



**L o r d**

**H a v e**

**M e r c y**

**U p o n**

**U s**

**PLAYER HANDOUTS**



# **Contents**

Below you will find two sets of page numbers. The column on the left tells you which handout appears on which page of this document. Meanwhile, the column on the right directs you to specific locations in the *Lord Have Mercy Upon Us* campaign. The second column is not a hard-and-fast rule for where the handouts *must* be found by players, but rather a tool to help orient you to potential handout placements within the plaguescape. If it seems natural to have a specific document turn up in a certain location, by all means place it there instead!

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## Using Player Handouts

A time-honoured tradition of TTRPGs is the player handout: a physical item that matches one found by the PCs, intended for players to hold, share and pore over. Using handouts in your games can heighten the verisimilitude of your world, give players something to mull over in quieter moments of gameplay, and provide clues and context that would be difficult (or simply dull) to convey via the spoken word.

In this document you'll find a series of handouts designed for use in the Doomsong campaign *Lord Have Mercy Upon Us*. They link and enrich locations in the plaguescape, provide history for the borderkingdom once known as Lethe and contain clues to aid PCs who are trying to complete campaign quests.

**PREPARATION.** Before giving your players a handout, you will need to prepare it. If you are playing an in-person game, this can be as simple as printing out this PDF and cutting out the handouts you want to use. Some GMs like to go a step further, using tea to stain older letters, stamping important documents with a wax seal as well as burning, crumpling or tearing missives that have suffered great misfortune. For online games, you can instead use the Snip Tool to take snapshots of individual handouts in this PDF, then sending the resulting image file to your players.

**TIMING.** There is no single “best” time to prepare handouts. Some GMs like to get everything ready at the start of a campaign, while others prepare things right before the session they're likely to be discovered. Do whatever works best for you.

**AT THE TABLE.** In this PDF, each handout is introduced with a page number for the *Lord Have Mercy Upon Us* location where it can be found. Whenever a PC investigates the relevant area, describe what they find and pass the handout to the player in question. Let's hope someone in the party is literate! Handouts make an excellent reward for inquisitive players and should be distributed liberally.

**MISSED OPPORTUNITIES.** If the PCs don't encounter a particular handout during play — for example, they explore most of Castle Lethe but skip the princess' boudoir — that's fine! None of the documents here are vital to the campaign, so don't feel like you have to force the discovery. With that being said, you will likely find multiple opportunities to share information with the PCs. Perhaps the party find Princess Euthelia's diary on a thief's corpse; or slowly collect Theote Wallande's research notes one by one after Milvus scatters them across the plaguescape; or shoot down a pigeon carrying one of Nachrony Malice's messages. However you decide to use these handouts, do it with confidence!



# Messages from Dead Pigeons in No-Fly Forest

The handouts found below are all tied to the legs of bird corpses hanging throughout No-Fly Forest (LH:139). The messages in the first column are identical to the table entries on that same page, whereas the others are new.

**APPEARANCE.** The notes are curled into little scrolls and tied off with red woollen string. The notes below are newer and perhaps attached to freshly dead pigeons; those on the right-hand page are old, worn, and attached to desiccated skeletons.

**OPTIONAL INFECTION.** Make a note of anyone who handles a message from Sanctuary. Unless they wash their hands, they must resist [corruption, difficulty 3] the next time they eat, or else catch a random disease (LH:42).

Come sickness, come roughing retch, come stubborn boil and failing lungs. Seek you Sanctuary of Aithemest and all ill will be cured. All that is awry will be set right.

Do your limbs ache? Does your fever refuse to break? Seek you Sanctuary of Aithemest and become hale once more. Seek you Sanctuary of Aithemest and share in our cure.

Your world does not need be of bowel pain and itch of flesh. Toothworms and hare pox can be set right. Seek you Sanctuary of Aithemest. Seek you salvation.

Blessed be Pestilence, Lord of all Lethe. In his forgiveness, your ailing body will be saved. If you regret your sin and would cure your broken form, come ye to Sanctuary of Aithemest.

There is a cure in Sanctuary - you need only motivate yourself enough to come claim it. They ask no payment, demand no favour. All are welcome. All are cured.

Pestilence took me in when I were low. In Pestilence I am saved. Come to Sanctuary.

To Beatrice Emere,  
mayoress of Stinting-upon-Gredge - tell your sick and suffering to make their way to Sanctuary. We have a cure to their woes and are happy to share it with all who prove their faith. Make the journey. Relieve your pain.

-Brother Cleary

To Allardyce, Guildmaster of the  
Gravediggers' Guild  
tell your sick and suffering to make their way to Sanctuary. We have a cure to their woes and are happy to share it with all who prove their faith. Make the journey. Relieve your pain.

-Brother Malvern

To Peter Mus  
mayor of Crocked Heath - tell your sick and suffering to make their way to Sanctuary. We have a cure to their woes and are happy to share it with all who prove their faith. Make the journey. Relieve your pain.

-Brother Cleary

To Grundin Thorpe, mayor of Top Withens  
tell your sick and suffering to make their way to Sanctuary. We have a cure to their woes and are happy to share it with all who prove their faith. Make the journey. Relieve your pain.

