

# Over western hills

## Set It In Stone

Before the Autumn Equinox, the Empire fought desperately to hold the Mournwold. The Tusks were at the forefront, leading an alliance of [Wintermark](#) and [Navarr](#) armies. They were pushed back, and the Mourn fell to the western orcs. Now the Jotun have dominion over the 'wold, controlling the rich regions of Greensward, Ore Hills, Chalkdowns, and Southmoor. For thirty years Jarl Haakon ruled here, as representative of King Gudmundr and the southern Jotun. Now his banners fly once again over the market town of Sarcombe.

They have taken four regions, the south and the east, but the Jotun are not done. Barely resting to regroup, their assault continues. They are absolutely uncompromising; ten armies push the Empire on every front, seeking nothing less than to see the entire Mournwold under their control. Tens of thousands of Jotun united in an overwhelming assault. By their side fight nearly ten thousand warriors drawn from the Summer Realm, from the Fields of Glory, revelling in the fray and exulting in each clash of sword and shield. They seem almost to want to drive the Empire from the Mourn by force of will as much as by strength of arms. *“We are here,”* they seem to say. *“And we plan to stay.”*

*Jacks of the Tusks! The ground shakes with the tread of 60 thousand boots, yet is still between our braced feet. We stand stalwart with the Granite Pillar in our disciplined defence of our land, our hearts filled with the loyalty shown by the Imperial host that even now sweeps into Southmoor and traps the Jotun onto our bills. Jarl Hakkon claims dominion over our fields and hills, yet here we stand defiant! Twice he has failed and thrice he shall fail again! The peerless kinship of the Empire will be the blow that breaks the Jotun!*

*Stanley Of Chalkdown, General of the Tusks*

*Granite Pillar! The mourn calls for aid, and we shall answer. For generations, the Marchers have laboured with loyalty, feeding the Empire. Now we repay that debt with the steel of our virtue in a strategic defence. Let the words of our synod and the swords of our armies ring with one voice. As written in statement 117, the synod marches with us in spirit, let us be united! We march not just to reclaim land, but to defend the soul of the Empire. With courage and vigilance, we shall be an unconquerable fortress. Let us bring the warmth and light of the way to those who shiver in darkness. To the Jotun, I say: Jarl Haakon! The Mournwold is the Empire's and we will never forsake it. Yet the Jotun are a people of honour meet us openly on the field of battle with Courage and Pride as true warriors should. This war will end in our victory for we fight for the salvation of souls. we are inevitable. Crusade! Crusade!*

*Sychar, General of the Granite Pillar*

Yet the Marchers – human and orc alike – do not quickly bow their heads to tyrants. They remember those long years of

durance, of backbreaking labour, of the contemptuous *noblesse oblige* of their Jotun conquerors. They resist, and grimly pay the price for their rebellion. The miners of Ore Hills and Freemoor in particular continue to fight against the invaders, even though the orcs technically command the rich hills of central Mournwold. Thanks in part to Imperial heroes their rebellion spreads, continuing to vex the barbarians at every turn.

The Jotun armies of Kallsea and Narkyst seem united in their goal, but there are cracks in their wall of fire and steel provided one knows where to look. When Imperial heroes came to the aid of the Ore Hills miners, they also defeated three respected Summerborn champions - Hrafnir Yrelson of the Fell Hammers, Froda Ulfune of the Mandowlas Roar, and doughty Dagna Thundrasdottir of the Shield of the Mountain. This display of the Empire's strength has shaken the certainty of the Jotun a little, challenged the resolve of those that fought beneath their banners. Some of the warriors from those three armies seem more interested in proving themselves against Imperial troops at the cost of their overall strategy to conquer the Mournwold,

The knights of Eleonaris, the warriors of the Fields of Glory, fight on both sides in this conflict. There may be as many as twenty *thousand* heralds and soldiers of Summer in the Mournwold this season. Some have the aspect of humans, others of orcs, but the majority are clearly supernatural beings from another world - elfin knights in scarlet plate or crimson

chain, fey goblinfolk with bandy legs and goldenwood spears, leonine beasts whose melodious voices sing hymns of battle and glory, and swift scouts mounted on black stags with spreading antlers. They show the same eagerness when fighting alongside the Empire against the Jotun as they do when fighting against Imperial troops alongside the barbarians. They show no sign of remorse when they cut their kinsfolk down, and everywhere they exult in the splendour and the chaos. Some worry that the presence of so many knights is having an adverse effect on the soldiers that fight here, on both sides, encouraging them to take foolish risks in the hope of inspiring songs and stories about their grandeur.

