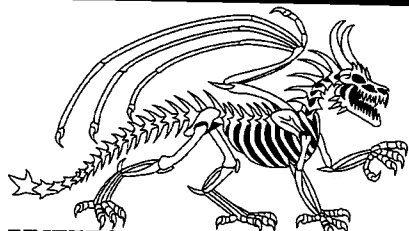


# The Sutherlands Journal

Words are Power.

March 612 Edition



## WHISPER RAVAGES

### BARONIAL CAPITALS

All Hallows brought mass destruction to the capitals of the Sutherlands' Baronies as the dracolich Whisper delivered terror and ruin to each city. The winged nightmare first visited New Eit of the Isles de Honig, burning everything in its path. Its screams and cries for Lorilei inflicted so much terror on the populace that they swarmed from their hiding places into the streets, trampling each other in their madness. Whisper herded the people of New Eit to the central marketplace like cattle and let loose a silent sea of black and green fire, massacring all who were there. No sign of Whisper's target, Lorilei herself, was to be had.

Meanwhile, in Trestar, Parc Foret, and Clanthia, hundreds of winged skeletal abominations, or undead drakes, descended on the cities to murder all they could get their claws on and wreak havoc. The counter-attacks by respective military forces seemed only to enrage and escalate the attacks of the bone drakes as they destroyed one family after another, leaving a wave of skeletal beasts in their deadly path. Just when hope was given up of ever beating the creatures, the stone drakes all turned to the sky as if of one mind and left the capitals of Rossanoe, Sahde, and La Rochelle. The militaries rushed the streets and fought off the skeletal beasts left behind, finally able to reunite with any family members that managed to resurrect.

When Whisper left New Eit, it next descended on Port O'Sonya, wreathed in black fire, and attacked the Baronial Palace first. It sucked the massive structure in its entirety into a rift to the Plane of Necromancy and spat out the dead inhabitants as revenants to attack the city. The dracolich claimed Darkholme now belonged to it, and as it began drawing the Four Winds Graveyard to itself, spectral spirits began murdering townspeople, a bone spire shot up from the ground, and grave-stones began to

## Carpathia No More— General Braxxis Swears Fealty to Queen Zephania

The night of November 20<sup>th</sup> of the year 611 marks the historical and controversial event of the fallen nation of Carpathia's declaration of fealty to her Highness Queen Zephania and loyalty to the lands of Orbonne.

It is commonly reported that Her Majesty required the representative General Braxxis, once rumored to have been undefeated in battle, to send away his army before allowing him entry into her keep. After a time, Her Majesty and Braxxis emerged to publically declare this fealty with a Writ of Loyalty. Afterwards, cheers and celebrations of Victory rang through the night.

Queen Zephania had also declared that General Braxxis had taken a Soul Oath, which was completed and sealed by his signing of the Writ of Loyalty.

In memorable past, the human population of Carpathia has been a significant enemy of the Sutherlands. January of 611, however, there was a treaty agreed upon to ally the forces of Carpathia and the Sutherlands with the common goal to rid Orbonne of the orcish green menace. Negotiations for the treaty are reported to have involved the shared distribution of the to-be re-conquered Orbonnian lands; rumors include other spoils- the Nobility of the Sutherlands privy to details of such.

appear everywhere, all within the massive stone wall that materialized around the city.

Fortunately Sulphur, the huge majestic Black Dragon, appeared and attacked, shattering the skeletal form of Whisper, the bone tower, and the graveyard. Whisper counter-attacked by sending bone drakes to fight Sulphur, but they were defeated easily and Whisper was last seen fleeing into the night as Sulphur chased it out of Darkholme.

For reasons unknown, the capital cities were plagued for months with horrific visions of the events of that night. Reconstruction efforts continued as normal during the day but every

The once threatening nation of Carpathia is now no more. The events leading up to this dramatic change in status quo includes a massive natural disaster in Carpathia: a volcano eruption that destroyed cities and citizens alike.

What is not common knowledge is the current status of the once-Carpathian lands. Tavern talk is that it would seem that the army, stationed in Orbonne, was all that remained of the Capathian people, and that their only option was to either continue fighting independently in their weakened state, or to swear loyalty to Queen Zephania. Others comment that there were refugees, who were brought into the Sutherlands by magical means.

