



THE MITRASPERAN HERALD

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Ash and ice

The Ashen War, a civil war in Khal'Hatra, takes on greater proportions than expected. After a heroic advance of the rebels under the sign of Validar as well as several brave settlers from all empires and cities (the herald reported in issue 46), the city of Kal'yatar could be conquered successfully.

With this bridgehead those of the Razash'dai people now promised to beat the fanatics who still worship the traitor Merth'Yar under Noreen Brandbringer and to turn Khal'Hatra into an empire of fire, which in harmony with the empires and cities puts bigger enemies and does not want to see the world burn solely.

After the battles that raged around the city, many fighters were happy to finally return home.

Unfortunately, the herald has no reports yet, because the Glutwall, the magical defense of Khal'Hatra, makes every contact difficult and information arrives only sparse and distorted.

Only the brutal cruelty of the fanatics is certain. Murder of civilians and violence to get the victory at any price are only the tip.

The sinister volcanic guards, the worst criminals from the Jade Wars, are the new troops under Noreen's brutal rule, who doesn't even know mercy for their own people.

So a stalemate broke out and Noreen Brandbringer fled to Tin'Had-rath. A long and firing civil war was on the horizon.

However, the sky over the proud realm of revenge darkened. The troops of the fanatics grew stronger in an unnatural way.

The few reports spoke of clear signs of a forsaken presence. Warriors of the fiery Razash'Dai, who acted in lockstep and with a precision previously unknown.

There were also reports of banners clearly showing the signs of the undead flesh and black ice.

- ❖ Has Noreen Brandbringer gone the same way as Merth'Yar?
- ❖ Will the fire of revenge now be consumed by the soulless cold of the Black Ice?

One thing is for sure, the troops in Khal'Hatra can't withdraw, rather the opposite is certain.

Where the Second Creation raises its corrupt head, disputes and even civil wars come to the side and Mythodea must fight together.

At the same time as the Ashen War reports reach and three letters from very different sources, but with a commonality that reveals to us the urgency of the current situation:

From the South, the golden city of Edalphi the following letter reaches us:

You faithful of the Golden Dream,

WE are the golden Twinsong, known to you as Mitternacht and Uhlinar, an Edalphi of the Crown of Creation and an Eliondar, which both found perfect symbiosis through the Golden Dream. US is given the great honor of leading our beautiful people to war against the Forsaken in the spirit of Magica, to join you in this age of mortals in the inheritance due to this new age: The reign of Mythodea and the fulfillment of the Golden Dream we have longed for and lived!

Therefore, WE call upon the Crown of Creation, the Edalphi and the Children of the Stars to our side. Above all, however, we ask and demand the support of all those who help to make the Golden Dream come true. Only together can we raise enough fighters when our march to Khal'hatra begins soon. For there the corrupt forsaken have not only dared to harass the Razash'Dai people, but also strive to cover the Western Seal with war. Just now, troops of undead and black ice are heading northwest from Tin'Had-rath in the south of the revenge area towards the Gates of the Sun. They will probably try to build a bridgehead there to advance with concentrated power against Tin'Neruhn - a

place that is still safely in the hands of the Elemental Faithful. But if they manage to get their hands on the portal there, it will not only be a terrible threat to Khal'Hatra, but also to the Western Seal. So, the army march of the Forsaken must be stopped and crushed. That is why WE will leave there as quickly as possible and face the enemy. But alone and without you we can only fail. So, follow our call numerously.

In addition, we are pleased to announce that the settlers' efforts to strengthen the elemental called Reign of the age of mortals have been good, costly, and successful. For although at first it seemed that the retention of virtue at Ignis was a loss to the Alliance of Magicas, WE could now see how the image could fit into the Golden Dream. Strengthened before Ignis, the Elemental came closer to the mortals and reached out to US to the Alliance to seek to recall the Banners of Might into the hands of mortals. WE will therefore consecrate the Starforge at the gates of the Sun and in the blood of our enemies awaiting the arrival of the Elemental of Reign, ready to sacrifice its immortality for all of us. And then the banners will blow again in Mitraspera and all the brave loyalists of the elements will

have the chance to rebind their power to the rulers of the land.

WE have also been extensively engaged with the changes of the world of Mitraspera through the cataclysm of the world forge. Not only have there been massive changes in the spheres of Mythodea, but you have surely experienced painfully that the structures of many artefacts blessed by Magica, as well as ritual activities, no longer fit in the usual way. WE believe with the creation of the Starforge and the bundled power of all present not only to find new insights in this regard, but also to already register first successes. Not only fighting power alone will contribute significantly to the success of this military campaign, but also creative power, sorcery and the power of creation will contribute to it.

So, come in large numbers and join US. WE await you in the halls of midnight in the heart of the enemy threat.

Proclaimed by
Mitternacht and Uhlinar

From the realm of the East, a messenger reached us:

Listen, you settlers Mitrasperas,

My name is Miriel von Kerewesch. I am the Mitray'Kor of Wisdom and heiress of the dynasty of de la Ron. Today I command the SephorAssil by my side, I call the Voykia from all mortal dreams and ask the people of the Naldar, the UrrGulnar and the Vaharin'Phobaran for their escort. I also ask for the support of the brave souls of the Alliance of Waves and Wind, for it is time again to fight side by side.

But I also address everyone out there who hears these words. The contest of the elements shall rest in this matter, for what threatens us these days is not only a matter that I may carry to the alliance of my side, but to each of you.

For weeks I have been walking through unclear dreams full of fog and veils that, despite the help and inspiration of Voykia, did not want to reveal its secret. But with time the call

became clearer, the voice more distinct and I realized that an ancient being of water was calling for me, for all our help. It proclaimed a place of incomprehensible sacredness called the "Citadel of Life", which had come out of hiding through the cataclysm of the spheres. This ancient temple of Aquas manifested itself again here on Mitraspera, without the protection of the former Guardians, who then protected it from the influence of the outlaws and transported it away.

I sent the Voykia into the winds to find the place where the citadel now stands, and so I can say with concern and certainty that he revealed himself in the heart of Khal'Hatra, at the gates of the sun. This is the place that has been threatened for a few weeks by the armies of the forsaken, who are marching from Tin'Hadrath to the north-west, striving to take control of the Aeris Portal in Tin'Neruhn, from where they can unleash their armies against the Seal of Water.

I fear that the forsaken have succeeded in reaching the citadel of life before us and staining the sacred place with their sheer existence. But it is probably even worse, for last night I heard in my dream the echoing of a tormented cry, as if our enemies had found the origin of the secret message to me and absorbed the soul of the being. With certainty I cannot say it, but I fear the worst - the undeath itself, the henchmen of the new bone queen, they must be, for who else would want to devastate a place that stands for life itself?

Fast and clever action is now the first priority and I ask you all to accompany me and to face the tasks and dangers on the spot. For even if the QuihenAssil remain silent, it is up to us to continue to interpret and carry out their will. The Citadel of Life calls, asks for help and we will answer.

For the Alliance and Mitraspera,
Miriel, Mitray'Kor of Wisdom

Strange creatures called the Laka'Tain, delivered the following message:

To all the living in Mitraspera,

my father gave me the name Manca-chattrra, I am garden-born, Alis-sa-Tain and Kha'ma the Laka'Tain, guardian of Turunuurs and queen of the Halephic forests. I call on my side the Lhor'Korin and my faithful companion Phobaran. May the peoples of the earth and fire hear my words as well as all living settlers of this world. For the crimes of the Ancient Rulers are of concern to all of us, but even more so the abominations which the Second Creation imposes on the work of my Father.

So, I can never forget what the corrupt Merth'yar did to the Court of Bones, a place sacred to the emerald singers as the last resting place of my children, the Laka'Tain people. He drove relics and cruel tools from ancient times deeply into the ground under the sacrifice of blood, ashes and fire and forced the place Terras under the vengeance of his former master. After all, the Court of Bones was no longer a place of rest, but rather a servant and hostage of souls who were actually meant to take their final step in the cycle of the world. And all this just to create the Embers, a home for the Dragonfly

Queen and her people, eye and blade of revenge, an ugly, arcane construct that served purely the purposes of power and influence.

And although this hurt me like a burning thorn in my father's flesh, I was able to forgive the past's mistakes for the time being in the armament against the forsaken. But when I wanted to see for myself what the situation was like, I met Noreen Brandbringer, her vengeance and suffering born Guard of the Volcano and Black Ice troops. Apparently, the former servant of the fire had not remained true to her principles in the face of defeat and had sought new allies. So now the Essence storms against the Ignis power of the once holy place and tries not only to force the court of the bones with the secrets of the Laka'Tain kept there, but also the Glutwall under her control. The consequences of her threatening success cannot even be put into words by the ugly voice of the truth of my companion Phobaran. They must never succeed in this, rather I throw my task of the eternal watch over my father into the scales and am ready to sacrifice myself in the fight against this threat.

So I call on all those who want to protect Mitraspera from the ice-cold claws of the Black Ice, who want to fight the crimes of Merth'Yar, who are willing to lead the court of the bones back into Terra's arms and who want to protect the cycle of life: Please come and meet me at the Gates of the Sun in Khal'Hatra.

Announced by the **Manca-chattrra**

Unusual dreams

In order to comment further on the unusual and sometimes worrying events, the Mitrasperan herald asked me to comment on strange dreams.

Many people talk about dreams, each interrupted by a soft woman's voice. One could hear despair and fear, spoken through a lovely melody of speech that created a disturbing contrast.

The feeling of looking for someone was unanimous with all dreamers. So far, no explanation has been found except that it was not domination magic or the grasp of forsaken.

Exypnos the Elder

Empowered to freedom on its own

The conflict between freedom and authenticity has manifested itself as a central theme in the great debate about the fate of the elemental tribes. This dichotomy, however, is flawed; the illusion of a conflict whose solution lies in understanding the essence of its natures.

It is obvious that the peoples are of a nature with elemental powers. These are known to be primordial and at-leological, untamed power free of

any higher morality. In themselves futile, they are given purpose only with the instrumentalization by a higher reason.

Just as the river is straightened, the field ploughed, the hearth fire enclosed, and the wind of the mill made serviceable, so elementary powers and peoples must also be subjected to the ordering hand of civilization. It is up to us, the heirs and domesticators of creation, to control the often so destructive world

forces and rectify their numerous deficits. Here the coming ruling class must not be blinded by blind faith in a moral leadership inherent in the elemental powers, but must make cool practicality the sole guideline of their actions.

But what does this mean for the ancient peoples? Is this the eternal denial of their freedom, which is often missed for so long? By no means. The ability to recognize freedom alone fulfills the right to it. He who wants to be free must become free.

To the fighters for love,

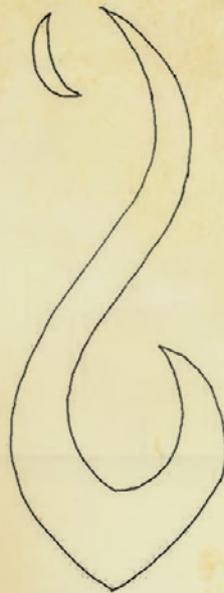
my heart is heavy and my steps are harder every day. For over two years I have carried the Quihen'Assil of love under my heart. Deformed by the horrors of the world. In all this time, the deeds you have all done for love have given HER and me strength. Without them both we would have long since become ashes and only dust in the history of this country.

And yet I run out of strength. To nourish this glistening being for two years has consumed me and, at the latest when my body can no longer be Her home and becomes ashes, SHE will also pass away. But that must not be, because this world still needs love as an aspect. So, it is time for an act of despair and fear, because we could not find a way faster. I call you all one last time to the side of the Quihen'Assil of Love to help me with HER last way.

If you want to change this world, help HER one last time. We are running out of strength. Meet us in the halls of midnight.

In love for this world

Ain



How is this paradox to solve the problem?

The peoples who want freedom can achieve it at the price of their nature. They must stop being elemental people in the true sense of the word. Their emancipation is the transformation to another Sovereign Folk of Mythodea. Such an emancipation is not a taboo, but merely an optimization of the existing conditions, and must not frighten those who willfully and knowingly act less than the construction of a dam or the clearing of a forest.

If the peoples (or parts of them) choose a different path, they are demonstrably unsuitable for freedom - the proof lies in the choice itself. But this lies with them - and thus their own destiny.

by Sanguin Urban

What are the Guardians of creation?

The guardians of creation may be all those who are ready to oppose the madness that has entered among us in the guise of freedom. It may be those who say unbreakable:

No one lays hands on an ancestral mark of the elementary peoples!

This is the highest maxim. The peoples are wonderful, they are unique and we will protect them from all those who think that the peoples have to be manipulated because they are not worth living with a servant order. Everything that lives is full of weakness, everything will pass away. Respect that you are not perfect! There is strength in our diversity and fallibility. Only those who are weak can overcome themselves. And life means to always overcome yourself, to grow from what you have been given, to always stand up when you have fallen.

You do not see the danger? So, listen to some children of freedom! Just at the

Reichstag of the East I was told face to face: One would accept the death of 99 if one were "free"! Some children of freedom consider mass murder of elemental peoples to achieve their goals! It would be as if I said I would murder 99 people so that one would no longer suffer pain! That must not happen.

