

A  
SOLO GAME OF  
HEROIC COMBAT  
IN A FORGOTTEN AGE  
OF BARBARISM  
& SORCERY



# THE BARBARIAN PRINCE



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# Barbarian Prinace

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## MAP KEY

-  TEMPLES
-  RUINS
-  CASTLES
-  TOWNS
-  ROAD
-  RIVER
-  OASIS
-  OPEN COUNTRYSIDE
-  FARMLAND
-  FOREST
-  HILLS/BADLANDS
-  MOUNTAINS
-  DESERT
-  SWAMP



# STARTING DETAILS & MINOR ADJUSTMENTS

**R**EADING THROUGH BARBARIAN PRINCE I DECIDED there were some small tweaks I'd like to make to the setting. First and foremost I wanted to lean into the pulpier elements of the setting over anything standard fantasy. As such any classic fantasy creatures have been replaced with Sword & Sorcery-esq equivalents.

Outside of that, to make the setting a bit more my own beast, the following changes have been made:

- The world has 2 suns, one orange, one scarlet. The scarlet sun holds complete dominion once every 8 days and weeks last 8 days (This was mainly done as I used a 8 segment clock to count the weeks on my VTT)
- The blade 'Bonebiter' has been switched for the axe 'Deathdealer, this is so that..
- The Prince is picture right rather than his original look. Conan was too obvious so I picked the second most famous barbarian in history.

## STATS

- Rolled a 5 on Wits & Wiles
- Using the Luck & XP rules
- Picked Advantage: Old Friend
- Picked Combat Talent: Swift Sword
- Armour rules are in use

## WIN CONDITIONS

- 500 Gold
- 500 XP
- One of the lesser conditions *apart* from 'True Love'

Outside of these notes things remain exactly the same as in the Barbarian Prince - Ultimate edition that came out on Aug 24, 2024.

## A QUICK REVIEW

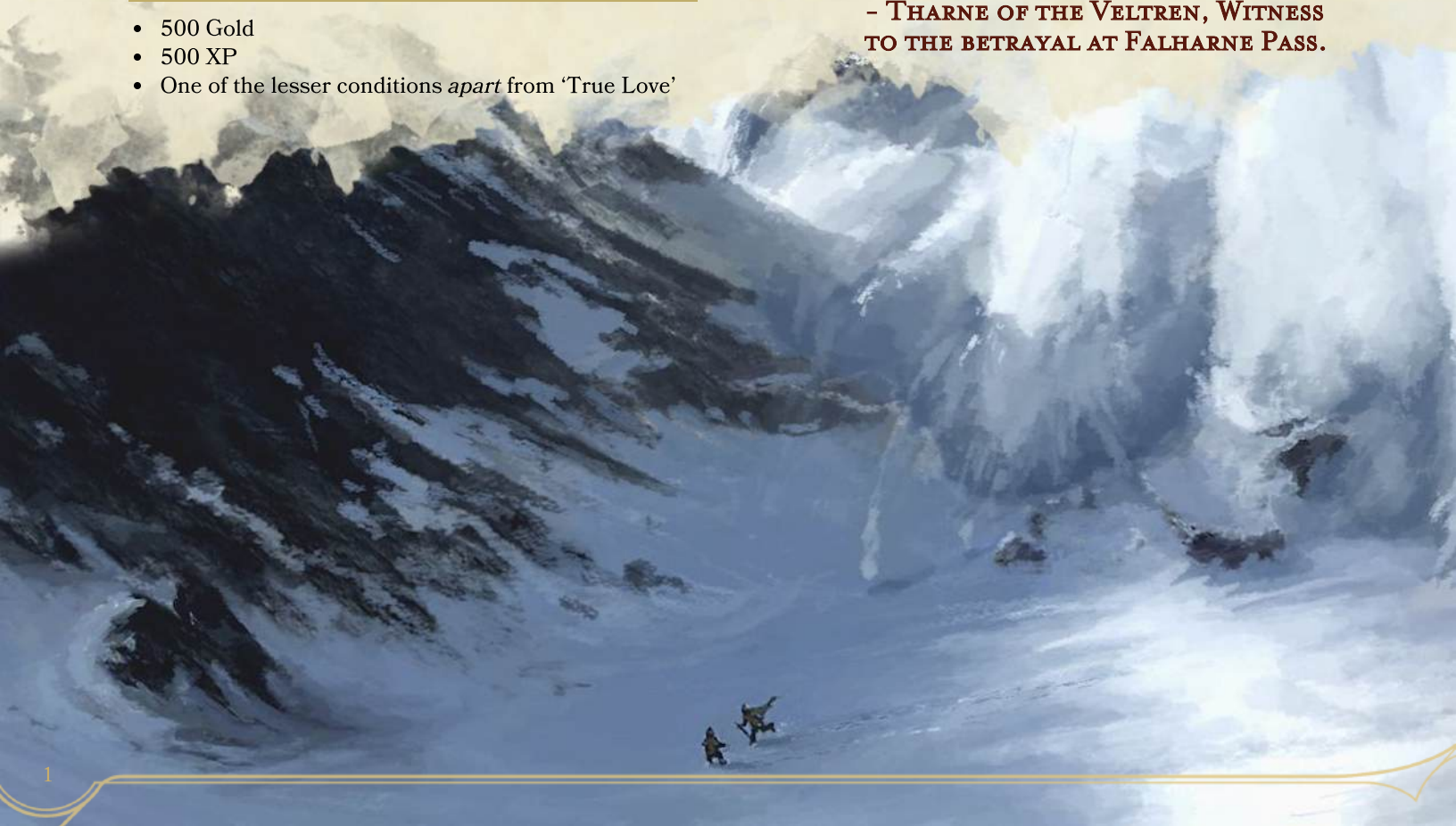
Having now played Barbarian Prince I'm amazed at how well a game from over 40 years ago holds up.

It's a true adventure, with some strong replayability value and in the future I might do another few run throughs of it with different characters/settings, in which case I might fold them into updated versions of this book.

We'll have to see. For now though...

