

The Seagate Times



Issue 29 - Winter 800

Royalist Destinians Implicated in Slave Trade

This publication has learnt, from a returning Guild party, that a group of ex-Destinians have been involved in raiding the Ellenic States. They were invading the port towns, looting them, and carrying away people as slaves, which were later sold in the Lunar Empire. It is believed that these Destinians are raising funds, and an army, in order to initiate a coup in Destiny and restore the throne of the late King Carlos.

On these raids, which mainly took place during moonless nights, the Destinians would approach in magically cloaked ships. Then they would attack the townsfolk, disguised in black robes and other magics used to make their voices sound demonic. On some occasions these raids would be accompanied by a fierce storm which had been magically summoned. It is known that there were several Air and Water mages among their number as well as at least one Celestial and probably several E&E.

During the party's investigations, two Destinian ships were destroyed or captured. One cloaking device was captured and another destroyed by one of the local Heros, Prince Ed of Tower Hill. The main ship got away but the second officer of that ship was captured. It is unknown whether or not other cloaked ships are involved.

It was learnt from him that many of the Royalists are members of a religious cult called 'The Martyrs of King Carlos' which have their headquarters somewhere in the Lunar Empire, most probably the port of Imbrium. Their leader is called the 'Black Bishop' and he is also the head of a crack team of fanatical Michaeline Knights.

A Destinian Caravel

The Bishop is the equal of the late Il Barone Scarpia, so we must conclude that he also has his own set of spies and agents. It is also theorised that he, or Scarpia, is responsible for the creation of the cloaking devices.

The cloaking device, seen by the party, is a large crystalline sphere, about two feet in diameter. It is rather fragile and was mounted on a metal dais. It was protected by a cylindrical cage, made out of cold iron bars, and the floor of the room it was mounted in was warded with a spell called 'Wrath of God'. An E&E Special Knowledge Counter is enough to disrupt the workings of the device.

The Destinians were attacking the Ellenic States in the mistaken belief that they had conspired with the people who had killed King Carlos. They have also put a price on the heads of a band of Guild Adventurers who had been involved with King Carlos, eight years ago, again in the mistaken belief that they were involved in his death. The members of that party are advised to use caution when travelling in areas that are, or were, under Destiny's influence.

