

The Seagate Times



Issue 32 - Autumn 801

Able Party Razes Cain

The Alusian-born shape-shifting demon Cain has been rendered into dust by a high-level party in the Duchy of Volar after minimal loss of life. For you military scientists out there, the party's successful tactics included castrating the party, causing the sun to set at noon, flying into Cain with barrels of holy water, riding Cain one-handed, and astrology readings.

Early this summer Queen Alexandria of Glisson made a state visit to the Duchy of Volar, accompanied by friends from the guild, and a small retinue of about sixty people. While the Queen and Guild companions were absent visiting the Convent of Lost Souls, the Alusian-born half-demon Cain and his minions attacked the royal retinue, torturing, killing, kidnapping, and pacting any who were willing to Cain. The Queen and her companions swore to avenge this insult to the honour of Glisson. Rumours that this was their intended purpose from the start are refuted by the fact that her highness has retired from adventuring for the good of her country.

The demon Cain had crossed swords with the Guild on several prior occasions, the most notable being the burning of his mother immediately after his birth at the Raphealite Convent of Lost Souls, and a defeat at the town of Crefein that left him unable to approach within one hundred miles. Queen Alexandra and two of her companions, Lady Ithilmore and Mother Anatheia, had contributed to these prior defeats. The other companions were: Adam the Giant, Count Silverfoam, Keisha, and Grendel. Their first order of business was an orc and troll army at Crefein, which was attempting to destroy the plot of ground keeping Cain at bay. This plan was foiled, although with substantial collateral damage to Crefein.

Astrology readings indicated that Cain's next assault would be on his second birthday against his birthplace (and mother's execution site), the Convent of Lost Souls. Cain had several Demon Lord allies who would attend him. The party made preparations including inviting local Michaeline hero, Saint Ernst, and scheduling the burning at the stake of one of Cain's pacted followers who resembled his mother.

On the appointed day, the adventurers portalled to the convent at Cain's expected arrival time, only to discover that they had been anticipated and Cain's group had arrived first, disguised as the member's of the Queen's party. Saint Ernst was fooled by this ploy, and martyred early in the proceedings. The Demon Lords did not enter the convent grounds, but provided long range assistance such as agony spells, blast magics, and offensive resurrection.

Once Cain was in the convent grounds, day was turned to night by arcane means to trigger a magical effect that burned males within the convent grounds at night. The formerly male defenders had been surgically altered to make them immune to this effect, as had the unfortunate Saint Ernst. The burning of Cain was a major factor in his defeat. Other significant factors were Cain's demon lord companions' unwilling to enter the convent, the ramming of Cain at flying speed with an amphora of several gallons of holy water, a powerful turning of the unholy, use of bound air to restrain Cain's mist form, and a spell to turn air to dust.

An angel summoned by one of the local nuns arrived too late to significantly contribute, but may have induced the Demon Lords to leave early. Most of the women under holy orders recieved a severe case of death (including the Mother Superior who had been substituted for the intended execution victim) but are now recovering with the aid of Brother Phaeton of Seagate.

The farewell ball for the party was attended by all those local nobility who have a stake in the future peace of Volar.

Elsewhere in This Issue

News in Brief

Terranova

Bestiary

Puzzle Column

Rumour Mill

and more...

The Late and Unlamented Half-Demon Cain



Eric the Ore Dwarf (at the moment) /Weasel/Bat, while wiping the sand off his currently-unattached limb: "I was getting a bit concerned at the end of that combat. I was down to one working limb, and I don't have a bite attack!"

News in Brief

Demon Emperor claims Conservation Mantle

Ahriman, the Emperor of Darkness, currently located in the Bowcourt mountains, has taken the high moral ground in the battle for Terranova. He has declared the largest Terranovan mountain chain to be a natural watershed for important indigenous creatures, and will drive anyone off it unless they have a permit. His brother Apollyon, the Emperor of Light, is trying to encourage non-native amphibians to the area as part of their new migration path, but Ahriman says his brother is narrow-minded and must look at the full circle of life. The Northern Spawn army is stuck in its tracks thirty miles south of this disputed area while their elite attorneys try to settle this.

