

The Seagate Times



Issue 39 - Summer 803

Village Saved

Guild Members Successfully Intercede With Fairy King!

On the Western border of the Neucourt, the most Western court of Bowcourt, there is a small village called D'arbres. The only thing that made D'arbres remarkable was it's very fine ales that it submitted as taxes. That was until mid winter, when villagers started disappearing. The Marquessa of Bowcourt, in her wisdom, asked for a guild party to investigate these disappearances and broker peace amongst whatever was causing the problem. The problem turned out to involve the Fey courts and the demon Zepar, the Red Duke. A party led by Sir Christopher Reynard successfully cleared up the situation despite the deaths of Motley and Amelia, the near deaths of Hagan and Sir Christopher, and the disappearances of Borghoff and Silverfoam.

The current population of D'arbres had forgotten that their ancestors had made treaties with the five Fairy courts that surround the village. In return for growing food and beverages for the fey the villages lived with most clement weather, producing fine foodstuffs and with a self sufficiency that went as far as always having the right mix of boys and girls of marriageable age. The other aspect of the treaty was that if the humans, or their agents, killed a fey, then they would take a human from the village in retaliation. This was what was happening- the villagers were being sucked into the five buried menhirs surrounding the village, being a portal into limbo, to await a year and a day for judgement by The Fairy King.

The human agent that was wreaking destruction on the fey courts was actually a hellhound. And the human thought to have invited the agent turned out to be an acolyte of Zepar, having turned from the face of Michael after years of bitter railing at the Church after being exiled to a village on the edge of nowhere. However further questioning indicated that his only action was to have introduced a dark pixie to the minions of Zepar. It was the Fey who had negotiated the deal to bring the hellhound to this plane. The party despatched the hellhound, and The Fairy King apologised to the humans of D'arbres for the mistake.

The Fairy King

War in the South?

The Duchy of Avenal is arming troops, supposedly to protect their new emerald mines and spice trade in the orc-infested Southern jungles. There are rumours that they intend to win independence from Raniterre.

Since Avenal is outnumbered 20:1, a recent meeting of military strategists, in the snug bar of "The grey cat," thought that war is most unlikely. A new portal (perhaps off-plane, perhaps to Malakandra), allegedly for the spice trade, may be the real reason behind the tulwar-rattling.

Found...

Sir Carringsbrook, one of the Duke's knights in the Neuforest of Miloo. He was presumed killed by the party led by Clementine, but was in fact abandoned and left to be eaten by the local wolves by his comrades Sir Jhon Black, Jack Armstrong and Kerron Silverthorn, once the party had left. He is a werewolf and the party left him to be rescued by people who give a damn such as his beautiful, wealthy, if impolite wife who has no doubt been well consoled by his ex-comrades.

P.S. Vivian has put dibs on their hands if they are hung.

Elsewhere in This Issue

News in Brief

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and more...



News in Brief

Plague Ship?

On 2nd Seedtime 802 (WK), The Destinian Ship Republica beached itself just south of the Port of St Charles with all its officers and many crew dead. Almost all the survivors had cruel wounds that were mortally infected. The ship itself was moderately damaged, mostly in the masts & superstructure. There was conjecture that the Ship had fought Savnok or perhaps Vephar; but that does not explain later events.

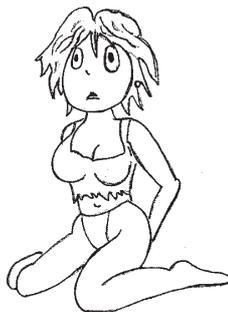
One of the City's official investigators had just begun his divination of a corpse when she too fell down dead. A witness who had not boarded the doomed vessel said that, from a distance, it looked as if she had been mauled to death by an invisible jungle-cat, all in an instant. Some merchants wanted to salvage & refloat the Republica, but a nearby villa was found to contain 10 corpses -- two obviously killed by magic, the rest obviously dead through bloody combat. In some cases the bodies had been repeatedly hacked and beaten where a fraction of the blows would have sufficed to cause death.

