

### Missing Persons Report

#### By Hak Leafbiter

If it pleases you my Lords and Ladies, I offer up to you this mission report on the behalf of Hak Leafbiter. Hak is an illiterate savage and he recounted to me and all the patrons of the bar when he came back from the mission. Hak has offered me his service as a bouncer whilst he pays of his bar tab, what follows are his words.

Bill the Barman, Hobbits Armpit PH.

#### **Persons of Note:**

Vilk Bloodmoon Warrior Baron of Darkhome (Party Leader).

Giles Guildleader of The Grey School.

Jux Guildleader of The Reavers.

Xernes The Reapers.

Drake the Dragon.

Neeko The Monastery.

Albert Anal Bud Von Henken Witch-Finder Sergeant.

Damian Von Torsz Witch-Hunter of The Hospital(?).

Otto Witch-Hunter.

Helga Witch-Hunter.

Gruber Witch-Hunter.

Anton Witch-Hunter.

Krieger Witch-Hunter.

Ulrik Witch-Hunter.

Casper Meadows Darkhome.

Hak Leafbiter The Reavers.

**Hak Leafbiter's account:**

### Earth Day.

So we had all been sent to Dai-Fah-Dyne lands to investigate where their missing people had gone and get them back. So our party had arrived at the meeting point and there was lots of us (14) but two more came later on, these being Giles and Xernes.

The usual round of boasts, bravado and posturing ensued, especially from the Witch-Hunters that I met last Bone Moon. Eventually I stated to the braggart Damian Von Torsz that Vilk Bloodmoon should be Party Leader as he had recently been named as warrior baron of Darkhome, so that was decided.

Our party scouts Neeko a Cat-Man and Helga of the Witch-Hunters found the remains of a Dai-fah-Dyne Caravan and came back to tell the party. The Caravan were all dead including lots of smelly camel horses. When we got there we attacked by some undead that were feasting on the bodies. We killed these quickly and then we followed the caravan tracks back to where they had come from. On the way we ran into more undead and some things that we were later informed were called Jinn. After beating all of these monsters the party came to a big mansion. This was home to the Dai-Fah-Dyne ruler called the Bey " a large man bedecked in jewels and rich silken robes " all turbans and goatee beards. We were all welcomed inside, here it was all leader talk, I stayed out of this and sized up the guards and had a few sherberts.

Whilst we were in the Bey's home we were given rooms in which to rest and informed that they were protected by Aura's of Serenity but that the main Feast Hall wasn't protected, so we still had to be alert.

### Fire Day.

After a good night's rest breakfast was served by the Bey's cooks. At this time we were met by a dai-Fah-Dyne Scout who would accompany us to help with finding the lost caravans. After loading up with provisions and some chariots loaned to us by the Bey we headed out to track down the caravans. We stopped on a track which led into a forest, we got off of the chariots as the horses had got spooked by something.

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We soon found this something to be a group of Hordelings. Drake went over to them and started to have a chat. He's a young dragon so he can be odd, I'm not going to mess with him. Well soon we had sent them back to the Mists and then we pressed on.

Next we met some Khalid Nomads who were really pleased to see us. During the fight I was shot in the back with a crossbow bolt fired by Anton, I was not pleased. Anyway after obliging the Khalid Scum the group was subjected to the newly improved levels of healing that Damian Von Torsz had attained. I mean that he can do Heals now but no Mass Cure Mortals like Bingly Jill yet. At least Damian doesn't overcast anymore. In addition to his poncing about and calling on imaginary books Damian produced from his medicinal bags a live swan called Sophie that he proceeded to cut up and use its entrails for curing. So lots of blood, bandages and silly verse invoke his curative powers now.

Fully healed we headed further down the trail where we found some dead bodies. One a Dai-Fah-Dyne and the other an Easterling Caravan Guard. Our Dai-Fah-Dyne Scout then started to commune with her tribesman with much gnashing of teeth.

Whilst this was happening a scouting party from another Dai-Fah-Dyne tribe turned up. They were searching for one of their own missing caravans and told us that the route that we heading down contained some very aggressive people. Suitably forewarned we bade them good luck in their search and we proceeded on our way.

Next we had a tough fight with many Easterlings who said that we were interlopers but we didn't know what the word meant. After dispatching these poncy red gits and getting cured we pressed on.

Next we fought more Easterlings and rescued some of their captives that were wearing fancy leather collars. Problems arose however when the collars were taking off of the them all of the slaves died. Xernes and Damian later found out how to safely remove the collars but I don't know what they did.

The next fights we some more Jinn and then some more Hordelings. Much bloodletting ensued amid horrid squeaking and moaning from Drake the Hordeling Friend. I think he's a Nathan Follower!

