

## Employer's spiel (from the Guild meeting)

*We are in Civil War. The Kingee's older brother is leading a group of malcontent nobles seeking greater autonomy for their lands. The Kingee is marshalling all 'is loyal vassals. As such, an 'erald has been sent to all provinces demanding his vassals marshal against his brother. But from one province, there is no reply. This is terrible, as the province is very rich and includes some of the greatest k-nits of the Realm. On 'earing zis, the Kingee, 'e flew into a Rahge, and, fearing the province supports 'is brother, has declared the province to be in open Rebellion and Requires all loyal peoples to strike down the in'abitantes. And so I came 'ere. Two things 'appened at about the same time. The taxes from the province disappeared (these are kept separately due to the purity of the coin). And the Princess, the Kingee's sister, oow is about to be presented, 'er debutante ball-gown has vanished. **I require a party of elegant people to visit the province to find out their true sentiments and, if possible, return the ball-gown.** Unfortunately, all our monies are going to the civil war with the brother, so you can only be paid from the taxes of this rebellious province. So it would be good if you bring some of that back too.*

## The party

. . . dans le déguisement

- **M'seur le Baron Châteauneuf** [Silverfoam]: 6' tall, lean, but with excessively wide shoulders (the effect of obvious padding & cloak epaulets). Fulsome pleated blue velvet, mid-thigh length, mutton sleeves, tightly cinctured with a silver & sapphire belt. The cloak is light silk, pleated, bearing the heraldic device in blue & dull-silver, with extremely wide elaborate silver epaulets, and a narrow trim of grey fur at the bottom. The only visible weapon is a large staff.
- **LeGoque** [GoK] the Baron's Standard-bearer. A lean but robust military personage in sensible footwear. A strong warrior who lets his mighty chin do the thinking for both of them. The slightly sinister smile on the lips is a result of innate arrogance rather than malevolence but, overall, someone who will always hit hard & fast rather than risk "over-thinking" a situation.
  - The standard is *Gyronny countervair countercharged*.
- **M'seur Tinkles** [Drum]: a young Dragonewt, with jewelled collar.
- **MaDame** [Arwen], a lady of good breeding and unspecified relationship to the Baron {NB address her publicly as Ma Dame (two separate words), a particularly ambiguous form of address}. Coolly attractive in a *Belle dame sans merci* fashion. Big where it counts but also, somewhat alarmingly, across the shoulders. Wears a wimple, veil, & travelling cape [all the better to help the illusion to hide her armour].
- **Grant de Greatfield** [Darien], The lady's Standard-bearer. 5'10" tall, of somewhat solid build. Practical travelling clothes of high quality, including jacket and cloak of Azure with a golden strawberry leaf clasp. Close examination will show the cloak to be heavier than the weather requires. Boots have 12' silver rods (with gold endcaps) fitted to the outside. Jewelled estoc is slung from a weapon-belt studded with semi-precious stones.
  - The standard is *Azure, a strawberry leaf gold within 3 oak-leaves argent; a bordure compony sable, gules, gold*. [NB: examination shows the bordure to be an augmentation added several years ago to a much older standard].
- **de Monet** [Gerald], the lady's factotum/comptroller of the privy purse. A little overweight as befits a trusted comptroller, dressed in rich but subtle brocades. Mature, but moves with a grace & ease that hints at a highly competent military past totally subsumed but quite unforgotten.
- **Boy**, a page [Jhiselle]: A small russet-headed downless youth, unnervingly attractive, with large but light ears of a shape that suggests they may have been cropped from something a little more fey. Quite unselfconscious, with a sense of restrained impishness.
  - [NB: included on "her" bedroll is an old oriental standard (magical), unlikely to be recognised as the *Shoji* ducal regalia that it is].

## Journal

1/7/803 WK: Party met employer. His plane had no known elves, but Elvish is spoken across the Continent, and in Courts, as the ancient language of Learning, Law, & Diplomacy. There are several Kingdoms and countries in the Continent, but our employer Enguerond (pronounced **Ahŋgeròhnd**), Sire du **Krésee**, is from **The Kingdom** where LaLange is the national language & Alusian Common is unknown. Ahŋgeròhnd, will transport us to & from the Plane, but requires 2 full days notice to arrange the portal. He is simply a gentleman (but one with extensive land holdings). **Aceh** (pronounced Ah-ché) is the province rebelling against **King Celui**. It has a coast, but is not safely accessible that way; so we will be travelling cross-country.

