



Editorial Edition - 4/27/607

One Eyed Menace

Early on the eve of last gather the people of town got a wake up call from a rarely seen race. Apparently a type of beholder entered town and started a ruckus. After town toyed with the creature as it seemed to float about people started to claim that they were hearing it's voice in their head. After a few fail short attacks on the creature people claimed that it seemed to not care about the residents of town, but instead wanted some type of key. People seem to know little about this key but the creature claims that town does have it and taken by town from something called the Meroloth. After a few disintegrations and a table dance then Valik bargained with creature. Apparently town was given one month to find the key amongst themselves. What could all this mean and what does this creature want this key for?

Goblins Went to Boot Camp

Friday was a night for the record books; apparently the goblins have been training their little hearts out. A few raiding parties made its way into Clanthia and apparently gave town a run for their money. Most towns people see the little green meanies and

know what to expect, but this group was kicking but and taking name. Equipped with what seemed to be skills and abilities on par with town's, this new little guys seem to have what it takes to give people the classic hurt. Hope there are not many of these guys out there. Also to note was their intelligence and reasoning skills. One person was reported to be yelling at one of these goblin's "Why are you taking that man's stuff?" only for the goblin to retort with "Why are you taking that goblin's stuff?" The person in question was apparently taking gold off a dead goblin at the time. One would have to admit the bad timing on his part. Other noted that some of these goblins had powerful spell casting abilities. Who could be teaching these little guys all this skill? One can only assume that these were the bullies that the other "normal" goblins were complaining about a few months ago. Reports say that the new green pests killed some of their own when a few were caught "being cute and cutting up" like one would expect a normal goblin to do. These guys must mean business.

Fairy Court in Town

It seems the Fairies found a reason to be in town. Apparently a few of the summer and winter court representatives were trapped here when the lock down happened and they have been doing their best to make the most of their time while here. Interviews report that they were working on the Fae relations in town and also can to town to talk personally to Iris. We do not know yet what the meeting was about but word has it that it was not good. Any information on the issue would be much appreciated.

FEVER

by Circe Ljeschi

O! DO not die, for I shall hate
 All men so, when thou art
 gone,
 That thee I shall not celebrate,
 When I remember thou wast
 one.
 But yet thou canst not die, I
 know ;
 To leave this world behind, is
 death ;
 But when thou from this world
 wilt go,
 The whole world vapours with
 thy breath.
 Or if, when thou, the world's
 soul, go'st,
 It stay, 'tis but thy carcass
 then ;
 The fairest man, but thy ghost,
 But corrupt worms, the
 worthiest men.
 O wrangling schools, that
 search what fire
 Shall burn this world, had
 none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to aspire,
 That this her fever might be
 it?
 And yet she cannot waste by
 this,
 Nor long bear this torturing
 wrong,
 For more corruption needful is,
 To fuel such a fever long.
 These burning fits but meteors
 be,
 Whose matter in thee is soon
 spent ;
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which
 are thee,
 Are unchangeable firmament.
 Yet 'twas of my mind, seizing
 thee,
 Though it in thee cannot
 perséver ;
 For I had rather owner be
 Of thee one hour, than all
 else ever.

A Letter to Clanthia

Dear Clanthia:

By the time you read this, it should be about a month since I have been gone, maybe more, maybe less. Perhaps no one will receive this letter and I wrote it for no reason at all. Though, I think that it will amuse me in the life beyond, that some of you didn't trust what I said, didn't believe me or chose to ignore me. Although I shouldn't even be explaining this to you, if you ignored me, because even I believe that if you choose to live in ignorance, you will always sit in the dark room you chose for yourself.

Over the past year I have learned a lot from Clanthia, as did those with the same markings I had. Even if some of you didn't care, here it is Clanthia. My last rant, then you will never have to hear from me again, *doesn't that excite you?* As far as I am aware, the Devourer chose our plane instead of yours to eat. The plane was called Eira, where thousands and thousands of years the races of Eira all fought with another, light against darkness. Sometimes the light prevailed and sometimes the darkness consumed the plane itself.

