

# The Therendry/ Blackstone Herald

December, 603



Volume 2, Issue 18

In This Issue...

Rumor Has It...

Messages in the Wind...

Top Ten...

## Rumor Has It...

-**Lady Kestral De'Kiernan** is cheating on **Lord Zug** with **Kyth** and **Triztan**.

-**Sir Strider** did it.

-**Sir Noah** is looking for someone to take him for his morning walk.

-**Squire Corin Sunliner** is holding a personal grudge against **Corbin De Lacy**, esquire.

-**High Lady Kilana** has more than her eye on **Arcos**.

-**Duke Chance Evermore** is **Garendor**.

-**Gehenna Evermore** has her eye on a few kingdom knights.

-**Duke Ellis Pinetree** is nervous about the **Viscountess Kiera** saying Yes.

-Contrary to popular belief, **High Lady Kilana** did, in fact, sell out.

-**Pai Zhi** is using the Count to get to **Squire Baldur**.

-Contrary to popular belief, **Count Lyonesse** is a moron.

-It is rumored that **Count Stormcross** is attempting to become a "hardass".

-Reports find that future **Baron Zug De'Kiernan** is the true lady's man of Therenstar.

-**Squire Baldur Moonshadow** and **Squire Draelin** are said to be switching leige lords

-**Squire Marcus Gunnar** is plotting the death of His Grace due to his steaming love for the Viscountess.

-**Viscount Silvercord** is said to be courting **Pyroxia Fyrestorm**, although she is not happy about it.

-Rumor has it that the new name for Calais will be **Silvertree**.

-**Commander Kaska** really has a deep lusting for **Count Lyonesse**.

-**High Lord Tao** is really the one controlling the gates, but he didn't sell out.....

-**Conner Whistlethorn** is said to be taking title under **Zug De'Kiernan**.

-**The Baroness of Calomere** in Greyhorn has been seen rubbing elbows with a number of the humans in Therendry.

-**Seronia Merritt** has an elaborate assassination plot lined up for **Lord Exeter**. It involves paper and paper accessories.

### Quote of Note:

"Excellent, very well, carry on"

**Messages in the Wind: Smoke**

Smell of wood smoke on the air and she broke into a run, skirts clutched in her hands so she wouldn't trip, the heather scratching against her legs, her feet slipping on the soft ground, skidding, shoes not made for traction but following the rising scent until she rounded the corner and could see the dark cloud trailing from home to heaven and stumbled for a second because momma didn't start baking in the hearth for hours yet and it was still summer. No reason for the fire to be stroked, no reason at all except the soldiers who'd been nosing around yester eve and her hands loosened and the skirt fell back to place with a soft whisper and she fell after it, knees hitting the ground enough to jar her and the scent of smoke stinging her eyes so she bit her lip until her mouth filled with iron, iron like their swords, the swords that swung from their hips as they moved with a surety through her mother's home, through her village, as if their hands and feet and blood and kin had gone to the making of it and they weren't just passing through in the morning they'd be gone with only the loss of a chicken or two to mark their passing, that's what momma had said, whispered fiercely to father after dark, after straightening the kitchen. Men had no manners, didn't belong in a kitchen, momma always said that too, and soldier boys had worse manners. When James wanted to go enlist, she whapped him good with her ladle spoon that hurt more than the flat of a sword, for all that it was wooden. She knew what the flat of a sword felt like now, after serving the soldier boys at the tavern last night, and they weren't much more than boys, despite the swords slung on their hips, so why was there smoke rising from the roof on a warm summers day?

**Messages in the Wind: Ash**

Sharp, acrid smell permeating throughout the house, the smell always harder to remove than the black soot and ash that no matter how you scraped and polished always found its way in between the very grains to be soaked up and forever tarnish the wood. The blackened area over the fireplace from years of steady work and generations huddled by the hearth for stories and histories and traditions that bound us all from past to future put to shame now by the crisped wood that had lost its hardness and would crumble at a touch leaving no more than a black stain upon your fingers to prove it had once been a solid clump of ash and not the scattered dust it had fallen to, no sign of the sturdy wood that had weathered storm, turning aside wind and water as effortlessly as soldiers turned aside pleas and cries, no sign of the sturdy town that had held firm against rumor and recruits and had fallen now to be scattered by wind as families packed tattered remnants of life, driven by salt tears for the inanimate survivors, as they mourn for the irreplaceable lost to fire and try not to think about those soon to be lost to steel, for if you do not acknowledge the fragility of a thing, perhaps it will remain, held together by habit, without the careless, casual touch that reduces the cinder block to cinders. Tears will wash away blood, but ash embeds itself under the skin and whatsoever you touch afterwards will bear the stain, to be passed on to the next generation, but it can never replace the hearth and home it came from.

**Messages in the Wind: Dust**

It's pervasive, the dust is, rising from the ground in billowing clouds as they pass and floating in the air. You keep walking because what else is there to do and close your eyes against the grit, breathe the dust in and feel it invading you with every breath you take that sucks it in. Coating your throat and tongue so that every word that leaves your mouth is dust and dirt, unclean, unfit, but what else is there for you to say and your words, like the trailing dust, hang in the air, waiting for the next person to find them, an unavoidable contagion as you walk an unavoidable path and wait for the dust to settle, settle and reveal the hidden truth, hidden as you shield your eyes from the sting of it, from the sting of the dust, the dust which settles and lies undisturbed in the abandoned broken houses, so many meant to be filled with laughter and love and even tears but in which the dust has now and forever settled as your footsteps ever so much softer than the boots that stirred it up wend their way down the road and you yourself turn to dust.

### Top Ten Things To Do With A Magical Cloak

10. Wrap it around your head and pretend it's a hat.
9. Flaunt it.
8. Use it to put out fires.
7. Cover it in fabric of a different color and wear it as every-day apparel.
6. Hide it on the Fey plane.
5. Use it as a shroud.
4. Sell it to a random merchant seeking rare and valuable items.
3. Pretend it makes you omnipotent and wrap it around yourself to be mysterious.
2. Stuff it under your tabard and run.
1. Use it to hide your magic armor.