

# NOVASHAN QUILL

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## WINTERFELL MANIFESTO

We, the management and writers of the Novashan Quill, would like to make this disclaimer that any and all information provided in this "article" does not necessarily reflect those views and ideals of the Management. - the Quill...

To the loyal yet neglected freemen of Novashan:

For many years now, war has clouded your doorsteps like a great storm on the ocean; unrelenting and limitlessly fueled by the greed and oppression of those few whom should be sheltering you from it. These few, these so-called "knights" and "nobles," are nothing more than rogues that prosper at the expense of your suffering.

Now, in the wake of the Stormlord's defeat, the nobility of Novashan finds themselves without an easily distinguished foreign enemy to further their ambitions against. Instead, they look within Novashan itself, searching for yet another to crush beneath their thumb and prosper from at the expense of your own labors....and lives.

Feudalism, that great ideal that was meant to grant a symbiotic benefit for both those who own the lands and those who work it, has become nothing more than another form of slavery.

Knighthood, once a pinnacle of chivalry and the aspiration of many an envious man and woman, has become nothing more than a collection of corrupt and immoral brigands whom use their white belts as a shield to hide them from the consequences of their own misdeeds and evils.

Nobility, the honor granted to the few whom stood out amongst you all as the leaders and protectors of your best interests and prosperity, has degraded to a title of privilege and decadence without the burden of accountability.

And the Freemen, the true power of Novashan, have become nothing more than servants of a pampered and spoiled few whom would rather enjoy the fruits of your labors for themselves rather than sharing it as was intended.



The Time of Feudalism must end if we are all to live as free men again.

I call out to those whom would be free to choose their own destiny . . . rise up against your oppressors. Leave the farms they force you to work, abandon the anvils you labor over for their tools of death, cease baking the bread they eat for themselves. You have all suffered greatly from their neglect - let them now feel the sting of yours. Watch them fall without your backs to stands on.

There is still one True Noble in Novashan worthy of your

allegiance; one man whom will die for all of you, and will ask of no man what he himself would not do. One man whom has already demonstrated the price he is willing to pay to protect his people. One man who even now fights to free himself from the prison of death orchestrated upon him at the hands of the Treacherous and Cowardly White Dragon . . . Duke Sir Mythindor Wanderlust, the Last True Noble and Knight of Novashan.

Even now, His Grace lays in the crumbled halls of Winterfell, bound to death by the foul magic of the White Dragon, that craven creature that sought to claim Winterfell as its own in the wake of the Great Battle in which His Grace lay down his life so that the people could escape to freedom. And now, almost 5 years later, the despicable beast has been routed from our beloved Winterfell. Soon, His Grace shall return to his rightful place and all will prosper under his protection and guidance.

On behalf of His Grace, I invite you, the True Free Men of Novashan, to join our cause. Come forth to the lands of Annadar and start your lives anew. All who seek refuge in our forest will be granted their own land, free of taxation. Work the land for yourselves, keep the silver you earn for yourselves and your family, and serve His Grace because you choose to, not because you are forced to. Fear not the backlash of your former slavers, in time they will be brought to true justice.

*(cont. p6)*

# THE THEORIES AND PRACTICES OF ALCHEMICAL TREATMENTS ON LEATHERS, FURS AND HIDES



by Laric De Nol, Arch Magus of the Crescent Order and Alchemist Extraordinaire

The first consideration must be to the nature of the animal providing the leather to be treated and the desired treatment to be applied and the process's that will be required to bond the alchemies to said leather and if it will survive the process. Goat skin, as an example will not survive such treatments that Troll Hide requires.

Secondly, all due caution must be paid to the nature of the usage of the treated product. A breastplate, for example, is much easier to treat. The variety of options are almost endless in ingredients used, only limited by the type and source of the leather, as the stiffness of the leather is almost never an issue unless fit is poor. Whereas gloves, even those made of the supplest goat skin (I consider Gold Draconian Hide among the best glove material in all the known planes) must remain flexible and most supple, treatment with alchemies to increase cut resistance, or others, must not be a detriment to the nature of the gloves. In fact it is most desirable to increase the suppleness of the gloves.

Specifically speaking of Troll Hide, I was looking through my stores, much depleted after the fall of Maelcore and the ensuing near total destruction of the Mantle, I was reminded, quite to my chagrin, of the awesome regeneration

powers of some breeds of Trolls. Case in point, my supplies of Liquid Fire have almost run out, and no recipe I have and no mixture of ingredients has been able to duplicate the mixture. Liquid Fire being of utmost import to the storage of things such as Troll Blood and Troll Hide, I had such supplies stored in as strong an acid as could be without the total destruction of the specimens. I opened the vat containing the Hide, only to find a miniature Troll! Twas regrown to a full 2 feet. The hide used the acidic liquid as food to enable it to regrow. Furthermore, not only was every drop of acid consumed, but the creature had even started to digest the inside of the vat! Further testing has revealed many new and great attributes to the blood of this troll, though I do worry about the dangers of storage.

