

The Seagate Times



Issue 26 - Spring 799

The Bigger they are, the Harder they Fool!

Adventures Vanquish Major Demons!

In a recent complicated plan of deception, Ipos, Prince of Fools was left with egg on his face. Ipos' plan to betray two of his fellow demons and trick a party of adventurers into opening a portal to hell was foiled at the last moment by his own machinations. The party defeated the two demons as Ipos intended but when Ipos tried to lure the party through the portal to hell they were suspicious and a cunning DA question revealed the true nature of the portal.

Resisting the fervent supplications of Ipos to open the portal anyway, the party went on to largely clear the complex of the undead taint that pervaded it. Many Succubi and Incubi have cause to regret their involvement in Ipos' scheme as the party cut a wide swath through them to reach the demonic principles.

Blitzkrieg's frustration at low scoring in the early part of the adventure was relieved by the climactic defeat of Biff (Bifrons - Earl of the Dead) and Malph-boy (Malphas - President of Deceivers)

Two Down...

Ghengis Begins Collection with Malphas and Bifrons - Plans to collect Ipos if possible.

Noted numismatist, phillumeny, philatelist, and philanthrope, Ghengis the Barbarian, has announced his intention to add demon collecting to his collecting hobbies. "The Paladin in me demands it!" Ghengis stated proudly, as he announced the capture and mounting of the heads of two very rare demon lords, Malphas and Bifrons. "With a bit of help from Blitzkrieg and Lysander, I have begun my new hobby of demon collecting in rare style. Now I can combine business with pleasure."

Ghengis apparently collected Malphas and Bifrons "plus a goodly number of incubi and succubi" while on an expedition to the Troll Kingdom in northern Alusia. "We incidentally prevented the opening of a Gate to Hell as a by-product to our activities." Ghengis said.

"While this has some importance in a professional sense," Ghengis continued, "It can't be compared to opening a new hobby with such superb specimens." It is reported that Ghengis, Lysander, Blitzkrieg and "a couple of non do-gooders" have



Ghengis Battles Malphas

bound the demons in a barrow mound within the central keep of the troll kingdom.

"Obviously I can't go into specifics" Ghengis said, "but lets just say these boys won't be going anywhere for a very long time." Ghengis did have one complaint however. "The archangel Michael turned up after the demons were bound, but he did take his own sweet time about it. As a collector it's important to have one's exhibits verified prior to making any public claims of ownership. Michael was quite tardy in this process. Being on the same side and all, I would have expected better."

Having commenced demon collecting with such prize exhibits, this reporter asked Ghengis what he plans to collect next. "I haven't decided yet," Ghengis replied, "but I'm considering starting a collection of Evilly Pacted Guild members, as a sort of side collection to my main demon collection. I haven't decided about this yet and may not go through with it. After all the things are so damn common."

Elsewhere in This Issue

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News in Brief

Church Captures Count

A statement was recently issued by The Unified Western Church announcing the capture of Count Karrinsky of Alada, a known vampire and necromancer, by a group of Michaline Knights while secretly visiting Barrenskine. The raid was lead by Senior Michaline knights and was carried out with no permanent loss of life due to the precision and tactics of the forty knights involved in the raid. The entourage accompanying the Count were destroyed and their corpses were purified.

The church has pursued the Count for a decade since his rise to power and open declaration of being a vampire, but his status and power has allowed him to elude all attempts to capture him.

Romours speculate that the anathema is being escorted to an undisclosed Temple somewhere in the Baronies where he will be tried and executed by His Holiest Reverend, Archbishop Mordeaux, for his crimes against humanity and the Church.

Earthquake shakes MMHS - Cult Bard Blamed

Frost 799, on the Eve of the Feast of Basil the Martyr. The Mittelmarkhuptstadt district of Ulricsmund was struck by an earthquake. Several million gallons of water escaped from the Baths, but was contained by the Sewers and flushed into Southgate district, where by all accounts it did

more good than harm. The Cathedral was only mildly slighted.

