

## **Bone Moon PC04**

Well my Lords and Ladies, I bring to you another mission report from Hak Leafbiter. This recount is from last Bone Moon and as such Hak's recollection of events is not as detailed as his previous accounts. Hak just said that the story needed to be told, he kept rambling about some geese.

Bill the Barman – Hobbit Arms PH.

Party:

Hak Leafbiter (Party Leader) – Reavers.

Elenar – Knights Marshall.

Tir – Druids.

Echelon – White School.

Witch-Hunters;

Damian Von Torsz – The Hospital.

Velkin.

Anton.

Albert Von Henken.

Mission.

To investigate the area of Foghorn Wood and cleanse the river. After the defeat of the Void presence on Orin Rakatha it was noticed that the area of Foghorn Wood had an evil aspect, also that the river that flowed through it had become corrupted.

Earth Day.

A small band of Valley adventurers met at the Ward's End Waystation for this mission. Due to the fact of wearing visible Valley Colours and being a strong warrior I was declared the Party Leader.

The Party consisted of Lots(5) Warriors, a Hospitaller, a Druid and an elderly Wizard. I know that we had some fights but my mind is hazy due to the time lapse, I remember more of the events from Fire Day and Steel Day.

Fire Day.

After a fine and hearty breakfast we had our first fight. We were attacked by a pair of Sneverheim that were dealing out heavy damage. From the way that the blows fell I could tell that they were pulling their blows and could have hit us harder. These Sneverheim kept on shouting at us "You have forgotten!" I stepped into the melee to protect the party and took a right hammering from these Barbarian Gods! Eventually they were defeated and the party were treated to by the weird Damian Von Torsz and his Book.

Well anyway the party stocked up on provisions and then headed off to investigate the corrupted river. When we got near it looked horribly tainted, black and green and smelly. We were attacked by many groups of Sliverine, mainly fighter types who all appeared sickly, so we put them out of their misery. Passing along the banks of the river we met a lone Sliverine Mother Elder tending to her eggs.

We talked to her at length. We found out from her that the sickly river was causing a loss of eggs to be laid, that fewer eggs were being laid and that these eggs were hatching prematurely. Thus their young were hatching out as juveniles that were sick and stunted. I told her of the return of the River Folk which pleased her a bit. She showed us her eggs which were few and they were sickly.

The Sliverine Mother thanked us for our news and our kindness. She told us of a corrupted Druid that was abroad nearby, that his grove was near a shrine. The Mother warned us that there were lots of other Sliverine tribes along the river and that she couldn't spread word of our kind deed because the other tribes were all very hostile. We let the Mother Elder depart in peace to find a safer area to tend to her eggs, and we proceeded on.

Yes we did meet other Sliverine tribes on our path to find the corrupted Druid, ye we had to kill them, such is Life's Cycle. We passed near to a range of wooded hills and atop one of them we spied a set of standing stones.

Sick and tired of the river we climbed away from it and climbed the hills to get to the standing stones. Nearing the summit we were attacked by a band of woodland creatures and the corrupted Druid. I remember fighting with Echelon against an Ape creature. It was a tough fight but the party prevailed, unfortunately we were unable to save the Druid who we wanted to question.

The party was healed by Damian Von Torsz, the Druid was near death and bleeding away so I told Damian Von Torsz that I would kill him if he didn't cure the Druid. Damian Von Torsz explained that he only had enough power to cure me or the Druid, so we left the Druid to join the Earth! Damian Von Torsz then did a Cure Mortal on me and then he fell unconscious, out of power. So we all set out on guard and waited for our healer to awaken and then for him to meditate.

## Mission to Foghorn Wood

Last Updated Sunday, 03 February 2019 09:03

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We decided to head back towards the Waystation. Coming down the hill through the woods we had another fight. We were attacked by a group of Fungus creatures, there wasn't mushroom to move about! Anyway we left their remains to rot and then proceeded further down the path, down the hill.

Next we met a group of Halmondonians who talked to us of evil plots, evil this and evil that, the usual talk. I cannot remember but I think we parted without a fight, we then set off towards Foghorn Wood hoping to get more answers to what was going on.

We found an empty grove at the edge of the forest, set in a natural bowl in the earth forming an amphitheatre of sorts, the trees surrounding it were all linked by liana's that were strung across the grove and the liana's were intertwined with multi-coloured streamers. As we looked around the grove we were attacked by a host of ghosts, these ghosts screamed at us "You have forgotten us!"

This was a hard fight with and some of these ghosts were warriors too. Anyway we eventually won and got healed up.

I'm not sure on this next bit. We met a Druidess, or either Tir or Damian Von Torsz communed with her dead spirit. The Druidess tasked the party to go to a guarded grove and collect venom from the Midnight Mushrooms there. The task could only be done at night so that the venom would be at its most potent.

We set off and found the guarded grove which was a hedged enclosure with only one entrance. This was a sneaky job, so I just stood guard at the entrance in case we were ambushed whilst the job was being carried out.

The party successfully gathered the venom from the Midnight Mushrooms and we gave this to the Druidess. By doing this we gained her trust.

Steel Day.

## Mission to Foghorn Wood

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The Druidess told us all a tragic tale about Foghorn Wood and of her people. She told us that her people were attacked and slain by a great evil in ages past. She cast a ritual that transported the party back in time to witness the sad event.

We arrived near to the grove and we met and talked with the Druidess' ancestors. They were a peaceful people who welcome us and gave us food. Whilst we were there a host of evil warriors arrived and slew the Druidic ancestors. The party were not attacked by the evil host and we couldn't intervene or do anything. We were ignored, as if we weren't truly there physically. No-one in our party could identify the evil warriors.

After we had witnessed the killing, the party were returned to the present. The Druidess then told us that the ghosts that we had previously fought in the grove were the restless spirits of the people that we had just seen slain.

We were then told to return to the grove and put the spirits to rest by remembering the battle, which we did so. So after remembering the battle and putting the spirits to rest, we got on with our next task.

The Druidess tasked us to go out foraging within the wilderness for magical and ritual components. She told us that with these ingredients she could concoct a powerful potion that could cleanse the river and help the Sliverine and other river creatures.

So off the party went into the local area to search for these ritual ingredients, everyone managed to gather a fair few ingredients each.

Of course as is usual we got attacked by hostiles as we were doing this task. This fight's events are hazy as I missed most of it due to being out of earshot whilst intensely foraging. Anyway my attention was caught and so I waded in to the melee and saved the day.

So we healed up and then resumed foraging. Next we met some Goblins who we had a nice chat with.

Well we returned to the Druidess and gave her the ritual components that we had found. She was pleased and then she went off to concoct her potion which she administered to the river.

The next events are hazy. I remember the party being in the Waystation having a few well deserved beers.

We were thanked also by a group of Sliverine that came to the Waystation. The Druidess returned and gave to each of us a small potion bottle that she had crafted from the potion bottle that she had cleansed the river with. She explained that these smaller potion bottles retained a ritual residue and could be charged with either spell or invocation effects. We thanked her for her gift and promised to remember her people and spread the story. I then told her that whilst I was too thick to become anything but a Warrior let alone a Druid, perhaps I could channel my pursuits into becoming a Ranger.