

The Raven's Herald

Issue 1 April 617 ER.



A submitted report- E/N: Provided anonymously.

As night fell upon the city all was quiet after the heroes successfully quenched the three everburning points, thus stopping the bolites in a great battle. We were back in the Tavern resting up when the mysterious apothecary showed up looking for someone quiet, non-lethal, and sneaky to retrieve a jewel that was under guards' watch. Two heroes rose to the task of retrieving the jewel; Lord Havalock, and Zanaura.

With haste, they took off into the night. Upon arrival at the jewel's location they entered full-on shadow mode with Lord Havalock taking up the lead and putting to sleep the first guard. Slipping back into the shadows, Havalock scouted the main room to size up the situation; there were two guards. Dashing silently through the shadows he quickly put them in a deep slumber. Just when he thought he was done he noticed a final guard on the balcony. He descended back into the shadows to bide his time. When the guard left Havalock quickly flew across the main room under the balcony to a prime position.

When the guard stepped back out on the balcony Lord Havalock rendered him unconscious just as he had the others in well executed fashion. not and had to be off. With that the apothecary and the jewel disappeared into the night.

He returned to retrieve Zanaura who had been waiting just outside the main room; it was now her time to shine. While Lord Havalock made sure the guards slept soundly, Zanaura using her keen eye examined the many jewels in the center of the room.

Carefully she examined them and with her light touch pushed and turned them with her spectacles. She did this until she was confident she had found the correct jewel. She pulled out the special jar she had received from the apothecary to protect the jewel and, with grace and precision, scooped the tiny jewel into the jar. The heroes then made a hasty exit back to the Tavern. Zanaura delivered the jewel to the apothecary who was very pleased. The pair removed the jewel from the jar and many people interested in what it did touched the jewel and found it would purify blood on contact. When asked if they could wait and have the jewel examined further they said they could.

Another submitted report- E/N: Also, provided anonymously.

I've heard from several sources that our own local heroes answered a call for help from an enigmatic person calling himself Mezeron, the Traveler. The poor man seemed to have some sort of self-induced amnesia, having locked his memories away behind several layered magical constructions. Our heroes, through patience, perseverance, team work and a bit of alchemical magic restored the Traveler's memories; at least sort of. At least one source has revealed that this Traveler was well versed in blood magic of the foulest sort. Fortunately, the restored memories reportedly have no sense of time or order, essentially rendering them useless. So, what's next? He claims to be a pawn who was well used, but don't forget that a simple pawn can become the most powerful of pieces if it reaches its (admittedly) dauntingly difficult goal of the opposite side of the field.

An opinion- E/N: Without names, I cannot attribute authors.

With our little corner of Tyrra torn from its tether, we have reached out to two academics at (Blackmoor?) college to debate the pros and cons We should stay Where are we? What is our place in the world? These are questions that our ancestors must have asked themselves for ages, these are the catalysts for all great discoveries. To see a map that is more art and question marks than landmasses and proper names. Wonder is the catalyst for discovery. Back on Tyrra, there is no wonder.

We live in a golden age. We stand on the backs of all of those greats who came before us, and from their shoulders we see out to the farthest reaches of Tyrra. These greats made the maps, named the places and the people, and laid out how it was to be run. All that is left for us is to follow their guidelines and plod on maintaining the world they helped to found and discover.

We live in an aimless age. Without any sense of wonder left to us what drive do we have to explore our world? Our forebears spent all of our wonder and wanderlust leaving nothing for us. Now the Tyrant Sun has given us a wonderful opportunity; to homestead and discover a new world and give it our names, and to leave our own legacy instead of moving the gears of our ancestors' legacy.

This is an opportunity the likes of which we have not seen before and yet, there are some among us who would squander this opportunity they are frightened by the unknown and do not want to explore.

They wish for the safety of a world and an order which has made them powerful and do not wish to leave a system that has been so good to them. These people plan on bringing us back to that world but my good people, have they asked for your opinion? Have they consulted with us, the lay people of this land, what it is that we wish? No, they have not. Nothing makes my case for me better than the fact that the rich and powerful elites have not asked us if we wish to stay or not.

We need to go back Have you seen the draco-forms which roam this land? Never in all my years at the academy have I seen such monstrosities and these are but a taste of what is to come from this benighted land.