Most of the destruction was visited upon the Bastion (the State prison for dangerous criminals). It is understood that some guild-members, being detained in one of the dungeons, experienced particularly heavy casualties. Some of the graffin's own guards were also killed -- especially the Baron of Grenzstadt, whom many blame for the incident, because he had failed to eradicate the Cult of the Purple Hand, worshippers of the Duke of Changes, who had been extorting millions from the local merchants over the past few years.

The cult has now been eliminated from Mittelmarkhuptstadt, thanks to the expertise of the local Michaeline knights, especially Fr Roberto Xavier, Deputy-Commander of the Chapterhouse, and independent action by a group of concerned, legitimate businessmen. Unfortunately the Master of the Order may have escaped.

Acting on information from some of the liberated prisoners, the city was cleansed in a series of arrests, burnings, & dismemberments. Several personages were members of the anarchic cult including the Seigneur de LArmes (a well-known earth mage, formerly of Bowcourt) who was, until the time of his arrest & execution, the city's Inspector of Buildings, an important Court position. His son, the Chevalier de Larmes, was also killed and arrested.

It is understood that the Bardic ritual was so effective on the Bastion because it was combined with the subterranean effects of Earth Elementals. The area is unlikely to be rebuilt until after the Graffin's wedding on the first day of Summer, in three months time.

The Destruction of the Bastion



Scene: the party had been thrown into a lightless subterranean cell in the Bastion (MMHS's State prison for really dangerous criminals).

Faith: "This is not a hotel, you can't keep popping in and out without the staff getting upset."

Royal wedding with mystery guest of honour

The heiress of Mittelmarkhauptstadt must marry in three month's time, or else lose her claim to rule that ancient city & environs. Plans are going ahead for the wedding, but no-one knows who the Bridegroom is.

Although several noble scions of Bowcourt were under consideration before the recent Wars, the Current alliance of Bowcourt with Aquila (i.e., the New Kingdom) make all such contenders unsuitable. There was inexplicably serious talk a few years ago that Her highness might wed the Graf of Gracht - but that place is far too rural and forgettable for him to be a viable choice. There was also talk of choosing some heroic associate of the Count Palatine of Borovia, or even Count Kree himself, but it is believed that such choices might upset the Kingdom of Destiny, a major trading partner of the MMHS.

Indeed, on the other extreme, there was fear that Don Carlos of Destiny might marry the Graffin, but this would probably be unacceptable to the Anarco-romantics, the major political faction in the city which aims to keep MMHS fiercely independent -- especially independent of Aquila.

At the moment, the popular choice of the city's merchants is undoubtedly the the hero of the hour, the former Deputy-Commander of the Michaeline Chapterhouse, Fr Roberto Xavier. Last month, Her Highness appointed him "Lord Warden of Grenzstadt," and he has become a regular visitor to the Palace. As a Destinian of good birth, Fr Bob would be politically acceptable to the merchants and the nobles.

It is understood that the leader amongst the nobles' candidates is the Count of Borderlay, possibly as the result of politicking by certain Elves resident in MMHS (Princess Isileth and Duke Aurelius were both unavailable for comment). This would be seen as an attempt by Borderlay to become independent of the Duke of Aquila, and a minority of nobles fear that he would eventually bring Chaos and War to MMHS. It is also rumoured that the recently executed Signeur de Larmes had been bribing MMHS's other councillors and courtiers to marry Her Highness to Lord Azure.

At present, the on-dit amongst the City's bureaucracy that the Baron of Jotenburg (Arthur Pendragon), ever-popular with MMHS's hobbits, has a secret Candidate. Amelia Pendragon, when asked to confirm this rumour said "No Comment" in a manner which suggested that there may well be a hobbit conspiracy surrounding the Throne of Midheim. Only time will tell, but unnamed sources in Guild Security have advised that people should travel to MMHS now, while it's still there.

Whoever marries Princess Flavia, it is understood that the Baron of Elfenburg, who is rumoured to be supporting the suit of the Baron of Antikazala, has arranged with the Council of MMHS for a special portal to be installed between Elfenburg and MMHS during the Wedding Celebrations so that guild-members may attend the festivities as well as the Summer Guild Meeting. The date of the Wedding will be 1/1/800 W.K.

Guild Party Causes Millions of Innocent Deaths

In another case of "What has the guild done now" a new wave of fear and terror has been brought down upon a plane.

