

Nobles of Ravenholt Push River of Fire Back to Northern Border

At the end of the last gathering, the Barons and Squires of Ravenholt went within Tyrra to challenge the Land Bond of Theodorik Vardik for control of the northernmost estates of Ravenholt. Within Tyrra, they faced a Fire Being, who referred to himself as a Cinder Lord, in addition to the Biata allegedly responsible for the binding of the Phoenix and Theodorik within the Heroes' Graveyard in the fall of 605. The Biata, who was killed after her circle was dispelled by the masterful use of Formal Magics of Baron Amra, has not been seen since.

Before she died, however, she called forth the Land Bond of Theodorik, which manifested

Ravenholt Forces Hold Theodorik's Armies South of Fire River

In the weeks since the fire river receded, Theodorik has been moving northward with his armies. Meeting and resisting him have been forces from the Black Lance, the Orcs and Half-Orcs of the Clan of the Rat, and the Planar Brigade. Although his retreat northward has been slow, losses on both sides of the have been heavy. Theodorik's main force seems to be taking a path towards the estate of Kester, where one of the first battles of the war left the Manor House and Keep ruined.

A Call To Arms!

Citizens of Ravenholt,

The time has come to put this usurper-king to death for his crimes. We have built an encampment outside our estate. We will hold the line against Theodorik, and we require your assistance to do so.

Any and all who would come are welcome. We will provide what we can in the way of resources.

Join us, and let us end the menace that this slaving scum presents.

Kyle Black
Commander, Black Lance Mercenary Company
Kester, Eastwyck



itself as a shimmering image of Theodorik. After a long battle, the manifestation was felled, breaking his claim to the lands of Ravenholt.

Immediately following, the river of fire receded. Eastwyck and Cumberland Rangers immediately began to scout the area. What they found was amazing - the citizens that had lived in these areas were spared of any harm, and were in fact provided supplies from Theodorik's resources after they were cut off. The only citizens killed were those who actively fought against Theodorik. Any Northmen or Biata, however, were pressed into his armies. In addition, the ash left behind seems to have enriched all life behind it, with crops showing signs of a harvest the likes of which have not been seen in all the years of the Ravenholt expansion.

Stage Set for Grueling Battle in Kester

As the forces of Theodorik continue to push northward, forces under Prince Roderick, Prince Kevynn, and the Minotaurs have begun sweeping westward in an attempt to stop Theodorik from reaching his supply lines and reinforcements in the Norhtlands. The Black Lance, which have been busy hunting the Biata within Theodorik's armies, have somehow managed to rebuild the Keep, known as Respite, within the estate. The rebuilt Respite is an ominous site, its towering black spires looking out to the horizon for the coming Northman army.

A small encampment has been built within Kester, with the Black Lance providing permanent circles for Resurrection and Identification. The armies of Ravenholt have held

up in Kester, preparing to face the charge northward in a last-ditch effort to prevent Theodorik from reaching home.



Public Notices

I had these words with Alan Moonwind during his Spirit Farewell and it seemed maybe like this was the right time to ask if he had any requests of me for the things he can no longer do as he is the spirit. He had only one request which was that I tell the Raven's Herald to print maybe just these words:

"Do not be to wait for the future which may never come, do all the things you would do right now."

Dame Anwyn of the Court of Westmarch extends her thanks to Alle of Eastwyck, Dak Honeydew Ahora of Cumberland, Arias, Fayden, Luna, and Odin for their help on Saturday night. Despite the constant headaches, it was worth it and we couldn't have done it without you.

She would also like to thank the group of adventurers from Volta for their work to recover the poppy for Jess from the Rentir Marsh.