The Ship and villa were torched. There were occasional reports of strange attacks and deaths, mostly on the wealthy, military, or criminal inhabitants of the island of St Charles (not that there is often much difference between these "careers"). Local authorities have responded to these reports with uncharacteristic zeal, and fortunately few of the fires got seriously out of hand. However, given the nature of the official response, the series of reports ceased before the Spring Equinox.

It has been conjectured that The Destinian ship, which had a large number of bodies, was bound for former Destinian possessions lying off Terra Nova. If so then a Mana storm might have caused much of the damage to the ship, however the true story may never be known.

Human Breeders, Trainers and Fanciers Association First Inaugural Show

Prizes for:
 Best of Breed - with an associated show for other humanoid.
 Training & Competitions
 Decorative Advances.
 Applications to Messers Crick, Dollon & Smith, Registrars. 30 pieces of Truesilver per Exhibit.



The show will be held in five years time at Thelwylin Castle, Elvendar in the Spring of 807, and will be concluded with a hunt - bring your hunting humans.

Guild Enemy Unmasked!

Duchess Has Sordid Past

In a Seagate times exclusive, the secret identity of the Duchess of Plaz'Toro has been revealed. The Dukes of Plaz'Toro first clashed with guild members when passing through Innesburg on some clandestine Destinian mission (unfortunately the scribe notes "The mysterious affair of the exploding hobbits" are believed lost in the Fire of '98). Over the years, the Duchess has provided light relief to our readers — who can forget the story of Arthur Pendragon tattooing the Duchess' head & posting it back to Plaz'Toro. She has also lined the pockets of many an adventurer and put several magic rings on their fingers. Rumour has it that Sabrina possesses a set of magic underwear that was taken off the Duchess.

Readers may recall that the Duchess was believed killed in the Coup that brought down the Dukes of Plaz'Toro when a guild party destroyed that country's magic system, and provoked riots in the capital, a plague of vampires, arson, etc... The Guild was also blamed for the death of the Duke, whose exsanguinated partial remains were found in the burnt palace. The body of Duchess Margarita we never recovered. (for details see SGT)

She now masquerades as Duchess Pearl of Avenal, the maritime province of Raniterre. Interviewing a traveller recently arrived from that distant Southern land, your reporter has unearthed other revealing facts about this serial duchess. Apparently Duke Guido of Avenal is now divorcing this sullied Pearl.

Our source has furnished evidence that the Duchess of Deceit was born Margarita Sforza Cubo the daughter of an unmarried gentlewoman of Destiny. As a teenager she was sent into exile following a scandal involving the Family of the Marquis of Calatrava. Sometime later the adventuress ended up in Lutice, as Cardinal Messepain's "protégée" — well that's the nice word for whatever function she fulfilled for that long-in-the-tooth Cardinal.

Travelling to Plaz'Toro with another "friend," the Ambassador, she met the much older Duke of Plaz'Toro who married her, for some reason. Perhaps the fact that Signora Cubo is a mind mage is relevant. Despite the privilege of rank, however immorally gained, Margarita's ambition was still not slaked. She organised the criminal elements of her city. As part of her long-term revenge on our illustrious Guild, she kidnapped our Necromancer's mother and crushed several guild members with a whale.

In recent years, shortly before the celebrated death of King Carlos, the Duchess of Avenal helped a guild party, but our informant says that the party-members were lucky. Apparently she had infiltrated a mind-mage assassin into their crew, but the party abandoned their ship just in time. It is believed that a party will be announced to rescue someone of importance who has been kidnapped by the Dastardly Duchess.

Arwen: "If you get yourself eaten by Starflower, I'm NOT paying for your resurrection and I'm NOT going in after you."

"What's for Dinner?"

"You're meant to inveigle a dinner invitation first."

"That's what I was doing!"

Who is...? Princess Isil Eth

In this, the first of a new series of interviews with members of the Seagate Adventurers' Guild, Princess Isil Eth has done us the honour of explaining a bit of her background, motivations and gives us some words of wisdom to inspire us all. We met up with Isil Eth at her magnificent residence in Burghelfin.

SGT: Could you please explain your rank Princess Isil Eth? I mean, what are you a princess of, how did you gain the title?

