

On southern sands

Woven with Shimmering Threads

As the Autumn Equinox fades, magic pools and settles over the mountainous territory of Redoubt. Even as the great and good of the Empire are beginning their long trek back from Anvil to their homes, clouds begin to gather and angry winds thrash the waves along the coast to thundering foam. Heavy rain, then sleet, then vicious hail whips along the cliffs and beaches. Lightning marches across the horizon. Spring magic is unleashed, a violent expression of the destructive power of that realm. While it is without doubt worst along the coastline, the touch of the storms is felt as far north as Limus and Willstone, bedevilling merchant vessels visiting Elos and Visten, or travelling up the river Hedra to Cargo.

At night, the clouds remain thick along the coast but clear somewhat as one travels inland. They reveal more magic at work in Redoubt; the sky over the high peaks shimmers and shifts. A shroud of Night magic stirs the stars, reshaping and reforming them. And if that shroud is of no great strength, insufficient to stymie any save the most cursory of divinations, the fact that it seems the entire Empire rests beneath that same delicate blanket of glamour and misdirection is still cause for comment.

There is some consternation among astronomancers, who must employ enchanted lenses to pierce the penumbral veil to see the constellations – all save the Mountain which remains clear in the heavens despite the fact that it ought to be slipping beneath the horizon as winter draws near. An omen, or the whimsy of the Night? Nobody seems to be sure. Predictions are tricky under the shroud of night.

A few nights later, under the shifted sky and battering hail, a citadel of pale stone and dark ice rises on the slopes of Mount Siluri, garrisoned by folk with the white fur and visage of great bears. In the foothills below the twisted ruin of Unmade – the font of the Unmade trove that transformed the Citadel Guard – three squat towers of rime and rock forge themselves from star and moonlight as the season begins to turn cold. These frozen citadels are only the first of the magical defences that will gird Redoubt in the coming weeks.

Overnight, burning brass sigils unfold across the walls of Cargo and the Court of the White Fountain that hiss and sizzle as the rain pounds against them. All who see them know, instinctively, that they bind the strength of Shikal – the volcanic metropolis where the eternal Estavus has her forge – to the mortal fortifications. Barely a day later, two cohorts from the Autumn realm arrive to bolster the garrisons in Limus and Optarion. Fifty massive metal-and-stone four-armed constructs support each fortification, lead by bull-headed minotaurs in bronze armour who set about reviewing the defences of

the northern city and the southern citadel, liaising with the mortal garrisons and further bolstering the might of the two castles.

In Cargo these developments are welcomed with curiosity and excitement. Arcanists take every opportunity to examine the enchantment that surrounds the city – the Ramparts of Ashlar woven by Imperial magicians from a ritual scroll sold to them by the Forgemistress. The minotaurs find any number of fascinated scholars eager to interrogate them about life in the City of Fire and Stone; they are quickly disappointed to discover the heralds are significantly more interested in their work bolstering Cargo than in talking to academics.

The reception at the Court of the White Fountain is a little marred by the response of the small number of *koboldi* that live there. Remnants of the contingent that helped infuse the walls with Summer potency, to make them *unbreakable*, the little scaled heralds are concerned by the transformation of the fortification, and the presence of the Autumn constructs. They express reservations, worried that the servants of Estavus do not appreciate the strength of stone as much as they do, that this temporary enchantment will not *last*, has no *durability*. They can be spotted watching the servants of the Forgemistress with worried eyes, wringing their hands.

Regardless, the power of these enchantments cannot be denied. Between the burning sigils – visible for miles once night falls – and the soldiers of the Autumn realm, the power of the two fortifications

is greatly increased. Even as Winter gathers, the temperature within the Court of the White Fountain and on the streets of Cargo remains warm – sweltering at times – and the air is sharp with the tang of smoke and molten metal. No matter where one goes, the distant echo of hammer-on-metal can be heard, and the hiss of hot blades being quenched.

Then in the second week after the Equinox, after storms and shrouds, after magical castles and enchanted walls, another ripple of Spring magic begins to spread across Redoubt. The power rises in the high peaks, and flows across the land with the rivers and the streams, infusing the pools and lakes, mixing with underground aquifers and the cisterns that supply several of the newer spires. It dances in the storm-water, soothes the stinging hail back to rain. The water tingles, almost effervescent, pure and clean and refreshing even as storms lash the coast. Wherever water flows, wounds close, and sickness passes quickly. All the aches and pains that flesh is heir to seem to weigh a little less on the people of Redoubt, as supernatural vitality spreads from the heights through the hills to the plains below. The healing power of Spring is unleashed, and in the battles to come all save the most grievous wounds will fade like morning mist, provided the ones who receive them survive.

