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"A bridge burned today is one less distraction tomorrow."



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## Looking Back

Session Six. The Bug Lantern inn in Felzen was the scene of horrible conflict. Shortly after townfolk helped a group of strangers out of the swamp, the inn was invaded by giant metal spiders! The screeching monsters impaled patrons, seemingly at random, injuring some, killing others, all the while crying "Too young!" or "Too old!" The strangers fought valiantly against the invaders, taking the combat into the street and away from fleeing townfolk. The only curious injury was an old singer, that was found beheaded near the inn's namesake lantern, her teeth nearby, the apparent result of a different misfortune. Though few witnessed the end of the fight, the strangers returned more or less intact. The innkeeper, L. Varëin, rewarded the strangers with free boarding and a room for the evening. After some morning haggling for the sale of two canoes, the travelers left on the Elbin road with an elderly companion. Another stranger, believed to be a writer, left along the Rim Trail toward Bïlort, apparently dissatisfied with the canoe sale. Two days later, word reached Felzen that the Elbin road was not safe, and that travelers were being harassed by a coven of harridåms.

## Local Items

Poet Resurfaces. After combing through the possessions of the former Mïlus Krant, it's been discovered that the rhyming non-swimmer had composed nearly twenty unpublished books of prose. Last week, the half-eaten remains of M. Krant were found at low tide among the Teeth of Kåalva, covered in crabs and entirely unidentifiable except for his Literary Guild ring. Friends and colleagues of the deceased have formed the Krant Connoisseurship, in an effort to compile his works into something suitable for publication. The first anthology is due to be published in the months ahead by the unsound Zeltë Publishing House of Stormside. Having seen a sampling of his prose, we're betting that the crabs got a better taste of his genius.

Imbeciles Only! A private concert was held recently on Tower Bridge, beneath the looming shadow of Thorn Keep. Traveling twit, Mōbōn the Magnificent, performed for a crowd of slobbering dullards and reprobates, all who happen to be readers of our unworthy competitor "The Grimthorn Intelligencer", to whom Mōbōn provided the 'correct' passphrase. The performance appealed to the lowest form of appreciation, the steaming miasma in which our competition thrives. In response to the slight of non-admission, our mature and enlightened readership visited the performer's wagon with paint and carving implements, covering its entirety with pecker-bottoms.

The Plumber's Pub. P. Èkensid, near Great Entrance, Oldtown, was poking around in his

cellar when he found a hidden area, bricked-up over a century ago. With his daughter holding a lantern, Pënder climbed through the gap and discovered a series of paneled rooms, tables and chairs. At the far end stood a long dust-covered bar with a silvered mirror and shelves of spirits. The newest bottle was dated 7130 AR. Pënder, a plumber by trade, hopes to refurbish the subterranean public house and open it for business. He has employed the law office of Sāggir and Tunn, Stone Street above Fellor's Market, Char to locate old property and business records.

Rodster Restrained. S. Shindir of Firsh, has reportedly caught a loch catfish of impressive size. The catch measured from the fingertips of the angler's outstretched arms. As such, the fish is not expected to grow with retellings of his feat.

Bare Foot. Workside runner completes three bridge segments before being tackled in Grave. Attempting the famed City Circuit, running across all nine bridges without respite, S. Trëkir, was apprehended as he approached Bardsfall. The marathon itself is not illegal, but attempting it without trousers turned one head too many. When asked about the incident, bystander Eda Thël not only explained that she'd seen everything, but asked that we give the man her address.

## Other Matters

Eye to the Skies. Lady Fëglu of Bellmourn recently returned from several nights in Blind Hollow to read the stars and consult her charts. The one-eyed astromancer didn't want to talk to the press at all during our visit, insisting she should instead consult with colleagues at Illōdir Manor. When pressed for a horoscope for those born in the month of Serëth, she spat "Do good things. Avoid bad things!". Wise words indeed.

A Vile Vial! Arcanum charges have been brought against Master Aggum of Cindertop for practicing forbidden arts. A recent report in this paper brought his nefarious acts to light, specifically his possession of a vial entitled Animus Innocent. Though Arcanum authorities would not elaborate on the nature of the vial, reported stolen, they did assure our reporter that the offense was of great concern and that Master Aggum would likely be disrobed. Asked whether there was a danger to the community, the representative would only say, "It's unlikely. The skill required to use its contents is very advanced. It's not something you can just pick-up from a book."

Prodigal Protégé. Magister I. Morbidd, mentioned recently in this paper, has announced the return of one of her students, H. Macroy. The student was lost to raving lunacy several years ago. Shortly after leaving the Arcanum, he was reportedly arrested near

Bayside, destroying merchant stalls, attacking bystanders, and all the while screaming incoherent nonsense. The Magister looked alternately nervous and perplexed. "Hardë was always such a good helper. I hope House Triniar will do him good. So many of our students are enrolled there."


## Obituaries


P. Salverlä of Oldtown, aged 91, 28<sup>th</sup> ult., leaves behind one granddaughter, L. Lållas of Wistful Alley, Westshore, and countless admirers. Little Pën, as he was known to friends, used to juggle and perform acrobatics at Kiråd's Stage, Final. His career was cut short at the age of 72, when he fell from a tightrope. With both his legs shattered beneath the knees, doctors chose to amputate, earning him his nickname. In his later years he still performed in Oldtown, escaping from small barrels while they rolled down discharge ditches to a ramp near Lake Dëalled. He became famous for last-second escapes while the barrel flew over the water. Internment will take place at Barrow Hill. No escapes are planned.

Tāna Nulon of Grave, aged 34, 26<sup>th</sup> ult., wife of Z. Nulon, from apparent fright. The mother of one, appears to have been sleepwalking near the Regular encampment at Long Market. A soldier reported hearing the woman scream and ran toward the sound. When he arrived, she was laying on the empty street, in a swooning posture. Despite lack of breath and beat, there were no signs of foul play. Her night gown was arrayed around her in a swirl, "As if she had slowly spun to the ground like a dancer, or a flower, beautiful in its delicacy, heart-breaking in its last soulful performance, coming to rest like death of all things beautiful" the soldier explained, clearly moved.. "Damnedest thing," he added self-consciously. Authorities are investigating.

V. Ttus of Underpyre, aged 71., 1<sup>st</sup> inst., of glandular entanglement. We asked and decided not to print the awful truth of it.

## Advertisements

 Authentic Masterwork Lute!  
Instrument fashioned by master luthier L. Astrat of Thāvis. Custom leather case is inscribed lovingly with the word "MOM". The "O" might be a recent addition. This will be a very short auction, starting at 100 silver. Bidding will begin at noon in Low Market and end with the first whistle. Bring good running shoes.

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