Aide to Isil Eth: Allow me to explain. Isil Eth is a nom de joue used outside the Elven queendom of Elfheim. Elfheim is a forested realm stretching between this mountain chain and the next to the east. Isil Eth is born to the brother of the Queen - as such she is outside the line of the strictly matrilineal succession and in any case an heir apparent exists. As such she is a Royal Princess, or Princess of the Race, rather than the ruler of a principality. Few elves support progressive elements, preferring to while away the centuries in the search for unusual and novel distractions. They seem unsure of people who achieve things.

Isil Eth: My father sealed an alliance when he married a foreign Princess. I get my golden hair from Mother - most Elfheim elves have auburn hair. My brothers and I are unusual in that Father actually is our father. My brothers have made a name for themselves - one is the best Ranger, another the best Mind Mage - I do not think they ever expected me to amount to much. Which is quite a relief as I have grown out of rebelling.

SGT: When and why did you join the Seagate Guild?

Isil Eth: I began adventuring when I was 209 years old as you count them. I think I was bored, and I get the feeling that Nanny suggested that I go off and do something - by encouraging the opposite. (Guild Records show that was 16 years ago.) I wanted to see what was happening in the world. After a few years I began to enjoy visiting other realms and learning how they worked.

SGT: Why are you still an adventurer - what motivates you to join a party?

Isil Eth: I enjoy getting out and meeting new people - the urgency that a small problem can exert is so different to the millennial solutions normally adopted. Going out with friends is special. I do not consider myself to be high level, but I can help others to be more powerful. It is really good to do things that matter, that make a bigger difference to society than to a small group. And there is always a small alcove crying out for a magical item to set it off from the others.

Answers to Last Issue's Puzzles:

An Inn thing:

- A = Butterwell, Golden Crystal, Starbright
- B = Trembleigh, Hooded Man, Jeriah
- C = Rimsdale, Blue Dragon, Pippin
- D = Collington, Lazy Unicorn, Jade
- E = Overhill, White Hart, Arathorn
- F = Frankington, Gryphon's Head, Christophe

Riddles: First - An orange, Second - A book



SGT: Please describe a highlight of your career so far. For example, defeating a dangerous foe, best death, best magical item/ability gained.

Isil Eth: I am not sure that I have ever defeated a dangerous foe - we rescued a certain Guild Counsellor that saw me use over 300 points of healing to heal others during the combat.

My favourite abilities are those from the Powers of Light - such as being able to consecrate ground or myself. Much of the nastiness that I face is undead or demonic, and I find it pleasing to make their rest untroubled by the modern world.

SGT: Which places would you recommend visiting, and conversely, any places you would recommend avoiding.

Isil Eth: Most of the Western Kingdom is lovely. Burghelfin is enchanting. I especially like my estates in Eastern Aladar. To really relax the mountain air around Crystal Palace our private residence is a must. For the connoisseur, excellent wines are to be found in Bordelais and more recently in Eastern Aladar, and wonderful foods are back in fashion in MMH. I would advise against Sanctuary.

SGT: Anything else you want to say to the guild populace?

Isil Eth: It is wonderful to meet new faces and see so many people willing to risk the lives of others to do good in the world. We could have so easily become a mercenary organisation, playing both sides of any conflict. The temptation to become a sort of Guild of Mystical Assassination was avoided. When I joined the guild, it was common to achieve three things: disrupt the local market, destroy the ruling families and plunder all of the assets. Have we not come a long way?

“The Prince wants to see you on the full moon.”

“How are we going to get there?”

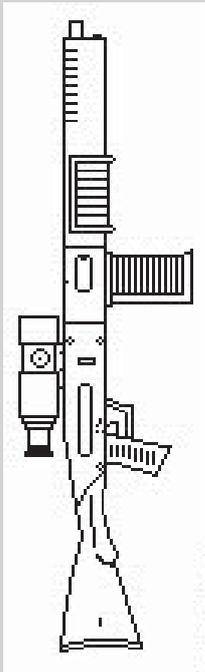
The Adventurer's Guide

Where Technology Rules...

