



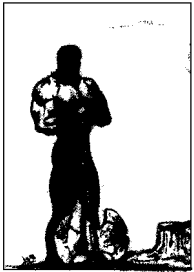
The Clanthian Crier

All the News! Mostly True!

New to Clanthia?

A bit green behind the ears? Check out one of our Guilds, Baronies, or even a Merc group. Most people are very helpful, at least for a few coin! If you are the loner type, watch, learn, and be careful. In this town, the sheep are quickly separated from the wolves.

Jester charged with treason!



Jester has been charged with treason against Sudbyr and the Sutherlands. The former Warlord and on-again/off-again noble of Sudbyr was caught in an attempt to insight rebellion

among the members of Sudbyr against Baron Lamech.

Many note that this isn't the first time Jester has been in trouble. There was rumor that Jester was to depart the Sutherlands in the early months of 604, his alleged banishment only lifted due to negotiations with the then Baroness Elise. Later that year, many witnessed as he struck a deal with the Malok'or creature known as the Bargainer. He claimed that he'd done so to save the life of his Baron, but the crier reported that the then Baron Tauron was not spared, and resurrected moments after the illicit deal was made. Was it bad luck, or a cunning cover-story? Further, it really says a lot about the character of a man when it is so very newsworthy to report his good behavior, as the Crier did in May of 605.

Lately, many have noticed as he publicly dismissed the opinions and orders of Baron Lamech in a flippant and disrespectful manner. Furthermore, in December of 607, he committed Contempt towards Rossanoe Nobility when he stubbornly refused to defend Rossanoe against the invading forces of Xur, and directly insulted Baron Aaron with terms so disrespectful they shall not be repeated here, though a transcription of his words were recently posted in the Nine Winds Tavern. What did he think would be gained from such behavior?

"He's always wanted to be a Baron," said one vigilant citizen. "Anyone who's been paying attention would know that. This is just one more failed attempt, and probably the last." A concerned militant added "It ain't right, lying about yer commanding officer like that, and the Baron to boot. Sets a bad example for the new recruits! He called himself a warlord, but he weren't fit to peel potatoes with the privates. They say he was a right sharp tactics man, but after this stunt, I think he's just dumber than a passel of ghouls in the Healers Guild. It's people like him that make us military folk look bad. "

Word quickly spread that Jester was to be obliterated for his crimes against Sudbyr, though recent rumor suggests that he had been offered a lesser sentence that would allow him to continue to live in the Sutherlands, should his life-force be hearty enough to withstand the punishment, of course. Details have not yet been revealed as to the specifics of the proposed punishment. Reports have noted that Jester has fled the Sutherlands in an effort to avoid incarceration and punishment. His wife has been charged with aiding and abetting a known criminal of Sudbyr in the attempt to bring Jester to justice. Their current whereabouts are unknown. It has also been suggested that he has not paid his 25 gold fines

for Contempt towards Nobility to Baron Aaron.

Jester: Traitorous Dog or True Patriot? The other side of the Coin.



As the above article so eloquently states, Jester of Sudbyr has been accused of several serious, neigh heinous crimes against his Baron and*

indeed the Sutherlands. What truly is the root of the issues here though? We all know that Clanthia is a town that favors the winners or the most powerful. Ask yourself how many times you have turned a blind eye to some evil because someone more powerful didn't seem to have a problem with it? How often have you ignored that necromancer casting Inflicts with impunity, even though you know that each act of Necromancy destroys our very world? What if you stood up for what was right? Would your fate be any different then Jester's? You would be ostracized, accused of treason, sedition, and anything else that a Baron wishes to say, and all this with no recourse to defend yourself. A Baron's word is indeed law.

So, what if Jester is trying to follow the King's last orders? These are no secret anymore, but King Devron ORDERED his Barons to strengthen their Baronies, to train their troops, to be able to stand independent from each other. Each Barony should be a proud, strong, war ready organization on their own. Not several weak Baronies leeching off the strong. Was Jester simply fed up with what he saw as weakness in his Baron and citizens? What if Jester was simply trying to follow the final orders of the King, because his Baron and the other Barons for that matter were not?! What if indeed... Who then is guilty of Treason?

Clanthia Crier

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Mundane Art Appreciation

Editorial by Perry Brasscobbler

In a land where ice storms are called forth from the north with the same frequency as imported furs and fine meats, adventurers tend to lose their appreciation for the mundane. Medicine, music, and craft are all too often ignored,

as are their practitioners. In my first visit to Clanthia, I was appalled by the general lack of respect for alchemists, cooks, bards and blacksmiths; it is as if constant trafficking with powers beyond our plane has rendered

those without such powers insignificant or even, depending on who you ask, inferior. The fact is, however, that the Arcane Arts cannot solve all of even an adventurer's problems, much less the everyday sort of things that can catch the mightiest mage off-guard.

