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Hynafol

All the magic and all of the stories of Arthur find their origin in Hynafol

Hynafol is a mystical place, full of magic, fantastic creatures and most importantly: the bridge between places. Arthur was only able to rule and reign over all the land because he could move through the mists in Hynafol to any place he desired. It is the mist that connects our world, Hynafol, and the Faewylds realm.

Arthur has been gone for hundreds of years. During his reign there were times of peace and times of tragedy. All was not always well during Arthur's reign. The world saw its fair share of war, tragedy, and loss. However, one thing is for certain, the end of Arthur's reign was the end of magic in our world.

The disappearance of magic wasn't just about the lack of mages and wonder. Many of the magical folk died in the Cataclysm, with the end of the magic that had kept them young and vibrant. Those who were left saw their powers slowly fade to the point they could not even muster up simple parlor tricks. The relics, runes, and texts themselves were suddenly lifeless. Even with all this loss, the real tragedy was that we could never get back to Hynafol.

As the mists vanished, all those that heeded Arthur's call and were in Hynafol on that day were lost to us forever. Those few that found their way out were half-crazed, wild and rambling incoherently about Arthur's death, the battle lost and the darkness that was contained.

Those members of the court that did escape did so by traversing the Faewylds, or so we believe. For a time our forebears tell of these members of the court appearing back in their lands where they originated. Some seemingly had not aged a day, others appeared ancient.

As people do, they got on with their lives, including the Demi-creatures, or Fae folk, that began appearing. Unable to travel to the Feywilds, the Demi-creatures, half human, half animal, plant, flower or something else entirely took up residence in our world. These clearly human descendants had little recollection of their origin, but quickly assimilated into many guilds and kingdoms around the continent.

Since the end of Arthur's reign the members of his court that were not present in Hynafol that day, have spread out into the world and formed Kingdoms and governments of their own. Many of the Arthurian kingdoms have long since fallen and been replaced. Guilds make up these kingdoms and largely control the destiny of the lands they rule.

Today, some believe Hynafol to be a myth, a story, and something to entertain around the fire. Others have never stopped looking, searching, and collecting information about that place; that Ancient Place: Hynafol. Disagreements about it have led to battles, to bloodshed, and to war. Struggle abounds in all the lands for resources, land and information.

Thus, we arrive at the beginning of our tale...

Lately, there are rumors that animal messengers are arriving. All strange, and some mysterious. Some come as gold, glorious and bright animals, while others are dark, twisted and mysterious. All with an invitation to return to their lands, they speak of a darkness and the call to come take back Hynafol.

All across the land the rumors and stories abound. Some are clearly not true. Others tell of a great hope, a great power, that yearns to once again unite the lands in peace.

All the stories share one thing in common: the time and place of the mist's appearance will once again signal the opening to Hynafol.

The guilds are gathering their strength to once again return to Hynafol. Many guilds hope for a reuniting peace across the lands. Many guilds still go in search of their own fortune or power. And, others go just to see what will happen.

A great migration has begun in the world and the story will be told by those who are there in Hynafol.

tory will you tell?



I am Gafr Uchel, a historian who has searched across the mists for signs of Witches. It was rumored that they had the ability to bring magic back to our world, for good or for ill I do not know. I came across a torn, weathered page upon crossing the mists - my intuition stirred - could this be from the witches Grimoire?

The paper looked quite old, yellowed and cracked with age, it's torn edge burnt, but the ink upon it's page looked as fresh as if it had just been written. Although I packed this page quite fastidiously upon my person, after exiting the mists I went to retrieve it to make a closer study and I cannot seem to find it.

Seized by a sense of foreboding, I will write down what I recall as quickly as I can - for some reason my memory of the page is fading....

It was a single torn page, with writing only on one side, the opposite side blank as far as I can recall. There was a scribble across the top, something about "only of the Nine may you read thus", but the rest of the phrase was torn away - was this a warning? A Curse?

The page spoke of a gem that glowed softly upon entry into the mists, of a woman's voice softly whispering "Find your sisters, but do not be found,". It mentioned a circle of nine that, once completed, would "awaken the magic of Hyanfol once more". It warned of things once sweet going sour, and promised that which was sour would be sweet. Power. Blessings, Curses. Oragon eggs of red, gold, and green.

There was a ritual - the Nine joined hands and read from a Tome, a Beast, or possi bly Death?, walked out and exacted a terrible price for it's aid.

There was a final battle, two of the Nine in the night, or was it three? They could bless with a touch. There were Blessings that gave strength, there were Curses causing madness.....

I can't quite recall, of what was I writing? Hown, why was I doodling upon this page? I do not recognize the language written here.... In the final moments of the Cataclysm, Hroiland's Paladin-General Roland fell in battle with his army decimated, King Charles succumbed to a melancholic malaise in his palace and the parliament-princes of Hroiland fled the capitol city, Mousillon, leaving it a ghost town. The kingdom fell into darkness.

Highwaymen stalked the western lowlands, malefic covens raised stone circles in the eastern highlands attempting to resummon the magic taken from them by the Cataclysm, monstrous beasts infested the northern forests, while the princes delved into dark debaucheries and blood-rites in their southern wine-country chateaus. As the princes drank themselves into oblivion, far from the travails of the free-folk, the League of Bourgmestres established various orders of wardens to watch over the kingdom.

These orders included the Border-Rangers (proud woodsmen bearing great axes and longbows), the Shire-Reavers (roguish swordsmen moving silently in the night to maintain peace on the roads) and the Nightwatch, expert monster-hunters trained by the Malarkane, a rather grim cult who evangelized a life without arcane magic or religious miracles, who honored the dark anti-deity Malarcana, an entropic entity worshiped out of fear and appeasement by the free-folk. Malarkane monastic academies were founded to train Nightwatch inquisitors skilled in the crossbow, warhammer and longsword, utilizing investigation and interrogation, so that they may hunt down threats to the free-folk; threats that engage in the use of magic to manipulate or dominate the weak. The Nightwatch was composed of Witchhunters, Ghosthunters and Demonhunters, the former being the most prolific; the latter being the most experienced and inscrutable. The Ghosthunters, however, were the rarest and generally the least mentally stable of the Nightwatch. All wardens continue to this day to defend the free-folk whilst the blood-princes hide in their dark chateaus, trading a sweet wine known as "Verre de Sang" or "Sangria" to foreign diplomats in exchange for political favors, diplomatic influence, and new courtesans.

Then the day came when the Mists of Hynafol rolled in and a black ox with a sundered horn beckoned Hroiland to send representatives. The Malarkane sent their oldest Witchhunter, Ignatius Bastian Brandt, to speak for the kingdom after the blood-princes refused to get involved. The Witchhunter was provided funds to engage the service of mercenaries, two brothers from a foreign land who offered expert martial services; tall, northern warriors named Oren and Fahren Vanirson.

The three found their way through the mist, establishing camp near other representatives from the Empire, including the devotees of Helion in Lleng Haul and the mysterious mages of Hellfire. Oren, Fahren and Ignatius then set about building relations with their cohorts within the empire, including her majesty, the Empress of the Legionum. Hroiland made plain their intent to support the Empire.

One act of contrition and introductory cooperation in which Hroiland indulged was the gifting of various trinkets captured from those found guilty of witchcraft or eldritch glamour within the borders of Hroiland in the past. A moon-charm was presented to Hellfire and two crystals, one black and one white, to the fae of Noctum Caligo, as both were appointed Imperial allies within the mists of Hynafol.

Hroiland gave solemn word that no mage nor fae of light or dark that fought beside Hroiland would be oppressed in Hynafol by Hroilander hands. Hroiland also raised cups with Sleipnir's Fjord, allies of the Vanirsons. Throughout the battles that followed, the mercenary Vanirson brothers fought as bravely as any Hroilander under great Roland's banner ever could. The Witchhunter, being an old veteran, proudly stood guard for the Empress. And when a vote was called to fill the four seats at the round table, Hroiland proudly nominated Fahren Vanirson to represent the humans of the Empire.