-Brother Cleary



To Martin Gaunt

Guildmaster of the Gravediggers Guild - tell your sick and suffering to make their way to Sanctuary. We have a cure to their woes and are happy to share it with all who prove their faith. Make the journey. Relieve your pain.

-Sister Apocrita

To Theote Wallande

Esteemed prince of Corytus and mayor of Flothering Downs - tell your sick and suffering to make their way to Sanctuary. We have a cure to their woes and are happy to share it with all who prove their faith. Make the journey. Relieve your pain.

-Sister Apocrita

To enee hoo fynde this

Little Rudy were taken doune the orfennege by chirrun. Goune after him. Gounn to get my sunn back.

-Geffrey

For those who remain in Castle Lethe

I have seen your lights in the windows at night. The wind carries the smell of your fine kitchens to me during the days. Come out. Come to Altus Harbour. I give you my word no harm will come to you. Not all is lost. Together we can build anew.

-Prince Theote Wallande, Son of King Thias Wallande

-Mayor Altus Harbour, Mayor of Flothering Downs

The following notes are from before Sanctuary became a cult of Pestilence, showing that the boggin bugges have been a problem for communication even before Brother Malvern (LH:233) took control of them.

Guildmaster Allardyce

I write today with a deal firmly in my mind. If your gravediggers can provide a good supply of bitterfern, I would be willing to part with a half-dozen of my curative tonics.

-N Malice

May this message reach Hamish

Hamish in Crooked Heath. Lisbet's gone. A trio of monks offered to guide us out of the tunnels - we were terrible lost - but only after they nished their pilgrimage. Lisbet wanted the dolly from the shrine they worshipped at. She tried to take it. The monks struck her down. Hamish, they made me leave her there! Said the Lice Mother would determine her fate. Whatever you do, don't trust the monks of Sanctuary. They are heretics of the worst kind

Deere dentiste, we wante thee to coame to Chilmark Bottom. The toothwurm is bad heer. We art readie and willing to paye anie fayre price yond thee wouldst aske.

Please read this to Eudonia of Chilmark, foare she cannot read - It was follie to seek Athelard in the darke. He is gone, turned by foule herecie. Pray he does not find his way hoame. If he does, he will coame from the welles.



# Theote Wallande's Research Notes

## Warding Items

Theote's notes are found in the burnt remains of his manor house (LH:161). They convey all that remains of his findings on Warding Items (LH:336), the Lice Mother (LH:229) and the Plague Totems (LH:330)

**APPEARANCE.** The letters are badly singed and, in some places, burnt away entirely. They can be located in different drawers of the desk or a single leather folder marked with the Wallande family crest (LH:10), as decided by the GM. Any character with the Landed trait will recognise the seal of House Wallande.

*I can see no reason why this terrible Lord would countenance the creation of articles as inimical as these to his own creations; yet this world contains certain objects - ordinary to the eye yet imbued with a power not that of the Pestilential One.*

*I have held two such items in my own hands. The first, an ivory-backed hand mirror, did not always produce accurate reflections of the world around it. When I peered at my own face in the glass, all was as it should be. When by sheer happenstance I caught a glimpse of the strange and terrible monstrosity that haunts the edges of Altus Harbour...*

*I kept the mirror in my quarters at Flothering Downs; one assumes it has been lost to the waves. However, it is through the book still in my possession that I was able to enact such swift justice upon the foul servant of Father Plague who drowned the settlement. I raised it up and the ghastly apparition fell back, afraid and mortal at last...*

*The book is — was — a Book of Hours, of the sort carried about and consulted by ladies in high courts. Once it contained Ecclesiastical prayers and feasts. Now, it has been rendered quite blank and I know not whether this 'unwriting' is the doing of the spectral fiend I defeated or something far stranger.*

*Of course, I need not have seen the richly illustrated buds and shoots of Our-lady-in-the-Shade to know to whom this book once belonged. I saw it in Euthelia's hands many times: at church, on walks, in the solar when we spoke during our courtship.*

*If one follows the logic of ownership, was the mirror once hers as well? They are both objects of importance to the gentler sex, certainly... but it does not answer the essential question: why would Euthelia's possessions hold power over the creatures wrought by Pestilence? If I have hit upon a truth of some sort, how many more might exist?*



as I watched them drag the heretic toward the wilderness, to burn him where not even his ashes could blemish the walls of our fair harbour, the idea of the wycc's pact struck me anew.

I once had the pleasure of spare time and used some of it to study the blasphemous promise that can be forged between mortal and Traitor God. These arrangements are as fascinating as they are gruesome: by offering their soul — by allowing it to be gobbled up by the creature that will become their familiar — a human can access the corrupted wellspring of their patron's power. Why the gods would enter into such a contract is not known; why do they covet the human soul? Is it that they would see the light of the Divine Corpse quenched forever, or do they use it to empower themselves in some way we do not understand?

