

The Seagate Times



Issue 33 - Winter 801

Flugelheim Back On Map!

Grain Shipments Expected

Following the apparent disappearance of the countries of Flugelheim and Artzdorf from commercial trade routes, a Guild party was commissioned to investigate. They found that the truth was far more insidious than they had imagined, but that much could be revealed by the proper application of a sledgehammer.

By the feast of Imbolc this year, the grain shortage in Carzala had reached the point where the Guild Council and Duke Leto of Carzala were considering all possible sources. The countries of Flugelheim and Artzdorf to the west of Aquila were friendly to Carzala, and were known to export grain, but not only was no grain coming out of Flugelheim, there wasn't much of anything else either. It was as if Flugelheim and Artzdorf had dropped off the map. A Guild party was organised and assigned the task of finding out what had happened, and if at all possible to arrange for shipments of grain to resume.

Further investigation showed that Destinian traders did indeed ply the coastal route and that they occasionally stopped at Port Artz or at Flugelheim itself. The party arranged passage for themselves, including their giant, cunningly disguised as the "Beast in the Box", and carried aboard in a large crate. The party planned to conceal themselves, more or less in plain view, as a carnival troupe exhibiting a "Beast". This meant that the most obvious adventurer type could be "the hero who captured the beast", while the others were the "squire", the "beast-wrangler", the "merchant" and of course, "the Beast". The fact that when they eventually got around to exhibiting themselves, the "hero" became the "Beast" is entirely beside the point, as is their choice of name for the troupe: "Menage á Cinq"

Even before they left the Guild the party became aware, through various arcane means, that the lack of information out of Flugelheim was from no natural cause. Magic was involved, magic with sufficient power to strike at the investigators within the Guild itself, several hundreds of miles away, magic with the taint of Dimensional Weaving. They reasoned that the cause was most probably some sort of Calamar artefact, probably brought into Flugelheim by Destinian Old Regime infiltrators, and being used to prevent information escaping, though for what precise cause was never determined.

The voyage was relatively uneventful, until the ship approached Flugelheim harbour, where the edge of the magical field was evident to those with witchsight. One of the party used Detect Aura to question the magic, and was able to determine the rough direction of the generating artifact.

The party entered Flugelheim, and were required to pay Guild fees to operate as merchants and as magic-users. Here the chosen cover proved its utility, since it gave good cause for party members to be magic-users. The party was contacted in secret by the Flugelheim Association of Guilds, who were surprised to learn of the cause of the disruption to their trade, and eager to see it brought to an end, keen enough indeed to offer the party payment. They also confirmed the party's suspicions regarding the Old Destinian penetration of Flugelheim, particularly through the reactionary group known as the "Artzdorf Liberation Front".

The party were fortunate enough to arrive in Flugelheim part way through a succession of fairs taking place at the country's various major towns. A carnival wagon was hired, and the party headed for the fair at Mariksville. There they discovered that innocent townfolk would most certainly pay good coin to be being scared witless by creative adventurers, provided said adventurers are performing on a stage behind a suitable barrier. They also assisted the town guard in containing a major arson attack by a half-devil (which unfortunately got away). Nevertheless, the party were able to ascertain that it fled to the region of a manor house to the south, and that the artifact might also be near there. They investigated and found a stables which was in use by Old Destinian infiltrators. They were able to take one captive, and under interrogation he revealed the location of the artifact itself, in a hunting lodge on the estate of one Lord Kevin.

The party then conducted a lightning raid on the hunting lodge, relying on speed and overpowering force to out manoeuvre the enemy, making their own entrance through the roof by essentially dropping the giant on it. The Old Regime Destinians were defeated, although they escaped using dimension jumps, leaving the artifact behind for the party to destroy at their leisure. It proved to be a literally godless altar, an entrance to the void which touches all planes, and was somehow containing all knowledge of the country around it into itself. The party attacked it with claws, crowbars and sledgehammers, tearing it apart, and momentarily revealed the void within - before the artifact self-destructed leaving nothing behind.

The fact that you are reading this article is proof that information regarding Flugelheim is now flowing freely once more, and the Times is assured that the harvest there was excellent and cargoes of grain are surely on the way to Carzala.

