
L'Effilocheur de Brumes

My solo rpg Adventures / English version

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Elsyane Hautbourg A Cartograph life

An adventure in Hårnworld



The Tumulus and Giddon's Forest

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Introduction and intention

(This is the English version of my solo adventure in the world of Hârn, without the playing instructions of the French version. A version translated especially for The friends of Hârn facebook group.)

This story is the result of a solo adventure in the Hârnworld universe. It's a short adventure that lasted a few weeks, with 30-minute sessions on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.

In order to make progress, I set myself regular time slots and tried to stick to them as much as possible.

To play, I used the following resources:

-**HârnMaster, 3rd edition**: this is the system governing the adventure. I also used the tables in the book to manage the various encounters.

-**HârnWorld, 3rd edition**, in English: this is the reference book for the universe, the atmosphere and the details that immerse you.

-**The One Page Solo engine** by Karl Hendricks translated by Doc Dandy: very brief and superbly effective for managing the random system.

-**Game Master Character Tool**: lets you create functional characters for Hârn in just a few clicks.

-**Kingdom Of Kanday**: the kingdom where this adventure takes place.

-**Minilaous Keep**: the main character's home region.

-**One Page Dungeon** by Watabou to randomly generate dungeons.

-**DM Yourself** by Tom Scutt. I use it to predetermine character reactions.

-**Master's Guide, Dungeons and Dragons, 5th edition** to dress up dungeons using random tables.

Each game is recorded as the action unfolds. *Italicized, framed text* (only in french version) is reserved for miscellaneous notes, such as dice roll results or table indications.

I also sometimes draw a few situations when I've finished a session, or between two sessions. The illustrations are then scanned and positioned at the end of the session. This time, Rudy Crus, a friend of mine, illustrated the story.

The aim is really to have fun, to enjoy discovering a random adventure and writing it down. I also want to share it so that you can follow the life of Elsyane Hautbourg.

It's not a role-playing game, then, but a solitary adventure, because it lacks the essential element of a role-playing game, in my eyes: interaction with other players.

But before I begin the adventure again, let me introduce you to the characters.

The party :



Elsyane :

Background :

Elsyane is a young woman who has just completed her training as a Cartographer. She was born in the barony of Minilaous, in the Kingdom of Kanday. Her parents were simple toy makers, and they neither had the money nor the desire to see their daughter leave for such an apprenticeship in the capital. It was at the age of 16 that she learned that she was an illegitimate child. Her parents were not her real parents. She had been placed with them when she was only a few days old. For her 16th birthday, the man she used to consider her father told her everything and gave her a letter to present to Master Bérard Bronnery, a Cartography master in Aleath, the capital of the Kingdom of Kanday.

Elsyane didn't ask questions, knowing very well that she wouldn't receive any answers. She spent five years in training, occasionally trying to find out more about her real parents, but no one seemed to know. She became close to a few people like Cimdown, a city guard soldier in Aleath her age, and Lirinia, a thief who had tried to pick her meager purse. Lirinia the blonde and Elsyane the brunette became very good friends.

So the years passed until the day she received her diploma. She had officially become a cartographer of the Kingdom of Kanday. She was immediately appointed to Minilaous, her hometown, where she would become the official cartographer of the barony. She looked forward to reuniting with Peltari, her best friend, a peasant with whom she had gotten into mischief throughout her childhood.

Lirinia and Cimdown threw her a farewell meal and gave her a beautiful gold pendant, the origin of which she refused to ask about. They parted ways, promising to meet again in the future.

Elsyane was surprised to find that she had inherited an escort: a knight named Marltor and Poris, a newly ordained priest of Péoni. They were also from Minilaous.

Marltor :

Background :

At the age of 14, Marltor began his training and became a knight five years later. He participated in battles but without shining. He was dismissed for a lack of values during combat and was appointed as the bodyguard of a Cartographer who would be working in Marltor's hometown. He knew her by sight but not much more. He preferred this to the hell of a battlefield. He had little respect for people who couldn't defend themselves. He enjoyed taking a life with the utmost violence and did not respect the defeated: he would never spare their lives, even if they begged for mercy.