Latest reports indicate that a compromise diverting the Spawn advance through the Drow city of Raam look promising once a plague reduces further obstacles.

Newly Contacted Plane

The plane of Magrathea, visited by a Guild party for the first timethis session, shows considerable potential as a venue for adventure. The plane was devastated by the Dragon of Shadows some thousand years ago. This means that there are ruins aplenty to be searched, and monsters to be eradicated, assisting the humans there in the restoration of their civilisation.

The party was employed to cleanse a former temple of Heironeous, god of valour, which had been taken over by forces unknown. This temple was on land which the employer had acquired claim to. The land turned out to be largely swamp, and the temple invested with necromancers, priests of the Bitch Goddess Beltar, and warriors in service of Heironeous' evil half-brother, Hextor, Lord of Strife.

The temple was cleansed by the party, with considerable assistance from the Temple of Heironeous in Magrathea City, but unfortunately the three cult leaders managed to escape through a portal to a plane named "Forever" as the party were defeating three Vampiric Elves. The party declined to follow when the sigil of the plane was shown to be a ram's skull, the symbol of an evil powerful demon-lord, and the portal was destroyed.

The party then proceeded to a ruined city named Heliopolis, where they defeated sundry monsters, and assisted in the restoration of the temple of Pelor.

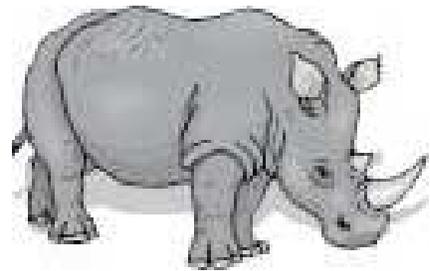
High Priest of Hextor

Pax Orca!

A guild adventuring party has achieved a new feat of diplomacy - the orcs on Purple have agreed to permanent peace with the neighbouring humans. Of course the dwarves weren't invited as they had recently trashed the orc's capital city.

The peace-loving party did arrange a concordat between two sundered clans of Dwarves (and the King's jewels are still on his head!!). The newly-found clan's King was persuaded to abdicate, and volunteered to be the focal point of an Orcish religious ceremony. This was a combined spectacle, world rejuvenation and astrological forecast, and so the twenty million odd orcs were looking for a positive result. Unfortunately the ex-King didn't manage to survive the ceremony.

On a more positive note, the resulting explosion did pretty much wipe out the latest Orc capital. More importantly the party was paid by the High Priestess before the ceremony commenced. So impressed with the party's pluck and valour was the new Dwarven King, he gave them many ancient gifts. We assume the humans in the north of the continent are also quite pleased. At least until they hear that the orcs who arranged the peace accord were killed in the explosion.



Rhinoceros Run Riot in Seagate

Several large Rhinoceros broke out of the Guild around forty days ago, and somehow disappeared from view, only to turn up twenty minutes later in the New Seagate marketplace. For those who had never encountered these exotic beasts before, which was most of the populace, it was a terrifying sight.

The rhinoceros is an enormous beast, akin to a huge boar with a large horn on its snout, and a smaller horn behind it; with heavy plates of thick greyish leathery hideto protect it, and tiny pinkish eyes. It may not sound very scary, but imagine a small herd of them thundering and crashing around the marketplace, and you can understand the resulting confusion.

The Guild Beastmaster and several Earth Mages and Mind Mages were called in to bring the beasts under control, but by then, considerable damage was already done. Fortunately no lives were lost, since Guild Healers were quickly at the scene, and able to assist the injured. However, there was considerable property damage, and stallholders are theartening to sue those responsible, if they can be identified.



Terranova Report

by Breagon

Having just returned from Terranova, I have some information that many of you will want to know.