But I digress. Of note is that the exchange appears to be two-way in nature: dark powers from the gods in exchange for the light of the human soul. I have seen Euthelia in company of that foul being, the Pestilential Lord of All, and it cannot be denied she is much changed since our foreshortened betrothal feast. Has she succumbed to heresy? Has her soul been consumed, fed to a vile familiar so as to tie her to that fiend?

To take this theorising one step further: could a traditional wycc's pact be modified to facilitate an exchange of a different sort? By pledging her soul to Pestilence, long bound in Death's Heall, has Euthelia Lubentina somehow freed the Lamentide from his prison?

I shudder to think what this knowledge could mean for Painyme.

But I find my spirits strangely rallied also, for the possibility points to a path forward. It is not possible to reverse a wycc's pact — the consumption of the human soul is irrevocable — but it can be broken. Familiars can be killed. Vows can be found and unmade. And by severing the wycc from their patron, we also deprive the other side of the equation...

Break the pact, break the tyrant.



I do not recognise this Lethe. It is... unholy. Gone are the dappled glens and neat pastures, the gentle slopes and rich soils so coveted by my father. Instead, foul ruptures spring up to blight the land, an unspeakable sea hems us in on all sides, and heresy breeds in the open.

Even its wildest corners have fallen to corruption; for I have stumbled across evil places tucked away where nothing of importance could possibly take place. These idolons take the form of the Pestilential One and his terrible companion. They are topped by totems of flesh that emanate the most dreadful sensations of fear and distress, making it difficult to approach them with confidence.

These statues fill me with questions. They are shaped objects, unnatural, the product of effort and time. Who carved them? Were they made with the Lamentide's knowledge? Having met the foul creature, I am inclined to think the answer is 'yes' — he may be a god, but he is a preening, self-absorbed sort of god — and yet this affirmative drags behind it another host of questions. Why commission such pieces? Why place them in the wild? What purpose do they serve?

I am ashamed to admit I found myself unable to approach beyond a distance of three armspans. The fear was too great. It welled from nowhere at the base of my being, preventing me from reaching out and snagging the monstrous thing proffered by the wooden effigy.

Which begs the largest question of all: Why would the Terrible Lord of the Plaguescape desire to keep people away from these locations?

this realm I find myself trapped in: it is Lethe no longer. Foul ruptures blight the land. Creatures — the likes of which I would hesitate to set upon my worst enemies — dart here and there, bringing calamity on the unwitting. The unquiet dead are like none I have seen in Painyme; they have about them a putrid, noxious cast that is sickening to behold.



## Discarded Scrolls in Puppet-Man's Den

The Puppet-Man's Den (LH:200) contains several identical copies of the same incantation. They are half hidden among sketches of the Plague Shrines (LH:330).

**APPEARANCE.** The incantations are written on extremely old pieces of parchment. The GM could have the first one the players handle turn into dust as a way of emphasising the extreme age of these slips of paper.

One is for hunger  
Two is for right  
Three is for mem'ry,  
shining and bright.  
Four is for power,  
Expression and might.  
Five is for duty  
And mother's insight  
Six is the starkest:  
An unblemished hide;  
Seven is darkest:  
The love of a bride.





# Leech Market Poster

Miscellaneous

Posters for the Leech Market (LH:220) can be found in most towns within the plaguescape. They are often displayed in taverns, meeting halls or other places where villagers gather together.

**APPEARANCE.** The poster has been printed using a carefully carved woodblock. It is likely no more than a few weeks old.

## Leech market

X  
TOP WITHENS
I  
ABANDONED HARBOUR
II  
CROKED HEATH
III  
CHILMARK BOTTOM
IV  
STINTING-UPON-GREDGE

### Mrs Creeth's Tailoring

SELLING	BUYING
Linen rope	Cloth
Sturdy boots	Scissors
Scarves & Handkerchiefs	Needles
Mustelid garments	Mustelid hide

### Malachai Metals

SELLING	BUYING
Pick axe	Scrap metal
Wood axe	Leeches
Hoe	Copper
Hammer	Silver
Custom*	Gold

\*Custom weapons, armour and repairs available with 1 week's notice. Castle-forged quality available to respected buyers. Special materials (even prayer-steel!) can be forged by request.

### GAUNT - TINKER

We do not accept  
goods taken from the dead.

SELLING	BUYING
Grappling hooks	Coinpurses
Tinderboxes	Scrap metal
Padlock and key	Warding Items
Fish hooks	(name your price!)

### Dr Hinde, Barber Surgeon

SELLING	BUYING
Jars of (new) leeches	Jars of (used) leeches
Plague antidote	Hispid nectar
Surgical services	Mother Superior antennae
Alchemical reagents	Drosca hearts

### Pigeons

SELLING	BUYING
Pigeons	Eggs
Messaging services	Rotting food

### Law of the Leech

All trades final. Thievery will result in a permanent ban or worse. We do not provide shelter. Those who seek trouble or drag danger in their wake will face the wrath of Mordecai.



# Peter the Roach's Research

Scrivener's Page

This page is in the possession of Peter the Roach (LH:258), mayor of Crocked Heath (LH:188). It depicts Theote Wallande defeating Glyphis, a misenmeist (LH:290) who wears a silver signacula around his neck (LH:334).