I've lost my place, oh yes, I am currently unhappy with the quality of hardeners available. I have spent many long years experimenting and looking for a new mixture to achieve greater and longer lasting results, results whose nature will allow leathers to totally supplant the need for Mithril and Steel armor, giving The Kings Armies and Knights a much needed advantage in battle. Through much arduous research I have found a new ingredient that I much desire to acquire and begin experimentation with. (cont. p6)

# NEW BREED OF BOVINE FOUND

by James Touchstone

"In all my twenty five years of rais'n dairy cows have I ever seen such an animal! She ain't Purdy to look at, but boy! can she put out the milk!!" states Jenkins Farsworth, local farmer of Brenn. It seems many a strange miracle has visited the folks of Brenn and the surrounding towns and villages this spring, from unexplained good deeds to the more unusual cows and chickens which have been found wandering free.

"These past few years were tough ones," says Farsworth, "With the Stormlord and all them orc and such stealin' and kill'n and ruin'n everythin, I could hardly feed my family let alone get 'nough together to sell. We ate our last dairy cow this winter just to keep liv'n! What a surprise Betsy had when she went out to fetch water and found a cow chew'n cud right in the yard!"



Farmer Farsworth's new cow is quite a unique bovine with four eyes and two tails, but her ability to produce extremely large amounts of milk on such a light diet of vegetation is the most remarkable trait. In just two weeks the Farsworth family has made enough cheese and butter to feed them and begin to sell to their neighbors.

"Betsy Farsworth's butter is so sweet 'n creamy it makes even these stale biscuits taste like they

fell from the Prince's table." proclaims Georgette Green, long time resident of Brenn.

Exactly how this new breed of dairy cow has come about or even where she has come from remains a mystery for now. Many physicians have been uprooted and sent to areas for treating wounded and sick, but as peace brings healing, hopefully the time to investigate these fascinating creatures will be made.

## IRON SHORTAGE SPREADING

by *Byerly Vorrutyer*

As reported in the Novashan Quill last year, several Iron shipments from the Barony of Taradyr have



gone missing. Three more shipments due to arrive with the spring have also gone missing, totaling several tons of raw iron ore due for the foundries of Atruche, Brisbane, and Wyndover. Any information regarding the loss of these shipments should be given to the Baronial Guard of Taradyr.

## MESSAGE SERVICE FALTERING

by *Nenenvie Clipper*

The fledgling Messenger service started by the Purveyor's Guild this last year has suffered some major setbacks this winter, with many customers complaining of very late deliveries or none at all. So far such incidents have been isolated, and the Purveyor's Guild is offering a reward for information leading to the whereabouts of their lost couriers.

## BLUE "GIRL" SIGHTINGS NEAR BRENN!

by *Celewyn D'Jour*

Over the course of the last fortnight a series of unusual sightings have been reported. All of these sightings describe a Young woman or older girl that for some reason is blue in coloration. These sightings have caused a stir among many scholars whom remember a magical disease that ran rampant a few years ago. When we inquired, A Spokesman for the Royal Arcane Order issued the following statement. "We do not believe that it (the disease) is back, Most reports say that this girl is translucent, which was never a symptom."

And indeed it wasn't. Many reports do in fact state that this girl is, at least in part, transparent. Most reports also state that this girl is either unable, or unwilling, to speak. Instead she seems to try to convey her wishes thru simple gestures much as someone who was struck dumb. This girl seems to be fairly peaceful and there has been only one report of an attack

by her.

Young Bobby Miller was out playing with his faithful dog at the outskirts of town when he spotted the blue girl. He and his dog approached the girl, who seemed peaceful enough, until the dog bolted forward presumably to smell the girl as dogs are wont to do. This apparently frightened the girl as she lashed out at the dog striking it repeatedly. Bobby described the strikes making a sound "like when meat is put on a hot griddle". Both dog and girl fled from each other after the brief



exchange leaving young Bobby to care for his injured pet. The dog had a bizarre series of burn marks on its flesh. A local Alchemist (who wished not to be named) stated that the burns appeared to be made by acid.

As one final note, the timing and placement of these sightings go from the southwest side of Brenn to the Northeast, Sorvan and Illverash beware!

### In all wisdom and foresight **Good Prince Duncan**

has seen the need

To strengthen the peoples of Novashan

Even in this time of peace.

Therefore, by noble decree,

Militia training will be provided to the people

In all major towns.

#### *In the town of Illverash :*

At the 11th bell, before midday, every second and third day of festival, Survival Training will be provided to hone and polish skills needed in wielding weaponry.

At the 3rd bell, after midday, every second and third day of festival, Militia Training will be provided to further build combat skills.

All will first meet on the High Trail.

**Let not our enemies catch us unaware!**

## INTERVIEW WITH A VILLIEN

By Phil Anderers

*First in a Series of Articles  
featuring Notable Residents and  
Visitors of the Town of Ilverash*

*One considers many things when traveling the lands of Atruche, especially why one would venture to the swamp-town of Ilverash. When pondering this perplexing concept, it drives the mind mad to completely understand and comprehend what goes on in the minds of those that feast and partake in the merriment that is inexplicably abundant in this rural, rustic town. So instead of trying to answer that question, I have gone in search of the personalities that have so easily grasped this idea of attending a festival in a swamp, and to share the inner workings of these stalwart heroes and devious villains with you, the reader. Perhaps you may gain a greater knowledge of what key components draw such a vast conglomerate of folk.*

My first subject had drawn great interest of many people simply because of a most notable single accomplishment; winning a fight. Garth hails from the Kingdom of Nardmyrr, and from a long line of quarrymen. Some of the greatest marble statues in Maelcor can be attributed to his family. Making this comparison is, at present, difficult, but one tends to get a sense of truth from his words, especially for one who is "...old enough that everything hurts, but young enough that the bulls still haven't got the best of him."

