



THE MITRASPERAN HERALD

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What happened at the fortress Stormwatch, called Sturmwatch.

Report on the events on Ghost Rock - that is an island west of the coast of the continent Mitraspera - at the beginning of the year 18 of the reign of Queen Jocelyn Rubinia Agatha of Atteron - that is at the same time the year 18 after the discovery of Mitraspera.

At the beginning of the year, I accompanied Prince Aenwinn of Atteron to a council he had convened with his new friends, allies, and acquaintances from the continent of Mitraspera. He had met all of them the previous summer, and they had quickly agreed that they would unite to fight and hopefully defeat the common enemy - the nasty Skargen, who were waging war on both Atteron and the continent of Mitraspera. The location for the meeting was set to be the Stormwatch stronghold, located on an island called Ghost Rock - or, as we learned from Mitrasperan scholars, 'Unbat' Lak' in an ancient language. The Prince's court officials will have recorded the results of the

consultations in the history books - and, of course, the unexpected skargen attacks on the fortress - but in my report I will tell of events that occurred in addition to these, and which may cast a long shadow into the future.

In fact, it soon turned out that the island was haunted by ghosts that had been tied to the land for more than ten years, and whose origin lies in the crew of the ship 'Morgenröte', which was steered there by Captain Alfonso Donatello - he was a comrade of the famous explorer Paolo Armatio - in search of treasure and glory. As a result, many of the men and women who came from Mitraspera to the Council showed great courage by scouring the Stormwatch Fortress - including the wondrous cellars - and doing their best to free the restless spirits so that they would no longer haunt it. In the process, each redeemed ghost left behind an emerald of unusual size and beauty, which were sometimes placed by the ghosts themselves, sometimes by the

Mitrasperan settlers in a column located in the courtyard of the fortress.

Although I myself did not dare - I am not ashamed to admit it - to go down into the cellar, I did hear the stories that were carried up from there. There was said to be a chamber decorated over and over with green gems, and strange figures who called themselves the 'Guardian of the Emerald' and 'Siren of the Island'. The scholars who arrived were able to quickly make sense of the circumstances from all sorts of writings and conversations with these beings and the spirits. To me the story seems rather strange, but the followers of and fighters for the elements, who had come, found it credible and conclusive, and so I will give it very briefly.

Thus, a seed of the element earth - what the Mitrasperans call 'terra' - is said to have been planted in the ghost rocks long ago. This led - so the scholars said - to great luck, like unusually ferti-

le fields and orchards, but also to some misfortune. The cycle of growth and decay, of birth and death, which we see everywhere, is different on the Ghost Rock because of the proximity to this seed of the earth, perhaps even the occurrence of the spirits can be explained by it - the scholars found. The first inhabitants of the island would have eventually built their fortress above the seed, but eventually abandoned it. The sailors and officers of the ‚Morgenröte‘ had rediscovered the orphaned ‚Stormwatch‘ a few years ago, and in the process had caused something to go awry that continues to have an effect to this day.

Finally, the brave warriors from Mitraspera should succeed in putting all the ghosts to rest. At that moment - and I saw this with my own eyes - several things happened simultaneously, each of which could form the foundation of a legend. Around the column in the castle courtyard, around which the emeralds were located, a dense green mist went out. At the same time, a larger than life, winged figure appeared, dressed entirely in green - this was the guardian of the emerald, as was explained to me later - and bowed to the column, whereupon a plant sprouted from the bare stone, from which the green mist seemed to emanate. At the same moment - perhaps not by chance - the skargs, who had been threatening life and limb of all for days,

had broken a gate and besieged the castle courtyard. Obviously they had it on that germ aimed, because they pressed with all power on the column. But the nearer that terrible enemy came to the pillar and the germ and the green mist, the clearer it became that the skarges had been mistaken once! Because if their slain warriors otherwise melted to white fog and already a moment later again went to the field against the righteous and peace-loving, exactly this did not happen, where the green fog, which went out from the germ and thus pressed down the white fog. Thus, the Mitrasperan settlers - with the energetic support of the Atteronian knighthood, among whom even the princes fought with sword and lance - were soon able to beat back the enemy and then drag his camp.

That seed, some of the settlers, who solemnly named themselves „Family of Seeds“, have now detached from the column and planted it in a bowl full of soil. While I myself have not seen it, many say it has taken on a shape familiar from some roots - including mandrake - and which could easily be mistaken for that of a small man.

Soon after these events, Prince Aenwinn chose to return to Atteron, after the precious lantern of Ser Francis, the governor of Mitraspera, which had formerly belonged to Paolo Amatio himself,

had returned. Once again it faithfully showed him the way through the difficult, unknown waters.

After all the excitement, it was only right to do the same in his wake. That germ - or seedling - the settlers took with them to Mitraspera, and I am curious to hear what else they could find out about him.

Last week, Prince Aenwinn ordered me to be at his disposal again by the end of winter - as soon as the harbors were free of ice, he would set out again to hold another council with the leaders, scholars, and settlers of Mitraspera. Of course, I will follow the Prince's orders - and perhaps I can use the opportunity to find out what the next chapter in the story of this strange seedling is.

*Nelson Dorn
Member of the Collegium
Medicum at Thorn in the County of
Rosegarden, in occasional war duty personal medic to Prince Aenwinn of Atteron*

Letter - given into hands of the herald

by Mr. von Artenfels personally

Knowing Magister Klarius zu Grünstein reports to Gernot von Artenfels about a conversation between two unknown persons

My dear friend Gernot,

For far too long I have not written to you. But a conversation I overheard the other day through the open window of a tavern has kept me awake for so long that I want to tell you about it.

The two men I could hear later had left the tavern shortly before me and I still remember them as tall figures in robes with strange caps - Oh, if I had only known that they would speak so strangely, I would have tried to memorize more!

Be that as it may, here briefly once what urged to my ears. The two had been at one of the accident places of which we have too many at present with the elements in the country! A landslide had been it which they had examined.

I could understand their remarks only in parts, however, what I could understand does not let go me.

They said that it must be because of the interior of the country that these accidents happen everywhere. And why I could even

hear what they were saying was that they disagreed and sometimes spoke louder than usual in anger while arguing what the consequence must be. One of them said that one should get rid of everything magical connected with the land as soon as possible, otherwise one would surely be struck by ruin! One should even destroy or invalidate everything what one could only and hope that it is not yet too late for it! The other accused his companion of treachery and said that even if his theory were correct, one should not simply give up and rather use everything at all costs to both strengthen artifacts and heal possible wounds of the country. He considered it the duty of every elementalists to sacrifice his life for this task if necessary. The other vehemently disagreed and asked what could be done against the forces of nature and what use would it be to engage in such unknown battles. Angry as he was, he even considered aloud if it would not be better to work completely in the opposite direction and support whatever was in trouble to speed it up and finally return to normality soon! Then the other accused pactierei and said that in view of the threat of the undead and Skargen one should be careful such heretical words even to think.

There the conversation finally broke off for me, because they went away arguing. Now I lie awake since then and think whether the two were drunk or crazy - or whether they were on to something that I would find most interesting in my profession. I asked around everywhere, but nobody could tell me the names or point me in the direction where the two could possibly be found.

