

The Therendry/ Blackstone Herald

July, 603



Volume 2, Issue 8

An Order of Arrest

On this date, the 30th day of the sixth month of the year 603, an order of arrest is hereby issued for the current Editor of the Therendry/Blackstone Herald. If she is spotted, she is to be held and taken to Theren City to answer for her crimes.

The Charges are as follows:

- 6 counts, mockery of a noble title,
 - 1 immeasurable counts, libel,
 - 1 count, Consortion
 - 2 Counts, Conspiracy.
- All charges are Treason.

*** It is the Responsibility of the Editor for any publication to present a moral and upstanding image. This publication is not to be used as a public forum to slander or demean or impinge on the character of any citizen of Therendry. It is also not a vehicle for known criminals to print their tripe, and this goes for any citizen of Therendry who wishes to be published in this paper. ***

By My Hand and Seal,

Baron Valoric Treehawk
Barony of Havencrest
Duchy of Therendry



What I Have Seen...

Let me just say that what I saw last Thursday evening gave me the need to share.
The scene was in a dense part of the wood, the stars could not penetrate the leaves above to below and the ground still damp from a storm that came through only a day ago. It must have been just before midnight, the night was dark and still. Two people sat upon a fallen tree, whispering to each other; I was too far to hear. The man began to glow and then so did the woman. Both must have been fae and in love. The glowing was through a kiss, purple light from within and out. It was so beautiful yet forbidden. I dared not move, but I saw. He held her for hours as she did with him. Their kiss lasted and lasted for most of the night. When I was just about to leave, their union ended. He held her hands as she brushed her cheek against his and then fading as if the coming day pushed her out of existence. His humming could be heard softly fading as he walked out of the wood. This indeed is a new tale to be shared among all. The women would love the romance and the men, the secret only the couple knows. Perhaps I should write a book about my night in the wood?

E'Ly Shaine

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Castle of Cards, Part II

Cael's composure slipped for a second. "But... but I saw your diploma from the Mordaunt School for the Dark Arts. It's not a forgery. I had an enchanter check it."

Drelnor sat up sharply. "What! You doubted me?"

Cael shot him a glare, dropping all pretense of deference.

"It's real. I'm not." Drelnor slowly subsided back into his throne.

"Explain," Cael demanded.

Drelnor shifted uncomfortably, unable to meet Cael's gaze. "Well, it's like this," he said, letting his breath out in a rush. "The diploma comes from a true practitioner of the necromantic arts. Apparently he caught a chill staying out in the cold and damp night after night. Being a young man, he paid no attention to it, and one day collapsed in the street. He was nursed back to health by the innkeeper's young daughter, and, well, you don't have to be an evil genius to figure out what happened. His father-in-law insisted he get rid of the diploma, it was scaring off customers. I was in the inn, eating a lovely dish of pork dumplings, and overheard him delivering the ultimatum. I thought it would be useful in gathering followers to me. You must admit it worked well."

Cael's glare intensified.

Drelnor studied his boots, polishing the tips against the carpet.

Outside, someone gave the order for archers to fire.

Muffled shouts of pain drifted through the window, and the sergeant's voice saying, "Alright, you've survived five volleys, consider yerself pardoned. Next!"

Drelnor turned his attention to his fingernails, kept perfectly manicured by his body-slave. A thought hit him, and he turned to examine Cael. "Cael?"

"What?"

"Why did you take my diploma to another enchanter? It's a simple spell, surely within your own capabilities."

Cael straightened, his pale blue eyes darkened with anger. "You doubt my abilities, you fraud?"

Drelnor steepled his fingers over his stomach and met Cael's gaze head on. "You have been glaring at me for some time, and yet nothing has burst into flames. I feel quite healthy and unhexed. So... yes. I do have doubts."

Cael's hand plucked at a loose thread on his robe and his posture slumped a bit. "Perhaps I've over-exaggerated slightly."

"Just what are your abilities?"