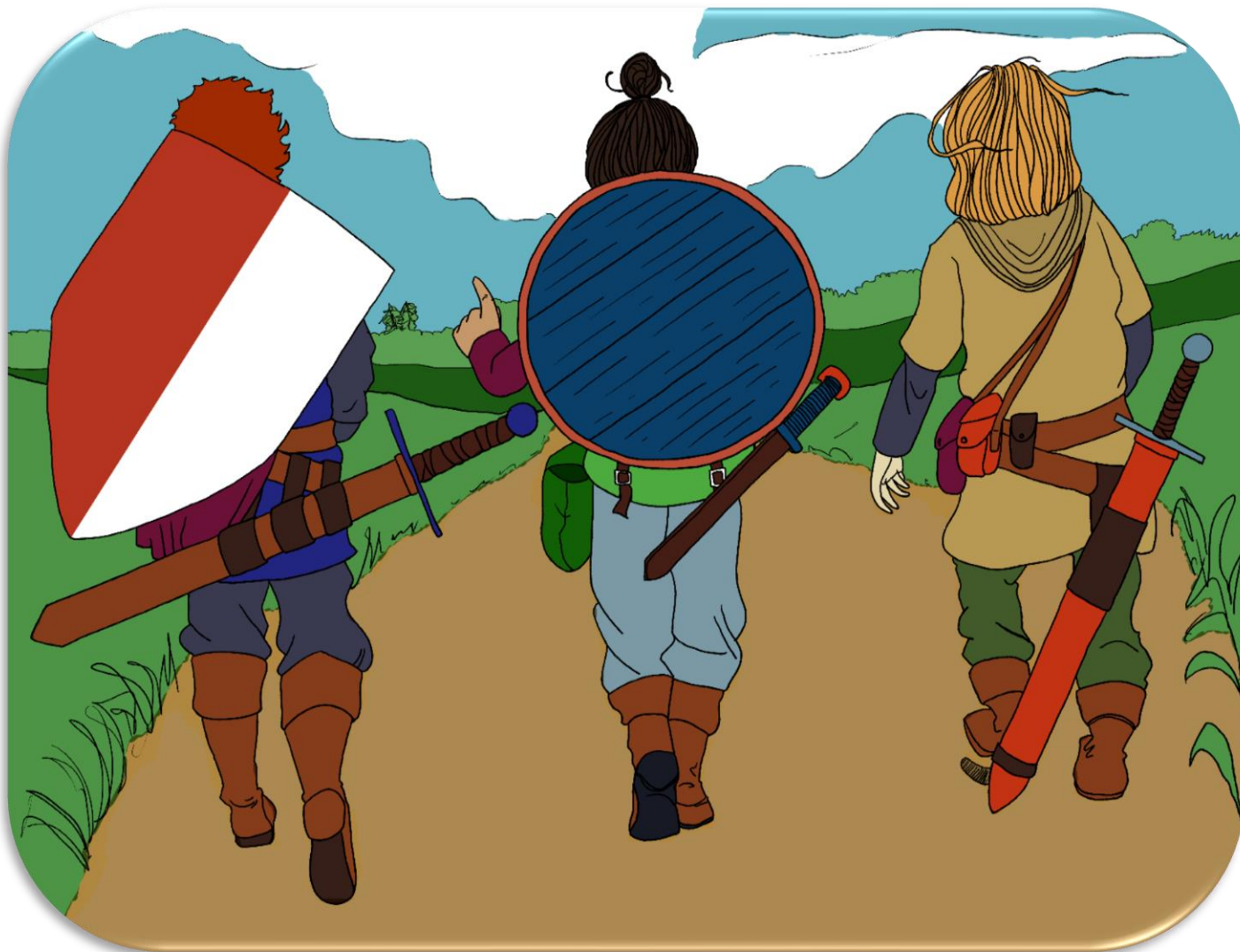
Poris :

Background :

At the age of 16, Poris began his training as a priest of Péoni. He was not destined for priesthood but for the military. He had the basics of military training and never parted with his sword, a gift from his parents when he was 15 years old. After a year, he had a revelation when he saved a young child who had fallen into a well. He decided to join the cult of Péoni, claiming that the goddess had helped him during the rescue. He completed his studies three years later, though not without some difficulty. He didn't quite conform to the norms, and when he was away from his peers, he wore armor and wielded a sword. He knew that this didn't align with the principles of his church, but he didn't care. He believed that when Péoni showed him that it needed to change, he would change. Poris had a serious flaw; he was corruptible and loved money.