And so I ask you: Protect the elementary peoples. Ahn-marke are wonderful things that we are not able to understand. Treat them as holy as life. Do not experiment on them. And form a covenant with me. May our covenant be open and sincere.

May we inform ourselves of the deeds and plans of those who contravene our maxim! May we unite and use our influence to prevent this!

I am a simple man, but the love of creation gives me strength. I am a guardian of creation. And if you are, too, say it out loud and seek your kind. Come to me so that together we may protect the elemental tribes.

Balder

What good is a law, that no one executes?

Laws and decrees, councils and courts. The seemingly innumerable places to which an honorable settler can turn certainly ensure that every evildoer and lawbreaker receives his just punishment. At least that is what one should think.

But who really cares that justice and the law are done? Can one expect that a judgment of such instances will actually be implemented? Is it achieved when a simple citizen truly considers guilt punished?

Don't some people get by far too often by letting a few coins flow from their own into another pocket or by being turned a blind eye in their favor? And at most they will have to reckon with a minor punishment? We, the injured, are then left behind!

Must justice give way to injustice? Have we not come to this continent to break the old shackles of injustice? So I ask myself and you: Do they really help, these (false) judgments made by others who cannot or do not want to understand the pain of the common people? Of those who did not have to bear the injustice themselves?

Do we really have to watch inactively and unable to act? Are we really powerless?

Perhaps the time has come not always to seek "help", but to take the initiative ourselves. Maybe it is necessary that we take care of some of our problems ourselves.

Bertold Eschliman

Call to all Artefactsmiths

No matter whether magician, artist, profane craftswoman, enchanter or arcane constructor, no matter from which directions, bound or free, old-established or new on the continent. We have all experienced in the summer how the manifold constructs, arteficies, magic rings, amulets, magic swords, lances and shields were shaken in their core by the world forging cataclysm. All our works, whether created or recovered from ancient times, have been affected by the massive explosion of the World Forge and threaten to be destroyed forever unless we find a way to make them usable again. Each of you will have been called upon to restore the powerful tools we so desperately need in the struggle

for creation. But where do we start? How do we proceed? Can the damage be repaired at all and which constructs are our abilities, time and material worth at all?

As always, time is pressing, our enemies are not stagnant. The day has come when we will join forces, share our resources and share our knowledge. So I would like to call for us to meet at the Convention of the Elements and give advice.

Time and place will be announced in the Mitrasperan herald. Until then, correspondence will reach me in the Eastern Siegel Empire.

Hermes Maria Nessa
 Tiash'Re of Hakarioth

Devastating plague

More and more I hear about whole regions in which the population is plagued by the shameful hustle and bustle of a terrible monster. Even to my closest friend it happened recently: The best dresses were eaten by moths! Neither north nor south, neither east nor west is safe. Even the realm of roses seems to be affected. When will the Excellencies finally see the need for action? How can it be that such a far-reaching problem is not recognized? Will we soon have to pull naked against the outlaws because all our clothes have fallen victim to the plague? Who will it be who stands up and finally develops a weapon against this vermin plague?

A concerned citizen

Answer of the Cartographers Mythodeas

(Editor's note: Unfortunately, this article was not published as planned in the previous edition of the Mitrasperan herald. The editors apologize for this mistake. We always try to make all voices heard and to report as neutrally as possible.)

Astonished, the newly founded guild of cartographers of Mythodea had to take the illustrious but nevertheless disturbing accusations of some guild representatives from Ad Astra from the past editions of the herald.

From editorial mistakes our statement escaped the pressure and thus the public. Contrary to the repeated accusations, we do everything we can to clarify any misunderstandings with Ad Astra in an open and honest

manner. Nevertheless, we would like to take this opportunity to introduce ourselves to a wider readership: On the last summer campaign cartographers came together, who work their craft on Mythodea to found a guild. This with the aim of an exchange and cooperation. I myself travelled through Mythodea for the first-time years ago, the most recent campaigns I have stored in my troop and as a traveller I was very pleased that like-minded people from all corners of the globe came together for the common union of an underestimated craft. I am also concerned that the geographical and political affiliation of individual members seems to take precedence over the guild's purpose.

Rhea Hasima Adrabades Travato,
 Guild master of the guild of cartographers Mythodeas"

The golden dream is nothing, you have to be afraid of!

Values Inhabitants of Mythodea,

In the last weeks and months, I have often heard the opinion that Magica tries to "steal" aspects from the outer elements. I ask you to take the old lyrics, read them and convince yourselves that my following words are true!

In the old texts you can read how Mitraspera (name Mythodeas in old times) came into being. At the beginning there were only the outer four elements. They tried to create things, but they could only create things that were like themselves. But they wanted more! They dreamed of creating more - they wanted to create life. This dream became so strong in four Quihen' Assil (one of each of the outer elements) that they became the first Quihen.Assil Magicas - the one of fusion. The dream that these Quihen'Assil dreamed is the golden dream. The outer four

elements themselves have produced it to create more - to create Mitraspera and all that surrounds us here and now.

Since that time, it has happened again and again that QuihenAssil of the four outer elements dream the golden dream and turn to Magica. It also happens again and again that aspects detach themselves from their belonging element in order to join another. It also happens again and again that aspects disappear from the pantheon to reappear generations later. We have examples for all this in the old texts. I ask you

to read them and form your own opinion. These developments are not new and they are not dangerous. It is change - the change of this world! It is creation and it represents possibilities.

Do not try to turn against each other for fear of a change that is part of this world! We face a danger that is still invisible to us and should stand united!

May the elements guide us and trust in the children of the golden dream!

Respectfully

Tiara Lea from the house Storn
Duchess of Barhan,
(former Nyame
of the Eastern Seal)

The Mitrasperan Herald

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With the support of Baldur the White,
First librarian to Porto Leonis





The voices of the storm surge

Hear our words, children of Mythodeal!

In these times when the Quihen'Assil had to turn their gaze away from us all, in these times when all their attention and strength is directed outward to face a threat still unknown to us, in these times we must remember who we are. And it must be with every strand and every breath.

We do not hide away, but confess - loudly and fervently - our nature. And we ask you to recognize your own splendour, to be courageous and to stand up.

Be bold and proud,
be wise and clear.
Brothers and Sisters
in mind and being.

For the Quihen'Assil, for yourselves and above all for the future of our homeland.

We are strong alone and even stronger together. We stand - smiling - in the middle of a storm tide. The spray on our lips and the playing of the wind in our hair. We stand side by side. We are the voices of the crystal princes and the lords of the deep, because we are who we are.

Leonora, fighter for Aeris and
Genefe, die für Aqua träumt.

Give you too for the fight against the Forsaken.

The well-known Antonio Maria de la Tiroli created a fund to support the fight against the Second Creation.

All those who cannot fight with force and weapon should now be able to donate funds to help those in need who have suffered damage as a result of being ostracized.

The WZS, the foundation "Wider die Zweite Schöpfung / Against the Second Creation", accepts donations in goods. Especially goods which could not be resold in trade or which could not be sold are to be submitted with the corresponding customs stamps.

The noble donors are then personally named by the Mitrasperan herald.



signed Tiroli

The heirs of the Iron Oath

The Order of the Tivar'Kharassil is no more. The Iron Oath and its banner already passed on the last campaign. Many of the Iron Ones were present, saw what was happening and heard the words of Gisbert. But I ask you, Iron Community, what has happened since then?

Have we listened carefully enough? I tell you decisively, NO! We did not. We as those who have sworn the oath and live with iron are obliged to continue to live the faith and the Iron Way, to pass it on to future generations. Because even if the banner is no longer there, the oath and our convictions still stand. Its content and doctrine have lost none of their topicality.

We must remember to redefine this path for the Iron Ones. We must keep open and continue to promote access to this conspiracy of our faith community. We must not become a rigid, closed and eventually extinct part of the elemental faithful. We must spread out our arms and receive those who are willing and with a burning heart.

Only in this way can creation, which has lost one of its most tireless defenders in the Order of Tivar'Kharassil, continue to be protected. We need those with an iron will who are ready, by swearing before the sacred elements, to dedicate their lives to this true path. And this also in the future.

The oath of oath as a consequence of such a chosen life must also be possible in the future. To set out, to pass the knowledge test, to fulfil the conditions and then

to be solemnly welcomed in our midst should be a tradition and a necessity that our community must preserve and carry on the heritage.

As happened in ancient times, there must be another Iron Convent. We must gather together and define our future. The path we want to follow must be found and clearly followed: Is the protection of creation or the annihilation of all ostracized our supreme maxim? The continued existence of the community must be discussed and decided. So see this as the first call, which will be followed by others! A call for an upcoming Iron Convent in Holzbrück. Because only together we can walk the way into the coming night.

Eron of Grauenfurt

Holzbrück blessed by Ignis

According to the report in the Miatsperian Herald, issue 46, the fires in Holzbrück could be completely cleared up. According to the mayor, this is the blessing of Ignis. Several scholars, who had probably been royal paid for their services, spoke out uniformly and quickly in favor of an obvious blessing from the red jade masters.

Regardless of the fact that the current focus is not on Mythodea, official sources pointed out the clear incontestability of these facts and that these events will not stand in the way of the convent, but even favour it.

**The Municipality
 Bad Holzbrück**

sexy

- ❖ You are a sales talent and discretion is your middle name?
- ❖ Do you love the freedom of art and are you willing to take a lot on yourself?
- ❖ You are trustworthy and have a certain amount of style, etiquette and/or fast legs?
- ❖ You have a nose for good business and at best far-reaching contacts?

Then get in touch with the Mitrasperan herald and use the slogan "Fri-volita!"

I have work for you!



MINNE AND SINGING

Excerpt from the Book of Circles

We, the Circle of the Circle, publish the first chapter of the Book of Circles for all those who are wise enough to grasp it.

The Circle of the Master

In the first days of my training at the Academy, one of my teachers summarized the meaning of our existence in a simple credo: "It must be the highest goal of every mind to achieve mastery in its task". He received no objections to this statement and for a good part of my life this sentence was a faithful companion.

But today I look at these words and I realize how hollow they sound.

What is mind? What is mastery? What is my task?

Mind is a rare good. If I were to cut off a finger for every person with a mind that I have met, I could still comfortably drink tea and stir with the other hand.

What I call my mind or Batodd is praised by some and dismissed by others as madness.

Mastery, on the other hand, is a thing of impossibility. At least real mastery, which would say that one has mastered a matter completely. But among humans it hardly means more than: If we leave him alone with it, he will not immediately annihilate himself. Or let's say it more simply: He is not completely incapable and may make one or two witty remarks with a chance on a good day. If championship really would be championship, how can there be grandmasters?

If there were a real mastery of magic, it would no longer need a title.

Recognizing one's own task, however, is a deeply philosophical problem. If I look at my own path, it becomes frighteningly obvious. Our life reveals itself to us like an unknown estate. Whenever we have understood a chamber, have fathomed its secrets, there is a door to a new and different space, to a new task.

My task was to be an adept. Mercenary. Teacher. Highest magician of the realm. Baron.

But the path does not end with one of these titles and this realization meant more freedom than I had guessed. For when we speak of a task, it always seems like a quest given from outside, presumably from above. Our fate. Our place in things. But what if we admit to ourselves that we make this decision ourselves? We are what we are because we have determined it that way.

And that leaves me a lot of time to search for the impossibility mentioned above: a theory concerning the elementary construction of the world. The scholars of this continent divide creation into five classical elements that serve as basic building blocks for creation, but to me this approach seemed too superficial compared to my own studies at first.

A close look at the patterns shows quite obviously two laws that cannot be covered by a five model.

On the one hand we have the principle of repetition. So the world around us consists of a constant repetition of certain patterns. I was able to identify 36 pattern groups in my original model. This can also be grasped more crudely in only five groups, but of course it loses its fitness. I cannot esti-

MINNE AND SINGING

Continued from page 11

mate what the origin of these arcane patterns, I am tempted to say signatures, is. A higher purpose or origin can easily be interpreted here, but even with such nonsense we cannot get any further. I've gone away from this model these days, but the existence of these patterns cannot be denied.

Much more interesting, however, is the resulting second law: the principle of synergy. If I have sufficiently analyzed a pattern and found its weak point, the weak point in its repetitions results from it. Thus, the knowledge about the arcane effects of a certain plant can result from the study of the course of the stars, or the weak point in the spiritual defense of an enemy can result from the analysis of a geometric pattern.

The handling of these patterns can ultimately become my masterpiece. It must be seen whether the theory wins rather by the slenderness of a small number of patterns or by the detail of a larger number, but the world wants to be opened up, we only have to sharpen the view to recognize this.

So there remains the question of cataloguing.

Second grass lament

I've seen a serious look,
was about need.
A legacy provided with good duty,
he now brings bread to the people.

I have seen daring light,
the people dare to hope recently.
The knights are now heading south,
the banners blow open.

I have seen the soldier,
he was lying on strange property,
Must stand against robbing enemy,
gave breath of life and blood.

I have seen tall women,
of a virtuous nature.
What cloth and grain given to the
people,
on a merciful journey.

I have seen messengers riding,
to rule the market,
to determine the value of the farmer's life,
for profit, advantage and bad.