Beauty and the Beast?

Elsewhere in This Issue

News in Brief

Terranova

Bestiary

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Rumour Mill

and more...

***"I think we'd
better get our
act together."***

***- the "Beast" on
arrival at the
Mariksville fair.***



"Why did you have to kill him? Why couldn't you just hit him 'til he fell over?" asked Lucius. "I did" replied 2'6" tall Faith. "That's how I could reach his throat."

News in Brief

Big Juju repopulates Ildrisholm Fossegrim an endangered species?

A party of adventurers, while down in the Islands of Adventure, have discovered that the Big Juju, a freshwater kraken living in the upper reaches of the Sweetwater, had requested at least six fossegrim to be sent to him, in order to replace the dwindling population, probably reduced owing to the actions of previous adventurers.

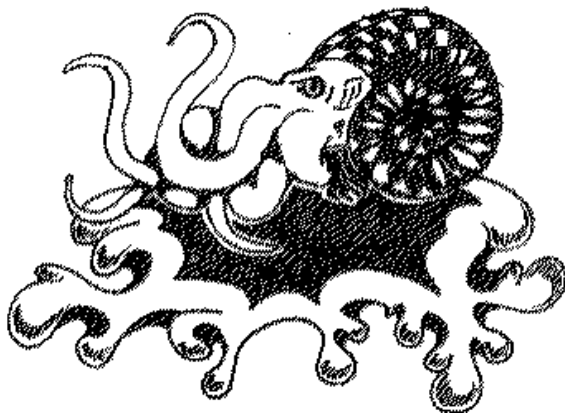
The fossegrim had been sent from a small island in the Islands of Adventure, the Isle of Karvala, by a combined effort of an E&E, rune mage and ice mage. We tracked these individuals down but, they were currently engaged in a complex 'war game' with Karval, an Air Spirit so we were unable to interview them directly. The game was taking place inside an obelisk, which was an Air Place of Power, and the players were currently in a semi-corporeal state requiring neither food or drink for the duration. The obelisk contained an airspring and was accessed through a portal disguised as a wooden door in some nearby ruins. We were informed by Karval that the game is excellent training for military scientists, especially high ranked ones, and invited us to play. We declined on the basis that the game could take an extreme long time to play out. The current players may be going for the next few months. Several other people have come here for the express reason of playing.

Prior to them starting the game, a month or so ago, these three adventurers had captured the fossegrim then transformed them into an ice cube by means of an ice hibernation spell. The resulting cubes was then posted, by means of a rune portal, towards Ildrisholm. However, the portal intercepted the one between Seagate and Ildrisholm and the cubes arrived at the Guild. Since the travel time in the second portal varied, depending on which spot was touched, the cubes arrived over a several day timespan.

The Big Juju has also been asking for adventurers to find the Book of Ildris, who is the founder of Ildrisholm.

By Aurora

The Big Juju



Have YOU seen this dwarf?

Brundar's Ma Missing

Jhensi Hallenger the well respected matriarch of the northern dwarven city Brightrock is now missing, possibly in Hell. At the last guild meeting guild member Brundar Hallenger was summoned home, because it was her birthday, and she was asking for Brundar to help her get better.

When the guild party arrived after the first week of Fruit, she was at home, having been abed raving and sick for the last month. It was only due to the herbal infusions given by the local healers that she hadn't died several times already. She was randomly and excessively using her magical talents to create things, which was continually taxing her strength.

Jhensi Hallenger was the strongest and most powerful mage in Brightrock, of a type known as Noble Mages. The Noble Mages don't fit into the usual thaumaturge-elemental-entirety college structure that the philosopher find so tidy. Rather they use mana to ask their Mother God, Gaia, to do their wishes. They can create things from nothing, such as a cup for the healer's tea as Jhensi demonstrated early on, or doppelgangers, such as the one of Brundar she did when she got irate at a visitor. However apparently it is more strenuous to create things, many of the other Noble Mages preferring to mould existing stuff to their will. Sarah Highbright, of the dwarven royal family, was another powerful Noble Mage who effortlessly would undertake "minor magics" such as to summon salt across the table for her dinner and the like.

