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Mar 13, 2006 - 05:02 AM



Random Gallery Pic!



**Rob Catto, Program Director
for the Game Design and
Development Degree at Full
Sail. (aka Dean Catto)(IGDA
VIP Luncheon)**



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The Grim Winter I, Chapter I: The Night of the Walking Dead

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Author

Desdichado

Adventurer



Joined: Jun 15, 2005
Posts: 387
Location: Würzburg,
Germany

Message

Post subject: The Grim Winter I, Chapter I: The
Night of the Walking Dead

Posted: Nov 13, 2005 - 01:38 PM

Prologue

14th Day of Eaiwe in the year 1031
Calendar, a few hours before the nig
Eave

On a small, black-sailed boat, you h
Misauga river and finally set foot on
grounds of the Bruh Fen.

You have travelled for more than tw
from the beautiful town of Newgate
through the Peaks of Booh and cros
city of Vestfold to enter the Great D
In Lake Gloomy, you met your frigh
the tall man called Olar the Hag-son

From there, you rode over the Neck
port the Brothers of Greenwood hac
reveal to you, the secret town of Re
there, the grim- sailors of the "Pilgri
brought you to the southern coastal
town of Silverbell.

Eager to reach a safe place before t
walking dead, the sailors have left y
northern moors, with few more thar
words and the raw direction you sh
a small, but fortified inn called "The
reportedly a safe place where to sur
wrath.

➔ **Blackmoor: The Grim Winter PbP - Rolecall (0)**

by Desdichado in We're Running Blackmoor!

➔ **OASIS 19 - Orlando, Florida [May 26-28, 2006] (0)**

by gerryr88 in We're Running Blackmoor!

➔ **RE: Running Blackmoor in East Lansing! Come Play! (1)**

by PSchulz in We're Running

[\[Access Forum\]](#)



Online

There are 0 unlogged users and 1 registered user online.

You are logged-in as **Desdichado.**



With you stand, alone and helpless as you, a group of travellers, led by the imposing Ademar Mesina, commoner relative to the big and tragic noble house of ancient times. Together with his brother Mant, he is travelling north to save the live of his sister, the beautiful Arcia, who is lying on a wooden stretcher, struggling with a deadly illness only the healers of old Starmorgan were said to cure. She is always accompanied by Itrian, her fiancée, and protected by a unit of mercenaries, whose undisputed commander is the cunning Rowell, a young man who is said to have served in the troops of the Baron of Maus. Among the mercenaries, one figure has especially attracted your interest: The quiet Gila Bloodeye, a young man terribly tortured when the Afridhi took his father's lands. His scarred face is bare of any human expression, but his red eyes follow the move of everyone who comes near to him. The group is indeed travelling to Starmorgan, bastion of the wild Afridhi, to find such a healer and save the beautiful girl's life.

A long the journey, you have befriended to the group and agreed to accompany them at least to the town of Silverbell, place of your own destination.

There you stand, lost on the misty shore, unsure what to do.

Last edited by Desdichado on Dec 11, 2005 - 06:27 AM; edited 4 times in total



[gsvenson](#)

Baron of Newgate



Joined: Feb 06, 2005
Posts: 172
Location: Clearwater, FL

Post subject: RE: The Grim Winter Episode I: The Night of the Walking Dead
Posted: Nov 17, 2005 - 08:23 PM

I will pick up my gear and scan in the direction that the sailors pointed looking for a road/path/track that we can follow to the inn or at least in the direction of the inn. Then I will turn back to see if everyone is ready to get moving or not. If some are not ready I will pitch in and help them get ready, otherwise I will start walking in the direction of the inn.

Sven



[Desdichado](#)

Post subject:
Posted: Nov 18, 2005 - 03:18 AM

Adventurer



Joined: Jun 15, 2005
Posts: 387
Location: Würzburg,
Germany

[I assume that everyone in the group, standing between the option of remaining alone in the swamp or following you to the only save haven known, chooses to accompany you.]

