

Dryads' Plea

Know all that serve the good of this world of Tyrra that a few heroes were born this day. While some of those who went off with the dryads might have been considered heroes, we must now all consider them defenders of us all. The dryads came with a plea for help to restore Tyrra to lands that had been wiped clean by Garn. The dryads asked simple thing, that lives be merely sacrificed so that the land be restored. A simple thing you may ask? It was for those who decided to go with them. A few proud and honored people, who gave up a piece of their spirit to help the world we live in. Speaking as a person who has died enough that his spirit might break at its next death, I did not understand their sacrifice at all. I asked the question "Why do this? Tyrra will rebuild, reform...in time it would be back to what it was." The answer by one of these chosen heroes was that it was "the right thing to do." I came to the point of rage as I watched them leave and walk to their deaths, my friends, people that I felt more close to than I have felt with almost no one in my life. The great spirits walked into death to bring life back to the world. All of them resurrected safely to

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The Hunter and the Hunted

Early Saturday evening, on the 24th of May, 603, I found myself in the arms of a beautiful woman, being coaxed back into the body I had vacated but a few hours before. After days of endless torture, the beasts who had captured me made a mistake. While I was not in time to save those who went off into the woods and unwittingly, or willingly as some say, walked right into a trap, I was able to warn the town of what was to come and at least save some lives that would have otherwise been lost to ignorance. What was to happen later that night would escalate an already volatile situation in town. The beasts cunning would prove to be above and beyond what I and the rest of the Gorbe would expect from a creature. While we all stood around in the middle of the field getting wet and angry the "Hunter" taunted us from the woodline and employed tactics to scare rather than to kill. To chase the creature into the woods would have meant certain death, so we wisely avoided chasing the creature that far. The night ended with many wet cats going to bed none too happy. I took it upon myself to track the creature from a safe distance. It didn't seem to be very effective

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Local Farmers Complain of Kobold Attacks

Farmers and craftsmen throughout the Ravenholt area have been reporting a rash of Kobold raids starting soon after the end of the last gathering. "They snuck in, stole all my chickens, then stripped my tool shed bare," complained one farmer. "I can't afford insurance, this is gonna set me back ten years." Over a dozen incidents of theft and assault have been reported to the Herald in the past week. No one has been seriously hurt in any of these incidents, with the worst injuries to Ravenholt citizens being a lump on the back of the head. Among the items stolen: foodstuffs, tools, coins, weapons, armor, various alchemical components, and large quantities of thread, string, twine and rope.

Kobolds, a red furred, vaguely doglike humanoid race, have been uncommon in the Ravenholt area for several years. Known for their love of shiny objects, skill with traps, and ability to knock unsuspecting victims unconscious from behind, they are said by some to be "just smart enough to cause trouble." No reason for the sudden rise in the Kobold population has been

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Westmarch Decries the Evildoings of the Black

On a cold and rainy weekend in the Duchy of Ravenholt, once again those who wish to live in a land of peace, mutual trust and friendship, to live for a greater sense of worth and self-being, fought, and some sacrificed their lives, against those who would stop them. A group that knows nothing of trust, love, friendship, that cannot comprehend such things as honor, dignity or loyalty. A people, nay a group of things not to be dignified with the word people, who know nothing more than a need for power or money. A bunch of rabble that knows only greed and cowardice.

The Black Rose once again has decided to move its slimy trail into the confines of our great duchy. The Black Rose, fearing that we have grown closer to discovering their whereabouts, fearing that their power may be waning in this world, struck out. The Black Rose struck against the gathering in Ravenholt City trying desperately to gain back what they so foolishly lost. After a night of failing to even come close to killing or capturing any member of the Court of Westmarch, they once again re-

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The Dark Rider in Niman

I was traveling through my homeland of Niman with my merchant wagon. I travel all around Evendarr selling jewelry and loose gemstones, but I have only brought my slaves on the trips through Niman due to the strict laws governing slavery in the rest of the kingdom. We were on our way home to our establishment in Skoya, Niman. We had just set up camp for the night when brigands beset us. They overcame my small company with magic and we were captured. I have never before found my band overmatched in battle, yet the element of surprise was with them. We had been careless because it had been so long since we had seen trouble and the road we traveled was well known to be one of the safer ones in the duchy.

I was carrying a fair amount of expensive jewelry and a large amount of gold but I was far more concerned with the attention the brigands were paying to my slaves. You have to understand that the three slaves I had with me were the children of my wet-nurse, we had grown up together. Though I own them legally, I seldom think of them in those terms. Stephon and Seth are twins and formidable fighters. Elspeth, their elder sister by a year, is a goldsmith and a gentle soul. She has no heart for fighting and I cursed myself for bringing her into harm's way.

The brigands were considering the price these three would bring on the hidden market. My blood ran cold at the thought that someone could take away these people whom I love. Seeing that we were all bound and gagged, there was little to be done. Stephon and Seth seemed resigned; Elspeth was terrified. My heart was in my throat at the thought of losing them and the sure knowledge that I would die and they might suffer worse than death if they were sold to the wrong master.