The local **church** has saints, and resembles ours – except for all that anti-magic purging and excessive slaughter that plagues Alusia. Mages are natural in Aceh, although evil or antisocial ones will be put down. Black is worn only “by peasants, thieves, and spies.” The nobles are all landed; and nobility is attained by marrying a suitable heiress, by royal grace (for doing something truly *amazing* for the king), or by buying a magistracy. The Law is enforced by the nobles, and town guards etc will be in the livery of the controlling lord. (For example a Count should be capable of fielding a regiment for 40 days).

True-silver, gold, and [real] silver are **currency**, with many styles of coin; gems are also readily negotiable. There is an extensive **credit** system, with legal bills & debts duly notarised in the market towns and the information sent to the various banking institutions. Note that these documents bear the names of the parties concerned and are contractual documents.

4/07/03 WK. We arrived at the appointed site, about 10 in the morning and rode through the portal (a Barn-door), emerging on the target plane. It was a pleasant day in well-kept farmlands, with a town visible in the mid-distance. A retinue of Ahŋgeròhnd’s men-at-arms turned up on schedule [*Barry, argent & azure*], and escorted us into the town of Fairtree.

Before entering **Fairtree**, we were required to register. M.leB give a full Elvish name with patronymic & title (presumably his own). The astute clerk realises that Her Ladyship is not to be named. We were conducted to the lord’s castle, assigned a suite or two, and provided with a cold collation; His Lordship was not in residence at the time. The Castle has a large courtyard with a wide cloistered colonnade. We were on the 1st floor: a drawing room with shuttered windows opening onto the colonnade, with a parlour leading to 2 pairs of bedrooms (inside & outside). For conspiring there is a “closet”, a private room off the Primary bedrooms.

G. reassured the staff that the Dragonewt “hasn’t eaten anyone in practically ages” and will be fed at the table. The party indulged in some brief plotting, scrying the town to get its layout, and left to browse local **market** — that being the obvious thing to do for our cover characters. No weapons are allowed in town (except a long sword for Nobles, naturally).

The browsing turned into having tea with **Matilda**, the wife of Master William the Glass-worker (we noted the excellent glass table under the tea-set!). Typically, in this town and presumably the Kingdom, the women run the business while the men get on with the craftwork — Matilda, from a Noble background, merely being a more exceptional example. Her father was a magistrate who declined to become a Baron. Fairtree in general has excellent quality work: something to do with the 2-week-long fairs it holds (summer & winter). Matilda introduces us to **Visconti** the banker. We would discuss finance at dinner, which will be held at a different hotel — to avoid the social impolitics of giving the banker a reason to call at the lords castle. Feeding Mr Tinkles provided street theatre for locals, who had no qualms about magic-casting. We checked out other local produce, including musical instruments. Arwen eyed up the local fashion, ordering a dress for the Countess of Fairtree’s post-partum party.

At dinner [in the other *hôteI*] there are several nobles —normally 1 per table, but G. has arranged everything beforehand. Arrange finances & get more info. **Dreamerton** is the first

significant town inside Aceh. It has exceptional wares, doesn't trade anything less than master-quality; but has not exported much in past few years —indeed it relies on *trade* not *commerce* when it comes to magical items. Famous for its plums & oranges; trained birds (gyrfalcons, nightingales, lorikeets) — generally Rk9 beastmaster trained.

**Background** from Visconti: Aceh was in open rebellion with the Kingdom; therefore Kingdom nobles were *required* to take military action (hence our employment opportunity), & its inhabitants were no longer citizens of the empire. The **Border** is very clear. We were to follow the road by the river [see attached map, which was provided]. Shortly before Dreamerton there is a long bridge with a fort at either end, very defensible. Visconti, who speaks excellent Elvish, used to travel as a tax-collector three times a year to collect the taxes at Dreamerton: “Dreamerton represents the destruction of reality through Misperception.” Beyond Dreamerton are the plain homelands — very flat. The people of Aceh have more angular features, are generally taller, and speak excellent **Elvish**, ... “Hmm!” went the various party-members. The Acheans have a *very* different moral system from the Kingdom.

5/07/03 WK: we travelled down the flag-stoned (!) highway, which has regular milestones, woods and hedgerows; plenty of birds were about. The highway leads up a broad valley (wide enough to have the occasional hill inside the valley). We were catching up with a wagon train as it was about to reach a hamlet. Suddenly we were attacked by bandits (possibly locals?). The **Wagon** made a getaway as we subdued the lawless element, the only serious damage being lost spell fatigue & GoK, who *attempted* to fall off his horse in such a way as to injure his armed opponent. He failed.