And battles are coming to storm-tossed Redoubt, of that there is little doubt.

The Arete of Sword and Spear

Sentinels, consider the Mountain. The servants of Siakha come to Redoubt bringing storm and fang and savagery. The mages of Urizen have met storm with storm. Fey knights will meet fang with Summer steel. You will meet savagery with discipline. You are the rock on which our foes shall break. You are the Mountain.

Andronikos of the Lighthouse at Nikephoros, General of the Citadel Guard

The Citadel Guard crosses the Hedra east of Cargo, marching south out of Morrow. They are accompanied by a grand cohort of lion-faced warriors of the Summer Realm – the knights of Eleonaris conjured by Imperial magic and bound to fight alongside the sentinels and war-magicians. The scarlet and gold banners of the Lady of Pennants flutter in the wind alongside those of the phoenix, and the white tower. They sing as they come, providing a tumultuous counterpoint to the smooth calm at the heart of the sentinel army.

Pausing briefly beneath the sigil-woven walls of Cargo, they head south toward the coast through Siluri. With expert precision, the strategists of the Citadel dispatch sentinels to Naris and Tomari, using the stuttering lanterns of the heliopticon to coordinate the defence of the coast with the Court of the White Fountain and the other defenders of Redoubt.

As their network of messengers and watchers spreads, they are joined by two more Imperial armies. The journey of the Towerjacks and Northern Eagle has been longer than that of the

Guard, leaving war-torn Therunin and come south through Morrow, past Highwatch, to help defend the people of Redoubt from the coming storm. The Northern Eagle have paid a heavy price to be here; marching through the poisoned vale of the Lower Tarn Valley has cost them nearly two hundred good soldiers who will not fight again, yet the spiteful apothecary of the Druj and Sephal's Cauldron left them with no other road if they wished to reach Redoubt in time.

The Fall of General Barossa signals a loss not only for us, but for our Empire. Our enemies will take no more. Travel to Redoubt and build your defences high, that their waves will break on your walls. Show them the strength of your loyalty.

TBC, General of the Towerjacks

As soon as they arrive, the Towerjacks begin feverishly to fortify the coast with earthworks, palisades, beacons, defensive vantage points, and more. Working with all their Holbergian ingenuity, backed by the designs of some of the most cunning siege engineers of the League, they reinforce the Elos Harbour in particular, adding significantly to the garrison there while they build their makeshift fortifications. If there is any ill-feeling here about the matter of Spiral, it takes second place to an appreciation of the Leaguish willingness to work night and day to protect the people of Urizen.

Redoubt's beacons are alight and so we shall raise our banners in its defence. Hold the mountains and the valleys, the cliffs and the coast, the Spires and the cities. We shall be the hunting bird that haunts the heights, diving upon unwary prey. Vigilant as Sentinels, swift as Wardens, the Imperial Eagle shields all homes.

Jaromir Ostrovyn Kostka, General of the Northern Eagle

While the Citadel Guard prepare to respond to an attack wherever it may come from, and the Towerjacks reinforce the coast, the Varushkan soldiers of the Northern Eagle move quickly and effectively through the hills and low peaks, ever watchful for the first signs of an attack. They take nothing for granted – complacency is the enemy of victory. Their strategy complements that of the Urizen sentinels – the army fragments into half a dozen independent groups that maintain communication with messengers and trained birds. Responsible, ready to swiftly gather at the point of any incursion, their hit and run tactics seem particularly well suited to the rough terrain and foothills of Urizen. While some of the Urizen spires are at first reticent about Varushkan soldiers in Redoubt, they swiftly warm to their guests, the long shadow cast by the Iron Helms dispelled by the professional, albeit grim, demeanour of the Northern Eagle.

The warning of the Urizen assembly, shared with every priest of the nation, goes some way toward preparing the citizens of Redoubt for what is coming. Working together and with the Eagle and the 'Jacks, the citadels of Redoubt provide supplies and guides, supporting the armies as the armies prepare to defend them. It helps that Redoubt

has so many citadels; while it has been some time since the territory was threatened militarily they are always prepared to face attack from the sea, or from Spiral.