A guild party has inadvertently handed one of the most dangerous mind controlling items of terror over to a golem composed of troll flesh. With the mind of a 10,000 year old item, the strength and power of a golem and an almost indestructible body of troll flesh this item of evil is raising an army of corruption the likes of which have not been seen in a long time.

Along with the deaths of 143 million innocent individuals the destruction unleashed upon this plane is of a magnitude beyond the scope of thought. The mana level of the plane has risen and three great armies have risen and are doing battle. The complete scope of the damage is not yet known as a new guild party is investigating the problem at the moment. The additional difficulties presented by a cabal of binders in the local area are also adding to the confusion.

For the archives the following is known about the shield and the golem.

- The shield takes over the minds of its hosts and its major weakness is the energy it must use to control the host.
This weakness is not present with its current host
- The shield has an amazing ability to defend its host. It provides protection for 360 degrees.
- It can summon Imps. Taking 1 pulse to summon a generic Imp or 1 min to summon spellcasters of various flavours.
- It is assumed to have other as yet undiscovered magical powers.

The troll golem

- Appears to be similar to a stone or Iron Golem in strength and constitution.
- Regenerates at a rapid rate.
- Tool and weapon user.



The artist's impression of a troll golem (without shield)

While negotiating with the greediest dwarves any of us had ever met.

Sabrina "Price is no object..."

Eidolon D.A.'s the governor of Sgarth City and asks, "Highest ranked professional skill."

He gets "No answer."

Liessa observes: "Well, that's a Noble for you."

Tilbury, viewing the Cathedral for the first time, "Surely a place this large must have a big Kitchen."

Blitzkrieg Shatters Kingdom?

There is much speculation as to the repercussions of Blitzkrieg renouncing his land and titles. For those not in the know, he has shrugged off his commitments and responsibilities to the Duchy of Aladar and the Western Kingdom in favour of a sequestered life at a church monastery.

The leader of the Kings Rapiers, the Western Kings personal guard, had this to say: "I am very worried what this might mean to the peace we created. The marriage of one of the most important nobles from each faction gave us the time to start healing old wounds. Now, unless someone can talk some sense in to the Count, they will be opened afresh."

Cracks have already appeared in the already fragile 'peaceful' Western Kingdom. Reports of fighting in the province of Zoomalar have been grossly exaggerated and have only led to 13 deaths. The local lord insists this is caused purely by bandits and is not part of any new organised hostilities.

The political manoeuvring has been at its highest since his shock announcement. His loving wife says she will be sad to see her man go but is prepared to shoulder the burden of fealty in his absence. People close to the Arch Bishop of Novalar say that he and the church are seeking all of Blitzkrieg's lands as being the best way to ensure an easy transfer. Lady Sabrina would seem to have backing from Baron Kevin and the Duke of Aladar in her bid to take over the Barony of Sturmwald, but this would still leave the County of Barretskine up for grabs.

Thornton stops his ritual, shrieks & clutches his throat. The only witness is Tilbury (the hobbit) who rushes over to pull Thornton's hands from his throat. A second later, Eidelon (the military scientist) enters the tent & immediately comprehends whats happening.

"Well I guess it's clear who got the last mushroom," he remarks.

From Guild Party Scribe Notes

What Could Go Wrong? by Loxi

female elvish earthmage -- and wimp
(even the hobbits & Earth mages felt so)

I wanna go home,

I wanna go home,

Don't wanna play with no 'roaches no more

Demons and servants settl'in' scores.

Take me back to the Sea - -

Gate is where I wanna be.

Oh my I don't wanna die I wanna go home.

Lady, Hear me now! I know not how I got myself into this. On the morrow we shall be bait for The Purple Hand and their demon masters. Actually, I can not be blamed for our current predicament. For Arwen and me sat at Mistress Quickley's, [footnote: a well-known MMHS Bordello (ed.)] studying, while the rest went gallivanting on the

snowy rooftops of Mittelmarkhuptstadt. Although I am not certain of the whole story - They did contrive to re-assert the beliefs that the vigilante was alive and ... kicking - businessmen all around town.

This was in response to a poster campaign with messages like " Purple Hand - 1 : Cockroach 0. Signed 'Those who know' ".

