



THE MITRASPERAN HEROLD SPECIAL EDITION

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!!!Catastrophes

shock the country!!!

The following notes report on the events that made the campaigns towards Terra Ankhor, the celebrations in Holzbrück as well as the meetings at Sturm-wacht, a matter of impossibility last year!

As an extra - for the full measure of events could not even be fully assessed as the Herold was being set for print!

Nevertheless, the editorial team is convinced that a campaign against the Heart of Undeath is not only necessary but indispensable! They must fall! Despite the terrible events, efforts in this matter must not rest! Never! For the elements!

Unbelievable News

on the march against the undead flesh!!!

It is with horror that I report of the first days of an army camp of the elementalists who had gathered to march towards Terra Ankor and thus finally and once and for all put an end to the Undead!

The land seemed to be in turmoil, as if wounded. As if the earth itself seemed to be rising up against us, the inhabitants? Something was wrong with the ground beneath our feet and the nature around us these days! The first to sense that something was amiss were the birds in the trees. In the beginning, their singing greeted the increasing number of troops arriving every morning, but suddenly it was dead-silent. Few noticed it at first. Only when our scouts came running out of the forest and reported that birds were lying on the ground everywhere, only then did the silence take full hold of us. And with it came the horror. In the night of the same day, the earth began to tremble and where it was pulling apart, hot steam rose up to the firmament and swept away everything that lay in the

immediate vicinity. Tents, warriors, wagons, everything! Torches dropped amidst the chaos set fire to tents and supplies! Bodies and scraps of cloth that had been sucked into the sky with them were now raining down on us again. I saw dozens killed by the debris! It was an inferno. Those who had managed to save themselves with their bare lives were roaming as if they were ghosts the next morning through what had been an army camp only a few hours before. Names were quietly stammered out with frozen stares and tears in their eyes, searching for the person who belonged to them.

A few dozen survivors, of which I was one, thank the elements, gathered and vowed to report back to their respective homes. On our way back to the homeland we found similarly disturbing places of destruction. Here it was a bridge lying in ruins, there an entire forest, shattered and destroyed as if the elements themselves had driven through it in fury!

So hear my words, you rulers of the lands of Mitraspera, mighty leaders of troops, brave heads of resolute units; do not yet send your valiant warriors south into the heart of the Undead Flesh! Not now! As long as Mitraspera and the elements themselves rage together as such, this enterprise cannot be crowned with success! Consult the seers for a more favourable opportunity! Yet do not despair, the Undead must fall! And they will fall! Gather once more and fight with us side by side!

*Hector Siebenbruch
Soldier*



Sad cancellation of the convention in Holzbrück

Dear guests of the Convention to Holzbrück, much has happened since the last campaign, but to Your Excellency's great regret we will still have to wait to talk about these events and also there will be no coordination of the campaign to the Shadow Pass in Holzbrück. If Mitraspera seemed like a dying being after the destruction, it seems to Your Excellency in the past moons like a severely injured patient in a feverish delirium, shaken by convulsions: in various places in the north there are reports of earth tremors. And storm-tide-like waves crashing against the cliffs tell of how things are on the sea just as they are on land. The carcass of an octopus measuring several paces washed up in the Wolf's Marrow gives rise to disturbing thoughts about any ship voyages.

Mitraspera's currents of power still function very differently than they did a few years ago. But at present it seems as if not only the flow in the veins is stagnating in some parts of the realm, but almost as if the power of the land is being pulled out of them to another space. From these events, magical analyses of the Aeri portals and also of the tunnels of Terra were carried out with the realisation that a use of the same at this point in time is insane, as

unforeseen consequences can occur for the traveller. The North sent messengers to Holzbrück to assess the situation there. On their way to Holzbrück, they repeatedly encountered scenes of devastation, devastated stretches of land and rivers that had overflowed their banks with bridges that had been washed away and were impossible to cross, so that the messengers sent had to put up with several days of detours through impassable terrain.

Holzbrück itself fell victim to a major earthquake due to its location directly on one of the power arteries, so that some of the houses and parts of the forest were destroyed and much was badly damaged. In the neighbouring forests, there was such considerable damage that the impassability increased enormously due to the immense amount of dead wood. The incumbent mayor and Tiroli consider it impossible to hold a meeting for the high rulers there in an appropriate manner, and hardly anyone would enjoy a fair in the ruins of the town.

For these reasons, the North cancelled this year's convention in Holzbrück. The Excellencies will contact the rulers of the other seals to get an overview of the damage throughout Mitraspera

and to decide to what extent it will be possible at all under the current conditions to undertake an advance on the southern continent against the Undead Flesh.

*Yours sincerely
Kassiopeia Tresterbach,
Palace Speaker to Their Excellencies
of the Northern Empire*

Urgent news from the undead lands

Scouting report of a unit of the Freischar, from the woods around the undead village of Harrowmoore.