Is the past animosity between the Sutherlands and Carpathia also no more, or will those individuals who have been effected by the undeniable warring between the nations continue to carry grudges?

As this year unfolds, how will the events of the War for Orbonne effect the actions and lives of both Sutherlands heroes and citizens alike? How will the stories of the War for Orbonne be told throughout the years to come? It is for those who experienced it to decide, for their words will be the ones passed along throughout the Nation, and remember- Words are Power.-  
Corky Q. Rawburkes

night the scene of Whisper's attack would replay itself for all to witness. Unable to cope with the torment of seeing their loved ones murdered again and again, the cities' people fled to outlying cities of their baronies. Those that remained were said to have been comforted by their nobles (and other barony elite), such as Baron Veldarin and Iris of Sahde, and Baroness Brinli of Darkholme. The visions have since ceased, much to the relief of all whose homes lie within capital cities, but the distressing visions left their mark. Many have been seen to be begging potion makers for tonics to help them forget. Reconstruction efforts continue in all capital cities.

## Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow

What has happened to the Sudbyr we all once respected and feared? Completely unpredictable, we learned to expect the unexpected and prepare for the worse with them. Now, the Barony of Sudbyr has become a joke throughout the Sutherlands. It would seem they are competing with the Armorsmith's Guild for the biggest laugh. With the decline of this once great Barony, we have lost the hub of the great dark art. Once known for their proficiencies in Necromancy, Sudbyr is now known for its downward spiral. Though many have tried to redeem this land seemingly beyond hope, all have failed in this mission. Most recently Darkholme Seneshal Nayda stepped up to the plate and took on the challenge of Baroness of this fallen land. Her reign, it would seem has come to an end. With news of Seneschal Nayda abandoning her station as Baroness of Sudbyr, we must all wonder what is in store for this dying Barony. An even better question is, what word between the Seneschal and His Majesty King Devron was broken and will there be repercussions for her actions? One thing is certain; a Barony has been officially

left unattended. Who will step up to claim its vacated post or are we bidding farewell to the once powerful Barony of Sudbyr?

ΩΩΩ

*The following was posted in the tavern mid-January:*

"No quarter should be given to liars and those who spit in the face of their betters through acts of deceit, subterfuge, immaturity, self-righteous pride and perceived entitlement.

Five times I have broken my word to His Majesty King Devron, in hopes of honoring a people who deserve a noble court that represents their interests in earnest, and I have found none fit to the task - only liars and bickering children who plainly know naught of true leadership and unity.

I hope that one day Sudbyr will be represented by those who *truly* understand the precepts of good leadership, as well as those of its lands and people.

**Nadya Lastspear**  
*Former Baroness of Sudbyr  
On Leave as Seneschal of Darkholme"*



## No More Annual Torture?

As spring comes to Clanthia, sighs of relief are heard throughout the land. Relief that warmer days are approaching. Relief that friends and family have made it through the winter. And for many, relief that the fiasco better known as Feast is once more merely a small dot on the horizon.

Now, I don't share such a pessimistic view of the annual festivities as some of my friends and acquaintances, but I have been to comparatively few of these events. I can understand why such an opinion might be so prevalent in a town that, on most other occasions, doesn't see to mind a few drinks and the ladies and gentlemen looking their best. Yes, the women can sometimes take a while getting dressed. No, it's not pleasant to be trapped in an overheated tavern with a hundred of your not-so-close friends. Yes, the whole lead-up to the night itself is ridiculous sometimes (dates planned in April? Really? That leaves so much time for them to meet an unfortunate end.)

Don't despair completely. Hope may be on the horizon for the yearly gathering in the form of a few colorful vardos.

As most loyal (and less than loyal) readers probably know, this year's Feast was given by the Sbaity and Tshilaba clans. The gypsies, ever-so-entertaining under any circumstances, planned a party seemingly without limits. Talent was showcased all through the night by more performers than I could count. Lifting voices filled the room transformed into more than a tavern. Hips swayed and skirts swirled in time with the music. Speeches were made, but they were neither stilted nor stretched beyond attention.