**I NEVER SAW A MAN FIGHT  
AS HENDRYC ARATH  
FOUGHT. HE PUT HIS BACK  
TO THE AVALANCHE  
RUBBLE, AND BEFORE THEY  
OVERPOWERED HIM THE  
DEAD MEN WERE STREWN IN  
HEAPS THIGH-DEEP ABOUT  
HIM.**

**- THARNE OF THE VELTREN, WITNESS  
TO THE BETRAYAL AT FALHARNE PASS.**





Cal Arath; The Barbarian Prince

# THE TALE BEGINS...



HE KING IS DEAD. LONG LIVE THE KING!

Evil events have overtaken your Northlands Kingdom. Your father, old King Hendryc Arath, is dead - assassinated by rivals to the throne, led by your own evil brother. These usurpers now hold the palace with their mercenary royal guard.

You have escaped to the south and must collect 500 gold pieces to raise an army to smash them and retake your heritage. Furthermore, the usurpers have powerful friends overseas and in the Cult of Dark Wizards of the South. If you can't return across the Tragoth River to take them out in ten weeks, their allies will arm and you will lose your kingdom forever. The way will not be easy, but you have your stubborn Northlands will and your Axe 'Deathdealer' to aid you in your quest...

## DAY 1: 80 DAYS REMAIN

---

### START OF DAY

- e001: Smuggled out of Kingdom by Ogab, the Loyal
  - Arrive in Hex 1501 - Weshor
  - Checked coin purse (4 gold)
  - Read scroll given by Ogab: *I bring good news - Darios, your loyal guard captain has escaped to the Temple of Zhor (Hex 1805).*

### NARRATION

Today's sun brings with it bitter omens, dust in the mouth and blood-edged clouds on the horizon. I am far from home, an heir without a Kingdom and a prince without a King. Ogab, loyal and bold, managed to save my neck from the noose and it might cost him his own.

If it does then I will see his death avenged a dozen times upon my brother, the false swine, to go with the hundred for our father and the three for each loyal warrior that died in his fel-touched coup.

I dare not stop in town, for the Mercenaries that pass for his royal guards still scour the land for me. I shall cross the Tragoth River, though it be the height of its floods Weshor is far too risky to remain close to.

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1502
  - Lost?: Leaving habitation; no roll
  - Lost? (Crossing river): 9+; 6 - Not lost
  - Event?: 10+; 7 - No event
  - Event? (Swamp): 10+; 4 - No event
- Hunting for food: 8+4 (12) less 7 - 5 Units of food

### NARRATION

I managed to cross Tragoth at one of its few Fords, south into the swampy wetlands of the South. It is done, I have left my homeland behind.

When I return it will either be at the head of an army, or as an accursed Draugr for failing to make right what the Usurper has wrought wrong.

Still, I captured one of the great Catfish that lurks in this dim mire, more fool it for stalking me. With what food I've taken from its carcass I'll make good time.

Darios awaits me in the Temple of Zhor and together we will stand a better change of making a difference.

## DAY 2: 79 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1503
  - Lost?: 6+; 9 - Yes
  - Event?: 10+; 6 - No
- Fishing: 5 Units of food

### NARRATION

Little has changed today except that I have passed the same serpent shaped log 3 times and managed to find a wild orchard, half drowned in the swamp. The apples are fine at least.

## DAY 3: 78 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1503
  - Lost?: 7+; 4 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 3 - No
- Hunting: 8+4 (12) less 10 - 2 Units of food

### NARRATION

I've passed through the wetlands and into the forests, if the Usurpers hounds ever had my scent they will have lost it by now. The mountain of Zhor to the east and south will guide me to the North Pass. Onwards.

## DAY 4: 77 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1603
  - Lost?: 9+; 7 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 7 - No
- Hunting: Mountains, therefore unable to hunt

### NARRATION

Rather than going around the mountains I've decided to pass through them, the quicker I can reach the temple the better.

So far my travels have been uninterrupted, I hope upon the Black Steel it remains that way.



Ogab: Spear-carrier of the true  
King Hendryc Arath

## DAY 5: 76 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1704
  - Lost?: 8+; 8 - Yes
  - Event?: 9+; 9 - Yes
    - Band of ~~Dwarves~~ *Princes of the Mountains* (aka: Sherpa)
    - Chose to approach openly to talk; bribe-hire
    - *Used Old Friend ability to gain as a Staunch Ally*
    - Faris: Son of the Mountains + 2 Sons of the Mountains joined the party
- Hunting: 8+4 (12) less 6 - 6 Units of Food

### NARRATION:

There are no gods beyond our world, the priests may mummer and preach, but all gods that exist walked this Earth as we do now once and it seems my ancestors curse the Usurper, for they have brought me, by chance, once more to Faris.



Faris, the son of an old enemy, poacher and thief, raider and nomad. The last son of the King of the High Passes, who reaved the village of Weshor from the eastern peaks in my youth.

But who fought well and begged no mercy when captured. Vassal and spy in the south since his defeat, and his son, Faris, who was hostage to the King in his youth and with whom I climbed the barren mountains of my homeland many a day in our youth, hunting for the most dangerous things we could find.

It seems that he has roved south in the hopes of reaching Darios before the Usurper could. And by chance, we've passed through the same mountains.

He and his men have brought what they could and will travel with me, together little can stop us.

## DAY 6: 75 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1704
  - Lost?: 9+; 8 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 9 - Yes
    - ~~Swords~~ *Spearman*:
      - Talk; Ally
      - Zhent of Lost Zhorkaner joined the party
- Hunt: 8+4 (12) less 11 - 1 Units - Choose to starve over starving allies (-1 to skill, -2 to Carrying)

### NARRATION

In passing from the mountains we found ourselves moving into the rolling lowlands of the northern pass. The roads here are too ill maintained to truly be called a road, but still we used them as best as we could, picking our way east towards the temple of Zhor.

And chancing coming the other way a warrior of the temple upon horseback. At first we were inclined to avoid him, but the priests of Zhor have already made clear their intentions by safeguarding Darios.

Approaching him was the right choice, for Zhent of Lost Zhorkaner had been sent to find me at the behest of Darios. Now? He offered his spear and his oath that he would see me safely to the temple and the Usurpers head upon a pike.

