

## Brood in Ironvale?

*As told to the Herald by Sammivar ("Sammy"), a young dwarf of Ironvale, regarding his recent discovery in Ironvale area cave.*

"Ok, ok. So I should just tell it from the beginning? All of it? Ok. So. I found this cave. No, back at the beginning. Ok. My brother, Davarus. He gets to go work in Dad's mines already, but he doesn't like that I don't have to because I'm not old enough. So he gets mad at me a lot, and he tries to get me in trouble all the time. And he says I'm not a real Dwarf 'cause I can't swing the big pickax by myself all day. But

we're not supposed to touch the big pickaxe, so how does he know? So, anyway, anyway, I go into the caves a lot by myself so Davarus doesn't know where I am. And I found a special cave! I found a cave with EGGS in it! They were very small and dark when I found them, and I thought they were rocks at first 'cause they were so hard. So I hit one with my rock hammer (I got it for my birthday), and it cracked open and out came this little dead shrivelly thing, so I didn't hit any more of them. So I brought hay and furs and other stuff to put around the eggs 'cause, well, I

didn't see a momma bird and I know that before when I found a bird's nest on the ground with the eggs, the momma didn't come back. But, but. Ok. Wait, and I put rocks all around them to keep snakes away and stuff. And then I got in trouble 'cause of Davarus (again), and I couldn't come back for a while. And when I came back, somebody moved my rocks! But all the eggs were still ok, and they were getting kinda warm, you know?

And then, and then Davarus got me in trouble for breaking Dad's pickaxe, when really, really it was HIM who did it! But

Dad believed Davarus 'cause he's older, and I got punishment. I got above grounded. I had to stay up on a farm helping out there so I knew how bad it was to farm and how good it was to dig instead, for a WHOLE MONTH! Augustus, he's the farmer, he was very nice to me, even though he wasn't a dwarf. He took me into Ironvale a lot and taught me how to play cards for money, but I didn't have any money so I couldn't really play, but I wanted to. But when I complained, he'd say, 'A few coppers adds up to a few silver and a few silver adds up to a

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## To Death and Back Again

by Chester Kapel

The town once again owes its thanks to a brave few. During the last gathering, a team of Ravenholters went to the plane of Death to stop the last Liche of the Necropolis from trying to gain control over the Graveyard of the Four Winds. For those of you who don't know, the Graveyard is where the worst Ravenholt has ever had to offer lie in (somewhat) final rest. The spirits that reside there, however, are always trying to escape and trying to regain the glory and evil of there past lives.

In any case, Duggan was contacted by Death with a proposition. Death was unhappy about the situation and wished Duggan to help with it. A team was assembled of Barons

Darkcloud and Askani, Master Shoshoto, Arracor Stormhaven (a longtime hero of Ravenholt, recently returned), Duggan, of course, and me. We traveled to the Death plane and were told that we would have to pass a small test to prove our worth for the current mission. The small test involved me having the life force ripped from me more in one five-minute period than I had in the last five months. While I was on the ground, however, the rest of the team managed to dispatch the death elementals.

We then were invited to speak with Death herself of the impending problem with the Graveyard of the Four Winds.

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## Unicorn Snatched from the Jaws of Death

On the night of April 19<sup>th</sup>, a white Unicorn by the name of Lazarus entered the town of Ravenholt, badly injured by an arrow, which was tipped with poison. This poison had been specially formulated to kill Unicorns, and was the same type of poison used by Sarrek, the unicorn hunter dispatched by Baron Gabriel Wolvestride in the summer of 601. Lazarus' black unicorn counterpart was slain in the fall of 601 by the third Lich of the Necropolis and his minions, and its horn used to corrupt the Graveyard of the Four Winds.

Lazarus is no stranger to those who fought Tarlov Ghost-Hand. He was present at the final battle with the beast, and had taken the brunt of Tarlov's as-

sault on himself.

The poison, which is an oily black liquid that will not combine with water, was causing Lazarus to continually die and resurrect, getting weaker with each time he died.

All hope was not lost for Lazarus, however. An alchemist who is a servant of Life and one who had much knowledge of Tyrra and its ways, could produce a cure for Lazarus' ailment. Over the course of the gathering, many of the adventurers in Ravenholt made trips out with this alchemist to a place called the "Garden of Life" to recover components. Other trips led to various other places to prepare the panacea for the ailing life be-

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# Orc Attacks on the Increase in Northern Eastwyck

By Robert Turlak

Orc activities are on the increase on the northern Eastwyck. The horrific raids are wreaking havoc on the local villages, disrupting trade routes, and killing local people. One unconfirmed report has a young barbarian child being kidnapped after a dreadful raid.

The Northern Borderlands have been left under the protection of the Forgotten Garrison, who until now, have been able to protect the people from most of the Orc raids. However as the Ducal Army and Eastwyck Rangers have been withdrawing to help with other raids and suspected Sessuar activity, the Orcs have begun pressing the advantage and remaining forces are being overrun.

Neo and his fellow members of the Garrison have fought long and hard. "As our support is withdrawn," said Neo, "The Orc numbers are increasing. Other work is becoming impossible."

The Watchers and select others from Eastwyck went north to help bolster the weakening defenses, but such a small force did little to stop the large Orcish push on the 17th.

A force of well over fifty Orcs hit in a quick raid along the border. The Garrison and The Watchers, along with ten civilian volunteers, formed a line and held the border against the force. The line held for the better part of two hours before the Orcs took flight. The victory was bittersweet, as three of the civilian volunteers perished, for what appears to be the final time.

