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Looking Back

Session Seven. A group of armed strangers arrived in Elbin the other night, weary from road travel. The proprietor of the Six-Legged Lizard Tavern, S. Cräsín, described them as unemployed adventuring types, perhaps even outlaws. The visitors described an encounter with four Harriðáms along the road outside town, which they claimed to have dispatched. At this announcement, the patrons of the tavern ran home to check on their wives' remnants. One-by-one the men returned with accounts of their peculiar circumstances. A few of the men, about four, were particularly despondent. The tavern-keeper explained how the town was beset with a curse, perpetrated by each and every husband in the place. It was revealed that a mysterious grimoire was recently discovered in nearby Dwarven ruins. One of their number, a man named Eligin, performed an Othering from the book. He explained that the ritual would relieve the men of their wives' nagging. There were no dissenters or second-thoughts. The resulting Harriðáms have been plaguing the town and the surrounding countryside ever since. Eligin offered to reverse the Othering, but after returning to Zëb's Descent, the man hasn't been seen since. After hearing the Woe of Elbin, the strangers agreed to help the desperate town-folk. Rations were prepared and equipment readied. Volunteers were picked and the group left for the secluded hillside entrance with all the hopes of the town bearing down upon them.

Local Items

Cryptic Castaway. A young dark-skinned girl was saved this morning by shore-watchers who saw a tangle of timbers drifting off Kåalva's Point. Rowing toward the flotsam, longboatman E. Wëllë, was amazed at the state of the shattered beams. "Twisted and splintered, like they was nothing," he recounted. "Whatever did that..." The small team extricated the youth from the wreckage and returned to shore. The strange girl wore only a tattered shift, piles of metal bracelets, and an ivory choker. Her lips were cracked and bleeding, and she was covered in bruises. Some brandy brought her spitting upright. She blurted something in a foreign tongue and then was silent for a while. When a local innkeeper's wife arrived with food, she said the word "Keena," again and again. The girl is currently staying at the Bowl and Barrel, Northwharf.

Stiff Drinks. After much searching, the law office of Säggir and Tunn have discovered property records for plumber P. Èkensid's subterranean public house. According to records, the establishment was licensed in 7095 A.R. as "The Underworld" and served drinks for nearly 35 years before being closed. At that time, the owner's name was C. Lëllid. Combing through our morgue cabinets, inherited from the "Grimthorn Advertiser", we

found mention of a bar owner named Krin Lëllid, who was charged with poisoning solitary patrons and selling their bodies to the Hall of Anatomists, Grave. Following Lëllid's arrest, all mention of the pub disappears from record, likely sealed-up to avoid further taxes. Asked whether the new findings will have any impact on P. Èkensid's decision to reopen the Underworld, the plumber responded "Not in the least. Bodies don't bother me. Have you seen the pipes in this town?"

First Strongbox Found! The first strongbox of E. Parth has been located in the northern village of Hargan. A group of local treasure hunters, following instructions published in our Special Edition, we're able to find the coveted box. Disobeying the estate's instructions to leave the chests intact, the group engaged a local blacksmith to remove the lock. Inside were found three pages of the Will. It's unclear whether all or only some are legitimate copies. Representatives are en route to Hargan with the advertised reward, to retrieve the find.

Visogri Returns. Dōdogin Vis, giant of the northern continent, is camping near Verdum Hill, north of the city. Readers of this column may remember the fellow visiting three years ago. Once again he has strode the northern strait to deliver a wagon-sized sack of arctic furs and herbs that he's collected in the interim. Though intimidating, Dōdogin is an agreeable guest and will gladly trade stories with whomever has the patience to listen. His Illic isn't great, but neither is your Visogric.

Jilted Judge Seeks Driver. A fight erupted on River's Gate yesterday when two vehicles clipped one another while moving in different directions. N. Tordon, drayman of the west-bound wagon, explained that E. Talavar, was whipping his horses and weaving through east-bound traffic like a fish swimming upstream. Tordon was not able to make room for the darting carriage, and the two collided near the bridge-tower at Parapet Gallows. The teamster leaped down, pulled the other driver from his seat, and a fight commenced. The carriage's occupant, later identified as S. Sparollō, magistrate to the Graven Court, called from his curtained window several times to "Hurry my man, we're late!" The fight ended some minutes later, with both men tired and hanging from one another. After a short discussion, both climbed wearily onto the wagon and continued toward Soul for a pint. It's not clear whether the magistrate ever made it to work.

A Pauper's Prospect. Mudlarker, Sāman of Scrapside, recently discovered a begrimed treasure along the shore of Lake Dëalled. The bauble appears to be an antique ring, set with a precious stone that is etched with a woman's portrait. The find is currently being cleaned and held for commission at I. Ollof's Pence and Pledges, Leeward.

Automation Appreciation. A series of unfortunate accidents of late, have stirred the Guild of Obedient Goblin Laborer Equity to issue a reminder to all owners of automated machinery, specifically those powered by goblin toilers. Though goblin labor is generally viewed as a public utility, they do have basic needs that are unethical to withhold. Additionally, contraptions that restrict movement should be unlocked when the day's work is complete. Failure to do so can result in inconvenient putrefaction and workplace shortages.

Other Matters

Eye to the Skies. Lady Fëglu of Bellmourn has not returned from her visit to Ilödör Manor. There is a sign on her door stating that she will return shortly. Those born in the month of Serëth should be cautious until her return.

Familiar Problems. S. Lāthir III, wizard of Korjōdor, was found unresponsive one morning on the shores of Dead Lake. A number of boys who had camped overnight in the same rural area, found the man laying face-down in the gravel and weeds. When they tried to revive him, they were attacked by an invisible assailant that left them covered with long thin cuts, as if whipped. The boys returned with men from town and the wizard was removed to the home of E. Fid, a local doctor. Fid's examination was interrupted by a similar attack on his person. The veteran of a Vis campaign, the soldier skewered the hidden opponent with a pair of scissors. Though the immobilized enemy was not revealed, its blood ran black as ink. Doctor Fid placed the unseen body in a pickling jar with vinegar and its shape was revealed (Continued on Page 3).

Obituaries

Igra Flot of Oldtown, the 4th inst., leapt from Bardsfall Bridge, following the death of her husband, Eczaramus, last month. Her sons claim she was overcome with grief and hadn't been herself for weeks. Authorities are investigating the suicide however, because I. Flot has been an invalid for several years and unable to leave her chair without assistance.

Advertisements

👉 Looking for a few more letters after your name? It's not too late to enroll at Academy Hill for the Fall-Winter semester. Magister examination boards will convene during the entire month of Serëth. Tuition is due at the end of the month. Upperclassmen boarding is handled separately. Please contact the Admissions Office, Final for more information.

👉 Ratcatchers Rejoice! Rats bought for fair price. Please contact S. Furtoes, Lowthorn. Business only conducted out back.