



# The unknown enemy

A call to the settlers and fighters of the elements, from Ontuthan, Ouai Master.

Settlers, rulers, guests - for many moons I have heard your reputation, your warning of a new enemy. The Nothing. But listen to my words, to which I have devoted all my life to the knowledge and understanding of that which must never be fully grasped and understood: It is not The Nothing that you are to fear!

For as bad as your fears are, so great are the ghosts of terror that some conjure up in words and fantasies: The

Nothing doesn't want to destroy you, nor Mythodea. It doesn't want to threaten you, conquer the world or dispute your funny achievements.

The Nothing - IS JUST LIKE THE FLAME. Just as the flame does not have the will within it to make you suffer and just as it does not fill the waves with satisfaction to see you suffocate, no part of nothingness seeks to harm you.

It is also not a "new" enemy, but was already ancient when the first Old Rulers

entered the world. Some even claim that it already existed before the elements.

Don't fear the Nothing and don't cry out for it to come - for that will never happen. It has long been there. It was always among you and bore many names. There have always been those who thought they could use it to increase their own power. Irsephail. Decyrmiron. Ashiantialla. Kela-yan. Aniesha. Firin. Pentaphaiell.

Know your enemy. Understand him. Giving your enemies a false name only means that you are lying to yourself and boasting out your ignorance while the true, unknown enemy has already won his first battle against you!

# We have won!

A comment by Aloisus Kittler on the summer campaign

Again and again, letters from concerned readers reach us with the question "Who won the campaign? Of course, every loyal supporter of the elements, including the editorial staff, would answer this question unanimously. But aren't we lying to ourselves?

For example, after a few days of great effort, we succeeded in defeating several powerful undead. Both the abbot of Eysenfest and the butcher Joseph and even the Laird Igraina of Barrenbay were beaten to death. In the case of Igraina, it is already clear that this only made her more powerful. And this

Joseph also tinted that death never meant the end for him. But why did we end up bleeding and suffering?

Were there also actual and measurable successes? While the loss of soldiers hardly seems to be of importance to the Eternal Warworm, the destruction of the famous Corpsdale Bell by a gang of marauding orcs has certainly been a major setback for the Lairdom from the Hollow!

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What is praised by many as the main victory - the death of the Primordial Sceptic Shey ksun Aret by the hand of the Vahatar - is once again to be critically questioned. Her death may have finally torn Kel-riothar into the void\*, but after the incidents of the two previous years, wasn't this world already destined to this fate long ago? Wouldn't it have been enough simply to close the Crystal Portal to bring all this suffering and death to an early end?

Was it really necessary that our heroic Vahatare had to experience so much suffering, that three of them sacrificed themselves in the end and that Archon Karl, loved by the people like hardly any other, had to give his life only to face the enemy again face to face?

And so, dear readers, I can only give everyone the following answer to the opening question: Those who measure their own victory by the number of victims and the suffering that one has endured for the elements - may truly say "We have won!"

\* here the author possibly confuses the void with the negation or another ominous entity to be analyzed more precisely

## Steinvater, our shield of creation!

**Shortly after the explosion at the world forge, HE appeared: "So magnificent that it is difficult for me to find words. But to all those, who did not have the privilege to experience Steinvater, I try to tell them this.**

Steinvater (Stone Father) descended to us, sent by the Quihen Assil and the World Council. The earth trembled and the air changed completely when his feet touched this world. Big and strong his stature, a beard in blond and brown, around his eyes green-gold signs. He was dexterous in the finest fabrics in green and grey, a golden forehead band that bribed in its noble simplicity and a leather belt wore his mark, but he also appeared anything but ordinary. Even the most skilled leather workers and seamstresses could not have done this. Two shoulder plates were emblazoned on his shoulders, which made his already wide neck appear even more powerful, and in his hand he held a hammer like I had never seen on a warrior before. Huge, with fine green lines and small points. On his arrival he handed this hammer over to two Khalarîn, for they could only lead it in duo.

When I first met him in the Blüthentaler camp, I could not sort out my feelings for hours. My breath faltered, I knelt on the hot sand and wondered whether I was dreaming and if not, what we had all done to deserve this gift.

He was called "The Silent Guardian" years ago, but he was not silent. He had

come to help and reminded us of the age of mortals: Act and conscience! He called himself "Shield of Creation". Each banner did everything in its power to fulfill its missions. Duchess Miriel of Kerewesch, Mitray' Kor of Wisdom, told us that Steinvater had to devote almost all his energy to holding himself back, not giving too much, for his unimaginable power could unintentionally destroy our entire world. So his presence could only be of short duration and yet we had the opportunity to experience his kindness again and again.

I always saw him friendly talking to the children, praising them and reminding them that they should not be grown up yet. They should play and enjoy their childhood. He also blessed my daughter. When his big hand gently touched her head and he gave her many good wishes for her life, I struggled with the tears and he just smiled gently. He touched Lho' Siniya's coat and said: "And with that our promise is fulfilled". It was one of the many miracles he worked and yet it was a special gift, because in the mantle of our deceased voice countless words appeared in filigree, golden writing. They formed something that

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# Steinvater comes to save creation

The world forge explodes, the world navel and the veins of power severely damaged and an Igraina of Barrenbay, who wants to flood entire Mitraspera with Nechathon and thus destroy all elementary life - the end of this world has never been so close. But we were not alone: Steinvater came back to us in the flesh. The World Guardian was sent together by the World Council and the Quihen'Assil to show us the way and to significantly support the force in saving this world.

Due to the damaged veins of power, the elemental force could no longer flow properly. They were partly open. Therefore Igraina could fill them with Nechathon. Only Steinvater, with all his power as world guardian, was able to clean the veins of power from the Nechathon, to shield them temporarily from Igraina's influence and to enable the flow of elemental power again. He went through all the banners and spoke to the entire army. He gave each individual banner the task of restarting the old equipment, which had been uncovered by the explosion, so that the centre

of the energy vein network could be repaired without a worldforge. Again and again, accompanied by his followers, he came through the banners to examine the progress and to give hints for solving problems, but also to admonish us how much depends on the success of the undertaking. Because so many - Khalarîn as well as non-Khalarîn - followed together the instructions of Steinvater, the army could complete the apparatus at the last moment and bring it in a large procession through the enemy lines to the former world forge. In a final ritual, Steinvater used his power as world guardian to finally restore the veins of power - creation was saved! Nevertheless, Steinvater warned us that the veins of power needed time to heal and that some things could now function differently than usual. So we would have to reckon that rituals would be more difficult in the future and could no longer be performed in every place. He also gave gifts to the Khalarîn. So he announced that the World Council could hear each one of us from now on, as long as it only came from the bottom of the heart. The way of the speaker is no longer a compelling prerequisite for

this. Furthermore he gave the Khalarîn the mantle of community, filled with words of Lho'Siniya and the World Council for Moral Orientation. One of the sentences, probably by Camiira, is: "No sacrifice is too great if the goal is only high enough". And the goal of saving this world could not have been higher. In this sense, the Khalarîn honor all those who have given their lives for Steinvater's cause even without being Khalarîn: Gariann hall'Heledir, Nyame of the Southern Seal, and her Neches'Re Argirios of Corinth, who sacrificed themselves to protect the former world forge against Emeline until all parts of the old apparatus could be brought to the place; Pepin from the banner of the discoverers, who sacrificed himself to carry one of the equipment parts there; and the many fallen fighters, who fought the way to the former world forge several times over the days and defended it again and again.

Many old companions of Alnock Ginster tried over the days to strengthen the human in Steinvater again. In the end it was the deeds and words of the Khalarîn that reminded Steinvater where his place is now and he returned to the circle of the World Council.

**Praise be to Steinvater  
Shield of Creation!**

**The elements with you and the  
World Council in your hearts!**  
*Arjuna Ciel*, 2nd Vice President of the  
Column for Diplomacy and Messenger  
of the Community of Khalarîn

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moves us all and will keep us busy for a long time to come.

When the time came, he ascended again to the other three Guardians and I thank the elements and the Council that they did not leave us alone in times of greatest need. All those who were not allowed to experience his splendour: Be sure, he loves you too and always holds his protective hand over each one.

Act and conscience,  
**Sorgende Sieglynd**  
– Neu-Blüthental –

# Appointment of the voices of the Nyame of the South

Since the campaign, which resulted in the annihilation of the Kel-riothar, the South has mourned not only the loss of its Nyame and its Neches'Re, but also the loss of two beloved persons, two friends and two strong and courageous fighters against the outlaw, for the elements.

Our beloved Nyame Gariann hall'Helledir, however, did not leave us without taking various precautions. So, as one of her legacies, she left a duty to four women. They should form four voices into one and be a support for the seal in the following difficult time. Furthermore, they will be present as contact persons for each seal and will assist Archon, Thul'Heen and the Empire in an advisory and supporting capacity. Here follows the introduction of the women who take up the inheritance of Gariann hall'Helledir and are hereby confirmed by Archon and Thul'Heen in their task as the voice of the Nyame of the South:



*Griselda Dragan,  
Administrator of Goryo,  
Voice of the Nyame of the South  
responsible for the Northern Seal*



*Dohreah MacDermott,  
High Master of Laws,  
Voice of the Nyame of the South  
responsible for the realm of roses*

We are now looking into a new future full of uncertainties about the things that lie in the past and those that may come to us. So let the kingdom continue to grow together and become stronger. Only together will we pass.

In memory of Gariann hall'Helledir, second Nyame of the Southern Seal, and her Neches'Re Argirios of Corinth, Neches'Re of the Southern Seal.

**Our Homeland - Eternal  
Faithfulness - True Strength -  
Golden Empire!**

Written by Gerda Silberkiel



*Nirfa Nimloth ef'Eryn Fuir Ivriñel  
od'Anorien,  
Baroness of Al'Anor,  
Voice of the Nyame of the South  
responsible for the Eastern Seal*



*Gjesken Davorr  
Truchsess of Assansol,  
Voice of the Nyame of the South  
responsible for the Western Seal*

On behalf of  
Kjeldor von Hallwyl  
Archon of the Southern Seal  
**Alexij Davorr**  
Thul'Heen of the Southern Seal

# Veins of Power

**After a fierce battle, in which the Guardians of the Veins of Power succeeded in banishing Igraina from the veins, the ones chosen formed the Order of the Veins of Power to succeed the old Ouai Inoshitain as a unit.**

Her known duties are, among others, protection of the Veins of Power, and the return of illegally mined material of pure creation-energy, falsely known as "Tirolit". The Order of the Guardians of the Veins of Power consist of the three Guardians, called "Hunters":

- ❖ Her highness Suria Cortez, Ar'Dhar of the Realm of Roses;
- ❖ Admiral Tares O'Grady Windschreiter, governour of Mitraspera-

nische Hanse, Minister of Finances and Elemental Affairs of the Frey-enmark;

- ❖ Löwe, First Sword of House Fiona, Commander of the guard of honour of House Fiona, from Asina, Ad Astra, at the banner of unity;
- ❖ as well as their Supporters, bound to them, and trained as "Beaters".

This order is already established in their respective homesteads, and is sup-

ported by benevolent and well known persons of Mitraspera with resources and wealth.

Each base of the order is allowed to provide information, and stands ready in need for action.

The highest directive is now to follow on Inoshitain's handed duties, to collect all knowledge of the Veins of Power, and to study it.

May they all watch over us.

To say it with the order's motto:  
**"WE ARE ONE!"**

by  
Ariane Agenholz

## Freisaecker do what they should!

Stormguards have also reached their goals

According to the latest reports something unique has happened! First hand the scribe was informed that the Freisaecker listened to their master for the first time and even executed his orders. This wonderful event contributed to a concatenation of important events. Thus the Sturmwächter managed to escort the famous stone father safely to the world forge, to win the stone slab and thus save the world from destruction. So much good can come from the cohesion of the Freisaecker. Cheers you Saecker!

Many thanks in advance,  
Tabitha Redepinning

## Short news from the Golden City

During the summer campaign a decision was made regarding the rescue of some Toria Edalphi, legitimized and put into action by the banner council before the Edalphi present were even informed of the possibility.

The Edalphi people hereby make it clear that we - especially from the Banner Council - expect to be involved in decisions concerning the Toria in the future.