The foremost shortcoming of the Arcane Arts is their inherent limitedness. No matter how mighty a scholar one may be, one is still limited to so many incantations over a certain period of time. If one were to rely on spells for every little task and problem, one would find themselves quickly tapped and effectively crippled. Cooking, cleaning, smithing, crop-raising... mundane tasks like these are best handled with appropriately-named Mundane Arts. As an

alchemist, I admit to a certain bias, but I believe that the Mundane Arts are direly under appreciated in the adventuring world. Only last gather I saw a young lass spurned by a group of other, equally inexperienced adventurers simply because her alchemy was considered inadequate. To her, I extend my sympathy.

A skilled practitioner of alchemy, miasmatics, or even the culinary arts can simulate and sometimes trump the effects of magical spells. There is not a scholar in the world who can, over the course of a year, produce as many healing elixirs as a master alchemist; and there is no sorcerer who can match the variety of effects available to a miasmatic. A delicious feast can shore up the body in such a way that a common healer is hard-pressed to match. I extend a simple challenge to all adventurers, great and small, this Gather: Look around Clanthia and develop an appreciation for the Mundane Arts. All I ask of you, brothers and sisters, is your consideration.

A battle in the Storm

It was still dark out when I was woken. The sound of a loud crash had shot me straight up in my bed. I frantically jumped onto the floor, pulled on my pants, and buttoned up my boots before dashing off to see what had happened. I raced to the front door, but my path was blocked by a large tree that now inhabited my small house. It had been storming earlier in the evening, but I hadn't expected it would get this bad. I attempted to make my way outside, for fear of another falling tree being my demise. I saw out my far window the actual cause for distress.

My ears began to pick up sounds that were disguised in the rain, the clashing of weapons and claws and the sizzling of magic being hurled. My eyes became adjusted to the darkness and I saw monsters, terrible snake-like beings, large as a man but with long tails instead of legs. Fighting against them were giants, trolls, drakes, and other creatures of the night, tearing each other apart without mercy. I'd never seen something so terrifying.

Despite my pounding heart and my nervous sweat, I managed to move myself closer towards the window, my curiosity leading me to what seemed like certain death. When I reached the window I saw the entire battle, still raging on in the downpour. Flashes of thunder revealed the remains of the fallen creatures that now littered my fields. It was all as another curious wonder. Three merly women stood at the wood line, protected by what looked like a magic circle of light. One laughed and taunted the snake-men, calling them names I'd never heard a sailor speak. The other giggled quietly to herself pointing at the fallen. Finally the snake-man called out in a loud hissing voice, 'Return it to us!' He lunged into the crowd of beasts that stood between him and the women and came through them with a terrible force. The rest followed him and in a short time the women were surrounded by the slithering masses.

The ladies cackled, like witches, before the beautiful one began to speak, 'We don't have anymore you worthless lizards,' she said. 'We tossed your precious trinket to the woods before we left this wretched town of Clanthia.' Hearing this the snake-men shook with anger and shrieked with rage. 'Then it is true?!' one hissed. 'Why have you not returned it?! You promised us! This was the price!' 'Why did you not return what is rightfully ours?' another cried.

The other women spoke this time. 'Don't you see?' said coyly, 'You've shown us nothing but disrespect. If you'd only submitted like the rest... we'd have kept our word.' 'That's right!' boomed the tallest woman, 'It's been a waste of our time, not worthy of our presence. My only regret is that I won't be there to witness you slither back to your holes and hide from the people, who are undoubtedly expecting deliverance, that you've failed them! I won't be able to see the crushing looks of pain and disappointment they'll give you. I won't see your loved ones turn from you in disgust as they leave you to find another excuse for warriors. I can only hope that your pitiful race dies out quickly, so that I don't feel I've missed something important.' The cruel witch ended her ramble, and then she disappeared into a tree, as if it were an open door.

'Don't feel too bad,' mocked the other woman, 'You could always attempt to get it back yourselves.' She giggled again maniacally and then followed into the tree as well. The magic circle faded, the few beasts remaining wandered back into the forest and vanished as well. The only sound left was the rain. The snake-men looked to each other, and it seemed they had all made a silent decision. One straightened himself and shouted loudly, 'The Hags have betrayed us, but we have our freedom!' Another shouted, 'Forget them for now. We have a new enemy! Let them feel the hate we've saved for too long!' They cheered in unison. 'Ready your swords!' a large one said 'This time, it ends...'

