

Lost Child of Amber 004 – White Devils

In Tragor (Shadow World of the Witches)

Morgan Gallowglass



From Morgan, they learned that this medieval Shadow World was known as “Tragor”. To Morgan, it was the only world he knew and he’d never heard of “Shadows” or “Amber”.



When they accept the war horses as their prize for the Melee, Cassie (only used to tame riding horses) goes to mount it normally. Morgan – the grizzled veteran – yanks her backwards just as the beast turns to bite and kick.

“Careful Lass – these are Witch-bred War Beasts. Approach from the front, let him see you and smell you. Try an apple or carrots first. Let him walk past on his own when he’s ready.”

Normally being called “Lass” might have caused annoyance, but his tone and caring good-humour and his clear admiration for all three of them struck a chord with Cassie.

“Know a lot about horses do you Morgan?”

“My wife’s family were ranchers – a few pigs and sheep but mostly raised horses – riders and draft animals, not these beauties. I’d spent years as a soldier, then quartermaster in service to The Witch of ShadowSpire, rising to be a Captain in her Cavalry before retiring to the ranch.”

“So how’d a retired Captain end up at this Fair alone, risking life and limb to win a war horse?”

He looks pained for a moment but sighs and gives a half smile.

“My retirement only lasted three years and then the Beasts of the Black Road came. Wife and daughter killed in a raid, the ranch burned and the stock with it. I joined one of the mercenary companies and eventually we drove the monsters back. The Road faded back into the forest and now you can barely see it. There’s hardly a Beast left now, so work is scarce. Nothing left for me here.”

During his tale, Cassie had got to know her new steed and mounted. The old man’s encouragement and advice felt ... nice. She found herself warming to him.

“If you agree, I could ride with you. I’m good with horses. I can handle myself in fight (if not so well as you people) but I cook a good breakfast and can take my turn as sentry. I know these lands like the back of my hand. Shall we say a silver a day?”

[GM: In game terms, I invoked Cassie’s Trouble Aspect to give her a sort of temporary Father-figure to worry about – in exchange for Cassie gaining a FATE Point. Morgan could generate more FATE Points later by getting into danger or by wanting to earn his approval etc]

Nima – Witch of Icefire Peak



A young girl with long white hair, wearing far too little for the cool, damp climate, stepped up to Esther. When she spoke, her voice seemed MUCH older and her bright eyes squinted in a way that seemed to twist the beautiful features.

“I was most impressed by you in the combat. Your manner of spell-casting was most unusual. We could learn a lot from each other. Come with me to my castle as honoured guests and I can teach you some of my spells and you can teach me some of yours.”

Morgan interrupted, bowing low to the “girl” and introducing her as “Lady Esther, may I introduce Nima,

Witch of Icefire Peak – ruler of many of the lands around here”. It was clear he was warning Esther that Nima was important and dangerous.

Esther introduced herself as “Esther, General of Belisar”. She politely but firmly declined, claiming to have urgent business a long way away.

Nima and Morgan exchanged a few words, it was clear they were acquainted – Before retiring, Morgan had served in an army she had defeated many years ago.

The girl seemed annoyed, but remained coldly polite, inviting Esther to visit Icefire when she had time. She wandered away and was seen talking to about a dozen troops in her livery and nodding towards their little group.

The Dread Pirate, Roberts



A piratical looking chap approached Aleyn, introduced himself as “Roberts”, congratulated him on the victory and complimented him on his spectacular-looking blade. He asked to examine the sword more closely as it was of an unfamiliar type.

Aleyn took it out “Take a look... If you can bear it”. The etchings along the blade seemed to writhe and twist out of focus, but instead of being repulsed, the hunger in Roberts’ eyes was unmistakable. As they left town, they could see the man join a group of disreputable-looking thugs and preparing to ride.

A GM Thwarted!

My intention was to offer FATE points to both Esther and Aleyn at that point and have both groups pursue the party through Shadow for different reasons. However, Cassie decided to use her Shadow Manipulation powers to discourage pursuit and that potential “trouble” dropped away.

A Comfortable Inn

They rode on and Cassie imagined a series of potholes in the road that might delay any pursuers. Behind them the gang of bandits were delayed long enough for the troops of Nima to catch up with them. Our heroes only saw a distant flash of dazzling light and the sound of the clash of steel but

might (with Morgan explaining that the blinding flash was a spell he had seen Nima use before) have realised the two sets of pursuers were fighting.

An afternoon's Shadow Walking left Tragor far behind – somewhat confusing Morgan, but he was even more impressed with Cassie and had no particular ties to Tragor so was eager to see other worlds.

They reached the comfortable Inn that Cassie had imagined, at the edge of the forest and the start of a rocky desert, with distant mountains.

The next day they crossed the rocky plain and rounded the foothills and finally saw the tumbled rocks of the mountainside, the rocky landscape and stone fort, patrolled by dark-skinned troops in bright red jackets.