**Aceela for the people of Edalphi**



# Was it the end of the Laird Igraina of Barrenbay?

**A lot has already been reported about the evil machinations of Igraina, her case and also her rise - But the whole extent of this thing and how they tried to get hold of her is still only known to a few. So let this description give some information about the events:**

On the summer campaign in the year 14 n.d.E. the large Feldbanner Barrenbays was brought down and at the same time some courageous fighters united in the secret:

Harras of Grauenfurt, Lodrik, the Lord of the Heartfests, Cupá, Kuor, Gariann hall'Helledir, Kjeldor of Hallwyll, Eron of Grauenfurt, Anuria of Grauenfurt, Talea of the Daughters of Virtue, Alexij Davror, Ain von Calor, Elevea, Dohreah MacDermott, Acherubeus von Argenheim, Caramell Frohfuss, Tindwen von den Traganter Hochelben, Earainne, Dreyfus von der schwarzen Phalanx and Heidemarie Bullenrassler.

Among the conspirators amulets were exchanged, with which they would only reveal themselves to each other and which they always kept hidden as well as their intentions.

The plan was, without the knowledge of the hated witch of Barrenbay, to make a soul stone, which should take up her soul, she would be first slain. So it should be impossible for the Laird to rise again.

On the summer campaign in the year 15 n.d.E. it was also, however, that Igraina came into the possession of the

Ankorian ancestor's marrow through betrayal and parcel service and began to walk her way in order to ascend to the new bone queen.

Apparently the plan was still well hidden, but her adversaries were well known to Igraina. She plagued them with afflictions and nightmares - and could shield them from them, so it often befell those who were close to them. To what extent these perfidious machinations had to be attributed to Igraina remained unclear, however.

When the summer campaign began this year, the conspiracy was no longer to remain secret: The Golden Empire would commit itself to the task of eliminating Igraina, and the Iron Banner would also fight for this goal.

First of all, powerful weapons had to be created which would be able to take on the Laird. It should be a newly forged Ignis Elemental Blade, which originated from the earliest days of the rediscovery of Mitraspera, bound in it the aspects of love and anger. An unbreakable shield was to be added.

The "courageous men and women of the first hour", the conspirators were called in these days.

The battle for the ritual place was fierce and even harder was the realization that the weapons would have to be cleaned from contamination by Nechaton before they could be used for their purpose. This also succeeded, but with difficulty and time ran out.

In order to take care of the soul of Igraina, which would also have to be freed from the Nechaton beforehand, it would be necessary to capture it in a state weakened by battle. The precautions had been taken. However, the Laird had already performed most of their rituals, and the last thing they would have to do would be to put them to it for good. With her as his sworn mortal enemy, Harras of Grauenfurt took up the fight and wanted to fight until victory or death, so that even without him the plan would work out.

Unexpectedly, however, he could actually defeat Igraina in the duel first and wanted to save himself the last blow so that his co-conspirators could chain the defeated and lead them to their final judgment, but this was it that she herself thwarted by a final effort of her evil witchcraft: "Turn me into the Bone Queen" were the last words she spoke to Harras and forced him to ram his sword through her throat.

And so what should not have happened happened: Although it could be

Letter to the editor:

## The World Council - a toy of the void?

Dear readers,

Recently, a surprising change occurred in the motivation of the Kalarin community.

During a ritual invocation to Steinvater, who finally turned to Persona, an entity of void appeared in its place. This gave itself as the and confirmed the ritualists in holding on to their faith and community.

Now, of course, the question is: Why is emptiness doing this? What does it get out of it? And why was Steinvater, according to his statement, consciously but seemingly indifferent to this all the time?

Of course, the wildest speculations could be made about the reasons for

the void, by power gain up to alliances of the world guardians with the void. But it is ensured that nothing here yet.

Why Steinvater, on the other hand, accepted this cheaply is less difficult to fathom. One could argue that a creature like him was too busy to save the world during the campaign, but this consideration is not easy if one takes his environment into account.

With his loyal servants, the Kalarin, who have nothing better to do than to build a chair for Steinvater in the face of the enemy, it would have been easy for him to put together a competent troop for this task. But perhaps it failed to find a competent person in this humping community at all. But apart

from the obvious inability, which has brought the Kalarin community further into disrepute this year, Steinvater, the self-proclaimed shield of creation, does not stand well to face the emptiness. But good friends, you like to take shelter after all, don't you?

With these thoughts I conclude my explanations for the moment.

Dear readers, don't let the blind ignorance of the Kalarin infect you and don't pray to the false gods who want to create them.

The elements may guard you.

A Concerned Settler

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foiled that Igraina completed her last ritual, through which she could have become the bone queen by her own power, she used her adversary to reach that goal nevertheless. It can be assumed that her power as Bone Queen is now weaker than she herself had hoped, yet she had escaped the conspiracy against her. The Laird, in any case, is no more. What was left of her now reigns in Ankor Motis ...

Marno Adersin

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# A toast to the Explorers!

The campaign is over. The Kelriothar is destroyed. The heralds are no longer and great victories have been won. Now it is time to say thank you. To all those who sacrificed themselves. To all those who stood up again and again for our true cause. No matter whether with sword, word, magic, craftsmanship or other expertise, the banner of the explorers has fulfilled its tasks and mastered them brilliantly. From a conglomeration of groups and neighbourhoods that were once derogatorily called the Banner of Shame, something unbelievable has emerged. A banner that could work effectively despite its enormous size, a banner that grew beyond its own boundaries, both internal and external.

I always said I wanted to be a man for the banner. So I start my thanksgiving with the banner. I thank the soldiers and fighters of the banner, it was an honor and joy for me to hear how much you, even in these murderous conditions, have again and again thrown you against the enemy. When I was on the battlefield, I saw the proud banners of the explorers blowing. I never saw one fall.

I thank the healers, your service to the soldiers was tireless. Whether in the field or in the hospital, I never saw you struggling or hesitating. Not a word of lamentation came over your lips despite the burden you carried. I have not heard of anyone who has honoured the cycle in your expert hands.

I thank the magicians, alchemists, knowledgeers and knowledge seekers. You have truly made your contri-

bution. Magical analysis, alchemical brews, linking of old knowledge and gaining of new. A sword cannot harm the enemy if you don't know the target, you gave the banner its target.

Thanks to the writers and messengers, your tireless commitment to the banner. Wounded hands and feet did not stop you from receiving and spreading information. It is thanks to you that we were always informed about what was going on in the other banners and that we could send or receive help with tasks if necessary.

Thanks to my consuls and consul students, always ready to take on tasks for the banner, we used a different structure than the rest of the banners and we did well with that. All of you have mastered your tasks in the coordination of the things to be done outstandingly. Thank you for being my memory and my left arm.



Thanks to the army leaders, despite initial difficulties and skepticism, we approached each other and found a good base of work. You got your goals and then achieved them with the means given to you. We have kept to our agreements from both sides and led the army of explorers from victory to victory.

Thanks to the quarters, the adventurers, the fortress of diversity. It was all of you together who made me the banner lord. A leader without people who trust and follow him is not a leader.

Last but not least, thanks to my deputies, you have accepted your task in the field and we have had little time to discuss things. But you did a good job and the three of us complemented each other perfectly. If I should become banner leader again, I would be pleased to know you at my side.

**Ulrich von Hochkamer,**  
Banner Lord of the Explorers



# Looking to the future

**Strugglers of the elements, these days we should use the time we have been given to look back and then deal with the future again.**

Mythodea has never given us anything, everything we have achieved here results from hard battles. We have won many victories, but at least as many defeats and more than once we have been on the verge of destruction.

When we went against the Kelriothar we had a clear mission from the elements to destroy the world that must not be. We succeeded in fulfilling this mission, but what will happen next? The campaign demanded and demanded a lot and the victims were great, for many the feeling of victory did not want to arise. But is that wrong? I say no, because neither do we have

fewer enemies, nor will we see fewer struggles in the years to come. We must not give in to the desire for peace and quiet, for the ostracized remain strong. Especially the undeath came out of the last campaign anything but weakened.

Mythodea will continue to challenge us and we must be vigilant, for who knows what challenges still await us. Now, in this time of calm, we must decide what our next goal will be. Despite all our differences, we have proved that we can strike as one army. We have proved that our will can also defeat opponents who are stronger than us.

For this we must now consider how we want to structure the next campaign. The banner system was intended for the Kelriothar War and has proven itself in many ways. Nevertheless, we must check whether it should be retained for the tasks to come. New challenges will require us to change and it would be a mistake to hold on to old structures just because they were successful in the past. I therefore call on the military leaders of all empires to start thinking now about the future of the next campaign. That we will continue to insist on in the fight for Mythodea.

**Vorn Zinath,**  
Banner Leader Banner of Unity

## Job Application

In view of personal changes, currently unbound healer and consultant looking for new task. Various qualifications and competencies available. The new task should allow room for personal projects.

Appropriate offers can be submitted personally or in writing. Writings are to be addressed please to:

J.-Alexandre de Basconé  
Assansol, South Seal

Respectfully  
Alexandre

# REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

## Judgement on Liandra zu Wolfenau executed

After a longer bureaucratic effort, the sentence passed at the convention in Holzbrück was executed. The delinquent, having been accused of various offences due to the questioning of her Excellency, was found guilty of insult according to Article 8 § 16 No. 2 and 3 NGKG, and thus high treason against the Northern Empire.

She had also found herself guilty on this single charge, whereas her defense counsel found her fully guilty.

All other charges were no longer named in the verdict after Liandra was found guilty of high treason. The sentence was much discussed and the justice system of the North was criticized for a time as to the extent of the punishment.

The court records show that the original verdict would have led to the death of the delinquent if the Excellencies of the West had not brought a petition for clemency to the court.

From now on, the guilty party has to wear a brand on her arm, for

the duration of one year and one day she is not allowed to accept any office in the Western Seal and with the weapons masters, nor any other office for life. She is also forbidden to speak ill of the Excellencies of the North.

Her son Leander will from now on live as a ward in Paolos Trutz.

Even though Liandra has left the north, all northern citizens who knew her wish her every happiness in her search for her destiny in this world.

**Balduin Hohenstein,**  
scribe of N.O.R.D.

## Army of the North visits bay of Heolysos

After the campaign and the annihilation of the Kelriothar, the northern army travelled through the Terras tunnels, but the troops led by Archon and Nyame did not initially target the Northern Empire, but the Bay of Heolysos. Coming from the portal at Porto Leonis, the army marched past Münzquell. The red rays of the setting sun were reflected on the sceptre and crown of the ruling couple as they looked at the walls of the city.

From there the army moved to Asina, the actual destination of the army: the place where the Mirror Ark was to strand. After all, the rulers of the north attached great importance to receiving the only survivors of the Kelriothar personally.

**Rudolfuss Freudentau,**  
scribe from Paolos Trutz

# REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

## The Song of Freedom

In a golden cage sat a small bird.  
It was lovely to look at.  
But he was not free,  
but the servant of a tyrant.

Day out, day in, he had to sing.  
Not out of himself, but out of compulsion,  
to the pleasure of the tyrant.  
Because he loved the beautiful voice of the bird.

Trapped in a cage, the bird did not know freedom.  
For him it was only an empty, forgotten word.  
and so there was no desire to strive for it.  
He only knew singing, day out, day in, day out.

But the time of change had come.  
And freedom raised its head.  
"Follow me" spoke freedom,  
but the bird did not recognize them.

"Follow me, for I am also at home in you" she cried.  
Then the desire for freedom awakened in the little bird,  
but he was very afraid,  
the tyrant wouldn't let him go alive.

"Sing little bird, sing for freedom!"  
And the bird sang, brighter and clearer than it ever did before,  
for the desire for freedom defeated the fear of servitude.  
The cage burst and the tyrant passed away.

Fly little bird, you are finally free.  
No cage, no chain, no tyrant who slaves you anymore.  
Follow freedom to eternal bliss.  
Farewell! We are proud of you!

Landuin Conchobair, Aeris fighter

# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

## New troops for the East

This campaign gave one or the other astonished look at the ranks of women and men from the wonderful Eastern Empire. The eye was used to the sight of many pikes, but archers? A short story about the captain of the war wheel.

A few friendly words, a short story about his homeland Axtfels and a handshake by Weibel Reiner were enough to arouse curiosity. The knight Bartholomew von Nensir and his men, who call themselves the war wheel, decided to take a look at the East Empire and Axtfels, described in flowery words. It sounded too good to be true. But we were not disappointed.

The knight was pleased about a cosy inn and decided to support the upcoming campaign and ordered the men from Axtfels to strengthen the upcoming campaign. A total of eight trained archers could be made available.

It fills us with honour and pride to have been given the opportunity to support the ranks of the East. Through their iron will, their brave action and their superior martial art we were able to do our modest part to create an insurmountable obstacle for the enemy. The campaign is now behind us and so the war wheel rolls on. This time we accept

a personal invitation from Countess Elen von Tannenberg.

**Ekarius Brückenwächter**  
Captain of the War Wheel

*Author's note:* Even though I was only a visitor in the East, I am proud to have gone into battle with these women and men. My voice is too quiet for what my heart screams: "Ex Oriente Lux".