People of Redoubt, watch the coast and prepare for the malice of the Children of Wrecks and the Grendel. Turn your striving to the organisation of your defences. Build up your bonds with your fellow spires and make assurances to share this watch. Hone your courage and do not fear to act. Keep watch upon the Ribbon of Salt and Evenstar. They must not fall into wicked idolatrous hands. Let Urizen's virtue be a light against their darkness.

*Halkyon of the Myriad Stream, Urizen Assembly, Autumn
Equinox 386YE, Vote: Greater Majority 306-0*

On Wings of Storm

For a time it seems that these preparations might go untested. Days stretch into weeks, and a few of the more critical Urizen begin to question the wisdom of expending so much magical energy to defend against an attack that is *clearly* not coming. Then, just shy of a month after the Autumn Equinox, the Grendel arrive.

An armada of ships from the Broken Shore, carrying tens of thousands of Grendel warriors, brave the magical storms battering Redoubt to assail the shores of Naris. If not for the vigilance of the Urizen watchers their attack might have taken the defenders by surprise – they approach not along the coast from the west but from

the south – from the open sea. A ripple of concern runs through the strategists gathered in Redoubt. Have the Grendel navies crossed the trackless heart of the Bay of Catazar? The question is left unanswered as the chaos of war descends on the coast of Redoubt.

At first the assumption is that they have employed some unknown enchantment to travel unseen along the coast. It quickly becomes apparent, however, that while there is magic woven into the hulls, rigging, and sails of the Grendel warships it is a protective charm of Autumn magic which helps their ships endure the Spring spawned storms rather than anything to do with speed or concealment. This protection is not foolproof - watchers confirm that several ships are swamped or sunk by the enchanted tempest - but it serves to significantly reduce the damage done by Foam and Spittle to the Broken Shore armada.

It's obvious that this force is made up of many of the ships and soldiers that assaulted Madruga and burned Siroc - or rather some of them. The Simoom, the Tempest, and the Golden Sails transport the piratical Black Eels, the mercenary army of the Bone Nautilus, the relentless veterans of the Iron Gulls, and the furious war-witches of the Naguerro. They launch a blistering series of raids and probing attacks across the southern coast of Redoubt, remaining mobile and seeking any weakness in the walls of iron and magic thrown up to defend Urizen from the sea.

There are sightings of Asavean troops fighting alongside the Bone Nautilus, but no sign of the warships that hail from the eastern archipelago. It's possible that the recent fiasco at Meade has shaken their resolve – or that they are simply busy elsewhere. Even without them, the Grendel forces brought to bear in Redoubt represent a serious threat. On sheer numbers alone, it seems the Grendel outnumber the Imperial armies two-to-one. Unfortunately, that assessment of the defenders of Redoubt takes into account neither the garrisons of Cargo and the Court of the White Fountain, nor the power of Imperial magic. The Summer citadels, and the Autumn enchantments, both help swing the odds back in favour of the Empire.

Raids on Elos and Visten are quickly repulsed by the Towerjacks and the the Citadel Guard. The Northern Eagle are called to defend the Brilliant Star from a band of Black Eels who came ashore in Tomari under cover of dark; the orcs have counted without the sure movement and tactical prowess of the Varushkan guerrillas. The invading barbarians clash with Imperial defenders over and over, and while the Empire is not victorious in every engagement it is clear that the Grendel cannot sustain this pace for long. After some initial gains, the soldiers are forced back toward the coast.

One of the most vicious engagements takes place at the Lighthouse at Nikephoros. Once a respected naval citadel, its star swiftly declined after Urizen became part of the Empire. No longer

considered strategically important, it was almost drowned by magical storms in the reign of Empress Brannan. It has weathered many a tempest since, but this season represents one violent tempest too many. The isolated sea-stack where it stands is targeted by the ships of the Tempest, and Bone Nautilus mercenaries. As the storms rage, the barbarians seek to overwhelm the defenders, but before they can claim the spire the defenders choose to collapse the rock tower supporting the ancient citadel and tumbling it down into the hungry, churning sea. While some of the defenders are able to escape the destruction, many more perish, but they take at least as many Grendel with them - including several of the attacking ships. The Grendel will be more much more cautious about assailing lone citadels in the weeks to come, and the secrets of Nikephoros are delivered to the briny deeps rather than the greedy hands of barbarian magicians.