Notice - To any individuals attempting to access the Ravenholt Mage's Guild Basement through rifting, gates, spirit walking, or other, similar methods. Defense mechanisms are in place to prevent these types of unauthorized intrusions. While we make all attempts to insure that unauthorized visitors are unharmed while they are removed, we cannot guarantee the safety of individuals attempting unauthorized access via these methods. If you require access to the Ravenholt Mage's Guild Basement, please contact one of the following individuals:

- Guildmaster/Guildmistress of the Mage's Guild of Ravenholt
- Guildmaster/Guildmistress of the Healer's Guild of Ravenholt
- Assistant Guildmaster/Guildmistress of the Mage's Guild of Ravenholt
- Assistant Guildmaster/Guildmistress of the Healer's Guild of Ravenholt
- First Knight of the Ruling Duke of the Duchy of Ravenholt
- The Ruling Duke of the Duchy of Ravenholt

We thank you in advance for your cooperation.

-Ravenholt Mage's Guild Basement Management

A note of thanks transcribed by the editor...

Dear Guildmistress Lily, Dame Anwyn and all those that helped,

I am happy to let you know that my return to the village was in time to save 10 of the remaining 12 people that I held in my care. If it were not for those among you that went with me to Rintir, those ten never would have been saved. I certainly could not have faced man-eating plants and giant poisonous toads on my own. I'll never quite understand why this happened to my village, or why Tyrre chose me for such a dreaming, but at least you believed me. I don't know how to properly reward the ranger captain and those brave souls that guarded my quest. I know something left the marsh with us besides the poppy. I hope it was something of value that you adventurers can use. Now I must take my ten charges and find a better home – someplace far from eldritch disasters.

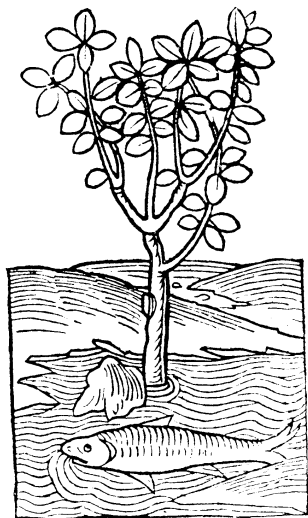
Be safe and well,
Jess the Herbalist



These Roots Go Deep

What must it feel like to feel the power of Tyrra coursing through your veins? Only the nobility of Ravenholt and those lucky few with Tyrran bonds can know, but the nobility certainly got a power boost this past gather! With crucial help from Sir Theophilis of Vigilance, each barony successfully completed a trial to strengthen those bonds. Each quest was unique to the barony, but that achievement endowed the

barons and the court squires powers they used to great effect in the battle to destroy Theodorik's land bond. All this reporter can do is salute the noble courts of Ravenholt as they continue to lead the battle against our enemy.



A Fishy Business

By Anonymous

Always jump when a lady asks you for help, or so my mother taught me. So when a lovely elf named Elena asked us to crawl

onto the ship wreck that recently appeared on the shore of Lake Ardynn (see last month's *Herald* for it's appearance), of course we agreed. Little did we know what that kindness would entail. Multiple nasty puzzles, several magical fish, most of the town, and an entire ruined wardrobe later, we still don't know exactly what was in the hold of that ship. At least I don't—if you do, please write to that editor at the *Herald* so she can publish it! (*Ed. Note: We always welcome tales from townfolk, if you have a different version of this adventure, please contact Pearl S. Wine at the Raven's Herald, or see me while I'm in town*). Each level of the hold, warded by an intricate puzzle lock, could only be negotiated with the help of magical fishy amulets that allowed the wearer to breathe underwater for one hour. The catch (and there always is one, isn't there?) was that each person could only wear the fish once. After you fought your way through eels and sundry other nasties and managed to get the various trapped goody containers open, you received bits of puzzle that opened the ward to the next level, along with some maps and other tidbits. As I'm sure you have gathered by now, being able to wear the fish only once meant that most of the town had to spend some time underwater. Rumors ran high in the wake of this ship. At various times I heard it belonged to Perdue's father, or that it once was Keegan Byrne's (that famous bandit leader defeated by Mandrake Capulus). Or was Perdue's father Keegan Byrne? Did we ever find evidence of what happened to Elena's husband?