In our very limited Lalangue we slowly & clearly instructed the villagers to keep the bad people restrained & explained that we would send soldiers from the next town (**Bordertown**, half a day away) to haul the brigands off to execution & justice. We ignored their whispers & dialectal comments amongst themselves, which, hypothetically, *were* one fluent in Lalangue, would perhaps suggest that we had somehow assaulted a unit of un-uniformed Kings' guard and that our chief suspect was a minor officer. Fortunately we clearly spoke poor LaLange. Nonetheless, purely independently, we decided to pick up the pace — particularly since the wagon, which was last seen heading over a rise in the road, had since disappeared and may have been the prime target.

We reached **Bordertown**, gained admittance of course, and advised them to sent some men to interrogate the bandits. We obtained rooms, while some of the party scout around outside. Given that we saw a large armed force in the vicinity and that we may later decide to relocate to a private camp in the woods rather than impose on the [limited?] hospitality of the townsfolk. The Away team, while putting up illusionary terrain [Gerald: “we are attempting subterfuge”], encountered a surprisingly generic elf who warned them that to leave town before dark to avoid being overtaken by the army. A little bird [Jhiselle to be pedantic] warned the others, who depart the inn “for an afternoon ride before the Gates close.” The party re-united & were included in the Elves' magic ritual of travelling quickly — which explained how the wagon disappeared so quickly. The generic wagoneers were, in fact, these elves, and there were 8 of them!! We were now somewhat aligned with the **Comte de Wolf**. A night, day, & night appeared to pass very quickly.

7/07/03 WK: the “next day” (as we perceive it) we were past the border. We encountered the first fort with its wide gate and answer the questions of the factotums. After passing through the gate, the road became an elevated causeway, supported about 50 feet above the valley floor. Looking down one might perceive idyllic vistas of goblin peasants toiling in the fields.

**Dreamerton** [Drēm'm'rt'n] is built on an out-thrusting rock. The town is tree-like in design. Carts go at the ground level, but there are cantilevered walkways at upper levels: very clean, totally paved, no servants, no riff-raff. Wonder how to disguise the party. The local servants are all

goblins. [GoK: “I figure it would be good not to take out my sword and kill all the goblins.” Gerald: GoK — you thought!” Jhiselle: “And he was right!!”].

**The Inn** is a convoluted chain of passages, stairs, and chambers: one staircase seems to have been made just so that guests can sweep down it in a dramatic entrance. The military scientist escalated. Frequently. One could amuse oneself for months swanning up & down these exquisite flights — provided that there are sufficient servants & changing rooms (there probably are!) to transform one’s attire before the next dramatic, elegant escalation. Our rooms were more than adequately baroque — mostly porphyry-like red marble or veined white marble, the veins on slabs were expertly fused to give an impression of a continuous polished tunnel. Gilt was applied directly to the rock. The main room was heated by 5 braziers; with an amiable balcony and discrete servant’s access to most rooms. At the Inn we also had a closer look at the Enchanted Cart: in effect it is a **Wagon of Holding**, with the contents always appearing innocuous.

We visited the Market, a large enclosed courtyard: most shops opening onto the yard, but some off the 1st floor balcony/promenade; with offices on the 2nd floor. We discover one can’t buy a goat at the market — the basic unit is the herd.

**Background:** Our latest employer, Comte de Wolf, explains How Things Are. Aceh doesn’t pay taxes, the Nation gave Largesse to The Kingdom who had proved useful in taming the continent — well someone had to do it, and there was no necessity for the Elves to get their fingernails dirty. We will receive the Missing Dress in return for travelling across the Province of Aceh, beyond the Centreland, to meet a specific small enclave of goblins and deliver a note to them. The place whither we shall wend, **Peak Downs**, no longer has Elves residing there. The surrounding region is very flat & arid (except just after the rains). It will take 2-3 weeks to reach the place. Although there are fast travel-magics over the earth, to fly will very dangerous — involving, amongst other things, a “magical Coriolis force” [SF: “If it’s anything like the play it could get very bloody indeed ... or was that *Coriolanus*?”].