We travelled quickly that day and hunted as we moved, the others did not notice that I ate when they did not. Tomorrow I will make up for it.

Faris;  
Son of the  
Highest Peak





Zhent the Zhokaner;  
Temple guard & warrior of a long forsaken city

## DAY 7: 74 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1704
  - Lost?: 10+; 5 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 10 - Yes
    - Farm; Hostile Reaver clan
    - Raid; 3 Reavers as enemies
- Combat: vs 3 Reavers (S5, E5, W10 Leader; S4, E4, W4 other 2)
  - Turn 1: Reaver Leader: 1 Wound, Reaver 1: 3 Wounds, Reaver 2: 2 Wounds
  - Turn 2: Zhent: 2 Wounds, Reaver 1: Dead, Reaver 2: Dead
  - Turn 3: Cal Arath: 1 Wound, Reaver Leader: 2 Wounds
  - Turn 4: Reaver Leader: Dead
  - Loot: XP: 26/4 = 7 XP; Gold: 19 & Endurance Sash (*Note: Swapped 12 gold for food/pelts. It is a farm after all*)
- Hunting: 7+3 (10) less 7 - 3 units of food



### NARRATION

We chanced across a travelling band of Slaughterers, their tent of bone and hide set up amongst their great herd. We came down from the mountainside, blades in hand and did to them what they would do to us in a heartbeat. Once the work was done we took all we could and moved on quickly, before others could come looking.

Tonight I shall eat well & recover my strength fully for tomorrows ride.

## DAY 8: 73 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1803
  - Lost?: 10+; 6 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 5 - No
- Hunting: 8+5 (13) less 8 - 5 units of food

### NARRATION

The scarlet sun rises, as it does every 8th day, marking the passage of the week. I have found allies quickly and though I'm still wounded we move swiftly to the temple.

We've found the road through the northern pass, in two days time we'll be in the Temple of Zhor and from there, we shall have to see what the priests advise.

**Note: Weekly +5 XP**

## DAY 9: 72 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1904
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 8 - Yes
    - Gypsy; Female Dancer; Caravan
    - Talk; Conversation; Asks for Employment; Paid 5 gold
    - Fortune told; Treasure; 3 hexes south in 1907
- Travel to 1905
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 7 - No
- Hunting: 8+5 (13) less 8 - 5 units of food

### NARRATION

In our travels we came upon desert nomads making their way through the pass, towards the temple and the mountains beyond it. Gypsies and dancers. One of them, Malla ult Hadada, Malla of the Veils, offered to tell my fortune and she saw in it great treasure.

Shamelessly she immediately offered to join our number until we found it. Still, she could be useful, in finding it if nothing else.

# Malla Ult Hadada; Dancer of the Veils

## DAY 10: 71 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1805
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 10 - Yes
    - Disguised noble; Lyra, daughter of Baron Huldra; chooses to join - Immediately falls in love with Cal
- Reached the Temple of Zhor
  - Darios was wounded in his escape
- Rest at temple for the night healing 2 wounds for everyone present

### NARRATION

By early midday we had reached the Temple of Zhor, we joined the thin trickle of pilgrims who made their way up the great mountain steps to the heavily reinforced shrine, and though slowed by them, eventually we reached the front.

When I mentioned Darios we were ushered beyond the outer façade into the temple itself, its great, vaulted ceiling stood as a testament to lost Zhor, depicting the four disasters the city had withstood and the fifth that drowned her forever.

Zhent walked us through the libation and soon we were led to the room where Darios lay, badly wounded with an infected shoulder wound, but alive and able to speak.

Over the man lingered a woman, at first I thought her a priestess, but rather than a veil she wore a hooded cloak. She, it seemed, had been part of the group that had found Darios, wounded and dying just north of Cawther and had brought him here to be healed by bathing in the sacred waters of Zhor.

I thanked her and promised that if there was anything I could do to return the kindness it would be so. She seemed amused by the idea initially and disinterested even, but Darios welcomed me warmly and introduced me as his liege and friend, a great warrior and a greater man.

That seemed to soften her and make her reconsider. I didn't understand what Darios intended with such compliments until he suggested she show me the sacred waters, for I was still wounded from the Slaughterers barbs. It would have taken a fool not to notice the way the priests treated her, with deference due of someone of power and influence. We washed together and as we did she asked what had brought me south.

I made no secret of what had happened in the Northlands and she listened, at first curious, then shocked, then outraged as I spoke of the betrayal at the Falharne Pass, an entire army of good, brave warriors dead without the chance to die well in battle, so that a King could be felled by lesser men.

The thought of magic being used so seemed to particularly insult her and so I wasn't surprised when she said finally 'Baron Huldra would aid you. He has no love of magic or the weakness it brings. To hear of such a betrayal would turn his stomach.'

A noble from Huldra then it seemed. 'And if he will not gift me an audience?'

'Then I will speak on your behalf.' Was her reply, an *influential* noble then it seemed.

I welcomed her offer and we spent the night resting and healing. She offered to tend to my wounds with needle and thread to lessen the scar and I accepted.

Though, the glances she gave me throughout made me wonder if she had other reasons to see me without my armour.

Let her look, if she so desires.

I would not say no to any offer made by such a fine woman either and when it came? I did not.

By morning we were ready to leave, but no, Zhor had stood by our ancient alliance despite having lost all but this temple.

I would pay her the respect she was due in turn before I left.



# Lyra Huldra; Daughter of Baron Huldra, The Spider of Huldra Castle



*Darios;  
Keeper of the West Pass,  
Warden of Castus Fen*

## DAY 11: 70 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Make offering at the temple of Zhor (Exceptional sacrifice for +1)
  - Special Omen; Treasure; 2004
  - Event?: 9+; 9 - Yes
    - Wounded Warrior; Healed by spending the night; becomes an ally

### NARRATION

It seems that Zhor stands well with my cause, I knelt before the last of the steles of her ancient laws and paid my respect in a tribute of a pure white lamb. As I went to leave the priests called me to join them for they would read the flesh. In the liver of my sacrifice they found distinct signs that spoke of an offering that had never reached the temple. If I could find it, then it would be mine to do with as I saw fit.