Elsewhere in This Issue

News in Brief

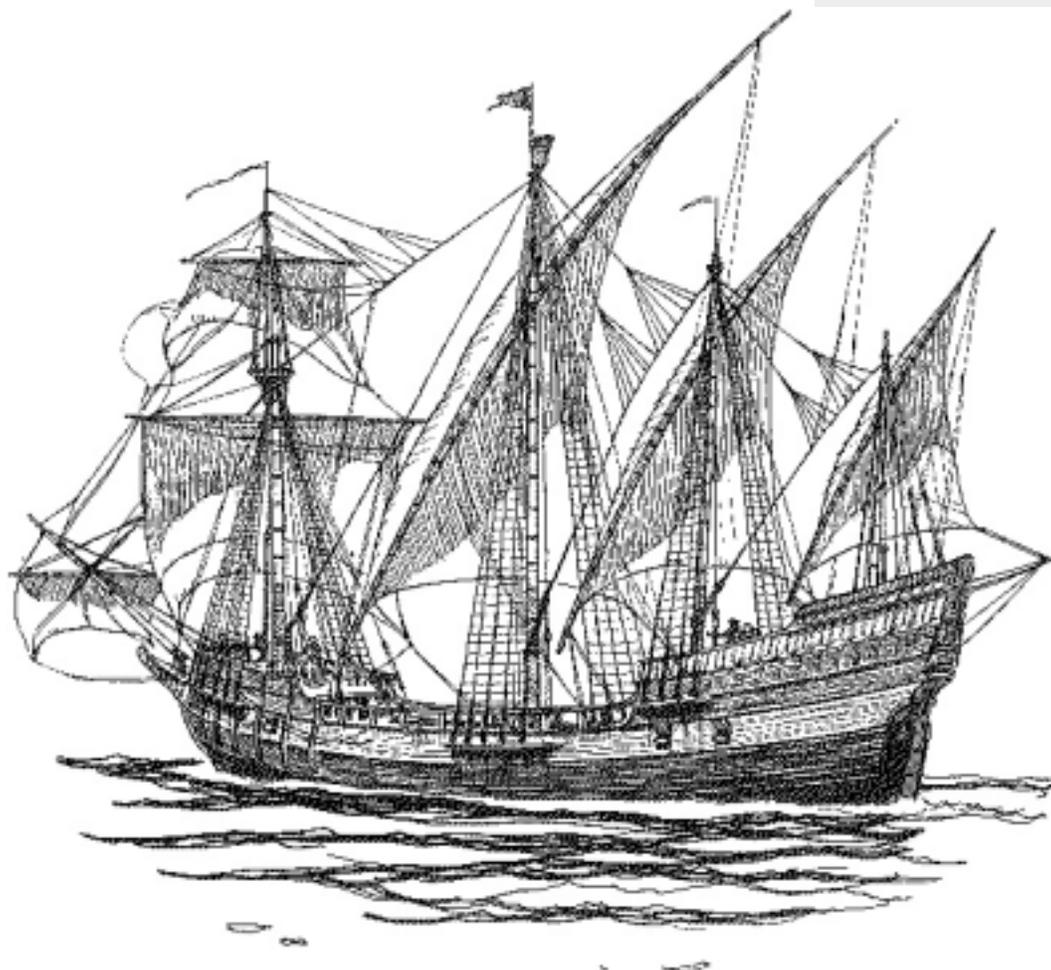
Terranova

Bestiary

Puzzle Column

Rumour Mill

and more...



*Christopher:
Kathleen and I
have had
practise in not
talking to each
other*

*Kathleen: Yes.
We've been
doing it for
several years.*

News in Brief

Phoenixes rise over Faerilie and Westover - New Age Begins

A high level Guild party was employed by certain of the so-called Immortals of Faerilie to bring about the flight of the Phoenix on the plane of Faerilie and the Phoenix on the plane of Westover. This, they were told, would bring about the renewal of those planes, and thereby prevent an apocalypse of cataclysmic proportions.

The first phoenix, that of Faerilie, was found underground in the realm of the Lord of Serpents (a dangerous place indeed for a party with two draconic shape-changers amongst their number). The Phoenix egg was encased within the body of a hideous putrid wyrm. The party slew the wyrm to release the phoenix, which hatched from its egg in glorious liberation.

On Westover, the Phoenix existed only in potential. The party therefore had to create the conditions whereby the Phoenix could be born, a difficult and complex task, not assisted by the fact that our Mind Mage had neither learned the Phantasm spell nor practised Control Person. The party had to defeat a number of hags in order to reach the appropriate place, deep within a temple of darkness, then defeat a phoenix demon, so that its mirror-image might be generated. Then there was the question of what to do with a baby Phoenix...

Suffice it to say that the Phoenixes did rise, and a new age did begin, bringing with it the creation of a new plane, a Plane of Crystal, and the rising of the Stars on Westover. And if there is one star shining over Westover which resembles a Narcissus, what of it?

Dark Circle - No News is Bad News

The Editors regret that the Times is unable to bring you more news from within the area affected by the Dark Circle, beyond that reported in Lady Silken's essay, and in Amatheia's letter. Reporters sent into the area encompassed by the Circle to investigate have not returned, and we fear for their very souls.

Gloranthsans make Preparations to Defend Embassy

An emissary from the Gloranthan Trade Embassy has been seen frequently meeting with the Duke of Carzala. There are speculations that Gloranthan forces may be prepared to assist in the defence of Seagate against Undead if necessary.

A bright glow on the horizon has been confirmed to be the result of magical wardings around the Gloranthan trade embassy. Our divinations have shown it to be generated by the divine magic of Yelm backed up by Humakt and Ortlanth, and that it is fatal to the Undead.

War in the Western Marches

Hostilities have escalated in the region of north-west Alusia near Destiny, known as the Western Marches. Refugees have described attacks on villages by bands of orcs and trolls working in close formation, raping women and murdering children, leaving nothing but destruction in their wake. Several towns have been burned to the ground. Two small baronies have been overrun, their castles taken or destroyed. Church Knights of all colours have been leading the defence, but have been forced to retreat due to sheer pressure of numbers.

Our staff military advisors have informed us that there is a pattern in the reports which suggests that these are not random raids, but that there is a serious malevolent intelligence behind it. We do not recommend visiting the Western Marches at this time. There has been no comment from Destiny, or the other major forces in that area.

Cataclysm to Strike Pasifika?

