

# Campaign Chronicles of the Past

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## A mage and a youth

By: Head of Plot - Saturday, December 30, 1899

In a unremarkable tent a few miles out side of the old capital of Velyadin, a man sits in the dim light in shocked contemplation. The young man looks up sudenly as as the tents flaps are thrown back vilonetly. The mans hand darts up and his mouth opens, only to close quickly as his hand falls limply back into his lap. The youth studies the intruder recognizing him as the High Mage of the King Crimson. The two men study one another for a moment then the youth laughs harshly.

“I could not even defend my self from stick of a man such as your self” the youth mumbles to the older magician. “You are just as slight as I. I come to find out what you have learned since we last spoke”

“It is just .. gone. It is as if magic it self has died. My agents have ranged the entire width of this nation in these few short days and no trace of magic has been found. Even the few artifacts we know about are cold and lifeless. They are Mundane.” The youth spoke the last word with scorn.

“This effect is far greater than I anticipated. We still do not know the cause of the penamonon or if there will be any further waves. Was this an attack? Who could do such a thing. Bolin? The Sandwalker? Some other threat we have yet to realize. Can we expect another attack? BAH! To many questions and not enough answers.” The mage glares angerliy at the youth as if blaming him for the lack of answers. After a moment the mage exhales and continues in a more sedated voice

“I have spoken to the King and the General and we have divised a plan but it will require the assistance our Hero’s. Luckily we have a gathering approaching soon.”

“Tell me High Mage,” the youth begins “why do you tell me this. What brings you to the wilderness in the middle of the night to distrube my sleep.”

The older man studies the youth abvisouly not please with his tone

“We both know you would not be alseep. As far why I am here. The kingdom needs you. We need what you where trained to be. We need you to be who you where born to be. We need you to do what you swore you would not do again. We need direction. We need hope.  
We need a Prophet.”

# Time is on my side

By: Head of Plot, Deaton

Saturday, December 30, 1899

I recently had a conversation with the Merchant of Lies and Truths. He shared some interesting and terrifying news with me, and bade me to share with everyone.

Me: "Tell me peddler why you sought me out when you know of my distaste for you. What is so important?"

Merchant: "I have a hypothetical situation to present to you that you, the last student to the great Profit, should find interesting. Suppose I told you that we are not where we think we are?"

Me: ".....I do not know. I am not understanding what you are saying.

Merchant: "What if I told you that we have been 'relocated' to a different place and possibly a different time, what would be your response?"

Me: "I would have to ask just who could do a thing of such magnitude, and where and when we moved to. I would also have to ask you how."

Merchant: "The who, I will not name, but rest assured it is from two that have enough power to do such an act. I will let you know that, the who has moved.....aspects of Cerroneth. How i can not begin to explain to you, nor would I without the proper fee. Which I assure you, little Profit, you can not afford that information."

Me: "How about the when?"

Merchant: "That is the most interesting part, it could also be the most frightening. This happened when the Devourer invaded our home. When it 'displaced' the plains, it did not just 'displace' them, it destroyed them. Select individuals were moved to a freshly created timespace and world. One that was created from the fragments of other worlds that existed alongside ours and were destroyed in the same instant. These worlds closely resembled ours but were always different in some way.

Me: "You are telling me that we, no longer live in the place and time we knew? But not all of the peoples of Cerroneth were moved with us? Why would this happen?"

Merchant: "I am simply presenting a theory of mine. What If i told you that the Devourer was too powerful for us to stop, and that it destroyed us it had intended too, what would you say to such news?"

Me: "We trapped the Devourer in the Ethereal. How can it be that we were could not stop him, when we did? How can you explain that?"

Merchant: "The individuals responsible for our relocation used their power and vast, even by my standards, knowledge to arrange for the best possible chance for success. The very fact that a single world was created so suddenly when it expected nothing but debris may have helped to unbalance the Devourer, this Tri-oth.

Me: "But the heroes were the ones that helped the Primarchs to restore the plains. IF everything was recreated for us, then why were the plains not restored?"