8/07/03 WK& ff: We took 3 weeks rations; each day stopping at a town populated only by people. The only servants there were elves: no humans; and the goblins are in villages around the town, from which they work the surrounding land. Illusions were very prevalent. We were consistently going up hill, the trees getting taller. Finally, on

15/07/03 WK: we crossed over the ridge. Beyond the lip was a **flat plateau** with desiccated grass clumps — we saw in distance that travelling raises dust clouds. In the very far distance are further hills or mountains. There were sporadic “islands” some 6 to 8 feet high with trees. The “road” was merely a more worn, less grassy, area of the plane stretching in the direction of the distant mountains.

That night, as we sheltered behind an island about 150 yards off the road, we were awoken by a military troop of goblins (some 120) running, keeping up a chant. There were no recognisable officers, since there was no-one on horseback, but NCO-types were running with the men.

18/07/03 WK: About 10 in the morning, we stopped at a farmstead by its own Oxbow (a kidney- or sickle-shaped canal leading nowhere in particular). As well as discovering that Goblin females are more vicious than the males, we eventually struck an agreement with **the Gaffer** (a wiccan) who has settled in the area with his daughter, grand-children & apology of a son-in-law. For his wiccan *Restoratives*, we traded Waters of healing (which SF, for once, had plenty of). We also excavated a second oxbow for him in exchange for a special Forget-Me Amulet (which Arwen now has). On the way to the next farm (the Smiths), the road detoured around a broad chasm in the plateau, perhaps 5 miles long, rich with semi-magical plants. There was a river & a waterfall — the waterway eventually disappearing underground. The valley contained ruins that, in their prime, could have been a town for about 8,000.

The Smiths arrived 3 years ago from “elsewhere,” having been “invited to move” by their previous bosses who had some sort of arrangement with the Acehans. The elves left this vicinity in the Smith’s first year here (Smiths plane of Origin = “Weedle”). We set up camp on the other side of the Smith’s Oxbow. The mana on the plain was particularly sluggish, but a later divination of some mages suggests that objective and subjective time were not in sync — and hadn’t been for about a [subjective] week.

19/07/03 WK: we departed mid-morning, with a chilling wind following us (from the South). At a slight rise we saw a long line of Hills in the North, the tallest peaks nearest us, with a ruin on the closest hill. On approach we saw that we could either reach the **ruins** by night, OR press on and reach the town on the next hill. Instead, after brief discussion

[Drum: “Let’s NOT camp in the ruins — that’s beginning adventurer stuff”

SF: “Actually it’s more adventurer ending.”]

...the party withdrew a short distance & camped early.

[“It may be dangerous, but think of the lovely view”]

20/07/03 WK: we found some semi-concealed tracks to the ruin. The summit covered about half an acre or so. Only one tower was still standing, overlooking the Goblin town on the next, lower hilltop. The ruins were made from blocks, not local stone; surveying ruins & structure, we realise that this was a Grand Folly, not a ruin — it had been deliberately built to look like this. The tower had “**Sheltering**” magic inside it. GoK could enter a room & do stupid stuff without being seen by the rest of the party & was unlocatable, not exactly on the same plane [“*Fey*’s magic” apparently]. We did all sorts of experiments, many unwise, and accidentally burnt a 12lb formerly cold-iron ballista shaft. While SF was divinating, GoK, Jhiselle & Darian ascended the tower and its turret, spotting a depression in the North-East, two days away, with some 600-plus goblins marching towards it. Furthermore, troops were drilling in the Goblin town.

From the tower, GoK noticed a **Sword in the Stone** & dislocated a knee in rushing towards it. He grabbed the Rune-engraved sword, & then alarmed witnesses by having a conversation with the empty air ... including “I’ve taken an oath to kill Vampires.”

[Jhiselle & various party-members called out sternly to the sword: “Step away from the GoK” -- “Put the GoK down”].

Drum started to divinate the sword, from maximum distance, but broke off partway through “The sword told me to piss off” [Gerald’s reply: “well they tend to be blunt”].

Later that afternoon we reached the town, **Middlemount**. It was actually a group of eight villages. A [honour] guard guided us to a hostelry where, thanks to a runner sent on ahead, suitable freshly evicted & fumigated rooms were ready when we arrived. That evening, and (in passing over next few days, we scryed into the depression, which was actually a wide crater, & started mapping it. Next morning ...