In the Autumn 799 issue of the SGT, it was reported that that some sort of upheaval may occur in Pasifika. A recent astrology reading, obtained from a visiting party representing the Pasifikan Adventurer's Guild, indicates that it will most likely occur in this quarter. It states:

When Earth aligns with Fire
And Ice lies near Light
Up will come the Spire
As soon as Dark moves in front of Light

Astrologers suspect a planetary conjunction which will occur in the month of Snow at the New Moon. Plans for evacuating the region are currently being made.



Lady Dark Reflects On Life

How many changes there have been over the last few weeks. Last time I wrote for you Dear Reader, I was a feckless wanton with no thought beyond myself, ignorant of the glory of servitude and spiteful and jealous of my companions in life's long road.

I beg your forgiveness and ask a moment of your time that I may in some small way begin to correct my many wrongs and failings.

As you may know I have been blessed by the Church of Uriel and in their name have set forth with a hardy band of adventurers to do what we can to vanquish the hideous evil that is the Dark Circle. In his wisdom, the Archbishop of Mordeaux appointed Lord Blitzkreig as my guardian and spiritual mentor, but more of my Lord anon.

In the past, to my sorrow, I have been less than complimentary of my fellow party members and other guild members. I wish to make a fresh start so let me begin with my current party.

Dramus, was with us but a short time before his noble spirit forced him to reluctantly withdraw lest his presence as a practitioner of Necromancy caused even greater hordes of Undead to attack us. Not for one moment did the fact that he had been almost killed, severely frightened and made quite damp, enter into his calculations when he decided his talents were best used employing his vast and astonishing intellect to consider strategy within the walls of the Guild. His courage is beyond question and I miss him greatly in these dark days when the convenience of a summonable hostelry with full staff and continental breakfast is sadly no longer at our beck and call.

Razor joined us in one of our darkest hours when overwhelming numbers of the foe threatened to..well, overwhelm us. Her deadly bow proved largely ineffective but that was only because of the diabolical protections of our enemies. Surely we would have been lost without this Elven warrior at our side, so charmingly petite for a Elf and yet with valour far beyond her physical size. When I was kidnapped by vile succubi in the cave of the Oracle it is certain those wicked sprites would never have taken me had Razor not, alas, fire fledged into a granite cliff face at some considerable speed. It is a glowing tribute to her tenacity and Braegan's healing skill that she survived at all. Praise Uriel for Her mercy It would defy belief that having once attempted a high speed landing into a stony mountain side she would feel confident enough to try it again with similiar results but there you go. No doubt she intended to get her bones realigned and internal organs refitted anyway.

Ah, Braegan. May Uriel forgive me but I have at times been less than completely obedient and in agreement with the direction our noble leader has chosen for us. No matter that our first three frontal attacks into massed foe proved somewhat disastrous. Tis of little consequence that he caused Kern to be sucked into our enemy's stronghold in the belly of a jellybeast. It is not my place to question the judgement of one who so obviously wears the mantle of leadership with aplomb and style and who is not in any way discernable to my humble eye, a pompous windbag.

It sorrows me to say that in the past I have cast aspersions on the mental capacity of our valiant firemage Bleyze. A simple oversight involving air elementals, Sinking Doom wards and a reception committee of enraged and well prepared Drau which he forgot to mention, was the kind of oversight that could happen to anyone in the heat of the moment. His Dragonflames were deadly and most effective, particularly on the party members which he targeted through absolutely no fault of his own. I find him to be most pleasant and amiable and contrary to foolish rumours I have unfortunately reported in the past, quite capable of walking and talking at the same time.

Which brings me to Kern. My eyes fill with tears at the thought of brave Kern being carried once again limp and expired from the field of battle. He laughs in the Face of Death, guffaws at the Fangs of Doom and positively chortles at the Visage of Imminent Disaster. As my sworn bodyguard I could not hope for a braver guardian who does not hesitate to hurl his body into the breach for my sake. I reject utterly any suggestion that Kern is not at least as clever as he is brave and would instead propose that we listen not to inconsequential utterances that may fall accidentally from his lips and let instead his actions speak for themselves. Were it not for One other I would declare Kern my champion and I urge all those who would mock him to consider how unlikely it is that if only one death should occur in a party that it will be them, if Kern is present. Finally, never ever attempt to motivate Kern by calling him a Big Girl's Blouse. It's not pleasant.

