

MOONDAY

Yara the Half-Orc Monk age 23

Narissa the Tiefling thief age 26

Briar the Half-Elf Ranger age 18

Tariel the Elven Bard age 100

A campfire in the middle of the woods at sundown. Narissa is sitting on a log sharpening her knife while keeping an eye on Tariel who is twirling around the campfire light strumming her lyre and singing softly to herself. Briar is sniffing out the best potatoes to roast on the fire and Yara is standing nearby doing a series of calisthenic exercises.

Narissa: I love this.

Tariel grins and bats her eyes at the Tiefling rogue and begins to sing louder.

Narissa: (Smirking) Gods Stilnyst! I didn't mean your infernal song! I meant this - the start of a new adventure.

Tariel: (Huffy) Oh well excuse me for thinking you were enjoying the privilege of your private performance of the most popular song in the East Meadowlands...

Narissa: (Looking at the Elf's taut ass in her flowy-skirt) I was enjoying the performance... I just wish it was under a silencing spell...

The two of them begin to bicker before Yara breaks it up.

Yara: (Holding her meaty hands up to quiet her two companions) I too am filled with excitement at starting this new journey. Though we set out as younglings, each step we take will bring us new lessons and experiences and we shall return here in the end rich in wisdom and personal growth.

Narissa: And rich in gold hopefully.

Briar: (Chomping on a half-cooked potato) Gold is not yummy and gold can not bear you a litter, so how can it bring you so much pleasure?

Narissa: Speak for yourself bunny-girl. What do you want to get out of this?

Briar: The elders of my warren said that this would be a good opportunity to make friends with other bipeds like myself. They say it's not healthy as a half-elf to hide in the thickets all day eating berries and twitching my nose at my lagomorphic brothers and sisters....

There is silence for a moment before Taniel bursts out laughing.

Taniel: (To Narissa) Are you hearing this?

Yara: (Curtly) Do not make fun! In our half-elf companion I see the heart of the warrior.

Briar: Additionally I am hoping that we meet many healthy young human or half-elven men for me to experience the sensation of procreation with.

Narissa: You're in our party to get laid?

Briar: I wish to have a litter of my own - and to feel a male human's fallus inside of me.

Taniel: Oh my-

Briar: I have never experienced such a pleasure. Because I have just now come of breeding age.

Taniel: Oh my god.

Briar: My parents would procreate 10 times a day. They indicated that it was quite enjoyable.

Taniel: Holy-

Briar: But I was disappointed that there were no suitable men in the starting village.

Narissa: I know kiddo. There wasn't much in that hovel of a town.

Taniel: Except dust, mud and the smell of old people.

Narissa: All I managed to nick was about 5lbs of copper.

Taniel: (Sarcastically sweet) And ONE heart...

Narissa: You're just jealous.

Taniel: Of your frumpy worn-out barmaid? Please.

Yara: (Doing a series of practice roundhouse kicks in the air.) Atka is a very handsome woman!

Taniel: (Smirking) And I'm confused... Are those frown lines and grey streaks because of the time monsters we've been hired to kill or... was she just the oldest woman in the village before they came?

Narissa: (Trying to play it cool) Unclear. But there is something to be said about a woman with experience.

Briar: I hope to find my own Atka in the next town we pass through... only a man, and young, and well endowed.

Tariel: You'll find your Mr. Right soon enough, bunny girl. You won't be able to help it now that you're part of the entourage for the hottest young bardess in the land.

Yara: (Doing a one-handed handstand) But first we must rid this neighboring dungeon of it's time monsters.

Yara cartwheels into a backflip and lands effortlessly on a seat by the fire where she pops one of the potatoes into her mouth. Tariel begins to sing and dance again, wiggling her tight booty in the firelight.

Narissa: (Staring at her ass) I'd still prefer it under a silencing spell...

STARDAY

Yara age 28

Narissa age 35

Briar age 45

Tariel age 350

Briar's children - toddlers

Narissa sits at the campfire eating a piece of fruit off of one of her knives. Tariel sits across from her composing a song on her lute. Yara is practicing bow strikes while balancing on one leg and Narissa is gathering berries from the surrounding bushes. There are half a dozen tiny human-looking children running around climbing on the party members.

Narissa: Who are these kids again?

She pushes one out of her lap and holds him back at knife point.

Tariel: They're Briar's brood.

Narissa: How, she wasn't even pregnant! We've been with her the whole time!

Tariel: She got knocked up by that human field hand in the last town and then while we were crossing the river and the little time creature bit her ankle well...

Narissa: Gods...