The Battle of Elos

Any foothold the Grendel manage to establish is swiftly dislodged by Imperial forces, and as the Winter Solstice draws nearer the attacks become more widely spaced apart. Then, with minimal warning, the Grendel launch an almost overwhelming assault against the harbour of Elos. Once a base for what little navy Urizen had before they joined the Empire, the fortunes of the spire slowly declined. Major trade passed it entirely in favour of the larger ports of Cargo and Hedra to the north, leaving it little more than a quiet

fishing village. Yet even in sleepy obsolescence, the quayside remained extensive and the harbour wall fortified. A few years ago, though, the Imperial senate ordered an expansion of the docks, restoring them to and eventually surpassing their former glory. In the seasons since the Great Harbour of Elos has once again become a bustling port - and perhaps in time it could become something more.

Perhaps it is simple opportunism, or perhaps it is something more, but the Grendel forces throw their full strength behind the capture of the port. It seems their strategy here has been one of misdirection - to scatter the Imperial defenders across the long coastline of southern Redoubt before revealing their real intention. They have counted, however, without the foresight of the Citadel Guard and the industry of the Towerjacks. While the defenders are indeed spread out, Elos is far from undefended. The first marines disgorged from the Grendel ships find themselves pressed up against the barricades and palisades positioned by the Holbergian engineers. Even though the work of creating durable fortifications is still underway, the League soldiers have used the existing defences of the harbour to channel the invaders where they want them. Even these skeletal preparations leave the attackers exposed to the smaller garrison defending the spire, and they are cut to ribbons by crossbow bolts and Urizeni spears.

The Grendel respond quickly, adjusting their tactics and seeking to land more ground troops on the beaches outside the town. The delay

costs them dearly however, and even as they begin to move against the walls of Elos, returning Varushkan patrols and scouts from the Court of the White Fountain fall on them from the east and west. The heliopticon tower above the town sends out a warning and a call to arms that is quickly repeated across Naris and beyond, and the Empire's fist begins to close around the Grendel attackers. This close to the shore, they must also contend with the worst effects of the Spring curse laid across the seas and winds, which dashes more than one invading ship to pieces drowning it and its cargo of soldiers. Those shipwrecked barbarians who make it to shore are little match for the Imperial defenders.

Yet the Grendel are nothing if not adaptable, and in the face of unexpected defenders they they change their tactics. The mightiest armoured warships form a tight spearpoint aimed at the heart of Elos, and pierce the defences. The fighting on the docks is fierce and bloody, as the Grendel focus on clearing the defences the Towerjacks have created. They are able to establish a beachhead and from there the battle spills over into the town. Urizen settlements are as often as not laid out with an eye for aesthetics and beauty, with spacious avenues between the buildings - a far cry from the tangled mazes that characterise a League city or a Varushkan town. Pitched battles take place between the Imperial soldiers and the Grendel invaders, with the crossbows and bows on both sides proving to be a powerful asset in the long, straight streets.

The attacking orcs have the upper hand, and so the Empire adjusts its own tactics. They play a delaying game, slowing the invasion and bogging the orcs down wherever they can. With each hour that passes, more defenders arrive - soldiers from the Imperial armies, scouts from the fortifications, and even a scattering of supernatural allies come down from the magic citadels, eager not to miss a fight after weeks of boredom in the foothills. In the end, as night begins to fall, it is clear that the Grendel will not be able to take Elos and they begin to fall back to their vessels. Yet they make one last attempt to achieve their goal; soldiers of the Iron Gulls, adept siege engineers in their own right, try to fire the harbour and especially the facilities for maintaining and building ships. Perhaps control - or the destruction - of this nascent shipyard has been their intention all along. They are able to inflict some damage, but a cadre of Urizeni sentinels breaks through the Grendel defensive line and falls on the would-be saboteurs, and covered by League and Varushkan troops they make short work of the attackers. The survivors are forced to retreat back to their ships.

As the darkness gathers, the Grendel abandon their attempt to secure Elos. Tail between their legs, they limp back to their ships and flee into deeper water, abandoning a few raiding parties who had not made it to the coast to the tender mercy of the Imperial defenders. A cautious cheer goes up from the Imperial defenders. It is, perhaps, a little premature...

