

And so the eight were gathered
Select of Phelan they
From all the four and one they came
To be set upon their way

Amon Dan of the White Hart Tribe
Druid of the Crone be he
With Telling but no knowing
The sight gift of the Sidhe

Andarta of the Red Bull lands
Druid and warrior strong
Strength and power he does seek
But does to fate belong

Cynnnon from Twilight Lands
A White Heart Ovate Wise
Mind and heart he studies with
To uncover traitors lies

Cerredwin of the Salmon Green
Fair voice known far and wide
Though only peace she wanted
She joined at the other's side

He is a Bard from Black Boar lands
From a warrior's line he came
But to travel on the questing
To the Sidhe he gave his name

Keelty from the In-Between

Was next to join the cause
Her brothers plight had caused her
To seek answers on far shores

Montaigne from other lands did come
Who was from cannon fired
From rusty sky cage fallen
And in these troubles mired

Then Pryderi O'Phelan
A bard of White Hart land
Did join the group of heroes
As his fathers last demand
And so the eight were gathered
Select of Phelan they
From all the four and one they came
To be set upon their way

Was in the past it happened
That Queen and youngest son
Fled from the cold far northlands
And into the West did run

Thus did Cai the Righ become
Of Black Boar tribe of North
And for a year he ruled it
Until the time came forth

For at each fourth years passing
A new Ard Righ is made
So in the sun each tribe can shine
While others rest in shade

This year was the Black Boars turn

From Red Bull the Crown to take
And so the nobles together came
To Cai the Ard Righ make

As part of the celebrations
The nobles and their men
Would a mighty hunt arrange
Through forest and the fen

And so the Righs and retinues
Did in the morning calm
Seek for both boar and bear
Against which to test their arm

But as the hunt continued
From late morning and past noon
A dark figure could be spotted
Skulking in the wooded gloom

A longbow did it carry
Though none could see it true
When it a long dark arrow launched
Which into Cais back flew
And so the eight were gathered
Select of Phelan they
From all the four and one they came
To be set upon their way

The Righs burning body brought
By Columbarius of Boar
To the feasthall of Righ Malvins Hold
Accompanied by Tor

And so Cais broken body burnt

with poison dark and fell
With no Druid of Mother there
He never would grow well

With one last cough and splutter
The Righ of Boar passed on
Leaving behind to mourn him
His Mothers middle son

And so with no warriors death
Did Tor become the Righ
With urging from his druid dark
He blamed the Faoi-mhuir from the Sea

But the eight must venture on
Despite the Righ being killed
For ancient compact with the Sidhe
Had yet be fulfilled

For a Summer King was needed
And on that fateful Night
Were champions from all lands arrayed
To for that Honour Fight

So into Fae lands did eight go
Seeking for a noble Sidhe
Until with riddling Saidarewrath
The Compact was agreed

With this Fae business finished
Their way home then was sought
But to return a Barrow needed
And a Wraith still to be fought
And so the eight were gathered

The Tale of Phelan's Select

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Select of Phelan they
From all the four and one they came
To be set upon their way

So the eight did battle
With Teilo at their side
The Wraith of the old stories
With four Spirits in it tied

Long raged the battle then
With many wound so earnt
'Till Wraith did fall to nothing
As Ashes long since burnt

Shining Shield and Sword were taken
As prizes from the fight
And armour of the ancients
Bound Teilo in its might

So the eight did travel then
Back unto the hold
With tales and songs so conjured
To honour the warriors bold

Armoured in the Wraiths dark iron
Teilo joined the throng
To fight for Summer Kingship
Immortalised in Song

Owin of the White Hart
Fell against the Boar
And Ethalon of Salmon
Last Heard Teilo's Victory Roar

Then Teilo and Black Boar fought
Back and forth across the Hill
Until then Teilo set strong his arm
And lunged forth with all his skill