A little boy, Neidio, crawls on to Narissa's lap again when her guard is down.

Neidio: Tell me a story m'lady?

Narissa: (surprised) Gah! Errr sorry... little boy. I don't associate with dirty-faced bed-wetters.

She picks the boy up and 'gently' tosses him away.

Tariel: It's funny - 'dirty-face bed-wetters' is exactly how I would have described most of the people you associate with.

Narissa: (Snearing) Ha. Ha.

A little girl, Gwynnen, looks up at Tariel adoringly.

Gwynnen: You're so pretty. I want to be just like you when I grow up.

Tariel: When you grow up, small one, you will be exceptionally attractive by human standards and worthy of being one of my fans.

She pats the little girl on her stawberry blonde head.

Yara: You seem to be taking your extra years very well now. I was concerned for you for a while back there.

Yara is doing squats with a third tiny girl, Llipa, balanced on her shoulders. Tariel gives the half-orc an aloof look.

Tariel: I have no idea what you mean.

Yara: When the creature scratched your arm and you gained your first 50 years, you wailed so long and so hard that I was afraid you would grab Briar's sword and run yourself through.

Tariel: (Embarrassed) Oh well... that was just the emotions of the moment.

Yara: And then over the next several bites and scratches when you gained a few hundred more years and collapsed into a ball, sobbing in the center of the cavern and we needed to pull you out and carry you the rest of the way back to the camp.

Narissa: Priceless. I made an orb of remembrance to capture that moment for the rest of my days!

Tariel: Which won't be many more if you don't shut it Narissa!

Yara: I do not bring this up to bring you shame Lady Stilmyst. Merely to celebrate that you appear to be doing much better.

Tariel: Yes, well, I saw that the damage was far from severe... I'm still quite young and beautiful even by Elven standards. So I take this as a boon. I appear to be in my 300s and I'm no longer a teenager. I can write more mature songs and sing about womanhood and the concerns of young adults.

She begins singing a song she just wrote about paying taxes.

Narissa: We didn't ask for an example.

Tariel: Honestly, most of my young human fans would be ancient geezers by the time I got to be this age naturally. So it'll be nice for them to get to witness this stage of my career and still be able to dance to the music.

Narissa: Good ol' Stilmyst. Always thinking of the Little People.

Briar comes over with a sack full of berries, flanked by three other young kids.

Briar: Come little ones, it's supper time... the fire's dying down a bit - friend Yara?

Yara: I've got it!

Yara breaks up several thick logs with her bare hands and tosses them onto the fire as Briar stokes it. Llipa snaps a small twig and mirrors her half-orcish mentor.

Narissa: So... are we going to swing back to the town and drop these brats off with their dad or...

Briar: Oh no, in the morning I shall train them on cantrips and they shall support us in battle!

EARTHDAY

Yara age 35

Narissa age 45

Briar age 55

Tariel age 450

Briar's kids - teenagers

Narissa is laying on her back on a log holding a hand above her face and moving a coin between her knuckles. Briar is trying to make food on the fire while also settling a dispute between two punk-looking unnamed teenage offspring. Tariel has spread out quicksilver on a piece of cured leather and is fussing over her reflection, while Yara is working out, maybe half a step slower a few feet away, with a now tall, athletic-looking Llipo following along the routine with ease.

Tariel: (looking in horror at her reflection - the equivalent of a human woman in her late 30s)
This is awful! That last blast of dust from the mummy knight or whatever that thing was brought me to my mid-400s! I actually have a crease by my eye!!!

She tries to stretch it out with her fingers.

Briar: Grey whiskers bring character.

Tariel: I didn't say I had ANY whiskers you dumb MILF! Not everything is relatable in bunny terms!

Narissa: Will you calm down! You're going to alert every creature in the gods damn region that we're camping out here.

Tariel: I'm having a crisis here Narissa!!!

A beautiful red-headed teenager comes up beside her to look in the mirror.

Gwynnen: ooo aunty Tariel, do you mind if I take a peak in your reflective thingy here? I want to fix my hair!

Tariel: Take your beautiful perfect young face out of my sight!!!

Briar: Come, let's all have some roasted carrots. That will make us all feel better.

Narissa spots Neidio sitting and reading near her. Her interest is piqued.

Narissa: Psst! Kid. What are you reading?

Neidio: Advanced alchemy for practitioners and laymen. It's an in depth text on the fundamentals of-

Narissa: Hey kid, I didn't ask for a book review. I just wanted to know what it was called... how would you like to come sit with me and I'll teach you a bit of sleight of hand?

