

# Raven's Herald

Vol. 19 Number 6

Habita Diem Gravis

September, 606

## News from the Front

One of Theodorik's Crucibles (devices used to create the Anointed and Annealed) was destroyed with Formal Magics by a series of adventurers, among them the Barons of Eastwyck and Capulus, the Baroness of Anym, and Sir Amra. While it is not clear how many of these Crucibles exist, nor how they are formed, it is believed that this is a major blow to Theodorik's troops. The few scouting reports that have come in from the north-central region of the Northlands imply that far fewer of the Annealed, in particular, have been seen there than in other areas to the north.

### Baron Regent Borin Timoth Rescued!

The former Baron Regent of Eastwyck, who held the post prior to the current Baron Shoshoto, had disappeared over a year ago. Members of the court of Capulus discovered him held prisoner by Barbarians of the Speartooth clan in an abandoned mine. The barbarians had chained him to a forge and forced him to make weapons. He is now safe and attempting to regain his strength after his arduous captivity.

### The Black Rose Spreads Its Foul Petals Leaving Wake of Devastation

In an attack announced ahead of time to several members of the nobility and the Ravenholt Guilds, the Black Rose mounted a strike against Ravenholt Sunday night. In a letter (unfortunately the Herald could not obtain a copy by press time) sent days prior to the attack, the Rose made references to the loss of Jericho and the planned assault, even naming the time and place of their offensive. After hours of planning by the nobility, the Rose surprised the town by arriving earlier than expected. The Gaoler and his minions dropped the wards on all the halls in a lightning-quick strike. They then retreated, regrouped and hit the town in force, eerily chanting "Jericho" as they marched. Other members of the Rose on the field that night included

Daedalus and a female vampire. Many townsfolk were taken and turned in the battle before they were finally recovered and lifed. The most unfortunate consequence of this attack was the demotion of Sir Trivanus by ducal order, although the Herald could not garner details of the specific circumstances.



## Noble Announcements

At the recent early September gather, Sir Trivanus Lithanos, Knight to His Grace, Duke Johnas Stemple and Warlord in the Northlands campaign, was asked to resign his commission and title, for reasons unclear as of press time, but believed to be in some way related to the visit from the Black Rose. It is rumored that His Grace placed Baron Gabriel Wolvestride in charge of the Northlands campaign to ensure seamless leadership, but the Herald has yet to confirm whether this is a temporary or permanent change.

Sir Martimus Wilder of the Court of Capulus completed his quest to bond to the lands of Capulus and his private bonding ceremony was held on September 4th, 606. On the night of September 3rd, just prior to the attack of the Black Rose, Shatter Entenari of the Court of Capulus was granted and accepted the title of Knight of Capulus. His estate will be Hangman's Brook. There will be a formal ceremony in Capulus for each, and a private ceremony will take place in Ravenholt with the entire court next gather.

Meanwhile, Daramor Darkcloud was Knighted as a Ducal Knight of Ravenholt, adding to the lengthy list of titles this renowned man has held in Ravenholt. Our congratulations to Sir Darkcloud.

### Quagmire Falls!

The latest devastating loss in the war against Theodorik is the small town of Quagmire, now buried under a mass of lava as the River of Fire rolled over it. It is believed that the townsfolk managed to evacuate, except for a band of the Cumberland militia stationed there. These brave men and women retreated to the caves under Quagmire, formerly headquarters to the Black Rose, where they were subsequently trapped. The entire court of Capulus mounted a valiant rescue operation but by the time they arrived in the tunnels they only found angry barbarians who could somehow regenerate rather than the Cumberland militia they were expecting. The entire court survived the ordeal thanks to Baron Gabriel's quick thinking and magical knowledge.

### A Message of Hope

Sources close to the nobility have revealed that they have called several significant war councils. The nobles are organizing and planning for a great push that could prove decisive. They are recovering, reorganizing, and believe victory is in Ravenholt's grasp.

# The Wendigo's Challenge



Veshengo first visited us about four months ago. His bedraggled features and haunted eyes hid a fierce, loving heart. I knew we had something in common the minute I saw him. I suppose there's a wildness... a particular animalistic charisma around someone who makes their home among the wild and natural things of this world.

His reluctance to spend time among civilization gave way to duty when this duchy asked Veshengo - the man we call The Hunter - for his special expertise in tracking and woodland stealth. The job was dangerous - Veshengo was to go into the midst of Theodorik's control to find the origins of the Annealed, those creations that eventually hope to become the heart of Theodorik's heaviest troops. What Veshengo found there would quail any strong man, but what he found here in Ravenholt City drove him to rage. See Baron Wolvestride if you want to know more on that.

The Wendigo made its appearance around the same time as Veshengo. The enhanced animals sent against us by the Wendigo back then apparently came into its service of their own free will, in service to something bigger than themselves. Many of us serve in the same way. The stated intent of the Wendigo was to promise us all a future under siege from the natural world itself, if something did not change. The natural world, and Nature; the very breath and bounty of Tyrre, are those things I set myself to protecting, not destroying. Something had to change, but what? I set about finding out.

