



# THE MITRASPERAN HERALD

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## The end of a world

### We've won!

The elements with us and we with the elements have smashed the doubt.

The remains of the last living primeval doubter lie shredded on the battlefield. At the end of her world of doubt she was left with only loneliness and betrayal.

Because true solidarity, true strength can only be found in the elements and the children of Mitrasteria.

As different as the elements themselves are the citizens, warriors, healers and sorceresses from all lands, who firelessly faced the war. To eradicate that stain from the world which, according to legend, our ancestors unleashed on this gentle world.

The source of the primeval doubt has dried up, and thus also certain the forsaken will one day return to the abyss of meaninglessness. Forgotten by time itself.

But in all the smoke of victory, the taste of blood may not be avoided. Blood flowed, guilty and innocent, on the battlefields and through betrayal also in tents, on the squares and even on our new old homeland.

### We have destroyed the Kelriothar!

This "world of enlightenment", this distorting mirror of Mitrasteria, was shattered.

We have destroyed thousands and thousands. Their corrupt souls pushed into nothingness.

Those who blindly pursued doubt, in search of enlightenment and freedom, only brought them slavery of body and mind.

The story that the Ouai taught us firelessly shows that since the Great World Scorch, there has never been such a massacre and death of so many beings.

### We have destroyed a world!

For where doubt feeds and thrives, our hearts must be iron. Not only our faith, but also our gentleness and our mercy must be in silence. For only where we bring death without compromise and burn to ashes and cast out what must not be, can we hope.

The world of doubt has been destroyed by our hand. This is a memorial and a warning to all those who ever want to follow this path again.

signed

Istvan Na'rok,  
traveling scholar

## The eye of the elements

I often hear the words "The elements no longer looking at us". And, forgive my rough tone, but I have never seen a greater waste of Aeri's breath.

So tell me, when was the last time a candle flame observed your prayer, when the river appreciated your deeds and when a stone praised your heroic deeds?

The elements are with us and around us. Always and eternally. Didn't the old rulers also call them "timeless"?

The embodiment of the elements, the Quihen/Assil, the purest of each element and therefore the bearer of

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their will, those beings, turned their eye away.

This may or may not touch us. But he who now believes to be hidden from the examining look of the elements is mistaken. Yes, every wrongdoer is welcome to pack up again and hide away.

He who calls fire will feel the warmth within him. He who sings for the wind will feel its breath.

Only the children of the world, I was told, are no longer with their gaze on us.

All the more it is up to us to prove ourselves. To praise and thank the elements, because the world is full of strength and blessing. It is our time and we must take our destiny into our own hands and no longer be guided.

But this should not be a call to mindless free action. For the mortal representatives of the elements and all those who are with the elements are still among us. The Archons and Nyamen are no less chosen than they were a year ago. The Beloved Children are still the vessel of an aspect.

The elements are with us,  
forever and ever. Trust and faith.

**a not concerned scholar**

# For home and faith

**And again the world is changing as it always is in the face of great events. If we look at this country, we see a beautiful world, with magnificent cities, green valleys, clear rivers, mighty mountains and peoples striving for freedom.**

But this world is now more threatened than it has been countless times in the past. The Worldforge is no more and many voices believe that the elements have left us. But look! There is hope, for the elements are not gone. The one who keeps the faith in them in his inner being is not abandoned by them, but always carries a part of them in himself. Just because they do not look on us at the moment does not mean that they have left us! They protect our homeland from an approaching great danger so that we fill the age of mortals that they have given us not only with time, but also with life. So that we may turn it into an age of which people will still speak proudly in the distant future! Do you want to give this land as an inheritance to future generations so that they do not earn by remaining inactive and leaving this wonderful world to the Forsaken, or do you want to give this inheritance to your children so that they earn by facing the enemy in armor and defense and making this land, this our home, a freer and just world and erasing the Forsaken from their faces? Each of you alone is strong, but together you are invincible and unstoppa-

ble! Crush the enemy with fury and terror. Make him pay dearly for every step he wants to take home. Drive him back into the darkness from which he once crawled and conquer back the unjustly stolen land!

He who fights can lose, he who does not fight has already lost! Flee and you will live, at least for a while. Fight and you could proudly die for a freer and fairer world. But if you flee, you'll become remorseful when you've become old and frail, for the past has caught up with you, and then you'll beg Aeris to turn back time, so you can return to that time again, and this time, instead of cowardly flight, choose bold battle. But it's too late, because you didn't want a freer and fairer world. The only thing that mattered to you was your own life and this guilt will remain forever on your soul and in the memories of future generations. Do not deprive the generations that follow us of their future on Mitraspera.

But those who do not reflect and prefer to think only of their own lives and their own gains will have no part in the day of victory. They

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will become meek and scarlet when we proudly tell them about this day. They will curse this day when their courage failed them and they became our debtors. For they feared to lose their lives that we others would willingly give for this wonderful land. There is no place for those like her on Mitraspera, because we who protect this country do not want to die in the company of men and women who are only next to themselves. Let go of this blasphemous thinking, for otherwise you have no future in this world. Do not let this wonderful world, which is home to all of us, perish. They have given us the elements to make it a freer and just world. They give us the time to put this goal into practice. Let them not do this for nothing, for they believe firmly in all of us.

To the elements for honour,  
to the freedom of all for defence!

Landuin Conchobair  
Aeris fighter

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## Correction

In issue 44 of the "Mitrasperan Herald", on page 10 of the article "Judgement on Liandra executed at Wolfenau", one can read of a lifelong restriction on the exercise of various offices.

This is not correct, all restrictions are valid for one year.

# Steinvater betrays world guardian!

Once again, facts are revealed that show all too clearly the cunning play of this false ruler. During the campaign at the World Forge in the 16th year after its discovery, Steinvater came among us as envoy and representative of the World-council. So he called his blind lambs, the Khalarin, to worship only him, for the other world watchmen could not hear the pleading calls at that time. Worship means power. And so no one is surprised that Steinvater's words turned out to be deception.

A small group of courageous people, defying Steinvater's instructions, called out loudly to Windbringer. And Windbringer heard them!\* Steinvater had his admirers, no, all

the fighters who risked their lives and lied to them.

Out of pure greed for power he pretended to be the only accessible guardian of the world and thus tried to deceive the settlers. But we do not let ourselves be hoodwinked so easily! Praise be to those who called Windbringer and so openly showed their rebellion against Steinvater.

We, the unblinded settlers, thank you for this heroic act. The elements with you,

A concerned citizen

\* **Editor's note:** This could not yet be checked. For expert advice please contact

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## Correction for De-assimilation

If one reads the heralds of the last moons, one might think that the worried citizens belong to the most eager to write settlers of Mythodea. In the last herald, a concerned southern settler wrote about the assimilation of black ice. I can agree with many of his words, but one thing I must correct.

The essence of Black Ice is a treacherous adversary who deeply and thoroughly connects with its victims.

It has been my experience that a simple knockdown is no longer

enough to free a settler from this forsaken power.

The knockdown helps to bring the affected person out of the danger zone, but afterwards expert action is called for. Find a healer who is familiar with the expulsion of the essence.

I can also only advise against burning the essence of the Black Ice with the power of Ignis, because this will only increase the essence instead of destroying it!

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It is important to recognize how the essence got into the body.

In a quick assimilation in the field, it only controls the body and will leave it again as soon as the body approaches death.

The healer will begin by letting the black essence flow out of the body by opening a vein and always feeling the pulse. Once the essence has left the body, the blood will turn red again.

At this point, an expert magician should check how weak the elemental forces in the body are. Because if the Black Ice has performed a ritual and planted the essence deeper into the body, the purification is more complex. In this case, the patient also becomes part of the essence if he dies!

If the essence had already begun with the transformation, the patient must be supplied with the powers of Aqua, Terra, Ignis, Aeris and Magica in exactly this order. These powers cannot currently be requested through a Quihen'Assil ritual, but must be taken from power stones.

Afterwards the healing of the wounds can be started. After the healing has been completed, the patient should be looked after. He will still have the urge to order for some time and will avoid fire. But in time this will subside!

But keep in mind: The supplies of power stones are not endless and many healers do not possess them in

sufficient quantities. For the purification of the essence the elemental forces are necessary, so we should solve this problem quickly!

Therefore I ask everyone to find a viable alternative. In the best case one, which can learn also magic-unknown. I think this question is important for most rituals anyway and if

there is already a solution, I would be very happy about a letter or a conversation.

*Tianna Jorastochter,*  
 scout of the Western Seal  
 With the support of  
**Tovak,** High Master of Knowledge  
 in the Southern Seal

## Trade embargo against Muenzquell

With this, it is the duty of every settler Mitraspera's to know that the empires and most of the free cities of Mitraspera impose a trade embargo against Goldwacht.

The reason for this is that the regent Goldwacht not only questions the order given by the elements of Mitraspera, but publicly rejects it.

He refuses to acknowledge the supreme rule of the ruling council in Mitraspera and thus questions the elements themselves that crowned our rulers.

As a first step against this blasphemy, Archons and Nyamen of all

seals decided to impose a trade embargo against Goldwacht.

The Märkische Bund as well as Ad Astra, Porto Leonis and Askalon joined this trade embargo.

The rulers of the named factions forbid by decree, every citizen and inhabitant of their kingdoms the trade and commercial exchange with the city Goldwacht and local groups and individuals.

If this is not the case, the trade goods will be confiscated and further penalties will be imposed.

### Signing

- ❖ Her Eminence Sophia of Sea Watch and Her Royal Highness Ain of Calor
- ❖ Her Excellency Ka'Shalee Zress and His Excellency Kop-tar
- ❖ Her Holiness Siobhán NíCharthaigh a. His Excellency Collin MacCorribh
- ❖ His Excellency Kjeldor of Hallwyl
- ❖ Her glory Neome and His Excellency Amir Vhelarie
- ❖ On behalf of the Minister of the Maerkischen Bund, Tares Windschreiter
- ❖ Banrìon Lady Yollinar ní Fhiona a. Rí Séamus OConnor (regents of Ad Astra)
- ❖ Ulrich von Hochkammer and Rose McFarrow (the First of Porto Leonis)
- ❖ On behalf of the Senate of Askalon, Lucan Vilkai

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# MINNE AND SINNING

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## Grassly Complaint

I saw a man,  
 he was hanging from a tree.  
 The limbs stiff with frost provide,  
 to look at with horror.

I have seen a woman,  
 No hope in need.  
 She offered to go with me,  
 for a piece of old bread.

I have seen a Vettel,  
 her gaze was empty and pale.  
 Life was already passing away,  
 the hair is white, nearly bald.

I have seen a yard,  
 more graveyard like.  
 No livestock could exist there in the snow,  
 he was rich in bones.