## Gossip around the royal court

A stupid behaviour between Elen von Tannenberg and the priest Balder on a cloudless night behind the guard house? A fiery conversation between the two persons and closer physical contact could be observed in the middle of the street. Can the public approve of such behaviour?

**An unknown gate guard**

Spotted!

## Soldier looking for a lady from Frostthal

He says, "In the summer campaign you stood on the battlefield. You stood in front of the banner of your people and yelled wildly at the attacking undead. I even think you hit the first one with saliva before arrows even flew. Later I saw you again at the merchants.

You were wearing too thick clothes for this summer - furs, pludrige trousers, in simple colors, but with elaborate stick' and your braided, blonde braids you hid under a glasses helmet. Later I was told that you were a Frostthal lady. There where five men hang on a woman. They don't know much about you. If I hadn't dared to do that before, I would now push past all five men to you, measure myself against you and lift one properly, if you like something like that. I am a faithful soldier and a good fighter, so I would love to storm your celebrations if you think your banner is still to be conquered - if you understand. Meet you next year with me at the stand where you were, I will wait for you there.

# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

Pomptball

## Comment: Hairy History

The crowd favourite is like a good horse: a crazy look, a wide open mouth, foam in front of his mouth - that's how he races towards the finish line and sometimes even beyond it to be the first to slap the fans.

If you don't run as much as a horse, i.e. if you are more interested in dressage, you should at least have a unique hairstyle. Players who are not in the starting five have only limited opportunities to present themselves during the short substitution period. So let's hope for golden moments when the start is on the outer track, the defenders are left standing with a fine feint, the flank comes exactly to the point and then the goal is scored. Or on unique hairstyles.

### Motivation beats tactics: City Cup - The harbour quarter beats the sunny quarter 2:1

The tactics board could be sorry. In the second half she landed crashing next to the side line and slipped against the wooden border. All this only because the coach had briefly crawled dissatisfaction in the head and no water carrier nearby to which one could have given one. What had happened? Shortly before, the blackboard had enjoyed the full attention of the team, it stood in the centre, where it likes to be. Before the start of the game, the captain of the Sonnenviertel painted crosses, circles and lines - the players knew what to do. And

then they did: Attacks over the fast wing players, otherwise through the middle with centimeter-precise passes from the control center Rutger Rahmschissel. All's well. Until the end. The sunny part of the city was a waste of time, the port area turned a chance into a goal - then a time-out at the beginning of the second half, the tactical board flew, and the coach had nothing more to explain. In the harbour area you could see: only one thing was needed: motivation. In the final phase, Melina Siebenhaar equalised the sunny quarter. But shortly thereafter the victory of the harbour district was cemented by a shot into the long corner by striker Krafft Brotmeister. (Goal scorers: Mengert

and Brotmeister for the harbour district, Siebenhaar for the Sonnenviertel)

### Estate manager confirmed:

Knight Amalrich von Widderach took part in the Allmythodean Championship. "It was a gesture of international understanding and good will and therefore cannot be interpreted as 'unworthy behaviour' by my Lord Knight. We would also like to point out that even Nymae of the Southern Seal, who was in office, honoured and loved by her people at the time, took part in this tournament. Anyone who nevertheless thinks they must presume to deny the honour of my master, because of this popular participation in regional activities, will gladly give Mr. Amalrich one or two desired dates for a visit to arms."

### Calor soon with his own team?

After several sighting games were held in the temple area, the conclusion is obvious that Calor is eagerly tinkering with their own team. The question is, who will they challenge first, rumor has it: the storm of Ardor? We'll see if the Calor temple guard can make the storm sit down.

# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

## Maid seeks magician

She says: "I saw you Magus strolling in the eastern camp. You wore a white undergarment and above it a robe in blue and yellow with wide false sleeves. On your head there is a crown hat set with pearls and glasses on your nose, which you sometimes charmingly straighten with your narrow fingers. Your gaze is full of commitment to your goals and often I like to see warmth in your eyes. You serve many teachings of knowledge and logic, one says, but at the same time you wear the love symbol of ignorance. I wonder if this is for someone special or if you like to share a chamber of your heart. I am neither a scholar, nor of high rank, therefore probably too small for your gaze, but I do not want to hide my devotion. For as you stand there:

How you stand there, how you move, how you weave magic, you're magical, magical, just magical. It enchants me. so I liked to stay a little while longer so completely gestureless you enchant me like I'm petrified or something.

I'd love to try a Tornhaimer Met - maybe even together with you? Express your interest by adding something to your sign on the belt. From now on I will also wear the symbol on me and sew a blue-yellow ribbon so that you can recognize me.

A simple maid

## New threat from the North?

For years, the North Guard in the East has stood for a solid bulwark on the border of the East with the Black Ice occupied lake district. Thus the principalities Elesgard, Falkenstein, Axtfels, Varamon and Kronwacht bravely hold the border against the enemy. Since the Winter War from 12 to Tiara, they have also been able to rely on the direct action of elementary forces: The sanctuaries around the old forge Hakarioth knew already in old times how to defend themselves effectively against ostracized powers, especially the ice rose at the sanctuary Aeris' (also known as Harp of the Winds) kept the peninsula south of Hakarioth completely free of enemy influence. But now it seems that due to the cataclysmic events during the summer campaign this protection is no longer given. Is the empire now threatened by a new offensive of black ice? For the moment, however, we were assured that both the recently liberated blacksmith Hakarioth under the first Tiash'Re of the new era, Hermes Maria Nessa, still stood against the enemy despite the damage, and the brave men and women of the Northern Guard did not falter in their vigilance. From Falkenstein, Elesgard, Axtfels and the Kronwacht we even received reports of mobilizations and troop relocations.

A report by Flavius Goldmund

## Critical conditions in the Gräsermark

For almost a year and a half it counts that the Jade War is over, in which Esthaer covered our beloved empire with bloody war in the name of revenge. Since then, it seems difficult to restore the proper order in the southernmost countries of the East. Thus the newly settled dwarves of Klan Steinfaut form a point of calm and stability, which, however, does not seem to be transferable to the rest of the Gräsermark. From Carrasmündt we receive reports from local gangs who fight with politics or even violence for supremacy in the region. Imperial Knight Leomir Greifenkind himself is said to have moved out with the second Archont guard in order to do justice. Meanwhile, the question does not seem to arise as to the goal of Reich policy, which can clearly only lie in the restoration of law and order, but rather in how to proceed. In the region of the former Rodrimsfurt one should say "The Gräsermark is large and the phoenix throne wide".

A report by  
Flavius Goldmund



# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

## Trading house Ingordo opens office in Kalderah

The fact that well-tuned news comes from Kalderah's traders is rarely experienced these days, most commercial enterprises have just recovered at most from the Jade War and summer winter. It is remarkable that the trading house Ingordo from Neu-Sonnstedt (formerly Steinbrück in the south of the empire) announces optimism and growth by opening a transshipment point in Kalderah. If the local guilds are less enthusiastic about the competition from the house, which is known for its extremely favourable prices, the city council of Kalderah hopes for additional tax revenues and better prices for future purchases. But there are also critical voices: Thus particularly favorable supplies of cloths for the coat of arms skirts of the Archontengarden, as well as helmets and long-weirs from the southernmost city of the realm are to have given even the decisive factor for the allocation of the new Kontor. Furthermore, sources who wished to remain anonymous complained about the poor quality of the Neu-Sonnstedt goods.

A report by  
Flavius Goldmund

## Vaha'Tar of creation cured

In the last edition of the Herold it was our sad duty to report on the infirmity of the Vaha'Tar of Creation, Noravelle Pfeffertopf, commander of the Eleventh Archontengarde, for whom there was no cure at first. It is now a great pleasure for us to announce that the honoured commander has apparently recovered and arrived at the World Forge on the last day of the campaign in order to support the allied armies of all the seals as far as possible.

Nevertheless, there remain more open questions than answers:

What is Noravelles task like if she wasn't found in the destruction of the Kelriohtar? What role do the healers and other knowledgeable people play, who apparently were unable to heal the sudden illness until it miraculously vanished?

Far be it from this leaf to accuse the knowledgeable of the Eastern Empire of incompetence, but one must ask oneself whether they really could have done everything in their power. Instead, Noravelle Pfeffertopf seems to have been hurriedly removed from public view, probably in order to ensure that the campaign

went smoothly. According to our sources, the Vaha'Tar even had to flee from her hospital room in order to get to the army platoon almost in time, which she apparently only managed with the help of her sister Isavelle and some close confidants.

So do we know enough about the last sword of power? Does the Vaha'Tar really get all the necessary support? Hopefully, mistakes will not be heaped on mistakes until it's too late due to misunderstood care or even political considerations!

From Sommerthal  
for the Mitrasperan Herald  
Ingemar Treuentauch

# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

## Mourning for the noble dead

Hardly any other time is as bittersweet as that after a great campaign, as we have to undertake regularly in this age of the still ongoing quarrel against the ostracized. The constant efforts are literally bleeding the land to the ground, draining it of our most precious possession, the life and happiness of all the citizens of the united seal kingdoms. All the greater is the joy when lovers, relatives, friends may return from the battlefield, may heal in the community of those for whom they took on the fight.

All the more bitter is the suffering where there is no return.

May the rulers of our country find their own words in this dark time, may they transmit them with their own messengers, we, the herald of the East, call out to our readers and the citizens of all united seals: Glory to the noble dead!

We mourn together for those who made their greatest sacrifice on the battlefields for the blacksmiths of the world, from the most sonorous, noblest names to those we were not allowed to experience.

Our heartfelt sympathy to the realm of the South for the loss of their Holiness **Gariann hall'Heledir Nyame of the South** and their **Neché'Re Argirios of Corinth**.

Archon Kjeldor radiated unbelievable strength from Hallwyl, who on the evening of the bad day took time for every single mourner who paid his last respects to the dead.

Our deepest sympathy to the Rose Kingdom for the loss of His Holiness **Karl Weber, Archon of Thorns**.

He leaves behind his **Tul'Heen Amir Vhelarie**, who courageously and calmly led the troops in the circle of the brave nobles of the Rose Kingdom.

Our deepest sympathy to the faithful of the Vaha'Tar, their loved ones, their relatives, their companions.

### **Honor the Vaha'Tar and the sacrifice they make!**

❖ **Andreana O'Kinsey** of the Order of Tivar Khar'Assil, Vaha'Tar of Truth and Justice annihilated the Golden Throne and thus enabled Shay Ksun Arets final annihilation.

❖ **Trauguid** from the Northern Seal, Vaha'Tar of Destruction, destroyed the Black Throne and thus ena-

bled Shay Ksun Arets final destruction.

❖ **Xune** of the Order of Tivar Khar'Assil, Vaha'Tar of Fusion, destroyed Shay Ksun Aret in her last body and the last mirror point of the Kelriothar.

They join the ranks of the Vaha'Tar that preceded them: Logan from the west, Siofra from the south, from the Bracar Keltai tribe and Morcan from Loheschlund from the east.

### **May their sacrifice never be forgotten!**

We also think of the Vaha'Tar of fusion, **Ganura Fidosi** of the Order of Tivar Khar'Assil, who must now remain without her other half. Honor of the Vaha'Tar and the sacrifice she has made.

To all those who have lost someone and now have to stay behind, in grief and pain, our deepest sympathy!

Without the courage of your friends, confidants and loved ones, there will never be a better Mythodea, a Mythodea without the forsaken. Their courage, their strength and their willingness to make sacrifices will shape the soul of this country forever and we will never forget it.

**von Irmgard Thatendrang**

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# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

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## Grand lighthouse in Kalderah inaugurated

Orientation in the darkness, safe homecoming, the hopeful light of the harbour - all this promises Kalderah's newest piece of jewellery, which has just opened in a glittering celebration. Thanks to the new lighthouse, the capital of the empire has now become even more beautiful and the light of the East shines far into the future.

When Hermes Maria Nessa gave the order to build the lighthouse, some critical voices were inevitable. Many spoke of the fact that this beacon would not only provide safe passage for righteous seamen, but would also make it easier for smugglers and pirates to go about their mischief. In addition, the question was asked not only once, where the magician - at that time not yet a member of the crown council - would get the money for the magnificent building made of light and red

stone from. However, the patron did not allow himself to be deterred by these small-minded reservations. For a long time there was hope that this huge building could be completed in two years - but supply bottlenecks and minor incidents such as the summer winter or the siege of the city meant that this ambitious goal was missed. Representatives and curious visitors from Kalderah were able to admire the breathtaking result of this tight schedule at the opening this month. Besides

its functionality, the lighthouse also has a lot to offer the eye and soul. High above the rooftops of the city, the big beacon announces every night the light that comes from the east and can be seen both from the sea side and on land a few miles away. But anyone who believes that beauty has been saved here in favour of the task is mistaken. The architectural grace clearly reflects the personality of the Ar'Dhar of the empire and at the same time creates a new landmark for the Eastern Smell that truly calls the glow of light into every storm. Even critics of the building were positive and the client himself seemed quite satisfied.