Rumor Has It

John Hendrickson was sent by Lord Sorrows of Niman with thirty Mythril and other golems to "help defend the lands from Theodorik." These golems, all capable of casting formal celestial magics, are encamped near Ravenholt under the command of Chester Kapel. Good luck Chester!

Enormous spiders were hunting dark elves throughout town on Saturday night. I hope they didn't catch any! Anyone with information on this situation is encouraged to contact the *Raven's Herald*.

Did I see a black unicorn in town this past gather, or were my eyes playing tricks on me? Is this related to the missing unicorns reported several months ago? Or maybe it's connected to the Unicorns of the Founding? Are these the same unicorns?

The lovely Healer's Guildmistress was in some distress this past gather. Someone please help her, those tears are too painful to bear!

The jackals, seen last gather in Elvestove, apparently followed us back to Ravenholt. Their howling voices made conversation rather difficult. Will someone please stop this nonsense and figure out what they want? Maybe some kibble? A muzzle?

Theodorik cast a circle of flame around the obelisk on Saturday, thanked the town for guarding it so carefully, and then disappeared; taking the obelisk with him.

Chaos Pools Around the Duchy

Several small pools of chaos and/or tainted water supplies have been seen around the duchy. The source of the taint has of yet been determined. Local wildlife and plant-life appears to have been effected by these pools. Beware animals with matted fur or festering wounds, as they may be aggressive. Local authorities are looking for any useful information to help prevent these pools from spreading.



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!

Letters of Import to Evendarr

Adventurers, Nobles and Friends,

I send with this letter two tales. One is from the founding of Evendarr, of a pact of blood and spirit, of gifts and hope and promise. The other is the story of one called Lawrence, whose spirit recently departed our world. It is a testament, a charge, and a warning.

Pass these on as you wish; they belong to all who want to protect this Kingdom.

Nightshine of Skybear
Lady Guildmistress of Healers
Lady Ambassador
Knight of Oakhurst
Executor of the Will of Lawrence



The following was imparted to us by Lord Buttons on the 5th of January, 607. The Vault of the Five, by his account, is a location where great secrets are stored, able to be opened only when the leaders of the Five Families of Evendarr come together. Of the gifts spoken of, I cannot tell which exist as well kept secrets or whether some have been lost over the years.

~Nightshine of Skybear

The Vault of the Five was opened on the night of the Winter Solstice for the first time in generations. It is unknown, but believed to be true, that the Vault can only be opened Five times before its magic is spent and the information within is lost.

The three unicorns of the Founding were met by the Five Families and their blessing was asked for. Eventually an agreement was made. The new kingdom would always allow the unicorns to choose their own guardians with absolute freedom. Their glades and pools and natural places would be respected. And Evendarr would strive, though it might falter, to be a kingdom that stood for something beyond simply power and ambition.

The three unicorns were:

Elrashah, the Unicorn of Bright Dawning
Siangreth, the Unicorn of Autumn's promise
Kelren, the Unicorn of Restful Shadow

The gifts to the Five Families:

Huntington— The chance to have and keep the Light of Knowledge so that Evendarr would learn and grow—
Knowledge
Monay— The Ceremony of the True Oath— Loyalty
Buttons— That Evendarr would be fertile and always have children to continue the next generation—
Immortality
Endarr— That the Five Families would forever be cherished as the leaders of Evendarr— Sovereignty
Bartholomew— That the strength of the bonds between the nobility and their land would determine the ability
of Evendarr to resist outside conquerors— Strength

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Last Will and Testament of Lawrence Huntington III

To the good people of Avalon and Evendarr,
To the Five Families of Evendarr,
To the Arch Wizards of the Spire Reflected,
To the many brave spirits who would defend their land against evil,

I bring you my greetings and goodbyes. These are the final public words of a son of Evendarr who has passed into oblivion.

