

The Therendry/ Blackstone Herald

August, 603



Volume 2, Issue 10

The King's Gather, By Mara Foxglove

Here is a basis of what I saw at the King's gather in the Dreadlands:

The first thing that happened was **King Mykel III** holding court. The King was in the pavilion, on a stage, seated in what looked like a **REALLY** uncomfortable chair. He had all these people around him... imposing sorts of characters I can only suppose were his **K** nights. They stationed people who they called Squires, and a very large Wolven named **Jantarius Darkstrider** played herald. He gave people instructions on how to approach the King if called forward.

The only people I really recognized were some people out of Tyrangel. Then there were the people from the locations this paper humbly serves. The first person I knew that I saw go up was **Acadia Darkstrider**. Only she was no longer named Darkstrider, but Desertmoon. I couldn't figure out exactly why this was, as I was making sure to cover her wedding – what can I say, I'm a great reporter – but as another revelation, she was a **L**ady. Apparently elevated, and speaking on behalf of **Dar K habhad**. How interesting. She looked awful nervous, which is strange. I have never noticed her to be before. At any rate, she reported things to the King even I didn't know. Oh, sure, we all know that the Capitol of **Dar K habhad** has fallen (and if you talk to some, you'll see that they believe it's her fault) and all those people have to be moved, but I had no idea the **DUKE** of **Dar K habhad** was missing. And for so long! At this time, it was four weeks or so.

Then I saw **Squire Liam Andrews** go up. He was representing Therendry. The King seemed to take to him awfully well, so the King must really like Therendry, or something. I didn't pay attention to **Liam's** speech; it was much less interesting than **Acadia's**. Oops, I'm sorry. **LADY Acadia's**.

Not too much happened after that. They somehow talked **Lady Acadia** into using her own formal spheres, scroll, and components to cast the Dreadlands' Earth Guild Circle. Someone must have protested; the ritual took an hour. About thirty people were invested after fighting about who should and should not be invested. There **WERE** some fights, but mostly it was nobles interacting and not much else.

Saturday, there was a big meeting about some **Jesters Guild**, and all of the things that a few members had done like assassination attempts and murder and theft and larceny. It was all very bad. So then this King's Knight named **Tivorak Nobel** disbanded the guild, and told people they had to get specific permission to wear these jester hats.

Saturday afternoon was mostly uneventful except for this Duchess trying to get married and couldn't get the King to come. She was so mad she was crying. She finally got married but without the King. She was **REALLY** mad.

Saturday, miraculously, the **Duke of Dar K habhad** reappeared safe and sound. He was none the worse for wear. He did hit **Acadia**, er, **LADY Acadia** on the head for something, but I wasn't close enough to hear for what.

In This Issue...

Castle of Cards... page 2
Trapped Souls Cry for Release! ...
page 3
Quiz: Are You a Good Person? ...
page 4
The Creation of Rain ... page 5
Avalon-Wide Announcements... page 6
On Nikita... page 7

Continued on Page 8 ...

Castle of Cards...part IV

"What's the matter with you, girl?" demanded Cael, crossly. Unlike him, what reasons could she possibly have to be upset?

In between sobs, she gasped out, "It's the last tree we have left, sir. I could sit under it - in between executions - and rest in the shade and wait for my fiancée to come by."

"There will be other trees and other fiancées, girl," Cael told her irritably. "Is that all?"

"No," she sniffled. "M'lord ordered me to place cobwebs on all the stairs, but I can't get them to stay. I've even tried using Cook's pudding mix."

"What was wrong with the skulls? Never you mind, just barricade that door. I'll deal with," his lips twisted, "our lord."

Cael strode off towards the kitchens with a new plan evolving in his mind. True, he had experienced several setbacks to their plans of domination, but he was still the power behind Drelnor's throne. And with a bit of chicken soup and the vial of that translucent green liquid he had stashed in his robe's lining, he would no longer have to worry about Drelnor's mismanagement further ruining their chances. He was whistling as he approached Drelnor's personal chambers and allowed the guards to inspect the food. None of them showed any interest in tasting the food; they were all sick of chicken dishes after this last week. At their nod, he entered the room and handed over the platter with a slight bow. "Your meal, my lord." He stepped back, tilting his head so that the hood concealed how his lips twitched up at the corners.