I can only imagine the horrid battle that awaits you. I only hope this message finds you before they do...

Signed, Farmer Hubert Wells, humble but honored citizen of Clanthia

Darkholme Rolls Out

Darkholme was out in force, and not shy in wearing the gold and black like a badge. Noticeably new in colors were Sulserig, Omens long time apprentice; and Trajen Veladorne. Atani was in the front leading the crew in Morgrim's hiatus. The word on the street is Atani has been seen with Omen and Rjak outside the Counts chambers many nights, possibly vying for noble status. Omen has been seen in hushed tones with Losar's bodyguard and secretary, but we believe that to be more of a personal nature. The group that has been scattered in the past showed great unity and patriotism by doing random sweeps of the town, and even walking people that were new to the area safely to their beds. When approached on this turning of a new leaf a prominent member of Darkholme stated "This is what this group has always been about, not lining our pockets with gold, most people only see what they want to, and that's the problem with this town".

The Engyaldur Menace

By Quentin Lamarqine

Friday night brought disturbing news to the Isles d' Honeig. While I cannot speak for other baronies, our Lord Admiral Isolder of the Isles received troubling reports of attacks on some of our ships. Apparently, a few of our ships were swarmed with small longboats and vessels teeming with mad barbarians. Even after one of our captains slit the throat of the attacking leader, they continued to fight for a handful of seconds even past death. This troubling news leads me to believe that other baronies must have had similar reports, though I have been unable to verify this theory.

Meanwhile, we were not that surprised to find these barbarians pouring into Clanthia not soon after receiving this report. All of town expended a great deal of effort and resolve in fighting off these hordes, with the usual and uncanny resolve even after death was disturbing to say the least. I took the liberty to make a few notes on the symbols and designs of these barbarians and here is the conclusion of what I was able to determine.

It seems that these people, while appearing to be primitive dwarves or humans on the surface, are in fact not what they seem. I came across an old journal which describes a similar attack that we ourselves faced in Clanthia in the past. In this record, which was all but unreadable, I was able to piece together that they are referenced as savages from a place called "Engyaldur" or that could be their "racial" name, that is uncertain. Regardless, these savages tore apart an old kingdom long ago, and their magical resilience is due somewhat in part to a strange totemic magic which sustains their fighting frenzy, in some cases even beyond death. What is known is that when some are killed, they arise again and lash out blindly for a very brief time – only a handful of seconds – during which they are completely invulnerable, only to collapse again into final death. Whether their series of gibberish is an actual language, or simply guttural noise, communication remains to be seen, but there are no records of these people speaking the common tongue, and I highly doubt they would be able to do so if possible. They seem to arise from obscurity, scourge across a kingdom, and then vanish.

Be advised Clanthia, it seems that in addition to the shock troops and alchemists we have already encountered, they also possess shamans who are of equal demeanor, and seem to cast spells despite being totally incomprehensible in speech. Their alchemists are capable of throwing alchemical fire in addition to acid, a secret of which would be a boon to any of our own alchemists should this formula be uncovered. They seem to lack spellcasters of the Celestial variety, but their resilience often empowers them with the ability to shrug off the first few spells of a metabolic or mind effecting nature, so do not mistake them for simple savages akin to trolls. This enemy, despite being moronic of speech, is formidable and not to be underestimated.

The magic that fuels them seems to be tied to these totems that are linked to them. While some displayed various runes on their tattered clothes, I think that is merely their tribal designations. Something or other fuels these people into this state, and I think they are not at all human or dwarven, but identification rituals would need to be done to confirm this. Expect further news as more information of this enemy is learned. I am doing what I can to gain any further intelligence on this foe, so expect more reports here in the Crier should I turn up anything else that could be useful. Stay strong and fight well Clanthia.

Adventurer's Astrology


by Astros & Stella Lector


Welcome to the first of what we hope will be an ongoing column where we, the illustrious Lector diviners shall peer into the stars and create the charts and guides that our mighty Clanthian heroes can take to heart in their ongoing struggles to protect and defend the Sutherlands. Our family sees it as our civic duty to provide our services free of charge to the daily readers of the Crier, and we hope that our astrological forecasts will be taken to heart and that they may be of use in the perilous journeys ahead. May the stars shine favorably upon you all.


♁ Ares (3/21 – 4/19): Let everyone know what you're doing, and you'll attract the sort of attention that will get people killed. If you choose your confidants carefully, then life-force may not be wasted.


