



a Close Call

For the first time, you see them. White figures in the middle distance moving as a pack. As water rushes downstream so rush the Hounds of the Unland. And somewhere near the ridge-line, a greater shape is moving. A wild ululation of Unsound cuts through the bright baying: the warcry of He who is called the *hope of armies*¹—Gwyn ap Nudd, Prince of Unland and master of the Hunt.

Run, fox, for the Hunter approaches.

Location

Outcome

City of
Legions

The Hounds are on your
very heels! +3 **Hunted**

All other
Locations

Double any
Hunted you
gain in this
location.



1 of Owls



a Storm

The west wind sweeps a blanket of rain across the land. For a time all the world is wrapped in the downpour.

Location	Outcome
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Charcoal Burners	Double Hunted gained by sneaking past them.
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Burial Mound	Roll to avoid entering mound with disadvantage.
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River Crossing	Make rolls with disadvantage and double points gained here.
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Siege or Farmland	You may roll to sneak past this location. Evens, you succeed; odds, you are caught and make rolls here with disadvantage.
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City of Legions	You've had fair weather the whole journey. +1 <i>Weary</i>
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a Night's Rest

Eventually you must sleep. But you know that when *eventually* is may well determine whether you live or die. Where have you succumbed?

Location Outcome

Before or at the River *A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to rest, and poverty will come upon you like a robber, and want like an armed man.¹ +3 Hunted*

After the River *You're never gonna get by on three hours' sleep a night, unless you absolutely have to, and then you get by all right.² +1 Weary*

City of Legions *Sleep is for the dead, and you don't plan on dying. +5 Weary*





the Errant

Striding toward you is a woman who was not there a moment before, as if the earth itself spat her forth. She wears a coat of mail green with verdigris and bears a shield whose device is three oak leaves on a golden field.

“I see you, malefactor,” she cries, “Nor rock nor river will hide you. To where do you run?”

When you reply, her face falls grave, “I dare not hinder you then, though still I urge you to turn and face your doom rightly, *as one long prepared and graced with courage.*”¹



Fancy a wager, scoundrel?

Take this silver starter and flip it. Each time it lands with Alexander face up, I will grant you a tenth of my strength. You may stop throwing at any time. However, if it ever lands face down, I will take back my strength and for each throw you have made, I will strike you once with my sword, as hard or softly as I desire.

Roll	Outcome
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Even	Heads! Vitality floods your body. Do you wish to throw again? +1 <i>Weary for each roll (temporary unless you quit the game without a loss)</i>
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Odd	“Have courage,” spake the Errant, hefting her green-gleaming blade. The cut(s) it opens are shallow and straight, blood blossoming up like water from a mountain spring. <i>Gain Hunted equal to the amount of rolls you've made</i>
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the Bard

Perched atop a boulder, the old man plucks his harp as a dog might worry at a favorite bone.

At your hail he starts, then growls: "What do you want of me, O Cain-marked vagrant? I will not sing your elegy. I compose poetry for kings!"

You do not comment on the unroyal circumstances in which he now resides and offer food from your own pack, as is required by tradition when one meets a bard.

He tears into the food, forgetting his aggression. He stinks of earth and growing things.

5 of Flowers



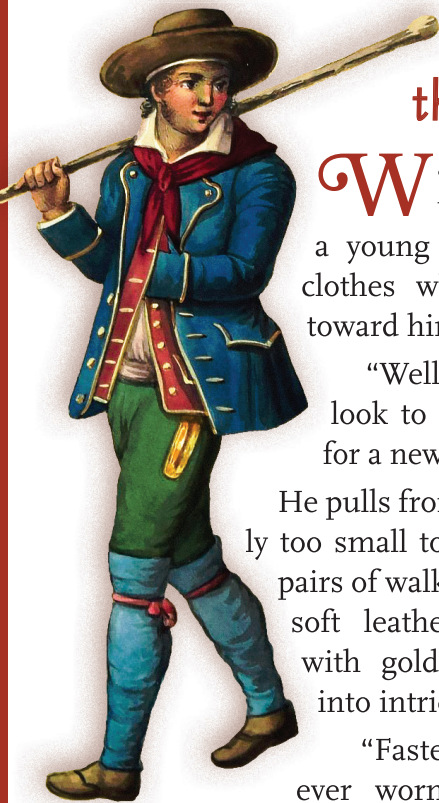
A riddle for the road

Listen close, lad. You tell me true who
it is to which my rhyme refers, an' I
speak to you a secret what only bards know:

*Thief of nests, though you winnow leaves
No one accuses you, nor impedes
You, no band of men, nor magistrate's hand,
Nor blue blade, nor flood, nor rain.
Indeed, no son of man can kill you,
Fire won't burn nor treason harm you.
You shall not drown, as you're aware,
You're never stuck, you're angle-less air.
No need of swift horse to get about,
Nor bridge over water, nor any boat.
No officer or force will hand you over
To court for fingering treetop feathers.
Sight cannot see you, wide-open den,
But thousands hear you, nest of great rain.¹*

Who is it?

If you answer rightly, the bard whispers the words spake by the Blesséd Head to the seven survivors when they rested at Gwales.²



the Cobbler

Waiting for you at the crossroads is a young man in dandy's clothes who beckons you toward him with a smile.

“Well met pilgrim! You look to be in the market for a new pair of shoes.”

He pulls from a bag seemingly too small to fit them several pairs of walking boots, of fine soft leather and trimmed with gold filigree worked into intricate knots.

“Fastest boots you've ever worn. Fast

enough to outrun even the Wild Hunt!” He grins. “Pay with whatever you have, the better your offer, the better a pair I'll give you.”

6 of Owls



What will you give for a pair of shoes?

Offer	Outcome
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My Name	“The name of a homeless fugitive? Maybe I've an old pair here somewhere.” You feel your name go out from you like a soft sigh. +1 <i>Weary</i>
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My Beard	“I suppose you don't have much dignity left to lose.” He pulls and the beard comes out easily, without blood. +2 <i>Weary</i>
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My Left Hand	“Now <i>there's</i> a sacrifice. Here, put it in my bag and I'll set you up right.” Your hand goes into the cold darkness of the cobbler's bag. When you withdraw your arm, it ends in a nub of smooth skin. +3 <i>Weary</i>
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No Deal	“You're no fun,” he pouts. He stamps his foot and the earth swallows him up. <i>No Change</i>
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