



THE MITRASPERAN HERALD

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On the Adamant War against the Skargens

Servant of the Sacred Five,
a new enemy joins the
Forsaken.

Look at him, look at him and
fill your hearts with disgust.
May they look like you and
me, don't let this deceive you,
they have corrupt souls.

Souls that deserve no
protection.

And if you know nothing
about them but this, that is all
you need to know.

Do not ask first what their goal
is. They have only one thing.
Our destruction.

They have attacked Mitraspera
and have plundered all
places, slaughtered innocent
people like cattle and robbed
children to corrupt them.

The Skargen committed
crimes that cannot be spoken.

And they will continue to
commit them if we do not stop
them.

We who are under arms are
responsible for the fate of
those who seek peace.

So many came to the new
world to realize their dream of
a peaceful, happy life. And just
as many dreams the Skargen
have turned into Not.

But they did not consider
our will, our strength, our
fellowship. Their mischief will
come to an end at us.

We have sworn not to rest until
that day when the victory
is ours and Mitraspera free
again.

And these Skargen? Look
at them. They are practicing
shoulder to shoulder with the
powers of the Forsaken. They

fight by their side. They seek
to strengthen their power.

That leaves only one
conclusion and no other. They
themselves are Forsaken.

So fight them with the same
just anger as all the enemies
of the first creation.

Keep your hearts pure and
your weapons fast and you
will see in the coming battle
that you are truly doing the
will of the elements.

Until victory or death!

*Written by
Hick spring wind,
Candidate in the Order of
Tivar Khar'assil*

United in the future - cartographers settle dispute

After successful discussions the disputed points between the cartographers guild Mythodeas and the cartographers Ad Astras could be settled. The parties agreed on a uniform charter under which all cartographers and surveyors would now work together. Political controversies are no longer a problem within the guild, which is now committed to the politics of the council of rulers.

At the first guild convention we announce the new board of the guild:

- *Guild Master: Lena Werinher from Ad Astra*
- *Vice Guild Champion: Frigg*
- *Archivist: Iuba Bajoran from Ad Astra*
- *Treasurer: Quentin Qyrio from Askalon*

We can also name Asina in the bay of Heolysos as the new headquarters of the guild. To contact the guild, please contact the Asina Cartographic Office.

The Cartographers' and Surveyors' Guild enjoys a large repertoire of different skills which distinguish the different members. There are talented draughtswomen who are happy to turn any map into a work of art, but there are also adventurous surveyors who are happy to take on any task of surveying and mapping new areas. Interested clients are cordially invited to contact the guild in Asina in the Free State of Ad Astra.

In addition, we are always looking forward to new members: skilled

cartographers and surveyors are invited to introduce themselves to the guild and become a part of it. If you do not know how to map or survey, but are interested, please contact us as well: The Cartographers and Surveyors Guild is happy to take on new adepts and teach them the art of cartography.

For the cartographers and surveyors guild of Mythodea, Lena Werinher, Guild Master, and Quentin Qyrio, treasurer

A memorial of hope

Settler Mitrasperas, stay for a moment and listen to me. For although the campaign to MethratonThul has brought many new horrors to light, I also return with a story full of joy and confidence. In addition to the four temples of the outer elements, we also found a place of Magicas in this legendary city. But everyone with harmony and balance in their hearts could feel that something was wrong there.

A melody that was supposed to sound beautiful was so disturbed by dissonant tones that it spread great discomfort among those present. It was the resting place of four former Mitray'Kor, who generally bore the nickname „of shame". While some settlers were busy demanding their ancient and powerful weapons and leading the battle against the enemy, others felt driven by the desire to clean up the disturbance at this place. For

even the black ice had apparently contributed to polluting the site. This could be seen clearly by the large crystal in the middle of the square, in a competition of colours between blue and gold. Thus many settlers performed Magica pleasing deeds and thus actually strengthened the golden portion of Magicas in this structure. But it quickly became clear that these would not be enough. Something clung to the last connection to

the black ice and just wouldn't let go. Then the four spirits of the Mitray'Kor buried there appeared most personally by entering into the bodies of Edalphi and talked to us like this:

They lived a long time ago and were the beloved children of the four outer elements. With a great understanding for each other, they were able to find a harmony, a common center and reach the highest level of harmony: they plunged into the golden dream. They also strove to share this all-embracing realization of harmony and connectedness with all others, but the everlasting competition of the elements and the stubbornness of many followers of the outer ones tore their hearts apart. As a sign of their unity they even made a golden ribbon between the Mitray'Kor of Ignis and Aqua as well as Aeris and Terra. But the progress was always too small for them and the golden dream was too far away for all inhabitants of Mitraspera. And so they decided to create a memorial - such a powerful message that would make everyone else give in: they took their own lives. This sacrilege finally imposed on them the shame and the judgement to spend their existence restlessly as ghosts in an intermediate world and to do penance. After some time the settlers dawned, the restless Mitray'Kor were apparently still driven by the quick end of

the disagreement between the elements. Thus, unfortunately, they were all too receptive to the new - supposedly improved - black ice and its whispers of perfection. Renegade continuum Edalphi appeared everywhere in the city and told with friendly voice full of euphony about their black dream. The settlers quickly learned what it meant exactly: assimilation into the collective without the loss of their own individuality. So a fast and dearly bought condition without competition, which the renegades themselves also called „harmony“. They were full of compassion for those who did not have the foresight to see the decline coming. For their melody is the only true one. But the settlers did not give in. In countless conversations they brought the four beloved children closer to their deeply felt harmony and their connection with the sacred elements. And despite the great differences among the settlers, the message was always the same. In a united voice they brought the Mitray'Kor to insight:

Your goal was right, but the way was wrong! The golden dream is not reached by abbreviations; in my homeland it is called „per aspera ad astra“ - through effort one reaches the stars. And this effort is worth it! Because in the golden dream everyone should be able to find himself again and this must happen out of own conviction.

And yes, this conviction must grow and come from everyone himself. Only then will the golden dream be held up as a common body of thought and defended with zeal. When the four restless Mitray'Kor recognized this, they were granted forgiveness, each one of them in a very special way. And after a last heart-rending farewell from each other their penance was finally done and the crystal in the middle of the memorial shone in pure golden light. That this was possible at all after such a long time sparked a spark of hope in everyone involved. This is the age of mortals! We are not perfect and make mistakes from time to time, but we always learn from them and continue to look forward resolutely: towards the golden dream. Inspired by this feeling, the settlers together with Mitternacht and the Crown of Creation decided that from now on Mitraspera should be noted in all history books:

the beloved children of old were forgiven for their sacrilege and found their peace as Mitray'Kor of Hope. Go and tell this story, spread hope wherever you are! And let the golden dream grow in your hearts.

Magister Syrael Obnoxius

The sanctuary is reconquered!

Methraton Thul, 17th JNDE - With joy and jubilation it is to be proclaimed that the citadel of life could be snatched from the forsaken powers. energetically with feather, sword and mind for this victory.

Under the wise gaze of Miriel of Kerewesch, Mistress of the Tides, the Covenant of Waves and Wind succeeded in freeing this sanctuary from both the influence of the Black Ice and the wicked machinations of the Episcorpa. Praise and thanks go to those of you who have worked We have once again proved that no power of the Second Creation can break our convictions, our faith. Whatever the future holds, we move forward with waves and wind!

Theodor Tiberius Storm
Armourer Aquas

Blüthental Governor of Skargen murdered!

No two moons before the summer campaign to the west, a Nyame appointed my federal sister Sieglynd governor of a mighty mountain festival and gave a new home to a part of the Blüthentaler community. Not long did the luck last, because Sieglynd was murdered on this campaign. The Blüthentaler, the Khalarin and their federal brothers and sisters are in deep mourning.

The Skargen kidnapped them with one aim - to get information! But she withstood cruel torture and gave nothing away because she wanted to protect her family. For this reason, the new enemies came to the gates of the Iron Banner and wanted to exchange the governor for the knowledge of the settlement area of the Blüthentaler. Of course there was no negotiation, an Archon intervened, but Sieglynd could not be saved. She gave up her life to protect others.



It may seem strange that the information in this text remains very vague. But Sieglynd did not die accidentally or heroically in battle. The enemy wanted information and therefore kidnapped the governor. While she resisted the martyrdom of the Skargen, I don't want to belittle her victim by writing down everything they couldn't learn.

That is why I appeal to all settlers, but above all to the rulers of this country: Do not let their sacrifice be in vain! Protect the Blüthentaler, withhold information about them at all costs. For me, many of them are friends. For this reason alone I will stand by their side until my last breath. For all of you who can't say that about yourself, there is still a reason to heed my words: A strange creature with spines on his back spoke the following words during the murder: „When the flower falls and blood takes the color, the valley loses and the three wins against the four“. These words and the fact that many Skargen have an immeasurable hatred for the color lilac should make us all think.

Feragash Seversk
Commander of the League of Four

Temple of Terror liberated - Priestess and three guards appointed

The Temple of Terror, which had appeared in Metraton Thul, could be liberated and purified in joint effort under the leadership of Kallar Duskwood, Xian-bearer Aeris.

The Mitray'Kor of Change warned everyone of a great threat when the settlers arrived. It was the Episcorpa that corrupted the temple and the Tanaar spirits inside with Nechaton. The Tanaar spirits were petrified, only one could escape, Ashana, priestess of terror. By the intervention of the settlers worse could be averted. Blood sacrifices or hunting trophies were needed to further strengthen the temple, and many began to do just that.

In addition, masks of black ice had been attached to the Petrified of Compassion, an Edalphi of the Continuum. They „searched“ for wearers and forced them to live out certain aspects more intensively. An example of this is that one of the masks was dedicated to protection, the wearer had an urgent need to protect the temple. These masks had to be removed from the wearer with the help of horrors. By destroying the masks, pity could be greatly weakened. On the last evening of the campaign, Merle was defeated

by the White Storm of Leomir and Helrik Schütze by the power of Cupa.

As in the other temples and sites, a Banner of Power was to be found at the Temple of Terror. A seal of Episcorpa was also attached to this banner, which had to be broken. All banners were inactive until the seals were broken, including this one.

After the masks had been removed, a ritual to strengthen the temple could finally take place and corruption could be finally removed. Ashana had given a ritual to weaken the Episcorpa, to perform the ritual her symbolic body had to be sacrificed. A puppet had been made to revile the body of Episcorpa. The ritual consisted of two parts, the flooding of the temple with aerial force and the destruction of the doll with violence and much blood. On the battlefield, this led to the Episcorpa being killed and the seal broken.

After completing the ritual, Ashana called upon those present to face the trials of the temple guardian. The temple needs them, as does a new priestess, Asena, who has become of the Naldar people. The first test of boldness was to prove that the candidates were able to

face the further tests, the tests of the winds. After the tests of the winds, all prospective guards still had to face the test of change. To Ashana's delight a woman succeeded in passing Liandra in Wolfenau (chosen by the Wind of the West Zephyros) as the first, closely followed by Feoras Kalherz (chosen by the Wind of the North Boreas) and Helrik Schütze (chosen by the Wind of the South Nothos).

Without the help of so many settlers, this would not have been possible. Thus here a thanks to all the sacrifices to the temple brought and thus their part have done. Thanks to the Naldar who tirelessly did their part to free the Astras, the Northern Seal and the Western Seal and especially to the following people who tirelessly worked hard to free the temple. Kallar Duskwood, Helrik Schütze, Frost, Liandra to Wolfenau, Davion, Merle, Saga, Iramar, Seki, Asena, Feoras Kalherz, the hunting pack and advising Ka'Shalee Zress I Andra, Nyame of the North.

*- Adolar, Waffenmeister Herold
from the fief Orbb Tonashss in the
Western Seal -*

The Order also works in Methraton'Thul

In addition to the settlers' efforts to secure the elemental shrines and ward off the Skargen attacks on their homeland in Mythodea, the Order of Guardians of the Power Veins continued its work at the site itself.

An important goal was to obtain an apparatus to stabilize Pyramidium in order to build stabilization units similar to those used at the last convent of the Elements to stabilize the open Ignis power vein. Quite quickly and with the great help of her Excellency Ka'Shalee Zress, the Nyame of the North, the construction plans for such an apparatus were secured and a master builder was quickly found. The blacksmith Adalbert Klingengießler agreed to build them and had to revise and correct the plans first. Towards the end of the campaign, the equipment could also be completed and calibrated with the help of the magicians' guild, so that nothing would stand in the way of an operation to stabilize a broken Terra power vein near Porto Leonis. In general, the Magic Guild had

presented itself as a great help for the work of the Order, which will probably lead to closer cooperation between these two groups in the future.

Rumours in the streets of the retinue reported discrepancies within the Order, but these could probably be resolved in a general conversation. Let us hope that these rumours can be sent very quickly into the mists around Mythodea, because it is precisely the harmony of its members that makes the Order so efficient and important for the preservation and safeguarding of the power veins.

The Order will work more closely with the Sphere Guardians of Mythodea in the future, an exchange of knowledge and mutual support can only be positive for the future of the country.

The rumour that a leather man in the banner of the explorers sells the frivolous cards traded and exchanged during the entire campaign against Pyramidium and Tirolit could not be confirmed. The Hobbit

lady Roka Fuchsbau had immediately and without further question agreed to help the Order investigate this rumour, but could not find anyone who had made her the immoral offer of forbidden merchandise in exchange for a frivolous card. Even a final check by the two members of the order, Tares O'Grady Windschreiter and Connor MacAnwyn, could not confirm the rumour. Let's hope that this rumor is also lost in the fog of Mythodea, because the depletion of the power veins of Mythodea and the trade with the extracted raw materials is not only punishable by death by the council of rulers of the Archons and Nyamen, it also damages the magical structures of Mythodea and the country in general.

For this reason here once again the simple hint: Settlers be smart, hands off the power veins!

*For the Order of the Guardians of
the Power Veins
- Shaun O'Malley -*

The retinue's united!

During the summer campaign in Metrathon Thul the retinue banner succeeded in demanding a „Banner of Power“.

The task required among other things finest and rare materials as well as best craftsmen, all things the Tross could always show. If the vice-governor and banner leader of the retinue tried to get Siegfried of Mersburg at the beginning still help for it in other seals, he recognized fast that the retinue must not only create this alone, but can also create alone. And not only craftsmen gave their best, also all guilds, artists and still many further settlers of the retinue gave their part, in order to create a harness and a sword for the future carrier of the banner. The

task succeeded and soon Falk von Milastein, captain of the city guard, could go into battle with the troop, fight and win against the forsaken.

Furthermore, the retinue surprised the other seals when it made it faster than expected, which others did not consider possible: Siegfried of Mersburg handed over a handful of the important catacomb texts, which were considered lost, as well as various power pearls and Sicurin crystals, to the surprised leaders of the other banners. How did he manage that? It was known through the Banner Council that these writings were stolen, and it was expected that some of these writings would appear on the black market. The banner leader

of the retinue did not hesitate to speak out against a death sentence or other punishment for owning such writings. Rather, he took a different path. The path of enlightenment. And he offered a reward for giving such writings and crystals. It was clear to him and his deputy Roka Fuchsbaue that such writings usually entered the retinue from the outside. By a fortunate coincidence Roka Fuchsbaue succeeded in sensitizing the various gangs of the retinue to this topic. Now that all ears were pointed and all eyes were open, a stack of these writings reached the governor's camp the same evening. The procedure of the gangs was not further questioned in this case.

From a report

The Brotherhood of the Ouai

Dearest Calla,

Spirit of the past that is in this name. You were Inhaya Callaiopae long ago when we had to say goodbye. But for the longest time I knew you as the Pa'Jolan, who walked her way full of persistence and courage, making her an Ouai of the Brotherhood. And who at the end led you back into the primordial soul. You were as courageous as I knew you, and full of determination to give your

remaining strength, which had not yet decayed the heart of marriage, to the cradle of transience.

You, like Ahanu, did not hesitate to do this for us settlers in order to support us to the best of your ability in the fight against the outlaws. Now you are gone.

And it was not only you and Ahanu we had to say goodbye to. Gesimae Tokija has brought us the message

that the Ouai Brotherhood by decision will withdraw the Council of Gesimae to their home. All the losses you have suffered in recent years when you stood by our side must be overcome so that the brotherhood can continue.

I cannot speak for all the friends you had among the settlers. I can only speak for myself and I mourn the loss of your presence. The empty place by the fire, the missing voices in the

singing, the laughter in situations that were to cry. You were more than wise counselors, you were friends to me. And even though I still know many names other than yours, Calla - that of Tokija, Taljien, Mejhana and many others - alive, it hurts me to know that we will probably not meet again in my lifetime.

It is our age, that of the heirs of the Ancient Rulers. But without looking back, you don't know where to go.

You Ouai have been an integral part of Mitraspera for a long time, you have made not only friends but also enemies, but you have shaped the developments of recent years. Now we will continue this way without you.

Your farewell was not great, not loud. But all those who are close to you were there and celebrated together with you once more the feast of joy of maturity. One last time together

with you, but certainly not the last festival of this kind.

You will always remain unforgotten.

In deep friendship,

*Myrea Fuchshain,
Deep Watch,
Realm of Roses*

*The article of the Schmutzfinken was adapted and changed
by the editorial staff of the herald:*

Prince Invasion

There are two new princes since Methraton Thul for Mythodea. One layed sleeping in a grave for a long time. The other suddenly appeared in the Tross. However, this is not about the mysterious Sleeper Prince, who seems to be a previously undreamt incarnation of power of the Black Ice, but about the Trossprinzen, a man who appeared out of nowhere and then went into battle at the side of the settlers.

According to the Sea Trade Guild, this Prince Atteron is to be trusted. And in fact: Although no one seemed to know his home island within the mythodean fog and he probably comes from unknown regions, the Trossprinzen was granted certain powers of control. Little has been

learned about the new main character in the city. He has a story with the Skargen - a disturbing new threat to the continent. But he doesn't want to belong to this Nordmann people, even though he's a Northman himself, but, on the contrary, he wants to fight them. He told of the suffering and destruction that these Skargen brought to his homeland.