Teilo is now the summer king
As Amon Dan foresaw
And of the Druids Tellings all
The rest became more sure
And so the eight were gathered
Select of Phelan they
From all the four and one they came
To be set upon their way

Next day did eight set out again
To seek the hunters spore
And beset upon the path were they
By dishonourable Boar

Deep into the woods they went
Where Jack of the Green they met
Too early for the spring he was
And the ground with blood was wet

Where death was upon the eight
The Mother sent them back
But it seemed that Phelan lay alive
Only in the Arms of Jack

For another poisoned Arrow
Had struck this druid great
And was burning now within him
With a boiling of great hate

With Phelans last breath he told them
That a Boar with Bow he'd seen
'Til Cynnon then with clean blade
Did release Jack of the Green

Amon Dan did then a Telling
Of the Futures Path
The Eight were in the lands alone
To face their enemies wrath

So to the other land
The eight were set to walk
For they must seek answers
And to an Oracle talk

The Four and One are threatened
And only truth will stop
The districts and the peoples
Succumbing to the Rot
And so the eight were gathered
Select of Phelan they
From all the four and one they came
To be set upon their way

Through deaths realm they travelled
Past the shambling slain
Not knowing if their loved ones
They'd ever see again

Until the inn they came too
At world's edge it lay
Where for passage needed
They bartered with the Fae

A price from each was taken
For a long year and a day
To Orin Rakatha they would go
And a Redcap guide their way

Name, Sight, Wine and dance they give
And games or married be
Strange clothes, No Crone, to say hello
Are the prices of the Sidhe

They then left the Four and One
And in to this land came
Seeking for the Oracle
So they can a killer shame

The Four in One need saving
Beset it is by strife
And to stop it falling
Each would give their life

And in the Valley Towers
The eight they do now stay
Searching for true answers
For the next year and a day

So this story pauses
For there is much to do
So much to learn of this new land
For their number few
And so the eight were gathered
Select of Phelan they
From all the four and one they came
To be set upon their way

So in Fey season passing
A year in time of man
The eight and friends were gathered
To right the wrongs they can

Toshiro, student of the blade
Joined with the chosen eight
A noble honoured champion
Against such troubles great

Vertigo of the kilted tribes
Came at the eights behest
To defend the districts so like his
Was why he joins the quest

The Selects next steps then faltered
Their memories scoured clear
So at a well stocked tavern
They met for tales and beer

They were to Fairlund Forest
A Reader there to show
To the Fey's great gathering
Then on their own way go

First a little trouble
From Wolfhold and the Drow
The Tribes of Years Turning hunted
The select could not allow

Then a challenge sounded
Loud across the wood

An Ovates battle was the test
And so forward Cynnon stood

The magic flew both back and forth
For the honour of the steel
And Cynnon against his deadly foe
Did his victory seal
And so the ten were gathered
Not quite the twelve they need
For the fate of four plus one
On Phelans quest proceed

From the fallen wizard
A rumour did they hear
Of a passing tribesman
From their own lands near

Further through the woods they went
In pale sun of spring
Until they came on Teilo
Their friend, the Summer King

His Three wives a Gaeas
Upon him they had put
To walk the lands of Orin
but not touch it with his foot

The Select they had an answer
For this challenge too
A secret way of travel
They must not share with you

To visit the Ambassador
Seemed once again their goal

So golden pine-cones favoured
They collected on their stroll

So to the Worlds end Inn
They did again arrive
And by careful bargaining
Sort to leave alive

A Redcaps chops were eaten
Which did make some upset
For an unnamed White Harts Warrior
Did that hunt regret

But happier times were had by all
When the bards did prove their worth
Ceredwins pretend wedding day
Gave all but her great mirth
And so the ten were gathered
Not quite the twelve they need
For the fate of four plus one
On Phelans quest proceed

To celebrate the bride and groom
Cynnon gave a dance
To much clapping and guffawing
He did leap and prance