And even if your tastes are less for the arts and more for, well, tasting, I think I can safely say you were not disappointed. The kitchen staff, headed by the singular Nessa, outdid themselves. From the bisque to the cheesecake and parfait, everything was perfectly delicious. This may have proven perilous for more than a few sets of fancy wear as course after course of tantalizing food was brought to the tables. No glowing remarks can be made about such a meal without a heartfelt appreciation for those that chose to help in the kitchen and to serve the meal.

Besides all the planning, the company seemed especially pleasant. Lively conversation was not hard to find, and even moving about the room freely was not frowned upon if you found your baronial companions lacking. More than a few people entertained themselves by having their portraits made.

All in all, I found the night to be quite enjoyable, and I suspect many others did as well. Perhaps the carefree feeling of a gypsy shindig might infect us all. Ladies, don't be quite so concerned with putting every hair exactly in its place. Gents, come for the food and drinks, but stay for the company. To all, worry less! This is supposed to be a party, after all, and you've earned it. And to the gypsies, I hope we are lucky enough to repeat this next year.

M. Pender

## Those Who Shape Our World

I may not be some grand adventurer who frequents Clanthia's monthly gatherings, but I consider myself well informed, perhaps even more so that some of the heroes themselves. Of all the terrifying stories that have poured out of Clanthia over the years, one has reached my ears that has frozen my blood white. A few months ago, the Dracolich known as the 'Quiet One' had finally been slain. Everyone was cheering and drinking and celebrating, but not me. I know that nothing good ever happens unless it's going to lead into something worse, it's one of the ugly truths of life. Now we all face the consequences for the actions of the heroes of Clanthia once again. Someone.. no something known as the 'Lord of Time' was seen in Clanthia, and following behind him were two other creatures of lesser but still terrifying power. The first was some sort of terrible Undead creature, the likes of which no one had ever seen before. The second was again Undead, but was more familiar, perhaps too familiar. The Bat Lord, Akeem. Many people have only two kinds of fear. The fear of the unknown, and the fear of the known. With the Undead creature shrouded in mystery, anyone can only guess as to what it's purpose and limits of power are. Even those who have dedicated their lives to knowledge of the darker

powers have no clue as to what thing is. As for the Bat Lord, many will remember the last time he was seen was right before the Devourer seemingly concluded his existence. How he has come to be once again I do not know. What I do know is history, and history shows that Akeem is one of the most powerful forces to ever walk our world. I truly with I could say this was where the terrible news ended, but as is the case with these tales, the worse is saved for last. As the Lord of Time strolled about Clanthia looking for some one, in his hands was seen a book with a large "S" on the bound cover. Those of you who have been around long enough, or at least have been informed well enough, know what this means. Those of you who don't know, you're better off probably not knowing. Ignorance is bliss, and enjoy your vain feelings of hope and rebellion while you still can, because they will fade from you all to soon. As for me, I know what is to come, and so I will go and spend what time I have left here in the best way I know how.. finding the bottom of every bottle of alcohol I can manage to get my hands on. Before I go though, as if all that I have said wasn't enough, there was something the Lord of Time was heard saying, something I think all of you should know. He said "I'm going to take Akeem, and this book, and I'm going to go re-shape your world".

## "Battle, glory, blood and fat loots."

*an exclusive interview with Djinn Ogeera, by Corky Q.*

**Djinn:** "My name is Djinn Ogeera. I'm obviously not the typical Clanthian. I've been here for a handful of years and loved every minute of it."

**Q:** "Why would you say that you aren't 'typical'?"

**Djinn:** "You're not blind are you? I don't see any more of my kind running around here."

**Q:** "What brought you to Clanthia?"

**Djinn:** "Battle, glory, blood and fat loots."

**Q:** "Is that what has kept you here?"

**Djinn:** "Well, while the battles never seem to cease in this land, the friendships I've made really are what keep me here. I couldn't leave them, they've become family."

**Q:** "Can you tell us a bit about them? You're wearing a favor of some sort..."

**Djinn:** "First there's Phaux'e my mate, I'd lay my life down for her without a moment's hesitation, and she's done so for me as well. Kalwin who has become a brother to me and I'd stand by him if he were to challenge even the very fires of existence. Sir Kelderon, who embodies the very fabric of knighthood to the core and I trust him implicitly, has done nothing but show his honor and make me love him as family. A new one to my family is Arr ee. That little guy has a lot of spunk he's a joy to be around. Last but not least one of my mentors in absentia Nobody who was an amazing driving force behind me. The Dragon you see on my hip is a symbol of a family called the Black Dragons; we're not a group anymore but still family."