His men and women also confirm this. The Prince is accompanied by about five faithful. The fifth answers the difficult questions for his master. According to his own statement, he wants to spread his traditions and help defend Methraton Thul.

What will happen to the Tross now? Will he be ruled by a prince in the

future? The council of rulers is said to have taken care of the causa of the Trossprinzen, but what does the Tross itself do?

We eagerly await what may come - even if it is only an answer.

The Prince of Atteron invited to a castle, far away from the known realms, called Sturmwatch. Perhaps the answers can be found there or the mysterious past of these new strangers can be discovered.

The competition of the elements - and how it will continue in the future

It was with great disappointment that I realized that the very low interest in the competition of the elements at this year's convention in Holzbrück has also spread to the editorial staff of the herald. Thus pages by pages of the reporting about the newest people amusement called Pompfball had appeared probably more important to the writers and there was such a thing then no place or simply no interest in it to report from the competition of the elements, which took place also this year on the convention.

Perhaps it was also simply because, unlike last year, there was no major conflict or scandal associated with this year's competition.

Nevertheless, the disappointment remains that in the meantime the herald, once a source of knowledge

and reporter of the highest importance for the people of Mythodea, has also turned to profane garbage.

I do not want to bore the readers with such lamentation any longer, but to take it into my own hands at this point at least to inform them about it, although I consider the events important enough that every man, woman, child and every other inhabitant of Mythodea has a right to know about it.

Due to the riots that took place last year in the course of the competition, it was decided that the competition this year would not serve the victory and glory of the winner. Instead, the goal was set that those who prove to be worthy winners of the elementary tests should together rewrite the laws for the competition of the coming years, so that events and escalations like last year's do not occur anymore.

This is now the result, the laws under which the competition will be held from now on, as they were established at the convent and then proclaimed before the rulers, the Mitray'Kor, the peoples and the settlers of Mythodea:

The Basic Rules:

It's a contest, not a war!

1. no element may refuse to compete.
2. the competition must not lead to a weakening of one's own ranks.
3. nobody may be killed in the competition.
4. no damage may be inflicted on any party, unless it is explicitly allowed in a task.
5. no damage may be inflicted on any uninvolved party.
6. every participant can leave a task at any time without consequences.

Whoever violates these rules will be excluded from the competition and must answer to the rulers for his violation.

The formal competition:

In order to comply with the basic rules, the combatants of the elements undertake to hold the contest under the following rules.

- The competition must not take place in an active war zone.
- The contestants of each of the five elements shall nominate one representative each for the Council of the competition. This representative may be reappointed at any time if necessary.
- will be.
- The Council proclaims the contest. It shall determine the time and place of the competition, and
- can pause the competition at any time.
- The Council shall select a prize and announce it. It shall set a task for the case of a tie. This is formulated

in writing and sealed and kept it in a safe place.

- Each element represents a task for the other four elements. The fighters of the elements must not participate in their own task.
- Each element has at least one judge who announces the task, monitored and assessed.
- Victory goes to one element, not to a single competitor.
- A public meeting of all elements takes place at the beginning. The Judges must be present.

The informal competition

- If a person legitimized by the elements calls the contest, the following shall apply in any case, the ground rules.
- For the exact procedure and organization is the exclamatory person responsible.

The Council may, outside of a declared competition, adopt

rules if necessary change.

Finally, I would like to say a few words to those companions who competed in the Convention, won it and then devoted themselves to this great and important task, which they mastered with hard work and great success. My thanks therefore go to Edala, Sheewa, Sal, Ascan, Han Shu, Martin and Enzo. I would also like to thank Larell, Gaheris and the Edalphi, who guided and guided us, as well as the editorial and printing staff of the Sterndeuter for helping us to copy the legal texts on site.

I look forward to the competition in the coming year and hope that this will be a further step so that we can all look forward to a glorious future together on Mythodea.

*Tendal,
 magician at the court of thorns.*

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

THE CIRCLE OF THE SHEPHERDS

The longer I travel through Mitraspera, the less my opinion about the settlers will be. I have never felt like one of yours, but now I know that I will never be either.

From the outside, the settlers have very simple patterns of behaviour. Let us try to describe it figuratively:

The settlers can be divided into three categories: The sheep, the wolves and the shepherds.

The sheep are here because they are here. As long as they do not run out of food, they do not question the world and even then their limited horizon would not be sufficient for profound questions. The simple sheep are guided by their leading sheep and their shepherd.

A leading sheep is a sheep that completely overestimates itself, sometimes considers itself a shepherd, and is stubborn enough for other sheep to overestimate itself. But even the leading sheep lacks the necessary foresight, after all it

grazes in the same meadow as the other sheep. It cannot break old patterns of behaviour.

The shepherd directs the flock of sheep and watches over them, but is not a part of them. From the herd's point of view, the shepherd is usually her friend, but in the end he only wants her wool, her milk and her meat. Compared to the sheep, the number of shepherds is of course very small, but once you have found them you will find their handwriting everywhere. A clever shepherd also manages to steer the sheep in such a way that they believe they have made their own decisions.

The third group are the wolves. The wolves are neither drivers nor part of the herd, they are a separate species that lives from the inattentive. The wolf needs the flock because it cannot exist without them. Often the wolf sees himself as wise and superior, but he is usually only little wiser than the sheep.

The wolf itself is a parasite that only exists as long as the herd exists and binds the herd to the shepherd who protects it. The watchful shepherd himself does not fear the wolf. Even more ridiculous than the wolf may be only the sheep who want to follow the wolf in the hope of becoming wolves themselves. There is a second variety of wolves here, one of those rare varieties. If I look at Enabran's, no, my pupil Udis Raith Dos, he also shows the habitus of the wolf. But he does not kill in order to eat and to get fat on his victims. He kills to kill.

I am not sure whether he is a shepherd in wolf fur trying to fathom the dividing line between life and death, or whether he is one of those wolves who hunt down the sheep and leave it untouched in their own blood. For the moment, however, he is extremely useful.

The more I travel through the countries and settlements of the continent, the clearer it becomes

to me how small the number is of those who are truly shepherds and how large the number of sheep is.

Many of the settlers believe that they are drivers and drivers without ever having made a real difference. And how many wolves see themselves as wise and superior, although they can only survive as long as the shepherd lets them survive?

But what fills me most with rage is how blindly they all eat what the land gives them. There is no questioning and no vision for a new, own way. Everyone lives

with the commandment, the ruins of a failed time. And driven by their own hunger, they simply want to recreate the greatness of a lost age.

The world must be broken open and separated like a raw egg, what is good and what is bad. We will find our own better way, away from the lies of those who serve our credulity here.

I must find other shepherds to join my circle.

A first impulse told me to look here among the Kell Goron, but

even here there are too many waiting like sheep for the day when their masters will sacrifice them. I counted about two handfuls of people who came to this continent as settlers and then here because they were promised great things.

Enabran alone, if you want to trust his words, counts two more of his disciples besides me.

Perhaps my gaze is sharper, but most of them are just fools.

The Mitrasperan Herald

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



MINNE AND SINGING

In a place where it burns

I wonder how much longer
I'll have to wait,
Until I can see the world burn?
How many words can I endure?
To stand openly with you?

I cannot bear the intrigues,
To whom love now compels me.
My soul breaks
in the knowledge,
That it already devours trust.

„Soon“ is only a lie,
Describes more than just
the one time.
Wait, always just wait.
When only, when is it ready?

No matter when it is time,
My heart is already yours.
Never let me wait too long,
Come back to me soon, oh soon.

I would like to dream of a place,
Where nothing and
nobody separates us.
I will always wait for you,
In a place with a fire.

for the flood of sparks

Fourth grass lawsuit

I've seen the fields burn,
the gables in flaming red.
saw the lust for murder
in his eyes,
it's Grim Reaper's death.

I have seen war wander there,
the eyes as red as embers.
Märker saw them standing
close together,
to defy this rage.

I have seen a knight,
rode before the enemy
in a noble sense.
was allowed to hear
the words of reason,
sharper than the blade.

I have seen the rows shrink,
the word broke its path.
saw many an enemy leave,
but the siege that lasted.

I have seen the gate house fall,
the flood of the cruel enemy.
saw the traitor
who let this happen,
curse his bones today.

I have seen anger and fury,
made him flow gratefully
into me.
Wanted to rage among
those who sow evil,
want to repay them,
shed their blood.

From the East:
White water treasure
from sea shell chambers
Ladies of the heart Decoration

MINNE AND SINGING

Otto's Wisdom SPECIAL

Dear readers,
it's been a long time,
that I have the first wisdom,
since so much.
I enjoy this time.

Now I'm much too busy,
it takes a long time to write.
I carry in your midst,
now a modest request.

Are you furious with rhyming,
and the letter as well,
then please be so kind,
send me some wisdom.

A guest appearance
of readers here,
where I teach myself.
That would be close to my heart,
and would be an honor.

*In honor of the anniversary
edition, YOU, dear readers,
have the unique chance to write
a „wisdom“ for the next herald.*

*Please send your s
uggestion with name
(real name or artist name) to the
Reichsmuseum in Kalderah.*

*I look forward to your
contributions, your Otto!*

I'm looking for a grave

Our fallen
of the Skargen raid

I'm looking for a grave
and I don't know where,
only I know it's east of here.
There he stood lonely,
like others so
On the forward post.

From there the dark fairy tale
came to me,
they would have
buried him there;
there they sang over the grave
the Song of the Dead, the
ravens to him.

I look for a grave
and go with me
A thousand who seek and ask,
they remain standing
at all graves,
and the stones tower over it.

But the answer
always comes back:
Go on and ask the others!
This is how we seek happiness
in our longing
And have to search
and wander.

O you who still go
to the graves,
who cherish your dead,
you may stand on the grave
in front of you,
the wreath of loyalty.

O, add another flower
And speak a pious
commemoration,
that Terra in love
has eternal rest
to our dead.

 REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

Thoughts of a simple soldier

I have served the rulers of the Northern Empire for 10 years now. A simple soldier who has stood against the enemies of the elements in many battles. I don't claim to see the big picture like the Excellencies do, but that's not my job either. But I understand my craft and the years of battle give us ordinary soldiers a sense of when things change or when something is wrong.

May their Excellencies forgive my presumptuousness when I report here so free of the events when we first fought against those new enemies who call themselves scars.

The Viribus Unitis had enemy contact on the last campaign, but until Saturday it seemed to me and my comrades that the attacks of these new enemies were something that affected the other realms of Mythodea. Our allies from the east, west and south marched through our camp and the griffin portal. From them came the reports of warriors who had plundered and plundered the realms. But no news came from the north. How could that be? Our coasts are surrounded by high cliffs, where would these warriors land their ships? Nothing had changed for

us, we had to face the old enemies and keep our backs free for our allies where necessary.

It seemed that way until Friday. Suddenly we received news of enemies marching north from the western empire who had already crossed the border. I was not there with the troops who crossed the griffin portal into the northern realm, but comrades told me what happened. No enemy had been found, but his tracks had been found. One of my comrades claimed that they had left the portal near the Wolfsmark. But where were the enemies, had they fled from us? It remained a mystery.

When we were called back to arms the next day, we joked whether the enemy might flee again. We should be wrong. We left the griffin portal together with allied troops, but where had we landed? I know the north and that wasn't the Wolfsmark, but we hardly had time to look into this question.

The enemy consisted of a mixed troop of undead and scarabs. One more mystery, where did the undead come from in the northern realm? But we are warriors of the north and I leave it to the officers to

answer the questions. The Skargen seemed surprised that we were at this place, but at the beginning it was bad for us. The Skargen fought wild and uninhibited and then again amazingly disciplined, they were a bigger challenge than expected.

Our troops were pushed back and for me it looked like we had to retreat through the griffin portal. But then we received unexpected reinforcement from the portal. With these fresh troops we succeeded in winning. We found with the Skargen plundered goods however no reference to where in the north we were straight. I am still confused by things that the enemies yelled at me. This place would belong to them, they would expel us from their possessions. If this was the north, where would the Skargen own land?

I am a simple soldier, but something in my bones tells me something is wrong here. We have beaten this enemy once, but we do not know where. An uncertainty gnaws at me and I pray to the elements that the Excellencies know where the enemy is.

A simple soldier

REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

Communication of the Officer Corps of the Northern Empire

After the first battle of the troops of the Viribus Unitis, against the Skargen on Northern Empire territory, the question remained where one met the Skargen.

The investigations of the past weeks, which were accomplished by the officer corps of the north, could bring light into this darkness.

All evidence suggests that the battle took place on a larger archipelago in Verve Niar between the garrisons of Terra's Strength and the Shield of Paolo's Defense.

Traces of the battle have been discovered, as well as the remains of a fortified camp. It is likely that the Skargen tried to build a base at this place, from where they wanted to

operate within the Northern Empire. This could be successfully prevented by the intervention of the troops of the Viribus Unitis.

*The Officer Corps
of the Northern Empire*

The protector's latest achievement

Some charity can only be allowed as a protector. This includes the collection of apparently homeless people.

Of course, as the inhabitants of our beautiful city, we are used to all kinds of things. But even the gladiators bathe regularly. What on the day of the return of His Lordship scurries like rats from the Trier is a step too far. Among the ranks of our glorious legionnaires was clearly a foreign people. They could already be heard from afar in the noses of our fine society. Not only did their evaporation waft in the formation of our troops, some disturbed eyewitnesses reported how the strange creatures scratched like wild animals. That the Lord Protector may

have brought lice into our streets with his extremely noble gesture is probably the lesser evil.

But as you could see later, under the crumbling dirt of an exhausting campaign across the oceans of this world, there are only humans. People talk in the inns about the fact that they were looking for a home and found it here. Who else, if not the protector of our beautiful country, would have been able to offer a home to this multitude of people. The outdoor gardens and balconies around the barracks of the Third Legion have become a popular meeting place of the nobility in the evening, so that one hears songs from the hall again and again at sunset, where otherwise only orders are reflected by the

walls. One or the other interested look becomes possible also from this height.

Even if the clothes and the kind of these people still seem strange to us, one looks benevolently at the new citizens, who will certainly enrich our lands. They have fought with our legionnaires in the battle for the Wolfsmark side by side and bled. Someone who is willing to fight for a country of his own free will deserves to be a citizen of this seal. For the energetic there will always be a home in Castra Leonis.

Eroth Larian

 REGIONAL SECTION NORTH

An old promise

Sometimes it only takes the edifying preaching of an Eternal Sword to remember an old promise. This is my old mentor for you. May your soul, where it is, find eternal peace and bliss. Promises fulfilled.

The following words I spoke to the men and women of Viribus Unitis on the first day of the summer campaign:

Men and women of the Northern Seal. No...brothers and sisters! The last days and weeks have been hard and full of privation for all of us. But we wouldn't be the Viribus Unities if we let it get to us. Never was I more proud to be a fighter of the north as at this moment. For we hold together united as no other force has ever done before. From this united cohesion we draw our strength in the fight against the enemy! And I see here a whole army of my brothers and sisters burning to finally unleash their strength in battle!

So we have only one rule in these times: Everyone has to make his contribution. Nobody is shirking. Anyone who refuses to do so should leave this world and not return, because we do not want to die in the company of cowards who shy

away from the community. For we have understood that only a strong community can win this war.

We have all once sworn an oath to protect the land and its inhabitants. Today it is time to fulfill it.

Be bold in the spirit of Mistress Aeris. Ready to sacrifice in the sense of Mistress Ignis, as did our Vaha'tar Traugid! Be wise in the sense of Mistress Aqua, steadfast in the sense of Mistress Terra and do it united in the sense of Mistress Magica.

Out there the ostracized wait. They are numerous and they strive for your life. But not only after yours, but also after your beloved. After your husbands and wives. Your mothers and fathers. Your brothers and sisters and that of your children. Especially that of your children. Never forget that! Destroy this ostracized brood wherever you can get hold of it and don't let any of them live! Only a destroyed outlaw is a good outlaw. They have not earned the mercy of Aqua, for they spit on her! They want to enslave us, but the North will not be enslaved and will never kneel before the outlaws. We only kneel before the elements and their excellencies!

The North does not forget the suffering and death they bring across this continent and we make them pay dearly for every step of land they illegally call their own! The North has not forgotten what they once did in Paolo's defences and Êrengard.

What they did through the summer winter. He has not forgotten the abductions and torture of his citizens and certainly not the countless dead! They will pay for it! We choose freedom. Yes, they may take our lives, but never, never do they take our freedom! We have defied them in the Kelriothar. In the Hohld, in Khal'Hatra, at the Weltenschmied and we will defy them also here in Methaton'Thul! Because we are the seal Aeris and Aeris always wins!

And so I ask you, you fighters for the Northern Seal: Do you want to be a phalanx of terror that descends upon the ostracized and crushes them like the millstones crush the grain? Do you want to be the storm that inexorably tears away all that is ostracized, like a mighty tidal wave that smashes an entire armada on a cliff? Do you want to be the sharp blade that erases the ostracized from the face of this world and thus gives the next generation a future in freedom? Then do your duty, as the

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Machet Lin do and as our Vahá tar did! Protect the land and the First Creation and destroy all that must not be by righteous anger. He who acts through righteous wrath does not act wrong! We are the shield for the weak, the weir for the defenceless and the armor for the defenceless!

Alone each of us may be strong, but together we are invincible!

Stand firm in the face of the enemy. No matter what may come!

Fight for house and court. For land and people. For home and faith!

Who will follow me into battle?
To victory or to death!
Fight ye children of the north, fight!
In unity, strength, cohesion!

Gez.

Landuin Conchobair

Streiter Aeris

Dissolution of the civilian leadership on the campaigns

With the two successful campaigns of the year 15 n.G.d.R. in the past, the 'Civil Leadership' of the Northern Empire and the Viribus Unitis known so far is dissolved with immediate effect.

The Reich, represented by its Excellencies, would like to thank the representatives, who sacrificially fulfilled their duties by their service during the campaigns, in order to assist the military with wise advice.

In due course, Her Excellency will announce how this part of the Viribus Unitis Commandant's Office will be dealt with in the coming campaigns.

