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# The Mystic Quill



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your source for news from  
**THE PRINCEDOM OF NOVASHAN**

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## GRAIN FIRE KILLS DOZENS IN TARRIDEAR

by Murdoc MacPherson

Dozens of people were killed in a grain fire in eastern Tarridear, in the town of Arakelian. Grain stored in the town's silos for use this spring was set aflame by men of unknown origin. In the early morning hours, before daylight, the grain silos were set aflame by five men, later identified as dwarves. They were caught in the act by patrolling members of the town watch. Several members of the watch were hurt badly during the fight

that followed. Most of the casualties, however, came from the fire itself. While militia men were helping to try to quench the fire, one of the silos exploded. Dozens were wounded immediately, and many killed by falling debris.

The dwarves responsible were eventually run down by the Watch, they refused to be taken alive and fought to the death. Three members of the watch died with them.

The damage to the town was extensive but not crippling. However, the loss of months worth of grain very well may be.

## BAR BRAWL AT CROSSROADS

by Murdoc MacPherson

On the night of the Elvish holiday in the City of Crossroads at the Oasis, two men known as Greywolf and Tusk are suspect in the starting of a bar brawl. The pair was witnessed at the scene on the night of the incident discussing whether or not an Elf should be turned away at the door because of the holiday. A third party got involved in the argument, but from there,

little information could be obtained. Greywolf and Tusk maintain their innocence that they were merely discussing the theology involved with the holiday and the third man attacked them so they felt inclined to protect themselves. This event turned into an all out bar brawl resulting in a ton of damage not only to the oasis but several surrounding shops. The number of injuries has not been tallied but at least one animal was killed in the incident. Pending the investigation the suspects are being monitored while in crossroads.



Be it known to all and sundry members of the Chivalry. Upon the mid of summer of the Year 1010, the Toumey of the Midsummer Knights will be held within the confines of the town of Ilvaresh within the Principality of Novashan. This toumey will be d'amor and conducted afoot for the honour to be a Companion of the Midsummer Knight.

All members of the chivalry are invited to attend. More information will be forthcoming as the time draws nearer.

In service to Prince Duncan Belthshazar,  
Sir Thomas Falconheart CMK  
Knight of the Thistle

## THE CALLING PART 2

by Mirias Gosman

Continued from Issue #4...

The cattle had begun a steady stream into the forest, moving about lazily as cows do, and more than half had disappeared from the meadow. With a heave she unstuck herself from the muck and made way for the impending doom that lay before her.

Within twenty yards of the tree line she drew her sword in preparation for the bloodbath that was to ensue. It rang as it came loose from its sheath and caught a ray of sunshine from the fading twilight. This weapon had seen many a battle at her side, and felled many a foe. It was a good blade, and she trusted it to defend her in her travels.

Approaching the outer reaches of the trees she spied a figure feebly wobbling its way toward her, arms outstretched and mouth gaping for the sweet taste of human flesh. She clenched the handle of her blade and delivered a swift swipe through its neck. The head fell onto the forest floor and a fountain of blood spewed from the severed arteries while the lifeless torso collapsed with a thud. Walking past she sank a heel of her boot into the skull of the dumb beast ending its existence permanently.

"Why you son of a..." The zombie had left his brain matter all over her boot. She wiped it off on a nearby tree trunk. While her attention was focused on the removal of the gunk, two decaying hands wrapped themselves around her neck and the sound of gnashing teeth entered her ears.

"Unnnhhhh!" Was the only response the foul creature could give as she threw it over her shoulders impaling it on a conveniently placed tree branch. It hung there helplessly flailing about as red essence oozed in steady streams from its stomach. The milky faded blue eyes of death glared at her as she drove a spike straight through its forehead.

"Two down, a whole army to go." She thought to herself.

She followed a beaten trail through the ever darkening woods. It wound its way through the dense foliage, barely visible, sometimes relying more on the mooing of cows to guide her than the actual path itself. The groans of the undead were all around her, and the whole forest reeked of rot.

A freakishly tall she-zombie stumbled across her path. Muscles ripped through its decomposing skin and in one hand it still held a massive battle axe. The last thing she wanted to encounter on this trip was a freak Norsican zombie.

The zombie took a hefty swing at her head and she ducked, the edge of the axe removing a few stray hairs from the top of her head.

She jumped back and the zombie's weapon found itself stuck fast into the bark of a nearby birch tree.

The stupid thing sat there struggling with its newfound dilemma, all the while blood continued to stream out of its new openings. She gave the zombie a reassuring smile and sank her sword straight through its forehead.

The sun had long disappeared behind the horizon now. Daylight had faded, and the night eagerly seized control of the sky. She couldn't spy much starlight from underneath the trees, and her path had vanished from visibility. She heard shuffling in the foliage all around her and knew that if she didn't get out of there soon, she would be surrounded.

But which way was the right way? If she just randomly set off she could wind up right back where she was in the field, or she could find the elusive farmhouse. But there was always the chance that she could get herself lost in this damned forest where she would certainly meet her maker. The moan of nearby undead only further panicked her and she set off running in what she felt was the right direction.

Branches whipped her in the face, and thorns tore at her leggings. Thrashing her sword about in front of her proved no use as she couldn't properly direct her blows. She stopped to see if her hand was bleeding but alas, her hand was not visible in this eternal darkness. The situation was starting to look helpless when she heard the soft baying of a cow somewhere up ahead. Hope was renewed. Maybe she did have a chance.

