

POST-THE GATHERING 1110 BRIEFING

Given the scale of the IC events at the Gathering 1110, the plot team has decided to issue a one-off post-event briefing to give a clear IC picture of the current situation on Dragon lands.

The information below should be considered open information for any player character that is:

- A member of the Dragons Faction; and
- Was alive at the point of time out on the Monday of the Gathering 1110; and
- Had been played at the Gathering 1110 or any preceding mainline Lorien Trust or Sanctioned event.

The information comes in the form of an IC report that has been issued to all player characters who meet the above criteria and therefore players of such characters should feel free to print it off as a phys rep.

This report in no way constitutes downtime and players should only respond to IC at an event or via appropriate established methods (i.e. research requests or – where they have access to it - the FMP system).

All player characters that were not at the Gathering or were on Dragon lands during the events described should be assumed to have managed to escape the destruction/invasion and made their way to Caer Danon.

Player characters can no longer be based or travel anywhere on Dragon lands other than Caer Danon unless Christian Ellingsen – Dragons Plot Rep – has explicitly stated otherwise.

To prevent contradictions with plot information yet to be released, please do not assume any specific information about the escape/happenings on Dragon lands. If you wish to add flavour – i.e. provide more specific information - to how your character escaped, please run your ideas past the Dragons plot team by emailing plot@dragonsfaction.org so we can make sure they do not contradict something we or someone else has in mind.

It is strongly advised that if you are generating a new character that you drop a line to plot@dragonsfaction.org so the plot team can help you work the character into the current situation.

If you have any queries, please email the plot team at plot@dragonsfaction.org.

Further information may be made available via appropriate channels to appropriate individuals and/or groups.

Thank you all for your patience and help as deal with the faction's new found situation.

It will be interesting and we look forward to making it as entertaining, interesting and engaging as possible for you.

All the best,

The Dragons Plot Team

DON'T FORGET TO BOOK FOR THE WASTE LANDS (THE DRAGONS' OCTOBER EVENT) – A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE YOUR MARK IN CLAIMING BACK DRAGON LANDS. DETAILS CAN BE FOUND HERE <http://www.dragonsfaction.org/events/details/9>

My Lords and Ladies of the Dragons,

I and the Lord Chancellor's Staff have been working since our return from the Gathering to establish precisely what occurred within Dragon Lands over the course of the weekend.

In truth, it may take many months to piece the full picture together – it may be impossible – but through interviews with the refugees that have made it here to Caer Danon safely, we have managed to develop the following.

Early evening of the Saturday, the Warpoint was attacked off the north eastern coast of Dalriada. Reports from the survivors talk of the sudden churning – it looked as though the sea was boiling – and then a sudden rending sound from the bowels of the ship as though the ship had run aground on rock. The ship began to quickly flood and from beneath decks came screaming. The first mate gave the order to abandon ship as fomori burst from the hold. Many of the crew died but a handful managed to make it to one of the islands of the land bridge. They waited until low tide and managed to walk to Dalriada.

It seems that soon after this attack, fomori were seen rising from the Erin sea into Dalriada.

My discussions with the refugees suggests that their progress was swift and brutal and some talked of how a great and most hideous fomori – with a red stain over one eye – led the charge, cleaving down any that were within reach.

The fomori advanced towards the Nine Maidens ritual circle. Local militia attempted to resist the advance but were crushed with barely a break in the fomori's strides. Those Dalriadans who attempted to resist and those who attempted to flee and were not fast enough were slaughtered. Only those who submitted to the fomori without resistance and those fleet of foot survived.

The survivors of the Warpoint had made their ways already towards the Nine Maidens, but there they found the circle held by a force of fomori and firvulag. With a few utterances some of the survivors' numbers were destroyed with powerful magics. The others turned and ran, heading south for Ulster (as from their vantage point above the hills they could see the advancing tide of refugees and their fomori harassers).

As the survivors headed south they met up with and managed to organise the refugees, leading them over the border and into Ulster, hoping that the Mourne Mountains would slow the enemy advance and give them enough respite over night to allow them to rest, gather supplies and notify the armies and the nobles.

However, it was not to be.

Refugees from Leinster spoke of how on Saturday night Fomori spewed forth from both Medb's Ring and the Rainbow Ring and all their connected transport circles. They did not advance, simply held the circles.

As the night went on runners came from the northern part of the Leinster warning of a Fomori advance from Clare. As with Dalriada, those that showed no resistance were ignored, it was only those that tried to flee or show resistance that were slaughtered.

Those that were able to fled south and east, hoping that the Fomori advance would somehow stop. It never did. They were hounded to the coast, many having to run through the night and well into the morning to finally reach a fishing village where they could flee aboard a boat.

It seems that was the end of it. A quick advance of the Fomori into Dalriada and Leinster.

But then Sunday afternoon came and the situation turned to true chaos.