And just before I finally fall asleep, I always ask myself which of the two I would agree with.

My good friend, shall we meet again sometime and discuss this together? So not immediately tomorrow, but when the roads are once again better passable and not constantly all elements appear enraged.

Greetings, your brooding friend,

Klarius

Call of the Naldar - face the threat!

Bad things are happening all over Mitraspera. The communication network HAVE TO BE maintained in order to warn of impending dangers and to guarantee effective reactions.

It is essential to expand every falconry and make it available for communication in Mitraspera! The Naldar support you with all their knowledge relating to falcon care and rearing.

*Iramar
on behalf of Ar`Janka Minamey,
high priestess of the Naldar*

Let the hawks fly



The Naldar proudly present to you Nalani, priestess of their people, as the contact person for trade matters (Mankar Quar).

The most significant messages of Mythodea have always been

conveyed with the help of the Naldar, and Nyamen and Archons rely on it for ages. It is in the nature of our people never to stay long in one place and to master even the most difficult challenges of impassable roads. This is how we got the nickname "the messengers of Mitraspera". We specialize in the commodities of very important messages and small and light items.

If the message has to be transmitted in a particularly urgent manner, we use our friendship with the country's hawks to be able to cover great distances at high speed.

But be warned! The Naldar people do not take orders when it

comes to moving heavy loads or large quantities. We are the best choice if you want to have transported a whispered secret or a very special gem.

Direct your request to Nalani. It can be handed in at any Aeris temple or during the great campaigns in the Naldar camp.

*Iramar
on behalf of Ar`Janka Minamey, high
priestess of the Naldar*

East Blackwood Company names New Master Merchant



At a gathering in Sapphire House in the City of Triskel, Western Seal, Sir Dagger of Blackwood

announced before the gathered Court that Djako Kaevh of Alo-nis and the Trade Family Kaevh would be named to the position of Master Merchant of the East Blackwood Company. This new title and position effectively allows Djako to sign and seal contracts finalizing them in the Company Leader's stead. Since the establishment of the East Blackwood Company, Sir Dagger has been the only member of the trade group holding the right to seal official documents with Company seal effectively making him the only person capable of finalizing important E.B.Co contracts.

During the Blackwood Court at Sapphire House that changed.

E.B.Co headquarters is located in the City of Copperdale. With this new addition to the Company's hierarchy, the East Blackwood Company reportedly looks forward to deeper trade relations and more lucrative business within the Northern Seal and beyond.

Sir Dagger of Blackwood

Poem for a „stranger“

Standing for a long time.

Still and silent.

Following you with the hawk's eye.

Brought buds, tenderly sprouting to my lonely heart, which has long
threatened to wither.

Angel hair, bright in the light.

The golden chariot felt envious.

So radiant, he could never be more.

Pale. All pale.

Like snow in the cold winter lying on the fields, so even the shimmer of
her skin in my gaze.

Being light, so the moss at her foot, bends to no step, as if carried by the

beat of an angel's wings.
I hardly dare to breathe.
This creature is too wonderful. Risen from a dream, too fragile, anxious to
be awake.
Heart be still, she can hear us.
Be still, like a hunt for a shy deer.
So as not to frighten coveted creature.
Breathing, seeing, waiting.
Look there! A fleeting glance.
Like a kiss.
Delicate, very delicate.
Touching, feeling sensuality.
So step forward, as a man, as a hero. Not as the fool you now seem.
Fear seems known only from afar, and now?
What now?
Seek words, deeds.
I foolish Thor, chiding myself fool, coward.
Know not before nor back. Yet still the breath steady, the heart's beat
agitated.
In the lovely being's spell.
Take me to you. Take me with you!
Words thought, but never spoken. The moment is gone.
Standing still, searching, asking.
To steal my heart, you have succeeded.
Where are you, my tender happiness?

gez.
Adam von Winterfeld

REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

Troopmovements of the Black Ice

Several reports from scouts of the Northern Army suggest that the black ice is starting to become active again east of Storm Mountain and in the entrenched basin in the Makur'athon Mountains. It is

not yet possible to say what the ice is preparing, but it seems to be clear: something is happening! Accordingly, N.O.R.D. warns against traveling through the regions of the immediate south of

the Makur'athon Mountains.

*Kassiopia Tresterbach,
palace spokeswoman for their
Excellencies of the Northern Realm*

Sensible hit against the Concordance

The most wanted criminal named Ro Yaros with his network of criminals suffered a massive blow to his infrastructure and utilities just under a year ago. Several protectorates burned the corrupt hole within Dakara in a "week of chaos". The leadership of the

city had been massively undermined in recent years and even the city's leadership was part of the concordance.

According to recent reports, the prisoners' interrogations have finally borne fruit.

Your Excellencies thank the Pro-

tectorates for the fulfillment of their duties and the hopefully soon end of the Concordance.

*Kassiopia Tresterbach,
palace spokeswoman for their
Excellencies of the Northern Realm*

A shield to the realm: The Wolfsmark

First Part

An insight into the customs and traditions of the Wolfmarkian population for the inquisitive readership

The inhabitants of the Wolfsmark, probably the most south-western protectorate of the Northern Realm, are a special folk. They are considered hardworking, skillful, brave and cheerful. At the same time, however, they are sometimes quite superstitious and

awestruck. They are also said to have a certain stubbornness. With this first excerpt of their customs and traditions, we want to give you, the inclined readership, a little insight into the „multinational crowd“ of the Wolfsmark.

For many residents of the capital, Winterfeld, it is common for them to regularly put a bowl of milk and some meat or fish in front of their doorstep at nightfall. This act may seem questionable to outsiders, but if you ask the citizens of the city about the motivation behind

it, they will answer by saying that you do this so as not to annoy the cats again. The custom probably stems from the plague of rats that struck the city a few years ago. Behind closed doors, people whisper that the cats of the city collectively did not go about their trade of hunting rodents, because the people would have insulted them deeply.

A custom has long been established among the helpers at the Wolfsmark Hospital. Once a

REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

month, always in the middle of the month, a simple bowl of water is placed on a small table in the entrance area. An inconspicuous dried plant is placed in this bowl. In its shape it looks like a ball made of dry wood. But as soon as it touches the water, its branches unfold and take on a deep green color. For helpers, this plant is a symbol of the constant ups and downs of life, for the healing power of Aqua, as well as that something wonderful can emerge from something inconspicuous and amazing. One of the older helpers claims that the chief physician started this practice many years ago after she was given this plant as a gift.

The festivals are not neglected in Wolfsmark either. Since the 16th year after the discovery, it has been customary to celebrate a harvest festival in autumn. The biggest festival takes place in Winterfeld, which lasts over three days. The entire city is decorated in festive autumn colors and wel-

comes visitors from near and far. The patrons of the celebrations are Protector Adam von Winterfeld and the Realms' Chamberlain Don Martinus Balboa himself, who spare no expense or effort every year to make it a success.