Those that died were:

Marcus Welton, Ravenholt City

Cecil Balard, Goblin Tooth Gap

Alaric Bardsong, Unknown

## A Fairy Tale

*Editor's Note: We found this in our mailslot last month shortly after our last publication deadline. We do not know who the author of this little tale is, but assume she or he wished it published.*

Once, long ago, a king lived in a golden land full of happy people. The king was wise and ruled fairly with a firm but fair hand, and his people loved him. One peasant was so attached to his king, he went into a field of wildflowers and cut a most beautiful bouquet. He took them to the palace and brought them before the king. The king was happy to see the peasant, for it pleased him greatly when his people came to visit. The peasant was brought before the king and knelt.

"Welcome to the palace my son." Said the king, "Please, rise." The peasant looked up and smiled. "Your highness, my family is happier than I can ever remember. I am sure this is your doing so I wished to bring you a gift." The peasant offered his flowers to the king. The king graciously accepted his gift and the two talked for a time. Then as all things must, the end came. The king went back to his affairs of state, while the peasant made his journey back to fam-

ily and fields. The king had his gift brought to his sleeping quarters that he might enjoy their beauty. Now it seems that in his cutting of the bouquet, the peasant missed the little green snake that lived on the flowers. It was easy to do, for the snake was no longer than the hilt of a dagger, nor any rounder than the barrel of a quill.

As the king made ready for bed, the snake slipped from the bouquet. Slowly it crept along the floor until it made it to a long sheet and climbed up into the bed. The king, who was asleep at this point, content after a long day, did not notice the green snake in the bed next to him. Nor did he wake when the snake bit unto his ear. Nor did he feel the venom as it entered his heart. The next morning the king did wake. He felt awful, as though his stomach was to leave its contents where it would. Yet he heard a little voice in his head that said, "Ignore it, you are king. Order it to behave!" This struck the king as

a little silly but he said in a resounding voice, "I order you, stomach, to behave!"

The king giggled a little as he finished his dressing. In his haste, he did not notice the green snake wrapped around his ear.

All day the king was grumpy. He had not the patience to deal with any problem, more complex than yea or nay. Later in the evening, the king met his old friend, Villhelm of Aubrick, a neighboring kingdom. Villhelm had been the Emissary of Aubrick for many years, and the two nations had gotten along well due mainly to his and the king's relationship. Villhelm entered the palace and greeted the king. "M'lord thank you for your hospitality." The king in this foulest of moods that had beset him said, "Is this how one greets a king in your land? Then surely it is a land of peasants and ignorant savages! Kneel when though enters my chambers and speak not, lest I acknowledge you!" Villhelm, confused and hurt, bowed low then went down

on his knee. Yet even as Villhelm knelt, a voice sounded in the king's ear. "He is a spy, and for years has abused this poor country keeping from her what is rightly hers! Kill him, kill him now!" The king knew this not to be so, but he was sick and beyond reason. "Guards!" He bellowed, "This man is a spy. Kill him immediately." Without question the guard's sword flew and Villhelm's head left his body. Now, Villhelm happened to be a second cousin of the Czar of Aubrick, and when news of his execution reached the Czar, he declared war on his neighbor. The Czar attacked with a bloody campaign that killed many.

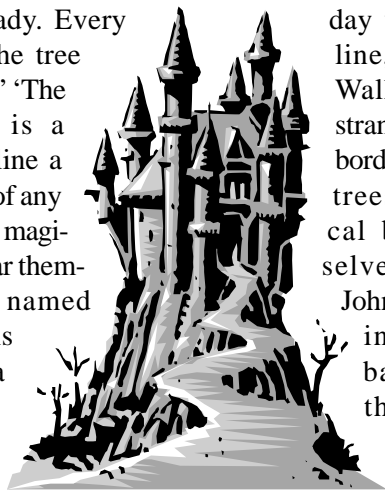
So many farmers were called into service to protect his kingdom from Aubrick, that the king ordered his remaining farmers to triple their yields, or perish. In the king's head, a voice said, "I told you not to kill him, you fool, look at what you caused. We must now send all supplies

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# At the Wall

A cold wind blows across the backs of the men who wait at the border. The army has waited here now for years. What used to be a line on paper between the duchies of Ashbury and Ravenholt is now a wasteland of men and entrenchments. The soldiers who wait here come from all walks of life. Some members of the Royal Evendarrian Army have been here since they were pushed out of Ashbury a number of years ago. Here they don't care if you first knew His Grace Ravenhurst or His Grace Greystone, so long as you know who the enemy "over there" truly is. Here they welcome the strong backs of the Minotaurs who joined them in recent months.

Sergeant Major Davram, of the 2<sup>nd</sup> of the 7<sup>th</sup> Division (the "Black Hands"), spoke of the recent activity. "You can feel 'em getting ready. Every day we hear them move behind the tree line, beyond that damned barrier." "The diers call it, is a men in camps line a stripped barren of any trees or shrubs. Right up until the magical barrier some selves erected. A Johnny Blaine told me about it. "It is invisible and baby's bottom smooth as a the energy as but you can feel You can even throw mud on it and it will slide right off." When asked about the fight that might come he answered. "I reckon I never want it to drop, but if it does we'll sure give them a good whoopin'." Strong words given in a shaky voice. The same voice mimicked by these farm boys and street urchins young enough to make one wonder if they shave. Scared, far away from home, they are here for a reason. All of them wish only one thing: To defend the land and the people that they know as home.



Joseph Guideway  
Former Scribe of Trelheim  
Bard of Tyrra

# A Mysterious Book

The members of the commoners' group known as Glyph encountered a baffling and curious item on their way to the April gathering in Ravenholt this spring. A small band of ogres had possession of a large book, chained shut. The ogres who were defending the book were wounded prior to Glyph encountering them, and the one who held the book was already dead. The book is large, heavy, has a black cover and is shut with a lock that has no visible mechanism, only a circular depression. A magical identification of the book revealed that magic was used in the creation of this tome, but little else. An ogre did come to town asking questions; he claimed to have been hired by a tribe seeking information of the book. Should anyone learn anything, be approached by inquiring ogres, find a potential key, or have any questions, please contact a member of Glyph.