I have seen a castle,  
 the walls torn down.  
 What was once imbued with glorious  
 power,  
 now lacks shield and protection.

I have seen the grass mark,  
 doesn't want to suffer any longer.  
 Will stand shield to shield in the walle,  
 the savage enemy.

Anonymus from  
 the Eastern Empire

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## Otto's Wisdoms

I'd rather freeze to death outside,  
 than to continue bubbling inside.

And wisdom I give along',  
 Bubbling has nothing to do with song

Anonymous from the Eastern Empire

## Friends, sisters, brothers in arms

Friends, sisters, brothers in arms  
 in the wall of shields we stand united  
 Misery and sorrow are over  
 to defy any enemy

Karl Weber sacrificed himself for us.  
 we destroyed the Kelriothar.  
 some of the Forsaken are still out there.  
 But the time of sword and axe is near

We will destroy the last of them.  
 So let everyone here hear my oath  
 Even the Rikan of blood one of their best  
 Was not immune against my wrath

And she will fall from the throne, too,  
 as it has happened before  
 The hollow halls will burn  
 and our dreams come true

What the waves may bring us  
 We are always opposed to disaster  
 Sharpened blades, tensioned arches  
 The elements move through us

So I stand here in the midst of you.  
 Not as a bard, not as a fool  
 I demand I do not plead  
 The Archontenscepter and the Crown!

Anonymous from the Realm of Roses

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## A mysterious ode

The following lines were sent to us by a poet who wishes to remain anonymous. It is supposed to be a nobleman, since it is to be assumed that a commoner is not capable of such elegant expression. Which Lady of the East the lines are dedicated to is unfortunately unknown.

Nevertheless, we did not want to withhold this poem from our art-loving readers. Rumours have it that there is another verse. But this verse is only revealed to the lady for whom these lines are intended and only in the personal lecture of the mysterious nobleman.

Tadeusz Dornenwald, free chronicler

# REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

## New appointments for high office posts

The position of the High Office for Military Affairs was filled at the end of last summer's campaign.

Darius Tisda from the Protectorate of Aldarias Wacht continues to bear this dignity now that his predecessor Goratiel has been acquitted of his office in honour.

Darius Tisda, the Waldtempler, who proved his dignity to the Reich within the framework of his officers and protectors, is now to set a new accent within the framework of army administration and campaign leadership.

The new high mass expresses gratitude and reverence for this honour and nevertheless sees himself at eye level with those with whom he argued and will argue, so he himself.

„I am looking forward to the further cooperation with Regents, the officer comrades and above all with the soldiers, whom I would like to strengthen the back within the scope of my possibilities. Likewise, the enemies of the Reich, be they political or ostracized, will clearly understand that my task is even more clearly to protect the Reich and to show them that the current development only leads to more strength of the Northern Empire.“

Darius Tisda received a lavish honor of appointment and now ac-



companied the restructuring of the premises of the office in Paolos Trutz, the restructuring was relatively peaceful.

The Waldzempler ("Forest Templar") is known for his hard hand and is regarded as one of the light personalities of the Northern Empire. He is characterized by his charming yet very straightforward and just manner. Even if his appointment will probably not appeal to everyone, the Excellencies still see him as the best man for this office.

**Kasiopaia Tresterbach,**  
Palace Speaker

## A hero is born!

When he came to this beautiful country 8 years ago, nobody could have guessed what legend would grow out of this young man. With dark hair, wind-swept on his broad shoulders, and a look that spoke of boldness and a zest for action, he entered history and his name became a symbol of hope and freedom: Kallar Duskwood.

But this is not the story of his past days. This is a tribute to the moment in which we are allowed to live.

Dark times break over our beloved land Mythodea and so the Mistress of the Winds, full of hope, called once again for her chosen champion.

I still remember the day as if it had been yesterday when Kallar inspired the hearts of the crowd who followed him with euphonious words. So he seized the Xian, called the Sceptre of Freedom, lifted it to the thundering sky and spoke of a quest for competition and change for the beauty of a new age. And as we stood there, settlers from north to south, from west to east, the Naldar were the first to raise their voices in jubilation and to call him liberator, conqueror and commander of their kind.

And how he then descended to us and led the astonished and jubilant at the top of the crowd with an easy step, it was to be heard in every look and every murmur:

**A hero is born!**

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# REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

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## Obituary on Trauguid, the Vahatar of the North

The „Vahatar of destruction” Trauguid from the protectorate of the Ecstatica Islands of the northern seal fell on the last campaign at the world forge. He was honoured during the campaign. This is an obituary for all those who could not participate in the feast.

Trauguid, a follower of the Dark Prince and the l’Ost Noir, dedicated himself to the sword of destruction and sealed his fate two years ago. Since that day he threw himself, with the sword and the unified chaos at his side, towards the ostracized and their heraldic bodies at every opportunity. In each of these battles the cries echoed, which already sounded during the first ride of the sword over the battlefield – “Not a step back”. He hunted down and destroyed the bodies of Shey ksun Aret, but not without her being able to pronounce her curse on him. A possessive influence that divided him and at the same time gave him so much power. It was not until the dark prince’s night that he triumphed over this influence again and gave himself completely back to his task and duties – not least thanks to the close connection with his Vahatar sister, the Tivar Khar’assil Ganura. In his final hours, he took on the task of initiating the final destruction of the Golden Throne and the Black Throne. Although the Iron support was limited to pejorative glances, the chaotic Black Throne ritual – marked

by invocations of the power of the Dark Gods and the consolidation of Trauguid’s faith in them – was successful. The



Almahandir was thus freed from the Dream Thorn and Mebreth, appointed by Shey’Ksun Aret himself, could be displaced from the Dream Thorn by the Vahatar Trauguid as he tied himself to him. He used the godlike power gained by Trauguid through the bond to help the Tivar Khar’assil out of their situation out of generosity during a ritual and to lend Faryanne Abendstern the gaze of the stars after current exploitation, so that the leader of the Tivar Khar’assil may raise Eternal Swords in the future as well.

Tied to the Black Throne, however, he himself became the target of the Sword of Destruction, and to destroy the Dream

Thorn, Trauguid had to die as the last tying of the Dream Thorn to this world. Feliishiia herself, the high priestess of Slaanesh on Mythodea, stretched Trauguid down on the throne at his own will

with the sword of destruction. This destroyed the thrones and saved this world. The lifeless body of the Vahatar was laid out and carried in a procession into the Viribus Unitis, visible to everyone. Trauguid, as a follower of the chaos, who died such an honourable death, was also given the honour not to rot in a ditch, but to be eaten as appropriate strengthening by the chaos. With his death, however, our memories of his deeds will not fade. Instead, they should come alive – and they will. Trauguid gave himself to his task as he otherwise only gave himself to faith in the Dark Gods. So I want to say with certainty that his inher-

itance will be in no way inferior to him in faith and deed. May he have walked the path to the halls of the Dark Prince and eternally enjoy his torture and adventures.

*For the dark prince, pain and pleasure.*

*Honor the Vahatar!*

*Honor Trauguid!*

*Honor him who sacrificed himself for you and your kind!*

**Ardon Tallomin**

Pendant of the Undivided Chaos  
 Senator of the North

# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

## Report of the Reichskämmerei on Panmythodean Trade

As usual the Reichskämmerei of the Phönixthrone showed itself very reserved with its information. Nevertheless, they were willing to give some information about the past trade meetings at the convent and the campaign

Already on the convent numerous war important goods like weapons and horses could be procured and thus the glorious East Army could be supported with the later destruction of the Kelriothar. According to Reichskämmerei, trade relations with the Maritime Trade Guild and the Western Seal were expanded. Obviously the chamberlain of the West, Freerk de Beer, has already announced his visit to the Reichstag.

It is good to be able to conclude further trade agreements and deepen

relations. Economically and diplomatically, they are relying on a joint approach within the cross-seal trade. The Reichskämmerei abstained from commenting on the question of whether this perhaps meant an embargo against certain free cities. Instead, it was emphasised how grateful they were to Mr Raül Mazhahk ân Oshead of the Rose Kingdom for organising trade meetings at the Convention and even during the campaign. At these meetings, the foundations laid by the Panmythodean Trade Agreement could, for the first time, be implemented effectively and across seals for the benefit of all settlers. This applies not only to trade in war material, but also, and in particular, to assistance in repairing the Terras tunnels. In addition to various goods, the Eastern Empire was able to provide

the expertise of the dwarves settling here under the leadership of Muriel Brillantherz

It is quite obvious that the Phoenix throne, after its foreign policy in the recent past was predominantly dominated by military forces, now also intends to play off its economic power to a greater extent. This raises the question of who will succeed Mariella von Glutwacht as Manca'Quar of the East. Neither representatives of the Reichskämmerei nor confidants of the Phoenix Throne wanted or could say anything about this. Therefore, statements of the Nyame and the Regent are awaited with great excitement at the Reichstag.

A report by  
**Erich Neuner**

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 REGIONAL SECTION EAST
 

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## Words of a concerned citizen from Carrasmündt

Dear readers,

I write these lines out of deepest need. I could sneak into my master's former writing room for the paper and ink, the elements bless him. Since the Jade War there has been chaos here in Carrasmündt! If Terra gives that the truths written by me will make it out of the city, I wish that all hear it!

Here the Eastern Empire has failed! Carrasmündt has nothing more to do with the Eastern Empire that I knew and loved! When I walk through the streets, I do not know if I will experience the next day. The resistance is looking for me because they suspect I know where my master hid his riches before the Razash'dai invaded here. But I know nothing!

The people here are no longer united under the banner of the Phoenix, but seek protection from those who are here to actually grant them this. What else should we do? The daring turn to the Sturmherrin and live a pirate life or in her slipstream, the vigilantes try to take her out of circulation, but you should see this woman fighting!

I hope the Wallmaid will give me protection, maybe she needs someone who has an overview of her finances. To the East ... Yes, what would I say to the East ... Help us, help your fellow citizens as long as they see themselves as citizens of the Eastern Empire. Otherwise they will get unfair thoughts here and form another of these nonsensical free cities!

**A concerned citizen**

## Fire in the orphanage Felstau

A few weeks before the planned ceremonial opening of the orphanage Felstau in the Kerescher Baronie Felsbrand a tragedy has occurred. Parts of the recently completed building burned down. The fire broke out in the middle of the night for still unexplained reasons. At that time two people were present, both were seriously injured. A sudden summer thunderstorm with heavy rain prevented worse things and put a quick end to the fire. Although the façade of the house was badly damaged, it seems as if miraculously the load-bearing beams were spared damage.

In addition to the exterior walls, the furniture, beds and cupboards were particularly hard hit.