The party set off to investigate Old Brightrock, the dwarven city that had been abandoned several centuries ago, as the astrologers indicated an imp residing there wielding a holy (or holey) cooking utensil. Old Brightrock was inhabited by an army of Gnolls (7' tall dog humanoids)

Sven:

"What rotten bugger puts a snake in their sock drawer?"

who had taken over some of the indigenous Manticores as mounts (human head and torso with arms, bat wings, lion rear body).

The leader of the Gnolls was a goblin, known as Pan a' Leke, the holey cooking utensil. In his employ he had two or three powerful imps, one of which was a summoner of more lesser demons. They had created the warding defences the party encountered, which were belonging to the fire, illusion and binder colleges. Except for a ward which was non colleged, triggered by any counterspell going through it, placed in front of a more usual ward.

The party eventually walked into Pan a' Leke's stronghold at his invitation, to negotiate for Brundar's life and the removal of the cursing rune on his forehead, in return for the dagger which the party held, which he required for said ritual. In addition the party negotiated that he remove the affliction that was upon Jhensi Hallenger. Valery learnt his individual true name as surety of his good intent, but he reneged anyway.

Brundar lay on the sacrificial table while the imp bound his hands and feet, then slashed his ribcage to get the blood flowing, apparently a requirement for the ritual. After an hour of song and dance by the imp, with his three summoned black cherubim holding the magical daggers, Brundar's curse was removed. Pan a' Leke then started the second ritual to remove Jhensi's affliction. Shortly after it started, a portal to Jhensi's bedroom opened up, and she flew through as if on a flying carpet, and began thanking Brundar for his sacrifice.

At this point it became clear to the party that Jhensi had got Brundar into this situation only so he could be killed to give her more power. Brundar and the party thought things had gone far enough, and a fight ensued whereupon the one cherubim, two imps, and Pan a' Leke were killed. Jhensi was overwrought with rage and despair at Pan a' Leke's death and disappeared. She is still missing and will attempt to use Brundar for her designs again at some stage in the future.

The party were grieved at the uproar that Jhensi's disappearance caused the ruling council at Brightrock, as Jhensi was about to become one of the King's Advisory. They are also interested in meeting with a Baron of Aquila, who had also sent a group of mercenaries to stop Jhensi achieve her aims. Too bad they were also in the employ of Pan a' Leke and betrayed the party to deliver Brundar into the gnome's hands. Their leader was killed, but two mages Kurr Feldt (celestial) and Lowenk Grabsfarr (mind) escaped. If anyone meets or knows the whereabouts of these two experienced mercenaries, Brundar wants to know.



Ceremonial Destruction on Purple!

Further rumours have drifted into our offices concerning recent events on Purple entailing a guild party led by Amelia Pendragon. The other members of the party were Gerrard, Drovar, Darien, Eric the "Dwarf", and TDP Roberts. Guild tax records suggest they have considerably increased their personal wealth.

Reports from the human lands of Mercy, to the north of the Fetid Swamp of Death, show that the party helped the dwarvish King Robert of Fyres who led a suicide raid to the Orc lands. The raid ended when the few hundred dwarves in his honour guard finally died of their wounds, still swinging axes and singing war chants. Darien however denies any involvement in the destruction of Broadford and consequent deaths of a million orcs. "He wasn't 'King'. We did not accompany **the** King to the orc lands, we were not in the arena at the time of the explosion, we did not carry off his body and in no other way were we involved."

The Dwarves of Fyres live in vast cities to the south of the Amalfi dwarves, who are their distant cousins. These two great clans escaped an undead drow empire by burrowing into the mountains south of the human lands of Mercy. Some previous contact had been achieved with the Amalfi dwarves.

The Fyre dwarves are aligned with Metis who, unlike the other Titans, is still on plane and grants boons to the royal line. The Fyre have also benefited from the presence of undead on the borderlands as few orcs get close enough to cause any harm to the dwarves.

Harold Goodfield, a corporal in the Royal Guard, penned the following words while recovering at Amalfi.

Patriarch Robert, our leader good and true for the last 547 years, went on a pilgrimage to the east. I was blessedly chosen to be part of The Patriarch's Escort. Amelia Worldbreaker entreats led us to the orc municipality of Broadford in the heart of the torrid Great Jungle, and our ultimate betrayal.