Suddenly I felt a tap at my shoulder that startled me out of my skin. I turned to see a black-clad figure crouched near me holding a piece of paper for me to read. The message was this:

Should you require my aid in removing yourself and your company from your present situation, you must agree to give all your slaves their freedom and pay them a fair wage should they choose to stay with you. You must also swear to keep no more slaves for all your lives until final death. -Dark Rider

I was nearly as terrified of this creature as I was of the brigands. Here was the Dark Rider come to rescue me and exact a terrible price. Suppose my slaves should decide to leave me once they were free? How would I manage to replace them if they did? Could I afford to pay fair wage and run a business? Still I saw no alternative, they would probably kill me when they left in order to buy themselves time to escape. At the least I stood to lose a considerable amount of money and my three

best slaves into the bargain. I nodded my agreement, the gag preventing vocalization of my vow.

"Do you swear this on your honor?" It asked in a deep, raspy voice. Again I nodded.

The black-clad figure rose and slid along the length of my wagon then dropped to a crouch. Two brigands sat by the fire discussing our fate while the other two stood guard in the forest, beyond my vision. The Rider slunk around the end of the wagon and crept silently behind the two at the fire. I saw a flash of silver strike one, the mage, behind the head, twice as her magic armor spell flared, and then she lay still. The other brigand leaped to his feet but he was a fighter and not quite as fast as his adversary. The Rider hit him dead in the face with two gas globes and he fell to the ground, asleep.

The Rider tied the two tightly and searched them, then disappeared into the forest. I thought it had abandoned us, but it returned a moment later dragging the two scouts, bound and gagged. It must have gotten them before it came to me with its offer.

I had no idea what to say when it freed us from our bonds. Elspeth thanked the creature and it shook its head. "I'll be watching," it rasped, then it whistled and a large blood bay horse in war tack came to it. Only the wild tribes west of Quentari breed horses as fine as that beast and they don't care for strangers. The Rider rode off without a backward glance.

We traveled the rest of the way in silence, I not knowing what to say, they not knowing what to ask. I decided to wait until we reached the manor so I could address all the slaves. I am a well to do merchant from a long line of merchants; I had about a dozen slaves.

When I arrived home I called the staff together to address them. I told them of the Dark Rider. I could not say whether it was male or female, honestly I believe it to be a lesser power being. But I digress; I told them of my oath to this creature and told them I would be granting them all their freedom on the next day. Those who wished could stay on as hired staff at a fair and reasonable wage.

That was three weeks ago. Most of my former slaves have stayed though a few left in search of loved ones. They never seemed unhappy during their servitude but now they seem truly happy. Nothing has changed and yet everything has.

Most people have a distorted vision of cruel slavers who steal free people and make them slaves, beating them and working them to death. While there is a tiny percentage of illegal slavery, the vast majority of slaves are treated well and cared for. Many grow up with the children of their owners and are considered as servants and in some cases, family. It simply is not sound economics to abuse a slave; they become ill and unable to work well. Many of us are fond of our slaves as well.

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Grist from the Mill

We hear tell that at least one Baron was kept busy enough that he's no longer Baron Babykiller, but now he's being called Baron Yo-Yo by his own court! Someone tells us that they overheard the following exchange more than once, "The Black Rose captured Baron Jayson!" to which the response was, "I know, we just rescued him!" Only to hear, "No, they got him again!" It's reported that the good Baron was captured at least seven times that evening. We hope they do something about the vile Black Rose sooner, rather than later, so Westmarch can have the Baron back safe and sound.

Speaking of Barons, we hear Baron Moonwind is buying gold rings for a lovely young lady who's fairly new to town. She goes by the name of Dany, and she's also been seen in the company of handsome young Valimar. Can the former court member out court his former liege, we wonder?

Speaking of handsome elves, the beautiful Faun is rumored to have lured an unnamed male elf out into the darkness during the undead raid for a "private conversation." Oddly, he was carried off by undead, shortly thereafter.

On a greener front, there was quite the scene when, mid-gather, a small group of seven or so goblins could be seen playing what appeared to be a game of leap frog up the road leading into town. Yells of "Leap Goblin!" could be heard echoing between buildings and into the woods. However, when it appeared they were heading towards a particularly large group participating in an auction, Chester of Westmarch was seen walking up behind them and carelessly waylaying them, all in a row. Several others realized that a cleanup would be necessary; soon people could be seen throwing the unconscious bodies into the woods.

In other colorful news, there's a fine strapping young half-ogre named Crush, who appears to be being trained by his father to be a ferocious warrior. He apparently was dragged off by accident to visit the Icon of Death – sure to frighten even the boldest of adventurers – but he came away unscathed, and is reported to have answered, when asked by Death if he was

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Are you discreet? Trustworthy? Vigilant? Do you travel well and rapidly on your own? The **Fleet of Foot Fleet** is now hiring couriers of all security clearances for its new Ravenholt City branch office. No prior training necessary, but pay scale will be determined based on experience. Ability to read and write is not mandatory. Training available. See a representative of the Fleet during late day meals at the Tavern in the rebuilt Ravenholt quarters, or watch for recruitment notices posted around town.

A Look Back

A Look Back is a new feature in the Herald in which we will travel back through the annals of the Herald's publications to bring a fond bit of memory from days gone by.