On a seemingly unrelated note, I found on several occasions that someone beyond my poor skills in covering its passage was stalking members of the group known as the Undead Slayers Brigade. I knew nothing more until this past Long Gather. When the Wendigo made itself known, it wore the haggard, frost-rimed visage of The Hunter, Veshengo. In an unguarded moment, I noticed a similarity between the tracks of my mystery quarry and the traces of this very being calling itself Wendigo, and finally closed the mystery. That night, the Wendigo found a kinship between what my life has become, and its own designs. It likewise took into its confidence Sir Jayson Askani and Captain Aelfric An'Aldar. Here's what the Wendigo said:

Veshengo had committed the ultimate crime. He, a sentient, had "eaten of the flesh of his own kind." What that means, exactly, I cannot say. I suspect it's metaphoric, but it

might be literal. We'll see. For this crime, Veshengo is being punished by the Wendigo in its own way. Right or wrong, I can't say, but I get the feeling there's history between those two that I don't comprehend. But why the Undead Slayers' Brigade? For that, Zybediah was invaluable. You know that charismatic Gypsy up at the Healers' Guild? He's a spirit talker of sorts. He put us in touch with the spirit of Veshengo, until then subsumed by the Wendigo. Veshengo told of overhearing two members of the U. S. B. speaking over their fourth or fifth strong ale in derisive tones of killing or torturing some small animals. This drove him to such rage that, after his perilous trip through the north, his mind went unguarded one moment too long, and the Wendigo seized its advantage and took hold. In that moment, it also took on Veshengo's rage at those two miscreants against Nature.

Through negotiation made possible by Zybediah and Sir Askani, both Aelfric and I took on the onus of ordering the wayward lives of those U. S. B. They'll serve the betterment of a section of the natural woodland around Ravenholt City under the guidance of myself and Aelfric. In return, the Wendigo will stay its inevitable vengeance against them for the span of one year, after which time, it will make its pleasure known. If pleased with their actions on behalf of Nature and the natural world, it will either release them from its scrutiny, or wreak its punishment on them.

If Aelfric and I do our jobs, we'll see the former. If not, then the latter. Fates help those two if any of us fail.

*Faithfully inscribed as dictated by Johann to this scribe, Escritorius.*

## *Fortunes Told! Adventures Gleaned! Goods Bought, Bartered, and Sold!*

*Lady Bashian de la Rue de Fortuna and members of the House Rue de Fortuna bring trade and sage fortunes to Ravenholt City. Speak to a member of the Household if we can be of aid, or see Lady Bashian to spin the Wheel and hear her words of wisdom.*





## Progress Toward Pandemonium: The Battle for the Throne of Chaos

The remaining elemental champions struggled mightily in several contests this gather. The elements of Darkness, Dream, Death, Order, Air, and Earth hosted challenges that whittled the Champions down to four. First was the trial for Darkness, an inky match at best.

Then transpired Dream—a contest

described to this reporter as “arts and crafts time.” The champions were each asked to gather three team members to assist them in the creation of a chariot for Chaos using only the contents of a box, some glue, and a wooden chariot model. They ranged from a combination of Form and Function as created by Chastity and the Westmarch Dragoons that included a soft velvet interior and leather canopy; to Assistant Guildmistress Omi’s use of the entire box (largely attributed to her teammate Alle’s love of everything shiny).

Two Champions, forced by lack of supplies, created alternatives for the Lady of Disorder. Squire Brook—her champion—built her a cozy nest with the help of Kaltos, Damiana and an unnamed teammate. Squire Beckett of Eastwyck, Champion of Order, seemed to be in physical pain when asked to make a banner for Chaos. His result, which included a blue-eyed death knight and the silver piece one got for killing it, was a hit with the judges. Other entries included Kumir’s Chaos bachelor party sleigh-wreck (assisted by Draco, Odin, and another teammate), T’Kari’s (which was never described for this reporter), and Squire Anwyn’s (self-described “team effort” with Demma, Johann, and Silent) “Chaos Fishing for Trouble.”

The winning submission, which can only be called “Life following Art” as it inspired the impending nuptials announced earlier, was Falkir’s (with his team Ch’razz, Aelfric, and Baroness Cynthia Timmons). Falkir had a vision he seemingly communicated telepathically to his team (he never told them what to do, yet they executed it perfectly according to the Champion of Death). In a honeymoon chariot rode

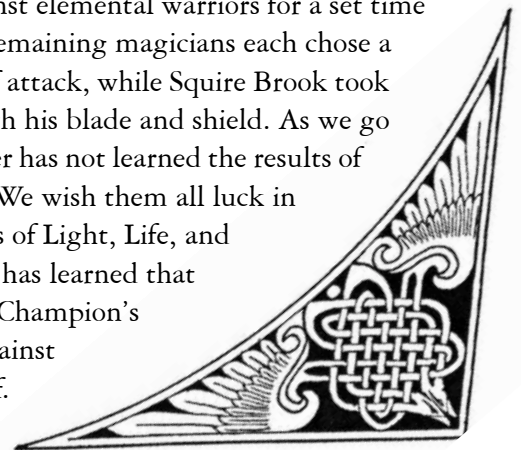
the newlyweds Squire Brook and Lady Chaos. The half-charred banner of Chaos flapped in the breeze. The mistress of Mayhem was reportedly so enchanted with Falkir’s creation that she carried it about with her as she and Kitten planned her wedding. T’Kari, an admirable choice to fill in for the absent Champion of Water, was unfortunately eliminated.

Next in the trials came the plane of Death, an ordeal in which the champions endured waves of attacks from undead minions. As they fell, the bodies of the minions did not dissipate; a curious phenomenon to say the least. The contest ended when Assistant Guildmistress Omi—Champion of Dream—cast a life spell on one of the bodies. Her lifegiving act ironically killed her chances in the competition.

