



DUMNONNI  
chronicles

OUTLORE 2026:  
DISHONOUR'S PRICE

**In character Information**

# LISTEN!

Free Peoples of Culhaven, as we come close to Beltane's fires, I implore you to look at the land around you. Look to where the sun comes up, and see the forces of Conand and Morc skulk across the hills. Look to the shore and see Clapperleg's spawn slither unto our lands. Watch the vile smoke belch from Partholón's cauldrons as the alchemists stir.

Summer is upon us, and we are beset with enemies. Send me your champions, your sharpest swords, and your sturdiest shields. I invite the best of you to join me in Culhaven for Beltane. Come to me with your finest songs and most riveting tales.

As our enemies show up at our gates, let us give them a taste of our iron. Let us pile their bodies as high as Beltane's pyre, and let the wind carry the cries of their deaths to their halls.

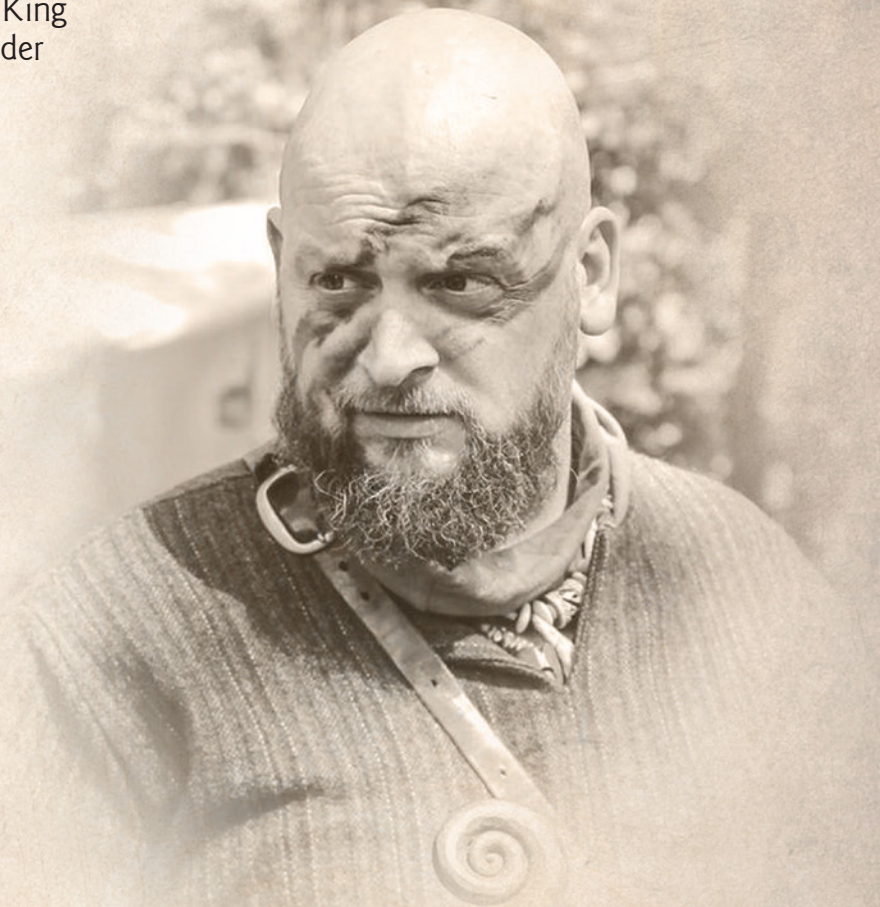
To them, we are strangers in these lands. To them, we are new, young, and brash. To them, we are lesser, smaller, and unknown. To us, they are but one of many foes. They do not know our hearts; they do not know the honour that courses in our veins.

To hold on to that honour, we have spoken harsh words and made difficult decisions as we went into winter. I trust all of you have come out better, ready to deal with any challenges the gods may bring to our gates.

On the battlefield, heed the words of High King Othrick as my own, for he will be War-Leader once again.

Lift up your stout shields, and meet me at the heart of the land. In the morning, our worries will remain, but Beltane is a time for feasting, for dancing around the fire, and singing songs of our glory!

