

The Seagate Times



Issue 31 - Summer 801

Dark Circle Recedes!

"The tide is turning in the battle against the Dark Circle, the purity and holiness of our brave knights has driven the evil forces back!" said one church representative.

Wishing to verify this great news himself our brave reporters dug deeper and has managed to independently discover the following...

- The size of the Dark Circle is not stable, while its leading edge has been forced back, the battle is not one-sided. The leading edge seems to be varying between 40 miles out from Seagate and 90 miles. The size varies seemingly randomly and the "Grey Zone" is considered dangerous by both sides. The forces of light generally dominate it during the day and Rashaks' minions dominate it at night.

- So far the United Church, the Dwarves, Elven representatives, several guild members, and one anonymous demon have claimed responsibility for pushing back the Dark Circle. None of them has been willing to explain exactly how they did it though.

- Most of Rashaks crack troops appear to have withdrawn from the Carzalan front, it is not known whether they are consolidating for a renewed push or are being used elsewhere.

As many of you will have noticed, our south-eastern border has a new defensive line. Many elemental mages (including notable guild members) have been working on a new fortification. It lies beyond Arns Ferry and Slippery Rock and stretches from the foothills of the Fastness of Gwyddion at its south-west end to the edge of the forest at its north-east end. The wall of fire-hardened earth and stone is 30 feet tall (60 feet wide at its base), the water logged ditch on the far side is equally deep. The few gaps in the wall for access to Brastor are very heavily fortified.

The Duke is delighted to announce that many of the skilled workers from Brastor have now been gainfully employed. Much of the land to the north-east of Seagate which was previously uncultivated has now been intensively planted and new villages are springing up. Also, in a daring move, the Duke has sent brave farmers back into Brastor with a military escort. They report to have planted a number of fields, and all going well they will make another foray to harvest the crops in a few months time.

One of the more immediate benefits of the Duke's work is that Seagate is getting back to normal, the number of refugees living on the streets is being significantly reduced as they are relocated into farms and outlying villages.

Beggar Mobs Menace Seagate

Guild Security Issues Warning

Adventurers have been advised not to venture into the streets of Seagate alone or unarmed due the presence of large numbers of beggars in the city. Security advises that members see to their defence spells, wear armour and weapons, and carry their purses well hidden.

The indigents are mainly refugees from the regions affected by the Dark Circle. In spite of efforts by both the Guild and the Duke to feed and house the hordes, their numbers are such that the task is proving impossible. Many are refusing attempts at relocation, saying that they plan to return to their homes when the situation improves.

Meanwhile, Guild Security is assisting the Ducal Guard in their efforts to govern the mobs. They have informed the Times that they fear that the criminal element may be starting to take control, and that we may be looking at a very serious problem in the making. There are fears that organised crime gangs may be setting up in the city, basing their activities around prostitution, smuggling, protection rackets, petty thievery, and occasionally outright murder.



Footpads may steal more than gold!



Common folk begging in the streets of Seagate.

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News in Brief

Trio of Demons Smited

A recent Seagate Adventurers Guild party employed and led by Sir Christopher Reynard, succeeded in their quest to rescue fellow demon hunter, Sir Robert of Dumar, a Michaeline Knight. Sir Robert and his three knight companions were questing for a holy item, when waylaid by the demons Bathin - The Pale Duke (mind mage), Naberius - The Valiant Marquis (mind mage appearing as a black crane), and Gremory - The Duke of Songs (assassin illusionist appearing as a beautiful woman). The motive of this demonic attack was apparently pre-emptive, since Sir Robert has quite a reputation as a demon slayer.



Sir Robert of Dumar in action

A titan called Astria happened upon this slaughter and with her penchant for Justice, directed Sir Robert's soul to her spiritual plane of power, Hades, rather than to the seventh plane of Hell, as was the demons' intent. However, the demons kept Sir Robert's body, encased in crystal, in a cave. His companion knights were also slain and became undead skeletons to help guard his body.

Sir Christopher and his party were in search of Sir Robert at the instigation of the Archbishop of Novalar (head of the Michaeline Church of the Western Kingdom). With the help of Astria they journeyed to Hades and rescued Sir Robert's soul, before heading into the cave to take out the demons, their two E&E devils, and the skeletal knights. This was a successful operation - only the demon Gremory leaving of his own volition, threatening to return for his revenge upon some party members. Some exquisite harp playing on Sir Christopher's part, magically opened the crystal to allow the removal of Sir Robert's body. Sir Robert has returned to Mordeaux and is now recovering well from his "slight illness".

Tax Rates Reduced!

In recognition and appreciation of the work the guild and its members have done in combating the Dark Circle, the Duke has announced that the Guild Tax rate is restored to 10%. The Duke is certain that with the Guild's continued assistance the Dark Circle will soon be vanquished.

