

The Chronicle

One nation, one people, one Sovereign.

July 657 Edition

Pirates and the Rebellious East

The thieves of the high seas are on the run again. Yet another group of upstarts of the rebellious east have been rooted out, this time at a small outcropping of land called Rand's Peak. The Sovereign's forces crushed their feeble resistance in the dark of night, those that were not annihilated were turned to join the Dread Sovereign's forces to continue his battle in perpetuity.

This triumph of our Lord's forces this month are set as a reminder to the mortals that still reside in his lands and waters of who rules.

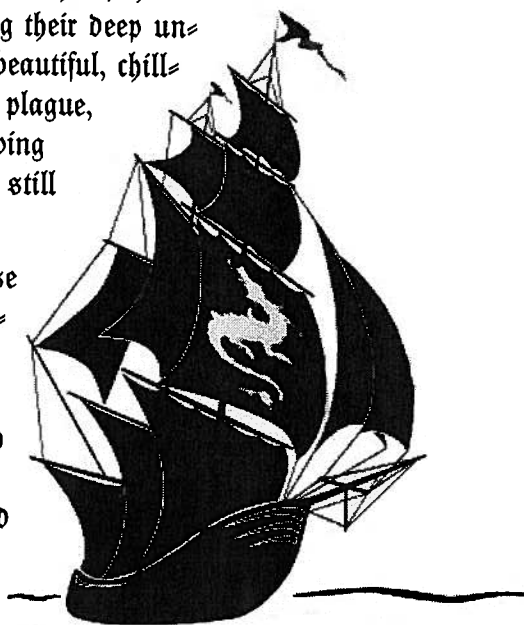
New Eit, easily conquered over forty years ago due to the foothold left by the residual necromancy of the great dracolich Whisper set to create a glorious Palace of the East, joining forever the realms of Tyrra and Undeath and enabling our Sovereign to visit on his dark wings, at his pleasure.

From his new eastern palace and his newly acquired naval force, our Lord drove the rebels back to the city of Gille. Unwilling to surrender, the city was destroyed and those last defenders, now in our service, continue to break down the city - brick by brick - at his command. From there, the cowardards fled to the cities of Dragonwatch and Fort Rynhelm. Thinking their deep underground passages would save them, they were surprised by the beautiful, chilling, ethereal delight of our wraiths and ghosts. Like a magnificent plague, the defenders fell one by one each, in turn, turning another and leaving Dragonwatch the most haunted place on Tyrra and humorously ~ still looking for their dragon that never came to save them.

Ahhh yes, and Fort Rynhelm. The last bastion of the Isles. Close enough to the false king's lands that they were able to get reinforcements and supplies, the walls of this city held the longest. But as all Islesmen are weak of heart, this city was taken from within by one of their own that would rather die in fire than face the wrath of the greatest power of undeath ever unleashed upon the world. And so Fort Rynhelm burned, a conflagration so bright that it could be seen from the high peaks of the Sovereign's Palace at Marce.

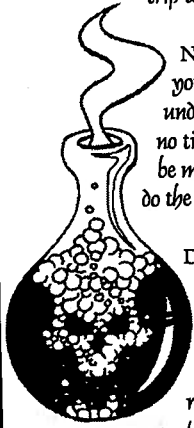
One would think that shattering the old regime and her strongholds would annihilate the resistance, yet the fools persist.

The Sovereign, in his benevolence would like it to be known to all mortals that still reside within the Isles that he offers the following in exchange for service: no fear, no hunger, eternal life, and the power with which to destroy their enemies. All that must be done is for the weary and broken pirates of the Galeon Ocean to submit and bend the knee.



The Honorable Guild of Resurrectionists, Alchemysts, and Potion-Makers

These are tough times, no doubt about it. Confusing too, if you haven't the sense to rightly judge which side to stand with. Sometimes it can be hard for a man to tell if that zombie is conveying urgent commands from the Sovereign or just hungry for a snack. Choose poorly and you just may find yourself making an unexpected trip to our fine establishment.



No need to worry though, we here at the Honorable Guild of Resurrectionists, Alchemysts, and Potion-Makers are here to be of service. Whether you are one of the living or have been walking with the grave worms for years, if you've got the coin, we've got the cure. Close proximity to the undead land you wish a case of the Zombie Rot? Our innovative tonic of rosewater and ground mermaid's tail will have you back on your feet in no time. Don't ask what happened to the lady half, I don't know and you won't care after you've seen the results for yourself. All payments must be made upfront, all liniments, potions, salves and restoratives are bought as is, and all transactions are final. However, should our first balm not do the trick we'll give half off your next purchase.

Discretion is our watchword, so as long as your gold is good we'll never ask why you need this or that cure-all or solution. For our most discerning and wealthy clients feel free to inquire about our rare stock and unique creations.

Do you have a desire to help the less fortunate, but just don't see the sense in charity work? Well, luckily for you the Honorable Guild of Resurrectionists, Alchemysts, and Potion-Makers is a for-profit organization and we are now accepting new applicants for membership. No restrictive oaths, no onerous duties, and no tedious rules or requirements. We accept men, women, and undead of all talents and all walks of life (or unlives).