**Q:** "Can you tell me what recent events in the Sutherlands have most impacted you or your family?"

**Djinn:** "Nobody's obliteration and subsequent revival, Kalwin becoming a noble of Rossanoe, my own realization that I have been influenced, in my younger years as a Clanthia by some bad mentors, and most importantly the birth of Phaux'e and my child. I'm sure everyone has a few mentors let them down but I seemed to have a collection. Sophio, Pharr that coupled with bad leadership in Sudbyr at the time caused a real stain on my life, not that Sudbyr is a bad place. The people there really are an example of perseverance, I will always call it my birthplace and respect the land, wish I could go back sometimes. As for the Nobody part, lets just say some dirty rotten scoundrels were allowed free reign, let me get my hands on them and satisfaction will ensue."

**Q:** "What can you say about the current enemies and foes of the Sutherlands?"

**Djinn:** "I don't really get involved with the running of this land to much so I'm not to sure who all our enemies are. I'm more of a weapon than a wielder. My king tells me who to hate and who to

kill. Our nobility tell me where to fight and how. I can tell you about enemies I've faced and get all philosophical on who our 'true' enemies are. I loved fighting the orcs- large groups of flesh targets to rip through, the weak meat sack Carpathians who loved to attempt strategy only to fall to sheer ferocity. The Dark dwarves, now that was invigorating, a real challenge; many of them actually made me pull my blade out of their guts then reapply in a few even strokes. There are even a few enemies I had to fight in secrecy and silence, which is very hard considering I like to laugh and joke as I work. But the true enemy of the Sutherlands is some of its own people."

**Q:** "Bold words. What advice could you offer to a concerned citizen who wants to protest their own family from these enemies?"

**Djinn:** "Bold words bold actions. I don't deal in half hearted sugar coating. As for advise: Don't go ninjin stuff that don't need no ninjin. You put you your life on the line to protect what you care about every time, all the time; anyone can fight, from farmers children to heroes; Battle is blood, blood is glory. Never succumb to fear, it means you're dead and if you're gonna be dead why not go out with some glory."

**Q:** "Is there anything else that you'd like to add or to advise to our readers?"

**Djinn:** "Why so serious?"

## Wandering Hearts Unlucky in love? Need some help in relationships?



Wish you had as many suitors as the average Gypsy?

Well look no further! I, Bandolier Lamia Sbaity, am offering my services as an advisor to the broken-hearted, for free! (Yes, free. Believe it or not.)

## HELP WANTED

Doctor Finkelstone, the famous\* Gnome Wizard and Researcher, is offering a **reward** for the capture, imprisonment, detaining, or otherwise defeat of the villain who interfered with his experiment and the advancement of magical knowledge last gather. Doctor Finkelstone, with his great genius and mighty magics, has already begun closing in on the location of this villain, but now needs **your\*\*** help apprehending, arresting, securing, or otherwise disabling this enemy of advancement and learning. Doctor Finkelstone, recognizable by his dapper good looks\*\*\* and jaunty chapeau\*\*\*\*, shall be in the Clanthia tavern at noon the Saturday after this article's printing, to collect those who wish to join the fight on the side of knowledge and education!\*\*\*\*\*

\* - Statistically significant famousness, as proven by 80% name recognition amongst attendees of the Finkelstone family reunion.

\*\* - 'Your' being those of whom are not otherwise engaged in important events in town, nobility, or otherwise cannot bring legal harm upon Doctor Finkelstone, should they be unintentionally thrust into danger. An ideal candidate is newer to town, desperate for money, and full of (perhaps unwarranted) bravado. Lack of next-of-kin to notify is a plus.

\*\*\* - As gnomes are the model by which all other races define beauty, this is unquestionable.

\*\*\*\* - Also unquestionable.

\*\*\*\*\* - Also accepting those who just want to swing weapons for money.