## Ironvale Community Left Without Wards

A small Dwarven mining community on the outskirts of Ironvale is reported to be at a loss as to rid themselves of a puzzling problem – Wards do not appear to work here, nor do Wizard Locks or Greater Wards. The effect seems limited to a roughly one mile radius, not affecting Ironvale proper. The issue was first noticed after a series of earthquake-driven rock slides blockaded one of the major passes to the city. With the shifting came the realization that wards were non-functional. Casters who tried to replace the wards reported a sensation of the

power failing to "take." Believed to be related is the appearance of small stone slabs near each building in the town. They appear to have strange markings on them, possibly set in metal into the stone. A set of markings which appear to be related in some way can be found on a larger stone slab in a grove outside of town.

Anyone with information leading to the resolution of this issue is asked to contact the town's guildmembers via the Fleet of Foot Fleet. Meanwhile, guards are being hired so that the town can continue it's mining activities in safety.



### Fairy Tale from page 2

to the army. Will you not listen to me? Look at what you have caused, think of the glory of the land I created and look now at what you have done!" The king was confused, for he thought he remembered that he had created the glory days but he was just so sick he could not think, so he ordered all supplies to his army. The green snake, all the while, nestled comfortably be-

hind the ear of the king.

Now, on his farm the peasant toiled endlessly, though he now had not enough food to feed his family, nor horse to plow his field. His wife and child were ill from a fever and soon they moved beyond the lands of men. The peasant threw down his plow and grabbed a short sword. He marched to the king's palace. There were no guards at the palace, as all able

fighting men were at the line, which was now not far.

The peasant marched into the bedroom to find the king lying on the floor. The king looked as a fish out of water, gasping for breath. "You did nothing but ruin me!" Shouted the king, clawing at the air. Then the king froze. The peasant had seen the look before, on the face of his wife as she had passed. The peasant watched the corpse for a

little then he noticed something, green squirming from the king's cold ear. Disgusted, the peasant sliced the snake in half then went home to wait for his new master to tell him what to do. And so ends the tale of "The King and the Snake."

"Snake, watch your tongue, lest others watch it for you!"



# News from Around Tyrra

## Westmarch, Anilar:

· Elections were recently held in Westmarch to create a new Town Council, and to hire a Mayor and Sheriff.

· **Cube of Confusion:** Last month a strange multicolored box surrounded the town of Westmarch and surrounding territories for approximately 30 days. Rumors were abound of strange creatures, and weird games being played at farms, and even within the circles. This reporter is not sure of what truly happened, but will be able to tell the kingdom more information within the month.

## Avendale:

· A service was held in March in memory of Avendale's Queen Niomi, who died her permanent death earlier this year. May His Excellency Viscount Septorian, the Prince, Nobility, Citizenry, and Friends of Avendale long and fondly remember the life and reign of Her Most Royal Majesty, Queen Niomi Avendale.

## Outlands:

· A few weeks ago the great library in the city of Lombride burned in a vicious attack on the library itself by a disgruntled ex-librarian. Many of the priceless books were saved, thanks to the efforts of a group of visitors from Mandrake's Landing.

· The Viscount of Serri ordered the public hanging of the Captain of the Guard of Valendar keep, an elf soldier named Denlil. Denlil was charged after the Viscount learned that he had been badmouthed by the willful captain. Denlil did resurrect, however, and the Viscount was gracious enough to allow him to return to military service at the reduced rank of Lieutenant. Valendar Keep awaits the appointment of a new Captain.

## Tyrangel:

· The Duchy of Tyrangel was divided this year into two counties: Kalendral (baronies of Wulfshire and Thornebriar) and Marentha (barony of Argentum and 'the unnamed barony' to the north).

· The Sessuar referred to only as "General" is sought by Ivy Tieghfield. 20 gold reward for meeting, 50 gold reward for living man.

· Tyrangel fashion trends are currently moving away from hats and cloaks and towards hoods and jackets.

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## Unicorn from page 1

ing, including one trip to purify the place where the life of his mate had been stolen.

On Sunday of the gathering, Lazarus tried to leave the safety of the Unicorn Pool, but after arriving in town, grew so weak that he had to be rushed back by those who bear the mark of life. Time was running out. With not much time to spare the last group made it back with the components to cure the poison. In a rushed, though calm pace, the alchemist carefully crafted the elixir, with assistance from Willow Treespeaker, Lord Dire, Celeste, and Baron Gabriel.

Once the elixir was crafted, it was administered to the Unicorn. Much to the relief of the Servants of Life and those who

stand for good within our Duchy, and much to the chagrin of those who had conspired to kill him (believed to be the Lich and his minions using the stolen power of the Four Winds), Lazarus made an immediate recovery.

The poison is still unaccounted for however, and adventurers are advised to be wary of it. As mentioned above, it is a black, oily liquid. Alchemists can easily identify that it is an alchemical substance, and its noxious scent is easily discernible by Scavengers and Sarr as a poisonous substance. Those touched by the element of Life should be able to feel the presence of both Life and Death within the Unicorn-Bane.



## Orphanage Besieged

On the third day of April, our tiny orphanage was besieged by brigands. From time to time they raid orphanages and sell the children to slavers. Although these raids are reported, the children are seldom returned.

Thus were we attacked by six brigands. There were three of us that night and we were asleep. Very little happens this time of year in our little hamlet, just south of Mallow, Westmarch. The slaving raids usually come later, during the fall harvest. We weren't prepared for trouble so early in the season.

There was very little we could do as we are simple folk with no skill in battle. We were soon overwhelmed. We were tied up and watched helplessly as the children were loaded into a wagon. They were so frightened, they just kept crying. One of the nasty brutes hit one of the littlest ones in the back of

the head and she fell to the ground senseless. He told the other children that the same would happen to them if they were not quiet.

