

# The Mystic Quill

May 22nd, 2010

Vol. 23 | Issue #2

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

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## CHILDREN SLAY GOBLINS

by Justin Seymour

“Had I not seen it with my own two eyes I would have never believed it!” proclaimed farmer Nathaniel, as I was passing through the surrounding farms of Pelain. All around me I noticed an air of joy and celebration. When I asked what was going on Nathaniel exclaimed to me, “we’re celebrating no more goblins!” I must have looked confused, for that is when this farmer introduced himself and explained what had transpired. “We were having a great deal of problems with this smug band of goblins that would pass by. Usually we don’t have any problems with them, but these little bastards were especially arrogant. They would raid our carts and homes and by the time help came they would already have fled off into the wilds. We tried laying traps with armed men, but it was almost like the little varmints could tell when we had men at arms dressed up as farmers. We were beginning to lose hope. We tried not giving them our belongings and hiding our wares but that did not end well. Grem’s prize donkey got chopped up and taken! Then about a couple of days ago a trio of children came wandering in. I thought it was very

odd for such young ones to be traveling alone and on foot. Also strange is that they were each armed. The boy had a sword, one lass had a mace, and the other just carried a shield. It was an odd sight indeed. It was getting dark as I approached the children and asked them what they were doing out here near nightfall. The young man looked up at me and proclaimed, ‘We are adventurers look for glory!’ I thought these were just foolish children who had heard one too many stories, so I took them into my home and gave them some bread and cheese and asked them a bit more about themselves. They explained very simply that they had gone to Ilvaresh to learn how to be heroes and now were out and about to try the things they have learned. I thought these kids were odd but I could feel a kindness about them that put me at ease. We ate and talked until the sun came down. During the night I heard the telltale grunt and skittering of the Goblins in one of their night raids. Before I could warn them the children burst out of my home and charged the mass of about 10 goblins. I expected to hear their screams, but the carnage I beheld was of a different sort. The goblins were laid low by sword, mace, and spell of fire.

Soon the burned, blackened, and chopped corpses of goblins littered the ground. Once the battle was done, my neighbors and I rushed out and could not believe our eyes. Every goblin had been killed and the children had barely a scratch upon them. After taking care of the bits of meat that used to be the things tormenting us we decided to celebrate. We danced and sang into the wee hours of the night. In the morning when I awoke the children were gone, almost as swiftly as they had come. You know I never would have believed the story had I not seen it with my own eyes. Come to think of it I never asked them their names.”

Now I am not one to usually believe wild stories told to me by every farmer, miller, and stable hand

that I come across. Otherwise I would be filling your time with tails of giant snails, flaming wolves, and people who seem to be made of gold. I must have had a strange look upon my face. I was lead to a large barn just outside the village where a couple of men were lashing what looked to be bones together into a crude sort of wall. Upon closer inspection these appeared to be the bones of a great many goblins. I was then informed that they planned on patching a section of wall with goblin bones as a warning to any other creatures that came skulking by.

These are definitely strange times that we live in, although once in a great while I find that the strangeness acts in our favor.



### BIG DIG IN TARN

by Alerick Von Bremen

Recently a group of archeologists have set up a dig site in an abandoned pier on the outskirts of Tarn. They have told the Quill that they believe there is a sunken ship of some great importance lying offshore. When asked for further comment the head researcher, a Mr. Johnathan Gehts, had this to say, “What we

may have here is quite possibly the remains of the late Prince Argious Thalious D’ Golden-sky’s flagship, the Yesh’tevas\*. This ship was said to have been imbued with magic to keep its condition intact, even though it is tens of thousands of years old and it is a great historical find.” The Yesh’tevas was sunk in an offshore sea conflict, full details are sketchy.