**Henrietta Talerfuchs**

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## Undeath beaten to death by the Blood Oaks!

The union of troops from the East, South and the Realm of Roses was able to carry out a devastating blow against the undead scum of the last banner in the forests north of the border Khal'Hatras. With united forces, what had begun about a year ago was completed. At that time, troops under the hero Leomir Greifenkind

were ambushed, but were able to take control of the forest from the enemy and escape the enemy. Now the counterattack was carried out to free the eerie forest from undeath. A group of East Knights with the Marshal of the Eastern Army himself, Answin Helmfried von Eichentrutz and the Neches'Re of the Reich, Zyghmundt von

Steinkreuz, were able to bring about a victory of the Elemental Faithful by clever and prudent action in a critical situation. In the forest, our troops were first strongly pressed and driven apart with traps. But we succeeded in killing the Earl of the Undead. Although chaos broke out among the rotting armies of the enemy, the undead under the leadership of disgusting Hags put the scattered troops of the rich under

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# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

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severe distress in a last rebellion. A small part of the command squad was reunited and managed, under magical circumstances, to reassemble and coordinate the troops. Especially Eron and Harras von Grauenfurth from the south, Markus Dunnhall from the empire of roses as well as the imperial knight Cassian von Auenglut, Sir Pe-

lindur von Darkenhowe and the commander Noravelle Pfeffertopf should be mentioned here. These were supported by numerous other military leaders and allies of the Eternal Swords, various brave elementary peoples and loyal citizens of the Seal Realms such as the Waibel Rainer Bütler and Balder, the priest Terras, who could successfully turn an old ruler

construct with reason and prudence against the ostracized before it was destroyed. According to current information, all witches of the undead were destroyed and the forest was finally cleared. The exact loss figures are not yet available, but the strike, led by the High Command of the various armies, was a success.

Karola Alumna

# REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

## The assimilation by the black ice!

Dear people of Mythodea,  
I would like to address here a topic which is personally close to my heart, since it happened to me myself during the great campaign at the World Forge.

I myself cannot remember it and I am only reflecting here what was said to me by those who were with me and what I myself, unfortunately only afterwards, learned about it.

Yes, they read correctly, one cannot remember what happened after assimilation. It is like a dream-like state in which one has the feeling of drifting alone in a huge black sea, free of all feelings, fears and pains.

This state is perceived as very, very pleasant and this leads to a complete slackening of the will of the spiritual resistance.

Initially only a whisper, the voices of countless others within the essence become louder and louder. One is drawn more and more into the collective as one's mind increasingly merges with the spirit of the essence.

This happened to me myself on the second day of the campaign, when our troop at the world forge was overrun by a superior force of black ice. We awoke again in the midst of our own and had to learn that in the name of the enemy we went to battle against our own allies and also wounded some of them severely.

Even some of the assimilated were badly battered by our people, because they did not know what

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# REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

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was going on, as I had not known before:

A fist in the face or a knocking unconscious is already enough to end an early assimilation. Only in an emergency should it really be necessary to severely wound an assimilated person.

In addition, the assimilated are already severely wounded by the enemy at the time of the takeover. Although these wounds are healed by the essence, they rip open immediately when the connection to the essence is broken. Any further wound inflicted could cost the fighter his life, then by the hand of his own comrades-in-arms.

I was told that even after being knocked unconscious for the first time, I fought again for the essence a short time later, because I was left unconscious and badly wounded, and so I fell into the hands of the Black Ice again.

This should not be taken lightly. In an advanced stage or through repeated assimilation, Aqua's purifying power is needed to expel the

essence. Ignis should be avoided as much as possible, burning out the essence does NOT help! A fighter who is beaten unconscious in this stage can reawaken after a short time and fight again. Therefore it is obvious to take his weapons from him before the healers start their work.

A complete dissolution of the soul cannot be undone by anyone, which usually happens in the period of one day and one night.

Even a short-term assimilation carried out too often leads to an irreversible transition into the essence. Unfortunately, I do not know the frequency at which this happens. I can only speak from my own experience that after a third assimilation (spread over 2 days) I had already fallen for a more difficult assimilation and, while waiting for a healer, I rose again after a short time and severely wounded two of my allies.

My dear readers, none of us want to voluntarily overrun to the Black Ice, but just as little do we want to experience, after we have come back to ourselves, that we have hurt

or even killed our own allies, perhaps even someone who means a lot to us personally. And also you don't want to seriously hurt anyone who didn't need it, or perhaps cause his death if he could have been saved, nor do you want to blame yourself for losing an ally to the essence. Therefore, I beseech you, take care of everyone who is enchanted by the lies of the essence, and do not allow him to fall into doubt and despair with the enemy or because of his unwanted deeds!

## Therefore, remember my 4 Golden Rules:

- ❖ unconscious beating is enough,
- ❖ immediately take care to get that one back behind your lines,
- ❖ disarm, guard and let a healer come,
- ❖ if necessary, aftercare of the patient. Not everyone easily forgives having attacked his own people, even if it was against his will.

Thank you!  
signed

**A concerned South Settler**

## REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

# Nyame and Neches'Re of the South fallen

It was painful when the editors reached the news of the death of our beloved Nyame Gariann hall'Heledir and her brave and faithful Neches'Re Argirios of Corinth. They both fell as heroes and made a great contribution to the salvation of Mythodea and the future of all of us.

After the destruction of the World Forge and the events involving the power veins of the land, it was her Holiness herself who acted without hesitation. She tried to prevent the disintegration of the lines and fought against the Nechaton. Her fight lasted several days and drew the Nyame of the South. Meanwhile the armies fought battle after battle against the ostracized armies at the Weltenwall.

Steinvater, one of the four guardians of the world, was sent to the world to help the settlers. With the help of an ancient apparatus, the veins of power could and should be healed, but for this the entire army had to work together.

The World Guardian brought their holiness to the front on the third day, and in the evening Steinvater announced the sad news. He told the settlers of the South what their holiness had done and what they still had to do. The Nyame would play a key role in healing the power lines and their associated artifact. However, this would cost her life.



Despite her strains, hardships and inevitable fate, she gave comfort and was there for her settlers. She was a shining example to the South and the settlers followed and did not despair. The Golden Empire was ready for the final battle, they were ready to stand by their Nyame no matter what.

According to reports, the South already had plans as to how the army would bring the Nyame safely to the place of the destroyed World Forge.

However, all planning was destroyed. The Nyame disappeared and appeared with her Neches'Re at the World Forge long before the armies were ready. The last battle was fought head over heels, the aim was to get to the Nyame as quickly as possible, before the ostracized would get their hands on them.

The Laird of Flowerfield and one of their followers managed to break through the protective circle. The Neches'Re killed the Noble Flowerfields before the Laird killed him. Most of the army was already on the ground, but couldn't help because of the barrier. So Nyame and Neches'Re fell in front of the settlers without them being able to intervene.

Nyame and Neches'Re stopped Emeline of Flowerfield long enough, even though it was a great loss for the South. So the sacrifice of Gariann and Argirios was not in vain, for they won. Steinvater set the apparatus in motion and the land could heal again.

The settlers of the south brought their fallen heroes back to the camp, they were laid out with all their honours in the great hall. Many came to bid them farewell and pay their last respects.

**Teobald Schwarzdorn**



# REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

## Report from New Balindur

**There is unrest at the border. The province of New Balindur has put its troops on alert.**

The reason is the events on the summer campaign. The undead seems to be strengthened. After years of silence at the western border, a storm comes up. With joy and gratitude the people have therefore received the news that the south is sending troops from less threatened provinces to the front for support.

It is said that scouts are keeping an eye on the area around the former Doerchgardt around the clock. In the Wolffest, in Bergdorf and in Weißwacht there is hectic activity. Now it can pay off that the fortifications of these border towns have been strengthened in recent years.

As a proud sign of resistance against the enemy, the people in the capital Lichtensee see the large Mandred statue, which is still scaffolded and veiled, but is still awaiting completion. On a high pedestal, the marble sculpture of this much too early fallen hero, the sword raised and defiantly directed to the west, several meters tall, stands against the ostracized enemy. Lichtensee is ready.

## Mobilization

**Just a few days after the great summer campaign, troop units had set themselves in motion throughout the entire Golden Empire.**

The goals seemed clear, the units were ordered to the border. If the Reich fears an offensive of the enemy, do they only want to strengthen the border in view of the development that the Eternal Army Worm experienced during the summer campaign, or is the Reich even planning an advance?

The editorial staff can only speculate at this point because we have no reliable facts.

But one thing is certain: our thanks go to the brave men and women who ensure day after day that the borders of the Golden Empire are defended.

**Teobald Schwarzdorn**

## Crown of the South in the Hand of the Enemy?

**The death of Nyame and Neches'Re hit the realm hard. Garianns and Argirios' sacrifice and heroism may never be forgotten.**

But as if the loss were not tragic enough, there is a rumour that the Crown of the South has fallen into the hands of Laird Emeline of Flowerfield. This can be denied from secure sources. The Nyamen Crown of the South is not in the hands of the Undead Flesh.

**Baldur Gunnarson**

## Curse of the undead

**A new devilry of the undead flesh was carried into the rows of settlers. During the summer campaign, some settlers, including settlers from the south, were marked by undeath.**

Those affected were struck by a kind of dark magic. One recognizes this by a sign on the back of the hand. It looks like a kiss mouth with black lips and is therefore called Kiss of the Bone Queen.

This spell presents the settlers with a new kind of challenge. There is currently no form of healing, if one can believe the rumors, there is even no approach to remove this black mark. The editors wish those affected all the best and the strength to survive this disaster.

**Teobald Schwarzdorn**

# REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

## Memorial ceremony in honour of Gariann hall'Heledir and Argirios of Corinth

Our Nyame, Gariann hall'Heledir, and her Neches'Re, Argirios of Corinth, gave their lives for us. In a final battle, they faced the outlaws to save our land, our homeland. One last heroic deed, for the South, for Mythodea.

A few days after the campaign, as soon as the corpse of our Neches'Re was transferred to the capital, Pallas Kronion opened its gates, took in every mourner - regardless of status and means - so that every settler and friend of the Golden Empire could return and take part in the great commemoration ceremony in honour of these heroes of the South. At the twelfth hour, united in mourning, the entire city was silent, even though it was in the temple or in one of the city gardens. A moment of remembrance, of compassion, of reflection. This moment was replaced by the loud chime of the temple.

For the city does not rest. It calls upon us to take action, to act, to arm ourselves against the enemy, to stand united for the Golden Empire - the sacrifice of our beloved Nyame and our beloved Neches'Re should not have been in vain.

Yes, the city does not rest. Plans for a great memorial are already being drawn and craftsmen recruited. A place to honour them is to be built, a place of peace and contemplation, where we can return after campaigns and bitter battles.

For Gariann hall'Heledir.  
For Argirios of Corinth.  
For the heroes of the south.

Written by Ludwig von der Rohe

## They are heroes

Great victories were won during the campaign. But great victories usually also demand great sacrifices. Not only the Golden Empire has suffered heavy losses, but Mythodea as a whole.

They all gave their lives for the continent, for us and for the future of this world.

Remember them, honour their deeds and never forget the sacrifice they have made for us.

In remembrance of:

- ❖ Gariann hall'Heledir, Nyame of the South
  - ❖ Argirios of Corinth, Neches'Re of the South
  - ❖ Karl Weber, Archon of thorns
  - ❖ Andreana O'Kinsey, Vahatar of Justice
  - ❖ Taugrid, Vahatar of Destruction
  - ❖ Xune, Vahatar of Merger
  - ❖ and all the brave men and women who gave their lives in the fights for the future of Mythodea.
- Don't forget them.

**Baldur Gunnarson**

# REGIONAL SECTION WEST

## Breaking news

As we learned shortly before the editorial deadline, Lord M. Kronfels Congerius, the highest judge of the West, has placed the 'vultures' under surveil-

lance. Every Western citizen is now obliged to arrest them as soon as they enter Western territory or inform the authorities of their presence. Congerius, who is apparently now a Tivar

Khar'assil, has not yet been reached for a detailed report. We will report as soon as we have more detailed information!