Bear Hunt Successful

by Rochelle (Loxi) de Marques

A Guild party was employed by Timothy the Border Collie to go out and kill a bear. As it happened, Timmy proved to be Timothy the Celestial mage, and the bear was Nicola, his sister. To cut a short story even shorter, the party traipsed up hill and down dale, across fields and through marshes, to find Nicola and collect some rare herbs.

It was learned that the hapless siblings had been victims in a magical fight, and had fallen under a death curse, trapping Nicola in her bear form, and turning Timothy into a dog.

Along the way the party heard Anook's description of various from his home country. Here is Rowan's artistic impression of a seal:



A seal - a pig that lives in water with fins and a fishy, not curly, tail.

Part of the adventure called for a special golem to carry the special herbs. Here is Rowan's drawing of Brundar's Potbelly Rag and String Golems:



Flower Pot Golems

Charity Finds a Home

Early in the spring, several hundred refugees from the Dark Circle embarked on ships from Seagate harbour to settle in Larkmoor, in the duchy of Volar.

The bulk of the refugees were formerly inhabitants of the village of Charity in Brastor. They had fled to Seagate through the enchanted forest of Brastor when the Dark Circle engulfed Brastor, with the aid of a small group of Seagate adventurers. Just short of freedom, in the form of a rune portal, an attack by gargoyles and a harpy captured and enslaved the able-bodied men and Anathea, the village witch and guild member. Some of the villagers fled to their presumed deaths in the enchanted forest, but most were able to proceed to the rune portal and freedom. Guild adventurers later recovered and cured several petrified children lost during the exodus through the enchanted forest and rescued the enslaved villagers.

The town of Larkmoor in Volar has had good relations with the guild for several years. Most notably, the surrounding estates had been under a curse of eternal winter, which was recently broken by a guild party. It is for this reason that there is unoccupied arable land to support the relocated village of Charity, and not because of the appetites of the local shapechanger gentry. Several guild members have holdings in Larkmoor.

The refugees travelled by ocean ship, river barge and foot to reach Larkmoor, the journey taking three weeks. A crop has been planted, but they are mostly still living in tents. A pleasant sequel to the migration was the ordination of Anathea into the service of Ephrael (the angel of fertility, subordinate to Raphael) in the County capital of Aviece at Eostre.

"You got lucky!"

Barth, waving his axe at the door the thief had just picked unlocked.

Into the Dark Circle

A Report by Ariel Glitterwing.

If it wasn't for the efforts of an intrepid group of Seagate Adventurers, I wouldn't be here to write this report. I had been tasked with the job of investigating conditions within the Dark Circle so, early in the month of Frost, I flew off to have a first hand look. I knew I had crossed the border when I felt a chill through my body but that soon passed.

I did check the local plant life, but discovered that the nectar and berries I sampled had some sort of taint in their taste. I suspect that any animals caught by adventurers would also not taste as well as those outside the Circle. I would recommend that any adventurers trying to live off the land should wash their catch thoroughly.

The landscape looked normal as I headed towards the Brastor Holdings, although the usual sounds of birds was absent, and I soon arrived in the vicinity of the small village of Cottingley, not far from Brastor itself. There was a faint hint of the smell of decay in the air but otherwise there was nothing unusual to the casual observer. There were still people in the village engaged in normal activities and farm animals in the fields. However, when I flew closer, I noticed that the people's movements looked slow, and there was a distinct lack of fresh cowpats in the field. When I got close enough to check auras, I discovered all the people and larger animals had been turned into zombies.

They could also see me, even though I was invisible. Within minutes I was under attack. Their behaviour was not mindless, as with normal zombies, and I suspected that they had some sort of group mind as their attack was rather co-ordinated. Even some large birds joined in the attack. I suspect their objective was to attack anything that came in the area in order to turn them into zombies serving the will of the power behind the Circle.

I was able to hold a few off with magic, such as Walls of Light and Bolt of Starfire, but I soon discovered these were tougher than the average zombie. They did take damage but it would need more firepower than I had to dispose of them. Some of them were able to get past my defence, including a coruscade, and I could feel part of my life force drained away by their touch. To make matters worse, at least one was a spellcaster, a wiccan to be precise. The most prudent course of action was to retreat, as fast as possible, as I could not take too many hits.

Amulets of Jasper

Allow the wearer to resist the draining powers of the Undead.

Now available at the Guild.
Limited Supply.

Price negotiable (at least 10,000 sp).



Ariel
Glitterwing

The undead crows proved to be a bit of a problem when I tried to fly off. Instead I was forced to hide in the branches of a willow tree near the river. That was when I noticed the ring of mushrooms near the trunk of a nearby, more ancient, tree. It was a faerie ring and the magic of it would hold the undead off, similar in effect to a wiccan amulet. That was my escape route. So, while avoiding the crows and using the last of my bolts to deter their attacks, I dived towards the ring. Once there, I hopped from mushroom to mushroom in a predetermined pattern then, when the pool formed in the centre of the ring, dived into it.