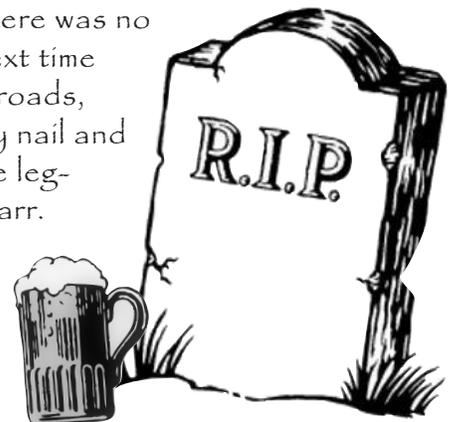


### THE DEATH OF A LOCAL LEGEND

by Henry Collingston

Early last moon, the legendary Johnny Tarr stepped into The Rusty Nail in crossroads, drunken and yelling he bellowed “get off of your arses and setup the glasses. i’m drinking this place dry.” A catch phrase he was known for. The barmaid had hidden all of the good brandy, having heard that Mr. Tarr could drink two whole taverns dry in a single night. A witness said that Johnny had been drinking for hours. Johnny had ordered another round and the barmaid had to go to the cellar to get more ale. In the moments that the barmaid was gone, Johnny fell to the floor unconscious. A local cleric that had been drinking at the bar, rushed

to Johnny’s side. The cleric’s face grew pale as if he had seen a ghost. He replied out loud “It’s not what you’re thinking. It wasn’t the drinking. This man died of thirst.” When the Knights finished looking over the scene, it would appear there was no foul play. So next time you’re in Crossroads, stop at the rusty nail and drink one for the legend... Johnny Tarr.



\*players who have language Ancient Elven should see GM staff.

## CHOICE EATS AT THE TOP

by Justin Seymour

Despite having no natural enemies and belonging to a species that completely dominates its ecosystem, local man, Reggie Atkinson, opted to consume the processed corn snack Bugles.

"I was in the mood for something salty and crunchy, and it's a little early for dinner," said the ultimate predator, whose ancestors' bipedal locomotion, tool-making abilities, and advanced spatial recogni-

tion developments allowed them to hunt animals 10 times their size. "These are original, but the other flavors are pretty good, too." Acting on an impulse from an incredibly complex forebrain that has evolved over possibly millions of years, Atkinson then took note of the Bugles' amusing conical shape and placed one on each of his opposable thumbs like little "wizard hats."



## THANK YOU HEROES OF ILVARESH!

by Lothtarn Bluequill

This reporter has just received word of your valiant effort to get to the bottom of what is going on in the village of Raspberry. The people of Novashan thank you for your effort and mourn the loss of two of your heroes.

Now I beg you to please not give up and get to the bottom of what has happened in Raspberry. These are good people and work hard for what they have but they are just a farming

community and not hardened adventurers like most of you are.

On behalf of the people of Novashan I beg of you to join me in mourning of the loss of the two brave souls, Aria and Christopher. I pray that they may again walk among us soon, but if this is their time to part from us, then please raise a mug to toast their names and sing a song praising them and their deeds so all in our wonderful realm will remember them for the brave heroes they have been.



## LACK OF SLEEP LINKED TO EARLY DEATH

by Albert Helmenstine

A recent study might make you think twice about missing out on sleep!

According to sages, individuals who get less than six hours of sleep per night have an increased risk of dying prematurely. The study shows that you are 12 percent more likely to die prematurely from lack of sleep. The interesting finding is that sages also concluded that there's a link between sleeping more than nine hours and premature death.

"If you sleep little, you can develop obesity, hypertension and death by Orc," said Francesco Cappuccio, lead researcher on the study at Redishton's University of Magic.

Professor Cappuccio suggested that the link between lack of sleep and early death is significant because society has seen a gradual reduction in the amount of sleep people get, especially common among full-time workers.

"The duration of sleep should be regarded as an additional behavioral risk factor, or risk marker, influenced by the environment and possibly amenable to change through both education and counseling as well as through measures of public health aimed at favorable modifications of the physical and working environments," he said in a release of the study.

