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The Morning in a Jar | Scene 1 of 6

The Grey Square

The Grey Square

What the heroes want

Work out where the morning went, and set out after it.

Ways to try it

1. Ask around. Who was awake when the light went?
2. Follow the gold light. Can you keep it in sight?
3. Look at the sky. What is strange about the stars?

What did your heroes do? Write it or draw it here

Scene 1 of 6

The Grey Square

Read this scene in: Quick Quest, Short Session, One-Sitting Session, Full Session, Epic Session

Read aloud

Cock-a-doodle… doo? A rooster crows, then stops, puzzled. It should be morning. Everyone in Spucularum is up and dressed. But the sky is still grey, like old dishwater. Mrs Crumb the baker stands in her doorway with a bowl of flat dough. "The sun came up," she says, "and then it went away again." She points west. On a far hill, one tiny gold light twinkles in a tower window. "Somebody should go and ask it what it's doing."

What the heroes want

Work out where the morning went, and set out after it.

Ask your players

Ask each player in turn

Mrs Crumb gives each hero one thing from her bakery for the trip. What does your hero take?

A roll, a bun, a cake. Food helps with the lost fox later.



The Grey Square

Ways to try it

Ask around the square

Kind, DN 8

It works

The night-watch saw it. "The sun peeped up, then whoosh! It went backwards, like water down a plughole. Toward the old tower on the hill."

It doesn't

Everyone is too sleepy to make sense. Then a little old man tugs your sleeve and points west: "The light went THAT way."

Follow the gold light

No roll

It works

You head west out of the city, keeping the tiny gold light in front of you like a star.

It doesn't

If the heroes lose it in the fog, the light blinks again, just once, as if somebody is peeking out of the window. Off you go.

Look at the stars

Clever, DN 10

It works

The stars are still out, and every one of them leans toward the hill, like flowers toward the sun. Something up there has their light.

It doesn't

The stars make no sense. But a sleepy moth flutters past, then another, all flying west. Follow the moths.

Just for you, not to read out

Mrs Crumb knows two useful things and says both if asked. The light did not fade slowly: it went backwards, all at once. And the gleam on the hill is the only warm thing left in the Vale. Let the players work it out: this is not weather. Somebody took the morning.