

# The Seagate Times



Issue 37 - Winter 802

## Demon Tries to Join Guild!

The Demon Prince Sier aka The Willing Prince, aka Patron of Thieves an Adventurers, aka Woof! What eyes! applied recently for membership as an adventurer of the Guild.

After a long argument and brief scuffle he was politely refused by the combined might of the Guild High Council. At first it looked as if Sier might succeed. After all, he, a former elf of the court of Alfhien was a recognised member of a magical college most adventurers consider useful to have on adventure. However the dedicated, pedantic and magically resistant scribes turned him down.

We found Sier and asked for some comments (Those eyes!) "They first objected to my being a demon and I pointed out the guilds tendency to be unconcerned about species. If you have undead, lizard men and Scratch you're not in a position to really complain."

"I pointed out my natural affinity for finding loot and good fortune enjoyed in my company. At this juncture a man who I was sure was half rodent or lizard or something began to argue my case."

Mr Pennywise had to be taken for a quiet lie down afterwards. "There was some complete twaddle about having to be a neophyte in one's college. I tried telling them I was actually a bard and that all my other spells were talents or something. They wouldn't have any of that. What is a bard by the way?"

"I then offered to make available some resources to the guild. When I mentioned my library there was this running of feet and a wild, bearded man wielding some notched sword came charging in to state his case."

The librarian is recovering alongside Mr Pennywise mumbling something about 'Visions of unearthly delights! Things that we are not supposed to know what of! Yearly subscriptions to Fiends and Hellions Magazine!'

"I then stated my intention to share my maps of the Million Worlds, Streams of Time and The Multiverse on Five Sovereigns a Day and the Cartographers entered my side."

The Cartographers were unavailable for comment due to their need to be sedated.

"Really, this prejudice over my being a Prince of The Seventh Plane of Hell is completely unfounded. Can I help it if my current career has been successful beyond wildest dreams. You already let beings from other dimensions in. I should know, one of them is an Agent of mine. And that's another thing. I can

assure you that I am not pacted to anybody. Say, how about a change of venue."

This reporter wishes to assert that their impartiality in no way was compromised by a brief tour of the pleasure spots of the unknown worlds.

"I don't understand this bias. I have all the requisites any other member of the guild has. Why should the fact that I go ice-skating on the frozen souls of lawyers be held against me? Especially when I discovered that I scored lowest on the Sien-Fien/Dillinger scale of Demonic Nastiness. If I really do score zero than how can it truly be held against me?"

Despite this refusal Sier would like to assure all agents, worshippers, acolytes, temple dancers, and other minions that it is business as usual and that he is happy to continue as (self-styled) Patron of Thieves, Adventurers and Allied Trades.



*Sier - Demon Prince of Thieves*

### *Elsewhere in This Issue*

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and more...

# News in Brief

## Destinian Gold Mine Destroyed

Reports of the secret Destinian gold mine being totally destroyed have been confirmed by a guild party. The mine was on the island Alba Longe, just off the coast from Destiny, not far from the place where the late King Carlos died. Discussions with witnesses of the attack indicate a party of eight Renegadoe Destinians led by The Black Bishop were responsible for the attack. The Renegadoes made contact with a turncoat corporal, then sent a rank nineteen dark sphere through the mine, destroying 99% of the gold in the process. The miners and guards were surrounded in darkness then killed, including the corporal who had been promised safe passage out.

The leader Donna Lucia Antonio was taken before the Black Bishop, who asked her to renounce her position and turn to his side, which she refused. Hence she was killed outright by a hand and a half sword thrust through her heart as if it were a rapier. A paralyzant poison was also used, unnecessarily as it turned out. Shortly afterward her body was made irresurrectable, presumably by some dark life sucking ritual akin to that of the regicide area. The Black Bishop's group took extreme care to destroy the mine site entirely with a dark sphere, killing any possible animal witnesses, then summoning a severe storm before leaving by a cloud.

While the economy of Destiny has been somewhat shaken by the events, refinancing has been quickly obtained and we are assured that all promissory notes will be honoured, in due course. The Serene Republic is now busy setting up new trading agreements with members of the Hellenic States, especially the Argoloid Empire.



## King Carlos Almost Returned

A guild party investigating the regicide site where Carlos del Calatrava died found a 100' radius blight on the area, created by a non colleged ritual. It appeared to have been created on first anniversary of his death. The leaves of the surrounding vegetation were slowly being killed, as if the life force was being sucked to the central spot, a bare rock devoid of any growth, as if a magical acid had been poured on it. This area has now been incinerated.