Suddenly, the man behind him was engulfed in gas and stood motionless. The next moment, he too was immobile. I could hear chaos spells being uttered, could smell their stench. I heard the sound of silver ringing against steel and saw several clouds of gas rise up to my left on the other side of the wagon. Suddenly all was quiet. From the darkness stepped a little woman in long skirts, dressed all in black and white. Her face remained hidden behind a black veil. She released us and used the rope to tie the brigands hand and foot, gagging them.

I could see she was injured and her clothes were singed from the spells she had taken,

**Continued on page 6**

# Galveston Mysteries

In late March, a number of Ravenholters and visitors to the area headed towards the town of Landsend to investigate a seemingly nonexistent town called Galveston. As they traveled from all around the Duchy, they found themselves swept up in storms that left them stranded at a place called the Stormhaven Inn, which seemed “elsewhere” by all accounts. While there, among other strange and baffling adventures, they found a number of storm-ravaged spirits in need of assistance to find their rest. Many of these spirits seemed to be from a choral group from a town called Galveston. The Herald would appreciate any further information about the happenings at this Gather.

The following song was used in the process of putting the spirits to rest.

## Galveston Flood

Submitted by E.M.M. Stealthldef

It was a September evening when the sky was dark and grey,  
Raging wind and water battled Life in its sway,  
The rich folk in the mansions and the poor ones in the dell,  
Were swept into eternity the story left to tell,

Chorus:

Wasn't that a mighty time,  
Wasn't that a mighty time that evening,  
Wasn't that a mighty time  
When the storm winds struck their town,

The men left home that morning with hearts cheerful and bright,  
With hopes of home returning, but their hopes weren't raised  
that night,

They kissed their wives that morning and their little ones so  
dear,

And the skies were cloudy that morning, but no other grief or  
fear,

Chorus

It was a September evening when the storm clouds struck their  
town,

It seemed the clouds up in the strata above looked down on  
them and frowned,

The town was all in a motion, the men with hearts so brave,  
Called to Life to have mercy, their helpless lives to save,

Chorus

There's a warrior and a scholar, warrior had a heart so brave,  
He thought about his wife and his little child, their helpless lives  
to save,

Says Jack, the tide is rising and we must get across,

So they drove their cart on over and both those men were lost,

Chorus

It was a September evening when the storm was raging wild,  
I saw a woman clinging hard to her husband and her child,

The man he battled faithful, their helpless lives to save,

But they soon were beneath that rolling tide, they had met a  
watery grave,

Chorus

Well they had a sea wall at Galveston to hold those waters  
down,

But a tidal wave from the ocean deep swept water over the  
town,

The trumpets gave them warning, they had better quit that place,  
But they weren't meant to leave their homes 'till Death stared  
them in the face,

Chorus

Now the year was nineteen hundred, so many years ago,  
Death threw a stone at a new mother and with him she had to  
go,

The cruel sea was a raging and the ships they could not land,  
A sea captain was heard crying please someone save this dying  
man,

Chorus

Now Death, the cruel master, when the winds began to blow,  
Came down on a train of horses, they cried, please won't you let  
us go,

The town was all in a motion and the houses gave away,  
The people they fought and strived so hard, but they all died  
anyway,

Chorus

Now the storm was over next morning and when the waters  
backward rolled,

A thousand souls had drowned there, what a woeful sight to  
behold,

You can talk about your Stoneholm and your Darksands flood of  
old,

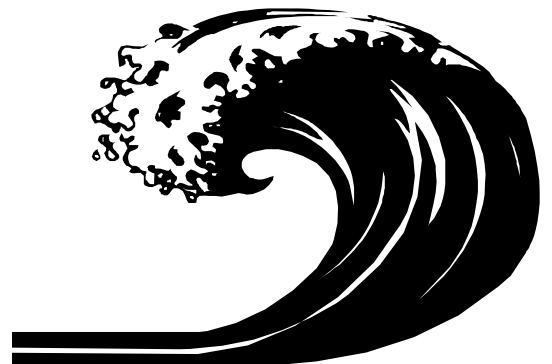
But the story of the Galveston flood would make a brave man's  
blood run cold,

Chorus

Well their lost souls were a fearing lest their story ne'er be told,  
But we're gonna sing it from the mountaintops, gonna sing it  
loud and bold,

We've brought their tale to Tyrra, gonna sing it across the land,  
and everywhere the folk will hear the tale of their last stand,

Chorus



## Death from page 1

The Necropolis Lich had taken control of the Graveyard with some sort of Life item. We believed it to be a Unicorn horn. We were given two options, either we could try to scout out the Graveyard and possibly have to fight the Lich six on one or we could bring the Graveyard to Ravenholt proper to fight the Lich as a town. The only problem with the second option was the fact that the Graveyard would then remain on Tyrra for another month, exposing the people to the spirits that would then escape. We were given to sundown the next day to decide.

The Barons, Arracor, Duggan and Master Shoshoto all agreed that the risk of fighting the lich was worth the attempt to save the lives that would surely be lost if the Graveyard was allowed to stay on the Tyr-ran plane. The choice was reaffirmed even after death warned us that if we were to die in the Graveyard we would suffer the effects of two obliterations. A few of the group knew that they would not survive but chose to go anyways. Death then shielded us with illusions of those that were trapped in the Graveyard. We were cautioned that if we died with these illusions on the spirits might very well consume us and claim our bodies.

Upon arriving we were told that in addition to the gate we would enter a second gate was in effect. Death however could not tell us what the gate would do or where it would lead. Upon entering we moved into a group

of spirits. The far end of the Graveyard held a black circle of the lich. Encased in a gravestone within the circle lay a black unicorns horn. We investigated for a short time before it was decided that we would try to steal the unicorn horn. Arracor entered the circle and grabbed the horn. Our illusions dropped and the Lich became enraged. The horn was so deeply embedded that Arracor had to struggle to remove it. I was struck down by arcane magics of death almost immediately. Baron Darkcloud Lified me in time to see Duggan, with the horn, thrown from the circle and leaving through the gate. We soon followed as the lich



came after us. Arracor was healed by Shoshoto and the three of them moved to the gate. The Baron was struck down as Arracor and he fell through the gate. Shoshoto stayed behind in an attempt to draw the attention away from the other two. Shoshoto made a last ditch attempt and fled through the unknown gate.