I found myself in a more vibrant landscape, near a river, under a willow tree, above an identical circle just as the portal closed. I was now on the plane of Lyoneese, one of the faerie planes, where it is forever autumn. I did contemplate waiting until night and attempting to sneak through the portal but vetoed that thought as I knew that Undead do not sleep. I suspected they would be keeping a watch. I also suspected undead owls. The only other portal I knew of from Lyoneese to Alusia lay far to the north in central Ranke. It would take several weeks for me to fly there, use the portal and return to Seagate.

I decided to scout the local area in order to find some food. While I was doing that I encountered some local pixies who, after I told my story, told me that there was a village of humans nearby and one of them may be able to assist. So I went to investigate and discovered the village of Nottingley.

I discovered from, Agatha Withey, the village wisewoman, and Namer, that here were the refugees from Cottingley, who had been willingly transplanted here by the intervention of the Daoene Sidhe from Tir Na Nog, in order to escape the Dark Circle. She told me to seek out the local witch, Esmerelda Beeswax, who could make an amulet that would help me get safely back through the circle.

“Isilith’s boat is quite like her - a bit bigger than expected, with a shallow draft, but very buoyant.” Hagan, upon seeing her Caravel for the first time.

"Why do we want to cross this river anyway?" asked Drum.

"To get to the other side!" chorused the rest of the party.

I found Esmerelda in a hut, on the outskirts of the village, surrounded by several beehives. The sound of buzzing was very prevalent. After explaining my problem, she said that she could produce an Amulet of Jasper which would protect from the draining effects of the undead. I had to go and collect the necessary ingredients.

So that was what I did. It proved to be a simple matter to gather some of the ingredients although it did involve a lot of flying about. However, when I was after one ingredient, I ran into serious trouble. I was after some Moon Ash, in a place called Caer Percival. After receiving directions from a group of blue skinned pixies I was on my way there when I was attacked by a human on a flying carpet. I later found out this was Garamond, an evil wizard who was part Binder, part E&E and part Mind mage. A magical battle resulted which resulted in me being captured, under a paralysation spell and taken to his lair. He had taken over part of Caer Percival which had been abandoned several centuries ago. Upon arrival in his laboratory I could see several fey creatures, all suspended in blocks of amber. I knew for certainty that I was about to join his collection. Since I was still paralysed, there was nothing I could do as I was arranged in a suitable pose and a ritual performed. As it progressed I was lifted an inch off the desk then I felt something hardening around me as I slipped into unconsciousness.

The next thing I remember was being suddenly awoken and feeling rather stiff. A guild party had arrived and was in the process of rescuing all the captives with the aid of a magical hammer of unbinding they had found. I had never been so glad to see anyone in my life. Unfortunately Garamond was currently out of the castle so we could not deal with him personally.

They had already gathered all the required ingredients so we headed straight back to Nottingham. Once there, the amulets were manufactured and, after spending some time training, we went back through the faerie ring and made our way back to Seagate.

My thanks go to the adventuring party that rescued me. They were: Daniel Alderson, Vanderhand le Vircourt, Sara Angelas, Quorash, Jacinth, Sharinalauralana Feyradbaneadour and Aqualina.



The Spawn

Terranova Report

This report from our Terranovan correspondent was delivered to the Times two weeks ago by an Elven courier en route from the Elven Isles to Alfheim.

Puerto Damieno - 5 Blossom

Salutations to the good Adventurers of Seagate. I find that once again I must apologise for the tardiness of my missive.

After Don Pedro de Alvarado sailed aboard the Dona Silken for Seagate the day after Michalemas bearing my last report, I attempted to persuade General Juan Velazquez de Leon, Puerto Damieno's military governor, to send another ship to observe the Spawn. He initially demurred stating quite reasonably that with Alvarado gone he had insufficient ships remaining to both observe the Spawn and guarantee the safety of the port.

I passed a fairly uneventful Vintage at Puerto Damieno, visiting Ssalinass on occasion. The weather had begun to cool and we looked forward to a cheerful Samhain celebration, which has become something of a festival here. The native lizard folk celebrate the day with dancing and rituals and are lead in their festivities by their pagan priests dressed as skeletons and adorned with feathers. They and the townsfolk intermingle more at this time than any other, and it seem the saurians have gained a taste for good Alusian beer, for which they trade a fiery liquid made from local plants — a trade that seems to suit the Destinians well.

Samhain was made even more joyous by the arrival of three new frigates from the Destinian yards to the north, under the command of Don Alonso Diego Rodriguez y Narvaez de Santiago, a young cousin of the Destinian Governor who briefly held Terranova whilst Pizzaro was in exile. With the arrival of three new ships General Leon agreed to allow Captain Bernal de la Vega and the Dona Elvira set sail for deep ocean. Also with Samhain came the first sign of the odd glow in the east after sunset, a glow whose cause I suspected immediately.