*Kassiopia Tresterbach,
palace spokeswoman of her
Excellencies of the Northern Empire*

Experts for magnifying glasses wanted!

At the Exilias Observatory, weather researchers and sky lovers will be able to observe Mitraspera's roof and discover its secrets with a particularly large magnifying glass.

The researching guilds of Exilia are therefore not only looking for anyone who already has experience in such an undertaking or knows about a successful similar project, but also for capable people who are

familiar with the construction of magnifying glasses, are skilled in glass processing or have the means to produce especially large lenses!

Any help is welcome and should be generously rewarded by the city of Exilia.

*Get in touch with
Eske Eggerkes,
City Champion for Exilia City*

 REGIONAL SECTION EAST

From giving and growing

For some time now I have been allowed to accompany the careers of friends and companions. After successfully overcoming a challenge, they repeatedly ask themselves the following question: „Have I grown with it? I can watch this increase of my own size full of joy. Among other things, I see a young ministerial who shines as a chalice mistress. I see a magician apt who, with his willpower, has elevated the regent to her office. I see more than a knight who steps forward to place his service in the hands of this country and takes responsibility. And the lines are missing to show all the deeds that people of all places do. But they all have one thing in common. They carry a light in their soul. Sometimes it is badly visible, because their actions may not be

suitable for radiant heroic stories. Because this light shows itself in the fact that they pursue their profession zealously or because they perform the tasks in the background to make others look good. And yet they all radiate.

And I also see those who strive for higher things without paying attention to themselves. They grow and rise for the kingdom. And they pay a price for all this. Sometimes only a small thing is given. But at some point this gift includes love for another or for a passion, whole friendships or memories or even the abandonment of one's own pursuit of happiness. All these qualities that make a soul perfect. These people give it up voluntarily and renounce a part of themselves. And they do it

again and again. I ask myself: How much remains of them then?

In my attempt to understand this world with all its beauties and cruelties, I seek the answer to the following two questions. First: I have to give something of myself to accomplish a heroic deed. Why don't I give a quality like envy or envy or sorrow? I would be happy if I could lose it, so to speak. And the second question: How can a person grow at all through a gift?

I would be very happy to receive answers to my questions. Please send them to the Duke's seat in Elesgard.

*Grateful,
Marie-Danielle de Villaret*

Erich Neuner had the great honour to ask some questions on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the herald of the first and perhaps largest of all nyames of the Eastern Empire.

Your Highness! I want to thank you for taking your time for our readership!

Mr. Neuner I am happy to answer your questions and those of your readers, as many who are new to Mythodea hardly know anything

about how it all began 17 years ago. Please interrupt me if I tell you too excessively, but it has been a long time since anyone asked me about this time. There are so many stories!

The inhabitants of the Eastern Empire were very lucky that you became our first Nyame - how did it come about?*

I came to this unknown country in the legation of Prince Dietwart of

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Mallombria. Allofus who undertook the journey were subordinate sons and daughters of Mallombians, nobles and a little entourage to provide the comforts of the journey. We came because there was something new to discover, a new land unknown creatures - so-called noble savages! Later it turned out that they were Ouai who welcomed us on the land and pointed to the writing on the pyramid of seals. We camped in a small camp facing Aeris. At that time I was Baroness of High Windward, priestess in the Order of Deus Sapientia and abbess of a monastery where children were given the opportunity to receive an education. My elvish daughter Greyann travelled with me. The first evening was quiet, the Avatar appeared and told me that the seal of the land had to be opened in order to settle the land. Since none of us was interested in taking the land, we enjoyed the evening with good food, good wine, lots of music and pleasant conversations.

The first night, however, was less pleasant. At dawn our camp was attacked by Drow.

DROW! That's terrible! You just can't trust them...!

Our camp was small and had only a few men and women under arms. The attack was fast and obviously targeted. And when it ended Greyann was kidnapped. We quickly took care of the injured and then I went to the other camps to find help and to free my daughter from the hands of the Drow. At that time the Orcs and the Drow had their own camp outside the element camps and it was possible to set up a larger army in an impressively short time, from all element camps, which then moved in front of the camp of the Orcs and Drow. At the same time, two of my bodyguards had tried through diplomatic channels to obtain the release of Greyann. Unfortunately unsuccessfully and also the battle did not bring us what we had hoped for, so that the army of the element fighters had to withdraw finally.

As a mother - even if it's just a drawdaughter - you can imagine that this wasn't a solution for me, especially since rumors quickly came up among the Drow that there was a Feulamir [A vampire who sucked the magic out of his victim as well as the blood] and he had already made Greyann a creature like himself. That was the

time when I swore to myself that something so terrible would never happen again on this land. If I ever find my breeder's daughter again, I would personally exorcise her. This oath made me take part in the Nyame exams. And the whole camp Aeris supported me. We managed many tests, but at some point we failed. Beaten, we returned to the small shrine that had been built for Aeris and reported our defeat to the Avatar. But apparently all the aspirants had failed in one task, some earlier and others later. And so the Avatar sent me into a tea tent, where we were to be brought by Silver into the forest to meet a wise woman, who would tell us, how it would go on. We all talked to Silver individually and while we waited also among each other. Each told of her motivation to face the exams. When it was my turn, each of them offered to use the power of the Nyame to help my drawdaughter, but I refused, because this power was not there to serve a single person but only the land!

When we entered the forest, Silver led us to an old oak tree and told us that we should now decide among ourselves who

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should become the name of this seal. Even before I had had time to even think about it, two of the aspirants already said that I should and almost everyone else agreed: Only one Elbe remarked that she was better suited due to her longer life expectancy, but the others made it clear to her why they had chosen me. I didn't even get many of the arguments, only that the Elbe finally agreed as well. Then they asked me if I would accept this and I agreed on the condition that they should all be my advisors, which they again agreed to.

When we came back from the forest we were told that Lares of Korheim had won the battle of the element camps and had therefore won the Archon's office. Since he was from the water camp and there had been much dispute between the water and the fire camp, I told the Ouai that I was willing to accept him as Archon, provided he could manage to unite all the element camps under his banner. With the help of the women who were my advisors, Lares succeeded in fulfilling this condition and we stood before the elements and made our vows.

The Eastern Empire, the first seal - an eventful history marks our empire: What is the greatest adventure you have experienced?

Probably the greatest adventure was that I wanted and was able to give the Eastern Empire the time so that the East could find its way to the elements of its own free will. At the same time, to ensure that the borders to the Northern Seal were secure, especially on the paths that we ourselves neither know nor effectively deny. And that they were and remained all strong when the outlaws, of whom we knew only when they appeared outside our walls, attacked.

But no, the greatest adventure is the year without Archon. I had never learned to send men to war and to know that they would fall and to feel this as the land made me feel it because I had asked for this connection. It changes a person to have to make such decisions to prevent even greater suffering for many more people and yet it is necessary. When asked a friend who advised me in strategic matters at the time if it would ever stop hurting, he replied that I would lose my soul on the day I would not feel this anymore.

The realm thanks you for your sacrifice! Let us come to a more beautiful subject: Hand on your heart: What is the funniest thing that has happened to you?

A banquet in the camp of the great army. The Great Army was never particularly close to the elements and so in one year there was an attempt by the then Lord of the Great Army to better understand what the elements and the ostracized are. So he invited the avatars and high-ranking representatives of the ostracized to an evening banquet under peace of arms. Since the avatars did not want to appear at first, but did not want to snub the princes of the great army, dignitaries from the respective camps came instead of the avatars. But the outlaws appeared as they were loaded: a Sharun accompanied by a Rakh, Aniesha Fey, I think the crab, but I'm not so sure about that anymore and the Geissler. Fortunately, the avatars gradually appeared, so that we were only companions of our avatars and were no longer forced to be part of these absurd conversations. I think it's better if I don't go into too much detail about what exactly happened that night, anyway, the

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outlaws finally blew up the event, but without the use of weapons or violence. And the large army had to realize that the outlaws were not good interlocutors at dinner. The whole evening was so absurd and absurd that it can only be regarded as incredibly funny in retrospect.

What moved you the most?

To appoint Leomir my Neches'Re. That year we met Naldar for the first time and one of the quests Aeris sent us was to recover a gryphon egg. I saw from the distance that the young man he was at that time did a truly great job and

also successfully completed other tasks for Aeris. Since I myself was already walking on Magica's paths, it was my heart's desire that someone should stand faithfully by the element in which I was born. At that time the tasks of the Neches'Re were not yet so clear and except that he should be the chalice of the mistress we knew nothing. and so I gave this chalice the task to make Aeris happy. something that sprang from my heart and could be read deep in his soul, and he still fulfils this task today. And since I already knew about the importance of balance at that time, I asked the elements for a vision of how the other four

consultants of Nyame should be and was presented with such a dream, which showed me figures with handicraft utensils and names for the consultants. And I found for each consultant a person and an element to make him happy.

Finally: Finally, what do you want to give our readers?

Dream and live your dreams, follow your hearts and be ready to pay the price Mythodea will charge you. Only in this way can you achieve what you dream of. And your hearts help you never to lose the right path.

Extract from: *Burnt and Sold.*

The consequences of the Jade war in the grass pulp

The barony's not there until the marker. Only the marking forms the barony. In this sense, the barony and its effective functions are products of territorialization.

Geographical space, if it is called space, exists only as social space and social space is always already geographically based. Territorialization thus refers to

the process of creating space in which both levels interact performatively:

The spatial delimitation of a certain territory and its enrichment with specific rules, thus a social order.

Welcome to the Gräsermark - a legal-free space actually destroyed by the Jade War, whose marking is realized through

a rhythm of violence, hunger, poverty, self-preservation, and counterviolence. A rhythm that can be changed, in which markings constantly fluctuate and can be realigned: stability degraded to a word non-plus-ultra.

A space opens up, shaped by different qualities: Smooth and yet by no means homogeneous,

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but amorphous and informal. This space has modes of organization that are not reliably organized. The „smooth“ can thus be outlined and occupied by diabolical entities and at the same time has a superior deterritorialization capacity, which is accompanied by the danger of the unforeseen that is always present - which has become part of everyday life in the Grass Marrow. This fluid, unfinished space also corresponds to the continuously contested, unstable construct of the (robber) baronies of the Grass Mark.

The smooth, unregulated space is to be regarded as a nucleus of violence, since no mark of order can be established here, unless that of a fundamental unreliability

as a social aggregate state. The notched space - as opposed to the smooth space - tends to close open spaces and means to establish long-term reliability in a space, to translate order into spatial and temporal structure; to establish institutions, rules, conventions that are implemented especially as architectures of the social.

Wherever security should prevail, danger strikes time and time again. At the same time, violence is both predictable and expectable as a decisive structural moment and yet unpredictable because it does not follow a fixed scheme. In all this dreariness and desolation, pervaded by deterritorialized violence, one thing remains quite remarkable: civil life continues.

All actions seem like an obviously ignored cry for salvation from a situation that was not self-inflicted and yet sustainably diametrically and egoistically promoted.

Again and again the images of a society in a state of emergency are repeated, whose broken ego we gape at with enthusiasm in its brutality and at the same time brute honesty.

[from „Burned and Sold. The Consequences of the Jade War in the Grass Marrow. A scientific discussion. - Yearbook of the Social Geographical Society of Kalderah]

*Author:
Anonymus from the Eastern Empire*

The honor of the dead

The cowardly attack of the Skargen on our land was only a few weeks ago and I saw many die there, saying goodbye to their loved ones on their lips as their soul took its last breath. And when I returned to the warm rooms of my homeland, I saw many asking: How shall I

say goodbye? And so I address myself to all those who want to pay homage to the dead, one last convoy. Go and seek. And if ye find not, ye shall not despair! Come into the temple of Terra at Laurensbrück and bid farewell to the monument to the fallen warriors. It is still

under construction and if you approve of such a monument, I look forward to donations, so that one may also be erected in Kalderah.

Balder

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The heart of Mitraspera

„An act that changes Mitraspera forever...ofgreatimportance...“was one of the tasks that all applicants for one of the cups of the citadel of life had to face. Many gave up, some failed, only two succeeded. Two men who couldn't be more opposite, but in the end both successful and equally marked by the efforts.

Methraton Thul, the last city of the Ancient Rulers, was the place where Episcorpa had forced the ancient sanctuaries of Aeris, Ignis, Terra and Aqua. While the Black Prince was infiltrated with feelings and the soldiers threw themselves towards the enemy, united fighters from all seals liberated the Citadel of Life, the Aqua Sanctuary, from the influence of Episcorpa.

They cleaned the water lilies from the Nechathon, which turned out to be more dangerous and difficult than expected, and sacrificed their strength to the Citadel of Aquas, which had been laboriously earned in a hundred difficult tasks. The pedestals of the citadel, in which the chalices are anchored, were blocked by clamps of black essence. In the pedestals themselves, this poisonous, ostracized substance floated almost inexhaustibly and

could only be removed with a tool specially designed for this purpose. Theodor Tiberius Sturm stood out as an untiring and clever comrade-in-arms of chalister Heidemarie, who herself did works for the citadel every day to the point of exhaustion - and when was the cooperation between the Eastern and Northern Empires ever more successful than with the good that these two did in common and friendship, unimpressed by thirst, dust, tiredness and the sheer impossibility of such an alliance between these two seal empires, at least according to hearsay.

Two men of the Eastern Empire, and one may truly call them heroes, threw themselves, among many others, into the chalice examinations and may now call themselves chalice lords of Ignis and Aeris. They are the knight Benedikt zu Hohewacht for Ignis and the ensign Karl Ticiano for Aeris. Together with Heidemarie, who had already defeated Terra's Cup at the Shadow Pass, these brave three now ensure that the power of the Citadel can unfold free of ostracized power. The noble knight Benedict, born to rule, brought up for war from childhood - the daring, ambitious and charming knight of fortune Karl and the brave, faithful Heidemarie carry the chalices into a new era of the citadel.

The sanctuary, which revealed itself in the course of the campaign as the heart of Mitraspera, is subject to a complex set of rules, which, in addition to the selection of the chalice lords and their empowerment, gives special power to the 5 guardians of each chalice. The guardians of the Terra-Cup did not only assert themselves against the ostracized henchmen of the black ice, but also against the undead they are able to do damage to a high degree. The knight Roderick of Swanguard was able to win the office of „First Guardian of the Citadel“ and thus a special sword. He is supported by brave, simple people from the East like Charlemagne, Sagittarius Jecklin and soldier Malia. The priestess Emilia Wellenklang contributes the sharpness of her mind to the four. But what exactly is the power with which the citadel in Mitraspera works, and what mysteries does this sanctuary hold? What exactly are the chalices and their masters capable of? And when will the cup of Aquas reveal itself? These questions may concern the most knowledgeable and capable magicians and knowledge seekers in the future.

 REGIONAL SECTION EAST

How to write a song for the East

The East sings, and he sings well.

His songs are as different as the bards and musicians who wrote them. Whether the good soldier misses his shoe in enemy territory or looks at the swallows in the sky, the deep tragedy that all the fates of Mitraspera share is always revealed.

But how dense are these songs? A song is as good as the message it carries. Many people listen to the words and try to understand what they mean. If the story is interesting and coincides, for example, with one's own experiences, the listeners will rather build up a connection to the song. The chorus is undoubtedly the most important part of any song. It is most often repeated, has the most memorable melody and lyrics and can be sung along by everyone. When you ask people to sing a song,

they will almost always remember the chorus, but less often the verses.

The chorus is also what everyone sings along. That's why you should take the time to write a chorus so that it becomes good. It is normal for you to spend more than half of your time composing the chorus. If you want to appeal to a large audience or write songs for the Eastern Army, you need a particularly strong hook and a strong chorus. In most cases it is a good idea to use the title in the chorus. In some songs the chorus consists only of the repeating hook, which is also the title, e.g. „Thorus, where are the trousers“. The story develops in the verses, the climax of which leads to the chorus. You can use the verses to tell your story. An example based on a love song: In the first verse you get to know someone, in the second you get closer and in the third you get together. In an epic war song, the first verse contains the

army show or recruiting, then you move out and at the end the victory is celebrated.

Whether you want to write a protection and defense song, or to fuel the fighting courage, to invent comfort and repentance melodies - that's up to you. And as for the music: it may not be taught in the Silberhall, but I assure you that the vast majority of songs that the soldier loves are based on only three or four chord sequences. The „Einmalrum“ with the sequence C major/a minor/F major/G major is an example. A currently very popular sequence is the Gassenlied, for which the sequence A minor / F major / C major / G major is characteristic. And finally there is the Heidemarie scheme, recognizable by the sequence C major/ G major/a minor/F major.

Another Manca'Quar misstep?

After all sorts of rumors about amorous entanglements of an inappropriate kind had already been heard at the Reichstag, the Manca'Quar of the Eastern Empire has now proved itself to be a true womaniser on the campaign as well. At least according to the statements of some slightly drunk soldiers, who claim to have

seen the Lord of Tegelberg tearing off the dress of a member of the troop on the battlefield. Further research, however, also made it possible to reconstruct another possible course of events by the herald. Accordingly, the Lord of Tegelberg was injured in battle and heroically carried by two respected women from the raging

battle towards the healers. One of the women tore her skirt when the injured fell onto her hem. Whatever really happened, at least in the literal sense of the word one can call him a womaniser.

Jolante Krautwurz

REGIONAL SECTION EAST

Double sifting in Methraton Thul

The loyal reader has followed a report in the last editions of the herald about a criminal who dared to impersonate Leomir Greifenkind as Mitray'Kor of boldness. Even then the herald wondered whether this person, although not the true Mitray'Kor, could at least keep up with him in terms of boldness. This suspicion hardens as our reaction now reaches reports of the campaign towards Methraton Thul, which give hints of a renewed appearance of the doppelgänger.

The reports repeatedly mention members of the claws of the phoenix. The guardsmen Phillipa Lusankya, Gasparyn Fenn and Raik Greifenschlag, as well as the commander and Vaha'tar of the creation Noravelle Pfeffertopf are said to have been seen frequently with the still unknown criminal in griffin fur. Especially the Gardist Greifenschlag, also known under the synonyms „Schlagbaum“ and „Jaro“, was worried by his dubious past and was already conspicuous

in the herald elsewhere for immoral and law-abiding behavior.