I have seen merchant souls,
prophesy prosperity and glory.
But I fear,
they don't mean grass fief,
they're talking about their chests.

Anonymous
from the Eastern Empire

Aeris

Venerable beautiful
Wind becomes storm
I am infinitely inspired
conquest
Landuin Conchobair
Aeris fighter

Otto's Wisdom

Your face is all wrinkled with worry,
do you feel dread before the next
morning?
From what do you draw new
strength?

From camaraderie!
Squires, bellboys, boys, servants
thick, thin, good, bad
The work comes back in masses,
you can rely on comrades!

by **Otto Kahlheim**
from the Eastern Empire

REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

Statement by Her Excellency on the person of Jassir ben Aman

Since there have been constant inquiries and accusations about the person of Jassir ben Amans in the past moons, Your Excellency considers it essential to inform the concerned citizens of the empire about the state and truth of the situation:

To the present knowledge of Your Excellency, Yasser is not guilty of any misconduct he has committed since the beginning of the summer campaign. This may seem paradoxical at first glance.

However, a ritual lasting several hours revealed that there were soul fragments of a negator in the spirit and Jo'kor of Jassir. It seems as if a

negator was torn to pieces during the explosion of the world forge, which struck Jassir.

These soul fragments, through whispering, led to the formation of an influence and personality disorder that had the aspects of arrogance, destruction, and sadism. If one considers the accusations, it is highly probable that the named behavior is due to this forsaken influence: A war between allies and elementary peoples, triggered by his behavior in front of the atelier, the desire to trigger the world fire, the desire to sow discord among the settlers and knowledge gatherers in the north. All ac-

tions that lead to the destruction of the political fabric or the extinction of life.

Her Excellency therefore considers it likely that this action did not emanate from the person of Jassir ben Aman, but from the soul of the negator in him.

Until further notice, Jassir will be placed under observation in Paolo's defense: In the coming months it is to be seen whether his behavior against the elemental order can be traced back to him or the negation. If the former is the case, the law of the north will hit him in all its severity.

Kassiopaia Tresterbach,
Palace Speaker of Her Excellencies
of the Northern Empire

The Nyame visits the free city of Asina

In recent months there has often been talk of how strong the presence of the Northern Empire is in the newly founded free city of Asina. Already during the campaigns in the Kelriothar the (camp) Ad Astra argued together with the Viribus Unitis in the banner of unity and both sides appreciate the effective cooperation.

Also to underline this unity, her Excellency Nyame Ka'Shalee Zress personally travelled to Asina again on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the foundation of the state Ad Astra. Her Excellency had already travelled a few months ago with the troops of the

North to the Free City to support the arrival of the mirror barque.

The hosts had spared no expense or effort to ensure that those present felt at home and chose a hunting lodge just outside the city for the festivities. In addition to an extensive range of food and drinks, the generous accommodation of the guests should also be emphasized. Despite the extensive damage within the city area, the information and artefacts already collected were readily shared with those present and time was used to investigate an artefact attributed to Spiegel-Ouai. The extensive competence of her Excellency was also a valuable support here.

Continued on page 14

REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

Continued from page 13

Representatives of several Seals and Free Cities were invited to the celebrations and this opportunity was used to exchange ideas.

In addition to the convivial singing rounds and the swaying of various adventures of all those present, the present banner leaders and their Excellency the Nyame

used the opportunity to develop suggestions for the next campaign.

With the swearing-in of the first citizens of Asina, the climax of the celebrations was reached. For the Northern Empire his motto was again confirmed: Unity, Strength, Cohesion! One looks forward to a great common future.

Kassiopaia Tresterbach,
Palace Speaker of Her Excellencies

REGIONAL SECTION EAST

The Archer Report, Part I

As so often, the retinue of the aging knight Bartholomew, called the war wheel, is on a journey. Usually because they are looking for the red lion, a quest that was brought to them by their master. This time, however, they are not alone. From the small island Nensir, in the far south lands, you travel with farmers, craftsmen, household, seeds and much more.

Now you might ask yourself why a troop of archers is traveling with so much. The answer is: home. On the island from which they come, they have become eccentrics through the adventurous stories of their experiences. They disturb the peace and quiet, but some of them were hanging on their lips. They wanted to leave, to faraway lands, only away from the farm on which they have

lived for generations. Then the shooters came just in time to offer the proclaimed a new home in the distant Mythodea.

The winter was over and the sea allowed a departure, and so it came that some of them went far away. More precisely to the county of Antrano in the Duchy of Sommerthal, part of the Eastern Empire of Mythodea. There, the knight Bartholomew placed himself in the service of Countess Elen von Tannenberg, for which she got his vanguard the war wheel and willing settlers to rebuild and cultivate a maltreated land. South of Himmelssang they are all to be given a new home, among themselves they already call it Neu-Nensir.

Samuil Steinwerfer
Archer of the war wheel

To the colourful songbird from the Reichstag

It was a merry and drunk evening and then suddenly this kiss came. Like a colourful bird fluttering through the skies, this moment was so fleeting and free! I tried to reach for him, I wanted to enjoy his beautiful plumage and his lovely singing longer, but ... Oh, in vain! It quickly became clear to me that this bird did not belong in any cage and could only make such sweet sounds in freedom. Therefore I will now give you my thanks, sweet colourful bird. Should you decide in favour of me, you will recognise me by the blue cloth that I always wear on my belt.

Unknown

REGIONAL SECTION EAST

New findings in the causa Leomir masquerade!

In issue 46, the herald reported several serious incidents of deception among East Germans. A stranger had pretended to be a beloved child of Aeris and imperial knight of the East, Leomir Greifenkind, and thus caused turmoil in the capital of the Eastern Empire. Recently, our editorial staff received an official letter of the Phoenix Throne. This letter states that the matter had been dealt with and the guilty party had been called to account.

According to the article, a large number of letters to the editor were received in which it was claimed that the identity of the culprit was known. First and foremost, the potential perpetrators are the employees of an estab-

lishment in Kalderah and the servant of a knight.

In the official letter of the phoenix throne, the Mitrasperan herald is asked not to expose by name all suspected perpetrators, so that possibly innocent people are not unnecessarily caught in the crossfire of the investigations. The letter further states that if the citizens of the Eastern Empire actually run into the Mitray/Kor of Daring, they can be sure that from now on they are the real Leomir griffin child and not the said imitator. How nice if you can rely on your rulers!

In the next issue: Five marks by which you can recognize a real knight of the empire

Peter and Robert Aganda

Fresh marriage doomed to failure?

As the herald has learned from a well-informed source, the marriage of the newly appointed Manca'Quar Eickhart of Tegelbarq is not under a good star. Before the wedding in the name of the elements, the bridal couple had to obtain the blessing of each element, according to our informant. By the nature of the marriage as an arranged marriage, the regent Ain of Calor and the beloved hero of the Phoenix empire Leomir Greifenkind refused to intercede in the name of Ignis' and Aeris'. With such well-known persons it can only be a bad omen! In keeping with this we also heard that the young knight with the three hearts in his coat of arms is not unappreciated in the Eastern Empire. Will his wife, who has only visited the continent once or twice, be able to keep her husband? Or is a scandal already looming?

The editorial staff of the Mitrasperan herald will keep you informed!

Kalderah, Martha Rosdorn

Marriage plans in Elesgard?

For a long time there was speculation about the heritage of the greatest liege of the Phoenix Empire: Elesgard.

At the moment, the young nephew would follow his extremely stubborn Highness Lornalth of Eleat. But the duke would be carved from a different piece of wood if he did not want to see his blood and his line of inheritance continued. After unsuccessful newspaper advertisements and advertising discussions, negotiations finally began during this year's Reichstag regarding an upcoming marriage. His presumably future wife, Marie-Danielle de Villaret, comes from the Old World and belongs to an old family of knights. It is not yet certain whether she will drive the Duke in his political endeavours or moderate him. One or the other might hope for the second. In any case, it is certain that there are not many in the Eastern Empire who look at this connection without interest.

Erich Neuner

REGIONAL SECTION EAST

Newly appointed Manca'Quar of the Phoenix Empire married

The Reichskämmerei announces that His Excellency Eickhart von Tegelberg and Birkenhain, Manca'Quar des Phönixreiches, Kastellan der Marktburg, Edelherr von Birkenhain, Knight of the East have entered into a marriage agreement with Mrs. Ylva Enneleyn von Wolfshain from Dros Rock, now Ylva Enneleyn von Tegelberg and Birkenhain zu Wolfshain-Fuchsgrund.

According to the traditions of the bride's homeland, the marriage was personally contracted on the occasion of the Winter Festival by His Highness Laertes Borund, Jarl von Dros Rock, Baron von Grontenfels, Knight of the Green Banner.

The blessing of the Covenant before the Sacred Five took place at the Imperial Council of the Phoenix Empire. The Elesgarder Terra priest Balder performed the wedding ceremony in the presence of Her Highness Ain of Calor, Her Eminence Sophia of Seewacht as well as Mitray'Kor Miriel of Kerewesch, Leomir Greifenkind and Lares-Edorian Feynholdt.

Bernadette Halbspitz,
scribe of the Reichskämmerei

Pompsball: EES commits Heidemarie

At the edge of the Fourth Reichstag of the Eastern Empire, our reporter was able to pick up a real sensation from the world of pompsball:

Heidemarie, formerly Bullenrassler, now living in the Duchy of Kerewesch, was apparently signed by Eintracht Erstes Siegel.

At the present time it was not possible to find out in which position the star player would exactly support the team of the Eastern Seal, but during a small training session on the courtyard of the Kirschkreuz Castle she seemed to lead the promising candidates for the selection.

At this time, sharp eyes spotted a captain's collar hood of the EES tied to her belt. Why Heidemarie did not wear the bonnet could not be found out.

Was it about the cap of Henryk Zirkelschmitt, who had unfortunately left the team? (The herald reported)

Guardess Isavelle, remaining captain of the EES, could not be reached for comment due to official obligations before the editorial deadline.

Erich Neuner

Knight of Calor is rising!

News from the Fiefdom of Ignis, fresh from the Reichstag. The Calorian knight Konrad of Silberfurt, his mark Sanyean'To of the Empire, and Knight John of Oak Leaf, Chancellor of Calor are entrusted with new tasks and fiefdoms by her Royal Highness Ain I of Calor, Duchess.

The economically rather modestly equipped Lord of Silberfurt receives the Calorsche crown jewel the city of Glanzhütten as hereditary fief, home of the famous Calorian glass manufactories as second fief to the Feuchtgrunder Mark, the development of which has been progressing only slowly for years. Apparently the rich income is supposed to promote the development.

Johannes von Eichenblatt, one of the longest-serving knights of Calor, receives from the phoenix throne himself the office of a legate of the grass marrow and is supposed to coordinate the efforts and troubles of the knight-hood and to direct them in proper ways to fight the decay and the anarchy in this once proud fief of the empire.

His experience as Chancellor of Calor and his merits make him the ideal choice, observers say, but it is questionable whether a single person is up to the task.

 REGIONAL SECTION EAST

Neu-Prahtanberg - Investigations completed

The investigations into the events surrounding Neu-Prahtanberg, which lasted almost a year, have been completed. Within the framework of the Reichstag, final investigations with living witnesses of the events could be concluded and the Phoenix throne is now convinced that the events could be completely cleared up.

At last year's convent, the Doubter, Kell'Goron and former magician Elesgards Timoriel Tegwaris announced before his death that he had destroyed not the Void but the capital of the Eastern Empire.

These events occurred years ago under the reign of Archon King Thorus I Wulfgar Seymorian. The Voids troops infiltrated the capital of the Eastern Seal and took it with Phobosaar troops, who were little known at the time, threatening to destroy it if the Phoenix throne sent troops against them.

By royal order the city was evacuated and a large part of the population was brought to safety. After a vision of a phoenix, an enormous explosion destroys the city and it has been assumed for years that the Void itself had destroyed the city, although the Varamon alchemist August Hagen von den Knollen (now deceased) found out that a Nosgorioth slag explosion was created, but never doubts were expressed about the guilt of the Void.

Triggered by the confession of the former Elesgarder magician Timoriel Tegwaris (the Mitrasperan herald reported, see Destruction of the Void, Genocide of the Ouai, Cube at the Convent), profound investigations were now undertaken.

Timoriel took the order of the Archon King Thorus "The city must not fall into the hands of emptiness" as a reason, arbitrarily and without exact order, to destroy the com-

plete city with a part of the inhabitants. For this he stole Nosgorioth slag, which was entrusted to Elesgard after a summer campaign and which was originally to be used as a weapon against the Black Ice Fortress at the Elesgard front, and sent a command consisting of the later Neches'Re Atharic, Gerowin as well as Elesgard soldiers, which at that time was under his command. This command brought Nosgorioth slag into the city and ignited the fire oil supplies that had already been brought into the city by the void.

The explosion destroyed much of the city, erased the Viinshar and Phobosaare, destroyed the Imperial Chamber, the archives, and the Imperial Treasury, and triggered Kalderah's ongoing critical situation, to which many refugees moved.

Then Timoriel erased the memory of all witnesses and apparently of himself as well. The Countess of Antrano, Elen von Tannberg, who was a scout in the city at the time and discovered the fire oil reserves, reconstructed the events and confronted Timoriel herself with them, who then reconstructed his memory.