Next came the trial of Order, a surprisingly humorous contest which involved a game of “Melchroon Says” led by an Order elemental, an interesting twist on a game this reporter has not played since she was a kit. Champions were only supposed to make a move if “Melchroon said” to do so. Orders lacking that prefix were not to be obeyed; any attempt to do so meant elimination from that trial. As told to this reporter by Squire Beckett of Eastwyck, Falkir—Champion of Death—was first to be eliminated (which meant his removal from the entire contest). The last two contestants—Kumir and Squire Anwyn—held on for some time before Kumir prevailed.

Later that day The Arbiter called the Champions together for the contest of Air. The element of knowledge and intellectual pursuit, Air required the Champions to take an exam of magical knowledge, history and cosmology followed by an essay on the topic “Chaos: Pro or Con.” Chastity prevailed while Squire Anwyn was eliminated (unfortunately in the element for which she was chosen Champion). See her column “Tidbits of Time” in this issue for more information.

The final test, Earth, set each Champion the task of holding a narrow door against elemental warriors for a set time period. The three remaining magicians each chose a different method of attack, while Squire Brook took the direct route with his blade and shield. As we go to press this reporter has not learned the results of the last challenge. We wish them all luck in the remaining trials of Light, Life, and Water. The Herald has learned that the last remaining Champion’s final test will be against The Arbiter himself.



# A Night for Wine, Story, and Song;

## Or, How The First Hobbling Poobah, the Fox and the Hound, and Warbling Elves Conquered the Town

Sunday night Ravenholt's lucky citizens witnessed yet another talent extravaganza hosted by Lady Bashian de la Rue de Fortuna and her Rue de Fortuna clan. Fifteen fine performers took to the stage for fame and as much fortune as they could gather off the floorboards. Lady Bashian invited the contestants to develop entries related to the theme of war. First up was Brennie SmallPines with a heart-wrenching shipwreck ballad. Lily the Fox, in the first of two performances, belted out a lovesong, "As Long As You Are Mine." Following Lily, a trio of raucous gypsies—Zebediah, T'Kari, and Joaquim—led the audience in a participatory round song "When the Old Dun Cow Caught Fire." Who knew making the most of adversity could end in being "blue-blind, paralytic drunk"? The elegant Lady Ereglynn, in an award-winning piece, stirred the audience to admiring tears with her rendition of "The Old Shield Wall." Setting an admirable tone for the evening, Ereglynn did not pick up the shower of gold that followed her performance. She, and several other competitors donated their gold to the orphanages in Eastwyck. Lady Bashian reported that a total of nearly 22 gold and several production items were donated to this cause.

Markland followed Ereglynn with a lovely ballad, "Wild Mountain Thyme." Perhaps still carried away by gypsy performance art, the crowd supplied a low background hum for Markland. In a complete change of pace, Forsythe—Herald of Eastwyck—gave a thrilling recitation on the virtues of loyalty, remembrance, and the power of dreams in the face of adversity so that our "children will have a place to call home." Calvin of Hox then stepped into the silence and wove a curious tale about a man who raised birds and tried to cheat death. We will all remember "Let fly the birds!" Sister Prudence got the crowd jumping with a "very serious song about buying underwear." Then came the surprise pairing of Kumir and Lily the Fox in a duet "Hunting the Hare," presented—as they noted—by "the fox and the hound." Flute and voice complemented each other beautifully. Trivanus Lithanos then spun a tender, lush love song. Cyndal graced us with her charming voice in "I will not forget you" and Kitten provided a ballad in keeping with the evening's theme. She had also penned the piece herself, which was entitled "Praise for the Fallen." Ren then gave a rousing rendition of one of his favorites before the performers took a short break.



For intermission, one of the Rue de Fortuna gypsies—following the old

adage "everything is funnier upside down"—told a joke while in a handstand. Dame Mother Merry added to the festivities with a humorously ribald account of one difference between the sexes. After the intermission Joaquim staggered to the makeshift stage, following his own poetic advice, "One must always be drunk." A last-minute entry then proceeded to steal the show. Ivan, ever the consummate entertainer, concluded the competition with his inspired account, "The Grand High Hobbling Poobah of Ravenholt." Ivan had the audience rolling out of chairs as he told the story of Joe, the first Grand High Hobbling Poobah, who made his fortune from the discovery that one can get treasure by hitting elves on the head with rocks. Some of this reporter's favorite quotes include "Normally, when you hit a box with an elf, it opens," and "I have three unconscious elves and an unopened box...I think I'll start a circus."

A second intermission allowed the judges to compare notes. Highlights included Zebediah's joke about gypsy gambling, a gypsy "sword form" that seemed to make killing truly an art form, and Calvin's "Shortest Ghost Story in the World" which the *Herald* is now proud to print in its entirety: "A man awoke in the darkness and reached for the matches to light the candle. They were placed in his hand." Lady Bashian concluded the intermission with her saga "Benjamin Bowmaneer," about the wars beginning in Ardynn.

And now for the results, admirably provided by judges Guildmistress Kayla, Dak, and Hobbling Keme...

First: Ivan

Second: Kumir and Lily Fox

Third: Trivanus Lithanos

A special prize for theme-based entries was selected by the judges from three entries (Forsythe, Kitten, and Ereglynn) at the behest of Lady Bashian, which Ereglynn was granted.



