

# The Seagate Times

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Seagate - Brastor - Mittlemach

Issue 3

## Tensions Rise in the Middle Duchies

By Antonius Rüllen  
Mittlemachhelpstead Correspondent

Further developments in diplomatic tension between the middle duchies was reported last month. The Duchy of Aquila and the Marquisate of Bowcourt, allied late last year by the marriage of their ruling dynasties, have become increasingly belligerent to their smaller neighbours, such as the Republic of Innsburg. Two weeks ago on the birthday of the Duke of Aquila, the birthday present of the Marquise of Bowcourt was reportedly a new regiment of heavy curassiers, placed especially on the Innsburg border.

Noticably, this has caused great uproar in the ruling family of the Duchy of Aladar, the dominion directly to the west of Aquila. In a shock move Duke Novar IV has recently guaranteed

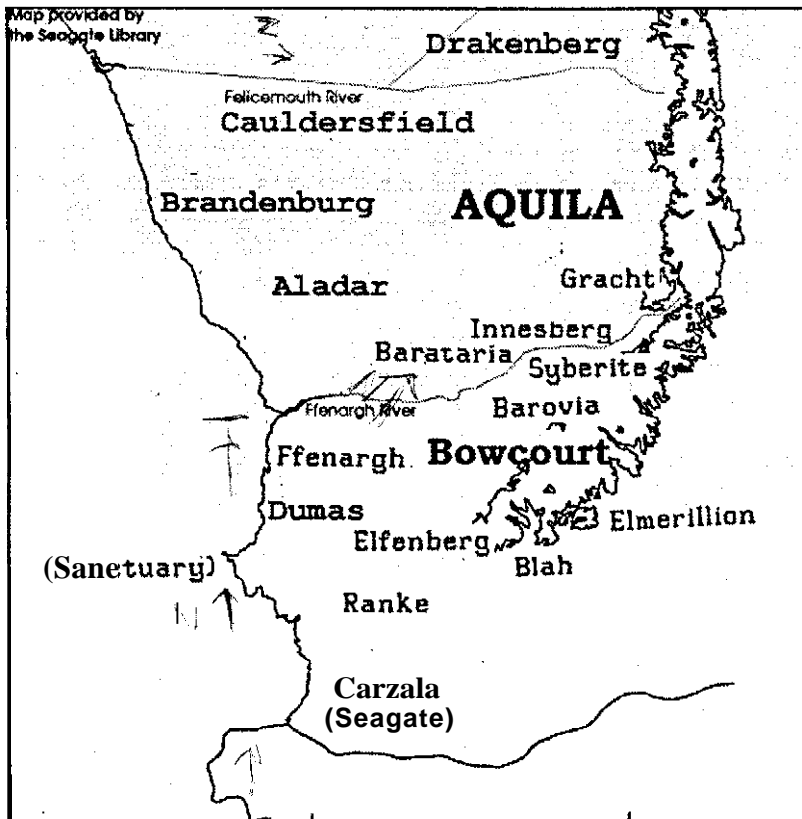
Innsburgian independence from what he calls the "usurpers of Ducal rights". This is a precedent, since relations between feudal Aladar and republican Innsburg have up until now been cool. Duke Novar has further sent several of the great houses open inquiries into the formation of a loose confederation of duchies whose aim is to maintain the balance of diplomatic and military power between the ducal families. This attempt at parley has been greeted with some interest, but mostly indignation. Since this sort of politic has been put forward several times by other Duchies, and Aladar has until recently been one of its biggest opponents.

Meanwhile, there are rumours that the Marquise of Bowcourt is great with child. This is of great joy to the houses of Aquila and Bowcourt and the houses of Aquila and Bowcourt may

unite under one ruler. But will he be named Duke... or King? Tensions are running high in the area once known as the Western Kingdom, and if the new child is a boy, diplomatic efforts may fail and the largest war this century may erupt no more than three days sail from Seagate. Sporadic violence has already been reported in several border towns in Aquila, Drakenberg and Aladar, and a recent dispatch from the Council of Felicemouth suggests they may cease to trade up the Felice river. Trade has indeed almost ground to a halt up the Ffenargh river, and the merchants guild of Seagate is of the opinion that "both these rivers should be treated as hazardous areas until further notice", due to increased naval manoeuvres by several local military vessels. Travellers in this area are advised to travel only on main roads, as ranger and militia forces have been brought into towns for training, and banditry is on the increase in these border areas.