Sages seem to point to 6 to 8 hours of sleep as the sweet spot for an individual.

## CREATURES OF MYSTERY MONSTERS, PESTS, AND MAGICAL CREATURES OF OUR WORLD

by Alerick Von Bremen

### ~ The Legend of the Cuelebre ~

In a hut in an Iberian village lived a very beautiful maiden, who was vain and forever day-dreaming. She spent hours and hours combing her long flowing hair by a spring, and there was nothing she loved more than to admire her beautiful reflection in the limpid water of the pool. In vain her mother and grandmother warned her, "It is dangerous to comb your hair by the spring. Be careful, because if a hair falls and ruffles the surface of the water, the spirit of the spring will bewitch you."

"Old wives tales," cried the girl, "there are no spirits in the fountain." But the girl was very wrong. In the pool lived a very powerful spirit who watched angrily as the girl spent the whole day combing her hair, never helping to spin the wool or knead the dough. She had not been able to do a thing about it, as the girl did not ruffle the water of the pool, but patiently the nymph waited for her chance.

Then one day, one of the girl's golden hairs fell into the water and the nymph, dressed in a cloak of green water, rose angrily out of the pool.

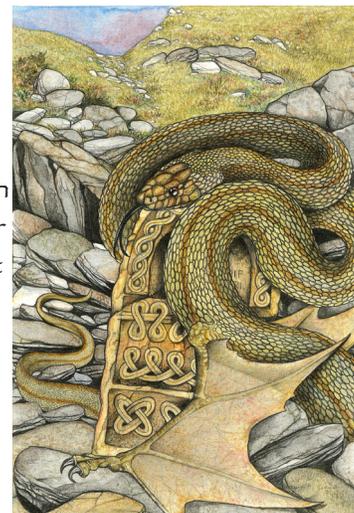
"Didn't your mother warn you not to ruffle the water?" she asked, in a very quiet voice.

"A hair as beautiful as this does not ruffle the water," replied the proud maiden.

"I am going to bewitch you to punish you for your pride," the spirit said icily. Barefoot, her long golden hair adorned with pearls and a crown made from the reflection of the moon, she alighted on the grass next to the pool. Frowning, she declared, "I am turning you into a cuelebre. You will only turn back into a maiden if you meet a knight who is so brave that he is not afraid of you and has a heart so pure that he finds you beautiful.

At once the girl's body grew to an enormous size and became covered with colored scales. Her golden hair turned into crests and two wings sprouted from her shoulders. With a howl of despair, the cuelebre slunk off weeping, and hid in a cave by the sea.

As all the youths who set eyes on the cuelebre are afraid, the proud girl who was bewitched by the spirit still lives in her little cave on the sea shore, waiting for the knight who will find her beautiful, so that she can become a maiden once more.



## MUSICAL STYLINGS THAT TAKE A LITTLE WHILE TO GET INTO

by Justin Seymour

After a number of close listenings, Mott Cobbler, resident of \_(town name)\_ was finally able to get into some musical stylings that are really not very good at all, sources reported Tuesday. "At first, Wesminster was kind of hard to penetrate, but now that I've heard him play like sixteen or seventeen times, I think I'm really starting to come around," said Mott, who decided to stick to following around the utterly unimpressive flutist, and not be put off by the fact that he is, by

any account, underwhelming at best. "His music is definitely not for everyone, that's for sure."

According to sources, Mott then went back to enjoying the overall crappy practice music by staring straight ahead for the next hour and furrowing his brow in intense concentration.