In order to avoid a domestic outcry, the events were not made public by the rulers of the time and were not passed on to the successors to office, Ain of Calor and Felicia of Phoenixhall.

The investigations of August Hagen von den Knollen were closed by order of the then rulers and Varamon's investigations were forbidden.

A participation of Elesgard in the intrigues of the magician and later Kell'Goron Timoriel Tegwaris is excluded.

Konrad of Silberfurt

REGIONAL SECTION EAST

Lands of the lake district are part of the east again - New Duchy of Wintermarsh

The lake district in the north of the empire, since the beginning of the settlement the goal of the expansion efforts of the Phoenix throne, lies now finally again within the official and undoubted borders of the Phoenix empire.

Not only for the Varamonians, whose mythical leader Ahn Travemund led them explicitly to Mythodea to settle and defend this vast plain, but for the whole empire the vast and rough land in the north has always been a source of legends, fears and dreams. For years, the Lake District with the fortress of Hakarioth stood both for the permanent threat of black ice and emptiness, held at bay by the loyal watch of the Border Fief, and for the lust and completion of the Eastern Kingdom's seizure of land. Historically, however, the lands were no longer part of the Eastern Seal Kingdom even before the World Fire: Rellandria, the first Tiash'Re of Hakarioth, was given the lands of the Lakeland and beyond by her father as a gift, making Hakarioth an independent realm alongside the Seal Realms known to

us for a long time. The resulting claims fell to Tiash'Re Hermes Maria Nessa with the achievement of the fortress. He removed all ambiguities on the past Reichstag, however, by being the first Tiash'Re of the new time to officially accept the current borders and put the lands of Hakarioth back under the protection of the phoenix throne. Excluded from this restitution was only the fortress itself and the surrounding area, in order to guarantee the independence of the elemental forge and the high office recognized by the elements. The phoenix throne formed the new duchy of Winter Marshes from the lands thus assigned to the crown and enfeoffed the Tiash'Re with the central peninsula of the lake district as the county of Hakarioth.

We can only guess at the nature and extent of the subsequent conversations at the Reichstag, when on the last evening Simon Alexander of Varamon was enfeoffed as the new Duke of Winter Marsh to lead his people to the place of his mythical destiny.

A report by **Flavius Goldmund**

 REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

Obituary for a part of myself.

"Igraina's end" I call you:

Born before eternities, carried through ages.
 Radiated over millennia, maltreated, broken -
 you blossomed new in summer light.

The hour approached, aware of your being:
 Thy wrath of the Mistress descended upon her.
 The blood of her throat, thou stabbedst her.
 And she was beaten, who could not be beaten.

Your last work, it was finished.

You were no more to hold.

I gave love, gave anger and hoped so much...
 ... but in you the power of the Mistress was extinguished.



The only thing that truly gives meaning to being is that it ends. And so I bed the first and last elementary blade of Ignis to rest. Full of reverence for the Mistress I am aware of having led her last, as she also led me. One last time the remains of this unique work will be exhibited during the coming spring campaign, so that those who wish can say goodbye once more. Afterwards they will find their place in the Temple of Ignistrutz Fortress under the flame of Calor.

Goodbye, I say. The sword has passed - their work is done. The weapon, however, remains: Death is a state which becomes meaningless through memory ...

Harras of Grauenfurt

Great Assault of the Undead

The day had long been awaited by many, but the course of the attack by the undead flesh surprised some. The Undeath had launched a targeted attack on the Golden Realm a few weeks ago. At three different points they invaded the Southern Seal. Their exact targets are still unclear or can only be conjectured.

The Fourth Province was hit particularly hard. Here the undeath struck with two attacks. The first one could be stopped and repelled at the construction site of Westwachts. Unfortunately, this seemed to be only a diversionary attack. Their real goal seemed to be Bergdorf, the industrial heart of the Fourth Province. It is unclear exactly how the ostracized enemy managed to capture Bergdorf. Now there is only one abandoned ghost town left. Undead plundered and massacred the population of the settlement. Only every fourth inhabitant is said to have escaped with his life.

As if that wasn't terrible enough, the undead flesh attacked the border of New Sylvania almost in parallel. The undead gained the advantage in the field and even stood before Ignistrutz. The city could be liberated, but a not to be underestimated number of enemy forces moved into the New Sylvania Forest Sea. Troops from the south are still trying to track down these invaders. We hope and pray that the troops of the South will soon detect and destroy the enemy.

These attacks have shown one thing, undeath is back and the times of peace in the Golden Empire seem to be over.

Marten Sodenfuß

REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

Traveler warning New Silvanien

Troops of undead flesh still roam the forests of New Sylvania. All travellers are therefore advised to avoid this area or to form larger groups with sufficient protection. Take care!

Marten Sodenfuß

Archon and Thul'Heen of the South lost?

A few weeks ago Archon Kjeldor and his Thul'Heen Alexij are said to have disappeared without a trace. The Thul'Heen visited his Archon in the capital and the following day there was no trace of either of them. Rumors say they were on a secret mission. Others, on the other hand, see a storm coming up, for which the two want to arm themselves. However, only very few seem to have secure information and they keep it to themselves.

But we can all assume that Archon and Thul'Heen will have good reasons for their actions.

Marten Sodenfuß

Mountain village fell to the Undeath

The war is back and has once again hit the border province of New Balindur with the force of a blacksmith's hammer. In Westwacht, an army of the last banner of undeath could be wiped out, but woe betide - almost at the same time the enemy conquered the settlement of Bergdorf, where terrible things must have happened.

It all began with the sighting of enemy units on the border, which advanced at a rapid pace and threatened the new outpost of Westwacht. An army of provincial fighters, led by Vengard of Lichtensee and reinforced by troops from Grunwasser and Greifenfels, put the enemy in time and defeated him in a tough struggle. For the first time the heavy cavalry from Lichtensee was used in a battle and carried fear and terror into the ranks of the undead. The troops of the enemy, who had marched in Lairdom strength, could be completely destroyed. Glory be to the fighters of the south who lost their lives in the process. Their names are

to be written on a marble tablet in Lichtensee.

But the joy of this victory did not last long. Quickly the army reached the news of a tragic defeat. While Westwacht fought - apparently as a distraction - the enemy had not only managed to overcome the well-secured small pass near Bergdorf, but also the stone walls of the settlement.

Eyewitnesses report terrible atrocities. Only about 50 of the more than 200 inhabitants managed to escape. All the others, including many defenseless children and old people, were slaughtered and - what an outrage! - raised again. Everything indicates that a mighty Hag played an ominous role in the sneaky attack.

Scouts reported that the walls of the settlement were still standing, but that the enemy had looted the camps and dragged away all the war-related goods. How the now deserted place will continue seems to be uncertain. In Lichtensee, many people have sworn revenge for this murder.

Jasper Asenbach

REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

Dangerous Betrayer escaped

A few weeks ago, the epidemic house in Grootenhaven reported the non-appearance of Beth MacKenzie. This dangerous woman who was arrested last autumn and sentenced to service in the plague house.

At first, the house management assumed that Beth was ill and stayed in her shelter to recover. This was not unusual according to the epidemic house. When, after a few days, she neither sent news of herself nor started her service, people became skeptical and went to her small, rented apartment. No trace of her was found there, but many of her clothes and possessions were still there. It is currently assumed that she took advantage of the hour and fled spontaneously. Whether she was helped is unclear. Some staff members of the infirmary are surprised; others report that they had expected it anyway, after all she was supposed to have been completely and constantly monitored - this was her only reason not to flee.

City dwellers report that at the time of her disappearance there were no storms or other peculiarities indicating an accident. As she seldom visited the harbour, the Grootenhaven City Guard does not believe that she simply disappeared into the waves, like many an unneeded visitor. Has she also become a victim of the mysterious disappearance reported in the past Herold?

The management of the epidemic house requests that any information about her whereabouts be reported to the Grootenhaven City Guard or the Pallas Kronions City Guard.

Ludwig von der Rohe

Secret to the Hohe Ruh uncovered!

In Mitrasperian Herald 46 dubious deliveries to the actually abandoned mountain fortress "Hohe Ruh" have already been reported. The editorial staff of the herald naturally followed this hustle and bustle in the spirit of the esteemed readership and was able to determine the reason for the massive migration of goods:

The Hohe Ruh, visible from a distance due to its high walls and imposing size, is apparently handed over by the Archonat des Südens to a delegation of the Blüthentaler. This is to take place at the convent in Holzbrück. But why do the Blüthentaler send part of their population to the south? Are the rumours true that a place of pilgrimage for all Khalarin is being built there? How will they make the almost undeveloped, barren fortress habitable? And is it true that the fortress will be renamed "Hohe Wacht" when it is handed over?

We will stay tuned and continue to report!

Dietrich Diesteldorn

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

A double-languages voice?

Let's talk about one of the most busy men from the Western Seal, keeping things together: Jean Louis Heutse Weinveld, West first diplomat. Also known as the Western Voice.

He certainly wasn't lazy about rallying the brand new Nova Bretonnia settlers known as Compagnie Caradoc to the West cause. He made himself curious and mindful about every member, providing help and advise to anyone asking. More than one Caradocian has been helped this way.

Unconfirmed rumours said the Western Voice grandly and personally contributed to the establishment of a horse breeding farm, led by corporal Ulrich from Nova Bretonnia. Both of them were said to be in good terms and fully devoted to the Western Seal.

But there were some trouble waiting to happen...

According to an anonymous source in the Ri Nova Business Office, Corporal Ulrich is expected to be tried. The latter would indeed, during the summer campaign of 1218, knocked out one of the company's soldiers who refused to comply with the anti-element detection tests. Facts occurring after the company had lost one of its own following an infiltration of his camp by healers returned by the anti-elements.

The soldier claiming to be the victim of an abuse of power by Corporal Ulrich would have complained to the Ri and the Voix de l'Ouest, the latter now doubting Ulrich. But the most disturbing would be the reaction of the Western Voice, which did not ask Ulrich for an explanation, simply ignoring it.

Would the first diplomat from the West have a double language? At the moment of hearing a so-called friend turn himself into silence? From there to say that the first diplomat of the West would be stronger in promises than in acts...

According to indirect testimony

Preparations in Nova bretonnia

While information about gangs of bandits are becoming more and more precise, the Ri of Nova bretonnia, Isenden, is taking action. Taking his vassal role very seriously, our Ri raises groups of fighters under the orders of some of his Knights. Their mission seems to be to patrol the land to ensure peace while controlling anyone who travels the main road to the north. Knight Alsrik is one of the first mobilized and takes the lead of a group of Caradoc Company.

The guard at the gates of our capital as well as the customs post of the north has also been considerably reinforced by order of the Ri. The new Governor is making an inventory of the resources available and needed to prepare Nova Bretonnia for the future.

No doubt we will be ready for the summer campaign ...

But who is the knight Alsrik?

Adored by Ri Isenden himself, Alsrik is part of this new generation of Knights raised by merit rather than birth. And the challenge was big because our man is already big! Driven by a deep sense of dedication, Alsrik is one of the stretcher bearers of the Caradoc Company. More than one of his members was saved, and others because Alsrik is a man of honor, to the forefront! Equally talented fighter, Alsrik is provided with talented goods. That of finding the best bottles not being the least ...

Ulrich, Company Caradoc

 REGIONAL SECTION WEST

About the nonsense of the servant command

Every settler in Mythodea knows an Elemental tribes. Be it the Edalphi, the Naldar or the Narech Tuloch. There are many more. But who knows anything about the servant command?

It makes sure that most of these races can be controlled like good slaves. You tell them something, and they **MUST** do it, even if it goes against their attitude, their beliefs, or even their lives. Of course, not everyone can. Old rulers, Archon, Nyame and beloved children belong to the group that can use the services of the Elemental Tribes without much problems. But there are also old rulers among the Forsaken.

Now I ask the reader: Is that right? Is that something that we simply want to let happen? Advocates of the Servant's Command say in beautiful and memorized regularity that elemental peoples were finally created to serve. Therefore, the servant command is meaningful, useful, and right. But do we still live in the same times as before primeval times? Is "we have always done it this way" really appropriate? The elemental peoples have given us their land to settle. They help us in the fight against the forsaken and are always there to help and advise us. And as a thank you we allow them to be used like puppets? We do the same to them as the outlaw does to them?

I say this must not be so! I share the view that one should not experiment on a people's ancestral mark to remove the servant order. But what is stopping our leadership from enacting a law that forbids any use of the servant order?

**For the elemental peoples,
for the children of freedom!**

A free settler

Antador's horse breeding blossoms

The fact that the fief Antador breeds excellent horses is no longer a secret. However, the responsible persons have improved the structure of the breeding again in order to achieve even better results. There are now several stud farms, each dealing with different horse breeds. These studs exchange animals with each other in order to keep diseases and other breeding problems as low as possible.

"At the beginning we deliberately kept the breeding small, so that it can grow naturally and healthy", said a high employee of a stud. "We were surprised at the beginning of horse breeding by the high demand for strong working animals, but also for light, fast horses. Orders from the Army Guard, Academia larthar and Companie Caradoc quickly brought us to our limits. That won't happen again."