Garth came to Ilverash to hunt swamp fox for their furs. He and his companion, Tristan, had some to the swamp-town over two years ago, and after Tristan had passed away, Garth remained for a lack of anything else to do. I suppose that hunting swamp fox is better than his younger days of standing guard at various temples in the kingdom.

His joy seems to stem from fighting and from tournament. "This whole tourney things new",

said Garth. His flair for the simple pleasures of life and his new found love of tournament has certainly lifted his spirits and given him a new hope and purpose. He certainly has high expectations and is ready to prove himself at every chance. When asked the caliber of opponent he enjoys most, Garth replied, "I certainly didn't want (**certain people**) to win...". He is interested in testing his arm with the likes of a knight or two, as he has had reason to believe that some of them are "...lacking...", having been offended by comments made by Sir Nolan by his own word. Also, there was mention of a shield with a blue chicken upon it...

Her Excellency, Baroness Dame Felicity Ashenwood of Atruche commented, "I am proud to have Garth as my champion." Talk of invitations being sent to Nardmyrr was then exchanged, and many discussions of tournament rules and bargains that involved the Atruchian Champions defense of a lady's honor, to be chosen by her Excellency.

It was about this time that Garth's companions had finished cooking some fabulous gourmet egg sacs and we began to eat. One cannot write while a stomach is chortling, nor can one tell a good story.

Some of Garth's most memorable moments include fighting along side Duke Sir Kieran D'Kalin, although he did distress a bit when he had been left to the mercy of some Dark Elves that were found upon the lands. He also alluded to mistakes he had made in his past... of which you must ask Garth yourselves to learn those tales.

Garth enjoys the company of his human companions, and is wary of others. I attribute some of his distrust to having been sheltered as a youth; however, I have been wrong from time to time.

And to finish my lengthy discussion with Garth, I posed one simple, yet powerfully telling question; If you had one wish, what would it be? His reply, "More wishes, so I'd never run out."

## HERALD TO THE CHAMPION OF THE WINTERS FEAST NAMED

With the sun rising to high noon on the last day of the March festival in Ilverash, a man was raised to a position to which few have been raised before. Baroness Felicity appointed someone to the position of Herald to the Champion of the Winters Feast.

The Champion Garth currently holds the honor of Champion of the Winter Feasts of Atruche. For those who are unsure of the role of a Herald, it is to be the proclaimer of all the challenges and accomplishments of the Champion, as well as any notable character traits that make this person an outstanding example. The man who was elevated to this position will do his job well because he is known throughout Ilverash and the surrounding areas for his many commendations and for many trials that he has personally been through. He is known for many things from being the master-storyteller of the Blue Minotaur to being an owner of a semi-famous grotto to being a successful user of the rare magic of Hope, and many other accomplishments.



So it is with great joy that we congratulate Grendall in becoming the Herald of the Champion Garth and wish him good tidings for him and our Champion. If you are lucky enough to see Grendall heralding, it is a sight for the eyes, and something to be passed down for the ages.

## THOU MUST BE A CHAMPION

By Phil Anderers

I had heard four bells in the distance, and it was then that I heard the clash of steel on steel. I had only heard such clamor from great battles. Had the Tommarans returned? Was the Stormlord approaching again?

I would say that these all paled in comparison...

It was a great battle, a tournament of arms. Two stout warriors, both of great zeal and vigor. Two lions battling in the plains, pitting muscle against mind, and proving nothing more than the right of victory.

Garth, the Atruchian Champion, had accepted the challenge of the great elf warrior Lord Malakai of Cherbourg, in service to his Excellency, Baron Sir John Malconney.

The challenge was quite a test for both Man and Elf... three contests, each to eight solid blows. The first contest was to be of hand axes, the second, spears. The third was with sword and heater. Blows were to be called as a point of honor by each combatant.



What a great display of martial prowess and technique. Lord Malakai did take victory 8 blows to 5 in the first contest, and Garth the victor with spear by 8 blows to 4. The last contest ended in a spectacular flurry of battle, with Lord Malakai yielding to the Atruchian.

Garth, in such astute honor, did invite Lord Malakai to sup with him on any occasion, that they both would peacefully enjoy each others company. Garth also proclaimed that at any time of Lord Malakai's choosing, that he may return to finish the bout and only then would a winner truly be chosen.

Garth had discovered that Lord Malakai had been attacked only hours previous by a band of ogres, and that he had been fighting wounded.

The true questions now lie; What is the Atruchian's record? Who will he fight next? Will Lord Malakai return? Can Garth uphold his honor through these trials and tribulations?