Neidio: Well... I still have a bit more to read before the sun goes down.

Narissa: You can take a break and come sit with me for a little bit can't you?

Her tail flicks over and gently rubs the boy's arm.

Neidio: I feel it's right that I warn you that I'm not interested in older women.

Narissa's face turns crimson at being misread. The boy gets up and moves.

Narissa: Hey kid! You're not my type either!

She sits back down and grumbles, flipping her coin in her hand.

Yara: You are quick-footed young Llipa.

Yara is panting a little and wiping sweat off of her lined forehead as the two work-out buddies break for the night.

Llipa: I have to be. I need to be the best warrior in order to defend you all in battle!

Yara: (Correcting) We all play our roles and defeat our enemies as a team.

Llipa: Yes but - soon you'll all be too old to fight and I will have to bring up arms with my siblings.

Yara laughs and musses the ¾ Human-girls hair.

Yara: That is not a concern you should worry yourself with. We are gaining knowledge with each battle and dungeon and are much better now at fighting back these time monsters than we were when we set out! You'll see. From here on out we should hardly age another year!

MOUNTDAY

Yara age 45

Narissa age 55

Briar age 70

Tariel age 550

Briar's kids - In their 30s

Briar's grandkids - tweens

Narissa is sitting with a dagger in her lap, rubbing the small of her back and trying to stretch.

Briar is sitting stoking the fire with a grandchild on her lap as her adult children look on approvingly. Yara is huffing and puffing as she attempts to do sit-ups despite her growing gut.

And Tarel is trying to squeeze into her sexy performance clothes that now seem a few sizes too small for the middle-aged diva.

Tarel: Damn skirt - must - have - shrunk in - the river!!

Narissa: (Rolling her eyes) Yeah or your ass doubled in sized in that last battle. One of the two.

Briar: We will have to rummage through the bag of necessity for more outfits. I'm so thankful you stole it from that traveling merchant friend-Narissa or else my grand-babies would be forced to journey with us naked.

Narissa: These are your GRANDKIDS!? I thought these were just like feral woodland orphans you picked up because well, you're YOU.

Briar: No this is Neidio's daughter Starla.

The girl waves awkwardly at the rogue.

Narissa: But seriously. Could someone explain to me how that even makes sense?

Yara: (Grunting as she stands) When we stopped at that elven outpost at the edge of the last forrest - the kids let their hair down a bit and mingled with the locals... and then we entered that purple crystal cavern...

Narissa: Ah okay. I see it now. Ugh... I don't think I've ever felt this sore. Ducking into the shadows has really started to wreak havoc on my back!

Tarel: Well at least now when we get back to the starting village you'll be age-appropriate for your girlfriend...

Narissa: Hey! You have a point Stilmyst. And if I can manage to filch a couple vials of that water that turned you into a baby that one time, Atka and I could have a very young night under the sheets going from Matrons back to horny teenagers...

Tarel: You're despicable.

Narissa: Excuse me PRINCESS... or is it more like Dame Stilmyst now? Anyway, you were the one that brought her up.

Yara: Now friends, we are all on this journey together. We might feel stiffer and sorer in our bones but we are still powerful warriors and we have an adventure to complete.

She sits by the fire as her knees make popping sounds. Tarel is unable to button her tunic.

Tariel: It's just not fair! Why am I aging proportionally to the rest of you! One of the main perks of being an elf is staying beautiful while you get to watch all your friends grow old and die!

She tosses down the garment.

Briar: Hush friend-Tariel. Come eat some carrots.

The half-elf hands her some food and gives her a smile with her now plump cheeks.

Tariel: How have you put on this much weight on nothing but a diet of fruits and vegetables!

LEAFDAY

Yara age 55

Narissa age 65

Briar age 100

Tariel age 650

Briar's kids - In their 60s

Briar's grandkids - In their 40s

Briar's great-grandkids - In their teens

Narissa is squinting at a tree about 10 feet away and trying to aim a dagger. Yara is doing some very labored jumping jacks, her hair is now beginning to go grey. Tariel is trying to put a glamour on her jowled, creasedrawn face. Briar is sitting back on some logs, resting her hands on her belly and enjoying a foot massage from a group of 4 elven teenagers.

Narissa: These trees are too thin in this area. I can hardly see them.

Tariel: That's because you need glasses!

Narissa: My eyesight is fine! I can make out your frumpy ass from a mile away.

Tariel: Well at least i'm not going grey!

Narissa walks over to the elf and grabs a strand of hair amongst the faded blonde.

Narissa: Oh yeah? What's this then?