The sergeant's voice intruded from outside. "Good execution, boys. I'm sure he was guilty of somethin'."

"Cael?"

"I can conjure up balls of light to juggle." At Drelnor's incredulous look, he shrugged. "I used to travel with a band of players. But I couldn't compete with some of the tricks other jugglers used - mechanical trickery and fake magic."

"Now retrieve yer arrows," shouted the sergeant, "get yer bowls and line up for yer helpin' of chicken soup."

"But what about your staff?"

Cael shrugged and picked it up. Turning it over in his hands, he tilted it so that the crystal caught the sunlight. "The stone simply reflects light. If there's none around, I conjure up a small ball under it. There's a gap between the wood and crystal piece, see?" He offered the staff to Drelnor, who examined it briefly before handing it back. "Nothing enchanted about it."

They both stared at the glowing stone.

"So what happens now?" Drelnor asked finally.

Rumor Has It...

- ❖ Somewhere south of Iron Hills, there have been rumors of mysterious magics being used by a large gathering of humans with some sort of Stag like crest upon their robes. If anyone can gather more information on these people and their purpose, please contact me through the Fae tree.
Thank you,
Constance Tru
- ❖ What happens to a wolf with a broken heart? He tends to get vicious.
- ❖ The local town of Exeter has been developing slowly. It is said the town's construction is being held back due to the **Lord Exeter's** abuse of funds.
- ❖ A **Desertmoon** and a **Darkstrider**...they must enjoy gazing up at the **Eveningstar**...picturing a Dragon within the sky...
- ❖ The Drown Goblin tavern in Havencrest serves the ham and eggs this side of the Duchy.
- ❖ **Mordakai** is **Garendor**.
- ❖ ...that large winged lizards have been seen flying over the countryside.
- ❖ So...we let the undead vampire of the night get more power by becoming **Chaos??** Who's bright idea was that?! Even a barbarian had enough foresight to want her dead.
- ❖ It appears that after two hard years of crops Blackstone's harvest may actually survive this year.
- ❖ Moments after being 'dismissed' from House Wave, the elf **Tayaana** was murdered... Is this a plot for the Purple People Eater **Liam** to try and scare his House into order?
- ❖ **Farmer Joseph** has been seen wandering out of his home late at night, and meeting with a mysterious lady by the riverside.
- ❖ **Bendoth the Black's** ships have been seen sailing the Sea of Swords again. I guess it's true that no prison can hold him for long.
- ❖ It is rumored that the road to Slateron and Theren City is plagued with constant goblin and orc attacks.
- ❖ Back Street rumor is that if you want to commit a crime in Exeter, you just have to wait for an adventure to come. All of the Lochwood guard will leave for the coin and you can have your way with the town.

Quotes from the area;

- ❖ "Do say something stupid. Say, 'Hi, **Oberon**, I Grant you the Gift of Death.'"
- ❖ "They're being helpful. They must be enslaved."
- ❖ "Warble."
- ❖ "You are on the path to becoming a puppy-drowner."

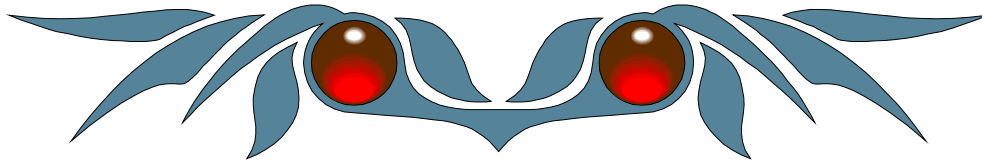
Top Ten Signs that your Blind Date was a Mistake...

- 10) The date was arranged by your ex.
- 9) Despite being told what you look like, they confuse you with someone of a different race.
- 8) When they said they were taking you out for dinner, they meant to their Mother's house.
- 7) They can't figure out the difference between the drinks/appetizers insert and the actual menu.
- 6) They consider kobolds to be fascinating conversationalists.
- 5) Kobolds would provide better conversation.
- 4) You find yourself repeatedly checking for life signs.
- 3) ...and wish yours would end.
- 2) After a bottle of the finest hooch, he's still not looking attractive.
- 1) Zimmerman attacks and you thank him after you resurrect.