It is incumbent upon me to explain who I am and what I have been for these centuries past. It is likely that a number of those listening to these words have seen, met, or heard of me as simply "Lawrence of Lake Hollym," while others have more directly witnessed feats of magic and power that transcend the normal human mastery of arcane art. The explanation for this is a story reaching back to the Founding of the great Kingdom of Evendarr.

As some already know, and I urge those with curiosity on the matter to seek out further knowledge readily available from their adventuring peers, at the beginning of this Kingdom there were three unicorns sought out and treated with. In the end, these three great creatures blessed the creation of a new Kingdom and gave five gifts to it, in honor of the Five Families of newly born Evendarr. One gift, however, was unlike the other four in that it was merely the opportunity to acquire the Light of Knowledge and not the Light itself. This gift was given in honor of the family Huntington, my family.

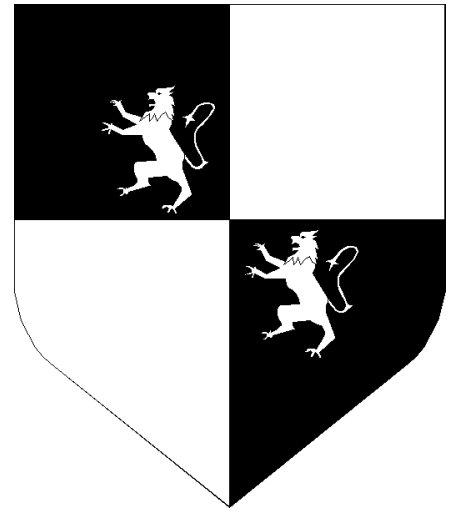
Time passed and the Founding occurred. The wars and struggles of Evendarr's early years are documented well enough. Suffice to say that it was my grandfather, Lord Lawrence Huntington, Crown Mage to the throne of Evendarr, who fought the traitor Valdric and so spoke the words "*Non Me Prohibe*" that would become our family's words ever after.

I was born in the year Fifty-Five, named after my father and grandfather before me. As is common in my family, I studied many scholarly arts and was tutored in magic from a young age. When I turned sixteen I was told about the Founding and the gift given in honor of our family. By then it was already becoming more of a legend than a real thing, and since no sign of this supposed gift had come to the attention of any in the Kingdom, there was doubt as to its validity. But I knew, instantly upon hearing the tale, that the gift must be real and that I would seek it out.

The next two years were filled with the sorts of adventures and research you might expect. From library searching to seeking out hidden unicorns, who I never did find, I delved as deep as I could in a search for this gift our family had inspired. Finally, on the day before my eighteenth birthday, as I was making ready to sleep a few hours before another long day of reading and walking and searchings, there came a being into my bedchamber. Dazzlingly bright, this creature drifting on columns of light and as it came closer I could feel my mind racing with questions and thoughts and then new perspectives on everything I had ever learned. Just from the creature's presence I could feel an inspiring intelligence suffuse me and I became dizzy with possibilities and cognition.

This was the Light that had been spoken about before, but it would require a sacrifice to remain within Evendarr and inspire our wizards to greatness. The Light needed form, an individual to inhabit and anchor its essence to this world. My family had the potential and I, it seemed, had other necessary factors that need not be elaborated upon here. And so it was, the next day at noon, Lawrence Huntington III became simply Lawrence and the gift of knowledge resided within Evendarr. In time Lawrence would come to stay at Lake Hollym and it is because of his presence there that the wizards of Hollym have been pushed to such degrees of excellence and knowledge. For the Light shines out to touch the minds and spirits of those nearby, making them see more clearly and look more keenly to decipher the mysteries of the world and invent the magics of the new day.