There have also been unsettling reports of a second group of 'pilgrims' attempting some ritual on the second anniversary of Carlos' death. This ritual was interrupted by a horde of orcs, motivated indirectly by the Trickster fire god who also lives on Alba Longe. The orcs took great care to slay all of the six red robed humans. The book which held the details of the ritual was either destroyed or taken by the orcs.

## Black Bishop Killed

The Black Bishop was King Carlos' second in command, having control over the Eastern territories in a similar way that the late Baron Scarpia had over the Southern territories. After Carlos and Scarpia's deaths, the Bishop became the leader of the Destinian Renegadoes operating around Toledo, Lunar Empire and near the Hellenic States; the head of the Eastern Michaeline Sect, which unusually for followers of Michael, included mages and utilised magical items. The sect are now reconvening to nominate a new leader.

The Black Bishop and six fellow Michaeline knights were ambushed as they rode toward Bright City on the first day of the Herculean Games. The bishop and three of the companions were killed. The other three knights flew on to Bright City to carry on with their plan of luring Goat Strength, reportedly the son of the late King Carlos, to become their leader.

Goat Strength is the son of Muddyfacade, (now a local priestess of Poseidon, a water god) who was a daughter of a royal family of the Argolid Empire, which had strong trading deals with Destiny 19 years ago, when she met Don Carlos. With the help of a visiting guild party, Goat Strength and his uncle, King Resolute of Bright City, have instead decided to set up trade deals with the Serene Republic of Destiny. Goat Strength will therefore be able to maintain his maternal family connections and observe the religious rites with his master, Zeus.

We can only speculate as to the next move of the Renegados to attempt to bring back King Carlos or to attempt to reinstate the Kingdom of Destiny.

Archangelo del Scarpia, one of the Bishop's surviving companion knights, may be a man to watch.

## New Guild Enchanter Appointed

A recent party to the plane of Kahessire rescued a Lady Sherrie from the evil charms of a corrupt chaos hero. Lady Sherrie was solely responsible for convincing the ancient elven empire upon that plane to allow human society to develop and has been convinced to join the guild training new mages of the College of Enchantments and Ensorcelments, and assisting the guild healers when necessary. We all welcome her to the guild ranks.

### Answers to Last Issue's Puzzles:

Party of Five:

- Brother Oak, Elf, Unknown, Cloak of Visibility
- Sir Crayon, Human, Mind, Ring of Reluctance
- Hydrophilia, Orc, Fire, Boots of Slipperiness
- Kettle, Giant, Water, Elastic Sword
- Moonflower, Dwarf, Witch, Bag of Holes

Riddles:

First: Chain mail

Second: Beehive

Third: Glacier

*"There's no way a Destinian would ever destroy gold ... unless it was for a greater profit."*

*"Is Goat Strength the son of King Carlos?"*

*"Priest: 'Almost certainly, but these things can change.'"*

*Borghoff:*

*"How come I don't win the archery contest when I shot an arrow into the black bishop's head, while he was riding a fey mount, and killed him outright?"*

## Adventurers Return in Triumph

Recently a group of adventurers managed to restore law and order to the Se of Wizards, a haven for mages on the plane of Kahessire. Hired by the ruler of the Se, Zarqon the lawful they managed to recruit an elite group of orc warriors from Seagate to form the backbone of a new army since the last had been wiped out during a crusade by chaos worshippers living in kingdoms to the west.

Since the army had been decimated the rule of law had become tenuous at best near the borders with a strategic mine having been occupied by some evil dwarves who had murdered the previous miners and were now mining mutagenic strange metal which they had been exporting to the west. These dwarves the party managed to remove from the mine replacing with the rightful inheritors after a large battle. A group of gryphons which were terrorising local farms eating horses, elves, gnomes and cows were also captured much to the local farmers delight.

To the south of the Se is a great swamp inhabited by a heavily persecuted religious group who had also been attacked from chaos worshippers supported by corrupted Raphealites and had their temples sacked. The party managed to start high level diplomatic contacts between the Se and these peoples with a tentative agreement to assist in rebuilding their temples in return for the return of politically important artefacts stolen hundreds of years ago.