Classified Advertisements

Looking to find my sister's son. Her name was Iliana. Please find me North East of Sword Lake in a small chateau overlooking the valley. It is very urgent that you contact me before the summer's end.

Sincerely,
Tia Merean



Brothers and sisters of the Tribes and Clans,
Within the month of July, the Wolf Clan, Sleeping Bear Clan and Alligator Clan shall convene to discuss matters of importance to the Clans themselves and relations between them. If any others of kindred spirit and family wish to join us for this occasion, please missive myself, my spirit brother Cormyn or the Elder Talon Raina or Chieftain Talon Tenth. May the Huntress and Mother Nature Herself be with us in this momentous occasion.

Glenn Stormwolf
Warrior Shaman of the Wolf Clan
Ambassador to the Barbarian Clans of Stormhold County

Glenn's Missive Address: theroninwolf at hotmail dot com

Cormyn's missive address: cormynbloodstar at stonereach dot net

Elder Talon Raina or Chieftain Talon Tenth's missive address: krsmetroplot at earthlink dot com

Dark Elven Call

A call to all Dark elves of the once Blade County has gone out. Lord Tao of a visiting dark elven lands has sent a call out to all Dark Elves who have once served under Count Te'ten and are looking for a new noble to work for. All who are interested are to report to his Herald and confidant on the surface realm, Sir Strider of Blackstone Duchy.

Trackers wanted

Trackers are needed for determining location of lost life stock. It appears that the local farmers have been complaining of live stock disappearing over night. The farmers have gathered together to their fund in an effort to higher a cheap tracker. They want the cow stealers to be found and their cattle returned. The cow stealers are to be brought before the local nobles for conviction.



Dragons in the Sky

Local town talk has it that the Dragons of ole have returned to claim the lands of men. It seems that many a story has been told as of late that speak of large winged creatures flying the countryside of both Blackstone and Therendry Duchy. Many an adventure walks into the local tavern speaking of these large beasts, so even stating that these dragons have names.

In the taverns and bars of Blackstone Duchy old men can be seen by the fireplace telling young children about the dragons of ole. Shade and Dawn, Ember and Chion, and others. These dragons have lairs somewhere in the mountains and swamps of Blackstone. Each ruling their domains with iron fist. Although not to many conflicts arise from these powerful dragons. They still seem to have a know existence to the local adventures.

Even still in the Duchy of Therendry, stories are told of dragons. Although the dragons of this region do not seem as organized as the ones found to the north. Just a year ago there was apparently a large Red Male dragon that was awoke and moving to crush the town of Calia. Only by the lose of lives and the great magics and skill of the local adventures was this creature held at bay. Others also speak of a smaller, the size of several houses put together...smaller, black female dragon that was present for this ancient Red's rant through town. Still yet stories of a baby blue dragon have been heard. This one being in the service of Mordecki Pennanace.

One must take a moment to ask themselves what are these dragons really doing. Are the Dragons of ole truly watching the realm of man, with just a few rogue dragons causing a problem. Or is it the Dragons are only bidding their time. Waiting for when the time is right to turn our lands in to fiery wastelands fit for the pillaging. Waiting for a time to expand their territories so that they will be the superior race, that all other races pay homage too. This reporter only hopes that these nightmarish suggestions are only creation of a childs worst dream, and not rumor turned reality.

OBITUARIES

NAME	BORN	DIED
Little Joe of Slateron	July, 598	June 26, 603
This young boy was lost to his family when he played too close to a nearby town's well. He slipped on a stone and fell over the edge. By the time the town got to him in the well, he had drowned. His father was seen leaving the well-side mumbling about how it was his fault for not teaching him to swim. He will be missed by all.		