I am dead now, and the Light has left our world and everything has become a little darker. Evendarr faces a great challenge ahead and, so too, do the people of the world entire. An enemy looms, burning hot with passion and running cold with



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Wind Through the Trees

Veshengo was a hunter of extraordinary talent by all accounts, but he had a tortured past (see *The Herald* Sept. 606 for his story). At this last gather Veshengo, who could manifest temporarily even when the Wendigo was corporeal, appeared in more distress than ever. Clearly the Wendigo was taking over and Veshengo needed help. The Court of Westmarch, to a person, committed to aiding the plight of a man clearly consumed by his past, vowed to aid Veshengo. The crime to which Johann alluded was far from metaphorical. It was real. I will say no more on that.

While the details of this incredible man's spirit trapped in the Wendigo's form remain hazy to this reporter, sources indicate that the two (hunter and Tyrran spirit) were finally sundered this past gather—but at what cost? Westmarch, aided by Veshengo's daughter Artemis, took the Wendigo to a place of great Tyrran power. Hoping to call on that power to separate man from spirit; the court Forestwalked into the area. While accounts of what transpired there differ, this reporter has confirmed that Veshengo survived. The Wendigo was released from his body. However the magics for and of this separation appear to have backlashed in some way. As the informal ceremony to separate the two concluded, a second group (hearing of the possible plight of the court) appeared in time to assist Westmarch and Alee. Fleeing a wave of magical power (from releasing the Wendigo?) the two groups safely escaped.

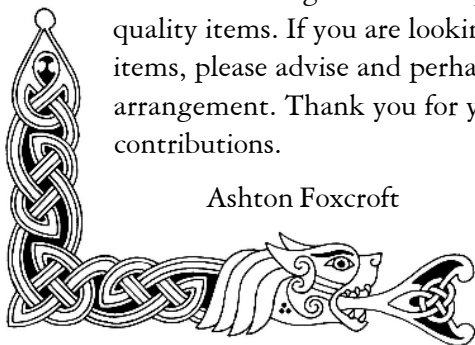
Report from Draelonde

Soldiers from Avendale are reported to have sent an expedition into Draelonde; their exact intent was/is unknown. The forces were hostile and met fierce resistance. All invaders were slain and sent to resurrect. Any with news or knowledge regarding this invasion, please send word through courier to a Draelonde Ambassador; compensation for actionable information will be provided.

Merchant Auction

Foxcroft Trading Company has enjoyed the hospitality of the locals and visitors of Ravenholt. Our hope is to continue offering services as a provider of high quality items. If you are looking for a specific item or items, please advise and perhaps we can come to an arrangement. Thank you for your patronage and contributions.

Ashton Foxcroft



To the good people of Ravenholt,

I would like to extend my deepest gratitude for aiding me in what may well be my darkest hour. Thanks to your compassion and perseverance, I am now once again my true self. Though you did not need to; you helped a man you barely knew, and several put themselves in direct peril to do so. Removing the curse of the wendigo is no small feat and many of you never faltered in your aid. At times it seemed that the more obstacles you faced the harder you strove. I have traveled across many lands and believe me when I tell you that such a noble display is rare if not unique.

I would like to thank some people personally, for their commitment to my well being was truly inspiring. To my brothers in nature, Captain An'Aldar and Johann; your aid in showing the younger adventurers the proper respect for the wilds brings a peace to my spirit that I cannot do justice in words. If you are ever in need in our home without walls, call, and I will be there. To Baron Torrin, Dame Anwyn, Chastity, and the Silverwolfs of Westmarch; your commitment from the beginning to aiding me shall not go unrewarded. If you should require my assistance on any matter, it is yours. For the people who aided me on the night my curse was lifted, and I am shamed that I do not know all of your names, but I do know your faces; you have a guardian in the wood should you require it.

Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, Sir Cadoc and Raven, also of Westmarch; without your dedication, I would not be writing this letter. Your devotion to my cause is the most touching. Having on multiple occasions offered to take the curse upon yourselves to rid me of it, and seeing every step through until the end, in no uncertain terms; I owe you my life. I cannot think of any service I can execute that will repay the debt I owe you. You have my gratitude, my respect and my friendship, for as long as I am able to give it. Your compassion and honor are a credit to you and the people who opt for your company.