This Month in History, 598

- Void continues to taint town
- Doppelgangers invade Ravenholt, including Willow, Sir Antro, (then) Squire Saket, (now) Sir Oberon, Vincent, Sir Victdar, Sir Delahr, Squire Kyrill, and Sheriff Logan
- Cap's Emporium explodes.

This Month in History, 593

- Black Rose kidnaps Princess Andrea Huntington
- Prince Basil takes own life in Honor Ceremony
- Collanis executed yet again, this time for obliteration of Randiron



Haiku Gathering

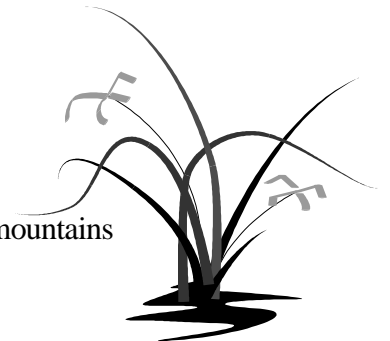
Some of the best poets of Ravenholt have taken to a new form of poetry, called Haiku, which takes a form of three lines: Ffirst five syllables, then seven, then five again. Here are a few, which express townsfolk's thoughts about recent activities in and around the Duchy (submissions welcome):

Wasps all together
Celeste is good at killing
Don't make her angry

Many vampires
Have your stake and eat it too
We won, for a change

Who is giving truth?
Dragons or Elementals
It makes my head hurt

Scale map of Tyrra
With trees, rivers, and mountains
What is your purpose?



Suspicious Fire Under Investigation

Saturday, late evening of last gather, a mob of malcontents ran amuck in the most exclusive area of Ravenholt City, looting and burning down a manor house. Area residents informed this reporter they were shocked and in fear for their lives. One source said “Nothing like this has ever happened before, we have doubled the Guards for our safety and sense of well-being.”

No one could be found who knew the owner of the looted house. Said one woman, “I am not acquainted with the new Lord of the Manorhouse. He has not been there long, but seemed to be a quiet, unobtrusive man.” The new owner was unavailable for comment. Authorities were seen questioning what the local residents described as persons unknown to them. In what authorities believe to be an unrelated event, three farms on the Westmarch road were burned to the ground. Arson is suspected in all three.

Plague in Eastwyck

The plague in Mallow, Eastwyck has claimed the lives of forty people to date. The plague apparently must run its course before it will abate. People who have died before they have reached the final stages of the plague have resurrected at the same level of illness, only to die again when the illness has run its course. Eight people have died permanently as a result of this plague. Many healers, mages and alchemists are working in concert to find a cure. They believe they may have found one, though they warn it is still too early to be certain. They need more testing. Anyone wishing to help with the relief effort is encouraged to send donations of food, bedding and clothing to the town hall of Mallow.

Midsummer’s Faire

It is my great pleasure to report that by decree of His Grace, Duke Roderick Ravenhurst, a faire shall be held on the weekend of the 20-22 of June. There shall be merchants from afar as well as entertainment. Fawn, of the Shooting Star Carnival, is expected to bring her show as well, and there will also be a gypsy casino. The world famous Goblin Market will be there, along with many other exotic merchants.

The so-called “Green Laws” are to be lifted for the duration of the faire and no violence shall be tolerated against any creature within the city proper. All weapons are to be peace-bonded, gas globes and aura are not to be displayed. The only exception will be the guard and the nobles of the ducal household.

Those who wish to sell their wares as well as those who have talent as entertainers are encouraged to contact myself, Lady Carella LaRose, Clarkton Road, Griswold, where I am staying with friends, to enquire about the cost of vending and the rate of pay for entertainers. Entertainers will be paid a stipend plus whatever tips the good faire-goers reward them with.

A Letter of Thanks Unto the Barony of Capulus

I would like to extend a special thanks to the court of Capulus for their unselfish assistance in capturing and destroying the Gorbe hunter. Your efforts have not gone unnoticed.

Allow me to pen down the events surrounding this creature as I witnessed them so that all may and understand why you are so deserving of this praise. Saturday, six Gorbe citizens were captured, tortured and killed ritually by knolls to enhance one of their own, transforming it into a “Gorbe Hunter.” This creature, infused with the spirits of the six Gorbe, was drawn to and determined to destroy any Gorbe it came across. Additionally, it was immune to any attacks, spell or blade, from any other race. Late Saturday night we heard its hideous high-pitched laughter. The Gorbe in town, including myself, took to the field waiting for it to show itself. Members of Capulus, including Baron Wolvestride, Lord Magistrate Dire, Shatter, and Sir

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Hunter from page 1

during the day and I was able to keep my presence unknown to it. I tracked it all through the day and returned to town when it was clear to me that it was heading in that general direction again. I had expected a definite plan to be already in the works but much to my chagrin, all I found were three different rumors of a plan, and eight different people who all had their own plan and no cohesion whatsoever.