The Mandowla's Roar in particular throw themselves into the fray in pursuit of glory, perhaps seeking to reassure the warriors of Eleonaris that fight at their side that they are still worthy of her favour despite the defeat of Froda Ulfsune. They are perhaps too quick to engage, too slow to retreat when they are outmatched, and they pay a price in blood for their boastful pride.

In the main, though, all the Jotun armies seem dedicated to crushing the Imperial defences, presenting an irresistible wave that sweeps into Freemoor, and lays siege to Landskeeper's Bulwark. Against this tide of blades, this storm of fury, the defenders of the Mourn are hard pressed to stand their ground. The Quiet Step, Bloodcloaks, and the Green Shield fall back, an orderly retreat eastward to resupply and regroup.

The Tusks remain, however, and for a long three days they hold Landskeeper's Bulwark against the invaders by themselves, until the Granite Pillar arrive from Casinea to bolster their defences.

While the other hard-pressed armies that stood against Jotun conquest may have retreated, the Empire has not given up on the Mournwold. The Granite Pillar work alongside the Tusks to organise the defences, strengthening the garrison of Landskeeper's Bulwark and establishing a strong centre for Imperial resistance. Together the disciplined Highborn and Marcher soldiers gather intelligence, studying the aggressive Jotun strategy for every chink and crack that their allies can exploit. They form a firm foundation for the fight in the Mournwold, refusing to cede any more of Freemoor, and forcing the Jotun to lay siege to Landskeeper's Bulwark if they wish to claim the region.

That combined foundation of defence and intelligence proves invaluable in the face of the Jotun tide. In the hills of Freemoor, the numerical advantage of the Jotun is blunted a little – there are only so many warriors that can attack Imperial defences at one time.

The Tusks' stubborn refusal to quit the Mourn helps fan the flames of rebellion, with people inspired by the example they set for the people of the 'Wold. If the people respected the Tusks, and their general, before now many of them nurture a

fierce love for those who fight under the boar-head banner. *“They are the army of the Mourn,”* people say. *“Let nobody doubt it.”*

## **The King's Kind Offer**

The forces in Freemoor are brave, there is no doubt. But they cannot stand against the Jotun. They are outnumbered, and it is clear that they are going to be overwhelmed. Landskeeper's Bulwark will fall, the armies will be forced back into Miaren or Tassato. The battlefields will be scattered with Imperial dead, and there will be nothing to show for it save a slowing of the Jotun advance. Yet they still fight, still hang on, still grasp for every advantage they can. Their enemy cannot help but respect them for it, even as they press them back step by step through the hills of Freemoor, even as a third of the Jotun forces turn their attention to the conquest of Alderly and Green March. History will remember this brave stand, and the terrible price the Empire paid to slow the Jotun.

One cold morning a month after the Autumn equinox, King Gudmundr, Jarl of Jarls, leader of the southern Jotun, sends a messenger under flag of truce to Landskeeper's Bulwark offering to discuss terms of surrender. The Imperial armies will be free to retreat, given a day to collect their dead and wounded and gather their forces for a retreat from the Mournwold. Unspoken, behind the words, is the Jotun assurance that if they do not accept this offer they will be utterly crushed. Landskeeper's Bulwark will be destroyed, and the outcome will

be the same – save that thousands of Imperial soldiers will die who could otherwise have lived to fight another day.

The defenders of Freemoor ask for time to discuss the offer, and they are given a day. The Fist of Ulven, the Skjaldirborn, the Howling Night, and the Mandowla's Roar make camp in the hills below the fortress to await the Empire's response.