Tariel: (Enraged) I'll kill you you demon!!!

Yara: Friends! Friends! (huffing and groaning to stand up.) Save the fighting for the enemy. Only two dungeons left to clear. We have to reserve our strength and energy.

Briar: Yes ladies. We are almost finished with our adventure. Take these peaceful moments and enjoy them.

Tariel: How am I supposed to enjoy anything when my tits are flopping against my waist!!

Narissa: Oh is that why you “critically missed” with that blacksmith in the last town?

Tariel: No! No! He was really digging me. Said I looked like someone famous.

Narissa: How did you introduce yourself?

Tariel: (admitting reluctantly) ... As Tariel Stilmyst’s mother... But he was still game until mrs. Bunny over here hopped over to get with the man’s brother and told both of them that she was a great-grandmother!!!

Briar: What? It’s true.

Tariel: It’s a mood killer.

Briar: I still bedded the brother.

Narissa: Ahha!!!!

Tariel: Shush it rogue! You’re older than that bar-matron you fancy now.

Yara is sitting and stretching her legs out, leaning back and applying pressure to her back.

Yara: Hopefully there won’t be a lot of climbing in the next dungeon. I used to love climbing. Now I hate it at my age... Briar, would one of your young brood be agreeable to massage the deep tissue of my muscles?

Briar: I’m sure they’d be happy to help their great-aunty Yara.

SKYDAY

Yara age 65

Narissa age 75

Briar age 150

Tariel age 750

Briar’s kids - in their 80s

Briar’s grandkids - In their 60s

Briar’s great-grandkids - in their 30s

Briar's great-great grandkids - children.

Half-Elven children are running all around the campsite being chased by their vexed parents. Sitting around the center are 4 grey haired women. Narissa who is now sporting glasses and a bit of a stoop is trying to move a coin between her knuckles but her arthritis is getting in the way. Tariel who is singing a song to make herself appear young and beautiful again but her aged voice keeps causing her to go off key and break the spell, revealing a dour-looking old elven woman. Briar who is a plump jovial grandmotherly ranger wearing glasses as well and enjoying the family bustling around her. And Yara who is attempting to do seated yoga and struggling. One of her tusks is broken and her flabby wrinkled body is quite stiff and saggy.

Narissa: (Rasping in a husky voice) Only one more dungeon to go.

Tariel: Speak up rogue! It's impolite to mumble!

Narissa: I SAID ONLY ONE MORE DUNGEON TO GO!

Yara: (grunts) Yes if we fight well we will finish this adventure with wisdom AND honor.

Tariel: If we fight well we might actually be able to finish their adventure still being able to chew our own food.

Briar: I'm sorry about missing that last time gremlin Narissa. My aged fingers make it a challenge to aim a bow.

Narissa: No need to apologize, Bunny-girl. We're all dealing with the drawbacks to arthritis.

Tariel: Speak for yourself I can still strum my Lyre like a pro.

She demonstrates, hiding the fact that her gnarled fingers are protesting.

Narissa: I wish these spectacles were stronger. I spent too much time in that last room trying to hobble around traps on my bad legs to get what I thought was a sack of gold, only to discover after all my effort that it was a dead rat!

Tariel: The fire's dying down... Half-Orc!... Ahem, I mean Yara dear, would you get us more wood?

Yara nods and groans as she slowly stands to an upright position. Her thick legs are puffy and her knees nobby. She waddles over to a stack of logs and struggles to lift them. She decides on some of the smaller ones and makes a big show of hefting them onto her broad, but slumping shoulders as she slogs back to the fire.

Briar: That's better. I get cold so easily now.

Tariel: How do you think I feel? You've got three times as much chub on those old bones as I do!

A group of 6 white-haired wrinkled elderly humans shuffled forward to them. A wizened old female warrior with long hair and a frail body in ill-fitting armor addresses the party.

Llipa: Mother... aunties. We have fought as bravely as we could for you the past few days, staying on the front lines and protecting you.

Gwygen: My beautiful red hair's gone grey!!!

Neido: Pipe down Gwyn!

Llipa: But we're old... and tired... I can't even lift my sword above my head.

Yara: You are with honor Little Llipa.

Llipa: (nodding) Thank you. My siblings and I have decided that in the morning we will head off and settle the farmland we passed this evening. There we will spend the rest of our days in peace and quiet.

Briar: If that is what you feel is best my darlings, then I support it.

The old humans mumble among themselves for a minute, debating whether to say the next part. Finally the old bearded man steps forward.

Neidio: We think you should come with us! You'll be as old as us soon - older if you keep this up. And gods know you're in no shape to battle monsters. You could break a hip!