Merchant: "So many questions, I will tell you why, then I will take my leave. POWER. Plain and simple. Such immense power was needed that the individuals used most of their power in doing as much as they could, in an instant, a fragment of a second. Then again, another theory that an old friend suggested is a more complex answer verbalized in an equally short way.... Faith. One of the pair had faith that we could rebuild what she built originally."

With that he got up, and departed. He stepped 2 steps away from me, and seemed to vanish into shadows. I can not help but wonder, who was responsible for such an act.

What does this mean? How many of us were from our time, and how many were recreated? How much of our past, that we remember, actually happened the way we remembered? Which individuals were not brought over? So many questions. Not enough answers, as usual. I must speak with my master.

Student of the Last Prophet

# Walking

By: Head of Plot, Deaton

Saturday, December 30, 1899

I was walking the other day, and was deep in thought when I suddenly noticed my surroundings. I had wandered into a land of dead and silent trees. As I walked, I wondered where my feet had taken me for this was unlike any forest I was familiar with. Then as a tree branch fell just in front of me I realized where I was. I was in Calibhar. Where where the undead that was said to inhabit these cursed lands. I passed through a small half-built village and the only bones I saw were lying still upon the ground and not moving around as I expected. There was no stench of death, no moans from moving corpses, No rattle of skeleton. There was nothing. I felt no danger in this land. I decided to go travel further to see how things may be. I am lost in thought again and stumble over a rotting log. As I pick myself up, I notice something under the log.....grass. As sure as I am reporting this, I saw a few blades of LIVING grass. I take special note and look around at the vegetation, or the lack there of, and I start to notice it. Yes there is some small growth all around me. What has transpired here, to cause this cursed land to start growing again? How has it come to pass that the stories of all the undead in the area are gone? What power is responsible for removing that which was reported as too much Necromancy?

I was pondering these things when I saw him. He was very tall. Taller than any man could be, he stood towering over the rooftop of a shattered inn. As he came closer to me I recognized him from an earlier meeting I was allowed to witness. As this man walked, the very ground under him started to return to life. The Old Man was working to restore this once beautiful land. He did not seem to notice me standing there gawking at him. I can only assume he is responsible for clearing out this most haunted place, and bringing it back to life.

This only opens more questions to me. What sacrifice did he have to endure? Was he alone in this act? How did he manage such a feat? Is this place really fixed? Is this just a temporary solution? These are but a few questions that come to mind.

Time is the only friend we have in finding out the answers to these questions, I fear. These questions remain unanswered for now, and we rejoice in the fact that Calibhar seems to be on the mend.

Student of the Last Prophet

# A Discussion by the Great Powers

By: Head of Plot, Deaton

Tuesday, July 1, 2014

I was invited to a special gathering. I was told to listen, do not speak. This is what I heard when these individuals were talking about the current state of Cerroneth.

**The Striped One:** *"The planescape is finally setting right after the threat of The Devourer. I am nearly done with my assimilation with the Nexus. Cerroneth is hurting, however it does not threaten the planescape, so therefore I am not concerned with the current events in the land. I will keep an eye on what is happening to ensure it does not threaten the planescape. Should the threat prove to move in that direction I will step in and resolve the issue."*

**The Cowled One:** *"My dear Cerroneth, she is indeed in a bad way. The major threat of the Devourer is past, however we are still dealing with the aftermath left behind. I do indeed have plans to set her right. The peoples of Cerroneth may hate me for what I have done, and what I also have plans for. It is what She needs right now. The mortals are not strong enough to save her alone."*

**The Red One:** *"ZZZZZ.....ZZZZZ...."*

After remaining quiet for the first half of this gathering, the old man finally speaks.