The former bodyguard of Ryv'Jorl, Henryk Zirkelschmitt, is in charge of the rock jam. For over a year, the Camiira-believ-

ing man had restored an old estate with his own hands. In memory of the voice of the World Council, Lho'Siniya Felstau, who fell in defence of the World Forge, the children's house was to be named after her. Zirkelschmitt had erected a small wooden chapel in honour of the World Council a little away from the main house. This so-called Lichterhaus was also completely destroyed by the fire. The planned ceremonial opening of the orphanage was completely cancelled by Zirkelschmitt.

Nevertheless, between thirty and forty orphans should move into the rock jam before the hard winter without too much feather-reading. Most of them lost their families in the devastating earth shifts of the summer winter.

A report by  
**Erich Neuner**

# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

## Is there a new war at Nordwacht?

Hardly one crisis has been overcome, the next focus seems to be breaking open, even if in this case it is more an old wound: Since the foundation of the empire, the good settlers have been confronted with the ancient evil of the black essence, which demands nothing less than to see all our bodies and souls dissolve into the corrupt black mass of themselves. In the mountain slopes in the west and on the lake district of the north the inhuman black fortresses tower up since unimaginable times, which leave us without peace and without prospect of peace. It is now five years since the great enemy last attempted to invade our beautiful realm in a mighty array and it is only thanks to the combined forces of all fiefs and the courageous intervention of some scattered brave men that the Harp of the Winds, one of Hakarioth's sanctuaries, was activated and the power of the storms itself broke the offensive from the Lake Dis-

trict. Since then there has been no peace, but a certain peace in whose protection we even managed to pull the fortress out of the enemy's claws last winter. So it seems almost ironic that the protection provided by the Harp of Storms collapsed in summer – like so many magical achievements broken by the Cataclysm that shook all of Mitraspera from the World Forge.

So vulnerable may we soon be faced with a repetition of the crisis that is written in the books of the Eastern Empire as the Ice Rose War. Already now we know of new activity of the black ice, which is searching for gaps and weak points at the borders of our empire. Meanwhile, our eyes are on the brave men and women of the Northern Guard, whose tireless vigilance is our only shield against the merciless enemy from Viria.

A report by  
**Flavius Goldmund**

## Scholarly council begins large-scale investigation

As the Phoenix Hall announced, the Council of Scholars has begun a large-scale study of the effects of the World Forge Cataclysm on the countries of the Phoenix Empire. Thus, the minds of the most diverse disciplines deal with questions such as how the lines of force of eastern Mitraspera are, what effects it could have on the banners of power, the fertility of the land and the pyramid of seals, which so many of us experienced on the campaign in summer. The settlers of the first hour may remember that only the opening of the seals and the conquest of the banners and the free flow of forces made the land arable.

Thus the Ar'Dhar of the empire Hermes Maria Nessa announced that every scholar of the empire, arcane or profane competence is called upon to join in this question and to make contact with the learned council or the Ar'Dhar. Reliable knowledge could only be gained if the investigation extended over the entire empire and into every fiefdom. The winter was excellently suited for the first investigations, since the great campaigns would not be resumed until next year.

The results of the investigation are to be compiled and debated at the Reichstag next year.

A report by  
**Flavius Goldmund**

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# REGIONAL SECTION EAST

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## Great temple of Aqua in Aquas Trutz – Undead Flesh in Kerewesch?

Like no other building far and wide, the great temple in Kerewesch's capital Aquas Trutz stands for the splendour of the Lords of the Deep. No wonder, for it is after all the home of her gracious Highness, Duchess Miriel of Kerewesch, Mitray'Kor of Wisdom.

All the more gruesome is what must have happened in this temple on the night of the 4th Mahntags Holzmond 16. Freshly after a change of shift, a young novice drew the attention of the two guarding temple guards to a strangely acrid smell in the temple. Since it was in the middle of the night and the temple was lit with only a few candles, the guards had difficulty finding the origin of the smell. Finally they found a niche in the temple where a filigree statue of Camiira usually serves the locals as a place where they can get rid of prayers and offerings. The statue had been covered with caustic acid. From a tilted wooden bucket flowed animal dung and probably also human excrements about the offer-

ings and lit candles of the faithful. The herald had the opportunity to speak with the novice, who did not want to be named: "The closer we came to the shrine, the more it stank. At some point my eyes watered and I could only breathe badly. This stink really burned. I got really scared when I saw the face of the Camiira in the torchlight of the guard. It was disfigured, more than ugly. Deep furrows dug into her shiny exterior. I wonder if they were outlawed. Here with us in the city? Perhaps Undead Flesh who do not want to admit that it has been purified?"

Due to the strong odour, the temple remained closed for two days for cleaning purposes. Unfortunately, the Duchess herself was not prepared to make a statement to the herald. From an officer of the city guard, however, we learned that the authorities of the city still have virtually no clues as to who might be behind this elementary blasphemous act.

A report by  
**Erich Neuner**

## New roads for Falkenstein

Who doesn't know you? The streets of stomped earth; in summer dusty, in spring and autumn boggy and with deep wheel grooves and in winter so uneven and hard frozen that every Kachuanese washerwoman would have her pleasure in putting the maltreated bones in order. That, at least, is the condition of the road that winds from Neu Falkenstein to Skarabost in neighbouring Kerewesch.

Recently, however, surveyors and unskilled workers have been able to see the condition and location of the road in Falkenstein. As can be heard from the surroundings of the highly esteemed Reich Chancellor Blasius Seiburger, the road is to undergo extensive renovation. Some even dream of a completely paved road, which should be so wide that 2 carts and a little more space next to each other should have on the road. One can only guess what this will mean for the goods traffic between the neighbours Falkenstein and Kerewesch.

However, one thing is certain. It will take a long time and cost a lot of money, as the paving stones from the hinterland will have to be driven to the street. Already one or the other dealer is thinking about which alternative routes can be taken during the conversion period. Many of them

## REGIONAL SECTION EAST

# Machinations of the Void in Varamon!

A hastily received report reveals worrying facts about the borders of the empire. A brave host of the East, led by none other than their eminence, the Nyame of the Phoenix Empire, Sophia of Seewacht, is said to have departed for Varamon to follow a prophetic warning her eminence is said to have received in her dream.

According to unconfirmed information, the missing sister of the Imperial Knight had found refuge there from the waves (we reported) after liberating a member of the Sokata people from the clutches of black ice. Unfortunately, a Viinshar succeeded in taking the place of one of the two convent superiors and seducing an

acolyte among the nuns. Thus it was possible to prevent that the soul of the Sokata fell to the black ice by the special employment of the elemental faithful, but it was already too late to save her life. The successful inter-feudal cooperation of the maid of Nyame Lisha Varenstedt, the young lady Otilie von Kleinsorgen, the field shearer Margarethe vom Sturm von Ardor and the Varamonic discipulus Ansgar should be particularly emphasized. Obviously the interest of the ostracized lay in the secret knowledge that the Sokata had been herding for eons – what exactly this consisted of, however, was understandably immediately declared a classified matter of the phoenix throne.

It seems obvious that, after the fall of the Harp of Storms, the Outlaws will once again dare to venture out of their cover, as this is the first known case of outlaw activity on Varamonic soil in almost five years. It would have been unthinkable for the brave warriors to uncover this intrigue. So, however, the later arrived Imperial Count of Varamon could convince himself with his own eyes that the danger of an infestation of emptiness was averted for the time being, even though highest vigilance seems to be the order of the day.

A report by  
Flavius Goldmund

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Continued from page 11

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trade an alternative route that leads via Eichenhain to St. Georg and then continues south by ship. A long and expensive way, which will give the Baronie Eichenhain additional income in the way duty.

From St. Georg for the "Herald":  
Wilhelm Zeidner  
editor of the "Falkensteiner Wahrheit"

## The Rose of the East

A rose blooms in the east.  
Red and gold her flower dress,  
like fire's shining embers,  
like the glory of flames.

Even at night in the starlight  
her radiance is my escort.  
And I feel her gentle closeness,  
the banners of the East are still so far  
away.

Also the swans there in the sky  
Head bowed respectfully.

Like every true man of the East,  
That you, only with one look –  
Playfully takes your breath away.

Delicate and beautiful are her blossoms  
But she's not defenseless.  
No wild storm, no summer rain,  
who ever breaks that rose.

Wanderer, from the mountain heights  
down to the roar of the sea.  
Listen and know now  
Roses also bloom in the east.

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 REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH
 

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## Traitor to the elements captured in Hirilorn

After a long period of uncertainty, it is now known what happened to the expedition sent by Pallas Kronion to the northwest of Hirilorn.

A search party of trailblazers had located the last location of the expedition; a castle ruin with few intact rooms. This ruin was under the control of Undeath and experiments on plants were apparently carried out by a pacemaker settler there. The search party discovered living members of the expedition there at that time, but was unable to take the castle. With the help of a group of energetic settlers, led by our Thul'Heen Alexij Davror, the ruins of the castle could be cleared of Undeath and the sacrilegious experiments. However, the expedition members could not be saved and died as a result of the experiments. The traitor was judged on the spot by the present Tivar Khar'as-sil and the Thul'Heen of the South.

It was decided that further investigations would have to take place, as many questions were raised by these events. A commission was appointed to investigate, among other things, potential allies of the packager.

In addition, the Pallas Kronions City Council, together with the Order of Pioneers, decided to introduce

a widow's and orphan's pension. The surviving dependents of the expedition members should be the first to be able to use this pension.

Ludwig von der Rohe

## Undead in New Balindur?

**The enemy has struck: In Lichten-see there is sheer rage, because the Undeath has destroyed the patrol boat, which is important for the safety of the province.**

At least it must be assumed that the ostracized enemy has committed this crime. As can be heard, the proud riverboat, built in the style of the dragon boats of the northmen, had stopped at a river bend. A large part of the crew got off to explore the area. On their return, the boat was on fire, with no trace of the guards.

The terrible incident would fit this news: some time before, scouts had discovered traces of a smaller enemy unit that had penetrated New Balindur from the west. Unfortunately, the troops could not be traced in the vast, uninhabited land between the border and the great rivers. A disastrous omission, which the province had to pay with the loss of several brave soldiers and the patrol boat.

A storm is brewing,  
 New Balindur remains on alert

## An obituary

A piece of Pallas Kronion has returned home to Terra: although Thul'Heen took it upon himself to search for them, none of the 26 expedition members could be saved. They all fell against the outlaws. And so the citizens of Pallas Kronion, side by side with the Order of Pioneers, mourn the loss of brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, daughters and sons, uncles and aunts. Each of these 26 good souls leaves behind family and a multitude of friends, each one lamented, and for each one a candle will burn in memory in the Temple of the Five. For each of them fell with the goal of strengthening the seal and making life more pleasant and safer for all settlers of the South.