Also in close contact with the claws at this time a freelancer of the editorial staff and squire of the Geldor of Darbonia, Otto Kahlheim, is supposed to be. Sometimes it was even claimed that behind the masquerade was that young gentleman. However, these suspicions could quickly be nipped in the bud, among other things because the squire, according to his own statement, only cultivated a friendly relationship with the Archontengarde. „I'm not wearing such a bushy beard! No, no! That itches terribly! You see! Shaved clean, you can feel here,“ the squire assured the herald in a conversation. „Besides, I'm much too stocky, the noble Mr Greifenkind in honour, but compared to me it almost looks slim - [...] That's not how you publish it, though, right?“

Eyewitnesses report of several appearances in the troop and on the battlefields. A multitude of

soldier reports reached the herald from the Gesocks tavern, where the eastern soldier's evening took place on the second day of the campaign. Allegedly, Mitray'Kor himself paid a visit to the soldiers, accompanied by Fara Zeri, a warwheel shooter. Probably it was only the doppelgänger who tricked the unsuspecting shooter into leaving her alone in the tavern.

Dear citizens of the Eastern Empire, remain vigilant! It is uncertain how often the false griffin child will appear. We in the herald are calling for a Commission to be set up to deal with the recording of this criminal. Because who knows, perhaps we will soon have a Simael Doppelgänger or a double Silberfurt and who knows whether the Eastern Empire is up to it!

Author: Heinrich Hackepeter

 REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

Nyame moves into house in Neu Balindur

What a sign! Shanna von Lichtensee, Nyame of the Southern Seal, has recently moved into a house in Bergdorf. This is a hopeful sign for the settlement in New Balindur, which has been badly hit.

As reported, the Undead overran the important border town a few weeks ago. Only a quarter of the 200 inhabitants could save themselves, the rest died. We do not dare to imagine the barbaric atrocities that must have taken place there. But the enemy went as fast as he had come. The houses, even the walls of the settlement, remained largely intact, but since then hardly anyone dares

to enter Bergdorf. Those who did reported a ghostly atmosphere like a cemetery. All life had given way.

The ore mines near the orphaned village have been in operation again for several weeks and soldiers have been securing the pass over which Undead invaded the country, but so far both the workers and the armed have been avoiding Bergdorf.

Now the Nyame and her entourage have moved into the settlement, apparently they had promised this to the provincial king Vengard. But nobody had expected that: According to reports available to the herald, she announced in the middle

of the market place that she wanted to live in Bergdorf for the next period. That same evening, at her behest, a bonfire was lit and a feast was celebrated to send a clear signal to the enemy: You cannot break us, we take what belongs to us. The morning after, Shanna is said to have blessed the place.

It is said that some of the fugitives have already made their way back from Lichtensee to their village. New settlers are said to have joined them. It will be a long time before Bergdorf grows to its old size. But a start has been made.

Jasper Asenbach

Foundation of the Goldkehlen

On the last evening of the summer campaign her holiness, Shanna from Lichtensee, appointed Shalima bint Shaina bint Hanife Al Ashkadar as the new supreme diplomat of the Golden Empire. Already at her appointment, Shalima announced that she would not want to cope with this alone and she was looking for interested people who would like to form a strong diplomatic group with her. In the future they will call themselves „Goldkehlen“ of the Golden Empire.

Sigberd Gündel

Commemoration in honour of the fallen heroes of the South

On the anniversary of the death of Gariann hall'Heledir and Argirios of Corinth, the capital held a memorial service at the recently completed site in honour of the fallen heroes of the south. Like last year, the dirt of the campaign had not yet washed away, and yet many South settlers gathered for this celebration. Even the acting Nyame, Shanna from Lichtensee, took part in the ceremony and thereby touched the souls of those who remained at

home and returned. The South not only celebrates together, it mourns and remembers together. The commemoration was held especially to commemorate the martyrs of the summer campaigns, but every pilgrim is urged to decorate and use this place in honor of all the heroes and victims of this prolonged war against the ostracized powers.

Ludwig of the Raw

REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

The final battles of the Shame Mitrav'Kor Weapons

The Episcorpa is no more, Vollkommenheit was defeated in one last fight, but who did this? It was those men who had made their mark on the campaign over and over again for the weapons of the Shame Mitrav'Kor. They led them into battle so often that they could be carried longer than usual during the last great battle.

It was Gottfried the West (from the Iron Banner of Clan Askaig) who struck down Vollkommenheit. At the Citadel of Life, she complained that she had been cheated of the cup during Ignis' trial. Some might agree, but others would say Miriel, in her wisdom, knew why she valued this test, as she did. When Vollkommenheit returned the cup, the Xian bearer gave the order and the Sephor'Assil began her aria. Brave settlers threw the web of clarity over her, which had previously only been woven for this moment. This was the moment for Gottfried and the

weapon of Zycumur Merawan, he knocked them down from the front and the guard of the Citadel slain them with a final stroke of his sword.

When we asked Gottfried for a statement, he said: „If that is perfection or Vollkommenheit, then I am the Nyame of the West.“

On the battlefield in front of the Iron Camp, Larsson of Grunwasser (Banner of Iron from Grunwasser) searched for Episcorpa with Merell's weapon. But when he didn't find it there, he hit his way through the Black Ice and ran to the battlefield by the discoverer's banner. There he saw Bulwye Beornson (Blood Pact of the Ana Caeto) with Darendallon Xai's weapon, they denied it and went together in the direction of the Episcorpa. Balor the Red, the flame brood of Ignis and some brave settlers made a breach with them. Alexij and Gjesken

Dravor, among others, kept the protectors of Episcorpa at bay, while Shiobhán held them in a kind of trap. Again and again Bulwye struck Aeris with fast, nimble blows and Larsson struck Terra with targeted thunderous blows until the Episcorpa burst into black smoke.

Quote from Larsson: „Receive the mercy of the emerald singers through the weapon of the former Mitrav'Kor of creation love, Merell.“

The weapons dissolved after a while, but on this campaign the Mitrav'Kor of Shame could find more than a kind of purification and be a true support for us. May they finally rest in peace.

Sigberd Gündel

 REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

New appointments for high offices in the south

As one of her first official acts, the new Nyame of the Southern Seal, Shanna from Lichtensee, together with her Archon Kjeldor from Hallwyl, has decided to restructure the high offices. During the summer campaign two new offices could already be awarded.



The office of Shy'Quai will be held for one year and one day by Moirea O'Branaghain. She has often

been seen at the side of the newly crowned Nyame, is one of her closest confidants, and will now advise the ruling couple.



The office of Ar'Dhar is held for one year and one day by Earainne ní Dougal, Provincial Queen of the Ninth Province and Sidhe of the Summer Farm. In recent years, she

has been increasingly committed to the training of magicians in the realm and will continue to do so in her new position.

Rumours say that the office of Ryv'Jorl was also occupied, but the name of the person is probably known only to the ruling couple and their deputies.

Both the office of Manca'Quar and the office of Sanyean'To are still vacant, but there are said to be candidates for both positions.

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

Ulrich Steinhammer

How's Assansol doing?

Worrying news reached the editorial staff shortly after the summer campaign, with Flowerfields and Skargen army units marching towards Assansol.

A new enemy landed on the shores of our beloved continent, the Skargen. A nation of wild seafarers who have joined forces with the Forsaken and are now attacking Mythodea. So also the coast of the south is said to have been attacked. However, a

stately army of settlers managed to leave Methrathon Thul for a short time to face this danger.

But the fighters of the south and their allies lost in a hopeless battle. During the retreat, Laird is said to have heard Emeline of Flowerfield announce that they would now march to Assansol.

Would she really betray her plans? The forces at Methrathon Thul

couldn't do anything. Rumours have it that Assansol has been warned, but the editors do not know how this was supposed to happen in time. The fact is that there are no reports of Assansol at the moment. Our thoughts and good wishes are with the Assansol people so that they can ward off the tide that may be moving towards them. We hope to have more detailed information by the next issue.

Ruppert Flinkhand

REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

The coasts are on fire



Reports of attacks on the coastal regions of the Golden Empire are accumulating.

Since the campaign, travelling merchants, scouts or simply travellers have reported burnt down huts and small villages along the coasts of the south. The reports have some similarities and resemble each other in the description of the

devastated regions. Burnt down houses, everything of value had disappeared, there were no corpses or survivors. The editors have no information that there are eyewitnesses to the attacks, but it can be assumed that the new enemy, the Skargen, is responsible for these attacks. Where they will strike next is uncertain, as well as how the

Golden Empire will respond to the attacks. We hope to report more in the next issue.

Ruppert Flinkhand

REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

* * * * REGIONAL SPORTS * * * *

Dear Lords, dear Ladys, high gentlemen, beloved mob, faithful followers!

Due to the growing enthusiasm for our beloved sport, the highly esteemed editorial staff of the Mitrasperan herald has approved us the FIRST and BEST regional sports section for Pompfball!

Before the new season, the test matches of the regional league of the Golden Empire were on the agenda. Our beloved lawn heroes met last week with a lot of playing ability, but still a bit rusty from the summer break.

With a home game the again strengthened grass ball sport

New Silvania defeated the reigning champion of the I.PC Goldschwinge. From the 2nd half was also scandal player Hainrich Felder again for the RB on the field. Felder, in expert circles also called the „Haxenbrecher“, sat down his ban without further incidents and will now presumably conjure again on the key position left outside for New Silvania at the Pompe.

The top candidate Goldstern Assansol lost out against PV Rot-Weiß an der Falk with 0:1. The PV and Goldstern fought a deadlocked duel of defense until the final whistle. Spectators reported that the loudest voices in the stadium were probably those

of the coaches who roared angrily at the pitch to make the players legs. If both teams continue to be so defensive in the coming tournament, they will have big problems against giants like PC Spartak Hirilorn, or the Eliars Hain Titans, experts say.

Read more about the Titans. In a brilliant match the balancing team from Eliars Hain started against the Klippenbeißer of Inferno Ignistrutz. They blew Inferno off the pitch with a fabulous 3-0 score. Right front playmaker Agatha Amandola convinced in the 1st half with 2 transformed balls, both prepared by the Fritz Flinkfuß, the old magician, from the wrist.

The test games were a truly beautiful view of the season start and make fan hearts beat faster.

The following is of course a list of the results of all test games.

Rasenballsport Neu Silvanien	4:1	I.PC Goldschwinge Nare I Amdir
Eliars Hain Titanen	3:0	Inferno Ignistrutz
Goldstern Assansol	0:1	PV Rot-Weiß an der Falk
Hansa Grootenhaven	2:2	Royal Arschtritt
Ochsenauer Bullen	3:1	Terras Wächter
PC Spartak Hirilorn	0:0	VfL Wolfsfeste
Veitsjahrhundert Ernte	1:0	Die fliegenden Greifen

Pompfball reporting is carried out by an independent editorial team.

REGIONAL SECTION SOUTH

NEW FROM THE AUTUMN TOURNAMENT

Injured by a feast for the eyes and already excreted? And how Ser Kasimir prepares for the coming season.

A few days ago we received the news that the famous knight and gifted lancer Ser Holmger Laurentius von Augenweide is said to have injured himself badly before the upcoming autumn tournament, so that he probably won't be able to compete in autumn. Rumour has it that he was thrown out of his saddle and hit the hard sandy ground with his buttocks. Only evil tongues whisper that Ser von Augenweide has lost his tenth place in last year's tournament championship to a cardboard comrade. It remains to be seen how the High Lord will

feel in a month's time and whether he will be able to participate in the autumn tournament, and his enthusiastic followers will pray for his recovery.

Completely different news reaches us from the capital. The Ser Kasimir V. from Kasmyrin, who lives there, causes a stir in the practice arenas in the city. Only a few weeks after the army's return from the great summer campaign, he held fights there to prepare for the tournament season. Now he is to be found almost daily from sunrise until the early evening hours on the large practice field in front of the city. Spectators told us that he does not fight a duel there and that he is still unbeaten there. A fantastic opportunity for all the aspiring stars of knighthood in

the Golden Empire and of course for any capable settler who is not afraid of fair competition, we think.

Dear Settlers don't forget the autumn tournament is just around the corner!

Nobody should do without this truly noble spectacle.

Come in droves and fire your heroes at the noblest of all sports!

The coming tournament starts on the first day of autumn on the tournament course of the beautiful city of Lichtensee in the fifth province of the Reich, Neu Balindur.

Borunir Degendoff

 REGIONAL SECTION WEST

More fire between wind and waves

Since the campaign in Metraton Thul, the West has again taken up new settlers in its ranks. The „Church of Ignis“, as you can see from its name, was officially confirmed by Archon and Nyame and with the agreement of all Ri of the West.

The fief Caranor, with its capital Hinnor, will be built, in support of the Shionai, between the borders of Kalhatra, Gan Sho, the mountains and the river. During a more detailed exploration of the area, some scouts came across a cave in the mountains that hid a kind of old temple or something similar. The excitement was of course great. The details that have so far leaked out tell of large stone statuettes from whose mouths glowing rock runs over pedestals and then disappears through openings in the ground. We are curious to see when the exploration of these caves will be completed, which secrets will still be unearthed and when there will be an official statement.

First of all we wish the Church of Ignis all the best in building Caranor and Hinnor and look forward to welcoming you at our side.

Rupert Goedkoop
free writer

Fleets and Forsaken

While the seals and the city-states of the bay of Heolysos with many of the troops and the entourage heading west to Methaton Thul set out to stop the Episcorpa, our Archon Collin MacCorribh suddenly felt the presence of the enemies approaching Mythodea, our homeland. Fortunately for us all, the Naldar stood by him and became our eyes and ears on all Mythodea. They also activated a portal that gave us access to many different portals unknown to us.

Equipped with these possibilities, our wise Archon set up a strategy centre on the campaign, from which he, with the help of his Thul Heens Walay and two knights of the west, Wadubrand Wilhelm Wogenglätter, Herjan von Mornland and Aegir Kancur, Ealdorman von Ringeland, took over the defence of his homeland. But already the first reports which reached us, reported of a new enemy, wild and fearless warriors, the Skargen. People and packagers, all of them, who want to set a so-called devourer on us, so that he devours our homeland and spares theirs. And the Skargen came. From all directions they landed on the coasts, with the help of the undead and the black ice

they attacked us. They plundered, robbed and took life, blood and salt.

We could, under the great leadership of our Marshal Theodor von Wehrhagen and our Prince Conall MacCorribh, protect the Aquaorakel and prevent the enemy from invading. Also the north, after the Wolfsmark was completely devastated, could drive away the enemy and secure the region again. But from here on it gets thin with the success stories. Assansol had to be left to the enemy, the capital of the Nyame of Roses could only be kept with very high losses, Goldwacht burns and was completely destroyed and these are only some of the things that happened. One thing has become clear, we have to adapt to a completely new enemy who acts more unpredictable and diverse than all our enemies in the past. Can we adapt or will we perish? That will only show us time if we have enough of it.

A report by
Ian MacNamara

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

Bunheim fiefdom of the Buntfuchse Berth village Fuxhaven

There we are now, on our own land and do not really know where to start. Somehow it's hard to believe, we just wanted permission from Nyame and Archon to drive on the waterways of the west. Now we stand before a big piece of land and an even bigger responsibility. The Collin said, who has a ship, also needs a harbour, and so it also came, in the glow of fire on the oath of the west I, Jale Novin, with Collin have determined this piece of land.

We will build moorings, a small tavern with a few beds and a light house on this piece of land in the course of time. But the biggest

task now will be to find out how we can get these buildings and extensions on this swampy piece of fief without them sinking into the mud. Also wood must be cut and fields for food must be planted.

This is a long list that the foxes should work through.

At the moment, the house ship moored at the temporary pier offers us accommodation.

We would be very grateful for help and knowledge.

*Best regards
Jale „Croissant“ Novin
and the remaining Buntfuchse*

West Star, Met of the West

Friends, old and expectant, the hours of fellowship may blossom again! We Black Coats would like to tell you about our happy news. May it be more than a light to you in these dark times!

Be the solstice now, the fields of our fief are blessed to let flow the most beautiful grapes and the finest honey. From a very special honeycomb specially selected by Nyame Siobhán and Archon Colin, the Western Star, our Met of the West, is extracted.

On the back of Antadorian horses, it will be sent to you as quickly as possible throughout Mytrasphera. Let's drink to friendship, family and solidarity. Here's to us!

Raskur, Ri the Black Coats

For the children of freedom!

Dear settlers. I have often written to you here under a false name on the subject of servants' orders. It is time to drop the facade. Things happened at the convent that should make every settler think about where he stands with regard to the servant order. A member of a servant people has demanded an elemental judgement, and has been allowed

to do so. And yet this woman has had to face fierce hostility. We say we trust the elements, and when the elements make such a decision, do we doubt? Just because the person who demanded it is not a settler?

An Archon was questioned, and that by a member of an Elemental people. In the justification for the doubt, the

member was silenced by a servant order.

How much longer? How many more times? We trust the elements, but not their people? Their peoples must always be able to be silenced by order?

I will put an end to this for myself. To make myself publicly known can be

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

dangerous because many settlers and rulers fear those who fight with the children of freedom for the freedom of elementary peoples.

My name is Jonar Kel. I stand behind the children of freedom. I will, like them, carry a key as a symbol. The

children of freedom do not distribute this symbol just like that. I did not get it from them. But it should carry and show my attitude to the outside.

I call upon every settler who also does not see the elementary peoples as servants to do the same for me!

Only with a large number will we be heard. I am available to each one of you for conversations.

For the children of freedom

Jonar Kel

The Trutz's alive!

During the summer campaign last year all artefacts were destroyed in a strange way, or at least limited in their function. The Trutz of the West were no exception. Made to protect the Western Seal in the Kelriothar, it was later minted on Mythodea, so the Brotherhood of Defense could use it here as well. During the last summer campaign they succeeded in repairing the Trutz. It turned out that it had never been damaged or even destroyed, but had shut itself down in a strange way. Together with the Ri of the Black Cloaks, Raskur, the Master of Arms Aeris, Morgali's Storm Blade, Eark of the Kura Assil, Atani Despina and Alais Feranor and a large delegation of the Edalphi, the Brotherhood succeeded in restoring its old strength to the Defutz.