**Tiberius Fabulator**

## Acknowledgement

In my function as High Mass for the Healing of the Western Seal, I would like to express my gratitude to all. Thank you very much to the healers who supplied our army in the field and in the camp. You are used to doing a great job, but never should it be a great job. be taken for granted. Therefore I hereby express praise and appreciation for your achievements. The West is truly blessed by Aqua.

Under the Star, fort he West!  
**Mahir ibn Yussuf ibn Malik**

## Warning of Nihilirium!

**Attention!** The Empire warns the settlers of the West! The Empire warns the settlers of the West and Mythodeas! You don't know what to expect. You call it nothing and wonder what will happen. Whether the elements and the Almahandir can stop it. We know what it is. We know what lies ahead.

he Nihilirium attacks Mythodea! Its only goal is, it was and always will be, to embed every world in the verse! It wants to destroy us all and we must arm ourselves!

For more information, ask the Shionail

Because since eternal times we stand in the shadow and keep the watch.

**Ko Ming i. A.**

## What is going on in Grian Quihenya?

According to our sources it seems to be almost impossible to get information from the capital of the west for a while now. However, the little information that leaves the capital indicates that the number of patrols in the capital has been greatly increased, and there are even rumours that the Archon himself has issued a weapons ban in the entire perimeter of the city.

**Marian Flinkkiel**

## Purification successful!

The soul of the Nyame was saved!

It was a great shock for all settlers of the West when the Tivar Kar'Assil announced the seemingly impossible verdict on the convent of the Nyame elements: To save her soul, she was to destroy the negation.

On the campaign, this plan of all adversities could finally be implemented to purify her soul!

While at first it seemed as if the verdict was no longer to be fulfilled since the negation seemed to be destroyed by darker powers, her Excellency Siobhan was able to cast off the burden of the past with the help of a ritual at the studio. So she invoked the negation with the help of a dance, to fill it afterwards with the help of the settlers, who showed their love for each other, the land and their nyame, and thus rob the enemy of its nature. Remarkable was also the sight of the guardians of the ritual. First stopped to prevent riots, they seemed after some time to call Terra for steadfastness by giving each other strong chin hooks and right degrees. Through this strengthening, her Excellency finally managed to reduce the enemy to his essence, which disappeared shortly thereafter.

Thus, the Nyame could successfully fulfill the Tivar Kar'Assil's verdict and enter her soul into the cycle when the time came.

**Robel Bahelm**

# REGIONAL SECTION WEST

## Obituary!

**In deep sorrow we say goodbye to two even mighty Cossacks, both Atamans, carried away by the rotten brood of the enemy on the summer campaign.**

On the one hand Nevjan Brinnjar, first Ataman of the Sewerski Kozaki and known over many battlefields as a brave fighter and fighter against the enemy, who keeps on harassing us. Born as a brave Bornlander and through many detours and confusion Ataman of the Sewerski Kozaki, he was always anxious to serve the way of the Cossacks, the Borland and the welfare of his clan. Fallen this summer campaign by a fighter Corpsdales.

The Sewerski Kozaki, the trading house deGoa as well as the clan Ni'Anthanaï, as well as many other friends and acquaintances will not be able to close this gap, which he leaves.

As Corpsdale robbed his body, we are all the more saddened that we cannot take him back to his old homeland. He will not be forgotten.

Bodan Kulikov, second Ataman of the Sewerski Kozaki, also fell. He was chosen by the community as Ataman because Bodan was supposed to clarify the worldly

destiny of the Kozaki on the raid because Nevjan was needed on the battlefield.

Bodan died shortly after his appointment as Ataman on the battlefield when an enemy arrow struck him down and help and healing came too late.

His body was petrified and laid out to be transported away from the summer campaign unharmed. His lifeless shell was laid out in public so that Bodan could be bid farewell by the Kozaki, the trading house deGoa and the Ni'Anthanaï clan, as well as the entire Western army, which marched specially to pay him their last respects.

His body is brought back to Borland by the ships of the trading house DeGoa to be buried there. The stories of these two brave Cossacks will continue to be told.

In deep sorrow  
Jagotin Tujewowitch,  
Tuman and last of the Sewerski Kozaki

## Letter to the editor:

Dear readers!

You know me as 'Westje' and 'Josie', and I give you information and also get new information from the camp during the summer campaigns. Since the last campaign, however, I have a different task. I may please explain why I did this, especially to those of you with whom I have not spoken.

There are two reasons, and these are both things that I didn't just choose. The first reason is that I find that I am not doing my job well. Your questions, even the simplest questions, I can't answer well after so many years. It hurts me that I have to say again and again 'I don't know ...'. I failed in my job and disappointed you, the Western settlers.

The second reason is that I miss Ragnarok. I'm always in the camp and that also means I don't know what's

happening in my group. When someone was killed by our group, I was the last person from Ragnarok to find out because I was in the camp and not with Ragnarok.

After visiting the battlefield this summer campaign, I saw that I could be useful anywhere else without feeling I missed Ragnarok and disappointed by the seal. I want to be a

Continued on page 25

# REGIONAL SECTION WEST



Continued from page 24

healer. Then I can be near Ragnarok and the Western Army and help there. I am beginning to be a healer, but I am glad that I can help in a more practical sense.

I have also written this message in another language for the "Sterndeuter", and there it is a little more nuanced.

I can still be found in the camp, and I like to talk to you very much, that should never change. Our nyame asked me to help her; I'm supposed to

represent her in the Western camp. The exact nature of this task will soon become clear. Of course this doesn't mean that the Nyame is leaving us; she is always there for us!

Well, I can be found on the battlefield and in the camp during the campaigns, if that's not the best of both worlds!

I love the Western Seal very much and hope to support you and others in this new sense!

Thank you for reading my long message and if there are any questions, I am available in Wolfshaven, near Abhainn Quan.

Liebe Grüsse,  
Josephine/Westje/Josie

# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

## Dull gloss on old as well as new

It's shameful what the people have witnessed since the last campaign. The Archon is dead and an entire empire lies in mourning. Only his once closest confidante, the mistress Leonora from and to the Red Wetland, refuses to wear a mourning pile and does not stand by the regent, although she is the mother of his child. Instead, she celebrates shamelessly and in the middle of the day in public with all the excesses that go with it.

And His Excellency the Neches'Re roams cemeteries, where he coerces his guardian, Her Glory Neome, into

banal gardening. Must that be? Where is the splendour, where is the aloofness of these high places? Give us back our splendour!

Karabella Liebehand,  
Voice of the People

# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

## To every inhabitant and friend of the realm of roses

The following words contain invitations. Every member of an elementary people is free to skip them.

The mortal age has revealed to us one of its faces. In his face we had to realize how mortal we are. And also that it is sometimes part and parcel of our task to give our lives for this land we love. But understanding a loss does not always make it easier to bear. I know that you grieve because we have lost our Archon. But I tell you: In the hour when Karl started his last task, we didn't lose him, we found him. The man who called his daughter Lyra finally followed the path of the fallen star. He acted for creation and balance.

And although you mourn, you may remember that he knew. From the beginning Charlemagne was aware of the burden of his role. Just as each of you put your lives on the scales of this war for Mitraspera, he also knew that the day would come when his office would take its eternal toll. And though you are sad, you certainly know that there is no fairer end to an Archon than the fulfillment of his supreme purpose. Karl Weber had the honor of dying for



what he loves. His country and all of you. Many are denied this honor, so when you mourn your friend and leader, leave a place in your heart where you rejoice for him. Of course he leaves a gap. And it is our task to fill it again. Be courageous and remember the following: In spite of all the change and insecurity, it is better with us now than ever before. We have never been so united. Now it is time to listen to yourselves and to each other and never forget the weight behind each of your deci-

sions. Change is the challenge for all of us to be stronger and more conscious than yesterday. Your words should be thought through, your actions well considered. You are mature and each of you bears responsibility. The mortal age is the age of consciousness. The age of responsibility. Knowingly bear it and do not give it away, for he who rejects responsibility rejects power over his own decision. Karl has taken responsibility for his decisions. He did the right thing at the decisive moment. He was a good Archon. He has finished his task and left it to us to test the one who wants to follow him. I stretch out my hand to you. Grab it if you want. Help me and the land to find an Archon who understands his tasks and the new times and who, together with us, takes responsibility for all our land. Do not let yourselves be tempted by friendship or sympathy. Test those you love as hard as those you hate. Test yourselves too. Have courage and talk to each other. We are brothers and sisters. It is we who determine our heritage.

Neome



# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

## Report of a dirty bastard on the situation of the Reich

**Another campaign is over. The dead are counted, some count double, others hardly. The tears dry as fast as the flooding in the desert of Oron. Because it must go on.**

The next threat is already on the threshold. What wants to destroy us now? The Nothing. The Nothing, not to be confused with the void. "The Nothing", not to be confused with the nothing of the void, or the negation - because they seem to be only vanities in the face of all that lies ahead of us now. For many settlers, the danger lurking in the mists is even more confusing than the naming of mythodean history - and we are still in the middle of the processing process. A change has seized the world (not the scalped Mitray/Kor), incomprehensible sacrifices have been made, the Archon of Thorns is dead. The realm of roses knows life under the rule of an unbalanced Archon. Is he now facing a repetition of the same play, this time with Nyame in the leading role?

She wasn't on the campaign because an imbalance of elemental powers threatened some fiefs near the Heart Lake and the Grenzach. The Nyame then once again overreached herself and, in an attempt to avert the imbalance, simply flooded two other fiefs with the help of her two powerful friends Tertia Tulipan and Genefe Gldenbach - forgiving and forgetting everything because she subsequently defended the

Golden Carriage against Shey Ksun Aret and her army of Black Ice and doubters? Or is everything again thanks to Karl, who sacrificed himself according to the good man-rettet-woman-tradition, so it belongs to himself and the concerned citizen can breathe a sigh of relief. He can continue to get euphoric about the escapades of her glory. But does that still annoy us? Or are we now all concerned citizens? The other day an idiot from the capital claimed that the Nyame had manipulated the essence of the country; all a perfidious plan to outwit the Archon at the right time and force him to die. Did she have this idea on her own or did she agree everything with Shey Ksun Aret beforehand? She probably fell victim to the intrigue of Nyame as well. The only question is how her glory Neome, with so much genius, did not manage not to flood her own former home loan. All a dazzle? The concerned citizen will certainly have an answer for this as well. Anyone who doesn't join this circus procession of shredded skulls is better off concentrating on asking the right questions.

For example, where did this inequality come from? Where did this imbalance come from?

We are just dirty finches. But we seek the truth where it is most likely to be found - deep in the crap.

**The Dirty Bastard**

### Change at the Court of Thorns?

Who is the new person who is running after the regent? You know, this soldier who listens to the name Skara. One should think that the regent is actually able to defend himself well and is not dependent on a bodyguard, even if you can look at her quite nicely. If you wouldn't have to worry about losing all your teeth. Perhaps she is even more, now that one sees the good and high mistress Leonora only celebrating. Well-informed sources at the court say that Skara is not even the new love. No, the lady, because according to these sources she is the new right hand of the regent, we must now call her that. Who would have thought that! Just a simple soldier of the lion guard, then immediately the right hand of the regent, Archon is barely dead. Now the Naldar certainly had enough time to see Skara in action before, but does that seem very fast and yet strange only to me? We will observe that.

**Someone  
who wants to keep his teeth**

# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

## Guardians of the Veins of Power

During the battle at the world's forge many brave people faced the challenges given by an old Ouai to become a Guardian of the Veins of Power of the land. In the end three hunters were chosen: The hunter and blade carrier Admiral Tares O'Grady Windschreiter, governour of the Mitrasperanische Hanse, Minister of Finances and Elemental Affairs of the Freyenmark, the hunter Löwe, First Sword of House Fiona, Commander of the guard of honour of House Fiona, from Ad Astra and her Highness, the hunter Suria Cortez, Ar'Dhar of the Realm of Roses. Together with their Anchors they were able to get into the veins and force Igraina of Barrenbay out of it, so the veins could be cleaned of the nechaton by the Nyame of the South. Her sacrifice will not be forgotten.

But this was just the beginning. A new order is rising on the continent as it is mentioned in the other article in this Herold: The Guardians of the Veins of Power. The Realm should know that the hunters and their beaters will continue their task and protect the veins of the land for as long as they live.

I ask you to remember the names of the guardians from the Realm of Roses and support them if they need your help to protect the land. If you have any information that could help, please contact us. It is our duty to protect this land, our realm, our home and we need to stand together to be successful.

Remember their names and remember their symbol of unity! Hunter Suria Cortez, Ar'Dhar of the Realm of Roses. Beater Dame Avaline of Sagara, Knight of the Realm of Roses. Beater Molly Aestus, First Alchemist of Zweiwasser. Beater Octavia Cortez of Sagara. Beater Vhenan Bazhima, Keeper of Knowledge of her Radiance Neome.