Every mourner should have a place of hope and an open one for his worries. Thus the temple will be accessible day and night in the coming weeks and there will always be brothers and sisters of the Order of the Pioneers present in it.

Esra Torbauer,  
 Patroness Terras  
 for the Order of the Pioneers

## REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

### The office of provincial king rests

At this year's Winter Meeting of the South Thul'Heen Alexij Davror, representing Archon Kjeldor of Hallwyl, announced the following: The office of provincial king of the third province is now suspended. Roman von Staufenberg thus loses all rights and duties which the office of Provincial King brought him.

This status will be maintained until the final clarification of the matter. So that the province is not headless and leaderless at this time, Margrave Ecthelias was entrusted with the rights and duties for this time and takes care of the third province of the Golden Empire as Truchsess.

But how did this happen? Provincial king Roman von Staufenberg

has been the subject of repeated criticism for quite some time. Some settlers have now turned directly to the ruling court and expressed their distrust of the provincial king. First attempts at clarification seemed to further aggravate the situation. Thus the ruling court had to act, until it came to a final and personal clarification.

Sarina Kumberbund

## REGIONAL SECTION WEST

### New Neches'Re

With pride it is announced that the western seal under our glorious Nyame Siobhán NíCharthaigh has a new Neches'Re.

### The chalice of the Nyame is Aelias Lorn.

May the elements bless his task and service.

*Report from  
Grian Quihenya*



### Resources in Nova Bretonnia!

Located for some time in the west, the Compagnie Caradoc cultivates the land on the northern border of the empire.

Many settlers of Breton origin, the Compagnie Caradoc has numerous resources at its disposal that it has been able to extract from the land. So, if you want to carry out a construction project or are interested in horses, don't hesitate to contact the treasurer of the Compagnie Incendia, Ullrich, who is in charge of horse breeding, or Captain Lars, commander of the frigate "Le Suroit".

Caradoc, raise the pitchers!

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 REGIONAL SECTION WEST
 

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## Antador is proud of "his" Neches'Re

Admittedly, this heading is presumptuous. And that doesn't even fit in with the fief Antador, which has slowly but surely made a name for itself as a horse breeder and trader.

But the former Ri of the fiefdom Aelias Lorn, was appointed the new Neches Re at the last throwing ceremony of the western seal and everywhere in Eden Faras, the capital of Antador, you can feel pride in the new office.

Apparently they are in the process of preparing a big celebration. The Neches'Re, who has been in the capital since his election to get to know everything important for his new position, is planning to visit "his" fiefdom in the near future.

Many of the houses in the city centre are already decorated with Antador's flags. According to our information, large orders of beer, mead and rum have been placed, and there is even a rumour that the ban on eating horse meat will be lifted for this day.

Unfortunately, no further details are available. Obviously one would like to surprise the Neches Re. It is suspected that the new Ri Reana Riavelli has produced the planning. Unfortunately, she was not prepared to make a statement.

From our side we wish the Neches Re good luck in the new position and a nice party!

**Adalwin Bernbaum**  
for the Mitrasperan Herald

## Wanted!

On behalf of the Army Commander of the Western Seal, His Royal Highness Theodor von Wehrhagen, the following message is issued:

A soldier is wanted who probably belongs to the seal-free town Ad Astra. He is accused of insulting in at least six particularly severe cases, serious damage to property in also at least six cases, attacks on soldiers and officers of the western army, as well as presumption of office.

During the summer campaign, the soldier in question assumed command of the Western army. Standing next to the western army, Ad Astra decided to break the line and march forward. This soldier did not pass this information on to the Western Army commander, but shouted at the brave Western soldiers in the front row. When he noticed that they were still following the order of the commander, "Hold Line", he began to insult the Western soldiers in the worst possible

way. They reacted as usual calmly to such hot-headed behavior. When Ad Astra realized the futility of their plan after about five moments, they marched back and closed the row next to the Western army again. The wanted soldier went to the first row of shields of the western seal, opened his trousers and urinated on several shields. Only thanks to the intervention of several high military of the western army and the prudent behaviour of the western warriors in spite of the disgusting situation, the wanted soldier was not attacked on the field.

The soldier is described as follows:

- ❖ human
- ❖ black leather armor, very reminiscent of an elf's armor.
- ❖ striking hairstyle (the sides very short shaved)
- ❖ dark hair
- ❖ vision aid
- ❖ slightly squat stature

Any clues leading to the soldier's discovery will be passed on to Western Army officer Jonar Kel, Fenrid of Antador's fiefdom, and rewarded.

# REGIONAL SECTION WEST

## Busyness in Nuadh fir Baern

The protectorate of Nuadh fir Baern was entrusted to the MacAnwyn family on the day of the highest, the 15th of the 9th month in Pfortweiler, on the year and day of the family. The new ancestral seat of the clan will be the existing town "Feothan gar do Muir".

Under the leadership of Lunamere and Connor MacAnwyn the necessary repairs of existing buildings and fortifications as well as the infrastructure of the feud were started. Through the active support of the Source Kingdom and the Academia Iarthar, the supply of the new and old inhabitants of the protectorate was secured

and all necessary work could be started at short notice.

After the end of the year, trade with marble, peat and own products

of the clan is strived for, the new inhabitants let however already announce that an excellent soil for the mustard and malt sowing would be present.



**EAST BLACKWOOD COMPANY**  
 LOGISTICS AND CONTRACTING ASSISTANCE

The E.B.Co is a versatile trading company with an interest in expansion.

We are currently looking to hire

- Merchants
- Tradesmen
- Scribes.

Pay negotiable upon contract.

**E.B.Co Locations:**

- Copperdale, Lunorth, Northern Seal
- Grian Quihenya, Western Seal
- Drachenbrück, Zweiwasser, Reich der Rosen

LOOK TO THE FUTURE AND WORK WITH THE EAST BLACKWOOD COMPANY

Subsidiary of the East Blackwood and Realms Embassy  
 Partner of the Mitrasperanische Hanse

## The light infantry sergeant!

Two years ago, the Caradoc Company suffered a heavy blow with the death of Captain Grièches, who fell in the fight against undeath.

But his succession is now assured! None other than his daughter, Emin Grièche, led the company's light infantry on the last campaign. Leading the troop with honour and devotion, they showed their worth on the battlefield impressively, not without a lot of courage, as the attentive observer could see! With the authority given by the hierarchy of the company and the support of the troops, we bet that it will continue to shine in its role in the campaigns to come!

Caradoc, up the jugs!





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 REGIONAL SECTION ROSES
 

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## Fashion in the Realm of Roses

Dearest fellow citizens, how can a lady best express herself in silence? How can she cause a stir with her mere appearance? Right, through her robes! So this article should be published regularly, so that we can appreciate what makes our most beautiful empire: its unsurpassed, rich fashion made of noble cloth and shaped by so many nations.

To whom could I dedicate my first comment better than the Mother of our Roses. Her glory has always shown a lot of fashionable taste and since her inauguration she has connected her origin with our empire in a formidable way.

The fact that she is not only the ruler of the empire, but also of fashionable development, is shown by the fact that after her public appearances the local cloth traders always drown in demands for the same.

Although the classic cuts of the Nyame (harem pants, corset and wide shawls) are considered too exotic, one likes to integrate their shawls into one's own local costume. The best example is the high lady Magdalena of the Pinnacle, who was seen a few days ago at the goldsmith in Shang Meng Feyn wearing her classic austere dress made of exotic brocade. The same fabric one could admire in her glory on the last moon. Will the ladies still take the harem pants? Or will their glory soon be to be admired in Hell's Window dress?

signed

The voice of fashion

## Where are the bards?

If the East is known for one thing, then for ...? Collecting the artifacts! Yes, yes, but I don't mean that. It is known for ...? His iron narrow-mindedness! Not to be dismissed, but not what I want to get at. What do you know the East for? Tornhaimer Met! That goes in the right direction. What else for? Music!

Right. You know the East for his songs. Because when banners blow of the East, every Phönix fiefdom sings!

Quite different in the realm of roses. We are better known for beautiful clothes and restraint when celebrating. For a strong – but now unfortunately dead – Archon and a court culture, which offers a great parquet for excessive cultural program – but which unfortunately remains empty.

That's not true! some indignant hearts may be calling out now. And he is right. We have songs. They just all sound like funerals. Where are the cheerful wise men who fervently proclaim our greatness, who are loudly sung, convinced like our battle cry, roaring like Thul'Heen, passionate like an outburst of rage of the flame breed Balor? And where are the bards who want to sing

them? Where are the laughing drinking brothers who fill our beautiful realm with music? Do we have only whisperers and whisperers? And this one who tries with a lot of noise to make up for the lack of all others?

But we do have bards! some outraged hearts might now call. Could be! Then why do they not sing? It is already striking that the court constantly cries out for Samara Silberkehl when the song of roses and thorns is to be sung. By the way, she comes from the east. It is a great moment of friendship when the musical amber of the East warbles our song – but wouldn't it be nicer if we could repay them with the same coin? Sing east songs? We can't even do our own! Roses, thorns, all in between, honestly, learn your songs! Write new ones. She sings from the top of her chest! Where are the bards? Are we not a realm of the arts? Let us say: Hurrah to our smooth musical buses, which enrich a quiet get-together with their beautiful melodies! You must not be absent. Nevertheless, we need more cheerful songs and powerful voices. A balance! That's what this continent is all about, isn't it?

The Mistfinken

# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

## The Realm holds together

The latest blows of fate show Misfortune welds together.

With the loss of the Archon of Thorns, Karl Weber, a wave of shared empathy went through the fiefdoms of the realm of roses. Even weeks after the destruction of the Kelriothar, the community spirit continues in the hearts of the inhabitants.

After the southern fief Oron and Shäekara, almost completely spared by the summer winter, had to endure serious devastations during the campaign due to a mysterious three-day downpour, now help comes from the entire empire. Workers, building materials and food travel long distances to help rebuild the capitals of Alsahav and Takbal.

The roses court, Manca'Quar, Neches'Re and Nyame, the staff of advisors, also travelled to both fiefdoms in person, bringing relief supplies from the imperial capital and painkillers from Ozymandas for the sick and injured. A zest for action that infects everyone.

The roses are not delicate ornamental plants. This became clear at the latest when one could observe the Mistress of the Opposite – crownless and in dirty trousers – taking instructions from a craftswoman to build a house. Is this the nyame the empire desires? Perhaps not everyone. But perhaps the Nyame the empire needs now.

"I am only the one who can be seen," so her glory, once asked about her commitment. "This is a joint work of the empire.

This here' describes a Takbal that, once devastated by masses of water, should soon shine more fertilely than ever before. But it should not remain the capital of Shäekara.

To the south, on a cliff above the sea, the construction of the Nyamen city Loravinde has already begun. The fact that the construction work seems to have fallen asleep, however, is another sign of loyalty to the needs of the empire.

