

Four strangers meet near the Valley of the Unfortunate & the Dead

They are Nidhuk, a basilisk priest, Graft, a soldier from a land beyond the sea, Belum, who fled Antihelia's court, and Von, a Herbarian from Gielut.

"You must lend me your aid! It is the Basilisk's will" The priest exclaims.

"I seek the silver from a sinner's grave"

"that won't be hard to find here" Graft's low voice is the first to respond

"Fool! it's not just any sinner, it's Toward the reborn!"

"I've not heard the name" it's Belum who speaks up next "where do we find him?"

"His first grave lies by the coast of Graft"

That's that. The group sets off.

the weather is cold as the grave. It should take 6 days to reach galgenbeck

day 1: a fight erupts nearby the road

day 2: a thunderstorm breaks out

day 3: the party forages 9 rations (+1 delayed)

day 4: a procession of flagellants blocks the road
Niduk preaches to them (+delay)

day 5: We come upon a village under the iron
thumb of a mercenary turned
highwayman. Mauli and Von enter
to buy gear and rations (+16 rations)
we don't stay the night

day 6: at night, someone (some thing?) steals
Von's shield

day 7: PSALM 1:3 a massive stone structure
by the roadside ruptures. Belum
and Graft are hit by debris. Graft's
right forearm is crushed and she
falls unconscious

Troll
HP 24/32

ARM - d2

Fist 2d6

ATK DR10

out of the fallen stone steps a Troll
within a round, it is upon us, about to
swing its massive claws

Von gives Graft one of their healing elixirs

Niduk turns invisible (4 rounds) Belum draws
Eurelia and swings (8 dmg) The troll retaliates
(6 dmg), crushing Belum's skull Belum dies instantly

Von drags Graft along, (but so
managing to get them
both away from the
troll, which stomps
away into the other
direction. A few miles
further along the road
we make camp, though
we didn't know him well,
Belum's death casts a
shadow over the camp





day 8: Von attempts to heal Graft's arm, Amherst's splint makes the hand usable again.

We trek further along the desolate road between the valley and the city. A crumbling castle beneath a flock of crows is on the horizon most the day.

day 9: PSALM 4:3 unbeknownst to us, an invasion begins in the west.

We reach Gdgenbeck by nightfall. Its mighty walls have all but fallen down, the people are in disarray.

Through the crowds we make for the nearest tavern. The Hidden Path. A squat building in desperate need of repairs. By the hearth is a leering woman who catches our eyes.

"You look like travellers, and I need to get out of here. Will you have my service?"

12 days to
Muir

She is Fellen, and joins our troupe.

day 10: Under a light rain, we set off, leaving the city shortly past dawn. We have to leave the road to avoid a gaggle of Nethulites clanking their awful songs (+1 delay). We all have nightmares that night.

day 11: We trudge on along the bear-tracks we found the day before. Von spots two corpses by the wayside and searches their pockets, coming away with bloodied bunches.

day 12: We make it back onto paved roads, late in
(3/13) the afternoon. As we do, we hear a din
Antideer
HP 7/7: A lord and their retainers are hunting
Mob 6: 2 anti-deer. they fell 1 with a volley of
ARM dz: arrows, the other flees with haste.
Andersd6: We camp with the noble that night, who
eats the deer stew listlessly, not one for
conversation.

day 13: The rain worsens
(4/13)

day 14: By the road, amid howling winds, is a ravaged
(5/13) outpost. 3 anti-deer (the same one?) are
ripping into the dead guard's flesh. They
pay no attention to us, for now.
Von sneaks past the creatures unnoticed and
loots the outpost (12 rations) amid the
dust and rattle of ancient spear decorated
with lightning patterns.

day 15: We trudge on through an uneventful day.
(6/13)

day 16: We spend the day foraging in the plains,
(7/14) coming upon edible berries amid thorny
undergrowth (+7 rations).

day 17: We won't be able to continue much longer
(8/15) at this rate, there isn't enough food to
be foraged and there are no towns
Feral Horse
HP 0/8
ARM dz
Kick d6
near. Niduk spots a group of feral horses,
when one strays, he throws his spear at it.
the attack goes wide and in pronounces
the horse is upon us. Niduk gets hurt
but Graft brings the beast down with
her Zweihänder. (+8 rations)



day 18: The weather clears and a village becomes
19/15 visible in the distance

day 19: A strange beast lies on the road, seeming
HD ^{10/16} dead. It has a smooth white hide slick
MOR ¹⁰ with acidic fluid. As we approach, it lets
ARM ¹⁴ out a high, ragged but almost human
dB sound. It lifts itself as we approach. "Come" it
says in its almost-human voice

"What manner of creature are you?" asks
Niduk

"I am he who whispers the future" it beckons
us to approach. Niduk makes to do so, but
the other three stay wary. The moment
Niduk is within reach, the creature lunges
at him. A chaotic skirmish ensues. The
creature flails its acid-coated limbs as it
while we hack with our blades. Amidst the
blood and dust, Niduk's spear begins to
crackle and spark. A bolt of lightning wends
down from the sky. The leader of our group,
the basilisk priest Niduk is burnt to a crisp,
his smouldering corpse sinking to the ground.
Graft hews the wretched thing in two before any
more of us meet their end.

The party is in down mood
that night. Graft has gone
silent. While Gelban's eyes
show a lust for vengeance
Von, first breathing silence,
says "I will lead us on,
despair not, for such is the
Basilisks' will"



day 20: the village nears.