A Guide to Survival on Highly Mechanised Planes

A number of guild members have recently returned in a state of profound shock from planes where what Guild Mechanicians are terming the "technology level" is much higher than it is on Alusia. We spoke with members of one such party who spent several months on a plane called Riftsearth. This plane is central to a number of planes all of which have generated portals called "rifts" to the central earth, causing destruction and disruption everywhere in that world the party went. Here is their advice:

- Don't go.
- If you must go, learn the language first. Many mechanised planes use a language called "English". Which is sometimes the same as Common and sometimes isn't. Go figure.
- Don't go.
- Red lights are generally bad, (especially flashing red lights). Green lights are generally okay.
- Anything with a trefoil symbol of any kind and the word DANGER in large unfriendly letters means exactly what it says.
- Never push the red button - unless you really need to.
- Don't go.
- The favoured weapon of highly mechanised planes is the gun. This device looks like a crossbow with a pipe where the bow ought to be. Instead of bolts, it fires little bits of metal called "ammo" which can tear you apart. Some advanced guns shoot bolts of red light which burn like starfire, but worse.
- Guns don't work on Alusia, so leave them behind.
- Don't go.
- Many highly mechanised devices use bottled lightning - they call it electricity. Lightning bolts are great for bollixing this stuff. None of these devices will work on Alusia so sell them before you come back.
- Don't take Gok.
- Magic may or may not work. Generally speaking all that technology gets in the way of the mana, but not on Riftsearth, where if anything, our magic worked better than on Alusia. Trouble was, their magic was better still... And they'd developed spells to directly interfere with technology - including the techie toys the party had acquired.
- Don't go.
- If you ever get your hands on power armour, it's great stuff, but takes ages to learn to use properly. Just don't forget to get hold of spare parts so you can fix it when you break it. Of course, it won't work when you get it home, so don't bring it home.
- Oh... Some things are worth bringing back - they have great camping gear, wonderful condiments, chocolate, coffee, and really comfortable clothing - and they have swimsuits. Say no more.
- Just... Don't go.



A "gun" from Riftsearth - the "L-20 Pulse Rifle". It makes a great wall ornament on Alusia!

"Clear the area, they're about to rain arrows down on us, I mean you," says Motley, before he flies off to safety.

Forbidding Namers

My tutor at the Namer's College has reminded me that I promised to turn in a report on the usefulness of the new Forbidding spell. So for those of you who haven't seen it in action yet, here goes.

Firstly, what is it?

Forbidding is a Namer Special Knowledge spell, slightly harder to learn than what a Special Knowledge Counterspell is. At rank 0, it works three times in ten. Duration is ten minutes plus ten per rank, while the range that it can be cast at is thirty feet plus ten per rank. If successful it creates a very thin wall, ten feet high and twenty width (increasing a foot a rank), which contains a Generic True Name. If an Entity with that GTN tries to pass through the Forbidding, they must resist magic or be barred.

When is it likely to be used?

It is hard to use the spell to defend a campsite for the duration of a night. Assistance from other party members is required (a healer or sorcerer) for a single Namer to keep even three walls up for a number of hours. Therefore the spell is usually used when an attack is expected in the near future, or the timing of a combat is up to the caster's party. There is obvious potential to defend a party's rear, but it must be remembered that they are ineffective against those that resist them!

How has it been used in practice?

There have been various examples of use. One was a charge by zombies against the party. As the zombies simply attacked the nearest live people, a single Forbidding was useful in restricting the amount of damage that they could inflict. Another time, a Wiccan's Protection Against Were-Creatures gave me enough time to cast multiple Forbiddings before a pack of shape-changer wolves closed (the situation was fortunately resolved by negotiation).

Any unusual uses?

The party wanted to stage a fake ambush against three mounted messengers. To stop them simply riding through the ambush on the road, Forbiddings against horses were placed across. As only the 'targets' of a Forbidding can see it without magical vision, the horses pulled up, the riders not knowing why they balked. The trap was then sprung.

How about the most effective use?