Turf is an unusual elf. Charming, brave, heedless of personal danger and ready to leap to the defense of a lady when unkindly slurs are made on her character. His seemingly neverending supply of miraculous magical items and devious brain saw us out of many a scrape our brilliant leader and military scientist respectively, had led us into. I shall always think kindly of Turf, he is a sweetie.



Caprice --
"You're disguised as yourself so you're already disguised"

Douglas Walin:
"I believe that changing species would be a great disguise."

Caprice:
"Anyone care to be a mouse?"

When GM informs the party that Amber the foxy witch, who was attempting to commune with a sentient Wiccan place of power, is now disrobing & performing suggestive acts with the altar, her player asks "Am I off in a daze?"

Party's & GM's reply: "No. You're getting off on a dias."

Lady Kathleen: "We are at sea. If I wanted to gossip, I would have stayed at court."

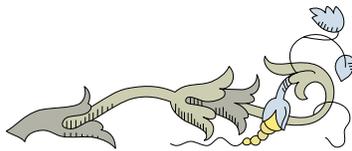
Sir Christopher: "We are playing a team sport, and players accusing their own captain of cheating are not appreciated."

To Blitzkreig, can mere words encompass his grandeur? I must confess to apprehension when the Archbishop of Mordeaux appointed him my guardian and instructed me to obey him. Lesser men may well have taken advantage of the situation with a high ranked Courtesan but there was no chance of that happening with Blitzkreig. Why he couldn't even recall the event of his daughter's conception. Years of study of the Art of Courtly Love and the ownership of a truly impressive magical codpiece were nothing in the face of his iron self control. As I poured vial after vial of holy water over his magnificent nude body I could not help but think that a few short weeks earlier things could have been very different (preferably without the rest of our party standing around smirking, it's true) but such is life.

On the field of battle he is invincible and quite literally does not know when to stop. At times the rest of the party felt as if we were but collateral damage to monsters which could not reach Blitzkreig because he was already at the bottom of a seething heap of other undead horrors. I could not ask for a better mentor and with his help aim one day to achieve my goal of, as he so quaintly puts it.. "Kicking Ass for the Lord"

And that dear readers brings me to a close. I am a better person for having shed my wicked ways and taken my first steps on the path of Light. Praise to Uriel and Ruin and Disaster to Rashak

Silken, Lady Dark



This report from our Terranova correspondent was hand delivered to the Times only yesterday, although it is dated over a month ago. It was brought to us by an officer from Don Pedro de Alvarado's ship, the Dona Silken, which even now is anchored in Seagate harbour.

We understand that messengers were also sent directly from the ship to Her Elven Majesty, and others boarded fast ships bound for Destiny.

Terranova Report

Puerto Damieno - Michaelmas (29 Harvest)

Even if this message reaches Seagate with the speed that Captain Alvarado hopes for his crossing, some nine months will have elapsed since my last missive. I hope that once you have read my report you will forgive its tardiness.

First, let me say that all magical means for travelling the vast distance between these continents, or at least those of which I have knowledge, are currently inoperative. That the portal from New Destiny has been unavailable for some time you may well know, but now both the means by which the Destinians travelled here, and the means under Elven control (of which even now I may not freely speak), have become impossible to use. Captain Alvarado intends to make the perilous journey across open ocean to Alusia, and we trust that the wards on his ship are sufficient to protect him and his crew from the mana storms that have been increasing in severity.

After my last report we followed the Spawn's city-ship out into deep water, always staying sufficiently far behind so as to avoid the hive ships of their hideous insectoid allies. At night we could see the phosphorescence that trailed behind the city-ship, a glowing path some 800 yards wide, and so long that it disappeared with the horizon. Their ship moved slowly — though more rapidly than I would have thought possible for a mile wide circle of stone — and for six long weeks we followed them. We were assaulted by several mana storms, each worse than the last, and without the golden orbs created by Sir William de Mulberry, we would no doubt have been lost.

Finally the Spawn's mighty ship stopped. We approached as close as we dared and we were able, with the use of spyglasses, to observe their heathen priests dancing in great circles around the ring. The water in the city's inner lagoon began to glow, bright enough that it could be seen in daylight, and at night it illuminated the entire city. We stayed at our post as long as we could, as the Spawn continued their ritual and our supplies ran ever lower. For four more weeks we stayed before our Captain turned us homewards, and even returning with great speed we barely had sufficient provisions to make port.