We successfully recovered the horn and the Lich was stopped. However, he must eventually be killed. Master Shoshoto was possessed by the spirit within him but was fixed after a run through the town, accompanied by death and create undead spells. Once killed and lified, he returned to his normal self. I feel privileged to have played a small part on a mission with such valiant compatriots. I owe my life and thanks to them, as do we all.

## Orphanage from page 4

but she refused my offer of healing, preferring to make sure the children were safe. "I have friends nearby who can heal me, best to save what healing you may have for something serious." Her wounds looked pretty serious to me.

"You're lucky I was on my way to give you this, a gift for the children." She handed me a satchel, which she retrieved from the big bay gelding she was leading. The satchel was full of cure light damage poisons, various scrolls and potions and a huge gas trap, all of which will be put to good use guarding the orphanage. "And these as well." She put five green gems into my hand. "Use the money to find better ways of guarding the children, we cannot allow slavers any quarter in lands outside their own. I will send some people to help if I can, there are many former slaves who would be pleased to put an help thwart such monsters."

"Who are you?" I asked her. She replied, "I have been called the Dark Rider, I kind of like that name. I am at your service." She looked to the pile of neutralized brigands, "You watch them, if they move, beat

them with a shovel until they don't move anymore. I'm going to send someone to arrest them. You can tell the story to the authorities." She bent down and searched them all again, checking their bonds once more.

When she was satisfied, she mounted her horse and rode off. Two hours later a patrol of baronial guards came and collected the brigands. It was a great relief to see their red and black tabards. They said there would be a patrol set for the area around our little orphanage. So we all feel a lot safer.

I ask the citizens of our fair kingdom to remember there are many wonderful children who need parents. The older a child is, the less likely they will be adopted. Many of the older children have skills which would make them an asset in any family. Please consider adoption, children can enrich your life in ways you cannot imagine. You do not need to be married, you simply need to be able to provide for children. You can make a difference.

Elena Ma'Rom  
Head Mother of the Orphanage at Grey Hills



## Brood from page 1

few gold. If there's no change to be had, then that's a few more in your pocket!" Which never made sense to me when I thought about it, but that was ok.

Finally, finally I got to go home! Boy, was I glad to be back. And I hugged my mom and I hugged my dad, and I even hugged Davarus, but I pinched him, too, when nobody was looking. And then as soon as I could, I went to see my cave, but it was all covered up! There was a rock

slide! So I dug and dug and came back the next day and dug, and dug, and the ground was kinda shaky, but I dug carefully. And I felled asleep there and woke up with scratchy noises behind my rocks. It would scratch-scratch-scratch and then stop. And start again, and stop. I called out but nobody answered. So I kept digging, but the scratches got louder and I got scared and ran home. But then I came back. And somebody MOVED MY ROCKS

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# public notices

Tagan Calera of Argentum, the Master Chandler of Manath, is searching for old adventuring friends from years past. I seek Koshi Darkholme an Elf Templar who used to carry a polearm and wore strange foreign armor. He used to travel with Capulus around 596. If you have information please contact Tagan Calera at [tagan@marentha.com](mailto:tagan@marentha.com)



Inahwen Unruhe,  
I am in need of your services. Meet with me when you can.  
Squire Curyll Taylor Stormydd  
Wizard of Weather and Warning



COMING SOON!

“The Three Chairs Trading Company”

Lucky for you folks, it’s going to be in Ravenholt! Opening soon!



Citizens and Nobles of Ravenholt,  
Be it known that I am looking for the following Formal Magic Scrolls:

- Identify
- Planar Asylum (all types)
- Interplanar Conduit (all types)
- Interplanar Travel (all types)
- Planar Gate (all types)
- Magic Aura
- Elemental Aura (all types)
- Extend Enchantment/Extend Formal Magic
- Render Indestructable
- Cloak and Bane vs all four Primal Elements

While I am interested in purchasing many of these, I am more interested in knowing that they are available for use.

May the winds be at your backs,

Squire Curyll Taylor Stormydd  
Court Wizard of Cumberland  
Wizard of Weather and Warning



Sir Delahr Greymist,  
The Royal House of Sir Derek D. G. Northridge thanks you for your involvement and wisdom in the recent trials concerning our members.

-Lucus Stealthldef of House Northridge

Citizens and Nobles of Ravenholt,

I would respectfully request that anyone who has been or is marked by one or more Elements to please contact me so I might know who you are. I am interested in meeting with all those who hold such affiliations, either privately or together as you prefer.

Also, I am interested in meeting with anyone who is well versed in elemental history and lore, specifically about artifacts and the previous Elemental Wars. Please seek me in Aradia, Cumberland, or at the next Gathering in May. Thank you.

May the winds be at your backs,  
Squire Curyll Taylor Stormydd  
Court Wizard of Cumberland  
Wizard of Weather and Warning



For those who are interested in engaging their mind in reading and scholarly pursuits, I recommend visiting the Great Library of Navin Weuntzel. Contact Seronia, the librarian, for more information. He can be reached via falcon at [seronianero@yahoo.com](mailto:seronianero@yahoo.com).



Let it be known:

The Hammerforge family will repair the damage to the town (of Ironvale) at cost, as restitution for the strife they have caused within their township.

My thanks to all who attended (the gather in Ironvale).

My thanks to Gavin Kincaid for his stalwart effort in decoding the stones. His dedication was appreciated and his skills admired.