**APPEARANCE.** This parchment has been torn from a book and is jagged on one edge. It has been folded and stored very carefully around an esca lure (LH:328). The page appears completely blank unless exposed to the light of the lure; then, the following picture becomes visible.



**A**nd so, with book held high, the son of Wallande brought low the foul servant of Pestilence.



# Peter the Roach's Research

## Misenmeist Knowledge

Each Dies Quartius that the Leech Market is in town, Peter (LH:258) will learn a new piece of information about the misenmeists (LH:290), the Zanvurm (LH:322), or Theote Wallande (LH:242). This information comes to him from disparate sources, which he carefully transcribes into a small book he keeps on his person. He may send the following information in the form of messages to trusted outsiders.

**APPEARANCE.** The writing on these scrolls is very small. If characters find this information in Peter's notebook, they are mixed up with notes about village maintenance and tallies of sheep lost to the Flying Death. If they receive it via messenger pigeon, they are on papers that have been folded several times and rolled into extremely tight packets.

Martin reports buying several rounds for the tavern in Top Withens. One villager described taking part in an important task, set by the Mayor himself. Their mission was to haul a great boulder across the plaguescape (a task that took the group nearly a year) and plunk it down in front of the barrow while its lord was inside.

Martin asked why this quest was set. Villager said the barrow lord dragged great sheets of fire in his wake. Burned their fields, burned their forests. Seems to have been effective - no fires since the stone was placed.

Martin asked which barrow, which lord. Villager could say only the stone was hewn from cliffs in the south. The barrow was north.

One of Father Plague's unholy servants wields fire as his weapon of choice.

The Leech Market crossed paths with a party of rodmen. They had their hands full tending a herd of waterlogged sheep, half-drowned in a bog. The rodmen claimed the bog hadn't been there - they were hit by an unexpected storm that grew worse and worse. Turned solid ground to swamp in mere minutes. Martin and the others helped them fetch the sheep out.

Later, when they were all around the fire and drying themselves out, one of the men confided he'd seen a woman at the storm's centre. Said he cried out for aid, and seems certain she heard him. However, she neither turned nor stopped to render aid.

Could this be one of Father Plague's foul generals? A barrow lord that makes a weapon of the rains?



Martin has seen one of them with his own eyes. Diminutive, female in form but with the head of a falcon and the eyes of a killer. He and the other members of the Leech Market spotted her on the only remaining bridge in Altus Harbour - shouting, shrieking, raising a gale strong enough to rip masonry from the stone tower nearby. The Leech Market had to shelter some distance away, so fearsome was the storm.

One of Father Plague's creatures controls the winds.

This report comes not from Martin, but a group of refugees sent to me by him. They described walking through a ravine when it began filling with an unnatural fog. It poured from the edges far overhead. Very quickly, the gorge had filled with a mist so thick they had to hunker down or risk losing each other. They insisted upon its occult nature - normal mist rise from the earth, they said, it doesn't cascade as thick as water over a cliff.

While they waited for the air to clear, they heard weeping from the land above. They could see nothing, but the fog began to swirl about 'most sickeningly' was how they put it, and they heard a woman's voice calling out. One of the boys in the group is certain he remembers her words: 'Cyprinus, O Cyprinus. Poor lost Glyphis. Tenebris, my beautiful friend. Where are you? Come out. Come back. Where is Aeagraus, He of the Beautiful Bouquets? We must find our king - find him and help him!'

I cannot testify as to the accuracy of this report, but the names are interesting. I am sure I have heard them elsewhere.

Could this be another of Father Plague's terrible generals, those terrible barrow lords? One who controls the fogs and mists?



Martin brings unusual news - not regarding a creature that stalks the surface of the plaguescape, but one that seems to attack from below. The leader of Top Withens is desperate for help with a large monstrosity. He described it as having the skin of a sea beast and a wide, grinning mouth full of razor-sharp teeth. Martin mentions it because the description reminded him of the picture he and I found, the one showing Theote Wallande defeating a barrow lord. I must say, I agree with him. The similarity is striking...

The barrow lords, Father Plague's terrible misenmeist generals, delight in tormenting people aboveground. Why would there be something of its kind hiding down below? Something so similar to the foul creature Theote seems certain he killed...



Account of Freneta Laurent, a woman who passed through Crooked Heath on her way to Sanctuary

'I've just left Top Withers. I lived there my whole life, until now. When I was very young, a man who watches the description you just gave me passed through the village. He said he was touring "the cursed places of this world" and he paid several people to guide him to a pair of statues deep in the woods, east of the village. I remember that day. Of all who left, only three people returned: the man, the boy who I would one day marry, and Father Plague. He showed us the meaning of his wrath.'

Account of Benjamin, wanderer

'We shared a stretch of road for, oh... it must've been three days. We parted ways at the crossroads in No-Fly - him to the east, me to the north. Pleasant enough, though he had a fair bit of awful to speak about the Lubent was. I'm an old man. I remember the king, which isn't so for everyone in the world these days. This chap suspected heresy on their behalf, and I told him that wasn't likely. King Adam wasn't just a noble, he was properly noble. Kind, showed concern for the folks under his care. I've no doubt he passed those values onto his daughter. She was due to get married, before the borders disappeared and this plague really got going. Yes, the marriage was all announced and the Truth-Plight feast all planned...