It took nearly two weeks to fully prepare and provision the Dona Elvira and three more for us to sail back to the last position of the Spawn's city-ship by way of Puerto Bozo. The Spawn ship and its circle of insectoid hives were where we had left them and the tremendous glow at night made finding them trivial for our navigator. We held position as far away as we could and still observe them through spyglasses. A week later, on midwinter solstice, we had cause to wish that we had kept an even greater distance.

At noon on the solstice, as the sun stood directly overhead, a terrifying and amazing event occurred. A shaft of incandescent light fell from the sun to pierce the centre of the Spawn's toroid city. The effect was ruinous. Our navigator and two other sailors who had been observing with the spyglasses had their sight burnt away, and all of us were

blinded for many minutes. The heat was unbearable and we could feel our clothes smouldering and flesh baking but could see nothing but whiteness. We scrambled blindly for the interior of the ship and there in the spaces that are normally so dark slowly recovered our vision. Even inside, the heat was choking and the lighting was as midday on white sand. The heat and light seemed to last an eternity before it finally ended and with a great clap of thunder plunged us into virtual darkness; only later were we to determine that the sun had held its touch upon our world for nearly three hours.

Emerging from below decks we found our sails and rigging still aflame, and the decks scorched and blackened. We turned our gaze back towards the Spawn city, expecting it destroyed and were dismayed to see that whatever terrible ritual had called the sun must have also protected them from its wrath. Their insectoid allies had not been so lucky however and where the vast hive ships had floated we could see that several were only charred wrecks and the others were badly damaged. Captain de la Vega ordered us to make for port, but first the crew had to attempt to re-rig and repair the ship as best they could and it was nearly a week before we were able to even limp westwards.

Five days later there was a great rumbling from the east and a swell raced past us heading for land. Much as my curiosity was peaked we were in no shape to investigate and continued our slow journey home. Three days later the cause of this disturbance became hideously apparent as a vast shape appeared in the east. So large was the shape that at first we could only believe that it was a new landmass, driven from the ocean's floor by the upheaval, and seen in the extreme distance, but against all reason the shape drew closer and as we made out more detail it became obvious that it was the Spawn city, now perched atop a motile island five or more miles in length. Closer still it came to our sorely damaged vessel. The crew began to panic as new features, unlike those seen on any natural island, became apparent. Coiling and thrashing limbs of immense size projected from the front of the gargantuan shape, and then a lambent eye, more than twice the length of our ship in width, opened and gazed at us. My feeling of terror at this goes beyond words and I will leave it to your own imaginations, dear friends. Suffice to say, I was not the only one who cried out at that sight.

The behemoth surged past us without a second glance, and came so close that we could see the vile spawn priests staring down at us from their city atop the creature's back. Our poor vessel was thrown about like a cork and, as the roiling wake came upon us, the Dona Elvira foundered. We cast off the boats and as the great and unearthly bulk disappeared towards the west we began our long voyage back to Puerto Bozo.

It took us the best part of two weeks to make land, and where the creature is now I cannot say. It seems inconceivable that something so vast could disappear but there have been no sightings that I know of since our initial encounter, and although I would dearly love to know to where it has gone and to what purpose the Spawn plan to put it, I also pray to all of the Powers of Light that I may never encounter it again.

I remain,
Henri Stanleigh.
Seagate Times Special Correspondent.

The Adventurer's Guide

Tips for success

- Always have a plan.
- Even a bad plan is better than no plan.
- Be prepared to change the plan.
- Better still, have a back-up plan.
- Even better, have several back-up plans.
- You may not be able to cover every eventuality, but be prepared for your Enchanter to backfire his Quickness spell.
- Never, ever let the Elf go wandering off to investigate the booze barrels by herself.
- Always keep an eye on the other exit.
- Never let the Enchanter loose in the monastery at night.
- If the Witch is prone to Backfires, insist that she consult the party leader before casting any spells whatsoever.

Starflower's Bestiary

Malice and Mischief

A Guild to Imps and Pixies

Imps and pixies are the most common types of small winged humanoids an adventurer is likely to encounter, and with all due respect to our Chief Reporter, both species represent trouble. Imps are pure malice, miniature devils with bad attitudes. Pixies are small faerie folk, and in the wild at least, are noted for their warped sense of humour. Certainly they are cute, but that doesn't make them safe. Remember, two-year-old humans are cute, but can create inconvenience out of all proportion to their size.