On a local note, the Duke of Carzala wishes to remain neutral in these affairs. He stated that: "Since Carzala is outside the boundaries of the old Western Kingdom, Seagate and the rest of Carzala's demesne should be safe. Considering the current diplomatic situation, Carzala is a small and remote duchy, and I think that if my ducal cousins will not come to their senses, they should certainly have their hands full with each other rather than bother about us!"

However, the Duke did say all Carzala militia and military personnel should contact the ducal master of arms about their current lodgings and availability for service. He also advises all members of the Castellan Borderers to contact the Liaison Officer, Ensign Steele, at the Adventurers Guild Lodgings south of Seagate.



# Mordag's Little Finger

By Ptolemy

Our Party:

Engelton the Namer (Party Leader)  
Sadar the Ork Necromancer (Military Scientist)

Ptolemy the Celestial Shadowmage (your obedient Party Scribe, and Engleton's bat man)

Sith the female Elven Necromancer (recently given a sexchange by Engleton in his quest for the mastery of healing, ably assisted by this writer)

Liessa the female Mindmage-Fighter

Logan the Enchanter and Ensorcerer

Prydera the female Dwarven Fighter

Turf the stupid Elven Namer.

Our party have, after adventuring in the shadow plane called "the Darklands" to return Oiane's lost inheritance, returned to Seagate for three weeks rest and training, having decided to meet on the 1st of February to look for further work. Work, however did not have to be found. It found us. As Engleton, Sadar, Logan and I relaxed in the Guild Bar on the evening of the 31st of January, a strange chill took the air through the open window beside us. A bat flew in, unsurprisingly, we all thought "Oh gosh! It's a vampire!" and kicked up the table, preparing to do battle. Well, how close we were to the truth, readers.

But not yet. The bat flew around the room a few times, then, depositing a scroll at Engleton's feet and flew out again. The scroll came from the Sorceress in Silver, a prominent air mage who resided in Seagate. As an aside, she is a landowning foreign noblewoman who came to Seagate to live closer to the magical community there a few years ago. She is supposedly beautiful, and possessing an honest and courteous character. The bat was her messenger, entreating "Engleton's" party to meet with her on a matter of business at Alphonse's for breakfast tomorrow morning. What a lucky break! No sooner do we need work when some lands proverbially at our feet. Engleton and I must be getting a name for ourselves.

I delivered messages to the rest of the group telling them of the meeting, whilst Engleton, in a contemplative mood, decided to pay Sith a call to discuss her conduct on the previous adventure. I don't know what Engleton expects, but her conduct has not really changed, nor her manner of wearing outrageous clothing. Still, I must say I didn't think she would. Indeed, I think this is one of her endearing qualities.

We ferry across to Seagate, and walk to Alphonse's. The sorceress, as I have previously said, was exquisite. However, I digress. Our quest would be, it sounded, not easy. An arch thief called Sarograde, credited with stealing from the thieves guild of Sanctuary, slipping the rings off the Archbishop of Ranke's fingers

and stealing the keys to the gates of Hell disguised as a holyghost, slipped past the magical wards on the Sorceresse's manor and broke into her laboratory, killing her assistant and making off with the precious staff she had been studying - the staff called "Mordag's Little Finger", part of which is the little finger of the ancient giant Mordag, slain by the Necromancer of Hordag Loi. Hordag Loi is a ruin some forty miles West of Seagate, and there is a legend about the former Baron of Seagate, the Necromancer, a black demon cat and Mordag capturing his son. The sorceress acquired the staff five years ago in the ruins of Wye.