**The Old Man:** *"My land is hurting. My dear Cerroneth is in pain, part of her is dead and other parts may start dying. She is fighting the effects of me and my people trying to heal her. I fear that our actions have only made things worse. There is a threat roaming this land, and it is unclear of its purpose. Is it here to harm the land, or harm her people? Is it here with a higher purpose, does his home plane threaten the prime? You say there is no actions or movements to suggest such. This is something else we must keep a wary eye on. I feel that is in part responsible of the effects currently causing the area of land the mortals call Celibhar. Celibhar.....an ugly scar on a beautiful land, a dark sickness that is not spreading wide, but deep. I am at a loss for a cure. I must rely on the heroes of Cerroneth to cleanse this sickness. I will offer any help I can, but I am weakened by this sickness, and the energies we have used to try and fix it. I am sad to say I must also rely on one that I dare not fully trust. This one that was recently so instrumental in saving us from the great threat, yet he has harmed and gone against the land and her inhabitants many times."*

**The Cowled One:** *"You are responsible for more deaths than I, old man. Your tally is **much** higher than mine now."*

The Old Man glared at the Cowled one.

**The Cowled One:** *"You do not have to remind me. I ache with the death I have brought to the people."* He bowed his head into his hands.

**The Striped One:** *"We do need to find out what this possible threat has intentions of. It is not a natural being, its existence is a result from the lack of participation of the Heroes in restoring the Plane of Necromancy back into the planescape." He turned to the Cowled one. "You are most like its nature, it would be the most logical choice for you to visit it. See if you are able to ascertain what its intentions are."*

**The Cowled One:** *"I will indeed visit this being. I would like to know what he is. I may be able to use him in returning Cerroneth and Tyrre back to health."*

This was the part of the conversation I am sharing with you now. It tells us that we are facing some threats that may prove nearly impossible to conquer, but also that we are not alone in our struggle. The earthquakes are destroying this country. Reports from all over Cerroneth say that villages are gone, rivers stop running, that new rivers widen, and are rerouted. Other reports say long standing mountains fall like brittle mounds, while other mountains rise in new places. Forest is turned to desert and desert to forest. Will we be able to stop it in time? Are we even able to set right what is wrong? What is it that the Cowled one has done? What is the Cowled one planning on doing? Why won't the Striped One intercede now? I will leave you all with these thoughts. Remember this is our home, we must do what we can to help keep her and all of us safe.

# From a Soldier's Journal

By: HoP

Sunday, January 26, 2014

*Taken from a burnt journal found in a pile of headless charred bodies after the attack on a military caravan between Milantis and the River Du'inne. We found some of the heads down river washed up on shore.*

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Sergeant Griff says a few boys must have run off last night and got lost. How you get lost with our company's tracks clearly behind us I don't know. I think they got bored of the march and took off for the closest tavern for some ale and wenches, then got too drunk to make it back in formation. I wish I could join them even if they get in trouble. It's been three weeks since any of us had a good, hot meal and the damn temperature has been cold. Oh well, water and salt pork for dinner again. Maybe tomorrow we will be close enough to the river for some of the scouts to catch some nice trout. That would be a fine meal. Running low on salt pork, but we will have enough to get back to the barracks.

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It's midnight; something has the horses spooked. Still no word of the lost rear guard, and we found out some of our scouts have not returned. The sergeant put more men on the watch. I feel better knowing that. I need a good rest.

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We woke to the sounds of someone screaming. The entire nightwatch lay dead at their posts. All of their heads removed and placed around the fire right in the middle of the camp! They were amongst us, and we didn't even hear them! Sergeant Griff and the other officers are all pale with fear. Orc tracks were found. I never heard of orcs hunting like this. They were amongst us and only killed the watch. They could have slaughtered us all but they didn't. I overheard someone say they are toying with us. Why not just attack?

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We saw one this morning! He walked right into the open and threw Ned Garrick's head right at the captain, knocking him right off his horse, then vanished without a trace. The captain ordered the scouts to ride him down, but they never found a track. Orcs they say. Poppycock! Ghosts, says I.

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They attacked at dusk in force, and by that I mean there were only six of them. That was all they needed. It started with an explosion of green vials and choking and dying horses and men. Then, they ran through us, cutting, hacking and stabbing. One of them cleaved five of us in half with one swing each of his short sword. Doc says the butcher's bill is



twenty-five men and all thirty-two horses! Twenty-five dead and only six orcs! We didn't even draw blood. They moved so fast we couldn't hit them.

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Forced march tonight. I haven't slept. No time to write.