The Butcher was most unimpressed that his advantage had been cut short. He instinctively blamed us and I believe that Faith put him right on that score.

Somehow a body found it's way onto the Plague Memorial Statue looking somewhat like a Bug victim.

Only a few hours later (okay several hours) there were fresh posters on the walls of the city decrying 'The false cockroach' and threatening his death within two days.

We took a poster to Father Bob to see if he could give us any clues on the origin of the purple ink used on these flyers and ended up being the object of a plan to ensnare some of the high ranking Purple Handites.

The good Father is convinced that the cult knows about us and our (I use that term loosely) complicity in last night's subterfuge. He believes that an assassination attempt will be made on us whether we stay here or go. He says that we would make a good object lesson and serve to increase the terror that the Purple Hand hold over the upper-middle class citizens of Mittelmarkhuptstadt, that by killing us they will be able to extort more money from the commerce district.

Faith says that we should go along with the Michaeline plan because there has been some bad press, recently, about The Guild and some of its members. Our actions will go some way to repair the good reputation of our association. Apparently some guild people have been bad so I have to sit in a cell and wait for demon consorting, cult-criminals to try and kill me while I trust a Destinian to help us haul our arses out of trouble, catch the bad guys for questioning and not leave us to rot. Who me? - Bitter? Never...

So, here is the plan :-

We get arrested by the Michaelines and handed over to the City Guard. Father Bob arranges to post a squad of Michaeline Knights to watch over us and he also manages to be with us. The priest will bring to us the weapons that we will need while we sit and wait for some, unquantified, people to come and kill us. Simple really. What could go wrong? Don't get me started!

The Golden Horde by Hagan

Jake Sterling employed Liessa, Eidelon, Shemin-ah, Hagan & Tilbury as bodyguards to escort him on his diplomatic/trade mission to S'Garth City, an area that has been in turmoil. In fact Jake was expecting some thugs to help him and Thornton, his runemage flunky, while he spied on a populist rebellion in the annexed territories

against the imperialist invaders (i.e., against Jake's boss, the King at Dravogen). By the time we realized that we'd been employed by such a morally dubious character, it was too late -- the good guys were plotting against us.

On the way to S'garth City Eidelon slaughtered some bandits, while Hagan ran interference. Unfortunately the surviving orc, whom he mercifully set free, may have warned the Liberation Army about us. In S'garth City Jake met up with S'Garth Postlethwaite, the slimy imperialist military governor of S'Garth City (formerly Gammytown). In the citadel we saw battle-scars incurred in the recent eviction of the dwarves who built it.

Two days later we met some unconvincing "farmers." Liessa reading the spy's mind as he lied to Eidelon. Eidelon prepared magic & the spy charged, only to be felled by an Endurance shot from Hagan's bow & from Shemin-ah's ice-shuriken ["snowflakes of death" as Eidelon called them]. In seconds it was over: 1 unconscious & restrained spy, 1 peasant dead & 1 wounded; party unscratched. Since the locals thought the spy was a hero, Shamin-ah hypothesized that there was a Native Uprising underway against the imperialist human invaders. 25 years ago the castle was built, 15 years ago the town was founded when Gammy beat up the local leaders. Fields were pushed North & South, as the forest was cleared & the human settlers poured in. B.t.w., there's some sort of "silver dragon" symbol associated with the rebels [possibly something to do with the white dragon?]

Jake met representatives of the local popular leader, Sendem, and agreed to meet guides there in 2 days' time, to be escorted to see Nat Signek in the South. We then flew north, but when out of sight, Jake broke his word and ordered us south. On the 16th, we met & embarrassed "merchants" who were really mercenaries who had been told to watch for us. On the 20th, we walk through illusionary high cliffs and enter the camp of the Horde. There were perhaps 1000 campaign tents; and a golden glow shone from the centre of the camp. Jake was invited to the Golden Tent guarded by 2-headed drazzards.