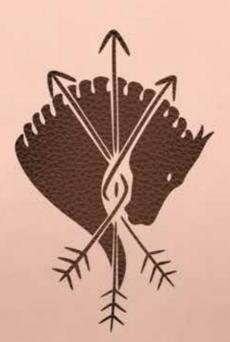
And when the mists began to fade and Ignatius returned to his homeland, he bade the Vanirsons God-Speed as they set off to claim new lands, their contract honorably completed with Hroiland, for Ignatius (formerly a faithless man who felt the gods were unreliable manipulators) was so impressed with the faith and fervor in battle of the warriors and priests of Helion that he took up the mantle of Helion faith. Malarcana, the local faith of the Nightwatch and all Hroilander free-folk is still practiced, but its dark traditions and haunted curses have done nothing to protect the free-folk of Hroiland.

Darkness can only be fought with light. Now there is hope through the Light of the Sun.

A golden bear delivered the call to fynafol to Bronwyn, Boudica of Jument Sauvage. Bronwyn, leader of the Red (Dain Riders tribe, and Bryg, Iraquan of Boudihilia and future leader of the Goshawk Razor Wings, crossed into the mists together with two others who went missing in the mists.

Bronwyn quickly gained renown when she won the Soilympics and the respect of those who gathered in the mists. Working with Reina of Voiaj the three women scoured the battlefield until a box of scrolls were recovered and shared with the people of Tynafol for translation.

Bronwyn and Bryg welcomed their first new member, Atoosa as dual citizenship with the Brewers. Bronwyn the Boudica became close to both Atoosa the Commander of the Imperium, and the Empress. Deciding to put generations of hate behind them the women chose to support one another and build a better future for all. Ghey are now an elite fighting force for the Imperium, seeking equality for all species and a peaceful world.



7. Iradessa Dragon of the Cosmos, ventured into the mists of Hynafol and found myself on the Isle of Karn. The Isle of Karn is home to the bards of Karnifal. In a world where magic seems to be lost, we as entertainers bring magic to these lands. We supplied a bit of magic on the Night of magic. We had our fun with curses and chaos but also wonderful prizes including a dragon egg, a monster scroll, and a phoenix potion.

? witnessed multiple battles where drunken buffoons stabbed and killed one another causing much bloodshed. Battle would go so much faster if the mists hadn't taken away my fire breathing power and ? could have just burned them to the ground.

Anyway, a box was retrieved during the battles. First the guilds voted on if the box should be opened. Curiosity got the best of everyone and the box was in fact opened with a representative of each guild present along with some healers should the box contain danger. The box contained a map of Hynafol leading to the round table, and a letter about ensuring that the right individuals were seated at the table. Ultimately, this led to more brutal savagery and fighting with everyone wanting the most seats at the table. Some tried to turn the odds in their favor with the use of magic or undead fae.

The freehold won 6 seats at the table while the Imperium won 4. The seats were distributed on the freehold side. I for the general, I for the order, I for Sellars keep, and I for the lodge, I for marchwardens, and I for voyage Moreau. While on the Imperium side the seats went to I fae. I dwarf, I elf, and I human.

I have allied myself among the dwarves, voyage Moreau, the lodge and many others who surprisingly welcomed a dragon into their midsts. Now there is word of dragon eggs hatching in Hynafol and the dangers they will bring. I worry that other will associate me with these said dragons and dangers putting a target on my back. I hope to help stop any further fighting and killing before it begins. Hopefully a song, or a dance shall help to raise the spirits of everyone and remind us that magic is still here in Hynafol.

Wednesday Evening:

Ser Gabriel and Saetas Lani traveled to the Ligue de Freehold Camp to recruit Rogan DiEldred as the Liaison Officer between Lleng Haul and the (Darchwardens Guild.

Empress Aurelia held Imperial court in the Maid Marian Chapel. The Order found themselves speaking to the Empress directly in a tense meeting before departing and declaring their allegiance to the Freehold.



Ghursday:

Ghe Lleng Haul fought with the Imperium against the Ligue de Freehold, with General Crassus at the head of the army. Ghough defeated, the Imperium managed to secure valuable resources on the battlefield. Agreements were struck with Jument Savage, Sleipnir's Fjord, Ghe Fae Guilds, Mor Ladrona and others to fight with and cooperate with the Imperium Dominium.

Later in the evening, Vel'Stadt, Gabriel, Ardia, Rogan, Chasman and Avatis participated in the Night of (Dagic, and through many a struggle found themselves taking one of the three prizes, the Potion of the Phoenix. Unfortunately, the celebrations were short lived after Vel'Stadt became poisoned by The Order with a rage potion, leading to him assaulting Gabriel in a blind rage.

Vel'Stadt, after being brought to his senses, left the celebrations to repent at the Chapel, where he removed his Command Ceinture to recuse himself of leadership.

Friday:

Ghe Empress accompanied by Knights of the Lleng haul met with diplomats from the Ligue de Freehold reached an agreement to share information discovered after the battle the previous day. It was decided that this day's battle would be settled with wargames rather than true bloodshed. Atoosa the Dwarf was promoted to the General of the Imperial Forces. In her first act as General, she gave three fighters in the Imperium's force invulnerability potions, with which they were able to single-handedly hold three of the battlefield's objectives.

Nowever, this potion was short-lived, as an Empyrean approached Vel'Stadt and revoked the potion's abilities. Later in the evening, the Lleng Naul was approached by many factions on either side of the conflict, with troubling details about the Empress's impending doom. From a count of 300 men ready to slaughter her in cold blood, to whispers of an ambitious usurper of the throne, Ehe Legion and Nroiland worked throughout the night to unravel these foul tales. Fahren Vanirson, Vel'Stadt and Eldon were busy late into the night, discussing these matters until they were interrupted by Assassin's of The Order.

Ghese assassins became too ambitious and approached too closely, snapping a twig in error and signaling their presence. Froiland, the Legion and Fellfire worked from 2 am to 4:30am to rout off the would-be assassin's.

Saturday:

Ghe battle to decide the seats at the round table was hard fought, with 4 seats being secured by Imperial Forces. Nowever the threat against the Empress's life remained. After running through every scenario of the Empress's demise, it was decided that the only way to avoid the death of the Empress was to accept their fate. Both the Empress and Vel'Stadt consumed the Potion of the Phoenix, embracing their destinies without sacrificing innocent lives to protect their own. And this decision proved fruitful, for the Empress was slain by Killean of the Oarch. Vel'Stadt, being nearby and informed by eye witnesses and General Crassus himself, charged into the dark of night to pursue Killean into the Freehold camp before slaying five of Freehold's own inside their own camp before executing Killean and declaring to witnesses "You will tell Rook that Justice has been dispensed this evening!"

Shortly after delivering the Empress's corpse to the Chapel, Vel';Stadt was also betrayed by agents of Darkness who slit his throat during the vigil. However, both Vel'Stadt and the Empress would rise with the Sun, their corpses combusting as they emerged reborn from the flames. Ghe Empress, reborn as the Goddess Estia, and Vel'Stadt reborn as one of the Nephilim...

Over the course of the first gathering in Hynafol after the return of the Mists, Menatu Vandor sought out as much knowledge as we could, seeking to learn more about why the Mists vanished, why they were returning now, and the current state of Hynafol.

We claimed a building central to the grounds of Hynafol and turned it into a makeshift Library, a place where folk could congregate for learning and to ask us questions. On the third day of the gathering, we ran the guild's traditional Riddle Quest, serving tea and snacks to visitors who came in search of knowledge or a riddle to solve.

The first battle between the Imperium and the Ligue unearthed a number of relics, scrolls, and chests. Our members strave to collect as much knowledge from these objects as we could, including translating those that were in other tongues. One of these, a locked chest bearing Merlin's name, took up a significant amount of our time and attention the second day, as the Imperium had the chest while we had the key, courtesy of Olivine, our Keeper of the Keys.

After much diplomacy, including the formation of a loose alliance with the Ligue, we managed to extract the chest from the Imperium's clutches with aid from Hellfire. However, over the course of the "battle" (declared a wargame after both sides determined that they wished to make at least a token gesture towards cooperation) an angel (Lady Mischief, as she's come to be called) snatched both key and chest and offered them to the winning party, the Imperium.