No offense to those in charge but it could have been handled much better than it was. The creature wasn’t traveling as fast as I had expected it to, so I arrived long before it did. This caused yet another night of standing around doing nothing but fear and worry. One thing did come from the wait, Nork called in a favor from one of the resident power beings and changed himself into Gorbe for the evening. I, being a foreigner and not in a position to voice my personal opinion on “Semi-Sarrs,” as it were, stayed quiet about the whole thing. When the beast finally arrived, it employed the same tactics and made me and a few other annoyed enough to quit the field for a few minutes and grab a bite to eat. Bad idea on my part. After most of a night and day spent tracking the beast all around Ravenholt city I was fatigued and dozed off. Well I missed the fight and was called to the earth circle to take my part in the ritual that was to rend the beast from the flesh it inhabited. After we all returned to the Den, spirits were high and all manner of mints and intoxicants were passed around. Stresses faded and a good time was had by all.

I would like to thank all those that offered hospitality and would like to extend the gratitude of my household to all those who helped to rid Tyrra of the beast we named “Hunter”

Lathan Areem al’Najir

public notices

Snow Bunny, Bring Cabbage Jr. I might have a surprise for you. Cabbage

Attention: Last week my four year old daughter lost her stuffed doll. It was a small furry bear about six inches high. It wears a red bandana with colorful flowers on it. I am offering a one crown reward for its return. Please help, my daughter hasn't had a good night's sleep in a week. Leave word at the tavern wall if found. -Glenda Haverson

Dearest Cynthia,
The light of the skies can't match your eyes.
The shine of the moon your skin.
Your presence in bloom brightens the moon.
The absence makes the world seem dim.
Your smile is a gift that makes this heavy heart lift.
To stand at your side a hundred miles I would stride.
A thousand oceans I would swim.
You are the light that burns through the night.
The beacon that guides through the storm.
You are endowed with a heavenly harm, beauties charm.

I would say you are a flower but your scent is more lovely.
I would say you are a jewel but your eyes sparkle more than any gem ever could.
I would say you are a treasure but no vault could contain all the riches you hold.
I could say you are a beauty but simple words are not enough.
If I would show you the fairest then a mirror I would use for in your face all others are eclipsed.
Lathan

Snow Bunny
Your beauty is not the only thing that I admire
Your strength and heart make me weep in pain
I look at you through my heart, in high regard
So proud that you made your death not in vain
Cabbage

Wanted: Dwarven Wife. Must have attractive beard and be willing to wean children. Knowledge of ale brewing a plus. If interested, send sketches to Balak Bockpro, Ironvale. Must be willing to relocate.

On the Night of Friday June 20th of 603, may it be known that Squire Jasper Timmons will be Knighted as a Defender of the People of Westmarch and a Protector of the Lands. All are invited to attend the ceremony and thereafter retire to Westmarch Hall for cake and punch.

Adopted, May 28, 603. Dwarven Child, Bardin Bapp, aged 3, by Balak Bockpro, Brewmaster. The adoptive parent was heard commenting he'd "havta go'n find a danged wife now, too."

To the Outsiders,
Know when your ilk step foot on this world, you step foot on my world. My world does not welcome you. If you wish to come and be culled, so be it. We know who will be standing alone at the end of this Great War. Come and find out.
And to you, foolish Mistress of Death, I see through your ruse. Come and collect the fury that awaits you!
Jar'Nok Frumgajutar
Warder of the Timorsham
Moraumang Bajrak

Ladies and Gentleman,
My name is Garyon Wolf. I am a merchant who travels within the lands of Tyrangel, Blackwell, Hawthorne's Bluff, and Lorinorea. I've been currently hired to acquire a list of items. The list is a little large for myself to fill just using the resources I have at hand, so I've sent a copy of this to all land's "trees". What I need is as follows:

Stakes of Woe w/Arcane Solidify still in it (notice the plural), DFM scrolls Earth and Celestial, Permanent Circle of Power, (Earth) 6 month and 2 year, Armor Golem Scroll, Mend Golem Scroll, Any Master Level Golem Scroll, Cloak/Bane vs. charm/sleep/command items, Life items, and Component sets for all of the above (I need lots of components. No amount is too small or too large.) Most of these items can be "Ever" shots but am really looking for per "Day" items. Deals can be worked out. Questions can be answered. Speed is essential. Money is not a worry. Please send a missive to my warehouse in Lorinorea. Hunt Well and Travel Safe

Garyon Arimonte Gryphon Wolf
Of the Royal Mages Guild (Tyrangel & Blackwell)
Of the Royal Healers Guild (Tyrangel, Blackwell, & Hawthorne's Bluff)
Black Clan of the Wolf Tribe

news from around tyrra

Mandrake's Landing

It was reported that Sir Garreth Starling/Ponstad died permanently. What makes it most interesting is that the mystery of none of his deaths has been solved. Meanwhile, upon the lips of the citizens of Mandrake's Landing is talk that Baron Duncan Barkharrow has sworn allegiance to the Mephosian Empire.

Rockshire

Sir Peter Brannacht asked a group to scout the Bear Claw or Bear Head Tribe of orcs. Kade, Gabriel, Arkyn, Ashe, Bec and several others braved the damp and soggy wilderness to seek the orcish forces, which they vanquished readily.

Marshaven

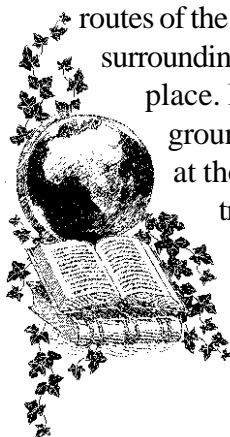
A mercenary company known as "the Lions Point company," run by the Sar Kasrats, and seconded by Anbu Hakage, sponsored by merchant Aranth, has moved in to Marshaven and are seeking others to join their force.

