



# **Tir Nan Beo – Cursed Lands**

## **Prologue**

### **A Ravens watch**

Part of Dumnonni Chronicles

<http://www.tirnanbeo.com>





## A Ravens watch

It was already summer when I was summoned to the Chieftains tent. His eyes concealed little of the emotions that run through him. The messenger of King Oswald looked at me when he passed me on his way out. His did not speak a word, nor did he nod, yet in his face I saw enough respect towards me to begin wondering what news he must have brought. The chieftain dismissed everyone present, but me and began to speak.

His first few words were of danger, honour and death. All the things that made me to listen even better. The King has asked his banner man to form a party and travel beyond Semnon territory towards the Atuatucii. After hearing stories of us and the other clans, he wants to explore the possibility to get them under his banner. This was a sound, but dangerous plan. It is rumoured the Atuatucii are all but destroyed and are at constant war with their neighbours, from which the Semnonnes are at this point believed to be their biggest thread. The King, in all his wisdom, hopes that their numbers are greater that he has heard and believes that we, the free races under his Banner, are their best chance for survival. Mind you, he is not doing this out of charity, but out of simple thought. If he can bring them under his banner the Semnonnes will have to fight a war on almost all their borders. A war against many clans, whom mostly are working together, is a mighty force to reckon with indeed. This is sound thinking I tell you, were it not for the conditions this party has to travel through.





The Atuatucii's land is far from ours or even the rest of the aligned clans and to get there you have to go straight through the Semnones territory. To make things worse we do not know much about them, or even where their villages are and so we come to the thing at hand, namely, your presence. The King has asked three men from every clan who has sworn alliance. These three men will travel towards Gall Heim from which they will travel to the Atuatucii, who know nothing of this quest. The King trusts that these men will honour their clans by for filling this quest and by coming back with hopeful news. He advises that those chosen must be the stronger and more talented amongst their people, so the quest will have the best hope for success, in other words, we have to send our better warriors, or perhaps even a wyrd-user to see this through.

The words of my Chieftain were running through my skull as a lightning storm thundering my mind. It was obvious what was asked of me. I was to go to unknown territory to find a diminished clan who might help us fight the Semnones when they agreed upon the terms given by our King. Simple terms really. An oath given towards his leadership and the promise to uphold its laws and morals. This alone was a challenge enough, but why did he order all clans to go together. Was this a test of some kind, or a cunning plan to force us to work together so the bonds between our clans would strengthen still? I did not know, what I did know was the honour I was given. I had one last question before I was dismissed and laid it before my Chieftain. Why was this new King not doing this on his own? The Chieftain raised an eyebrow, yet answered me nonetheless. The King, he said, was challenged with all kinds of wars under his banner man and because he had not named chieftains to speak for him, he was honour bound to do this himself. I saw a faint smile on the face of my chieftain I did not understand, but walked away satisfied with the answer given. I could only image the fights my chieftain spoke of, yet knew the answer already. Many of the clans under the banner King Oswald were still fighting each other on every turf and peace between them was at this moment perhaps one of the greatest assets the King could wish for. Be it so I gathered my weapons, ate and drank, said my goodbye's and began walking.