### Darkhorse Demolitions Available to Ravenholt City

Salutations!

Darkhorse Demolitions is pleased to offer all forms of Destruction. If you need something disempowered, disenchanting, destroyed, detonated, devastated, exploded, imploded (my personal favorite!), knocked over, blown up, torn down, sapped, sabotaged or stripped - look no further! Rates are negotiable. For more information, please contact Ezekiel Darkhorse via Fleet of Foot in Ironvale, or via Whispering Wind.

With Darkhorse, destruction is assured - discretion is guaranteed!

# public notices

Results of the kissing contest: The renowned Chester Kapel “strong of arm, stronger of heart”: 22, Rozrock: 1

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Citizens of Ravenholt—Do you find yourself popping mint just to stay awake for that 2 A.M. battle? Do you “pump up” with four or five sprigs to chase away afternoon dol-drums? Do you find yourself chasing fluffy balls across the field for no apparent reason when you should be napping? You might want to consider joining a new organization, designed for those Gorbe in need of assistance with their mint-use problems. Minter’s Anonymous will offer counseling by Chastity. Remember—always mint responsibly

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If any of the Aspects from other timelines still serve Tyrra and still wish to fight corruption and undead, if they need assistance rebuilding their Tyrran bonds, they should seek out Sir Martimus of Capulus, who places himself at their disposal.

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Thank you to Odin, Omi, Marley and Sir Martimus for your help on my task on Sunday afternoon.

Yours,  
Squire Kercheck of Capulus

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Wanted: Skilled adventurers and stout of heart individuals. Mining experience a plus. Rockwell Mining Co.

Unto Marley, Omi, Odin and Sir Martimus,

I thank you again for helping me with my quest on Sunday afternoon. Without you I could not have completed this task. You have my eternal thanks. Dallen R. Shenzis is now free from his imprisonment and his cousin Patrick is grateful.

Yours in service and friendship,  
Squire Kerchek Mirabad of Capulus

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Isabella,

Your actions have been dictated by a past that you have no knowledge of, besides your family. A family that has led you down a path of evil and depravity. When the score is settled at the end of your life, the body count of your actions will number legion. All for a cause you fall into without thinking. I saw the zealotry in your eyes and heard it in your voice. For it is not the evil of the Rose that truly sickens me, but those who let it come into their hearts and corrupt their minds. I still reached out to you at the behest of the people that you betrayed, from a town that loved you. For a chance to stop all the travesty and loss that has come from you and any who support this cause of evil. You were given a last chance to right the wrongs of your past. A chance to redeem your family and its name. A chance to make right the travesty of your life. All of these were thrown away and now you lie in darkness. Do not fear, however, for you will not remain there long. I will come for you.

-K



## Reward for Tapestries

A number of historically relevant tapestries and banners, including the retired colors of several barons, baronies, and commoner groups, went missing from their usual display locations in the Ravenholt City tavern earlier this year.

His Grace, Duke Stemple, initially declared an amnesty on the matter, so long as the banners were returned in a timely fashion, but they have not been. As of last gather, His Grace has placed a reward of 50 Gold for evidence leading to the arrest of the perpetrators and safe recovery of the works. His Grace is reported to be extremely irate that these banners, which have led troops into war in the past and united the people of Ravenholt under them, have not been restored to their rightful places.



## Child-like Spirits Seen in Further South

This summer, the Herald reported that citizens in towns in Cumberland and in Eastwyck seeing small, child-sized, or at least child-like, spirits wandering around the outskirts of their communities, as if

looking for something. Initially seen in northern Cumberland, there have been no reports from the front since then, but several sightings closer to Ravenholt City. One individual claimed to have watched as one of the child-sized spirits seemed to become covered with burns and blisters, but not to have noticed. Some speculate that these are children who have been killed during the war, and who search for their parents, who may have successfully resurrected.



Dear Pearl - How does one go about informing a prominent member of nobility that he is in dire need of the services of a tailor without being brought up on charges for the contempt of a noble?

In Stitches

Dear Stitches,

I'm assuming from this letter that you are a tailor by trade, or that you are acquainted with one. Personally I think our nobility look quite dashing for the most part, so I'm not sure who you have in mind, but putting that oyster aside for the moment... The law reads "defamation of a noble's character through insults, lies, or mockery" so my thinking is this: go to the noble (or preferably his or her squire) and introduce yourself or your friend and ask if they have been considering a change of apparel to keep up with the latest fashions. If they respond positively, then offer your services. Asking questions and offering one's services are not mockery or insults and they certainly aren't lies. Whatever you do, don't go around town gossiping about said individual and their appearance. That certainly breaks the law and is in truly bad taste. One must not be tacky, dear.

Best of luck,  
Pearl

Dear Pearl – While fighting at the front, I met a man who turns my head. There's just one small problem. I'm in the Eastwyck army and he's a Barbarian from the Gallmud Tribe. What can I do?

- Juliet

Dear Juliet,

While I can never keep track of the many groups of Barbarians with whom we are allied and those considered enemies, I think you should be quite careful here. Just in case this heartthrob is a member of a hostile tribe, I think I should acquaint you with a little offense we in Ravenholt call Treason. Depending on your actions they could be considered "rendering aid to a sworn enemy of Evendarr" for which the first offense is Obliteration. Think about it, is a roll in the furs worth an oblit? There are so many attractive young things trooping about Ravenholt I would think you wouldn't have to look too far afield to find someone worthy

## Pearls of Wisdom

of your affections that wouldn't result in death. And if your gorgeous Gallmud is allied with us, then what's the problem? See my letters to others stuck in the straits of love in the past two issues of the *Herald* for dealing with divided and stymied affections.