Wine fine as a gift was given
From Andarta in return
For the favour owing
From the years last turn

With tears to the lady given
And their passage once more bought

Back to the lands of Orin
For the knowledge that they sought

First a troubled passage
And in a story shared
For in Valdemars old conflict
They were all now snared

Long hours did battle rage
Between Kalid and the few
Until the story ended
And the chosen could pass through

Into a well of darkness
They did venture down
Seeking to charge weapons
Before they in darkness drown

Past the shadow guardians
They did battle through
And the axe and staff
Glowed with an ebon hue

Then it was they noticed
The shattered figure dead
In robes of deepest purple
A face of frozen dread
And so the ten were gathered
Not quite the twelve they need
For the fate of four plus one
On Phelans quest proceed

The Dean of darkness college he
They returned him to his home

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Some great magic casting there
But not for reasons known

Armed with weapons of the night
They the shrine then sought
Where the Valdemars lost knowledge
Could to them be taught

Past the Wolf cult guardians
And a champion of might
Blood was spilled upon the floor
And many lost their sight

Finally the stones were struck
As stories did fortell
And Kielty did the summoning
And the Spirits did Impel

Through long dead families
Did the druid walk
Seeking clues to the next
She did with each one talk

Finally the secret
From the dead was pried
One who could the Oracale call
But who had long since died

So now an ancient artifact
Is the selects new task
And on the next burning night
Help from the dead they ask

The Tale of Phelan's Select

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A Shadow made of Mirrors
Is what they now must seek
But visions plague the questers
Of a land of towers bleak
And so the ten were gathered
Not quite the twelve they need
For the fate of four plus one
On Phelans quest proceed

An aside then fell to Pryderi
A message from his home
Hunters for the Maiden
On Orin did they roam

Message from the four plus one
An order from the Righ
Dark druids hand was obvious
In the cold decree

Cynnon McConn named killer
Of Phelan, Druid high
Though mercy was the purpose
The blow we can't deny

Home they must all travel
The truth it must be sung
Or taint upon the four plus one
May never be undone

Then came a pause in action
A time of quiet respite
But Pryderi with visions plagued
Could barely sleep at night

Lost upon the Lands of Death
She asks how to return
For Select she truly is
And more of her must they learn

Bryony is the lost ones name
Who came to Phelans call
To seek out important secrets
To prevent their homelands fall

Then the visions shifted
And Teilo came in view
Led away by Shadowsfall
The light a blood red hue
And so the ten were gathered
With the eleventh voice now heard
For the fate of four plus one
They follow Phelans word

Phelans voice then whispers
From where his spirits rests
A voice of guiding wisdom
For those upon their tests

The Maidens first gift given
Set Teilo's vision quest
And now in blood the payment
Is owed without protest

The unbidden gifts for payment
From Crone and Maiden fall
But upon the Mothers favour
Three times can they still call

Now aided by these visions
The select must once more choose
How to progress their calling
Before more time they lose

Before they leave the towers
An Ovate lost for years
Joins to seek his memories
Taken by her of All Tears

A fine man of great courage
To join Selects great quest
Finn stands to face the challenge
And overcome all tests

Near Two years from their arrival
Upon the Valleys Lands
The select all come together
With fate still in their hands

To travel then to Montaignes Home
Is their next chosen task
So first to see the Reader
For their help they must ask
So the Twelve were gathered
To save the Four plus One
And on Phelans quest they'll struggle
To do all that must be done

Through many foes and bargaining's
Cut thrust of talk not blade
Until Thessesains offer
For Gianni was too vague

So while they slept they traveled
To lands of plague and smoke
Where nobles cruel and decadent
Bent peasants to their yoke

So Shadow of Mirrors they
From the Melnobs sought
But surrounded by such enemies
Too many to be fought

Into the Tower Vanishing
The Select must find a route
To seek the mirrors resting place
And leave without pursuit

Montaigne with a cunning plan
Did a way produce
He bartered with his family
And his cousin did seduce

