

The Seagate Times



Issue 41 - Winter 803

Duke Leto Averts War

Peace Mission Succeeds - Guild Members Prove Dark Circle Agents at Work in Aladar

Duke Leto has led a successful peace mission to the Aladar - Brandenburg border. Tensions had risen following numerous cross-border incidents. It transpired that agents of the Dark Circle had been fomenting trouble with the aim of causing sufficient troops to be moved north to cancel planned autumn offensives. This in turn would allow their own forces to regroup and reinforce.

It has been uncovered that a certain cartel of Aladarian merchants had been persuaded to fund orc raids across the border into Brandenburg with the aim of destroying competitors crops. This in hopes of raising prices in Freetau for their financial benefit. Due to these raids and the destruction of freight barges prices of corn have soared in Freetau. However, the diligent actions of the local constabulary halted a magical plague with symptoms similar to the Black Death. On a sinister note, it appears that Dark Circle inspired forces had planned to create uber-zombies with the corpses.

Swift punishment has been meted out on the chief agent of the Dark Circle in Aladar. One James Jameson Esq was beheaded with a single stroke of the club of the Western kingdom Church, by Gabrielite Knight Sir Robert. Jameson's agent and spy, Littlebury, was slain in Easton by soldiers of the Duke of Brandenburg. Numerous arrests have occurred amongst the merchants involved, hefty fines being levied by the Gabrielite inquisitors who have flooded the Aladarian side of the border.

Duke Leto expects to return to Carzala in time to rejoin the army for spring offensives. He expresses his thanks to Sir Douglas Walin and his companions: Bath, Brightflare, Gok, Jhassel and Morganteorc for providing him with irrefutable evidence of Dark Circle involvement.



Duke Leto of Carzala, armed and armoured for battle.

Mimes invade Seagate

A new wave of miming has swept the streets of New Seagate during the High Holiday of Samhain. Up to twenty mimes were spread across the city, trapped in large boxes, being swept about by strong winds, or climbing up invisible staircases.

At least one mime climbed to over twenty feet off the ground in the Newmarket Square before the missiles from the crowd stunned him and he fell to be trampled to death by the mob. Others were carted off, box and all, to be questioned by the guard.

A spokesperson for the mimes refused to comment, but a well-known troubadour said that the local guilds were not responsible.

One of the sinister mimes

Elsewhere in This Issue

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and more...

Jhassel: "I wouldn't call it deemonic, I'd call it really really useful"

Who is Silverfoam?

In a recent interview with guild member Baron Silverfoam, we were treated to the extravaganza that is his home, Cheateauneuf. The chateau is a blue & white castle, excessively decorated with silver & lapis lazuli, built over an artificial lake connected by canal to the neighbouring town of Borovia. It is beside the Alfheim mountains, very close to the terrifyingly Gothic Castle Borovia, the home of retired guild members Kree and Anastasia (once they'd killed their vampiric predecessor).

Were we escorted by a silk clad footman, through a series of picture galleries which contained an eclectic mix of landscapes portraits, the largest being of Kree & Anastasia. There are also a few elves portraited and we even recognised a recent one of the young King of the Western Kingdom and his parents (Aqual and Bowcourt). We were shown into a room decorated with various flags and memorabilia, which had a prospect of the town and views of more canal-works visible in the distance, and the interview commenced.

I have heard Silverfoam travels with varying names and titles, could you please explain which is the most usual, - where exactly are you a noble from, or how did you gain the title?

*"What we Gardenias in the yard-inheriting
Flourished the ruler, oath-space gift-raining
A hithe forever to Elven Æthelings ...*

I'm sorry. Delightful imagery, but could we have something a little more prosaic for our readers?

An off-plane writer once said something like "Question and answer strikes me as a most illiberal form of conversation" however I'll try to stick to your art form.

My family and its retainers are sea-elves; Father has an hereditary governorship at a far edge of the Elvish Empire - grand title, but such a small, usually insignificant island chain (big palm on a small atoll, as it were) that being provincial would be a step up - hence the family honorific Teleri. Over the years, one has accumulated assorted

honours; Indeed, I picked up another just recently (only a small rock in the sea, but it comes with a very beautiful flag), saving an off-plane emperor of a very civilised place. Often one must use a nom de guerre when adventuring, "investigating" being so close to "spying" - especially when in a neighbour's country. But, when not adventuring anonymously, I usually use Baron Silverfoam of Chateauneuf in Borovia (and I had to provide my own castle) or my office of Lord High Admiral of Borovia (come to think of it, I had to provide my own ships too). However I do take my responsibilities to the Count and Countess Palatine very seriously. For puttering around in the baronies, I usually use the wife's title.