In addition, the priests told me of one of their templeguards, Talik, who had been wounded in a furious duel with the bodyguards of a wealthy nobleman, started by one of the parties but escalated by both. A good warrior, but one who could no longer serve the temple for reasons as much political as practical. If I would take him with me he would be as loyal to me as he had been to Zhor.

At first I was reluctant, I had no need of fools who started fights but could not finish them. But I agreed to meet him and found a young warrior who had stood his ground against a half dozen well-heeled warriors when his homeland had been blasphemed against by one who was only here for the benefits of its healing waters and refused to be cast out for the insult.

If I did not take him with me then I imagined he would be dead within a few days by his own hand, cast alone into the world without purpose or future.

And so I swore that he would travel with me and explained to him my cause. Though he still burned with a passion to fight for the temple that had been his life until this moment, he accepted that he could not remain and that, all things given, my cause was a modest substitute.

If Zhor wished to casts to the wind good warriors then I was not above stooping to pick them up.

## DAY 12: 69 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Purchased 12 units of food for the trip to come.
- Travel to 1905
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 12 - Yes
    - Warrior Monks (2); Mounted
    - Talk; Inquiry; Looters; Pass
- Travel to 2004
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 7 - No
- Hunting: 8+5 (13) less 4 - 9 Units - Feeds group

### NARRATION

Upon the road we changed upon a pair of travelling monks, warriors in search of a cause, but more so in search of coin. I let them pass, for whatever treasure we gathered from the gods would pass too quickly into their pockets otherwise.

## DAY 13: 68 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Search for treasure
  - Found; Magic Box
  - Event? 9+; 5 - No
- Hunting: 8+5 (13) less 3 - 10 Units - Feeds group

### NARRATION

The treasure we found was hidden within a Zhorian puzzlebox, an ancient relic of a bygone age, who knows what lies within. Still, it is easy to carry and so I've pocketed it for now.

## DAY 14: 67 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1905
  - Lost?: 10+; 6 - No
  - Event?: 8+; 7 - No
- Travel to 1906
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 9+; 8 - No
- Hunting: 8+5 (14) less 10 - 3 Units - 6 units from stocks to cover difference

### NARRATION

An uneventful day on the road, Zhent and Talik trained their spear skills together, the younger one has shaken off the black dog in Zhents approval of his actions. His faith remains strong. Darios and I exchanged old stories while Malla teased Lyra, the noblewoman who is now my lover, about her tastes in men.





*Talik; Exile of Zhor*

## DAY 15: 66 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1907
  - Lost?: 10+; 9 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 8 - No
- Hunting: 8+5 (13) less 11 - 2 Units of Food - 7 units from stocks to cover difference

### NARRATION

Already our food is dwindling, I've decided that when we reach the foothills to the east we'll take a day to restock and resupply before pressing onwards. For now though, onward to the treasure foretold.

## DAY 16: 65 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Search for treasure
  - Found; ~~Broken Box~~ Ancient Tomb; ~~Dawn~~ sword 'Stygian Depths' the Serpentbone Blade
  - Event? 9+; 5 - No
- Hunting: No hunting in mountains; -11 food

### NARRATION

It was at dusk we found the ancient cavern, high in the long untouched peaks of the Pelgar range. While Malla was of little use in the search, when we found what she had pointed us towards I understood how well she had served me. For there, far beyond the reach of all but the strongest of men, lay a cavern, forgotten to the world, and in it? Two ancient skeletons, pressed together in the throes of a battle that had lasted since ages long forgotten and passed to myth. Pinned through the top of its head by the last, dying thrust of its slayer, a great, serpent, its fanged head pressed against its killers nape, as intimate as the caress of a lover.

The cold had preserved both, almost as if they had died yesterday. The blade plunged through the wicked skull still glistened with long frozen blood and long dead fangs glittered with icicles of poison.

Behind them stood a great slide of rubble and stone, small hints here and there suggested a great doorway that had been filled, as if some portal to places both beyond and below the mountain had been forced closed for eternity. It was only the raw certainty of flame, as we burned both long dried bodies, that released the blade, leaving nothing remaining of that ancient, unknown defender of mankind and the foul slave of the eternal enemy.

When the ashes were cleared, only the blade remained, an ill made thing, of black steel crudely riveted into bone. My hands almost shook as I took it up.

Upon one side it was inscribed, in runes older than the mountains *Ka nama kaa lajerama* and under it the words, in the old, high tongue of men 'For by our *deeds* we are known' and what would have been arrogance if spoken by a mortal was true of this sword, I turned it over and found upon the other 'Down into the *Stygian Depths* we drove them'.