Fortunately, the Imperium proved willing to share the contents of the chest: a scroll from Merlin, which sparked an entirely different struggle, this time over seats at the Round Table. Another frantic day followed, tracking down lore, performing research, and dealing with the political fallout of the Ligue's slim victory during the third day's battle, including the creation of an informal alliance and working relationship with the Fulcrum Acolytes and Voiaj Mereu. The day culminated in the seating of the Knights of the Round Table, where our scholars were instrumental in guiding the Knights through the lore that had been gathered thus far, alongside the scholars of the Fulcrum Acolytes.

Our goals for the coming year are many, but primarily focused on understanding what is happening. New threats are now stirring in the world - the appearance of Mordred, the dragons rampaging within Torst Drukar, the darkness infecting Hynafol, and possibly new strife with the orcs - and we must learn more about them. The resurgence of magic offers many tantalizing opportunities, but also possible dangers; we wish to work with other guilds to build a diplomatic framework to ensure that magic is used to make the world better, and not abused as it can so easily be. To these ends, we seek to cooperate with any who would aid us in our goals, whether they be Ligue, Imperium, or another neutral party. Upon entering the mists alongside the ships of Sleipnir's Ford, the various members of MorLadrona dreamt of the treasures and adventures that would await them. However, their journey was interrupted by a dark force that weighed heavily upon them omens of things to come. As they found themselves in Hynafol, many put the experience out of mind and decided to seek strong drink to drown out the voice they had heard.

In true pirate fashion, the guild of MorLadrona made the tavern their own by taking to the stage and performing their guild inauguration. Afterward, first mate Cheefo, along with members of Voiaj Mereu and many others, sang songs of merriment to enliven and entertain all in attendance. As the night drew to a close, the members went their separate ways. Brom, Phellon, and The Madame of Mayhem retreated to the Madame's tent where they were met by many visitors. Most notably, members of Lleng Haul who were recruiting for the impending battle. Despite his distaste for Lleng Haul, with the prospect of payment and lure of combat, Brom agreed.

The battle proved a defeat for the Imperium Dominium. Brom and Mazrin were paid for their efforts regardless. And perhaps more due to miscommunication within the Imperium. Unfortunately, sometime during the battle, Lord Captain Rèaltin, who had taken leadership of MorLadrona, fell overboard and was lost at sea. Rumours of a mutiny began to rise. Without a leader, the pirates of MorLadrona became aimless and mostly went their separate ways. Cheefo sought refuge at the Lodge. Brom, Phellon and Madame quested for the Hellfire Citrine. Captain Killian and Merrigan looked for guidance only to find an empty tavern. Some members and their allies competed in the Night of Magic, but reached the end as the last prize was won. As night fell, Cheefo and Mazrin defended against the shade attack, while Brom coaxed a bard to sing for the masquerade.

Two favorable developments opened the following day. Seeking the opportunities of the position, Brom Blackwell stepped forward and was elected as the new Lord Captain of MorLadrona. Secondly, the guild was visited by an alluring figure. Aurelius captivated the crew and was soon warmly welcomed. With new unity, Killian, Merrigan, Mazrin, and Brom joined the day's battle, which proved a victory for the Imperium. MorLadrona joined Sleipnir's Ford at the castle to drink after the battle. During discussions, they found they were in agreement that the information found within Merlin's box should not be shared with Ligue de Freehold unless it were necessary. Later, they were overruled. This did not stop them from continuing to remain in good spirits at the night's bonfire, nor did the rain as they took refuge in the tavern.

With seats at the round table on the line, The Empress herself provided MorLadrona a new ship, 250 (units), freeport in Hynafol, and freedom from law at sea. The members of MorLadrona observed the proceedings of the round table with caution, not sure of its implications. Eventually, as tensions rose, they joined the battle against the monster attack. During the celebrations that followed the victory, Killian and Merrigan were again met by Aurelius. The two came to the conclusion that this being could be none other than the Avatar of Calypso, the pirate goddess.

The members of MorLadrona, much to their preference, were unnoticed and unheeded in their pursuits in Hynafol; their actions mostly unassuming and harmless. These first steps left many on unsure footing, but soon found their land legs. Many new alliances were made and others strengthened. With new leadership and religious guidance, MorLadrona plans to expand their ranks and influence.



The Fac of Noctum Caligo are a sociable, but very secretive lot, their true intentions remaining unclear. The only known rules the Noctum Caligo Fac Follow are Keep the Word, Keep the Promise, and Keep the Song. Interpretations of these vary, as they are not keen on explaining it to anyone outside their guild. What is known is that when Magic is involved, the Fac of both Solis and Noctum Caligo are in agreement that it should be free.

Individual Fae have their own rules, as is seen very clearly when dealing with them. Shai lagh, Jackal of Noctum Caligo and a Fae of Shield Battle Prowess in the Imperium Army, plays games, and seems to live as though most things are games, simply with higher stakes. On the other hand, Nyx, the most Beloved Racoon to all people of Hynafol, is known as Shai lagh's Twin under Fluna's Grace. He has very sticky fingers, and though he will not play such games with you, he may yet be in possession of your trash and trinkets in due time. As Noctum's Wolf, Rhog, is an Orc, it was no surprise that his Kin would side with the Orcs when the orc general of Hynafol, Tusk,

arrived at the lodge, as well as in discussions that followed. Each lives their truth.

Noctum dealings and alliances are very specific, especially in regards to humans, due to a sordid past. Regardless of anyone's distrust of them, the Fae of Noctum Caligo act on the truth of the Word, and nothing more.

Relations with the two kingdoms in the war, Imperium Dominium and Lique de Freehold, certainly shifted a bit. The Imperium, as a show of good faith to the Fae, granted the Ram of Noctum Caligo, Sh'leg, the privilege of opening a chest won in the second battle, putting the Noctum Fae in everyone's notice. The Empress further acouraged camaraderie with the Fae, as well as the other people's of her lands, by offering one of the four seats to each. Noctum's Owl, Aurora, the Night Court Champion who Keeps the Word, was appointed one of the four Imperi um seats, alongside a Human, Elf, and Dwarf representative. This balance was looked at kindly by the Noctum Fae, though relations with the Imperium remain neutral overall. Owl's position on the Fae Court and the Round Table, in the eyes of the Noctum Fae, is only natural as magic begins to express itself in the world around Hynafol.

The lique de Freehold meeting to determine their six seats at the Round Table was a pointed example of why Moctum Fae are slow to trust humans, despite their outwardly amicable natures. In contrast to the Imperium, though the lique screamed of Freedom for all, a full debate, to include intermission, was necessary to get a docile non-human on their counsel. The views and points made, including a misrepresentation through an Flf representative and threat of genoside by a singular, overzealous individual, and the attempt to remove the Fae's claim due to battle experience, are slights not quickly forgiven nor forgotten. Relations with the lique have thus been made worse, and the Fae are not easily appeased when wronged.

The Moctum Fae are a capricious lot, but loyal to their Kin, and faithful to their Cousins in the Fae Court. It's a newly formed unity, but a hopeful example for all.

Known Fae of Solis Caligo:

Alaric Wildspore - Oak Warden of the Summer Court, Herald of Ungi, Root of Caernos Kindroth - Stag Sage of the Summer Court, Root of Caernos Seladon Sweetleef - Primal Oracle of the Summer Court (now of Noctum Caligo) Buttercup - Leaf on the Wind of the Spring Court, Root of Caernos Savage of the Sidhe - The Whisperer of the Spring Court Sangriana - Greenskeeper of the Spring Court Adderbolt - The Spoken of the Day Court Fizhan - The Written of the Day Court Ehvietta Sundrop Primose Peachplume

While the deeds and misdeeds of the Fae, light or dark, are largely secretive, it is important to note that this is primarily due to their natural inclination toward freedom. The Fae of Solis Caligo are often known to be the more light-hearted and quick to smile of their kin; however, this does not preclude them from mischief. Whether they want their actions to be known to the world is up to the individual. You may find the Solis Fae on either side of the battlefield or not at all. Mortal skirmishes for territory or political turmoil are merely a stage for the Fae to dance on. Alliances with the light fae are most likely to be found by sharing a song, generosity, acts of kindness, quick witted humor, and a willingness to protect one's kin and neighbor.