An ogre was inside an otherwise abandoned small tower, asleep. Three Forbiddings were placed just outside the closed door (each must be resisted). The party then woke the ogre and let it pull the door open. Once the Air mage cast a Knockout Gas centred inside tower (the party fighting it and holding the door open in the meantime), the ogre couldn't get out the door. Although the ogre was able to eventually break down part of the tower wall, it then succumbed to the gas.

Your servant
WordSmith

Library of Miloo

A recent party to Miloo returned with a huge collection of books and maps on the plane, in fact all they could find. Subjects range from religion to the races and mythology, herbs and animals and much more. Most are written in Reichspeil and are available at the guild library, Miloo section. The party scribe had this to say: "Going into Miloo ignorant is very dangerous and will get you killed, read them"

Miloo do's and don'ts for those too lazy

- Do speak Reichspeil/Orcish or possibly at a pinch Dwarvish
- Ladies do have heavily armed and armoured guards in town
- Do go to the whip/feather and horse brothel in the capital.
- Do Kill the human religious fanatics
- Maybe summon powers, 'very dark' elves then appear and eat or teach you
- Don't jump up and down in the desert or giant worms/scorpions/elves will eat you
- Don't speak common in high class places
- The void, Don't - it is uncultured and boring

The following article is published as an aid to adventurers whose quests take them to lands recently occupied by foreign powers. It is intended as an insight into the methodology of persecution, and to assist in identifying possible weaknesses.

Guide to Post Invasion Oppression

Many rulers are extremely skilled at arms and in gaining lands. Here is a list of the many wonderful post invasion oppressions and why they are required to ensure a long and prosperous rule for generations to come.

Killing and Enslavement of segments of the population should be done immediately and as quickly as possible and then halted, this will intimidate any who wish to oppose you by showing what you are capable of but not leave a continual fear of being the next to die which a drawn out killing spree invokes, which will force those you merely wish to oppress rather than kill to rebel against your rule. Further killing should only be done strictly by the just application of the rule of law.

- Kill all the nobility down to and including women and children of knights and replace with your own people.
- Kill the entire priesthood.
- Enslave the bureaucracy as their power stemmed from the previous nobility and they will therefore have lingering loyalties.
- Confiscate the money and lands of the wealthy and enslave them both to fund your campaign and as bribes.
- Enslave the free farmers as they are not a source of your wealth, the serfs are.

Destruction of property can be done using the slave labour pool recruited.

- Destroy all fortifications, walls and even ditches in the land, this will stop rebellions as they have no safe haven from which to operate from and can be easily suppressed. If a city is very defensible due to its location then destroy it utterly.

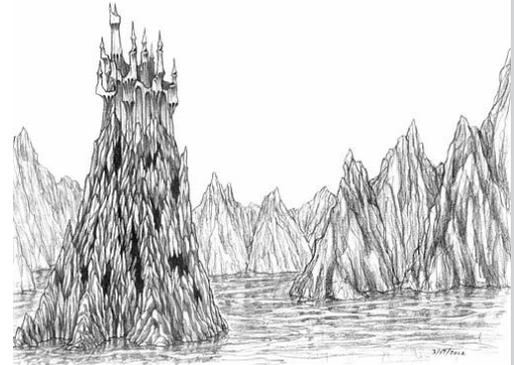
- Destroy all holy sites, artefacts and writings to ease suppression of the old religion

Move the populace about as people in an area will have set loyalties, especially if they had a good and just ruler. By moving them to new areas, surrounded by unknown people they will be less rebellious as they find their feet.

- Move townsfolk and people in cities from one city to as many as possible, mixing them up as much as possible, leave none of the original inhabitants in a town or city.
- In the countryside grant the serfs the enslaved freemen's land increasing their wealth and so gain their favour, they will not wish a return of the old rule as this would decrease their wealth. As a noble since your wealth comes from these serfs you in turn will become more wealthy, they will quickly breed to fill any vacant space. In a region with a particularly well liked ruler you may wish to split up the serfs and move them about to new regions to suppress rebellion.
- While moving the population many of the old and weak who are a drain upon society will die improving the population, lowering patrols to allow bandits and slavers to operate more freely can enhance this effect.