We are one! **Vhenan Bazhima**



## Mages and alchemists retrieve seal-stone in the banner of explorers

A remarkable cooperation by mages of many realms and traditions and talented alchemists was able to dispel two protective seals covering a laboratory, which had manifested next to the seal-stone in the banner of explorers. It contained information about the seal-stones and their construction and purpose, and in meticulous follow-up work, the adventurers were able to separate the seal-stone from its protective creeper plant and unite it with the other stones.

Special thanks go to my mage-colleagues, after a profound attunement ritual we were able to unite our powers and dispel the magical seal. It would be my pleasure to welcome you as my guests in the court of roses, for both advice and help.

**signed. Fenrik Blauschopf,**  
Mage in the court of roses

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 REGIONAL SECTION ROSES
 

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Water Lilies - Stories of the Sea of Longing

# The Corsair of Kalderah

A serial novel by Anneget Nesselkraut

## Chapter 2:

### Preparing for boarding!

"Clear all for boarding" it shouted over from the beacon. Alarmed, the desert rose crew looked to their captain as the first grappling hooks were thrown onto the deck. Jameera, however, just shook her head with a smile. "Don't worry, men and women," she shouted, "It's an old sailor's custom for a pirate to board his bride's ship! Let's welcome our guests as only Shäekarians can!" Jameera grinned as her people pulled their truncheons and struck the first pirates of the beacons. There was nothing like a little pirate brawl. The friendly naval battle would end in a few bloody noses and blue eyes - and later they would drink rum together. While the brawl raged around them, Jameera greedily sucked in the salty sea air. This was real life! Free and unbound!

The smile on her face died. Jandrek, the corsair of Kalderah had stepped on the deck. Nostromo stood up to him, the stick in his hand. Jandrek had also drawn his weapon, but his club was slimmer and more ele-

gant - and he obviously knew better how to use it. White, perfect teeth flashed towards Jameera as Jandrek wrung the young scrubber to the ground in front of him with a flowing motion. Jameera noticed the heat rising inside her, but outwardly she remained calm. Her thoughts rested: Today she had been boarded. She knew it would happen, for today had been long planned by her father. But she thought it would happen out of a sense of duty. Instead, her only thought was when she saw Jandrek pressing the young Nostromo with his strong arms on the deck: "Maybe it was love that threw out her grappling hooks after all.

Finally, a shout rang out over deck: "Mercy! Mercy!" Nostromo had given up. The corsair of Kalderah rose and reached out his hand to the young man. With a patronizing expression on his face he said: "Don't worry about it, boy. We old sea bears have picked up one or two tricks. You'll learn that too." Nostromo grabbed Jandrek's hand with a pain-filled expression and let himself be pulled to his feet. Jandrek patted him on the shoulder and said: "Well, then

take me to your captain. I have a wedding ..." The corsair of Kalderah froze when he felt cold steel at his throat. Jameera had sneaked up on him from behind and held her dagger to his neck. She came very close to his ear with her blood-red lips as she whispered to him: "I am the captain of this ship. I'm going to host the wedding, not you, so that's clear." Jandrek just laughed and replied: "Not bad, my rose". What followed was a loud call from the corsair: "Men!

and the sound of numerous sabers being pulled. Within a few grains, Jameera was surrounded by pirates pointing their weapons at the captain. With a broad grin on his face and the blade still on his neck, Jandrek said, "You forget, I am captain too. My suggestion would be that we trust each other. What do you think of that?" Jameera was looking for the situation. She didn't want to show any weakness, not towards the man her father had chosen for her. And, so it shot through her head, especially not against Nostromo. But finally she lowered her dagger and replied: "Then so be it. The wedding begins at sunset."

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 To be continued in the  
 next edition of the Mitrasperan herald!
 

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# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

## Märkische Freischärler from Zweiwasser

A new combat unit was founded in the margraviate of Zweiwasser. At the instigation of both Briceus of Thalgrund, the castellan of the Altmark, and Margrave Balor, bold men and women were recruited who feared neither death nor damnation.

A colourful bunch of wild journey-men have come together, who all in all remind us less of soldiers and more of villains. Their task is delicate, because the "Märkische Freischärler" as they are called are supposed to fight as partisans in Khal'Hatra to support the rebellion of Razash'Dai against the loyalists Merty'Ars there. Some people speak of a suicide squad, a view that obviously did not deter the rough boys and spearwomen who have joined the guerrillas. In the town of

Drachenbrück, some merchants are said to have been very pleased, as many a cutthroat and robber has disappeared from the streets all at once. Despite the shady recruits, Kastellan and Markgraf look favourably on the troops. It is even said that his Highness, Balor the Red, sometimes wears the badge of the Märkische Freischärler out of solidarity: two crossed axes, gold on black. His squire, Balthasar, is also said to have been a member of this unit. It's hard to tell how many guerrillas



there actually are, as the majority of them are always fighting in Khal'Hatra. But at the moment there are a few dozen of them.

Jakub Przywalszyczek,  
Chronist

## Trade embargo against Münzquell

The Realm of Roses announces that the trade ban decided by the Sovereign Council will be enforced immediately until revoked. This means that all deliveries of goods not approved by the court over land or over sea sovereignty of the empire are punishable by law.

Violation of this rule could result in the confiscation of the goods. Upper limits for smallest trade quantities are to be inquired in writing at the Reichskämmerei. As a rule of thumb it may be considered that all quantities of goods which are useful to supply a larger

grouping or an entire city are affected by the trade prohibition, primarily customs cleared goods according to Panmythodean trade agreement.

Bc Gerd Federknecht,  
scribe of the Reichskämmerei

# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

## Cross-seal trading day a complete success

**The Chamber of the Realm of Roses proudly announces the successful conclusion of the Panmythodean Trade Day on the summer campaign.**

Once again traders and traders from all seals, the Freyen and the cities as well as the trade associations and houses followed the call of Raül Mazhahk, the Mancar'Quar of the Empire of Roses. The customs stamps were to be traded according to the Panmythodean trade agreement, which the attendees did extensively and in the best of spirits - despite the heat of Ignis. There was hardly a participant who did not leave the event with a satisfied smile and new customs stamps. This was certainly also due to the generous hospitality in the festive yurt of the Lehens Oron, which is rightly said to be one of the best hosts on the continent. A new, completed large-scale construction project of cross-seal significance was also presented at the event: The new trade route, which creates a direct route through the mountains between the Western Seal and the Rose Kingdom. Commissioned by their Excellencies Collin MacCorribh and Karl Weber, built under the supervision of the East Blackwater Company, there is now a direct link through the mountains. On the map, the Sand Rose Road now leads directly to the Rose Plateau. It looks rosy for the future - so it is rumoured that there will be a trade congress again at the upcoming elementary council in Holzbrück. Those who are interested may carefully study the upcoming herald editions, it will be announced in time.

Von **Gerd Federknecht**,  
scribe of the Reichskämmerei

## Memorial service in honour of the fallen

The flames lifted high when dozens of pyres were set on fire at the gates of the capital. Here you lie, the fallen heroes of the last battle against the world, which should not be and those unfortunate ones, who at the time of the attack in the pilgrim quarter of the capital could not escape fast enough behind the protective shield walls of the guard. The fallen Archon was laid out in their midst, as he probably liked to see himself most. As bright as his light shone during his lifetime, so bright was the fire that consumed his mortal body. It was set on fire by the regent Amir Vhelarie himself. His words should be an example to all of us:

"Here lies a great man. A great man among many who are laid out here in the plain. Each one of you has taken the last step on a way to serve and defend this country. We owe you this day that we can breathe this air, that we are not hunted in our own realms. Thanks to you we were able to see our families and friends again. Your sacrifice enables us to have a new morning. I know that they too were fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters. I know about the pain their relatives feel. We have no right to simply let this sacrifice pass. We have no right not to do everything we can to rebuild what has been destroyed. My Archon, our Archon, like these men and women, has given everything to preserve and protect this land. Let us pick up the ploughs again and cultivate the fields. Let us rebuild our city. Let us raise our sword and shield, for there are still forsakens on this continent. Let us not allow this great sacrifice to be in vain. For our Archon, for our fallen.

### OUR HEIR! OUR WAR! OUR WILL! OUR VICCE!"

Thunderously the battle cry of our beautiful empire was returned in the plains, hardly anyone was to be seen who did not agree with it. Also the fallen are given a special honor. Officially it is said that the ashes of the fallen are handed over to the wind according to the custom of Naldar. It is said that they are part of the continent and will always watch over us.

**Sigur Töpfer**, freelance rapporteur

# REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

## New future, new name!

### Listen, you settlers of Mythodea!

A difficult road lies behind the land that was once founded as Freyenmark. Even though many expected a downfall, we see a promising future, and so the Council of Plaice has decided to move forward as a common union.

From now on this country is officially known as "Märkischer Bund"!

Hereby the heritage is not to be misjudged and all roots forgotten, but only a future of unlimited possibilities is to be created. Therefore do not grieve, but seize the opportunity and progress

courageously as part of a force that can make a difference in Mythodea.

**For the land! For Mythodea!**

**The Council  
of the Märkischer Bund**

### Sackschnapp bears spotted in Validus forest!

Is the problem worse than the black ice? The villagers near Validus are in panic as an indefinite number of Sackschnapps have been spotted in the adjacent forest around Validus. The Sackschnapp bear hunt had to be cancelled at the Convent of the Elements due to the storm, is that the result of that?

The young and wild horde seems to be looking for a new hunting ground.

As a result, the male village youth no longer dare go out into the streets at night. The village innkeepers are about to go bankrupt!

The beer, which is usually drunk by the village youth, becomes stale and must now be poured away, which in turn attracts the Sackschnappbären!

Help in solving the problem is urgently requested!

Sackschnappbären catchers and other experts in this area wanted!

Payment mainly in beer!

**Anne Kaffeekanne**

### A change of heart!

Is there still something right going on here?

Just now, this bunch from the banner of the freedom, called the Likedeeler, had accused Gariann of piracy, triggered by a difference of opinion about the island of Friholme. And in the great battle it was precisely these Likedeelers who, with all the fighters who had followed them, invaded the fortress via the left flank to the side gate to give Gariann the urgently needed protection there. Gariann was alone with her Neches'Re pressed by the undeath on the remains of the World Forge while she waited for the arrival of the Stone Father as these same daring warriors threw themselves between her and the forbidden.

Now the question remains: where was Gariann's bodyguard from the Seal of the South ...?

**Author unknown**

### Veins of power and the Mark

Many of those who were on the last campaign noticed my absence from the Council. Forgive me for not being able to perform this part of my duties, but this was because, as Minister of Elemental Affairs, I followed the call of the Ouai to remove Igraina from the veins of power. I saw it as my duty to submit myself to the tests and to take up the fight on behalf of the Märkischen Bund... and we were successful!

But the task has no end yet. So I call on you to support me so that I can continue to take up the inheritance of the guardians of the veins of power for the Märkische Bund. If you get knowledge about the veins of power, please share it with me and my comrades-in-arms. If you find Tirolit to have been mined against the laws of Mythodea, bring it to the Order of the Guardians, or let them know. It is pure creation that must be returned to the land so that we can continue to walk on this continent!



# REGIONALTEIL MÄRKISCHER BUND

The Order is of course always at your side, should you need help in dealing with the forces of Mythodea, which flow in the veins of power through the whole country.

Together we can show that the Märkische Bund fights for this land and has more than earned its equal place.

In Tausendwasserhafen one of many guards of the veins of power has been set up to offer you a place to go. Here you will meet me, among others, but also my direct confidants, who accompanied me on the way:

- ❖ Connor MacAnwyn, Captain of the Rohir's Pride
- ❖ Murgrim son of Rugosch of Clan Silberfaust, Minister of Diplomacy
- ❖ Falendiel Aiyana
- ❖ René
- ❖ Lion

Let's argue together here too!  
For the country, for Mythodea!  
In the words of the Guardians:  
"We are one!"

**Admiral**

Tares O'Grady Windschreiter,  
Minister for Finance  
and Element Affairs

## The new ministerial quarter

The new is entering the Märkischer Bund and the walls of the bureaucracy are renewed.

The Academy of Healing in Scholle Tausendwasserhafen was badly damaged by the earthquakes some time ago and had new buildings erected further west. But the old property, anything but small, was fully usable again after some work. And so there was the possibility of a free-standing quarter under purely ministerial administration, which could function as a hub for the decisions of the Märkischer Bund. Thus all clods can exist as equal, since none must claim the title "capital" for itself. And now the forces of the ministers are free from the influence of plaice, so that their work can be carried out in the spirit of every marketer.