Tyrangel

LET IT BE KNOWN THAT: On the Fifth Day of July, Year 603, Sir Seneca Desertmoon of the County of Marentha, Duchy of Tyrangel, will enter into the commitment of Mating for Life with Guildmistress Acadia Brynn Everhate Ryu Zhi Darkstrider, County of Westerwind, Duchy of Dar Khabad. The ceremony will be held in the lands of Blackwell. The ceremony will be performed by Jauntarius Darkstrider. Family, friends, and well-wishers are invited to attend the ceremony. Anyone having reason why this couple should not be mated has been hereby notified, such that they might present their case to Jauntarius Darkstrider by July 1, 603.

Ackleceium

Rumors from the noble courts indicate that the recent restructuring of the County of Southern Soldrien of Viscountess Kara Trishala as well as the newly redrawn Border County of Count Detmer von Seidau has greatly affected the trade routes of the Western Province of Ackliceium. The area surrounding Greenfields has become a natural marketplace. Being so close to the Greenfields parade grounds, the capital city of Soldrien, and nearly at the center of the province, the marketplace trading has jumped in the last few months. It is believed that the experience the new Viscountess brings has increased both the inner-kingdom trade as well as the export business.



Misty Hollow

Locals are reported to be helping the Wasp Queen, on behalf of Misty Hollow, to help clean out some of the larger hives that have been damaged by the region's lizard men and black goblins.

The Oasis

There is to be a Midsummer festival held at Oasis on June the 21st of 603. All who wish to enjoy such a festival within the constraints of the law are welcomed. I wish to encourage any who would wish to set up a stall for merchant wares inside the tavern. I also would like to thank those who set up to sell their wares at the last festival gathering.

Those who would like formal stall space, please contact me, either via the message boards, or privately. The message keeper has a record of my dovecote. Otherwise, stalls shall be on a first come, first serve basis. Wandering merchants are, of course, also welcome. Those who wish to provide entertainment for the festival should make arrangements with the tavernkeep. I hope that everyone enjoys the Festival! Lady E. Fleurir, Ambassador to the Oasian Fae, Magistrate of Oasis

Oakbottom

Attention Inhabitants of Oakbottom: The Mushroom Wood north of Oakbottom is no longer safe. The creatures of Puddlemuck have started moving into and roaming around the Mushroom Woods and we of the Scouts are advising that no one enter into that area until further notice. We understand that many of you use the mushrooms that grow there for many of your foods and cooking but until this danger has passed, or been dealt with, it is not safe to go there to harvest the berries. Please understand that we are making this recommendation solely for your safety. We are working to get this matter resolved as soon as possible. Respectfully, The Order of the Scouts of the Last Patrol

Fellmist/Richland

Justice Succeeds! It seems the tide has turned for the Fellmist and Richland forces. Count Octavious Justice has quelled the barbarian problem in the north rather well. His forces have swelled with barbarian and highlander recruits eager to make names for themselves. With the influx of fresh troops, Count Pinetree's beleaguered army is now holding the line against Richland. It is rumored that there will be a push to establish an outpost near the Norland/Midland County border where Count Pinetree can begin the task of retaking Midland County.

News from page 6

Therendry

There is dissension in Theren City, the capital of Therendry. It seems there is some truth to the rumors of Duke Roland Chamberlain's role in his father's death. Several notable nobles have left Theren City to distance themselves for the newly crowned Duke in case the rumors are true.

Darkhaven

The town is currently without a Circle in which to resurrect townsfolk, and several altercations are under investigation by the nobility, specifically as to why some locals have been refused resurrection by all of those invested within said circle. For specifics - the circle remains, however it is useless as there are no longer any investitures upon the circle, and no way possible to reinvest the town. There is a sword within the circle that possesses a spirit. The sword has a nature difficult to explain and is likely of Fae Magicks, as it's power has been growing since it's discovery. At this time the sword's presence has been determined the cause of the investiture's backlash and expulsion of those within the circle.

Whitestone

In recent weeks the A.R.A. has made several encampments in and around the Western Province. Rumors of the Archduke Andrew Cromwell, Marshall of the A.R.A., holding spot inspections abound. It is also a strong possibility that the maneuvers the Army is conducting are for the purposes of some sort of border expansion. The Royal Army has fully moved into the Western Province, with well over 20 different sub-divisions in the northern portions of the Kingdom. They have been training with several regimental guard positions over the course of the month. It is clear that they are preparing for something quite important. Although nothing can be confirmed...there is some strange talk going around concerning Duke Ginar Polinar Deralba, and an assassination attempt that occurred this last weekend. No other news has been heard on the matter, which may indicate the rumors are merely that; gossip. The city of Whitestone, once a grand trading city, is no longer the focus of attention. Although the Baron there also has great experience, he is limited by the lack of expansion, as well as the obvious devastation of the Chaos War of 601, and the roads to Soldrien plagued by Hyper-Brood. Many merchants still refuse to take the roads that lead close to Whitestone, for fear of coming across some remnant of that terrible tragedy that befell the Trishalas. Rumor has it the Baron plans on rebuilding the once grand noble estate there, as a testament to the safety and future prosperity of the lands.