Imps are ugly little monsters, unpleasant enough in appearance to send the weak-willed quaking in fear. They are perhaps three to four feet in high, though it is often hard to judge, since they tend to adopt a half-crouched posture, perhaps in an attempt at menace. An imp's skin is leathery, giving it some degree of natural armour, and its wings resemble those of bats. However, unlike the bat, the imp has four limbs in addition to its wings, presumably resulting in a complex skeletal structure akin to that of dragons. We cannot confirm this however, since no imp skeleton has ever been presented to us for examination. It appears that they have an annoying habit of vanishing when adventurers have finished with them. Imps are not native to this plane, and cannot be truly killed here. Instead they are simply banished, back to their native infernal depths.

"Is there anywhere the golden bough doesn't work?" asks Isilith. "It depends upon where you've put it." replies Hagen, pointedly staring at her cleavage.



**"No wonder she's intelligent - she's a Mind Mage."
Starflower (of Loxi)**

Most imps are red in colour, although blue, green or purple specimens have been reported. They have yellow eyes, flecked with silver, and prominent teeth, which are metallic in appearance, like tarnished silver. Their hellish taskmasters must have a firm belief in healthy exercise, since imps are muscular little beasts, although decidedly pot-bellied. Imps are strong for their size, stronger than the average human, so close combat with an imp is ill-advised. Their natural weapons include their horns, with which they may demonstrate considerable skill, and their barbed tails. Watch out for those tails. They are equipped with a nasty sting, delivering a powerful poison. This is another good reason to avoid getting too close to an imp.

Imps have access to all the magic of a single College at a low level. No imp has ever been reported casting spells from an Entity College however, and they have been frequently observed to backfire their own spells. Imps are most dangerous when their College is one with damage spells having high chances of spell success, such Fire or Earth.



Imps are malicious - and horny!

The most effective way to combat imps is to banish them. However, this is not always possible since few imps are actually summoned here. Most are sent to this plane by their demonic masters, usually to become companions to evil mages. When you come across an imp, be sure to look out for its friend. Not that imps make the best of comrades. They are unreliable, unhelpful, and have a malicious sense of humour. Mind mages who have encountered imps have advised us that imps appear to have a high willpower, higher than humans can achieve, with the result that not only do imps often resist magic, but the Mind Mages tended to backfire their spells. The only reliable way to get rid of imps is to hit them repeatedly and often with magic or with silvered weapons. And we do recommend getting rid of them. Imps are nothing but evil pests, an alien scourge unwanted by any sane person. Never try to negotiate with an imp.

Pixies, on the other hand, may be considered pests by some adventurers, but in fact they can be useful sources of information, and quite helpful if treated kindly and with good humour. A sense of the absurd is a necessity when dealing with pixies, or their innate mischief will send you crazy. However, I should not generalise. Pixies are a far more varied species than imps, in both physical appearance and temperament.

Arwen: "As per usual the scribe never knows what is going on"

Pixies tend to be short humanoids, generally around two feet in height, and delicate of form and feature. Their wings are translucent, often colourless, and reminiscent of insect wings, most often butterflies or moths, and just as diverse. Their pointed ears and almond shaped eyes are typical of faerie folk, of which pixies are one of the smaller species. Skin colour varies tremendously in pixies. Shades of beige and brown are the most common, especially nut brown, but russet, ochre and even blue-skinned pixies have been reported. Unlike imps, pixies are usually encountered clothed, choosing simple loose styles in woodland colours, often employing natural materials. They may even wear leather armour, especially when they go to war in defence of their homes.

Pixies are native to this plane, and are usually found in woodland areas, most commonly where mana levels are unusually high. It is likely that their species originated on the faerie planes, and that they find high mana levels comfortable. Certainly pixies avoid cities and towns, places where high levels of human habitation disrupts the free flow of mana. They are highly magical creatures, naturally invisible even in combat, and have considerable powers of confusion and illusion. They can also counter most magics, and read the intent of those they encounter. Pixies do these things by virtue of their inborn magic, and as a result can generate effects more subtle and complex than any crude spell-casting. They pay for this through their extreme vulnerability to cold iron, which causes pixies intense pain and physical damage through mere contact.

Pixies can be highly skilled in those crafts which relate to the woodland environment, especially rangering and herbalism. They may also use light weapons, typically small daggers and bows. Pixie arrows may do little damage, but they are frequently magical, sending their victims to sleep, or causing amnesia.

The best way to deal with pixies is with diplomacy, respect, and good humour. Their pranks serve both as an expression of their creativity, and a means of eliciting a response from those they encounter, allowing them to more accurately determine motivations and attitudes. Remember that pixies despise the greedy and the miserly; and will attack evil creatures on sight. Should the adventurer be circumspect when meeting pixies, and be prepared to laugh along with the little folk, they will respond with generosity, a ready smile, and willingness to help in a just cause.



Pixies are playful pranksters

The Puzzle Column

Brigetta's Riddles

It can be said:
To be gold is to be good,
To be stone is to be nothing,
To be glass is to be fragile,
To be cold is to be cruel,
Unmetaphored, what am I?