Gwen

## A Captains Return!

Hear ye hear ye!

A long and dangerous journey has ended for the great captain of the Jarnsfolke Snorri Twoshield! This man crossed unending waters and terrifying obstacles in order to save the remaining people from his homeland Jarnsheim! It has been rumored that the home of the Jarnsmen have been plagued by civil war. These terrible news demanded the spokesman of the Jarnsfolke, Agnar Helmarson to act. Agnar demanded that the finest of his warriors, had to travel to their homeland in order to save the refugees and bring them back to a brighter future in there soon to be land: Eisenheim!

The land Eisenheim is, as of now, the unofficial territory for the Jarnsfolke, located in the southernmost marches of Zweiwasser. Regardless of this, it is currently only a matter of time, before the stout hearts of the jarnsfolke will be regonized as the official inhabitant of this land.

More than a year has passed since Helmarson said his farewells to his old friend! Let it be known that lady luck smiled upon them both this day! 600 men together with Snorri Twoshield, and his men, arrived alive in one of Eisenheims main harbors: Graustein. With his people at his side, Agnar is finally able to rebuild what was lost and reforge the greatness of the Jarnsfolke in Eisenheim!

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 REGIONAL SECTION ROSES
 

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**Flood disaster in Oron:  
 Nyame of Roses  
 arrives in Alshav!**

After the terrible rains that devastated the south of the empire during the summer campaign, the long-suffering inhabitants of Alshav now enjoy an extremely welcome guest. Her glory Neome, Nyame of Roses, and after the death of His Excellency Karl Weber, the undisputed highest representative of the elements in the realm, arrived these days in the golden city accompanied by a hand-picked following of bodyguards, magicians, scholars and her own Neches'Re, Miro von Klippenwald.

Of all the fiefs affected, Oron suffered one of the worst consequences of the storms that lasted for days: the most severe damage to the loam buildings of the common people was compounded by a lack of food, epidemics and mudslides that buried entire landscapes of the fief among themselves. Not least for this reason, the people of Alshav received their Nyame with open arms and hopeful hearts – for all of them there is no question that the presence of Your Excellency will be an invaluable help in the recovery efforts of the next few days.

**Maliq ibn Taruuq ay Alshav,**  
 Writer to Oron

**Appointment of a new bailiff  
 in the Realm of Roses**

**With great joy we can tell of a new Bailiff in the kingdom of roses.**

The honourable Selinde von Caltenburg was raised to the rank of Vögtin by Fiete Münzer, Seneschall of the Realm, and Baron zu Schönweiler. The new bailiff had distinguished herself through her excellent negotiating skills in diplomatic missions and in the commercial business and was appointed world blacksmith on the campaign

in the presence of Thul'Heen Amir Vhelarie and Neches'Re Miro Klippenwald. Selinde von Caltenburg will administer the Bailiwick of Brückburg. It will ensure the preservation of the bridge over the Rotach over which the important trade routes to Wildschweinfurt and Trebal am Waldbach run. May the elements of the new bailiff be weighed.

by **Albert Dörrkopf**  
 Writer of the Baron of Schönweiler

**The "Haus am See" -  
 the Palatinate at Zweiwasser**

**After more than one and a half years of construction, the residence of Archon and Nyame in the margraviate of Zweiwasser has been completed.**

The Pfalz der Herrschaften is located in the Altmark, not far from the town of Perlhafen. The hill overlooks the nearby lake Kaltwasser, which has earned the residence the name "Haus am See" among the local population.

Legend has it that the Kaltwassersee has no reason, a rumour that His Excellency the Neches'Re allegedly only acknowledged with a tired smile.

The Palatinate consists of a central building with a small tower in the centre, and two side wings, each intended for the two rulers and their followers. An invitation to her glory Neome, Nyame of Roses and Mistress of Opposite, to spend the winter in the new residence, has already been delivered to the court. Whether the regent, Thul'Heen Amir, will spend the winter in Zweiwasser seems unclear at present. The relationship between Regent Amir, a Naldar and Margrave Balor, a fervent follower of Ignis, is considered tense.

**Jakub Przywalszyczek**  
 chronicler

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# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

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"Water Lilies – Stories of the Sea of Longing":

## The Corsair of Kalderah

A serial novel by Anneget Nesselkraut

*Chapter 3:*

### Hot night on the high seas

Nostromo gasped as he tightened the last knot. The two ships, the beacons and the desert rose, were now moored together. The pirates had lit every fire, every storm lantern and every candle they could find. So the two ships now shone with the Quin high above them, nothing around them but the impenetrable darkness of the nocturnal ocean.

But the most beautiful stars don't shine in the sky, but in your eyes, Jameera, the young sailor thought as he looked towards the future couple,

"Ahoy, pirate. Don't fall asleep, we have a party to prepare!" The voice woke Nostromo from his dreams. It belonged to the pirate Serrah, the first mate of Jandrek's crew. With a broad grin she stood on the deck of the desert rose. Her fiery red hair was tied to a ponytail so that her big earrings were clearly visible. They glittered with their large emerald eyes in the half-light of the lanterns.

Serrah had already shouldered a large barrel of rum – Nostromo recognized the real Akgrul from Shäekara – but in front of her stood two more.

"What are you looking at so stupidly, sweetie? Grab the barrels, the party's over on the beacon!"

Nostromo immediately felt him blush. "Yes, of course ..." he stammered and bent forward to grab the two barrels.

In a seductive voice, Serrah whispered to him, "Nice backside, sweetheart", but Nostromo ignored the pirate's flirtations, who for some reason he couldn't understand had the beacon not moved from his side since the boarding manoeuvre.

"Äh ... thanks a lot", Nostromo said and began to balance across the plank to the beacon. But already after three steps a surprising wave brought both ships and Nostromo out of balance.

With a quick prayer to the Lords of the Deep on his lips, he desperately tried to keep his balance, but already one of the rum barrels fell into the darkness of the sea and he would im-

mediately follow himself. Then, suddenly, he noticed how a strong arm grabbed him and pulled him to himself.

"Oops, sweetie! The beautiful rum! Shall the good Serrah take you by the hand, little one?"

Nostromo was only a few fingers away from the even face of the muscular pirate who had just saved his life. Before he could raise an objection, she had packed him with the barrel of rum and manoeuvred him onto the deck of the beacons. As if time stood still, the full lips of the first mate approached those of the simple deck boy, who didn't really know what was happening to him. The smell of salt water mixed with the scent of sweet rum.

"Ahoy, pirates! The rum is there" suddenly Jandrek's voice cried through the night. "The wedding can begin!"

Caught, Nostromo looked towards the two captains standing on the upper deck. He was struck like lightning by the disappointed expression Jameera threw at him. Nostromo quickly pushed Serrah away, who in turn cast a spiteful glance towards the captains.

Unimpressed by all this, Jandrek continued: "Dear pirates, pirates, corsairs and buccaneers! After a short pause in which Jameera turned her gaze away from Nostromo, she added: "We have gathered here today in the

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# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

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Continued from page 20

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arms of Aquas and Aeris to make a covenant! A covenant, not only between Jandrek, the corsair of Kalderah ..."

The two captains spoke now always in the change: "... and between Jameera, the compass rose from Shäekara, but also between the two crews, who follow them for years!"

"Together, we will sail the seas of Mythodea, always in glory, rum and wealth!"

"Together we will accomplish deeds that will be sung in taverns from Paolo's Trutz to the Golden City!"

"Friends, raise your jugs and testify that I, Jameera, the compass rose of Shäekara today make Jandrek my husband ..."

"... and that I, Jandrek, the Corsair of Kalderah, today take Jameera as my wife ..."

The last words they said together: "and that we want to do this in the midst of wind and wave, surrounded by the light of the flames, with full jugs and in the face of the Quin! So be it, as true as we are pirates!"

Far across the ocean the answer of both crews sounded: "As true as we are pirates! Only two voices were missing in this choir. Nostromo had sneaked back to the desert rose during the wedding ceremony

to hide his tears at the wedding of his beloved Jameera.

Alone he now sat in the semi-darkness of his cabin, a candle stump as the only light. He was followed by Serrah, who now pushed herself through the door and closed it behind her. Grinning she said to the young pirate: "Sweetie, looks as if you have feelings for your captain. Not good at all, I tell you. That ends in worse than just tears. Let me make you a suggestion."

Nostromo dried his tears and looked at the pirate who had already loosened the top buttons of her blouse. Immediately he felt hot blood rising into him. "D-That would be?"

Serrah grinned. "Come with me. We steal the desert rose and make our own luck. What do you say? Before Nostromo could answer, Serrah pressed her hot lips on Nostromo's mouth.

A breath of wind extinguished the candle and plunged the couple into darkness. From outside the singing of the celebrating pirates penetrated over to them.

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Continued in the next edition of the  
 Mitrasperan Herald!

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## Unresolved murder series in Kelemthal!

**Four.** A number that can be associated with many things. Now, unfortunately, also with those young lumberjacks who fell victim to a disgraceful act.

It happened four weeks ago. The first victim. **Lares Musker.** The circumstances would also have been suitable for an accident and so nobody thought much about the background. He was mourned, he was buried, life went on. But then, a week later, the next victim. **Baltram Olben.** It seemed as if a falling branch had killed him. Another week later, **Edo Gerricht.** The man was found sitting on a tree, his own axe in his chest, his wallet still on his belt. This was the first time serious thought had been given to murder. All other deaths were also investigated in this context, but no trace seems to lead to a perpetrator who is up to no good in the forests of Kelemthal.

Last week **Travin Hufnagel** was found tied to a tree. The fourth victim.

Parts of the loggers believe in a bad omen, another part doesn't dare to work at all. Demands are made daily to the new council and to Stordan to provide or increase protection for the workers in the forests. Wood yields have not been recorded since then.

Can this murderer be found?

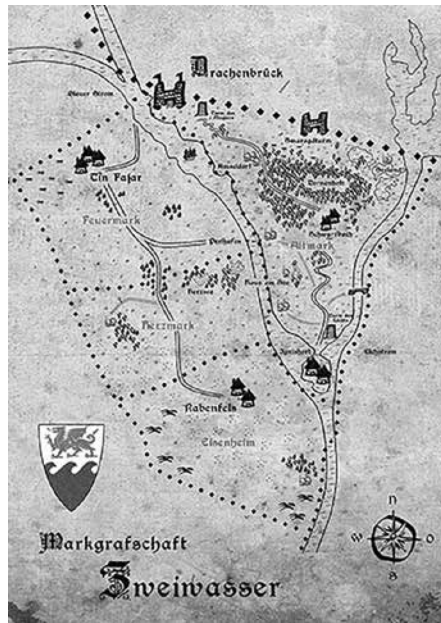
**Lechdan Daske**

# REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

## Fire at the northern border

At the northern border of the empire, in the margraviate *Zweiwasser*, groups of border hunters are seen again and again, who ignite fires at elevated points in the almost uninhabited wilderness.