♉ Taurus (4/20 – 5/20): Your wealth is in danger. It would be beneficial to have an extra ward on your cabin, and you should keep a close eye on your magic items. Be suspicious of new merchants entering town.


♊ Gemini (5/20 – 6/21): If you've been feeling a lack of support from those you've sworn to serve, they may be ready to return to your aid. Be cautious of fighters on the battle field, and be sure to have plenty of Mage Armors cast upon you.


 Cancer (6/22 – 7/22): A person close to you shall be put in a dangerous situation. While you feel the need to protect them, they will never learn for themselves unless you let them make their own mistakes.


 Leo (7/23 – 8/22): Your perseverance may soon be rewarded, so don't give up now! You would do well to remember to wear a toxin-shield.


 Virgo (8/23 – 9/22): Your peers will look to you for your thoughts on a matter of extreme importance, be wary of the advice you give, as the consequences will be far reaching.


 Libra (9/23 – 10/22): You may feel as if you're pulled in too many directions. Perhaps now is the time to dedicate yourself to one goal, else your dabbling may bring about the failure of each mission you've worked for.

 Scorpio (10/23 – 11/21): Old friends will resurface, and good times will be had. Enjoy their company while you can. Should you encounter the color red, be wary and watch your back.

 Sagittarius (11/22 – 12/21): Now is a good time to solidify any deals you have in the works, as they are sure to prosper and yield surprising results. Keep your eyes open for new possibilities on the horizon.

 Capricorn (12/22 – 1/19): This gather is an excellent time to place yourself in a better position for advancement. A talk to your superiors will help set you on the path ahead, but stay the course.

 Aquarius (1/20 – 2/18): A meeting of the minds will bring a greater understanding to your current plight. Perhaps an arrangement can be made to resolve them that may not give way to violence, though that outcome seems most likely.

 Pisces (2/19 – 3/20): A cloud of peril is slowly descending upon your actions, be aware and cautious of the next steps you take – and be very cautious when walking the dark trails.

General Forecast for Clanthia: As we are now in the sphere of Aquarius, it will be a revealing gathering. Information of the barbarian tribes shall be made known, and expect them to attack again in great numbers. In addition, a new enemy will arrive, though not all may see this foe for what it is. Ritual magic cast during this gathering will be incredibly successful, but be cautious when summoning anything.

Lucky Numbers: 9 – 2 – 14 – 31 – 29

Cough Cough Clanthia's Latest Gossip

- Is Sephrina to become Pharr's new student in the realm of Earth magic? Or are they merely reigniting their icy flame?
- A certain half ogre is coming back to town.
- The otter may have something to worry about.
- Beware of the LARGE SWORD!
- Riak to join Darkholme officially?
- Baron Harold in a dark pact from the 18 hour war?
- Dahlia to meet with key members of the Mystic order regarding Sadhes future?
- Daimerons absence do to hitting the bottle a little too often?
- Riak to join Darkhole officially?
- Jester apearantly was hiding a pair of boots of speed, after high tailing it out of town so quickly.
- Omen and Astral No more? An epic break-up indeed.
- The Isles better drink up while they can!
- Honig is back?!

Wanted:

Back Issues of the Sutherlands/Imperial/Clanthia Crier
I am particularly looking for any and all copies published between October 592 and March 602, but I am also looking for a few from '03, and sundry other years. Suitable payment (or trade for copies of other issues) can be arranged. Contact Constance Damask of the Isles de Honig.

Grand Opening!

Announcing the Grand Opening of the Royal Post and Parcel! We've the Finest Couriers in the all of the Sutherlands! Need a package sent today? Have a letter a urgency? Rely on the Royal P&P for all your Postal needs!

-Royal Post & Parcel Service-
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Mystic Order

Let it be known that the Mystic Order of Elven Brotherhood shall be meeting Saturday at 2 o'clock of the gather, and all races of elves are welcome.

The Mystic Order is an organization designed to promote elven culture, and we offer the opportunity to our fellow elves to learn of their rich heritage with their fellow peers.

All whom are interested please seek out a member of the Order, as denoted by their colored beads. We will all be happy to inform and aid.

Afraid of Soul Destructions and Obliterations?

Lost your standard soul store contacts to protect you? Well look no longer! The Mystic Order is offering the opportunity to have your soul protected from such destruction magics, at a reasonable price. We will offer to Soul Store any customer, be they elf or otherwise. With the Void presence a continuing threat, you should make sure you have the proper precautions well in hand to secure your precious life force. Please seek out Quentin to negotiate payment.