Seventy thousand of the Spawn army under the command of three Balrogs and two Greater Naga (equivalent in power to the Balrogs, not the normal kind we are used to dealing with) have pushed north from their river to the base of the red hills. They have used water elementals to create a swamp along their line of march (also their supply line). They have been stopped at that point by a combined force of Ahriman's Dwarves and the local Dwarven clan. This force will not be able to turn the Spawn back or destroy them, but they hope to slow them down, weaken their forces and prevent them from travelling through the local Dwarves home.

It is our suspicion that the planned line of march for the Spawn was either over or through the Red Hills to the Drow city of Draj, and then to use that as a staging post to push across the sea of silt to the ancient Arkadian capitol.

Assuming that the Dwarven force is successful, we believe that the Spawn army will cross the Red Hills further to the East and use the Drow city of Raam as their staging post. I expect that the Spawn will occupy Raam before the end of Autumn.

None of the major Drow city-states will be able to offer any sort of resistance to the Spawn.

- The king of Draj is allied with the Spawn, though he may not last long as a contingent of Erelhein are attacking him.

- Raam has been devastated by plague, we believe that the plague was started by the Spawn. Potentially refugees from Raam may have spread the plague to other cities.

- The king of Uric has dedicated all of his resources to building a magical ziggurat, we believe that it is in attempt to become a Dragon. If he uses methods similar to previous known attempts then he will be sacrificing many of his citizens for the required power, our best guess is that he will make the attempt at the end of summer.

- The Drow City-State north of Uric has been taken over by its former gladiators and slaves and at best is in a state of turmoil with its king either fled or dead.

- Dylath is intact and stable, however they are too far away and do not have sufficient forces to make any difference. As a side note, Dylath is the Drow city most open to foreigners. We were able to walk the city without disguises in no more danger than we would face in any similar size city in the Baronies.

We have many more details of many of the cities and races we encountered there, if any of you be planning to travel there to

either scout or try to interfere then you should talk to me or other members of our party before you go. This particularly applies to any elementalists as the elementals over there are not like those we are used to.

Ahriman had a message for our guild as well, he wanted us to know that he is working on something that is "good" and he showed us some evidence of what he is doing. We also discovered that this good thing he is doing is to honor an old debt. But remember he is working on something good because he must, we don't know what his intentions are or which side he will be on once his debt is paid.

If you are wondering why I am not being specific about what he is doing it's because if the specifics fell into the wrong hands the results could be devastating. And too many members of our guild are known for their loose lips.



The Spawn are Coming!

Amelia, referring to Eric (who is in his weasel form, and sitting on her shoulder): "So if we get attacked, I'll pop the weasel on a branch..."

From the Scribe Notes

Monkey Business

by Tom

It is mid afternoon when we make our way back to the surface. A planer door opens up five hundred above the courtyard. Lord Arundel (the party employer) says follow me back down to the monastery. I look back as I hear a low humming sound. A black shape starts to transform through the portal.

We hurry back down to the amphitheatre. Thoric ties the main doors we came in together, and leans a guard on it to pretend that he was holding the door. Very clever as they might well try to magically open the door. By the dias is an underground doorway. We open that door and there is a slight creak. There is a fresh breeze coming from down below. I sniff the air and can detect a faint smell of body odour. The stairs continue down quite steeply in a spiral formation. I decide to put a feather fall on everyone, since it is a high mana zone for me. We decide to tie ourselves together on a rope, just in case someone falls over. We walk down cautiously keeping a tentative ear for any noise that the calamar are following us. After about half an hour we make it ground level, but the stairs continue to go down. We feel a strong breeze all of a sudden. That means that someone is either coming up or down. After another ten minutes, the strong breeze stops. After another ten minutes we can hear water running.

I put on a vapour breathing for everyone - just in case. The stairway now opens out, but still continues to go down. We can see a waterfall in the middle of the staircase spiral. It's almost as if it is like the bottom of a huge tap that someone has forgot to turn off.