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They hit us again. We have to make a stand. They cut us off and killed the captain and fifteen more of us.

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Rations gone. Water tasted funny tonight. I fear it may be going bad. Why can't we just kill one—just to know they bleed. Sounds are dim, legs are numb. (The writing becomes incoherent the stops.)

## **A Citizen's Retelling**

By: M. Shackelford, HOP

Friday, November 1, 2013

Soft groans are heard approaching the entrance. A figure slowly shuffles up to the threshold. One of the bar maids shrieks as the creature steps into the light. A naked pale humanoid with holes punched in spots through out its body moves forward through the doorway. From the middle of the shin down on its left legs drags behind it. It groans with every advancement. Torn sheets of flesh hang from its limbs chest and back. The scalp bares the bone of its skull. The creature's jaw hangs by the muscles as it droops down out of socket. Slowly it moves into the room leaving a trail of blood and festering insects. It groans loudly as it collapses to the floor. The right arm lunges forward, giving off a loud thud when it hits the ground. The bone in its left leg scrape the floor after it had punctured through the flesh when it fell to the floor. It groans again pulling itself forward.

With its still function right hand, it jabs its index finger into a wound near its left shoulder. It draws a vertical line on the ground with its blood. Another jab in a nearby hole trailing a bloody line parallel to the first one.

Specks of blood platter on the floor as it coughs. It reaches into its mouth, pulling out a blood covered maggot from where a tooth should be. It crushes the maggot under its finger as it draws a line crossing over the two vertical lines to form an "H" shape. It's stops moving. A few worms slighter out of its ears and nose.

## **A Citizen's Account**

By: M. Shackelford, HOP

Sunday, November 10, 2013

The day star begins to set, painting the sky in an array of oranges that fade to reds then to purples giving way to the night sky and hiding behind the horizon till morning. A few candles and lanterns are light by some of the staff of the Headless Hydra. Conversations among the occupants stir in the air. The temperature lowers as the time of Autumn approaches.

As the night rolls on, silence slowly creeps in as the fires dim down, giving off only enough light to see about a foot away from the candles and lanterns in the room. The walls creak and moan. The air thins out, chilling the room enough for one to see his own breath. From the entrance the sound of clanks and metal banging like that of chains being drug across the floor. No figure is seen. All in the room are still. Frantic scribbling from a pen on paper emit near lit candles yet nothing is there.

The room goes quiet.

The walls creak and moan yet again before a serious loud snaps and pops of bones being broken echoes through the entire structure.

An omnipresent voice whispers in the ears of all "I'm back." The lights return to normal. There are no signs of anyone entering the tavern recently. The structure looks as it was before.

## **November 613 - A Soldier's Journal**

By: M. Shackelford, HOP

Tuesday, November 12, 2013

Cerroneth is beseeched by foreign invaders, strange diseases and unruly outlaws. Even with food and infrastructure being restored, there is still a sense of chaos throughout the land.

Waves of Carpathian soldiers seem to materialize out of thin air, attack, then disappear. No one knows why they are here or who is leading them, but they don't seem to be well organized. Many Cerronethians thought Carpathia to have been mostly destroyed in previous wars, though that does not seem to be the case. Even with military reports coming in from around the country there are still more questions than answers.

Bandits, outlaws and clans of the more feral races (orcs and minotaurs) are also wreaking havoc on the parts of the country lacking baronial leadership. The higher nobility is said to be in a desperate search of qualified leaders and in a hurry to promote existing nobles.

There are also strange diseases affecting people in many parts of the country. They have strange effects on a person's constitution, their memories, their conscience or any combination of these effects. Some healer's have managed to cure the disease, but nobody has managed to discern the origins of any of the strange diseases.