We are shown a playback of the incident through the Sorceresse's crystal of vision. Sarograde is, she says, a master of disguise. His only distinguishing mark is that the little finger on his left hand is missing. Stranger and stranger. In any case, our mission is to recover the staff AND to capture Sarograde, dead or alive. He is worth more to us alive, but with Engleton's ressurectory skills, we don't actually have to worry about that at all.

The staff was created by the necromancer of Hordag Loi. The staff's powers are firstly that of being a magically enhanced weapon, and that it is resistant to magical scrying. But most of its magicks are concealed. The sorceress was presently trying to find out the power words for its other abilities, but was progressing blindly, since she did not have any of the primary texts written about the staff, supposedly lost when the Necromancer died fighting the great dragon of Wye.

It occurred to me during this talk what could possibly be the motive of Sarograde for stealing the item? Its major magicks are unknown, and it will be hard to fence such a unique item.

However... for the retrieval of the staff plus its thief, we will be paid a significant amount. Who are we to complain!

*Continued on page 3*



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# The Silken Web

"Little Bo Lysander has  
Lost her soul  
And doesn't know where to find  
it..."

---

Well gentle Readers,

Those of you who know the raven-haired temptress and her callous treatment of innocent male admirers, are no doubt completely unsurprised by this turn of events.

---

Apparently Engleton has shrivelled up and gone all darkgreen and prickly at the thought of his beloved... how shall I put this a corpse.

---

Love is in the air, this year, with all kinds of interesting chit chat being reported to yours truly.

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Why I myself barely managed to avoid being ravaged by a panting Braegan who'd been overexcited by tight leather pants and a war eagle.

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And Dr Nathaniel Blauf (the original Big Girls Blouse) has been spotted writhing in ecstasy with a huge camp guard (No - I mean one that guards a camp, you know tents and things - we think she was technically female).

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It turns out that Mortimer Graves was just a red herring in the neverending stoorrry of Dillinger and Sein Fein:

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Dilly was just playing hard to get (the minx) and I can happily report Seagate's favourite couple are cooing and billing again.

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That ruggedly handsome (but sensitive) elf Kree(p) has been standing around looking gorgeous, as usual, (here it is Kree, now leave me alone).

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Well ta-ra for now, remember, keep your feet on the ground and they'll never make adultery charges stick!

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## Mordags Finger continued

So on to business. Logan, I and one other go up to the Sorceress' manor to search for clues. The rest go back to the guild to get our stuff ready and buy healing potions. Sadar as military scientist has ordered us to buy five healing potions. Each! Either he's expecting trouble or expecting we can get drunk on the stuff. And I know healing potions aren't alcoholic. Hmm.

At the manor we find few clues. Sarograde is about 5'8", human, slim and muscular, lacking one little finger. Just like Mordag... Nah, that must be a coincidence. Logan, for some reason, wants to find out what Sarograde smells like! Tap tap tap. Unfortunately we must face facts. The staff can't be traced, and we don't really know what Sarograde looks like. The only lead we have is a guild E&E cast one locate object spell perfectly last night, and caught a short glimpse of Sarograde with the staff on a street on the North side of Seagate. We go back to the guild. I enquire into contacting "The Guild" of Sanctuary. I don't think we should use them until we get the staff out and are chasing Sarograde. They are just as likely to nab the staff themselves, methinks.

In the mid afternoon, we go out to Northside. We go to the corner of Kepper and Falasha St, the magical sighting place of Sarograde. The pub at the top of Kepper St, Varleys, has a sign which is a shadowy figure drinking from a skull. This is a slimy, seedy part of town. In short, very homely. Logan, with his magical smelling sense (aha! this is what he was doing when I thought he was crazy) sniffs out our target, and follows his scent around the corner into Fountain Court. He makes a peculiar sight, hunched down to the road with a magical wolfskin over his head. Still, I guess the rest of the party don't look much less obvious, seven be-weaponed toughs looking for a fight.