I will not go into the details of the repulsive Orcish ceremony that took place in the Grand Arena. I was fortunate in that I was not directly hit by the huge blast flattened the forest for miles around and deafened generations. We few survivors of the Escort fought our way out of the remains of the Arena.

There was huge confusion as small groups of us fought the heathen hordes. Standing back-to-back with Frederick Straight-Furrow, I vowed to dispatch as many orcs to their afterlife as possible.

Just as things looked particularly grim, Amelia, she of great thews, descended from the welkin, kept her tryst and led us to salvation. Under her enlightened direction, small groups made their gore-splattered way together. Making our way corpse by axe-rent carcass, we few dozen survivors assembled under lightning-rent skies. Gathering up a few dwarven

When faced with kegs of beer, and struggling to find the dwarven word for wine, someone suggested:

"Elf Beer", hastily correcting themselves, "Not the red stuff".

"Why Ma?" Brundar asks partway through a battle.

"You're meant to be dead by now, shut up."

Old Destinian sailing proverb:

"Idle hands look better in shackles."

bodies, we made our way north to the great elevated road.

Here the great confusion aided us, as there appeared to be no Orcish leadership to send a warband after our valorous group. Indeed, it was likely that only those few ahead of us on the road (fleeing to the next city) even knew that an organised band existed. As it would have been dishonourable to shoot them in the back, a small number of us flew ahead. It was immensely satisfying to stroll back down the road, picking off the cowardly pagans.

We eventually came to The Holy One's boat straddling a stream in the Jungle, where we refreshed. Watching the many large fires still belching smoke into the doom-laden skies, we resolved to use all possible means to get note back of King Robert's noble sacrifice.

We decided to leave the road rather than continue slaughtering the peasants - and our singing was getting raucous. The ever-resourceful Amelia took us to a hidden campsite where our carried could rest with respite. Even the lightly wounded pitched in to clear enough jungle for the Holy One's ship. Only the badly injured and the healers were spared their turn on watch.

Rousing before dawn, we formed up in platoons for the casting of wings from the haggard shadow mage. All of us reached the western coast, while a few even made it to the Amalfis.

So ended our glorious journey into the Heart of Darkness. Long live the King!



"the huge blast flattened the forest for miles around..."

Terranova Report

This report from our Terranovan correspondent was delivered to the Times a week ago by an Elven courier travelling from the Elven Isles to Alfheim.

Puerto Damieno - Tuesday 4th Vintage

To my loyal readers at the Guild in Seagate, greetings, and I hope that the Autumn season finds you in good health. Once again as the weather finally cools we look forward to the festival of Samhain and the colourful costume parades of the local Lizard-folk. Puerto Damieno itself has been fairly quiet with the attention of the dreadful Spawn centred far to the North.

For myself, I am well, though I find that as time passes I have begun to miss my home in fair Bowcourt terribly, and the month of Vintage brings with it memories of the vineyards and hedgerows of home, and after such a time away, I would even gladly attend an Aquilan beerfest.

I have made an attempt to collate such information as reaches me here about the events in the lands of the Drow, although sadly this is less than I would prefer. What little information I have from the North I offer you here:

Reports from Dylath indicate that the foul Spawn have been seen on the northern side of the Red Hills and Circle Mountains which mark the southern extent of the Drow lands, having apparently breached the mountain wall halfway between the Drow cities of Draja and Raam. A portion of their army marched on Raam, which already in chaos and disarray from the terrible plague that struck it some months ago, is said to have fallen easily to the invaders. The bulk of the army, including many ancient and foul creatures of terrifying description, marched on the city of Draja, whose quisling inhabitants have sided with the Spawn. It is said that where the Spawn march they bring their waters with them, and reports state that the vast area of desiccated marshland around the city is flooded for the first time in living memory. The warriors of Kinlu, the Erelheine, that were besieging Draja have been forced to withdraw further to the north and west, putting their backs perilously to the inhospitable and uncrossable Silt Sea.