Thanksgiving services in honor of Terra and the goddess Travia take place throughout the festival. Several times a day, Theobald the old, the keeper of the small temple on the market square, invites the believers to join him in saying thanks for the good harvest and also to ask for another good harvest in the next year. In addition to the church services, there will also be an inspection of goods on the market square throughout the festival. There the local farmers, craftsmen and traders, but also merchants from outside the Wolfsmark, display their goods to the public and offer them at good prices. The festival is so interesting for foreign merchants because they only have to pay half the customs fees for

these three days. The Märkische Fasskeller also benefits from this, as the many visitors from outside want to be supplied with food and drink as well as accommodation. The highlight of the festival is the big fair on the last day. Traditionally, this is opened with a speech by the two patrons. Many items on the program enrich the fair, and the visitors are offered a lot in terms of music and showmanship. A team tug-of-war could only be mentioned as one of the program items. A special feature of the fair is the competition of the Wolfsmark farmers, who among them has harvested the largest and most beautiful field crops, but also who has brought forth the best cattle. We hope that we have been able to illuminate your knowledge gaps for the time being with a little aqua and hesine-friendly wisdom.

*Magister Geribaldi Eichenhain –
Researcher and traveling scholar*

REGIONAL SECTION EAST

New Baron in the Eastern Realm!

From this day on, it is to be known, that Junker Cathair ap Kriegstein paladine of Bahmut, bailiff of Kleinsteinhausen and Bottenbach, Knight of Ankoragahn, ambassador of the Phoenix-Throne to Münzquell, was infest by Kaldor of Axtfels, paladine of the light, duke of

Axtfels, count of Nordgard, count of Járnheim, Lordknight of Thalameas, imperial knight of Ankoragahn, Grandmaster of the Sturmfalken, with the Barony of Eisenbach. The land lies southwest of Tornhaim, in the northeastern part of Axtfels. The

ennoblement to the title of baron also includes market rights. Eisenbach is known for its iron mining and his dwarven community. Cathair extends his invitation to new settlers to his new lands.

Berta Blatt

Distillery on fire!

A huge catastrophe hit the Althelm distillery near Ardor. Damaging a huge amount of goods as well as the roof of the building. The fire supposedly had its source underneath the surface. According to some witnesses, the family heir of the owning family had been on the spot when the tragedy occurred to help extinguish the fire and minimize the damage.

He regrets the loss of a valuable copper coil necessary for the vodka production, as well as half of the newly constructed rooftop that has only been finished a few months prior.

"The Vodka has to flow and it will. Times are hard but not as much that our loyal citizens have to give up their favourite vodka."

Heinrich von Althelm assured our reporter.

Until now there is no new information about further damages or losses. But be sure that we will keep you updated.

Pjotr Prawda

Ottos Portion of Wisdom

Holding on for dear life,
you'll find,
a true friend reaching out to you.

- Otto Kahlheim

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

Hunger and doom!

These are hard times and we don't need to tell you that. Everyone who looks outside his door these days, talks to neighbors or simply lives his life, has noticed that it is not an easy year. The weather is playing havoc with us. Crops have been destroyed, roads flooded, bridges and houses damaged. But nowhere has this year left such a strong mark as in GanSho and among the Shionai.

Planned hunger that no one saw coming.

Some may remember that about 18 moons ago, it was decided by the Day of the Highest that the Shionai should stop food production in GanSho to provide more troops to protect the wall. On a glorious spring day, in the heat of Holzbrück, none of the Convention visitors could imagine that the West could not manage to supply such a small fiefdom without anyone being in want.

The little rain, they said

Then when the storms began in the spring, no one thought anything of it. When the first lead units with food on the way to GanSho were destroyed on the great road because a shallow stream had turned into a raging flood, they mourned the loss, but didn't think it was a problem. The fact that a delivery from the capital suddenly took more than twice as long was considered inconvenient, but not dangerous.

Then came hunger

And now it is winter! Hardly any deliveries get through to GanSho, and if they do, most of it is already spoiled. In most of the fiefdoms, the situation is no better. Many crops are destroyed, supplies are running low, everyone is exhausted, and the coldest season is yet to come.

Will the wall stand up?

The wall is still being protected. Belts are being tightened and supplies are being further rationalized. The summer clothes patched and worn in several layers if necessary. Because we do not give up!

For the West!

And so we fight once again for our beloved West! This time not against the Undeath before the gates or the Skargen on their ships. But against the hunger in our stomachs, the fatigue in our bones. For the meager harvest against the freezing rain, for our supplies against the biting frost. But as long as we can still FIGHT, we will. For the West! For Mythodea! For our homes!

*Fridolin Mauler
- Grian Quihenya*

REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

Hagwarts presents: Guest teacher Alvar - The kinghis servant -with 'alternative vulnerary drugs and practical healing'



Did you ever have to shove all your savings down the 'healer's' throat just to get your arm wrapped with a dirty rag? Just in that moment, did you think „I could have done this *myself*”? Then you hit the right spot in one of the new courses at New Silvanian boarding school for hag hunting (Hagwarts): *'Alternative vulnerary drugs and practical healing'*! New and **only now** to be taken as winter courses and distance studies. With immediate enrollment you will receive the brochure *'How to align the dead of the plague with Terra's force lines to prevent a further*

outbreak?' for free. Only now and only while stocks last.

Further (possible) courses in the future: *'Aesthetic wound closure'* and *'psychological support'*.

**We take no responsibility for risks and side effects, don't consult your poisoner.*

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

In gratitude for love, in honour of creation

Brothers and sisters, settlers, people of Mythodea, A dark year lies behind us. Our country is plagued by doubts and misfortune. But life goes on, and with it goes death. Even if a shadow seems to lie over the creation,

The cycle is eternal.

We are, to remember, steady as the twilight.

We are, to cherish creation, constant as Terra's love.

We are, to honour Glytamnea's sacrifice and to never forget.

We are, to, even in darkness, take away the fear of the end.

You, who bring new life into the world and you, who bring an old one to an end, come to us to the Temple of Retreat in Loravinde. Whether your journey begins or ends, the Order of the Grey Souls will give space, support and appreciation for birth and farewell.

Trusting in being never forget the eternal song of the Emerald Singers.

With or without their glance let us always go and work in the light of their sanctuary.

Malen Ellorell

Emerald Sumar of Loravinde, Foundation stone of the order

Short news

News situation still uncertain!

Our reporting is also still delayed due to the ongoing catastrophes. What is going on in the realm of roses?

Construction stop in Loravinde!

By decree of the Nyame, construction of the Nyame capital has been largely halted for the time being. The official reason are the mysterious changes in the land, but it is said that the Nyame acted under pressure from the northern fiefdoms.

The Sumar of Loravinde

While the capital of Nyame is still under construction, the political conditions there are already being

determined: Instead of one mayor, five so-called „Sumar“ are to administer the city in the name of the Nyame. Although Sumar have apparently already been appointed, there has not yet been a public proclamation of the Nyame.

Deadly desert!

Shortly after rumors became known that Oron had to give up its capital Al'sahav because of an unspecified catastrophe, further worrying news reached us from the desert: Returned „scouts“ (mainly scavengers who wanted to search for treasure in the deserted Al'sahav) reported life-threatening heat waves during the day and icy cold at night, making it impossible to reach the city. What is going on in the burning sands?