They are not rituals in honour of *Ignis*, but plans of the captain of the Emerald Tower, *Varek Aestus*. The knight of the Order of Roses and Thorns wants to establish a series of signal fires along the border, which should reach to the capital *Drachenbrück*. In the event of an attack by the *Black Ice*, the news is to be spread quickly. At present, the chain of fireplaces is not yet complete, because



the task of finding enough faithful men and women in the sparsely populated area to preserve the wood

piles in the wilderness and ignite them in danger is a challenge. Allegedly, the margrave promised every citizen a wage of five sheep to take care of a signal fire.

Dame *Medina*, castellan of the *Feuermark*, is also impressed by the plans of the captain. In future, the chain of beacons could extend further west, beyond *Drachenbrück*, perhaps even beyond the borders of the margraviate of *Zweiwasser*, if other vassals join in. For the protection of the empire and its good citizens.

**Ignazio**,  
wandering monk  
of the monastery *Ignishort*

# REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

## Situation in Validus

*Boromil Damotil*, Minister for Military Affairs and Clod Administration of the *Märkischer Bund*, has not enjoyed any peace since the summer campaign. First his daughter *Ronja* disappeared without a trace during the campaign, now there seem to be difficulties in the relationship with his fiancée, *Saya Johanna Cabal*. Despite these adverse circumstances, this minister does not lose sight of the

common good of the Confederation or of the inhabitants of *Validus*, so he wants to apply to the *Märkischer Rat* for the benefit of *Validus* to take over the ownership of the *Scholl*. The editorial staff wishes *Mr. Damotil* a quick improvement of his situation and that his daughter will soon be found healthy.

**Tesla Heidefuss**  
(Validuser local editorial office)

## New ships for Hertheim

After the *Hertheim* fishermen had been defencelessly overrun by a gang of robbers in the spring of this year, which later turned out to be the 13th mercenary company under the leadership of *Harald*, almost all boats of the *Hertheim* fishermen were captured in order to sail in the direction of red sand.

In the meantime new boats were delivered, which had been promised

# REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

as reparation payments by the leader of the Likedeeler, Apollonius of Gailingen. 20 new boats could be handed over to the damaged fishermen, just in time to replenish the winter supplies.

"Det sein all fesche Schippe, nu is det Kribbentorsen vorbej", said one of the fishermen after a first inspection, "da hög we över und fang ma mal barch mehr Fische als wie vorher".

Rumour has it that the small fishing port on the coast of Hertheim will be extended in the next few years to allow larger ships to dock.

## Heide Gänsefeder

(Hertheim local editorial office)



## Test persons wanted for study!

We are looking for volunteers for a study to test new medication and treatment methods against different diseases! They should be physically healthy and mentally stable, affinities to Aqua and/or Ignis would be an advantage, but are not a requirement! The study is expected to last over a period of 9 moons. A presence of the test persons at the Academy of Healing at Tausendwasserhaven is necessary in the first week full time and in the following 11 weeks one day a week. In the remaining moons one day per moon is to be counted.

As compensation, participants who are accepted into the program will be paid one silver per day of attendance. Travel expenses cannot be reimbursed! If you are interested, please contact Irmela Surendorfer, writer of Prof. Dr. Dr. hon. Horatio zu Ebenswack at the Academy of Healing at Tausendwasserhaven

## Irmela Surendorfer



## Gang of robbers active at the northern border

According to reports from traders and travellers, there has been an increase in robber attacks on the trade route north of the Hammerkopf Mountains. No serious injuries have been reported so far, but property damage worth thousands of silver has occurred. The Freyenwacht has greatly expanded its guard patrols along the trade route, but the bandits has not yet been able to get hold of him. Travellers on the northern trade route are strongly advised not to travel alone and, if necessary, hire mercenaries for personal protection. Any sighting of predators should be reported to the Freyenwacht or the administrators of the nearest floe.



## Dukedom Edict

No one is allowed to cross Porto Franco's borders without a valid permit with immediate effect.

The princely guard and the border guards are required to take into custody persons without a permit, if necessary by force of arms. Every traveller who moves or intends to move in Porto Franco is called upon to apply for a permit in the barracks of the Princely Guard, at the Port Authority or at the landowner's office.

Furthermore, every traveller on the roads in and around Porto Franco should be warned against accumulations of dubious persons. Any garrison officer or any representative of the local authorities will be notified of such gatherings.

On behalf of Prince Leonardo

Batista Visconti's

Johann Götzburg, Hofschreiber



## Warning against the enemy

During the summer campaign there were rumours that a bloodthirsty cult, called the Krakenkult, had regained a foothold in the Principality of Porto Franco. The Krakenkult indiscriminately seizes men, women and children to sacrifice them in a ritual of a being called "The Kraken" and devour the flesh of their victims. During their rituals, they can be recognized by

# REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

masks in the form of octopuses, but they could also use other signs of their belonging. It is expressly warned not to travel alone or to get in contact with the cult. Suspicious persons are to be reported immediately to the local authorities. Membership of the cult, contact or withholding of information is a punishable offence and will be punished accordingly.

signed **Johann Götzburg**  
court scribe



## First Council of the Märkischer Bund

Messengers were sent to each individual clod to deliver the invitations to the first council of the Märkischer Bund in its current composition.

In the new walls of the buildings of the ministry at the beginning of the new year the entire council of the Schollennehmer days is to meet around important decisions for the future.

Still no exact expiration is present, but it has already penetrated to the outside that among other things the charter itself, which is discussed

longer already, is to be brought finally to new gloss.

Contrary to previous mistakes, this time it is absolutely certain that the meetings will not be disturbed by attacks by the outlaws or their supporters: The area of the ministers with its building complexes lies safely surrounded by many clods in the heart of the Märkischer Bund.

In addition to the members of the council, visitors are of course also welcome, even if they are very unlikely to be able to take part in many meetings, rooms for lectures or the like are gladly made available to them. And after an exhausting day you can raise the glass together, away from titles and obligations!

Let us wait for the reports and let the Council take important decisions.

May they be for the country. May they be for Mythodea!



## Alliance or flight?

Many people know the Council of the North, which takes place every year and has high personalities like her Excellency Ka'Shalee Zress herself as a proclinator. But fewer peo-

ple know that this council will take place a second time in a place called Windhaven, which is a fairly new city that exists freely in the territory of the North. And even fewer people know that this city belongs to the Minister of Finance and Elemental Affairs, Tares O'Grady Windschreiter, as well as the premises provided directly by him for this council.

But now the question arises: Is this a thought-out diplomatic move to move closer and closer to an alliance between the Northern Seal and the Märkischer Bund, or is this minister trying to secure an escape route to turn his back on the Bund as soon as possible?

Is the Confederation being deceived, or is it being supported even more?

Unfortunately, we have not had the opportunity to talk to the Minister, but we will try to do so as soon as possible.

If other persons should know more about this circumstance, please inform the local editorial office of the Märkischer Bund, as these are important questions that need to be answered!!



# REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

## Gossip and tattle from the Märkischer Bund

**Tares Windschreiter, Minister of Trade and Elemental Knowledge, has not been spotted in Tausendwasserhaven for a long time!** After the summer campaign, the minister was hardly seen in Tausendwasserhaven, was he addicted to the elements or even to madness?



**Wedding of the Minister of War and Plaice Matters?** From well-informed circles it became known that the minister's wedding had been cancelled, his fiancée had not been seen for some time, has the minister anything to do with it?



**Red Dörte active again!** According to various sources, the well-known swindler Dörte Hollbeerer, called Red Dörte, was seen in the

plaice New Horizons. Some traveling gentlemen reported that she had tried to rob them in an immoral way and later! The bounty already placed on them was increased to four silver!



**Minister of Science escaped with gypsy gang?** The minister Ronja Damotil is said to have joined a gang of gypsies on the summer campaign and despite an intensive search she can no longer be found.



**Another fairy hill in the Märkischer Bund?** Near the Omiron strange mushroom circles were sighted, which allegedly radiate a ghostly glow at night! Should more fairies have settled here?



**Is Magister planning an unauthorized experiment?** From well-informed circles it became known that some Magisters at the university of Tausendwasserhaven want to carry out unauthorized experiments. On inquiry with the academy management this was denied however vehemently!



**Barley production endangered by kwitschbeetles?** On the Hertheim clod, barley production is said to be endangered by mysterious kwitschbeetles. Well-informed circles say that this year's production of the famous 'Hertheimer Küstengold' will be cancelled completely.

## COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

# Guild introduces itself: Legio Lona

Every country, every duchy and every city needs an executing arm. The Legio Lona is this arm for Porto Leonis. It supports not only the direct interests of the city, but also the allies of the bay. On the fields in front of the world forge you saw our banner shining in the sun and the warriors gathering under it. Here we would like to introduce you to the men and women of this guild Legio Lona.

The Legion is divided into sections, such as Light, Heavy, and Support, each of which is commanded by a capable Centurion. Our soldiers are always well recognizable in the battle by the fire-red capes. The equipment of this young army does not yet follow a clear line, so many experienced warriors prefer to carry their own weapons and armour. But this remains the only difference to a classic legion.

Community, honor and courage are what distinguish the men and women of our Legion. Under the leadership of the Legatus Sir Ulrich von Hochkamer, the hundreds of the



Legio are ready to stand up to any enemy on the field.

Although we are responsible for the executive force on the field, for attack and defense, the military is not allowed to judge civil misconduct. We boast that it is not necessary, in a city like Porto Leonis, to unleash the military power of a legion to stop citizens. Thus, our resources are free to react quickly and effectively to the circumstances, be they those of the city or those of our allies.

Even before the convention of the elements in Holzbrück, our homeland sent an army to the west to protect our friends in Kal'Hatra. Meanwhile, the fourth Centurie, under Rana Roxas, has marched to complete the third Legio mission in Tin

Chalaam. The troops offered and the cooperation with the Razash'Dai people will continue for a long time to come, as our peoples have a lot of culture to share.

Because a good army is not only used to fight or intimidate the enemies, but a Legio Lona is also suitable to present the willingness of a people. Young inquisitive soldiers, fighters and experienced warriors of the continent are the ones who fill our ranks and have conjured up a steadfast army. But you can also contribute your share and become a soldier in a red cape. You'll find the Legio barracks on the northern cliffs of the city. You will soon be able to move to the fields of Mythodea with fire and steel.

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# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

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## Moral decay

Not too many days ago troops of the north crossed the gate Terras of our small port city. The soldiers of the Legio provided a troop of trel-lisers to speed up the march of the troops.