There is little information regarding the other Drow city-states that I would credit, but it does seem that considerable civil unrest and disruption is continuing. The erstwhile King of Urik has disappeared, some say inside his great pyramid, and in his absence his generals ready the city's armies for war, for with Raam fallen only sixty miles westwards, there can be little doubt that they are now firmly in harm's way.



Between the Spawn and the Drow...

Since it seems that news from the North will not reach me here with any consistency, I have resolved to travel myself to the Drow city of Dylath and seek information closer to the source, hoping to increase both the quantity and veracity. In preparation for my journey I have been fostering goodwill amongst the Drow free-traders and corsairs that come to Puerto Damieno. My word, but they are a rough and salty bunch of fellows. I look forward to my journey, and if all goes well my next Report should be sent from that distant place.

I remain,

Henri Stanleigh.
Seagate Times Special Correspondent.



“First we disguise ourselves as Church Knights, and then we sneak past the guards.”

The Adventurer's Guide

Tips for success

Never lie to the employer - especially if the employer happens to be a Mind Mage.

If someone says “I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot barge pole”, then make sure they have a fifteen-foot pole to investigate it with.

The best way to check if a monster is really dead? Hit it some more...

Always carry a non-magical light source - there are places where magic doesn't work, and being caught in the dark is a really, really bad thing.

Keeping a supply of wiccan mouse-pelts and a wiccan counterspell handy is very useful if you feel the urge to take prisoners.

Nobody appreciates a smartarse answer - and the more powerful they are the less they appreciate it.

Speed is often a better tactic than stealth.

Stealth is often a better tactic than speed.

The trick is in knowing when to relay on speed, and when to rely on stealth.

Information is like silver - the more of it you have the more options you have available.

It often pays to make an entrance - make a doorway where there wasn't one before, and you can be certain they won't be expecting you - or at least not from that direction.

Always make sure you know where the exit is - or at least a place where you can create an exit.

If you're travelling undercover, make sure that the cover is appropriate to your appearance and skills - if you're being merchants, it's a good idea to have at least one merchant in the party, and you'd better have something to sell.

Answers to Last Issue's Puzzles:

Riddle: Diamond

Women's Rites:

- The priestess of Givova is Mirabella, her symbol is the flaming torch, and her place of worship is the hilltop.
- The priestess of Handova is Dulcibella, her symbol is the star, and her place of worship is the lakeside.
- The priestess of Muvova is Gloribella, her symbol is the owl, and her place of worship is the meadow.
- The priestess of Pullova is Arabella, her symbol is the mask, and her place of worship is the wood.
- The priestess of Pushova is Claribella, her symbol is the clasped hands, and her place of worship is the garden.

"Can you see invisible smells with witchsight?"

Starflower's Bestiary

Great Gryphons!

Gryphons are a breed of chimera - a blending of more than one animal, in this case the eagle and the lion, created by arcane magicks in the forgotten past. Gryphons are raptorine in the foreparts and leonine in the hind with little exception. The typical gryphon has an eagle head, forelegs and wings, with a lion hind quarters, hind legs and tail. Their head, upper torso, and forelegs are like those of a giant eagle, save for the prominent ears. This eagle half is covered in golden feathers from its wing tips to its razor-sharp beak. Their powerful forelimbs end in long, hooked talons. These claws are so large that they may be fashioned into serviceable drinking horns. Indeed, it is said that the talon of a gryphon will detect poison in a liquid when used as a drinking cup. Wide wings, built for soaring on thermal updrafts, with a span of twenty-five feet or more, rise out of their backs. The lower half of a gryphon is that of a lion. Dusky yellow fur covers the lion half's muscular rear legs and clawed feet. A lion's tail hangs down from the gryphon's powerful rear haunches. Adult gryphons stand five feet at the shoulder and weigh over half a ton.

Gryphons are ferocious sentient avian carnivores that prey upon horses and other herd beasts. This hunger for horseflesh often brings gryphons into direct conflict with humans. Gryphons hunt in groups of up to seven, searching the plains and forests near their lair for herd animals. With their superior vision and sense of smell, gryphons can spot prey up to two miles distant. Gryphons will often attack even if the horses have riders. Gryphons hunt only for food, so a rider who releases one or two horses can usually escape unharmed (though in all likelihood the horses won't). Any attempt to protect a horse brings the full fury of the attacking gryphons on the protector. When attacking ground targets, gryphons use their great size and weight to swoop down from above and rake their opponent with the talons before landing nearby and tearing with their great beaks. In aerial combat, gryphons are equally fierce, lunging into battle and tearing at their opponent until they or their prey are dead.