On the way back we noted that the glowing path remained; unbroken from the city-ship to the Terranovan coast. Upon our return I learned from the elves that their path to Alusia was no longer safe, and that several brave elven couriers had died attempting it. The elves also told me of renewed fighting in the interior.

A second Spawn army had left their mountainous home and was forging north into the lands of the Terranovan Drow. Two months later Drow corsairs from Dylath confirmed the elven reports, and added that the Spawn's objective appeared to be in or beyond the city-state of Draj, and that there had been heavy fighting and considerable losses on both sides. No-one knows what the Spawn seek, for the city of Draj lies in a virtual wasteland, and north of it lies the Sea of Silt; a more inhospitable place is hard to imagine, even in Terranova.

But more interesting news was to follow. The forces of Draj, so the corsairs claimed, were reinforced by thousands of warriors in black and gold armour of a variety never before seen in these lands. They looked much like Drow, though better muscled, and their tongue and mannerisms were foreign.

I had one of the corsairs — who claimed to have seen these outlandish warriors with his own eyes — draw me a picture.

He was no great artist, but I am certain that the soldier he depicted was a match for one of the "Samurai" of Kinlu that occasionally visit the Baronies. General Juan Velazquez de Leon, military governor of Puerto Damieno, determined to send Captain Alvarado across the ocean with news, but was forced to delay for the autumn winds. The city-ship remains in deep ocean, and the war continues in the north.

He agreed that the Dona Silken might carry this report to Seagate, and as I finish it on the evening of Michaelmas, I can only hope that we discover the object of the Spawn's bloody doings, and that Michael, and the other Elohim, guard us all.

I remain, Henri Stanleigh.

Seagate Times Special
Correspondent

Our Artist's Impression of the Strange Warriors Reinforcing the Draj.



The Adventurer's Guide

Tips for success

Remember that the summoner stands inside the pentacle, and the demon outside!

And that if you see a truesilver triangle in a summoner's residence it is probably not for curse removal, and not safe to step across.

Being undetectable and teleporting behind the enemy to attack from the rear is a great idea, unless the enemy happens to be an 18-foot tall storm giant.

If you want to use Wiccan skin-changes to lighten the load, make sure you learn the Wiccan Special Counterspell first (available from most Namers at a discount).

Actually, learning Counter Wicca Special is generally a good idea, for whatever reason.

If you wish upon a star, make sure you know what species it is.

Messing with stars is a generally bad idea. Removing them tends to leave holes in the sky where bad things can get in.

If you must open a box found in highly unusual circumstances, such as stuck to the roof of the world, make sure you get it divinated first.

Avoid getting into melee combat with Horrors, or anything else which can do multiple grievous injuries with a single blow. Running away is a much better idea.

Actually, running away is a much under-utilised option where Adventurers are concerned. Remember, she who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day.

Letting the party employer get killed is a really bad idea. You will probably spend the rest of the adventure proving to all and sundry that you didn't do it.

All weapons are designed with a right side and a wrong side. Keep yourself on the right side.

It stops being fun when someone loses an eye.

Never, ever mess with the Momma. Especially an Orcish momma with a black belt in frying pan.

Lady Kathleen:
"Rescuing slaves on board ships or not is not our mission here. I don't think they would be of help in a ship board fight. Rescuing Ed may be another priority. (Bad form to lose the employer, don't you know.)"

"Just lock me up. Anything's better than listening to Dalran!" - Tussock

Starflower's Bestiary

On the Several Species of Hag

Adventuring off-plane in Westover, it was our misfortune to encounter and battle several of the various species of hag. Now, while many such epithets have been applied to myself, I can assure you, gentle adventurer, there are in fact, actual monsters known as hags, and I am not one of them. They are exceedingly ugly, and singularly unpleasant creatures.

Hags appear to be wretched old human females, with long frayed hair, and withered faces. Horrid moles and warts pock mark their blotchy skin, their mouths are filled with blackened teeth, and their breath is most foul. Appearances deceive however, since hags while appearing weak and decrepit, are possessed of extraordinary strength and agility, such that a hag might crush a child's skull with one hand, and then proceed to outrun all but the most agile of elves.

The hag rarely employs weapons, but instead attacks with her long, steely nails, rending and tearing at her opponent. Hags employ powerful magics, primarily of the Wiccan and Earth Colleges, although Sea Hags may use Water Magic.