What was primarily meant for efficiency also included the customs of respect between two equal beings from other habitats. To my astonishment, the convoy of soldiers also attracted the citizens of the city. I felt proud at the thought that the citizens of my city were also present to wish the armed forces of the north a good trip to their forthcoming task.

Artists from our Guild of Fine Arts also took part in this event with increasing numbers. I thought the ban-

ners and music were encouragement at first. But when the jokes and the mockery began, my joy had suddenly vanished. The irritated looking soldiers were cheered by the artists. The small groups of these people seemed to want to outdo each other by attracting as many marching glances as possible.

It is certainly not wrong, in the time after a heavy battle, to feel joy and share it with others. However, it is inexplicable to me that such a mockery of men and women with whom I once entered the field in front of the Worldforge and fought shield to shield can arise from this simple thought.

I know that many of my comrades felt not only charm but also anger

when this ridiculous spectacle took place behind our backs. We talked a lot that evening about what we had experienced together. Like other troops we had never seen before, standing aside in the field, saving us from a devastating defeat time and time again. From these stories a decision was made for many of us.

I quit my ministry with a part of the Auxiliaries. As soon as you read this, I will be on my way to a new home. One who appreciates it knows that courageous men, women and beings willingly bring their physical well-being to the field for the preservation of others. A city in which the thoughtless, dishonorable repulsiveness does not undermine the morale of the few who are willing to sacrifice their lives for them.

**A simple soldier**

## COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA



### High yield of lavender and olive

Asina's Department of Supply and Infrastructure has had a very successful harvest this autumn. The olive plantations in particular yielded so much that, according to initial estimates, Asina's own requirements are more than covered for both olives and olive oil.

The olives from the area around Asina are in great demand because they are particularly aromatic and rich and can be kept for several years. The rich olive oil, however, is not only used in local kitchens, but is also increasingly being traded as an insider tip for hair and body care.

Also with the harvest of the lavender fields a clear surplus could be obtained. Likely a part of the harvest will be used to establish a sandgrouse breeding system. The animals that have lived in the wild so far supply important components for food production and seem to prefer to feed on lavender. Olron, master craftsman, was commissioned by Rí Séamus O'Connor to present a concept for processing and marketing the lavender surplus.

If trade partners are interested in the goods, they contact the official trade representative Gozo of Tahat directly or the city council of Asina.

### Handover of the power to the Winterking

Just in time for Samhain, Banrion Yollinar nì Fhiona has handed over the affairs of state of the free city Ad Asta to Rì Seamus O'Connor. Banrion can look back on a successful half-year: Ad Asta was recognized as a free citystate by the Sovereign Council of Mythodea after a diplomatic effort by both rulers.

The reconstruction of the former Lona town of Asina was largely completed under the supervision of the Akata and with the help of building materials provided by the Northern Seal. Ad Asta also made an important contribution to the destruction of Kelriothar during this year's summer campaign.

The Rì faces the challenges of his reign with confidence: The (highly) anticipated landing of the barque with refugees from Kelriothar is imminent; legations of friendly parties from Mythodea have already gathered in Asina to receive the refugees. Meanwhile, the intended salvation of these same homeless people has apparently led to a mood of disgruntlement in part of the honourable Edalphi. It is also still completely uncertain how to deal with the rudimentary findings about the danger behind the mirrors.

Also in the political situation around Münzquell Ad Asta has taken a clear position. Rì O'Connor continues to expect Ad Asta's institutions to master the tension between loyalty to the ruling council and the economic stability of the Bay of Heolysos. "In view of the approaching winter and the troubled situation in Khal'Hatra," said O'Connor, "all cities, seals and estates under the sovereign council will depend on the continuation and deepening of excellent trade relations. Ad Asta will stand together with his allies."

It reports humbly  
palace spokesman Christopherus Seibert

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# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

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## Call to boycott of the cartographers' guild

We, the cartographers of Astras, follow the decree of our city lords and demand all cartographers who come from areas that have also joined the trade embargo to boycott the new cartographers guild.

We doubt the neutrality of the Cartographers' Guild, founded in a hurry during the last campaign. It is nothing more than another tool used by

Goldwacht to circumvent the trade embargo and thus undermine the council of rulers. Why else would it not be the guild master herself who proclaimed the guild, but her deputy, in Goldwacht of all places? The answer is clear: Because she, the guild master, is only a puppet used by Goldwacht to give the impression of neutrality. We see through this frame-up game and demand an im-

mediate ban on trading guild cards until Goldwacht acknowledges the legitimacy of the ruling council and submits to it or the guild officially distances itself from all members of Goldwacht.

Iuba Bajoran, Lena Werinher  
and Amelia Desolatria  
senior cartographers Ad Astras

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# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

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## pre-notification

The press department of the provisional council of Blutgard announces that due to the aftereffects of the victory celebration, water deficiency caused bodyfluid losses as well as several blood feuds between the members of the department no regular press

service could take place. The only remaining member was therefore forced to simply copy the latest issue of the DEATH'S HERALD.

An advance censorship by the blood marshal will ensure at least a minimum of journalistic standards. We apologize for the omission and promise better work as soon as our employees are sane again.



## Eilmeldung

As was announced to the Provisional Council shortly before the editorial deadline of the "Mitrasperan Herold", the Blood Pact's Council of Banner Carriers has elected the new blood marshal at the Blutthing.

They are KALILA at Tahawi of the Neturak, ANGUS Mackay of the Staildubh and ING Chu Carney of the Bracar Keltoi. Furthermore, a new order of the counting of votes of the Blood Pact's Council as well as the rule of the city Blutgard was decided on at the Thing.

The details will soon be announced in the relevant news postings.

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# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

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## Blutgard drowned (unfortunately only in crime)

Wave of misdeeds sweeps over the city –  
Is the Council powerless?

Blutgard – A phenomenon that was thought to have been overcome forever has finally reached the city. The complete lack of any kind of laws had also made the deliberate violation of them impossible. But with the introduction of the regulation this idyllic time has come to an end.

The "Archontensturz", smiled at by many citizens, perhaps even applauded by some, was only the beginning here. Vandalism, even on a colossal scale, is not illegal without injured parties (no one has claimed the statue). So why does no group of this deed boast? At each brawl in the thirstyfish, seven different troops stand on the main market the next day and outbid each other in claiming the work for themselves. It is reported from the leadership that a targeted act of sabotage against the good relations between Blutgard and the East, which are in the process of being established, is now being assumed there.

But even this does not change anything: a culture of deceit, of lies and fraud has found its way into Blutgard. As if to prove it, Sandro von Knessfeld, a draughtsman in the so-called "Aisthetikon", the city's hall of arts, was found murdered. And again, against every custom and tradition, only silence. Murder and manslaughter, for the usual reasons (feud, alcohol, blood sacrifice, just for fun), that is part of the cityscape. But a cowardly ambush against a defenceless man? What has become of Blutgard?

According to rumours, the Provisional Council has already appointed a special investigator. But how is a single woman supposed to compete against an entire city that seems to have lost its decency? The DEATH'S HERALD thinks that only good clan-imprisonment according to the old-fashioned tradition will help here: Random executions by the A.U.A. until the guilty party answers.

Courtesy of  
DEATH'S HERALD

## Rain brings ease

Late autumn eases water shortage  
– number of victims in acceptable range.

Blutgard – For a long time it seemed as if the rainy season would be absent, in this hot, dry year. But now at last, almost at the end of autumn, dark clouds are rising again over the cinnabarrock, filling cisterns, aqueducts and even wells. The end of the dry season also means a real chance for a good winter harvest, which in the warm climate of the city will outshine the summer harvest by far. So soon the damned stockfish will disappear from the menus of the city.

At the end of the dry season, the Committee for Murder and Statistics (a committee of the Provisional Council) also published an overview of deaths caused directly or indirectly by water shortage. This concerns deaths caused directly by water shortage as well as associated deficiency symptoms, by the consumption of insufficiently purified sewage and by malady such as fever or cholera that can be prevented by a better water supply. Water robbery and liquid cannibalism are also counted. Mass beatings caused by general irritability and bad mood as well as "murder for no particular reason" are not included. The number of victims is about twelve dozen, a "manageable" number by blood-guard standards, as one of the statisticians commented.

Courtesy of  
DEATH'S HERALD

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# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

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## No war against the north

Declaration was made during the campaign – The denial was made directly after the campaign.

Paolos Trotz / Blothgard – Still in the night of the victory celebration of the summer campaign the decision is said to have been made. In the yurt of the Bracar the decision was supposedly taken by direct vote of all those still awake present – the simplest form of popular rule – to finally carry the fight to the enemy. Only a few hours later, the traditional pumpkin of war was delivered to [Censored] (Archon Kop-Tar) [Section censored in the name of the marchal].

Only a few hours after the handing over of the pumpkin the denial was made by a messenger of the Blood Pact leadership. The whole episode had been nothing more than a yurt born schnapps idea – the North understood that too. [Section censored in the name of the marschalle. we have never seriously declared war on the north, and if this bribe-man claims that again, it won't remain a censorship!]

Courtesy of  
**DEATH'S HERALD**

## Voices from the south in the wrong direction

Newly named "substitute Nyame" ignores free cities, Märkischer Bund

Pallas Kronion – Almost a year after the blood pact's withdrawal, the South still does not seem to have got past its wounds. The so-called "voices", established after the death of the Nyame (see obituary), have now been announced to the rest of the world as contact persons during this period of transition. Here it is noticeable that the four women each received one of the other seals as a task area. There is one voice for the North, one for the Roses, etc. Completely absent are voices for the Märkischer Bund as well as for the free

cities – in view of the fact that these areas make up a good part of the population (and the fighting power) of Mythodea, a more than questionable move. Does the South hope to be able to stop the progress of the country by sheer denial? Are settlers who do not live in seals simply non-existent for the Golden Kingdom? It remains to be seen whether the new Nyame will be chosen. Perhaps it will then be able to face reality.

Courtesy of  
**DEATH'S HERALD**

## No boycott of Münzquell

City of a hundred faces stands by its treaties – trade remains free

Blutgard – Only short time after the announcement of the big neighbour in the west to put the realm Münzquell under embargo fordehin, it boiled already in the trading rooms. The city of Münzquell is Blutgard's most important trading partner. And if the council had followed the decision of the roses, this would undoubtedly have had serious consequences for the city's already chronically troubled economy. But only a few hours later, the all-clear was given: the trade agreements that had already been concluded will of course continue to be observed – not even the council of rulers can forbid this, as it would run counter to the principle of the Panmythodean trade agreement. Further-

more, the Provisional Council, in the spirit of freedom, leaves all Blutgard's merchants completely free to decide with whom they want to trade what and on what terms. Everyone is responsible for himself, and only a decision by the Marshal (not yet taken, editor's note) can change this, it says from the Council field. Although this noble tradition also means that every foreign trader does not enjoy the slightest protection against fraud and breach of contract, fortunately the guild of collectors, which has lowered the prices for persuasive stakes once again this month, is taking action here.

