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# The Mystic Quill

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October 1015

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## Local News

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### Here Ye, Hear Ye

The most noble Lord Mayor of Ilveresh does invite and grant upon thee good wishes and tidings that you and yours shall join his Lordship and his Lordships' esteemed associates for a weekend of variety and games upon the most honored and decorated list at the high trail in the well-known town of Ilveresh upon the days of twenty-two, twenty-three & twenty-four of the month of October in the year of one thousand and fifteen Time of Man.

Test thy skills upon such sword masters as the gracious and swift Dame Shaz of the most grand

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500 Silver  
REWARD

The above will be paid by  
OTIS

For the accurate information  
and proof leading to the person  
or persons who poisoned the  
cupcakes entered in the  
competition.

Bring any and all information  
directly to OTIS.

Any of the people that were  
affected by the poisons please  
find and speak with Otis.

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Kingdom of Narrdmyre and the Grand Master of the Order of the Thistle the wise and stalwart Sir Morus. Choose a weapon from dagger to spear and see if thee can hold your own against the steadfast and cold calculated hands of Sir Navarr. Take to bow and cast arrows forth to see how your aim matches to other goodman of the area.

The Head of the College of Heraldry Lord Sir Aeracon shall be on hand to provide blazonry lessons so please bring forth your pageantry that it may be counted, measured and artistically rendered. To all, a good day!

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# Novashan And World News

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## Uncaged bird?

By Thadius Crane

Many have heard the legend of the women dressed in red and black, the lady of Southbay. Rumors recently have been that she has been appointed as the Nightingale, the common rabble had assumed that this was just a name though rumors in the back of bustling taverns is that Nightingale is a title and that it has been awarded to the lady of Southbay. Who is this mysterious woman?

## Kingdom's southern front hears of the news from the lost city of Kaphil:

By Hemp Flingswitch

Me and the boys are from a village supported by the town of Kaphail. We just heard of the treachery going on back home. I am writing a letter to my brothers so as they know's what to do to them that betrayed us. The cost down here on the southern borders of the kingdom are high as them crimson fellers put up a good fight. But those that take advantage of us being away like that, well they

are going to get what's coming to them and their kin. Ain't right what they done and we of the Flingswitch clan is all about fixin what ain't right. Just they wait and see. The clan always says; the doors can swing both ways.

## The front holds as a moment of silence is heard:

By Glen Deepfallow

It comes as a big blow to us around here hearing about His Lordship Holbrook Sir Relquest of the Prince's guard has personally come over to join the lines held by the forces from the area of Kaphail.

It is a good thing the Crimson Brotherhood has given us a breather so we can hang a hat and head low for a while. I know the people of Kaphil and when I heard his Lordship was going to help them,

well I can tell you, the people here from Elderbrook were a might bit proud his Lordship was handpicked for the job. You see, His Grace Gilcrest is a bit off these days. The

fall of the castle at Maelcor and that dang green ooze has gone and rattled the peoples of Balckshire. It was all that his grace could do to hold them together in unity.

Now take that and add the fact that Elderbrook was closer still. Yep his lordship was quite a guy to be able to deal with such business and keep the peace. When his new assignment came, well I could think of none better and some of my friends and me here were able to personally wish his Lordship a good trip. That is to say we waited a whole day on the main road out just so as we would have none in front of us as he passed by.

He even looked right at Jeb and nodded to him as he passed by. Well I tell you, Jeb Smithy took that day to heart and is one of our best fighters here on the front.

He is sullen now but once the brotherhood start up their unruliness again, old Jeb will straighten up and unite us. He will lead us to victory. I still do not believe the north would start such a thing though. After all,

the king granted them a land of their own and now they want to repay that with attacking one of our great cities.

I hope the war is over soon and when I get back home there is peace and a darn good explanation for all this goings on. If not, then I guess

we got one more war to fight before we go back to farming.

## From Our Readers

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Hey! You! Try this!

Three Ingredient Peach Cobbler

First get this stuff:

1 box of yellow cake mix

(2) 30 oz cans of peaches, or fruit of choice. Drained.

1 can of sprite

A dutch oven

Hot coals

**PREP WORK:**

Toss everything but the coals into your dutch oven. (You'd think the coals would be a duh... but you'd be surprised!)

Stack coals on the bottom, and top of your dutch oven, then it's time to play the waiting game... thirty minutes later, and you've got this

One great looking, and smelling, peach cobbler. With only **THREE**

ingredients!

Now Eat it!

Rosy Tits

Yer Da' is being pissy about somethin'-I think I may have managed to offend him on my last visit. Big surprise when twas' he I had to deal with instead of you. Good on you for breaking away and going off on yer own! I told ye it would be worth it. I finally gave Cyg that kilt threatened him with-the look upon his mug was priceless!

I think he may be getting' restless now that yer gone, perhaps starting to feel that wanderlust too? I may head in that direction when the flowers start blooming to come see how yer' doin', n'ut ye' know me, I go wherever the rumors take me. So don't die fore' I come fer a visit, ya hear?