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Tala'Vin in Shan Meng-Feyn

From circles of the court we have learned that two high-ranking Daughters of Virtue have come to a private audience with his Excellency, the Neches'Re. The reason for the meeting is said to be secret, but

rumor has it that a valuable artifact of the Order has been handed over for safekeeping at court. Mysterious!

Collected and compiled by Angrond Stanzfüller, scribe.

Cliff in the West-Rosen Pass collapses onto the road killing Horses!

During high summer, a dozen East Blackwood guards, merchants, tradespeople including Sir Dagger of Blackwood and Lady Sayeh of Sapphire Isle traveled South out from Zweiwasser traveling along the Blauer Storm river south to Schönweiler. There, they collected more supplies and hea-

ded West over the West-Rosen Pass road. Once they reached the switchbacks leading up and over the mountains the ground began to shake and part of the cliff face broke away crushing a supply and personnel wagon killing one horse and seriously injuring another. The East Blackwood Com-

pany wagon driver was able to jump free of the falling rock saving his own life but the supplies were lost and the road was blocked. After investigating, the E.B.Co was relieved that the road itself was only lightly damaged and that after a few days of hard work would be cleared again.

The Feast of the Five

In late summer of this year, the Feast of the Five was celebrated in the margraviate of Zweiwasser, in honor of the sacred elements. Everywhere in the fief celebrations occurred, while Margrave Balor himself had invited guests to an estate to celebrate the feast. At the climax of the festivities, the present people consecrated in a ceremony a decorated stele

made of khal'hatranic stone to the eternal fire of Ignis. Before that, there had been difficulties around the artwork. The stone was apparently contaminated with a kind of dragonfly egg, which had unpleasant consequences for some of those present. It is said that the margrave is planning to give the stele as a gift to the Temple of Eternal Struggle, now that it has

been consecrated. According to reports, a delegation from Atteron was among the guests. Whether Balor the Red hopes to win the newcomers from beyond Mythodea as allies for his candidacy as Archon can only be speculated at this time.

Hieronymus Grützbach

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Proclamation

Let it hereby be known that I, Adhemar ân Oshead, third son of Lothright of Lotharinga, Protector Honoris of the Realm at the Court of Roses and Thorns, Shield and Shadow of her Radiance and third best poet of Oron, have

these days, become squire with Sir Xandros Shifty Quirrin Rabenstein of Wehrheim, knight of the Order of Roses and Thorns. I shall act with all duties and privileges inherent of this rank and am thankful to the Realm and all that

are associated to it in friendship for their wishes of well being and blessings of the elements.

sgd. Adhemar ân Oshead, Esq.

REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

Where is the minister?

For quite some time now the Minister of Finance and Elements could not be spotted in the ministerial district. Several sources have told the following on enquiry:

Several months ago the Minister of Finance and Elements, Tares O'Grady Windschreiter, along with a small fleet of the Mitrasperanischen Hanse set out for the Mists. The fleet was supposed to take some rare goods from the Old World on board, so that the

Hanse could offer them on the local markets. The return of the fleet had been expected during the month of Naibaer.

There still has been no word on the whereabouts of the Minister and his fleet.

Not even enquiries with the crews of returned ships have resulted in news. Even though the Minister's presence is more than noticable and his ships are commonly

known he has not been sighted at any of the ports they planned to disembark at.

The ministerial affairs have been dealt with by the deputy minister, Geralt Hagelbach.

The ministry asks all seamen who land in the ports to watch for the Minister's whereabouts.

*Tiodes Lehmbach
Ministerial District*

REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

The coast has to be secured

Until a few months ago our biggest concern was that roaming hordes of the Undead or swarms of Black Ice invade our beautiful country by land. That's what we have been preparing for and we have made the borders as secure as possible.

But now we also have to worry about the dangers that reach our rocky shores from the vastness of the sea. The Skargen invade the coastlines and pillage wherever they can land their Dragon boats and find rewarding spoils.

On most parts along the Märkisch coastline those heretics would have met with strong resistance quickly due to the dense settlement there and would have been repelled with the might of the Elements.

For a few months now however the coast at the northern border is wide open. The former Porto Franco demesne is hardly populated at all nowadays and no one is watching over the sea and even less over the mouth of the border river that extends far inland. Invaders would meet resistance only at the borders of Beringen and thus would be able to strike far into the heartland of the Bund to cause trouble there.

However, dear residents of the Märkisch Bund, this shall not come to pass!

At the last Summer council, just after the announcement of Porto Franco's withdrawal, the demesne holders and officials present laid the foundation for the

first Märkisch coastal defense installation. Liam von Freyberg, the man who came up with the idea, immediately offered himself as a noble donor for this building project - probably not entirely altruistically.

According to first drafts, the defensive system will be equipped with a huge chain stretched between the two banks, a large beacon and a post bird pen for quick message distribution.

Even though the building materials and craftsmen for the construction come from the up-and-coming Beringen, the crew of the watchtowers around the estuary is provided by troops from the Märkisch Bund.

Master Willhelm Engtaler

Validus thrives and prospers!

The demesne grows steadily; the new brewery is estimated to be finished during the summer of next year. The new glass manufactory produces their first bottles in great quantity for the demesne Hertheim. Several new settlements have been established like Holzhau, a settlement specialized

not only on lumbering but also on the processing of the wood. Until next summer the coal mine "Terras Schatz" is supposed to unearth its first lump of coal.

Even if I ever so often poke fun at our little Validus and their "Herrscher", I am still overwhelmed by

their and our accomplishments during the last three years.

Gerlinde Plätscher

REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

Local magazine released

Since four issues the so-called Märkblatt informs and entertains the settlers of the MB. Besides informative reports, the local magazine focuses on shallow entertainment. Every Märker can freely publish what is on his mind. Whether it is the longing for a

beautiful maiden, the homemade cake recipe or a baseless insult to a minister, it does not matter.

The editors always emphasize that they do not want to compete with the Mitrasperan Herald. If a report is serious enough, it would also be forwarded to the Herald.

For everything else that could possibly anger foreign settlers, the Märkblatt is the right platform.

Kompass
Editorial director of the Märkblatt
2. Vice-Minister for Knowledge,
Craft and World Council Affairs

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Maneuver went differently than planned, black ice sighted !

A maneuver planned in advance by the Ascalonian troops at the beginning of the tenth month on the plateau of Aroth did not go as planned. Already the arrival of the two units of the army had its pitfalls, so the larger of the two units did not reach the plateau at all, but was stopped by several collapsed bridges and fissures. The small part of the army was

able to reach the plateau within half a day's journey, but met massive units of the Black Ice. These must have been there only for a short time, because they were not found during a previous exploration and sounding of the plateau. A further advance of Askalon's troops to the plateau did not succeed, in order to keep losses as small as possible the present se-

nators decided therefore to withdraw and to advance after the winter melt again to the plateau of Aroth. About the goals of the black ice can only be puzzled at the moment. We will keep the readers up to date.

by Gerald Marchbush

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Senatorial election in Askalon

Due to the generally known problems in Mythodea, the city festival in Askalon, which has become a tradition, could not take place. But the associated election of senators did. Only two of the senator posts had new senators.