The *Second* Battle of Elos

While the Empire and the Grendel tear at one another, while the maelstrom roars and the sun sinks, a *second* force sweeps in from the west to attack Elos. It's not clear whether they have been intentionally waiting for the Grendel to launch their failed attack, or whether it has simply taken this long for them to gather their strength and bring it to bear. Given the nature of these assailants, it seems more likely that the latter is the case. While the Empire mops up the last of the Broken Shore invaders, while the Grendel retreat deeper into the Bay, the Children of Wrecks launch their assault.

Through the teeth of the storm come perhaps a hundred and fifty swift-moving vessels, festooned with gruesome trophies and profane talismans. They surge through the spray to attack the harbour, a ragtag mess of pirates and privateers, murderers and thieves. The Grendel have cleared some of the fortifications raised by the Towerjacks, and these jackals prove much more manoeuvrable than the great warships of the Broken Shore, able to dodge the barricades and disgorge their cargo of savage raiders into the streets of Elos. Smaller in number, they still seek to overwhelm Elos with the sheer savagery of the Spring realm.

There is little subtlety in their strategy, and even less cohesion to the raiders that assail Elos. They are here to burn, and loot, and slaughter with no thought for holding territory or establishing supply lines, or anything more complex than sating their greed and bloodlust. Many

of these attackers are clearly former orcs of the Broken Shore, either zealots who revere the Mother of Wrecks as a twisted deity, or villains driven by greed to abandon their people and embrace chaos. Many are clearly experienced at assailing Imperial ships, but seem perhaps a little less prepared for a battle on land. Their numbers are swollen by ships and raiders from further afield – it seems that the call of High Priestess Shivaarn has been heard in the far corners of the Known World and cutthroats, pirates, buccaneers, and violent criminals are answering.

To the sorrow of the defenders, there's also ample sign that there are former Imperial citizens among the attackers, mostly ex-Freeborn and League traitors who have thrown off the veneer of civilisation to embrace the chaos of the Children of Wrecks. More worryingly, there is a notable Marcher presence among the attackers - perhaps as many as half a dozen warbands who have removed their livery, but cannot quite conceal their allegiance. The fact they are looking to conceal their identities raises suspicions that they are opportunists; they intend to return to the Marches once the raid is over rather than to join the Children of Wrecks. They fight no less savagely than their compatriots, however, their merciless wrath just as unforgiving as that of the other Children of Wrecks.

True barbarians, they give no quarter and expect no mercy. Every attacker shows signs of the potent Spring enchantments coursing through their veins that grant them savage strength to cut down

defenders, while giving them unnatural vitality allowing them to shrug off powerful blows even lightly armoured as many of them are.

As with other engagements with the Children of Wrecks, there are numbers of heralds, monstrous beasts, and bloodthirsty supernatural reavers bolstering their strength. Alongside humans and orcs throned on savage carcharodons, thunderous tempest children, and great bone-armoured sharks ready to devour anyone who falls into the water.

While the majority of the attackers rely on steel to try and overwhelm the defenders of Elos, there are clearly a number of magicians among them well versed in the violent magics of Spring. In the teeth of the gale, they shout words of power to tear down the defences of the town, to sink its ships, to scatter the defenders. The Urizen meet the unconstrained fury of Spring with magic of their own, however, and strong as the Children of Wrecks sorcerers are the Urizeni are stronger. Urizen magic turns aside the more destructive incantations of the Children and their supernatural allies, bolstering and strengthening their allies, and helping them remain calm and focused in the face of the disordered aggression from the sea.

In stark contrast to both the Imperial and Grendel forces warring over the coast of Redoubt there is little organisation here. Some of the Children's vessels lose interest in the attack on Elos, peel off, and pursue the retreating Grendel armada. Where they catch stragglers they gleefully board their warships and slaughter their crews. A number of Grendel troops left behind in Elos, trapped between the

bloodthirsty hammer of the Children of Wrecks and the anvil of the Empire choose to surrender to Imperial troops, or in one or two cases strike hasty alliances to fight the new threat.

The attack is chaotic, unpredictable, disorganised. Whatever strategy they may have had dissolves quickly in the face of Urizen's wealth and the chance to murder its people. That same disorder, that makes it hard for the sentinels to predict how the attack will unfold, largely dooms it even before it has started. Despite the smaller number of attackers, the Children of Wrecks are focused on mayhem and theft rather than trying to conquer the town. They kill more people than the Grendel did, because they are not here to conquer merely to slaughter and fill their pockets. Because there is no sense of unity or loyalty between the vicious raiding bands, it matters little to the individuals when their fellow attackers fall. Beyond the point where an attacking army would have sounded the retreat, the fighting continues through the night. Fires erupt across Elos, the cries of the wounded and the dying rise to challenge the thunder of the clouds in volume.