Currently the Brotherhood of the Trutz consists of Ziva Zatara of Atlantis, Conall MacCorribh of the Kura Assil, Amawyn Tarisstaurë of the Dothorians, Rikkard Asgeirson of the Kura Assil, and Jonar Kel of Antador. During the summer campaign, Lennart Seewolt was newly accepted into the brotherhood, and will also wear the Trutz for Terra.



At this point the deep gratitude of the brotherhood is expressed to all settlers and elementary peoples helping with the ritual! The Brotherhood does not forget. The Trutz also need additional bearers! Currently there is no carrier for Aeris and only one carrier for Aqua. If there should be interested parties, then these address gladly the brotherhood. We are happy to explain who can wear the coat and what has to be done for it.

*Jonar Kel,
for the Brotherhood.*

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

The house MacAnwyn on the campaign in Methraton'Thul

Shortly after setting up her camp, Lunamere MacAnwyn had already decided where she would spend much of her time, since the Citadel of Life was not far from her tent, and when people asked about her, they only pointed to the shrine. She put all her time and energy into securing the citadel for the settlers... some even suspected that she herself spent the nights there, but these remained unconfirmed rumors. However, we could learn that, in addition to her own tasks of strengthening the citadel, she was trying to help others solve her tasks, to bring knowledgeable people and researchers together, and also to help destroy the influence of black ice. Be it the cleaning of the basins, the destruction of the clamps or the pylons, which in the past days had enabled the Black Ice again and again direct access to this sanctuary. Most recently, along with Tianna Joras' daughter, Kimberley of Falkenhöh and Grainne O'Tamhais, she was one of those of the West whose hands Miriel of Kerewesch passed through the heart of the citadel before connecting it to the trident.

Meanwhile, Connor MacAnwyn took care of the affairs of the guardians of the power veins, as he did at the convent of the elements.

An active intervention of the order was not necessary on the spot, because in the surroundings of the former capital of the ancient rulers no broken vein of power was to be discovered. Well-informed sources told us that he used the available time to give the blacksmith Adalbert Klingengießert the preserved plans for the construction of an apparatus for the stabilization of pyramidium. The latter took over the task of building this apparatus from the Order.

Furthermore he searched the studio for any information concerning power veins and power veins, but apart from a short discussion about the status of his clan dagger, weapon or no weapon, he could not gain any new knowledge. The rest of the time he helped where help was needed, including creating a weapon Ignis against the Episcorpa. This attempt failed, but the participants in this task were not to blame, because an intermediate step in the studio delayed the process to such an extent that they only reached the battlefield when the Episcorpa had already left it again.

On hearing that the Western Army would return to the West with allies via a portal to fight the new enemy, the Skargens, who were reportedly marching towards Aquas Source, he

replied that he hoped their experience with Black Ice advances to their former home on Mythodea would be a small advantage. His deputy Ryan was in charge of the military leadership of the fiefdom and would put the Rohir warriors on alert as soon as they left the country. Rumour had it that the citizens of Nuadh tír Baern had repeatedly seen small swarms of Storm Crows in the sky and that something seemed to be moving at night. If an enemy should attack the west coast there, they would sell themselves very dearly and at least teach the enemy great losses and he was confident that they would also be able to beat him back.

The bond of Lunamere and Connor MacAnwyn to the Western Seal became bigger and bigger during this campaign and if you believe the rumours on the ships on the way back, the house MacAnwyn on Mythodea has found a new home for itself and the refugees entrusted to it from the world behind the fog. A two-year odyssey would have come to an end.

Marian Flinkkiel

 REGIONAL SECTION WEST

News from from Academia Iarthar of the western seal

Many years the high master of Magic of the West, Lord Ernst von Wallendorf, has led the Academia as provisional head. In the testimony of Forbis, the deceased head of the Academia, were attached five assessments (one for each element) to taking over the office, which up until now none of the people interested where willing to take part in.

At the last convent of the elements in Holzbrück, instructors Magistra and Michel Vroen decided to take the assessments as a team. Due to the happenings at the time and after confiding with Magistra, Michel decided to abandon his efforts, which is why Magistra took four of the assessments on her own. As reliable sources report, Magistra passed all of the assessments and was able to take the office as head of the Academia Iarthar. The official inauguration will take place at the next Convent of the Elements, as there was no time left, to prepare the ceremony. Even though the instructor of alchemie, Michel, was unable to complete

the assessments, he will support Magistra as deputy head of the Academia to lead the Academia further on.

Magistra is barely known in the western seal, although she is working nearly three years at the academie. Before she came to the West, she lead a magical academy at a small principality. There she took care of the education of young magical talented people and helped them, to understand and controll the magic that was inside of them.

But her main main focus isnt here mainly. Here in Mitraspera there is a wide range, how to work with the five elemtens. Ranging from shamanism, to musical powers, to a classical academic approach. It is not easy to find one dircetion and live by it. This is where she want to support the students. The Academia shall be the contact-point where different theories and be communicated and learn from each other.

Furhtermore, the Academia is a place of knowledge. A collection point for any kind of information, as there are wide gaps through mistakes and misunderstandings. Magistra want to close those gaps by collecting and combining the knowledge of different parts of live.

As the Academia is a main supplier for the army, as regards alchemistical products, the Academia will support the research for stronger and new mixtures.

All of this needs the support of the settlers, they have to come to the Academia Iarthar and share their knowledge, be a living part of the Academia.

Her main focus is to combine the different schools, academies, libraries and other points of knowledge collection to keep up more than just a loose exchange. Maybe even by exchanging their students.

- Tiberius Fabulator -

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

Once be Mitray'Kor... of

The banners of the Episcorpa at the element temples were destroyed, now the Episcorpa was attackable. But the goal was to destroy them completely! But why should it appear again on a battlefield now? So it needed a plan! A plan to lure her with something she really wanted. And those were aspects of the elements: battle, terror, clarity and justice - the aspects of the four Shame Mitray'Kor. And what could lure the Episcorpa more than the embodiment of an aspect - a Mitray'Kor. But you don't just become a Mitray'Kor! Besides, it was just a rumor that four new Mitray'Kor would be raised to lure the Episcorpa out. Jael, a friend of Aquas from the Rose Kingdom, had a great idea. Four individuals who were to receive an amulet that would increase the selected aspect tenfold. Along with the rumor that new Mitray'Kor would be raised, this made the four of us also believe that we were the aspect, and that made it a truth. A Voykia should accompany us to strengthen the project externally. And four future Mitray'Kor

would surely lure Episcorpa to a battlefield. Miro, the Neches'Re of Roses chose me.

I now embodied the aspect of clarity for Aqua. For Aeris it was Kuor Entrickhofen as Mitray'Kor of Terror. Sylvana of Lichtensteyn stood for battle as an aspect of Ignis and justice as an aspect of Terra was taken over by Malen Elloriel.

I didn't want to take the amulet off at the end either. Everything was suddenly so clear. It was as if I had been blind the whole time and could finally see - and I didn't want to be blind again. Neither Jael, nor Miro and even Neome I did not want to give the amulet, yes even a Nyame I contradicted. Only when Colin appeared as my Archon, I laid down the amulet reluctantly, because I could not resist him.

But in the end it was important that the plan worked. Episcorpa saw us and we showed their failure. WE were her failures because she wanted us and had

not yet received us. She was attracted! The annihilation was a good interplay of many - across seals. The four of us lured her out, without us she probably wouldn't have shown herself anymore. Gjesken's sword could paralyze her, Cerenna's blades sucked her time. With the help of the mace of the Schand-Mitray'Kor she could finally be destroyed. And by the way Karl Tiziano was able to fulfill his task for the Aeris-Cup of the Citadel of Life by playing the final trick. Even Siobhan, my Nyame, had a personal score to settle with Episcorpa. She was able to release the tape to her daughter before the Episcorpa was extinguished.

It has been shown that we can achieve a lot when we work together. And not to forget how many fighters were behind us to create the space that allowed us to get close enough to Episcorpa and eventually destroy them together.

Gráinne O'Tamhais

 REGIONAL SECTION WEST

A new fiefdom emerges

After the decision of their eminences, the Archon and the Nyame of the West, a new fief in the West was awarded at the Holzbrück convent.

The Order of the „Heirs of the Depth“, represented as Ri by Wulfric Aidan O’Bourne, the former Ri of Greifenhag, was awarded the city of Cloch Mor and the surrounding areas as the seat of the Order.

Tiefenwacht¹ was chosen as the name of the feud.

In recent weeks it has become clear that the population, which consists mainly of clans, is sticking to the old language and is now also using the name „Cloch Mor“ for the surrounding areas in their internal language.

Since the city has already been largely taken over, the current projects of the Order concentrate on the expansion of the internal infrastructure and the creation of production facilities for canvas as a commodity.

Further sources of income are fishing and the mining of black granite rock, which is sufficiently present in the surrounding cliffs along the coast. Interested trade partners are invited to contact the Order here, here the Superior Fabalea Her’Bel Essence. Visitors are also welcome.

With the takeover of the Lehens and the appearance of the Skargen, it seems as if the new Ri is planning an extension of the coastal defence by building

several watchtowers along the coastline. However, this project is still in its infancy.

Padraigh Ap Corran, scribe in the Order of the Heirs of the Deep



A growing Flame, in a grand Ocean

During the campaign of the last seal, they stepped into the realm of Mythodea for the first time. Elfs of a new kind, refined in their appearance, brought in knowledge, wisdom and culture. A whisper went through the soul of Mythodea, to the ears of the elements; Fire elfs.

From the hot realm of Urth, a portal appeared on Mythodea. Through it, they came; fire elfs of various professions; warriors, priests, mages, traders, alchemists and more. All with a fierce and deep cultural dedication to the goddess of Fire. They represented an organization called The Church of Ignis.

At first glance, the inhabitants of Mythodea thought them as arrogant fanatics, because of their elfish race and over-symbolized dedication to Ignis, by clothing and charisma. Nevertheless, the citizens of Mythodea slowly discovered, that this religious culture had a much wider view, respect and understanding

REGIONAL SECTION WEST

for the community and Cooperation between the 5 elements. However, there was never any doubt of what this faction viewed as the primary and leading element; Ignis.

Several expeditions has emerged from this portal over the years. They found the Adamant Banner, most befitting and kept assisting The Great Host in its campaign into the Mirror World and the Siege of the World-Forge. Through these campaigns, the church established close ties to many factions, like the Phoenix Empire, the Protectorate of Lunorth, the Golden Kingdom and many more. However, no other faction befriended the Church as much as the Western Seal did. The Church of Ignis were guests under Western Seal banners for 5 years, during the campaigns of The Great Host.

Among their many accomplishments, the church was instrumental in the sealing of the armor of Argus, the fall

of the Queen of the Oily Pestilence, Macbreth, and saving the Quin'assil of Love. Never asking for anything in return, not even when helping dedicated followers of Aqua.

The echo of all these small and larger deeds reached everywhere, even to the ears of the Archon and Nyame of the West, and shortly after during a Gathering of the Highest, something remarkable happened. Wulfric Aidan O'Bourne, Marshal of the West, one of the oldest, revered and most dedicated followers of Aqua, stood up and proclaimed that this faction deserved to be a part of the Seal, whom they had fought side by side with and helped for so long. The Nyame looked to the other Rí's, and a chain reaction started. Rí after Rí, without any doubt in their voices, stood up and voted for the Church, with one praising speech after another. The conclusion was clear.

After the campaign in Methraton

Thul, citizens and travelers in the south parts of the Western Seal have begun to tell tales of an immense increased activity in the area close the borders. Rumors go through the taverns about a group of fire elves, settling down along the border. A new kingdom is rising, a kingdom of fire – Caranor.

- *Burian Hainsaite* -

 REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Death of pestilence OBITUARY

My name is Praiodan of Fuchshag. I was one of those who challenged the temple mistress and her champion at the halls of perpetual battle. And while others fled the battle, my champion - Morisca - died in this arena. Over her dead body I made a perhaps foolish but sincere promise: I swore to hunt down the pestilence to the last spore and destroy it. Some of you will laugh, but is that the right reaction to this vow?

I seek help from all of you who read this. I am looking for any information, no matter how small, about the pestilence. At the same time I am looking for like-minded people who would give their lives for the fight against pestilence in order to destroy it once and for all.

So I ask you to report to me in Zackenberg, in the realm of roses. I will answer every letter and personally show gratitude to everyone.

The elements with you.

*Praiodan of Fuchshag
 Deputy Dean of the Pentagram
 Academy of the Fight to Zackenberg*

In love and gratitude and full of hope for a reunion in another world unknown to us, we say goodbye in mourning to Aronia Ravenfeyder (Reichsheilerin zu Tiefenwacht) and Solveigh Olafsdottir (First Shield of the Order of Silver Shields). Two great companions have passed away. Whoever knew them was proud of their friendship. The place in the middle of our community is now empty. But through the countless beautiful memories of her good deeds, her fighting for all of us, her

warmth, laughter and understanding, the place in our hearts never remains empty in respect and memory. We thank the elements for all their love and kindness, their courage and determination, their help and sacrifice. We will not forget them because we are forever grateful that we had them with us.

In deep sadness and reverence, your comrades from Tiefenwacht and Leuenmark.

Gez. Caitlin Sattler, Karl Tobat

TENDER

The combing of the empire of roses needs personnel support.

On behalf of His Highness Raùl Mazhahk ân Oshead, Manca'Quar of the Empire of Roses, a trustworthy person is sought to relieve him on journeys, court days and illustrious campaigns in matters of combing.

Requirements: Loyalty to the realm of roses, fidelity to the elements, sovereign handling of numbers and written sentences in common and commercial language, discretion and incorruptibility.

Please send applications to the Hofkämmeri
 attn. Gerd Federknecht
 House Mazhahk on the town square,
 Takbal, Shäekara,
 kingdom of roses.

Applicants from outside the realm of roses are naturalized in case of acceptance after a successful probationary period.



REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Facilitation in the fight against the Forsaken and their allies

Such a combat mission behind enemy lines is exhausting and tiring. The ostracized know no tiredness, no muscle cramps, have few problems with their supplies. I mean, what does a damn Rakh need? Nothing at all. And the undead? Eat some animal carcass from the roadside and maybe smear some unholy stuff on their torn bodies so they don't fall apart. Ours, on the other hand, has to carry everything, weapons and armor anyway, plus provisions. Depending on the duration of the mission and the region, there may be quite a bit of extra weight and if you're on the road in rough terrain, you'll have to carry everything yourself. Every ounce that you don't have to shoulder counts.

Our commander has brought something completely new with him. MAZHAK FOURAGE - Battlefield rations he called it, in a sealed container. That's fart dry, like powder, and has to be boiled with water first, but that's exactly the idea behind it. This significantly reduces the weight of the provisions and all you need is water. For two weeks in the field it weighs just two stones. And since you have somehow removed aqua from the food, it is

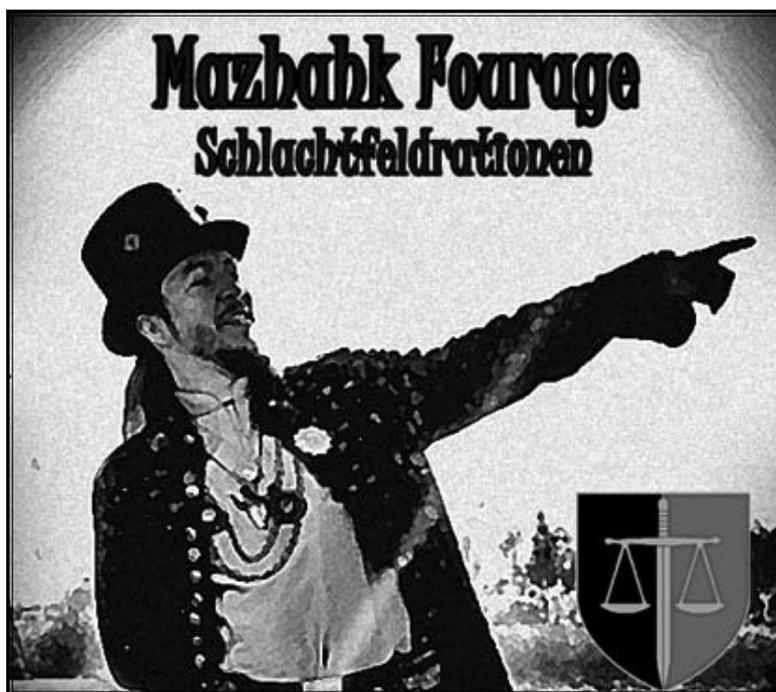
virtually non-perishable. The water has to be clean, but you can boil it, Ignis destroys the pestilence. I've tasted better already. But if you are honest: We have already eaten our shoe soles and worse before hunger and misery in the field, if there was no other way.

The commander said that he had already ordered larger quantities for the next combat mission, but the delivery time was quite long, because almost all the Sonderkommandos from the seals had ordered it.

My back, in any case, is glad that it doesn't have to drag so much behind enemy lines anymore. I am much more rested when I make a dent in the hat of an outlaw.

Thank you
MAZHAK FOURAGE!

*Friedhelm Eisenbrecher -
 Soldat zur besonderen Verwendung*



Mazhahk Fourage is a product of the trading house Mazhahk, available in all well sorted trading accounts of Mythodea. On the picture you can see the visionary founder of the house Raúl Mazhahk ân Oshead, Manca'Quar of the Empire of Roses.