I am a wonderful help to women,
The hope of something to come. I harm
No citizen except my slayer.
Rooted I stand on a high bed.
I am shaggy below. Sometimes the beautiful
Peasant's daughter, an eager-armed,
Proud woman grabs my body,
Rushes my red skin, holds my hard,
Claims my head. The curly-haired
Woman who catches me fast will feel
Our meeting. Her eye will be wet.



Witches' Brews

Five Knights of the Order of Saint Timorous each visited a goodwitch to purchase a potion to assist them in their knightly errantry. From the information given below, can you determine which wise woman each cowardly cavalier consulted, and discover the form and purpose of the preparation each purchased?

Sir Spynelless de Feete was given the dragon-repellant, which was not in liquid form.

Sir Poltroon à Ghaste visited Artful Agatha and she sold him a preparation the effects of which he would personally experience.

Wild Winnie prepared the potion.

The powerful powder was reputed to turn ogres into toads; it was not offered to Sir Timid de Shayke, nor was it supplied by Sly Sally.

Sir Sorely â Frayde went on the pill; the elixir did not confer invisibility.

Crazy Kate's prescription was designed to strengthen the taker's sword-arm in battle.

Sir Coward de Custarde was seeking Dutch Courage; Mad Matilda did not direct her visitor to rub on a balm.

Get Some Fire Power!

Fire College Invested Items:
Dragonflames Rk 10
Weapon of Flames Rk 10

Also Rank 8 Weapons - get them silvered and invested to crisp those nasty undead!

Prices negotiable.
Please contact Flamis at the Guild.



"We get paid to get into trouble and kill people." - a certain Guild member who shall not be named.

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.



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.



What's Hot

Pixies

Faerie Circles

Backfires resulting in Bizarre Hairstyles

Ducal Guards

Repeating Crossbows & Magical Warhammers

Checking your magical items before going out adventuring.

What's Not

Imps

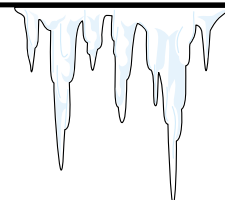
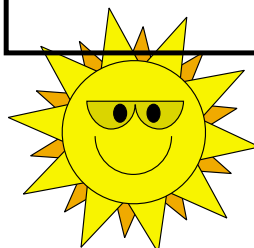
Dark Circles

Backfires resulting in Amnesia

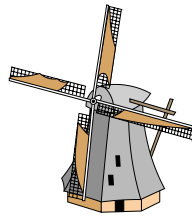
Beggar Mobs

Forgetting to buy Silvered Arrows

Forgetting that you own the very item to solve the problem.



The Rumour Mill



Kinky...

We hear that one guild party allowed Cyan the Pimp to organise female party members and the dwarf into presenting a strip show for party funds. Said performance was to include the use of broomsticks, whips and snakes.

He was heard to utter after the morality of the situation was questioned: "Well, they are just another commodity to be sold."

Those dizzy elves...

Are all elves confused over the high holidays that humans celebrate? Or is it just the greater nobs? We quote Princess Isilith on the subject: "Candlemansa, that's the party we just had wasn't it? I wondered why there was all those candles. It's all coming back to me now, and Beltane, that's the party with all the bells isn't it?"

He's Ba-ack...

We are informed that Darien, acolyte of the Church of the One-Horned God, has returned from his wanderings of the last few years. He has been seen distributing the Church's religious pamphlets (or dirty drawings, as they are frequently referred to by the less zealous) around Seagate.

He wears his symbol of office (a six inch long ceramic cylinder) on a strap around his neck as he preaches. It has come to Darien's notice that there has been more-than-usual amounts of trouble from undead, and he informed our reporter that he wants to 'go out and smite some' (said while brandishing the aforementioned phallic object).

Some like it hot...

Now we all know that Starflower is more than a bit perverse. Anyone who gets her kicks from wearing tight black leather armour while wielding whips and waving sharp pointy objects in the general direction of the opposite sex just isn't normal. But we hadn't considered the effect that these habits might have on her bed partner, until an adventuring party reported this statement from her husband, Brightflare: "I get my jollies from clenching a greek fire grenado between my thighs. I like it sticky".

You have to wonder, gentle readers, you really do. Especially since Brightflare IS a fire mage...

Letter to the Editors

Dear Sirs,

What is the city of Seagate coming to? Recently, my husband Basalic and I had occasion to visit the Mechanician's Guild on the outskirts of New Seagate (I was in the process of developing my new repeating crossbows). Since the distance was not far, we decided to walk. Guild Security advised us to go armed and armoured, which we did, but we were not prepared for what eventuated.