Running like a blind madwoman, she darted off in the direction of the mooing. Never before had she relied on such bovine instincts but it was her only shot. Her muscles burned with white hot pain as she pushed them to their limits and her lungs were begging for air but she pushed forward. Such trivial pains would not keep her from reaching the farmhouse.

Then suddenly she was there. A clearing sprang up out the forest and there sat a modest farmhouse with a small barn in back where she saw the tail of a milk producer disappear behind the doors. "Smart cows" she pondered, "maybe too smart." She decided to leave the intelligent cow-theory behind for another day and made way for the door of the cottage.

To be continued...

Dear editor, please publish this letter for me. I am no one of importance but I can attest that Ilvaresh is not a land of lawlessness and inequality. Last moon, I was given a fresh start with the help of someone of authority whom I will keep anonymous. If he or she reads this, please know that I, a simple Fletcher, and my wife-to-be thank them from the depth of our hearts. If there comes a time that we may repay the favor, ask us. I shall continue to share my tale about those who would help folks in need. Thanks again.

A Fletcher

## MINERS STILL REFUSE TO RETURN TO WORK

by Byerly Vorrutyer

The situation in the mines of Tarridear has ground to a standstill. After years of missing shipments, men going missing, and strange happenings in the mines, last autumn, the miners walked out of the iron mines and refused to return to work until the situation was dealt with. Repeated investigation by the Knights

The views and opinions expressed by our freelance writers do not necessarily reflect those of the Mystic Quill.

It is with heavy heart that I put quill to paper to pen this missive. I send it not only to my fellow knights, but also to the Mystic Quill, as I am no longer certain that any missives I

send reach their destinations.

For many years, even before I myself was his vassal, I admired our noble Prince's goals of governing for all; of including those people not of human descent in the day to day life of our great land.

It is unhappily that I report that one of the non-humans in whom our noble Prince placed so much trust has broken the covenant between our people. For months, the Baron of Tarridear, a dwarf, has been unduly pressuring the human inhabitants of his lands. He has extorted extra "taxes" from them, pushed them into poverty, seized their livelihoods, and now, when the needs of the people were the greatest, stolen the very food from their mouths.

Two months ago Baron Tarridear sent a missive to the Knights of the Thistle demanding that they burn supposedly diseased grain in the town of Ar-

I write to give thanks for those kind souls who helped rescue my son. He and his friends told me the tale of his rescue from the dark cave. I don't have much money, but I would like to reward those who took it upon themselves to aid my family. We will be journeying to where the heroes were found on the Sunday of next festival with their just deserts. Again, thank you.

Martha Cooper

of the Thistle found little wrong - but two small scouting parties sent into the mines themselves never returned. Baron Tarridear has also had little progress - his own scouting party, all experienced dwarven tunnel-crawlers, also failed to return. Until this situation is resolved, iron prices in the Principality are going to continue to rise.



akelian - a peaceful, law abiding town long under my own protection - despite the fact that no proof was given that the grain was diseased. And now it appears that, what he was unable to secure by deceitfulness, he attempted to secure by malign force. Just two days prior to my writing this, dwarven men, strangely devoid of clan marking and unwilling to be taken alive, burned the grain silos of Arakelian to the ground. More than a dozen good men and women lost their lives fighting the fires, and three town watchmen lay slain at the feet of the miscreant dwarves before they could be brought low.

What the humans of this Barony have ever done to their dwarven lord, I do not know... but I fear that madness, driven by typical dwarven greed, rules in Tarridear now. I vow this: not one more copper of taxes will leave the towns under my protection until a full and impartial accounting is had. I will not allow these good and loyal people to be further exploited by this madness.

Sir Kyle Wrothschild,  
Knight of the Thistle

# O U T O F G A M E

## Section

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**Dues collection will be in the parking lot**  
**5pm-8pm Fridays**  
**12noon - 6pm Saturday**  
**12noon - 3pm Sunday**

While you are encouraged to come and play during these times, there are other options for those who are only available after hours. You can now pay online by using PayPal. Or, on the field, you may locate myself (Jolene Naugle), Chad Naugle, or Paul Moran and let us know you need to pay your Kingdom Tax to be on the land. We all should have the means to get you taken care of on the field. If you are found on the field of play without making reasonable effort to pay your dues, you will be removed and asked not to come back until you have settled your dues, or made arrangements to do so.

## **Freelance Article Guidelines**

**As always, the Quill is looking for engaging, well-written articles from players to publish.**

- Must be at least 50 words long
- 1-5 silver may be paid for approved articles.
- We will be looking for articles that are well-written, well thought-out, and entertaining or interesting to read.
- Article must be written "by the player's character." The character's name will be listed as the author, and payment will be issued to that character.
- Submit articles to GM1 and Mystic Quill Editor for approval ([gm1st@kanar.org](mailto:gm1st@kanar.org) and [mysticquill@kanar.org](mailto:mysticquill@kanar.org)).
- Not all articles submitted will be published, and it is not guaranteed that they will be published in the issue immediately following submission.
- Theme Marshals and game staff that are required to submit articles are not eligible to be paid for submissions.
- Classified Ads are not considered for payment.