



# **Tir Nan Beo – Cursed Lands**

## **Tales of a Bard**

### **Meeting the King**

Part of Dumnonni

<http://www.tirnanbeo.com>





## Tir Nan Beo

Darkness fell like a sudden blindness, killing mood, laughter and hope as we stepped into these cursed lands. Faith and Fear rose like sun bleached banners during a quick march into the lands of the damned. Here the infamous Black-Shields made enemies with the lands, and in return the lands placed a curse upon them. A pitch black doom upon their hearts and a lesson learned from that day till generations to come. But in an extraordinary year one of the Black-Shields rose to High-King. He stood proud upon the stone, while the lands called out his name. The same lands who cursed his clan and all of their children and their children's children. Strange then, that their faith had become ours. Strange, but not unlikely, for we walk the path of Gods, of ancestors and of the lands and who are we to see beyond the next corner.

Our feet are sore from the march, our boots socked and worn-out. Flies lure upon us, never relenting in their task to make us more weary. We have marched for days, but yesterday we crossed the invisible borders of Tir-Nan-Beo, the land of tears. We were welcomed by none; we did not see anything, but birds and insects. At first we believed the curse to be invented. Perhaps by a drunken bard, or a liar who needed a quick bit to eat and a place to rest for the night, but moments later we witnessed the full fury of the druids who had cursed these lands. The river was full of dead fish; the animals we found were sick at best, but mostly plain strange. In their eyes we saw an uncontrollable anger towards us, an anger more dominant than the fear we were used to. The dense





forest moaned a strange sound and the strange mist coming from the waters made some of use sick. Our wyrd users were coping with all kinds of enemies. Sweat ran from their heads as if fever had charged upon them.

They pray and dance, they sing and curse, yet the fever is still upon them. We have found some wood to start a fire and eat what we have left, yet we have not found anything new to drink, or eat. All that we find is either poisoned, or smells of death. Scouts reported abandoned roads, ruined huts and bones of humans everywhere. Our leaders stand tall, watching over us, but we can all see it in their eyes: What are we doing here? Where are we going and what will be the price of this gathering?

We march on, to a field where the gathering of clans will be held. A gathering called for by the new king of this land. A king proven in Culhaven, the capitol of the Dummnoni. But here, amongst strange new clans unproven, relying on the support of the Ard-Ri and many other powerful beings. We march towards lights, towards fires, towards other clans. We see strange colours, and colours we know off. Some we have fought with, others we have heart off. It is a day's travel from here towards the fields of Gall Heim, so named after the Druid, who gave back his live to the earth, so this muster could take place. Tomorrow we shall arrive on the Fields of Gall Heim and we shall make camp. We are all warned to stay together, not to trust these foreign clans. Priest and ovate say the same thing for once.

Many will fall here, many will die, but in the end of the day, their blood must be given to lift the curse of these damned lands. For now the message is clear. Stick to your own clan, but lock shields with the others, for these lands have enemies and some of these enemies have waited long for revenge, so long that they care little who receives the sharp end of their hatred. Stick to your clan and shut your ears for the honey sweet tongue of the Fae who live here. Stick to your clan, so they might witness the full glory of your skills in battle, but above all, stick to your clan when you want to live. Tir-Nan-Beo, the land of tears. What madman would travel here?