He was on his way to a new stage of training in a village in the north of the Kingdom of Kanday when he was ordered to go to Aleath to serve as a spiritual guide to a novice cartographer who was taking up her position

in Minilaous, Poris's hometown. He knew the cartographer by sight, although he had never spoken to her, as well as the knight, whom he had seen several times in his youth.



Adventure 1 : The Tumulus

Chapter 1

A few days later, in the middle of the day, they arrived at Minilaous castle. They were received by Baroness Iala Pesirias in person. She read the three sealed letters presented to her by Elsyane, Marltor and Poris. She thanked Elsyane for accepting the position and the other two for their future dedication to protecting the cartographer. The meeting quickly came to an end and they were directed to their respective homes. Marltor would stay at the castle, as his knighthood demanded. Poris would stay with the priest Wyrden and his assistant, Ebasethe Paedlyn. In town, they shared lodgings with another family. As for Elsyane, she had to make do with a room in the home of the public writer, Conwen de vilger, who until then had filled the role of cartographer.

The Baroness has, of course, given Elsyane an official mission, and she finds herself with a very rough map of the region and a lot of blank areas : she has to explore, and fill in the map, even if it means modifying it if it's not right. So it was that the next morning, at the crack of dawn, Elsyane, Marltor and Poris set off for a long spring day. Elsyane had decided to redo the entire map in the proper manner, so she began with the surrounding area. Mid-afternoon, they came upon a burial mound just beyond the edge of the forest above Minilaous' farthest field.

Elsyane's mission is to map this place.

Marltor grunts his displeasure but nods to indicate that he will take the lead.

Poris remains neutral. He'll follow Elsyane because that's her mission.

The tumulus is located not far from the town.

It lies in the forest undergrowth above the farthest field from town.

It's a tumulus almost completely buried under the vegetation. It took Elsyane's expert eye to see it.

The companions quickly clear the entrance as indicated by the cartographer, and a series of badly damaged steps lead down to a sealed stone door.

Elsyane bends over the seal and tries to read it.

Concentrating on Elsyane's attempt, the adventurers fail to notice the badger, which must surely have had its burrow nearby. It's huge! He charges at the nearest of them, Poris.



The fight begins.

He attacks with his claws.

Poris sees the badger charging at him, dodges and the animal passes by without hitting him. The priest sees an opening and decides to attack with the tip of his weapon.

He pierces the base of the animal's skull, and it collapses, dead. Poris kneels down and prays to Péoni. His companions comfort and congratulate him. At Elsyane's request, he approaches the seal and tries to understand it.

He presses three different points and the round door rolls into a cavity to the right. A hissing sound and a movement of the surrounding air show that the tomb had never been opened. Poris tells them that the seal was that of an ancient warlord whose name he has not been able to read.

They look at each other for a long moment, then Marltor nods and steps into the opening, followed by Elsyane, while Poris closes the gap.

Chapter 2

Elsyane's torch illuminates the few steps into the tomb below. It's cool. A strong musty, damp smell assails them. Elsyane touches Marltor's shoulder to signal him to stop. She walks past him and looks carefully around the room. On the left is a collapsed section, certainly the work of the badger. She looks for traps.

The room is empty and there is no trap. Elsyane takes her time to draw a picture on her parchment. The others look around.

The group sets off again, slowly, cautiously.

Elsyane is unable to determine the exact presence or absence of traps after checking that the room is empty. They enter. Once again, it's a completely bare room. However, there is no other corridor. Marltor sets off in search of a secret passage.

He finds a hidden mechanism and, above all, the trap that goes with it. He manages to open the passage without activating the trap.

The third room is empty. The corner opposite this square room has collapsed. But there's furniture. It's a plush little salon, with furniture that must once have been magnificent. It's eaten away by mold. There's nothing of value here. A portrait hangs on the wall in the collapsed corner. We can't make out the figure's features, but he's wearing warrior's clothes from another time. The next door is open.

Elsyane and Marltor try to find a secret passage and succeed!

Ominous hissing comes from the room as Elsyane approaches her torch to detect possible traps. The corner just to the right of the entrance has collapsed. Vipers stand in the rubble. The rest of the room houses a crypt in fairly good condition, apart from the saltpetre that has settled on the stone walls and on the tomb resting in the wall opposite the entrance.

Elsyane acts first. She decides to attack the snakes with her torch to scare them away.

The first viper is burned by the fire, suffering terrible wounds, but this doesn't scare it away and enrages the other snakes, who attack Elsyane as she is the only one within range. She counters with her sword, trying to mow them down.