During the events of our venture into the mists, the light Fae were publicly seen greeting the mornings with yoga and meditation, dancing courtly dances, and engaging in long nights of drunken debauchery with anyone who would raise a horn with them. When the shades, mimics, and Death itself descended upon the lodge, Solis Caligo stood with them to hunt and protect.

When all of Hynafol vied for seats at the Round Table, Solis Caligo treated with the lique De Freehold to hold one of their six seats. Alaric Wildspore stepped forward as Solis' chosen candidate. The human's fear of the Fae and stringent loyalty to their own kingdom called Alaric's candidacy into question – as he had fought on both sides of the field. Fae representation at the Table was of utmost importance. This land is of our ancestral blood. Alaric rescinded his candidacy and put forward Fennel of Voiaj Mereu in his stead. As a non-combatant neutral party and friend of all, Fennel has the confidence of all Fae that she will represent our interests well. Solis Caligo remains invested in the future of Hynafol and keeps open eyes and keen ears.

Sellar's Story A Sellar's Keep History

At the beginning of the transversal of the mists, the members of Sellar's Keep were guided by a mysterious figure to the location that would further be known as their home away from home. They were led into a trance-like state, picturing a large snake-like figure, allowing their minds to be flooded with an unknown voice.

On the first day after passing through the veil, assistance was requested of Sellar's Keep to obtain a certain...artifact. utilizing the skills blessed upon them by the one known only as the Faceless, this task proved to be a trivial matter. The artifact was delivered into the hands of Hellfire as promised.

Throughout their stay in the mists, many contractual obligations were filled, may they be assassinations, pockets ripe for the picking, as well as physical evidence of any Sellar's Reep involvement obtained and destroyed. Allegiances based on the exchange of coin were also established, leading to victories on any side Sellar's Reep was paid to assist. Double payment was beguiled out of The Order's treasury.

The agent known as **series** kept the leader of the Ligue de Freehold on edge, as a show of force to establish the strength of Sellar's Keep.

During the second day in the mists, the one known as second received a blessing from the Faceless; an ability described only as "The Hand of Death".

Llama potions were supplied during the Masquerade, and enjoyment was ensued by all in attendance.

On the final day of the Grand Gathering, the Circle of the Seven Sisters attempted to summon and bind Death to their will. Sellar's Keep took it upon themselves to investigate and subsequently intterupt this ceremony, inadvertently binding Death to the one known as Valonten Rousseau, rest his soul... as the members of the Keep sought to rectify this matter by sending him to the depths. Upon his passing, Death was unleaded unto the world, wherefor all guilds and factions banded together in the hopes of defeating the monstrosity.

During the night, a ceremony was heald in the honor of the new King of Beggars, the one known as **second was**. Flesh and blood of a sacrifice was taken by mouth in a sacrament to the Faceless.

"We come from the land of the ice and snow. We are the people of mountain, vale, and fjord. Where once we may have served different lords or fought under different banners, we were called together by a shared vision. Each of us has seen the same sign of the two goats. Whether in a slumbering dream or a waking vision, each of us received the call to action, the summons to venture across the waves to Hynafol. It was this omen that drew us together and continues to draw us together. Even today more and more brave souls from our homeland and beyond receive this vision of the two goats and journey to

YNAFOL TO SEEK OUT STRENG COFTE."

- ON THE SHARED VISION OF THE COATS, THE CALL INTO THE MISTS

THE VIKINGS OF STRENG GOFTE ENTERED THE MISTS OF YNAFOL HUMBLE AND HUNGRY FOR ADVENTURE. A SMALL GUILD OF FAIR-WEATHER TRAVELERS AND MERCHANTS, YNAFOL PRESENTED THESE VIKINGS WITH NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR COMMERCE, COMRADERY, AND A CHANCE TO BE A PART OF A STORY THAT WOULD BE REMEMBERED FOR AGES.

To the members of Streng Lofte, following The Old Ways means keeping away from the petty struggles of other guilds, preferring to turn their attention to their own personal wealth and

connections, apart from pre-determined alliances. Streng Lofte made camp with several other of the independent guilds, and made itself known, initially, as a neutral party in mixed company, peddling goods, secrets, and stories to anyone curious enough to inquire. The guild even hosted a small array of events with their sister guild, 2 ument Savague, including Orlog, archery, and mead tasting.

As tensions grew between the Imperium and the Freehold, Streng Lofte sided with the former, in support of structured society, economy, and fair laws. Streng Lofte as a guild holds no lasting loyality to the Empress, or the Imperium, but values the transactional nature of the alliance. Many of its members have little care for politics outside of their own, and therefore do not "serve the Empire". Instead they fight for their land, their heritage, their vows, and their values, and will do so alongside the party that respects their endeavors. Clan over King, Exile over Servitude, Peace over the Wanton Waging of War. The guild fought in all three battles against the Freehold, wielding axes, swords, bows, and round shields, and when the time came to vote for a member of the Round Table. Streng Lofte backed Fahren Varinson as the human representative. Many have also moved to further support Fahren in his claim to the ancestral homeland, and his hope to unify the vikings into a new guild, Valravn. Several others have moved in tandem with their Dwarf kin, joining Torst Drukar, further solidifying Streng Lofte as a guild open to individual pursuits and the finding of clan and kin.

T IS RUMORED THAT THE PIECES OF THE SHIELD OF GOFF THORSON THE STRONG, WHICH WERE SHATTERED AND LOST IN THE LEGENDARY BATTLE OF THE BROKEN SHIELD, RESIDE WITHIN THE MISTS OF HYNAFOL. MEMBERS INSIDE AND OUT OF THE GUILD CONTINUE IN THEIR PURSUIT FOR THESE SACRED PIECES AND THE KNOWLEDGE OR MAGIC THEY CONTAIN. TIME WILL ONLY TELL IF THE LEGEND IS TRUE AND THE PIECES CAN BE RECOVERED.

IN THE COMING YEARS, STRENG GOFTE'S MEMBERS REMAIN LOYAL TO THEIR CAUSE AND THEIR VALUES, WHETHER UNDER THEIR OWN BANNER, OR THE BANNERS OF VALRAVN OR TORST DRUKAR. THEY HOPE TO STRENGTHEN THEIR TIES TO THEIR COMMUNITY, THEIR LAND, AND THEIR GODS.

Once the Acolytes were approached by the gadflies holding the scroll to summon them. The counsel called a meeting to discuss who would go. After a day, they had reached their decision. The Fulcrum Acolites sent forth the sisters Pyre and Saraphina as well as a third member, Magnus.

Once the chosen Acolytes arrived at Hynafol, the 2 sisters received news that led them on a quest of their own while managing the guild affairs with Magnus. The guild was quick to meet members from all over the known world to form bonds and connections. Alliances and truces were formed between the Acolytes and the other guilds, as the Acolytes thought best to remain as neutral as possible.

Though neutral, Pyre of the Acolytes fought valiantly on the battlefield alongside Ligue de Freehold. Quickly gaining recognition for her formidable skills with the blade, Pyre gained the respect of allies and the fear of their foes. For word quickly spread of the blue and red clad guard.

The two sisters learned there were other sisters and sought them out to be reunited, though this was not without risk. For word spread quickly of the sisters and a rumor that they would summon a monster. Several attempts were made on the sisterhood's life, but that did not stop them, for it was their destiny.

Meanwhile, Magnus ran all over Hynafol to speak with his connections in the various guilds to piece together as much information as he could about the land and what happened. Persuading everyone to attempt to work together as a greater threat loomed over them. Though Magnus was able to obtain and share knowledge about the greater threat and how everyone might save themselves yet, he failed in uniting the kingdoms Ligue de Freehold and Imperium Dominium.