Within my plane, we had access to the other planes as you do, excuse me...did.

Anyway, this isn't a history lesson so I'll get on with the point... The Devourer ate my plane and for some reason kicked us to yours. We thought it pathetic at first, but then realized we had a challenge. Not only were some of you capable enough to harm us, you had the same talents as us and we were evenly matched. There were some we called out because they chose to fight with us in public, but I suppose their cowardice prevailed. Poor Nova and Morgrim were too scared to come out and own up to the insults they threw at us. Do they always do something like that and then back down so the rest of town has to fight what they started? Oh well, none of my concern...

What I was trying to do without the rest of my cut-throat companions, was to get the "keys" together so that we may complete a ritual to send us all back where we came from, all the while re-creating the plane. Most of the town didn't care that I was there, most considered me a new resident of your forlorn lands. These keys were several intelligent weapons that seem to appear whenever it's necessary and wherever they feel like. Which is another reason why I think we were brought to your plane.

Since the battle hadn't happened as of yet there could only be a guess of what is going to happen. Half of you are going to be scared while the other half is going to be angry. The rest of my meathead group will want to attack while you are at your weakest; probably after another battle or while everyone is asleep. This all being about the time when the keys are in one spot so that we can retrieve all of them at once without much resistance. That idiot, Torval, will show up unannounced to lay claim to "what is his". Since he has something wrong with his tattoos (or whatever you want to call it), wouldn't surprise me if he pulled a trick out of his sleeve to make us bend to his will. 21 green tattoos facing the hurt or asleep town unawares of their fate. Only to have us see the darkness beyond as the ritual completes. I know that this will be done, because if it is not, the town will lay dead as we fight among ourselves for the keys.

What you were not told was the power the keys held. They could do more than just create another planescape, but that's not what we told you to do. Now that they are gone, the power is gone as well. Their secrets lie away so that such power cannot be used by the untrained again.

I thank you, Clanthia; for not only saving your plane and recreating mine but for getting rid of us. We are monsters, whether they choose to admit it or not. We were all leeches, resurrecting off of your plane, taking away some of its' essence with us. Random blackness would surround us when we awoken after being killed. For that, I would apologize, but for all of the grief that this town has given me for the request of ending my existence, I think we are even now.

Goodbye Clanthia, I hope to never see another living again, let my soul rest in peace.

- Mydnyte Lightbane

Public Safety announcement:

The trails haven't been this unsafe in a long time and the worst thing is that we still have no idea who is making them so. Anyone who knows anything that could lead to the capture and punishment of these criminals and bandits should approach a noble or baron as soon as possible so that once again the trails of Clanthia can be made safe for townfolk to walk.

Also, during these times of homelessness and need, please try to help the refugees as best as possible. Notify them of the laws and keep the streets clean so that we can avoid sickness and

danger. Any dead bodies should be removed from the trails and streets and buried as far from town as quickly as possible.

Advertisements:

Horses for sale! Our clan has been breeding and selling some of the best horses in Rossanoe for years! All breeds, colors, ages, sizes, geldings and mares! We even have some for the wee folk.

Inquire with Eibhlin Banahan for pricing, details and orders.

Clanthia's Latest Rumors:

- The Airship Pirates... I mean those dastardly Arcane know where King Devron is.
- Speaking of the King... He was also spotted in the forests of Sahde. Those who came upon him said he was searching for an orb.
- There are strange magical properties in and around the area where Clanthia stands that draw creatures of power to the area. What they do and how they use this power is anyone's guess.
- In Sahde what is with these peasants killing each other over silver pieces? I mean come on! They need to go to Clanthia where it rains mithril every other day.
- In Sudbyr a stirring has come from deep within the swamps. The no longer living, but not quite dead that wander within the tangled morass have been leaving. What gives?
- Word is the Healers Guild has a Death problem.
- A scholar from Rossanoe has dug up some information about an ancient order of knights that resided in the lands before the Barbarian invasions and Goblin Wars. But he is keeping a tight lip on what he found.
- The Isles de Honig seems to have lost its most well loved and respected leaders in the past few years. The good Baron Harold seems to have a tenuous grip on the peasants and with his barony's heroic retainers as well.
- Tyco's at it again, maybe this time it will be a boy.
- Also within the southern Isles de Honig the mention of a familiar name has gotten some of the peasants up in a furor.
- Those with the skill of nature are the keys to solving the problems that have befallen the lands as of late.
- Large yellow furred doglike creatures have been spotted around Clanthia, what's up with that?
- The muscle I mean heroes of Darkholme have been busy digging tunnels out in the barrens of that region. What are they looking for?
- The sea bound merchant fleet that had been rumored to be heading for Clanthia last gather was attacked by those pesky Airship Pirates. The merchants managed to get away more or less intact and they are planning to try again for reaching Clanthia.
- Reports of murders in the upper part of Clanthia are starting to form a pattern, could Clanthia have a serial killer loose?
- Word of Orc attacks to the far North West have reached the Sutherlands. Distant towns and settlements have been attacked and sacked. It is rumored that these Orcs do not like the competition that the so-called "Super" Goblins are giving them in the southern Sutherlands.
- Speaking of those Goblins, does anyone know where they are? It has been very quiet along the southern border of La Rochelle.
- It's almost that season that all sports fans love so dearly...

Wanted!!!! Horses, Mules, Donkeys, Unicorns, and Chipmunks! Will pay top prices for said animal! Contact Irkit, Vagrant Extraordinaire!

Alchemical Wonders For Sale! See Smitty at the gather. New alchemical recipes and the like!

All seems well in La Rochelle!

With the firm leadership of the heroes of the Suthlerands the troubles in La Rochelle have seemingly lessened. Tallyn Kynhelm and the Warlord Morgrim have set the wrongs to right and the people of this blighted barony have direction! The leadership vacuum that was created last December has been filled and with this the people's hopes are filled as well. Food and other supplies are being shipped regularly into Tiksylyan under the watchful eyes of Lorelei Kynhelm and this has not gone unnoticed! The streets in this notorious thief's haven have become somewhat safe to walk. Well as safe as one can get within Tiksylyan. Much help has been rendered by the Clanthian Healer's Guild in Tiksylyan as well. Many orphans and the ill have been treated fairly by these noble protectors! To the east, the confusion and treachery that held Vidalis in an evil grip has been released. Tallyn Kynhelm has once again done the impossible and helped ride the seaport town of hooligans. Now the venerable warrior Kasagi No Yuritomo governs the city with his just and fair judgment. To the south the forces wearing the purple and gold of the Sutherlands are keeping our southern borders safe. Relatively few goblin assaults have come over from the swamps. And Sutherlands forces now patrol the border near the wastelands as well. This is good tidings in a time of much uncertainty.

WILD ELVES IN CLANTHIA!

What could two emissaries of the so called "Wild Elven" people want within Clanthia? At the end of the last gather two wild elves were seen to walk into town and search out certain people! Naturally the people sought out were the Druidic types. Not much could be gleaned from what these wild elves wanted, but the reasonably intelligent can surmise that it has to do with "Dark Mages". But an interesting note is that these wild elves, a male and a female, who were also accompanied by two large brown bears, made no violent or threatening intentions to anyone in the town. This is a far cry from the last wild elf band came into town. Notables such as Neva and Morgrim were targets of the previous grouping of these wild elf kin. These new ambassadors seem to be more pacified and non aggressive! Could this be a change of temperament of the Wild Elven kind? Are they coming over to civilization? It would be wise to be wary around their type! Especially if you are one of those people!

Alcohol losing Potency

Orcs moving from North.

Face of wild children around Clanthia.

Men having dreams. Strange tribal markings on crime scenes.

Ancient in lake

Ancient Mummy found no mummy.

People falling in France

-- All colors of the black bear.