Antador's visitors will soon notice that the breeding of horses is really the focus here. The studs are outside the capital Eden Faras because of the need for wide fields for the paddocks, but also in the city the breeding is always present. There are more tanners, blacksmiths and other professions directly related to horse breeding than usual.

Rumours have it that efforts are being made to found a kind of guild of horse breeders across Mythodea. Our interlocutor was slightly reserved.

"We do not want to give up lightly what makes our horses so special. However, the health of the animals and the trade would benefit greatly from such cooperation."

It should also be mentioned that Antador does not only breed and trade horses. If desired, the horses can also be trained accordingly. Be it as a heavy animal for agriculture and the army, or as a fast animal for messengers or the like. If you want to take advantage of Antador's services, you have to bring some time with you and decide early!

Elisheba Klopfenstein

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

General developments in Nuadh fir Baern

In addition to the extension of the connecting road, the building does not lose sight of the other construction sites in the country.

The town palisade of Feotharn gar do Muir has been completely renovated and can now effectively protect its inhabitants from an attack. But rumours have surfaced that a second palisade is being planned, a palisade that will not consist of wood alone compared to the first. The editors could not find out exactly what this plan would look like, but the extension of the connecting road and the experiences from this construction should be awaited, Connor MacAnwyn said on request.

The mountain village Tha Sin A Bris An Clach will also receive an extended palisade in order to better protect the inhabitants of the village and the surrounding farms. Also here it is not known when exactly this expansion will take place.

At the edge of the small marsh area in the southern part of the country several peat cutters were settled in order to be able to mine and process this raw material successfully.

Travellers on the coastal road reported of flocks of sheep on the plains of the country, which had not been guarded alone by two or more shepherds, but partly only

by large and strong dogs, which pursued their work independently. Nothing stands in the way of a productive shearing and the processing in the weaving mill in Feotharn even do Muir.

The hunting lodge of the order of the guardians of the lines of power of Mythodea could be finished quickly, because Connor MacAnywn had one of the empty houses repaired. Now, besides bedrooms for members of the order, there is also a library under construction where information about the old order and about the lines of force are to be collected. Connor had spent part of his private fortune to make this expansion possible so quickly.

Away from the two towns, the old-established citizens of Nuadh fir Baerns had reported on wolves of very great stature and were surprised at first that the guards of the house had taken these messages calmly and calmly. Even more, they were assured by both the guards and the Ban-ríon Lunamere MacAnwyn that they would not have to worry about these wolves because they were part of the house and would protect them.

At the same time, a ban was imposed on hunting any kind of wolf.

Burian Hainsaite

 REGIONAL SECTION WEST

Wolf Decree of the Banríon Lunamere MacAnwyn

With immediate effect, every citizen of Nuadh tír Baern is forbidden to hunt any kind of wolf within the borders of the country.

This decree remains fully valid for the duration of the government of the House of MacAnwyn over the land of Nuadh tír Baern. The perpetrators will be held responsible in the House Court for any violations.

Should individual wolves or entire herds threaten the safety of the citizens, this threat should be reported to the guards of the house so that a non-lethal solution to the threat can be considered.

Issued by Banríon Lunamere MacAnwyn.

Testified by Captain Connor MacAnwyn
and Ryan Blackface ó MacAnwyn

Post Scriptum: Appeal to the ruling authorities of the West
Please refrain from hunting or having hunted any kind of wolf within the boundaries of Nuadh tír Baern. If any wolves or herds of wolves migrate from Nuadh tír Baern to neighboring countries and pose a threat, please contact members of the House of MacAnwyn to find a non-lethal solution to the threat.

Nuadh tír Baern celebrates Latha na Cailliche

After a few days of preparation, the citizens of Nuadh tír Baern celebrated the great equinox of spring and night festival with many befriended guests, and this year it was to be even bigger than usual, as the nightly Equinox Ghealach lán was also celebrated.

These two festivals coincide when the equinox day ends with a full moon, a festival celebrated mainly in Gildaeron, the old home town of the MacAnwyn family. At the large meeting place in Feotharn gar do Muir, a large round table was erected around the raised high cross, bread and cakes were baked, various roasts and fish dishes were cooked and the first whisky was distilled.

After the exuberant celebrations, with lots of music, dance and alcohol throughout the day, a great fire marked the transition to the nightly celebration, which was no less humid and cheerful. According to an old legend, even more children were conceived in this night celebration than in Beltaine.

In order to be able to prepare these celebrations to the satisfaction of all, the construction work on the connecting road between the coastal city and the mountain city was paused and also during the days of the celebration, so that really every citizen could take part in it.

During the celebrations, the Banríon Lunamere MacAnwyn laid the foundation stone for a new building, a sanctuary dedicated to the worship of all the sacred elements of Mythodea. A house with five large sections where every citizen of Nuadh tír Baerns can worship the element he or she has found.

Narzissa Rosenhain

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

Nuadh tìr Baern - Work on the connecting road

According to information from MacAnwyn, work on the road connecting Feotharn gar do Muir and Tha Sin A Bris An Clach is proceeding satisfactorily.

This road should not only simplify the journey of the citizens between the coastal and mountain city, but also accelerate the transport of goods between the quarry of Tha Sin A Bris An Clach and the big coastal road. The arcaadic architects of the house praised the quality of the stone as very well suitable for road construc-

tion, which is the main reason why the construction is going so fast and smoothly.

The rainy days of the past few weeks showed the citizens of Nuadh tìr Baerns the advantages of the roads, because the rainwater could run off faster and the roads were passable without problems even in heavy rain. The laborious excavation of stuck wagon wheels on muddy roads will be a thing of the past in the future.

When asked by the editorial staff of Banrìon Lunamere MacAnwyn,

she confirmed rumours that her husband was planning to extend the section of the major coastal road within the country along the lines of the connecting road in order to enable dealers and craftsmen to enjoy a more pleasant journey on the said road, but no extension beyond the borders of Nuadh tìr Baerns was planned. Whether this plan will really be implemented has not yet been decided.

Helmbrecht Bergmann



La Rose Rouge

Rumors talk about a new teahouse in Holzbrück, "La Rose Rouge", owned by the Banner of Silence, a knowledge-seekers group.

It is said that during an attack from the Anti-Elements, the Nyame of the West insisted that La Rose Rouge's cakes had to be protected! We know that the Banner of Silence can also provide well-trained bodyguards, maps of different areas and even cards representing the Elements and socialites. They will be present with their delicacies in April (for the archeological digs) and June (for the Convent of the Elements) at the Feste der Vielfalt camp and during the summer campaign in the Unity Frei camp. Emblem: a red rose.



REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Kelemthaler Murderer caught!

The ordeal for all inhabitants of Quingard finally came to an end in the course of one of the past nights. The captain of the guard, Bran Sandström, had been kidnapped in a trap he had set for the still free-running "Murderer of Kelemthal".

Woodcutters had found his axe towards the end of the night and the rest of the city guard, now commanded by Xandros von und zu Wehrheim and Colonel a. D. Antonius zu Zackenber, had switched on. Due to quick reactions, traces could be traced in the forest, but these led into a trap set by the kidnapers. In a fierce battle that resulted in numerous wounds, some severe, in their own troops, the enemy was defeated and Bran freed. According to current information, the leader of this brazen gang of murderers is a vengeful magician.

Shortly after the settlement of the fief by Zackenber, Antonius zu Zackenber had routed a camp of deserters who had weighed themselves in safety in the border countries.

In the meantime even the editorial staff of the local news paper had moved to the centre of the investigations, after the editor-in-chief had been discovered with a corpse dur-

ing the procurement of information on this topic.

But now we can all breathe a sigh of relief and leave this difficult topic behind us. Last but not least, we would like to once again express our condolences to all the relatives of the victims.

by Lechdan Daske

Border management takes shape

After the Margrave of Zweiwasser and Stordan von Zackenber had agreed a few months ago on a common chain of border towers, construction began relatively quickly. The warm temperatures of the past weeks were used to get the first moulds into the towers. Schönweiler's previously differently planned stones are now being used to build the very towers that will protect the borders of the Reich in the future. It should be mentioned that a signal fire is supposed to burn on the towers, which indicates different codes by the addition of alchemical substances in different colours.

To this day, shepherds of sheep or cattle are still being sought who want to live with their families at one of these towers in order to occupy them permanently. Anyone who is interested can always be found in the of-

fice of Mr. von Zackenber at Quingard's market square.

Let us all hope that these towers will never be used.

by Lechdan Daske

Fashion in the realm of roses

Spring is coming and with it the cheerful colours of nature. But do the colourful cloths also come with it? Will you see the tanners kneeling in the rivers in the cities? Will the waters downriver change colour? Will the ladies hurry to the markets with excitement to see what the paths from near and far will allow to happen again? Are traders invited to the palaces to give demonstrations to the sovereigns in their chambers? Will you again see scarves flowing in the streets in all colours?

The fashion world is almost fearfully waiting to see if it will finally be possible to lay down the colours of mourning.

To the judges and guardians of virtue! To their glory and to the regent himself! Yes, to the Quihen'Assil! We distort ourselves after burning red, shining yellow and juiciest green. Oh please, chaperones: Let us mourn in colours! Otherwise we will soon throw ourselves into the dark gravel!

Signed *The voice of fashion*

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Fortress Dustertrutz supplied for the time being, but not rescued

After the authorities learned that our important defence in the north, the fortress Dustertrutz, was no longer properly supplied, a troop of almost 80 men and a lot of horse under defense was immediately sent away from the former fief Kele-mthal.

After a few days the bitterly needed food arrived under the leadership of Xandros from and to Wehrheim at the fortress, which had a strength of about 100 men. The survival of the men and thus of our important line of defence was guaranteed at such short notice, but the mystery was not solved, why 80 men under Kilian von Haffelbach's command will leave for the north to uncover the mystery. The population in the north is insecure and frightened. Has the black ice already broken through our lines? Or are there such villains who want to enrich themselves with the war and suffering of their fellow citizens?

Fridolin Federkiel

kluge Geschäftsleute
vertrauen nur in die beste
Qualität und daher in...



andelshaus
affelbach

offiziell anerkannter Hoflieferant
im Reich der Rosen

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

An experience report from the field

I remember exactly what it felt like, hard on the border, the enemy on our heels.

But even worse than the constant stirring of the war drums in the distance and the threatening rustling in the undergrowth was the hunger. The gnawing, consuming, boring hunger. We had been on the road for days, drinking from small streams, we hadn't had anything to eat for a long time. Shortly before he was caught, the sergeant said: "No, no, this is not a retreat, but flanking backwards!

But of course, it was an escape, hunger had robbed us of our last fighting spirit.

But then we saw the light: A small resting place, as they appeared every now and then on the streets. So, we ran off, with all the strength we had left. YOU took up the pursuit, broke behind us through the thicket. We could hear YOU unlock. But then we reached the road and the canopy of the station and the enemy stayed behind in the shade to reassess the situation. They let us in and we were already hoping that there might even be a patrol of rested men and women there to help us turn the tables.

But it was just a travelling trader and his two sons, a car and two old



Raül Mazhahk ân Oshead, Manca'Quar of the Kingdom of Roses, Governor of Gutenbucht and founder of the trading house Mazhahk

oxen, who could hardly be disturbed by our hectic arrival. Our hope was gone. Desperation was already approaching, but the dealer opened a chest on his car and handed each of us a Mazhahk Fourage - battlefield ration and a bottle of Mazhahk Fourage - the good sip. We thanked the good man and how we ate and drank hastily we felt the spirits awakening in us again. Obviously, YOU meant that we had to come out of the

hut sometime and we did. But not, as YOU meant, starved and desperate, HA! We broke out of the hut like Ignis' wrath in person and gave them a rub-down they wouldn't have forgotten if you were still alive. All I'm saying is, no chomp, no fight - thank you Mazhahk Fourage!

Marius Stahlhelm
 Soldier in the field

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

A riot in the pilgrims' quarter What happened in the Golden Chariot?

Another incident on the Golden Chariot shakes the capital. After the devastation of the pilgrims' quarter last summer, the citizens of Shan Meng-Feyn are now unsettled by a power discharge on the Golden Chariot.

A few days ago, pilgrims and believers alike were driven out of the prayer hall of the Golden Chariot temple without warning. One young chronicler gave the reason for this as being that the High Chroniclers Larell and Gaheris had closed the area around the temple for security reasons. However, there was no danger for the city and its citizens.

At noon, however, a group of travellers reached the city, which cast great doubt on the chronicler's statement: The group that entered the city through the Aeris portal, apparently directly from the Eastern Empire, consisted of a large number of high-ranking or respected persons, including the Neches'Re of Roses Miro Klippenwald, the Thul'Heen of the South Alexij Davror, the Ar'Shar of the roses Suria Cortez, the Ar'Dhar of the

north Menoto Ranmuil, the former Nyamen Tiara Lea of the house Storn and Felicia of Phoenixhall, the Mitray'Kor of Change Cupa, Davion, the advisor of your glory and others.

"Anyone who has ever seen such a crowd of important people knows that it is the healthiest thing to run in the opposite direction," said Huldja Aljeff (35), a pilgrim who observed the events.