## **The Other Shoe**

*Marchers, we steadily Advance into Southmoor area of the Mourn against the Jotun. We fight with Loyalty to our nation and our Empire. Our Imperial friends stand with us, we are not alone, we will work together, we will regain our land, together.*

*Mary Birchsmith, General of the Bounders*

*Drakes, you smashed the ships that come up the river Meade but the Marches still bleed. I know that you are tired but until Marcher land is safe, we cannot sleep. You've proven your loyalty to Mitwold, now, show the rest of the nation how loyal you are to them. Tancred will lead us to another victory into the Mourn, where we will crush the Jotun and give the Mournwolders back their land.*

*Tancred of Meade, General of the Drakes*

*Legionnaires of the Summer Storm. We have been called to aid in the Mournwold. With the clarity of the Day Realm, we go on a Steady conquest to fight the Jotun once again. Be vigilant and Wise. Be Courageous and Loyal. Watch out for each other.*

*Irontide Skorr, General of the Summer Storm*

*Autumn Hammers, we march to Mournwold through Mitwold and avoid Graven Rock where the Jotun walls are high. Our eyes turn to the Jotun armies and the land they have taken in*

*the Mourn. Form up and push the Jotun back in Steady Conquest. Reinforce the shields. Force them Back.*

*Vana, General of the Autumn Hammers*

A keen-eyed beater on the walls of Landskeeper's Bulwark marks the arrival of a messenger at the King's camp, sees the chaos that erupts in their wake. Watches as the Howling Night break camp, near five thousand orcs and their fey allies marching south even as the sun is falling into the west. The news spreads quickly through the defenders of the keep, and a sense of grim satisfaction follows in its wake.

A second Imperial force has entered Mournwold, passing swiftly through western forest of Alderly, and attacked the Jotun in Southmoor, laying siege to the town of Sarcombe, and threatening to cut the vital supply lines out of Liathaven.

The Bounders and the Drakes, with the Imperial Orcs of the Summer Storm and Autumn Hammers at their side, cut through the light woods on the borders with Green March and into the north-west hills of Southmoor. The Strong Reeds remain behind in Bregasland – maintaining their vigil over the orcs at Graven Rock and their Summer allies, ensuring that they cannot turn their attention to the Imperial forces moving into the Mournwold for fear of losing their ill-gotten fortress and control of Gravenmarch

*Folks heroes of the Reeds! With Loyalty in our hearts we answered the call of our folk. Our actions have Inspired Loyalty*



*in the hearts and souls of the marcher armies and for the first time ever our neighbours are bound together, oathbound in the defence of our land. But before we rise to the aid of our neighbours. We must lay low and root out in our own fields. So to ground Reeds! To ground in Loyalty! To ground and haunt their steps!*

*Amberlain P. Black, General of the Strong Reeds*

The Marches and the Imperial Orcs have fought together in the southern Marches many times, and they make good time through Alderly. They find the orcs somewhat unprepared for an attack through the woods. The barbarians are expecting an attack from Kahraman, or Tassato, rather than Bregasland and Mitwold. Yet the western barbarians are born to war, and they respond quickly to this new threat. They adapt to the change of circumstance, rallying around to fight the newcomers bent on a daring strike at the root of the Jotun presence in the Mourn.

The Imperial armies pushing down through Alderly move steadily, cautiously, but with an unstoppable momentum. They are ready to give ground in one place to gain advantage in another; above all they fight to preserve life. The Jotun may welcome a glorious death in battle, but Imperial soldiers do not have that luxury.

# Straight to the Heart

The armies skirt the heart of Alderly - while the feni may be gone, the Marchers know better than to push their luck in the deeper forest - and push down into Southmoor. Their aim is Sarcombe; control the town and control of the region and even the territory follows swiftly after. They find the Jotun waiting for them; both the Lion of the North and the Shield of the North, under the command of Queen Yrsa Jansdottir, Jarl of Jarls, Monarch of Kalsea. The Queen is a clever strategist; keenly aware that she needs to meet the Imperial advance and turn it back into Greendown and Alderly, she leads her warriors in an all-out attack against the intruders.

War erupts across the hills of northern Southmoor; at first the Empire has the advantage but once news of their presence spreads the Queen's forces are reinforced by warbands and generals moving to protect the supply lines. The campaign balances on a knife edge, neither side able to claim a decisive victory. It may be that the two forces will fight each other to a standstill, neither able to gain the advantage.

While the Howling Night marches to reinforce Southmoor, the focus of King Gudmundr remains in the north, focused on Freemoor and the fortress there. Other Jotun armies seem more interested in pressing the rebels of the Mournwold, scouring Ore Hills and Chalkdowns to try and stamp out the guerrilla fighters who resist Jotun domination.