So Select then entered
The Rish, their nobles, halls
They sought and found answers
While disguised as common thralls

Into the Bel'ri mansion
They fight through many guards
And stand before the lord himself
And give him their regards

Before Selects great prowess
The Lord cowed and alone
In exchange for news of T'an
The Mirror did them loan

So the Twelve were gathered
To save the Four plus One
And on Phelans quest they'll struggle
To do all that must be done

So back to well of shadows
To win the weapons three
Then at the Shrine of Valdemar
The Oracle heard their plea

Into Amon Dan it came
With answers for all men
But another question
Even if it comes again

Not just Select were present
To the spirit speak
Many were the visitors
Who did answers seek

To hunt for heads of creatures
To pay and knowledge gain
Wolve, hordling drone and more they slew
And answers to them came

The select all asked a question
To aid them in their quest
Some answers given quickly
Others would be more of a test

To find the Queen and youngest son
Finn asked the question for
And Deaths Lord permission needed
To find Atheas home on Dread Moor

Keelty sort to discover
Where Urus body lay
But his body to the mists
Beyond the reach of they

Then Cerredwin and Andarta
For news of Teilo did appeal
But his questing is now over
For he has rejoined the wheel
So the Twelve were gathered
To save the Four plus One
And on Phelans quest they'll struggle
To do all that must be done

With quick questions answered
Four more answers yet to share
They set off on their travels
To the edge of Forest Fair

With scouts of the Thessessin
They traveled rivers fast
Land beside the water
Blurring as it past

Until at the feast of lanterns
By Evergreen were met
As half of another Maidens boon
So once more in her debt

Yewbee druid of valley folk
Select found sleeping there
Thirteenth to join the twelve
Once roused from comfy chair

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Far to the west they traveled
Into the lands of dead
To find their lost companion
And the queen who fled

Before the lands they entered
Black Boar barred their path
Pedroch of the Splintered Spear
Challenged them with wrath

The story then unfolded
Of all that there had passed
Battles wide and bloody
On fields were armies massed

The tale told of true seeing
By Columbarious of boar
Of the twelve great battles
To be fought by Tor
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

With Righ Lir Dispatched
In combat by Tors hand
He then ravaged southward
With his gathered band

The lands of green salmon
Have no sitting Righ
Three brothers vie for position
Which one though will it be?

But for tales telling
The Boar were duty bound
Select to Tor were summoned
But none could then give ground

So Pedroch and Andarta
Chose the honoured way
And in single combat
Andarta won the day

So onto death's lands they traveled
Passed the silent slain
To continue with their questing
And to answers gain

Through the mist and darkness
To Dans hall they came
And Madrock bard of those halls
Greeted them by name

They told the Lord their duty
And asks his leave to roam
To seek for their lost companion
And to take her home

This leave then they were given
To wander through his land
But in his hall no welcome
They were to understand
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

Gifts then to select were given
Of Amulet and Song
One calls Tribes of years passing
One to the Fair companion belong

Long into the dark of night
The Select drank and discussed
And with the mornings rising
Continue on they must

Back in the Feast of Lanterns
The companions did awake
But back to the four plus one the plan
So another way must take

Once breakfast was finished
They struck out for the wood
With the song of summoning
If remember it they could

As they walked their journey
Some Kalid did they greet
Travelling to the waystation
Where others they would meet

The swordsworn passed untroubled
No argument was sought
For the Select had other tasks
And battles to be fought

At the edge of Fairlund
Donnal raised the song

And after a short waiting
A Winds-Biting came along

After brief discussion
A meeting was agreed
At the feast of Lanterns
So back they did proceed
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

The Kalid there were angry
When Select did there return
But a single challenge
Toshiro did victory earn

Perilous Porch as the place was known
After Toshiros fight
As back and forth they battled
Champions of great might

The tribes passings leaders
Were there entertained
Their people not replenished
By the cauldron as ordained

