

# THE NEW SUTHERLANDS SENTINEL

May 658

Baron Sinnel Elsewhen, Editor in Chief

## **FAE-PRIL DISRUPTED BY THE DISTURBING PRESENCE OF UNDEAD FAE CREATURES.**

During Clanthia's last gather, which marked the celebration of "Fae-pril," saw any number of abominations of Fae-kind visit Town. Early Friday evening, wailing and crying was heard in High Town. As your editor emerged from his baronial embassy, he was met with an undead fae creature wailing and crying. The creature was still wearing manacles and had bloodied wrists and throat. As far as could be noted, it seemed that his eyes and mouth were sewn shut. Despite the trainings that your editor has had on such things, this was an undead creature not experienced before.

This being could hear questions asked of it, and seemed to desire release. When webbed, the web was snapped, and immediately a banshee's cry followed. Those in a certain area then were silenced. Other towns-fae arrived accompanying the undead creature, indicating that this was "what (the Dark Sovereign) had done to (their) people."

Of course, this cannot be of any surprise that the Dark Sovereign's judgment against his adversaries would be harsh. Many undead fae roamed throughout both Friday night and (reportedly) Saturday night. Your editor is still left with questions. Such as what exactly is the humane treatment of such a creature as was encountered. Is it meet to simply dispatch this creature and offer it release? Should one seek to mollify such a being? What of the manacles and mutilations? Has this been an undead creature imprisoned and punished? Did this undead possess a will that had gone awry of these dark powers?

Regardless, this episode seemed a rather inauspicious way to begin the Fae-pril celebration. While I still am not as initiated in the manners of the Fae-folk as others are (as Sudbyr tends not to be home to many more than the random unseelie or dark faerie), it seemed that Clanthia was teeming with any number of faeries and their like. It was reported that the festivities were as festive as one can expect within Clanthia at the present.



**BARBARIANS  
IN THE  
SERVICE OF  
THE DARK  
SOVEREIGN?  
OR WHY THAT  
BARBARIAN GIRL JUST  
IS NOT THAT INTO YOU**

Loyal readers of The Sentinel may recall a story on whether or not it would be a prudent decision to trade with the local barbarian tribes run in the last edition. Perhaps Clanthia received her answer last gather.

A rather well-armed group of barbarians (accompanied by gnolls) arrived in town during the final day of the last gather, and the leader of this group demanded to speak with the barons gathered in Clanthia. Only a couple of barons were in the vicinity, but the barbarians still wished to voice their grievances—namely that they had traded with a number of the baronies and guilds, and the emissary delivering goods to the groups had resurrected unexpectedly in the camp of the barbarians.

Needless to say, this met with the displeasure of the barbarians and their leaders. They demanded reparation and

to know who killed their emissary. Different groups attempted to piece together a narrative as to who received their shipments, but as it seemed that only one group was unaccounted for, the assembled Clanthians offered to take the barbarian retinue to that barony.

At this juncture, it was reported that one of the barbarian women exclaimed that all were to love her as she were Queen, and at that point, many people (apparently including your editor) were charmed into defending her. According to some reports, this woman teleported out.

Those who were charmed by this she-barbarian were eventually subdued, and brought to those who could break the charm.

It is also perhaps worth noting that some actions seen as impolite and disrespectful by a small minority of Clanthians exacerbated the situation. Since Clanthia is currently in a state of perpetual assault, diplomacy is a necessity. Please exercise caution when it comes to dealing with potential allies...or even foes. There is no need to escalate a situation.

That said, there are some who have suggested that Clanthians should have been suspicious when the barbarians were relatively reasonable after they had endured a number of slights and affronts (even if only perceived offenses).

Numerous questions remain—were the barbarians voluntarily in the service of the various and sundry dark powers afoot, or have they become tainted like so many other “servants” of the dark ones?

*Feast Attendees Bring  
Pheer to a Dreary  
Clanthia,  
Stage Party that Draws  
Unintended Guests.*

While many will recall the Feast-night’s festivities for the unintended appearance of certain emissaries of the Dark Sovereign, it is worth knowing that a tremendous party was thrown, and the gypsies recognized any number of personages for their aesthetic sensibilities.

Winning accolades for most nattily attired couple were a very distinguished Baron and Baroness who reside in High Town, while the individual award was graciously presented to a certain gentleman in Black and Silver who also serves as your editor.

Certain new-folk were also awarded laurels, some whose names elude me, and perhaps would prefer their names not make print—as generally in today’s climate, it does not behoove one to be well known.

Two groups were recognized as having exemplary table décor: the intuitive pairing of the Healers’ Guild and Sudbyr.