The pilgrims' quarter itself remained closed and there was no further information from the fortress, except that the guests probably spent the night before the Golden Chariot: "First we were told to prepare rooms for the High Lords, and then they suddenly wanted a delivery of tea and blankets! All the work in vain," says Margarete Weißmann (50), housekeeper in the fortress.

Early the next morning, just as rumours of the arrival of the Vaha'Tar of Creation, Noravelle Pfeffertopf, were spreading, there was a loud bang that could be heard all over the city and obviously had its origin in the Golden Chariot. Whatever had happened there, the temple guards con-

tinued not to let anyone anywhere near the temple and did not answer any questions. And so, to our shame, this report ends here because of the resistance of the temple guards. Many questions remain unanswered: What happened within the walls of the temple? Where are the High Chroniclers? Why do we not know what really happened this morning?

We of the Mitrasperan herald do not fire and continue to seek answers for you, dear readers. Meanwhile, the Golden Chariot has been reopened to pilgrims, but who knows what is really hidden in its depths?

Angrond Stanzenfüller,
from the capital

Travel group sets off

As announced in issue 46 of the Mitrasperan herald, a travel group was formed for an exploratory trip to the Windwacht. Half a dozen interested people have joined our writer and his escort. A few days ago the small community left the capital to the south. We are looking forward to first reports.

The Editors

 REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Roses also bloom in the East

After many differences in the past, the phoenix kingdom and the rose kingdom have again taken a step towards each other. The last month of this Mitrasperan year was ushered in by the Imperial Diet of the Eastern Empire, which was also attended by a large delegation of the Empire.

It was led by Miro Klippenwald, the Neches'Re of Roses, Manca'Quar Raül Mazhahk ân Oshead and Ar'Dhar Suria Cortez.

Although the Reichstag is a rather internal event of the Phoenix Empire, the delegation reports great progress in the cooperation between the two empires, both in terms of concrete plans in trade and politics, and in philosophical terms. After the dissolution of the Tivar Khar'Assil, the Iron Faith seems to remain dominant in the Phoenix Empire, but in a much more moderate, self-responsible form. But gangs were also formed on a personal level. In particular, Suria Cortez, the Ar'Dhar of roses and the Mitray'Kor of boldness Leomir Greifenkind are said not only to have been together on the soiree of day and night, but also to

have been seen together again and again in retrospect, which already gave rise to numerous speculations, but which are not to be given any further food here.

Overall, the Reichstag of the East was a very successful event, also from the point of view of the Reich of Roses. Although internal sources report a short-term diplomatic disgruntlement, this seems to have been resolved quickly. Instead, thanks to the knight Sir Lion, there was also a rarely used opportunity for cultural exchange: While on the lower floor the well-known and beloved Wise

Men Samara Silberkehl were performed within the framework of an exuberant celebration, on the upper floor Sir Lion struck the softer and more melancholic tones for which the Rose Kingdom is known. The fact that there was an appreciable audience here as well and that this soon developed into a singing circle with songs from many different cultures speaks in great praise of the singing knight from the realm of roses.

Rustamo Karami,
court rapporteur



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LOOK TO THE FUTURE AND WORK WITH THE EAST
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Subsidiary of the East Blackwood and Realms Embassy
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REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Bridge over the Blue River

In the fief of Eisenheim in the margraviate of Zweiwasser, construction work has begun on a bridge to span the Blue River.

In several stages, mighty pillars will be inserted to divide the structure into sections. The Jarnsfolket of Eisenheim are known as intrepid builders and craftsmen, but the task ahead of them is truly colossal. Not only must the mighty river be bridged, but ships should continue to be able to use the waterway without restrictions. Therefore a section is planned in the middle, which can be lifted like a drawbridge. Whether the undertaking will succeed and when it will be finished, nobody can say at present yet. If the bridge were to become a reality, this would be a milestone for the connection of the fiefdoms in the realm of roses.

Jakub Przywalszynek,
chronicler

War in Khal'Hatra

In the south of the Rose Kingdom, a war rages that could hardly be more relentless and merciless. In the Ash War of Khal'Hatra, Razash'Dai fight against Razash'Dai, the blinded loyalists against the rebels of Validar.

Although the fighting takes place not far from the empire's southern border, the regent does not seem to show much interest in it. An indifference not shared by all nobles. Thus some fiefs, inspired by the example of the Margrave of Zweiwasser, Balor the Red, raised troops which they sent to Khal'Hatra to support the rebels. Care was taken to ensure that the

soldiers did not carry the rose of the empire or the emblems of the fiefdoms into the field in order to avoid entanglements.

And so the sent companies now bear such sonorous names as the forest lions, the Märkish Freischärler, the Red Snakes or the Green Freischar. They bleed and fight to ensure that the South of the Rose Kingdom can continue to thrive in peace and without worry before its neighbour Khal'Hatra. But the price is high, for many of the brave will not return ...

Ignazio,
Travelling monk of the monastery
Ignishort

"Some say it's a game. But I leave the games to the Aeris children. I'm looking forward to a good fight."

(Answer given by Margrave Balor von Zweiwasser to the question of how he thinks about the struggle to succeed Karl Weber as Archon of Thorns).

 REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

Think of the men at the front!

When you come home after a working day, when you hug your children, when you go to bed in peace, do not forget them. The people fighting at the front, not far from your home. The people who throw their lives in the ashen war into the balance to give you this peace and give your children a future.

Think of them and honour their memory. Every blow they strike is a blow they keep away from you.

So lift the cups and drink to our men at the front, the fighters of your freedom!

Ulrich Stefanson

What happens in Porto Franco?

Currently, the plaice Porto Franco, located in the north of the federation, is sealed off. The reasons for this are probably only known to the plaice management. Neither information nor rumours penetrate through the boundaries of the plaice. Is it a disease? Is it an unknown enemy or even a revolt of the own people? The last signs of life came in winter, when the floe leadership demanded from the Märkischer Rat that Prince Leonardo Visconti's noble status be recognised as generally valid in the Mark, which was unanimously rejected as there is no official nobility in the Confederation any more.

Jonas Prunte

Opening of seaside resort in New Cornia at risk?

For a long time the inhabitants of the plaice Neu-Corenia worked at a seaside resort on the coast of New-Corenia.

The owners of the plaice have not without pride told how they recognised the potential of some natural rock pools along the picturesque coast and, with the active support of the growing population of the plaice, developed them into a seaside resort.

Where the cliffs, some of which are steep, change into a gentle, sandy access to the sea, the tides have washed out some basins from the rock, which are regularly flooded with sea water at high tide.

The level of the basins can now be controlled according to requirements by structural measures and additions to the natural basins.

This offers bathing and swimming pleasure in salty sea water and yet protected from the forces of the rough sea.

These building measures were supplemented by accommoda-

tions, which do justice to both wealthy guests and guests with lower incomes in appropriate inns. So that the guests can relax in the mild climate and the health-promoting sea air from the strains of everyday life.

The bodily well-being is provided both by spit and potion, and by body kneading.

Due to the not yet clarified occurrences before the coast (the Mitrasperanische Herold reported on it) all involved ones hope now that it concerned here individual cases, and the sea bath can be opened at the beginning of the warm season as planned.

Although the bathing pools and the bay are sheltered, the owners of the buckeye assure that they do not want to expose their guests to any risk.

"Life on Mythodea is already dangerous enough with the known enemies," they added with a sigh.

Sylla Hartmoos

REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

New lord of the castle in the Märkischer Bund

Once it stood as a sign for the impregnable north of the Freyenmark. As one of the northernmost points of the country, Zackenberg Castle served as a border post and bulwark against the enemies of the Mark.

In spite of the massive walls, the knights and soldiers, a black heart overpowered the land and the people so much that in the end the castle and the plaice had to be left to the ostracized warriors.

This battle was more than a year ago and nature has begun to win back the land of the plaice. Also the towers of the castle don't shine as brightly in the sun as they did in Zackenberg's times.

But the decay has now come to an end. Confirmed by the Council of the Mark and sealed by the Council, the plaice is now transferred to the owner of the plaice, Beringen. Under the care of Baron Liam of Freyberg, the land and castle are to shine again in their old glory as part of his floe.

Tjorre Birksson

Looking for manpower!

The Mitrasperanian Hanseatic League is looking for workers from the Märkischer Bund for larger construction projects. Whether simple worker or skilled worker, for everyone a position is available. The employment is concluded for half a year and can be extended afterwards on mu-

tual agreement. The area of employment can be outside the federal government, board and lodging are part of the payment.

The Mitrasperanian Hanseatic League also continues to hire seafarers for its constantly growing fleet and thus offers secure employment!

Ulrich Stefanson

Another failed ritual?

In the hills west of Tausendwasserhafen a merchant found a conspicuous circular spot of 10 paces diameter on a meadow near an oak grove. He immediately reported this at the next guard post of the Freyenwacht in the hamlet of Driebom, which immediately carried out investigations with the involvement of the Ministry of Knowledge.

In the process, both common ritual components and several bloodstained garments and triangular scarves were found, which are often used as mouthguards. In addition, some other objects and documents were probably found, but the leading constable Edwin Tabermull did not want to make any statements about them until long ago.

From well-informed circles the suspicion leaked out that there was also a connection to the ritual that recently failed in the academy at Tausendwasserhafen.

Our editorial staff will stay on the subject and try to persuade Edwin Tabermull to do an exclusive interview.

Thelia Singbach

A gift from the gentlemen depth or A cause for concern?

After the absence of the usual shoals of fish off our coasts, local fishermen have become increasingly concerned about their livelihood.

Another recent phenomenon has helped to reduce losses, at least in part.

A huge number of fish were driven live to the coast, where the fishermen practically only had to collect them. Among them are an astonishing number of fish species that can normally only be found on the high seas. It is precisely these that are highly traded, as they are considered to be special treats.

After first investigations diseases could be excluded with the fish. Also magic energies could not be felt.

While the fishermen are still happy about this yield, thank Aqua for the gift, and are busy with the preservation of the precious good, worried voices become louder.

Another event in a series of events that are still mysterious and mysterious!

Sylla Hartmoos

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

The guesthouse is standing - A look into the interior of "In Ines"

Consequently, one would like to claim correctly that the construction of the inn has taken a long time. According to the city administration, this was due to the scarcity of raw materials. It would also have been astonishing if a small town with a huge number of craftsmen and builders would not have been able to erect such a simple building.

From the outside the inn doesn't look very special, a single floor without ornaments. The only creative ray of hope is the sign with the name, artistically made of wood and with golden letters. The adjoining buildings suggest a very large interior space at a distance, but are obviously not part of the economic areas after crossing the wooden entrance door. If one can believe the words of the barmaid, this is the in-house brewery and storerooms from which the drinks on the map originate. This is very clearly arranged and is displayed on a large wooden board behind the supposed counter. On closer inspection one falls to the fact that "in Ines" is limited to the bar.

We sit down at one of the wooden tables, which also fit to the overall picture of the inn. Even if the interior decoration is obviously trying hard to spread the feeling of home and



warmth, one clearly notices that this is an economy that only offers the traveler and local people the warmth of alcohol. The choice of drinks is sufficient, but you still miss to find something special. So, we are content with a small beer and one of the algae liquors. The beer is slightly bottom-fermented and offers a refreshing note, unfortunately the aftertaste leaves a lot to be desired and the taste disappeared as quickly as it arrived. The schnapps, on the other hand, is only for tough guys, it burns, literally. After a very suspicious look of the barmaid we extinguish the small blue flame on the surface of our cup. Instinctively the tip of the tongue rolls back and a firm woody resinous taste spreads in my mouth and brings tears to my eyes. Should this economy not be able to make a profit despite the monopoly, this swill can certainly be used to clean the bow of a ship. If you take a closer look at the menu, you will also

find the liqueurs, which come with interesting names and are priced the same as the schnapps. The ordered drink is very acidic, but can be by a fine mint note points, the clear winner and a personal recommendation for this tavern.

After all this time we hoped to find in this building the highlight of an otherwise quiet and discontented city. With some rays of hope, one could come up. However, there seem to be some strange experiments on the map that we don't want to recommend to anyone outside the scope of a test of courage or a bet. Due to the lack of choice for the citizens and travellers, everyone who lives here or is passing through will have to accept the offer of "in Ines". But there are also much worse taverns on this continent than the simple wooden house on the promenade in Porto Leonis.

Jens Engelsheim

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

Troops still bound in Kal'Hatra

After the battles for the city of Kal'Yatra had ended and the tired troops from Porto Leonis wanted to return home, the First Ulrich made it clear that the task in Kal'Hatra was not yet finished. The soldiers of the Legio Lona, the healers of the Al'Medici, the scholars of the Faugest and the builders of the craftsmen were not yet allowed to reach the native regions. Little was said about what lay before them. But

one thing was clear. They would spend some time here in Kal'Hatra and stand up for the freedom of this kingdom under the Validar. The first Ulrich von Hochkamer was for a statement for reasons of secrecy not to speak. We will continue to accompany our troops and send reports back home.