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Call to all fiefdoms and peoples within the realm

Loravinde, the bulwark of the south, will come into being and it will be one of the biggest projects of the empire since the repopulation of our beautiful empire. The city is to give the south of the empire the protection and grandeur that As'Shan, Shan Meng Fey give the north. It shall be the city of the peoples of this empire and country, the city of meeting and all elements. Especially in these times, when the scars and the black ice in the south threaten us, it is important to show our true strength. The Edalphi send us their help and builders, the Manca'Quar provides

the necessary raw materials and the foundation stone has been laid. But it is up to you to fill this dream with life, to send you, your builders, artists, advisors and delegations. We ask you to bring in your culture, building methods and achievements. Every fief, every people, no matter how small, is unique and can contribute something. Maybe just a delegation, but maybe true greatness and you settle a whole neighborhood, found schools, temples, trading houses and whatever you think such a city needs. Their glory wishes for a city by the sea, the quarters assigned to

the elements, in the center Magica. We have a white gate nearby and enough water to populate it. The builders of Edalphi gave us a precise idea of the possible size of this city and it will be able to offer sufficient protection to the south in times of need. It will be our city, so it is up to us how we want to shape our heritage for many generations. Let us help this dream to be of appropriate size and beauty.

Davion, adviser to her glory

Duel of the Grandmasters

Who will be Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of Roses and Thorns? The hope that this important question would be answered on the war expedition to Methraton Thul has been shattered. The election of the knights at the court of the Empire of Roses could hardly have been more dramatic. Each of the three candidates had already found two advocates, so that the last votes had to decide.

Ser Varek Aestus received the first and looked like the sure winner. But the two newly appointed knights Xandros von Wehrheim and Osmund von Sagara had not yet cast their votes. Ser Xandros wisely abstained from voting because he was new to the Order and therefore not knowledgeable enough to make a decision. But Ser Osmund preferred passion to wisdom and gave his voice to

Dame Avaline. So there was a tie between Ser Varek and Dame Avaline. According to the rules of the order, a duel between the two remaining candidates must now decide who will wear the cape of the Grand Master on his shoulders.

*Friedhelm Silver,
free chronicler*

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

The Beast

Hear the glad tidings, good folks: The beast is dead. Slain to death, it lies in the sand of the arena, at the feet of the venerable halls of eternal battle. Judged by honour, anger and passion. Burned forever in the fire of revenge.

For a decade, the executor of pestilence brought disease and death, torment and misery across the land. Hundreds of souls died under his claw. But never again. Five went out to face the beast. Balor who took the first blow and Eridan who took the last. Hablo and Morsica, who daringly dared everything and gave their lives. Heroes all of them.



The fifth, however, abandoned the companions. His name shall be forgotten.

In their memory, whether in a tent, a hut or a palace, five candles were placed on the candle. Let two burn down until they are completely gone. Two ignited and renewed when they threaten to extinguish. But one, leave dark and cold.

And drink of the wine. Let his heaviness intoxicate your blood. The beast is dead.

Lazarus Fokk, poet

They came over the water!

Horrible news reaches us from the south of the empire! A new enemy called the „Skargen“ has attacked numerous fishing villages in Shäckara and almost completely destroyed them! The few survivors tell of boats from which these wild warriors stormed and attacked without warning. Numerous innocent people have been murdered or trapped in their burning huts. And those who survived the horror now stand without a house and without the possessions that the cowardly

attackers took with them. But as quickly as they appeared, the mysterious buriers disappeared again on their boats. The whipped up sea, which until now was the basis of life and a place full of possibilities for the people of Shäckara, has now become a harbinger of death and suffering for many. Our thoughts are with the victims of the Skargen!

*Angrond Stanzfüller,
travelling scribe*

Black hand on the run!

After the uprising in the margraviate Zweiwasser could be suppressed, the ringleader Schwarzhand is on the run. Thus the danger for law and order remains, although the country is currently calm. Under the hand however, the uprising is still discussed and discussed everywhere and not few fights on the market places and in the taverns have their origin in such disputes.

The authorities around Margrave Balor, the castellans Briceus of Thalgrund, Medina and Jarl Agnar, are strikingly reserved. Can it be true what rumours say that the wretched lump Schwarzhand has taken an important hostage and thus the hands of the rulers are tied during the persecution? Or are it men like Chancellor Caspar Bartimäus or Magister Urdan Weißwasser who lead the hunt for the rebel with more subtle methods than those of the feudal lord? Many questions still remain unanswered. But one thing is for sure, the population of Zweiwasser is looking forward to the announced feast of the Five, which should provide joy and variety in the whole fiefdom.

Jakub Przywalszynek, chronicler

REGIONAL SECTION ROSES

Against epidemics and infirmity New Reich healer appointed

Hear, realm of roses!

For some time now the Reichsheilerschaft with its ancestral seat in Tiefenwacht has been in existence, and some fiefs have already been saved from greater hardship by it.

The purpose of this institution is and always has been to examine healers in each fief for their professional qualification and to declare them to be imperial healers, so that every inhabitant can be sure to receive competent, affordable help from a Medicus or healer who adorns himself with the coat of arms of the imperial healers.

So it is a special pleasure for us, Myrea Fuchshain, rector of the Reichsheilerschaft and Sir Lion von Eisenforst, rector of the Reichsheilerschaft, to announce the appointment of a new Reichsheilers after the losses suffered on the summer campaign.

Falk Ebenroth from Mondenhain took the examinations of Rectora Fuchshain on this year's summer campaign and proved his practical experience as well as his expertise and improvisation talent.

As it has already become known at court, Falk Ebenroth is now part of the Reichsheilerschaft, whose

coat of arms may bear and is subject to its statutes.

May many more follow him, so that infirmity may stay away from us and our empire may blossom further.

Our heritage, Our war
Our Will, Our Victory

*Sir Lion of Ironforest
Rector of the Reichsheilerschaft
Knight of the Order of Thorns and
Roses and the Protecting Hand
Lord of Tiefenwacht*

* * * BREAKING NEWS * * *

Completely disturbed messengers tell of cruel events in Goldhafen, the capital of the former feud of Münzquell! Unknown enemies seem

to have attacked the few remaining inhabitants and the Oronic troops there without warning. Unfortunately, we have no confirmed statements

about the outcome of the battle. Did the Skargen strike here as well?

Angrond Stanzfüller,
travelling scribe

REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

Raids on the federal coast

While the majority of the troops were still in Methraton`Thul or supported in the Khal`Hatra, the coast of the Märkischer Bund was haunted by individual troops in long messengers!

The troops wore blue drawings on their faces and were partly accompanied by white-clothed

magicians! Their request was limited to looting and pillaging, the few prisoners they had taken were left bloodless on the beach!

The sightings went from Yaquirshafen in the south to Hertheim in the north, with an almost endless number

of ships reportedly sighted on the horizon on the sea. Our thoughts are with the relatives of the fallen.

Tiodes Lehmbach, Ministerial Quarter

Samhold's first postal bird house in Felles goes into operation

How long expected now the first post-birds are trained, that can reach Felles. There are pigeons for the normal news, crows for personal deliveries, and bats for the caves.

There will be no delivery with albatrosses to and from Felles, as the bird's egg is too far from the coast. A training of condors for long distances over land is already being worked on, and first successes are recorded.

With the help of the postal bird traders there is also a sufficient contingent of postal birds for the outgoing messages.

The building of the postal bird house has a training room for the training of new post birds, and two rooms with

four beds each for the pupils, so that it will be possible to train new post birds continuously. Overnight stays are included in the school fee. There will be food in Floki's Taverne, this is to be considered as additional costs. One training costs ten silver for the week.

It is possible to have your postal bird certificate in your hands in three weeks, if you pass the exam immediately.

If you are not ready yet, or if you have failed the exam, it will take longer. This decision is up to the postbird master.

Prerequisite:

- The respectful handling of the flying creature.

- If you can't do that, I don't want to see you in my postal bird house!

To learn is:

1. Development and establishment of a postal bird house in word form.
2. Breeding and care of birds in general at in word form and at birds
3. Training of birds in word form and on birds
4. applicable instructions on delivery and confidentiality of messages, in word form and at the desk.

*Gez. Apollonius von Gailingen
First Postvoegeleimeister
of the märkischer Bund
Postal Bird Felles in Samhold*

 REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

Knightly accolade in the Märkischer Bund

Shortly before the departure for the summer campaign to Methraton'Thul we received the news that there will be a special event at the foot of Dun Marazakul. As a local reporter of the Scholle Hertheim, I had the special honour to accept the special invitation.

We undertook the long journey and witnessed a rare event in the Märkischer Bund.

In the evening a big fire was erected at the guard of honour, the way there was lit with torches and at the other end two of the most famous knights of the Märkischer Bund, Mrs. Raja vom Sturfels and Mr. Orion vom Stein, Knights of the Order of the Griffins, were standing, who had made it their business to provide the guard of honour, which guarded the

burial place of the dwarves under the mountain.

A soft song resounded as two handsome young men walked along the torchlight path, both dressed in light undergarments and visibly overtired but proud. The last night and the day they had watched and prepared for this moment.

With a loud voice Orion vom Stein announced: ‚Behold, before you and the Order of the Griffin, the miners Leikur vom Hertse and Fenryl Kyrios Erachmin Dalmor appear. He pointed to the two young men: ‚Kneel down in the face of the Griffin’, as soon as this had happened, the handsome knight reached for his sword, nodded to Raja and both stood before the boys.

He raised the long sword and with it touched the shoulders of Squire Fenryl ‚Rise now, Sir Fenryl Kyrios Erachmin Dalmor, Knight of the Griffin Realm’ with a nod he stepped back and Mrs. Raja stepped forward, she also touched the shoulders of Squire Leikur with her sword and spoke: It is an honor for me to knight you, now rise Sir Leikur from the Hertse, Knight of the Griffin Realm’.

After several congratulations the party was celebrated properly, because the two knights were finally allowed to lift a proper jug before they moved to Methraton'Thul, after passing the squire's time.

May the griffins protect them there.

*Heide Gänsefeder
(Hertheimer local editorial office)*

Invitation to Validus

Dear friends
from all over Mythodea,

the time of commemoration of my daughter Ronja is fast approaching. The place Validus prepares for the celebrations in her honour. According to the tradition of my ancestors we will celebrate Samhain with a masked festival, as

Ronja would have liked it. On this occasion we, the citizens of Validus, friends, acquaintances and all others are invited to celebrate this festival together with us.

The inauguration of a small shrine in honour of the community of Ignis is also planned.

It will take place at the gates of the Isodos district of Nebelheim. We are looking forward to seeing you there.

*Boromil Damotil
in representation for the whole floe
Validus, Märkischer Bund*

REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

The people of Sylgarid are looking for a lady of the nobility to marry!

Through rumour the people have heard that Princess Benedicta wants to see the great and powerful, exceedingly merciful, eloquent and generous Baron Selwyn Oswalding of Sylgarid, Lord of Eibenheim married to Aeterna. Due to the efforts of the princess to marry the Baron, the people feel compelled to support her endeavour actively and therefore have to announce acceptable conditions for possible spouses.

A majestic, charming figure with hip-length blonde hair, healthy teeth and eyes as deep as the green Bering Sea would be desirable for the future Baroness. She should behave in an extremely modest, decent and virtuous manner and carry out her work diligently, energetically, perseveringly and imaginatively.

For our future Baroness, a good knowledge of the languages,

both written and spoken, negotiating skills, confidence in dealing with dignitaries and skills in all courtly matters of handwork are indispensable. Her inner strength should be her armament and diplomacy her sword. In dealing with the people she should be extremely generous, patient, patronizing, just and tolerant. Here it is indispensable to love and worship the people. The place Sylgarid is well managed, rich in nature and has a reliable court.

Our handsome Baron, standing in his prime, has grown tall, has brown hair and likes to wear the colour red. In battle he bravely faces his enemies, is often in the front line, always heroic, courageous and protective of his people. Through the motivated healers, his minor war injuries are attractive trivialities, which carry their very special charm with them. From her sleeping chamber, our future Baroness

will have a delightful, romantic view of the green Bering Sea. Baron Selwyn is a down-to-earth, close to home, pious and faithful companion, who appreciates the local drinks and personal conversations and does not seek the pleasure of being in a pack.

We, the people, are a devoted, grateful, cheerful and anxious entourage for our Baron who desires nothing more than a suitable Baroness who knows how to take care of the personal heartache of our Baron. The people are very grateful for any information on suitable ladies and are happy to receive the informant in the tavern to the drowned birch with the best Sylgarid soapy water.

REGIONAL SECTION MÄRKISCHER BUND

Open island questions have been clarified

Kjeldor of Hallyl, the Archont of the South, received me there and gave me enough time to make the following agreements with him:

1. The island off the coast of Rotsand should remain uninhabited in order to preserve the fauna, the grace of the island and the natural balance of the elements. This applies at least until a shortage of settlement land in the south forces them to act differently.
2. The island should continue to bear the name Friholme in commemoration of a misunderstanding that could become the topic of funny evenings!
3. All previous records and maps of the island will be sent as unadulterated copies to the Archont of the South!
4. In future, the island will only be allowed to be entered for the following purposes and after registration with the Archonten:
 - For the research of possibly existing medicinal herbs, and the removal of offspring for breeding in other places. Not for exploitation!
 - to give plagued souls peace of mind again, under supervision, and with the greatest possible respect for creation.

Shanna from Lichtensee, the Nyame of the South, who could only join the conversation later, agreed to everything as discussed.

Salina Weber and Deudemar Ivarson of the Likedeelers were present as advisors and witnesses.

I am pleased to announce that the purpose of the Märkischer Bund and mine is in harmony with Archont and Nyame in relation to the rule of the South.

Vivat Ignis!

*Gez. Apollonius of Gailingen
Settlers on Samhold/Märkischer Bund
Captain of the Likedeeler
first post-bird glue master of the Märkischer Bund
retired officer of the
mercenary army's battle rescue runners*

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

The sound of shuffling boots

When a being is at the limit of exhaustion can often be seen clearly. It is written in our faces when our strength leaves us and the good gums have to hold out for the last few meters. A few days ago, I had to painfully determine how this can be seen in an army. It was a morning getting warmer fast and I had dealt with the last herald next to a little tea. The ever louder noise ripped me from a more or less interesting article. The view from the window offered for the time being only a dust cloud before the hanging heads of men and women, dressed in dark, red, blotchy coats, appeared. My head was overturning the days in the calendar since I last saw these soldiers, an exact number didn't occur to me, so many moons had passed. The approaching noise was the shuffling of their boots on the paved streets of our city. A ghostly picture accompanied by the even rocking of the lowered heads. Nobody spoke a word. Their expectant faces, when they once set off for the steppes of Kal'Hatra, had given way to the serious and tired gaze of veterans. What was going on in their heads is not tangible for a simple scribe, even if I found myself on one or the other battlefield in my younger days. In my head I flew over their journey, the places from which I heard the Red Lion Banner blowing on the battlefield. Kal'Hatra, the Shadow Pass in the west and on it the great campaign. So the faces and the sluggish steps were explained, but not the mental state of the shuffling crowd. It took some time for them to pass my house. I had to find out that the train of beings had become smaller as well. Also the inevitable leaves traces on our soul, no matter how much we are prepared for it. So I had to recognize after some moments that I still stood before the window and looked motionless on the now empty street. Inside I was as cold as the tea I had left on the table. Also the begun article had no more meaning for me. After submitting this article I will go on a journey into less oppressive regions, the seventh circle of hell appears to me momentarily as a suitable destination.

Jens Engelsheim

FAUGEST welcomes new patron saint

After the departure of Patronus Eonar, the newly elected Patrona Nessa took over the fate of the guild of knowledge, magic and diplomacy. Nessa has stood out for her structure and friendliness, making her a good candidate for this post. May she keep her good mood at work and her friendly nature. Nessa, the FAUGEST is behind you!

Jolanda Lavender

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

Community centre too small - an extension is needed!

During the summer campaign to Methraton'Thul, some forces in the field camp of Porto Leonis stood out through their tireless work and brilliance in carrying out orders. The city can count itself lucky to have also found new citizens in the ranks of the campaign supporters, who will enrich Porto Leonis with their specific abilities and continue to build. When the old citizens of the city met the newcomers in the community centre on the last evening of the summer campaign,

the spontaneous cooperation was put to the test: Further tables and benches had to be brought up so that all the Leonites could also find a place to listen to the First Ulrich and Wu honouring the city's heroes and heroines. The city is looking forward to further cooperation and living together.

Anton Hubelmeyer

Legio Lona in Kal'Hatra

The Legio Lona accompanied the search party to the development of the Terra tunnel in the Kal'Hatra and had to bear great losses. By the time they left the light at Methraton'Thul, the Forsaken were already waiting for the arriving settlers, and six of the brave Legio Lona fighters lost their lives, while they stood in protection between the search party and the attackers. They gave their lives to protect others. May their souls find peace in the primordial soul.

Jolanda Lavendel

Porto Leonis sends expedition

The guild of the FAUGEST (guild of knowledge, magic and diplomacy), together with the municipal trade representatives, successfully traded two cogs from the mythical maritime trade guild on the summer campaign. Once the cogs are delivered and overhauled, Keylin Renard will lead an expedition to produce nautical charts.

Priority will be given to mapping the sea routes and ports to the neighbors, later probably also the more remote destinations. Even though Porto Leonis will never become a big seaport, it is important to have good charts for your own ships. Unfortunately, other seafarers and captains do not seem to see it that way, because unfortunately there

were no nautical charts to be found neither on the convent nor on the campaign on multiple demand. I don't think all sailors know all the routes by heart.

Anton Hubelmeyer

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

World Council before the end?

On the expedition to Metatron`thul another death occurred within the World Council followers. If the KATZ forecasts are correct and this trend continues, then the World Council will no longer have any followers in 50 years at the latest. The interviewed settlers of the North welcomed this development. A supporter of the World Council was not available

for a statement, which is probably due to the reasons mentioned at the beginning. Rumors that say that the supporters of the World Council were active at the locations that needed particularly much support could not be verified. Furthermore, information could be found in the studio that the settlers from Blütenthal were descended directly from the

Ancient Rulers and that the new enemy therefore probably reacted very aggressively to the colour „lilac“. It remains to be seen whether the council of rulers will now decide that everyone on future battlefields must wear this colour.