Drelnor languidly waved him away. Leaning forward, he inhaled the aroma wafting from the bowl. "Perfect," he murmured and turned his attention to the small plate next to it. Lifting up the napkin revealed several biscuits. "Oh, good, you remembered to get an extra one." Cracking a biscuit in half, Drelnor dunked it into soup for a few seconds. "You can leave now," he muttered.

"My lord," Cael said, offering another slight bow before leaving, closing the door firmly shut behind him. For a few moments he stood there, leaning against the stone door, practicing a breathing exercise, and considering how he should handle the discovery. Shock? Surprise? Satisfaction? The guards would never dare accuse him. To do so would mean their admittance of dereliction of duty, allowing food through that had not been properly inspected. And there were always stray arrows in battle. "That should be enough time." Taking a deep breath, he turned and flung the door open, striding into the room.

"My lord! You're alive!"

Drelnor stared at him curiously for a moment. "Yes? Why wouldn't I be?"

"I meant..." He swallowed and composed himself. "There have been signs foretelling a great catastrophe, my lord, and since I could think of no greater catastrophe than your death, I assumed..." Cael let the sentence trail off.

To be Continued in Next Edition...

Trapped Souls Cry for Release!

Last gather in Exeter, a group of young adventurers set out based on a rumor of trapped souls. Led by the fierce barbarian Little Bear, they soon found danger. Although inexperienced, they fought off the waves of attackers with courage and determination. At the end of an hour, they stood victorious on the field.

A quick search of the area revealed a stone pedestal, upon which lay a large crystal pendent. The crystal was protected by a ward that curved over it, and the key had to be assembled from the odd pieces found on the bodies of the slain. Nicola solved the puzzle, and as she slid the last piece into place, a spirit appeared before the group.

Her name, she said, was Emania, and she had been trapped along with several other spirits. To free her, several items must be brought together. One of them, the Strength of Emania, has already been found. It is currently carried by Liam Andreus. The crystal is the second item to be found. When all items are found and brought together, the souls will be freed.

Should you have any information concerning the location of these items, please contact Little Bear, Nicola (courier address kittymaru@technomancer.com), or Beryl (courier address becky.g@cox.net).



Top Ten Signs You Can No Longer Trust The Rogue In Your Party

1. Your companions often get sharp pains in their backs (followed by profuse bleeding).
2. After dinner, you often get indigestion, followed by nausea (followed by death).
3. Rogue always wants to take first watch, and then can't be found in the morning.
4. Valuable items keep disappearing from your fighter's cloak (the one with the large side pockets).
5. After battles, the rogue often regretfully explains there's no treasure (but seems to have difficulty walking).
6. Your gold seems to be taking on a slight greenish color.
7. Healing potions do very little to heal your character (and taste kind of watery).
8. The Rogue always hangs back in battle, and complains he "just couldn't get into the right position".
9. Strangely, everyone has a hangover the next morning except the rogue.
10. The chance of someone dying from "food poisoning" seems directly proportionate to his wealth.

Are You a Good Person?

Take the following quiz to find out!

- 1) Does the Incarnation of Good refer to you as:
 - a) a helper.
 - b) tainted.
 - c) evil.
 - d) tainted AND evil.

- 2) In regards to evil, do you:
 - a) fight it without cessation.
 - b) fight it when convenient.
 - c) use it for fun and profit.
 - d) encourage it to flourish.

- 3) If you encountered the Incarnation of Evil, would you:
 - a) attempt to drive him off the plane of Tyrra.
 - b) walk the other way.
 - c) listen to what he says.
 - d) proposition him.

- 4) If you saw a lost puppy, would you:
 - a) attempt to find his parents.
 - b) attempt to find a good home for him.
 - c) eat him.
 - d) drown him.

- 5) Someone left a prized possession in the tavern. Do you:
 - a) guard it until the owner returns.
 - b) ignore it.
 - c) steal it.
 - d) steal it, and then get paid by the owner to find it.

- 6) You are all alone in the woods. Do you:
 - a) continue on your urgent mission of help.
 - b) look for a place to bury your treasure.
 - c) look for places other people have buried their treasure.
 - d) wait for your next victim to waylay.

- 7) You're in love with someone, but he (or she) is falling for a trollop. Do you:
 - a) talk to your love about it.
 - b) run away to another town to mope.
 - c) hire someone to kidnap the trollop.
 - d) pay someone to ensure the trollop is never seen again.

- 8) Your sister casts Chaos in your presence. Do you:
 - a) convince her to turn herself in.
 - b) turn her in yourself.
 - c) say nothing.
 - d) thank her for her help in battle.