Evan te'Sory

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

First citizens and officials sworn in

At the celebrations for the first anniversary of the foundation of the Free State of Ad Astra, on the 3rd Archbishop's Day Fralt 16 n.d.E., it was possible for the first time to be elevated to the status of a citizen. The residents, who fulfilled the requirements, were admitted to the swearing-in ceremony as the highlight of the evening. The ceremony was public and was accompanied by some state guests from the most different seals and free cities.

In the presence of the winter king Rí Séamus O'Connor and the summer queen Banríon Lady Yollinar ní Fhiona, the people swore the oath of citizenship on the Ad Astras banner. Afterwards the offices of the Ceanns of Home and Home Affairs, of the Ceanns of Coins and of the Advisor of the Winter King and Diplomat Ad Astras were occupied, whereby the officials swore an additional oath of office. The ceremony was rounded off by the wonderful singing of Samara Silberkehl, who had composed a song especially for this occasion.

Citizens have, among other things, the right to property and business in Ad Astra as well as the right to vote. Residents who would like to become citizens can register at the State Chancellery in Asina or at one of the field offices for the next swearing-in ceremony at any time.

**Official announcement of the State Chancellery Ad
Astra**

Ignis will shine again

For more than a year now we have been settling in Asina and at the beginning we promised not to let the heritage of Lona fall into oblivion. It is now time to take another step to fulfill this promise: The temple of Asina should shine in its old glory.

For this purpose, the restoration of the damaged building finally begins. All the writings we could get hold of were studied, the Akata were questioned so as not to make any mistakes, and finally we feel ready to restore the former jewel of Heolysos to its former glory.

Also the Regent of the East promised to contribute a part for it and will give us for the consecration of the temple an offshoot of the flame of Calor, an old flame that was once lit in Heolysos. To give the temple even more glory, I urge all interested Ignis believers to contact me to begin planning the consecration.

Iuba Bajoran,
consecrated temple guard of Ignis

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

Construction work on the new Magica temple be making good progress

A new temple in honour of Magica is currently being built in the old town of Asina. A single-storey building, which is currently used as a retreat by the Edalphi in the city, but is also open to the public, serves as the basic structure for the new, three-storey temple with columned buildings.

After completion, it will be incorporated into the neighbouring new Magician Academy and will continue to be used there in the sense of Magica.

"This use and the new temple, adapted in style to the Lona building method, should show how consciously we deal with the heritage that has begun here," explained the provisional site manager Tjark at the request of the editorial staff.

The new temple is to serve as a symbol of the unity of the elements, which is why all four other elements will be placed there alongside Magica.

"We want the temple to establish itself as a place for discovering commonalities and for peaceful coexistence as a fixed point of reference in the bay. Here all elemental faithful are welcome for a peaceful exchange. You don't always have to have the same points of view, but



seeing and talking to each other helps to understand and creates knowledge", Tjark continues. A core idea that Magica conveys and that Ad Astra has pursued since the foundation of his community on the first summer campaign into the mirror world. Therefore such a temple here in Asina is only the logical continuation of this thought of knowledge and strength through unity.

The final completion of the temple will probably take another year. However, during the summer campaign a delegation of the temple in the camp Ad Astra will erect and consecrate a small, mobile temple. Those who would like to be involved should be cordially invited on the first evening and/or pray and worship together later.

Signed **Gaius Haras**

Local information service provider

Recipe for Asinian Sandgrouse with lavender note

Take a medium-size, dead sandgrouse from Azerbaijan, plucked and gutted, and remove its head and feet. Then squeeze two fresh lemons or oranges according to taste. Mix the juice in a bowl with half a bunch each of fresh thyme and rosemary. For the special note, add either sage or lavender blossoms as desired, bearing in mind that sandgrouses already have a subtle lavender note during their lifetime due to their high lavender consumption. Finally, add about three sips of freshly squeezed olive oil and mix well.

Next, rub the sandgrouse with sea salt, spread it generously with the herb marinade and let it soak in for an hour. Add three sliced lemons or oranges to the remaining herb marinade. If it tastes good, you can also add a handful of chopped olives. Put this together with a large pinch of sea salt in the belly of the sandgrouse.

Then skewer the chicken and fry it over the fire until it is brown.

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

Artefact from the debris field secured

At an exhibition at the Cothrom an lae an artefact was exhibited, the use of which was unknown until then. Some courageous magicians dared to analyze the stone under the watchful eyes of the rulers present and to investigate the extent of its damage. After hours of analysis and enormous effort to ignore a summer settler who

had awakened too early from his hibernation, who consistently tried to fill souls into the artifact as a source of energy even after the artifact refused to do so, he finally managed to find a way to supply the artifact with energy despite all the adversities.

On the second day, with the help of our friends from the north, the pro-

jector, in whose interior an old Ouai soul was stored, was able to stabilize so far that it no longer empties itself and it is possible to gain valuable knowledge. Further repairs will be carried out by Master Olron. Due to the fine structures of the object, however, these will take a lot of time.

Iuba Bajoran

BUCHT VON HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

Defender of the Proud Bloodguard gather

After months of rather improvised guarding, the defensive power of the city is put on a new footing. Until now, it was customary for those who felt like it to go on a campaign or on the Wall - in view of the notorious fighting spirit of the Pact a perfectly acceptable solution. As the population continued to grow, however, as well as the upcoming campaigns, this principle had to be reconsidered.

The Permanent Provisional Council has therefore decided to expand an already existing fighting organization in the city. In the future, the troops liv-

ing in the old barracks will take in all volunteers who want to serve Blutgard as a shield. These brave souls take the risk of the complete absence of attacks, in order to guarantee their pact siblings on the campaigns a safe city. In keeping with the nature of the pact, the city defense was divided into two units: One is the Red Guard, which will be disciplined, and the other is the Iron Storm, which will be led with passion.

According to reports, several Pact groups have already promised generous contingents for the defence of the city.

By Rikka the Red, BBB



COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

A great purge

Shaken by the anarchic conditions in many parts of the city, one man dares to take the step: Finan Thorleifson, old High King of Bracar Keltói, has announced that he wants to bring peace and order to the lawless districts of Blutgard. He is acting on behalf of the Marshal of the Blood Pact and with the support of the Mayor's Office and the Permanent Provisional Council.

The plan is as follows: A powerful evacuation force is raised and marches into the quarters in question. The unfortunates living there are resettled outside the city walls, where they will earn their bread with their own hands in the future, on fields still to be ploughed. They will live in houses still to be built, while their old dwellings will be completely destroyed for their own good.

This measure is intended to achieve two things: On the one hand,

fresh labour will be supplied to the chronically poor Blutgard cultivation areas. On the other hand, the cause of the rampant corruption and violence in the city will be stopped.

Although this "Blutgard Renewal Back" enjoys great support especially among the larger groups of the city, there are also critical voices. It is noted that the unruly elements of the urban population will not voluntarily accept this solution and may resist misguided. Furthermore, it is pointed out that the poor and useless people living in the city would only give away poor field workers because they lack the natural abilities and willpower to do so.

Notwithstanding these objections, the council and mayor continue to have full confidence in Finan Thorleifson's plan. The council announced that "absolutely nothing could go wrong" with this plan.

by **Skarra Wolfsherz, BBB**

Armada counted for the first time

The Blood Pact fleet has already achieved great things: Shipping an entire people from the southern lands to their new homeland in just a few weeks is no small task. But until now it was hardly known how many sails Blutgard had at his disposal. This is now over. The committee for murder and statistics questioned all groups of the pact, and counted, how many ships these possess, believe to possess, or would like to possess.

The result is impressive. More than twelve dozen ships allegedly sail under the flag of the tooth. Although mainly cargo ships, there are said to be three dozen real warships among them. This "Blood Pact Armada" has never been seen in its overall strength, but the Additors assure that they firmly believe in its existence.

Querulanten, which take the occasionally occurring tendency of the pact to exaggerate to the cause to draw the numbers into doubt, may also further be punished with disregard.

by **Mahoud ibn Mahoud, BBB**

(Editor's note: The BBB data could not yet be verified by independent sources. The article has therefore been adapted accordingly.)

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

Iron sting in the undead flesh

Blood Pact Hunting Expedition once again crowned with success - Enemy defeated among victims - West Exclave is safe

Once again, the Pact has covered itself with glory on the great spring hunt. The noble tradition to always shed the first enemy blood of the new solar year led this time behind the west exclave Collinstad, on the southern continent. For two days our brave heroes stood at the southern front and showed Fritz Faulfleisch where the eagle gets the rabble drink! The supreme command was blood marshal Ing Chu Carney, who hardly needed to heat up the warriors after the long and boring winter. The forces of the Undead Flesh have

been radically decimated, and the Western settlers are safe for the months to come!

The strange fungal infection, which is circulating in the western area and also does not stop at the walking corpses, was well to be observed on the journey, but only in the area west of the river Finn Fjord. More trouble was caused to the pact by the cowardly meat sewers who, as usual, raved at the wounded. But the expedition was more than adequately equipped with the capable blood pact healers, who even got a pair of gutted eye sockets refilled.

Nevertheless, no fight without sacrifice: Ronja Damotil, chancellor of the knowledge of the Mark Brandenburg covenant, only recently freed

from the captivity of the enemy by her own hand, already lost her life in the first hours of the chase. Although only a guest, her bravery was worthy of a real blood pact. Her corpse was still given to the fire on the spot, so that her ashes might watch over the battlefield until the pact returns.

For we shall return! According to reports, the enemy, in the face of his defeat, has sworn bitter revenge and announced that it will soon rush the agitators themselves. We say: Pah! Perhaps next year the Blood Pact Front Storm will have something like a challenge.

by **Jingo Federweiß**,
War Reporter of the BBB

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Celebration of the anniversary of the foundation of Askalon

Only shortly before the editorial deadline did the celebrations for the anniversary of the founding of Askalon come to a merry end. The citizens of Askalon celebrated their first successful year as a newly founded city, and they had every reason to do so.

The city is still under construction, but one can already guess the splendour in which it will shine. Within the framework of the festivities, in addition to the merry meetings, the temple consecration of the now completed Ignis Temple was also carried out. Furthermore, for the second time since its foundation, the election of the Senate was carried out. The traders exhibited their best goods and craftsmen gave insight into their work and incomparable workpieces. Espe-

cially impressive was the model of the emerging city which everyone could admire. It was a successful celebration and the citizens have already started planning the celebration in the coming year. It is supposed to be the highlight of the year again.

Written
by
**Helma
Flink-
finger**



Inauguration in Askalon

On the occasion of the anniversary celebrations the following notice was posted by the editorial staff

We hereby appoint

Ranek from the Wolfsrudel to supreme magician Askalons

Fenya 'Cute' Kareello to the supreme Librarian Askalons

Fenella Mason from Astalonic Banner to supreme Healer Askalons

signed

Senator Raistlin Carway, for the Force Effectors, Knowledge Seekers and Healers

submitted by Gerald Tresterbusch

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Temple Consecration of the New Ignis Temple

This year's celebrations were not limited to the foundation day. Another important event took place in this context: The consecration of the Ignis Temple was finally completed.

Until the consecration of the temple could take place, there were still some difficulties to overcome. So the still unconsecrated temple was contaminated with the essence of black ice. However, this contamination could be cleaned during the day and the consecration of the temple could be held at a late hour.

For this all Askalonians and their guests gathered at the temple.

During the ritual they gave their power to the temple by presenting individual aspects of Ignis that are strong in them.

At the end of the ritual a flame of Ignis was lit and shared among all present. This flame is now permanently kept alive and is supposed to stand for the community of Askalon.

The city would like to take this opportunity to thank all the guests for their support. It was a sublime moment for all involved.

written by Jost Karschieber

Askalon of the spirits of the past?

Disastrous events preceded the consecration of the city's new Ignis Temple. On the eve of the ceremony, guards on their tour, as well as ordinary citizens, became victims of the attacks of seemingly insane fanatics.

According to those present, the first of the single attackers first called accusations that the Askalonians did not belong here and did not follow the true faith. He then went on to attack. He fought with his bare hands, but from his senses in such a way that the warriors of the city suffered bloody wounds during the attack and were unable to catch the attacker alive. This event was repeated at least twice, and another attacker was struck down. The dead had nothing worth mentioning and it is not clear who they were. However, their black burned hands were conspicuous. According to the words of a knowledgeable healer, no one who has suffered such burns should still be able to fight. So here remains the question of the reason for the burns as well as the drive of the attacks: fanatical delusion? - simple madness? - dangerous magic - misguided alchemy? So far there are no answers to these questions.

But the writer of these lines has heard that Sylvana Katharina von Lichtensteyn, Arms Master Ignis of the New Era, has expressed the suspicion that the attackers might be possessed by souls of the Lonar. The very people of Ignis who were destroyed by the primeval doubters. The same people who created the buildings whose ruins we see around Askalon. The same people whose benevolence was assured to us by reference to the Akata - another people of Ignis - so we leave only the ruins of their culture untouched.

It is more than clear that there is something enormously wrong here. Whether there is a lack of prudence, blue-eyed good faith or even malicious intrigue behind it remains to be clarified. In any case, two human lives were lost. In the worst case the two innocent citizens Askalons! If this should be the case, a complete disclosure of the events, which led to this tragedy, and a punishment of the responsible person under compensation of any relatives is probably the least!