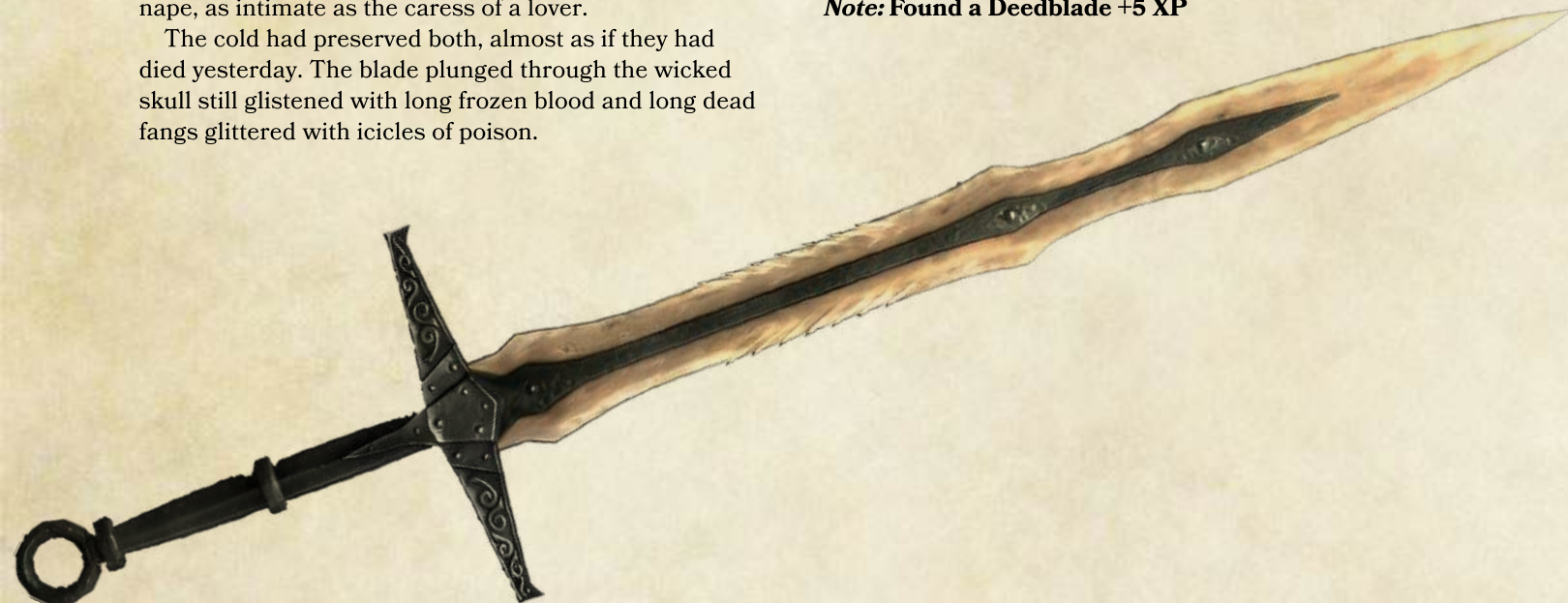
*Stygian Depths*, a suitable name indeed for such a blade. For it was a Deedblade, ancient and terrible, magic and unmatched by any blade wrought of mere metal, only black steel could back and handle that terrible, magnificent edge of carven bone, hewed from the body of the oldest enemies of mankind, a race lost to time and legend.

The Deedblades were all that remained of those foul enemies of old, carven from their bones, each one held a single line of an epic that was written describing their defeat and how it could be done again, if ever the day came when those that remained dared to crawl up from the darkness below.

I rolled the handle in my palm, then looked to Malla ult Hadada, who was scowling.

"Some treasure." she said. And with that we returned into the light.

**Note: Found a Deedblade +5 XP**





## DAY 17: 64 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 2007
  - Lost?: 8+; 6 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 4 - No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 5 - 10 Units of Food

### NARRATION

We passed from the mountains into the hills, down into the lands below, our coin is getting dangerously low, though I imagine Malla won't leave until we reach civilization, no matter how disappointed she was about the lack of gemstones and gold within the treasures we had found so far.

Like the rest of us, she will have to endure.

**Note: Weekly +5 XP**

## DAY 18: 63 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Hunting in Mountains
  - Hunting: 10+5+8 (23) less 7 - 16 Units of food
  - Event?: 10+; 7 - No

### NARRATION

A fine days hunting under the scarlet sun, would that I could enjoy a hundred more like it. But the Kingdom will not wait in the hands of traitors and usurpers while I enjoy leisure.

## DAY 19: 62 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 2008
  - Lost?: 9+; 3 - No
  - Event?: 10+; 7 - No
- Hunting: Mountains, therefore unable to hunt

### NARRATION

To the mountains we return, though I sight ruins in the foothills below and a road.

## DAY 20: 61 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 2009
  - Lost?: 9+; 5 - No
  - Event?: 10+; 10 - Yes
    - Cave Tombs; Trapped Chest; Safely unlocked; W50 (52)
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 5 - 10 Units of Food

**Note: Visited Ruins of Pelgar +5 XP**

### NARRATION

It was good luck that we found the barrows upon the edge of town and the gold treasure within, or by tonight I would have had to tell Malla ult Hadada that I had not a single coin left to my name. Now she's riding wrapped around Zhent, as proud as a Queen with the gold earrings that hang from her lobes.

## DAY 21: 60 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Search Ruins of Pelgar
  - Organized search; Auto-success due to having 3 Sons of the Mountains
    - Minor Treasure; Precious Gemstones; W200 (110+100)
    - Minor Treasure: W60 (80)
  - Event?: 10+; 8 - No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 9 - 6 Units of Food

### NARRATION

Today we found an old bank vault within the ruins of Pelgar and within it? Wealth, an impressive amount of it. Malla would likely as not have kissed me if not for Lyra staving her off. For how she acted it would be thought we'd found the Teeth of Gwahlur.

Now we travel down the road towards Castle Huldra, to make treaty with the Baron.



## DAY 22: 59 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1910
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 9+; 10 - Yes
    - Bear!
- Combat: vs Black Bear (S6, E5)
  - Turn 1: Faris: 1 Round, Bear 4 Wounds
  - Turn 2: Faris: 2 Wounds, Bear 4 Wounds
- Loot: XP: 11/8 = 1 XP; Bear Pelt Cloak
- Travel to 1911
  - Lost?: 9+: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 10+; No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 5 - 10 Units of Food

### NARRATION

Faris was the bears target, it must have spotted him while he was setting the camp fire. It fought hard to claim him for its own, but my cousin-of-oath is no ones prey. Now he is wrapped in its fur so he can recover, Zhents horse will carry him for now until we reach civilization.

## DAY 23: 58 DAYS REMAIN...

---

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1912
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 10+; 9 - No
- Travel to 1812
  - Lost?: 9+; 7 - No
  - Event?: 10+; 3 - No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 9 - 6 Units of Food

### NARRATION

The hills of the Wredwrok Badlands have become far too familiar with the amount of time we've spent in them. They're starting to feel like home.

## DAY 24: 57 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1813
  - Lost?: 9+; 4 - No
  - Event?: 10+; 5 - No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 9 - 6 Units of Food

### NARRATION

We spent the entire day searching for where the road returns. Now, we've found it. Though we lack in food. A days rest and fishing should be enough to tide us over until we can reach Tulith and refill our stocks.

## DAY 25: 56 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Resting & Fishing in 1813
  - Lost?: No need to roll
  - Event?: 8+; 7 - No
- Fishing: 13 Units

**Note: Weekly +5 XP**

### NARRATION

A day of fishing and recovery for Faris under the scarlet sun.