'What's that? The fella I walked alongside? You want to know if he could've been the prince she was promised to? Well, I never saw the prince, so I couldn't say for certain. This fella did say I was to call him Theote... but it's a common enough name, 'specially for those from over the way in Cogitus. And the original Theote, the prince - he'd be donkey's years now! My age, at least. Older, even. No, it couldn't have been the same Theote.'

Account of Elisabeth Morley, who lived in Altus Harbour for three years 'He founded Altus Harbour and another place, on the swamp-end of the plaguescape. He went back and forth between them, but we never felt neglected. He was good at managing things, had good men and women on hand to keep things in order. Fair people, you know, who understood the importance of pulling together in face of Father Plague. When Altus Harbour burst to the ground, I cried for a week. It felt like I'd lost a second home...'

Account of Rabbit, a man who once lived in Chilmark Bottom

'That man you're describing sounds right princely. Reminds me of a fella who came through the swamps - he only stayed a day or two, just time enough to get hisself set straight. He looked like he'd been in a right scarp. But when he was in the village, he spoke of killing one of Father Plague's foul servants, to the north of Chilmark. Showed us a silver pendant he took from it. Said if we ever saw the like of it again, we were to send word to Altus Harbour.'

Funny thing, that pendant. There were a boy in the village, by the name of Athelard. I'm pretty sure I saw 'im steal that silver right outta the prince's saddlebag. But the lad went missing, so I never were able to ask 'im about it. 'Eard mutterings he fell down the well. I 'ope that isn't so Black Fate, that. Wandering around in the dark. They say the underside of the plaguescape is where Father Plague keeps all 'is nightmares, and I'm inclined to believe them...'

Account of Tee-bit, a birdcatcher from the Muck Seat set in Collow's Gorge 'I've longtime friend kept humms out of swamp, put them in village. Fishing village. Flothering village. That place gone now. Mushed by the plague one's left hand. Lice Mother? She be the plague one's right hand. The weather-ones? They be the plague-one's left hand. 'E got lots of left hands. One of them left hands mushed the Flothering village and all the humms in it. None left to put anywhere.'



# Nachrony Malice's Bundle of Messages

These short missives can be found in Nachrony's Shanty (LH:146). They are strewn across her worktable in the main room.

**APPEARANCE.** Stained by weather and dirt. Square strips have been torn off, probably for use as labels.

You hag. I know you re-directed those youths I sent to fetch hispid nectar from the hatchery.  
Stop interfering with my research

-Dr. Hinde

I would not stoop to drink any substance brewed by your hands. I notice you do not deny the charge of my last communication. Your silence is damning. Tell me, did you steal the nectar or were you merely content to prevent it reaching my esteemed workspace?

-Dr. Hinde

Your attempts to dissuade me from this line of research only do more to settle my mind. I am on the right path. I shall discover a cure to the plague that troubles this land. You woman, are no more than a hedge-rider sucking at the fruits of progress.

-Dr. Hinde

If your ill are too great, know ye that relief await  
in Sanctuary. All ye neede do is finde us in north  
Aithemest; the rest is rest.

Jenrows Wyce of the Fliteles Woodz

pleeze send word ov a cure fore kohler my husband iz  
dredful a uted. We pere he will dye. We arr in Crakkes Methe  
and can pay.



# The Leech Market's Bundle of Messages

The following messages are intended for members of the Leech Market (LH:220). They have been written as if they were bundled together and left in the small, unlocked dwelling near the Smithy (LH:150), but you might find it more exciting to have characters discover them on pigeons throughout the plaguescape.

**APPEARANCE.** Stained by weather and dirt. If found at the Smithy, one or more of the first three messages (from N. Malice to Jonas Hinde) may have been ripped to pieces in a rage.

*You are no doctor — the gall it must have taken to scratch such a word before YOUR name implies an imbalance of the humours so radical you must tilt when you walk. Come see me. I have a philtre that will help.*

-N Malice

*I have no need of such profane, impure ingredients. Keep your nectar - no good can come of ingesting the foul effusions of Father Plague's beasts.*

-N Malice

*Believe what you will. I feel pity for the fool who gargles anything that comes of your 'research'. Tell me, why did they run you out of Assartum again?*

-N Malice

*Dere Mrs Crethe*

*I have 4 mustelid skins and wood like to turn them to gloves. Can you help next time you are in Skinting?*

-Henwen Margreves

*Malachai*

*I have heard tell of a source of the particular metal you mentioned you was looking for. I will be making my way to retrieve it next primus if you are still willing to pay. The journey to where the barrow used to be is dangerous, so the price has doubled.*

*Oblias*



# King Adram's Papers

The following documents are located within the King's solar on the third floor of Castle Lethe (LH:64).

**APPEARANCE.** Impossibly, these letters look like they were delivered only a few days ago. The ink and paper are crisp.