Thus the Askalonian Senate is composed as follows
Jarl Lasse for the military
Kendrick Cadell for retail
Svea O'Leary for the free citizens and the craft
Sir Lia von Gratzungen for the

nobility
Raistlin Carway for the power weavers, knowledge seekers and healers

by Gerald Marchbush

Enter "The Golden Salmon"

When the Schild der acht Winde (Shield of the eight Winds) was welcomed into Askalon, they immediately took on the duty of building and manning a sentry post in the outer defensive ring around the city. And so the Shield did its utmost to establish a base in the desolate wasteland, and erected a tavern as the first building of the post!

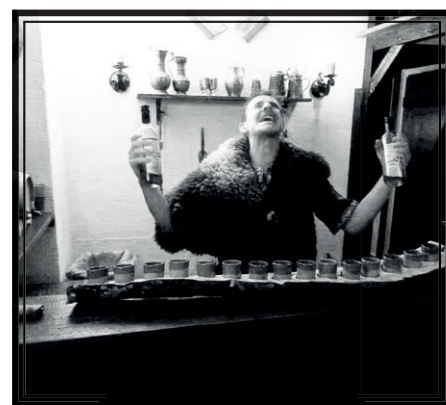
In the minds of the Shield's bard duo, whose voices now fill this tavern, the dream of such a tavern has long flourished. Now this tavern was not meant to be a simple tavern, but a masterpiece that would live up to the reputation of the Shield of the eight Winds and strengthen the fighting spirit of the shieldmaidens and warriors at the sentry post.

The name „golden salmon“ stems from the wondrous golden potion called "Lanzensaff", which has

already united many warriors with its signature drinking ritual. The construction of the tavern was almost exclusively done by the strong and diligent hands of the Shield and so the wonderful construction of the Golden Salmon took only a few moons.

The tavern's furnishings were created with loving care, from the stools to the tables and the bar counter, which resembles a work of art, and frothy drinks slide over its noble wood to quench the thirst of travelers. There is plenty of space to stand, sit, sing, dance and drink. The walls are decorated with trophies and the coat of arms of Askalon, which the Shield of the eight Winds proudly affixed.

The tavern was already admired by the army commander Duke Haradron Amurak of Reybenbürg and his future wife Katheryna of



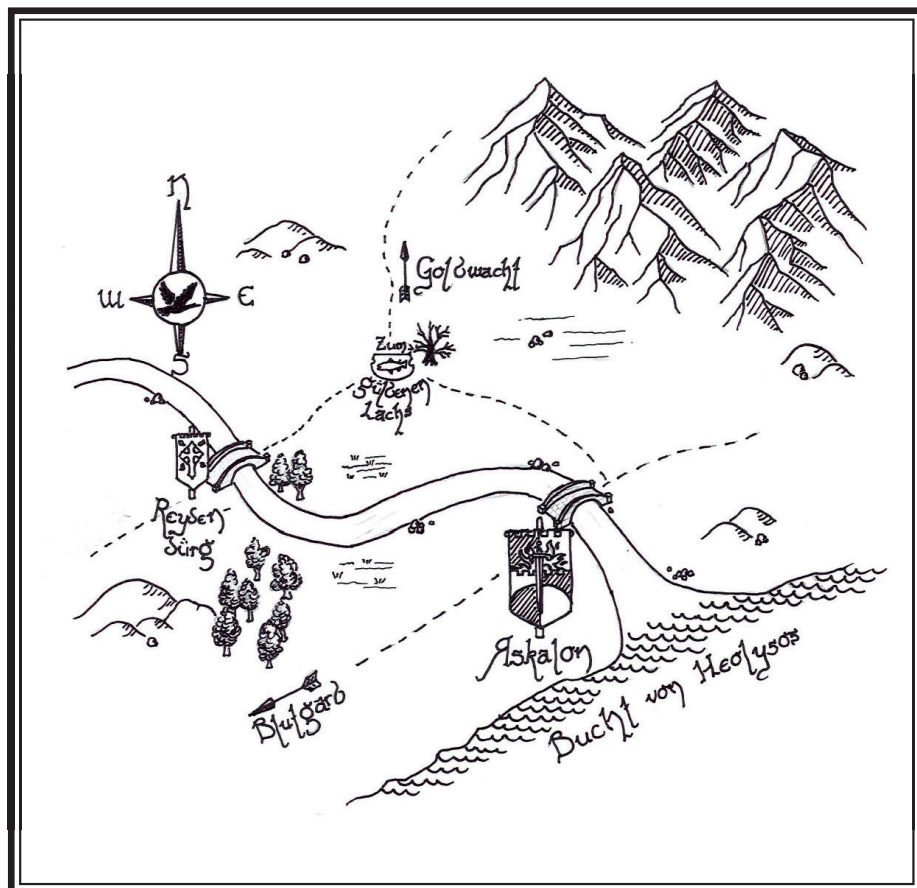
Schlüsselberg, as well as some other guests who accepted the invitation of the Shield to the opening ceremony. The Duke commended the Golden Salmon with the words: „...very homely! True enough! One might think that the hosts stoke the oven even in the summer, so that one can enjoy the wine even more!“ So let it be known, no guest shall have to feel cold!

If you want to see the tavern for yourself and taste beer, wine or cider and spirits by the metre,

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

you should send a raven to the Shield of the eight Winds. The tavern „The Golden Salmon“ is located a two days walk north of the city of Askalon and can be easily found with the help of the attached map. Dear friends, but also all who have lost the roof over their head in the past disasters are always welcome in the shelter of the Golden Salmon.

*by Lynn Yaara Nerissa, Quentin &
Nyria Qyrio*



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COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA



In the night of (insert correct date here) violent riots occurred in the southern palace district of Asinas. Parts of the Toria Edalphi, who live in the Toria refuge, violently

Violent riots in Asina

overpowered members of the city guard, forcibly seized their weapons and called for an uprising. Thanks to the intervention of individual Toria who were not involved in the traitorous uprisings, the remaining forces of the city guard were alerted early.

Several units, among them the newly founded Toria units, ma-

naged to stop the traitorous forces from advancing and to crush the uprisings. The City Guard and the State Chancellery assure that there is no further threat to the inhabitants and citizens of Ad Astra.

*Robert Frommesherz,
Spokesman of the City Guard
Ad Astras*

Toria under the Ad Astras banner

Modesty guides me to speak. I am Gopal. And here ends what I once was. For my house is no more. I am Toria. And here ends to whom I once belonged. For my world is no more. I am a dreamer. And here begins my epiphany. For me, as well as for everyone who wants to listen to and believe my words. No easy gift due to all the blood and hatred that clouds so many eyes.

As foretold, the world ended with the reawakening of the Primordial Sceptics. And my hand trembles with devotion as well as blasphemy when I write these words, that no one will miss them.

I serve an army, but it is not of doubt and flees to false queens or promises, but follows the banner of AdAstra, who were faithful to their word and who have a mistress to whom we listen.

We have fled from the waves of a drowning fanaticism into a war of doubt. Now we are here, devoid of any certainty. We are seekers. We are still searching for insight. But let it be sought for the mind as well as the soul.

I am Gopal and I speak for those who have their heart beyond awakening. I ask for no mercy, no forgiveness, no respect, no sympathy and no trust. But I want you to know who stands before you.