## Sadhe Rocks

An old Sahde artifact known as The Rock of Sahde was transported with much fanfare and a moderate procession from its old home in High Town to the newly claimed Sahde territory in Clanthia. To the uninitiated, it appears to be an ordinary rock, though those whose blood runs ketchup and mustard can easily identify this elvin relic from a distance. This ancient relic has been moved once before, in the Summer of 606, and remains to this day a welcoming marker of the Sahde embassy. The Rock of Sahde is sometimes called the Stone of Keres, referring to the legendary Tobaccomaner Baron of Sahde. One popular legend states that the stone is the byproduct of a mysterious warding ritual cast to repel Sarr, cast over half a decade ago, and that this historic event was overseen by a draconian elf hybrid. Since those olden days, the Rock of Sahde has been recognized as the symbolic authority and heart of Sahde-Town. "And verily," say the history books, "Upon the Rock of Sahde shall the sacred oaths be

sworn, whereby the rock shall be bitten, and upon the back of the biter's head, the veritable boot of sumptuousness shall land, and all who witness such a sacred oath shall rejoice, and thence retire to the embassy for pie." It is also a place where proclamations are oft made. Dahlia Du Vanov, the barony's historically popular leader who rebelled against Losar's attempts to disband the Barony in 608, observed the tradition by striking her sword Bitchslap against it as a symbol of perseverance in maintaining and protecting the elvin people as her people rebuilt the Barony anew. These events may or may not be dramatized at the next Festival of Clanthia's theatrical

competition, pending finding a suitable Director, and an actor who isn't particularly fond of his own teeth.

There is a myth that states the Rock's safety is linked to that of Sahde-Town itself; "So long as the Rock of Keres is safe, so long shall Cigar smoke linger."



## TOP FIVE: MOST RIDICULOUS MONSTERS

-Bill Jones

This month we're starting a new feature of the Sutherlands Journal; the Top Five. The topic will change from week to week, and in fact we are open to suggestions as to what our next article will focus on. This week, we will be focusing on the fact that the Sutherlands in general, and Clanthia in particular, seems to be a magnet for creatures bent obsessively on destroying, devouring, or just generally pissing off what is generally accepted to be the most dangerous population in all of Tyrra one could pick on. In addition to having a horrifically ineffective survival instinct, some of these creatures are simply altogether impossible to comprehend. Such creatures as...

### -OWLBEARS

You've seen them wandering into town looking for food, harassing druids, and marauding through the tavern. But perhaps, like many of us, you haven't grasped what you're staring at. That giant bear-like thing with feathered wings, lambent yellow eyes, and a hooked beak is nothing less than an Owlbear, also known as Tyrra's drunken mistake.

Possessing neither the flight capabilities of a bird, nor a mouth big enough to adequately feed itself, the Owlbear is just angry at everyone who has a fully functional physiology. Venting its rage on those who can make full use of all their body parts is really all that can be expected. For a creature that was likely abandoned by its parents in shame, it's surprisingly effective at mauling townsfolk to death. Our suggestion - if you hear the distinctive "grrr-whoooo" of an owlbear on the warpath, find the closest ward and hide behind it after you kick someone else across and lock them out. Generally one victim will satisfy the creature enough that it will wander away afterwards.

### -UNDEAD

Where owlbears are an insult to Tyrra, our next subject just skipped that and went straight to flying insultingly in the face of both Life AND Death. Undead really just

don't make sense. They are neither alive, in the manner that I and (hopefully) you readers are, nor are they dead, in the manner that everyone should be unless they get greedy. I'm looking at you, Fae... Anything undead simply died one day and then decided that no, that was boring, and really they'd rather wile away the years staggering after brains. You can't really fault them for such a decision, as... no wait, you totally can. It's a horrible affront to all concerned and really they should just keel over and keep what little dignity they had left. Also, necromancers... they make undead, maybe out of you. So, yeah... avoid that too.

### -ORCS

Just when you thought there was a run-of-the-mill bad guy that you could hear the veterans talking about in the tavern and go "oh, I know all about THOSE because of this six-week course I took once which makes me a total badass" they release a new book and want another 25 gold and you have to go spend another four weekends and four days in the summer just to learn about all the new colors they've come out with since last year.

