifice in the centre of town built to dwarven specifications. It is extremely defensible against ground troops with not much thought to aerial attack. The window slots are suited to throwing axes where a human or elf would build arrow slits.

**Lord Seral**

Human: Courtier and protocol advisor.

**Phantasia – a campfire guide by Prince Will Scarlet of Lust.**

- Magical duels are fought by pitting one's element against your opponent's. This is the nature of countering spells. Anyone can cancel the effects of their own element given they cast the spell or the caster was weaker than them.
- The Ice Queen is purported to have the skill of 'seeing' through ice crystals.
- Planar travel is a closely guarded faerie legend.
- All Princes are mages.
- The succession of a throne may come about by open confrontation (war, personal challenge etc) or by more covert means.

- There will only ever be Queens on the thrones. William cannot conceive of a King actually ruling anything.
- Queens go where they want when they want.
- The last time all of the Queens were together was to damn Mercy into oblivion.
- Every couple of months there are tournaments of princes.
- Most witches are part of the status quo. A few heirs to the throne are budding or true witches, and are part of the enlightenment, such as Beryl, Rosie & Cindy.
- They (the numbers 7 & 13) are significant numbers. A group of seven could hold against a hundred soldiers for instance, where a group of six or eight would fail.
- Most kingdoms have a couple of hundred guardsmen, and between one and a dozen princes.
- The eldest prince is usually the best General.
- Are there spies for the enlightened movement in the kingdoms? Of course not - but sometimes a little bird tells us things, and the ivy grows everywhere...

### ***Robin Goodfellow and his merry princes***

Robin Goodfellow	8" elf	erstwhile leader of the rebels. archer, acrobat, ranger, raconteur.
Freya Puck	8" elf	Robin's main squeeze. healer, herbalist, courtier, "mother".
"Queen" Titania (Titus)	8" elf	drag queen., always in flowing gowns. agony aunt, fashion police, political advisor, "exiled royalty".
"Maid" Marion	8" elf	quiet, unassuming.. ranger, hunter, survivalist
Little John	91/2" solid elf	bumbling hulk.. warrior, ranger, fletcher.
Prince William Scarlet of the Lust Kingdom	1'2" *squashed* dwarf - 2' wide.	warrior, prince, realist.

### ***Princesses of Enlightenment***

<b>Princess</b>	<b>Kingdom</b>	<b>Last Magic To Impact</b>	<b>Feeling when near them</b>
Bella	Coercion	Unknown	Do as told
Trivia	Death	Unknown	Bad feelings
Daisy	Fear	Bravery	Twitchy
Rosy	Blood	Resanguination	None



Evee	Ennui	Motivation	None
Beauty	Jealousy	Beauty	Women feel jealous
Jesse	Lust	Tolerance	Blood rush to nether regions
Goldy	Gold	Flight	None (Maybe Dirk?)
Cindy	Crystal	Purification	None
Dotty	Time	Quickness	None
Snow White	Ice	Refrigeration	Cold

### ***Question of the future***

#### **Under what circumstances will we meet the first prince?**

In negotiation where there need not be acceptance,  
In desperation where there will be no offer,  
In betrayal where there will be no reprieve.

#### ***Divination of Will***

Curse -> Makes him small, MA24, Rank 20

[I can't read the rest, I'm sure the GM will fill in Wills details?]

Also, he has trouble talking about the Queen of the Enchanted Kingdom, or the missing two witches/queens.

#### ***Divination of Dorathea***

#### ***Curse on the Princes of Mercy***

This is a doom that continuously 'keeps' their shape as that of a wolf (some four foot high at the shoulders). The grip is loosened when the one, responsible for maintaining the curse loses concentration. Then the princes may return to their own form.

This curse will be broken if/when a 'princess' falls in love with a prince of mercy regardless of his stature.

#### ***Verris – Fact over Fiction.***

1. He was not pleased to find himself in the news (re Jealousy)
2. Verris is the crown prince of Phantasia (the whole place) – otherwise known as the Enchanted Kingdom
3. He is advocating change – as the current regime of some 200 years is getting stale.
4. He is the one maintaining the curse on the Princes of Mercy as part of his duties.
5. If we can distract him for a moment then the curse will fall off momentarily – giving us time to enact some plan to have some lady fall in love with a Prince of Mercy.

#### ***Gracie of Mercy***

- DA's as linked to the Heart of Mercy.
- Is under a great doom (Amnesia). It will end when a Queen ascends to the throne of Mercy.
- The doom has the same conditions as the one laid upon the Princes of Mercy.

**Quotes**

Dur: 'We need to find a Princess, what do we need?'

Dirk: 'Lust!' 'Coercion!' 'Gold!'

Dur: 'Ahhh...romance isn't dead....'