When and why did you join the Seagate adventurers Guild?

Some 22 years ago; it was convenient for the family. Being a younger child, and therefore expendable, I was sent to the guild - what harm could it do? At the time they said he didn't want to be reminded of his late wife, but I suspect Father thought it would also provide information on pirate activities: let's face it, the little that foreigners know of the guild is seldom flattering.

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

Glory, Honour, doing the Right thing... frankly my dear, all those need a lot of money to maintain. One is obliged to educate the peasants, patronise Alphonse's, and perform other expensive social good works. And, although the Baroness knits siege engines in her spare time, commercialising her hobby would ruin the neighbourhood.

I understand you are a Namer, but with additional colleges appended. How did that happen?

Well, individual spells, not colleges. An ancient, incredibly expensive Lector, that cost cent mille and 5 MA points - you know, the usual. Actually I would be interested in learning a few water college spells, if anyone knows a suitable artefact.

Please describe a highlight of your career so far..

I've yet to achieve the ultimate triumph of persuading the party that one of my labyrinthine schemes is the only solution so, although I've defeated more dangerous foes than I've liberated, I'll mention a cautionary tale instead.

About 16 years ago, we were dealing to some brigands beyond Brastor. Party surprised an armed force in possession of some missing loot & I had to restrain one suspicious type by sitting on his chest. Turns out he was the son of the Prince of Novadom, who had sent a group out to deal with the same problem. Naturally it was ages before I could visit the place undisguised (and that line "No black circle without a Silverfoam lining" was a misquote taken out of context).

It taught me three valuable lessons: Military intelligence is essential; Beware the conclusions that you jump to without intelligence; and Sitting above those who have Precedence is always disastrous.

"Broc, Why did you leave your wife at home for 600 years?"

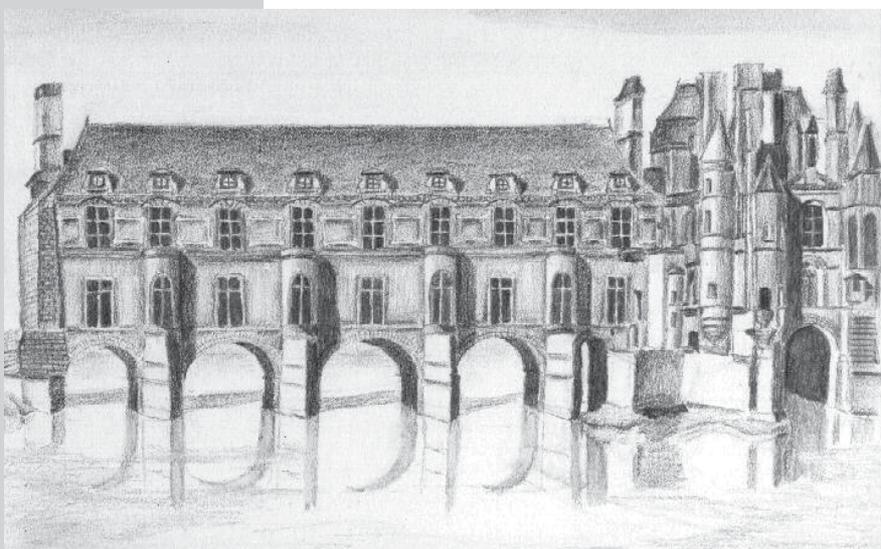
"There were 8 children."

"How did that ever happen?"

"I felt the calling..."

- Penni talking with Father Broc.

Cheateauneuf



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

On plane: Alfheim, Mittelmarkhauptstadt - although both should be avoided if you don't know how to behave. Kinlu is too dangerous for the uninformed; they chop off your head before pointing out your minor social booboo. Off-plane, I heartily recommend the opera at Haven, provided you don't have any expensive permanent spells in effect.

Anything else you want to say to the guild populace?

Would it do any good?

Terranova Report

This report from our Terranovan correspondent was hand delivered by him last week, after his most recent return from the West aboard the Earrame of Prince Gyronnwy of the Elven Isles fleet.