The scent dies out at the end of Lower Tower Road, in front of an impressive but derelict bell tower on the corner. Engleton talks to a local, only one of whom has noticed our presence. She is a mercenary protecting a local

brothel, I think. She is somewhat perplexed by our appearance, but tells us that she is worried more so about the recent disappearances of beggars and Rowena, a local whore, in the last couple of days. Six people missing in the last week! Odd. This also happens to coincide with large amounts of black fog in the streets. Sadar and Engleton turn white at this, why? This is getting very strange.

Taking Shale, the mercenary woman in tow, we head back to the tavern. Shale thinks we might find some more information out about Sarograde there, since he is big time in the thievery circles of this part of Seagate and frequented this tavern. Sarograde was in with Black Tom, a local second storey man, and Charis, Black Tom's girlfriend. She, we understand, is keeping a room at Mother Gird's Hotel, around the corner. We also find out the street hoods in the black and red gang colours, who so far have followed us around but not, done anything rude (very wise, I would have thought) are the "wharf dukes", the local street hood gang. They are controlled by Torch, with whom Megan the barkeep can get us an introduction at the fish shop on Kepper street.

We head over to Mother Gird's via the fish shop. Engleton tells me why he went white. Black fog equals vampire. Hmgh, I feel a bit white now. Erg. The fish shop. Torch is, not surprisingly enough, an elven fire mage. Few of the rest of his clique are mages at all. He says, after a bit of financial prodding, that Sarograde disappeared two weeks ago, supposedly hunting after some big treasure horde. We tell Torch it will be worth his while to keep an eye out for Sarograde.

4.00 pm

Then to Mother Gird's on the corner of Mistforn and Vrai Rd. We enter and bookrooms, pretending to be itinerant mercenaries. We find Charis and Engleton talks to her. All she knows is that Black Tom went off with Sarograde about two weeks ago.

*Continued on page 4*

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## Letters to the Editor

Sir

A few months ago, a man with a Fire Flight spell on him crashed into the first floor of my local tavern. At the time I was unable to prove that Guild members were behind the fire that started and the damage done.

However a few weeks ago a stranger on hearing what had happened payed for the damages. He said the damage was the work of the three Adventurers Guild members he was looking for. I don't know who that man is, nor have I seen him again. All I know is that he came from the City of Waterdeep and left soon after the damage was repaired.

I wish him luck in his quest and hope he finds the Adventurers Guild members he is looking for.

*Name and address supplied*

### Mordags Finger continued

Sarograde came to town often, fencing stuff. Gee, don't they like him in Sanctuary no more? He was seeking, she says, some lost treasure in the ruins of Hordag Loi. We are looking for work like that, can she help us. Why, yes she can. She puts us in touch with Macady, the big boss man of this part of town. Will we tell Black Tom she is waiting for him? Why, yes we can. Sadar can speak to dead, I'm sure. Macady is not very helpful about finding work, but is **very** helpful vis vampire. He mentions in passing that some out of town person was seen bringing a covered cart into this part of town a few nights ago. Can we find out what's in it and steal it for him? Sure. Unfortunately it seems we already know what's in the cart. And what's in the cart is going to get us into big trouble.

We go back and see Torch. Has he seen an abandoned cart around here? Sure has, down on the corner of East Bluegate and Kepper. He torched it. We walk nonchalantly down to the corner of East Bluegate and Kepper and Sadar does a detect undead spell. Said vampire is eventually found to be in a good looking tower off the main drag, on the corner of Mistforn and Tepole.

5pm

The vampire is inside, we power up with mind mage special counters, witchsights and shadowforms. I decide now is a good time for a spell of blending. Better blended than

"Blended", that's what I always say. Liessa ESP's the building. There are three minds in the first floor, two half crazed with fear. Two victims and a guard, methinks. On the third floor there is one mind asleep and one mind alert and attentive. Vampire and guard. OK, two guards and one greater undead. No problems, right? Hmm. After a brief discussion our great military scientist decides for us that the direct approach is the best. Everyone with a silvered weapon. We storm the place, waste the guards and try to Compel, Necrosis or Lightning bolt the vampire with everything we've got. Great plan, Sadar. At least its simple.

quarter past five

Logan does a wizard eye spell just to be sure. On the third floor, its just as we expected, one guard, one vampire in giant sized coffin. Did you say giant sized? Click Whurr Buzzz, wasn't Mordag the giant, a giant? Aha, it all fits into place now. Second floor, large hall with benches, tables, frescoes and nesting bats. First floor, two captured wretches and... a cat. A cat that scratches Logan's wizard eye, such that Logan is blinded. Oh great. Oh great says Engelton, lets fill it full of magic crossbow bolts.