Then another Imperial force crosses the borders of the Mournwold. Coming up into Southmoor from the Brass Coast are the Valiant Pegasus, the Narwhal's Spear, the Eastern Sky, and the Wolves of War. The League army is heavily supported by independent captains, united despite their differences by Autumn magic, as well as a cadre of crimson-skinned battle dancers shrouded in black leather and crimson silk who bring the fiery passions of the Shadowed Flame to any who will fight alongside them.

*From Feroz we march north to Southmoor in the Mournwold. We seek to liberate Southmoor from Jotun Domination, but you will not fight alone. The whole of Highguard marches with you. You will see the Granite Pillar marching in from Casinea, shining in the sun, and the Seventh Wave sped by great ritual magics from the distant front of Ayereed will join us in a unified highborn crusade against the tyrant Jotun! The Synod marches with us in Spirit: Judgement 117 calls for a united crusade of loyalty to aid the people of the Mourn. The people of the Mourn, Human and Orc, have laboured and toiled alone for too long. They are part of this Empire and our bond of Loyalty should be forged in the Iron of the Ore Hills. Bring the healing arts of the Valiant Pegasus, both body and spirit, to these worthy souls and trust they will respond in kind. Foster the bonds of loyalty wherever you go. "Let us bring the warmth and light of the Way to those who Shiver in Darkness" - Judgement 117*

*Zadok, General of the Valiant Pegasus*

*March now with the winds of Autumn at your back. March to the Mourn and attack into Southmoor with a Triumvirate of Highborn armies in a crusade of Loyalty through unity. Let us be united with the people of the Mourn and warm their hearths with virtues caring light. Show them that the Empire's arrival need not herald the death of family and friends, but the healing and anointing of a fractured Empire. Let us bring the warmth and light of the way to those who shiver in darkness. Follow statement 117 of the synod and let our words and swords speak with one voice. Crusade! Crusade and bring judgement to the mourn! Scouts of the Wave, endeavour to approach the Jotun command with a flag of parlay and present them with our poetic statement of intent: "Saga's Birth through virtues dawning light; Warming hearts and hearths, Fuelled through the dawning light of virtue. Birthing Sagas."*

*Melkior of Balthazar's Vineyard, General of the Seventh Wave*

*Spears, the Mourn needs aid! Let us be a swift strike in the Jotun's advance. Icewalkers find our path through the enemy, mediators learn of your foe. Take forth the story of your General to tell as you find respite; how Determination of Ice defeated one of Cathan Canae's Jotun champions and forged a bond of Heroism and honour. Let them know we have come to fight and add to our heroic tale. Jarl Haakon, we are coming!*

*Determination of Ice Kaisa, General of the Narwhal's Spear*

*Eastern Sky, I too long to return to the East to defend our homes, but our cousins in the Marchers need our aid. So with Loyalty in our hearts let us give the Jotun the flame of Virtue and wage a glorious battle that will be sung of long after we are gone.*

*Dame Aurum De Castellan, General of the Eastern Sky*

*The Morn is Imperial, this Empire will reclaim it. I Invite Janon's Heralds to witness professionals at work. Captains let the chains that binds and the promised pay see you join us. Take to the streets of Sarcombe, clear our these "honourable" tyrants. Nothing Fancy, let's get to work.*

*Jean d'Apulian, General of the Wolves of War*

They are joined at the last moment by the Seventh Wave. The third Highborn army has crossed the entire Empire to join the battle in the Mournwold, thanks to a powerful Autumn enchantment. They should be exhausted from their forced march, but Loyalty and Courage give them the strength to fight despite their long march.

As the armies secure the southern border and strike north toward Sarcombe, the Suaq of the Narwhal's Spear launch foray after foray against their foes, striking deep into the hills and crossing the Greensward to harry the Jotun forces seeking to reinforce the Queen's position at Sarcombe. They also seek to learn as much about their foes as they can. With the supernatural clarity of the Day realm at their command, the Icewalkers and mediators of Wintermark work closely with the other Imperial armies, forming a vital liaison between the defenders at Landskeeper's Bulwark, and the Marcher and Imperial Orc armies coming down from the north, as well as spreading their network of eyes and spears across the front where they can do most good.

These new arrivals are enough to put a thumb on the balance, to turn the tide, and the Jotun know it. The King pulls his forces

away from Landskeeper's Bulwark, marching south, but the hills are in the way and time is against him.