Create new and wonderful things

- Create new institutions with different names and ensure all positions of power in the bureaucracy and associated wealth come from your hand, the new bureaucrats will use their local knowledge to oppress those below them far better than you ever could, and maintain you in power as without you they will loose all. Move these people from city to city or region every few years to avoid any little empires forming which could threaten your rule.
- Create a new religion, or bring in your own, taking over what festivals and rites you can of the old, placing your own people in control of it. Set up the carrot and stick, The carrot being doing good works using some of the funds confiscated, such as helping all those poor people moved from their homes to new and strange lands. The stick is an inquisition which kills any heretics worshipping the old religion and the odd opponent you should have killed in the initial purges but missed and now have difficulty legally killing.
- Build new cities in your own style and move the population from another city into them destroying the old city with all its cultural heritage. Rename any existing cities and regions as you desire.
- Teach a new language to the young and slowly enforce its use, especially in the bureaucracy and as time passes stamp your culture, or the culture you desire, on the land.
- Using spies create some conspiracies to attract those who oppose you, then at the time of your choosing arrest them and conduct public executions for treason.
- Write and have taught the history as you wish it to be remembered.



WordSmith: "Is there any way to keep this severed ogre head from getting smelly?"

Melisande: "Put it with Stilton cheese?"

Stilico: "Hey, my scars have disappeared! Damn!"

Arandor: "Don't worry, you'll get more. I've seen you fight."

Starflower's Bestiary

Gryphons Revisited

This article was submitted by the adventurer Dawn, previously known as Thistle Foote and Mary Jane, who has just returned to the Guild from an extended sabbatical during which she spent much time in studying Gryphons.

I've been away from the guild for ten years, and for the most of that time I've been living in a cave on Mount Desai. Mount Desai is the tall mountain on the southern headland of Confederation Bay. It was explored by a guild party about twelve years ago, when a mad mind mage tried to telekinesis the moon to crash into Alusia. The mage was despatched, but the cave complex he was inhabiting remained. The legacy of the guild's appearance in the area is a small population of Gryphon. Apparently an air mage called Hawk backfired a summoning spell, and a pride of Gryphon turned up, liked the look of the place and decided to stay. While I was living there I managed to befriend (though I'm not sure it that's the right word) a few of the gryphon and had the opportunity to study them.

A gryphon is a magnificent creature with the body of a lion, albeit it a large lion, but with the head and wings of a great eagle. I think they are classified as enchanted avians. Anyway, as an air mage, I had no problem speaking with them. Their mode of conversation is similar to many other birds, but they have a better memory for details that attract them. What attracts them is gold. Gryphons are creatures of the sun, basking in the early morning light, soaking up the golden rays of the afternoon. They say the best way to have the sunlight reflected and scattered around so that they can appreciate it even more is to have it striking gold. You have to admit that there is nothing that glistens and glitters



without tarnishing as is gold. Stories say they can smell gold buried deep within the earth. I must say that I never saw it, but then they tended to evade the question whenever I asked how they found the gold. And as for spinning gold to line their nests - I can say that they prefer the gold in it's raw state.

If you're tempted to steal their nest, or its golden lining, do be warned of their defences. Namely four raking claws, one strong tough beak, and the wings to manoeuvre into spectacular dive attacks. And as for their eggs being solid agate - get real. I can personally attest that what comes out of Gryphon eggs is baby gryphons. Like any bird, the eggs are full of their developing young. Gryphons mate monogamously and for life. Both the parents zealously guard the eggs, taking turns brooding over the winter. There is usually two eggs laid at a time, though the stronger gryphon chick usually kills the younger one after a couple of months. Gryphon young take two years to develop fully, often clutches of them (from different parents) will play together in a rougher, yet similar manner of kittens of the same litter.