After assisting in countering infiltrations by religious fanatics into the Se the party then journeyed into the chaos worshippers homelands searching out a chaos hero who was destined to overthrow the current ruler, eventually tracking him down to a pirate ship where he was associating with mutated worshippers of Sallos, dispatching him and his corrupted angelic companion. The party employer Zarqon the lawful was very pleased with the high standards and moral strength of the party.

## Talking Your Way OUT of Trouble...

A guild party went off to Kin-Reth to take away all of their ready cash. Oh yes - and to stop a war. Except for Amatheia. The dosh would be for killing the troll-golem that had been possessed by the Demon Shield containing Savnok's (Maquiss of Corruption) consciousness (hereafter referred to as IT). After getting a lead on it's location the party jumped IT and did enough damage for it to teleport away. The next lead gave Darian and Drovar the chance to continue their practice of being involved in a fight that does large amounts of damage to the local Enchanted Forest. It was a good thing we had attended the Sylph/Brownie wedding the night before.

As we stood outside IT's island castle, our target came out and asked "Why are you people bothering me and what do I have to do to get you to stop?!" Actually talking to IT proved fruitful. We were able to establish that the whole war thing was a setup by Andras (Marquis of Discord). He had managed to drag in Malthus (Death and Havoc) too.

We got the deposit that the fake employers left at the Guild, 20% of their offered 'bounty' from IT, and a promise that he would behave for a year. Oh, and picked up an understanding with another demon.

## Assassin Captured - Party in Prison!

Actions by a Guild party in the City of Specularum, on the plane of Mystra, were instrumental in preventing major social upheaval between three of the major noble houses.

The Veiled Society had assassinated the daughter of House Volari and had planted evidence that one of the others were responsible. Our party were able to identify the real perpetrator resulting in the arrests of all red headed men at the docks.

During this time the party were attacked several times by society assassins; hence it was deemed prudent to take accommodation with the city guard while we continued our investigations.

## The Adventurer's Guide

### Tips for success

Remember, it's not looting the bodies - it's called collecting the evidence....

Don't assay the Dragon when you're guests at his dinner.

Always take a present when visiting Dragons, Queens, and other important and avaricious personages.

Protective custody is a great scheme for getting a good night's sleep when assassins are after you - as long as you can trust the City Guard to give your weapons back.

Pay attention to your astrology readings... You never know what they're trying to tell you, but you can bet it's important.

When they're throwing daggers at you, getting out of range is generally considered a good plan.

They may feed you a really nice dinner, but it's not good manners to eat until you're too bloated to thank your host

Fire elementals on the island of Alba Longe aren't controllable.

When losing one's temper when in a meeting with royalty, make sure ones anger is directed to other irritating guests, not their highnesses..

### Are YOU the Best?

Individuals and/or teams sought for the Virtual Tournament of Pain Inaugural event!

Only pride will be lost permanently!

Fight it out for the valuable prize!

Small entry fee

See Dirk at the Guild



*"They sure say some nasty things about you Western Barbarians, but you definitely are cunning." - Prince Ed*

**Amatheia:**

*"I don't do exorcisms I am a midwife."*

**Razor:**

*"Childbirth is a lot like exorcism when you think about it."*

**Caprice:**

*"Why did I get cursed? I didn't do anything in the fight!"*

"... and I doubt very much I can blame it on the nob's this time"

- Thorn

# Terranova Report

This report from our Terranovan correspondent was hand delivered, by him, to the Times mere moments before press date. Whilst we appreciate his enthusiasm a more timely delivery is to be encouraged in future.

The "Pig & Black Dog", New Seagate, Today.

Greetings and felicitations to my loyal readers and friends in the Seagate Guild of Adventurers. It is with enormous pleasure that I pen these words, seated as I am by a roaring fire, good red Bordelais on the table beside me, and surrounded by the clean and pleasant atmosphere of Carzala.

I arrived back in Seagate only yesterday, after travelling from that accursed land over the sea, via certain methods and portals that I am sworn not to reveal, to the homeland of the warrior Erelheine, and thence through Barovia and parts north, finding a little time to visit my home in Newcourt, and even check on the health of my old friend Marcus Du Bois, who previously held the post of Times correspondent in Terranova. Those of you who followed Marcus' disappearance and eventual rescue may be pleased to learn that he has recovered most of his lost strength, though his health remains somewhat fragile. It appears that certain Terranovan diseases are tenacious in the extreme.