- 9) You need your swamp dried up. Do you:
 - a) wait until the summer heat dries it out.
 - b) ask Mother Nature.
 - c) set the town on fire.
 - d) ask the Incarnation of Evil to set the town on fire.

- 10) Good takes away your evil boon. Do you:
 - a) thank him profusely for ridding you of an evil taint.
 - b) thank him for preventing you from becoming a puppy-drowner.
 - c) try and haggle for something in return.
 - d) contact Evil again and ask for another.

Scoring:

Give yourself 1 point for every a answer, 2 points for b, 3 points for c, and 4 for points d.

10-15: You are a very good person. You may not see much treasure, but you can sleep at night with a warm feeling in your heart, knowing that you make the world a better place.

16-25: You are a mostly good person. You try to be good, but occasionally are overwhelmed by temptation. Work on strengthening your willpower.

26-35: You are not a good person. You still have the chance to turn your path around, however, and mend your ways. You don't want to become a puppy-drowner, after all.

36-40: You are a very bad person. Tribbles will flee your very presence. On the other hand, you have more fun, and make more profit, then everyone else.

The Creation of Rain

The wind was chilly one night as the clan **Redscarf** hurried through the woods. The large trunks and roots blocked the road and made it difficult to travel, but they pressed on. They were careful to move quickly and quietly so not to wake the sleeping goblins of the forest. You see, the forests were where all goblins presided in those days. Back then goblins were not what we know them now. They were extremely large, larger than the trees and oh so fierce! With the flick of their finger they could snap off a man's head like a flea on a dog. Most all of the wagons had made it out of the woods when a small child named **Ramirez** tripped and broke a few branches in his fall. The branches noise rang through the leaves, through the trunks, through the ground and all the way to the goblin's camp several miles away. The goblins startled and angry at the noise leapt up into the air and started running towards the poor Romani clan. The goblins in their race trampled all the trees in their path and shook the ground with their giant steps. Upon reaching the clan the goblins looked down at the scared group and began to smash them one by one! They took great care to pick the poor people up and kill them one at a time. Some they would smash with their hands, the blood and bones smeared all over their palms. Some they would rip in half with massive strength. And others they would eat, chewing slowly on their bodies, legs first. Oh the horrors that poor **Ramirez** must have witnessed! All the poor Romani were finally dead, except for one, little **Ramirez**. He looked up at the goblins and cried. He sobbed and sobbed, tears rolling from his eyes like never has been seen. The sky pitied **Ramirez** and began to cry in remorse for him. The waters fell from the sky in droplets, lots and lots of droplets. So much water and it was so cold that the goblin's skins began to shrink. They grew smaller and smaller till they were the size they are today. Fearful of the fate that had befallen them the goblins scattered and ran for shelter. **Ramirez** drenched in the droplets died of coldness. No, not coldness from the new rain, but coldness of the heart. His heart had been broken from watching the deaths of his family and it ultimately killed him. Even now the sky lets the droplets fall from time to time to remember poor **Ramirez** and his clan. And that is why we have rain.

Adventuring Tip of the Month:

Making deals with
the Incarnation of
Evil is like making
deals with the fae.

The end result will
never be to your
advantage.

Written by: Peppercorn Leaves



AVALON-WIDE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Evendarr

- Let it be known that on Saturday, the 5th day of July 603, **Liam Andreus** of Ocean was elevated to King's Knight of Compassion by **King Mykel Endarr**, Second of His Name.
******this title is not recognized in the Duchy of Therendry.******
- Be it known that the **Jesters Guild** of Tyrre is now formally disbanded and considered defunct.
- Be it known that in July 603, **Thorne Darkstrider** was elevated to Knight of the Crown.

Therendry

- Let it be known that **John Little** has been promoted to Sheriff of Springshire.
- Let it be known that the commoner House, House Wave has been disbanded and is no more.
- Let it be known that **Mirage Sandchaser** has been asked to, and accepted the position of Guildmistress for the Earth Guild of Exeter.
- Let it be known that **Marcus Gunnar** was Squired to **Viscountess Kiera Zobrist** on July 12, 603.