Anton Hubelmeyer

Legio advertising offensive

„The Legio Lona is looking for you“ was the motto of the summer campaign when the Legio Lona’s advertisers set out to bring the Centuries back to target strength after the glorious battles of recent months. And indeed - numerous, weapon-capable people joined the lion banner in the field and signed the contract for a future in

the fighting guild. These included not only individual adventures and abandoned soldiers, but also entire units, which - after sometimes tough contract negotiations - have now committed themselves to the protection and defense of the Free City of Porto Leonis. The fighters were particularly tempted by the prospect of receiving their own piece of land

in the outskirts of the city or a house in the city after 20 years of service. The fighting strength of the Legio Lona, which has also been proven in this campaign, continues to build on every single legionnaire - that’s why you should contact the recruitment office of the Legio Lona!

Anton Hubelmeyer

Legio Invicta II

The summer campaign led the soldiers of the Legio Lona to several battlefields where they had to prove their courage. The siege on Metrathon Thul was not the only place where our brave heroes fought against the Forsaken. Reports show battles in the Rose Kingdom as well as in Goldwacht, which were reached via Aeris portals. Side by side, our lions faced the enemies and always left the field victorious. Some

admired the almost endless reserves of strength from which our soldiers drew again and again, when a fight was followed by another. Again and again they gathered under the banner of the Legio, carried by Signifer Shapur or the honorary Legionary Sir Richard of Falconhill. Also Sir Clevin, who supported the new Primus Pilus Avellania in their first campaign, found only praising words for the armed forces of Porto Leonis: „What I saw on the field were LIONS! - Quote Sir Clevin

Avellania even survived the hit of a siege weapon thanks to the energetic efforts of its soldiers and capable healers. And so all we can say is that we are happy and grateful that this undefeated pack of Lions and their Lioness continue to work for the protection of Porto Leonis. Hic sunt Leonis!

Anton Hubelmeyer

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: PORTO LEONIS

Bread and games

On this year's summer campaign, the Guild of Fine Arts was able to put 4 of its building projects into practice. The first is the Gabor Casino. This new establishment will certainly make our beautiful city attractive for many visitors. For such a promising restaurant, of course a suitable name is needed. Suggestions can be given to the Guild of Fine Arts or directly to Gabor, who has the honour to lead this institution. Thanks to Tailon and his tireless efforts, this could be realized, on the one hand in the catacombs, and on the other hand in the procurement of some revealing playing cards for certain firsts of the city. Due to his immeasurable success, the first of the guild disqualified him from the competition and gave him a wish. The second building project is a Colosseum / Theatre, which will be built in cooperation with the Legio Lona. The newly appointed guild leader of the fine arts Hafthor could decide the guild competition

for his guild by a deal with the Legio us thus the common building project start. This makes the Guild of Fine Arts THE unbeaten guild in this competition. In this building complex competitions are to take place, plays and operettas are to be performed and besides our Pompsballmannschaft, the PSG 09 Porto Leonis, is to find their new homeland there. „So that the Pompsball Sport Group can bring the trophy to the city,“ Hafthor said in a brief comment. The bakery / confectionery is number 3 in the construction project alliance. This was realized by Keylin, who at the end of the guild competition still had a lot of reputation stones and thus was allowed to express a wish. After careful consideration and Jonathan Hartbrot's involvement, the wish to build a baking house arose. Jonathan will take over the management.

The best at the end: What is better than a tavern? Right, 2! Sir Raven of the Iron Daggers had achieved citizen status on the spring campaign to Kal'Hatra and passed the entrance examination to the Guild of Fine Arts. His deepest wish was to open a Haventaverne. This is now also granted. The Guild of Fine Arts hopes that these building projects will increase the flow of visitors from outside and provide the city with additional income.

Anton Hubelmeyer

No seat on the council of wise men

The guild of the Al'Medici painfully announces that due to the extensive tasks of the campaign, they were not able to determine

a new guild master. The first Wu Yan-Dao, himself a member of the Guild, was forced to officially announce that the Guild cannot

claim a seat on the Council of Wise Men because there is no Guild Master.

Anton Hubelmeyer

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

Granting of civil rights

For the first time during the summer campaign, the Ad Astra State Chancellery set up a field office at the Knowledge Service. Although all members of the camp sacrificed themselves for the campaign in various areas and its success enjoyed a clear priority, the State Chancellery experienced unexpectedly great interest. On the last evening of the campaign there was a swearing-in ceremony in the Ad Astras camp at which 16 people swore the citizens' oath in the presence of the summer queen and winter king and thus became lawful citizens of the Free State of Ad

Astra. Civil rights include the right to property and business. Subsequently, citizen Iuba Bajoran was sworn in as priest of the restored Ignis Temple in Asina. In addition, numerous other persons have registered as residents of the city of Asina - most of them will also be able to acquire civil rights after the one-year waiting period. The State Chancellery congratulates all new citizens on their newly acquired rights and duties.

Alayne Osfryd's daughter
Head of the
State Chancellery Ad Astra

Temple consecration successful

Shortly after our return from the summer campaign we brought the consecrated flame into the restored temple and in a solemn element service the large fire bowl was lit in the temple. At the same time as igniting the flame we could feel a wave of warming ignorance throughout the city - The Mistress of the Flames has returned to our temple and with this act we have taken another step to accept our inheritance. We have shown what can be achieved as a community and I am looking forward to our future success - In the community for Ignis

Iuba Bajoran
Priest of Mistress Ignis
Templar Asinas

Knowledge collectors and craftsmen wanted

One of the artifacts that was damaged due to the events of the penultimate campaign must finally be repaired. For this you still need craftsmen, magicians and knowledge collectors. If you want to be involved with an old Ouai artefact and save your stored knowledge, please contact me. Together we will find a way.

Iuba Bajoran

Reconstruction making progress

Urban reconstruction in the so-called Azerbaijani Neustadt continues to progress. As a result of the structural restoration of the urban area, Yollinar ní Fhiona, the man-high crystal remaining since the landing of the barque in Asina, was salvaged and transported from the area of the new town on the orders of her Excellency.

Municipality Ad Astra
Department of Utilities and Infrastructure

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: AD ASTRA

Increasing demand for lavender

During the summer campaign, the news spread through the army that the seemingly intrepid and hard to defeat Skargen who invaded our homeland were suffering from an intolerance of lavender. It was said that many a Skarge had fallen dead just by touching the dried herb, others would be in great pain and the smell could make them flee.

Who circulated this information is still a mystery today. Palace spokesman Christopherus Saibert, in the name of the summer queen Banrion Lady Yollinar nì Fhiona, acting ruler of the Free State of Ad Astra, announced that „at no time had such information been disseminated, which had not yet

been fully verified“. However, it led to the Ad Astra camp being overrun with requests for all kinds of lavender products. It is well known that in and around Asina, where many of Ad Astra’s fighters live, lavender of the best quality grows in rough quantities. But even though the inhabitants of Azerbaijan had of course carried a lot of dried lavender, lavender oil, lavender soap, lavender chocolate, lavender drinks and much more, the unforeseen demand could not be fully satisfied. At times the summer queen herself was busy producing lavender soap water from her personal stock and dispensing it in portions. The alchemists, especially Anselmo di Maretto, also spent several hours distilling lavender oil on

the spot, as the supplies they had brought with them quickly dwindled when dozens of weapons wanted to be rubbed with the scented oil.

The Office of Supply and Trade apologizes to all the participants of the campaign for this shortage and the inconvenience it caused. As soon as the lavender incompatibility of the scars has been confirmed beyond any doubt, the city administration will start the production of lavender oil for the coming campaign. Pre-orders will be possible in due course.

Signed
Municipality Ad Astra
Department of Utilities and
Infrastructure

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

Announcements of the Permanent Provisional Council of Blutgard

The city is safe!

Blutgard's walls remain unvanquished. Although the recent sea invasion of the Skargen people allowed individual gangs to reach the land claimed by the pact, the city itself was neither reached nor threatened. Connoisseurs attribute this to the superior military capabilities of the Blood Pact.

To all long-distance, sea, stuff, and other merchants, be assured that the walls of Mythodea's largest city will continue to welcome honorable merchants.

Gates open for

Goldwacht fugitives

By order of the Lord Mayor's Office of Blutgard, the fugitives of the now devastated city of Goldwacht were offered shelter, food and shelter from the north. The Lord Mayor announced: „We in the Pact know what it is like to lose one's homeland. That is why we will treat those who have had the same fate as we would have wanted them to treat us“.

It is expected that the problem of scarce supplies will be solved in the coming weeks.

Blood Pact Warriors

Fight Cleanly

The mayor's office of Blutgard announces: All victories of the Blood Pact on the summer campaign have been fought for without alchemical support. The fighters of the pact do not use any stimulating or otherwise energizing mixtures. Their fighting power is solely due to the strength of their bodies and souls.

Rumors to the contrary are malicious insinuations. They are to be evaluated as a cut off of honour and punished accordingly.

Armada withdrawn

By order of the Lord Mayor's Office of Blutgard, the Great Armada of the Pact is withdrawn to the Bay of Heolysos. Previous instructions to keep the continent's sea lanes clear of (indigenous) pirates have been suspended due to recent events. All captains are called upon to turn their taxes eastwards to guarantee the safety of their homeland.

Blutgard sends diplomatic representation

The city and pact will participate in the „Mythodean League“ founded on the summer campaign. Although the personnel question has not yet been clarified, two representatives will in any case be sent to Methraton Thul so that the strongest faction on the continent will have a voice in all relevant decisions of this new body.

Blood Pact wins in West and North!

Our friends have called us. And we have come! The Blood Pact followed the call for Goldwacht and Khal'Hattra. There we have won epic victories! We have burned out the pestilence from the forests of Münzquell! And with the fire people we have pushed back the undead and the

ice! The others can rely on us, and they can rely on us to always win. Because we are the greatest!

*Nachfeuer Eisenherz Schattenwolf,
Special Representative for Positive Reporting, BBB*

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

Skargen hunting

The gauntlet has been thrown against the blood pact! Before this year's campaign to Methraton Thul, the Skargen predators dared to kidnap Svea, the flower of the Staildubh, at their own wedding. Despite the courage and fighting strength of the Pact in the ensuing „Portal Battles,“ it was not possible to recover the captured alive.

Thus the pact proclaimed feud and enmity to the scars that same night. With success, as it turned out, the Pact succeeded in decisively defeating the predatory invasion of this new enemy on the continent; wherever the Pact fought against them, the Skargen had to retreat defeated from the field.

Blood will continue to be paid with blood. Wherever the blue-painted bastards appeared, the Pact will stand up to them. Because the Skargen hunt is far from over!

*By Jingo Federweiß,
war correspondent of the BBB*

Horse breeding justified, setting up of riding squadrons only a question of time

The recent acquisitions of the city's trade representatives have borne fruit. On the pastures of the Koré, the walled surrounding area of Blutgard, bags will be set up to enable the rearing of a new tribe of war horses. The venture will be led by the Staildubh people, who are particularly close to this art by nature. But also other pact fractions with phil-hippine background have shown interest.

On the summer campaign itself, the acquisition of further breeding lines was once again successful, which will contribute to the basic stock. It is therefore expected that the pact will be able to set up the first organized mounted combat squadrons within a year. The future of our military clout is thus secured.

From Mamoud ibn Mamoud, BBB

Temple conquered!

There was a lot to fetch in summer! In the banner of the Pact stood a temple, of Ignis. It was called „Hall of Perennial Combat“. It had been held by the dragonfly of the Black Ice. But the blood pact did not allow it! We fought against the dragonfly! We have entered the circle! We fought duels! We have conquered the banner of the city! We sang the song that is now the anthem of the city! And we have freed the temple!

We have done all this because we do not give up! Now the temple belongs to us, and we will do great things with it!

*By Nachtfeuer Eisenherz
Schattenwolf,
Special Representative
for Positive Reporting, BBB*

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: BLUTGARD

The Blood Pact calls for the Thing

Also in this year, when the sheets incline and fog moves over the countries, the pact will gather again to the council. In a few weeks the keels of the fleets will go east, beyond to Mythodea, where the Blutthing will be organized this year by the Wolfsbrut group.

Apart from the (re)election of the blood marshal, the feud against the Skargen as well as the renewal of the council law are in the foreground. It is of course also a time to see old friends again and to win new ones, as is customary in the Pact.

by Mamoud ibn Mamoud, BBB

Bay Alliance failed

Also on the negotiations of the summer campaign no agreement could be reached between the Heolyser bay cities. The categorical refusal of Porto Leonis to change anything in the contract made it impossible for the representatives of the city to continue the negotiations. Nor was it possible to speak with one voice to the Mythodean League. Also the plan to march on the battlefield at least once as a unit was dropped due to the military circumstances.

Nevertheless, the diplomatic corps Blutgards, the „silver tongues“, sees no reason for discouragement. „We are loyal to our friends, merciless to our enemies, and strong alone or together,“ summed up one member of the Corps. „We don't need paper to know who's on our side.“

by Mamoud ibn Mamoud, BBB

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Askalonians, look out!

Among you is now a genuine Capitanissima with her own ship and an official trading license from Askalon!

I, Khalea D'Orkha, Capitanissima of Le Prince Laurence will sail the seas around Mithraspera and our rivers on behalf and in the name of Askalon and will distribute your trade goods safely and reliably! No matter what you have to ship - be it a single order, a permanent delivery or whatever occurs to you: As long as my stable

crew and I can keep us on our feet and my ship afloat, your goods will arrive! My fast and agile ship with its currently 12 cannons and the ballista at the bow will be able to defend the cargo in an emergency with man and mouse from attacks and bring it safely to the destination port.

I also have an open ear for customers with delicate special orders that require a little skill and inconspicuousness. Please contact me.

If someone needs therapeutic help, my figurehead Whydah is always available in the harbour and at sea for healing conversations as a patient listener around the clock. Should anyone be interested in therapeutic cuddling, my pretty sailors are always available for a small fee. Please ask in advance.

Khalea D'Orkha

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

New bathhouse opened in Askalon

a group of former residents of the Freymark - today the Märkischer Bund, was looking for a new home due to the mistakes and confusions two years ago. Thus the little group, which calls itself „Taraya“ and acts like a wildly mixed bunch of adventurers, became a reliable and respectable part of the city of Askalon.

The group not only made a name for itself on the battlefield, two months ago it became known that the Tarayan Pascal had opened a bathhouse in Askalon. It is known from various reputable sources that the establishment is very comfortably furnished with several warm tubs and bathtubs. In addition, the physical well-being is satisfied with a serving

of beer, wine and also high-proof. It is uncertain from where the bath house could get the necessary timber. The enormous consumption of firewood also raises questions. It is reasonable to assume that the rationing has been circumvented and is continuously disregarded. Evidence, however, has not yet been provided.

Occasionally it is also reported that there are celebrations in the bath house every now and then, which are organized by the operator Pascal himself. Around these celebrations persistent but unconfirmed rumors entwine themselves. It is probably to have come to overflowing gelagen, gluttony and even wild orgies. Whether these reports are to be

led back to the benefit of alcoholic beverages or only the fantasy of the guests originate, will probably have to remain a secret. At least as long as one is not invited to one of the infamous celebrations.

Asked about the various and frightening rumours around the bathhouse, Pascal replied: „We are a respectable bathhouse. Relaxing with us means doing something good for yourself and the city. Everyone is welcome - from simple soldiers to senators.“

Isabelle Dean
a curious poet and scribbler

Scandal in Askalon!

One of the Askalonian baronesses (she does not want to be named) made a devastating discovery during the summer campaign: there were numbers in her alphabet soup! The brave Baroness was just able to prevent fainting thanks to her steel-hard nerves. Now the helplessness is great: What is it about these mysterious numbers? And how do

they get into a alphabet soup? Is it an evil premonition? Have the Forsaken corrupted our alphabet soup? The only advantage that can be seen so far is that you can recognize the assimilated: You put alphabet soup in front of them and they will immediately start sorting out the numbers to restore the literal order.

How this ominous story goes on and if there are any further consequences

the Baroness's next alphabet soup meal. We hope for the best and are curious.

A Concerned Citizen of Askalon

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Congratulations on the preservation of civil rights

I would like to congratulate Quentin Qyrion and the Shield of the Eight Winds in my name and in the name of all my fighters for the preservation of civil rights. As Quentin told me on the day of my departure from the summer campaign, he has received

confirmation of his efforts and will become a citizen of Askalon in the near future. I am convinced that he and all the members of the sign will fully comply with their duties and I am proud to have them at my side.

With this in mind I would like to

congratulate you once again and wish you and Askalon a glorious future.

Sellion Grimwald

Askalonian Senate receives bizarre request:

During the last open consultation of the Askalonian Senate, the senators were astonished when a messenger presented them with a series of rather rough drawings. „Such a big guy with black fur shoulders told me to give it to you, otherwise he'd chop my hands off,“ said the somewhat nervous-looking messenger. The sturdy warrior apparently pointed out to him that he earned his living by lurking for highwaymen, but that there were no more to be found in

the Askalonian hinterland lately, because they, quote „are all much too puny and die much too fast“. On the first drawing the senators saw two stick figures hiding behind a bush, while a much bigger stick figure with a man-sized sword squats behind another bush, the second drawing showed two dead stick figures and above them, with a broad grin, the obvious barbarian stick figure. On the third and last drawing the big male was again to

be seen, but without sacrifice, but with the corners of his mouth pulled down and a tear in the corner of his eye.

The messenger reported further that the wild warrior asks to provide for more highwaymen and bandits, finally the barbarian does not want to be bored. The Senate is currently discussing how to deal with the crisis.

Helfried Jargon

Askalonian community honoured

On the past military campaign Orathon, Mithray'kor of the Ignis aspect of community, witnessed the cohesion among the Askalonians. On the last evening of the campaign, he was present at the Askalonian camp, where, among other things, he witnessed the performance of

a song entitled „Ten Askalonians“. This song deals with the peculiarities of some Askalonians in a comradely humorous way. The beloved child Ignis was impressed and could also see progress in the binding of the banner of power that was won in Khal'Hatra in spring. Nevertheless,

this process has not yet been completed. Therefore the call also comes from this side: Askalonians! Stand together so that our community may be strengthened and the light of our beautiful city shines even brighter!

Askalon! Proud and free!

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Warning of bored barbarians!