Love,  
Pearl

Dear Pearl – Now that Trivanus is a commoner again, does this mean there's hope for those of us wanting a Ducal Knighthood?

-Covetous

Dear Greedy,

This letter is in poor taste to say the least. As I am a rather picky eater, I will only say this: remember my letter to "Social Climber" in the last *Herald*? One must be worthy of the post my dear, and so far your intentions fall short of the mark. This question heaps shame on you for asking and does not do Trivanus the honor he deserves.

-Pearl

Dear Pearl – Have you noticed that all the highest nobles of Ravenholt are male elves? Ever since Duke Stemple (the Quentari Elf) came into power, more and more elves have been coming to power. What do you think of that?

-(S)elfish

Dear aptly named,

I'm not quite sure, dearie, what you want me to say here. Your question smacks of Treason and Slander! I firmly believe that those who are members of the nobility are there because they have earned it and therefore are worthy of respect. There are, may I remind you, many members of Ravenholt's noble courts who are not Elven or male. I give advice on questions of etiquette, protocol, and matters of the heart. I am not a political commentator or rabble rouser. I leave that to those who might not be as interested in long, healthy lives. So in the interests of etiquette and protocol, may I suggest you issue a public apology to His Grace and the nobility of Ravenholt?

-Pearl

# Squire Anwyn's Tidbits of Time—by Squire Anwyn Greenward Ahora of Westmarch

After what can only be called a humiliating experience for one who has committed herself to the pursuit and careful archiving of knowledge, I have decided to make my devotion to my craft and my Patron more apparent. In the belief that history, like chocolate, should be savored in small bites I have decided to begin this column in the hopes that I can work on my own knowledge of the past while sharing it with others. As such I will be presenting a VERY short excerpt from Ravenholt's early history (as archived by Ember) that I consider relevant or interesting. I have chosen a fascinating little bit for this month:

"Life in the Northern Marches remained mostly peaceful until the summer of 566, when increasingly aggressive Northmen launched an all-out war on the Baronies of Westmarch and Eastwyck. Sadly, the tragedies of that war would be felt across the lands. Goodwin Northridge, Cecil Swordhand and his entire family would all, oddly, suffer their final deaths during these battles. Baron Northridge was struck down during a long and bloody battle with the Northmen in the spring of 567. Cecil Swordhand and his entire family were slain in 569 when the capital of Eastwyck was sacked by the Northmen.

In an attempt to boost the flagging morale of his troops, King Roderick traveled to the front. In the midst of his trip, he was captured by a sizeable raiding party of Northmen. The Northmen, led by a fierce war chief known as Theodoric, would have escaped with the King if it was not for the actions of a young captain of heavy horse. The young captain rallied his troops, the White Raven Company, and galloped in to save the King. The battle raged at White Sands Ford of the Blood River for what felt like days to the young man. Ultimately with a last surge of energy, the young captain slew Theodoric, personally saving the King's life. The young man was Basil Ravenhurst.

The daring and suicidal attack to save the King weakened the Northmen's morale and threw them into disarray. In honor of his heroic and selfless act, Basil Ravenhurst was awarded the lands of Eastwyck and the title of Baron as successor to Cecil Swordhand. By the fall of 569, the war with the Northmen was over."

I welcome discussion and debate over this information. After all, history is more than just facts. It's how we learn from the past, grow with that knowledge, and apply it in our daily lives.



## Undead Rise Again

Ravenholt suffered several attacks on the town this gather from various hordes of undead driven out of the northlands. Blaming Ravenholt and all living beings for the war, the lich, vampire and other undead descended on the town because "it was our fault" according to one eyewitness. What may have been a separate, mercenary band of undead appeared Saturday night for one reason: To kill Vidal Timmons. Reasons for their contract on Vidal are unknown to this reporter. Ren Kaeriyuki of Eastwyck and Aelfric An'Aldar, Captain of the Ducal Rangers both died in the attacks. Fortunately, they resurrected safely, although late breaking news as we go to press informs us that Ren Kaeriyuki subsequently suffered his final death in protection of the Kingdom of Avendale a few weeks later.

## Mouse Wisdom, A Collection of Sayings from the USB's "Shrew of Doom"

"Never offer cookies to someone holding a repel"

"Never agree to guard someone and rob them at the same time"

"Never end up unconscious when Grak's in mating season"

"Never go into the woods with Tarkin"

"Run away from 13 death knights"

"Never stand in front of Alle when she's casting"

"Never sell any members of the USB into slavery"

"Never leave Ren alone with a race-change scroll and components"

"Never leave the mouse stranded in the circle"

"Never let Arias negotiate"

## Addenda and Corrections

Please note the following correction: there is not, nor has there ever been, ANY "dalliance" between Forsythe, the Herald of Eastwyck and Ereglynn, the former Seneschal of the Ducal household.

There are no graveyards in Shandlin's Ferry, as was erroneously reported in last month's Herald. According to Brick, a denizen of the town, they outlawed all graveyards eight years ago.