Next day, Tilbury the hobbit ran amok, giving Eidelon & Liessa an excuse to chase him and spy some more. Jake went to the Golden Tent and was killed. Thornton who had been evesdropping shrieked and fell unconscious. The party winged-up and flew North over the forest, pursued by monkey-lizards on faster wings, while the army mobilized. The pursuers outflung us, and forced us to the ground. Hagan had fun swinging his anvil about; but Liessa had the most impressive tactic. When one monkey-lizard swooped at her, she clutched it and they both plummeted. At the last moment she went ethereal and sunk harmlessly into the ground. Not so the Saurid.

We landed in a clearing, defeated the orcs there and regrouped. When we saw dragons, we again landed. We had discovered what Thornton had been keeping quiet: Postlethwaite had betrayed his overlord, for personal gain; and the Army was not headed North to S'Garth City, but East to cross the channel and attack the King. By the 24th the party, had managed to avoid both S'Garth City and the Golden Horde, and reached the channel safely. There were minor skirmishes. The big battle was against a trio of Saurian wizards backed up by a mob of 20-odd orcs who formed a perfect line and charged us faster than we could run, wielding an array of vicious weapons. We had to stand our ground because the hobbit was caught in Hands of Earth; but we prevailed.

We flew to Nilreb and were debriefed by our employer's boss (The rune mage had sent a message days ago). Jake had made it back before us (he has some sort of "get-out-of-Hell" card), the healers said he was recovering - pity they didn't keep the original covering and just restuff it. We then portalled home to await our pay.

Terranova Report

If you are reading this in the Times then it would appear that my attempt to rush a letter to Seagate has succeeded and I can but convey my thanks to the Elven courier who so graciously agreed to carry this for me.

As I write this report provisions are being carried aboard the Dona Silken in preparation for what may be a long and perilous sea voyage.

News reached us from the camp of El Loco, just over a week ago, that there were strange and unnerving happenings in the Spawn's coastal city -- that very same terrifying edifice upon which I recently reported. The messenger claimed that the frogs appeared to be removing the city's pilings, the supports that allowed it to jut out into the bay at the mouth of the river leading to their hinterland empire. This odd deconstruction the messenger said, coincided with the arrival at the city of a vast procession of Spawn priest-mages, all bedecked in their savage finery and accompanied by many more guards and retainers.

General Juan Velazquez de Leon, military governor of Puerto Damiano despatched a fast ship to investigate and sent another to notify Don Pizzaro, currently at New Destiny. Though badly damaged and with many of her crew missing or dead, General Leon's ship returned yesterday, and brought with her a fantastic tale -- the Spawn city floats!

The city, it seems, was not supported on pilings, but rather moored against the coast as construction continued. The moorings now released, the city floats free upon the waters and even now, propelled by some unknown motive force, sails eastwards, away from the coast and heading for deep ocean, surrounded and protected by many of the strange hive ships of the Spawn's insectoid allies.

That same day Don Pedro de Alvarado arrived here with his ship, the Dona Silken and after hurried discussion with General Leon began taking on board provisions and extra soldiers. He plans to follow the Spawn, as close as he may, and discover their intent. I will accompany him and keep an account of our voyage, hoping that I may be able to find some way to get it to Seagate and keep you apprised of our situation.

I do not know when I may next be able to send word, but as I go now to board ship and sail east, where far across the waters lies my fair Bowcourt, I can feel only dread as I contemplate the final destination of that monstrous city-ship.

I remain,
Henri Stanleigh.
Seagate Times Special Correspondent.

Orc guard
*(*finally* becoming suspicious): "Ere, What you upto, anyway?"*

Shemin-ah:
"Don't mind me, I'm just asking silly questions."



Party employer:

"Do you serve the forces of good?"

Neroc:

"Certainly. I'm a member of the Adventurer's Guild"

Starflower's Bestiary

The Drow of the Underdark

The average drow appears to be simply a short statured, dark-skinned, white-haired elf. But do not be deceived. Appearances can be superficial, and the drow are very different indeed from the elves of the forests and the sunlit lands. Which may be surprising since, as the historians of the elven peoples tell us, they were once one race.

We do not know what it was that turned the nature of the drow from the light to the darkness, but that change is woven deep into the drow, their nature, their habitat, their society, the very colour of their skin. No-one would ever mistake a drow for an elf. Their society, like many elven societies, is based on great Houses sharing common blood, but theirs is far more stratified, and the rivalry between them has turned to barely disguised enmity. They are fiercely matriarchal. Women rule the drow Houses with rods not of iron but of magic, and the matriarch of a drow noble house is a person truly to be feared.