Considering their preference for gold, it isn't so surprising that Gryphons have a great dislike of silver and creatures of the night. It seemed to be an instinct of theirs since they never gave me a reason as to why - or perhaps they just get really grumpy when they're woken up during the night. I don't know, I never tried since I quite like living. The owls on Mount Desai I spoke to were very careful in avoiding the Gryphons' territory and were obviously scared of them. Which is not surprising since gryphons are very strong. They can carry a large horse in their claws while flying. Horseflesh is their preferred food too, so if you want to make friendly overtures to a gryphon, offering a horse is a good start. And if you're ever in the vicinity of Mount Desai, give them my regards. They referred to me as Fleeting Red in the Sky, which roughly translates to Dawn. I'm not sure if they actually liked me, but after the first four or five years, they did stop instinctively trying to attack me at first sight. So maybe that means something.

Lady Starflower is currently indisposed, still recovering from her ordeal on Riftsearth - but she assures us that next issue she will be submitting a piece on what it's like to actually BE a dragon - having spent several months in that form.

"Whose face is carved on the stone?"

"The stone's."

WordSmith the dwarf, walking through Noxious Vapours: "I can't see squat!"

"There's that hole digger thing there we could use."

"A spade? You can call it that you know."

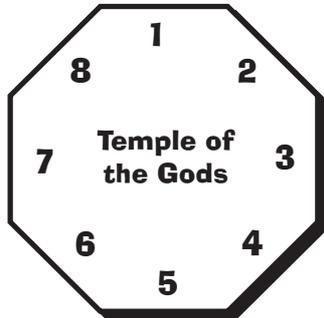
The Puzzle Column

Ye Ghods!

Researches recently uncovered a temple to all the gods on the plane of Hybrada. Each wall of this octagonal chamber depicts an Image of a different god, each god dedicated to a different aspect of Hybradan life. Note that on Hybrada, 1 is considered to be a prime number!

- Wall number 8 was not a homage to Prussin.
- The god of war was directly opposite the god of thunder, who was on a higher-numbered wall.
- The god of the sea was directly opposite the god of death who was on a higher-numbered wall.
- The god of war's number was 3 lower than that of the god of earth's.
- Images of harvest were directly between images of war and the sky.
- Grond's number was 3 higher than Yennek's, which, unlike Deda's, was not prime.
- The numbers of Zhayil and Yennek totalled the same as those of Prussin and Meriva.
- The number of Plav was 2 lower than that of the sea god and Deda's number was higher than Troon's.
- One of the Hybradan gods was dedicated to fertility.

Can you work out who was depicted on each wall and to what each god was dedicated?



Riddles

The First:

I never was, am always to be,
None ever saw me, nor ever will,
And yet I am the confidence of all
Who live and breathe on this terrestrial ball.

The Second:

There is one that has a head without an eye,
And there's one that has an eye without a head.
You may find the answer if you try;
And when all is said,
Half the answer hangs upon a thread.

Get the Power of Fire and Light!

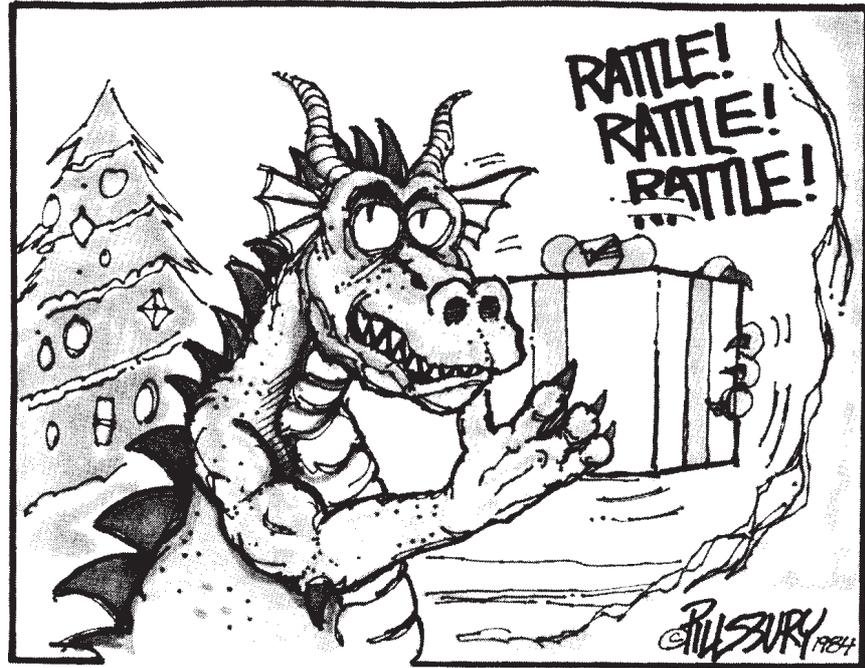
Fire College Invested Items:
Dragonflames Rk 10
Weapon of Flames Rk 10
Also Rank 8 Weaponry.