So now, in addition to snot-green orcs and coal-black orcs, there's also bruise-purple orcs, blood-red orcs, suffocation-blue orcs and who knows what else. It's like they got sick of all of last season's colors and now that the new fashions are in they're breeding like rabbits to accessorize properly. "Oh, today is Tuesday, I'm going to see that new play in town, guess I'll wear my brown shoes and purple skin..." They've already got one for every color of the rainbow, it seems. I expect we'll see a new one after Festival, when it becomes okay to wear white.

Anyway, if you can spare 25 gold, please send it to the Sutherlands Journal, c/o Bill Jones.

### -ANTI-FRIENDSHIP BEES

Okay, at this point I'm really starting to get angry. My research has uncovered that a year or two ago, there were bees that just didn't want you to be friends with anyone else. Is this one of those things where you

meet someone else, think they're fun to spend time with, and suddenly they're wearing your clothes and going by your name and you wake up and they're watching you sleep? Because I've been down that rabbit hole and I am here to tell you, that is a dark place to be. Did anyone ever try to just tell these bees that you understand that they have feelings too and nobody will ever take their place in your heart, and it's okay to have other friends because you won't like the bees any less? Anyone? Okay, so... One of my coworkers is informing me more on this matter. While I don't appreciate his snide comments about my research methods, I am willing to admit that perhaps I was a bit hasty in writing this. Apparently the bees just didn't want you to have TOO MANY friends, but one or two was okay. I don't see how that's much better, but clearly they're at least willing to negotiate. I admit these bees are ridiculous and thus deserve a place on this list, but they don't seem as scary as people are making them out to be. I think after I finish my classes I'll be able to hack it after all as a Clanthian Hero. Maybe then Dad will acknowledge me.

### -UNDERDARK

You know what? Just don't go underground. Don't go anywhere near caves, and if you ever hear of anything involving the Underdark, you ignore that and you lock yourself inside behind every door and ward you can find, and you plug your ears and scream "I DON'T HEAR YOU" until you pass out, because that is the only safe way to deal with the Underdark.

By way of explanation... the Underdark is a massive expanse of caves underground, and it is full of giant insectoid creatures the size of... well, really they're the biggest thing I can think of. We'll say four horses big. That's big. Also, there are things with squid heads that eat your brains, and everything breathes, spits, bleeds, or poops poison, and also it's dark and you can't see anything but THEY CAN SEE YOU. So DON'T GO DOWN THERE.

Be sure to submit *your* TOP FIVE ideas for next month's entertaining edition of the Sutherlands Journal!

# Give Me Whiskey, or Give Me Undeath: Part I

by Royal O'Callaghan-Outlaw Journalist

It's a hop, skip, and a jump away from dawn and I'm sitting in the tavern cursing the circumstances that have led me here, lamenting the fact that the only wench that didn't call out of work tonight just fled to go who knows where, and everyone else in the immediate proximity is nailing whatever is not stuck to the floor over any possible opening in the walls for reasons that I can't quite bring myself to agree with.

Because of this, there is no one to pour me a drink but myself. Of course, I'm used to pouring my own drinks for myself, but I never got used to pouring someone else's drinks for myself.

Savoir-faire?

Unfortunately, living in this glorified leper-colony full of fugitives, has-beens, and never-was' doesn't give you much of a selection when it comes to ale, lager, stout, or spirits. When you're craving a drink, you take what you can get, hold your nose, and pray it doesn't make you start vomiting blood, organs, or your soul.

By this point the doors, windows, and cellar have been boarded shut to keep out patrons who, I'm sure, just want to have a good time, but I will admit that the reeking odor pouring in through the cracks between the lumber that is holding this place together makes me want to swan-dive into a

random portal and take my chances. There are parts of me that might even give 3-1 odds that I would come out in better shape if I did because the smell actually makes me want to eat rat poison and throw up all over an outhouse floor.

The stench is foul and fetid in a way I cannot properly describe, but other than the personal hygiene issue that inherently accompanies any sort of decrepit, half-decayed undead throwback, I've never really had any personal issues with zombies. They moan a lot, they walk like they have two left feet, and they are bit single-minded (like fascists, except they refuse to bathe), but I honestly believe that there is no reason for the genocidal tendencies of almost every sentient being when they see a horde of rotting, putrid flesh approaching their local tavern.