## DAY 26: 55 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1714
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 9 - Yes
    - Travelling Bard; agreed to feed; willing to join for 1 gold per day, agreed to hire
- Travel to 1614
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 9 - Yes
    - Travelling Monk (2 Monks); Talk; Auto-Success on convincing to join
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 5 - 10 Units of Food

### NARRATION

We made excellent time down the road, come evening we were a days ride from Tulith and all the happier for it. The light of our campfire drew attention though, three holymen asked to join us for our evening meal, followers of the Sun Temple, a Visitant and two priests, one Golden, one Scarlet, a strange trio. They were heading north to the Ruins of Pelgar, to face against wickedness rumoured to live there.

Instead I convinced them that they would do better coming with us as far as Huldra Castle, to convince the Baron of the justness of my cause.



*Patten the Visitant;  
A Caller-to-Crusade for the Temple of the Suns*



*Fubright of the Golden Sun; Orthodox Monk*



*Pardue of the Scarlet Sun; Heterodox Monk*

## DAY 27: 54 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1515
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 11 - Yes
    - Mounted Patrol (4); Talk; Inquiry; Pass
- Travel to 1415
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road



- Event?: 7+; 7 - Yes
  - Set upon by thieves (4); offered chance to surrender; refused
- Combat vs Thieves (4) (S4, E4, W15) (*Note: No benefits from being mounted as in town*)
  - Turn 1: Thief 1: 3 Wounds, Thief 2: 2 Wounds, Thief 3: 1 Wound, Thief 4: 2 Wounds, Pardue: 2 Wounds
  - Turn 2: Thief 1: Dead, Thief 2: Dead, Thief 3: Dead, Thief 4: Dead
- Loot: 32/11 - 3 XP; 4xW15 (60 GP), *Location of local thieves guild!*
- Visit Tavern, buy a round for +3
  - Learn Secret; The Secret of Baron Huldra!
- Paid for rooms + food: 19 GP

### NARRATION

A curse upon Baron Huldra, to think I was going to ally myself with a serpent of the same scales as the Usurper who slew my father. At least the true heir to Huldra still draws breath and is close by to boot.

Tomorrow we prepare, the day after we go to find him.

But first, those thieves who tried to ambush us today need their coin taken from them.

## DAY 28: 53 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Visit Market
  - Animal Trader: Sold all Pelts - 224 GP (In addition to the 290 currently owned this hits the 500 GP requirement - But going to spend some of it in day so not meeting just yet) - Less 104 GP for horses
    - Purchased Pegasus Mount for 50 GP
  - Apothecary + Blacksmith:
    - Purchased 2 Shield+2 Chain Armour for 30 GP
    - Purchased 1 'Death Mist' potion
- Paid for 60 food
- Event: 7+; 8 - Yes
  - Meet a High Lord; Talk; Attacked!
- Combat vs Lords Retinue (4) (S6, E6, W4) (*Note: Granting benefit for horses as they were purchased today & presumably have to be ridden back to the stables*)
  - Turn 1: Guard 1: Dead, Guard 4: 3 Wounds
  - Turn 2: Faris: 1 Wound, Son of the Mountain: 1 Wound, Guard 2: Dead, Guard 3: 1 Wound, Guard 4: Dead
  - Turn 3: Guard 3: Dead
- Loot: 48/11 - 4 XP; 4xW4 (13); Audience with the Town Mayor; Chain needs repairs (Taken as a free action since it was bought that day meaning the blacksmith is already open & accessible)
- Event: Audience with the Mayor
  - Party includes priest; Supported cause for Religious Reasons; Gain Letter of Recommendation; W100 (110 GP); Attendant (S4, E4, W4)
- Visit Tavern, buy a round for +3
  - Rumours of treasure in hex 1013
- Paid for rooms + food: 36 GP

### NARRATION

Civilized men lack the incentive to act civilized. I purchased the winged horse for sale in the market at a fair price from a willing merchant, yet the Mayors men dare to attack me for refusing to 'offer' it as a 'gift' to the Mayor for his use.

Still, I cannot blame the man himself, as soon as they were slain and we had a moment to talk, with Pardue & Fubright speaking of my good character on my behalf, we found common ground and quickly allegiance. He offered what support he could in the name of the twin suns and offered his Steward as an attendant to my cause as punishment for ordering the 'arrest'.

I've no doubt that 'Ser' Ruber will be as loyal as he is corrupt, given the fate that awaits him if he returns without my askance.



*'Ser' Ruber; Corrupt Constable of Tulith*

## DAY 29: 52 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Raided Thieves Guild
  - Attack rather than steal
  - Combat with Head of the Guild (S6, E5, W70) & 11 Thieves (S4, E4, W15)
  - No mounted bonuses as indoors

- Turn 1: Barbarian Party used Death Mist Potion: Head of Guild + 9 Thieves die! 1 flees.
- Turn 2: Thief: Dead
- Loot: 99/12 - 8 XP; W70 (80 GP) + 10xW15 (158 GP)
- Purchase 60 Units of Food
- Visit Tavern, buy a round for +3
  - Local Notices; Hiring; Freeman joins at no cost
- Paid for rooms + food: 37 GP

### NARRATION

Destroying the rats nest that was the thieves guild was as easy as fumigating any other den of vermin. Word spread quickly through town and by evening most were avoiding us at the tavern for daring to do what the guards never would, while 'Ser' Ruber was with us and his blustering claims that he was behind the operation did ease tensions, we still remained alone.

Eventually one woman got up from the bar, sat down at our table and asked "Is it true? Did you kill Daydream Arturo?" She was badly scarred down one side of her face, her blind eye focused on me with all the intensity of her working one.

"If he was part of that guild and he's not the one coward who ran? He's dead." I sipped my ale.

"...Then I owe you everything." Her name was Ingeburg and she'd lost her eye and her entire family when her brother refused to pay protection to the guild. They'd set fire to the farm house and killed anyone that came out. Ingeburg had listened as her own sister burn, unable to reach her. The girl had been seven.

We agreed that she could come with us, there was nothing for her in this coward town.