# TALES OF THE PEOPLE

writings for the people and by the people

## ROLANOFF PLAGUE SPREADING SLOWLY BUT SURELY

by Evan Boralis

More and more small farmsteads and communities are falling to the Rolanoff plague. I operate a trading post not far from Crossroads and I noticed a sudden drop-off in business. This is not unheard of but I realized that this included business that was already paid for. Many of the local farmers had ordered tools for preparing the soil with down payments and never came to pick up their orders. Being the honest sort I eventually took ox and cart out and tried to deliver these tools only to find something very

disturbing. Several of the houses appeared to be boarded up as if the people living there had been under siege! Upon closer inspection the damage to the makeshift barricades told the story. These poor people had tried to stave off the living dead till their last breaths. Claw marks, even human teeth marks could be found on whatever entrance they broke through. I felt for them...I hope someone who has the skill to cure this plague gets to work soon!

We have heard rumors that there is a book that can bring us this cure. Why hasn't it been used to save the people of Novashan?



## UNREST IN TOMAR BREAKS OUT INTO CIVIL WAR

by Sir Claudius Teran, Grandmaster of the  
Order of the Black Cross

The situation in Tomar has finally reached its apex. Outright war has been declared between the people of Tomar and its corrupt leadership.

Our leader Verenus has shown us that the strength of our people is not in the lazy, despotic and tyrannical aristocracy, but in the people of this once great nation.

Our soon to be former Emperor's greed and lust for power have brought Tomar to the brink of ruin. His failure in the wars in Novashan is not forgotten as he would like to pretend. The people of Tomar are starving while they sit in their fine homes and eat, drink and fornicate. The time has come to rise against this oppression! To take back this country for those who sweat and bleed for it!

I was there. I was there the day this civil war began - when the general called for all those

who truly loved Tomar to follow him to the doorway of the Senate. I was there when he and his legions attacked the Senate hall and killed most of the corrupt Senators and any who would dare to defend such tyrants. It is now simply a matter of time before we find the man who would call himself Emperor and destroy him. He has fled the capitol and we pursue him even now.

To those of you who were once loyal Tomarians when our country was great but stayed in Novashan in disgust of what it had become we call on you to return to your homeland! This country belongs to all Tomarians! This will not be a war of vanity. It will not be a war to fatten the purses and the bellies of the privileged few while the many barely survive. The time has come to take Tomar back and make it not what it once was, but greater then it has ever been!

Join us now as the call to arms is heard, and if you cannot then send us your support. Help us spread the word. The time for a new Tomar is now!

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do not necessarily reflect those of the Mystic Quill.

## WHAT IS HUMILITY?

by Squire Leveer Silverleaf

In my time in the chivalry I have heard a great deal about the seven cardinal virtues. The one of them that seems to be the most misunderstood is that of humility.

Humility is often thought to be described as just being humble. I have seen this mistaken for meaning submissive. And in some cases meaning one should have a low self esteem. The problem with this is that you cannot be either as a knight or a leader of men on the battlefield.

However to be an arrogant commander is equally foolhardy and can lead to the death of you and more importantly the men who trust you with their lives.

So then what is humility truly? My father Sir Gilrius Silverleaf taught me that true confidence is not actually understanding one's own strengths, but one's own weaknesses. In other words it is only in knowing what your limitations are that you truly know what your strengths are. It is no sin to be confident in the areas you truly are knowledgeable in. However, it is no boon either to not have faith in yourself and confidence in the areas you truly do have talent in. In fact, a lack of confidence can be crippling on the battlefield, and in other areas of life.

Consider for a moment what you would think of a commander who was constantly submitting to the will of others out of fear of not being humble. How could they possibly apply themselves? It is their duty if they are the leader of men to make critical decisions and in many cases with very little time. If they doubt themselves constantly then they will falter and fail as a leader and men will pay with their lives. This is why one must seek balance between confidence and humility.

Also consider then, what it means when a commander is arrogant? When he will hear only his own opinion and does not even consider the input of others in his decision making? Once again time is a factor in this as we do not always have time to hear the ideas of our subordinates. However, when our soldiers come

to us respectfully and try to make us aware of things we may not have considered it is critical that we hear them out.