## SIR XANDRICK: AN ILL-MADE KNIGHT?

(Reprint from Oct. 998, *Mystic Quill*, Vol 2 Issue 7)

by The Silenced One

*Editor's Note:*

*After being visited by such a visage of such the shell of a man, I ran to my room and closed the door, locking myself inside. I shuddered for nearly a day, hoping to never see that face again. It was only after this that I realized that I could not run from my duties to his Highness, to the people of Novashan, and to myself. I hurried and gathered my writers and scribes, and began to research more about this elusive Sir Xandruck Olanov. Below is one of the articles previously printed in the Quill. I will allow my readers to decide what THEY believe. - Tannin Willenbotler*

This is for those who could not speak up at a recent knighting ceremony because we are not noble, nor are we knights. Many of us commoners were not asked to speak at the knighting of "Sir" Xandruck Olanov, but I have seen him on more than one occasion draw first on someone with whom he was having a discussion. This is a quality of a knight? He has spoken down of others. He has directly ordered people around with no just cause, and has argued with those who have rank on him because he didn't agree with their rank.

Now he stands as Knight of the Arrow, Xandruck, who has no sense of virtue and proper manners. I know there are those who agree because it was so spoken during the entire day of his Knighting. And to those who know the truth, I say that I can no longer bite my tongue while people who know how to kiss up to the nobles get rewarded and the common man is stepped on again.

## REPORTS FROM THE WEST

by Jason Fowler, scribe and would-be militarist

We have news at long last from the battle lines in the west. It would seem that all has been quiet this winter, well quiet on our side at least. There have been no advances of enemy forces, no skirmishes with orcish or goblinoid patrols, not even a wayward giant stepping on anyone's toes.

But the quiet has not been complete. Reports just obtained from returning soldiers tell of very strange happenings on our opponent's side of the battlefields. There have been several encounters observed by our troops of orcs and goblinoids fighting amongst themselves. They make no advances or threatening movements against humans, but fight each other almost regularly it would seem. Perhaps if any of our great nobles or a general or two are reading they may wish to take this writers opinion and press their advantage whilst they can. The inner squabbling would appear to me to be an excellent time to rid ourselves of this loathsome enemy once and for all.

While I may be no commander of great armies... or even a soldier of any form, I can see logic when it is plainly in front of me, and I say the time is ripe if ever it was. Strike now, strike fast, and perhaps we will never again need to worry for our safety from these green skinned monstrosities.

**MANIFESTO, Cont...**

To the Failed Nobility of Novashan: For more than ten years, I have mistakenly served your causes blindly and without question. I have killed in your name, and died at your whim. And for what? To be dubbed "Ruthless" by one of your own? To die honorably in defense of our people only to have my resting spirit torn asunder as you seek to use tainted magics to spend my life essence again and again on your own designs? And now, to be called Abomination and Outlaw? Your pride and ignorance shall be suffered no longer.

I renounce my station as Knight of the Thistle and Loyal Servant of the Crown of Novashan. I can no longer, in good conscious, allow my sword to be used as a tool to further your own corrupt endeavors while my countrymen continue to suffer under your oppression. My fury will no longer be held in check by my Oath, as my Oath is to Novashan and its people, not to your coffers. Henceforth, I assume my Accolade as Knight of the Broken Arrow, and accept my duties as The Warden of Winterfell until such time as His Grace, Duke Sir Mythindor Wanderlust, is freed from his spiritual bindings and can return to his people as their rightful Lord and Benefactor.

On behalf of the memory of His Grace, Duke Sir Mythindor Wanderlust, I formally declare war upon you, The Most Foul and Failed Nobility of Novashan. You have been found wanting by those you would rule, and I champion their well being and swear an Oath to remove each and every one of your corrupt leaders from power so that Novashan may once again live in peace and prosperity. I name each of you and your sins, so that you will know me as an enemy without doubt and I will have the satisfaction of knowing that your defeat will not be the result of a surprised encounter.

Duke Kieran D'Kalin, You were perceived as a model of what knighthood should have been, and

yet even you cannot be held to the standard you would hold others to. You had the power to shape the future of the chivalry, and yet you chose to stand aside as it degraded. Rather than directing a force of good for Novashan, you chose to lay the blame of its failure at the feet of others. Your Pride has cost you more than you yet realize.

Baroness Felicity Ashenwood, Your Envy has blinded you. It was arrogance that brought you to don a white belt you never earned and never needed. Nobility and chivalry must act separately yet together, never through one vessel that chooses what is most convenient at the time. As one last act of mercy towards you in honor of our past friendship, I give you until Agelong to choose your path and abandon the other. I also warn you to keep your agents in check, for any attempts to interfere in my affairs will be construed as an act of war and you will pay for it with the blood of Ilverash.

Lord Aeracon Whiteoak, Your Lust for power over the years has shown you to be less of a knight and more of a charlatan. You have shown yourself to be more concerned with your own agenda and less concerned for the greater good of Novashan. Reevaluate your station, Sir, and redeem yourself in the eyes of those you were meant to serve. Distance yourself from your wants and consider the suffering of those that you turn away.

Lord G'nip G'nop of Ilverash, I never would have thought to see a day where coin exceeded my value in your eyes. To know that your game of cards was more important than aiding me against those who sought to harm you and your village has opened my eyes as to your true nature. Your Greed has purchased you a doomed fate. I can only hope you serve His Grace in eternal death greater than you have served those whom trusted you in life.