The ark was a way beyond ways. With the fire, pain and death that we met, we let die what lies behind us. We leave behind the ties that are said to be the tribe of the Edalphi, and with them the bitterness. Every Edalphi will be for us as if we meet these people for the first time.

Everyone in this world will be for us, as if we were greeting them for the first time.

But I urge you. I speak only for my own, and express only the desire of our hearts. I speak for no Toria outside my circle or outside the city of Asina."

Gopal Lokesh

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

Cartographers' Guild survives disaster with losses

After many weeks of anxiety and perseverance, the cartographers' guild can resume work. During the long sandstorm in Asina the cartographers had safely wrapped their maps in wax paper and kept them in the cellar during the bush fire. This proved to be a disaster in the subsequent rain floods. Many of the maps fell victim to the water

and years of hard work were destroyed. The guild does not want to let this stop them. In the last few weeks the cards have been dried and repaired if possible. The various setbacks also prevented the recruitment of new members, this has now come to an end.

In these difficult times the carto-

graphers' and surveyors' guild of Mythodea offers the possibility of a remote training as a cartographer and surveyor. This distance training should give everyone interested the opportunity to dedicate themselves to this craft and to obtain a good education.

Guildmaster Lena Werinher

The second Guard

Standing on the tower
Second watch, as dark as coal
"For but a cup of ale," he said "I'd give my iron
soul!"

The guard had spoken softly
Yet his words still wander far
Something's up and listening, in nights as dark as
tar

"Come sit with me a moment,"
Said the mask, a maiden's face
"I heard a prayer and came to you, with ale and
my embrace"

Standing on the tower
Second watch, as dark as coal
Stands a guardsman blissed and blind, with rust
instead of soul

A little patter, fingers webbed
A watchful clever power
Another guard is watching still, and loyal to the
tower

The soulless guard had looked now
And mused to burn the town
The feathered brave and bold had come to push
the traitor down

Standing on the tower
Second watch as dark as coal
A goose forever standing watch, prepared to
guard us all.

Zhinn ní Fhiona

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

Outlawed in the leonite sphere of power

After the Council of the First had, among other things, called in the last herald for the formation of an expedition to the still unknown areas of the Leonite sphere of power in order to locate a previous lost expedition, events came thick and fast. The presence of undead flesh and pestilence in the sou-

th of the area of power was first sensed by the first people of Porto Leonis and later confirmed by scouting troops. To the regret of the city, however, the ostracized powers anticipated the expedition and were able to damage the port city, although the damage was limited due to the courage-

ous actions of the citizens of Porto Leonis. Despite the efforts made, the danger could be kept away from the city, but not completely banished from the Leonite sphere of power.

By Winnifred Schlagzeil, writer of the KATZ

Good and bad times in Porto Leonis

As if an explosion that blows a hole in the city wall and kills a few Leonites wasn't bad enough - the responsible investigators found out that an Edalphi portal was stolen from the artifact chamber in the course of the attack. Backers and current whereabouts of the artifact UNKNOWN!

Shortly afterwards, the Legio Lona was sent to the south of Porto Leonis to fight hostile activities. With the help of delegations from Münzquell and Blutgard, they succeeded in driving away the undead flesh and destroying a Nimoe sanctuary and plague gardens. The area of Porto Leonis has now been cleared of the

green plague that spread over the country, but is still plagued by earthquakes and sandstorms. Therefore, the city is currently still in a state of war.

Submitted by Tarik Schwarzwasser, Hastatus of the Legio Lona

The First Wu Yan-Dao and Ulrich declare a state of war

After several conversations with the citizens of Porto Leonis, in which wishes and demands were to be put to the first of the city and the two firsts were questioned and answered, Wu and Ulrich declared a state of war as

a consequence of the contents of the conversation. As a consequence, decisions concerning the city are no longer to be made by the Council of the Wise Men or the planning staff, but only and exclusively by the first two. The

Council of the Wise is still active as an advisory body, but no longer has any voting rights.

By Friedreich von Schreibauf, writer of the KATZ

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

Day of the First - Changes in urban structures

As after every great campaign, a Day of the First was held in the own country after the campaign against the ostracized. A lot happened on this day, including some things that surprised the citizens. In general, there were many requests from citizens who contributed ideas and views to the discussion.

Changes or new appointments to posts within the city structures were also announced or resulted; the Al' Medici Guild now has Delia Rhonethsdottir as Guild Director, who thus also represents the Guild on the Council of the Wise Men. There are also innovations in the Legio Lona: Bak Sturmfels was appointed by the Tessarius to represent the Legio in the Council of the Wise Men, and thus also to the Tribune. This also puts an end

to the impossible situation for the First Ulrich in which he, as the legate of the Legio, is the first to advise himself as the emissary.

The creation of a new function, the 'Timbre Cidadao', or 'Voice of the Citizens', opened the same gap. Jindrich Alrikshuber, Decurio of the Legio, will give the citizens a voice among the first, at least part-time.

Another surprise was Wu Yan-Dao's call to encourage citizens 'with enough prestige' to excel through performance. For there is an empty chair in the Council of the First to fill, which was freed up by the deposition of Rose McFarrow. It is still open when the office will be newly awarded by the Rulers.

From Edgar Prim

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

An Ignis shrine for the community in Porto Leonis

After a torchlight walk through the whole town the newly built Ignis shrine was solemnly inaugurated. When the flame blazed, there was a speech by the initiator Tarik Schwarzwasser and the patron of the festivities, Ulrich von Hochkamer. Thereupon the most delicious food from the First himself was served for everyone. Drinks of all tastes were served.

A fiery performance of the guild of fine arts completed the celebration. There were fire-breathers, fire-eaters and fire-dancers. When the performance reached its climax, a legionary actor impressively smashed an artificial ostracized head. The rest of the night the rushing party was enjoyed by all participants. Among other things, everyone had the

opportunity to submit personal wishes to the fire. All in all, one can safely say that the city and its allies have moved a lot closer and the ignorant community of the city has been welded together even more closely.

From Edgar Prim

The garden of creation

Porto Leonis is enriched by a place of worship and the power of the elements. Anyone who gets lost in these extraordinary times of storms and unsafe tunnel journeys to Porto Leonis should take the opportunity to visit this place, simply surrender to the Garden of Creation and let its energies flow in and through you. The feeling

that spreads is so close to the elements! In addition to the flowing energies, a special flora and fauna can also be experienced here. The noble Valerian Oedgras was able to salvage plants and animals from the cradle of transience in Metrathon'Thul and successfully settle them in the Garden of Creation. May these special

creatures and plants survive the currently unfavorable weather and darkening!

Evan te'Sorie

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

Great Beast-Hunt!

The destruction from the World-Forge, which tortured this land in this accursed year so much, did not hold back for Bloodgard. Storms, earthquakes but especially the strange break-down of the magical tunnels and portals did cut the city for weeks and months off from the rest of Mythodea.

The sea-ways, usually the do-

main of the Bloodpact, was closed off too. Curious tidings, fog and many hurricanes were still not the worst of it. Gossip talks of a many-tentacled beast, which steals fishing boats and trading ships alike from the waves.