## **A Faint Glimmer of Hope**

By: Silas Angbor, Guardian of Tyrra

Wednesday, July 24, 2013

Tyrra cracked. The Trioth nearly did what they intended. My home rests on the edge of the abyss. Do I give it the nudge that brings it into utter darkness or pull it back from the brink and save my country, my realm, and my world? As I gaze upon it, the denizens who survive have already begun to cannibalize and destroy each other - as if carrion crows upon a battle field. Why save such a place bereft of decency – a place without order. But wait, what do I see? A faint glimmer of hope in a sea of sorrow. The orcs burn what is dead. The bandits and thieves plunder. Countryman kill each other and claim what was once anothers, but still this hope casts its light upon my country, my world – my Cerroneth. Yes, I will bring it from the brink and rebuild it stronger. They will hate me, but I will drag them kicking and screaming back to the light. Perhaps this will secure my place. Perhaps it will end me. We shall see.

## Since the Fall

By:

Saturday, October 20, 2012

Since the fall of Coper's Vale, Dethel, home of the Headless Hydra, is the city where the heroes gather. Coper's Vale is one of many cities that has been burnt down and destroyed from the recent uproar of rioting peasants. No one knows for sure who or what is to blame for this mass chaos and hatred of heroes. Some say it's due to the drought now plaguing the land. The primarchs now walk on the plane of Tyrre. Each were forced from their home worlds. Most are trying to find their way back. A few might be looking to make this land their new home. Undeath has made his mark in Dethel. His powerful ritual nearing completion of bringing an ancient graveyard to the city. A member of the royal family has been slain. Rumor has it, the princess was the one who died and the heroes are showing little to no concern that she has not been resurrected. As Death walks this plane, souls are not going to their final rest on the Plane of Death. The lands of Celibhar are being taken over. Rifts in the barony's capital pour out massive numbers of grey elf troops. The forces of Celibhar were last seen marching south to the haunted forest as the mighty trees there burn. With the last prophet silent, maybe some can find guidance from a female sylvan fae with silver horns claiming to be The Oracle.

## Uncertain Weather

By:

Saturday, December 30, 1899

It seems we sit inside the eye of a great storm. The lands are relatively quiet compared to the storms of the past but like being inside that deceptively calm eye, you can see more storms quickly approaching. The storm cloud that looms the darkest is the force of orcs being led by Marsh One-arm. The orcs' raids on gypsy camps suddenly stopped with the abduction of Lox Limpky. Lox's fate is still unknown; it is anyone's guess what cruelty Marsh has visited upon the care-free gypsy. The orcs are not the only cloud on the horizon. Merchant prices have sky-rocketed. The Sundir lands are still in chaos. The King has yet to truly claim his throne. There are no Dukes. Undead roam the land, attacking the unwary. Werewolves prowl the dark forests in great number. Victor Angbor walks the lands as a mortal again. A black Orc rules a large piece of land as its Baron. So many clouds obscure the sky. Some clouds will grow large, angry, and violent while others will simply fade away into harmless puffs of wind. New clouds will appear on the horizon that will change things drastically.

# Spring Has Come

By:

Saturday, December 30, 1899

Spring has come at last to the lands of Cerroneth. Flowers are in bloom, seeds are sprouting in every field, and animals are flourishing in the wild and in domestication. Everywhere you look life is abundant, and yet the specter of death hides in the shadows. The North is in turmoil. The Enclave barony had a mass revolt. Young disgruntled orcs, chaffing at the restriction of civilization, have left Baron Rico's banner in favor of Lord Marsh's drums of war. Sundir's baron is missing and its seneschal is wanted for High Treason. Count Devonshire has placed Sundir under the marshal arm of Lord Thruck, the former Baron of Sundir, until the King appoints a new leader. The gypsies have been holding war council. Several of the families are attempting to rally the rest of the families against the rebel orcs. War seems to have found the gypsies; time will tell how committed they will be in this fight against the Marsh's orcs. The lands reclaim what has fallen. New life finds purchase amongst the dead that litter the mountain sides. Once more to the lands of Cerroneth, Spring has come.