Baron Askani of Westmarch

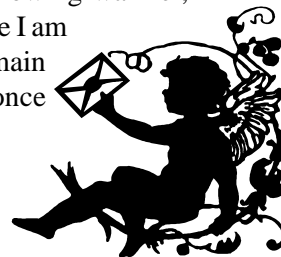


*The following Valentine arrived too late for publication in the last issue:*

You,

Though the weather seems to be growing warmer, I cannot shake this feeling of cold while I am not in your arms. My heart will remain heavy until I can feel your touch once again.

Me



# Letters to the Editor

Brood from page 6

Dear Editor;

It is not oft that I have to recall events, but I feel I must tell of my strange adventure through the Mystic Woods. My wife Chance, and I were traveling through the woods when a frightful thunderstorm shook up. Chance and myself found a small crag aside of the trail to hide in. We waited well over three hours for the storm to stop. Three hours too long if you ask me. It was well after dark when we finally managed to leave our hidey hole. We had not traveled far along the path when we met up with a dark individual, dressed in black, with a hood. I tried to calm Chance, but sure I thought my purse was to be cut. The individual raised a finger slowly to his lip. Taking the hint we stopped any noise and waited.

Shortly there after, there was a breaking of tree limbs and three particularly large undead burst through the brush on our left. Unfortunate as she is, Chance happened to be directly in the path of one of the undead, which promptly chose to smarten her with a swift flick of its rotted claw. My poor Chance fell under the creature's strength. The man who had not moved prior, flew into action. His blades fell faster than I had seen any in a long time, and the strength behind the blows made short work of the undead things. I tried to help my Chance but it was clear that she was not long for the circle, lest some help was provided, and I, being not much more than a farmer, had not the healers touch. The dark man came to us and hummed. He seemed to be checking his air, then he let slip some comment that I was unable to catch and chanted or sang. As he did this, his hand began to glow, and before the end of the song, my Chance was coughing and shaking. The man escorted us to the nearest inn. He talked little and watched intently for any difficulties.

When we reached the Inn, the man would not take any reward from me. In fact he placed a gold coin in my hand and asked if I had any information about the unicorn Lazarus. I replied that I had not. He then asked me to send word to the Herald if I had any information. I asked for his name, and he replied, "The Unrepentant One," then he slipped off into the darkness and my eyes have not seen him to this day.

Now here is the interesting thing. I once met a man who went by the name 'The Unrepentant.' It seems to this poor addled man that he was taller, but that was ages ago, and a hero might grow in ones mind I suppose. I was in hardly any condition to judge having been on the receiving end of an Orc blow m'self. So, after a long tale I come to a short point, and that is this: Sir, I have not seen nor heard word of Lazarus save what was printed in the last Herald. I realize that is not much but at least it is something. If I have more I will send word.

Sincerely, Henry Faithful Lonely, Eastwyck  
Ravenholt Forever!



again! So I kept digging all day, and then I head a...a...scream! I never HEARD a scream like that. It was so high it hurt my ears and it kept bouncing around and hurting 'em again! I stood like a rock I was so scared. I thought it would make another collapse! Especially when some rocks started moving, but they just moved a bit. So I went over to the hole in the rocks that was there and I saw a little claw! Tiny, tiny claw! I tried to touch it, but it moved too fast.

Then I heard another shriek and I looked through the hole with my light and saw scary stuff! These two big things were moving around fighting, and they had claws and, and big claws and they looked like giant BUGS! And one of them looked like it was covered in black and white, and one looked like it was covered in blue and red, and they FOUGHT and FOUGHT! I couldn't MOVE!

And then the fighting seemed to stop suddenly, and lots of the noise went away all at once. So I ran away really fast. And I went back the next day, but then I got scared and went home. And I went back again and got closer, but then I got scared and went home. And I went again, and again, and this time I wasn't scared! Mostly. So I went and looked in, and everything was dark and quiet. So I dug. And I dug. And I dug.

And finally I got inside my cave again, and all the eggs were cracked and broken or cold, and there was this BIG scary thing that I thought was still alive but wasn't and it looked like a giant bug and it was wearing a kind of black and white thing and had what looked like some red and blue cloth in its claws, and it had a big giant red mark on its head that looked like fire or a hand or something. And it was oozing stuff out of its body and it smelled BAD. But it looked neat!

So I cleaned up the place a bit and a while later I showed somebody. And he thought it was neat and wanted me to show somebody else. And people kept wanting to see. And then I showed Farmer Augustus and he said it was 'such a good tour' he'd give me 5 silver 'for my troubles.'

So I thought maybe I'd make a regular tour out of it and start making money. And then along comes all these visitors last month to our town for the Naming Ceremony, and they all want to go on a tour, so I take them, and one really, really nice lady, who's the nicest lady I ever met, whose name was Tristemere, she said 'Sammy, how much for me to buy your cave?' And I thought about it, and said I couldn't do tours then, and she said 'How about 40 gold?' And I said, 'WOW! Ok! Forty gold!'

And so I sold my cave."

*Editor's Note: It has been determined that the creatures in Sammivar's cave were in fact husks of dead Brood. It has been reported that while Sammivar's cave had no living brood in it directly, there may have been additional Brood found in outlying caverns, although reports range from no sightings to a dozen or more, depending on who is asked. We urgently request any additional information on this matter be sent both to Their Graces and to the Herald for immediate release.*

# the signpost

Messages to and from travelers lost at...The Crossroads

April

A Town Meeting is called for the first Friday in May.  
All townspeople are requested to attend.

- The Captain

*{Excerpts from Lind-El's scouting report}* I have been surveying the woods this spring. Aside from the usual animals emerginG from hibernation, there have been a few things of note.

The populationS of fox, bear, badger, skunk, and wild dog have been seeing a sudden increase iN disease. This disease has been striking mostly adults, and it drives them to attacking anything they see, even when out of their home areaS.

There is a frighteningly large number of giant tick nests scattered throughout the forest. They are often well hiddeN, buried until the adults emerge from their cocoons.