But as the destruction wanes and post services and trading resumes, so will come the counter-attack. From the Council Field it is

whispered that the Great Armada of Bloodgard will soon raise its sails to make hunt for the beast and make the oceans of Mythodea safe again.

*Jingo Whitefeather
Peace Correspondent BBB*

Another year?

The end of this „year of peace“ is coming close and the Bloodthing and cancelled. So now one questions grips the hearts of all Bloodgardians: The Blood Marshals, by will of the people absolute dictators for a year and a day, should they stay in office?

While some of the pact say that this would be break all tradition and good morals, others voice increasingly their opinion for additional time. „What kind of Marshals don't draw blood in battle“, one hears in the streets. „A Marshal must wage war, or the reign does not count.“

The question will be surely decided at least next Thing, when the current rulers will be approbated post-fact, or else hanged as usurpers.

Mahmoud ibn Mahmoud, BBB

Great cleansing!

Bloodgard does not rest, even in this stupid, peaceful time! The western hills were a stain too long. Murder, trade-stuff and worse! But now came the great cleansing! All have felt the justice of the blade! The hangman trees are like a

forest! There are only ruins now. All traitors and cowards shall cower in fear!

Many thanks to the minister for executions, Domhal of Tanas. He didn't listen to those pathetic cries

of „humanity“ and „due process“! His name of honor shall forever more be „Hobbit-Butcher of Bloodgard“!

*Minister for Truth Nightfire Ironheart
Shadow-Wolf, BBB*

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

The great march goes on

The economy of Bloodgard was hampered from the beginning, by climate, ground and the location itself. But even now it is furthermore pushing forward to prosperity. Even another summer of draughts and the pan-mythodean destruction following the World Forge could not dampen the pro-

ductivity of the craftsmen and the trade to the neighbor-cities.

And now, with the rains of autumn and winter the city flowers. A special success are the bathhouses, finally open for the whole day, and the many new villages. The newest of them is called

Zweifleck, founded by the Shadowpact a short time ago, beyond the great walls of Bloodgard.

Mahmoud ibn Mahmoud, BBB

The battle of Porto Leonis

In autumn of this great "year of peace", the enemy of Mythodea finally showed its face. Armies of the Forsaken attacked the sister-cities of Bloodgard in Heolysos Bay. The Pact did send its warriors for helü – and this is their story:

"In the evening, the troops of the Bloodpact, formed from units from the Wolves' Brood, the Neturak, the Shadow Pact, the Blood Squadron, the Mercenary Guild and the city itself arrived at the battlefield southward of Porto Leonis. The battle was in full scale; the army of Porto Leonis had surroun-

ded the Undead while the allies attacked from the north. Under the command of Ser Arnulf, the Pact supported the "Gold Fathers" in the north, which were almost wiped out.

So the order was clear: Two rows shield, pole-weapons and bowmen behind that. Cavalry would secure the flanks from the left side. And truly, our warriors cut through the enemy like a hot knife through pig-fat! The undead were routed and destroyed, their foul cadavers rotting everywhere

on the battlefield. The stench was unbelievable, and the secretions of the Pestilence were all around us. We even had to flee the ex-camp of the undead and there counted our fallen.

Three of the Wolves' Brood. Two from the Guild and two from the Shadow Pact gave their lives these day, for the freedom of every settler in Heolysos Bay.

*Rauch, Warmaster
(com.) of Bloodgard*

GOLDWACHT / MÜNZQUELL

A new Goldwacht - in spite of storm and flood

The fall of the old home, the struggle for survival and a hard time of deprivation are still fresh in the memory of the citizens of Münzquell. But what began as a crowded camp and as a daring plan has become a reality: a new Goldwacht is located on the coast of the bay. Some travellers may mock, the districts seem more like a forest of scaffolds, but what has emerged in just one year's run is hard to comprehend: from the elegant beauty of the upper quarter, with its first noble shops and the recently completed embassy of the East, to the harbour district with its rustic romance and the well-known „Goldener Anker“, the new Goldwacht is impressive. But even though the districts all have their own marketplace, this is

no longer just a haven for traders. The citadel, core fortress and steel heart of the new city, is clear proof of this - as are the walls and towers under construction. The work for this is going on day and night - even in the quarry, which provides the much-needed building material. The perseverance of the workers can be truly admired. But there are rumours that this rapid progress is not quite natural. There are even whispers about forced labour and the use of intoxicants. Perhaps, however, the citizens of Münzquell are simply driven by one certainty: the next attack of the Forsaken is coming - and they must be ready. At the moment though, there are quite different adversaries: storm winds, hail and flooding.

Indeed, new crazy weathers constantly haunt the coast. Some men and some half-finished buildings have already fallen victim to it. It seems, however, that the people of Goldwacht will not let themselves be hindered by this. Construction continues, no matter the cost. Yet, despite the whims of the sea, a fishing village called „Ankerfall“ was founded off the cliffs. Münzquell seems to be firmly obsessed with making its „golden times“ come true as soon as possible. It can be observed daily that returning refugees and traders reach the city, despite the dangerous routes. Any traveller should be advised: This city is worth a visit!

Beusel Winzer, travelling writer

Münzquell the new breadbasket in the bay of Heolysos?

One year ago we reported about the extensive slash-and-burn the war council used during the fight against the Forsaken. Almost half of all the woods in Goldwacht's vicinity were destroyed. Now it shows that this decision has become a blessing in a totally different way: the new ground is quite fertile and

excellent farmland. Therefore the dressing of those fields began in early spring. Quite a drudgery for all those involved, but Porto Leonis was there to help: providing the much needed tools, horses and seeds. Even the dried algae, originally meant to be emergency rations, now find use as fertilizer.

The farmers saved in Ochsenbrunn helped in word and deed. Their agricultural knowledge was of great worth to this task. To reward this the regent allowed the construction of „Neu-Ochsenbrunn“ as a new home. The larger share of these new fields spans the east side of the Achterspring towards the north as

GOLDWACHT / MÜNZQUELL

well as a few new farms. Now that autumn has come, the time for the first harvest has come as well. Even with the curious weather destroying parts of the crops the amount of grain is plenty. The yield should

increase manyfold, should the winds die down until the beginning of the next spring. The "Münzqueller Goldweizen" could mean a huge relief for the food supply throughout the whole bay. But one thing is for

certain: Our neighbor Porto Leonis has invested greatly and probably won't be satisfied with just our gratitude.

Ylana reporting for the Freie Federn

Danger due to treasure seekers and fortune hunters?

Where once the old city of Goldwacht stood now a wasteland filled with ruins and quagmire spans. This prohibited area known as the "Brache" is filled with the shattered and partly sunken remains of the former city. Guards and patrols enclose this area since armed troops are not capable of crossing it. The terrain is too dangerous and no one can foresee what hazards still lie hidden underneath the surface. Even

though it is contrary to common sense more and more people sneak past the guards and into the Brache. While it started with a few citizens hoping to find some of their lost belongings in the ruins now more and more raiders and scavengers roam the grounds. They seem to be fuelled by myths and fairytales such as the story of a "lost treasury" inside the regent's former mansion. It is understandable that the sentence for tres-

passing the prohibited area has been increased: an entire year of labor in the quarry is due if you get caught. We can only hope that this message is clear - especially since the number of reports of "treasure seekers" and "fortune hunters" gone missing in the Brache has been rising dramatically.