The blade of Elsyane's short sword cuts the reptiles in two with a single master stroke.

Marltor, who had just entered the room, exclaims his astonishment. He looks at Elsyane in a new way, as if realizing that the cartographer wasn't the pushover he thought she was.

They're interested in the tomb.

They detect nothing suspicious.

The tomb is covered in saltpetre, but here and there some whitish stone can be seen, certainly quarried from the cliffs along the Minilaous coast. Without asking the others, and without disturbing the priest, Marltor pushes open the lid of the tomb, which bears no symbols, writing or carvings.

A mesh-gloved hand springs up and tries to grab Marltor by the throat. The adventurers are startled. The monster misses and Marltor retreats to the middle of the room, clutching his shield and sword. Elsyane comes to his side with her sword and shield, while Poris stays slightly behind.



Elsyane acts first and launches an attack with the tip of her sword, aiming at the middle of the warrior's body as he emerges from the tomb with a decomposed face. Everything happens very quickly. The enemy counterattacks without his weapons.

He wants to grab Elsyane at all costs, and succeeds because she misses her target completely. He grabs her firmly by the right forearm.

Marltor attacks in turn. He steps aside to avoid injuring Elsyane and at the same time strikes a blow with the edge of his sword towards the enemy's neck.

The other, concentrating on his grip, doesn't see the blow coming and doesn't react. His head is severed and his body immediately crumbles to dust.

Poris approaches to examine Elysane. He dreaded the Shadow's touch.

- It was a Gulmorvus... Let's see your arm... Are you all right? Did you feel anything in your head while it was touching you?

Elsyane says no, she's fine. She shivers with fear. Gulmorvrins are Bur-kai's minions, attacking by touch. A conflict of the Shadow that is usually fatal to the one who suffers it. All three know that Gulmorvrins are slaves of an Amorvrus.

The question arises. Should they continue?

Marltor and Poris look at Elsyane. She's in command of the troop. It's also an important moment for gauging someone's character.

- We can't leave this mound like this. We've got to clean it up, the whole lot of it. Poris, Marltor, are you in?

The priest nods with conviction, but the warrior says nothing. He'll follow, but doesn't seem thrilled by the prospect of facing an Amorvrus somewhere in this place of shadows.

As Elsyane and Poris head for the empty living room, Marltor keeps his wits about him and searches the tomb.

His fingers scrape the bottom and touch a cold object. He pulls it out: a silver ring, finely decorated. Without hesitation, Marltor tucks it away in his purse before joining the others.

Chapitre 3

Redoubling their caution, vigilant at every step, the three companions advance towards the next room, leaving aside for the moment the tunnel on their left. They could clearly feel the gradient: they were sinking into the ground.

In front of them, by the light of their fading torch, they can see a magnificent banqueting hall. If there was any food, nothing remains. The crockery is simple, of no great value. The furniture is fine, in fairly good condition without being luxurious.

The room is empty. They decided to leave the doors closed for later and turned back into the corridor.

He led them to a door that was in a sorry state, eaten away by mold. A door opposite, another corridor to the left. Water oozed from under the wall on the right. The retractable wall was lopsided. Elsyane lit another torch and cautiously passed it through the opening.

It was empty. Nothing of interest. Remains of rotten furniture littered the floor. Sacks of food, perhaps. The back wall of this secret room has collapsed, punctured by the powerful roots of a tree.

The other door in the corridor, also rotten, leads to a room containing stuffed horses and rusty, worthless racks of weapons and armor. No traps, no presence. The explo-rators are getting more and more nervous. They go up another corridor that intersects the previous one and arrive in a large room. There's a metal door in front, identical to the one in the fourth room.

This is a command room. A square table sits in the center. With its back to the adventurers, a chair on which a body can be seen.

They have not yet crossed the threshold. In silence, they place their bags on the floor. Elsyane plants the torch between two disjointed cobblestones. Poris meditates and consecrates the place to Péoni, protected during the incantation by the other two. Finally, he opens his eyes and pulls a special dagger from his backpack:

- I'll have to wound him with this. If he's an Amorvrus, he'll die if killed in a land consecrated to a god other than Morgath. My weapon is consecrated, blessed by Peoni. And I've consecrated the tumulus to Peoni. Now it's our turn.

They advanced slowly towards the siege, Elsyane on the right, Poris on the left, Marltor staying behind to attack by surprise should that body start to move.