Charge! Up the stairs, we catch the cat on the stairs, and hit it with about four crossbow bolts. Ow, that hurts, it says. That's one tough cat, but knows when the tough should get going, it runs down the stairs, followed by further bow fire.

I rush up the stairs with Liessa to the second floor and put up a wall of starlight to keep the bats in. I can hardly cast it, but you know what its like when you're all going to die. Up the stairs, Turf and Prydera kick in the doors on the third floor and proceed to beat up the guard. The vampire is in a secret room with no obvious exit, no problem, Sadar lets off a tunnelling invested, and there he is, one just woken up giant vampire. It seems that the vampire, faced with such an ugly face as Sadar's, decided to leave. It turns gaseous and escapes billowing down the stairs, followed

*Continued on page 5*

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## Hordags Finger continued

by Engleton and Sadar and Sith casting spells at a furious rate. Vampires however, resist magic. Very well indeed!

Liessa, Prydera and Turf make short work of the guard upstairs, trapped as he is under a Spectral Hand. So, with no spells of any use to cast on a vampire and no enemies to fight, I do the next best thing. I loot. In the vampires crypt, there is, apart from an enormous coffin, several archaic scrolls and books. I'll have those, thank you very much. Off the guard we take sword, armour and daggers. By the Gods! This guard has one little finger missing! Its Sarograve! Very nice. Meanwhile Sadar, Sith and Engleton follow the vampire into the sewers via another tunnelling. Unfortunately it is too fast. and escapes. Still, it has nowhere to sleep tomorrow, so it is in big trouble.

We strip the house, coffin, furniture, and set the prisoners free. I go and get some workmen and a cart to help us cart all the stuff back to the guild. They are unkeen about the coffin, so Engleton compels them.

Meanwhile, the cat has snuck back, and is presently talking to Sith. Sith puts a box of bones around it. Engleton tries to compel it, but this cat is very tough too. If it was stunned it would be easier to compel, I think, so I shoot a lightning bolt into the box. Oops. Not only does it not stun the cat, it destroys the box and sets the cat free. Back to the drawing board.

As we cart back to the Guild before sundown. Sadar does one last detect undead. As luck would have it, the vampire is inside the Devil's Eye hotel on Night street, it must have another coffin or something. We decide that it is too late to get it now, we will come back tomorrow before it can go too far. On the way back, Turf wrecks our relations with the Seagate ferry service with his inane tales of vampires in town. If half the town isn't frightened to death yet, it will be by tomorrow. Mental inebriate.

Back at the Guild, we resurrect Sarograve, tie him up, Compel him, and get him to spill his guts. Then we give him to two heavies from the Duke to be hung for his crimes. Well, we could walk away here. Unfortunately there's a Vampire on the loose in Seagate, and it seems we are about to do something about it.

### 2/2/93 dawn

We get up before dawn to do ritual preparation and get powered up again. We pay for Windwalks from the Guild air mage, and windwalk over to outside the hotel, Liessa's ESP, Sadar's Detect Undead and Logan's Wizard Eye tell us the giant vampire is inside and waiting for us. Well, lets not let him down. I let us quietly into the hotel by picking the lock. We charge upstairs to where his room should be. The interior wall is very heavy, and Prydera's and Turf's shoulders hardly budge the door. So, Sadar triggers another tunnelling and its all on, the Vampire is going to fight now, with the help of some sort of skeleton. Zap! Pow! and in a minute it's over, the Vampire and his minion have succumbed to our surprisingly overwhelming firepower and, particularly, Sadar's Necrosis spell. We win. There is the staff of Hordag-Loi, and a large bag of silver pennies. Its all over. It seems so easy. I guess this sort of direct death-and-mayhem approach can work sometimes after all. A whole lot of little beggar girls suddenly begin to throw flowers over the party for ridding the town of the

evil vampire. The people on the ferry back to the guild all cheer us. And rightly so, I think.