## **Two Fronts**

The first major confrontation of the war takes place at the Miller's Crossing, a village in Southmoor on the edge of Alderly. Queen Yrsa's troops suffer a crushing defeat, forced to retreat and then retreat again. From that point the Jotun cede more and more ground as they fall back toward Sarcombe.

On the other border, the Jotun fight bitterly to prevent the southern Imperial strikeforce from establishing a beach head here. The Winterfolk, Highborn, League, and Dawnish forces are at a disadvantage, but their courage and commitment to victory means that they, too, force the Jotun forces back toward Sarcombe.

By the end of the second month, the fighting has reached as far as the market town, and the Jotun prepare to stand their ground. A great encampment spills out around the walls, as the Jotun armies prepare to defend their hold over Sarcombe whatever it takes.

The walls of the market town have been reinforced by Jotun engineers, clearly intending to transform them into a full-scale fortification, but the work is far from finished. It is clear, though, that the Jotun hold on the town and the surrounding hills is iron-strong and will prove difficult to break before the

Winter Solstice – and the worsening weather – force a lull in the hostilities.

The barbarians have not counted on the bravery of the Mournfolk, however.

## **Battle of the Oakleaves**

One cold morning a group of folk the Jotun think of as thralls – humans and orcs working together – throw open the gates and let the Tusks and the Bounders into Sarcombe. The rebels aid the attack wherever they can, sowing confusion in the Jotun ranks by setting fires, attacking sentries, and raising a great hue and cry that echoes across the town. The resistance don leaves taken from the Old Oak, turned gold and copper by the Autumn. Some fight, with weapons they have hidden from the Jotun or supplied by the miners of Ore Hills. Others offer less martial support – healing, provisions, knowledge of the town. Even those who cannot fight join in, beating pots and pans giving voice to a powerful rough music aimed at the Jotun. The orcs are taken aback, clearly believing they had broken the spirits of the thralls in Southmoor.

The fighting spreads through Sarcombe, spilling out into the neighbouring hills. By late afternoon the barbarians are again pushed back, abandoning the market town, regrouping near the ruins of the old fort of Hillstop above the town. As evening draws on, they retreat conceding Sarcombe to the Empire.

Control of the market town has become something of a symbol of power in the Mournwold, and neither side wishes to see it in ruins. Yet the best of intentions do little to shield a place when war comes to it. In the aftermath of the Battle of the Oakleaves, the Sarcombe Register, the Bounder's Hall, the metal market, the ancient tree that stands at the heart of the market town, all are marked by the fighting. They bear their new scars with pride.

There are too many dead – Imperial soldiers, Jotun warriors, and citizens of Southmoor lie scattered in the streets. The fury of the day gives way to sorrow, as the dead are mourned, the butcher's bill tallied. There is little time to weep, however. The war continues and even though they have lost Sarcombe, the Jotun show no sign that they consider themselves beaten.

## **A Slow Walk To Morning**

After Sarcombe, the Empire has the upper hand in the Mournwold, but only just. As news spreads across the territory that the town has been liberated, it further strengthens the spirit of the Marchers. More of them turn out to support the rebels fighting in Ore Hills and Chalkdowns. Many wear oak leaves, in memory of the brave rebels of Southmoor. The Narwhal's Spear is able to make contact with several of these groups and offer a little support in their endeavours. The chaos spreads across the Mournwold.

The Jotun continue to fight, and twice the tide of war washes



back toward the town, leaving the walls breached and battered. In the north, the Fell Hammers and the Mandowla's Roar make a spirited attempt to storm the walls at Landskeeper's Bulwark, but are turned back. The Night Howlers and the Southern Bear make a desperate strike into the woods of Alderly to try and sever the Imperial supply lines, but the Narwhal's Spear lead their forces astray in the dark woods, and the Drakes launch a counterattack that sees the Jotun eventually abandon their plan to press into the forest. The Jotun continue to press, but they fail to reclaim their momentum.

In the end, battered on two fronts, slowly losing their grip on the people of the Mourn, King Gudmundr and Queen Yrsa meet in the hills south-west of Sarcombe. The following day the Jotun armies start to pull back from the Mournwold, retreating west into Liathaven. This is no rout, but clearly a carefully considered strategy. Rather than risk being cut off in Mournwold by the loss of the supply lines passing through Southmoor, the armies draw back. There are still plenty of Jotun fighting the defence. The rearguard Mandowla's Roar in particular seem loath to quit the field while there are still Imperials to fight, and the warbands of the Jotun champions quickly turn to swell their ranks as they seek glory in battle against their Imperial peers. Yet in the end, even the Mandowla's Roar will not disobey the orders of the Jarl of Jarls and they quit Mournwold, defeated.