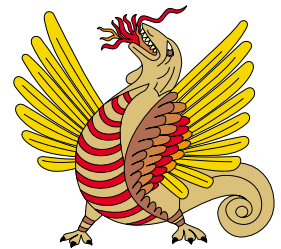
As soon as we crossed the river, we were accosted by what seemed like a horde of beggars demanding alms. We refused, reminding them that food parcels are available from our farm gate at dawn each Tuesday. They persisted and, in exasperation, my husband threw a coin into the crowd some yards away from us. This, he told me later, is common practice in the City of Greyhawk where begging is almost a lifestyle for some. The beggars there would take the coin, and then leave you alone. Not so here in Seagate. Throwing the coin acted as a cue for a mob attack. As we laid about us with staff and mailed fist, fearing for our lives, our persons were violated by pickpockets, attempting to steal our purses and any other valuables. Beware of those cutpurses who try to cut the thongs of your amulets at the rear, so that they might fall to the ground.

We wish to publicly thank the Duke's Guard whose timely arrival quickly dispersed the mob, and warn our fellow Guild members that Seagate is not the safe place that we sometimes assume it to be.

Lady Flamis (Felicity de Valiante)

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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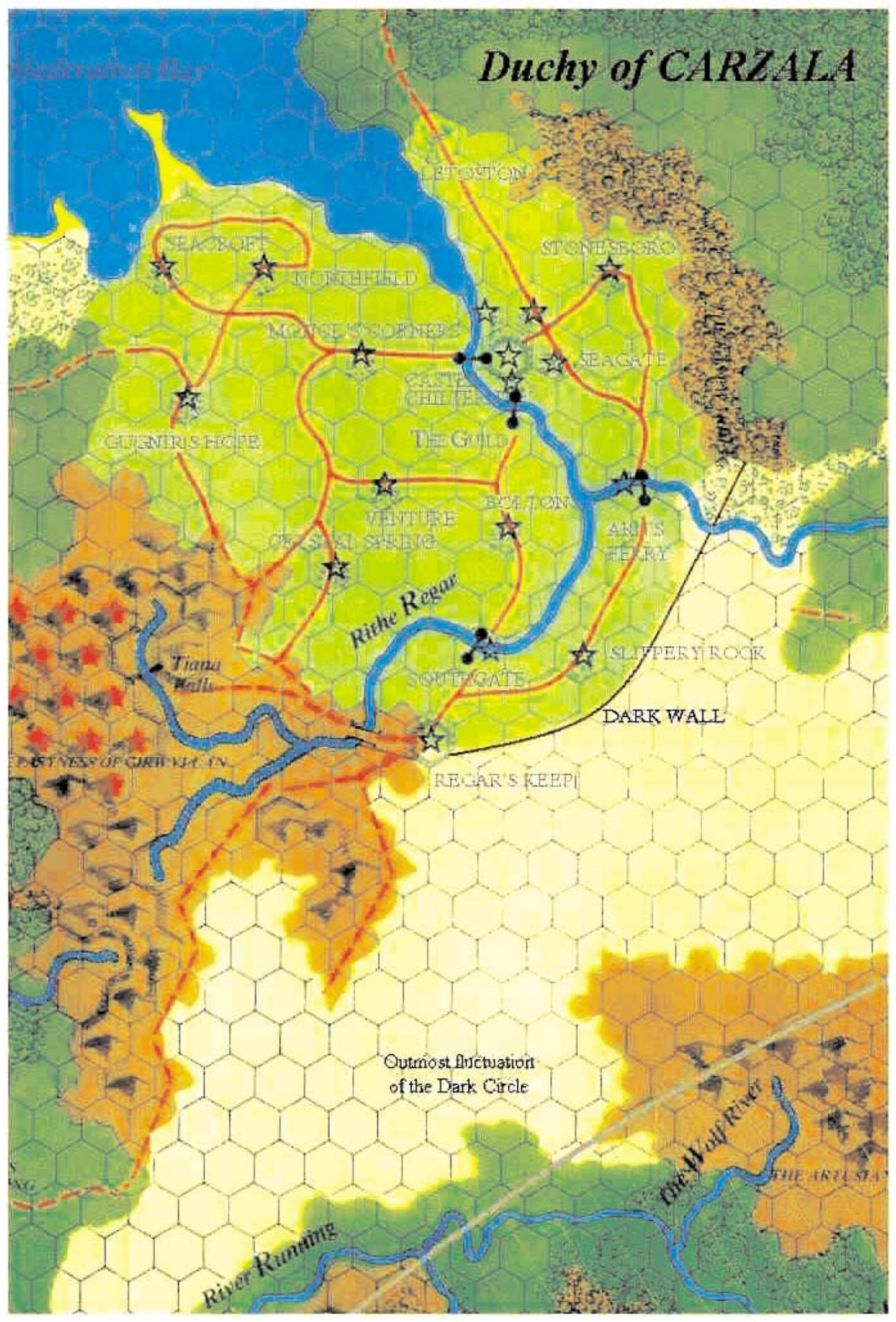
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Brightflare: "I may not be a courtier, but I can be polite."