The woods are burning, whether the enemy has discovered us or something else unnatural is to blame is unclear. We have been tracking a squad of these wretched worm-eaten carcasses for days, apparently sent to Harrowmoore by their generals. Whether they were to secure and fortify the base or some other abomination was their task we could not find out until today.

As the light slowly dawned and the sounds of the forest increased, we lay in wait for them at a favourable spot. But things turned out differently than planned. Hedrun was the first to notice that the sounds of the surroundings had changed and that fine dark smoke was wafting through the branches. The otherwise so harmonious sounds swelled in a short time to a crescendo of loud, crashing, crackling and resounding noise. The

forest around us was on fire from one second to the next!

There was no trace of the undead. Had we been discovered? Had we been lured into a trap? We didn't know!

The smoke became thicker and thicker and slowly it felt as if Aeris herself was stealing the air from our lungs. Again it was Hedrun who found a path with a brook in it. We dampened our coats, hats and fip-pets and barely made it out of the sea of flames, wet and as fast as we could - following the meagre rivulet. If those old maggot-eaters had really set a trap for us, however, it was a perfect one. Because of the blazing inferno around us and the resulting hasty escape, we hadn't noticed at first that something was wrong with the surrounding water. The drops with which we had generously so-

aked our clothes and mouthcloths out of necessity to protect ourselves from the flames had been a deep grey, almost black colour. Away from the flames, a good stretch down the brook, we only noticed this. Only when Martin collapsed did we suspect that the water must have been poisonous. Unfortunately for him, as all help was too would come too late for him. So take the words of this report seriously!

Do not send any more units to the area around Harrowmoore until the flames have cooled down and the rivers are clear again! Death lurks there, more so than ever before. We are forced to turn back and abandon our tasks. Expect our arrival in a few days.

*Signed
Captain Whitefeather of the Freischar*



Rough tales from Sturmwacht

Records of the court conversations between the chamberlains and chambermaids of Prince „Aenwynn“ of Atteron. The publishers ask that no questions be asked here as to how we got hold of these tidbits.

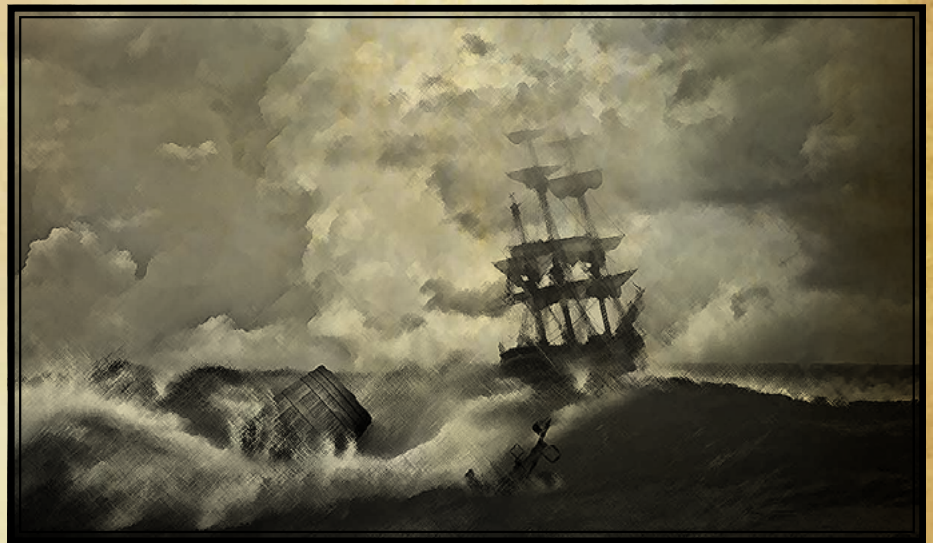
... the princes are restless and for days they have been brooding in their chambers over maps, records and scouting reports, I tell you! They meet regularly in the great cartography hall to discuss and plan. With each arriving messenger, their faces grow gloomier and the circles beneath their eyes darker. I am worried for their welfare! If this keeps up, I'll have to get some more herbs with calming effects.... I could personally pick up one or two when I should bring the hourglass into the room or fill up the water in their jugs. Truly deep is their concern.

Of waves they speak, tree high and impossible to navigate ... of

shores and beaches full of dead fish ... of creatures from the depths of the Mythodean seas said to have been seen by fishermen in the storms. They speak of the impossibility of crossing to the island of ‚Ghost Rock‘ and the fortress of Sturmwacht. They wanted to discuss and plan the campaign against the vile undead shoulder to shoulder with the settlers of Mitraspera!

Bronta, the stable boy, told me that the day before yesterday he

had gone to a fortune teller who was supposed to tell him whether the crossing to Sturmwacht Fortress was safe and whether there were no more Skargen lurking along the way. But when she began to gather her strength, she was said to have simply dropped dead shortly afterwards. Just like that! Can you believe that? Well, witchcraft is witchcraft. Who knows what dark forces she was in league with. But still! Some evil will come upon us. I'm sure of it! I can feel it in my bones! ...



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