Elven Superiority, Hiding in Trees

The people of "Sahde" continue to hide in their trees like the savages they are! Were they not the first to tuck tail and leave their "Kingdom" to die? The mongrels cannot hide in their forests forever. The Great Sovereign's agents scour the land as I write to root out any resistance that may yet still try to usurp his throne from their wretched forest.

It is said even the High Inquisitor himself, praise his name, walks among the Northern Marche vowing to find the source of a rebel elven cell. Magical trees and moving towers will not save them or their mystical woods forever.

I might remind you of a piece of history, my dear readers, if you think these elves are your friends and these rebels will save

you. It was Sahde who first quit the field and isolated themselves when war was evident, whom left you alone and without their archers to defend your walls from savage barbarians and goblin threats.

It was they, who would not open their homes to your refugees in all wars past.

They have spit in the face of our Sovereign, after he offered them freedom from noble rule.

They left you all alone to protect their dear golden elf child those years ago. And now they threaten the very Majesty that protects you from famine and disease, the one who has gifted many of you with lost children or family, whom died fighting while the elves of "Sahde" fled.

With their cities now laying empty and their magical forest to protect them, they creep out like hungry vines to make war on our Sovereign's people. Some say it

is revenge for the fall of Eastholme, a tragedy they brought upon themselves. Others, that it is because they hold no love for the other parts of this great Kingdom.

The Sovereign knows the truth of these cowards. They hold to old ways and claim prophecy will save them, but don't be fooled by their deceit. All they wish for anyone not of their "superior" race is death, as history has shown many times over. But it is death itself, that the Great Sovereign shall bring to them—in time.



Darkholme's Folly

The latest news from the land of desperate holdouts, insane cultists, and futile reactionaries! A shipment of relief supplies intended for the people was attacked by a handful of remaining crazed zealots, which still cling to their pathetic and archaic notions of hero worship. When these men and women were inevitably cornered in a cave, they chose to light themselves on fire rather than yield to the Inquisitor's forces. No sane person behaves this way. It is extremist elements such as these that continue to stand in the way of the reconstruction of Darkholme. They attack the Sovereign's reconstruction teams, steal food from your mouths, and subvert our youth.

It is this type of thought that caused the lands to be reduced to the smoking wasteland they remain today. An individual, who is willing to destroy their own community because of personal belief instead of considering the wellbeing of everyone, is an enemy of the people. They stand in the way of progress. This dangerous individualism and rebelling against the common good is what led to the oppressive regimes of the Baronial Court system. It was a disgustingly unfair system, in which Nobles hoarded resources, magic items, and gold from the common people. The average noble possessed 3,000 gold in magical trinkets that could

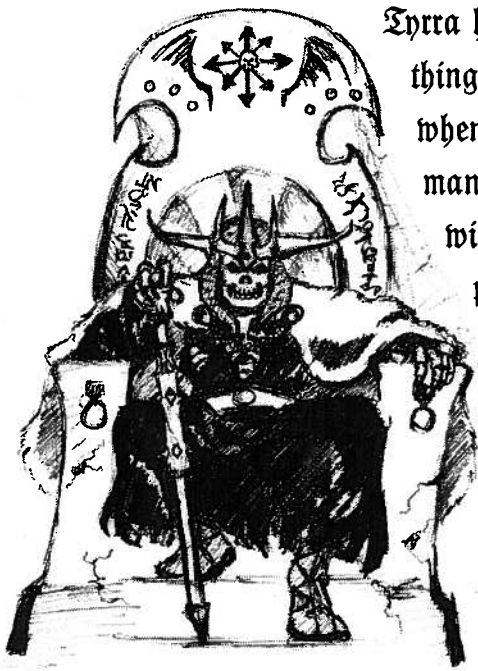
have been used to feed, clothe and educate the masses. It is this world that these violent fundamentalists wish to return us all to.

Never forget it is the sweat and toil of the citizenry on which nations are built. The Sovereign not only knows this but has always made sure that each citizen is rewarded according to their effort. Families will enjoy the fruits of their labor and not see it stolen from them. Together we can capture these extremists and bring about a new era of prosperity for Darkholme. The time is now to say no to anarchy and yes to stability!



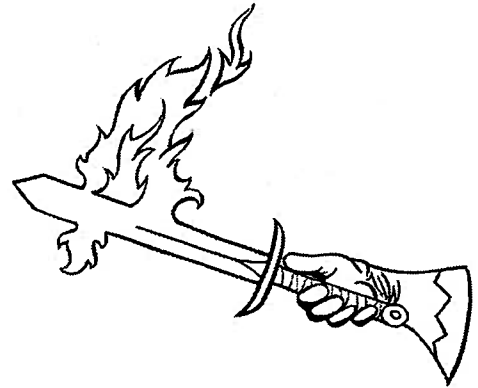
The Golden Age

The Golden Age of Suddyr Continues! The unbridled prosperity of these lands and people knows no upper bound. It continues to be a place where undead and citizens continue to work hand in hand to build a truly astounding future. It is beyond belief what grand feats are capable when we all work in harmony as one people. The Sovereign's Palace in Marce' completely overshadows any other structure built on the face of Tyrra. It is truly the Wonder of our Age. It is a place of education, cultural advancement, thriving research, and aesthetic inspiration. It is the new standard for civilized progress. You will find no subversives here, only the collaboration of the greatest scholars and creative minds with access to the greatest amount of resources the



Tyrra has to offer. Anything can be accomplished when the power of necromancy and is combined with the will of the people. Come be a part of the most magnificent accomplishment in all of history. The power of Necromancy shall raise us all to greatness!