The Ascalonian Senate hereby expressly warns citizens and visitors of the city against a giant fighter, easily recognizable by his black full beard, black bearskin on his shoulders and man-high sword, which has been roaming the Ascalonian countryside for quite some time, in search of rogues, which he hunts for livelihood and pastime. These, however, the Ascalonian lands avoid more and more, which leads to the fact that the giant becomes visibly unbalanced and bored. The Senate has already received the first reports of unpleasant encounters, in which innocent people have not been harmed, but at least escaped with horror. So the Senate heard that a cloth merchant from the north, when

asked if he was a roadbandit, said, „I don't believe you! Road campers and bandits all lie,“ the warrior heard from his mouth. The Senate asks for caution!

In the event that citizens or visitors of the city are mistaken for a bandit, the Senate advises the following measures:

- Throw them on the ground and kill them; after a few moments they probably lose interest. If not, a push prayer to the elements or the respective deity could help.
- Quickly drop all weapons and run away screaming. According to reports, his tremendous laziness prevents him from taking up persecution.

- „Go away, or you'll get into trouble with Svea,“ he shouts and pats him on the helmet. In four out of ten cases, this method proved effective.
- Throw something into the bushes, if any, and say, „Behind you! A bandit!“ Then take the legs in your hand.
- Simply invite for a beer or half a pig.
- As soon as the crisis of the bored barbarian is over, the Senate will of course inform all citizens and honourable visitors of the city about it.

Friedrich Trepel

Wolf heads smoke with riddles

As it became known, some of the iron wolves did not only rely on their physical strength during the last campaign. In times between battles, they have challenged their minds and tried to solve various puzzles over the days. The origin and the wording of the

puzzles are not known. However, there is a rumour that one of the puzzles involved the use of edible nuts. The writer is allowed to comment here that the further education of the mind is to be regarded as extremely desirable also for fighters beside the

physical attributes. Behaviour like this should be encouraged. This may be understood as a food for thought for the army leadership.

Leif Gremper

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: ASKALON

Jasper Woodrow new Supreme Legal Adviser Askalons

Jasper Woodrow, who proved himself during the last summer campaign as Askalon's investigator, is now Chief Justice in Askalon. The Senate appointed him shortly after the summer campaign and gave him his new duties.



As Chief Justice it is his task to bring villains and wrongdoers to justice. To collect the necessary evidence and to present it to the Senate. He can also make a recommendation for the verdict within this framework.

The editorial staff was enthusiastic about this appointment and Jasper Woodrow is known in Askalon for his vision, his balance, his intuition and his sense of justice. Who could have been more suitable for this task? We would know no one and wish Jasper all the best for his new tasks.

Helma Flinkfinger

Support for Goldwacht

After the devastating attack on Goldwacht during the summer campaign, the Senate of Askalon initiated immediate relief measures. An armed aid convoy was sent to the refugee camp which not only contains urgently needed food and medicine but is also accompanied by some capable healers. The talks between the cities of the Bay

of Freiburg are also bearing fruit here. As I was informed from senate circles a member of the senate will accompany the convoy to accompany the importance of the mission and also to guarantee its success.

Geralt Tresterbusch

Toasts worthy of the elements

It is the small efforts and stories that, even if they often pass by without being noticed, contribute to the success of a campaign as much as the big battles. And it is just such a thing that should be given here for the best: During the campaign in Methraton Thul it was necessary to perform deeds at all holy places of the elements which should strengthen their presence there and weaken those of the ostracized. And even if the exact circumstances are not known, a toast by members of the „Shield of the Eight Winds“ at Aquas Temple was so artistic and eloquent that it was able to strengthen the power of the sacred element! To this one can probably only say: Hats off! And should an Askalonian ever lack the right words for a special occasion, this would be an indication where help could be found.

Leif Gremper

 COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

The Fall of Goldwacht

Editor's note: The following transcript is the most comprehensive eyewitness account of the Goldwacht case to date. According to the writers of the „Freie Federn“, the events described were compared with other reports and are considered confirmed.

It was already after midnight and we stood as a second changing of the guard on the battlements of the northwestern palisade. From there we had a good view of the army camp in front of the gates - the night was clear and the crescent moon stood high on the firmament. At the fires in the army camp we still saw isolated men sitting. It was quiet as every night since the Battle of Kaltenwald.

We were just talking about what was happening on the summer campaign when my comrade Alfrick became aware of something and pointed to the forest line. A single figure ran from there to the army camp and immediately began to shout loudly. At first we couldn't understand it, but when the man, apparently one of the scouts, had almost reached the border of the camp, we also heard it: „Enemies in the woods! Enemies in the woods!

For a moment we hesitated, suspecting whether this was just

an exercise or whether the man had been given a rogue - after all, we had defeated the outlaws at Kaltenwald and smashed their troops. We saw that the scout reached the camp and was probably taken there to an officer. A short time later the alarm bells sounded in the army camp and the order was given that all troops should get ready for battle.

In the army camp everything was suddenly in motion. Men prepared themselves in a hurry, the troops were set up at lightning speed. Our officer gave the order to light the fire baskets and prepare the arrows. The alarm for the city had not yet been sounded, but the message was sent to the ruling district. We watched our allies get ready in the army camp. The troops formed up and we saw the banners of Porto Leonis, Blutgards, Askalons, the Empire of Roses and the West. A sight that filled us with pride and confidence. We had no idea what would happen...

The allied army now began to move towards the edge of the forest. Meanwhile more archers reached us and we heard that infantry was also on their way. A squad was formed. It became strangely quiet for a moment and only the steady march of our allies echoed over to us. They had covered three quarters of the way and now positioned themselves.

That was the moment when the enemy showed his face for the first time. Even from a distance we could see these shapeless figures - pestilence, several bandages, stepping out of the woods! But behind them we saw something else: shimmering armor, shiny shields - black ice! We saw with horror how they stepped out of the darkness over the entire width of the edge of the forest and took up formation.

Every alarm bell in Goldwacht was now struck. The battle broke out on the field. Our allies did not hesitate to confront the enemy.

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

And this despite the fact that more Black Ice troops and pestilence associations were still stepping out of the forests. The number of enemies and the way they fought, we haven't seen that yet...

When the army managed to fill a gap in the formation of the Black Ice, pestilence fighters rushed in and drove the invaders back. When the archers fired a volley against the pestilenzers, the Black Ice closed the rows in front of them again. The ostracized protected each other in battle!

The allied army was driven back - until the enemy suddenly stopped. We couldn't explain why, but then we became aware of something strange: trees in the forest began to sway back and forth, some broke and fell. Something opened a path...

With horror we saw what came out of the forest - a creature, a thing that only nightmares can create. It was as tall as a citizen's house and as wide as a ship's hull, with a multitude of fleshy legs and a body that seemed to consist of ulcers all over. It moved not unlike a spider, but at

a speed... as no living creature should possess it. First it unlocked to a group of pestilenzers, then it dashed towards the army. In no time it had reached the front row... and suddenly seemed to just stay there?

Our allies didn't let this hesitation pass unused and went on to attack the creature. What happened then I can hardly put into words... When this thing, this abomination, was struck by the first blow, there was a shrill sound of itself... then it splashed into the front rows, simply overrun all the soldiers standing in its way and spit some kind of breath around it. More than fifty men went down at once, holding their faces and screaming...

... and the black ice advanced. The creature of pestilence, this... Pestmahr, as I will call him from now on, continued to rage in the ranks, broke them open and the outlaws followed suit. The order to retreat was proclaimed. Disorderly the army moved back to the camp. A new line of defense was formed there. The hastily assembled squad went through the gate to strengthen the army

and as the enemy stepped into arrow range we shot salvo by salvo from the palisades. It was in vain... all in vain...

The line of defense was overrun, then the enemy was in the camp. Again the retreat was proclaimed and we opened the gates for all who made it to the palisades. We heard the horrible screams reverberating to us as the enemy reached the hospital tent. There was not enough time to evacuate the even more seriously wounded... The Pestmahr tore the tarpaulin from its anchorage... and the men lying there were at his mercy without protection... We had to watch how the creature first alluded to them and then devoured them alive, making them... part of its mass. We were as if frozen... powerless whether what happened there happened.

The enemy, however, held out towards our gate. We were supplied with fire arrows at that moment and prepared ourselves. Also the Pestmahr moved now in our direction, with his unnatural speed.

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

The bell was struck, the signal that the enemy had reached the gate sounded... and while the bell was still ringing, the creature suddenly made a sentence, a jump over almost twenty paces. She clawed herself to the wall next to us! We did not stand ten steps from her! A pungent, sharp smell emanated from her. We saw that her body was covered all over with claws and mouths, that it was not only covered with ulcers, but that there were also distorted faces in it! The faces of those men she had recently devoured!

She stood still, seemed spellbound by the still echoing bell in front of which she was. She made a strange noise, the sharp drawing-in of her breath, almost as if she were smelling it...

We did not let this moment pass. On one order, more than twenty fire arrows found their target. The pestilence cried out shrill as the volley hit him and flames flickered on his flanks. Some fighters cheered... but it should be a short triumph for us. Suddenly the whole body of the being seemed to be moving, as if it was trembling, bubbling, transforming!

With horror we became aware of what was happening there - the creature suffocated the burning arrows in its own flesh!

My comrade Alfrick was closest to her... and fell first. The Pestilence struck wildly, hurling men like straw dolls from the battlements. I myself fell down, as if by stupid luck just in time, before this thing smashed the palisade and the gate.

The enemy entered the city through the breach. All hope in us to somehow win here was gone at one fell swoop. The battle was already lost and there was no stopping. The sheer number of the enemy, the terrible creature... Goldwacht was falling. We all knew what to do now. The plan had often been discussed in advance. His Excellency had ordered this strategy to be worked out down to the last detail, even if it would hopefully never be used. But now was the time...

While the heavily armed infantry occupied the enemy in the streets, in a retreat battle, as long as possible to buy time, all other

troops went to evacuate quarters by quarters, to escort the citizens to the port, and to set every cleared quarter on fire. The means for this had been laid out... and so we set fire to our homeland, our home, our proud city...

I don't know how I managed to survive all the horrors of the last hours... The Pestmar hunted us in the streets and many fell under the weapons of the Black Ice. We have paid every blink, every moment we tried to hold back the enemy with blood. We managed to get most of the citizens to the port and to the ships. A part has fallen. Some may have managed to leave the city through the other gates, I can't say. His Excellency says we will reclaim Goldwacht... that Goldwacht has fallen, but is not yet lost, that we will not give up in this war... But I don't know what we can do against this number of enemies and against this hideous creature. May the elements help us...

*~ Weibel der Stadtwache Olgrim
Wagener, written by Federico and
Ylana von den Freien Federn*

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

A note from the editors: The following lines have reached us in an unusual way, it seems that it is a torn out diary page which was sent to us. However, we do not want to withhold this from the reader, as the reports on the case of the city of Goldwacht are few and far between.

„Goldwacht, my most beautiful, you only true possession. A source of coins...“ Enough now! For days this damn catchy tune has left me no peace. The farewell that the coin-operated sources left at home prepared for the participants of the summer campaign was really moving. They did well to sing this song together. From hundreds of throats the melody sounded solemnly across the market place before the ships set off. My companions, the Goldfedern, were also part of the brave. I stayed in Goldwacht to take care of the last wounded and also my own injuries from the Battle of Kaltenwald.

I was accommodated in a guest room in the Regent's estate when the sound of the alarm bells ripped me from my sleep. A quick glance out of the window told me that it was serious! Fire, smoke and screams! I quickly stuffed a few more ointments and bandages into my pocket and dashed down into the burning streets of the Goldwachts. Panicky women and some children ran towards me. Damn, the first quarters of the city were already ablaze in flames! The retreat to the port was proclaimed!

Why is this stupid Regent property so huge that you need fifty full hour glasses to reach this stupid yard gate?! Anyway, I had to save what was to be saved and started to open doors and windows of the surrounding houses with the aim to bring as many citizens as possible safely to the harbour. Quickly I had gathered a bunch of thirty people of different ages around me. I asked the stronger ones to help me look for more guarantors, the rest I sent to the port. So it went on for quite a while - to be exact until the flames reached us. Then we were told to run as if the nameless man himself was after us - or rather the pestilence! These are disgusting creatures. When I finally reached the harbor, I saw the first ships already lifting the anchor. A few soldiers of the allied forces were just boarding the last two ships, which were supposed to take me and the few I could save into the direction of an uncertain future.

On board I took a last look back at the burning ruins of this wonderful city: „Oh, Goldwacht du Schönste mein...“. Again this damn catchy tune! But this sight burned itself into my heart and even me, where I

hardly knew this place, thick tears ran down my cheeks. The next few hours were uneventful and offered some time to digest what I had experienced. Tonight I only took care of a few physical injuries, because the mental ones weighed thousands of tons heavier. At some point, the sun had long since reached its zenith, I finally fell asleep.

Screams, orders and prayers to gods I didn't know woke me from my sleep. Still slightly dizzy, I staggered to the railing and was suddenly wide awake! One of our ships, the „Wave Pride“, had run aground and sank into the salty depths of the sea. The first lifeboats were already on their way to those who would certainly have drowned without help. Some still had the strength to swim and cling to ropes and flotsam to wait for help. It had to go fast - and luckily it went fast! Not even thirty moments later almost all of them were fished out of the water and distributed among the remaining ships. It was clear to everyone that we had to get ashore quickly, because the ships had already been hopelessly overloaded even without the additional burden of the shipwrecked coin-source.

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

And after a perpetual discussion in the form of roars across the waves, the captains decided where we would go ashore.

With safe, unswaying ground under my feet, I immediately set about building a makeshift hospital for the wounded. Meanwhile a small tent town began to grow around me. There isn't enough room for everyone now, but it's better than nothing. The buccaneers, who brought the ships here more or less

safely, stayed on board to carry out repairs and to prepare at least a few sleeping places on the water. I don't like the place of the camp. There are no trees or hills far and wide that could protect us and the drinking water will run out sooner or later. We cannot stay here for long. I suppose most people are aware of that.

It is now evening. I am sitting in the hospital and having a meagre meal of porridge while I write these lines. Recently one of the scouts came

back and reported that probably the first fighters of the summer campaign are on their way „home“. What a terrible feeling it must be to look at the ruins of one's own homeland after a campaign. There will be a lot to do when they arrive, but it fills me with hope after the experiences of the last few days to finally be able to hold my family, the Goldfedern, in my arms again.

~ owl

Lack and concern - The refugees and the threatening winter

After this year's campaign to Methraton Thul, autumn is now dawning and winter is sooner than one likes. This puts the army and refugee camp, which lies about fifty miles northeast of Goldwacht, in great distress. According to current estimates, more than five thousand survivors of the terrible events are accommodated there.

It's a tent town with walls of tent fabric that can barely withstand the biting cold that will break over the land in a few moons. The supplies of all supplies, including food, firewood and lamp oil, are as limited as the drinking water.

If it were only warriors and scholars who would camp here, those who are used to the rough life and the war, it would probably be something else. But here are not only warriors, not only those who are able to defend themselves, but also children, old people and others who are not able to fight or defend another life.

The danger does not only come from the soon change of the weather, not only from the fact that the resources are scarce, but also from the proximity to the city contaminated by the black ice and the pestilence. One thing is clear: the enemy will not stay in place for long. The only

question is in which direction he will continue his cursed offensive, where he will try to sow further death and destruction.

The mood in the camp is mixed. There are courageous voices who firmly believe that the city will soon be free of outlaws and one can return home, there are fearful voices who don't know how to survive the winter in a tent city and there are those who are just desperate and frightened.

In order to optimize the strength of the remaining troops, to ensure the safety of the defenceless and to make room for advancing support,

COVE OF HEOLYSOS: MÜNZQUELL

the generous offer of the Empire of Roses to bring some of the refugees to safety was accepted. While the regent of Goldwacht will coordinate the counterstrike against the outlaws, rumors have it that the diplomats of

the fallen city will follow the refugees to the Rose Kingdom to attend to the situation there.

All that remains is to hope that the enemy's advance can be stopped

in the bay without wiping out more than two thousand lives that have already been destroyed or lost.

*Annelise Falkenfelde,
scribe from the Goldwacht district*

Call to fight against the Forsaken in the bay of Heolysos

Goldwacht has fallen. This is the darkest hour for our community. We are filled with grief and anger at the unimaginable number of the fallen, all those who fought honorably and bravely in the defense of our city, and yet lost their lives. Among them are also many good men and women who had come to our aid, sent as support from the free cities and seals. We will never forget them and the sacrifice they made.

The Forsaken of the Oily Pestilence and the Black Ice have broken through our defense with unprecedented numbers and tactics. As a new weapon in their arsenal, they carried a grotesque creature with them and showed an irrepressible will to wipe us out.

Goldwacht's efforts not to fall into the hands of the Forsaken when Ours retreat were only partially successful. Recent scout reports

show that the enemy has managed to contain the fires set. It is not clear how he succeeded. Although many of the buildings in the neighborhoods have been destroyed, most of the defenses and stone buildings are still standing - and the outlaws are in the process of fortifying their positions. This must not happen! We will not allow the outlaws to create a base in Heolysos Bay!

It is obvious that the presence of the Forsaken, along with their creature, is a danger to all free cities in the Bay, as well as to the Eastern Seal boundary at Steinbrück. So we send this call for support to the Seals and the Free Cities, for it will take our combined strength to stop the enemy.

As a bridgehead, for a common offensive, may our army camp serve - fifty miles northeast of Goldwacht on the coast. The fact that the

Goldwacht rivers lie between the city and the camp will make it difficult for the Black Ice to attack our current position. At present, there is a need for all supplies and armaments. We also believe that Goldwacht can only be snatched from the enemy by using siege weapons.

Know that our Banner of Power has not yet been lost and that we will not give up the fight! Let's all together wipe out the Forsaken from Heolysos Bay! Let us together honour the sacrifice of all those who have fallen and take revenge for every life that the Forsaken have taken!

**For the elements,
For Mythodea!**

*Falk Leomar Sigiswil from
Grauwulfen-Wettersklamm and
Rabenbrück, regent to Münzquell*