New Seagate Duesday 25th Vintage.

To my loyal readers at the Guild in Seagate, greetings. By the time you read this missive, I should have embarked once more for foreign shores to learn of the current state of affairs in Terranova. It is unlikely however that any events will rival those of last Spring, and it is of those events that I write in this report.

After my brief visit home, I returned with all haste to rejoin the Erelheine forces who were opposing and harassing the Spawn and their drow allies. It is from Erelheine scouts that most of this first information comes, and I am saddened to say that many of them died in the disaster.

Over the month of Thaw the Spawn continued to flood the once arid Silt Sea and late in the month their huge army set out from the drow city of Draj, north along the canal and into the now less murky inland sea. On the 24th of Thaw scouts from the Erelheine reported the appearance in the sea of a monster of enormous bulk, carrying upon its back an annular city; a monster that could only be the Leviathan that rose from the ocean floor some two years ago, and with which I had a close and nearly fatal encounter. The Spawn army, clustered around the creature pushed out far into the sea, to a place where jagged crags were upthrust from the waters and where a great steam rose. I understand now that those encircling crags were the last defence of the old elven capital that had become the home of the Ruby Scourge, and that beyond the crags lay volcanic wasteland and open lakes of magma, along with the forces of the Scourge that were holding back the Spawn.

It was hard for our scouts to get a clear picture of the battle, but elemental forces appeared to be involved on both sides, spirits of water, earth and fire. Many Spawn were slain, but their army slowly pressed the defenders back to the crags so that fighting was taking place on and amongst those jagged peaks.

The first day of Blossom dawned quite clear and there was nothing that morning to foreshadow the events of later in the day. Some pieces of information have come from the few witnesses who did survive, but for much of this I am indebted to Lady Godrock for information from her unpublished notes

recounting the actions of the Guild party who were directly involved in the calamitous events of last year.

The guild party arrived in the old capital aboard a flying ship of ancient elven design with which they had been searching shadow planes of our own world for the first dragons; the kin of the master of the Spawn, the Lord of the Dark City, Leviathan and the being known as Baal; the lock to whose tomb, at the centre of the old capital, was the Spawn's ultimate goal. The party, having made arrangements with Baal's surviving kin, unlocked the tomb and set in motion the events that would lead to his return and release. Around the same time our scouts began to notice strange patches of water appearing in the sea, some near the canal mouth, others further out. They appeared black and glistening as though oil had been released underwater, but as they spread the somewhat muddy waters of the sea clarified and became as crystal. I understand now that these waters of life had been released from underground caverns by the Lord of the Dark City.

Suddenly, in the old capital, elemental forces of earth and fire that had been working with the Ruby Scourge and defending the city changed sides. They had previously, and presumably without the Scourge's knowledge undermined the fortress crags and now they completed that task. The party fled, as did the Scourge and some of his followers. The walls fell. The waters of the inland sea rushed in upon the volcanic plain and the open fields of magma, and there was a terrific explosion.

The city of Eldamar, once capital of the ancient empire of the Elves, simply disappeared in that explosion, as did the surrounding volcanic plains, the encircling mountain crags, and the vast majority of the Spawn army, some 50,000 strong. The remains of the city, and huge chunks of plain and sea-bed were thrown high in the air; some pieces thrown tens of miles. Those of our scouts who were not slain in the blast found their small craft being thrown coastwards at break-neck speed and only survived by taking flight, or using other transport magics to bring themselves to safety. Tremendous waves rushed to the coast, swamping low-lying areas. A great wave travelled the length of the Spawn's canal and drowned the city of Draj. A vast amount of water was thrown into the air and the skies darkened unnaturally fast with storm clouds.

Through the clouds and over the centre of the explosion a fiery falling star was seen. We could not see what then transpired, but Lady Godrock recounts how the star, now visible to her companions as a black sphere, stopped above the waters and from the stone a gold-white dragon, hundreds of feet in length appeared; Baal had returned. No sooner had he escaped his prison than a dozen of his kin appeared. The thirteen ancient ones were enfolded in light and disappeared, never again to be seen by mortals. We saw then the golden, fish-like shape of the party's flying ship return to the centre of the devastation and shortly there after leave again, towing behind them the huge black ball that had fallen from the skies. They flew ever up, heading I understand to the ultimate destruction of that marvellous vessel in preventing some fell and stygian being from invading our world, and disappeared from our sight as the heavens opened and the deluge began.