Yet as midnight approaches, the furious tumult of the Children of Wrecks begins to falter. Their frenzy dims, their strength expended in a crazed flurry of attacks. The sentinels, the League soldiers, the Varushkan schlecta, systematically surround and butcher the stragglers. Those smarter raiders know the tide has shifted and fall back to their ships, peeling away from the Naris shore and

heading westward, satisfied with their loot, and the slaking of their bloodlust.

There is still violence to come, however. As the ships of the Children of Wrecks flee back toward their lair in the west two-dozen swift Broken Shores ships attack *their* stragglers, cutting down their crews or sinking the pirate ships wherever they can. While the bulk of the Grendel armada is still in full retreat, it seems some of their independent captains are more interested in retribution against the traitors and murderers under the tattered flags of Siakha than they are in making it safely to deeper waters after the failure of their attack.

Forewarned and Forearmed

As the morning sun limps above the eastern mountains, the defenders of Elos count the cost. The spire has been damaged, there is still a pall of smoke hanging over the settlement. The Towerjacks immediately set to work repairing and replenishing the barricades on the docks, while the Northern Eagle dispatches details to gather up the corpses of Grendel troops and Siakhan raiders and burn them on great pyres outside the walls of Elos. These funeral furnaces burn low, spitting and snarling in the drizzle that still pours from the heavy Spring-infused clouds above.

The harbour has weathered the storms, and perhaps been made stronger. If there had been no defence, if it had just been the Grendel or the Children of Wrecks against Elos, the story would have been

very different. Without forewarning, the Grendel would have taken Elos and established a beachhead in Redoubt, spreading quickly across Naris and threatening not only Redoubt but Necropolis as well. Even without the Grendel attack, the Children of Wrecks alone would have overwhelmed the defenders and Elos would have burned, its people slaughtered or captured by the Children of Wrecks who would easily have escaped any retribution from the defenders of Urizen.

With three armies, and a plethora of magical protections, however, both attackers have been repulsed. Even with the lifegiving rain, many have died. In the skirmishes along the coast, and the defence of Elos, death has claimed soldiers of three nations. For all their lack of numbers, the sheer savagery of the Children of Wrecks rivals the worst excesses of the Druj in its bloodthirstiness and the protectors of Elos have bourn the brunt of that wickedness. In the days that follow, the heliopticon flickers with the news that Elos has survived. At the same time, the fact that there were many identifiably Marcher soldiers among those attackers, who even with the savage power of Spring in their veins showed signs of the discipline common to a trained Imperial force leaves a sour taste in the mouths of those who had hoped the recent conflict with the Marches had been laid to rest. it seems there is indeed more than one way to bury a hatchet, as the western farmers have it.

Regardless, the vigilance of the Empire has paid dividends. The Grendel armada has been forced to retreat from Redoubt without establishing a foothold in the territory or succeeding in a single significant raid. The Children of Wrecks have been repulsed, and while the fighting at Elos was savage they were no match for the defenders. The storms that have rampaged up and down the coast blow themselves out three weeks before the Winter Solstice, and in the wake of the violence a sudden calm descends.

The Empire has protected Redoubt, bloodied the nose of the Grendel armada, and delivered a stinging defeat to the Children of Wrecks, but it has paid a steep price to do so.

Game Information

Redoubt

- **Redoubt remains fully under Imperial control**
- **The Towerjacks have established temporary fortifications in Naris**

Imperial forces in Redoubt handily defeated attacks from both the Grendel and the Children of Wrecks aimed at the port of Elos. There has been cosmetic damage to the town, and some loss of life, but the harbour remains intact. In addition to the usual damage caused during the campaign by the Grendel navies and armies, the attack of the Children of Wrecks and their supporters has caused additional

casualties to the three armies defending Redoubt. These extra casualties have also been reduced by Rivers of Life, however.

Grendel forces have retreated, having failed to establish any foothold in the territory. The Children of Wrecks raid has been held off, and the attackers have scattered into the deep waters of the Bay of Catazar.