Dar Khabhad

- Let it be known as of July 10, 603 that **Katheryn De'Kiernan** has been elevated to the station of Lady Seneschal to **Baroness Fiona Lawson**, Westerwind County, Duchy of Dar Khabhad.
- Let it be known that on June 26, 603, **Acadia Brynn Everhate Ryu Zhi Andreus Darkstrider Desertmoon** was elevated to the station of Lady of the Healing Arts of Westerwind County, Duchy of Dar Khabhad.
- Let it be known that on the 6th Day of July 603, **Seneca Desertmoon** and **Lady Acadia Brynn Everhate Ryu Zhi Andreus Darkstrider** joined lives through the ceremony of Lifemating. The ceremony was performed by **Jauntarius Darkstrider**, and blessed by **King Mykel Endarr**, second of his name. What the ties of blood, spirit, and love, may no man put asunder.

Avalon

Aeran Oer: On the twenty sixth of July 603, **Faustus Evermore** and **Juliana Rose** began the rest of their lives as husband and wife. They were married by **Kelendia Evermore**.

Dreadlands: At the King's Call to Arms, on the day July 6, in the year 603, the Wolven known as **Lady Nikita Everhate Darkstrider** sacrificed herself so that others could live. She ascended, and she is no longer a part of this plane. She was a friend and ally to all, family to many; and to me, mother and sister. She was an Alpha Female of two packs, a healer, a warrior of the cause of the enslaved, bearer of the King's Ring of Compassion, and a Lady of Tyrangel. She was, and is, deserving of the highest respect and honor anyone could ever hope to show. I know she will be missed terribly by all whose lives she touched.

Tyrangel:

- As of July 10, 603 the land of Tyrangel will henceforth be known as the Sovereign Realm of Tyrangel.
- **Countessa Talandas Stormbringer** is from this day forth elevated to Grand Duchess of The Sovereign Realm of Tyrangel.
- All visiting nobles from foreign lands are to immediately present themselves to one of the following persons upon arriving within the Lands of Tyrangel:
 - o **Her Grace, Grand Duchess Talandas Stormbringer**
 - o **Lady Veleka Starwise, Seneschal of Tyrangel**
 - o **Lord Eltharion Ari, Court Advisor**
 - o **Sir Constantine Campion, Knight Commander**
- Any visiting noble found within Tyrangel unannounced will be brought into custody. Additionally, all visiting nobles must provide the appropriate writs of title.

On Nikita

By *Lady Acadia Darkstrider Desertmoon*

Nikita was my adopted mother. She was my sister...my only true blood tie to my birth mother for as long as I can remember until recently. She spirit forged me my first time. She taught me how to dance. She taught me to sing. She taught me how to get into trouble, how to get out of it, and that being invested in every circle in a town can be advantageous or dangerous. She taught me to be a lady. She taught me to be a Lady. She taught me the ways of life. She taught me of Earth Magics. She taught me that many spheres of formal magic are good to have — the more the better. She taught me that being a different race or bloodline is not wrong, and that no other race is superior. She taught me that **Squire Draelin** is easy to annoy when he's running a tavern.

She taught me the ways of the pack. She taught me to be as strong an Alpha Female as I could be. She taught me to be accepting of who you are, and what is inside of you. She taught me to be forgiving. She taught me the ways of compassion. She taught me the meaning of diplomacy. She taught me how to love. She taught me that the Stoneclaw are not evil, or meant to be hunted. She taught me to be proud of the name Everhate. She taught me how a good paralyze gas or spell can do wonders for ten minutes of amusement...sometimes less. She taught me to run really fast after they've been released from said paralyze or it's worn off. She taught me how to take punishment gracefully. She taught me it's sometimes okay to try and talk yourself OUT of said punishment, especially with Thorne. She taught me that it's okay to cry. She taught me it's okay not to. She taught me that killing someone is not always a good, or correct, answer. She taught me to be respectful of your elders. She taught me that King Mykel is a noble man. She taught me self-sacrifice is the greatest good of all, sometimes. She taught me to be tolerant. She taught me to fight slavery wherever and whenever it rears its ugly head. She taught me to fight for those who cannot fight for themselves. She taught me the Code of Chivalry. She taught me that sometimes, some things are better left unsaid. She taught me that sometimes you shouldn't let on that you know someone is there to be your protector. She taught me when to let things go. She taught me when to stand my ground. She taught me to enjoy myself sometimes, in spite of whatever trouble may come. She taught me how to be a good mother, when the time comes. She was there when I was born. She was there to raise me the day my parents were said to have died. She was there when I was a little girl. She was there to encourage me when I went out on my own, and gave me the strength to do so. She was there when I claimed Dar Khabhad as my lands, and the day I forged my own pack. She was there when I fell in love the first time. She was there when I fell in love the last time. She was there when I was elevated to noble station. She was there the day my tail was removed...making me an adult, finally. She was there when I was married to **Seneca**. She brought me as a wedding gift the sister I always believed was dead. I was there when she died.