The drow are found on many planes, dwelling mainly in great cities in giant caverns deep beneath the surface of the land. They subsist mainly on the fungi they grow in huge mushroom farms, textured and flavoured to suit their refined palate. The drow principally worship a goddess whose name is Lolth, whom we shall hereafter refer to as the Spider Queen. The Spider Queen takes only females to serve her as her priestesses, and it is these women who become the drow matriarchs. Needless to say, they are all pacted to the Spider Queen, who endows them with a number of formidable abilities. Most will carry a Staff of Power, containing a Lesser Demon enslaved to the Spider Queen which can cast all spells of one College at Rank 15 and a Tentacle Rod. Do not, under any circumstances, allow a drow priestess to break either a Staff of Power or a Tentacle Rod. You really don't want to know what will happen! The highest rank a mere male may rise to among the drow is that of House Wizard, but such men are nonetheless exceedingly powerful in their own right.

The Spider Queen is cruel and malicious. The only person in her world is herself. She is constantly plotting to keep her loyal minions in a state of turmoil. This way she can find the strongest and most cunning of her followers to serve her. Drow, being brought up under this religion, are all but perfectly suited to this arrangement. With the drow's instinctive distrust and wit, all but the most wily of opponents will be thrown into disarray. Seeing that the Spider Queen is a chaos power, this seems only fitting.

The main object of affection among worshippers is the spider. It is an offence punishable by death to kill or even maim a spider. The Spider Queen gives unto her pacted servants a poisonous spider to aid, guard, but also to watch in their furtherance of the religion. It has been known that a follower be killed by the so gracious gift.

The drow are not an enemy to be taken lightly. They are clever opponents, exceedingly fast and possessed of unusually high resistance to magic. They use poison freely,

and many are highly trained assassins. Their magic is likewise formidable, mainly focussing on mind magic and necromancy. Such of their male children who are not sacrificed to the Spider Queen at birth begin training either as fighters or mages, and consequently they get to be very good at killing unwary adventurers. As well as each other. This is a society based on jealousy, mistrust and hatred.

And therein lies one of the two great weaknesses of the drow. Their hatred of each other, their mistrust of other Houses, their desire to rise to preeminence among their people can be exploited by the wily adventurer. By playing one against the other, one can achieve one's objectives among the drow without the need to fight (as a guild party has demonstrated, returning with the entire movable contents of the vaults of not one, but two noble houses - Ed.) Their other weakness is their vulnerability to sunlight, indeed any type of light. Spells like Flash of Light, Bolt of Starlight and Pyrotechnics are especially effective against the drow, seeming to reduce their resistance to magic, as well as blinding them.

Do not forget however, that the drow are not alone in their great cities in the Underdark. There are giant sentient man-spiders called Driders. It is said that these creatures were once themselves drow, turned in spiders by the priestesses as punishment (we shall not mention that a human Guild member spent some time as a drider quite recently, shall we? - Ed.). There are spiders in all shapes and sizes, most thoroughly venomous. There are the servants of the drow, mostly giants, goblins and orcs, rarely humans or other surface-dwellers. You may encounter dark dwarves, Kuo-toa, even the dreaded Calamar in the depths of the Underdark. This is not a safe place, and one I would not care to visit, no matter what the reward.



The House Matriarch

Sabrina (when the beholder the party were fighting retreated):

"I'm suffering from Beholder Interruptus"

Amusements

The A-Z of lessons that should have been learnt by a recent Guild Party (names withheld to protect the guilty)