Now with added Radiance for
Positive effect on dark creatures.

Prices negotiable.
Please contact Flamis at the Guild.

Poking Jakk (black mage orc's) arm through a hole gets it cut off. Stilico suggests: "Why don't we put his other arm in - then he can't cast spells on us!"



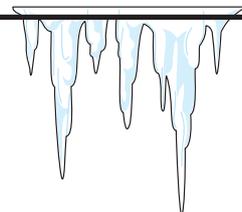
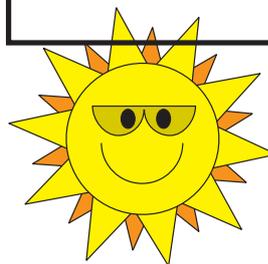
"... SMELLS LIKE A DWARF ... BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE A KNIGHT!"

What's Hot

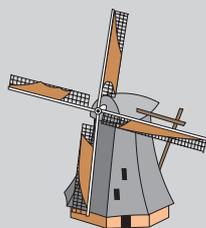
- Hunting hunters
- Magical rifles
- Being a dragon
- Talking your way out of trouble
- Fairy Royalty
- Gryphons
- Princesses
- Forbiddance
- Natural armour
- Wings which work

What's Not

- Hunting peasants
- Soul-stealing blades
- Dragons eating people
- Walking straight into trouble
- Human Slavery
- Bugs
- Duchesses
- Whitefire
- Too many arms
- Wings which don't work



Vanderhan: "Now we've got to take out insurance against Acts of Gok!"



The Rumour Mill

Turning over a new Leaf?

We hear that Basalic, after meeting up with the outer power Odin, has turned from the pacifistic to the druidic side of the Earth College. Adam the Giant commented: "I always knew he had it in him. A warrior, skilled with broadsword... Couldn't stay a pansy for ever".

Four-Armed is?

Very handy, according to Lady Starflower, whose new beau, Vanderhan le Viricourt, has acquired an extra pair of arms while off plane. It seems that the possibilities are... Interesting.

Gok finally gets it right?

For once in his adventuring career, Gok has been out on adventure, and not been nominated for stupidest adventurer... Most captured, yes, but not stupidest. His comment: "I didn't do it. I wasn't there."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sirs,

While on adventure with Starflower I noted that although she was transformed into a full sized dragon, she remained cautious in her approach to the mission. Timid in fact for a Dragon.

Since my interpretation of the proper way for the party to achieve the mission objectives was to slip passed every thing like mice, a certain timidity was called for. And though in times of need Starflower the Ice dragon fought as furiously as the proverbial cornered rat, I felt at times for a dragon - she was a little too cautious.

Thus I have had this image in my head for some months now of a creature with a giant mouse's body and tail, a dragon's wings, and a dragon's head with mouse ears. Starflower the M'Ice dragon.

However I have refrained from putting charcoal to parchment, for fear that the great lady's critique might be more that just a little frosty.

Rowan

Lady Starflower replies:
I will fully admit to a most undraconic level of caution for it was the others of the party I feared for, not myself. This was a world inhabited by creatures which could kill a unarmoured human with a glancing blow. As a military

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.



scientist I perceived the dangers to be great indeed - and caution became my watchword. Forgive me if I erred on the side of circumspection more than once, but it was my desire to see us all survive. Which of course, we did, may the powers be thanked.

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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Gok: "Let's kill one and see if they retaliate"

(A statement that proves why he keeps being nominated for Stupidest Adventurer)

Vanderhan: "That's just Starflower playing with her relaxation toy."

(As Starflower the Ice Dragon fought yet another tentacled monstrosity.)