Letter from page 4

Martimus hunted the creature mercilessly not only on the field, but in the woods. They were able to determine the beast's pattern, and although not a Gorbe among them, they tracked and chased it though the woods, cutting it off in many places forcing the creature onto the field where the Gorbe force waited. Despite this, we were unable to catch it. It resisted the spells that hit it and although some of us were fast enough to engage it briefly, we could not detain it long enough to do any real damage. The night ended with a lot of frustrated, rain-soaked Gorbe, and the creature still at large.

On Sunday, I asked the townsfolk and nobles for assistance in defeating the creature. I told Baron Wolvestride of my plan and they were more than willing to cooperate. Later that evening, I was honored to welcome Nork as one of us. He unselfishly transformed into a Mountain Lion Gorbe. I was also more than pleased when Shatter of Capulus agreed to perform the ritual that would utterly destroy the thing. With his vast knowledge of rituals, I was confident of success. By the light of the moon the hunt began anew. Smaller groups of Gorbe and townsfolk, and Gorbe and nobles marched the field and the wood-line. Hours past and the only true sign of the thing was echoes of its laughter as it tried to lure us into the deep woods where it waited in ambush. Then I heard Baron Gabriel call for Nork, who stood in the middle of the field, ready. I took off with the ducal court towards Baron Gabriel's voice and his team, which included Sir Martimus, Shatter and Lorien. In the dark, I saw Nork engage it in front of me. It tried to flee as Nork rained blow and blow against it, his two long swords doing immeasurable damage. At last it broke free and we pursued again. But because Baron Gabriel had studied its movements he took his court and cut it off at the bridge, removing its chance for escape. He managed to delay it enough so that the rest of us could get there. Nork again engaged it in the woods, along with Ramses (another Gorbe's) help. It fell finally as myself and others reached the bridge. But the battle was not over. We needed it alive to perform its destruction ritual, and for some reason found it difficult to stabilize its bleeding. Nork had cleaved many a wound in it and we feared stopping to spend time to first aid the beast. Sir Martimus, first Knight of Capulus came forward and stabilized it immediately. To the Guild we went, binding and gagging the creature as we moved across the field, growing in numbers. Shatter performed the ritual, thus destroying the abomination and in the process giving the fallen Gorbe their revenge, and bringing relief to all those whom it had hunted.

I know this letter is but words and it does not close wounds or give back the energy and time spent, but I hope, Capulus, that you take it for what it was given as... mine, and that of my family's, deepest gratitude.

Dame Saket A. Shabmah



Grist from page 3

afraid of her, with a resounding, “NO!”

Meanwhile, on the fashion scene in Ravenholt, we’re told that Trivanus, reported to be a Wasp Mummy or some such nonsense, is attempting to encourage a trend for pointed tabards this year. There’s also some talk of the top ten hot fashions for this year’s Mystic Wood “redesign,” but we figure that’s just someone’s idea of a malicious joke.

On the “Is it really them?!” front, we have been given several reports of some long-gone faces showing up once again, notably many members of the old (or is it now the Old Old) court of Westmarch, including now-farmer Shay, a slew of Redbournes, former Lord Ferral, and more. Strange, isn’t it, how the Black Rose show up in full strength near a gathering of so many Westmarchers!

Westmarch from page 1

treated as the dawn approached. The next night their true colors of evil and depredation showed. The Black Rose knowing that they could not defeat the Champions of Westmarch decided to attack the people of Westmarch. Seizing a family with no other want than to live in peace they used their deaths to incite the Court of Westmarch. Once again attacking the capital city, threatening the deaths of those they had already killed, they struck. The battle was less than fruitful for the filth that believes it might defeat the people of Westmarch and Ravenholt and destroy their way of life. The damage that they inflicted was only the result of the fact that they killed two of the former members of the Court, Ferral and the Warlock, and raised them in corrupted forms. The Black Rose is so inept that they need to take one of our own to even think of hurting us. Hurt us they did, however, for the sacrifice of Ferral and the Warlock was felt by members and former members of the Court, alike. However the one thing it did strengthen is the resolve of those whose loyalty lay to Westmarch. The Black Rose will be defeated as they always have and they will be destroyed for their leader’s competence is so inept that they can not even fight, instead they skulk in the shadows.

The people of Westmarch have weathered the storms of Murdock, the Sessuar, the Necropolis and a hundred other threats. The spirit of a way of life that they believe in and the spirit of the members of the court past in present will prevail over a slime that cannot be described. The call now goes out to Arisa, Goodfellow, the General, the Captain and all the other filth of the Black Rose. If you believe yourself so superior then why not show yourself to be. Come and fight us instead of picking on farmers and commoners, show that you are not full of the type of filth that it is believed you are made of.

- The Current & Former Members of the
Court of Westmarch

Rider from page 2

Not all Nimani own slaves either, only the wealthier classes can afford them.