All of a sudden Theauss hears a cry and stops. We can see three monks floating in the cavern, Theuass gets hit and

disappears into the waterfall. We kill them and Theauss comes back to rejoin us. We are now a thousand feet below ground level and I can feel myself starting to go mad. Being an air mage I can fell the walls closing in on me. Not a good feeling and I never thought I was claustrophobic.

An hour has passed in total when we finally make it to the bottom. The water stills continues on down the tube. The three monks are down here and they are definitely dead. I would like to point out that nobody has died yet from our party which would have to be a first for me. I just hope I haven't spoken prematurely. The monks have death curses tattooed on their chests which we recognise as being curses from Set.

There is a wooden door and after some probing we discover that it is in fact just a carving. Thoric sees a light coming from the stairs. He casts the bubbles of force and we go down the waterfall tube. We fall into a cavern that it a couple of miles in diameter. In the centre is a small island. There is a chandelier type stalactite that is casting its own light - though there was no magic involved. I can see myself getting even more crazy now especially learning that we are fifteen miles underground.

We fly around and survey the area. The island is two hundred feet in diameter. There is a jetty on one side. There is also a chair in the middle and has two metallic snakes coiled around each other spiralling upwards. There are four pools here in the centre and a monk peering intently into one of them. He has a book in which he is making notes and the book is chained to his wrist.

We decide to kill the monk, but after his first wound he falls into one of the pools. The snakes in the chair come alive. We kill them by melting them with dragon flames. Unfortunately Arwen dies. Looks like I spoke too soon. We check out the pools. They are non-colleged magic, one way transportation and scrying devices. We decide to go through one of the pools so we can plane walk out of here and away from the Calamar.

The four pools depict different scenes. Pool one is a graveyard. We decide not to use this one pour some oil into it. This makes the water go oily. Then we burn it. Pool two has a forest scene and in the trees are platforms and tree houses. Pool three has a scene of the Seagate Guild. Whilst this would be the most obvious one we could still be covered with spores and don't really one to take them with us. We burn these two pools as well.

The fourth scene is of a castle in the distance we can see that the castle drawbridge is down and some guards are coming out. Theauss animates an oil pot and a torch to burn the pool once we go through. We land on Carish. The guards have just arrived and wait for us to do something. Theuass proclaims that we are your enemies' enemy. Does that make us their friends perhaps?

The monk's body is here as well. Theuass animates the chain from the wrist and when it leaves the body, the book bursts into flames. The chain then becomes a golden snake and takes off into the bush. Thoric goes after it to kill it. It bursts into flames when it dies. We ask to speak to either the king or the vizier and we are led to the castle.



The Adventurer's Guide

Tips for success

- Never try poking a lumenohydra with a sword of light!
- Or blast a cryohydra with ice bolts.
- Or a pyrohydra with fire...
- Be nice to the Powers, and don't try pretending they don't exist. They might decide that you don't exist.
- Only ever draw from a Deck of Many Things if you're feeling really really lucky.
- Don't mess with mysterious alchemical substances.
- Don't mess with strange magical books.
- Try turning the entire party into snakes as a relatively safe means of sneaking into the temple of the snake cult.
- Tunnelling is a great attack spell - try it on the base of a harpy infested tower and watch harpies go scrunch.
- Tunnelling is a great defence spell - try going around the wards instead of through them.
- Control Animals and Control Person spells can be amazingly effective at causing confusion among your enemies.
- Never use magic tainted with negative energy on the undead... get positive instead!
- Always do your research. Knowledge is never useless, and can often save your neck, your soul, and other important bodily parts besides.
- Never, ever separate the party, even when you are absolutely sure the environment is not hostile.
- Sleeping outside when the rest of the party is safe inside a nice cosy keep is just plain suicidal.
- Always be alert. Keep watching out for ambushes, traps and wards. It's when you think you're safe, that you're in the greatest danger.
- If the least guarded way in is through the sewer, then that's the way in.
- Don't be a wimp - if you have to do something embarrassing, painful or just plain messy to increase your chances of success, then do it.

“Okay, so the sword is dwarven...”