Tariel: Rude!

Narissa: Respect your elders, kid.

Neidio: No but that's my point - WE'RE your elders now because we soaked up a bunch of the damage in these dungeons... when we're gone you'll have to fend for yourselves!

Yara: And fend we shall, dear Neidio. I have fight left in these old bones.

Briar: My darling sons and daughters... we set out on this adventure just the four of us-

Tariel: Actually I think there was supposed to be two other party members, but they never showed up for some reason.

Briar: Shush. We started this together and now we are so close to achieving what we set out for that it's only fitting that we end this together. Go my children and rest. Your mother and her friends will see you again when we are triumphant.

SUNDAY

Yara age 75

Narissa age 90

Briar age 180

Tariel age 900

A small campfire is crackling lightly as 4 very wizened white-haired old hags gather around it. Narissa is shriveled with her horns chipped and gnarled like tree roots. She is hunched, squinting and balancing on a small cane. Yara's pale green saggy body is leaning against her staff. She is toothless with two broken tusks and constantly flexing her withered hands to keep a good grip on her weapon. Briar is a puffy wrinkled old granny with flopping pointed ears, also toothless with a very loose neck waddle. Tariel is frail and thin but possibly the most wrinkled of the four. Her eyes are deep and sunken and her pale withered body is exposed as she is just wearing an opened robe. Her long bony fingers scratch at her loose deflated breasts as she wets her lips and whistles a tune softly to herself.

Yara: (In a quavering voice) Friends! We did it! We vanquished the time wizard!

Tariel: EH? WHAT?

Narissa: If there's going to be a blizzard maybe we should hurry and find an Inn.

Briar: But I just put a soup on!

Yara: No I SAID WE ARE TRIUMPHANT.

Tariel: A trumpet? Oh no I didn't bring a trumpet...

Briar: What is she saying?

Narissa: I think Stilmyst pissed herself again.

YARA: (Yelling as loudly and slowly as she can.) I SAID WE FINISHED OUR ADVENTURE AND WE ARE TRUE HEROES!!

The other three: *Ooooooh!*

Tariel: But we're so old now! I can't go back to my bardic tour like this! I can hardly walk let alone dance.

Narissa: Not that anyone one would like to see you shaking that shriveled ass of yours on the tavern stage.

Tariel: I still catch you staring at it you old biddy! Even though yer blind as a bat!!

Briar: It will be nice to see my kids again... and my grandkids... and my great grandkids.... And my great - great grandkids... I wonder if I have any great-great-great grandkids?

Narissa: The population of that entire settlement is probably related to you now!... It'll be nice to get back to our starting point and see Atka again.

Tariel: You're old enough to be her grandmother now.

Narissa: But there's still passion in these old bones.

Yara: I'm sadly too old now to continue my training at the monastery... but perhaps I can go back with Briar and train a new generation of warriors.

Tariel: Wait, you're all just going to go off and enjoy your twilight years? We were brave young warriors last week.

Briar: Nothing to do about it dearie. Our years caught up to us. At least we have many great stories to tell the young generations.

Tariel: You senile bunny! *We're* the young generation... or we were a few days ago. We just have to get back to that river bank with the rejuvenating water.

Narissa: Stilmyst! I say this with all the pain in my heart but you're a genius!

She attempts to stand up on her shaky bony legs, but her knees buckle and she plops back onto her bony ass with a swear. Yara shakes her head.

Yara: I am sorry to vanquish your sliver of hope my friends but I watched from the cliff as we collapsed the mountain down on our foe... the rockslide buried the river.

The old women hang their head solemnly. Tariel then lifts her head in realization.

Tariel: Wait - the river isn't gone then... just diverted! I saw the dry banks outside of the starting town. They had damned it up as a barricade against the hordes. We don't need to dig up the river - we just need to undamn the other end and we'll have our very own youth spring!

Narissa: You're sure?

Tariel: Positive! We can swing by Briar's kids farm on the way, hells - we can take them with us! That Gwyngen girl had potential. Give her a bit of the pep back in her step and she'd make a half-decent back-up dancer for me.

Yara: And Llipa deserves more than just one adventure!

Tariel: Then we swing back to the starting village so you can give ol' Atka a wrinkly kiss, from there it's just a two mile walk to where I saw the damn!

The party: Huzzah!!!

The old women stare at each other's wizened faces for a moment.

Narissa: That... seems like a lot of walking.

Yara: Yes. We will need to get quite a bit of rest.

Briar has already nodded off and begins to snore loudly.