I'm pretty sure that what actually bothers me the most is that they probably just want a drink and I can relate to that more than anyone else I know. That's certainly what's going through my mind when I set my course toward this bastion of firewood, cheap nails, buxom females, experimental brew, and cheap spirits.

Those things are why I'm here in the tavern now - before I learned the state of the union, of course. I arrived not more than half an hour ago and I can already tell that there are going to be some interesting people around. Not just the visitors clawing and scratching at the windows, doors, and walls just to quench their thirst, but also the current inhabitants trying desperately to keep the provisions to themselves and out of the hands of the outsiders.

I'm tempted to try and negotiate with the locals to allow at least one form of entry, but given the circumstances I'm pretty sure that they would hang me, throw me to the dogs, or burn me at the stake as a dissenter. Instead, I politely nod to citizens I don't know and make my way over to the bar like I know exactly what I'm doing, despite my fear of getting stabbed by some dagger-happy degenerate with "the fear" of anyone that he, or she, hasn't walked with, killed with, or done time in jail with.

Luckily, I make it to the bar-like partition separating me from the liquids I so desperately crave without any hassle beyond a few people crawling in front of my feet to hide underneath what few tables haven't been put over windows, stacked in front of the doors, or broken into pieces and sharpened into stakes, even though I tell no one in particular that they've got their undead mixed up and should have studied better - assuming any of them can read and have studied anything beyond the fungus growing between their toes.

Not that I have anything against anyone with a minor, moderate, or severe case of foot fungus, but those who don't change their socks, boots, or pediatric habits are either uncaring, unknowing, or on forced march by military command. It seems to me, though, that all of these things add up to equal the same thing. Of course, this really doesn't have anything to do with the wishful-inebriants just trying to sit next to me at the bar, but I think that the real issue at hand is intolerance of anything different. Anything different than what you are inherently accustomed to.

Like Undead

## The Code of Knights d'Eit



- Thou shalt respect the weak and thou shalt constitute thyself the defender of them.
- Thou shalt love the country in which thou hast sworn fealty.
- Thou shalt not recoil before thy enemy.
- Thou shalt make war upon evil without cessation,
- Thou shalt scrupulously perform thy noble duties, if they be not contrary to the laws of the land.
- Thou shalt never lie and thou shalt remain faithful to thy word.
- Thou shalt be generous and thou shalt give freely to everyone.
- Thou shalt be everywhere and always the champion of the good and the right against injustice and evil.

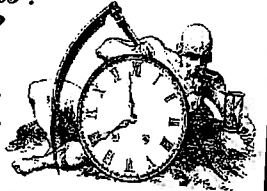
Honest Brogan says, "In 607 I created a planescape, and now I'm passing the savings on to YOU!"



Too much TIME on your hands?  
Need to get away for a while?

Come on down to  
**HONEST BROGAN'S**  
**OTHERWORLDLY**

**TIMESHARES & USED VARIO**  
**EMPORIUM!**



- ◆ Get away from the hustle & bustle of Tyrann life
- ◆ Enjoy a quiet crowd-free vacation, you'll feel like the only person on the planescape!
- ◆ Beautiful Ocean & Mountain Views, Honeymoon & Hideout Suites Available
- ◆ Stop by for the "Green On Face Remembrance Day Parade & B.B.Q."
- ◆ Complimentary Mojitos & Turn-Down Service
- ◆ Get 10% off! Just use the code "Dulserig's Beachfront Timeshares suck!"

If you have to ask how you're going to get there,  
you can't afford them.

Flesh-eating Ogres need not apply.



# RUMORS! COMPLETELY TRUE!\*

Sudbyr has no Necromancers.

All Clanthians are formal cursed no rhythm.

Beneath its wooden skin, the tavern has the clear markings of chaos and the word "Temple" on it.

Has the Celestial Guild finally acquired the elusive homo femina ie the human female?

Town was hit by a devastating tornado, causing all of the Sadhelings to become dizzy and confused. They settled back in to the area of town where Sudbyr used to be, and now Sudbyrians don't have a home.

Nobility from Sudbyr were dismissed from the barony because Sudbyr threatened Isles' hold on "Most Attractive Barony" status.

Time and Crovis are not on my side.