Sir Dar'Khan the Corrupted, You are my greatest mistake in life. You never learned what I tried to teach

you of knighthood...you only cared about the destination, not the journey. Holding a trophy means nothing if you never raced to win it. My compassion and mercy for you has been out of respect for His Grace, as he chose to elevate you for your loyalty, not your service. In His Grace's absence, you have chosen to disregard the traditions of knighthood by creating false knights and assuming power that was never yours to wield. You have done more to cheapen the accolade than any single knight I have ever known of. No longer will I spare you, as you have dishonored the memory of His Grace a thousand times over. Your Gluttony for personal power has made you unredeemable in my eyes, and I must smite you.

Sir Raleigh the Craven, Rather than performing your sworn duties as a knight, you left a brother-at-arms to die alone to save your own skin. The blood of my death and the blood of the innocents that will continue to die because of Your Sloth flow at your feet. Death will not be your escape. I grant you "mercy" and will not raise blade against you should we meet on the field of battle. My blood has bought you your life, enjoy what little of it you choose to live.

You have been warned. My Wrath shall know no boundaries.

*Lord Sir Xandrick Dimitri von Olanov,  
Knight of the Broken Arrow  
Warden of Winterfell*

**TREATMENTS, Cont...**

There exists a large mushroom like plant that secretes a sap I believe will move my research forward. It is known to me that this rare mushroom is harvested by some lizard men tribes for use in some barbaric and probably ghastly ritual. I only know of one lizard man tribe living in the right climate, and I am loathe to travel within a score of leagues of the place and all Agents of the Crescent Order are on more pressing business that I cannot spare them running errands to please my tinkering, no matter the potential import.

## THE GHOTAKRA STORY, REVISITED

It is now 6 months since the death of the war chief Ba'Zagdula and the Candle Maker. Early in the month of August, the city of Dunn Creek was visited by the forces of the Candle Hunter one last time. An orc carrying a white flag slowly walked up to the city gates and told the watch that Ba'Hawkeen wished to parlay with the new leader of the town.

"Ba'Hawkeen has a gift for you," said the messenger. Reluctantly, a small group of a dozen men went out to meet with him, led by the captain of the guard. Allen Hawkins met the group half way with a small escort of orcs of his own. Additionally, a shackled man was being pulled up along with them. "I'd like you all to meet Zephran Chandler," announced the Elven leader. "Here is the Tomarrian Mage that has been the catalyst of the destruction of so many of your cities. I must say though, of all the villages and cities that I have visited in my quest to find this man, I feel that I may have been unnecessarily harsh to all of you. That being said, I am giving him to you to do with him what you will. My curse is undone and I have no more use for him. Best of luck to you all."

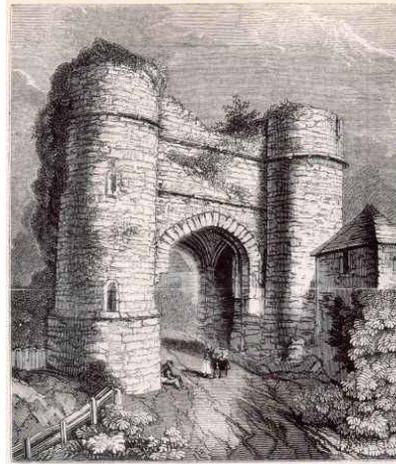
Then, just as soon as they came, they walked off. The townsfolk dragged the Candle Maker into the center of town kicking, screaming, and begging for his life to be spared. The people booed, cursed, spit at him, and threw anything they could get their hands on. The captain of the guard silenced the crowd and yelled out, "Good people! This man has done many wrongs and should be brought to the proper authorities. As one of the last Tomarrian Mages, if not the last one, he may have vital information that we should learn from him." He paused a moment, looked back at the *(cont. p8...)*

## HERONS WAY BRINGS NEW MERCHANTS TO PRINCIPALITY

by Brunwolf Deepanvil  
Proprietor, Blue Ring Trading Co.

Tis' interesting, life on a Merchant caravan. To say it is an easy life would be a bit o' a lie. The trials and tribulations of travels are numerous. Safety of me men and goods is my main concern. The roads and trails of this land can be dangerous, as those with less than desirable morals try and make their living through thievery.

Heron's Way, is seeing increased use as a safe route through these troubled lands. Brigands are becoming few on Heron's Way, the increased number of caravans and their guards have seen to that problem.



## ANNOUNCING: THE BLUE RING TRADING COMPANY

by Brunwolf Deepanvil  
Proprietor, Blue Ring Trading Co.

I've been asked to pen a bit of an introduction of sorts. It is perfectly understandable as it has been long since my company has visited Ilverash. It appears that much has changed, although many things have stayed the same.

My name is Brunwolf Deepanvil, and I

run the Blue Ring Trading Company. Mastery of the Smithing arts is my true claim to fame, although I dabble in many of the crafting arts. Long have I traveled these lands, searching for the best artisans. I do my best to procure the finest items and bring them to the good people of Autruche.