## DAY 30: 51 DAYS REMAIN...


### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1515
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 10 - Holy Chapel
- Travel to 1614
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 3 - No
- Travel to 1613
  - Lost?: No need to roll since on road
  - Event?: 9+; 8 - No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 8 - 7 Units of Food

### NARRATION

We came across a chapel to the lady between the rows, tucked away in the farmlands. Apart from that, little of interest happened today apart from Ingeburg attempting to kill Ruber by scaring his horse.

We agreed it wouldn't happen a second time.



*Ingeburg Pia;  
A freewoman living  
in the ashes*





## DAY 31: 50 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1612
  - Lost?: 10+; 5 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 7 - No
- Travel to 1611
  - Lost?: 9+; 4 - No
  - Event?: 10+; 9 - No
- Impressed the Tribe of the Bear into submission by having both a magic sword and a bear pelt cloak.
  - Rescued the true heir to the castle of Huldra, Uther Huldra
- Hunting: Mountain therefore no hunting

### NARRATION

We rode hard today and reached the Bear tribe by nightfall. With the Deedblade in my hand and the bear pelt upon my back they yielded before me. It seems the duplicity of Baron Huldra is depthless, for he told the Bear tribe, who do not speak the true tongue of common men, that the Heir was a traitor to the crown and called on their vassalage to guard him. Being so isolationist the Bear tribe knew no better and trusted their liege lord. Faris, fortunately, speaks their tongue and when they learned the truth their shaman swore a thousand curses upon Huldra. Lyra, curiously, seems particularly shocked by it. A noblewoman of the court should know how serpentine they can be, surely? Still, the heir, Uther, was well treated, or maybe not so strange, the Bear tribe respect strength and Uther is nothing if not strong. He has already sworn bloodbrotherhood to me. Now we are two princes without kingdoms of our own, I shall help him and then he shall help me.

## DAY 32: 49 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1512
  - Lost?: 8+; 5 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 5 - No
- Travel to 1412
  - Lost?: 9+; 12 - Yes
  - Event?: 10+; 8 - No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 9 - 6 Units of Food

### NARRATION

The Badlands continue to be as much of a foe as a friend. The hills are endless as they are strange. The bear shaman, I think, might well have cast a curse out of fear of Huldra upon us.

## DAY 33: 48 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1513
  - Lost?: 10+; 3 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 7 - No
- Travel to 1413
  - Lost?: 10+; 10 - Yes
  - Event?: 9+; 7 - No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 7 - 8 Units of Food

### NARRATION

We've made our way south under the scarlet sun, as far as the foothills, now all we need is to reach the infernal road. Uther and Lyra have spoken in private a few times, I'd be suspicious if not for knowing that I can trust them both. Still, I wonder what it is that causes them to fall behind the rest of us when speaking of it.

**Note: Weekly +5 XP - Level up +2 Luck Points**

## DAY 34: 47 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1413
  - Lost?: 11+; 2 - No
  - Event?: 9+; 2 - No
- Travel to 1314
  - Lost?: 9+; 11 - Yes
  - Event?: 9+; 9 - Yes
    - Impassable Woods; Forest Magic (+5 Site XP); Woodland Ruins
    - Wits roll to hunt safely passed
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 10 - 5 Units of Food

### NARRATION

The way forward is long lost to these woods, Still, the ruins amongst them tell that once this land was the home of the pict, who kept their keeps and dens in these glens and glades.

By evening we hunted and a white stag came before us. I did not harm it nor did the others at my command, though luck held its place in the deed as well.

It looked at us with wise old eyes, then left, disappearing into the thickets again.



*Uther Huldra; True Heir of Castle Huldra*

## DAY 35: 46 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1513
  - Lost?: No roll due to White Stag encounter
  - Event?: 10+; 12 - Yes
    - Hidden Village; Purchased 47 food
- Travel to 1514
  - Lost?: No roll since leaving village
  - Event?: 10+; 5 - No
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 5 - 10 Units of Food

### NARRATION

It seems we found what happened to the Picts of the woodland, they placed their village nearby and have become as normal men. Though they remain savage the use coin as well as any other man. I refilled our stocks and we've moved on.

## DAY 36: 45 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1414
  - Lost?: 10+; 10 - Yes
  - Event?: 9+; 12 - Yes
    - Hidden Village; Stayed night
- Visit Tavern, +3 to roll
  - A quiet night, no events
- Paid 25 Gold

### NARRATION

More pictish villagers, still, we remained the night with these ones, drinking and listening to Patten offering the glories of the southern wars to young men. It might be our last night of peace before we reach Huldra.

## DAY 37: 44 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1414
  - Lost?: No roll since leaving village
  - Event?: 8+; 2 - No
- Travel to 1314
  - Lost?: No roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 7 - No
- Travel to 1213
  - Lost?: No roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 8 - Yes
    - Travelling Monk; Talk; Plead (Opted not to) - Passed
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 4 - 11 Units of Food

### NARRATION

Back to the roads, Huldra castle lies straight to the north now. Still, there's treasure to the west and I plan to have that before we go to reclaim its crown.

## DAY 38: 43 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1113
  - Lost?: No roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 6 - No
- Travel to 1013
  - Lost?: No roll since on road
  - Event?: 8+; 8 - Yes
    - Mounted Patrol; Talk; Bribe (10); Refused; Combat
- Combat vs Mounted Patrol (S6, E5, W4) led by Mounted Patrol Leader (S6, E5, W10)
  - Surprised the Patrol, 2 attacks from each Barbarian Party member on 1st round:
  - Turn 1: Patrol Leader: Dead, Mounted Patrol 1: 4 Wounds, Mounted Patrol 2: 2 Wounds
  - Turn 2: Mounted Patrol 1: Dead, Mounted Patrol 2: Dead
- Loot; 33/15 - 2 XP; W10 (8) + 2xW4 (8) ; 3 Horses
- Hunting: 10+5 (15) less 9 - 6 Units of Food

### NARRATION

A patrol of mounted enforcers from Huldra tried to extract a bribe from us under the threat of imprisonment.

Their horses will make fair recompense for their arrogance.