**Fintan, Ard Rí of the Free Peoples**



# BELTANE GAMES AND THE KNOTTY

The Beltane Games draw near, a time to prove yourselves not only in arms, but in craft, in wit, and in will.

At the heart of our Beltane gathering lies this ancient tradition: each tribe, clan, and wandering warband is called to bring forth a challenge, whether it be feats of balance, endurance, or ferocity; a puzzle, riddle, or trick to twist the thoughts of even the sharpest minds; or perhaps something absurd, foolish, or funny, for the gods delight in laughter as well as glory!

Let it be a contest to stir the blood or tickle the mind, so long as it calls forth the best in us.

A knotty will be chosen - wise, impartial, and feared in equal measure - to serve as judge and keeper of order for the games. Their word will stand in all matters of contest.

So ready your challenges, sharpen your minds, and stretch your limbs. At Beltane, we do not just feast and fight! We strive for the glory of our ancestors and the blessing of the gods.

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**H**ear us, folk of Culhaven! By sword and fire, by hearth and horn - let it be known that hospitality is the finest mark of honour among our people. As warriors we may clash, but it is at the feast where true strength is shown: in generosity, in laughter, and in full bellies.

At Beltane, the Red Branch invite all to a mighty contest of hospitality and good cheer. Whether you bring stew to stir the soul, mead to warm the heart, or a pie so fine it could silence a druid, your offerings shall be judged by your peers, and by the gods themselves (if they care to visit).

Let no tribe, no hall, no wandering soul be left unrepresented. Bring forth your best, your boldest, or your most absurd. Pride, honour, and eternal bragging rights await.

## **There shall be six rounds, all judged on their own merit:**

Stew, hearty enough to revive a warband  
Pie, savoury or sweet, if it has pastry on all  
sides, it counts

Cheese, aged or wild, sliced or monstrous  
Cake, towering, decadent, or daft, fit for a  
chieftain's table or a bard's tale

Ale or cider, strength in a mug  
Mead or any short drink, sweet, sharp, or fiery  
and sung about.

On the afternoon of Beltane's Eve, bring your  
best, or be bested!

**By our words and honour, the Red Branch**



## PARTHOLÓNIAN SOLDIERS HAVE BEEN TRAVERSING THE LANDS GIVING THE FOLLOWING PROCLAMATION:

Good folk, hear the words of Prasinós, loyal servant of Queen Partholón. Long have you toiled against constant assault from the Fomorian menace and other foreign invaders. Your leaders are not up to the task of protecting you, and your lives are spent pointlessly.

Fear no more! The strong arm of Partholón has reached out to cradle you, and keep you from further harm. Already our alchemists have found a power which can rid the land of these sea monsters once and for all. Our forces are prepared to bring order where there is chaos, peace where there is strife, civilisation where there is barbarity, and truth to replace the lies you have been fed.

Do not listen to those that speak unjustly of us! We ask only that you submit to our rule and you will be protected as our own. If you resist it will be with a heavy heart - but also a strong arm - that we correct you.



# THE HOSPITALITY CODE OF CULHAVEN

Hospitality is the first oath, the oath before all others, as it is the code that binds society together and allows us to sit and be at ease without watching our backs. Regardless of any other oaths an individual may be bound by...

...hospitality must be respected.

Should hospitality be requested by a visitor, it must be given, unless they are outlawed or forsaken. You need not allow them to bear arms within your walls, and you may demand that they leave them at your gate, but all but those forsaken by the druids should be given hospitality. Were you travelling in hostile lands and in need of a safe haven, you would welcome this rule!

Once hospitality is granted, unless broken by the guest or by mutual agreement, it lasts until sunrise of the following day, regardless of whether the guest is within the walls or without. Should an enemy parley under hospitality and intend to return with hostile intent before this time period ends, they should declare their intent upon leaving, but will still be protected until their return.

Challenging a guest to honourable single combat is not a breach of hospitality.

Honourable folk always have the right to defend their reputation, so an honourable challenge is never a breach of hospitality.

Hospitality is not to be used as a shield for cowards and liars!