# CARPATHIANS RETURN. NO LOVE LOST.

Recent gathers have seen the re-emergence of Carpathians, both legionnaires and specific individual Carpathians. Late Saturday evening during the last gather, numerous units of Carpathians marched through town with impunity.

It seems that these units marched through Clanthia to draw attention from covert operations that had been carried out in previous gathers.

Apparently, the Carpathians are on a mission of subterfuge, one that seeks

to distract Clanthia from their real mission, one that seemed to search for some unknown items within the barracks of various groups. It seems that a select few Carpathians approached cabins with some fairly familiar keys that dropped the magical protections that guarded the buildings.

It is unclear precisely what baronies or guildhalls have been searched, though your editor can attest to at least one barracks that has been ransacked. Additionally, reports suggest that this small Carpathian entourage dispatched any Clanthians who happened to be within the building at such time.

Sadly, it seems that whatever tenuous truce once existed between the Sutherlands and Carpathia is now but a footnote within some tome upon historical matters. It would also appear that Carpathia has cast its lot in with certain dark powers....

What remains a mystery is what Carpathia seeks to gain, and specifically what it is that they hope to find within Clanthian barracks.

## *Thoughts Regarding Calls for Unity*

A submitted editorial  
M.A. (esteemed citizen)

There have been arguments, as of late, that Clanthia as a whole needs to stop fighting amongst themselves and play nice. I'd like to offer my thoughts on this subject.

We are Clanthia. We are the heroes of the Sutherlands. We are feared and revered, the stuff of legends, we are the Faithful.

We are not soldiers. We are not a well-groomed, perfectly obedient military unit. We had those; we had powerful multitudes of soldiers. And they failed. When we were gone, they did their best, but they could not stand up against the enemies.

We are belligerent, we are argumentative, we are feisty, we are irreverent. We burn with a destructive passion, and it is that spark that drives us to accomplish the amazing civilization-preserving, primarch-making, world-saving, enemy-destroying feats we are known for. We are many, we are different, we are

diverse, we are imperfect, we do not fit together, but it is that friction that we create that builds up into the energy and experience to kick down doors, know no fear, hold no punches. We are not passive, we are not submissive, we are not agreeable, because agreeable people do not win wars, submissive people do not overthrow tyrants, passive people do not put proper kings on their proper thrones.

To treat us like children, and tell us to play nice and to get along - would you take away our fire and drive? You cannot sustain the fight on the field if you remove it in the home. This fight amongst ourselves, those of us that survive it, it humbles us, it teaches us, it makes us stronger, wiser, it makes us better, and it brings out the best of us when we go against our enemy. Those who do not survive it are weak, those who cannot take it do not belong.

Provided we hold our priorities on the field, which, in my all-

observing eye, I've seen us thus far do, there is not a problem. We take no crap and hold no punches against our enemies, but if we were to abandon this behavior in our downtime, it would only yield people who were used to being stepped on, or used to getting their own way without having to work for it. No, those sorts of people aren't heroes. Those aren't the sorts of people you put your Faith in. We can't have those types of people, they will yield, they will fall, they will fail.

We, on the other hand, we will not fail.

*The editorial staff of The Sentinel would like to point out that the opinions and claims made by guest columnists are not necessarily endorsed by or verified by The Sentinel.*

## **Horoscopes for May-time.**

**(Much safer than any divination ceremonies you could perform yourself!)**

**Aries, the Ram** (April 18-May 13) You may wish to forge into battle all by yourself, but sadly, this is not a prudent choice...unless you want to return to your friends as undead.

**Taurus, the Bull** (May 13- June 21) Who am I to tell you what to expect? It may likely rain, but you don't care. Your sheer will drives you through all obstacles...and at least four pages of The Sentinel.

**Gemini, the Twins** (June 21-July 20) Docility really has worked out well for you, hasn't it? At least it has when it comes to inviting in those death rogues to your barracks.

**Cancer, the Crab** (July 20-August 10) That drunken rendezvous with that fetching young kobold is our little secret, okay?

**Leo, the Lion** (August 10-September 16) Your bold pronouncements seem to ring a bit hollow when that particular lich comes around. For some odd reason, you don't feel that comfortable saying that to him. I wonder why that is.

**Virgo, the Maid** (September 16-October 30) Purity is always on your mind. That being said, you've witnessed enough of the horrifying taint of this and that for one lifetime. Thank the transcendent powers that you have more than just one lifetime to witness this muck.

**Libra, the Scales** (October 30-November 23) I don't know what was more fool-hardy, trying to screw over that merchant guy, or that you went to some stranger to serve as your merchant contact, unaware that he was in cahoots with any number of undead.