Since my last report little of consequence has changed: the Spawn have taken no further Drow territory, the other Drow cities remain in disarray, and the warriors of Kinlu harry the Spawn's outlying patrols such that their forces generally remain within the canal corridor north from the Drow city of

Draaj to the Silt Sea; a sea that will in no short time require renaming I feel.

The waters conjured by the Spawn continue to pour into that vast basin and areas that have been parched dry for aeons were turned first to glutinous mud and then to slush and finally to murky lake. Many bizarre and monstrous creatures who had made their homes in the Silt Sea are journeying out of the increasingly moist area and trekking into the deep desert, whilst the sun-bleached corpses of others, unable to adapt to the change or flee, wash up on the shoreline. Enormous giants, thirty to forty feet in height and grossly deformed have left their homes on islands in the "sea" to attack the Spawn. They have inflicted significant casualties, but are generally disorganised and little threat overall to the enemy.

I have taken advantage of this lull in the fighting to come home, and to bring a message to the Guild members who have concerned themselves with Terranovan events. Shortly before I arranged transport home I was invited to a meeting between Erelheine commanders and a delegation of oddly misshapen, but heavily armed and armoured, dwarves from the mountains to the south of Draaj. The purpose of the meeting cannot be revealed here, but one of the dwarves sought me out and asked that I deliver this message from his master, "the lord of the Dark City", to the Guild:

Chthonic waters rise and the time of the midnight chalice nears,  
That which was cast into the Outer Darkness will return with hate renewed,  
It is time: The wanderers shall guide the lost and broken-hearted home,

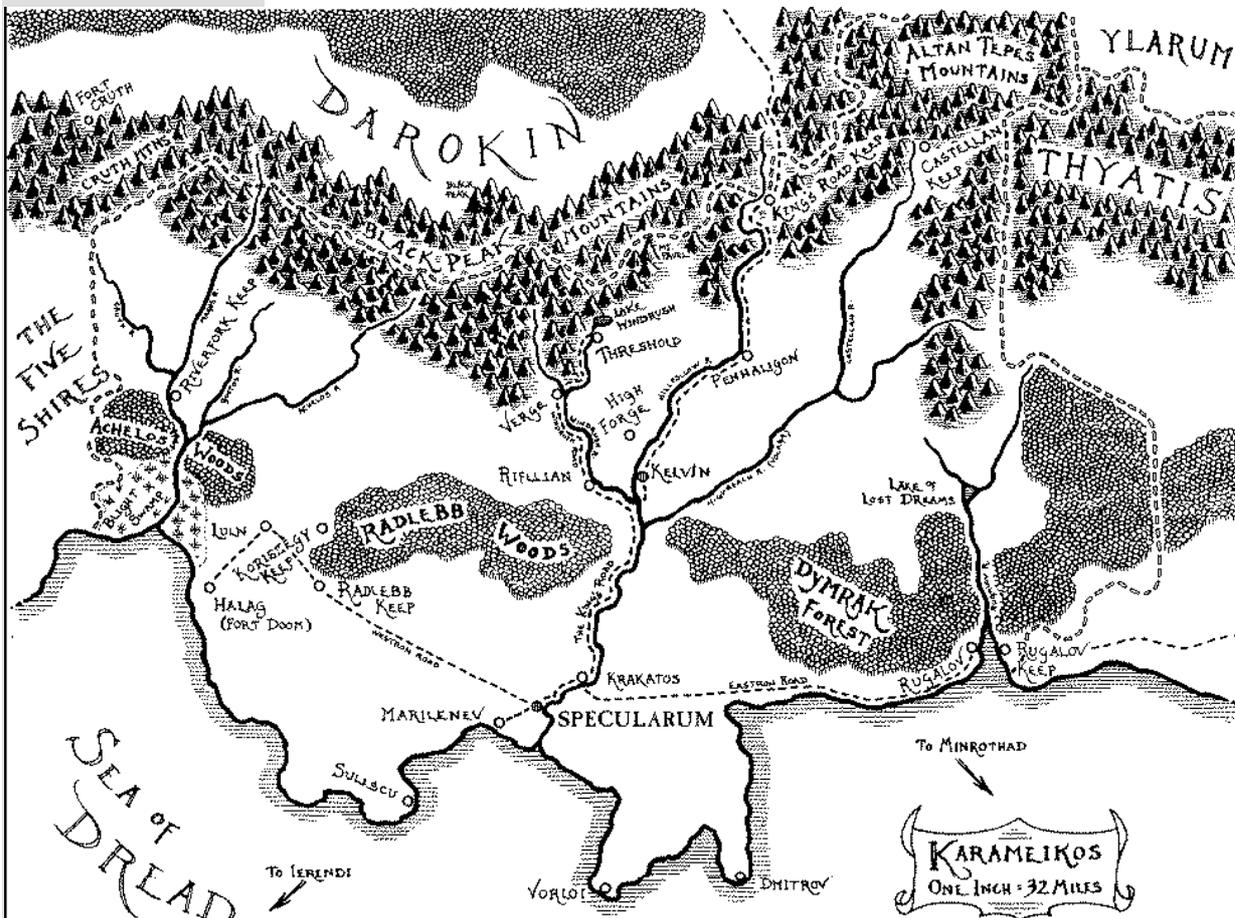
And an ancient debt repaid will build the world anew.