How to Win Over Guards With Just a Smile

Just imagine your party of experienced adventurers when they investigate the only gateway into a labyrinth and divination tells them all about Cleansing Fires which destroy anything not of dwarven or titan make. Far more concerned with losing years of loot than personal safety, the party strip down and bury their gear in the garden. Someone turns into a weasel, and someone wears cloth of gold robes of dwarven make. The illusionist avoids embarrassment, but the rest are empty handed and bare arsed to the world.

'Just stop whimpering,' says the party leader, 'A few hours of cold won't kill us.' The ward is unpleasantly reminiscent of Agony, especially for those who have embedded items. Beyond is a maze of huge drafty chambers connected with portals pretending to be corridors. The first foray ends with the group being dumped out a hundred miles away on a plateau where the ground drains Endurance. A quick round of wings and they are out of there.

On the second foray they find the chamber with the dwarven guard company who leap into ranks, weapons drawing, orders flying, in that competent military manner that guild parties so frequent fail to display. (Someone in the back even moved the card table carefully out of the way!).

“Throw down your weapons!” yells the leader.

“I don't know much about giants Sarge, but they don't look armed to me,” from a dwarf in the back row.

Having no weapons to throw down the party resorts to fast talking and name dropping. Lucky for them, the sergeant decides to cover his own arse and calls for officers to deal with this odd invasion. The Garrison Commander was very appreciative of the party's all over effort to arrive obviously unarmed and bare ... handed.



Isilith, when discussing what to do about some harpies-

“Let's come up with a plan, instead of winging it”

“Get knotted!”

- Basalic to the hydra as Isilith was feeding its own heads to it.

Starflower's Bestiary

The Horrible Hydrae

A hydra is one of the nastiest monsters an adventurer might ever encounter, one of a genus of immense reptilian monsters with multiple heads. Different species within the genus have different powers and vulnerabilities, so it is important to be certain which type you are dealing with.

Common hydrae are normally gray-brown to dark brown or green, with light yellow or tan underbellies. Their eyes are amber and their teeth are yellow-white. These hydrae have between five and twelve heads, most commonly nine. Frequently their bite is poisonous, and parties are advised to carry specific antidote for hydra poison if planning on entering an area where hydrae are suspected.

Cryohydrae are bluish-white and may attack with an icy cold breath weapon. Pyrohydrae are reddish-orange and blast their foes with fire. A guild party recently reported encountering a Lumenohydra, which was surrounded by blinding light, making attacking it very difficult. Thankfully these species are very rare. Philosophers speculate that these aberrations result from hydrae mating with dragons, but this seems unlikely since hydrae and dragons are natural enemies. Dragons consider hydra flesh to be quite a delicacy, preferably consumed lightly toasted.

The biggest danger when you're up against a hydra is its multiple heads. All the heads must be severed before the hydra dies. A hydra can bring up to four heads into action against a single foe, biting with each of them. When a head is severed, a natural reflex seals the neck arteries shut to prevent blood loss, and regeneration begins. Most species of hydrae will regenerate two heads for each one that is severed. New heads form rapidly and the process can be halted only by the prompt application of flame to the neck following the blow which destroyed the first head. Generally speaking, fire is one of the best weapons against most species of hydra, with the natural exception of pyrohydrae, which are immune to fire, and may even be healed by its application.

Your best weapons against a hydra are knowledge and plain old-fashioned cunning. Hydrae are powerful monsters, true enough, but they are not noted for their intelligence and the average adventuring party should be easily able to outthink a hydra. Remember that simply hitting a hydra with your favourite edged weapon is only going to result in it growing more heads, which means more trouble, not less. Blunt weapons are preferable, and magic is better still. Blast magics will generally take out heads at range, but be careful. Hydrae have been known to regenerate from heads destroyed by magic, and it's not wise to feed an elemental hydra with its own element. Weapons of cold can be worse than useless against a Cryohydra. Clever techniques include using control spells to take over a hydra's head and feeding it to its own central maw, using tunnelling to trap the hydra and restrict its movement, and applying the opposing element - darkness does interesting and painful things to a Lumenohydra.