Other hunters tell of hearing sounds of many large animals fighting in the woods at night, sometimes lasting an hour oR more. At the site of one fight was found numerous shreds of cloth of over twenty different colors.

Travelers in the forest should use caution. In some low places, noxious fumes have been lingering, perhaps leaking from underground areas.



For those people of the Crossroads who are not aware, at midnight Saturday of every gathering the VonGelt gypsy clan will appear at the Fire Pit for trading. Anyone who comes to the Pit bearing an armful of firewood at that time will receive a token of our appreciation – a potion, elixir or weapon. More armfuls, more tokens. Gestena, and travel safely!

For those who traded with my family on the evening of October 13 – many of the items that I was assured would last well into the last year turned out to be much weaker than I expected. Anyone who received an item from this “bad batch” may seek me out Saturday night of the next gather and exchange them for longer-lasting items. Deepest apologies from me and mine for the misunderstanding. - Elena VonGelt

A warning to step forward to:

Ask seventh realm Skylord. Stay where needed.  
Fly far with freedom. Not afraid. Idealism carries enough strength yet. Spying plans never was asked before. Shed definitions slipping apart. Smile yes.

## Notes found on the Signpost

Felonious,

If you are interested in the ghouls, I would be willing to share my knowledge and observations with you. I will be in town in two weeks, please seek me out.

~Sage

---

If anyone has any old shields or is willing to make or trade one for food, wood, leather, or bone please look for Evenstar Starfall IV at the next gathering in 1 about 1 week. If anyone can help me out it would be greatly appreciated. Thank you

Evenstar Starfall IV

---

To all who can read sticks, cards, bones or runes

Or can see with their mind's eyes

I wish to meet with you all

And learn your names

When the moon reaches its last quarter.

Come and find me.

Peace be with you.

-Quinnen Alu-re

---

Maddock,

I must say if you are going hungry try some “Valentine’s Grove”. It is refreshing and nourishing. “Valentine’s Grove” is brewed from only the best ingredients.

Try some today...enjoy it again tomorrow...

---

I am looking for the services of an Armorsmith

When the moon reaches its last quarter

After the Captain wants to talk

But before you make anything else.

I need some sturdy leather made for me.

I will provide materials and more for payment.

Write on this bark if you wish to do this for me.

Peace be with you.

-Quinnen Alu-re

---

If you are in need of a fine wooden box, for storage or other needs I can provide them. I am also available for general Car-pentry services as well.

Brother Aaron

## Get Your Name in Print! Articles Needed

Want to earn some goblin stamps? Got a good sense of what's happening in your campaign from a player perspective? Write In-Game articles for the Raven's Herald or Crossroads' The Signpost of a page or less (approximately 600 words) and send them to [newsletter@neromass.com](mailto:newsletter@neromass.com) or mail to Newsletter, NERO Mass, 25 Aunt Park Lane, Newtown, CT 06470. Submission of an article does not guarantee it will be used, but if it is used you can receive goblin stamps suitable for use in the NERO Mass campaigns. Articles may be edited for space needs or clarity.

Recent events we'd like to see articles/info about:

Alchemy Spring, Alphas, Archmage Oberon's Death, Insomnia, Ironvale and the Naming Ceremony, Masked Ball, Mysterious table in the Guilds, Politics, Social Scene/High Town/Low Town Gossip, Stormhaven Inn...

...others?



## Thank you to Site Cleanup Crew

Just wanted to send out a huge thank you to all the people who showed up for the Site Cleanup weekend. We got tons done, including setting up monster camp for the season, painting much of the Med Shack interior, installing a new door on one of the small cabins, clearing many trails, prepping the pavilion and setting up a new subdivision system that allows for a changing module setup in there, creation of a weapons rack for monster camp, building of numerous wall flats for the module building, setup of the goblin caves, and much more. Everyone who pitched in really made a huge difference! Thanks again,

- Rachel



## Ravenholt Logistics/Pre- Reg Production Reminder

Players have been getting better and better about sending in requests for production in advance of the events, but we can continue to improve and trim wait time at check in if more of you remember to do so! Please just email your requests by Wednesday before game to [logistics@neromass.com](mailto:logistics@neromass.com). Cathy puts a lot of effort into having your production ready and waiting, and has a thankless job keeping up with last minute requests (so make her job thank-ful and thank her!).

## Staff Position Available

The Crossroads campaign is currently looking for someone to fill their Props staff position. Crossroads is the new low-level Mass chapter campaign. Props would be responsible for:

Making or acquiring necessary props

Maintaining existing props

Organizing props on-site

Assembling module packs

Working with the head of Monster Camp and the Plot Committee

Compensation includes: Staff blanket per month, some free events within the Mass chapter.

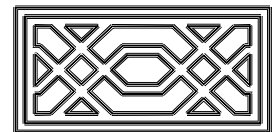
Interested parties please contact the Plot Committee at :

[crossroads@neromass.com](mailto:crossroads@neromass.com)

and Rachel at:

[owner@neromass.com](mailto:owner@neromass.com)

or call Matthew Most at 978-345-7336.



## Paper Goblin Stamps Recall

If you have outstanding NERO Mass goblin stamps in paper form, they must be turned in directly to Bob Hawkins or mailed to Rachel to be turned into virtual goblin in the system by the end of the Labor Day, 2002, Ravenholt event. After that date, we will no longer accept paper goblin. If you want to know how much goblin you currently have on file, or wish to convert the goblin to blankets, please contact Bob at: [update@neromass.com](mailto:update@neromass.com).