She gave me so many gifts. She gave me so much. I know why she did what she did. I am proud that she was able to do it. I can only hope I can do the same someday. I can only hope that she was proud of me until the very end.

Lady Nikita Everhate Darkstrider ascended, and her spirit lives on in the Ring of Compassion. She left this plane on July 6, 603. She is survived by her former lifemate, **Kragar Whitepaw**; her father, **Sir Thorne Darkstrider**; mother of **Nakasha Everhate Darkstrider**; adopted son **Noah Darkshanks**; brothers **Gayacoolitha Darkstrider** and **Goranaga Darkstrider**; cousins **Lady Acadia Everhate Darkstrider Desertmoon**, **Asha Everhate Darkstrider**, and **Angelena Everhate Darkstrider**; and all those who knew and loved her well.

Saturday evening was the feast. The King decided to Knight **Liam** into the Order of Compassion, and a Wolven named **Lady Nikita** did it for the King. **Liam** answered a really hard riddle, and proved himself worthy. So he was knighted. This other Kingdom Knight named **Sir Malu** resigned his position, and no one really knows why. The King looked very unhappy and sad, and lots of people went after him. Not sure of the outcome there.

Then some Gorge who called themselves the ambassadors from Myrr attacked and attempted to assassinate the King. They were thwarted, and executed. Then the real Ambassador from Myrr needed to be saved, and who else but our very own **Sir Liam Andrews** saved her life.

Then there were these creatures from Shadow, which tells me this **Zimmerman** may know what he's talking about. **Acadia's** there, Shadows come, one cast an Arcane Obliterate... it was a mess. But after 20 light spells, it went away.

Sunday came, and the weekend long tourneys were coming to an end. We're not sure whom won... I don't think anyone knows.

Then there was a rite of passage ceremony for our own **Lady Acadia**. Two people flanked her on either side and held on to her, and **Jantarius** cut off her tail. It looked (and sounded) like it hurt. Then they put her in a big blue dress and brought her to the water, and she and **Seneca Desertmoon** got married. Or lifemated. Or whatever Wolven do.

Then the Sessuar came. And that was bad. And they brought hordes of undead. And that was worse.

Then they gathered about twelve or so people together, to go after some King's rings. A Baron named **Algorian** took them and **Lady Nikita Darkstrider** to the Earth Circle. They lost two rings – Justice and Truth, but the others were reforged. From all accounts, **Lady Darkstrider** was sucked into the ground and supposedly took the place of some spirit in a ring. She ascended, and is permanently gone from the plane of Tyrra. Our own **Lutharian Kain** volunteered to take her position in the ring, but she refused. He traded places with her for an hour so that she could say her goodbyes, at which point she went back to the ring.

The award for most daring goes to a young girl named **Itherial Darkstrider**. While the situation with **Lady Darkstrider** played out, her older, more imposing brother, **Alden Darkstrider** (about 6'4", 350 lbs, mind you) found her on the docks with a young hobbling named **Myst**. They were otherwise... involved. Involved in what, I cannot say – after all, this is a family publication. **Myst** is now afraid of **Itherial**. Or maybe it's **Alden** he's afraid of.

On Monday, when most people had disbursed, the Sessuar came back with a slave or two. Things are a bit convoluted, but I do know this... the King's Ring of Valor was lost to the Sessuar when they killed the new ring bearer, a hobbling named **Rufus**. Who, from what I hear is rumored to be the nephew of Therendry's **Count Davy of Lochwood**, who coincidentally, is the former Ringbearer of Valor.

To close out the trip, we couldn't go very far without one of the adventures from our area getting into trouble. **Lutharian Kain** ended up mind controlled by one of the Sessuar. He apparently surrendered to the Sessuar, and cast chaotic magic. He was charged and brought before the new **Prince**, whose name I'm still not sure on, no one was really sure that I spoke to. **The Prince**, decided the evidence was good enough that he was being controlled, and only charged him a ten-gold fine. Yet another shining example of Darkhabhad.

So, the King's Gather was very little of the King, a lot of people being knighted, and Sessuar. There was no tavern, and when there was it was not really a tavern. Lots of undead, a marriage, tail removal, and a treasonous, necromancy casting Life Knight.

Who could ask for more than that?