The second battle between Ligue de Freehold and Imperium Dominium was discussed to be war games, thus Freehold was not prepared when Imperium began to use potions and attacking healers. The results were somber as Freehold lost the battle.

The third battle seemed to result in the same, or even worse. For the sisterhood had in fact summoned the monster and it was bound by Imperium. It would appear there was no hope with a monster fighting alongside the enemy. But fortunately the Freehold had acquired a runic poleax that gave them the advantage they needed. After an intense battle between the nations, the Freehold had finally won.

The goal for the Acolytes, when returning, is to acquire as much knowledge as possible to better understand what happened 400 years ago.

> What happened to King Arthur? What caused the corruption? And who is Mordred?

Lodge members from all over the realm traveled through the mists into Hynafol with many different goals. Some looked for knowledge, some looked for monsters, others looked to establish a new Lodge in the Mists. When we arrived, Finan Belmarr located what looked to be a Lodge abandoned and gathered other guild members there. First order of business was to establish a new Lodgemaster. Finan, who was the Lodgemaster in Craig Mor seemed like the best choice to many. However Ulfhildr Vestergaard of the Tir Digon Lodge stood and stated that

no leadership should go unchallenged, especially in a place as dangerous as Hynafol. She challenged Finan to a duel for the title of Lodgemaster, and while the battle was fierce and quite close, Finan prevailed and became Lodgemaster.

Second order of business was gathering information about the dangers of Hynafol. Initially prepared for beasts and monsters, the Lodge was actually presented with the problem of politics. Many guilds from the Ligue de Freehold and the Imperium were here, vying for power and knowledge. Approached by both sides, the Lodge was initially unaligned with either. Upon learning the Ligue de Freehold wanted to establish free trade in Hynafol, many members sided with the Freehold during the initial battle and helped them win. The Imperium then approached the Lodge with promises of peace and the second battle was assured to be simple war games, with the spoils being shared amongst all. After the second battle, where the Imperium crushed the Freehold and used magic items that the Lodge deemed wasteful, the Lodge quickly decided to side with the Freehold, becoming strong allies with the Marchwardens, Nova Vitae, the Order, and Ordo Cervi. In the final battle, our champion, Raynolf Longspear, wielded the Runic weapon that defeated Death who was summoned by the Imperium in an evil ritual. The Lodge helped win the final battle for the seats at the Round Table. Voted upon by members of the guild, Ulfhildr was elected as the Lodge representative to the Round Table.

However, it was not only politics that the Lodge had to deal with in Hynafol. Monsters did in fact start appearing. Creatures crept in the darkness of night, hungering for souls. The Lodge, with the help of Lady Nimue, helped cure some of these creatures. At some point, a box of letters from Arthur himself were discovered and with the help of Seamus the Lodge bard, Bronn the priest of Caernos, and many other allies such as the Voiaj Mereu, several letters were translated. The text warned of priests in the mists getting corrupted by their gods and the dangers this caused in Hynafol. Arthur closed the mists to keep these perils from spreading to the realms, but these letters never made it out. Our bard did have an unfortunate run in with an orc and we learned that there are orc tribes here who did not get along with humans.

Another important event was the wedding of Gwenyn of the Lodge to Everill of the Voiaj Mereu. After the ceremony was completed, an angel appeared and gifted them a green dragon egg. The Lodge vowed to keep the egg safe and investigate the return of dragons. At the Round table, it was revealed that three eggs had been discovered and could be used to empower a single mage. However, when all the chosen Knights gathered and took seats at the Round table, a man named Mordred appeared and claimed that Hynafol was his. Afterwards, Death appeared with many shades and all of the Lodge, alongside both the Freehold and the Imperium, helped defeat it in the final battle.

What the Lodge aims to accomplish next Gathering: To investigate the return of dragons, to continue to battle monsters, to protect the dragon egg, to help mend the rift between the orcs of Hynafol and men, to continue to fight with the Freehold for freedom and prosperity for all in the Mists.



Before crossing the mists from the Known World to Tynafol, the Admiral and Senior guild members of the Darchwardens were made aware of a planned siege to their supply lines by the Imperium. The Darchwardens began planning strategies and potential alliances with the Lodge.

Gogether with the other guilds of the Ligue de Freehold, Nova Vitae, Ordo Cervi, and the Fulcrum Acolytes, the (Darchwardens crossed through the mists in the evening of Wednesday to the land called Aynafol, with members beginning to explore and make friends of other guilds. Gentative alliances for the following day's battle with independent mercenaries and the Lodge.

Ghe morning of Ghursday, representatives from Ghe Order visited the camp of the Freehold and spoke with leaders of the (Darchwardens and Ordo Cervi, Admiral Rook and General Francesco. Ghe Order agreed to fight on the behalf of the Freehold if the (Darchwardens would agree to allow and assist the Order in settling on a seemingly uninhabited island to the northwest of the (Darch. Ghe Freehold, along with allies from Sellar's Keep, Noctum Caligo, the Order, and the Lodge, took the field of battle and won against the Imperium. Ghat evening, the new members of the (Darchwardens were initiated by Lt Garrett (Darshall, Lore (Daster and Greasure, and f)igh Priest Killiean, Emberkeeper, Shades and (Dimics attacked the Freehold camp twice that night and were fought off by members of the (Darchwardens.

Ghe morning of Friday, representatives of the Marchwardens met with the Imperium, the Lodge, Gorst Drukar, Menatu Vandor, and Hellfire to agree upon trade alliances, each guilds findings of magical items, and a proposal to have the coming battle be treated as a "war game" headed by the Freehold on behalf of Menatu Vandor. Ghe Freehold, against odds of 3:1, lost on the battlefield, but were invited to Imperium Court to witness the opening of Merlin's chest. After the battle, the Marchwardens celebrated a handfasting of two of their members, and had meetings with allied guilds to plan for the next day's battle. Ghe camp of the Freehold suffered greatly during that night's storm.

Ghe (Dorning of Saturday, representatives of the (Darchwardens met with Lleng Haul to discuss them leaving the Imperium, who were uninterested. Ghe Freehold mustered for battle with allies from the Lodge, the Order, Solis Caligo, Sellar's Keep, and Independant mercenaries, and were successful against the Imperium, winning the privilege to name 6 representatives at the Round Gable. All free people of Hynafol were invited to the Freehold camp for a Summit to elect who were to sit the Round Gable.



Ghrough open quorum, the Freehold and its allies elected their 6 Knights, including (Darchwarden (Dayve de Fenix. After the summoning at the Round Gable, commanders from the (Darchwardens rallied troops at the Castle to help defend Fynafol from Death and his Shades. Soldiers from the Imperium invaded the Freehold camp and murdered several members of the (Darchwardens, in vengeance for the assassination of the Empress by Figh Priest Killiean, whose actions were not sanctioned by the (Darchwardens. On the first night of the mists being revealed, The Order stepped through the town gates to see eyes looking upon them with great disdain. Believing us to be nothing but savages, whose only purpose was bloodshed and conflict, the guilds of the imperium looked down upon us. Viewing us as nothing more than dogs that needed a leash, they asked The Order to meet with their empress to discuss sharing their side of the battlefield. Not long after, the leaders of The Freehold sought the order out to discuss a counter offer, and wished to speak with us at some point before the first battle.

The Order then decided to meet with the imperium, and hear the words of the empress on why The Order was necessary for their hold on Hynafol, and what they were to offer us in return for servitude. Hearing these words, the most vocal of our members stepped forward and exclaimed how the viewpoints of The Order and the imperium differed. After a heated exchange of words, The Order left the chapel to moot over what had been discussed that night.

On the morn of the following day, The Order sought out the leaders of The Freehold to discuss the terms of the agreement they had asked for. Upon arriving at the camp of The Freehold, The Order was met with the leaders on equal footing. They proclaimed that The Freehold seeks to restore freedom to all citizens of Hynafol, claiming that each person has the potential to be anything imaginable, and that they should have the choice to do so without the tyranny of an empire or lord to stop them.