Gryphons are said to kill serpents and basilisks, both embodiments of evil, thus protecting humankind. They are most definitely sentient creatures, strong of will and highly perceptive. A guild party has even reported a magic-using gryphon, though this must be exceedingly rare.



Gryphons prefer rocky habitats, near open plains. Once gryphons establish their territory, they remain until the food supply has been exhausted. Gryphons, like birds, built nests, or eyries, high in the mountains, often near buried treasure. It is said that they when they find gold they make their nests from it. More certainly, the gryphon does have an instinct for sensing the presence of precious metals, and will vigilantly guard any they find. It was written by Pomponius Mela, that a certain area was uninhabitable, "because the gryphons do wonderfully love the gold, which lies discovered above the ground, and do wonderfully keep it, and are very fierce upon them that touch it."

Gryphons, like eagles, live in mated pairs. Gryphon nests are usually situated in shallow caves, high along a cliff face. During spring, female gryphons lay two to five eggs that hatch in the late summer. Should an egg fail to hatch, it will solidify into a huge agate, worth between 4,000 and 6,000 in silver. Gryphon young are known as gryphlettes. Gryphon young grow rapidly for three years until they are large enough to hunt with their elders. Adult gryphons are extremely protective of their young and attack without mercy any creature that approaches the nest.

If trained from a very early age, gryphons will serve as mounts. The training, however, is both time-consuming and expensive, requiring the expertise of a beastmaster for two years. Once trained, though, gryphons make fierce and loyal steeds, bonding with one master for life, and protecting him even unto death. Gryphons are most commonly used as

mounts by elite guardsmen on the borders of the Lunar Empire. A gryphon mount knows no fear in battle, but tends to attack horses in preference to other opponents. Fledgling gryphons sell for 3,000 silver pieces on the open market, trained adults for far more. Using a stoned gryphon as a flying carpet is not recommended however, as one Guild party can attest.

The gryphon has appeared as frequently in the applied arts, in tapestries and in the work of goldsmiths, as in heraldry. In the latter domain, Boeckler offered the following interpretation: "gryphons are portrayed with a lion's body, an eagle's head, long ears, and an eagle's claws, to indicate that one must combine intelligence and strength." Surely this is one of the most noble of opponents, and the greatest of fantastical avians.

Barth: "It would be useful if I ranked my TK"

Amelia: "We only have one afternoon"

Barth: "Yes, that would be enough time."



The Puzzle Column

Brigetta's Riddles

As I went over Seagate Bridge
I met my sister Jenny,
I broke her neck and drank her blood
And left her standing empty

Pray tell me, who is Jenny?

I know a word of letters three.
Add two, and fewer there will be.

What is the word?

Whilst I was engaged in sitting,
I spied the dead carrying the living.

What did I see?

Riddle by Jorgen the Sphinx

The more you take the more you leave behind.



Which Chest Contains the Gold?

Two chests are labelled "A" and "B".

A sign on chest A says "The sign on chest B is true and the gold is in chest A".

A sign on chest B says "The sign on chest A is false and the gold is in chest A".

Assuming there is gold in one of the chests, which chest contains the gold?

The Slowest Camel

A Sheikh of Araby tells his two sons to race their camels to a distant city to see who will inherit his fortune. The one whose camel is slower will win.

The brothers, after wandering aimlessly for days, ask a wise man for advise. After hearing the advice they jump on the camels and race as fast as they can to the city.

What does the wise man say?



Water and Wine

Start with a half cup of wine and a half cup of water. Take one tablespoon of the wine and mix it in with the water. Take one tablespoon of this mixture and mix it back into the wine.

Which of the two cups contains more of its original contents?

Get the Power of Fire and Light!

Fire College Invested Items:
Dragonflames Rk 10
Weapon of Flames Rk 10
Also Rank 8 Weapons.