With these odd and mysterious words, and with joy in my heart to be home — if only for a little while,

I remain,  
Henri Stanleigh.  
Seagate Times  
Special  
Correspondent.

## Map of Karamaikos

(Purchased by Lady Brigetta, thought not to be especially accurate. Note that the portal from the guild exist under the baronial palace in the city of Kelvin at the centre of this map.)



## Guide to the Planes:

# Mystara

## Plane of Mystery and Magic

by Lady Brigetta McLoed

Let's begin by saying that it wasn't my idea to lead a party through a strange portal to gods-know-where, but somebody (Grendel, actually) was putting up the money, so off we went in the way that adventurers do. Grendel had already checked the portal and produced it safe, and two-way. He'd also told us there was some sort of cave on the other side. Well, appearances can be deceiving. Turned out it wasn't a cave at all, but a new extension to somebody's underground prison.

But I get ahead of myself. Grendel would not thank me for telling ye all where the Alusian end of the portal is, but you can guess it's near where that floating citadel, the Sea Goddess Haven, is moored, and you should know that it's a good ways underwater. And that's not the only complication. If ye go to Mystara be prepared to stay a month, because you literally can't come back sooner. Oh, and take your best clothing... ours wasn't good enough, even though we tried to follow our astrology readings. The Mystaran end of the portal, is, as I said, in a prison. That prison is located under the baronial palace of Baron Desmond Kelvin II in the city called Kelvin in the land of Karameikos. It is therefore well enough guarded and protected.

One of the first things we discovered about Karameikos is that giants are considered wholly evil there, and generally hunted down and killed. Our giant was promptly locked up, and had to be down-sized by one of the local mages before he could travel with us. Orcs would have similar problems. Their giants and orcs are apparently quite uncivilised, waging constant guerrilla warfare on their neighbours. We strongly suggest that orcs and giants should not volunteer for parties visiting Mystara, unless they take steps to conceal their race. Elves, dwarves and halflings are accepted, even in the predominately human culture of Karameikos.

It is not so simple as it might seem, however. There are not one, but two human cultures in Karameikos, the Thyatians and the Traladarans. The latter have inhabited the land for thousands of years. They typically have pale skin and dark hair, and their nobles dress conservatively, their lower classes in bright colours. The Thyatians first claimed the land known as Traladara over a century past, but it wasn't until thirty years ago when the Thyatian Duke Stefan Karameikos traded his family fortune and lands in return for clear title to the land that they immigrated in large numbers. They are taller than Traladarans, having more olive skin, and are in many ways a sophisticated, perhaps decadent people. Fashion is very important among the Thyatians. It is essential to dress correctly and anyone wishing to visit Mystara should consult with someone who has been there as to appropriate clothing.

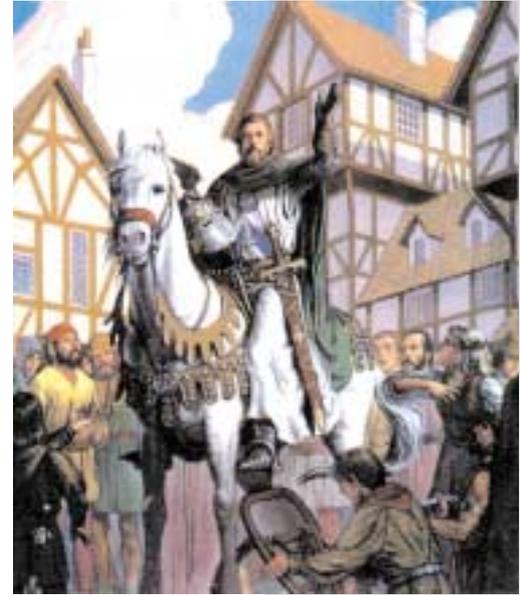
Magic on Mystara is very different to that which we are accustomed to. Human casters had severe problems until we figured that for some reason silvering is not as effective on Mystara. Even magic did not protect us from the effects of carrying iron. I was truly grateful to the person who gifted me