(Editorial note: Your esteemed editor deems it a sad thing that the people of the Sutherlands do not use the term "cahoots" more often. Please, correct this, Sutherlands.)

**Scorpio, the Scorpion** (November 23-November 29) You are bold and audacious. You seek to rush headlong into...well, wherever it is that you seek to be. But you knew this already. What you don't know is that you may well find your travel companions to be secretly replaced with a swarm of bees.

**Ophiuchus, the Serpent-Bearer** (November 29-December 17) You feel the weight of a heavy burden. But then again, no one asked you to bear such a weight, and we're tired of hearing you complain about it. Something as insignificant as a Silencing incantation would at least buy all of us some peace for approximately ten minutes.

**Sagittarius, the Archer** (December 17-January 20) Hey, you. We thought we told you not to mess with all of those higher powers you had no business trucking with. So, stop it.

**Capricorn, the Goat** (January 20-February 16) Be emboldened, noble reader. You just received a great boon in the form of magickal itemry. Don't worry, though. Someone will likely kill you, and take this item from you at your earliest inconvenience.

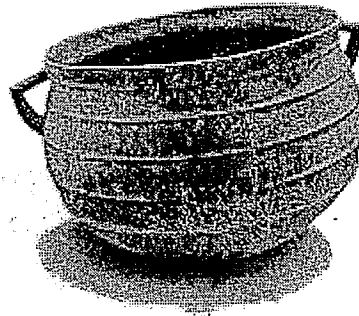
**Aquarius, the Water-Bearer** (February 16- March 11) I don't think that barbarian women are that into you anymore, do you?

**Pisces, the Fish** (March 11-April 18) Well, at least the undead aren't hyper-critical of your singing. At least most of them.

# CRONE'S CULTISTS CAUSE CALAMITY: CLANTHIAN CONVERGE UPON CAULDRON

Swarms of the Crone's cultists roamed throughout Clanthia early during the most recent gather, scribing runes in front of various buildings. Alongside these cultists were zombie masters. As these vile things terrorized town, they sought to incapacitate any number of townspeople, and, on occasion, drug these unfortunates into their midst. This resulted in the surrounded townsfolk experiencing extreme hunger that must be sated immediately.

After Clanthian re-enforcements arrived to dispatch the cultists, a battle party found the Cauldron of the Crone, and dealt with the forces of the Cultists there. Later that gather, it was discovered that at least some of the Crone's cultists were "created"—typically after some unlucky soul had (ill-advisedly) conducted some divination ritual. All Clanthians are warned to avoid scrying and seeing rituals until further notice.



## KNIGHTS OF CLANTHIA HOLD COURT WITH JANISSARRY KNIGHTS

Three young knights (children, rather) came into Clanthia early Saturday during the last gather, seeking an audience with the knights of the Sutherlands. Reports suggest that they sought to determine what the Knights of the Faithful sought to accomplish by waging war against the Dark Sovereign. They sought debate in order to gauge the intentions and honor of (at least) our knightly contingent.

The Knights of Clanthia rightly insisted that they opposed the Dark Sovereign (and the Matron, whom these young knights serve) due to the atrocities committed. They took their Matron to task regarding such atrocities, and urged the Janissarry Knights to abandon their service due to such things. The young knights rebuffed such claims saying that the actions of the Matron merely re-affirmed her affections toward her children. They restated their loyalty toward their "mother," and claimed that they could not be moved to betray her.

According to these knights, there was a standing army that would swiftly rain down upon the Clanthians if they did not safely return, and after much discussion, these knights eventually departed in peace.

For those curious about the heraldry of this group, they claim as their symbol the white silhouette of a woman flanked by two crescents. This icon was placed on a black field. This banner has been spotted in Clanthia for at least the last two gathers. Clanthians are to be aware of the importance of this image.

# This Day In History:

## 50 years ago: Festival, 608

(Provided by contributors to The New Sutherlands Sentinel)

The Dawn of the Third Age began nearly 50 years ago, on May 26th, 608, the day we defeated the force known as the Void. For years, we had been led to believe that the Void was what was, before there was anything at all, an infinite source of non-existence that sought to destroy us. We were told we were a tiny invasive tumor of creation within its neverending reaches. We were told that it was the antithesis of reality, but that comprehension of it would manifest it, that our knowledge of it would only feed its power, that we were only safe from it if we did not know of it, did not think of it, did not learn of it.