For three days the rains fell upon the parched earth of central Terranova. Watercourses that had lain empty for





millennia filled, swelled and burst their banks as flash floods and mud slides rearranged the geography, burying the carcasses of the sand dwellers slain in the blast or drowned by the rains. On the fourth day the rains ceased, and by that afternoon the first sprouts and shoots had appeared. After thousands of years lying fallow Terranova was coming alive. The new plants grew with quicksilver speed; oaks and elms shooting up faster than the most vigorous weeds. Three weeks later, on the 21st of Blossom, the ancient festival of Floralia, everything bloomed. I have seen many sights in the four years since I took this post with the Times, some that I wish I could forget, but this was, by far, the most amazing and a memory I will treasure always.

Over the next few months I travelled widely with the Erelheine. The Spawn army was all but destroyed, the few survivors retreating back over the no longer Red hills and into their southern jungles. Little of Draj is left but ruins. Other ruins also have appeared from beneath the much diminished sands, some apparently drow in origin, others older, and no doubt we will see interested adventurers seeking riches therein. The plague that decimated the populations of Raam and drow cities to the north appears to have disappeared with the rains, and the cities are now surrounded by verdant and fertile land. I have heard rumours from far afield that this new prosperity has upset the ancient balances of power in the cities where the privileged few controlled the population through scant resources. I imagine that the social upheavals are only just beginning in the lands of the drow.

I returned to Seagate to find the rest of the story around this terrible and wonderful event, and am now returning to Terranova in the company of an elven delegation to Dylath and the inland cities. I will keep the readers of the Times apprised of events in that changed land as they unfold.

I remain,
Henri Stanleigh.
Seagate Times Special Correspondent.

The Adventurer's Guide

Tips for success

When all else fails, try a full-frontal attack.

You never know where the enemy will leave a convenient enhance enchant lying around - but when you find one, make full use of it.

Practice your unarmed combat - you never know when you'll really, really need it.

Speed is essential - if you want to prevent the enemy from consuming too much of the loot.

Don't be afraid to try anything once - you never know, it might even work.



From the Western Marches

We publish the following in the interests of any and all who would visit this region of Alusia.

They called me Argentino in the Medici Tribe, since I arrived with the silver they had traded their horses for. I was to be the sixth wife of the leader of the tribe and was accorded great status. I was well looked after, and was being taught the knowledge required to survive in the plains that all their children learnt as they learn to walk and talk. I was fascinated by this aspect of living I had never encountered before and I was enjoying the task of learning it. It was a brief interlude in my travels South that ended with the escort of some of your members.

The knowledge of the Medici was all things I had never been exposed to in my previous life, as the eldest daughter of the Lord of Hasen in the Western Marches. There I had been bought up to maintain the social duties that are required of my status, my birth. In many respects it was a privileged upbringing, in that I always had plenty to eat and so forth, but some part of me was always neglected. The part that makes me me. You see, my education and expectations would have been the same no matter what sort of person was in my position. Whether I had the grace required for dancing or the memory to keep inventory of the household was irrelevant. Whether I had any skill for manipulating mana was not quite so irrelevant. My father wished it was irrelevant, but unfortunately it became very relevant in my life.

Within the last decade there has been a revolution over the useage of magic in the Barony of Westphalia, due in most part it seems, to the actions of your guild members. The Unified Western Church, and in particular, the Michaelines, were very effective in wiping out any magic users from the public knowledge. In their view, any magic was inextricably tied up in demonology. So obviously those using it, let alone casting it, were also demon worshippers and burnt as witches. When the demon Asmoday, and his offspring Cain, began to take interest in our Barony, it seemed beyond the capabilities of the church to deal with. They were forced to accept that magic toting guild members could work for the good of the people of the Barony and the first step in the revolution of magic acceptance was instigated, namely the registration of Users.

Long before that happened my cousin Basil Sionnan had told me about magic after conversations he had years ago with a group of adventurers. He said he had a calling and in his own way, learnt of the Academy of Astrology in Crefein, and somehow persuaded Lord Arthur to attend. From how he described it, it sounded magnificent, and I so wanted to attend as well. After months of persuasions my parents relectantly agreed to let me attend - they did so want me be a dutiful daughter, but they were mostly interested in pairing me off with my cousin.