Not *everyone* follows the commands of the King and the

Queen, however. Jarl Haakon refuses to leave the Mourn again. Once he ruled here, and it is clear that he has no intention of retreating despite the Imperial forces ranged against him. Nobody knows where the story starts – perhaps a Bounder overheard it, perhaps a thrall brought it with them into liberation – but the tale of Jarl Haakon's refusal quickly spreads in the Mourn. The old warrior faced the King and the Queen and simply refused to leave. “Here I stay,” they say he said. Queen Yrsa frowned, but King Gudmundr embraced his kinsman, and prayed that the faðir would watch over him while he kept the hearth fires burning in the Mournwold.

Then Haakon and his household withdrew from Southmoor to the stronghold at Farstrider's Watch in the Greensward, to prepare to hold the remaining Jotun lands in the Mournwold against the Empire. Many of the Jotun champions went with him, while the Jotun armies began their march out of the Mourn and into the western woods.

Imperial forces pressed close on their heels, harrying them as they went, and tearing out the last vestige of Jotun control of Southmoor. As the Winter Solstice dawns, an uneasy peace settles over the Mourn – for the moment at least. With the conquest of Southmoor, the Empire once again controls the territory but their hold is precarious. By threatening the Jotun supply lines, they left them with a choice between being surrounded in central Mournwold or retreating to reconsider their strategy. They chose the latter, but there is no indication

they have abandoned their ambition to reclaim the Mourn.

Between the Imperial forces in Freemoor, and those assailing Southmoor, six thousand soldiers have fallen in battle along with an unknown number of resistance fighters. The Jotun have clearly paid a higher price, their strategy of overwhelming force and reticence to give ground leaving many dead or isolated in the dangerous hills.

While the armies have quit the field to regroup, the Jotun have not fully abandoned the Mourn. Farstrider's Watch serves as the new hall of Jarl Haakon and his allies. They will fight to keep the remaining regions of the Mournwold from the Empire, and they are supported by an unknown number of champions. Outnumbered and outclassed, they will surely need to be dealt with before the rest of the Jotun forces return to reclaim the liberated territory.

For now though, the Mournwold is Imperial again, even if the war is still far from over.

## **Game Information**

### **Mournwold**

- **The Empire has conquered Southmoor, and with it gained control of the territory**
- **Jotun armies have retreated into Liathaven but there is still significant barbarian presence in the territory**

- **Jarl Haakon refuses to leave the Mourn and has raised his banners over Farstrider's Watch on the Greensward**

The Empire has driven the Jotun out of Southmoor, and conquered the region. Mournwold is once again an Imperial territory – albeit in a precarious position. The Imperial Senate will be able to assign the territory during the Winter Solstice. As with the recent assignment of Feroz, the Civil Service will raise the matter as a procedural motion on Saturday afternoon. If the territory is assigned a new Senator will be appointed during the Spring Equinox. While it is likely the Mournwold will be assigned to the Marches, there is no legal requirement for the Senate to do so and any Imperial nation is eligible to control the western territory.

Chalkdowns, Ore Hills, and Greensward remain under Jotun control, as does Farstrider's Watch. There is still a significant force of Jotun, including several warbands of champions, in the Mourn under the banner of Jarl Haakon. The Jarl still commands the orcs from the fortification in the Greensward, and there is still a significant military threat here that will need to be dealt with.

## **Participation: Oakleaves**

- **Rebellion spreads in the Mournwold against the Jotun occupiers**

Any character whose personal resource is in the Mournwold is encouraged to create a story about the rebellious actions taken there. While the impact of the rebellion is narrative rather than

mechanical, the actions of Imperial heroes and the generals of the Marches have inspired the people to resist the Jotun occupation as best they can. Some may have taken up arms and fought alongside the miners of the Ore Hills, others might have taken more passive approaches to resistance, but it is clear that the Jotun are going to have their work cut out for them if they wish to exert their control over the Mournwold in future.