Upon hearing these words, the tenants of The Way Of Steel began to echo within the hearts and minds of the warriors of The Order, and they decided to hold a moot to make a final decision.

Unanimously, the warriors decided that fighting for The Freehold aligned more so with their goals and way of life than that of the imperium's. With one condition, the warriors accepted the deal to fight for The Freehold: The Order was to be given claim to the island in the NorthWestern most corner of the map, so that they may use it as a foothold into Hynafol to continue their search for Void Steel.

After the alliance was formed The Order joined The Freehold on the battlefield, securing them a victory. Later that evening, Four Order-men and a member of the sun legion competed in a contest of wits and speed, securing possession of a golden dragon's egg.

The following day, The Order joined The Freehold in battle once again, this time to a disappointing defeat, however on that battlefield they found themselves a sixth member: Liam Fletcher, who was later knighted by Ser Caxton Blackmont, and initiated into the ranks on the night of the great storm.

That evening brought great peril to the peoples of Hynafol as Death himself walked the dirt paths and streets. The Order would not stand for such a foe to remain unchallenged. In response they discovered the only way to defeat Death was to outrun it. So they led the foul creature into the deep dark of the forests of Hynafol and away from those unable to defend themselves.

Glorious victory was had the next day not only on the battlefield but also at the courts of diplomacy as a man of the Order, Cassius Vi Enyo was elected to represent his people at The Round Table. Discussion was had, to no avail as the folk who sat at the table largely did not want to accept The Way of Steel as the answer to the ails of the realm. Despite this, The Order came to the aid of all the free peoples of Hynafol at a great battle just outside the castle, vanquishing a vicious monster.

- Yoran Half-hand, Master of Coin 1022 A.D.

When The Brewers were sent on a mission by the council to try to make contact with the mother mountain, they never expected the journey would go the way it did. When the golden mole appeared with the scroll, we were hopeful to find the answers we sought inside the mists, in Hynafol. Seeing all the different peoples mingling together and in relative harmony gave The Brewers hope for a brighter future.

The Brewers always pack heavy for long journeys and found themselves in a fortuitous situation. A tavern covered in dust would see life in its walls again. Thus, The Heart of the Mountain was born anew. We shared our provisions with all, no matter what dark creature stirred in the night, or what storm decided to rage on in the sky, one could find shell ter and safety with the dwarves of Torst Drukar. Everyone learned that The Brewers have their own way of settling a disagreement, dwarven balls. Put your balls where my beer is, "could be heard throughout Hynafol.

Hynafol wasn't all smiles and beer though, during the first battle Papa Drundor sniffed out a box of magical goodies and claimed them in the name of Torst Drukar. We used them to further the goals of the Imperium. Then, at the Empress's request, we stood guard as the witches summoned death: truly a spectacular sight to behold, we even beat down Sellars Keep in the process. Even though we were all murdered with poison for it, there were no regrets. We were thankful that our trusty treasurer and healer. Doma, was there to save us all. After that, one of our own, Atoosa rose to the rank of General of the Imperium forces. A truly well deserved and fitting role for the fierce neck beard.

We fought hard for the Empress, and Imperium, while in Hynafol. This earned the dwarves a seat at the round table. As a guild we nominated Godrum to represent the Dwarves at the round table, one would be hard pressed to find a better dwarf for the job. Finally, at the meeting of the round table we found some answers to our questions. A dwarf from the mother mountain appeared, badly ravaged and burned. We were eager to find an swers, but the evil spirits of Hynafol wouldn't allow it. Mordred appeared and put a damper on everyone's mood. He claimed to be the rightful ruler of Hynafol, stirring up more tension between the peoples. After finding that the dwarf was too injured for questioning, a fight broke out near the castle. A nasty beast appeared and the people of Hynafol ralled together to vanquish the menace. After all of the excitement, Torst Drukar reconvened at the heart of the mountain for fire roasted steaks and beer. Things were merry and peaceful around our fire. That was until Mordred showed his ugly face.

The evil Mordred came seeking deals and making offers but there were no takers at this fire. Finally, Gawain asked Mordred, Do you know of The Mist Dragon,?"

MORDRED LOOKED UP IN THOUGHT AND WONDERED ALOUD, THE MIST DRAGON ?"

EVERYONE GRINNED IN UNISON AS GAWAIN NEVER MISSED A BEAT AND SAID, IVE MISSED DRAGGIN THESE NUTS ACROSS YOUR FACE. There will be no deals." Mordred slew that brave soul on the spot while being drowned in the laughter of everyone present. The Mists soon brought him back without memory of his death: he began to dream and see the truth of what lurks within the Mists. Some say this is the very birthplace of the Mist Dragon's impending doom.

IN THE MORNING WE HEARD FROM OUR BROTHER FROM THE MOTHER MOUNTAIN. HE TOLD US OF THE 400 YEA WAR WITH THE DRAGONS AND THE FALL OF TORST DRUKAR. THE VOLKYNN KNEW THEN AND THERE IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE THE NAME TORST DRUKAR BEHIND AND BECOME TORST HELVELLYN. ONE DAY WE WILL GROW IN STRENGTH AND TAKE BACK THE MOTHER MOUNTAIN FOR DWARVES EVERYWHERE. Voiaj Mereu has always traveled the roads of the known world, and were summoned to Hynafol like many others. Our reunion was a happy one, despite the darkness in the mists, and we emerged together, unharmed, and able to share story late into the night.

Come morning, we came together for breakfast and to weave our stories with charm and twine for our new banner, as is tradition. Some of us stayed in our camp and welcomed other visitors to Hynafol to join us. Thanks to Dagna's comforts. Ophelia's fine foods, and Rose's exotic wares, our camp became a place for all to rest, regardless of origin or allegiance, which granted many friendships. Still others traveled to the battlefield, as Riena bore water and Marco (with trusty wagon in tow) offered aid and assistance to any who passed needing it.

That night was the Night of Magic, and while we were not the fastest party, we were the eleverest, delighting the final task master with our solution. We lost none in our number, despite the dangers the darkness held, thanks to Manfri and Ophelia's staves, as well as a few rangers from The Lodge. In the masquerade that followed, our dear Kezia became cursed and was nearly killed. She was saved by the grace of Nimue, the Lady of the Lake (a most fortuitous meeting) and blessed with the power of Druidry and a healing touch. When we tried to return to camp to share stories again, we were beset upon by mimics, forcing us to flee to the Lodge for safety. Seeking answers, Fennel and Dagna joined a hunting party that delved into the night, the former discovering that these mimics would not attack if they were not attacked first. Meanwhile, Ophelia lead the charge at the Lodge, working with a number of guilds to translate a collection of scrolls our Riena found with two others not of our family. One of these papers bore the broken circle — our sign denoting danger.

We convened in the morning for the wedding of Everill and Gwenyn Mellifera, uniting them under Caerna's quiding light. They received many precious gifts and the groom was welcomed to our family. Our number grew further as Lady Caw began her initiation. She was severely punished for leaving her old guild, but we look after each other. In the evening, the Lady of the Lake led us on a Wild Walk through Hynafol to bless the sacred places. We found ourselves at our bonfire celebration, where story, song, and spirits were shared with all. But as night comes in the mists, so too does danger. Bravest Marco stayed at the fires as we escorted our guests with lanterns to the Lodge. The sky broke into storm and we fled to the castle for safety.

When dawn came, the day began much the same as the others. We welcomed many travelers throughout the day, as Kezia. Manfri, and Riena supported those who took to the field of battle to determine who would sit at King Arthur's table. While Ophelia worked to ensure representation for the Elves on the Imperium's side. Fennel was called upon by the Lique de Freehold to represent her fae kin, as both a voice of peace and unmarked by allegiances in combat. Whether the Knights of the Round Table heed her words remains to be seen.

As our time in Hynafol came to an end. Voiaj Mereu came together in song one final time before parting ways. We will be united again soon, with many new stories to tell.