The Academy taught astrology, philosophies, healing and secretly, how to manipulate mana. I found I had some ability to do this, but when there was word of the orc and trollish army descending on Crefein, they felt it prudent for me to return home. I'm not sure which was worse - to live in absolute ignorance of magic, or to have learnt just a little, so that one knows there is so much more to learn. I had smelt a feast and it had merely whetted my appetite. To return to a famine was hard. I would slip out of town to practise casting magic and that was my downfall.

When the Magic User Registration became accepted by society, my mother owned up to be a pack member, as did I. There were quite a few of us amongst the ruling families of the Barony, so we were able to force a swing of attitudes to become socially acceptable. Of course one never actually changed while in company, or go so far as to talk openly about our nighttime dealings, but we wore the star that labelled us as different. After Cain had been leading the pack, the church had decided my mother was too different. They burnt her, while father and I watched the flames and smelt the smoke. After that I was to be the hostess at Hasen, to be the society woman the church expected of my position, to forget my mother and her heritage, in effect to stop being me. For many months I seemed to follow their expectations, until the night they learnt of my rebellion.

It was a cold night when they found me outside the gates of Hasen my skin shivering in the moonlight, wondering where I was, who I was. Adventurers will recognise the affects of an amnesia backfire, the guards and churchmen of Hasen did not. I was kept safe in the church's cellars until my demonics ravings calmed down, so I could be sent to the Convent of Lost Souls. My father said it was a fate better than burning, which may be true, but did not seem it at the time. The seasons turned while we tended the gardens at the convent, then with the help of a friend, I decide it was time to leave.

So I left the convent, left the Barony and left my old self behind. I am now Argentino, a visitor to your city, a student of your mysteries. I am the daughter of the Lord of Hasen, but my father never could accept that I am also the daughter of Lady Laura, my mother. Her memory, her aspirations, her abilities lie within me, and I will nurture them. One day I shall return to Westphalia as an example of what can be, to all the others in the position that I was - suffocated by the expectations of society, family and the church.

By Argentino

The Adventures of Bobby the War Pony

By Jason, Junior Equine Attendant, The Greenfield
[research by Times staff interspersed]

I reckon it's time that you Adventurers realised what a strain you put on the noble beasts you take away with you to dangerous places. So I'll pass on the experiences of Prince Robert the Trucidere this last Quarter (my master grants me the ability to communicate with my chargers).

[Jason works at that posh stables out in the countryside]

Bobby (as we call him, but don't let him know) was getting bored, despite all our efforts to keep him amused. He appeared especially frustrated with the way the mares laughed at him, but what can you expect when you are only 9 hands?

[It seems that the animal in question is actually a fine warhorse that was cursed into his present size shortly before coming to Alusia]

So we were quite relieved when his owner came to 'take him out'. But the tale he told when he returned! Bloody mad dwarves! Things started off quite well...

The rest of the group was two stallions, a number of mares, and a gelding. They travelled using magical portals, which took the form of large rings of stone. The second one of these was very crowded, so Bobby skilfully pushed the two stallions outside. (Bobby laughed a lot while telling this part, when he wasn't bragging about how huge the other two were. Show-off, I bet they were a couple of hacks from down the town.)

It wasn't until a bit later that Bobby realised why the mares weren't giving him the respect due the Herd Stallion. During the kafuffle he had most of his tail chopped off! Boy was he pissed, and the smirks from his 'owner' didn't help (they can tell you know!) Wordsmith tried to make up for it by quick-growing the tail back. But everyone still laughed, and he realised that his tail was now bands of different shades!

[Apparently that the party managed to grow the tail back in stages, but each cast came out a different colour.]

They eventually fixed the banding, but he was still very upset. The mares still laughed, and there weren't any new horses in the town. Things improved out in the countryside. Lots of fresh air, good exercise, decent rests afterward. Stabling was a bit crowded, stuck in with the two-legs! And that bloody box! Always following, all the time!

[Wordsmith has a floating chest that follows him. No, we don't know why either]

After a week, they got to a dwarven city up in the mountains. Nice stables, but no sky - and no new horses again. Very strange. The two-legs that came with them went away, and nothing happened for a several days.

Then the horses got taken somewhere darker and smellier, along with small hairy two-legs. Lots of shouting and screaming for some days. Bobby wanted to fight, but no monsters came. Two-legs wouldn't let Bobby go find monsters. Boring two-legs, smell LOTS!