We have only just arrived and yet we are already beset by men of magma and lizards of terrible size and strength. What more waits for us in this place as the indigenous nations of the Pocket start to take notice of us? What other horrors are in of this world? If we turn over the rocks he has left scattered upon this landmass, then we can only blame ourselves for unleashing the awful creatures that reside under them.

Tyrra is not a safe land and our eminent Duchy has many enemies there, but those enemies are ones we know, ones we understand and can keep our eyes on. The horrors of this place are all the more horrible for their obfuscation and alien qualities. That we need to return to Tyrra is made self-evident by the Tyrant who brought us to this place.

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MYSTERIOUS "TYRANT SUN" ATTACKS LOST CITY

E/N: Author not provided.

As adventurers work with scholars of The Library to uncover a way to restore Ravenholt City's connection to the Duchy and Tyrra, other threats have arisen to bring bloody revenge on The Pocket's inhabitants. Caught in this cosmic crossfire, Ravenholt sides with the Lost City to defy the strange entity Solist as it vents its tremendous wrath on its former prison.

According to Brother Mathias, well-regarded expert on the former inhabitants of the vaults, Solist is ancient, a sentient star that declares itself The Tyrant Sun. It reputedly dominated a vast area of the heavens in the time before Tyrra, until at last deposed and secured in its cell beneath The Library. When the Lost City was for a time destroyed some years back, Solist managed to escape back into the sky's black gulfs. Brother Mathias and his fellows have since been working to explore the being's past as well as trying to monitor its modern activities. The comet seen at the start of February was powerful magic unleashed by Solist to penetrate The Pocket. Boran Timoth (Lord Seneschal of Arkham) is a recent veteran of a rare 'Wizard Duel' and confirms the magic of that night is comparable to the Tyrra-rattling powers he saw unleashed in the duel. This comet rent the Pocket's barriers and crashed into The Mountain to act as a "breachhead" (a point of dimensional invasion).

Under command of Solist's servitor titled the Eminent Earl of the Shooting Star, Khyval, strange humanoids of burning metal called bolites arose from burning points in the impact crater to menace the area. Khyval is aided in his endeavors by the Viceroy of the Shooting Star, Khoma, a potent formal caster.

With the aid of Brother Mathias' counsel, Ravenholt adventurers were able to liberate a substance called The Cooling Dark. This material can darken and cool the Tyrant Sun's celestial fire, and they took it into the crater to try and put out the everburning points that spawned the bolites. The fierce battle that ensued witnessed Khyval and Khoma unleash their tremendous power, including the ability to transform and control victims to their own purposes. Eventually, Ravenholt's forces succeeded in dousing these burning points, limiting the number of bolites the Eminent Earl can bring into future battles.

At some point in the struggle, Khyval quit the battlefield and melted his way into The Mountain, eventually followed by Khoma and the surviving bolites. This even as the battered adventurers retreated back to Ravenholt to recover, indicating that Khyval was not retreating, but moving onto the next stage of his plan.

Things have been quiet since then, but that can only be of concern as these strange invaders lurk, plot, and act in concealment.

DINO-HUNTING ON THE RISE

E/N: Author also not provided.

With the new landscape surrounding Ravenholt City comes a whole new danger: dinosaurs!

According to historians, and experts from The Library, dinosaurs ("thundering beasts" in the language of Vilnius' people) are ancient animals that roamed Tyrra (and other worlds, quite likely, can you believe that?) but became extinct. Somehow, some way I don't understand, extinct things can manage to appear in this Pocket and continue. That includes these dinosaurs, or thunderbeats.

The librarians say that the area around The Mountain was settled and thunderbeats kept to their areas for the most part, but were displaced by our showing up. This has made even the peaceful or shy ones anxious, and outright ticked off the angry ones, and so now they come in and attack outlying farms, or travelers.

That's all right though, because we can go right back after 'em, and I'm here to help you with a quick guide on the dinosaurs we know of so far. Many thanks to Count Cadoc Bromley, and his initial dino-hunts, on bringing this info back.

First up are the herbivorous ones, that tend to be more likely to avoid or retreat from people. They include the jousters; just imagine, a massive bison-sized beastie with its own shield and lances growing right out from it! The mace-tails, with heavily-armored skin and thick heavy tail ending in a skull-sized knot of pure bone.