Fortunately, hydrae are solitary creatures which gather only to mate, so it is extraordinarily rare to encounter more than one hydra. Hydra prefer isolated and desolate surroundings, usually deserts and wastes, but are sometimes found in ruins.

The Legend of the First Hydra

The Hydra which lived in the swamps near to the ancient city of Lerna in Argolis, was a terrifying monster which like the Nemean lion was the offspring of Echidna (half maiden - half serpent), and Typhon (had a hundred heads), other versions think that the Hydra was the offspring of Styx and the Titan Pallas. The Hydra had the body of a serpent and many heads, of which one could never be harmed by any weapon, and if any of the other heads were severed another would grow in its place. The stench from the Hydra's breath was enough to kill man or beast. When it emerged from the swamp it would attack herds of cattle and local villagers, devouring them with its numerous heads. It totally terrorised the vicinity for many years.

Heracles journeyed to Lake Lerna in a speedy chariot, and with him he took his nephew and charioteer Iolaus, in search of the dreaded Hydra. When they finally reached the Hydras' hiding place, Heracles told Iolaus to stay with the horses while he drew the monster from its hole with flaming arrows. This brought out the hideous beast. Heracles courageously attacked the beast, flaying at each head with his sword, but he soon realised that as one head was severed another grew in its place. Heracles called for help from Iolaus, telling him to bring a flaming torch, and as Heracles cut off the heads one by one from the Hydra, Iolaus cauterised the open wounds with the torch preventing them from growing again. As Heracles fought the writhing monster he was almost stifled by its obnoxious breath, but eventually, with the help of Iolaus, Heracles removed all but one of the Hydras' heads. The one remaining could not be harmed by any weapon, so, picking up his hefty club Heracles crushed it with one mighty blow, he then tore off the head with his bare hands and quickly buried it deep in the ground, placing a huge boulder on the top. After he had killed the Hydra, Heracles dipped the tips of his arrows into the Hydras' blood, which was extremely poisonous, making them deadly.

Attacks on the body have little or no effect until all the heads are destroyed. It seems that some hydrae has the ability to channel any damage dealt to its body to its heads. Parties have observed the wound from a mighty blow to a hydra's body closing and healing as an untouched head collapsed and died.



The Puzzle Column

Riddle by Brigetta

Deep, dark, underground,
 That is the place where I'll be found.
 Yet brought into the light of day,
 I sprinkle sunlight every-which-a-way.
 Though dulled with oil I will be found,
 I am remarkably well and throughly sound.
 Cut me quick and it will be seen,
 That I instantly have a marvelous sheen.



Women's Rites

On the matriarchal plane of Quensha there are five goddesses, named Givova, Handova, Muvova, Pullova, and Pushova, each served by a priesthood of women, under a high priestess. From the information below, can you determine the sigil of each goddess, the name of her high priestess, and the place where she must be worshipped?



The owl does not feature in the rites celebrated in a garden, and the sign of the goddess worshipped in a wood is not a star.

Pullova's symbol is a mask. Her high priestess is not Gloribella, and she is worshipped in neither a meadow, nor a garden.

The pair of clasped hands is not the emblem of Handova; a flaming torch is brandished during the hilltop rites.

The high priestess of Givova, whose symbol is not an owl, is called Mirabella.

Dulcibella leads the worship of the goddess whose sign is the star; her rites do not take place in a meadow.

Claribella conducts the rites of her deity, who is not Muvova, in a garden; the latter's symbol is not a star.

Arabella does not celebrate the rites of her goddess by the lakeside.

Get the Power of Fire and Light!

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



Now with added Radiance for extra Positive effect on undead!

Prices negotiable.
 Please contact Flamis at the Guild.

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.

