

The Sutherlands Journal

April 611

All the News His Majesty feels you have any business knowing.

The Guardian of the Deep

Tales of the victory at Xantoc have filled the taverns across the Sutherlands. Once again the mighty heroes of Clanthia have gone toe to toe with the terrible Orc Horde, and defeated the green menace. While the victory at Xantoc over the purple celestial Orcs is indeed a great tale, this story is about a different kind of victory. The heroes of this tale are not the great commanders and leaders of armies, instead it was the common citizens who were able to make the final play that ensured success. After the Orcs in the ruins had been defeated, after opening the sealed gates to the Dwarven city, after making passage through the twisted tunnels deep below the earth, the entirety of the Clanthia force was halted against a wall of mist and darkness. Beyond that wall was rumored to be a beast from a place known only as the Deep. This creature of darkness was some how able to sense the presence of those who served in noble stations of civilization, and so it fell to the "lesser" heroes to infiltrate the chamber where the creature lay in wait. The Deep is rumored to have strong ties to Druidism, and so Giddeon was among the first to be selected as a member of the elite strike force. Dagrim was among the second to be chosen, as the key to defeating this dark beast was not in striking it down, but in striking a Dwarven artifact that would send it back to the Deep. Kalwin of the Black Dragons, Razvan of the Healers Guild, and Realm of the Chaos Children were a few of the more able and willing who took the journey into the darkness. Supposedly, once they made their way into this chamber, there was a terrible fog or mist that all but blinded the heroes of Clanthia. Though many less brave souls would have cried in terror, the adventurers remained silent as to not alert the creature prematurely. Many of the heroes wielded light elixirs in order to fend off some of the creatures minions, who were rumored to be as powerful as Death Knights. A test of faith was called for however, as the adventurers had to abandon their light elixirs in order to trap the beast in a circle of light. After many attempts, the beast was finally surrounded by the light sources, and so Dagrim began to use the dwarven artifact that would send the creature back to the deep. Ring after ring of hammer against metal echoed through the chamber. After a time, the creature and the last of its minions vanished from the area, leaving only silence as the sound of victory for the small group. The fog remained in the room, and over time began to drain the strength and vitality from those who were still in the chamber after the beast was banished. Thankfully each hero and heroine was able to make their way out of the chamber and meet back up with the rest of the Clanthian forces. As soon word of success reached the Barons and leaders, the whole of the Clanthian force was transported back to the center of town where they shared cheers for their triumph.

Dragons Plague Clanthia

I never thought that there would be the day when two dragons fought in the middle of the city. Ah, but perhaps that's why I took the job here. You heroes never cease to amaze me with your tales of battle and strife. Oh, don't get me wrong, I appreciate it. My sources tell me that Friday night of the past gathering, you struggled with chains to hold down the first dragon; Chains, by the way, which were already attached to the beast for you. The other one had a sword stuck in its head- and yet you were powerless against it. Much like "ants getting trampled", the only salvation for our heroes that night was the fact that the dragons decided to take flight. What is also interesting about this is that the second of the dragons apparently did not even have wings.

What were dragons doing here in the first place? Perhaps the first one, said to be bronze, was looking for its missing treasure. The treasure is actually rumored to be none other than Her Majesty the Queen. Whatever it was actually here for, it apparently flew in and tore open a path in the earth while it was distracted by many heroes holding its chains. I am told that a smaller group including the dark-elf Baron Morgrim and the sea-elf Dame Lulu took this opportunity to go into the opening. The second dragon apparently lives underneath the city, and as the story goes, it crawled out of a fissure that later erupted in the middle of the field.

What piece of jewelry could be so important to our leaders down there that our heroes would risk their lives to hold down a dragon? Don't you have more important things to do with your time, like, leading our brothers and sisters in the war efforts of Orbonne?

By the way, a scholarly friend of mine took the time to define the term "Venerable" to me: "Commanding respect because of great age or impressive dignity." Aren't all dragons really old and impressive? My friend's guess is that we define some dragons as Venerable to differentiate them from other kinds of dragons. It would seem that there're even more kinds than just Dragons and Undead Dragons. They say that some are fast and powerful, and that some are magical and intelligent enough to change their very appearances. What are these dragons doing around anyway? I thought the common knowledge was that "they all left" a few years ago, taking some of your Heroes' special magical powers with them.

Regardless, it's a fact that over the past few months, Dragons have definitely been present in the gossip around town. Anyone with more information on these or any other topics, feel free to come find me at The Sutherlands Journal building. Just ask for the smartest, most well-informed and most correctly-opinioned writer.

*Your only real source for the Facts-
Corky Q. Rawburkes*

Creative Corner

When I Grow Up: Kaia!