For the carnivorous, and much more aggressive dinosaurs, things get much scarier. The biggest we've found so far is the hunger beast, or often the maw or gnasher. This critter's got a massive jaw that can snap a person's arm off if they aren't careful. Then there's the venom-jaw lizard, a hefty-looking monitor lizard but bigger, with jaws dripping in poison. The egg-snatchers are smaller dinosaurs, extremely quick and agile. They don't attack bigger prey unless they outnumber it (hence why we call it egg-snatchers, after their preferred food), but they're territorial and mean and in large numbers, the bites add up. Finally, we have the raptors. Take those large flying birds of prey, take their wings away, give them a pack mentality, and worse of all, make them smart. They hunt in groups, use tactics, and come armed with a nasty nasty claw that shears through armor. We talk about hunting dinosaurs, but these fellows hunt us in return, so be careful. Their leaders, which you can make out from the red lining their mouths and eyes, are particularly clever and cruel, but worst of all, can either spit a ball of flame or super-heat their mouths, biting on a weapon arm to disarm some poor meal-to-be they've picked out. So yeah, the thunderbeats, the dinosaurs. These are the ones we've driven away from our fields, or gone out to hunt (a sport that's increasing in popularity as we stay in this here Pocket longer and longer), but the librarians, and them strange gray-scaled serpent folks, say there are probably others. Like the linnorms we've yet to see. Like a dino and a drake decided to get together to have kids that could scare us. I'm happy just leading expeditions to find a gnasher and leave it at that.

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DAME ALYX'S CABIN RECOVERED

E/N: Author also not provided.

Count Cadoc Bromley, Baron Perdue Byrne, and Guildmistress Dame Keyla DeSouza have announced that an expedition they led into the outermost edges of Ravenholt City to investigate a disturbance that puzzled Vilnius has resulted in rediscovering and reopening access to the ruined home of Dame Alyx DeForest Attleborough.

See, when Vilnius arrived that Saturday to talk to his companions the Baron and his knight Sir Havalok, he mentioned that the librarians had detected a "pinpoint" of non-time. Even the well-educated illuminaries involved in the discussion had trouble wrapping their heads around this, as the Pocket we're all in is a bubble of non-time. All that everyone at the table agreed upon was that a point of non-time inside a bubble of non-time would be bad.

Eventually, Vilnius sent a scout to lead this illustrious group to the area containing this strange pinpoint. Arriving on the scene, the Guildmistress immediately identified it as the remnants of Dame Alyx's cabin and the group seemed impressed with the news. For those younger readers, or those new to Ravenholt, Dame Alyx is a noted figure in early Ravenholt history. Also known colloquially as "the Sage", Dame Alyx was a leading collector of information. Between her, Madame Zara (the legendary astrologer), and Viscount T.F. Arcevol, even the frontier days of the duchy were still considered a region of learning and enlightenment. Dame Alyx was well-respected and loved by those who turned to her voluminous store of books, scrolls, and tablets, and a potent spellcaster who defended this collection, and the people, quite effectively. This includes even bluffing a werewolf with a mere Charm spell. Sadly, Dame Alyx passed away from old age a number of years back.

A few years back, Dame Keyla led an expedition that uncovered the remnants of her home. It was within these blackened, decayed walls that verification of Duchess Chiyako Ravenhurst's lineage came to light (as she had just arrived and left questions for many, despite the authority of the Prince in elevating her). Between Dame Alyx and her dear friend Madame Zara, they seemed to acquire knowledge of things to come, even, and protected it within a space beneath her home that maintained the "rules of reality" known to their day. Old spells and items from several turns of magic past worked as if new and vital, and her voice from the days of yore assured her people (as it so often did) of the truth.

While this reporter doesn't know the details of what occurred within the cabin, when the group finally departed its interior (well-worn and battered from some kind of combat), it was with a sense of accomplishment at achieving access to a place of knowledge and power that might hold the key to reversing the untethering of Ravenholt City.

This reporter is old enough to remember the sense of assurance she could grant adventurers after a consultation over a difficult situation, secure that this knowledge would resolve the problem, perhaps save the day (for them or for everyone). It is comforting to know that even after all these years after her passing, she is still accomplishing that feat.