After more Swan Bloodsports we got back in the chariots and headed back to the Bey's Mansion. So we told the Bey what we had discovered and he told us that there must be two or more Easterling Tribes in the area as his Easterling Guards bore a different tattoo on their faces than the ones that we had fought. We had a lovely supper and some nice goat's eyeballs.

After supper we may have also busted up a slave auction, I'm a bit hazy on this part, there was lots of undead though. During the course of the evening we fought off waves of undead inside and outside the building, the Bey also stated that he'd been having trouble with a Witch that was said to be living in some catacombs that ran under his mansion.

The Witch-Hunters and Casper went down into the tunnels whilst the rest of us stood guard upstairs. Upstairs we were attacked by Assassins and Jinn. The Witch-Hunter later returned successfully and proceeded with their Oktoba-Fest celebrations and bottom jokes.

Vilk and I had a couple of games of Ten Two's with the Bey and his Vizier which we lost. After further drinking everyone went to bed.

Steel Day.

The next day the Bey thanked the Wich-Hunters for cleaning up the tunnels. He said that he'd had a wonderful kip and his Harem was happy.

After another superb breakfast, it was straight into the action.

A bunch of moaning Halmondonians arrived outside and they took umbrage at the sight of Xernes' unhallowed ground. So anyway spirit-huggers were twice killed and we got ready to go out and rescue some more slaves.

Led by the Dai-Fah-Dyne Scout we headed back towards the area where we'd found the

slaves the day before.

Off in the distance we saw and heard a female slave being dragged along the path by a three skeletons. She was very loud, moaning and aggressive. She shouted for us to help her which we did and very soon the skeletons were smashed to bits. The sarky bint was still very agitated even after being rescued. Xernes told her that she would have to wait whilst he did spirit stuff on her slave collar. She didn't half moan a lot!

Next we ran into a moody Dymwan Necromancer and his horde of undead. He seemed quite upset at us, but we killed him anyway. We had a load more curing and healing done to us by Damian Van Torsz and then it began to rain heavily it even tried to snow. So freezing we ate our lunch under a fir tree and took stock.

I remember that a lot of talking went on from the Dai-Fah-Dyne Scouts that we'd met, but I didn't really get involved so can't remember what was said. We moved on after lunch and the rain had lessened.

We had a fight with another Jinn and some Fire Elementals. I really need to get a magic sword for them.

Next we met a party of Fortress of Pentar Hepath scum that were walking with more slaves. So we killed those slaving gits and rescued the slaves.

Next we met more squeaky Hordelings, then more Elementals and then finally a lot of Evil Druid Monsters, a Bat, a Rat, a Bear and a Snadger I think. Well we fought off them all and we bled well for our labours.

Suitably healed up and after an invoke or two we trekked back to the Bey's Mansion with the freed Dai-Fah-Dyne and Nomads who all looked so old.

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Just as we got back to the mansion we were ambushed by a Vampire and a bunch of Shadowsfall. That was a really hard fight and went on for quite some time, I think that a couple of people used their Guardian Spirits, I even had to neck my Heal Elixir that I'd been saving.

After being tended, cured, healed and much re-stitching of body parts later we had a well deserved supper.

Over supper we told the Bey about what we had found out. We were also informed by the Bey that his scouts and his Easterling Guards had located the main camp of the rogue Easterlings. This was a slave camp and we were needed to clear it out.

So this was a two stage affair, free the slaves and kill off all the Easterlings. We fought lots of Easterling hordes in the dark and were at times blinded by careless torch-bearers. We Warriors fought, Vilk Berserked, whilst the Scouts back stabbed and slit throats, whilst noble Damian provided beneficial cures on our grateful backs. I was like the mighty bear and my ancestor sharks lent me their fervour. We had freed the slaves and at the last of my rage I fell in battle. I was tended by my Guardian Spirit and accepted a cure by a noble Dai-Fah-Dyne healer, I leapt once more into the final battle.

The party prevailed and then we all then returned to the Bey's Mansion for much drinking and Oktoba-Fest celebrations. Here we also had to further teach the Witch-Hunters the finer art of humour which they had been trying to learn. You see they are a very straight thinking lot and the art of the good joke being abstract still confused them. They don't understand the man with seagull or spade or rabbit on his head jokes. Even the sick Darkhome humour confuses them greatly. Their jokes are bad, cringingly bad, toilet humour at best. They even need and have invented a role in their society of the Joke Explainer.

Anyway we all agreed that this joke is the best joke in all Orin Rakatha:

An Elf, A Dwarf and a Half-Orc are being chased by some Militia. They run down a side alley where they find three sacks into which they each hide.

When the Militia arrive one of them kicks the first sack.

Inside the Elf says: Meow, Meow!

Oh it's just a Cat.

Then another Militiaman kicked the second sack.

Inside the Dwarf says: Whoof, Whoof!

Oh it's just a Dog.

So a third Militiaman then kicked the third sack.

Inside the Half-Orc says: Potato, Potato!