Political Commentary:



This poem was submitted anonymously via throwing rock through a window here at the Sutherlands Journal. We're not sure who wrote this poem, though some of us believe it to be a challenge to the infamous vampire poet knight, Sir Fangs-Alot.

Welcome Brave reader your in for a treat!

For without the reader, this would be incomplete,

So sit down on your butt and read these lines-

Because sooner or later with Death you all shall dine.

There is a gentleman by the name of reaper

Who hangs around bright day or darkness deeper.

He wears amusement, then sits in laughter,

As a man gets crushed by a 3 ton tavern rafter.

He hears the news, of this destruction

And knows that he will have more to kill because of life's sweet seduction.

Grim hack at limbs, as well as souls

And throws people's pride into infinite holes.

His mind is plagued with fiendish ghouls,

Who tell him that mortals are all fools.

He thinks that people are awful waste of skin,

But good instruments for bringing more dead in.

The torment and despair will never end,

As long as wars are Grim's best friend.

Grim started and laughed at the chaos he caused,

Never once thinking to pause.

The reaper will cause death, this he will always pursue

But can you blame him? He got it from watching you.

(No corrections or editing was made to this submission)

Exclusive Interview with Durkheim of Rossanoe!

Here's an interview with yet another gentleman from Rossanoe- I guess that they must be a chatty bunch!

Durkheim: "My name is Emile Durkheim, but everybody calls me Durkheim, because there are many Emiles but not many Durkheims.. I am from Rossanoe. I joined the barony shortly after coming to Clanthia, and then re-joined after spending some time getting back to my roots with the Druids.."

Corky: "I see, Mr. Durkheim. I have a few questions that I'd like to ask- I'd like to start with the situation regarding the war efforts and the Dwarves' involvement. Do you know of the current situation with the Dwarves?"

D: "I know that Dolgan and his Defenders have volunteered to help defend our lands from giants and stuff while our own troops are busy slaughtering orcs, and I know that they have done a great job of it..."

C: "How do you know that they've been going a great job, specifically?"

D: "I am a Ranger. While not at gathers, I Range. I roam the countryside of my homeland and I see the cities and towns well defended, and I see the trophies that the Defenders make of their enemies bones. I'd say that is proof positive of their skill."

C: "Bone trophies? Where? Doesn't that sound a little- dark?"

D: "I have seen several dwarves that have taken the skulls of giants and made them into shields, and the finger bones have been made into clubs. I suspect this is to demoralize the giants, and I have been looking into making a giant bone club for myself, as often as we have seen them recently. There is nothing dark about using the materials that the Earth gives us."

C: "So, are these dwarves- The Cresthammers? Are they related to the rumored dwarves that were rescued in Orbonne?"

D: "I do not think the dwarves encountered in Xantoch were Cresthammers, or even from Stonefast. If they were, I doubt we would have need to bribe them for their aid."

C: "Oh, so it wasn't a rescue?"

D: "We needed their help to find our way through the tunnels and caverns underneath Xantoch. Without the dwarves, we would have been lost and eaten by whatever those things were that we were almost eaten by."

C: "So, the Heroes didn't have a plan to get out of the caves originally?"

D: "We did. The magic of the Banner of the Sutherlands teleported us out, as was the plan. What we needed was a way to reach our destination; hence bribing the dwarves."

C: "What was the destination?"

D: "Some kind of chamber with an anvil. And a Thing. That's really all I know about it; I wasn't part of the team that went inside."

C: "Do you know anything about how long the Dwarves will stay in the Sutherlands?"

D: "Prince Dolgan has given his Word that he will protect our lands for as long as we need him to, and I believe him. Withdrawing his forces once he had what he wanted would be what knights call 'dishonorable'. Before leaving Clanthia to claim his throne in the dwarven nation, Dolgan was squired to Wilhelm. And since he is no longer a squire, and his official title is 'Knight Commander.'"

C: "What other observations would you like to make concerning the Dwarves, why do you seem to like them?"

D: "Brogan was WAY cooler with a beard. I like all the races native to Tyrra that are not actively trying to kill me. And dwarves make it easy to do my job."

C: "What do you mean by 'they make it easy'?"

D: "I am a cavalryman. In a fight, it is my job to strike the enemy's flank. But for me to do that, someone must hold the enemy's attention, and few are better at that than dwarves."

C: "Is there anything else that you'd like for our readers to know or think on?"