with one of those wooden battleaxes which came into the Guild some seasons ago. On the other hand, the one elf in the party found that cold iron no longer affected her casting in any way. If you think that's weird, you are not alone, the philosophers are still arguing. Nevertheless, it does indicate that elves would be have certain advantages in a party visiting Mystara. We spoke with only one mage, the head of the mages guild, Telden, while we were in Karameikos, and in discussion with him we learned that they have no system of magical Colleges, but are generalist wizards, with a wide variety of magics. It was he who solved our giant problem, by simply turning him into a human. Some do specialise, and it is true that our Fire Mage was viewed with considerable suspicion, since those who choose to study fire magics on Mystara are generally evil and destructive.

Divine magics appeared to be more common, certainly more common than they are on Alusia. On Mystara, clerics are clearly granted a wide variety of what amount to magical talents, ranging from healing to the almost instantaneous removal of curses. These abilities resemble talents in that they are cast without preparation in a single action, without tiring the caster. Some clerical magics are not at all nice - we saw one priest (of dubious moral standards considering his associates) cause two persons to freeze immobile for minutes under some kind of magical paralysis.

Unfortunately we failed to capture that cleric, or his party leader. A pity, since they had items which would have been of interest. They attacked us as we were escorting a noble diplomat to a conference in Specularum, the capital of Karameikos. Specularum has a rigidly enforced ruling regarding the peace-bonding of weapons, which nearly got us into a lot of trouble. Never neglect to rebind your weapons after a fight in Specularum! It does slow down the party's response to attack, especially where missile weapons are concerned, but you need to make sure that the law is on your side in any trial. This is a very lawful society. You can trust the City Guard. They'll even let you spend the night at their place. A good thing when half the assassins in Specularum are after you.

The main troubles you are liable to run into on Mystara which are not of your own making, are the usual run of monsters in the wilds, including zombies and vampires; and the secret societies which pervade the cities. There is a great deal of underlying tension between Thyatians and Traladarans in Karameikos which has spawned organisations like the one known as the Veiled Society. This group of individuals are noted for their deep purple hoods, for attempting to hire adventurers by throwing gold at their feet, and for trying to ferment trouble between noble houses through systematic assassination.. The motivation for this activity appears to be pure avarice - they are being paid a lot of money, although we did not learn by whom.



**Duke Stefan Karameikos**

**"I'm just admiring the scenery."**

**- Aurora**

**"I'm admiring the scenery too. It's just happens to be wearing plate mail."**

**- Brigetta**



# Starflower's Bestiary

## The Wiles of Wyverns...

I've no doubt that some of you think I have a certain affinity with wyverns, being a draconic shapechanger myself. However, nothing could be further from the truth. The fact is that in my drake form I retain my intelligence, and gain wings, becoming a six-limbed form resembling a small silvery-blue dragon. Wyverns have little more than an animal intelligence, and only four limbs. This is sufficient reason to suggest that wyverns, although sometimes referred to as mere or swamp dragons, are not actually related to dragons at all.

So, you may ask, just what is a wyvern? It is essentially a lizard in which the forelimbs have evolved into wings, much as a bat is a mouse with wings. Perhaps it was mutated from a common lizard by one of the Powers in mockery of dragons. It is true that dragons detest wyverns and will often attack a wyvern on sight. And usually the wyvern will attempt to escape rather than fight, like the cowardly creature it is.

The hide of a wyvern is usually a dull greyish brown, although reddish and greenish specimens have been observed. This colouration is an aid to concealment in the swampy, wasteland or forested terrain which are the wyvern's usual habitat. The wyvern's reptilian eyes are perhaps its most conspicuous feature, usually coloured a deep red or orange. Its huge jaws are filled with long sharp teeth. The leathery wings have vestigial claws which assist it with climbing, but are relatively useless in combat. Half a wyvern's 20ft body is its agile, muscular tail. This is its most dangerous feature, since the wyvern's tail ends in a sting which can deliver a nasty, fast-acting poison. The only good thing to be said about this is that if an adventurer is at all competent at dodging, the wyvern will probably miss. A wyvern's tail is not an especially accurate weapon - and neither is its bite.

