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"Your bridge away from the twenty-four hour news cycle"



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Looking Back

Session Three. Distant barking called them forward. The unnamed village of Upper Nilor emerged from the swamp mists, a scattered collection of huts and rotting walkways. Pushing forward, sickly figures came to 'greet' them, with wide uncomfortable stares of curiosity, anticipation, and hunger. Pushing past, the gang found a path toward the barking. They found two bodies lashed to a wooden frame, nothing but bone and connective tissue. Beyond, in the swamp scrub they found a single dog barking and growling at a woolly alligator, half-submerged in the mud. They joined the stand-off, striking ineffectually at the large predator until the goblin death-dealer was able to plunge a knife into the monster's brain-nugget. The eldest of the band spent that night harvesting meat and procuring a giant hide. As the gang slept in shifts, the village residents watched hungrily from the light's edge. Come morning, they found a dugout canoe and pushed off into the swamp, following Pruzaan's 'unerring' spell of direction. After a day of paddling, they reached a small bramble ringed island dotted with low ruins. During the second watch, Yips wandered off after his ugly companion. Soon the others followed, finding an old foundation and a basement entrance covered in brambles. With a glowing twig they descended, found a rusted door, a body with a key, and forced the door open. As the twig-light illuminated the interior, an old pale man appeared, welcoming them.

Local Items

Getting Ahead. C. Yalätir of Trisk, perennial perambulator, has recently completed a year-long circumnavigation of the Island of Ill, wearing through three pairs of shoes in the process. Yalätir is compiling his journals, sketches, and stories into a book which he hopes to publish in the coming year. One of his tales took place outside the northern town of Hargan, where he found brief employment with a fishing crew trawling the strait with heavy nets. Noticing a commotion among the sailors, he locked the winch and pushed through the throng to see the cause. Buried in the haul of wriggling fish was a human skull with crab legs and claws extending from the base and eyes. The gruesome thing scurried across the deck and jumped overboard before anyone could catch it.

Arson in Iron Shore. Cocklemonger C. Edüle of Steep Street was sleeping under his wagon one night when he saw two figures duck into the alley next to the Phantom Flagon, an establishment run by Xavis Tortir. The strangers soon emerged from the passage and fled north. Soon after, the tavern was engulfed. Hollering rose from within and people poured out through doors and windows. A number of men climbed out of the first story windows, dropping to the ground. A

fourth unidentified man climbed inexplicably to the roof. Those gathered in the street watched the roof-bound man dancing one way, then another as flames licked out from between the wooden shingles. As the tavern was consumed the drunken crowd pointed and laughed at his desperate gamboling. The proprietor says the Flagon was insured by the T. Wadd Financial Group and will be rebuilt better than it was before. Agents for the insurance company mumbled noncommittally.

Missing Pigeons. Bird feeders have reported a curious lack of pigeons around Lowthorn recently. C. Krumpit says only months ago, there used to be hundreds in the square, and now it's hard to find one or two. Local ratcatcher B. Morrin also claims a mysterious lack of work in the area recently and has had to seek employment outside the Foothold.

Minor Offense. J. Volös of Blackport, was sentenced to three years hard-labor in the penal mines of northern Thävis for abandoning his wife and five children to seek his fortune, gold-mining in the Vis backcountry for the last three years, without sending home any support. Casada, his wife, says she and the kids have been reduced to penury, but thanks to the magistrate, things should be better now.

Gross Conduct. Last weekend during the sudden storms that ravaged the city, a number of curious teenagers entered the Storm district, made it past multiple layers of security, and climbed half-way up the Lightning Spire to watch the storms roll in. It's not clear what their motivation was, but it was likely an attempt to witness firsthand the Lighting of the Quartz Claw. All that can be known for sure is that the bodies of the teenagers were found cooked and stuck to the spire. A number of Arcanum refectory cooks were called to remove the remains with spatulas.

New Prisoner Gets Piles of Penpals. Prolific polyandrist, A. Labotton, was recently discovered to be keeping four concurrent husbands in different districts. The shame-faced men, named in court only as C. D., K. L., O. S., and U. C. appeared before the magistrate, screened from the public. Each in turn identified Andëa, a mountainous woman of 40 some years, as their wife. The woman wept contritely as the judge sentenced her to four years at Seveter's Prison. The magistrate then asked what the men found so appealing about the woman. K. Labotton answered that she was quiet, obedient, and almost never around. The others agreed.

A Case of Autoreinterment. A stir was caused when a disheveled man was seen crawling out of a burial hole at the Hill of the Unburied. Onlookers watched in horror as the disoriented man stumbled toward Widow's Crossing. Before reaching the bridge however,

the poor soul tripped and fell into another hole, disappearing into darkness. One witness exclaimed that she "saw the whole thing." Another added "Pity!"

Cuisine to Coo About. A new restaurant has opened in Lowthorn that is drawing rave reviews from all that dine there. "The creamed chicken and herbs is unlike any I've ever tasted!" exclaimed N. O'Sent. "The duck cassoulet tastes wonderful, but with a curious urban aftertaste," declared V. Nïëv. "The goose foie gras makes your taste buds scream for more...mercy, I can't think of the right word," added another pleased patron. The halfling owner and head chef of Feathered Feasts, S. Furtoes, won't reveal any culinary secrets but claims his success as a slingshot expert made him what he is today.

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 claims that the stars seem to be confused, but that she endeavors onward to supply Grimthorn with her best interpretations based on decades of experience. She went on to emphasize that readers born in the month of Sële, would do well to be introspective, find what annoys others, and stop doing that. She also encouraged Sëleists to avoid hot dishes, at least until they've cooled.

Obituaries

D. Liferd, the 8th inst., in the 60th year of his age, arrived at the Halfton Postal Depot, roped across the back of Bäsie, a 25 year old donkey, employed by the guild. According to the note tied to Dönad's foot, he died while picking mushrooms on the northwest shore. Apparently, the beloved Ghost Caps that he was picking look very similar to the deadly Ghost Capes. When the halfling harvester was examined, it was found that his tongue and throat had blossomed with Capes. Instead of burning the body, his kin decided to sell the body to science, specifically to a representative of Kilsaddin Manor, Final.

Advertisements

 Giant Idol from the Southern Sea. Have you ever wanted a hideous, creepy icon of inestimable power in your home? This is your chance! Seven-foot wooden idol from the Island of Grüb now available at Tarth's Wharf. Original buyer cannot be found. Ask for G. Tarth at Bayside. Sooner the better!

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