### 8am

We go back to the guild, have breakfast, I go and get a divination done to see if we aren't affected by any major curse or anything ... no, gosh, it is all over after all! We meet the Sorceress in Silver for lunch and give her the staff. She is going to sell it to Lorto, the servant of the necromancer Camdindel from down South. Our old friend who poisoned us when we were cleaning out those dwarves from his valley. Great. Oh well, she is giving us ten percent of the deal. Lorto also inquires into the whereabouts of the scrolls and books I found. Camdindel wants those too, and is prepared to pay! He must want them bad. The Guild divination says they are instructions how to use the staff and how to make bone golems, like the vampire's minion. We counter offer.

### the evening of the 2/2/93

We go to talk to Camdindel ourselves, prepared for another fight. As we go outside the guild to where Lorto sets up his portal, that damn demon cat is hanging around again. Sith and it seem to get on quite well.

After talking to Camdindel, we agree on a contract and portal back to the guild, substantially richer. I must say this adventuring has its perks, especially the not inconsiderable amounts of money you make.



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# Knight of Mystery

By *Phaeton Tama*

It seemed easy enough at the time. All we had to do was to go up north, to a place called Calvenda, and find out what this knight was up to. His name was Sir Harold of Mulvania and he was claiming he was looking for a Lady Gwendolyn. No one had any idea where Mulvania was and if this knight was telling the truth.

My fellow adventurers on this mission were:

Murthak, a firemage hobbit and very handy with an axe,

Wolf - a novice E&E mage,

Tamara - elven female and beginning mind mage,

PJ DeBourgenac - an up and coming fighter,

Urgan - an Earth mage

Lotus - an elf experienced in combat.

PJ was also employing me to chronicle his adventures. On top of that, I was asked to deliver a letter to Liessa's Uncle Marcus who lived in that area.

We were provided with a guide for the journey north, a dwarf by the name of Alex. The two week seavoyage up the coast was conducted in miserable weather. When finally we arrived in Fleaceport and took a barge upriver, we were attacked by bandits and Alex was killed. I put a Preserve Dead on the body in the hope of a later resurrection. Tamara kept complaining she couldn't sleep. Another couple of days saw us at our destination upriver, where Wolf organised the purchase of a cart - and several large barrels of ale to put on it. The guy must live on the stuff - he's always drinking it.

We arrived at the village of Luxley and settled down at an inn for the night. Just after midnight we were woken by a disturbance outside. An angry mob of villagers were chasing something down the street. A few minutes later, Tamara rushed in to our room, out of breath. She wouldn't elaborate just what she and Wolf had been up to but Wolf was being accused of witchcraft.

The next morning Wolf had to face the Trial by Fire (the local pond was too frozen). He had to hold a red hot bar of iron, and if the hand healed within three days then he was a witch. We waited three days while Wolf was kept under guard in the town jail. After the three days were up, the hand still hadn't healed so he was released, and ceremoniously run out of town.

After we left I began the long process of rebuilding Wolf's hand.

A fortnight later, we arrived at our destination and met up with our employer, Oberon Valmar. He told us that Sir Harold would be at the big tournament in Margrave, in three days time. We were also told to "be discrete". When I consulted the library I also discovered there was an 'evil' enchanter in the area by the name of Marcus. Liessa's uncle?

After being paid nearly half our reward in advance, we headed off to Margrave. On the way an arrow embedded itself in the side of the cart, where I was standing. The fighters rushed in the direction of

the unknown assailant. It was soon revealed to be a red-headed woman called Merrilee of Odedra and she was hunting game. The arrow was an accident. I have my doubts.

That night, we decided to leave the horse and cart at a nearby farm (result - one happy farmer) and fly the rest of the way. Murthak had a flying carpet but we couldn't all use it as the weight would slow it to a crawl. So it was the case of putting just enough weight on it so it would be the same speed of my StarWings. We took off.