It is more difficult to piece together precisely what happened at this point – especially in Cymrija.

The Fomori advance had seemed to have stopped early that morning.

No one who fled in to southern Connaught seems to have been pursued past the Leinster border. Those from Dalriada were not hounded after they entered Ulster.

Perhaps the Fomori were simply taking stock or perhaps they had achieved their objectives and something new happened on the Sunday that caused them to advance once more.

Either way, in the early part of the afternoon the Fomori advanced once more. In the north Fomori advanced from Galway into Donegal. Those that fled and survived talk of fleeing to the transport and ritual circles to attempt to transport away – their friends and family being cut down around them and the transporters were slaughtered – the only surviving witnesses those with the groups who had fled the circles at the Fomori's advance.

Those that continued north though were confronted with an even greater enemy. Three survivors – and three only so far – have reported seeing a form drag itself from the water near the ruins of Croodle. Upon stepping on Erin it lifted the patch from over its scarred eye and all before him died.

The three survivors – who still shake even now with fear and shock – were some distance away, lagging behind their comrades., outside of that baleful glance's effect.

From Dalriada the Fomori poured into Ulster and from Leinster into southern Connaught.

The refugees have reported that they witnessed the brave men and women of the combined Erin armies and marines, stem the tide of the Fomori advance into Meath, allowing those survivors that fled that way to reach the coast. The reports from the last refugees to leave, report that the armies were stuck between the Fomori to the north and west and the unliving held Connaught to the south. A thin strip of land being held by true Dragon warriors, willing to stand to the last man for their homeland.

Reports that have come from refugees from Mullingar, however, are quite different. They speak not of Fomori but of how the earth itself turned against them.

Of the few refugees I have spoken to from Mullingar (barely more than a dozen from the area near Finnbenach) they speak of the Southern and Northern Erin armies being forced back from Clare into Mullingar but how when the Fomori attempted to follow the land itself rippled and tore upwards to strike at anything moving, whether it were Fomor or Dragon, around them.

These strange attacks by the land carried on even when the Fomori retreated and soon the armies and the people of the province were forced away as well. Attempts to use Finnbenach failed, the transport rites being completed but the rites having no effect.

By early evening ships and boats from all across Erin were risking a perilous journey, for in the words of one survivor "the sea itself was alive". The waters around the coast were churning. Boats and ships were sunk as the Dragon ships patrolling the Erin sea attempted to help.

Reports are confused as to which ships of the navy were also lost amongst the fishing boats and merchants ships but reports suggest that the Firestorm, the Erin Dream, the Good Ship Haribo, Invada's Folly and the Naughty Lass have all been sunk. We can only hope that their captains and crews manage to make it safe haven upon Caer Danon.

In Cymrija the news is more sparse, and perhaps more worrying because of this. The numbers of Cymrijan refugees currently seems to be lower. Whether it is because they have fled across the borders to Caledonia and Albion or whether it is because they have been unable to flee it is not yet known.

Refugees from southern Cymrija have spoken of how upon Sunday afternoon their was a thunderous clap that seemed to drown out every other noise and didn't not stop - instead turning into a deep roaring of continuous noise.

For those close to the Dragonspines the ground shook and despite their best attempts to flee they never seemed to escape the earthquake until they reached the far south near Caerdydd. Witnesses speak of a great plume of fire and lava erupting into the air from the vicinity of Mount Dragon's Doom and

soon a thick cloud of dark ash swamped the mountain tops. Those who had remained close to the Spines have described how it seemed as though the Spines were splitting, huge sections of mountain top separating and tumbling down the sides into the valley floors.

Everyone I and the Chancellor's men have spoken to has seen the fear in these people's eyes. They had grown up with the tales and beliefs in Y Ddraig and new very well Y Ddraig's purpose and new very well that the destruction could mean only one thing – the Dragon was awake.

Although western Cymrijans could see the black smoke over the Dragonspines they face their own issues. At the same time as Mount Dragon's Doom erupted, trees began to grow rapidly across the plains of Cymrija, apparently spreading out from Kappa Forest (and from reports from southern Cymrijan refugees, Ravenscar).

As the forest grew howling could be heard. The people in the fields ran, locking themselves in their buildings and hiding behind the city walls. Farmers and those who had not lived in the cities and who could not find refuge within the walls fled further, stealing boats if necessary to set sail for safer lands.

By Saturday evening refugees were pouring into Caer Danon and it was all that the Green Company could do to maintain order and see the refugees create shelters. The isle is now overrun with escapees from the destruction and invasion. Already the refugees are chopping down the trees on the isle to make more permanent shelters.

But there is hope, already many speak of looking to join the army or offering up ships and their skills to rebuild the fleet.

They say the Dragon will survive.

And so say we all.

In service to the Dragon,

Jonathan Reynolds

Warden of the Privy Chambers

Chancellor's Office