## IN SEARCH OF...

by Mr. Heartless

If you are smart enough to find the answer to these riddles on your own; then you just might be the person I am looking for. Knowledge is power, but money brings you more. See Mr. Heartless at the Oasis in Crossroads, available at the full or new moon from midnight to dawn. Come alone or do not come at all, if others are with you then you will not find me.

\*I am two-faced but bear only one, I have no legs but travel widely. Men spill much blood over me, kings leave there imprint on me. I have greatest power when given away, yet lust for me keeps me locked away. What am I?

\*Some will use me, while others will not, some have remembered, while others have forgot. For profit or gain, I'm used expertly, I can't be picked off the ground or tossed into the sea. Only gained from patience and time, can you unravel my rhyme?

\*I'm as small as an ant, as big as a whale. I'll approach like a breeze, but can come like a gale. By some I get hit, but all have shown fear. I'll dance to the music, though I can't hear. Of names I have many, of names I have one. I'm as slow as a snail, but from me you can't run. What am I?

\*Cannot be seen, cannot be felt, cannot be heard, cannot be smelt. It lies behind the stars and beneath the hills. Ends life and kills laughter. What is it?

## The TROUBLE WITH COIN

I recently had occasion to walk to Ilverash, and found that there were few things in the market district. Which is by the way, extremely lacking, no centralized local location but for a tiny shop, no guards to speak of. I discovered to my dismay no inn, no food vendor of any sort and some of the households were especially rude to traders, which is an uncommon occurrence everywhere because word of mouth from the traders can make or break you when it comes to getting services and goods rendered unto yourself.

After all, why pay 3 gold for a tunic when most only have to pay 2? Again, though I am but a simple merchant by trade, I still have feelings and opinions, and can speak of them with little to no coaxing.

The special circumstances of my visit are a precursor to finding a new place to sell my wares, as many of us merchants have been displaced out of Maelcor, though every once in a while I hear word from the surrounding area, apparently still not livable yet inside the city limits.

Back to my original thought, I had spent some time wandering, getting to know the few citizens I

met and discovered the tribe, Blaktuth I think they call themselves. I find it very ironic that a tribe of savages, I would guess from their dress and activities, found themselves demanding a toll at the tiny bridge across the very tiny moat. (It really looked like a large puddle from my viewpoint) I explained very politely that I would need to sell my wares in order to afford a toll and offered something else in lieu of said toll.

After passing the guard and walking into the encampment I could see it had been a hard winter because though there were several people inside the walls, they hardly had enough clothing for half their number. Although I spoke of the garments that I had left at the market that would probably fit such females that were half naked at the fire none moved to purchase my goods. Therein lies the crux of the problem, being savages they perchance had no coin. But as there was signs of such a poor winter they had not even furs to trade to me, and so I must find a coin tree, that I might eat this spring, though I could use to lose a few pounds, but starvation was not the way I had hoped to accomplish my goal.

## GHOTAKRA, Cont...

Candle Maker and said, "It's too bad that he'll never make it there."

With that, the captain back handed Zephran across the face with his metal gauntlet. Over the course of the next half hour, the townspeople took turns beating on Chandler, cursing him for their losses and the emotional trauma done to their children. Numerous times the Candle Maker passed out from the torture he was being put through. However, each time he did, the town healer would come by and mend his wounds so they could do it all again. It was if the entire town had gone mad with bloodlust and revenge.

Eventually, once everyone had gotten their turn, he was hung by the throat until dead. It's sad that causing someone so much pain can bring some peace to so many people's hearts. He wasn't the Elf that had performed the deeds. But to the city of Dunn Creek, it was satisfying none the less.

With the death of Zagdula, the Ghotakra orcs divided into two groups. The first group, made up primarily of the elders, the women, children, and tradesmen stayed in the 'orcish nation' that they had formed for themselves. The other half on the other hand, made up of the most of the army, stayed under the leadership of Ba'Hawkeen. The winter has been quiet, but the city of Inelfree still lives in fear that one day, the elven leader might march his forces into their town and homes. In the meantime, they have learned that continuing to trade goods and services with the orc clan is most likely their saving grace. Let us hope that the peace continues once the weather becomes more fair.



## SPROUTS & BUDS

by Rolfe Farmer

Ye farms and warm houses, be ever vlygent. Now is the tyme, o' ye of sowing, to dress thy fields in blankets of leaf and branch, of hay and straw and grass blade, and spurn the growth of yon chokers and vynes. Crocuses and tulips do tell ye that thy ground be good and fertyle. Gather thy spaghnum and prepare ye poultices.

Stale poultices of moss be used in place of hay in ye stables. Ye matrons of Taradyr be well acquainted with moss. Do as yon Taradyr cousyns, and dry it to be layed in ye children's cradles as mattress, bolster and covering, and being changed night and morning, as it keeps infant remarkably clean, dry and warm. Hope for rain, and be ever watchful for foul beasts that do uproot thy seeds.

# CLASSIFIEDS

*Lady Bridget Montrose*

Master Seamstress

I am seeking craftsmen and women to learn the art of tailoring.

Everything from your basics to the highest of court garb.

Cost for lessons will vary based on current level of craftsmanship obtained.

Please seek me out in Allowen if you wish to learn.



Need a job? Want some coin?

**Join the Baronial Guard!**

Now recruiting new members. Training, pay, and meals provided.