(10/16)
day 21:
(11/16)

We reach the village that appeared on the horizon 3 days prior. The people eye us with suspicion as we enter. Our inquiries for a place to spend the night are ignored, until one tired-looking woman ushers us into her home. "I have foreseen your coming" she says. "I am to assist the Benlish priests" "he is dead" Von says "but we carry out his will"

She is Uworg, and joins the party. She takes us to a place outside the village, where earthbound and prowlers dwell.

"we'll need such wretched folk as these in the days to come"

Five of the dog-like earthbound respond to our call.

day 23: After a day, the clouds burst open. We shelter in an old shack by the road. Amid the rushing sound of the rain, there is a peculiar vocal tone. As if the clouds were sobbing.

day 26: At last. Mit. We stand before the middle of the three bridges across the bottomless gap between Tueland and Grift. A mass of people is crossing in both directions, disorderly and rude. We acquire

an unclear scroll and a cross-bow from a numbing merchant already on the bridge, which creaks and sways even though it is made of stone, we see Sigfurn's



The Great Bridge

messages. Huge pamphlets of parchments hang on the pillars, and criers shout his words to the masses. From here we must find the grave by the coast. With Niduk gone, we must rely on Uvarg's scrying to find it. Unfortunately, she requires fresh innards

day 27: The following day, we make it far enough from the throngs of travellers to hunt.

Straw lion

HP 14

ARM d6

Pincers DR14

or d8/round

Arat is found and swiftly disposed of.

Uvarg guts the animal and digs through

its guts. "We'll need bigger game than this" she says. After searching well into the

evening, one of our earthbound picks

up the scent of a Straw-lion. A violent

roar erupts around the beast's hay bale.

It kills one of our earthbound before

Felban downs it with a shot from

her crossbow

Uvarg repeats her ritual with the lion's

guts and speaks "At the end of the

stream lies a tide pool of algae like

hair and rocks like jewels. That is

where Torval was interred!"

We passed a stream earlier in the day, so

we resolve to follow its course the next day

day 28: We are awoken by roaring thunder, and the rain makes the small stream hard to find or follow

day 29: The storm turns to a drizzle, and through the bleak curtain of water, we see our stream dive off the cliffs of Graft. At the base of the waterfall is the tide pool. Under moon and vine, we spot an old metal ring set into stone. Perhaps from a time when visits to Torval's grave were common.

Torval's Tomb
- distorts senses
- contains one of Tergol's experiments
- contains several plants

We attach our rope and, one by one, begin climbing down. Graft is the first to slip she hits the water, surfacing with a groan. One of the earthbound is not so lucky. Its chest is ruptured as it impacts the rock at the base of the cliff. Its fate is given little heed, as in the middle of the pool, with the tide receding, appears a shining, crystalline gate. The Tomb of Torval the Reborn.

The Experiment

HP 6
Mor 12
ARM d6
ATK d4

Skeleton

HP 7
Mor 8
ATK d4/d2
piercing attacks
are DR 14

Von heals Graft before we enter. Graft and the earthbound take point. The iridescent rock faces surrounding us have a kaleidoscopic effect on the senses. Wet algae under our feet make the ground slippery and almost moving. Down below the cliffs, the tunnel opens up into a simple shrine, two exits flanking a central dais. The plants on the floor begin to grasp at our feet, and an earthbound is, well, bound to the earth.

Graft attempts to pull it free, in vain.

The door stands empty, no one in person.

Rows of sarcophagi crowd the next room, names long faded. A large grave stands at the other end of the hall.

"There must be it", says Von.

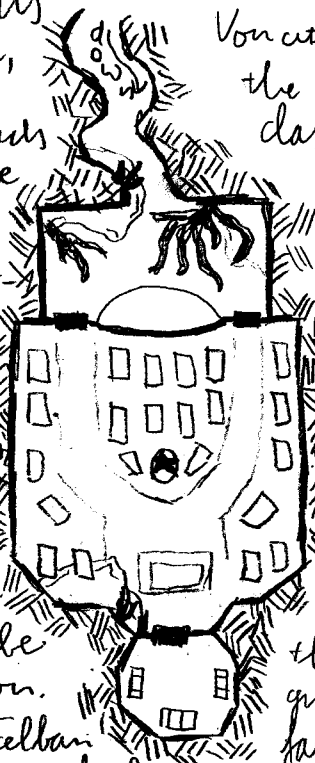
Graft and Felban attempt to push the lid aside. With a heavy crash it falls to the side. But the light of our oil lamp reveals no silver.

A vile monstrosity rises. Loose-hanging limbs with sword-like claws. Metal plates grafted to its deteriorating body. It hurls dead from the other world size skeletons, spears and pikes in long hands.

Von attempts a fireball, but fails, the skeletons rush in, dashing with us toward our earlboard. Graft battles the experient Von uses his medicines to keep us going. We trade blow after blow with the undead. All of us suffer wounds, but none are slain. Graft's mighty blow fells the spawn of Teryol and

the earlboard soon grows at the bones of the fallen skeletons. Fortune favours us this day! When the dust settles, the only casualties are Urvarg's dog and Von's hammer.

We rest right there among the dead, catching our breath before entering the final chamber. More algae cover the door, but Von's calloused hands reject their poison grasp. Behind the door is a small room with three chests.



The first contains a silver flute, the second a vial of silver liquid, and the third a pouch of heavy jewels.

"Which of these is the silver Niduk spoke of?" Von arks Uvrag.

"I do not know, for I have seen all three"

"Then we take them all to Galgen Beck, to be offered up before the baridishis"

A fortnight later, encountering no trouble on the way, we enter the greatest city the world has ever seen. Our good fortune is proof of the baridishis' will.

The three silver treasures are taken by the Cathedral's monks, to be presented to Verhu by none other than Josillo Migol. Though we will not see that occur.

We go into the city to carouse and celebrate, believing we delayed the end, at least for now.