The Shadow – Britannia

The Fallen Mountain



A huge rockfall/landslide had clearly occurred a few weeks ago, but when they examined it more closely, they saw that something had burrowed its way out, scattering large boulders.

Seeing that there were a few corpses beneath the rubble, Esther cast her spirit-summoning spell and was soon rewarded by the ghost of one of the red-jacketed warriors.

The spirit seemed terrified at first, but her command of Sorcery forced it to answer a few questions...

The mountain had collapsed.



They came to investigate, and a FEROCIOUS BEAST had burrowed out of the mountain, causing a secondary rockfall that buried him and a couple of his fellow soldiers.

It had looked like some great ape, 10 to 12 feet tall, but with a more human-like face twisted with rage and hate!

Esther decided to investigate the tunnel the beast had left and found a jagged rock, just inside, stained with dried blood. She scraped some up and touched it to her tongue and it seemed to react to the Pattern in her blood, triggering a vision.

She was inside a stone cell. A thick stone door with a small square hole with a heavy grid of iron bars. Bright torch light shone through the bars as an unseen figure peered in. She stood inside a Pattern drawn in wet blood - almost a two-foot wide, writhing stream of blood that wove around and around the inside of the Cell – too big to fit into the small square space! Glaring into the light she felt almost overwhelmed with RAGE for whoever was outside looking in!

She described the sensation to the others and followed the tunnel about a hundred feet into the mountain to where she could see the same small iron grill. The door itself was blocked by the rockfall but something had dug its way through the grill and all the way to the surface.

When Aleyn reached the blood-stained rock, he touched his blade to the stain and felt its hunger. The bloodstain began to drain, sucked into the ever-hungry blade. As it did, Aleyn felt Rage growing in him and he looked around for somebody to kill. Fortunately, just before Esther reappeared, he managed to snap out of it.

Outside on the hillside, Morgan and Cassie had remained with the horses and heard a human voice screaming with rage – a man’s deep voice – screaming incoherently. The soldiers on the Fort battlements turned to look into the Fort and ran out of sight. The rage turned to grunts of pain and then stopped and shortly after, the guards reappeared on the battlements.

Death to the White Devils!

As the sun began to sink behind the mountain, our heroes rode toward the Fort the guards shouted an alarm and half a dozen of them came to the battlements and raised their long muskets and fired a volley at long range. There was a lot of ducking, swaying and Aleyn and Morgan raised shields to deflect the shots.

Esther shouted at them with a voice used to command legions. “Stop firing you fools! We come in Peace”.

The soldiers shouted back angrily “Never again – **White Devils!** We shall not be oppressed! Come nearer and die!”

While the soldiers hurried to reload, Esther summoned a beam of Moonlight to strike down one of them – killing him and hurling his body off the wall. The rest rode to the Fort and tried to leap up the gate and get among them.

Aleyn made it to the wall and gutted another as the others tried to stab him with bayonets. An officer with some sort of primitive 3-chamber revolver, joined his men on the battlements. When Cassie and Morgan reached the wall too, the defenders were easily overwhelmed. All the soldiers were killed, and the officer was knocked out when Aleyn decided a prisoner to interrogate might be useful.

At the noise of combat, the sound of angry yelling came from one of the three huts inside the compound. The sounds weren't words, just bellows of fury.



GM: Recap the Plot and Timeline

1. Benedict, Julian & Caine were asked by Oberon to maintain a watch over the Cell that was physically and magically holding Finndo (about 5 years ago, during the Patternfall War).
2. They left it mainly to Caine as Benedict has been busy in the Courts of Chaos and Julian in the Forest of Arden.
3. Caine had an Agent in Brittania (based at the Fort close to the Mountain) who had his Trump and was supposed to call-in every month with a status report.
4. The Agent missed his monthly call-in a few days before the family Feast attended by Cassie. Caine reported it to Benedict and said he would go investigate and report back.
5. About three weeks before this, strange fluctuations had been detected in the Pattern (detected first in the Rebma Pattern as they seemed to disrupt Magical Wards).
6. A few more days passed, and Caine has not been in touch, and you couldn't reach him via his Trump.
7. You then took 3-4 days to Shadow-walk to Brittania

8. The existence of “rival” Patterns (rather than just Shadow copies of the Amber Pattern) seems to cause chaotic “ripples” throughout Shadow.
9. It was Oberon and Dworkin who somehow built the magical prison that holds/held Finndo and his Pattern. Perhaps the death of Oberon, or the collapse of the Black Road, or the existence of Corwin’s Rose Pattern, weakened the magical prison?
10. Finndo was old enough to have been an adult back BEFORE the Amber Pattern was drawn, so he had originally been a Lord of Chaos from House Barimen (with Logrus Imprint and Demon-Form shape-change ability) before he Walked the Pattern.