The Towerjacks have completed their program of fortifications and bolstering of defences across Naris, and following the Winter Solstice the region will have a 1,000 point fortification. That strength drops to 500 after the Spring Equinox, and has faded completely by the end of the Summer Solstice 387YE.

Work on the roads of the sky has been slightly impacted by the terrible storms and magical rain, but given that the destructive curse is focused on the coast rather than the territory as a whole, the effects have been negligible. The presence of both the Towerjacks and the Northern Eagle have also helped to ensure that work has proceeded apace despite the dreadful winds and rains lashing Redoubt.

Foam and Life

- Foam and Spittle of the Furious Sea has reduced production from fleets based in Redoubt, and damaged navies fighting in the territory**
- It has also impacted ministries related to coastal trade along the shores of Redoubt**

•In combination with Rivers of Life, the two curses have had additional unpredictable effects on farms, forests, and herb gardens in the territory

The territory has been under the effect of both Foam and Spittle of the Furious Sea and Rivers of Life. Every fleet based in the target territory has had its production reduced by two ranks, providing reduced income for the character who owns them. The storms have also battered the coast - any Urizeni whose spire is located in southern Redoubt is encouraged to think about how a season of tempestuous magical weather might have affected them. The rain and hail are also infused with the healing power of Rivers of Life, however. This means that while the damage to property might have been extensive, actual injuries are often healed by the very same bad weather that caused them.

The chaotic weather has had an unexpected effect on farms, herb gardens, and forests across the territory. While the pounding Autumn and Winter hail has damaged warehouses and conservatories, the healing power that infuses it has caused actual plants to prosper, although in keeping with the chaos of Spring magic it has done so in unpredictable ways. Every farm in Redoubt will provide 18 fewer rings this season, but produce two doses of true vervain instead. Every herb garden provides 2 fewer doses of true vervain, and instead provides 18 rings of valuable or edible plants. Every forest provides 2 fewer measures than normal, but instead provides a single pawn of vital honey.

Foam and Spittle is not great for international sea trade. As such the Custodian of the Concordium Dock, the Quaymaster of the Elosian Docks, and the Elosian Architect will all be unable to access the top levels of their respective ministries following the Winter Solstice. Fewer ships are visiting the ports, and the disruption caused by the curses coupled with the fighting along the coast have discouraged merchant vessels from visiting these ports.

This change comes from the interplay of the magic of Foam and Spittle and Rivers of Life, the influence of the constellation of the Mountain, and perhaps also the presence of Siakha's chosen pirates and their many enchantments. There's no guarantee the same effect would occur if the two curses were performed together elsewhere.

Participation : Elosian Raiders

- Players whose fleet or military unit participated on the attack on Elos receive rewards based on their military strength**
- Taking part in the raid alongside the Children of Wrecks is a serious crime; if uncovered and convicted the character likely faces the death penalty**

Anyone who took part in the raid on Elos fought alongside the Children of Wrecks against Imperial citizens and soldiers. As detailed in the description of the action, any military unit that took this action has definitely killed Urizen citizens as part of the attack and may have killed Varushkan or League soldiers as well. If anyone

is convicted of having joined the raid on Elos, they will likely face execution for murder and treachery.

Participation: Nikephoros

•The Lighthouse at Nikephoros has been destroyed

The destruction of the Lighthouse at Nikephoros ensured not only that the Grendel did not capture any of its magical secrets, but also made them more reticent to attack isolated spires along the coast for fear of the destructive power the magicians within might unleash. If you were an inhabitant of the spire, you are free to create a story about your involvement in the raid, and the subsequent decision to collapse the sea-stack rather than let the spire fall to Grendel raiders. If you were not a resident of the spire, you need the permission of the players who were before you can claim to have been involved in the defence. It is assumed that player characters are among those who manage to get to safety through storm-wracked seas before the tower came down, but you are free to begin the event terminal if you wish.

Salt Burned (Battle Opportunity)

•The Children of Wrecks have launched a lightning raid aimed at Visten

There is an opportunity for Imperial heroes to face the Children of Wrecks in Redoubt. As the Empire repulses the attack on Elos, a force of pirates, storm witches, and creatures of Siakha has launched a surprise attack aimed at the town of Visten in Optarion. There is some speculation that the attack on Elos may have been a feint,

designed to focus Imperial attention in the east while the real goal of the Children lies in the west. Fortunately, vigilance and wisdom have ensured that the raiding forces have been spotted in time for heroes to intercede.