## DAY 39: 42 DAYS REMAIN...

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### ACTIONS

- Search for Treasure
  - Success; Ancient Treasure; Poison Needle trap; W110 (130 GP & Helmet of the Northlands)
  - *Note:* Over 500 GP, technically won, but since the castle is close going to treat that as the win condition instead

### NARRATION

How long this burial ship has rested upon the shores of the Nesser river, I cannot say. But it is of my homeland and of my bloodline. The helmet within proves that this is one of my ancestors who lies here, rotting in the mud of the riverbanks.

Ultan, who slew the last of the great Wyrms of the northern lakes and sank her body below the icewaters of the Hurne. If not for the reality that to carry it north oncemore would prove my claim beyond any doubt, I wonder if I would have let his helmet, old and spoken of in legend amongst my people, remain with him.

But our people deserved better than my sentimentality would have yielded.

Still, he deserved better than this rotten place.

We made a raft for his remains and set it out once more, this time may he reach the sea.

## DAY 40: 41 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Travel to 1113
  - Lost?: 10+; 5 - No
  - Event?: 8+; 10 - Yes
    - Roadside Inn - Chose not to remain
- Travel to 1212
  - Lost?: No roll since on road
  - Event?: 9+; 10 - Yes
    - Wizard; talk; conversation; Looter
    - Hired just long enough to open the magic box and dismiss before Baron; W110 (90 GP+Resistance Ring) Half gold taken by wizard
- Paid 30 Gold for Lodging + Meals

### NARRATION

We chanced upon a wizard leaving Castle Huldra, after falling into conversation we found that he had been there in good faith to offer his services against the dark wizards, only to be snubbed by the Baron.

As we spoke I offered him a chance to return the insult thricefold, offering him half the contents of the magic box to join us and pretend to be an old ally, just long enough to be dismissed in front of the Steward of the castle. I promised that the news we had to bring would be sufficiently dire for the Baron. Lyra seemed unhappy at the duplicity but, reluctantly, accepted that her liege lord was not only in the wrong, but a Usurper.

Tomorrow we shall see what happens when we face the man himself.



## DAY 41: 40 DAYS REMAIN...

### ACTIONS

- Seek audience with Baron Huldra
  - +1 from dismissing wizard, +3 from Lyra, +2 from Letter of Recommendation; Audience Granted; True Heir Revealed! Victory!

### NARRATION

Presenting ourselves before the Baron was both easy and difficult. The letter of recommendation brought us as far as his seneschal and the dismissal of the wizard bought his interest.

But it was Lyra who brought us into audience with him, when she proclaimed 'I am here to see my father, the Baron, I bring news from afield.'

Lyra, my dear Lyra, brave and bold, had brought us here of her own will, knowing the cost of the truth would be her inheritance. She had brought Uther Huldra, the doom of her own father, to this place at my askance.

She will be the finest Queen my kingdom has ever laid claim to. I swear it. Before Baron Huldra we came, a terrible figure of a man, both in the vicious, boar-prowess that lay behind those eyes and the already underway slow descent of a mighty warrior into ruination at the hands of politics, wine and fine food.

We offered our respects, kneeling before the warriors court. Finally Baron Huldra gestured for us to rise.

"You have returned from the Temple of Zhor my daughter. Did you find the shadow that hangs over the these lands?"

"Yes Father." Lyra spoke "I found what casts the shadow over your crown and lands..."

Her voice wavered as she said it.

Yet she spoke regardless, revealing the truth of what she had found, that the north had fallen to darkness and betrayal, to wicked magic and men more wicked even than that.

She wove a tale, of how we had met and came to travel together, of how the Seer of Zhor had promised that I would lead her where truth lay, truth long since denied to her.

With that she said softly "...these lands will not lay safe until the truth is known. And so, father, I have chased them to ground as you asked and at your command. I present you Uther Huldra, the true heir of your fathers bloodline."

The silence was deafening, then the Chaos immediate, blades were drawn, accusations cast, it had taken Baron Huldra a lifetime to build a fragile shell of strength around his claim to the throne when Uther Huldra, his 'half brother' and Oath-liege had been disappeared hunting the White Stag.

But it took only a second for it to all fall apart around him.

The Baron did not partake in the fighting, did not resist, those who had benefited most from his dominion warred on his behalf and the stones of the throne room were painted well that day, but not once did the man who had been known as the mightiest warrior of the midlands raise hand against us.

It is said by the foolish and wicked that love is a weakness, a poison that destroys the strength of men.

Such men would say that it was weakness that Baron Huldra did not fight.

But what would such men do? Slay their own heir? Destroy their kingdom? Pretend that ruin had not finally come to them and sacrifice everything for one more day?

There is no nobility to be found in defeat. But maybe there is some to be found in acceptance, in the understanding that to devour all you love to sate your hungry ambition is to lose everything but your own feral desires. When the time came, Baron Huldra did not resist, as he was sentenced to exile amongst the Bear tribe from whence his mother had come.

So it is that Uther Huldra, true heir of Castle Huldra returns to his throne.

And as the scarlet sun sets upon this bloody day, my eyes turn to the north, crushing Lyra to my side as the forces of the castle gather and the beat of the marching drum rouses the survivors of the fighting to a greater and even more glorious war.

My Kingdom has been in the hands of degenerate swine for over a month.

It is time to return home.





# BETWEEN THE TIME WHEN AND THE RISE OF THE SONS OR ARAYAS, THERE WAS AN AN AGE UNDREAMED OF...

## THE KING IS DEAD. LONG LIVE THE KING!

Evil events have overtaken the Northlands Kingdom. Old King Hendryc Arath, is dead - assassinated by rivals to the throne, led by his own son. These usurpers now hold the palace with their mercenary royal guard. The true heir, Cal Arath, has escaped to the south and must raise an army to smash them and retake his heritage. Furthermore, the usurpers have powerful friends overseas and in the Cult of Dark Wizards of the South.

If he cannot return across the Tragoth River to remove the traitors in ten weeks, their allies will arm and he will lose his kingdom forever. The way will not be easy, but he has a stubborn Northlands will and his Axe 'Deathdealer' to aid him in his quest...

Made using 'Barbarian Prince' system

**MADE WITH THE HOMEBREWERY**

