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"Secret concert tonight at Tower Bridge. Pass-phrase is 'Kirād sent me!'"



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Looking Back

Session Five. In the dark, the canoes knocked against the town's boat ramp. Looking up toward the lanterns' glow, they noticed the town was surrounded by formidable palings, braced against invisible foes in the swamp. Thard grabbed a floating stick and imbued it with light to illuminate the situation, giving a yell to anyone above that might hear. As they pulled the canoes aground, large shapes emerged from the waters and then leapt forward to attack Atlas. The group converged on the giant frogs, beating and slashing them to death, but not before a vicious bite dropped Atlas to the ground. Beyond the paling, townsfolk hurriedly worked unseen mechanisms until they were able to release a cluster of giant flies which distracted the waiting frogs. Soon, a concealed portion of the fence was lowered and the group was ushered inside. Doctor Yips used some rotted scraps to bind Atlas' wound and he was soon feeling much better. Following the sound of music, the group entered a local inn where Atlas was soon speaking with a singer. At the mention of his name, she excused herself and stepped outside. Thard followed and saw her activate the tavern lantern, which shone with a brilliant blue light. Soon afterward, the smell of brimstone filled the streets and two giant metallic spiders appeared, screeching an unknown tongue. The singer pointed into the tavern, stating "Jonathan. He's in there. I promised you I'd deliver. He's in there!". At that, one of the spiders teleported into the tavern and all hell broke loose.

Local Items

Police Privy Provides Prisoner Path to Pardon. Bellmourn Barracks reported a breakout from one of their holding cells. The inmate did not identify himself, other than with a repeated expletive that officers assumed was not his name. The man managed to pick the cell lock using tools concealed in his person, overcome a dozing sentry, and escape through the newly installed interior latrine. Authorities were able to follow the man's footsteps for two blocks before losing the scent.

Invest in Oils. F. and M. Oyst of Bardton were married last week. Marga, aged 81, is forty years older than her new husband. The bride wore the same dress she wore on her first wedding, 64 years ago to the day, moth-eaten but modest with faded silk carnations falling from the bodice. When asked about the event, she said she was most excited about the honeymoon. The bridegroom, Furg, seemed more reserved. "I been marr'd befurr," he confessed. "Not so bad. Lookin furrward to it. My gran was a lovely woman. Furr now on, I got me one of my own," he winked.

Poor Wether in the North. Wollun Farmer, a local shepherd, claims that half his flock were

plucked from the hillsides by Visic Condors. Though his sheep range along the rocky northern coast, it is rare for the massive birds to cross the strait. As we were talking, another giant bird swooped out of the sky and grabbed a sheep. Shaking his crook, the old rustic spat, "Ewe, see! If that don't just get my goat, I don't knoo what doos!"

Painted Ladies. Artist S. Lēz of Stoneside is looking for zaftig female models for a composition entitled, "Garden of Thunderous Delights". Models will be expected to wear antique garments and draperies while arranging themselves upon sumptuous beds and divans. The painter insists on his professionalism, though claims he's willing to pay more for private sittings. Lēz has shown his work along the sidewalks of some of the best galleries of the city.

Pork with Personality. Low Market butcher J. Rogor, has opened a new shop, after moving his business from Illvane's Manor. While his reputation for small sausages are what made him famous upriver, he has now expanded his selection to include cured hams and lunch-sized meat pies. We were allowed to sample some of his new offerings, but they weren't very good. Master Rogor remained good-natured, explaining with an expansive gesture, "They can't all be weiners."

An-Other Swing. A conflagration erupted two days ago on the middle tier of Widow's Crossing, damaging three vendors' stalls and burning a sleeping mendicant. It is believed to have been started by Otherings, but was extinguished by people with pails, pulled-up hand-over-hand with long ropes dropped to the creek below. The woman believed responsible was found unconscious under a nearby wagon, her hands blackened with soot. The mob wrapped a pail rope around her neck and pitched her over the bridge-side, hanging her to death. The beggar believes his new scarring should help his career.

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.

Sailors report seeing a strange unflagged vessel resting in deep waters, a couple days sail, west of Grimthorn. When the merchant vessel "Lion of Alzaril" approached to see if the ship was having troubles, they could see Other forces coruscating among deck ballistae. Though crew could be seen, nothing could be discerned of them or potential livery. The Lion's captain, V. Piral, sagaciously turned his craft away and continued toward port. There have been no further developments except that the Pentarchy is taking the report seriously.

Other Matters

Eye to the Skies. Lady Fēglu of Bellmourn recently returned from several nights in Blind Hollow to read the stars and consult her charts. A new, persistent tick twisted the end of her lips as she ushered us inside. Once the door was closed she whispered, "We're not alone. I cannot explain why but you shouldn't return." After plying her with a few drams of whiskey she added, all those readers born in the month of Sēle should lock their doors and windows at night, and avoid the "hog piss" they sell down in Pipetown. She then added, the "pisskey" they sell in Northwharf is far superior.

Obituaries

E. Parth of Char, son of Iāza Parth, aged 68, 2nd inst., of a weak constitution. Erel, scion of the Parth fortune, produced no heirs, ending a twelve generation dynasty of one of the most celebrated families on the island. An army of litigants are poised to take inventory of all Parth assets, while a second army of distant relations, creditors, and charities have already begun filing claims against the estate. To make matters interesting, E. Parth divided his Will into twenty parts, which were secured in separate strongboxes distributed across the island. No part of the Will is to be enacted until all twenty pieces have been recovered and assembled. It's expected that adventurers and forgers are already mobilized.

Milus Krant, aged 29, 1st inst., fell off the seawall near Adrus Shipyard and is presumed drowned. He has no next-of-kin but was a member of the Literary Guild, Final. Friends at the guild believe he was a poet but no one could find any published works of Krant's in the society's private library. Authorities are listing the death as "Poet drowned, body not found."

Seaman's Guild barkeep Vālad Mard of Windward, aged 33, 2nd inst., in his sleep, his he-wife nearby. Mard was a sailor before hopping behind the bar, and spent many years circling the Iron Sea with a number of crews. He retired from sailing five years ago, after losing a leg to a shark when his longboat overturned in a storm. He survived by clambering atop the boat's hull and beating the circling predators with a broken oar. His sea-spouse, L. Bruk, stroked his beard, remembering him fondly. "Vālad was all man," he sniffed. "Well, about three-fourths".

Advertisements

 Sacks of milled flour, barley, rye, and other grains from Thāvis, newly unloaded at Selkir's Wharf, Soul. Please contact dockmaster D. Garb. No monkeys, no worries!