Wordsmith and non-hairy two-legs came back. Bobby went to sleep, woke up in stables in other city. Very confusing. No horses at all there, couldn't tell them stories about chasing monsters. Only boring cows to talk to for lots of days. Glad to be back, even if other horses are still mean.

So you about mounts are off g about!



lot think your when you gallivantin



“What do you want an army for apart from carrying the loot home?” - Amelia

Starflower's Bestiary

Gentle (and not-so-gentle) Giants

It often may come as a shock to new guild members to see the extra large chairs at the back of the meeting room. And of course their extra large occupants, the Guild's giants, among them Adam "Vychan" Jones, Motley, and Drum. These people are some of the Guild's most puissant fighters. Like most of the giants you are likely to see in civilised

Hill Giant



areas, they are from the race called Hill Giants. These are the smallest of the giantish races, averaging just nine feet tall, and by far the most cosmopolitan, frequently seen in the company of other species. The other races, the cloud, fire, frost, stone and storm giants are much more rarely encountered, most often in isolated, mountainous areas. Gregarious enough among their own kind, they seem to find smaller folk somewhat irritating, and mostly just wish to be left alone. Avoid encroaching on their territory, and they will generally ignore you, which is generally considered a good thing.

Cloud giants are, as their name implies, related to the element of air, and may practise air magics. They often have pale skin, and fair hair, and are more fine-featured than other giants. Among the largest of giants (between fifteen and twenty feet tall) they favour the highest of mountains, building towering sky-castles among the peaks, which seem to float among the clouds.

Fire giants are somewhat smaller, averaging only twice the height of a man. Swarthy of complexion, with dark or fiery red hair, they favour desert areas, choosing to establish homes in caverns in the rocky waste, or as nomadic tribes wandering the sands. They may use fire magics, most likely when they lose their temper!

Frost Giant



Frost giants inhabit the icy wastes and polar regions of many worlds, building their halls amid the ice and snow. As tall as cloud giants, they favour metallic armour and carry big swords or axes, and of course, ice magics. Even more than most giants, frost giants are known for their vast enjoyment of brawling, drinking and wenching.

Stone giants resemble the more familiar hill giant, although averaging about a foot taller. They like to live among mountains, in stony wastes and caverns, where they feel comfortably connected to the Earth, their element. Indeed, their skin resembles the very rocks they live among, grey and granitic.

Largest of the giantish races are the Storm giants, averaging twenty feet tall. They have power over the weather, able to call down rain, wind, thunderstorms, even a fair sky. They are frequently magic users, most often Water mages, but sometimes mages of other elements. Certainly they seem to like stormy weather, and make their homes on barren islands in tempestuous seas, or beside mountain lakes.



Fire Giant

Although one has to say that dungeon corridors are a bit of a challenge for their race, hill giants are fine adventuring companions. Most acquire arcane devices early in their career which enable them to control their size. They see further than most species in the dark, their infravision having the range of a highly ranked Fire adept., and are more resistant than most to magics. Bigger and stronger than most of us, they get to use those really big damage-inducing giant weapons, which has to be a bonus. If you want an example, just ask to look at Drum's crossbow.

As for giants on the opposite team, remember that they use because they're big and stupid-looking doesn't make them fools. They will use their abilities to their best advantage. Which, in the case of the larger giantish races, means they will trample. Keep out of their way, preferably several counties out of their way. Most giants would prefer it that way, anyhow. Don't underestimate their magic-using abilities, and keep the appropriate counterspell handy, if dealing with elementally aligned giants.

And always remember when dealing with giants, that the bigger they are, the harder they fall, and that it pays not to be standing under them when they do!



Stone Giant

The Puzzle Column

Shoji Servants

Those Shoji citizens who were summoned to work for the ancient Emperor No Wen could not be said to enjoy security of tenure. We are concerned with a sample of five such citizens who failed to last more than a few days. From the information below, can you determine their names and jobs, how many days they remained in service and what happened to them thereafter?



Clues

- The astrologer, whose prudent prediction of a Shoji victory over the Jakartans did not adequately emphasise what magnificent leadership the Emperor was going to give lasted only half as long as the doctor who having ever so meekly suggested that the imperial digestion would profit from just a modicum of temperance, was removed more abruptly than An Chovi.
- The combined length of service of the foodtaster and one other employee equalled that of the sculptor Tai Wun, who was dismissed as soon as his statue of the Emperor began too accurately to reflect his less than godlike appearance.
- Chi Nup served the Emperor twice as long as Hei Yu, but not as long as the man who was sent to work in the quarries.
- The man who was banished to the border forts survived two days more than the one who was imprisoned.
- It was the foodtaster's occupational hazard which disposed of him. He was not Sho Men.