Federico reporting for the Freie Federn

Curious: promissory notes the new currency of Münzquell?

Goldwacht is once again an up-and-coming trading city. Despite the adverse weather, there is a lot of activity in the squares in the districts. Traders take the dangerous routes and bring new goods to the city. But what currency do the citizens who have lost all their belongings only a year ago use

to pay? The answer is surprising: promissory notes are the means of choice. Instead of coins, written „promises“ go over the counters of the merchants - the intention to pay, if one has the means at some point. One's „purchasing power“ seems to be determined primarily by one's own reputation, one's

own notoriety and the occupation one pursues. It is questionable how long this period of note trading can last, but one thing cannot be denied: a bundle of notes is lighter than a bulging bag of coins.

Ylana reporting for the Freie Federn

FORTRESS OF DIVERSITY

Fighters of the Feste We call you to arms.

We call for all your talents and abilities.

We call for all your courage and strength.

It's been more than half a suncircle since we stood side by side on the battlefield. Since we marched against the forsaken in all our diversity. We won great victories that summer. We crashed the Epi-scorpia into the dust, defeated Niedergang and successfully fought against the Skargen.

The Feste, the Fortress of Diversity, stands for many things. For strength and determination on the battlefield. For a smart mind, diverse talents and abilities, for quick feet. It stands for passion, cohesion and the fight against the forsaken. And the Feste stands for keeping your word and standing by your friends and allies.

At the Starnsnacht in the spring we gave such a word. Atteron, an empire, located on a group of islands beyond the mist, has asked Mythoden for help in the fight against the Skargen. The Feste responded. We will stand by the people of Atteron and march together with them against the Skargen.

acting as a link between Mythoden and Atteron. So that Atteron can support Mythoden, and thus also to the Fortress of Diversity, in the summer war to conquer Anker Mortis.

Fighters of the Feste, it is time to reunite. To raise the weapons, feathers, coins, staffs, books, herbs and also jugs. It's time to show what we stand for. Time to sow fear among our enemies, even beyond the mist.

We call upon you, fighters of the Feste.

Come to the Isle of World Forge. Let us sail to Atteron together.

*To fight the Skargen.
Side by side with old friends and new allies.*

*Let's go into battle
For the Fortress – for Diversity*

Larinc
Voice of the Fortress of Diversity



Kaela
Storm of the Fortress of Diversity

Prepare yourself!

Now that it has been decided that the Fortress will sail to Atteron we have to prepare ourselves. All the fighters have to get their armor ready, finish repairs and improvements, all healers stock up your medical supplies, get fresh herbs, prepare ointments and bandages, because without the need of foresight or vision there will be injuries to handle and fighters to be treated.

Get supplies!

Besides that every woman and every man has to get ready to bring food. Terra provides us with her gifts, so go and make the best of it!

How to prepare Power-Bars

120 gr Cereals
120 gr Mix Nuts, dried Fruits, Seeds
50 gr Nut-Purée
50 gr Maple Syrup
1 TS Flour
1 – 2 Tsp Lemonjuice
Cinnamon, desiccated Coconut,
Ginger
Mix cereals, fruits, seeds, flour and spices, add lemonjuice, nutpurée and maple-syrup. Put a baking paper on one of your baking irons. Bake at 160 degrees for 30 ticks until golden. Cut into rectangulars when still hot.

Follow the call of voice and storm on safe roads!

Dear members of the Fortress and all others who want to answer the call of the voice and storm of diversity. Travel the fast way, but watch out for your safety! Especially in these times an attack by the Skargen must be expected. Travel in larger groups or join others. The sea routes offer the best travel options to the Worldforge island.

Due to current events, I advise you not to travel through the Aeris portal network or the tunnels of Terra. For a sea voyage, take the ships of the sea trade guild from the western or southern seal of Mitraspera.

Signed
Mr. Quinn
Consul of Diversity



FORTRESS OF DIVERSITY

The Fortress sets off to Atteron!

The preparations – observed exclusively for you (author can be set to an official herald-reporter, if space for us does not suffice, this article can be moved to the official section at the start of the paper)

When one fraction calls to arms on Mitraspera, the Herold does not, of course, remain hidden. Our editor reports on the preparations. Metatron Thul. If someone had told me beforehand that I would set foot on this damned island again, I would have thought they were crazy. But when the call to arms rings out on Mitraspera, neither the Herold nor I can resist. In the port of Port Conall I meet the first members of the Fortress of Diversity, who loudly greet each other. No hesitation reveals that there is nervousness, at best one can sense tense expectations. At Sturmwatch, so told me Larius, the voice of Diversity later on, the Fortress promised to stand by Atterons side in the fight against the Skargen, and this promise would be fulfilled. Since the fighters of the Fortress are spread all over Mitraspera, the island of the Worldforge was chosen as the meeting point. Now the beings of the Fortress are gathering and the bustle on this barren island is like nothing I have ever seen before. There are the well-armed Breton warriors, whose strange-sounding words echo across the plain next to the army commander, the storm of the fortress, who examines the weapons, encourages those who hesitate and, together with many others, ensures that the countless heads of diversity get onto the ships of the Al Habib trading house, the Groll family and the maritime trade guild. The hustle and bustle on land is only surpassed by the loading skills

of the crews of the ships – if I were not obliged to the Herold, the buzzing excitement would also tempt me to take part in this wild adventure. "For the Fortress – for diversity", the calls echo over the tops of the tents that are set up in the pale sun of the island of the world forge and even if some faces are serious and the eyes full of concern, there is undeniable an unconditional will in all of them to rush to the aid of the new allies. Supplies are being loaded, Ben al Habib, representing the trading company of the same name, is standing on the quay and observes apparently calmly how the many souls of Diversity are led aboard. Little by little it got quieter on land after all the tents are stowed away and no pennants are fluttering in the wind. The faces at the railing, pale with excitement but determined, are the last thing I see of the members of the Fortress. Gone. Disappeared. But where? And then they're gone, sailing on seven ships towards the horizon. The few who did not join the Fortress in their journey return to the mainland, but if the waters were still calm on the outward journey, I am happy to be able to write these lines now, because on the way back to Mitraspera the waters threw themselves onto us as if the sea wanted to spit us out and the winds howled like a pack of wild wolves.

What became of the fighters of the Fortress, I can no longer get this question out of my mind. Have you seen them? Does anyone know anything about their whereabouts? Questions upon questions ...



Letters to the editor

Esteemed Baron of Troijsdorf, I stood in amazement last year by the camp fortifications that sprang from your ingenious mind and closed the open spaces in the ruins of Metatron Thul on our flank brilliantly. Nimble and powerfully you personally wielded the saw, axe and hammer as well as leading the builders who tirelessly repaired the damaged fortifications. Your inventiveness will protect the Feste from much misfortune even at faraway places. Will you one day build such a solid, unshakable house with us homeseeking people within the Feste? What a bright future would await us...

*An admirer in expectation
of the next common campaign*

WANTED!

Desperately looking for the beings of the Fortress of Diversity. Last seen on the World Forge Island. Send note to Skrifa Lilosdottir