21/07/03 WK: a deputation of 8 elders (the heads of the villages) visited us & said that they were at war with the town in the Crater, Peak Downs, because it was refusing to share with the collective — hording material and magic to itself. We murmured politic, non-committal, elvish-type, nice things to them. We set off & avoided **the army** — at one stage hiding behind a slight ridge that angles off from the road (perhaps a wider outer rim or echo of the crater lip?).

We continued along this ridge until we reach a break a couple of miles long. Arwen summoned up an elemental, **Bob**, and he dug a tunnel to our next cover, a broad copse of trees, in exchange for some fire. The tunnel, being elemental-shaped in cross-section was not particularly successful, but we resolved to tunnel to the lip of the crater. GoK (or the sword, more like) suggested that we tunnel to the far side of Peak Downs. By 2AM on the second night after leaving Middlemount, we were in a large, artificial cavern 12 miles anticlockwise around the craters edge

from where the road meets the crater; the army at that point was still on the road, 10 miles from the edge. We emerged to the surface and spied the terrain. It was decided to tunnel down the crater wall & emerge from our tunnel on the crater floor — we shall then travel openly across the crater floor.

Bob dug down, near the cliff face, poking regular air holes, sconces for torches, and occasional ringbolts for ropes (should this passage ever be required to move bolt throwers up to the yet-to-be-built fortified upper entrance. The tunnel zigzagged down the cliff face. At the base, while we waited for dawn, Bob built a fort, **Fort Bob**. The fort had barracks, stable, murder-holes, trap sections, and a very big stone doorway that could be rolled across the concealed entrance & bolted – all the usual accoutrements.

23/07/03 WK: The **crater floor** was comparatively flat, but with a central peak rising 400 to 500 feet above the floor, with the town on the side of this peak. At the edge of the crater were many elongated shiny stones. “They’re probably sacred,” said Darien as he continued to stuff them into his bag.

As we crossed the floor, we noted that it was arable land with volcanic 4’ high dykes criss-crossing it; we wondered if the dykes were to allow controlled flooding, but later discovered that they are part of a sensory mechanism for detecting invasion, amongst other things. Funnily enough, by the time we reached small villages or hamlets on the way, we find that they had been freshly abandoned.

We rode into the town, a civilised place with we *two* libraries on the route to the main square. Immediately on the Main Square there stood a broad flight of stairs, at the top of which squatted a large, obviously municipal building. On the landing partway up were a collection of town dignitaries and some guards. At the foot of the stairs were the 4000 or so of the populace; the mood was decidedly mixed.

We rode up to the landing, as one does, and the Headman addressed the people, saying “Here is the promised help.” While the elves give meaningless royal waves to the crowd, Gerard quietly told him that we had a message but we didn’t know what it contains — does he *really* want to read it aloud in front of the punters? There was open discontent when the main speaker announced that the guests would be received at once in the council chamber, but he announces that a deputation of concerned observers would also be welcome to attend. So, with a more manageable group of malcontents, the goblins entered the council chambers. As we enter, Gerard swigged a mind-speech potion.

Gerard: Hi everyone, I’m in your minds”

GoK: “Yeah! You and about six other people.” [We hope we was talking about the reset of the party, but somehow doubt it]

Our message was to **Gurrand**, but the newly appointed chief councillor said that Gurrand has been arrested by the council, so he himself accepted the letter instead. He broke the seal & fall over irresurrectably dead. A *Detect Aura* confirmed that the “security” magic was still in place. After a rapid discussion amongst the remaining councillors, it was decided that Gurrand will be reinstated -- with the full support of the deputy-mayor, for some reason. Clearly the Guards favoured Gurrand anyway. He read the message & laughed; it said “You’re on your own.”

The party had a brief discussion and we decided that, because our mission was *formally* completed, there was nothing to prevent our assisting the Goblins discretely; GoK in particular agreed, since it will mean killing the Goblin army at the lip of the crater. Although the Elves may have chosen not to directly interfere in their experiment, clearly we, as outsiders, may — possibly that was even the *plausibly deniable* intention of our employer in Dreamerton. It was our moral obligation to preserve the Goblin Culture.

**Life in Peak Downs:** The Goblins have 2 harvests a year (fruit vegetables, hops, and the like) through magical agriculture & viticulture; they can support about 12,000. For some reason

cows & horses die in the crater — it took Gerard several days to realise that he fell into this category, by which time he was on half endurance, his second & third stomachs had shut-down, and his bones had been poisoned. Even after the poison was cured, the bones were preternaturally brittle. No doubt he was distracted by the all-vegetarian spread.