COME TO THE SOVEREIGN'S CELESTIAL GUILD!



WHERE PRICES ARE FIXED BY HIS ETERNAL WISDOM! NO LONGER WILL YOU BE GOUGED BY GREEDY MERCHANTS OR FAT-PURSED MONEY LENDERS. THE LIE OF THE FREE MARKET IS AT AN END! THE DISPARITY OF THE HAVES AND THE HAVENOTS IS BUT AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY ERASED BY THE ERADICATION OF THE GLUTTONOUS HERO! NO LONGER WILL PRICES FLUCTUATE DUE TO STICKY FINGERS OR FAVORITISM. STOP BY AND SEE WHAT WONDROUS MAGICAL BAUBLES, CHARMS, SCROLLS, AND COMPONENTS WE HAVE AVAILABLE TO YOU THE PEOPLE!

The Barbarian Horde!

In the lands of Rossanoe, the Barbarian insurgency continues. The nomadic life-style that the Barony has reverted to must end. This petty faction of subversives, that labels itself with the seemingly innocent moniker of "The Riders", has been confirmed to be working with Barbarian tribesmen to the south. A number of them were spotted riding north, returning from deep within the barbarian lands. The fact that none among them appeared to be injured and not a single saddle was empty only lends further proof to their disloyalty to the people. What nefarious alliance have they created with the heathen hordes?



These dangerous and treacherous individuals have harried all rebuilding and resettlement efforts in the lands. They poison the wells, burn the crops and destroy the farmsteads of hardworking settlers. Until they are brought to justice for their crime against the people, the former bread-basket of the Sutherlands will remain a dust-bowl. The rightful citizens of these lands will continue to be forced to roam like nomads. The only places that are safe to colonize are in the areas protected directly by the Sovereign's undead armies. Should you find yourself out in the perilous wild areas within these lands, proceed as quickly as possible to one of these safe zones. There you will be greeted with hot food, cold ale, and the good cheer of your fellows.

As soon as these Riders can be apprehended and their alliance with Barbarians destroyed, the Dark Sovereign has announced plans to use undead to create the largest irrigation system ever seen. It will create an area of arable farmland that will be gifted to the people. It will be theirs to plant, till and harvest. Only those who wish their own self-aggrandizement would balk at such a promise of prosperity. Soon Rossanoe will rise from the dust that the previous regime ground it down to. The people will make it great once more not new nobles, not old aristocracy; the united efforts of its people.

WHISPERS ON THE WIND

The best place to be haunted in the Sutherlands
Dragonwatch. See it with your own two eyes. Hear the
wails and cries. Relive the devastation of an age gone
by!

The Grim Legion is on the move once more! The elite
protectors are ever vigilante against enemies of the Dark
Sovereign and protectors of the People.

A subversive ring leader has been identified as a human
calling himself Rifkin. He was last seen on the outskirts of
the Buried City.



A hive of law-breakers
have been rooted out of
the festering ruin of
Absynthium
by the Inquist-
or. Criminals
beware!

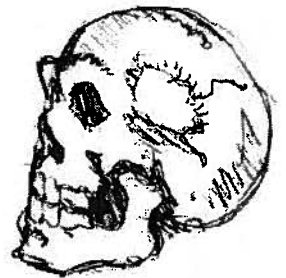
The final Dragon has succumbed to the Greed
that is characteristic of these egotistical crea-
tures. These once Majestic beasts were cursed
with insatiable Greed by the actions of the for-
mer rulers of the Sutherlands.



Today in History: The vile liar and subversive
Timothy was captured and put to death by the

Executioner. He died a coward, recanting all his alle-
giances and confessing to each of his atrocities.

There have been reports of a nefarious being of Life
walking the roads near the Buried City, caution is advised
for loyal citizens of the Dark Sovereign. Should you en-
counter this monstrosity, you are
advised to retreat and report im-
mediately to Agents of the
Overseer.



MASON'S MERCHANT HOUSE

SEE MASON'S MERCHANT HOUSE FOR ALL YOUR MERCHANTING NEEDS.
BEST PRICES IN THE SUTHERLANDS! SPECIAL PRICE BREAK FOR THE UNDEAD!
IF YOU DON'T FIND US, WE'LL FIND YOU AND MAKE A KILLING OF A SALE!
CUSTOM TOMBSTONE IN A HURRY? NO PROBLEM!
MAGGOT-INFESTED BRAIN BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LET GO OF A LOVED ONE? YOU GOT IT!
GOLD TALKS, ZOMBIES WALK, AND WE WON'T BALK. NO JOKE!