The meeting place was broken
When heart of stone was took
Now it lies in Faelands
In Parliament of the Rook

With another problem
The group now had to solve

They set off for forest entrance
Filled with new resolve

There they met a Reader
Lord Farrell and his squire
To meet select in combat
Was his hearts desire

The battle of the long breath
A fine and worthy show
As Farrel and the quire met
Toshiro and Wertigo

Ages did the battle rage
Long and tiring fought
But with humour pleasant
And many fine retort
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

Then to sadder business
The silent supper made
For answers from the Deadlands
The Select called the shade

Both dead and the living
Answered the dinner bell
Phelan, Cynnon Bryony
All with tales to tell

Cai and McKinnitys killers
Names were there revealed

And Phelans last passing
Opened wounds not yet healed

But long into the night they talked
And their spirits rose
And of into the night they walked
On a path they chose

They called unto the tribes once more
To take them inbetween
For Parliament of Rooks they sought
And to Speak to a fallen queen

A magpie answered to their song
And brought news of the stone
Tomorrow he would bring it
But he would not be alone

Then he gave a clue
A way of traveling sure
A chain or mystic bond
That Bryony to Queen bore

And so selects Fae guide
Did give that chain a yank
And through to the Dans lands
They traveled in weather dank
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

The queen she raged with arrogance
Demanding Nimtors spear

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Or Bryony she'd never free
Which filled select with fear

They learned that the sword of indech
Was now held by Tor
Given to him by Columbarius
Which made selects path sure

Therefore to Nuada
The spear would be returned
Although the method of it's capture
Was something yet to be learned

For in the final battle
Spear in mans hand must be
And the sword in a Fomors
Before the end we'll see

So with oaths spoken by all
The Select went on their way
With the last of their company
Who could now with them stay

After a night of talking
And the occasional beer
The select took to their beds
In reasonable cheer

In the morning harvest time
Redcaps with dawn attack
They claimed selected owed bloodtax
But they did the Fae throw back

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With the frightful redcaps
Put into the ground
The Select lingered over breakfast
Unil they heard an eerie sound
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

A whistling and cawing
Heralded the summer court
with spinning dancing and cavorting
but still with tempers short

They told select a story
Of 2 men in Red and Green
And another both tall and short
His hair dark as light when seen

They it was that stole the stone
Upon Sativas way
But wounded did they flee
Into the lands of Fae

The stone for a song was purchased
and placed with great care
in Wertigos personal pouch
Into which no foe would dare

To walk paths of inbetween
The select did now decide
And started on their journey
With Kielty now their guide

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The Spirits of the Forest
Rose against the band
Casting each one by one
Away by nature's hand

The Herb Dryad spoke then
To Kielty and the bards
That Tors great sacrilege
Had raised the ancient guards

To Gorias the Select were sent
The Herb Dryad said
So Kielty and the bards then asked
To be sent where others lead
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

Gorias, forgotten dead
A place of death and tears
Spirits of forgotten foes
Languish for endless years

At a ford a howling band
Of spirits barred their way
So with swords and bravery
The select did cut a way

Bards voices raised to song and tale
For stories stunned the foe
When finally the last did fall
The select did onward go

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A simple farmers spirit
Told them of his life
Micah and his children
A lake, fish and his wife

But his life was cut short
In a senseless war
When peace was all he wanted
By his lakes calm shore

Then Noraz did select meet
In a clearing their
And the tale of Selects quest
They did with him share

It seemed that this stranger
Was an Oracles gift
For he the Fae pacts
Did tell them how to lift

With that he then showed them
To a Shrine of Three in One
And with their aid from Gorias
The Select did move on
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

Back to the Feast of the Lanterns
They did make their way
And a visit from the Spring Court
At the waning of the day

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Laudenem did Finns story tell
Of memories lost and given
Riddle games to recall
Those things from him shriven