Courtesy of  
**DEATH'S HERALD**

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## COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

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# A year and a day

Blood Pact Calls for Bloodthing – Marshal's Choice Sets Course for Next Year

**Barad Crebain – The Grey Raven people call again to the Thing, and the Pact will follow again. The first ships have already left Mythodea, and there will be many more to come. They will sail towards Barad Crebain, the ancient home of the ravens, who will host them again this year.**

The dominant theme is undoubtedly the upcoming election of the Blood Marshal, which will traditionally (since last year) be chosen as "a year and a day". This is to be understood in view of the still little developed horology of the pact only symbolically, nevertheless applies that in each year a new choice must be held.

The election is accompanied by a review of the Marshall's decisions, which are now losing their untouchability. The last year has been marked by a policy of cautious re-connection with the rest of Mythodea, and a final judgement is still pending. Although this has led to great successes such as city law and a comparatively conflict-free summer campaign, in the eyes of many proud warriors a stale aftertaste remains, given the many compromises made. Blood Marshal Taya had already noticed that there would be consequences if the Council of Blood Banner Carriers did not like her decisions. It remains to be seen whether these words were prophetic.

Of the three blood marshals, only Marshal Yorbal Bagyaran of Wolf Brood is standing for re-election. Even if he is re-elected, the character of the leadership will be decisively redefined. Candidates traditionally only name themselves at the meeting, but the rumours do not stop: Boar, Bracar, Ana Caeto and even blood elves are supposed to present candidates, perhaps also the Grey Ravens themselves, blood eagles or even Wuwultschuk. However, the proposal of an anonymous banner bearer to "simply vote for vultures so that Kop'Tar gets a heart attack" will probably not be accepted.

Courtesy of  
DEATH'S HERALD



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 COVE OF HEOLYSOS: GOLDWACHT
 

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## SoraHasu open for tea talks

For almost a year now we, the SoraHasu, have been stranded on Mitraspera and were able to open our own tea plantation and tea house thanks to the active support of the honourable inhabitants, the town of Goldwacht.

Many inhabitants from all five cardinal points of this continent could convince themselves of the excellent quality of our teas. This led to a demand for how we grow and prepare our tea. In order to achieve a cultural exchange and a solid commercial relationship, we would like to share our knowledge.



Since we are currently engaged in our own harvest, this offer can only be made to one house. Therefore, before the first snow melts, all

interested parties should tell us what they would be willing to give for our knowledge and cultural exchange.

We SoraHasu proud citizens of Goldwacht and followers of the Golden Heritage, would like to clear up misunderstandings and refute rumours with the exchange of knowledge and cooperation. Where politics currently divides us, a quiet, objective conversation, with a home-grown tea, should reunite us.

**Matha ett Indura**

by Kinpatsu de Ryūsei

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## The combination with benefits

If it was providence or coincidence, you can't say. In each case, what belongs together has come together. On this year's summer campaign the family De la Rossa Luna, well known for lovingly produced goods for loving moments, as well as instructively valuable courses, and Marit Bechthold, proud owner of the "Rumtopf", the well-known and highly esteemed house of well repute, met in the Golden Anchor.

With plenty of good drink the excellently thought out and with much love to the detail manufactured goods, like flowery penis rings and "Lümmeltütentaschen" were presented. What would be more obvious with such a high quality and at the same time exemplary and practical product selection than to combine it with the joys of the rum pot? Therefore we are pleased to announce that in the future there will be a close and for our customers extremely lucrative coopera-

tion. Each time the De la Rossa Luna family refills an existing "Lümmeltütentasche", the loyal customer receives a special coupon that reduces the next visit to the "Rumtopf" by three copper. And a discount card for a visit to the rum pot can also be found in every newly purchased "Lümmeltütentasche". The same then grants a one-time discount of even 1 silver! We are looking forward to this "breedy" cooperation and to a successful, voluptuous future!

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## COVE OF HEOLYSOS: GOLDWACHT

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# Tension up to the last minute – First Braies ball tournament to Goldwacht

Drums sound through the castle courtyard, the brave warriors discuss their tactics, the crowd is tense. At the last minute, the Haagen brothers organize a seat for the regent and his noble retinue. Everyone is ready! Or not. Because what do we have to see there? Is Captain Jamie really rubbing himself with oil right now? Really! The spectators begin to grumble! The players take their places at the goal line. The start whistle sounds for the first round. After a very short time it becomes clear: this game has it all!

But what kind of game can we actually witness here? It's the first Braies ball tournament Goldwachts. The rules are quickly explained: There are two teams whose declared goal is to score goals themselves and to prevent their opponents with (almost) every means possible. Anything, except the use of weapons, is allowed! To make sure that none of the fighters can smuggle a weapon onto the playing field, they are only dressed

in their Braies (or other leg clothes). The players push, jostle, wrestle and push each other to the target or out of the way. This is great fun to watch!

So it doesn't take long until the thunder gurglers can score the first goal with great cheers. But the tension remains unbroken! Literally at the very last minute, the rollers then manage the equalization. A short breather follows before the weaponless jump-off.

This is the time when everyone can shine behind the scenes, especially the tireless water bearers who help the players to new powers. Many thanks to them at this point!

Then follows the unarmed stabbing! Norten von den Donnergurglern against Tevius von der Goldenen Garde will represent their team mates, some of whom are seriously injured and tired. A bitter fight between pure muscle power and physical mass begins. Tevius can finally decide this one for himself and thus the title "Winner of the first Braies ball tournament to Goldwacht" goes to the reels, consisting of Nikolai, Ajas,

Antaris and of course Tevius. But also the "Winners of Hearts", better known as the Thundergurglers (Donnergurgler) or Captain Jamie, Jon, Nebelhorn and Norten, deserve praises and heroic hymns, which Polly composed especially for this spectacle.

I, Annabell, the newest (of course highly impartial) crew member of the Thundergurglers, would like to thank His Excellency, Cho'Wa el Abar'Raine Keeper of the Golden Heritage, Protector of Münzquell and Protector of Goldwacht, most humbly for having organized this joyful game at the Coin Festival and look forward to welcoming His Excellency himself as a participant next time!

At this point I would like to expressly mention again that the dear female frail are cordially invited to take part in games of this kind themselves. If you have any questions concerning the fashionable issues for this purpose, I will of course be happy to help you personally with words and deeds.

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 COVE OF HEOLYSOS: GOLDWACHT
 

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# Rumors about the Golden Heritage

Since there are still a lot of rumours circulating about the Golden Heritage and the followers are sometimes accused of parcel delivery, a few frequently occurring prejudices should be considered here.

In the hope that cooperation will be sought and that the true enemy, the forsaken, can be fought more effectively. Let us now come to the statements that have been made to followers of the Golden Heritage:

**"The followers of the Golden Heritage reject the elements!"**

This is wrong. Every follower of the Golden Heritage has sworn to protect the structure of the world. This inevitably leads to the necessary destruction of the Forsaken.

To the world structure belongs to the elements, which are just as recognized as the Quihen'Assil. It should be emphasized, however, that the Quihen'Assil (also called world children) are not the same as the elements.

The Quihen'Assil are powerful beings who also have their own interests. This can be seen, for example, in the competition of the elements, which is fought out between the Quihen'Assil of each element.

Or the Jade War, which should only serve the purpose of freeing the

Quin of Honor. With little consideration for us mortals.

It should be said, then, that every follower of the Golden Heritage is free to choose the path of the Quihen'Assil.

But it is also not harmful to think about whether the path shown by the Quihen'Assil is not more difficult than it should be. Because nobody wants to experience another Jade War any more.

**"But Münzquell rejects the council of rulers and the rulers are the elements!"**

Also this statement must be given decidedly a refusal.

The Archonten and Nyamen are connected with the Quihen'Assil by their artefacts, Archonten scepter and Nyamen crowns.

That is all. They are not to be equaled with the elements.

There are distortions between the council of rulers and Münzquell, true. But that is all that can be deduced from this sentence.

**"Münzquell doesn't abide by anything the council of rulers says and refuses cooperation!"**

The city of Goldwacht has agreed to follow decisions taken unanimously by the council of rulers, as

long as they concern Mythodea as a whole.

This was already announced at the time of the summer campaign.

According to the information available to this modest scribe, the inhabitants of Goldwacht are waiting for an answer from the council of rulers in this matter.

**"Münzquell stands against the seals!"**

No inhabitant of Goldwacht stands against other settlers who fight against the Forsaken. Of course, they would defend themselves against other settlers, but everyone would do that if their lives were in danger.

Ultimately, everyone in these lands should be concerned with liberating the continent from the forsaken forces.

For only in this way can we ultimately live in peace.

Finally, it is to be hoped that the fighters for the elements within the walls of Goldwacht will not be surprised one morning by armed troops outside the walls.

And the dispute of the authorities can soon be settled so that no one on this continent has to fear the loss of their homeland.

signed

**Frederick Federschwung**

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# COVE OF HEOLYSOS: GOLDWACHT

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## Symphony of the Senses - Marit Bechthold invites you!

*"We become a melody of idleness,  
the harmony of hedonism, yes,  
a true symphony of the senses!"*

So it sounds through the room as Marit Bechthold praises the festivities in her establishment pompously and catchy. You simply feel at home in her establishments. The pleasant scent of exotic incense mixtures is as promising as it is mysterious. The same can be said about the local ladies. During my research some times a gentle finger danced along my back.

The cleanliness and discretion of the establishment as well as the disarming friendliness and charm of the hostess leave you with hardly any choice: you simply have to enjoy the hospitality and the services offered. So it is a real pleasure that the rumpot ("Rumtopf") opens

its doors to a spectacle of decadence. A celebration that offers something for every man (and woman, as the employees never tire of stressing). There will be an exciting and thematically appropriate programme that will attract many a competitor. The winner not only deserves honour, but often also valuable prizes.

But also the guests are asked not to appear empty-handed. So everyone is invited to bring a frivolous contribution of esteem in honor of the "Rumpot". In which way is entirely up to the imagination. "This day should be a celebration in honour of our wonderful establishment and the work we do every day

and how can this be done better than with a corresponding gift of devotion. Every day here in the "Rumpot" is for us a day of well-being and satisfaction for our beloved guests. I know that many a regular guest is looking for a way to return the favor. Of course, we are only too happy to offer this opportunity."

I can only say that it sounds like a celebration that you shouldn't miss. The Symphony of the Senses will undoubtedly be a pompous and incomparable event that will be talked about for a long time to come. Those who do not come here are to blame themselves!