The Goblins learn their skills from the library; and all the magic they employed is written there. The magic is unlike our spells; it is safe, but very precise — e.g., a book is used to recite magic that causes a stream of water to be directed in a specific direction at a specific rate. All the **magic** texts are written in **Eldaran** (Ancient Elvish) with silvery star-stone ink on blue paper, literally the blueprint of the civilisation; but some of the more mundane material is available in Elvish. There are some 20,000 volumes. Should the invaders take the city of Peak Downs, it is clear that this learning would be destroyed or dispersed (where we can't get our hands on it), and a civilisation would have been pointlessly destroyed. It is so nice (and rare?) discovering afterwards that one has made the right choice.

The Goblins smelt their **iron** in the valley. It doesn't interfere with magic, but is brittle or soft. They normally trade finished goods with them outside for raw materials & some food not locally available.

We got an overview of the city's politics of Trade, and examined the local terrain. The City has a **ring of lakes**, which will aid in defending against invasion. Arwen and Bob did a little tweaking, geologically. Although the Goblins had a militia, their **Civil defence** needed revamping — so we did that. The next day we started training the Commander & selected troops in suitable skirmish tactics. Disguised as goblins, we “observed” a few raids on the invading army's baggage, food, & water. While SF & GoK did military training, some party-members could do nothing useful but learn to read Eldaran, and talk to librarians.

8/8/03 WK: A contingent of the army had somehow made it past the City's first defences (where the road reaches the crater floor). That night, we encountered the contingent at our pre-manufactured battlefield where the lakes restrict their movement: this was a great morale boost to the defending goblins who were merely outnumbered 3-to-1, and made it easier to persuade them to follow the simple battle plan.

The enemy were a solid block of six units, each of 30-40 goblins, each with a standard and unit commander. One of the central units had the company command. The Peak Downs General, Silverfoam, and Gerald faced the invaders behind 20 goblin archers. The remaining 50 militia goblins were a single unit on one flank of the invaders; the remaining 5 party-members are on the other. [quote: “a unit each? – seems fair”]. For added confusion and effectiveness, both GoK and Drum were *Undetectable*. Within a couple of minutes, the invaders were disposed of ... perhaps 2 or 3 making it out of the crater valley. Only after the kerfuffle, did we notice that the Militia mages in town had bound a *superterranean* river some 5 foot high and 10 yards across, flowing over the land in a circle around the city. Cute trick!

*Detecting Auras* & a quick *Divination* suggest that the enemy force was somehow teleported into the valley — demonic power being involved. We rushed to the top of Fort Bob & flew to where the Army had been, to discover that the remnants of the army had fled. Further down the limb-bestrewn road we spied (just behind the last dozen goblins) **Azgenar**, a Demon with water-magics whom we banished before he did serious harm — to the party, that is, he appeared to have already eaten the remainder of the Army. We *Detected Auras* on the loot including a Grimoirish book bound in soft leather

[GM: “formerly living, GTN human”

Silverfoam (gleefully): “Goody! That's +20 on the base chance, giving me *two* questions”]

9/8/03 WK: After a celebratory breakfast, we resumed our studies & training of the locals. When we left the valley, to finish our mission (Get back the ball gown, remember!), we realised that the

Elves had been screwing with time in the valley. This was confirmed at Dreamerton; it was all part of the Elves' social experiment. They had diverted the normal flow of time, speeding up subjective time in the valley —currently 25:7— explaining the weird results we experienced on entering & leaving it.

23/8/03 WK: In due time we met du Krésee's troops on the Human side of the border & were escorted to a convenient pavilion. We handed over the dress & were informed that the King & his brother were both dead (a politic summary agreed upon by both sides, no-one specifying which one was the king!). Their sister was now *Queen-to-be* —such good thing we actually bothered about the dress. Some of the party then return to the valley to continue studying or training; the rest are returned to the plane of Alusia, with 5 weeks training time before the next guild meeting.

APPENDIX: The 12 evening hours — watches

1 <sup>st</sup> hr	General activities	General activities
2nd	GoK	Darien
3rd	GoK	Darien
4th	Drum	Darien
5th	Drum	Jhiselle
6 (ends at Midnight)	Drum	Jhiselle
7th	Arwen	Jhiselle
8th	Arwen	Gerald
9th	Arwen	Gerald
10th	GoK	Silverfoam
11th	GoK	Silverfoam
12th	General activities	General activities