For over an hour, you walk you way through the dim and mute forest and frightfully observe the sun sink near to the horizon. But the sailors don't seem to have lied to you. After a short march through the misty moor, you step out on a narrow, but fortified road. A waysign shows the wooden picture of a castle and a wormy bread, and below that, the number 500.

You seem to be near that place.



gsvenson

Baron of Newgate



Joined: Feb 06, 2005
Posts: 172
Location: Clearwater,
FL

Post subject:

Posted: Nov 20, 2005 - 06:51 PM

Well, I will start walking in the direction indicated by the sign. Being careful to watch the sides of the road for any sign of danger. Hopefully everyone else will follow...

[Hopefully that means 500 meters or 500 paces and not 500 km. Can you give us a brief discription of a fortified road. That is a new concept for me.]



ZGJeff

Blackmoorian Newbie



Joined: Feb 07, 2005
Posts: 14

Post subject:

Posted: Nov 21, 2005 - 09:47 AM

Taking a quick sniff at the air, the young dwarf mumbles, *"smells like me uncle's boots round here."* He picks up his pace and keeps a wary eye on both sides of the road for trouble as he attempts to hurry forward to keep up with the half-elf.

Jeffrey Quinn
Writer Monkey/Game Designer
<http://jpquinn.mortality.net/>



Desdichado

Post subject:

Posted: Nov 21, 2005 - 10:05 AM

Adventurer



Joined: Jun 15, 2005
Posts: 387
Location: Würzburg,
Germany

gsvenson wrote:

[Hopefully that means 500 meters or 500 paces and not 500 km. Can you give us a brief discription of a fortified road. That is a new concept for me.]

[Oh, sorry... Did my bad English strike again? 😊
Fortified should mean in this context that the the road you are walking on is not only a muddy path, but a paved road, with the rest of wooden railing on the sides, so one doesn't step into the morass accidentally. It's very unusual to find such a road in such an isolated corner.

- But you did right in asking; since I am no native speaker, I might commit errors or describe things improperly. Please, ask and correct me whenever you want. 😊]



Desdichado

Adventurer



Joined: Jun 15, 2005
Posts: 387
Location: Würzburg,
Germany

Post subject:

📅 **Posted:** Nov 21, 2005 - 10:05 AM

[Welcome aboard, Jeff!]

You follow the road in the direction of the sign until you come across a particular strange tree. The leaves have fallen of it, making it resemble the frighting skeleton of a monstrosity.

Only a bloody rope is hanging from one of the biggest branches, which reaches over through the middle of the road you are walking on.

Below the rope, you observe to your horror that a human body is lying, with the face to the ground.



gsvenson

Baron of Newgate



Joined: Feb 06, 2005
Posts: 172
Location: Clearwater,

Post subject:

📅 **Posted:** Nov 21, 2005 - 04:39 PM

Can we tell if the victim is dead or a

Is there a healer among our party? :
Ademar Mesina if the maiden has a
victim is alive we can take some spe
poles (even fence rails) and a blank
streicher to carry him/her to the inn
can get care. If already dead, we sh
the body off the road and move on :
tell the locals. We can let them deal
tomorrow. I don't want any unneces

FL

before dark. I fear for our lives if we get caught out here after dark on this night and the sun has already set. We must hurry.

Sven

[So, a fortified road has been made all-weather and is fenced. Ok, that is good. Is the paving, wood, stone, brick or gravel? Maybe it doesn't matter.

Don't worry about your English. It is excellent.]

Spikey**Post subject:**

▣ **Posted:** Nov 21, 2005 - 05:03 PM

**King's Companion
Moderator**


A wagon slowly pulls up. Perched upon it is a gnome with a wide grin on his face. A horrid smell comes to your noses.

"Hello, you fellows bein' in need of help of some sort? Fergot my manners, they call me Rotfoot."

Last edited by Spikey on Nov 22, 2005 - 02:36 AM;
edited 1 time in total



Joined: Mar 29, 2005
Posts: 169

Desdichado**Post subject:**

▣ **Posted:** Nov 21, 2005 - 05:47 PM

Adventurer

gsvenson wrote:

Can we tell if the victim is dead c



The road was paved with stone, but carefully, as it seems - there are per pavement every few steps.