There is something else important to consider when weighing this, and that is the person who would call someone arrogant. It is a common trap for someone who is not actually humble themselves to use words like pompous and arrogant when speaking of someone who may have rejected their ideas, or perhaps who just makes them insecure or jealous. It is important to be careful when considering labeling another person as arrogant. You must use a great deal of self introspection to be sure that it is not you yourself who is actually the one who is arrogant or closed-minded.

Too often I have seen the labels of arrogant, prideful or pompous used as political tools to bring good men or women down. It's a difficult label to counter politically. For the more you defend yourself the more they accuse you of being unwilling to admit your faults, even if the faults are works of fiction.

Far too often in my career in the chivalry and in the military have I seen people receive promotions based on the fact that their superiors were not threatened by them. It has been frustrating at times to see more capable people overlooked because those in authority at the time preferred to promote someone who did not make them feel insecure. This often leads to the promotion of two very bad types of leaders - those who are too humble, or those who are simply very skilled at saying what those in authority want to hear.

It is necessary for a knight to be mindful of himself and be sure that his pride has not gotten the best of him, but it is equally important that they be fully aware of their talents so that they might best serve the crown. A man who believes he has talents he does not will fail in his service. A man who fails to recognize his own talents is equally defective as a servant to the crown because he will never serve to his full potential.

Be wary of those who call others arrogant. They may be right, but they may also be slinging

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mud at someone they hope to overcome politically. Be wary of leaders who are unsure of themselves as much as you are wary of leaders who are too sure of themselves.

And also recognize that it is quite possible that your superiors really did hear and understand everything you said and still don't agree with you. This doesn't mean they are pompous, it means that they have weighed the information

you have given them against the experiences they already had and still feel as they did before. This can also be frustrating, particularly when you are proven right, but when you throw around words like arrogant too often, especially in public, eventually this will leave your leaders incapable of action. The reputation of a man is not something you should lightly toy with.



## KING'S ROYAL PATHFINDER MURDERED IN FURHAVEN

by Lexi Rollins

Some time ago the elves of the tribe of Sowl found their way to the lands that our budding town of Furhaven depended on for the best fur trapping. Their elder whom I guess called himself Owlfeather purchased the land from the local nobility, and all of a sudden the land that was our life's blood was illegal to tread on. Trouble started right from the beginning,

and a retired Royal Pathfinder named Gavin Crowngaurd who got a writ to continue his duties here in Novashan found his way to our small town. He was doing his best to solve the disputes that started but one day he was found dead - murdered with a hand axe! The weapon used by those dirty elves who took the land we had been using for years! I heard a rumor that the king has dispatched Gavin's brother to investigate this murder. Maybe now we can see some real justice for Furhaven!



## TO THE PEOPLE OF NOVASHAN

by Sir Derek Crownguard

It has been a long journey to the Principality of his Highness Prince Duncan. I wish I could say that my journey was one undertaken for pleasure, but alas my journey is in fact one of woe. I have come to your land to investigate the murder of a loyal servant of the crown of Nardmyr. Royal Pathfinder Gavin Crownguard, my brother. Gavin served faithfully in Nardmyr before he found his way here to live out the rest of his life in retirement. He was a peaceful man and honorable. It is obvious that whomever his killer was is the opposite.

I come with a writ of authority from the crown of Nardmyr that is fully endorsed by his

Highness Prince Duncan to conduct this investigation utilizing any and all of the resources of the Crown of Novashan to find whatever cowardly wretch took my brother's life. I will leave no stone unturned. I will not rest until I have found the man or men responsible and I will see to it that every single one of them is brought to justice.

If you have any information on the murder of Gavin Crownguard it would behoove you to seek me out. I am Sir Derek Crownguard, Knight of the Lance in service to Prince Kenneth and Nardmyr. Those who aid in my investigation will be justly compensated. Those who stand in my way will be dealt with.