Then Hammertongue did offer
Gifts freely to them each
Things of Fae crafting
Beyond most mortals reach

These gifts were a symbol
That on right path they walked
And support from the Fae Courts
Was clear from how they talked

After drink and merriment
Another task they face
To take the heart of stone
Return it to it's right place

On the Paths of History
They travelled with the heart
To where a Storyteller
Needed tales to impart

It spoke of distant ages
Tales held in the stone
Of a Wise old Hermit
Who made Four plus One his home

He told of a Cataclysm
That fell on Orin Land
And into the new forged towers
Did most people band

Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

But the hermit didn't
He fled into the Trees
And there he fell to sleeping
Never at his ease

Another task for the band
Put put this soul to rest
Though learning how to do this
Will be a another test

With the story told to them
Once more in darkened gloom
They headed back for respite
In the inns warm room

Discussion raged in earnest
While Beer and wine was drank
And one by one they drifted off
And into sleep they sank

Then in the early hours
While a handful did carouse
Nimtor the Red did visit
Only Cynnon did rouse

Andarta as the spokesman
Greeted this proud guest
And sort to understand
What from them he did request

The Tale of Phelan's Select

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The Spear he did offer them
For bards service for a year
For among the Fomor
No bards there are to hear

So the bargain was agreed
And after the final fight
A Bard will travel northward
Stories learn and to recite
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

To see the summer king
The Selects next steps to be
So back to the Inbetween
After breakfast and warm tea

Across a warband did they come
Barring firm their way
So to battle joining
With blood to start the day

With many Salmon fallen
Caerwolf boasted loud
He'd take Andartas life and leg
And kill with it he vowed

On that briared heath
The champions did fight
Until Andarta lost his leg
To Caerwolfs blow cruel

Caerwolf then challenged
The next champion to face him
Instead of shining sword he fought
With Adarta's bloody limb

The boast however proved too much
Upon that bloodied place
As Toshiro after long battle
His own victory sealed

So passing on beyond this
With tales of princes three
Fighting for the salmon kingship
Who will the ruler be?

Into the edge of forest
Kielty walked alone
For long minutes they waited
Until the way was shown
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

There the Herb Dryad
Lead them down the path
Avoiding for the time being
The Forests crushing wrath

To the summer king
The select were lead
For with him and his advisor
Words had to be said

The Compact of the Four plus One
Must still be remade
To join the lands and peoples
Or it all will fade

The hand must inbetween
Where the spirits must be shown
When the lame, shamed or dying
Are into the Cauldron thrown

The spear must pass into the hands
Of Nuada, Athea's son
If the the final battles
Is to be lost or won

Andarta will the summer king
At Imolc stand and face
And his name forever
In history have it's place

Tor will seek to place himself
Above the four plus one
This select must rectify
Before all they love is gone

For upon each is a Dan
They must learn and accept
Upon fates twisting path
They must keep their step
Phelans select were gathered
Thirteen companions true
To save the four plus one their Dan
And all will see it though

One will pay the crones price
Their life given for the lands
One will the summer king become
and wear three wedding bands

One will the Fair companion be
In the inbetween reside
Never walk the four plus one again
Nor on Orin Rakatha stride

Four of them will be nameless
Although less of them may be
Though this Dan is unclear
To it some will agree

Five of them or less perhaps
Accept the compact will
And upon the Four plus One
Their lives they will fulfil

Five of them of less perhaps
Reject the compact might
And never more the Four plus One
Will fall within their sight

So the with the Dans upon them
The ending now draws near
One last time companions
In the first moon of the year

Beyond this there last outing
Never will again

The Tale of Phelan's Select

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Phelans Select champions
Share together joy or pain

And so if this tale ends here
Remember all they gave
To fulfil their destinies
The Four plus One to save

As sung by Pryderi, Pathfinder, Bard of the White Hart

Heroquest Larp Lrp

A live action role playing mission report from the larp world of Orin Rakatha.