Judging from what you can see with the body, this man is dead. Where I should be, there's just a bloody rift. there seems to have almost been de

Joined: Jun 15, 2005
Posts: 387
Location: Würzburg,
Germany

gsvenson wrote:

If already dead, we should just r body off the road and move on t tell the locals. We can let them c body tomorrow. I don't want any delays before dark. I fear for our get caught out here after dark oi and the sun has already set. We

[And so it shall be.]

gsvenson wrote:

...Don't worry about your English. It is excellent.]



Desdichado

Adventurer



Joined: Jun 15, 2005
Posts: 387
Location: Würzburg,
Germany

Post subject:

☐ **Posted:** Nov 21, 2005 - 06:01 PM

Spikey wrote:

A wagon slowly pulls up. Perched upon it is a gnome with a wide grin on his face. A horrid smell comes to your noses.

"Hello, you fellows bein' in need of help of some sort? Fergot my manners, they call me name is Rotfoot."

While the mercenaries seem determined to take the wagon by force, Itrian walks slowly over to the gnome, a silk-woven tissue tappingr his nose. "Dear... [cough]Sir, can you please help us to reach the nearest inn before nightfall. When the dead run free, we will be no match for them." He looks nervously to the cadaver of the hanged man a few steps behind.



Spikey

King's Companion

Post subject:

☐ **Posted:** Nov 22, 2005 - 02:39 AM

Get on, you might be able ter help melaters on. In fact I have a question er two, but first get everyone on the wagon that needs it. If you must bring the dead one I suggest you all tie him down and use these manacles on him. A've seen the swamp come alive on this night in years past, or should I say unlife. Hmm, best we start hoofin' it.

-Rotfoot



Moderator

Joined: Mar 29, 2005
Posts: 169



Desdichado

Adventurer

Joined: Jun 15, 2005
Posts: 387
Location: Würzburg,
Germany

Post subject:

Posted: Nov 22, 2005 - 04:01 AM

Spikey wrote:

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-Rotfoot

Gila, the young assassin with the scarred face, nods to Ademar and jumps into the wagon.

[I assume it is an open vessel, and not some kind of covered wagon.]

Should he find something there that may endanger his masters or *smell* like Afridhi, Rotfoot won't have a minute more to live. - But Gila finds nothing that could rise his suspicion and nods to Itrian, who jumps up as well.

"So, master gnome, before we entrust you with the life of this young lady and our own, where do you want to bring us to?"

[Another important question, is the wagon pulled by horses or oxen? - How many? 😊 Glad you joined as well, Spikey!]



gsvenson

Baron of Newgate**Post subject:**

Posted: Nov 22, 2005 - 08:44 AM

"Well, Master Rotfoot, we were hear Maiden's Rest" to weather this night Silverbell. Some of us plan to stay tl maiden and her party will then heac Starmorgan."

Joined: Feb 06, 2005
 Posts: 172
 Location: Clearwater,
 FL

Does it look like the wagon can hold everyone? If not, we need to put the slowest members of the party in the wagon first.

-Sven



Spikey

Post subject:

Posted: Nov 22, 2005 - 10:46 AM

**King's Companion
 Moderator**



Joined: Mar 29, 2005
 Posts: 169

It'll hold about 5 en stay steady. So four an the body, soon to be twitching an' really pissed off mass of flesh. I'm headin to da inn as it's the only psuedo-safe point fo' miles. Let's move! Also, mind the oil (points to the 5 gallon jug of oil sitting in the back) can never have to much oil...

[Hmmm, lets see, I'm in Afridhi armor, but that's been resized and washed to fit me. Some of my weapons have Afridhi blood on them. I've got elvish boots on, elvish cloak, some really spiffy looking gloves and a quite visible nondescript crossbow] [the wagon: has a lot of crap in it, so basically it functions like a bag of holding 😊 if anyone wants a definite list of whats back there I'll be happy to give it to them]



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