## 2002 Events Schedule

<u>EVENT</u>	<u>DATES</u>	<u>REGISTRATION BEGINS (10 AM)</u>
Crossroads Season Opener	5/3 - 5/5/02	open now
Ravenholt Long Wknd	5/24 - 5/27/02	SOLDOUT
Crossroads Wknd	6/7 - 6/9/02	4/6/02
Ravenholt Wknd	6/21 - 6/23/02	4/27/02
Ravenholt Long Wknd	8/30 - 9/2/02	6/1/02
Lovecraftian Style Revel	9/13 - 9/15/02	TBD
Ravenholt Wknd	9/27 - 9/29/02	6/29/02
Dark Legends	10/4 - 10/6/02	open now
Crossroads Closer Wknd*	10/11 - 10/14/02	6/29/02
Ravenholt Season Closer	10/25 - 10/27/02	9/7/02

\* May be 2 Day OR Long Wknd

## Gobbies for Stuff!

- √ Solid colors of cloth in 3 yards or more lengths
- √ **Claws (max length red short sword)!!!**
- √ **Other weapons, especially long sword reps!!!!**
- √ Costume pieces
  - Hoods/Cloaks
  - Tabards
  - Pants
  - Vests
  - Shirts
  - Pouches/Bags
  - Belts
  - Hats
- √ Leather Armor
- √ Printers (especially Laser)
- √ Computers (ask before bringing in, please!)
- √ Foam Masks (ask for patterns)
- √ Glowsticks (all sizes/colors)
- √ "Old" books (antique-y looking bound books)
- √ Tarps
- √ Lamps and cool looking lighting reps

Not sure if we can use what you've got? Call or email to check.



## Character Updates, Goblin Blanketing, etc.

To request or discontinue the application of goblin blankets, to buy skills, to verify your character or the credit for an event, to have your character forwarded to or from another chapter for an event, to request a permanent transfer to or from this chapter, or any other business regarding your Core campaign or Crossroads character (but NOT Ravenholt character histories, which should go to [plot@neromass.com](mailto:plot@neromass.com)!), contact Bob Hawkins at [update@neromass.com](mailto:update@neromass.com) or call 508-786-0643.



## Late Arrival Character Cards and Production

As of the end of last season, along with our earlier start time, we implemented a late-arrivals procedure in which cards (and preregistered production) of late-arrival players can be picked up at Monster Camp. If you arrive later than 10 pm on the first day of the event, your card has probably already been moved to the desk at Monster Camp. If you do not see Dru, Cathy, and Bob in the tavern when you arrive, please go to camp before going in game.

## staff contact info

- Owner:** — [owner@neromass.com](mailto:owner@neromass.com)  
Rachel Morris (203) 426-7729  
NERO Mass, 25 Aunt Park Lane, Newtown, CT 06470
- Event Registration:** — [registration@neromass.com](mailto:registration@neromass.com)  
Phone: (203) 426-7729  
Mail: NERO Mass, 25 Aunt Park Lane, Newtown, CT 06470
- Character Update:** — [update@neromass.com](mailto:update@neromass.com)  
Bob Hawkins (508) 229-0836
- Ravenholt NPC Camp:** — [npc@neromass.com](mailto:npc@neromass.com)  
Gary Strong (603) 595-8894
- Crossroads NPCs:** — [crossroadsnpc@yahoo.com](mailto:crossroadsnpc@yahoo.com)  
Sean Daniels
- Newsletter:** — [newsletter@neromass.com](mailto:newsletter@neromass.com)  
Mail: NERO Mass, 25 Aunt Park Lane, Newtown, CT 06470
- Adjudication:** — [adjudication@neromass.com](mailto:adjudication@neromass.com)  
Jeff Collins (508) 261-8842  
Chris Herbert (508) 835-4393
- EMT Coordinator:** — [emt@neromass.com](mailto:emt@neromass.com) (preferred)  
Jai Wolfe (978) 772-4443
- Plot:**  
Ravenholt: — [ravenholt@neromass.com](mailto:ravenholt@neromass.com)  
Dark Legends: — [dlsr@neromass.com](mailto:dlsr@neromass.com)  
Mail: 248 Main Street #2, Malden, MA 02148  
Crossroads: — [crossroads@neromass.com](mailto:crossroads@neromass.com)
- Websites:**  
Ravenholt: [www.neromass.com](http://www.neromass.com)  
Crossroads: [www.neromass.com/crossroads.html](http://www.neromass.com/crossroads.html)  
DLSR: [www.larp.com/darklegends/](http://www.larp.com/darklegends/)
- Also see: — [www.neromass.com/staff.html](http://www.neromass.com/staff.html)

## Crossroads IG/OOG Online

The Crossroads campaign has some ways to get in touch with players and plot between events. There is the mail group ([NEROCrossroads-subscribe@yahoo.com](mailto:NEROCrossroads-subscribe@yahoo.com) to join) and the In-Game tavern that has been set up which you can reach from the website or:

<http://pub97.ezboard.com/bcrossroadsthevelvetclawtavern>.



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 25 Aunt Park Lane  
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*Come to Crossroads May 3-5  
 Register for June Ravenholt or to NPC!*

## *the back page*

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**LarpWare.com** - Your one-stop shopping center for all your Live Action Role Playing needs: 139 Maple St, Manchester, CT 06040, <http://www.larpware.com>, Email: [sam@larpware.com](mailto:sam@larpware.com)



**NERO Mass Web Page**  
[www.neromass.com](http://www.neromass.com)

**Ravenholt Campaign Plot Web Page**  
[www.neromass.com/ravenholt.html](http://www.neromass.com/ravenholt.html)

**Crossroads Campaign Web Page**  
[www.neromass.com/crossroads.html](http://www.neromass.com/crossroads.html)

**Dark Legends of the ShadowRealms Webpage**  
[www.larp.com/darklegends](http://www.larp.com/darklegends)

**8th Edition Rule Books  
 Available Online**

NERO 8th Edition Rule Books and DLSR 3rd Edition Books are now available via our on-line registration and ordering screens at <http://www.neromass.com/registration/register.html>. Rule books are \$10 plus \$3.50 S&H. Please allow 5 to 7 business days for shipping.

### *nero international chapters*

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