Yer Friend,

Rat Jelly

Late after dark I wander quickly  
Hiding in the shadows of the light  
Fearing monsters that will eat me  
No one to hear me die at night

Maybe someone will come save me  
If by chance they happen by  
Maybe I win or it lets me be  
Luck tonight don't let me die

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Random Quote of the Month:

We are not retreating; we are advancing in the other direction!

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Remember children, the veil between the living and the dead grows thin as All Hallow's grows near. The spirits become restless, the undead crawl from graves, and the wind turns as cold as the bodies that climb from the ground.

Bring your pumpkins, bring your lanterns, and don't get caught alone, my children.

## *The Destiny Within-*

*He traveled through land and sea,  
rocky ledges and rough waters. This  
was how his journey began.*

*Not a sole under his feet and only  
thin cloth to cover his skin.*

*A few bits in his pocket and rusty  
dagger at his side, he wandered off  
in hopes of adventure.*

*Tall tales were told as he was but a  
child of knights and nobles, with*

*a twinkle in his eye he dreamed of  
the day he could escape.*

*He felt he was meant for bigger  
things. Something more than the lot  
he*

*had been given.*

*As he traveled the seas he forgot  
where he came from, he walked*

*through the fields in search of who  
he was.*

*From town to town he learned what  
the journey could become.*

*He knew when to fight bravely and*

*when to run so he could fight  
another day.*

*New scars and bruises adorned his  
body, with each mark a lesson that  
was learned.*

*He yearned to be accepted amongst  
the heroes of the land, to inspire  
others they way they inspired him.*

*Though he didn't come from noble  
birth he still wanted to rise, to  
prove his might and fullness of heart.*

*He, like many others, felt his destiny  
was on the horizon he only had  
to keep on climbing.*

*With every step he took he could feel  
his purpose getting close.*

*With every clang of metal on metal  
he knew his bravery would grow.*

*Eventually a sole would be under his  
feet and metal protected his body.*

*Enough coin in his pocket to enjoy  
some ales and a mighty blade at his  
side to defend against the horrors of  
the land.*

*He had finally found himself  
throughout the many moons that  
passed*

*over him at night.*

*He had become the heroes he was  
told about as a child.*

*Still with that twinkle in his eye  
and his battle worn face he finally*

*knew his destiny was always his to  
create.*

*-The Teller*

*For the Month of October, our card is...*

*The Queen of Cups*

*Representing a feminine figure of charming and flowing grace, the Queen of Cups nurtures intuition and is sensitive to the emotional states of those around her. She flows freely within the ocean of emotion, at ease among the currents and depths.*

*As the Queen of the Throne of the Waters, the Queen of Cups helps her*



*subjects understand the subtle currents of life, easing their journeys through the tides. She brings with her the gifts of empathy, connection, and self-completion.*

*Elementally, the Queen of Cups is the holder of the reflective force, where water blends with water to allow emotions to strengthen and support themselves.*

## *Help Wanted*

**Wanted:** *The offices of the most noble Lord Mayor of Ilveresh doth seek out and desire those individuals whom show talent with the noteworthy ability to bind paper or parchments into books and toms. Individuals possessing such aptitudes should inquire with the Lord Mayor of Ilveresh for a lucrative job opportunity.*

**Wanted:** *Learned scholars of the Lores of Undead, Goblinoids, Orcs, Ogres and things that go bump in the night. Your talents shall be*

*gratefully appreciated during the month of October. The increase of activities in such creatures gives way for increased study for those seeking it and also the need to warn others of weaknesses that can be exploited to keep our losses at a minimum. Please present yourselves to your local town Mayors to provide or receive what assistance may be had.*

**Here Ye, Hear Ye.** *The most noble Lord Mayor of Ilveresh is now seeking and recruiting individuals to perform tasks that are numerous and*

*beyond the capabilities of the offices to keep in check and balance.*

*These tasks of note and benevolence shall include, but by no means be limited to or strictly prohibitive of, such things as guard duties, light skirmishing, tracking, bounty collections, magic displays, recently deceased disposal, fire watch, bardic rhetoric, town crier, messenger, lighting town torches at the appropriate hour and other such activities in accordance due a station of relevant qualified or experienced*

individuals. Those party or parties interested shall make their presence known to us in person and in name documented for record in Ilveresh at the October festivities of 1015.

**Wanted:** Stout individuals that possess silver or magically enchanted items that can fend off or outright destroy the armies and agents of the Undead. October is known for an increased activity in such creatures

and all those who can muster assistance to the various towns of the Barony of Bellanmo should present themselves to their local town Mayors for direction.

To those individuals who have no such talent for the destruction of the armies and agents of the Undead or items that may hinder, bind or dispatch said foe a word to the wise shall you be so forewarned ... Hide!

### *Bessie needs help*

Need help with those damn goblins again. Pieces of shit came back and took my pumpkins. Paying for help. Would love if someone could put up a door or something to keep those things out. Come see Farmer Bessie, you know where I'm at.

## *OOO News*

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Kingdom's southern front hears of the news from the lost city of Kaphil: - Tim S

The front holds as a moment of silence is heard - Tim S

Mayoral Requests - Tim S

Uncaged bird - Steve Jones

Bessie Needs Help - Erich O