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Edited and Published by
D. Stanlē Printing,
Brewer's Lane, Barrelton

Looking Back

Session Two. Having descended the outside wall of Seveter's Prison, the group struggled to escape across the flooded landscape as the guards' arrows splashed into the dull green mud, grasses, and tree branches around them. After much running and stumbling, the arrows ceased and they were surrounded only by the splashing sounds of their own footsteps as Atlas tried to get his bearings and lead the group from the mire. Some hours later they encountered two large Illic Flies which were soon joined by a third. These were dispatched with relative ease. By evening they found a small hummock crowned by a copse of dead trees and rested for the night. Sleep was made fitful by the distant calls of Illic Frogs and a host of unfamiliar sounds. In the morning they made more progress and soon arrived through the morning mist, near a small village. Atlas could not be sure what village it was, but explained that some of the people of this area were degenerate and savage, and to be on guard. As they approached the nearest of the village walkways, they could hear a great commotion emanating from the far side of the settlement, and the barking and growling of a dog.

Local Items

Queer Contents Confound Courier. Postman Kirsus of Kalar, along the northern shore of Illic, claims that an unclaimed package has been sitting in the rear room of his depot since long before he was assigned to the post, twenty years ago. The queer package looks very old and though he doubts the sender or addressee are still drawing breath, it's guild policy to protect, research, and deliver any and all packages placed into their care. And so it is, that Kirsus has decided to publish this notice, and ask that anyone who might know a B. Lazitas or a Ms. L. Varatha, to please contact the Kalar Depot with a description of the package so that it can be properly delivered.

Shoemaker Feels Like Heel. Thorv Valsar, an old dwarven shoemaker living in the Grave District, is asking the public for help with an extraordinary problem. He claims that an older gentleman, professing to be a nephew of Qn. Maress, placed an order for one hundred pairs of boots and secured the work order with two golds and a palm of silvers. Curiously, the boots ordered were irregular in size and form, as if made to fit non-humans. Master Valsar immediately hired a number of assistants to complete the work, which they did two months later. The gentleman however has not been seen since and the guards of the Storm and Wail claim that none of the Queen's family matches the shoemaker's description of the gentleman. Master Valsar is therefore out the remainder of his fee, owes a considerable amount of payment to his assistants, and is saddled with a large number of unusable boots.

Swamp Claims Two, Bride Hopeful. Local brothers and fishermen, Fric and Frac, aged 18 and 20 respectively, took a long dugout canoe for a trapping expedition into the Illic Swamp a few weeks passed. The eldest was due to be married to Adasia Miller one week ago, and the two were hoping to trap enough crayfish in the swamp to feed four dozen guests at the wedding. Experienced boaters went searching for the young men, but unsurprisingly no evidence of their fate was discovered. Adasia remains hopeful however, since the canoe was not found, and alligator attacks usually don't claim boats.

Vial Missing, Questions Raised! Sela Nodding, a bookseller in the Wail District, has recently come into possession of an arcane tome entitled, "The New Beast", which she claims contains some startling insights into the mysteries of construct creation. Initially discounting the work as fiction, she presented the book to her weekly Reading League. The upstairs room at Varēa's Boarding House erupted with excitement when one of the League's members, Magister Aggam of Cindertop exclaimed that one of the ingredients listed in the book was recently stolen from his home laboratory. The ingredient was listed as Animus Innocent. Magister Aggam did not answer what exactly the ingredient consisted of, and when pressed for more information he gathered his robes and left the establishment with some expedience.

Murder Most Foul! In recent days, there have been a small gang of ruffians harassing a produce hawker in Trāvim's Market in the Soul. The seller's name was Lorlin, and he is believed to reside in the town of Southwharf. Guards were rallied on three different occasions to the market to disperse the ruffians, but they returned the next day to continue their intimidation. This week, an unhorsed wagon in the Southwharf Tunnel was causing a bottleneck for traffic coming and going to Trāvim's Market. After hours of trouble, a passerby finally stopped to inspect the trouble and found Lorlin in the back of the covered wagon, beaten into a bloody pulp. There are no witnesses to the crime, nor has anyone seen the hawker's horse, an old saddle-backed mare that might answer to Clāa, or apples.

End of Saurian Sideshow. Authorities closed a two-penny sideshow in Blackport yesterday, where a couple of entrepreneurs were showing the body of a lizard-man with strange clothes and decorations. The two men claim they found the body a few weeks ago, washed-up on shore to the south of the city. They hauled the corpse home and set it up in a backyard shed, sitting it on a makeshift throne surrounded by shells and strands of sea kelp, to "complete the exotic effect." Word spread of the alien oddity and the two made a fair amount of change for their efforts. The authorities were only alerted when neighbors complained about

the odor emanating from the shed. House Dār has not commented on the find, except to say they've summoned experts from Academy Hill to analyze the remains.

Shudders Continue. Another earthquake rippled through the Island yesterday, this time shaking the mortar out of homes on the southern coast. Evit Farmer, a farmer in the region, explained that it would take weeks to repair the damage to his home and outbuildings. "The pigs wurr real scurred," the yokel explained. Other residents, including Māgill Boatman, explained that when the waves died down, the shore were covered in strange blue and purple crabs that no one had ever seen before. Large piles of crustaceans were gathered together in baskets, bonfires were built along the beach, and the residents from four different villages had a crab-boil that no one would forget, partly because everyone grew exceedingly sick thereafter. This reporter couldn't stand interviewing anyone else because now the whole region smells like diarrhea and rotten crabs.

Other Matters

Eye to the Skies. Lady Fēglu of Bellmourn recently returned from several nights in Blind Hollow to read the stars and consult her charts. The one-eyed astromancer claims that the heavens are "all a muddle" but could not be coaxed into revealing more. She did however assure our readers that those born in the current month of Sēle, would do well to pursue promising financial endeavors at this time, but should avoid risky romantic entanglements.

Obituaries

Eczaramus Flot of Oldtown, the 6th inst., leaving behind an invalid widow, Igrā (née Masmarin), and three sons, all of this place. Master Flot was well-known in the city for his coach-making business, E. Flot & Sons. His earthly remains will be taken to the Unburied Hill and privately deposited in the family hole.

Velwen Thēkel of Lion Shore, the 5th inst., leaving behind nothing and no-one that mourns his passing. This notice was composed and paid for by fellow patrons of the Red Bath Inn who pooled their resources to memorialize the old bastard and enter into eternal ink their utter and uncompromising hatred for "that piece of total crap." S. Sēbor in particular wanted it known that Velwen still owes him five silvers, and boasted that he was one of the first in line to empty his bladder on the dead man. When the line of respect-givers dissolved, the body was carried to the headland and tossed down among the gathered sea lions. A. Farham, a lovely maiden who serves beer at the Inn, and claims to have never spoken ill of anyone, commented demurely "I hope he gets savaged for eternity by a demon with a thousand barbed..." (continued on Page 4)