One voice
for the worries of Askalon

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

The new Senate of Askalons

During the celebrations of the anniversary of the city of Askalon, the Senate was re-elected for one year and one day. Three of the old senators were confirmed in their offices by the citizens, two new senators were elected. Still in the evening after the consecration of the Ignis Temple they renewed their oath, taken by Judge Bo Angusson and testified by Sylvana Katharina von Lichtensteyn, Arms Master Ignis of the New Era. The Senate affirmed its desire to lead the city into a bright future and thanked him for his trust in the law.

The citizens elected the following members to the Senate

- ❖ for the nobility - **Sir Lia von Gratzungen** Baroness von Gratzungen, Baroness von Askalon, 1st Paladin of the Faithful Heart, Ambassador of the Kingdom of Tortall
- ❖ for the Free Citizen & the Craft - **Svea O'Leary**
- ❖ for Trade - **Thorstein Arnesson von Grindastaadt** Master of the Order of the Knight of the Holy Weor at Eysheym
- ❖ for the Military - **Sir Grajar Hamafell**
- ❖ for healers, power workers & knowledge seekers - **Raistlin Carway**

We are curious whether the Senate can realize its goals and are curious about the two new members and how they will prove themselves. The editorial staff wishes all senators the very best.

written by **Helma Flinkfinger**

Askalonian barons appointed

"Duke Haradron of Reybenbürg, Grand Master of the Order of the Astalonian Banner, Army Commander Askalons" appoints three New Askalonic Barons.

Shortly before the end of the anniversary celebrations, three highly esteemed inhabitants of our town were appointed Askalonian Barons.

- ❖ **Baron Erik von Torbul** Grand Master of the Order of Nehrudin Guardians
- ❖ **Sir Lia von Gratzungen** Baroness von Gratzungen, Baroness von Askalon, 1st Paladin of the Treuherz, Ambassador of the Kingdom of Tortall, Senator Askalons for the nobility
- ❖ **Kodran of Helikstaad** Grand Master and Grand Inquisitor of the Order of St. Weor to Eysheym and Askalon, Baron of Askalon

Through their past deeds, they have rendered outstanding services to Askalon's citizens, especially on the battlefield. The editorial staff is very pleased about the duke's decision to finally reward this.

written by **Helma Flinkfinger**

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Insidious assassination attempt on the Army Commander Askalons

During the appointment of the three new Askalonian Barons there was an insidious attack on the life of our esteemed military leader Duke Haradron of Reybenbürg.

As I myself had to witness up close, the Army Commander Hinterrücks was attacked by a cowardly fanatic of a cult, who attacked him with the words "This is not your country". He owes his life only to the presence of Baron Erik of Torbul, who heroically intercepted with his shoulder the dagger that was actually meant for Duke Haradron. The Lord of Torbul is well, to the relief of all of us, and he has not taken much damage.

The attacker himself could immediately be placed by Ser Tore of Arendal, Knight of the Guardians Nehrudin, and fell under his blade. How he could get near the Duke without being discovered must be the subject of an investigation.

written by
Helma Flinkfinger

Fungal infestation, open your eyes!

Citizens and visitors of Askalon, be warned! A dangerous plant appeared in the city during the anniversary of the foundation. It appears in the form of a blue mushroom, especially in warm and bright places.

According to scholars, it is a work of art combining black ice and oily pestilence, which produces a poison that slows down the process. This poison penetrates clothing, shoe soles and even armour. Any find must be reported to an Askalon representative, who will then take care of the appropriate disposal. Otherwise is to be advised against any contact with the mushroom!

As we found out, the first appearance of the mushroom coincided with the appearance of those lunatics who attacked innocent citizens with burned hands. Whether there is another connection remains to be seen. Meanwhile, representatives of the Senate assure that all areas affected by the fungus have been cleaned and are safe. Nevertheless, our recommendation remains to keep our eyes open!

written by
Wilhelm Heckentreter

Senator and husband overjoyed

The Senate hereby announces that Askalon can rejoice in the birth of its first citizen. A few days ago, Svea O'Leary, Senator for Craftsmen and Free Citizens, gave birth to a healthy boy.

Obviously, the boy, weighing over six pounds, could hardly wait to turn his eyes towards the mythological sun, for the Ring of Healers brought the third child of the Senator and her husband Grant into this world sooner than expected. As we have learned, both mother and offspring are in good health and the proud father is also doing well. May the elements protect the child and his family!

written by
Preyn dem Älteren

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

Münzquell under new leadership

Towards the end of winter our regent Cho'wa el Abar'Raine gathered the citizens of Münzquell to make an important announcement: He will resign with immediate effect and crowned the leader of the Golden Guard, Falk Leomar Sigiswill, the new regent of our city-state. He accepted the re-

sponsibility of this important post with courage and determination and vowed to lead Münzquell with a strong hand. Cho'wa el Abar'Raine will continue to serve our community and, as a pioneer, will pave the way for a golden future for Münzquell. signed Quaiadan Winterkalt



Forsaken beneath Goldwacht? The truth about the situation in the city!

Three moons have now passed since Goldwacht suffered a surprise attack by the outlaws of the Oily Pestilence. As it turned out later, the enemy used the underground tunnels and ruins, the remains of the forgotten Edalphi City where Goldguard was built, to gain access to the city!

In fierce battles, the enemy was defeated by the army and the city guard, but the true extent of the threat was yet to be revealed.

At first it seemed as if the enemy had retreated after heavy losses and left the city. On the orders of the regent at that time, Cho'wa el Abar'Raine, troops were even sent out to pursue the forsaken and put an end to them.

But not only did the supposed retreat prove to be a trap that caused the last mentioned troops heavy losses, it also turned out that individual units of the enemy had entrenched themselves in the underground of the city, the largely unexplored tangle of tunnels, rooms and ruins!

With concern and uncertainty, the citizens watched Goldwachts as army units and city guard patrols entered the underground every day in the coming weeks to track down and kill the outlaws.

Hardly anyone can say what these men experienced under the city. With dusty and shredded coats-of-arms, bewildered looks and exhausted expressions, they often returned unwilling to tell of the horrors

they had to face. The number of losses was also not discussed - but it was obvious that by no means all the fighters who entered the underground left it again.

With the decrees of the newly crowned regent of Münzquell, Falk Leomar Sigiswil, the full gravity of the situation was finally to be revealed. Although the concept of "martial law" was avoided in the decrees, with the elevation of a "war decade" and the transformation of the law of arms of the citizens into a "duty of arms", the need became apparent in the Goldwacht.

It was possible to observe immediately how new defensive installations were erected in and around Goldwacht. Palisades and watchtowers were drawn around the city's outer borders and all entrances to the city's underground were fortified with

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

Continued from page 45

checkpoints. The number of patrols was multiplied and a daily inspection of the boreholes of the boroughs began. All citizens were called upon to learn the basic handling of at least one type of weapon in the garrison.

At this point the reader may get the impression that the events in Goldwacht had taken place in no time at all. Let it be assured, this is so. It is surprising, however, with which version the citizens of the city have carried the changes so far.

Nevertheless, the Gold Guard, as traders and travellers were able to get to know it until recently, has changed into a place of trade, art and prosperity: Heavy armoured and armed patrols are part of everyday life. Hardly anyone can be seen who does not carry any weapons. Dozens

of ears seem to listen to every unexpected noise, and subliminal you can feel a constant "Hab-Acht-Stellung" in the city.

One week before the big dance ball in the academy, Goldwacht was called out to find the last outlaws under the city and defeated them, but a change or real relief does not seem to have taken place. At least there seems to have been some distraction with the dance ball.

Fortunately, it can also be observed that the "old" Goldwacht has not completely disappeared. The evenings at the Golden Anchor are as exuberant as before, if not even a little more considering the situation, and the Rumtopf is still "busy". Also the citizens don't let it take them away from going through everyday life always well dressed. The obligation to carry arms even seems to have cre-

ated a new aspect of fashion, which should especially please goldsmiths. Decorations on the magazine and parry of weapons are more in demand than ever before. Anecdotal: While it is usually the sword for the man, more rarely also the axe, the lady prefers a slender and elaborately designed long dagger, or an elaborately curved curved dagger of elvish appearance. The choice of the embedded gemstones should of course always match the colour of the robe. Gold is of course always preferable to silver for ornaments.

How the situation will develop in Goldwacht is uncertain. Of course we will inform the reader about news about the situation.

drawn

Federico of the free springs

Breaking news! A supplement to "Forskanen under Gold Watch?"

In the middle of the night the bells sounded the alarm. Soldiers ran to the west side palisade. The archers on the battlements fired arrow salvos. The enemy seemed to have retreated after a short time. Only then did the fighting noise from the ruling district catch the eye. Sudden fire was to be seen from the direction. Flames were beating out of the windows of the Regent's Palace! A part of the west wing burned! Fears, shock rigidity, big eyes with the citizens, who had hurried on the street. Almost everyone had their weapons with them. Then the fighting noise ended.

Cries of victory resounded. Cautious relief spread. A caller came. The enemy was defeated. Again it was the pestilence that put us to the test. The regent was in good health. The enemy had received a fiery death. We were reminded of the continued obligation to carry arms. The flames were under control.

Sleep was out of the question. The lines were written quickly, a messenger was sought and found. The end of a long night.

drawn Federico of the free feathers, exhausted

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

Despite trade embargo - pig breeding flourishes

Despite the recently imposed trade embargo and the resulting scarcity of some resources, the breeding of the very, very small pigs of the trade partners Enderhagen & Vitèz is flourishing.

In a backyard in the trading district of Goldwacht there is a lot of activity, you can hear and smell it, the breeding facility of the partners Enderhagen & Vitèz, known beyond the borders of Goldwacht.

On the left are the stables, which house several thousand very, very small pigs. One barn measures three on three cubits, is divided into four floors and accommodates 70 pigs per floor. Upstream is the free run and the feeding system. Highly efficient fattening feed is shredded from waste, which the inhabitants of Goldwacht are allowed to dispose of here for a small fee, in order to feed the piglets seven times a day. If you look around the yard, you will see many people at work. A team personally trained by Haagen Enderhagen milks the sows with the utmost care to extract the extremely precious pig milk.

But in an interview with Haagen Enderhagen and Féwaé Méllinar Vitèz, difficulties also become clear:

"You also have to find sensible staff first," says commercial curator Vitèz. "More piglets have already been crushed than I can count." There is a short pause and the curator clearly notices the losses. "But not only that" Haagen comes to his aid. "Think only of the piglet plague last summer. You have to imagine that, because of the high temperatures the piglets started to drink the milk of the sows. And not only the piglets - also the sows themselves have drunk their milk. And since the effect of the milk is well known, they can imagine what was going on: they broke through the bars with sheer force and no dog, no cat, no mouse were safe from them anymore. Before this accident we had more than 9,000 piglets." He falters briefly to catch himself "Now it's just

4,236. I hope we can cover the need for pig milk over the winter with it. But at the latest for the campaigns in spring and summer the supply should be filled again".

This powerful pig's milk can be found at the commercial curator Vitèz von Münzquell as well as at the Enderhagen brothers on Donnergurgler. The boars for dicing are also available at these places.

Best Metkelterer Mitrasperas falls to the pestilence

A tragedy has recently occurred. Hjort from Münzquell, who is well appreciated for his full-bodied mead, was on his way home from a business trip at the time of the events around the heart of the town.

Shortly before Goldwacht he met a hunting party. He had been sent in a hurry to pursue the invaders who had tried to tamper with the heart of the city.

Dedicated and brave, Hjort joined the same troop and helped pursue the wanted. After a morning pestilence attack on the troop's night camp, Hjort lost track of him.

According to reports from survivors of the troop who were able to return to Goldwacht, Hjort was later sighted in the ranks of the enemy, as part of the "family," as this group called itself ostracized.

It's hard to believe, but one of the most exquisite Metkelterers has fallen irretrievably victim to the outlaws. It remains to be hoped that a worthy successor will be found who can continue to refresh us with the best met Mitrasperas according to Hjort's recipe and continue his art.

Everyone who knew and appreciated Hjort should be stopped at the next opportunity to raise his horn and remember him!!

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

First masked ball at Goldwacht

The current situation on Mythodea can only be regarded as very tense. The repair of the energy network at the world forge has left many scars, and the threats we are all exposed to seem to increase day by day.

To take away the horror of the growing insecurity, the top diplomat Goldwachts, Cahlaia, and the curator of the city's ruling district, Silas en Harkon, invited to the convivial ball of light and pleasure. With music and good food the guests could relax a

little and then master all challenges with new confidence and zest for action.

In order to leave a good impression on the dance floor, the gates of the academy, where the dance ball took place, had already been opened a few days before for all guests to offer all guests the opportunity to learn various dances under the careful guidance of the dance master Dyan-dra anh Erlenphels from Arbon/Tri-gardon. This offer was also taken up very extensively, and the industrious

practice hours really paid off: Throughout the evening and until deep into the night one could admire graceful turns, lively transitions and radiant faces in no less radiant robes.

All participants of the ball enjoyed this visibly, and quite a few voices were loud to let such a wonderful event take place several more times ...

So we can all be excited and now look to the future with much more confidence and confidence!

signed Quaiadan Winterkalt