May it please Your Majesty,

I arrived at the eastern border of Lethe on Dies Secundus of the first week of spring, making good time. Much to my dismay, I found the Cyteae forces amassed on our borders. It appears our winter exchanges with King Wallande were all for naught: by all appearances, the border raids will continue apace throughout the season of Exultation.

Please advise as to our next move. I have a force large enough to defend across the Alben River, though I cannot say with certainty how long we will hold them back. King Thias must harbour a great desire for our lands; I estimate his numbers to be three times our own. May the river aid our efforts.

I have the honour to remain Your Majesty's humble and obedient servant,

Ser Goswin Ae-gra-gus, Knight of Lethe

*Ae-gra-gus*





Your Majesty,

Forgive the brevity of this message, for I must make haste in leaving these lands; heresy lives and breeds in the very soil of this place, rising up to clot the nose and foul the mind.

I met with Baron Sabel, who remains loyal to King Thias despite the unjust nature of his war upon our borders. He has made the king's position eminently clear: if a betrothal between your daughter and his son is not announced this coming Troth-Plight, the raids will continue. Furthermore, King Thias requests a dowry be made of the lands just west of the Alben River, surrendering them to the Wallande family line and Cocytus forevermore.

I do not believe we can turn King Thias from this course. He desires our land, plain and simple.

I remain, now and forevermore, your humble servant,

Ser Viola Milvus, Knight of Lethe



*Milvus*



May it please Your Majesty King Adram,

I write to inform you we have met with His Royal Highness Prince Theote Wallande with no difficulties, at the prearranged time and place. He is travelling with only a small group of courtiers and a single Knight of Cocytus to protect his royal personage.

There have been no wildfires reported and I expect no other difficulties to impede our progress. We continue along the route discussed. You can expect us well before the rising of the Ossein Moon.

I have the honour to remain Your Majesty's most true and humble servant,

Ser Alvaren Glyphis, Knight of Lethe

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Glyphis'. The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, decorative flourish at the end.



# Steward's Notes

These notes can be found in any suitable room within Castle Lethe. The Barracks (LH:58) or the Place of Arms (LH:60) make good locations, but anywhere the Steward may have placed their journal while about their duties.

- 1<sup>st</sup> Su II - HRH Wallande arrived, accompanied by ser Glyphic & ser merion, a knight of coeytus.  
- Arrangements for the Ossein Moon continue apace. Investiture.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Su X - To chandler berwick the sum of 1<sup>st</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> obols, for candles both tallow and bees wax  
- Cook Alice reports seeing Troizel fleeing the chapel vis the statue stairwell. She says the only other person present was HRH Euthelia Lubentina. Will speak to king about this
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Su I - to Perrine Volenne the sum of 20<sup>th</sup> obols, for the commission of a Troth-Plight gown. This sum to be distributed amongst her broiderers  
- Eventide: The Ossein Moon has risen. Riders positioned across Lethe have arrived, all accounted for. Opiri sighted near Yrias Bell Tower. The Divine Corpse has been merciful. Stand silent, hold until the Last Day.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Su III - cook reports seeing Troizel sneaking into the hedge maze, where he should not be. Bleddyn denies seeing him. Could find no sign of HRH Euthelia Lubentina. I fear a tryst has taken place, and what that might mean for relations between Lethe and Coeytus.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Su X - to chandler Bertwick the sum of 1<sup>st</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> obols, for candles both tallow and beeswax  
- HRH Euthelia Lubentina seen weeping openly at Mass, during the contemplation of Bliss.  
- It is my understanding that Troizel and a maid of no standing are to be wed today. The common folk do insist upon following the customs of their betters. Will speak to the king - more circumspection is required in these trying times. HRH Wallande is present, after all.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Su IV - to Widow Porter the sum of 15 obol, for the breakage of a glass while HRH Wallande was in towne.  
- HRHs Wallande and Euthelia Lubentina sighted strolling the castle parapets together. After dinner, His Majesty informed me all is well, Troth-Plight will go ahead as planned. He seems sour - Wallande has forced his hand. Princess seems in good spirits.
- 4<sup>th</sup> Su I - to berman Thomas the sum of 30<sup>th</sup> obols for the receipt of 3 wine tuns. One of his horses threw a shoe while en-route; directed him to the king's own blacksmith for re-shodding  
- to farrier Lucia 3<sup>rd</sup> obols
- 4<sup>th</sup> Su III - to Goodwife Soames the sum of 20<sup>th</sup> obols for her labour of 3 days washing  
- 20 tablecloths  
- 16 pairs of sheets  
- other linens besides
- 4<sup>th</sup> Su IV - to baker Harris the sum of 34<sup>th</sup> obols for the delivery of 100 honeycakes  
- to brewer Leticia the sum of 33<sup>th</sup> obols for the delivery of 20 barrels of beer  
- to gooseherd Norris the sum of 13<sup>th</sup> obols for the delivery of 4 geese (alive)  
- to huntsman Jonathan and huntsman Greta the sum of 50<sup>th</sup> obols and 50<sup>th</sup> obols for the delivery of one bantenlobbe (dead)  
- to huntsman Glorinda the sum of 48<sup>th</sup> obols for the delivery of 2 boars (dead)  
- to Goodwife Soames the sum of 48<sup>th</sup> obols for the delivery of 6 bowls of butter  
- to Sister Lacrima the sum of 36<sup>th</sup> obols for the delivery of 6 firkins of honey and 10 tuns of Cytaden wine  
- to cheesemaker Lawrence the sum of 68<sup>th</sup> obols for the delivery of 4 wheels of cheese, 3 of goats milk and 1 of sheeps milk  
- 3 stripes administered to blacksmiths apprentice John Fisher, blacksmiths apprentice Jacob Owens, and cooks assistant Lillian Green for the consumption of honeycakes under the Sign of Feast. The sum of 1<sup>st</sup> obol-and-a-half to be deducted from the wages of each, for honeycakes consumed.
- 1<sup>st</sup> An X - Troth-Plight