One man survived only 2 days, one 3 days, one 4 days, another 6 days and the longest 10 days. The Emperor employed a Chiropodist. One man was exiled.

Riddles

When I'm used, I'm useless;
Once offered, soon rejected.
In desperation oft expressed,
The intended not protected.
What am I?

Not buckets, barrels, baskets, nor cans.
What must be filled with empty hands?

What is it that was given to you,
Belongs only to you,
And yet your friends use it more than you do?

My teeth are sharp, my back is straight,
To cut things up that is my fate.
What am I?



Answers to Last Issue's Puzzles:

Any Takers:

- Anchiva, Halitosia, Emeralds, Talking Camel
- Jello, Acrida, Rubies, Casket of Delight
- Trembal, Fatimi, Diamonds, Instant Oasis
- Rotanrul, Sombare, Opals, Tent-in-a-Rug
- Yermudi, Grizabel, Sapphires, Flying Carpet
- Shekels, Turfagon, Pearls, Pegasus

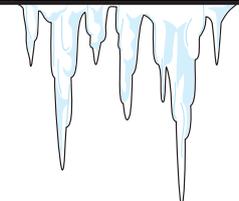
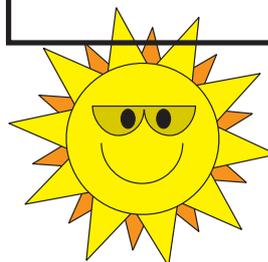
Riddle: GROVE

What's Hot

- Saps.
- Feeding drugs to guard dogs.
- Triple-effect Rank 21 Dragonflames.
- Merfolk.
- Cremating vampires in their own coffins.
- Healers.
- Helping Duke Leto bring peace.
- Having plenty of waters of healing.
- Giants.
- Nightmares.

What's Not

- Sapping party leaders.
- Putting said drugs in guild rations (poor dogs).
- Whirlwind vortex wards, on every corner.
- Sahuagin.
- Turning unwilling generals into vampires.
- Plague.
- Helping agents of the Dark Circle.
- Running out of restorative potions.
- Sahuagin.
- Phantasms.



The Rumour Mill

Around the Guild

It should be noted that the large iron cocoon brought back by the adventurers to the Rose Court is not the larve of the giant armour moth nor is it a new toy for Starflower. It is fact the 'Honourable' Lady Lizette Summers. She has had an unfortunate encounter with apowerful evil mind mage and had to be completely restrained for her own safety until we can all be certain that she is no longer mind controlled.

For reasons unknown an entire party was hospitalised on their return last summer. We can only speculate, but we've seen Braegon, and can say that his complexion is decidedly rocky. Serendipity treads lightly this days - having no feet, she wafts along on shadowa...

Once again, we remind that reknowned horse-murderer Mary-M that she is banned from the Guild Stables. Word gets around you know, we heard it from the horse's mouth.

From the Astrologer

In the Circle of Life lies a tomb
In the Tomb of death lies a Spirit
In the Spirit of Man lies a Land
In the Lands of Man lies a curse
In the Tomb lies it's cure.

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

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.



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.



Curses Removed

Up to 42MA curses removed at reasonable rates. 10% Discounts for those who consider Sier to be a patron.

See Dramus at the Guild



High Class Travel Rations

Sick of stale bread, beef jerky and mouldy cheese?
Adventure with a touch of class



- Brioche fresh out of the oven for breakfast
- Savoury breads filled with delicacies and freshly baked for lunch
- Dinner is a choice of Venison or Game Pie, Glazed Ham on the Bone, Roast Eye Fillet or Succulent Lamb all fresh from the oven.

Includes two bottles of the finest Aquilan wine.
All of this prepared by the finest chefs in Seagate, packaged in a convenient travel case and kept fresh for 7 weeks.
Only 1,000 sp for meals for 2 for a week.
You deserve to eat well! Be quick, supplies are limited.

Contact Thaeuss at the guild.



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"There's a giant in the way; I've got soft cover!" - Flamis