If hospitality is broken with an unarmed blow, the offended party may return the blow with three of their own: once for the injury, once for the insult to The Ard Rí's honour, and once for the insult to the gods.

When hospitality is broken by a weapon-wound, the offending party is to be cast out, their name blackened and honour tarnished. The only path back from this is to throw themselves upon the mercy of the druids, to be declared forsaken until the druids declare their honour redeemed.

Hospitality can be broken with wyrd, by causing harm in any way (including a curse). The offending party shall be placed under a geas of their host's choosing. Wyrd users are bound by hospitality just as strongly as any other!

Should a breach of hospitality result in death, the offending party shall be taken to the forge, and executed by the triple death: stabbed for the injury, strangled for the insult to the host's honour, and their head smashed in for the insult to the gods.

To break hospitality is to break your word; only a creature with no honour would break their word!

**As decreed by the previous Ard Ri Turalach**

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# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (WHO'S WHO)

## Partholónians

**Partholón:** the titular leader of the invaders. She has become physically corrupted and has been “rescued” by the free races from the “imprisonment” of Prasinós the High Alchemist. She is now in the care of Tain.

**Meran:** last survivor of the curse which destroyed the Partholónians during the first time around the cycle. He is the personification of one of the Partholónian ideals: honour. He has been a friend of the Free Peoples for many years, but now has his loyalties pulling in different directions...

**Tain:** Partholón's druid. He was not part of this new invasion, but instead had been hiding in plain sight. The druid Rhoninne has been him, and seen inside his mind. At present he protects Partholón, and seeks to understand the nature of her curse.

**Prasinós:** Previously Partholón's chief alchemist, but with Partholón rendered infirm, Prasinós has become the de facto leader of the Partholónian forces. He is a practical man with a ‘the ends justify the means’ approach to conquering the lands of the Dumnonni.

His alchemists have developed “Partholón's Perfume”, a purple mist which kills Fomorians and their close kin. He has also ordered the taking up of wyrd stones as weapons on the battlefield and may have other tricks up his sleeve to tilt a conflict in his favour.

He claims to want Partholón back in his care so he can find a cure for her ailment, but neither Tain nor Meran trust his intentions, as they both know him of old.

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## Fomorians

**Cichol Gricenchos:** called ‘Clapperleg’ by the brave or foolish. A sea monster and father of sea monsters. When there is blood in the water, he and his offspring come scuttling on their many legs. He has promised not to fight for a year and a day, giving the Free Peoples a chance to find a way of cracking his legendarily impenetrable shell. That time is running out, but has his weakness been discovered?

**Conand:** a powerful Fomorian, skilled in the art of twisted words. He has devised a way to challenge the Partholónian wyrd, which is anathema to his people. More than this, he feels it a corruption of honour. He has asked the Ard Rí for help in weaving this wyrd, but after being refused has found other ways to gather the power he seeks.

**Morc:** an as yet unseen ally of Conand. He is famously the more powerful of the two, though very slow to involve himself in mortal affairs. If he has thrown his power behind Conand's, then something truly terrible is coming.

**Grax:** chief of the Heart Eater Fomorians. Grax was once an ally of Clapperleg. However, because of what he considered dishonourable actions by Cichol's Drones, he turned against him and now works to destroy Cichol and all his kin. Although this makes him an ally of sorts to the Free Peoples, his methods at times give cause for concern. For example, he used the blood of Clapperleg's offspring to draw many of Cichol's remaining spawn to Culhaven, even though they have wreaked destruction on the innocent folk in their way.

**The White Fomorian:** another great weaver of wyrd. They are also a shape-changer and may walk among us unnoticed even now. Little is known of their motivation, but those oldest among our wise folk speak of his first appearance many, many years ago.

One legend seems to have reached the ears of wise folk, though it seems more like a child's bedtime story: if you can call him by his true name, his illusions will drop away, and he will speak only the truth.

He leads an army which until last year was at open war with the White Bear, though now a fragile peace seems to be holding.

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## The Free Peoples

**Fintan:** Ard Rí (High King) of the Free Peoples. Formerly Beert the Belligerent of the Frisii, Fintan retains his preference for blunt speech and decisive action, though some of his political rivals have found recently that he is just as cunning as he is direct.