SEEKING COBBLERS, AND THOSE WHO FEAR NOT. COME TO BRENN. SEE ARCHIBALD DU SAC VELU FOR MORE INFORMATION.



NEED COIN? Come to Ilverash. Many Baronial sponsored road-building and repair work projects currently being done - invest an afternoon, reap the rewards!



**Wanted:**

Any objects of interest regarding or pertaining to the Wild Plane. Please report to Mibiny Gates at the Old Hallows Inn in Brenn. Reward to be allocated depending on the value of object.



*Strange Animals Wanted for study. Please bring, dead or alive, to the Fanners and Livestock Guild of Fennox for reward.*

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES?  
CAN YOUR HOUSEHOLD  
WITHSTAND THE TEST OF TIME?

DURING THE WEEK OF AGE LONG,  
HER EXCELLENCY

*Baroness Dame Felicity*

*Ashenwood of Zutruche,*

*Chevaleresse du Chardon,*

...SHALL BESTOW A GREAT HONOR AND REWARD FOR THE BEST HISTORICAL RECORD OF THEIR HOUSEHOLD TO THE WINNING HOUSE. GET YOUR QUILLS READY AND MAY YE ALL WORK SUCH GREAT WONDERS, THE LIKES OF WHICH ALL SHALL MARVEL FOR THE AGES

*Congratulations*

*My Winter Champion!*

May you prove victorious in all future battles! Also congratulations to Christopher for winning the March Tournament of Arms. We look forward to seeing you both in action later this year!

*Baroness Dame Felicity Ashenwood*



**Ariana's Laundry**

Selling a few wares here and there, will be at festivals on Saturday, I do commission work and appreciate appropriate recompense for my efforts. Will have a few bodices and skirts, several different types of tunics, and all commissions are half up front, equaling the cost of fabric. Hoods are commission only as the color is picked by the customer. Pants are commission only due to my having to measure you to get them right. Advice is free but bring a pen and paper due to my extremely poor memory.

# Quill

girl of the month



**NIGHT  
IN SHINING  
ARMOUR**

*By Demetre Cobbletongue*

After much debate, the Quill Girl of the Month feature has been updated to the Post-War era that engulfs us now. The Quill is searching for notable women from the lands to be lauded for their successes, beauty, and charity during our past times of trouble. This month's Quill Girl is Dame Shazadjil Bryn-Graylin, Knight of the Order of the Gauntlet. Loyal to the Kingdom and her Liege, King Balthshazzar, she spends many moons visiting the war-torn lands of the Principality, spreading charity and goodwill wherever her path takes her.

Noble in action and deed, her ability with the blade warns away as many suitors as her comeliness attracts. Although spare in her words, her deeds speak for themselves. A veteran of many wars, she can often found in company with Sir Navaar D'Phoenix, her own former Squire. She enjoys traveling, warm drinks around the fire, and men who know when to keep their mouths shut.

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# OUT OF CHARACTER SECTION

## OUT OF CHARACTER SUBMISSION POLICY

The OOC section of the Quill is meant to communicate with the Kanar Populace, and is one reason the Quill is being offered free of charge this year. This section is an official conduit for the Board of Director of KGE, but ANYONE can submit information for publication, and if received to [mysticquill@gmail.com](mailto:mysticquill@gmail.com) by the deadline of one week before the next event, it will be reviewed for inclusion. Notices, ads, campaign documents and information will be placed here impartially. Everyone has the opportunity to use this forum for its stated purposes. Any ideas, comments or otherwise not originating from KGE staff in no way reflect the views of the that staff. Enjoy!

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS THIS EVENT!!!!

Elections for President of KGE are taking place during this event. If you qualify, **PLEASE CAST YOUR VOTE FOR THE ELECTION.** To check if you are qualified, speak with Connie Blair, the Treasurer, in the parking lot.

## ARTICLES ARE EASY!

The Quill is always looking for talented writers and artists to submit their ideas, storylines, and artwork for publication. Articles may be submitted as the Character you play, OR you can use a pen name to write articles regarding current events, interviews, past history and monthly "Ann Landers" style series. Please email any questions or entries to [MysticQuill@gmail.com](mailto:MysticQuill@gmail.com).

Articles may also be submitted to the Quill reporter on the field on Saturday of the event, or to either of the merchant shops in town.

## EVENT DATES FOR 2008

<i>Apr 18<sup>th</sup> - 20<sup>th</sup></i>	<i>July 18<sup>th</sup> - 20<sup>th</sup></i>	<i>Oct 3<sup>rd</sup> - 5<sup>th</sup></i>
<i>May 16<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup></i>	<i>Aug 8<sup>th</sup> - 10<sup>th</sup></i>	<i>Oct 31<sup>st</sup> - Nov 2<sup>nd</sup></i>
<i>June 13<sup>th</sup> - 22<sup>nd</sup></i>	<i>Sept 5<sup>th</sup> - 7<sup>th</sup></i>	<i>Nov 21<sup>st</sup> - 23<sup>rd</sup></i>

These are the dates for the 2008 Kanar events in Milan, MI. These events are open to the membership and new players. Three day events begin at 5pm on Friday and end at 5pm on Sunday. The weeklong event (June 13th - 22nd) is 10 days long, beginning on June 13th at 5pm and ending on June 22nd at 5pm.