This diary can be found in Princess Euthelia's boudoir on the third floor of Castle Lethe (LH:64).

**APPEARANCE.** The following diary entries are written on fine cream paper of a kind that only a noble could afford. They are bound within a finely embroidered cover. It smells faintly of lavender and a pressing of Our-Lady-in-the-Shade (DS:282) can be found near the front of the volume.

## Third week of spring

11

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature spoke falsely this morning. I wished only to ease the troubles of my father. He worries a great deal about the Wallander in Cocytus, who bear down terribly upon our eastern borders, demanding land so they might better add to the glories of Painyme and the Immortal. I, sinful thing that I am, told my father that I would marry the prince and forge peace. Though my mouth reported that I will do my duty, my heart rebels...

12

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature will go into town for Artem, and take a turn about the marketplace to view the many performances on display. She will not go in the company of Troizel, as she would have wished, for he will be busy caring for the king's hounds.

13

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature has removed the blindfold of Saint Chrysotaph before the day is over, showing the full measure of her human arrogance. She placed her reasons above that of the Divine Corpse, choosing to study the strange scroll given to her yesterday at Artem rather than remain in the dark for a full day.

14

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature is unable to write all the conflicting emotions that overwhelm her. She tries to sit and describe the scroll given to her by the puppeteer — a strange man! telling strange stories in carven wood and twitching string! — but she cannot. He promised her powers unending, an escape from Wallander and his dreadful son. May it please the Immortal to grant forgiveness for this terrible thought — this sinful creature wishes only the company of Troizel!

15

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature resisted the urgings of her mind and did not gaze upon Perception's sky. The longing to do so was strong, for she is greatly in need of council. Yet she did not fall prey to her weaker nature, as she did only a day past. She will steel her heart against the rumblings of heresy, for too much depends upon her now...



## Last week of spring

16

X

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature felt happiness and gratitude when her father invited Traizel to be one of the lowborn to accompany us on the balcony today. Together, my beloved and I threw warmed pennies upon the grateful villagers below. Oh, the simple pleasure I felt and seeing my father and my beautiful Traizel work together to better the lives of others.

17

I

May it please the Immortal, but this sinful creature is unable to comfort her father. He is full of woe regarding the border skirmishes carried out by the borderking of Cocytus. It seems that only a betrothal will secure the peace. This creature knows her duty... and yet. And yet!

18

II

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature spoke falsely this morning. I wished only to ease the troubles of my father. He worries a great deal about the Wallander in Cocytus, who bear down terribly upon our eastern borders, demanding land so they might better add to the glories of Painyme and the Immortal. I, sinful thing that I am, told my father that I would marry the prince and forge peace. Though my mouth reported that I will do my duty, my heart rebels...

19

III

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature is sorely pleased to see the sun. Blackest night is so difficult to bear. If only she did not have to sleep alone.

20

IV

May it please the Immortal to lift the terror and unending fear that has tormented the heart of this sinful creature, your faithful servant, for so many nights. Blackest Night is truly the most awful trial you put before us, O Immortal, and I can only pray that it leaves us unscathed...



## First week of summer

21

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature had the great pleasure of visiting the convent in the south of this nation. She did so to bring comfort to the injured and sickly who have sought respite within its walls. She also had the opportunity to speak with Mother Superior Puncta and Lacrima, who oversee the convent. They were at pains to tell me how fortunate I was that my father had not chosen to confine me there until the day of my wedding. This sinful creature is grateful for their words.

22

I

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature made her presence known in the town. It was her great pleasure to bring food and drink to those preparing for the Ossein Moon. It has long been my father's habit to combine the judgements of Deliverance with the labours of Custodore, allowing those who would be put to death to transmute their sentences into a week, a season or a year's worth of hard labour. There was much tumult and racket as fortifications were placed around the local chapels.

23

II

May it please the Immortal, today the royal prince of Cocytus arrived safely at our doors. This sinful creature did try to take her pride and cast it to one side, but found herself helpless when faced so brutally with her own future. Forgive her words, but the prince is a heretic! More taken with Saint Asaph than with the blessed Immortal. He boasted to this creature how one day he would be head of his own church, the church of St. Asaph-in-the-Fields!