Now with added Radiance for extra Positive effect on undead!

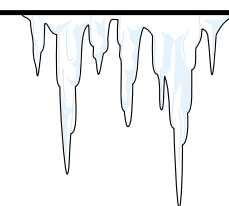
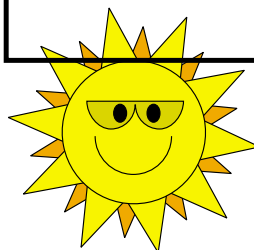
Prices negotiable.
Please contact Flamis at the Guild.

What's Hot

- Grain shipments
- Carnival troupes
- Jumping giants
- Binding water
- Quickness
- Ambidexterity
- Annoying necros
- Being six feet tall behind a wall of fire

What's Not

- Hungry peasants
- Old Regime Destinians
- Dimension jumping
- Greedy adventurers
- Agony
- Amputation
- Annoying druids
- Being ten inches tall inside a wall of fire



Amelia: "I've got some string left from securing the captured horses"

(One of the advantages of your enemies being ten inches tall.)

Nendil: "How do you find out where a portal goes?"

Sven: "You step through."

Nendil: "What if there's something odd on the other side?"

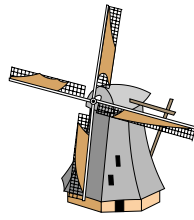
Sven: "You throw a peasant through."

Barth: "What happens when the road making machine is full of wood and cuts more trees?"

Mechanician: "Ah, I forgot to mention the ... how do you say nichtsphere?"

Barth: "There's a DARK SPHERE in there and you FORGOT TO MENTION IT!?"

The Rumour Mill



Heard around Seagate...

The Duke has secretly obtained a large supply of grain and is only giving it out to the (Halflings, Orcs, Elves, Shapechangers, Dwarves, Michaelines, Calimar, Destinians, Demons - pick one) in exchange for an escape route when the Dark Circle overtakes Cazarla.

Some Halflings have secretly obtained a large supply of grain and are using it to bake cream buns which are only given to Halflings.

The Michaelines have secretly obtained a large supply of grain and are only giving it out to converts (new or old).

The Destinian Old Regime have secretly obtained a large supply of grain and are offering it to anyone who'll bring down the Western Kingdom. (There may have been some truth in this - see our lead article).

The Western Kingdom has secretly obtained a large supply of grain and are giving to whoever sacks Brandenburg.

The Calimar have secretly obtained a large supply of grain and are giving to anyone who proves they've killed a god.

Worrying Times...

It would appear that the guild is having trouble collecting enough taxes for the Duke. They resort to selling background information about guild members and their families to any interested party willing to cough up with the blunt. For those of you with something to hide - worry!

As much as Lucius may like to portray himself as a weak mage with no fighting capabilities, he has come out from behind his tower shield to hit out at a demon or two. Do not be deceived any more.

Loxi is looking for a menagerie, and she won't say why. Hmm, kinky.

Faith was seen giving away food at the soup kitchen in Seagate. (No, can't be true, we can't publish that. - Ed.)

Please will Hammer explain just what he was doing to Isabeth with that feather? And why did Isabeth respond in kind? Is this some kind of mating ritual?

And what DOES Barth wear under his helmet? Is there a human being inside that armour, or is it a tin golem?

Wiccan Amulets for Sale

- Amulets of Luck
- increase defence and magic resistance.
- Amulets of Jade
- hold undead at bay.
- Amulets of Carbuncle
- reduce damage from poison



Restorative potions also available.

Please contact Thom at the Guild.

Water College Potions for Sale

- Waters of Healing Rk 10 - 500 sp
- Waters of Strength Rk 10 - 1000 sp



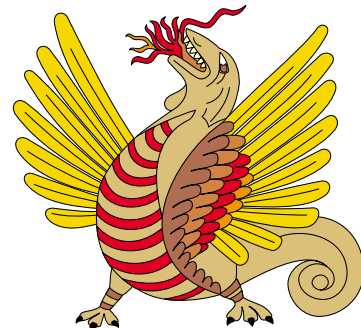
Please contact Aqualina at the Guild.

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.

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