In recent years, the Sutherlands has attempted to set up colonial outposts on the frontier of Tyrra. Twelve attempts have been made, but so far, all of the colonists just end up killing each other off in angry lynch mobs. When will Clanthia learn to stop sending a noose with the supplies?

Pre-Former-Sudbyrians were caught trail-gacking Rossanoe.

Sygil is the leader of the Rogue's Guild.



The Plane of Chaos is being Drained into the newly found plane of Disorder.

Tales of Sylvan gypsie clans are emerging from the great forest

Cherry the hook whore is not amused, and is soon to exact revenge.

The masons have set up a shop to sell their stolen Items back to Clanthians.

Darkholme has seized control of the Masons, they are not going to Shut Down.

Dame Lulu is controlled by unicorns.

There is no Baron of Darkholme.

The First rule is Don't talk about Knight club.

Wolfs have been seen licking the wounds of other animals around the Sutherlands.

Kro'vuus is the Lord of time's new apprentice.

Rumor has it that Sadhe is holding a festive party with resplendent pastries.

Race change human, the New Gnome \*cough-Lawrence\* enhancement drug..

Sudbyr is in no worse position than they were before.

According to the Nine Winds Missive Board, January has gone on much longer than the normal 31 days. Is the Lord of Time to blame? The diminishing number of Wandderring Hearts questions are clearly due to the fact that Bandolier Lamia had already fixed everyone's problems.

There is talk that there is a "lone wolf" among Clanthians. Should the gypsies be worried and start planning for the next full moon?

Baron Kite is said to have disappeared to get married. Who could be the blushing bride?

Whisper isn't really dead. It's said that the dragon's handler saved the beast from a permanent grave. Now the monster is planning revenge.

Whispers throughout the lands have complained that they've been kept awake at night hearing "click click whir" sounds in the woods.

Is it true that Sudbyr is planning to succeed from the Sutherlands?

There is a plague that killing orcs. There no ties between any of the orcs who've died. Whatever causes this seems to not affect any other races.

There are no necromancers in Sudbyr.

Confused townspeople have reported that, when trying to visit the New Baron of Sadhe, they instead found themselves in the middle of Darkholme.

Has Guildmaster Kal'Eras finally figured out his Second's dark secret?

Dwarf for hire- Inquire with Dagrimg: currently in process of moving from the Celestial's Guild to Rossanoe.

Chaos is taking back what Necromancy had under its control.

Lawrence and Getrin are Elsians in disguise.

Sudbyr has no necromancers. Anymore.

This chaotic weather of late is due to Fomori playing Shepard's toss with the head of a particular House Mason kingpin.

Rumor has it Dravin moonlites as a singing chimney sweep.

Large lycans have been spotted outside of town.



**There were once two men** who had both died and encountered each other in the spirit realm. They decided to walk together a ways and talk. The first man said, "Sir it is quite unfortunate we would find ourselves here." The second replied, "Indeed. Tell me, how did you depart the mortal coil?" "Well, I suffocated." "Really? That doesn't sound like a very pleasant way to go!" "It's not. When I felt myself begin to die, I slowly lost feeling in my fingers and toes. Then I felt an odd floating sensation before I simply watched the edges of my vision fade, before nothingness, and then I suddenly found myself, ethereal, standing over my corpse. It was rather depressing." "My, that doesn't sound good at all... certainly not the worst way to go though." "How did you die then?" "Well, I had a heart attack." "Really?" "Yes! You see, I was certain my wife had been cheating on me, so I came home early one afternoon, and found her knitting in my foyer. But I knew, I could tell, there was another man in the house! I first ran upstairs to the bedroom, and I searched beneath the bed and behind the wardrobe, then I rushed downstairs and checked under my desk, and then I ran into the kitchen and checked the larder, then I charged outside and checked in the stables, then I rushed back into the foyer, felt my heart seize up, fell over and died." The first man blinked, then said woefully, " My good man if only you had checked the smokehouse, we might both still be alive!" -Wayland

## Secrets of the Stag

Originally known for their affiliation with Rossanoe, the Ivory Stag, it would seem, have branched off on their own. Rumor has it they are preparing to take up ranks as a mercenary group. One must wonder, what are their intentions? Request for "attunements of the spirit"...sounds like something more may be happening here.

Whether pure or otherwise, keep an eye on these Stags.

ΩοΩ