I will be around this next gather to lead hunts on *dangerous* quarry throughout the weekend. I know of a few of you who would like to partake of these hunts and, one ranger in particular, who should seek a place every hunting party he can. There are at least three of these particular quarry out there, so there should be enough opportunity for anyone who wishes to go. Again, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart, you have returned me to myself and more importantly; you have given Artemis back her father. For me that is the real gift. Ravenholt, I am in your debt.

In Gratitude,
Veshengo 'the Hunter' Morescu

malice and with his coming will the crashing darkness of ignorance and fear swell over all. But this enemy will make a mistake, as all creatures in Existence do. The enemy will seek dominion, control, and destruction of destiny itself and having done so, the strands of gate unravel and lay loose for any to spin. Where once before tampering would be opposed, now the people of the world are free to act to change their fate and unmake the horror soon to visit upon them. It will not be easy, nor probable, but the possibility exists to diminish or defeat the coming threat, if there are those of sufficient Will and Purpose to do so.

My final lesson; Learn of the Deeper connections of the world you live in. Only then can you truly engage, without disadvantage, in Diplomacy.

I am lucky, I will not live to see the tragedy befall the ancient trees of Quentari, nor the Wasteland to come.

L.H. III

Corrections

In our last edition we mistakenly gave the name of the new husband of Lilly (the former Fox Scaven). He is known as Xighlo.

Unto the Editor of the Raven's Herald:

I have realized after seeing my article in print, that I have made an error that I wish to be addressed in next issue.

In the final paragraph, I refer to Baron Shoshoto incorrectly. I named him the Baron of Westmarch, and that is incorrect. He is the Baron of Eastwyck. I apologize for any issues that may have arrived because of this.

Please print this correction with your next issue.

My thanks,

Saket Shabmah

In Service to Baron Gabriel Wolvestride of Capulus
Seneschal of Capulus

(Editor's Note: Our apologies for not catching this error. The current Baron of Westmarch is, of course, Baron Torin Hammerfist.)

Out-of-Game Information

NERO Mass Needs List

- ✓ Packets!!
- ✓ Orange Packets!
- ✓ Longswords
- ✓ Max Length Claws
- ✓ Short Swords
- ✓ Two Handed Weapons
- ✓ Lightweight Shields
- ✓ Popup Tents (as tall as possible)
- ✓ Arrow Packets

Staff Contact Info

Owner:

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Event Registration:

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Ravenholt Logistics: logistics@neromass.com
(Cathy Robinton)

NORTHLANDS

Northlands Plot: Northlands@neromass.com

Northlands Logistics: NorthlandsLogistics@neromass.com
(Bob Hess)

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

NERO Mass 2007 Schedule

*On-Season Events Scheduled for CAMP HAIASTAN
(Franklin, MA) - NOTE NEW CAMP!!!*

Ravenholt Late June	6/15-6/17/2007
Ravenholt August Weekend	8/24-8/26/2007
Northlands September Weekend	9/7-9/9/2007
Northlands Closer	10/5-10/7/2007
Ravenholt Halloween Weekend	10/19-10/21/2007



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



Ravenholt Event THIS
 WEEKEND! Come PC
 or NPC...



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8th Edition Rule Books Available On-line

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

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



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Merchant's Wares, supplying custom boffer weapons, costuming and other LARP supplies at a reasonable cost. www.merchantswares.com - Email Rebecca at orders@merchantswares.com

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

NERO Mass Web Page
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) *

* NERO New Brunswick (Canada) * NERO N. Georgia (GA) * NERO Northwest Pennsylvania (PA) * NERO Ohio (OH) * NERO PRO (PA) * NERO Piedmont (NC) *

* NERO S.Georgia (GA) * NERO Tennessee (TN) * NERO Toronto (Canada) * NERO VALOR (VA) *

* NERO VORPL (VA) * NERO West Virginia (WV) * NERO West (CA)