# news from around tyrra

**Therendry/Blackstone** - Therendry appears to be having trouble with its vegetation. Stories circulate on the magic trees of a powerful being known as the "Pumpkin King" who returns each year for vengeance. His body is that of a man but his head is a carved jack'o lantern. His mere touch is poison. In addition, a sentient shrub, known as the "Am bush" is continuing efforts to converse with the locals. It apparently wishes release from its magical enslavement. Unfortunately a one-word vocabulary is making communication rather difficult.

**Dar Khabad/Oubliette** - From the desk of Lord Skarlok:

On this day we of the lands of Oubliette do bestow the title of Knight Protector upon one, Severus Celeburuloki. He once being a citizen of Quentari has now declared his allegiance to Evendarr. He is to be given all the rights and privileges of the peerage along with its duties to the people.

By my hand,

Lord Helmut Skarlok, Lord of Oubliette and its surrounding lands

**Avendale** - Speculation abounds that Johan Tandrake, the young wizard kidnapped by a Black Key-marked mercenary this June, now lies in one of Goliath's dungeons. Others contend he might be enslaved or sold. The Black Key is a group of humans enslaved to the vampire through their taste

for euphoria and the promise of "life after death." In other news citizens of Avendale are attempting to clean a cursed pool outside of Greystone.

Used to kill gypsies in the past, the pool is now a potential weapon for the Medusae, who can use its water to create

particularly fearsome creature called a Gorgon. Goliath has also apparently gained control of a group of golems, including one of masterwork quality. These, along with the

Regiment of Aegis—a group of golems originally created by the Vampire Karvecki and, until this May, dormant in the dungeon Obscura—have recently been sighted in the area.

**Ashbury** - The Great Troll Gate lies before the soldiers of the duchy of Ashbury and of Evendarr, men who shiver at the idea of storming its dark walls. The sound of hundreds upon hundreds of trolls lay behind the Great Gate like an ocean of depravity and death. The life of a soldier is not to reason why, but the soldiers grow restless. The army of Evendarr has sat all year long waiting for a chance to take the Tower Hills, a chance that never seems to come. A goblin army lies at their back stealing away their spirits. A cut throat here, a stolen food wagon there - it never seems to end. His Grace Luther Eindrake has summoned all those of stout heart that would answer the challenge. A goblin army must be destroyed and another's land conquered. The people who for years were held in slavery call to be saved.

**Kilbar** - The Undead army has broken through the gathered forces in the former city of Corvos and is continuing their relentless march across the Kingdom toward the Capital. Many lives have been lost. The City of Natal will be reached within the next week or two. From Sir Angelus Holtz, Lord High Knight of the Sword:

All outlying communities, villages and townships are recommended to evacuate as a precaution. In addition, it is rumored, though there has been no confirmation that Lord Pheelyks may be somehow directing or within the invading forces.

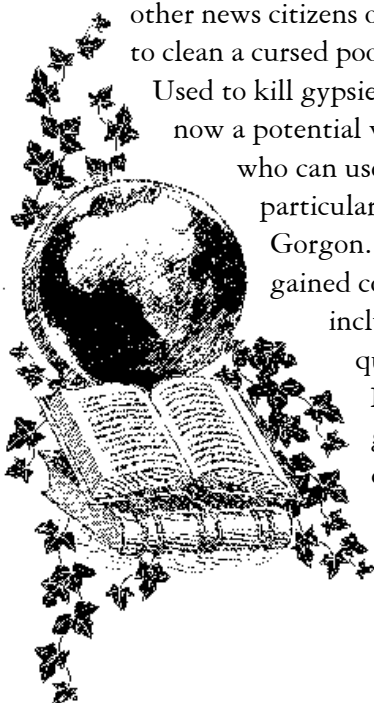
**Hadran Empire** - Imperial announcement from His Royal Eminence Lord Amalric Acoma Hadran, Lord High Emperor of Hadran and Servant of the People, concerning the Bastion Council.

After Council Member Winston's departure from the area The Council was disbanded, placing Bastion under the Imperial rank system as that Bastion is not a city under direct rule by any specific noble. His Royal Eminence would like to apologize for any confusion that has occurred as of lately.

Next Market Faire His Royal Eminence would like to announce that open court will be held in Bastion. The matter of the now disbanded Council and many other issues are planned to be discussed.

Lady Kyla Silverstar  
Force Leader of the Home Guard  
Princess of the Maquesti Elves

Continued on page 9



Continued from page 8

**Starlen's Crossing** - Announcing the founding of the Order of the Silver Quill! It is a small organization founded for the defense, education, and well-being of the people of Starlen's Crossing. This defensive and educational guild is currently under review for recognition as a knightly order. We are seeking more qualified members who are willing to work to see all aspects of the work of this order fulfilled.

**Stratos** - Public ceremony held in Ramsay's Tavern on September 2 to celebrate the salvation of Stratos through the defeat of the Time Lord Eonis. Presided over by Doge Serena Trudeau. Other news: Crimson's seen leaving the area in small groups, an escaped Dark Elf slave named Vizzre is wanted dead or alive; reward 10 gold.

Stratos announces the opening of several public positions in town, including architect, artisan, conservationist, wall engineer, census statisticians, and a city cartographer. Apply to Praefectus Baldor Muldin or Doge Serena Trudeau.

**Galavast** - The Reclamation of Galavast stands out in the history of the land, silent testimony to the perseverance and courage of the people of The Shadowlands and of Stonegate. Yet despite the seeming peace, many evils still haunt the green leafed land: the Traveler's Stone glows a sinister red, the Valley of Bones leers as a constant threat, and groups of Undead roam the land. Ghosts of the fallen haunt the living. Merchants attempting to restore their once prosperous trade face unrelenting attacks by Miydrandan Dark Elves, Chaos and Death Elementals, and the less strategic, but just as deadly, forces of Orcs, Rocs, and Troggs.