"I want you to have my babies." - a Hag



They do not wear armour, beyond the filthy rags which pass for their clothing, but have excellent natural armour, requiring heavy weaponry to do effective damage. They also have excellent resistance to magic, some species more so than others. Some even seemed able to cause spells to rebound upon the caster!

We encountered at least four species of hag; the Green Hag, Sea Hag, the Night Hag, and perhaps the most dangerous, the Annis.

The Green Hag may be distinguished by the sickly olive pallor of their skin, their greenish-black hair, and amber coloured eyes. Their natural habitat is swamps and mires where their colouration acts as natural camouflage. They combine the ability to move in absolute silence with the ability to mimic the voices of innocent humans.

Sea hags are amphibious, living in the shallows of tropical seas. Slimy green scales dot their sickly yellow skin. Their eyes are red with deep black pupils, their hair like limp seaweed. They are ugly enough to make hardened adventurers run in fear. And if that were not enough, their gaze can paralyse or even kill. However, if one can withstand the Sea Hag's stare, she may be killed with blades. Do not bother attempting magic on a Sea Hag, for she will almost certainly resist.

The Annis, the Giant Hag, may reach up to eight feet in stature. The deep blue skin of the Annis is almost impervious to weapons, better than fine steel at turning a blade. Her yellow eyes are most perceptive, and her excellent hearing and sense of smell make the Annis very difficult to surprise. She uses her glossy black talons and teeth to tear at her opponents, and will try to get into close combat if at all possible. Needless to say, closing with an Annis is not a recommended tactic.

Hags usually live alone or in groups of three, rarely in the far greater numbers we encountered. Even so, they tended to attack in groups of three, and I can assure that three hags is plenty even for a relatively high level party. These groups would generally contain hags of different species, their varying abilities serving to complement each other in much the same as those of a band of adventurers. There was little doubt in my mind that these were cunning, clever creatures, well acquainted with military tactics. This was most evident when one generated a Wall of Earth, separating the party fighters from magic users. If it were not for my ability to cast a teleportation spell upon myself, the consequences could have been unfortunate.

Perhaps the most horrifying tales of the hag refer to her method of reproduction. There are no male hags, and so it is apparent that they must reproduce by some form of parthenogenesis. Certainly they are mammalian. Killing a hag does result in a palpable sense of good luck to the death aspected, as I myself can testify. In one place we found a room full of embryonic hags in jars, which we duly destroyed after one party member told us the disgusting tale of how hags incubate their young by teleporting a foetal hag into the abdomen of an unwilling host. There it would begin to grow and eventually gnaw its way out. The party males seemed especially perturbed by this prospect. I wonder why?

The Puzzle Column

Riddle by Jorgen the Sphynx

I am, in truth, a yellow fork
 From tables in the sky
 By inadvertent fingers dropped
 The awful cutlery.
 Of mansions never quite disclosed
 And never quite concealed
 The apparatus of the dark
 To ignorance revealed.



Top 10 Things You Don't Want to Hear a Mage Say in a Fight!

- 10) "Is it virgin's tears and dragon's blood, or dragon's tears and virgin's blood? Maybe the dragon was a virgin.."
 - 9) "Hmm...is this the recipe for a Potion of Healing, or for Chile Con Carne?"
 - 8) "Oh, oh, oh, oh! That invested item -didn't- do what I expected."
 - 7) "By any chance, have you seen an uncontrolled earth elemental wandering around? No? Oh.. Tell me if you do."
 - 6) "It's supposed to have five points?"
 - 5) "My familiar will take care of that dragon! Sic 'em, Fifi!"
 - 4) "What kind of cheap, wussarse excuse for a djinn only gives one wish? Oh, he's still here..."
 - 3) "Eennie, meenie, minie, moe.. Which end points toward the foe?"
 - 2) "Damn. I knew I should have used Energizers in this thing."
- And, the number one thing you don't want to hear from any mage (especially a fire mage!)..
- 1) "Oops..."

Fire Investeds for Sale

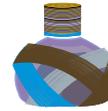
Self Immolation Rk 10
 Dragonflames Rk 10
 Weapon of Flames Rk 10



Prices negotiable. Please contact Flamis at the Guild.

Water Magics for Sale

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



Please contact Aqualina at the Guild.

Potions for Sale



Alchemical potions available to order.