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## MY STUDIES OF DRAGONS

by Ciruelo Cabral

~ Historian, Researcher, and Story Seeker

~ The Great Earth Dragon ~

The most common and abundant dragon species found on the planet is that of *Draco rex Cristatus*, or the Great Earth Dragon, as it is commonly called.

They are great winged creatures of enormous size. They can grow from 50 to 100 feet in length, and have a full wing span of up to 100 feet.



Their coloring is usually green-brown, with their many-hued scales ranging from lemon yellow to emerald green. There are some Earth Dragons who can breathe fire, although the force of their flames is not as

powerful as that of Fire Dragons.

Earth Dragons are expert fliers and gliders. Although their great size sometimes makes take-off awkward, once in the air they can reach great altitudes, and cover enormous distances by gliding solely on wind currents.

*Draco rex* are introverts and reserved by nature. They do not like being around members of their own species other than in the mating season, and even then only for a limited time.

Given the size and strength of these particular dragons, squabbles can be dangerous. Interestingly though, when Earth Dragons grow old, it is not unusual for them to be accompanied by young pages. The Earth Dragons will instruct them in dragon wisdom, and the fortunate pages will usually inherit all their wealth.

Appearing Next Month

~ The Dragon Mating Ritual ~

## Classifieds

### Information Wanted:

**I am looking for information on my dear friend Joseph Sweetwater. Anyone that can give me solid information will be rewarded. Please contact Richard Brightmace at the Temple Flur.**

Dear Editor,

I ask that you post this letter in your Publication for me. Several persons answered my advertisement last month and they have saved my harvest. I simply want to thank them for their services. Thanks again.

Farmer McGee.

## Classifieds

### **GEHTS GETS**

ARCHEOLOGY AND EXCAVATION

**LOOKING TO FIND SOMETHING OLD?  
OR HAVE YOU FOUND SOMEPLACE OLD?**

**OR PERHAPS, YOU ARE MORE INTERESTED IN RESEARCHING SOMETHING HISTORICAL?  
WE CAN HELP!**

**OUR EXPERIENCED STAFF CAN HELP YOU LOCATE, REVEAL AND DIG-UP THE MYSTERIES  
OF THE PAST.**

Located in crossroads, fees depend on services asked. Excludes tombs, of any kind, without express permission of the peerage. Life-threatening or potentially mutilating situations requiring necessary brute force not included in any contracts, we reserve the right to contract out protection for these situations. Life insurance available, if you excavate yourself it can be waived. Funeral expense not included. Situations requiring resurrection are not covered. Gehts Gets inc. will not be liable for any harm or damage caused to non-employees.

### *Wanted.*

Legends and stories of dragons to add to my collection. Those with unique or especially intriguing stories will be paid handsomely. During the month of October, I will be studying at the library in Brenn.

*- Ciruelo Cabral*

### *Be it known*

to all and sundry members of the Chivalry. Upon the mid of summer of the Year 1010, the Tourney of the Midsummer Knights will be held within the confines of the town of Ilvaresh within the Principality of Novashan. This tourney 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

### **Wanted: Freelance Article Writers**

The Mystic Quill is looking for talented writers to submit articles for publication. Articles must be at least 50 words to be considered and will be chosen based on content and quality. Writers whose articles are accepted for publication will be paid 1-5 silver depending on quality.

For details on submission guidelines  
see back page.

# O U T O F G A M E

## Section

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### **Submit Your Photographs to the Quill!**

Each month we will be publishing Kanar-related photographs on the back page of the Quill. They can be new or old, bad or good as long they are high enough resolution to be recognizable when printed in black and white. E-mail your photos in Jpeg format to [mysticquill@kanar.org](mailto:mysticquill@kanar.org). Be advised that photos may be modified minimally by the Mystic Quill editor in order to be prepared for printing. This may include lightening or darkening and cropping.



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### **Freelance Article Guidelines**

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

- 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.
- 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.