**Vargus** - The Bloody Bridge, usually full of undead, has been oddly quiet recently. Scouts have reported no visible activity on or around the bridge, but none have approached it. Caution is advised, as the Bridge has historically been an area of dense undead activity.

The seemingly crazed and aggressive beasts seen around Vargus still roam. Be careful around abnormally large packs of animals with crazed looks in their eyes; they seem to be especially more dangerous than mundane animals. The many caverns in and around the area have become vents for the gas seepage. If the dangers of the fumes were not enough, strange and twisted creatures have been seen coming out of them, as well as packs of panicked and aggressive under-

ground dwellers. Nighttime, as always, has more than its fair share of dangers and curiosities as well. Travelers and locals are advised to be wary of the sounds of drumming heard often in recent months. Solo scouts investigating said percussion have not reported much more than their own resurrection.

Also at night is a known haunting in town proper; a ghost child calling for his mother. Few have approached it, as the creature seems to evoke deep fears in many. Additionally a the horrid stench continues to permeate the area around Old Vargus, causing crops and livestock to wilt, wither, and die.

**Tyrangel** - According to recent reports, the stallion of darkness appears to be near the northeast edge of the Gallymath Forest. An adventurer tracking the beast came across a band of men with markings on their wrists that offered to help with the beast. They proposed contacting their Prince and get more people if needed. Whether these men are Silver Thorn, Sessuar, or another group remains to be seen...

Other news from Tyrangel:

On this Sunday the 27th of August in the year of 606, Riddle was charged and found guilty of the crime of Assault. He was executed by noble decree by the hands of Count Idrahil and Lady Akoya of Araman and Lady Amaris Blackwind of Tyrangel.

Such be the fate of any who shall allow upon their spirit a transformation, or the possibility of transformation, that causes said person to cause harm to the inhabitants of the Duchy of Tyrangel.

Amaris Baeyear Frederick Ar-Din Blackwind  
Lady Ambassador of the Duchy of Tyrangel  
Knight Protector of the Duchy of Tyrangel  
Lady of the Woods  
Marenthan

**Akliseum** - The old Count, returning from the wars in the west, is expanding the Southern Duchy, has created a standing army, and has taken to calling himself "High General." Refugees from Whitestone are moving into the Salamin district. Lochling is having trouble with Lizards, who have essentially taken over Lake Mina. However trade is booming, despite the new war with the Sarr.



## Self-Styled “Lord Elfbane” No Longer a Threat

The town, among its many challenges this gather, suffered several attacks from Orcs with strange markings. As they learned later, the Orcs were led by one “Lord Elfbane,” a former elf who had committed some slight against his people. They banished him from Quentari. Seeking revenge he transformed himself into an Orc and marked himself with the blood of a pantherghast to attain some of their Chaotic abilities. Calling himself Elfbane, he raised an army of Orcs and declared war against his former race. In a lengthy battle on the last day of the gather the residents of Ravenholt defeated Elfbane and his army.



### A Chaotic Proposal

Announcing the engagement of the decade: Lady Chaos to wed Squire Brook of Capulus! Perhaps inspired by a potential honeymoon chariot (more on that later), Squire Brook proposed to his anarchic amour in a quiet exchange of rings supplied by Ebon of the Celestial Guild. The Arbiter generously agreed to provide his official services in the coming ceremony. After careful consideration the happy couple decided to ask Baron Shoshoto X of Eastwyck to witness their vows. The Herald is running a poll: Who will be the bridesmaids? Cast your vote by sending a whispering wind, carrier pigeon, or parchment to the Herald, attention: Bridesmaids of Chaos. We will print the results in next month’s edition.



### Leaky Basement

The Ravenholt Celestial Guild Basement Management is working to beef up its security, with help from some townsfolk. Relying on the old adage that adventurers make the best consultants, the Basement Staff invited residents and nobility to test its facilities for weaknesses. In the name of public service Baron Torin and Sir Cadoc of Westmarch, Lily Fox, Teriq Sha’nad Tequib, Kumir, Draco and Sister Prudence (among others) ventured down the creaky and rather frightening mechanical device known as an “elevator” to the Basement depths. After discovering the ineffective constructs in place, the intrepid few made some much-needed changes to Basement operations. Without giving away their new security, this reporter can say the improvements should help to keep the nameless nasties stored where they belong.

## “Remembering Jericho”

*(Reprinted from the original parchments distributed at the Early September Gather)*

What can I say about Jericho? He wasn’t a mighty warrior; he didn’t slay fell beasts upon the field of honor. He was no great battle caster that made enemies quake at the mention of his name. He wasn’t a feared assassin; he never killed great kings or generals. He didn’t lead mighty armies against unspeakable horrors.

He was a simple man, an honest man, a musician and a scholar in the truest sense of the word. He was a compassionate man, he cared about people in a way unlike any other I have ever known. Although he would never style himself a leader of men, he had that rare ability to inspire loyalty and love in those around him. I only knew him for a short time and it saddens me to think that I didn’t know him nearly well enough. He was a unique light in this world and we are all diminished by his loss. There are many heroes in this world, some people become heroes from bravery, some because all is lost, yet few are heroes like Jericho who gave without counting the cost.