Wyverns are reptiles, and by nature, solitary beasts. They avoid humanoid habitations, except to feed. Wyverns are large carnivores with big appetites. The human habit of breeding tasty meat animals, and leaving them outside in open fields is certain to attract wyverns if any are near. Moreover, it is not a large step from preying on sheep to preying on shepherds, at least not to a wyvern. Wyverns have thick hide, difficult for peasant weapons or dogs to penetrate. The consumption of too many peasants may however, provoke a lord into employing a party of adventurers to discover the cause. Which is where the Guild enters the equation.

Wyvern kills are usually relatively clean, and since the beast kills for food, there generally isn't much left. That is, unless the wyvern is forced to use its sting. While it is likely that wyverns are largely immune to their own poison, they frequently leave the bodies of those killed by it. We can only assume that they dislike the taste. A more likely indicator that wyverns are

about is the presence of streaks composed of a tarry residue. This is the dried form of the wyvern's poison. As far as our rangers can deduce, the wyvern uses its poison not just as a toxin, but as a territorial marker, much as a dog sprays its urine. Tracking a wyvern down then becomes a matter of discovering where these streaks are most frequent, and waiting for it to return. If you are lucky, you may even locate its den with this tactic. Just beware that the wyvern is a cunning and perceptive beast. It may well spot you first...

In fighting a wyvern, it's important to remember that tail. That tail can kill you, if it gets you. Always take Waters of Healing or other poison protection when you're going up against wyverns. Remember that if you get behind the wyvern it can try to use its tail to knock you off your feet. If you stand in front it will try to bite, or to whip its tail over and down to sting you. Wyvern hide is as good as plate armour, so your blows may not always penetrate, especially from light weapons. The best tactic against a wyvern is to use magic. Experience suggests that they have relatively little resistance to magic.

As for the rewards? Forget about trying to secure its poison. Wyvern poison quickly converts to an inert tar when exposed to the air, and so is almost useless. If you have been careful in killing it, preferably using sleep or mental attack spells, you should be able to skin it for its hide. This hide is valuable to the adventurer since it can be used to make improved leather armour. And should you be lucky enough to find its lair, know that wyverns, like magpies, have a penchant for collecting pretty things...



**Caprice:** "Don't let the gods start to get annoyed with you"

**Borghoff:** "And if they do start, then kill them all before they get really annoyed."

# The Puzzle Column

## Novice Lessons

A novice adventurer was enrolled for a series of lessons with assorted well-known Guild members (whose names have been altered to protect their identities).

Can you determine her weekly schedule?

- The Moonday lesson is taken by Miss Prickle, but not in Room 21; Mr Hogan does not teach in Room 21, and is not a languages teacher.
- Tuesday is Hobbitish, which not taught by Prince Idlewild, then the next day's lesson (which is not Flying) is in Room number 3.
- Baron Coco's lesson will be in Room 8, and the Horse-riding lesson in Room 14.
- Miss Hydrophilia teaches Swimming.
- The Frysdays lesson, which is not Elvish, is not in Room 12, where a male teacher takes the class.

(NB: The days of the week are: Moonday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Frysdays, Reapsday, Sunday).

## Riddles

A slow, solemn square-dance  
Of warriors feinting.  
One by one they fall,  
Warriors fainting,  
Thirty-two on sixty-four.

I march before armies  
A thousand salute me  
My fall can bring victory,  
But no one would shoot me;  
The wind is my lover  
One-legged am I  
Name me and see me  
At home in the sky.

Wings on the water  
wonder in motion,  
A beak of brass  
apt for brawling.  
But fear and foulness  
fill my belly,  
Pity all  
who ache inside me;  
Whip-stung, woeful  
weak and weary.

## Get the Power of Fire and Light!

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



Now with added Radiance for  
Positive effect on dark creatures.

Prices negotiable.  
Please contact Flamis at the Guild.