## **Participation: Knights of Glory**

- **Eleonaris' knights fought on both sides of the campaign in the Mournwold**
- **Anyone whose military unit supported an army fighting in the Mourn may choose to embrace the influence of the supernatural warriors**

This season, there were twenty thousand or so knights of glory in Mournwold, fighting on both sides of the conflict. Any character whose military unit supported one of the armies that fought there this season may choose to begin the next event experiencing a roleplaying effect. *You are filled with absolute confidence; nothing is beyond you if you put your mind to it. Now is the time to act, to pursue goals you have been neglecting. Anyone who questions your prowess must be taught a quick lesson about the foolishness of doubting you.*

Furthermore, if you are a changeling whose military unit supported one of the armies, you may choose to experience an additional roleplaying effect: *You feel a yearning to see the Summer realm in all its glory, and the mortal realm seems dull*

*and lifeless in comparison. The company of people who are not changelings or Summer heralds seems tedious and mundane, their concerns petty and limited.* Such characters may also use their experience of fighting alongside the knights of glory to permanently increase the strength of their lineage.

While you experience either or both of these roleplaying effects, you gain an additional boon: you have one additional hero point. Once that hero point is used, it cannot be recovered and the roleplaying effect begins to fade. The hero point is gone once you spend it, or at the end of the Winter Solstice. This benefit even applies to characters who do not have the hero skill - they can use the hero point to overcome a roleplaying effect, or to use any items or enchantments that rely on spending hero points.

## **Participation: Tusks and Reeds**

- **While they remain in the Mournwold the Tusks gain the benefit of the *Resourceful* quality**
- **The Strong Reeds maintain the defence of Bregasland**
- **A Marcher character whose military unit supported the Tusks or Strong Reeds this season may receive a special benefit if they receive an appropriate anointing**

Thanks to the bold actions of Imperial heroes during the Autumn Equinox, the rebellious miners of Ore Hills and Freemoor have thrown their backing behind the army. The example set by the Tusks and their general, in remaining to fight for the Mourn though greatly weakened by the Jotun

attackers, has inspired many others to fight against the invaders as well. As long as they remain in the Mournwold - keeping their oath to fight as long as there are enemies here - they gain the advantage of the resourceful quality which allows them to resupply even when there are enemies present.

While the Tusks are defending the Mournwold, the Strong Reeds are protecting Bregasland. The Jotun and their Summer allies continue to control Gravenmarch, occupying the peculiar fortification they have formed from Graven Rock. Several Jotun champions have sought to push out into the marshes proper, but every time the soldiers of the Strong Reeds have been there to neutralise them and ensure they are turned back or left to the tender mercies of the bogs and swamps. The fact the army is here, that it has prioritised the defence of Bregasland over the liberation of the Mourn, is not lost on the people here. While it has not mellowed the attitudes of those who remain critical of the Empire, even the most curmudgeonly cannot doubt the commitment of the army and its general to support and protect Bregasland.

Any Marcher character whose military unit was assigned to support the Tusks or the Strong Reeds this downtime may choose to gain a special, personal benefit. If they receive an Anointing of Pride, Loyalty, or Hatred before time out on Friday during the Winter Solstice, then in addition to the normal benefits they will gain one additional rank of endurance.

The effect is not magical - it does not register on either detect magic or insight. It is likely a result of the powerful hearth magic of the recent oath sworn by the generals of the Tusks and the Strong Reeds and the clear demonstration of their commitment to Mournwold and to Bregasland respectively.

This benefit lasts only as long as you continue to be committed to freeing the Mournwold and defeating the Jotun, or to protecting Bregasland and driving the invaders out of Gravenmarch as appropriate; if your will to do so falters then the bonus rank of endurance is lost and cannot be regained. It is also permanently lost if your anointing is removed or changed to one other than Pride, Loyalty, or Hatred. In any event the benefit will fade along with the anointing, by the start of the Spring Equinox.

This advantage is only available to Marcher characters who supported one of these two armies.

## **Not One More Inch (Battle Opportunity)**

Jarl Haakon, who once ruled the Mournwold, remains behind to coordinate the Jotun defence. He has set up his hall at Farstrider's Watch on the Greensward, and clearly intends to give the Empire a fight if they wish to reclaim it, the Ore Hills, or the Chalkdowns. The eternal Zakalwe, however, in response to a request from the Archmage of Day, believes that there may be a way to deal with Haakon that does not require a lengthy siege.