Followers of Boudihillia gathered in the Lodge after the final battle with a monster on the field. The ten took the vow of the Eviti and followed Bryg, Irquan (figh Priestess), in a ritual. Breathing in deeply the group released all the rage by screaming into the air. In this moment Bryg felt her goddess Boudihillia's strength flow through her and into the 5 Bloodstones. Ghese five stones have been granted "The Second Wind" Once a day, if the wearer falls in battle they can clutch the stone, scream, and Boudihillia will give them the strength to rise once more to fight when they should be dead. After use the stone must be taken to an Irquan of Boudihillia to be re-charged for the next days use.

Bryg however never returned from the mists and all five stones have been scattered.

The goal of the Evitis is to discover where the bloodstones are, or who they were given to. Recover all five bloodstones of Boudihillia and name a new Irquan/Aigh Priestess.

Thursday:

At noon on the first day of battle, the majority of the Roots met near the Lodge to raise Aida (of the Caerna Sect) to All Speaker. A small oak grove was found and declared sacred ground for the raising as well as healing.

Below are the Roots that were in attendance as well as the offering made by each Root. - Finan, of The Green Man Sect, extended the hospitality and protection of The Lodge.

- Ophelia Piersic, of the Scrierea sect, gifted a focus for calming and cooling

- Fennel, of the Caerna Sect, Offered a light for protection against evil in the night and for guidance and safety

- Buttercup, of the The Gardener Sect, Offered a blessing of words

- Alaric Wildspore, of the Ungi Sect, Offered protection on and off the battlefield In return, the All Speaker extended her gralitude and accepted the responsibility of serving her Verdants, Branches, and Roots.

Friday:

A Root, Fennel, performed the marriage ceremony of Gwenyn Mellifera of the Woiaj Meru and Everill Adara of The Lodge in an oak grove. A procession of guests circled the officiant and then the marriage couple walked to the center of the circle in the grove. Fennel presented the couple to the guests and asked for their vows. After the vows, the officiant asked: "Do you vow to honor and support the person next to you, for now and for always?" Their response was "Always." After that, the officiant claimed "then, under Caerna's light, I pronounce you husband and wife"; followed by "now kiss for all of us." A kiss was had, filling all with joy and merriment.

Saturday:

Saturday morning, while meditating, Aida was overcome by a powerful feeling, completely paralyzing her in place. Unable to move, or even think, a bright light engulfed her. As she drank in the light, a flurry of acorns descended - a blessing from Caernos. As she reached for two acorns, one in each hand, one glowed and pulsed with life, the other immediately decomposed and turned to earth.

Daily Morning Activity:

One activity the Caernos members participated in was the morning yoga and meditation hosted by Solis Caligo, open to all. As it was set up as a way to stretch and recover after the previous battles, the Caernos members utilized the time to reflect and connect to nature: feeling rooted to the earth, breathing with the wind, and welcoming in the day. Upon entry into Hynafol, the Selenari, followers of Eluna, found themselves pulled in many directions. The dark became a thing to fear, the political intrigue pulling everyone to the far sides of the island.

Though Rituals and ceremonies are to be done after dark, the rising dangers of Mimics and Shades lead to a slight shift in timeline. With the Judge in the sky as Helion's Rays gave way to the third night, the Selenari officially appointed Ailwyn of Menatu Vandor The Amandilar, High Priest of Eluna. After, Shailagh of Noctum Caligo was appointed Amandil of the New Moon, Priestess of Shadow. As Hynafol becomes more familiar, and the threats present more manageable, the Selenari plan to find a safe place to perform their rituals under Her full gaze, as is intended.

Above all else, the goals of Eluna are to obtain knowledge and reveal truths. Though she has many Faces and a large umbrella of domains, obtaining knowledge brings us closer to her other domains in the most direct way. Each Face has Her own set of faithful Selenari who focus on learning and embodying the chosen Face. The Amandilar embodies the essence of Eluna, an example to the Selenari of the height of knowledge and reaching the Dream. By divine providence or coincidence, the current Amandilar is from a quild who prides themselves on their Great Library. Not all knowledge can be obtained through diplomacy or simple research, and so Amandil of the New Moon is expected to obtain information in any way necessary, complimenting the more pacifist nature of the Amandilar. There is hope that soon, another Selenari will be appointed Amandil of their chosen Face.

Though little was directly accomplished, one very important task has begun: The hunt for the First Tome of Eluna. Amandil of Shadow, through a deal many would consider questionable, has commandeered the cooperation of The Order in searching for the Tome. Nothing is of greater importance to the Selenari than reacquiring the First Tome.

Another goal for the coming year is a simple but important one: determine relations with the other religions. It is known in the faith that Helion tricked Eluna into giving her power over to him, though Helion followers were aghast at the distrust some followers showed their faith. It is also known that Caernos is seen favorably by Eluna, as Nature experiences cycles in the same way as She does and can empathize.

Beyond that, the other faiths have unknown relations to Her faithful. Willfully accepting a lack of information is not the way of Eluna.

The High Saetas, Lanikir Aspenfate, discovered in herself the latent abilities of Helion himself, being able to call upon the fires of Solis to cleanse her foes before her. The Empress of the Imperium, largely believed publicly to be the reincarnation of a minor deity, was confirmed to be the reincarnation of the Godess Estia, the adopted human daughter of Helion. Estia has been sent by Helion to the world while it balances on the precipice of darkness. Estia's mission in the Realm of Mortals is to spread kindness and goodness to all the races whom walk under the Suns rays.

The Lleng Haul has pledged themselves to the noble calling of serving as Estia's honor-guard, forming the Aurian Guard. Hroiland, in awe of Helion's f ollowers and witnessing the healing actions of Saetas Lanikir Aspenfate and Sun Druid Taran Stonekeeper, have begun to welcome and embrace Helion's light. In a stunning movement of character development, Hroiland has moved from an Anti-Magic / Anti-God's stance to one of accepting Magic so long as it is not used to harm others, and accepting Helion's teachings as worshipers of the Sun itself. Praise the Sun!

Vel's ancestral heritage has been revealed when he reincarnated alongside the Empress. Vel'Stadt is one of the Nephilim, a Child of the Sun. With no additional powers, Vel'Stadt is merely watched by Helion. What role the Nephilim will play in the events to come is not yet known...

Many Lumens have been handed out by followers of Helion, but so far none have been redeemed for "Just" favors from the Sun Legion at this time. There are currently 90 Lumens in total circulation out of a supply of 120. The followers of Helion have begun to search for the Codex Solaris and the fabled "Sun Stone" after the resurgence of Estia, seeking wisdom from previous cycles on how to save the Realm of Mortals as it balances upon the precipice of Darkness. Strange fanatics of Helion have begun to emerge from the masses collected

Strange fanatics of Helion have begun to emerge from the masses collected at Hynafol, calling themselves "Goldmasks". Ones seen during the day are joyous, Praising the Sun and showing how their skin has been "kissed" by Helion's Incandescence. Others that walk at night seem to tell foreboding tales of dark creatures that lurk in the night.

Vel'Stadt, acting as a representative as both the Imperium and of the Goddess Estia as the Nephilim of Helion, has sent an olive branch in the form of a Letter to the Menatu Vandor, hoping to mend bridges between the Sun Elves whom follow Helion and the Moon Elves whom follow Eluna, yet more than a kindly written letter is most likely required...

Valonten Rousseau died many times in service of the Light, hollowing his soul. He can no longer feel the grace of the Sun's Rays, nor experience emotions like before. Currently, the Saetii of Helion seek a way to mend his ailing soul. Founded on the final night of the first Grand Gathering of Hynafol... The Heralds of the Mist Dragon exist to prevent the rising of The Mist Dragon and to warn others of its influence.

The Mist Dragon is a subtle, evil being living in the Mists. It is always looking to grow stronger by devouring those who would bring misfortune and pain to others. If The Mist Dragon grows too powerful it will destroy Hynafol as we know it!

When all pass through the Mists those who acted with honor and revelry, bringing good times to all have nothing to fear from The Mist Dragon. But those who bring its head to bear, those who act in malice, seek to bring others down, to ruin the wonder of Hynafol, will find The Mist Dragon waiting and may never be seen again.

