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"Your bridge from one rule system, to another, and another."



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Looking Back

Session One. After identifying and enlisting the help of the goblin's ugly little helper, the group of inmates managed to escape from their cells and overtake Narek the Jailer, who was well into his evening cups. Following their escape from the second floor cell block, the five found their way to the fourth floor of Sevetor's Prison where they murdered Dorbon the Jailer. No family of Dorbon's has been found at the time of printing. The bandits then waylaid poor Helgida, the prison cook. After roughing-up the unfortunate matron and stealing her purse, the gang found their way out onto the prison roof where they dispatched Borron the Archer, a dedicated and well-regarded guard at the outpost for the last five years. Borron will be missed by his wife and tragically deformed daughter, aged 3. Using Other powers, the bandits managed to leap from the high battlements to the swamp below. The group is believed to be at-large.

Local Items

An Untamed Wife. S. Artersin of Timberton lost three fingers in a woodcutting accident. His wife, M. Artersin couldn't find any stove wood for the evening meal, found her husband asleep behind the house, and took the hand-axe to his hand. Authorities visited the residence to question the woman but soon left when she grabbed a fireplace poker.

The Green Boy. Mrs. Sorgon of Northwharf has reported that her goblin slave, Krik, has gone missing. She explained that she treated the fellow like her own son and that he had "no reason in the world" to leave. Investigations into the matter show this to be mostly true. Mrs. Sorgon, now an old widow, lost her only child when he was very young, and made Krik dress-up in children's clothes and play with her son's tin toys. More than once she took the goblin out into public dressed like a school boy.

A Counsellor's Cache. An Estate Auction will be held this weekend at the Leeward household of A. Moracus, recent Litigant of the Soul. Items available for bidding will include some Thävic landscape paintings by I. Gällan, authentic dwarven silverware, a number of large foreign rugs, choice crystals and minerals from a lifelong geological collection, plaster statuary, brass nautical equipment of unknown provenance, a crate of old maps, a small library of law books and novels, an outdated gentleman's wardrobe, a number of guild trinkets, and an ornate iron key with the inlaid silver letters: D. Z. All net proceeds from the auction will be used to support his widow.

He's Over Here. Some mischievous children captained a local rowboat near Bardton and made it all the way to Scrapside before abandoning the vessel. The owner of the rowboat, R. Coddins, has traveled to Scrapside

but has been unable to locate the craft. R. Coddins claims to know who two of the three children are and is seeking reparation from their parents or a short Writ of Indenture to take custody of the little thieves. The third child, Barris Dormat of Twistfoot Lane, claims that it was "a great adventure. We saw many bridges and a dead guy lying face down with no shoes."

Spoke'n Vows. This past weekend, F. Milif and H. Arlot were joined in holy matrimony at the base of Colossus Tor. A small group of family and friends gathered to celebrate the occasion and threw showers of wildflowers on the young couple after the traditional vows were exchanged. The bridegroom, Farkus, is a journeyman wheelwright soon to be partnered with Master Itz at Lowthorn.

Barn Razing. Helis of Oddton, a livestock farmer, reports that his barn was struck by lightning one night during a recent Veredin thunderstorm. He was sleeping at the time, but his wife woke him vigorously, yelling that the hay loft was afire. Soon, word spread throughout the community, and buckets were brigaded from the shores of the Upper Aralis. The effort was futile however and the barn burned to the ground. Most of the cattle and hogs were saved. Those that were not, fed the famished fire-fighters as the sun rose.

Pathology. Master Ilop of the Academy of the Eight Paths in Wail, was recently seen drinking in a Lowthorn tavern, apparently trying to keep his identity secret with a cloak assembled from canvas flour sacks. The academy tenet of Storm forbids the imbibing of alcohol. When confronted by curious patrons, the monk let loose with a fusillade of curses and invectives that had sailors taking notes. He then managed to break one man's nose, twist another man's shoulder from its socket, and flee the premises without paying. When his superior, Master Vål, was asked about the monk's behavior, the man sighed and explained that all brothers fail from time to time, but he'd never seen one fail every Path in one outing.

Diminutive Demons. Tarth's Wharves are more interesting these days. A couple weeks ago, a frigate from the Southern Sea docked at Bayside. There was an immediate crowd along the wharf, for the ship was crafted with exotic wood and smelled heavily of aromatic spices. As cargo was being carried off the ship, a large perforated barrel was dropped and splintered against the pier. In the next instant, the crowd scattered as dozens of small monkeys exploded forth, chattering, throwing produce, and creating a menace. Native sailors tried to capture the beasts to no avail. The monkeys now live at the wharf and will probably remain until winter's freeze.

Perpetual Proposal. Elbor of Pipetown is still seeking a wife. This time he promises to bathe.

The Port

A number of ships arrived this week from ports around the Iron Sea. Please see our list on Page 2 for ship names, origin, cargo, and docking addresses.

Other Matters

Eye to the Skies. Lady Fëglu of Bellmourn recently returned from several nights in Blind Hollow to read the stars and consult her charts. The one-eyed astromancer looked more confused than is usual. She did however assure our readers that those born in the current month of Sële, would benefit from starting a productive hobby, but should avoid dark alleys in troubled neighborhoods.

Wizard Hears Voices. Master Ōkon of Cinder-top has emerged from a three year sequester with insights into the metaphysical implications of the Fissure. He explained, "in small words", that the Divine was not as silent as people have been led to believe. He described hearing an endless chatter that continues behind the walls of our world. He went on to explain how a skilled professional, like himself, could hear the Other-world quite clearly when locked deep beneath the ground in a specially sound-proofed chamber. When asked how he could hear anything at all in a soundless chamber, he furrowed his brows and quit the interview.

Obituaries

L. Sonnos of Wyville, the 26th ult., in the 52nd year of his age, was crushed to death beneath a stampeding team of oxen while shopping in Workside. The beasts had been harnessed to the ice cart of P. Sülava when the normally stoic animals were spooked. Apparently, the beasts accidentally stepped on and broke the back of an old deaf dog that was sleeping in the street. The dog awoke, biting and howling in pain, and got tangled in the oxen's legs. This precipitated the stampede which soon claimed the life of L. Sonnos.

Advertisements

 Miniature Ape fresh from the Southern Sea. Hours of fun! Good throwing arm. Teeth should be docked. Only 10s! Bring your own net and collar. Ask for G. Tarth at Bayside.

 Valgor's Marvelous Soap. It's the best soap 'round the Iron Sea! Why would we lye? Only available at A. Dungle's Bath House.

 Lonely? Want a good time but don't have much to spend. Visit Arlot's Red Candle in Lowthorn. Ask for Hilda but don't ask too many questions.