**Othrick:** High King of the North in exile, and war-leader of the Free Peoples. While the North remains a ravaged land, Othrick's wyrd-weavers have found a way to send their warriors great distances along the branches of the world-ash, making the reclaiming of the North far more likely than previously imagined.

**Cleo:** steward of Culhaven. Fae in both nature and blood, Cleo is the beating heart of the fortress. Responsible for the smooth running of the Beltane festival, as well as strengthening the bonds of comradeship now Winter is nearly over. With the fighting season near at hand, enemies are plentiful, so friends should be cherished!

**Turalach:** Fintan's champion and warrior of the Red Branch. Since regaining his honour, Turalach has become an older, wiser man, as skilled in dispensing sage counsel and tactical advice as he is with sword and spear.

**Meg of Bickly:** Queen of the Dumnonni. Thrust onto the throne following the sacrifice of Drustan, she has travelled to Connaught to learn the art of queenship from the scheming Queen Maeve.

**Vinnox:** Meg's steward, and leader of the Dumnonni in her absence - a heavy burden to carry!

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## Other Peoples

**Maeve:** Queen of Connaught, a cunning adversary, and occasional ally to Culhaven. Maeve is always looking to find an edge. Both Queen Meg of the Dumnonni, and Turalach ap Net are said to be at her court, for reasons unknown.

Maeve's sons have also been sniffing about, seeming keenly interested in The Lord of the High Meadows.

**Cwenfrith:** Bretwalda (High Queen) of almost all of the Saxon folk. Her machinations are many and her methods often dark, as followers of the late Saxon and Merovingian Queen Eostre can attest...

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## THE GREAT BEAR

Reann is a broken-bodied White Bear warrior, whose impatience led him to embark on the sacred task of hunting a bear before his proper time.

An encounter with a **huge** bear - which in his fever-addled recovery he insists was Samhlach, the Great Bear - saw him smashed onto the World Stones outside Culhaven.

What the appearance of this legendary harbinger of Bear Clan violence portends for the fragile union between the White Bear and the Crimson Bear remains to be seen.

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Hear me, you so-called "Free Peoples" and their allies. You followers of a fool that calls himself King. I am Conand mac Febhar, The Unforgettable, Master of Túr Conand, and sworn enemy of Cichol Gricenchos.

I came to you, after defending the walls of your fortress twice, with an offer to help rid the world of the Partholónian scourge, and their vile and bitter brew that scars the land and poisons its wyrd.

My friend and ally, Morc mac Deled, The Tidal Wave of Tory Island - a Fomorian with a stature and might greater even than my own - intends to weave a ritual to turn the vile alchemy of the Partholónians against them. It will not slay them as it does my people, for they do not deserve an end so swift. It will warp and twist all those who have dishonour on their breath and cowardice in their hearts, and give them a form more befitting their pathetic actions.

All we required of you was a source of power: your nemeton, the Deep Well.

Despite me shedding blood in defence of your walls, despite my actions in saving some of your people from certain death, and providing an answer to the Partholónian poison, Fintan denied us! The fool found our plan unconscionable!

Yet, Morc is skilled in all forms of wyrd, and the wyrd of the blood is mighty indeed. So, blood we shall spill, from any and all who stand against us. Your warriors, your common folk, it matters little; to save my people yours must be sacrificed.

And do you know what the terrible humour of it all is? I never wanted this! Morc never wanted this! I do not value the killing of farmers and shepherds! There is no glory in slaying the helpless. I would rather meet your warriors in battle and revel in the honour of slaughter! Yet, too many of my kind have fallen to this foul concoction already.

A Fomorian life is worth ten of yours, and we shall not sacrifice any more of our kin unnecessarily. Our ritual will be complete when the Beltane fire is nothing but ash, and the Dair Rí (The Kings Oak) is soaked in blood.

If you choose to stand against us, we shall cut you down without mercy. Stay out of our way and you shall be spared until the Partholónians are gone, and Cichol lies dead at my feet.

Then, Conand mac Febhar and Morc mac Deled will bring the storm of war to your hearths!

**Conand mac Febhar, Master of Túr Conand**