The Origins

On the final night of the first Grand Gathering of Hynafol, the evil Mordred arrived at the campfire of a motley crew of Dwarves, Fairies, and Humans. He came seeking deals and making offers but there were no takers at this fire. Finally, one of the group asked Mordred, "Do you know of The Mist Dragon?" Mordred looked up in thought and wondered aloud, "The Mist Dragon..." "I Missed Draggin THESE NUTS ACROSS YOUR FACE! There will be no deals!" With a ghost of a smile, Mordred slew that brave soul on the spot. And while the Mists soon brought him back without memory of his death, he began to dream and see the truth of what lurks within the Mists.

The Tenants of the Heralds

1. Warn of its presence! The Mist Dragon acts with a subtle influence on the world. It is a bringer of misfortune. A dropped torch, a spilled drink. When such acts are observed, the Mist Dragon must be named aloud and in whispers so all may know the Dragon is afoot.

2. Warn of its pride! The Mist Dragon is indeed a prideful one. When any other gods are praised too loudly or too often, followers must provide a forceful Shhhhhhhhh upon the wind with a gesture of warding.

3. Warn of its power! Heralds may use the name of The Mist Dragon to bring any conversation back to levels of revelry. Beware of too serious or complicated talks brought on by The Mist Dragons influence. Be not afraid to use The Pun[®].

4. Warn of its purpose! The Mist Dragon exists to end Hynafol. Let it never grow so engorged on bad seeds that it can break free of the Mists!

5. Warn of its weakness! Heralds must work to ensure that all enjoy their time in the lands of Hynafol so that The Mist Dragon never comes. They must remind all that while battles, politics, and issues may arise, only merriment may keep the Dragon at bay. Gomaltach Fiodorn, high Priest of Daskorino, consecrated the crossroads between the Fairy Garden and Fairy Courtyard in Daskorino's name, seeking to add a bit of good fortune and calmness to the gathering within the Dists. Ghe ceremony was witnessed by Fennel of the Ivy and three others.

Ghe portents observed as part of the ritual were mixed: New Beginnings and Graveling both received an ill omen from Maskorino, while Enduring Ardships and Creation received a good omen.

Fiodorn received a vision sent by Daskorino shortly after the ritual, infusing him with some of the god's power but leaving him with the warning that each time he used those powers he would be spending some of his life force, as well. Brave adventurers, scholars, and knights, gathered supplies in the known world in groups of kingdoms, guilds, and individuals to brave the unknown land of Hynafol. Six months after being summoned by fae beasts, the mists had grown strong enough to pass through like days of old. Many people stepped forward into mystery, trusting the magic that had been missing for 400 years. Inside the mists, golden light and music greeted them until a dark presence crossed their path. A voice that pressed down on everyone's shoulders, some fighting it, others kneeling, as it fed on the secrets hidden deep within the hearts of those who wander through the mists. Those who were brave enough broke through the mists into the land of Hynafol, becoming the first people to set foot there since the cataclysm.

When entering the mists, magical items began to glow again, gems gleamed all along the ground, voices inside one's minds called some to find each other, and the fae blooded peoples began to feel closer to their origins and magic. Hynafol as a land began to react to beings reentering the mists, and guilds began to set up camp.

After the scouts ahead had laid claim to parts of the land, the Ligue De Freehold had their supplies come through the mists the next day. The Imperium Dominium sent forces to intercept the resources, while the Ligue De Freehold hired many to guard their path. Six chests were discovered in the abandoned land where they fought. One contained letters that were never delivered to their intended recipients in the known world. One held many cursed items, ranging from silly fae pranks to high priests being severed from their gods. One small chest full of Hynanfol gems discovered by the people. One with magical healing, poisons, an potions, as well as descriptions of the alchemists in Hynafol. One with seven magical tabards from an old volunteer militia that patrolled the mists. Finally, the Empress of Imperium Dominium discovered a chest with the inscription 'Property of Merlin' on the side and a lock that could not be opened by force, but rather required an ancient key rumored to be Merlin's as well.

This year's Night of Magic was hosted by the songbird with her violin, the weaver with her dazzling scales, and the raven with her riddles in the lands of Hynafol. The Ringmaster is well known for bestowing fanciful and seemingly magical gifts on the winners of their night, and this year was no exception. First, a golden dragon egg was won, then a phoenix potion, and finally a monster poem.

While the battlefields of Hynafol are protected by a magic that negates the effects of death during battle, a common way to practice war tactics in Arthur's day, that same magic does not cover the entire land. The mists began to fill with assassinations, poisonings, and deaths. Memories begin to fade, and shades appear, twisting those who have died into faceless beings roaming Hynafol, causing fear and confusion.

After a night of searching and battling the misty shades, it was discovered that a high elf of Menatu Vandor named Olivine, Keeper of The Keys, was in possession of a key that had once belonged to Merlin. Instead of fighting, the people of Hynafol agreed to play a "war game" and open the box together. A game of peace summons a mischievous angel from the mists. Healing on one side until killed, then switching to the other, removing buffs to level the playing field, and quickly stealing unprotected items of value. The Imperium Dominium won both the key and the chest, despite high tensions over trickery and unknown magic to a people who haven't seen it in 400 years, and without knowing the cost of what that magic brings in the future. During her summoning, the angel made one more stop, delivering a green scaled dragon egg to a newlywed couple, their love causing a heartbeat to be felt from the egg. With great caution, all of Hynafol seemed to gather for the opening of the chest, where they discovered a magical map of Hynafol and a note from Merlin saying the map will not begin to fill until all seats at the round table are properly filled, leaving one open, as is tradition. With a message saying The Way Of The Steel is the method for determining the seats. After the fights and duels began to erupt, the shades began to reappear from the deaths outside of the battle field and wreaked havoc on the night.

The poem of a monster from the night of magic led others to a circle of sisters who summoned Duke Sir Barant D'Lere, The Dread Duke, from his curse in serving the Fall Court with the Wild Hunt, to fight alongside Valonten in the Imperium's service.

While some summoned monsters, others channeled their gods, bringing them closer than ever before. The night before, Killiean of the Marchwardens' thunderhawk was active, causing great storms of lightning and thunder, empowering the high priest and bestowing upon him a runic weapon that can aid him in combating the monster summoned that night.

The next day, a battle of monsters, magic, and mayhem ensued, with Imperium Dominium receiving four seats and Ligue De Freehold receiving six. As the sun began to set, the designated ten took their seats to see if they could correctly fill them. Unfortunately, some seats did not fit The Way Of Steel, because to fill the seats correctly, warriors and kin must be selected; no thieves, cowards, cravens, traitors, foot soldiers, shepherds, or murderers are permitted. Warriors do not need to be armed with a sword and shield, but they must be fierce nonetheless.

Instead of conjuring the lord who summoned them, and the map remaining blank, Mordred appeared in the body of Del from Nova Vitae. Coming with mockery and laughter at the games these new mortals are playing in Hynafol, which he considers to be his rightful land. Mordred, wise of magic and folly of men, made deals all night, deals agreed to by those who had no idea what the price of the magic would be, only that it would be something they could afford.

Valonten met his end within the walls of Hynafol, where he was met by a fantastical beast of white. Unbinding him from the fear of death, and because his wishes were granted, he may still walk this earth, albeit less than before. This final death sent a ripple through the mists of darkness. Death emerged from the castle accompanied by an army of shades, friends, and allies twisted by the mist's magic. The people of Hyanfol banded together and defeated the monster, sending it back into the mists.

Torst Drukar's unheard from dwarves appeared on the final night, burnt and mumbling, clutching a red scaled dragon egg. The mumblings later become news of a war against dragons that the known world's growing magic has caused them to lose. They come to Hynafol seeking the assistance of those gathered to find the ancient sword Excalibur in order to fight the dragons who are once again destroying the world. It is known to be somewhere within the land, but whether it is in one piece or many is unknown.

Some rush back through the mists to the known world, while others may choose to remain within the Hynafol mists. The search for the sword begins, and guilds and kingdoms travel to gather more troops and supplies. Many changes await those who brave the call of the mists, as well as numerous adventures.