Poris, tense and attentive, knows what to watch out for. The Amorvrus attacks with its shadow. He doesn't need to move. The more powerful he is, the more he has resurrected and the closer he is to his 13th resurrection,

the more damage he can do with this kind of attack. But strangely, the shadow coming towards him is tiny, so he avoids it. Suddenly, his opponent stands up and attacks.

No one is surprised. Elsyane crosses the distance in a single stride and attacks. The Amorrus immediately turns and counterattacks.

The sword slices through Elsyane's armor, cutting into her flesh with a sound like bone. She screams in pain. Marltor rushes in and attacks in turn, coming between Elsyane and the monster. He has no time to aim and slices ahead. Opposite him, the counter-attack thunders.

But Marltor is quicker and inflicts a thigh wound that knocks his opponent to the ground. He gets up with a grunt. Poris takes the opportunity to attack with his dagger, begging Péoni to come to his aid.

He manages to stick it in his mouth and pull it out.

The Amorrus doesn't even seem to be suffering from his wounds!

Elsyane disengages, leaving the way clear for Marltor, who attacks with all his might, aiming at the unprotected vi-sage of the Shadow horror, with a shriek that would shake the walls.

Did his god hear him? Perhaps Péoni finds this act heroic? Whatever the case, the warrior ducks slightly and avoids the enemy's counter-attack to throw his arm towards the face, but misses the target and slices the Amorrus' head, which falls to dust, dust that ignites as it falls to the ground consecrated to a god other than Morgath.

The action was swift. It must have been a very young Amorrus, because it didn't have enough strength to attack with its shadow. Elsyane dropped to the ground, trying to hold back the blood pouring from her wound. She tries to gar-der a neutral face, but it's clear she's struggling with pain. In the struggle, her hair has fallen out and her black hair with red highlights cascades over her shoulders.

Poris tries to heal her.



The wound is large. At least two ribs are broken. The wound is gaping but not deep. Poris asks Marltor to build a fire quickly and bring some water to the boil. Meanwhile, the priest takes out a flask and gives it to Elsyane, who lies on her side. Poris takes out his healing kit, and once the water is boiling, cleans his instruments and hands with hot water and alcohol.

Marltor holds the torch high above Poris, observing the surroundings.

Poris makes sure that the anesthetic potion has rendered Elsyane unconscious, then sets to work.

After twenty minutes or so, he gets up and cleans his instruments with hot water and alcohol. He then plunges a special blade into the fire and, once red, places it on the wound to cauterize it.

Marltor sets about making a stretcher that he can drag behind him. He uses various materials from the tumulus. Very carefully, with Poris's help, they place Elsyane on the stretcher. The wound remains closed.

Before leaving, Marltor takes the time to search the room to make sure there are no traps left and, above all, that he doesn't leave any treasures behind.

He finds a small chest containing a magnificent pendant : an onyx stone set in the palm of a hand finely carved from white material, which he can't quite identify with an ebony-colored necklace. He picks it up and places it in his bag.

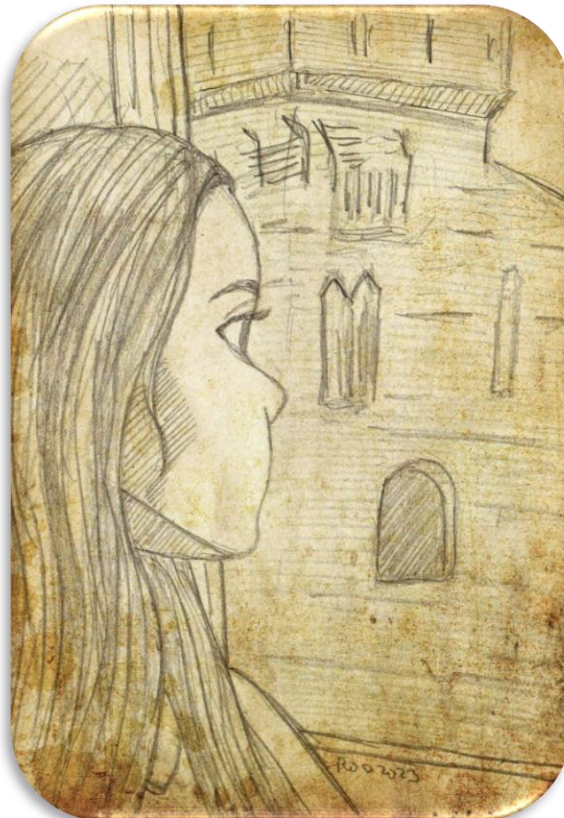
The return journey is swift.