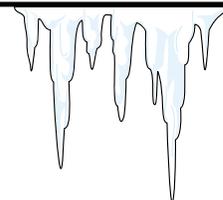
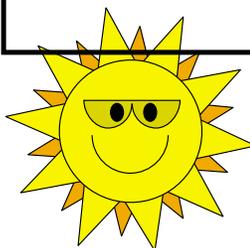
Please contact Thom at the Guild.

What's Hot

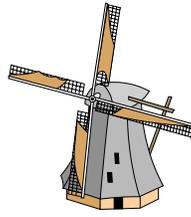
Radiance.
 True elves.
 Repairing temples.
 Rhinoceros.
 Consecration.
 Stirring battle cries.
 Portable Keeps.
 Razing Cain.

What's Not

Ash.
 Harpies.
 Ruining temples.
 The Spawn.
 Castration.
 Stirring up trouble.
 Losing your Rings.
 Raising Cain.



The Rumour Mill



A Snack Fit for a Princess?

The Times is reliably informed that a certain noble elven lady was observed snacking on fried fays while in a forest on adventure. How they came to be fried is, of course, another story, and not entirely the fault of the lady in question, although it was her suggestion that the Earth mage attempt to summon dinner. She didn't know he would miscast the spell, and accidentally summon fays, did she? She didn't realise that the fairies would be cremated the moment they contacted his metallic armour, did she? But they were tasty, weren't they, your ladyship?



Heaven disowns Earth?

We've heard of god-bothering, but this is ridiculous. The Times has heard rumours of priests discomforted by the very presence of a certain Guild member. It seems that he's acquired something of an anti-deity field. Consecrated ground isn't, as far as he's concerned, and holy water loses its holiness. When interviewed at the Drunken Jester Tavern, he told us that he hadn't turned to evil, he'd rather die first than do that, but it was more that the good powers had decided to turn their backs on him because of his lack of faith. His statement was "I still intend to fight evil - with or without their help. If any of them want a word, I'm quite willing to discuss the matter, man to deity. I'll even shout them a drink if they want one." He did declare however that any priest that didn't care that he was there and wanted to convert him was probably evil and deserved six inches of blade applied where it would do the most good.

What it's good for, we're not sure, but we'd like to hear if any of our local priests haven't noticed any change in this individual. It seems that the Guild has acquired a walking, talking test of faith.

They're Missing IT Now

The things some people will do for the cause. We hear that Silverfoam, Grendel and Adam the Giant have all made small round donations to a certain nunnery (not so small in Adam's case) and now they're all singing soprano as it were. And looking for a healer who can regenerate organs for them.

Letter to the Editors

Iron, the Holy Metal

I thought I'd introduce myself, I'm Tor, Dwarven priest of the Demi-God Iron, the Holy Metal. Ill be holding services in New Seagate Square on early Duesday mornings when I'm not out and about adventuring, which I reckon should be a nice low mana spot till I build a temple. All worshippers of Iron are welcome, bring your favourite piece to hold aloft as we sing the hymn to Iron. I tend to have a short sermon afterwards as we're all busy people on such things as Cold Iron and its powers over freeloaders, so come down and feel the power of Iron.

Iron is really tough but he's not very bright, he's a bit elemental, if you get my meaning, so don't go asking no tricky, fairy questions, good is good, bad is bad, obey the law and do an honest days work. Just remember to treat Iron with respect or he'll show his displeasure by rusting on you and you'll have to perform penance cleaning it off, oh and give thanks after he stops all those nasty swords and arrows hitting you. If you're a mage show a little respect and put him down before you cast or he'll stop your magic in its tracks.

Iron, it'll get in your soul,

Tor

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.

T'ana Silverwind, Editor in Chief, Seagate Times

Glitterwing Stargazer, Chief Reporter and Astrologer



Contacts:

T'ana Silverwind

Flamis

Aqualina

Grendel Beetleknox

Jacqui Smith (275-3080)

flamis@ihug.co.nz

Keith Smith (275-3080)

phaeton@ihug.co.nz

Simon White, ph 534-8582

"Well, if it all goes wrong we can always blame it on the nob."

- Thorn of Isil Eth following the latter's election as party leader.