Arwen: "Yeah, right, that coming from a fire mage".

Did anyone tell Arwen that insulting an entire College of hot-tempered mages is a bad idea?

Duchy of CARZALA



Outmost fluctuation
of the Dark Circle

River Running

One Wolf River

WESTERN KINGDOM CALENDER

Summer										
Meadow <small>New Year</small>										
Moonday	Beltane	☉	☾	7	☾	14	☾	21	☉	28
Duesday	<small>Guild Day</small>	1		8		15		22		29
W'ansday		2		9		16		23		30
Th'rsday		3		10		17		24		
Frysdays		4		11		18		25		
Reapsday	<small>White Lotus</small>	5		12		19		26		
Sunday		6		13		20		27		
Heat										
Moonday			☾	5	☾	12	☾	19	☉	26
Duesday				6		13		20		27
W'ansday				7		14		21		28
Th'rsday	1		8	<small>Solstice</small>		15		22		29
Frysdays	2		9			16		23		30
Reapsday	3		10			17		24		
Sunday	4		11			18		25		
Breeze										
Moonday		<small>Day of Death</small>	☾	3	☾	10	☾	17	☉	24
Duesday				4		11		18		25
W'ansday				5		12		19		26
Th'rsday				6		13		20		27
Frysdays				7		14		21		28
Reapsday	1		8			15		22		29
Sunday	2		9			16		23		30
Autumn										
Fruit										
Moonday	Lugnasad	☾	☾	7	☾	14	☉	21	☾	28
Duesday	<small>Guild Day</small>	1		8		15		22		29
W'ansday		2		9		16		23		30
Th'rsday		3		10		17		24		
Frysdays		4		11		18		25		
Reapsday		5		12		19		26		
Sunday		6		13		20		27		
Harvest										
Moonday			☾	5	☾	12	☉	19	☾	26
Duesday				6		13		20		27
W'ansday				7		14		21		28
Th'rsday	1		8	<small>Equinox</small>		15		22	<small>Michealmass</small>	29
Frysdays	2		9			16		23		30
Reapsday	3		10			17		24		
Sunday	4		11			18		25		
Vintage										
Moonday			☾	3	☾	10	☉	17	☾	24
Duesday				4		11		18		25
W'ansday				5		12		19		26
Th'rsday				6		13		20		27
Frysdays				7		14		21		28
Reapsday	1		8			15		22		29
Sunday	2		9			16		23	<small>Beerfest</small>	30

Winter										
Frost										
Moonday	Samhain	☾	☾	7	☉	14	☾	21	☾	28
Duesday	<small>Guild Day</small>	1		8		15		22		29
W'ansday		2		9		16		23		30
Th'rsday		3		10		17		24		
Frysdays		4		11		18		25		
Reapsday		5		12		19		26		
Sunday		6		13		20		27		
Snow										
Moonday			☾	5	☉	12	<small>Days of Chaos</small>	☾	19	☾
Duesday				6		13		20		27
W'ansday				7		14		21		28
Th'rsday	1		8	<small>Solstice</small>		15		22		29
Frysdays	2		9			16		23	<small>Twelfth Night</small>	30
Reapsday	3		10			17		24		
Sunday	4		11	<small>Yuletide</small>		18		25		
Ice										
Moonday			☾	3	☉	10	☾	17	☾	24
Duesday				4		11		18		25
W'ansday				5		12		19		26
Th'rsday				6	<small>First Plough</small>	13		20		27
Frysdays				7		14		21		28
Reapsday	1		8			15		22		29
Sunday	2		9			16		23		30
Spring										
Thaw										
Moonday	Candlemas	☾	☉	7	☾	14	☾	21	☾	28
Duesday	<small>Guild Day</small>	1		8		15		22		29
W'ansday		2		9		16		23		30
Th'rsday		3		10		17		24		
Frysdays		4		11		18		25		
Reapsday		5		12		19		26		
Sunday		6		13		20		27		
Seedtime										
Moonday			☉	5	☾	12	☾	19	☾	26
Duesday				6		13		20		27
W'ansday				7		14		21		28
Th'rsday	1		8	<small>Rites of Thunor</small>	8	<small>Equinox</small>		15		22
Frysdays	2		9			16		23		30
Reapsday	3		10	<small>Eostre</small>		17		24		
Sunday	4		11			18		25		
Blossom										
Moonday			☉	3	☾	10	☾	17	☾	24
Duesday				4		11		18		25
W'ansday				5		12		19		26
Th'rsday				6		13		20		27
Frysdays				7		14		21		28
Reapsday	1		8			15		22		29
Sunday	2		9			16		23	<small>Walpurgisnacht</small>	30