Elsyane is immediately entrusted to the expert hands of the Baroness's Péoni priest. He examines the work of his very young colleague and nods in recognition of the excellent care taken. The Baroness went to her bedside and ordered Elsyane to rest for a week. She immediately sent a small troop to secure the mound.

Elsyane regained consciousness the next day. Poris and Marltor visited her and handed her the scrolls she had requested. It is Marltor who has the honor of carrying the new maps drawn by Elsyane. He glances at them before handing them over and notices that Elsyane has signed her name but added those of Poris and Marltor. She really is a surprising woman. Many would never have recognized the help they'd received.

Baroness Iala Pesirias is satisfied with the start of her work.

Elsyane will have to rest for a good week before resuming her adventures.



The Giddon's Forest



Chapter 1: A friendly visit

A good week has passed since Elsyane's injury. She has been recuperating in a room in the castle, at the request of Baroness Iala Pesirias.

Just as she's eager to get back to her cartography equipment, and her little room in the village, a visit is announced. Elsyane is delighted to welcome Peltari, her childhood friend. They fall into each other's arms and immediately begin to talk about their lives since their separation.

At first glance, Peltari's life is a long, quiet river. Elsyane watches her as she tells her story. She's become more muscular than before, and her work in the fields is no picnic. Her hair is blonder than she remembers, certainly bleached by the sun, which has also given her skin a honey-brown color. Her blue eyes gaze into Elsyane's and she bursts out laughing, twisting her delicate little nose into the mischievous grimace she knows so well. A silence, then, in a lower voice, she shows him the hollow of her wrist: there's a beautiful tattoo of a wildflower, with finely executed features. She tells him that the person she loves has the same, in the same place, but says no more.

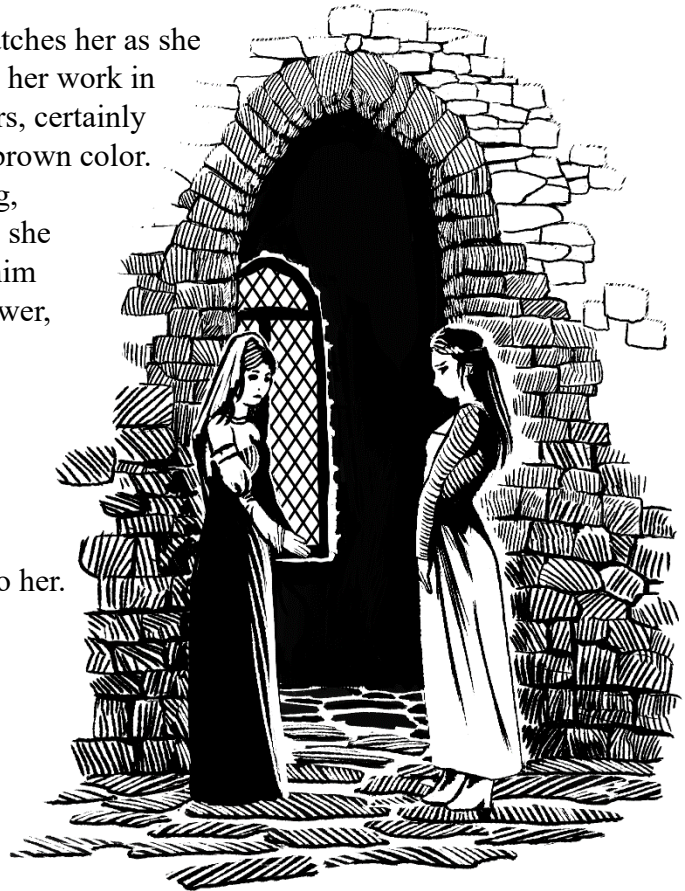
Elsyane then tells her about the capital and the days. But the young cartographer notices that her friend is bored. She understands that this capital stuff isn't of much interest to her. So Peltari tells her a little village gossip.

Tabar d'Haslan arrived in the village five years ago. He took over the mill and married Daoni. Elsyane remembers Daoni, a playmate, very well. Peltari tells her with a sad sigh that their friend has died of grief. Tabar says she was depressed because she couldn't have children, but many whisper that Tabar beat poor Daoni, cheated on her at every turn and eventually killed her.