The premises can accommodate the forces working there as well as several guests without further ado, each office has its own building complex and the location protects it from possible attacks, since it is surrounded from all sides by friends.

There is no more dust on the books and scrolls! Let's all set out together for a wonderful new future!

**Ulrich Stefanson**

## Minister still missing

Ronja Damotil, Minister of Knowledge of the Märkischer Bund, has been missing since the summer campaign. During the battle for the fortress, the daughter of Boromil Damotils disap-

peared on unexplained grounds. Her father stayed until a few days ago.

in the region of the former world gate and, with the help of men and women made available to him, continued to search for the plaice of the Mark. A reward is offered for hints leading to their recovery.

We feel with our minister and wish him the speedy return of his daughter.

**Vivienne deFolle**

## A good start for the new future

According to reports, the summer campaign was successful for the Mark, but also in many other respects. The sources report of good criticism for the, albeit small, army, about the engagement at all corners and ends of the campaign. As "people who stayed at home" we are proud of our Märkers, who let the new name of our homeland shine in golden splendour.

**The entire**

**Märkische editorial staff**

## COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

# Obituary Pepin from Miriquidi

Many knew him, Pepin of Miriquidi. They knew him as a craftsman from Porto Armatio, as a weird guy in a bad mood, as the banner leader of the banner of explorers that you could never find when you were looking for him, or as the first of the city of Porto Leonis.

But who really knew him?

Who knew the inventor, who locked himself up for days when he had a new idea? Who knew the mechanic who built functional machines? Who knew the analyst who analyzed faster by logical thinking than any magician? Who knew the teacher who could explain something to his students with immense patience? Who knew the consul, who took care of the concerns of the discoverers? Who knew the man who could be nice at times and fiery at times? Who knew the patient who didn't want to be treated? Who knew the genius who realized his vision for

a new city in the shortest time and met all citizens with much love.

I am sure no one really knew him!

Pepin came to Mitraspera a few years ago in search of answers and quickly realized that he could never return to his homeland. Too often he had come into contact with magic, he had become too ill through this world, he had adapted too much to it and it had grown too close to his heart.

So he used his remaining time sensibly and created something lasting, something great. He set himself a monument by making the city of Porto Leonis what it is today. A shining example of pro-

gress and technology, full of innovation and knowledge. He loved the citizens of this city and protected them like his own children, although not everyone could understand what magic meant to this man. It made him sick and killed him in the end.

With this knowledge he went his last way, on the last day of the campaign, to preserve this world and protect all his settlers. He sacrificed himself and saved all of us with this last act!

Many will remember him, the citizens of Porto Leonis will always be grateful to him and a few will miss him very much.

Pepin was something special and those who knew him well will know why.

Find your peace wherever you are!

Nessa, his writer

# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

## Justice prevails!

Finally, this firesome topic comes to a temporary end. Praise the emerald singers for they are great and wise in their deeds. Justice triumphed. The Vaha'tar of justice became aware of what our first experienced again.

So she asked Ulrich to come before her and tell his story. He stepped before her with 200 men from Porto Leonis and the rest of the explorers' banner. He was allowed to choose five advocates to support his claim. The Vaha'tar decided, after it had considered carefully, the act of revenge with which Ulrich the lifetime was robbed, was not fair. She asked his companions and him to follow her to the Golden Throne and pay homage to the Mistress of Order, so that she might receive enough power to undo the injustice. But at the same time, an army of the undead was rising. The largest army Mythodea had ever seen. The fighters were sent to the front and dedicated their battle to the Mistress of Order. Together with the

praises of the remaining 150 explorers, the energy was enough to give back the stolen lifetime.

Praise justice, for it has transformed an act of transience into permanence. On which our first steadfastness and with strength and constitution stand as protection from the citizens of the city and the discoverers. A faithful soul and a tongue guided by truth and sincerity are your weapons. Down to earth in action and close to those who walk under his care. Love for creation in the heart, on that nothing that creation once entered, may leave it again. Praise the emerald singers, for they have done well.

**Hubertus Windmeyer**



## Faugest determines new patronus

During the campaign the Kelriotar again and the outlaws met the noble fellows of Faugest for a special meeting. The only item on the agenda was the appointment of a new patronus, i.e. master of the Faugest guild. One was obviously no longer satisfied with the work of the Patrona Bernadine Kesselbrand and dismissed it according to the guild rules.

Eonar, until now Somnium of the Hall of the Golden Dream, was confirmed as the new guild master by the noble journeymen present.

Patronus Eonar once again did an outstanding job during the campaign and spurred the Faugest members on to top performances. The First Council congratulates him on his new position.

**Reputation through performance!**

**Hubertus Windmeyer**

# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

## Construction sites in Askalon

A few weeks after the return of the craftsmen who had supported the reconstruction of the tunnels Terra's, all the construction sites are back in operation. To the satisfaction of all, the construction work at the port of Askalon's was completed, so that several ships can now be handled simultaneously. The construction of houses for the residents is also progressing rapidly, so that the tent city is shrinking week by week. Slowly one can guess what size the future city should reach. The master builders Askalons are confident that even the last tents will have disappeared long before winter comes.

**Gerald Tresterbusch**



## State mourning in Askalon

Due to the events and the death of many high-ranking inhabitants of Mythodea, such as his Excellency Archon Karl Weber from the realm of roses, the Nyame of the Southern Seal their Excellency Garian Hal'Heledir, the Neches Re of the South Aggirios of Corinth but also the loss of settlers Askalon himself, the Senate has ordered a 14-day state mourning.

The Senate of Askalon would also like to express its sympathy for the loss of the seals once again.

For the Senate of Askalon  
signed **Raistlin Carway**

## Hall of Memories inaugurated

The Hall of Memories was inaugurated a few days ago, inspired once again by the events of the campaign. It will commemorate those who have given their lives for Mythodea, so that their sacrifice will never be forgotten.

At this point the invitation is also expressed to go to the hall to each inhabitant of Mythodea and to tell the local chroniclers about his loss, if one wishes it. On which the memories of beloved and lost persons can be kept.

**Gerald Tresterbusch**

# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA



## Ad Astra hear the voice of your rulers!

Their Excellencies Banríon Lady Yollinar ní Fhiona and Rí Séamus O'Connor announce that as a consequence of the decision of the Council of Rulers Mitrasperas of the Convention of the Element in the 16th year after the discovery, the following is decided on the Causa Coin Source and Gold Guard:

I.:

Their Excellencies and thus the Free State Ad Astra, with the cities Asina and Caladh Erenn, refuse to enter into trade relations and diplomatic alliances with the city Goldwacht, local groups and individuals as of today, as long as the city Goldwacht was not granted the recognition by the council of the rulers Mitrasperas.

II.:

Their Excellencies, by decree, forbid any citizen or resident of Astras to trade and trade with the City of Goldwacht, any resident groups or individuals.

With the elements as witnesses, this is announced and decided in the name of the rulers Ad Astras".

**Christopherus Saibert,**  
 Palace spokesman of their  
 Excellencies the rulers Ad Astras

## The victory of the Mirrorlords

Five years ago we received the order from the elements to go into the mirror world and face the Primordial Sceptics there and destroy their world. Without even having the slightest idea who the Primordial Sceptics were and how to destroy a world at all, we took on this task and entered this ostracized world.

Contrary to all expectations we found not only enemies but also powerful allies, who showed us not only one but two ways to destroy the Kelriothar: The Mirror Lords. This people once created this world, believing in a more peaceful world and escaping the war of the first against the second creation. So they were exploited by the Primordial Sceptics and finally betrayed. All the time under the seal they were hunted and despised and when we came to them they saw their chance for revenge on the primeval doubters. It was Thier'ma whose way we took. The way of forgiveness and goodness. She only wanted to destroy the Primordial Sceptics themselves and so she created REGRESA to save all life except that of the Primordial Sceptics themselves according to Mythodea. This plan was initiated by

the army, but a hitherto unknown man changed it so that all life in Kelriothar was mirrored in the nothing. Again Thier'ma intervened and created an ark to save at least a few lives. Again the army helped her with this plan and again Thier'ma tried to do more. She herself looked into the nothing to give us a brief glimpse of what might soon stretch out his catches to Mythodea. Unfortunately she died because of this look and so the people of the Mirror Lords are extinct, but their deeds will never be forgotten: They created and destroyed the mirror world and their last act, an act of pure goodness, which they kept in spite of thousands of years of persecution, they rescued some of the servant peoples from the dying Kelriothar.

**Iuba Bajoran**

# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

## Craftswomen are not whores!

They have always existed: The women who earn a few coins in straw by playing with their charms. And there are those other kinds of women who, at first glance, seem to do the same thing and yet "somehow" seem more elegant. In some circles they are called geishas, partners or noble whores. All these job titles have one thing in common: the prostitutes, as they are called in Asina, are educated individuals trained in social interaction. They can turn a mead enjoyed together into an outstanding experience as well as a night of love. Proud women (and men) are powerful at reading and often also skilled in another craft, which after a long training can finally call themselves artisans. To be allowed to spend a few hours with a craftswoman should be worth a bouquet of lavender and some additional coins.

In Asina, several artisans are currently being trained in the Arcón Rouge.

**The Asian Office of Culture**

## Is war on the horizon?

How the rulers of Astras will finally behave towards the Gold Guard still seems uncertain. Requests to the palace are only accepted by representatives of the Excellencies and always answered with the same statement: "There is an official decision of the council of rulers. Ad Astra will follow this decision as well. Further the palace wraps itself in iron silence.

According to unconfirmed statements, his Excellency Rí Séamus is said to have said that Ad Astra would be willing to provide humanitarian aid for refugees from the Goldwachts if they would seek shelter in Asina and submit to their jurisdiction, but officially there was neither a denial nor a confirmation of this statement.

The campaign was preceded by an open letter from the regent of Münzquell, in which he once again underlined his statements from the Convention of the Elements that it would not submit to the judgement of the council of rulers, i.e. the judgement of the nyams and archons of Mitraspera. How the rulers of the seals will behave after they have already ordered the eviction of the Free City from the convent is uncertain. Will they have Goldwacht evacuated, or will the regent of Münzquell set a precedent and stand up to the rulers of Mitraspera?

**Antonius Jeremias Zarkov,**  
Chronist in troubled times

## Latest social etiquette Asinas

The particularly warm weather in the south of the bay of Heolysos required a quick adaptation of the settlers Asinas. The turban inevitably became the most practical headgear. While it was purely pragmatic in the beginning, it is now an indispensable part of the cityscape of Asina. It became an absolute must to wear a turban. The high demand became soon noticeable with the dealers, so that special colours were reserved for only a few. Different techniques to bind the turban were passed on and varied.

The turban proved to be a versatile and adaptable piece of clothing. Thus it not only protects against sun, heat and dust, but also increasingly serves as a sign of recognition, whether the colour, the way it was bound or the decorations that distinguish its wearer.

It is to be expected that the influence of the turbans will spread to other areas of Mitraspera and, if necessary, undergo further modifications.

**Saoirse Ó Raghaillaigh**

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COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

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## Asina - Eastern Headquarters of the Order of Veins of Power

The Order of veins of power has under the keeper "Lion", the first sword of the house Fiona, commander of the honor guard of the House of Fiona, the Eastern Headquarters of the Order in Asina.

The rain drove the order during the reconstruction works and at the same time visited all sorts of

Nameable people who brought crates of support and answers to were looking for their questions. Homing pigeons over homing pigeons!, and who not immediately with order members relaxed his tired feet in the Arcon Rouge with good wine and tales and was

able to enjoy a good meal. many other lines of business. In urgent matters one could also refer to the there Deputy Master for Knowledge Questions of the Order from the Knowledge Service of the Asinic Library "Alayne Osfrydstochter".

This will continue to be possible as a versatile collection point for the knowledge of the veins of power, for which a

separate security area has been created in the library to provide an area for studies and custody to hold. The cartographers of Ad Astra have been commissioned by the Order to measure the veins of power, which are carried out under the strictest security conditions and supervised by the Order.

The Lion and the Order are available in Asina.

**Christopherus Saibert,**  
Palace spokesman of their  
Excellencies the rulers Ad Astrass

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COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

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## Triumph of freedom!

Despite gloomy predictions, the Blood Pact's third summer campaign is already a resounding success.