After a couple of hours we landed just outside Margrave, and headed in. Once there we found out that the tournament lasted for a week and that entrants had to register with the local Lord - a Sir Griswold. Lotus. We also noticed that Sir Harold was signed up.

Later on we found Sir Harold's tent. After talking to him we found that he was looking for Artoz, a necromancer, who had kidnapped Gwendolyn. Last he had heard, he was hiding in some mountains near Margrave.



## The Castellan Borderers

The Seagate Liaison Officer requests all current local members to report their lodgings and availability for service to his office at the Adventurers Guild

That night a dagger, with a note attached, flew through our window. While the others went to investigate, I checked out the note which was warning us not to interfere. After a rooftop chase, Lotus and Murthak were able to dispatch our assailants. At a meeting with the thieves guild rep the next morning, we learnt they were from the local thieves guild and had been helping Sir Harold with his enquiries. We also found out that Artoz was from a place called Odedra. That's where Merrilee was from! Later on, a message came in from PJ. He had also come to that conclusion and was looking for her.

Tamara had also wandered off to make some 'discrete' enquiries. She came back and told us someone had 'kidnapped' her and warned her off. While the rest of the party went looking for Tamara's assailants, I went down to the tournament area and offered my services to the Healers there. I ended up having to heal Lotus quite a lot. Next morning we discovered that Sir Leopold's squire had been killed during the night. The assassins had been aiming for Sir Leopold and missed. The knife had a curious mark on it, which we were told later was the symbol of the 'Scarlet Breath' - an assassin group based nearby.

While I continued my work at the tournament, Tamara and the others continued asking around for information. Tamara was visible, the rest were Unseen. However all she managed to do was attract crowds and make people very nervous. At one point someone tried to attack Tamara but Lotus leapt to her defense (becoming visible) and nearly killing the guy. Lotus and Tamara ended up being brought before the city guard. They were charged with Disturbing the Peace and Assault. They paid the fine, then Lotus wanted to know what the fine was for assaulting the guard. When he was told he proceeded to beat up the Captain of the Guard before being subdued. He and Tamara were thrown in jail until their fate was decided. I had the job of healing the guard Captain.

Back at the tournament Sir Leopold was almost skewered by a sharp lance. According to the aura the lance had

been hit by Binder magic. There's either a crazed Binder around or an assassin with investeds.

Another message came in from PJ. He had found Merrilee, halfway up a mountain looking for a dragon. She said she hadn't seen one before and wanted a look. PJ also found out that she was a Mind Mage, came from the same place as Artoz, but wasn't on his side, and that Margrave and Odedra were neighbouring countries somewhere near Kinlu.

The next day, I checked on the guard captain, who was recovering nicely, then went down to the tournament. There was another attempt on Sir Leopold. His horse exploded from under him.

After a couple of days, PJ was back and the jousting was over. It was then discovered that Sir Harold had left that morning. After passing through orc country (for some reason the orcs there were rather nervous about adventurers) we finally managed to catch him. He had found out that Artoz was in a cave in a nearby mountain. Murthak volunteered our services.

We reached the cave and ventured inside. The passages were long, dark, and there were a lot of them. At a couple of places we were attacked by bands of orcs. The first band was led by a Firemage, the second by a Dark Celestial. In the ensuing combats Lotus was killed.

We made our way down to a large cavern, split by a crevasse, and bridged by a bone bridge. As we crossed it we

were accosted by Artoz and another group of orcs. I was killed by the stream of corruption he fired at us while the others charged in. Sir Harold charged at Artoz. Both became enveloped in Darkness while rest of us engaged the orcs. Tamara managed to get herself killed and once the battle was over, there was no sign of Artoz or Sir Harold. They found the necromancer's hideout but there was no one there - not even Lady Gwendolyn. However they did find what was suspected to be her hankie.

They then searched down the cavern and managed to find some tracks which terminated in a blank wall. The wall had a very strong magical aura but appeared to be natural. Somehow they had gone through it but our party couldn't follow. It was decided to leave this underground complex. Searching around the mountain revealed no clue to where they could have gone.