## BOD MEETING DATES

<i>June 1<sup>st</sup></i>	<i>Sept 14<sup>th</sup></i>	<i>Jan 25<sup>th</sup>, 2009</i>
<i>July 6<sup>th</sup></i>	<i>Nov 9<sup>th</sup></i>	

These are the dates for the 2008 Board of Directors Meeting for Kanar Gaming Enterprises. If you have any questions about times and places, keep you eye out for them to be posted on our website at [www.kanar.org](http://www.kanar.org). You can also contact the Corporate Secretary at [secretary@kanar.org](mailto:secretary@kanar.org).

## BE A QUILL GIRL!

Now taking applications/nominations or suggestions for Next Month's Featured QUILL GIRL! Email your photo and character's bio to [mysticquill@gmail.com](mailto:mysticquill@gmail.com).

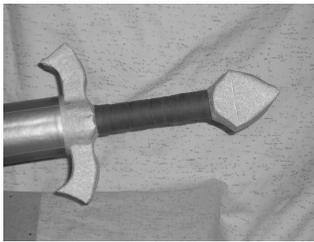
## The quicksilver ARMOURY

Get your boffer weapons here! There are lots of different styles to choose from and if you have an idea of something send a sketch and I'll see what I can do.



Prices are reasonable and turn around time is quick so don't delay... Put your order in **Today**. I also make custom armor in steel and leather; call for more details or email me.

Pat Marshall (517-425-9189)  
[armsman70@att.net](mailto:armsman70@att.net)



## OLD STOCK RAMPANT MOUSE LATEX WEAPONS; GREAT SWORDS - \$120

Fantastic LARGE Latex swords – these are the last of my old stock, and there will be no more available after these are gone. Call for more details – we will be bringing a sample to the field for you to try. \$120. Cash only please. Call us at:

Grace Martin (810-516-7587)  
[toddmartinx@gmail.com](mailto:toddmartinx@gmail.com)

### post your ads here!

Send your ads plus b&w photos to [mysticquill@gmail.com](mailto:mysticquill@gmail.com)  
 Deadline is One week before the event you wish your ad run.

## The mad COSTUMER

I am willing to commission projects, and willing to teach if you want to learn to do it yourself.

Laura Messer (734-658-8288)  
[LMesser@twmi.rr.com](mailto:LMesser@twmi.rr.com)  
 (M-F after 5:30pm, Sat/Sun till 10pm)

### LEATHER BREASTPLATE FOR SALE - \$100

Nice Brown Leather Breastplate for sale – new "ish" condition. Call for more details – we will be happy to send you a photo, or bring it to the field for you to try on. Cash only please. Call us at:

Todd Martin (810-516-7587)  
[toddmartinx@gmail.com](mailto:toddmartinx@gmail.com)

## ARIANA'S LAUNDRY

Selling a few wares here and there, I will be at events on Saturday. I do commission work and appreciate appropriate recompense for my efforts. Will have a few bodices and skirts, several different types of tunics, and all commissions are half up front, equaling the cost of fabric. Hoods are commission-only as the color is picked by the customer. Pants are commission-only due to my having to measure you to get them right. Advice is free, but bring a pen and paper due to my extremely poor memory.

[Arianareynard@hotmail.com](mailto:Arianareynard@hotmail.com)

### LOOKING TO BUY OR SELL?

Visit the Bazaar at <http://whitefoot.us/kanartalk/>  
 For more armor, weapons, clothing and consignments!

Inspired by Rich Bulew and KGE **ROOTS # 11** DMZ 2008

YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG...	YOU'RE DOING IT RIGHT...
<p>My spell is really cool! I cast it really fast and now you're going to die.                      *FLAME STRIKE, 16!!!*</p> <p>Yeah? Now I'm really gonna kick your ass!</p>	<p>I call forth a blazing inferno to set fire to my enemies, that they may feel the wrath of flame.                      *FLAME STRIKE, 16*</p> <p>AAARRGH!! The fire burns! AAARRGH!!</p>
<p>Dude, I only have 3 body points left. Heal me quick so I can get back to the fight before all the monsters are dead.</p> <p>*First Aid* How are you?</p> <p>No problemo. *Regenerate*</p>	<p>Look at these wounds!                      *First Aid*</p> <p>You are very near death, friend. But today is not your day to die.                      *Regenerate*</p> <p>Father... is that you? It's growing too dark to see... I'm so cold... help me.</p>
<p>I have damage +4 and two Deathstrikes.</p> <p>I cast 9th Tier Fire/Air and have Potions level 2</p>	<p>In all my travels, I have met only a few who can match my skill with a blade.</p> <p>My master tells me that though I know all there is about the arcane, I have barely begun to understand potion making.</p>
<p>*Stone Lore* What is this?</p> <p>Malachite.</p> <p>*Forge Staff*</p>	<p>I've studied Geology for years... this rock looks familiar... *Stone Lore*</p> <p>*It's Malachite*</p> <p>I think I'd recognize the Duke's handwriting. Hmm.                      *Forgery, Level 5*</p> <p>*The 'g' and 'y' don't look right. It's a fake.*</p>