# One War For Another

By: Captain John Leads

Monday, February 6, 2012

Winter sits uneasily in the lands of Cerroneth, where tempers fluctuate just as quickly as the day's temperature. The land is peaceful and cold one day, only to have that cool serenity shattered by explosive words and hot winds melting what little peace we have managed to find. The Edwardians attacked with a vengeance last gather. An entire army of zealots dedicated to the memory of their former king met their demise while trying to win back Velyadin. In a last ditch effort, one of the generals marshaled his forces and had his men teleported into the country side surrounding Velyadin and Coppersvale. Local militia and standing forces reacted quickly. With the aid of Baron Rico's scouts and Victor Angbor's knights, the combined forces quickly dispatched the scattered soldiers. The General himself lead the attack against Coppersvale on the rumor that King Dhoesnine was supposed to be there. The General escaped, but not before causing major damage to the ranks of heroes. Baron Rico and Baron Hoat, among others, were victims of this attack. The remaining encamped armies seem to have been completely demoralized, as rumors of massive desertion has spread. It has also been said that those who remain are the toughest, meanest and vilest of the zealots. These who stayed true to their goal are desperate men willing to do anything to prove their devotion to Edward.

War is in the forecast once again.

# **The Turmoils of the Crowned**

By:

Monday, December 12, 2011

Once again we are reminded of how fragile life is.

A mere day before the gathering our King was attacked by the undead abomination known simply as Silas. The King, aided by a hero from each barony and Victor Angbor, slew the undead beast, but not without paying a price. The Enclave's Champion, Dauroth Son of Marsh, was slain protecting the king from obliteration. The Enclave proved to the new King how dedicated they were to the kingdom with his heroic deed. The remnants of Edward's men, dubbed Edwardians, have continued to be a nuisance to the populace. More bandits than a true army, they grew bold enough to attack the King and his party as they entered town. When will these men lay down their swords and concede their defeat?

True terror returned to the lands of Cerroneth. Void. The baronies once again set aside their differences and united to stop it. The Sentinels played a crucial part in driving back these ... beings. The question remains - why now?

We pass into the new year looking eagerly into the future - a future where a mortal sits the throne of these lands; a future where humans, orcs, elves, and the other races of the land work, if not always in harmony, together. We look to this future, but we never forget the past.

## **All Hallow's Fallout**

By:

Wednesday, November 9, 2011

All Hallows has once again brought strife to the lands of Cerroneth! Nobles have have turned on one another in fear of undead infiltration, Vampires openly feed on their victims in town, and one the the lands Kings has return from the dead in the form of a wraith. At the heart of all of this chaos is Silas Angborn. This undead being terrorized town with his undead abominations. The unity of all the Baronies, with the help of Victor Angborn's knights, allowed the day to be won and Silas driven back. Countless died in this unwarranted attack of the undead; and many more perished due friendly bombardment of exploding fruit. So very sad. The haunted house also returned this year. Like clockwork this dark domicile appeared to claim the lives of many would-be hero's and entice even more with its promises of riches and glory. How many more lives must be lost before something is done about it? A highly decorated noble of Morlond was kidnapped along with his wife. He escaped, but not until being beaten severely, and saved his wife as well as his self. He may need another medal.

# **Peace Spreads**

By: Captain J. T. Kirk

Wednesday, November 2, 2011

Peace. Peace has spread through out the lands of Cerroneth. The civil war that had threatened to envelop all of us has been quickly defused, mostly due to the quick acts and level heads of our lands nobles. Two new Barons have been named, Baron Rico of the Enclave and Baron Hoat of Sundir, time will tell how an Orc and a Kid will serve as Nobles. An ancient and honorable order has risen again to assume the role of protector and champion of the King and his Family. No shadows yet loom from the distance to disturb the peace the Lands are welcoming. Growth is every where. Orcs and Humans work side by side to help build the future. Peace. Peace never last.

# **Long Live the Mortal King!**

By:

Wednesday, November 2, 2011

After a daring raid on behalf of the heroes of Cerroneth, the contestation for the crown has ended! Hail the new lord of Cerroneth - King Dhosenine! In an epic battle, lead by the dread wyrm Semayaza, Edward and his army was routed; Butler's advances crushed, and through a curious and noble sacrifice, Semayaza gave his life to cement the new crown's posterity.

To celebrate, the festival of autumn will surely be magnificent! Come and stand with us as we enjoy feast, tournaments, and other merriment this gather!