After an insufficient command structure as well as numerous misinformation in the past year had led to the fact that the pact with the banner of the unit could act only a little uniformly, the alliance was put this time into the banner of the free ones. Numerous voices had previously promised a disaster to the banner leader Lucan Vilgai, but the Askalonian showed himself to be circumspect and farsighted:

With Taja Afarit, he had appointed one of the Blood Marshals as his deputy - thus ensuring that the Pact had a say in the decisions he would then make in the field. He also almost completely renounced direct command of Pact troops. The notoriously unruly warriors of the Blood Pact, who were strongly intent on their independence, were thus not offended by orders from outsiders, but still had a task at all times

that corresponded to their hunger for combat deeds and battle courage. Apart from a few discrepancies at the time of deployment, there were no inner-banner conflicts in the field.

Beyond that, the banner leader proved to be a real help to the Pact. His presence in the banner council, as well as that of the blood marshal, made sure that the north-side reheated package accusations of the group of "vultures" were handled sensibly, until finally the expected discharge by the world guardian Steinvater himself ended the affair finally.

# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

## Fall of an Archon

A collapse of colossal proportions shook the old town of Blutgard. On the third last day of summer, just at noon rest, the mighty statue of Archon Thorus collapsed with a deafening thunder. He saved the city in the Battle of the Long Walls, the last great conflict before the fall; his monument was erected by the grateful Lona.

It is still unknown what could have caused the fall of the construction. Insufficient building fabric is considered possible as well as a localized micro earth-

quake or a Spontaneous Massive Reality Failure (SMRV) in the urban area. However, the fact that the ruins of the statue were then expertly dismantled and transported away at the scene, as well as a suspicious lack of witnesses, may indicate a certain anti-authoritarian



mood, which could have broken new ground here.

The Provisional Council of Blutgard will not issue an explanation of the incident until the end of the investigation, but is asking for donations for reconstruction.

Courtesy of  
TODESBOTEN

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The balance at the end of the campaign is clear: the Blood Pact was the supporting element of the free forces on the campaign, with the completion of the crystal store as well as the destruction of the Corpsdale bell (in cooperation with the camp of the orcs). Military observers agree that the pact's largely self-sufficient banner was an important reason why it was so much more successful in its tasks than the year before. It only remains to be hoped that both the ruler and the banner council will take this lesson to heart.

**Zardoz der Zerstörer,**  
War Correspondent of the Blood Pact

## Strong fighting through cheerfulness

The battle cries of the pact sounded just as loud this year in the fields in front of the World Forge as they did in the yurts. It is said that the fighter who drank the most during the night, the day after, takes the hardest blows - this wisdom was heeded by the Blood Pact.

Particularly popular was the traditional large pig slaughter, a noble sport in which specially bred fighting sows are chased together until brutal death for the amusement of the masses. Here the good creatures mutilate and unbent each other with bare tusks, hooves and muscles. The "Squeaky Death" of the Wolfsbrut, who not only threw all competitors out of the pit, but afterwards even killed the butcher's master, who had been dragged in and awakened from the drinking coma in a makeshift manner (a twist that observers described as "as ironic as it was

nauseating"), remained the radiant winner.

The pact's capacity for casual joy, even in the darkest hours, finally became most evident when the Tivar Khar'assil led their friend Alnock to the camp to rediscover the joys of mortality. The roaring feast that followed on the eve of the last battle did life all credit. Even if it didn't ultimately lead to Steinvater choosing this world, it was undoubtedly the greatest temptation he had to overcome.

**Zardoz der Zerstörer,**  
War Correspondent  
of the Blood Pact



# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

## "Geier"-group declared innocent of pact-making, sever any ties with Undead Flesh

Of all the problems which plagued the relationship between the Bloodpact and the rest of the Banner of Unity last summer, perhaps none was as great as the so called "Geier-affair".

This group of tribespeople, founding members of the pact, was accused of having formed a pact with Igraine, now the new Bone-Queen of the Undead Flesh. Worse, as a condition of said pact they were to give the Laird access to the Atelier – that she really had; and used it to claim the Ahnmark of the Ankorian, thereby cementing her rise to Queenship.

This slander was not helped by the fact that the group indeed pledged guilty to certain criminal activities, as well as having communicated with the Forsaken and Igraine herself. Spoken about the incident, it is their claim that they did so only in the misguided attempt to "get the Undead to stop fighting us. We are clearly outnumbered by them. And that would also end the war. And is that not what we want? To stop the fighting and end the war?" Now, of course, they see, that "the we tried to do it in the wrong way".

Their defense of naiveté is now validated by none other than Stonefather himself, of the World Council, who subjected the group to a mighty truth-spell, after hearing of the accusation at the Great Host. After he heard their guaranteed-to-be-true words about the whole

sordid thing (and undoubtedly fed up with the constant barrage of whining from a certain, northward direction) he declared the Geier fully and truly innocent of this grave charge. Moreover, he commanded the group to seek the counsel of the Tivar Khar'assil to free themselves of any taint still remaining – which they did.

It is to the worse of Mythodea's reputation, that the mistrust and the slander did not stop there and even after this, every action of the group was maliciously commented on by ill-wishing parties.

But an important question remains: How could this kind of innocence could be so easily misled? How is it that the simple truth about the nature of the Sa-

cred and Forsaken Elements can seem not so simple to those new to this world? May it be that the mistrust, the secrecy and the arrogance those who claim to be the Elements foremost champions often show to these newcomers, is to blame? May it be that the appeal of the rightful ways in this world is far less than we would wish? If so, such a sorry state of affairs is certainly not mended by more threats, more policing and yet more accusations against the innocent. If those of the Sacred Elements want to claim moral high ground any longer, they should perhaps start to behave like that.

By Zardoz the Destroyer,  
Special War Correspondent  
of the Bloodpact

## Doll-thrower speaks about incident

A strange sight, the throwing of a doll to the new Queen of Bones, stupefied the minds of many who witnessed it, and gave rise to much speculation afterwards.

Identified as Krat, member of the Geier, the person who did the deed was questioned soon afterwards. Her strange tale shall, in the spirit of transparency and honesty, not be concealed from the rest of Mythodea

"How the pretty lady  
became my friend."

So, the first time I saw her I really thought she was a pretty lady see. She was strong, and beautiful, and terrify-

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# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

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ing and she smiled at me with that smile. It was amazing! Making friends with someone like her would be the best! So I decided that I wanted her to be my friend! I started looking for her on the battlefield everytime and so she started to notice me too! I am totally sure of it! Really! I mean, she smiled and everything! And the undead didn't try to hit me as often! I am sure of it!

So when I heard that she might become even more strong than the evil lady, that didn't like me at all, I thought that that was a great idea! It was hard for me to not see her so often so, I decided to make a drawing of her so I could remember my friend! Unfortunately, I live in a swamp. Drawings and papers do not reside there very well if you look at them a lot and my drawing soon became smudged and torn. This is when I crafted the doll. I did my very best to make it look as pretty as I could. I looked at it a lot and I could not wait to see her again. When I got back to the Blutpakt, people told me that our friendship should not exist. I was very sad about that.

When I walked onto the battlefield, I spotted her immediately, she was even more beautiful than I could remember. It was like my doll was the murkiest part of the swamp and she was the brightest ray of moonlight through a storm. Next to me were all the people that are my friend, in front of me was the pretty lady. I was torn, torn I tell you, between friend

and friends. In the following days it became clear to me that she would soon be leaving us as she would ascend to a new form ... I decided then that I would let go of this friendship so that I could stay friends with everyone else! In the last battle where the pretty lady was no more who she was before, I have given her my last piece of her, my doll, my way of having her with me when she is not there. I do not carry her anymore.

**"She is gone."**

Igraine's state of undead in itself was not abhorrent to Krat (and there are, as she says "other strange races walking around me everywhere [...] her stature, graceful movements, the smile ... she truly was beautiful."). But asked, if she did not think it strange that her "beautiful friend" was raising others to undead mockeries of life as well, Krat reacted shocked and very much surprised – "She did that?! Oh boy ..." – but remained of the opinion that "are not the people without friends the people that need friends the most?"

Although for her "the pretty lady does not exist anymore", the question remains how there could be something such as kindness, even a strange form of friendship between a settler and one of the Forsaken. It would be painful to admit, but nevertheless an important truth, to admit that those we fight to the death are not so different from us after all.

**By Zardoz the Destroyer,**  
Special War Correspondent  
of the Bloodpact

## The Free City of Blutgard's Mercantile and Tourism Committee announces:

Through various trade agreements, the lesser water supply problem, which may have prevented cautious merchants from visiting the Free City, has been successfully alleviated!

So there are **good news** for all foreign guests, junk dealers and visitors of the **free city Blutgard**. The **risk to be cannibalized** has been rated as "bearable" by the Committee for Murder and Statistics - solvent guests therefore have *nothing to fear!*

- ❖ Therefore: **Visit Bloodgard**
- ❖ **Admire** the buildings of the ancient times!
- ❖ **Aware** the art treasures in the Aisthetikon!
- ❖ **Purchases** the goods of the sunny bay of Heolysos
- ❖ **Expeciated you** of the many services that can only be found in the *city without laws* \*

The **city of hundred faces** has opened its gates

\* No realistic description. There are laws in Blutgard. Actual lawless behaviour in urban areas harms health.

# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: GOLDWACHT

## United in the fight against doubters and forsaken

**The army of Münzquell stood united at the side of those who are faithful to the element. And united the Banner together against the common enemies: the doubters and the forsaken.**

This campaign is characterized by the important victories against the Primordial Sceptics and painful loss of upright souls. Therefore, we hereby proclaim our respect and appreciation to all those who are responsible for have entered into the protection of the world structure. We mourn the victims who had to give their lives for the higher goal: Thanks and honor to the selfless Vahatar, thanks



and honor to Karl Weber, thanks and honor to Gariann hall'Heledir, and the many other fighters.

So I remain hopeful that we will continue to work together to defeat the enemies of the We will fight against the structure of the world and not let ourselves be distracted by doubt and discord.

**Lazantin Gredorn,**  
 Arch Chancellor of the  
 Academy of Knowledge  
 and Defence of Mitraspera.

### Relief in Goldwacht

The shocks at the world forge and its destruction have had far-reaching consequences and severe distortions. However, this is how it can be reported, which, due to security mechanisms and the tireless work of numerous residents, as well as the instructions of the Academy, the heart of the city is undamaged. When all functions will be completely regenerated again, according to the academy is not yet exactly determinable, but all functions have been preserved.

**Matha ett Indura.**  
**Aurelia Deralis**

### Found Tranca's jug? Trancas wanted!

During the work to dismantle the tents of Münzquell's tents, a jug of exceptional beauty was found on this year's summer campaign. A glance at the blue flower adorning the earthenware jug, the elegantly curved handle and the almost perfectly closing lid was enough and I knew that it had to be the jug that was so painfully missed and desperately sought only the evening before. Even before it was put to the usual finds, I was able to take it with me for safe and loving custody. Therefore? trancas, please mel TRANCAS, PLEASE CONTACT ME! Wherever you may be, your jug is waiting

for you here and can be picked up in the rum pot during the usual opening hours.

**by Marit Bechthold**

### New guild represented in Goldwacht

Paper is patient, but sometimes it can go quite fast. This showed the union of the free cartographers of Mythodea. The map experts had set themselves the goal of founding a guild during the last campaign. One did not notice that this was a very tedious process that could take weeks and years.

# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: GOLDWACHT

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However, the night from Saturday to Sunday was a good time to celebrate:

The guild letter was issued and watered in the golden anchor.

The aim of the guild is to be a point of contact for clients, contractors and inquisitive people. There should be fair prices for good work. One wants to maintain and further develop the profession. Above all, however, searchers should be able to recognize a good and correct map on the basis of the seal. Only cards with a guild seal should be accepted in the future.

The map experts, surveyors, draughtsmen and scout coin sources have been involved from the outset and have already become part of the guild before the guild was founded. A member of the guild mastery also

springs from the ranks of Münzquells John, Navigator of the Thundergurglers, was elected vice guild master.

When asked, he explains: "Goldwacht, our wonderful city is a place of trade and prosperity, a suitable place to have a permanent establishment of the guild. Of course, I'll take care of everything here, as long as I'm on land."

When asked how he sees the future of the guild, the vice guild master answers with a dreamy view of the sea: "All our guild theme, I hope we'll be able to measure, explore, and draw all of Mytraspera and more. On land, at sea and of course in the sky. You could say it's a search for.

Knowledge and Wisdom."

By **Ariann Graustein**



**The Donnergurgler crew  
mourns**

The Donnergurgler crew mourns the loss of a deserving crew member. Always at the front line, especially at the bar in the golden anchor, stood our comrade and friend, Karl Weber.

He gave his life for the freedom and the continuity of the world. In return we want to wish him a last loud wish:

**"The main thing  
afterwards is rum!**

**We raise the jugs up!"**

Karl Weber, Donnergurgler (In the Second Function Archon of Roses)