24

III

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature had the pleasure of attending the feast held in honour of the Ecclesiarch Most High. My father extended the festivities begun yesterday into today, the holy day of Repentance. He did so to celebrate the arrival of our royal guest, Prince Theotic Wallande. This sinful creature fears that our esteemed guest will not appreciate the gesture, for she had much time to speak with him and he appears, in her humble eyes, more heretic than the wycces burnt for him today...

25

IV

May it please the Immortal, but how is one to combat such brazen heresy? I cannot marry him. Nor can I marry Traizel, not when it would be such a flagrant insult to one who already plunders our borders. Perhaps like can only be doused with like. Oh, forgive this sullied soul, but I contemplate the worst! Perhaps heresy will save us from heresy! I still have the scroll... Oh blessed and kind Immortal! Only you will know the hate and self-condemnation this sinful creature feels upon contemplating such an act!



## Second week of summer

26

27

28



May it please the Immortal, there was but a single sighting of an opiri within our borders. The steward reports it was seen near the tower named for my mother, but there were no swarms, no feasting and no nests. Praise be. Stand silent, hold until the Last Day.

29

## III

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature went into the hedge maze once more to meet with her beloved, Troizel. He did meet with her in the chapel two days' prior, giving an unspecified but urgent reason for them to treat together. Much to the upset of this sinful creature, he brought no gladsome tidings with him to the dovecote, no beautiful flowers nor kind words. He is to marry another.

30

## IV

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature now understands what it is to submit to the will of my betters. To feel is human, to ablate divine!



## Third week of summer

31

May it please

it is a cardinal sin to ignore a Divine call to action. To step aside, as Bliss did before the beginning of all things, is terrible indeed.

32

I

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature hath great need of solace and comfort. She is not worthy of your high and silent mercies. Forgive her the tears and muffled cries uttered while in worship to you. Her mind could not remain fixed upon the sin of Bliss, for it was much taken over by thoughts of Troizel joining his hand in marriage to Cressid. Her beloved, hers no more! Forgive this sinful creature. Forgive her.

33

II

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature spent the day travelling south, to the orphanage founded by her mother and father. She had many happy hours playing with the little ones who live there, and thanked the Immortal with all her heart for this time away from the castle.

34

III

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature did spend many hours of the return journey crying in the carriage, overcome by the future that awaits. Much of the day after was spent weeping bitterly in her spirit, for her return to the castle did not signify any change in feeling, only outward-showing demeanour. A heretic husband... or a life in the convent. Those are the only avenues available to this wretch of a soul.

35

IV

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature did accept an invitation from Prince Theote Wallande to stroll with him. They took a turn about the parapets of Castle Lethe. And when she admonished him for the greatness of his pride and the many blasphemies he had spoken within her hearing not 2 weeks prior, he laughed. Then he proposed, and told her neither this sinful creature nor her father had any choice.



## Last week of summer

36

May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature has accepted the proposal laid before her by HRH Prince Theote Wallande. She is betrothed. It will become official in a week's time, on Troth-Plight.

May the Immortal guide her steps upon the shining path that has been laid before her.

37

I  
And yet there is still the scroll. May it please the Immortal, this sinful creature was casting about for some parchment, so that she could inform her far-flung relatives of the gladsome news — and there it was. It had lain hidden in her desk for so long that it had nearly slipped her mind.

Could this be the ever-steady hand of the Immortal at work? This sinful creature is certain the priests would say no, and yet... and yet.

38

II  
This sinful creature hath need of a bonesaw. She asked Troizel for help in locating such a tool. Notwithstanding his protestations and confusions, he did agree to obtain one for her.

39

III  
Seek not the love of the Traitor Gods, nor their unholy brood. This sinful creature hopes one day to receive forgiveness, for she seeks neither the love nor the light of the Corrupting Ones. She seeks only to right an unspeakable wrong. She seeks only an escape from the soul-deep damnation her husband-to-be has accepted so blindly...

40

IV  
May it please the Immortal to grant this sinful creature strength in her time of need. Troth-Plight will soon be upon us all.



## First week of autumn

41

Troth-Plight doth find this sinful creature resolved upon her course.

May the Immortal guide her hand. May the Immortal steady her voice. May the Immortal one day accept her into the unspilt light of Their Everlasting Glory, amen.

forgive me father

I go with grace, beneath his foeted glory.







At the start of the campaign, this book and its pages are in Theote Wallande's possession on the Pillory Cliffs (LH:196). This book was once a Warding Item (LH:336). It is entirely possible for a passing denizen (LH:260) to have stolen the book or scattered its pages.

**APPEARANCE.** These following pages are blank unless being read using an esca lure (LH:328). If viewed under this light, the following illustrations become visible.







**B**

ut the princess nursed a broken heart.





**h**

er anguish grew and grew until she met a stranger who recognised the bitter seeds inside her.





he words of this stranger stayed with her until a day came when misery overwhelmed all thoughts of duty or sense.





he performed a profane ceremony, offering up pieces of herself for the opportunity to inflict her sorrow on others.





**N**

ow, bound heart and soul to the malicious being she summoned,  
she rules over a land of her own making.