Elsyane tries not to show her confusion at this news. They continue their conversation.

Peltari suddenly gets up and suggests that her friend go for a walk in the Giddon forest, as before.

Elsyane gladly accepts and gets ready: her leather bag slung over her shoulder with something to drink and man-ger, her sword at her side, her shield on her back and a small knife in her boot. Peltari laughs at the sight of her childhood friend's paraphernalia. The big city has changed her.



Chapter 2: A walk in the woods.

An hour before their mid-day meal, the two friends arrive at the edge of the forest. They had passed through the village to the complete indifference of the inhabitants. The Giddon forest is vast, and while it's common to stroll through it at first sight, it's only worth going in for good reason. Ain-si the two walkers, who know the area very well, keep a cautious distance, always with a view of the fields through the trees.

Suddenly, they come upon an abandoned camp. The fire seems to have been out for a short time, but there's no sign of it anywhere around.

Peltari looks around and beckons Elsyane to come and have a look. She shows her some stones and pieces of wood shavings; as far as she's concerned, this camp belongs to Sharel de Morvan, the village guard. She briefly tells Sharel's story. Elsyane remembers well this young girl, slightly older than them. She had only her living father, Delfyn de Morvan. Peltari tells her that Delfyn died before Sharel's eyes while on patrol in the forest. He was killed by a huge boar. Sharel managed to put an arrow in his back before he fled. Since then, she has acted as field warden, appointed to the post by the Baroness, who often hunts in her company.

Elsyane nods as she searches the camp. She comes across an earring she immediately recognizes, having seen it on the Baroness.

Suddenly, emerging from between the trees, a huge boar charges straight at them. It has long tusks and is twice the size of a normal boar. It has an arrow deeply embedded in the thick hide of its spine. Elsyane draws her sword, but doesn't have time to grab her shield, strapped to her back.

- Flee!" screams Elsyane.

The animal's charging!

The boar shakes the ground with every step. Its impressive mass obstructs the view. Its black eyes are focused on the two women. His tusks thrust forward, he reaches their height. Elsyane sidesteps him with a nimble movement and tries to thrust her sword into his body, but she has difficulty handling the weapon she has just drawn from its scabbard. Peltari avoids the charge and immediately flees to the nearest field, hoping to find help there.

Elsyane faces the enraged animal. She doesn't let her fear get the better of her, despite her recent injury, and attacks from the flank.

The beast tries to avoid the blow with a leap to the side, but is not quick enough. The short sword digs deep into the beast's abdomen, causing it to howl with rage and pain.

The boar turns and throws a headbutt.

Elsyane tries to parry with her sword, but to no avail.

The tusks hit her in the hip. Fortunately, her armor absorbs the blow.

She may not be so lucky next time. She decides to blow up the strap holding her shield so that it passes in front of her and she can use it. A complicated manoeuvre in the middle of a fight. The shield slides nicely into position, but the boar counterattacks. With a lightning reflex, Elsyane strikes at the same time. The boar comes down on her. She feels excruciating pain in her right hand. She steps back and sees the boar on the ground, inert. The short sword is stuck in the boar's chest.

Sharel's hoarse voice slams into the silence. Kindly arms pull Elsyane away with tenderness and caution. Baroness Iala Pesirias distracts her from the spectacle that follows. The cartographer hears only a quick prayer and then the sound of a spear being thrust into flesh. The boar dies instantly.

Epilogue

Elsyane finds herself back in her room after the priest Wyrden and his young apprentice Paedlyn de Ferrid have left.

The baroness stands upright in the middle of the room. She gives a stern lecture to knight Marlton and priest Poris. Their role is to watch over Lady Elsyane at all times of the day. Night and day! From now on, everyone will stay in the castle. Elsyane has already had her lesson in morality. The baroness gives her one last look of respect and admiration. She is impressed by Elsyane's courage and achievement in saving a peasant woman from certain death, and helping to eradicate a potential danger in the process. The boar was possessed, the Paedlyn apprentice is convinced after examining the body. Possessed by what? We may never know.

As everyone leaves the room, Elsyane bows to the Baroness and hands her the earring she found in the forest. Dame Iala is pleasantly surprised. A strong emotion grips her. The earrings were a gift from her father. That's why she's only worn one since she lost the other. She thought she'd never find it again. She takes it, bows her head gratefully and blows out a thank-you before Elsyane leaves the room in her turn.