Healer Skill and several Colleges including Solar Celestial, Water and Mind.

Please contact Phaeton d'Tama at the Guild.

What's Hot

Being wanted by Destinian Royalists.

Elbereth.

Raising Phoenixes.

Saving entire planes from final destruction.

Killing Hags.

Saving villages.

Solar Magic.

What's Not

Being wanted by the Church.

The Dark Circle.

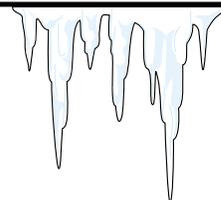
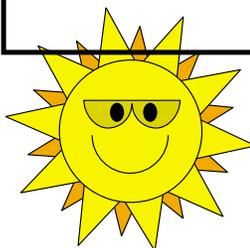
Falling Stars

Letting your employer get killed.

Hags.

Leaving villagers to die.

Necromancy.



Where we were going, everyone has familiars; and we couldn't bring along Alusian animals because the severe cold would kill them. How could we pass for locals?

Penni's suggestion: "So if I can make my breasts squirm, & throw my voice at them, that would help?"

Letter to the Editors

Thanks to Adventurers

On behalf of the former inhabitants of village of Charity in Brastor, I wish to express our deepest gratitude to Gideon, Mebh, Barth Wader, Daniel and Thorn of the Seagate Adventurer's Guild for their heroic actions in rescuing twelve petrified children from the Brastor Enchanted Forest. Without their timely action, these children would have been carved into gargoyles, with results that cannot be known, but would surely have been lamentable. Furthermore, these heroes rescued over fifty of the men of Charity and myself from servitude to a band of gargoyles and a harpy. Had I succeeded in my duty of protection, these actions would not have been necessary, and I am forever in their debt for mitigating my failure. Finally, the villagers and I wish to thank all those who have aided the refugees from Brastor with food, shelter or otherwise, and all those who struggle against the evil known as the Dark Circle.

Walk always in Peace and Light

Anathea of Charity.

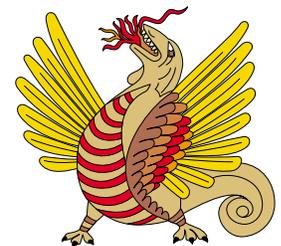
P.S. I regretfully note that certain editors have seen fit to publish libellous and defamatory articles about me during my absence.

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. We apologise to Anathea for whatever it was that upset her, and in advance to Silken (hey, nobody ever gave us a cartoon before, we couldn't resist).

T'ana Silverwind, Editor in Chief, Seagate Times

Glitterwing Stargazer, Chief Reporter and Astrologer



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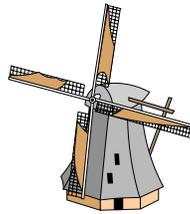
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The Rumour Mill



Ten Inches, you say?

We've heard that Mr Morden has a little extra something about him these days, after being cheeky to the Lord of Beasts. His trousers don't fit so well.... And he has this problem finding ladies willing to ...accommodate him.

And don't mention codpieces... Or boxes...

Eric the What?

Just who is that Dwarven Namer who's so fluent in Orcish? Why, it's Eric the ex-Orc, after an encounter with the Elven deity Elbereth. Seems it was a choice of a change of species, or becoming a wall-hanging in the Halls of Mandos. That's what you get for wishing on a star.

Remember the Contract...

Seems the Destinian Royalist slavers are blaming Lady Starflower for the death of King Carlos, theorising that she was the mastermind behind it all. They're calling her "The Mind-Bitch from Hell" and offering a hefty price for her head. We asked for her comment...

"I've never even visited Hell," she said. "And as for the late unlamented Carlos, I wasn't there, I didn't plan it, and as far as I can deduce it was his own fault for underestimating his opposition. Unfortunately for him, hubris has this tendency to be fatal."

Exit reporter, scratching head...

A Call to Arms



Hagan (to a polar bear attacking Transformed Amaranth): "Oi, you lazy bastard, attack a real fighter."

Pent: "That won't work! It can't tell she's a woman, and not a real fighter."

MMH Town Guard ask Keisha not to wear plate mail & big sword. He replies "Don't worry, I'm not going to uphold the law"

Keisha, upon being attacked by thugs the next day "How come the guard lets them wear plate mail?"

Aqualina "Let's hide in the lee side of the continent until the storm passes."