That is not my point, however. I am writing this to you in the hopes that that Dark Rider, whatever it may be, will read it and know that I have kept my word. I have no desire to get on its bad side. I have read the many stories that have been printed in this paper about this creature when my cousin brought me copies of the Herald on her visits. To read about this creature is far different than actually being close to it, may you never have need of its help.

Markus Delano, Merchant of Exotic Jewelry
Skoya, Niman

Dryads from page 1

my great relief. I would later find out that the area wrecked by Garn was being assaulted by the elementals in an attempt to gain a hold on Tyrra. So those who sacrificed their lives merely to try to help the world, are now ensuring that we are all helped. The dryads grow now linking the wasteland back to this place. All because a few people managed to have trust, faith and courage that it was the right thing to do. I know not all the names of those who went, so I will not leave the list incomplete. However, I think they would want it this way knowing that their sacrifice is their own, but at the same time lauded as something that we can all be proud of, and all thank them for.

Kobolds from page 1

found.

While most of the reports of Kobold activity have been complaints of aggressive behavior, there have been reports of Kobolds traveling peacefully amongst townsfolk, at least when they are outmatched or outnumbered. “Haven’t seen the whiney little things running ‘round here in years. Now I see four different groups running around in as many days,” said Randall Cooper, a local craftsman. “I can lock up my shop at night, but those little twerps can fiddle ‘em open. Now I gotta think about getting a Ward or Glyph for my shop, and I just don’t think I can afford that...” Other traders and craftsmen are concerned as well, and there has been an increase in demand for wards, wizard locks, and other magical defenses.

Also worthy of note, the local green and brown population seems to be upset about the Kobolds as well. Several hunting parties of trolls, hobgoblins, and orcs have been seen wandering about, hunting for Kobolds. This reporter was able to speak to one group of orcs who seemed to forget their animosity towards humans. “They say if a Kobold comes to your cave, few days later, everybody gone,” said Urga Brokentusk of the Brokentusk clan. This story, and others like it, have led to rumors of a “Super Kobold” stalking the local monster community.

the signpost

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

June, 603

Letters from the Signpost and Tavern

My cards shuffled
Doubt opens possibility
Tears just beginning

Pass a Wooden Frame
Road track other names
Leafy veil hides dance
Shaken hand promise
Twister takes a twist
Pattern open quilt-like
Not alone are they
Left alone growing
Howling in and out
Sight equinox ends
See beneath beyond the way
Icy waves lap burning lands
Sorrow wearing happy bells
Turned on head at darkened glade
Open helping beggar mind
Fearing scorn from grandmother
Many making shrieking cry
Not from gardener's sowing
Geas and hunger driven
World dreaming waking fair matching
Secrets walk in dark
More than life abounds
Joy is turning true
Knife in back again
Death smirks watching fools
One third seeking nap
Few let quiet be
Fate brought from within
Honor binds many
Lightning ends visions



Reuben,
First may I say that I'm glad you have survived the attack at the Inn. Though new to Crossroads I wish to offer my services in helping these Gaki find solace. If there is anything I can do just ask.

—Doji Shiro

Rowdies,
Would one of you please contact me as soon as possible?

—Kerwyn

Yes, have seen it, and Dint of Dark Sphere was affected. Several of us have worked together to write down the strange marks or writing we saw on it. If we figure anything out, we will bring it to town council.

—Alwyn, Tailor.

Greetings,
I arrived to the Crossroads last gathering and met you during my stay at the Inn. I am interested in collaborating in any effort to find my way back home so that I may complete my mission and save face. Are you planning another meeting next gathering?

—Doji Shiro

To the people of the Town under Bramble Mountain:
I wanted to formally thank everyone I met for their kindness, acceptance, and hospitality while I was visiting your town. I am very excited to have seen Gorbe, Scavengers, and Vornae after so many years. You all must feel so fortunate to have these skilled individuals in your presence. I look forward to visiting your town again soon. I wish all of you safe travels and living. Until next time.

Sincerely, Azaleen

Greetings Citizens of Crossroads,

As you are all well aware, members of the Crimson Legion of the glorious Empire were recently torn from our battle at Rotaran and transported to Crossroads by means of foul magic.

Although we were initially dismayed by the number of defilers and creats among you, we were pleased to see that there were a number of well-intentioned civilians in your town, many of whom will soon be worthy of being full citizens of the Empire. As we worked to show you the benefits of the Empire, we were glad to support the town by crushing the minions of Rukus, as well as performing escorts and other measures for public order and security.

Those of the Legion who have been sent to this place are currently out scouting the land for new threats and some sign of the Empire. Anyone having information about the location of the Empire or some way to get back home should bring it to Captain Neith immediately. Refusal to assist will result in punishment.

Rest assured that the Empire has finally come to you in your battered and banished corner of the world. We will neglect you no longer. The Empire is finally here to bring you purity and civilization and to wean you away from the defiling magics which are corrupting your lives and are the basis of nearly every evil which befalls your town. The Empire will be your salvation!

Glory to the Crimson Legion!

Glory to the Empire!

Forge Thoughts

Alright. So my apprentice and I saw a lot of people last town meeting, and some of you were very familiar faces. With the new forge not being part of the tavern, there was a lot less noise, and its easier to tell when we are open.