- A**bject Poverty - result of a court case going against you.
- B**ravery - telling a demon "the deal's off" - to it's face.
- C**ollateral Damage - there should always be more of it.
- D**emons - they come "by the light of the silvery Moon".
- E**xcuse - "It was a good idea at the time" doesn't always work, no matter how often it is used.
- F**ramed - being accused of killing more people than you actually remember killing.
- G**reed - is the route to a painful experience.
- H**umiliation - dying in the act and then getting caught.
- I**ntelligence - getting rid of the Party Leader - this probably should have happened more than twice.
- J**ustice - still no idea what this is, though the church inflicted it anyway.
- K**nights - Far too frequent except when you are facing demons.
- L**ivid - A one (and a stubby bit) winged demon when hearing the song "Fly me to the Moon"
- M**ercy - What you plead straight after "guilty".
- N**aive - Junior adventurers not knowing what they are letting themselves in for.
- O**h #&% - the sound of a well-orchestrated plan coming together nicely.
- P**hew! - The feeling that when the trial is over, the judges didn't quite get the full story.
- Q**uandary - The state of mind when you realise that you ought to tell the guild that there is another little job you have to do for a demon.
- R**evelation - the slow creeping realisation that your employers are torturing you for fun, but you have to go along with it anyway.
- S**tupidity - taking a Geas to deliver a message to a demon.
- T**remendously stupid - not only taking a geas to deliver a message to a demon, but working for FIVE other demons on the way.
- U**nfinished business - Remember that other promise you made to a demon!
- V**ictory - removing a Geas and one of Belial's wings at the same time.
- W**itnesses - the closer to zero, the better.
- X**-it - always have an out - or a good lawyer.
- Y**es - a small word, but not to be used lightly.
- Z**agan - Did we offend him as well?

A bird in a cage is better than two dippy women somewhere on Alusia, and certainly better than working for a 5 demon clique - but the parrot should still remain in the cage.

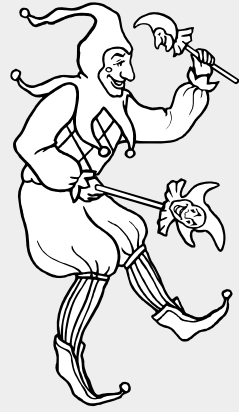
All Greater Summoners are evil, good Greater Summoners are evil in subtle ways.

Demons have a wonderful/warped sense of humour, depending on who is on the receiving end.

The Western Church like their monopoly on Demon bashing - if you want to bash a demon, make sure the Western Church is not watching - The Western Church have eyes.

Speaking the name of a known demon may be bad for your health, possibly the names of the unknown ones as well - The Western Church have ears.

Whenever near Aryan, don't stand still, because evil hangs around like a bad smell - The Western Church have noses.



Fire Investeds for Sale

Self Immolation Rk 10
Dragonflames Rk 10
Weapon of Flames Rk 10



Prices negotiable. Please contact Flamis at the Guild.

Water Magics for Sale

Waters of Healing Rk 10 - 400 sp
Waters of Strength Rk 9 - 800 sp



Please contact Aqualina at the Guild.

What's Hot

Running along cathedral roofs, laughing maniacally

Ambushing demonic cults who attempt to attack you in prison

Pyrotechnics

Disguise Illusions

Dealing TO Demons

Blinding Drow

What's Not

Fatally plummeting off cathedral roofs

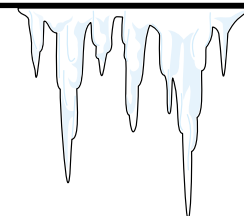
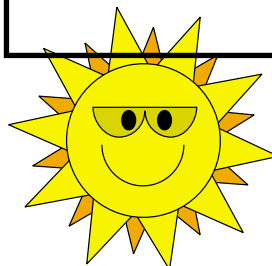
Ambushing local merchants who try to rescue you from prison

Dark Spheres

Giving artifacts to Troll Golems

Dealing WITH Demons

Banding Damage



Neroc:

"There's nothing like the smell of necrosis in the morning"

The Rumour Mill

Naidin's House of Healing

Sources close to the Seagate Orphanage are happy to announce the opening of a new facility for the homeless children of the city - Naidin's house of Healing. Apparently Naidin, famous bon-vivant, adventurer and Necromancer, has opened the facility to treat the poor, the sick and "especially the children."

"As a Necromancer," Naidin said, "children have a very special place in my heart. How could I refuse them?"