After the three of us were resurrected, we reported back to our employer. He appeared satisfied at our report and paid us the balance of what we were owed. There was a portal nearby that we could use to get back to Seagate but it wouldn't open for a week. So PJ and I went looking for Marcus the Enchanter. After a couple of days we found his tower and delivered the letter. The portal trip back took us through a plane called Galatere which was a hot steamy jungle full of dangerous creatures. We had an extra person with us - a Danielle of Margrave who looked very suspiciously like Merrilee. She is going back to the Guild to get a party together to find the Lady Gwendolyn!

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Armour of Valorous Battle: Plate Mail of Note  
Romphia: Two-headed battleaxe.  
War-Pick: Ignores 3 points of protection,  
Halberd: 10PS & 15MD to use.  
Javelin of Lightning: D10+12 + extra. (3 items)  
Mirror of Truth: Anti-Illusion mirror.  
Coppertop Brooch: Increases physical beauty for red heads  
Giant boots of Stomping: Suitable for Hill Giants

All items are for sale. Contact One at the Guild Lodgings and make an offer. Highest offer not necessarily accepted

## Local Events

The knightly orders of A.M.E.R.I.C.A. and S.T.G. are pleased to announce, in collusion with Cameleon Games Mercantylers.

### Battlecry '94!

A Grand Tournament to take place early in the new year. It is intended that this should take place in the grounds of the local University, and will cater to all forms of tourney and entertainment.

For further details or a chance to help your local Baron organise an entry into the jousting, contact Guild Master Ben Easton at (09)5130077 or Sir Tony Shirley at (09) 5766224. If you prefer not to go out during the day, you could contact their errand boy FAX on (09) 3021295.

## Wedding Announcement

Let it be known that Flamis, Adept of the College of Fire Magics, shall be married to Basalic, Adept of the College of Earth Magics, upon the day of Beltane, the First of May, in the year nineteen hundred and ninety-three. The wedding shall be held at noon in the Guild Chapel and shall be according to the Raphaelite creed. The wedding feast and dance that shall follow will be held in the Guild Hall and shall be catered for by Alphonse's of Seagate. All guild members are welcome.

Donations of cash, goods or services required for the upkeep of occupanrs of Seagate orphanage.

Contact Hazma at guild lodgings.

## Silken's What's Hot

Just to be wild and dangerous I thought I'd trying something new so here's Silken's choices for the socially unfortunate to guide you through the perils of interpersonal relationships.

WhatsHot	WhatsNot
Finbar	Starflower
Leather and silk	Sandals and socks
Orcs	Elves
Whips	Short swords
Albert's French Restaurant	The Guild Cafe
Courtesans	Rangers

## Guild Lodgings

The following characters may be contacted in the Guild Lodgings by phoning the player of the characters at the number given below. (Please don't ring too late!)

Character:	Player:	Phone:
Sith	Daniel	378 0343
Sowlean	Brent	360 1569
Silken	Fiona	849 5343
Flamas	Jacqui	276 5069
One	Kelsie	302 0477
Bleyze	Craig	630 7537
Toledo Steele	Craig	630 7537
Logan	Neil	627 8449
Morgan Laffayette	Mike	520 3101

## The Forge Presents

### Fire College Invested Items!

Now available....Dragon Flames, Self-Immolation Weapon of Flames Fire-flight Wall of Fire Web of Fire Flamis Firemage, Mechanician and WeaponSmith, hereby invites guild members to place orders. Price List available, Should a client wish a weapon to be crafted this service is also available. Rank 5 Double Crossbows available at only 2500sp! Waters of Healing Rank 6 (cures poison) also on sale at only 400sp.

The Forge • Making Adventuring Easier!

The Editor of *The Seagate Times* is Bleyze. Contributions can be mailed (on disk preferably) to:  
Craig Harper 8a Eldon Rd, Balmoral

or faxed to:  
Craig Harper, C/o Renaissance Software  
(09)525 2383.

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