That brings me to the schedule. We did not post hours of operation because the whole changing town kinda threw us off. Well, we are going to post our hours of operation next time. Also, when we were open last time, people seemed to wait around until we were closing to come in by the dozen. So we are going to post the hours of operation.

The goblin somebody hired to fix the forge got almost all of the work done. We do not need any more materials, just work done. If people in town don't learn Masonry or Carpentry, then they better make sure to keep that goblin safe and happy.

- Maddock



out-of-game information

Ravenholt Event Start Time 9:30 pm

Please know that Ravenholt Plot has made a commitment to begin game as promptly as possible for the rest of the season. We feel that we can provide you with the most entertainment possible by starting game on in a timely fashion, and starting when we plan to helps us stay on schedule for planned module slots and NPC resources. As such, we will be running out-of-game notes at 9:30 pm, and expect game on to be at 9:45 on Fridays of the event.

June Vending for Faire

Anyone who wishes to vend or knows someone who wishes to vend OOG at the June event, please contact me ASAP. There are still plenty of slots available. Persons doing so MUST sell ONLY items that meet NERO safety standards AND fit in the Tyrran universe. Anyone who is willing to loan us pavilions for this event is also urged to contact me ASAP so I can arrange to get them to the site. PS if you have been trying to reach me at the NEROTICS addy, it is not working now, please use this addy instead. WarGoddess@vampirethemasquerade.com

-Athene (Kitten/Annie)

Things NERO Mass Needs ASAP

(Besides NPCs pre-registering for events!)

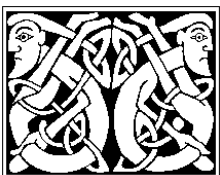
We need CLAWS galore, and other WEAPONS.

We need PACKETS.

We need shelf units and standing closets/cupboards for our storage area.

We need CLAWS, and WEAPONS, and PACKETS!

Did I mention, we need claws, weapons, and packets, oh, my?!



Parking at the Ware Site

It is vital that players park in the field lot beyond the manor house instead of lot behind the kitchen. Only staff of the camp and medical staff may park behind the tavern. It is mandatory that the entire driveway remains clear. We had an emergency at opener which required ambulances to come on site, but they could not get in the back lot as they should have been able to do!

Additionally, please remember that you may NOT park in either the driveway between the mod building and the manor house, or on the road. Finally, National has stated that NERO takes no responsibility for damage to vehicles while in the parking lots at events. As such, we ask that all players ensure that combat does not spill over into parking areas so as to avoid risk to the cars.

Changes to the Attunement Playtest as of May Ravenholt Event

Please note that in-game changes have caused one-shot items to no longer need attuning. This means that you may use single activate items without going through the attunement process. You still must attune any other magic items per the published write-up. Additionally, the following scrolls transfer freely in and out of Ravenholt:

Bane Vs X	Enchant
Change Race	Expanded Enchantment
Channel	Extend/Greater Extend
Cloak Vs X	Greater Ward
Create Formal Magic Platform	Invest/Divest
Create High Horoscope	Magic Aura
Create Ltd Formal Magic Scroll	Mend Golem
Create Mark/Remove Mark	Obliterate
Create Perm Circle Of Power	Planar Asylum
Create Stake Of Woe	Protection Aura
Create Unltd Formal Magic Scroll	Render Indestructible
Damage Aura	Spirit Farewell
Delimit	Spirit Forge
Delve History	Spirit Link
Destroy Magic (Great/Less)	Vengeance
Dream Vision	Whispering Wind
Elemental Aura	

Receiving Proper Event Credit

Please note that you **must** turn in your character card in order to assure you get game credit for playing. This is the only way we can be sure Bob has a record of your blanket for the game. This is doubly important if you are an out-of-chapter character, as he must inform them of your attendance.



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Crossroads: www.neromass.com/crossroads.html

For additional staff contact information, see:

www.neromass.com/staff.html

2003 Schedule

<u>EVENT</u>	<u>DATES</u>	<u>REG. BEGINS</u> <u>(10 AM)</u>
Ravenholt Weekend	06/20 - 06/22/03	ON SALE
Ravenholt Long Weekend	08/29 - 09/01/03	ON SALE
Crossroads Weekend	09/12 - 09/14/03	ON SALE
Ravenholt Weekend	09/26 - 09/28/03	06/28/03
Crossroads Long Weekend	10/10 - 10/13/03	ON SALE
Ravenholt Season Closer	10/24 - 10/26/03	09/06/03



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*Sign up for Ravenholt and Crossroads...
 Register to NPC for all Events!*

the Back page



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NERO Mass Web Page

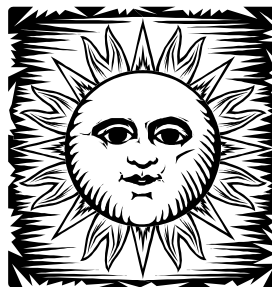
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Ravenholt Campaign Plot Web Page

www.neromass.com/ravenholt.html

Crossroads Campaign Web Page

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- * NERO Pro (PA) * NERO Pennsylvania Northwest * NERO South Carolina * NERO South Central PA (POLAR) * NERO Southern Colorado *
- * NERO Southwest * NERO South Georgia * NERO Virginia (VALOR) * NERO West Virginia (WAR) * NERO West (CA)