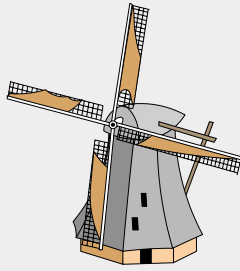
Apparently Naidin gained his healing abilities on his latest adventure from an artifact known as the 'Heart of Darkness'. "Now I can be the healer I always wanted to be." gushed Naidin as this reporter interviewed him. "As a Necromancer, I promise to do all I can to heal the poor, destitute and limbless, cross my heart." In a heart felt gesture, Naidin followed action to word, crossing his chest with both hands over the place where the infernal lump of obsidian, "The Heart of Darkness" now beats. "Bring me your children! Bring me your children!" Naidin finished, "all I desire to do is good."

Orphanage authorities have praised Naidin's civic-minded attitude, "Usually people swear at necromancers" one official said, "but this just goes to show that our prejudices have costs us some real friendships in the past. Well done Naidin, all of Seagate thanks you."

NB: In a follow up to this article, this reporter interviewed the adventurer Basalic, the first to be healed by Naidin's new gifts. "Its appalling," cried Basalic, "now I am his infernal slave forever!" Basalic went on to claim that those receiving Naidin's gifts of healing fall under Naidin's dire necromantic control. "Forever more," Basalic claimed, "any harm visited on Naidin may be instantly transferred to those whom he has previously healed. I myself have been the victim of this transference."

These claims were put to Naidin, who dismissed them sadly, "You try and do good and look what happens? There is always someone who will cry down any good works that you do. People have to understand that Earth Adepts like Basalic have their own agendas and these are seldom based on truth. As a Necromancer I have often thought Earth Adepts were among the most dangerous people around. I would encourage folk to examine the record. Guild Necromancers like myself have a sterling history of acting for the common good - why half the orphanages in Seagate are run by Necromancers! Earth Adepts by comparison, are often pacifistic in nature, leaving defenceless people to suffer the depredations of less principled spell casters. All I can do is deny Basalic's allegations and encourage people to come forward any accept the healing that is their right."

When this reporter asked Basalic for a reply to Naidin's defence (and one that this reporter wants to be publicly recorded as agreeing with), Basalic replied that he may have been incorrect in his claims. "now I think back on it,"



Engleton Exercises Editors

After the last Guild meeting, the assembled were able to view the editor and chief reporter of the Seagate Times doing five hundred pressups in the Guild Courtyard, with Engleton standing over them.

This resulted from an article that we received, and printed, last quarter, which mentioned Engleton being part of a demonic cult that ambushed some Michaeline Knights. Our source had sworn it to be true, even under the influence of certain Mind magics. We can only conclude that either it was an illusion or a doppelganger of Engleton.

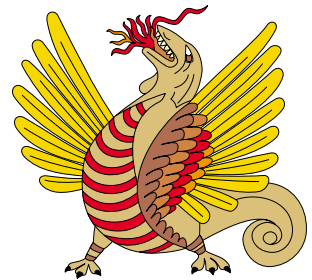
Basalic said, "I realise that Naidin never transferred damage to me during the course of any adventures. I made the whole thing up out of jealousy for the well-deserved praise Naidin has gained for helping to heal the orphans of Seagate."

A magnanimous Naidin standing beside Basalic, shook hands with the smaller Earth Adept. "All is forgiven," Naidin said, "people have to understand Basalic has been under a lot of pressure lately, especially with the upcoming illness of his wife, Flamis. I cordially invite Basalic to accompany me on my next adventure, in fact I insist on it. I'm sure I'll have a use for him."

The Last Word

The editors would like to express their grateful thanks to all contributors to this season's issue of the Seagate Times. We remind you that we reserve the right to edit all contributions and to determine what shall and shall not appear in print. Please note that opinions appearing in this document are not necessarily those of the editors or staff of the Seagate Times (especially those appearing in the "Rumour Mill").

T'ana Silverwind, Editor in Chief, Seagate Times
Glitterwing Stargazer, Chief Reporter and Astrologer



Contacts:

T'ana Silverwind
Flamis
Aqualina

Jacqui Smith (275-3080)
flamis@ihug.co.nz
Keith Smith (275-3080)

Grendel Beetleknex

phaeton@ihug.co.nz
Simon White, ph 534-8582
Dpwhite@ihug.co.nz

Borghoff

360-1569
salient@kccs.co.nz