These were lies created by the Void to hide its true nature, its true purpose. While indeed a powerful force, it was not the antithesis of reality, but merely a force best described as Censorship. It was the opposite of Creation, and it sought to obscure and erase knowledge, and blot out the forces of time and fate. It was a part of our planescape, but it strengthened itself by convincing the world that it didn't exist. By believing its lies and pretending to ignore it, we fed its power of Censorship, allowing it to become so strong a force that it created a planar imbalance, and our planescape was tearing itself apart in an attempt to correct itself. It infected our minds and turned us against each other. Further, in effort to maintain its illusion, it had plans to kidnap and imprison many of our heroes for the crime of knowing too much.

We discovered and revealed the lies, which served to simultaneously weaken it and enrage it with the ferocity of an injured, cornered beast. Though we faced thousands upon thousands of its forces, the two primary manifestations were a 5-stripe Arcane who had given himself completely to the Void and sought to embrace a secret that gave the Void its strength, and a golden dragon, cloaked in a mantle of Void, that served to guard the secret and destroy any who sought it.

By obtaining this secret, we could ensure that our planescape would remain whole, and our friends remain with us. The void-tainted Arcane attempted to ally himself with us, to defeat the dragon and release the secret, but we knew that he truly intended to kill our weakened heroes, and obtain the secret for himself. We knew we would not have the strength to battle both simultaneously, and we were successfully able to keep the void-dragon distracted as the sun rose on the morning of May 25th, and we lured the Arcane to the field of Clanthia, where we destroyed him and the abomination Paragon Golem that accompanied him in a long, hard battle that stretched from the field, through High Town and Town Proper, until he and his monstrosity were finally felled near the Celestial Guild.

The next morning, on May 26th, we killed the dragon cloaked in Void, and learned the secret, thus destroying the Void. The Age of Dragons ended that gather, and the Age of Man began.

In addition to the issues with the Void, we also had dealt with much devastation at the skeletal hands of a void-tainted Death Knight, a force more sinister than that of necromancy or undeath itself. Even without the taint, he had in our past been a formidable, near unbeatable foe. As he wrecked havoc on our lands, eviscerating our children, making outrageous demands, he was lured and trapped temporarily in the Four Winds Graveyard, held at bay only by the single-handed bravery of one of our finest heroes.

### Exerpt from Tavern Missive

"I wanted all citizens to understand the noble sacrifice made by one of our own in buying time to deal with X--.

As you know, X-- and his forces invaded town Saturday night of the last gather. Many brave heroes fought with exceptional skill. Some lost their lives as well. I attempted to negotiate several times a solution to the attacks, resulting in the short battle truces we had. Ultimately, these parlays failed and the town was beginning to fall from the onslaught of X--'s might. The death of everyone remaining was becoming a very real possibility. Lord M---- devised a plan in which he would trap X-- in the Four Winds Graveyard. This will not stop the eventual meeting of forces, but it would buy us some time to prepare. Until All Hallows' is our best estimate.

Let me say that everyone owes Lord M----- a debt of gratitude for his sacrifice. If you do not know what it means to be locked in the Graveyard, come see me on All Hallows and I will make sure you understand.

-“Count Losar”

Plans had been made by outsiders, representatives from the planes of Life, Law, Death and Chaos, allegedly gathered together from across Tyrra by the Heroes Graveyard, to cast a ritual that would destroy Necromancy, wiping the Four Winds Graveyard clean of undeath. However, they acknowledged too, that the ritual would also destroy Lord M-----, and in fact, revelled in it, attempting to turn The Sutherlands against the hero who had surely saved us all.

### Exerpt from tavern missive:

"The agents of the Heroes' Graveyard have made it widely known that all within the Graveyards' walls will be eradicated. Yet people fail to make the difficult choice needed to accomplish this feat out of FEAR for the reprisal of the very creatures that would be destroyed. We are aware that M----- T----- also lay trapped within its walls... but is their sacrifice not a small price to pay to rid the planes of X--?

How many times over the years have you all said that you wished someone, ANYONE, would finally do away with M-----? NOW IS YOUR CHANCE. Remember his past crimes... with ONE action, YOU can rid the Sutherlands of G----- the Dark and X--, once and for all.

-Erelah of Zeal"

Somehow, the Graveyard was (alas, only temporarily) wiped clean of undead, perhaps through that mysterious ritual, perhaps through other means. X-- was defeated, and Lord M----- escaped. How, I do not know. However, the fact remains, though the odds were against us, though we were outnumbered and overwhelmed, we prevailed. We prevailed as individuals, we prevailed as a whole. We beat unstoppable, impossibly powerful foes, and we came out on top.

It was 50 years ago that we conquered the Void. This is only one of many tales of how we faced down impossible odds and rose up to take back what was ours, told now as a reminder of what we have done, and as an inspiration of what we shall do again.