Unto the Order of Jericho I would say this: remember his sacrifice. Remember what the Black Rose took from us. Fight for his memory.

Unto the Black Rose: Before this tragedy I saw you simply as unfinished business from my days with Westmarch. I fought you as a matter of pride. The murder of Jericho has changed that. I have heard it said that you killed Jericho because you feared him, you feared what he knew. Now know this: I will not rest until I have made his knowledge my own. The secrets that he uncovered will be the weapon that destroys you, it will be wielded by my hand and may these words haunt you until your final hour when I whisper them into your ear before your destruction “Remember Jericho.”

By my Hand and Seal  
Lord Drake Tamarack  
Stallari of Baroness Cynthia Timmons of Anym  
Lord of the Mountains  
Guardian of the Order of Winter  
Archwizard of Decisive Reflection  
Order of the White Rose  
Order of Jericho

# Out-of-Game Information

## 2006 NERO Mass Schedule

Event	Location	Dates	On Sale
2006 Ravenholt Event	Brimfield	9/29 - 10/1/2006	NOW
2006 Ravenholt Closer	Brimfield	10/27 - 10/29/2006	NOW

## NERO Mass Needs List

- √ Packets
- √ Orange Packets
- √ Arrow Packets
- √ Longswords
- √ Max Length Claws
- √ Short Swords
- √ Two Handed Weapons
- √ Lightweight Shields
- √ Large Plastic Tarp (ideally brown, black preferred)

## Staff Contact Info

### Owner:

Rachel Morris (203) 426-7729  
owner@neromass.com

### Event Registration:

Phone: (203) 426-7729  
Mail: NERO Mass, 25 Aunt Park Lane  
Newtown, CT 06470  
register-online@neromass.com  
<http://www.neromass.com/register.html>

### Character Update:

Rick Pierce (203) 445-1176  
update@neromass.com

Ravenholt Plot: plot@neromass.com

Logistics: logistics@neromass.com  
(Cathy Robinton)

NPCs: npc@neromass.com

For additional staff listings, see <http://www.neromass.com>

## NERO Mass TENTATIVE 2007 Schedule

Ravenholt March Revel 3/9 - 3/11/2007  
(at Ye Olde Commons Camp)

*On-Season Events Scheduled for Springfield Boys  
Club Camp (Brimfield)*

Ravenholt Opener 4/20 - 4/22/2007

Possible Secondary Campaign Fri 5/4 - 5/6/2007

Ravenholt May Event 5/18-5/21/2007

Possible Secondary Campaign 6/8 - 6/10/2007

Ravenholt Late June 6/22-6/24/2007

Ravenholt Long Weekend 8/31-9/3/2007

Possible Secondary Campaign 9/14-9/16/2007

Ravenholt Late September 9/28-10/1/2007

Possible Secondary Campaign 10/12-10/14/2007

Ravenholt Halloween Weekend 10/26-10/29/2007

## Announcing an Engagement!

Congratulations to Garrett McCarthy and Joy Burnham on their recent engagement, which happened during the Masquerade competition at this year's DragonCon (both Garrett and Joy are active participants in convention costume competitions up and down the coast). The engagement was witnessed by the more than 20,000 people in attendance at the time.

## NPCs Wanted!

If you're not already signed up to PC the upcoming Fall Season events, why not sign up and help out from the other side? If you'll be making it for some or all of an event, please don't forget to register ASAP by emailing register-online@neromass.com or calling 203-426-7729.



NERO Mass  
 25 Aunt Park Lane  
 Newtown, CT 06470  
<http://www.neromass.com>



**SPACES AVAILABLE & NPCs WANTED**  
 Late September and Halloween Weekends

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**8th Edition Rule Books Available Online**

NERO 8th Edition Rule Books are available on the web at:

<http://www.neromass.com>  
 via our Amazon.com link

**Search Service available** for used and rare books in all fields. If you are interested, please email Drucilla Meany at [bookshop@charter.net](mailto:bookshop@charter.net), or phone at (508) 835-4738.

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**Merchant's Wares**, supplying custom boffer weapons, costuming and other LARP supplies at a reasonable cost. [www.merchantswares.com](http://www.merchantswares.com) - Email Rebecca at [orders@merchantswares.com](mailto:orders@merchantswares.com)

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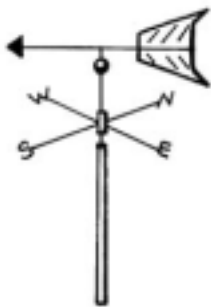
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**Valmortha Leathercraft** - Leather goods, specializing in masks. Check out <http://www.valmortha.com/> or contact D Bittinger at [leathercraft@valmortha.com](mailto:leathercraft@valmortha.com)

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

***nero international chapters***

**\* NERO Massachusetts/Ravenholt (Founding Chapter) \***

- \* NERO Avendale/Ashbury (CT) \* NERO Boston (MA) \* NERO Central Ohio (OH) \* NERO Chicago (IL) \* NERO Chronicles (IL) \* NERO D/FW (TX) \*
- \* NERO DarkReign (MI) \* NERO E. Kansas (KS) \* NERO Empire (CO) \* NERO Epic (TX) \* NERO Hartford (CT) \* NERO Las Vegas (NV) \*
- \* NERO Legends (LA) \* NERO Metro (DC) \* NERO Michigan East \* NERO Middle Tennessee (TN) \* NERO Midwest (IL) \*
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