D: "Yes. Last gather a chaos lord that I will not name decided that he would pay our city a brief visit. During that visit, this creature from another plane murdered a citizen of Clanthia, someone who has fought valiantly to defend the Sutherlands for as long as I have known him. When asked, this alien said he did it because his victim was walking in the wrong direction. And, here is the good part, the dozen or so other so-called 'heroes' who were present did exactly nothing. I have heard that this creature has 'aided' Clanthia many times and that he is a 'friend' to the Sutherlands. Friends don't kill friends. So what I would like to ask is why is it that Thomas and creature from his plane of Law are named Enemies of the Sutherlands while Adon and his chaos monsters are not, when they come to our town to do the EXACT SAME THINGS?"

All in all, I think it was a successful interview. Mr. Durkheim left me with one last note for our readers, "People of Clanthia, pick up your trash. Nobody likes owlbears." Anyone with knowledge or information on why these owlbears are concerned with trash, please inform yours truly!

-Corky Q.

Letter to the Editor

I've received letters from my adoring fans, and I want to say that I appreciate your enthusiasm- keep it coming! Some of these letters, however, are of a different nature. Here's an example:

To whom it may concern, The bell tower is haunted. Please come fix it. We tried to tear it down, but we can not because it's haunted. We are doing what we can to rebuild Tiksylyan, and we've had a lot of help with that. We thank those who are here and we thank those who are overseas fighting to reclaim Orbonne. About a month ago, some people went into the tower, and the resounding crash was heard across town as the bell fell many stories. After that, we've tried to destroy the tower, but people keep getting hurt when they go in there. - Spooked in Tiksylyan

Clearly, our Heroes have been neglecting an obvious problem. Everyone knows that that tower is none other than the former home of the Dracoliche.

From the sources that I've spoken to, there are two options: One- Get all of those refugees out of that town, stop rebuilding and hope that that dracoliche doesn't get mad when she comes back (and reliable sources say that she'll be back in October). Two- figure out how to tear down that tower once and for all, and hope that the dracoliche doesn't care about its former roost.

Despite the inevitable terror that is to come at All Hallows, some sort of action must be put in place. Actually, as far as towers go, there's a rumor that one was destroyed in Orbonne during this past gathering of Heroes. Perhaps the same method could be used to take care of the problem that's actually Here in the Kingdom. Maybe one of the Heroes will be intelligent enough to figure out that similarity, and to take action.

Or maybe, they will let the tower stand. It is a defiant tribute to the undead and a marker of the Heroes' weaknesses. Maybe they just can't fix it, for it would seem that they have already tried.

Maybe the mighty Heroes will ask some greater power for help- That's one thing that many of them seem good at. It is a Fact that some of these mighty defenders threaten to unleash terrible horrors in order to thwart their enemies. (Read the missives in the tavern if you don't believe me!) Who are the commoners but collateral damage anyhow? Sure, they can live fine with a haunted tower in the middle of a city that they're trying to rebuild. No problem! If it's not important enough for our heroes to seriously look into, I'm sure that everything will be fine!

Send me your thoughts! I'll be happy to publish them for you- after a thorough check for strictly truthful foundations, naturally. We wouldn't want to use your local News to spread lies and fictitious accusations, would we?

-Yours, Corky Q.

Rumors, Slander and Innuendo

- Ø Only Prince Bytor and the power of ROCK can save us from Colmillo's lyrical assault.
- Ø Failing in his pursuit of a well known Gypsy, an Islesman has seen to her extended absence from Clanthia by way of a "very safe" visit to his keep.
- Ø The entire war in Orobbne is a conspiracy developed by the Merchant King in order to further fill his coffers.
- Ø The Guild Second of the Celestial Guild has been used as a ward jockey over the past month, and strangely acts much like a certain missing Golem.
- Ø Orcs who reside with in the Sutherlands are rebelling, claiming that they are receiving unjust hatred for the actions of a "few miscreants to the south".
- Ø With Lady Senechal Iris, and Lady Malakai working together in Sudbyr, is the Barony of black and silver once again becoming a Matriarchal society?
- Ø No one will speak ill of Baron Ba'al in public.
- Ø Speaking of Lady Malakai, some are saying that her and her fiancé, Lord Illsin, were over heard having a lovers spat in the middle of town.
- Ø Rumor has it that the Knowledge Eater has emptied another series of books. This time it was information surrounding the ancient origins of the Elves that was stolen, and the pages left blank.
- Ø Moria was kicked out of La Rochelle because the barony hates tall people. Watch out, Tristan, you're next!
- Ø Moira was kicked out of La Rochelle because the Orbonnian refugees felt she looked down on them too much.
- Ø All around Clanthia, Soap has been disappearing for weeks.
- Ø Scarecrows with very, very sharp steaks hidden by their hats are being hailed as "Anti-Giant wards".
- Ø The Kingdom Decree for poetry analysis was proclaimed in effort to spread culture across the Sutherlands.
- Ø Titles of higher nobility are now obtained by self-proclamation, first come, first serve.