*"There goes a  
Fire Mage in  
hot pursuit."*

*- Brigetta*

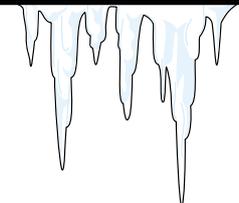
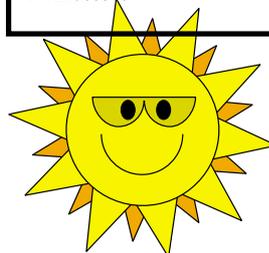


## What's Hot

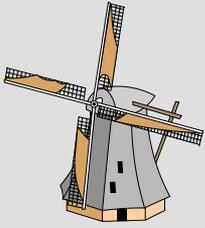
- Thrusting a bastard sword through the chest.
- Water-repellant namers herding water out of ships.
- The Demon Seir.
- Killing Black Bishops.
- Talking to the Demon Troll-Golem.
- Attending Fairy Weddings.
- Dwarf throwing.
- E&E mages (a.k.a. Spectre-bait).
- Undead-slaying Daylight.
- Grand Dukes
- Princesses

## What's Not

- Getting a hand axe stuck in someone's chest.
- Trashed Enchanted Forests (again...)
- King Carlos (as usual...)
- Landing in an Agony field full of Noxious Vapours.
- God Wanna-bes.
- Anything which eats its way out of people to get born.
- Uberspektres.
- Disabling the city's undead-killing night defences with premature sunlight!
- Seraph of Raphael
- Evil dwarves



*"Where is he to be slept; I mean which are his rooms?" - the party Enchanter.*



# The Rumour Mill

First off Brightflare poses as a firegod to lay a local lass, then aims higher to the King's sister, or our employer's daughter, or in fact anything in a dress that would go higher than her waist.

The gypsy Caprice spurns the attentions of the ever youthful Borghoff for a lusty lad called Goat Strength. She denies anything happening, but who is she trying to kid? It was Caprice that was so in favour of having the late King Carlos' line continued.

Lady Kathleen is really going soft - she actually gave away an item of party treasure, merely to appease a local goddess. Maybe she was in a good mood, having earlier cursed Caprice with chicken legs.

What's more, we are reliably informed that having ambushed and slain several Michaeline knights, the Angelcynic Kathleen was so moved by their meaningless and violent death that she vowed to become a Michaeline herself. Of course, if Michael ever finds out matters could become a little messy...

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sirs,

The rumour that Carzalan pennies are debased with mud has arisen directly from the common myth (primarily spread by Guild members) that absolutely any idiot can make it rich in Seagate. And since mud is one of the few free commodities to be found in our fine town... During my commission as Inspector of the Ducal Mint I can assure you all that Carzalan currency contained no water or soil.

Pennywise  
Guild Accountant

Dear Sirs,

I would like to congratulate the party I recently had the pleasure of adventuring with. Despite having contact with mutagenic strange metal, chaos worshippers, corrupted Raphaelites, daemons, corrupted angels and lustful undead they fought through all adversity to succeed.

Many were horribly mutated during the course of the adventure, with scales, tainted auras and suchlike abounding, I myself am now a creature of Hell if you believe my aura. Despite all this it was well worth the sacrifices we had to make as we managed to ensure the very survival of a sanctuary of mages from the forces of chaos, slaying a corrupted angel of Raphael and a chaos hero who's souls were deservedly dragged off to hell by daemons to burn for all eternity when they died.

*"That gives us an excuse to search the rubble."*

*- Brigetta*

*"We're adventurers. We don't need an excuse."*

*- Aurora*

## Wiccan Amulets for Sale

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



Restorative potions also available.

Please contact Thom at the Guild.

## Water College Potions for Sale

Waters of Healing Rk 11 - 500 sp

Waters of Strength Rk 10 - 1000 sp



Please contact Aqualina at the Guild.

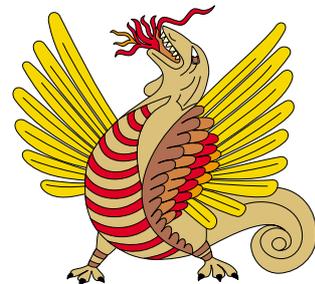
The party members were Douglas Walin, Princess Caralane, Sooty, Human, Vivian and Bainbridge and I would recommend adventuring with them due to their professionalism, strong morals and sense of justice.

Arnaud de Monfort Esq

## 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  
Ariel Glitterwing Stargazer, Chief Reporter and Astrologer



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