Guardsmen Alton	August, 578	June 11, 603
Guardsmen Fordan	September, 553	June 13, 603
Guardsmen Ledos	?	June 13, 603
Guardswoman Elleania	April, 576	June 13, 603
The honored guardsmen laid down their lives in the service of His Grace, Duke Blackstone, just a few days ago. They were sent on a tracking mission to track down a known murderer named Erdonis the Knife. Erdonis was convicted of 6 counts of Murder, 4 counts of Assault, and 18 counts of Theft. He was scheduled for execution on June 11, 603. However, late in the night he killed the Guardsmen on duty and ran into the countryside in an effort to evade his sentence. After a day and several hours, 3 of the 6 guardsmen set out to capture him and came back with his corpse.		

Erdonis the Knife	?	June 13, 603
Executed for 6 counts of Murder, 4 counts of Assault, and 18 counts of Theft. May his name go down as a black mark to his family for the things he has done.		

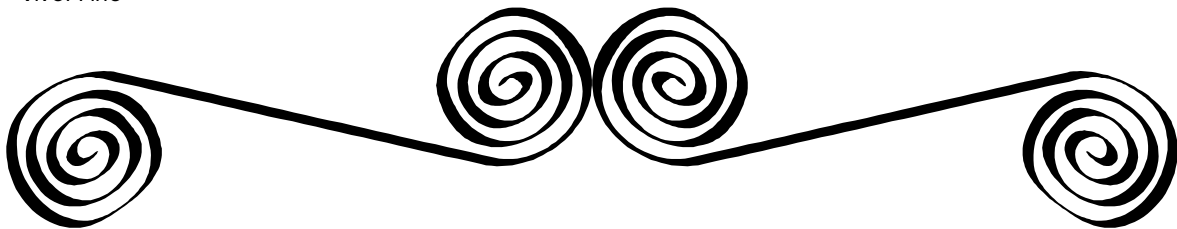
The importance of communal defense

Lochwood, while the most visible group to offer their protection during the recent gather in Exeter, were not the only ones willing to defend their fellow adventurers.

On Saturday night, the tavern lights began to flicker wildly. Outside, Squire Liam of House Wave, ran through the forest away from the tavern, followed closely by his friends. Liam was not running out of fear, but out of a desire to ensure the safety of those around him. Squire Liam led his group of followers to his warded cabin, and gave shelter to all who wished it, including members not of his House. Once inside, he paused to take stock of the situation.

It turned out that the flickering lights had been caused by strangely non-violent dancing undead, but had there been a serious threat, Squire Liam's actions would have saved that small group of adventurers.

~Viverrine



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

It is a constant wonder to me what makes the news are accounts of battle, or pain and suffering. True, the rumor section does make the little woman giggle... but short of that... the fact that life is good doesn't rate your pages.

Well, this short note is to simply say that life is good here... and the reason for it is House Wave. I'm a simple man that lives a simple life with my family outside of Slateron. I make a small living off my fishing boat... but my hearth is warm, and my baby girl always has a smile. Two months ago, I was attacked on the road by bandits, and everything I had was taken. I was wounded in the scabbles, and left for dead by the roadside. Squire Liam found me while patrolling the road, and took me home. He had his house healers cure me, and made sure that there was food on the table every day. When I finally awoke from my convalescence, the sound of laughter drew me to the kitchen. There was the Squire, helping fix dinner, and telling my daughter a comic story. The site of him using a drumstick to mimic his sword in the telling brought laughter to my baby girl the likes of which I had never heard.

Seeing me up and about, Liam came over with a smile and handed me a satchel. Inside I found all the things that the bandits had taken. He informed me that during his latest patrol, he was able to track down the culprits, see to their delivery to the nobility, and the return of my property. I was so overcome with it all that tears formed in my eyes. Finding my entire bankroll returned to me, I offered compensation for all he had done. With a small shake of his head, he grinned and said, "That's not necessary. The important thing is that you and your family are whole again." That said, he shook my hand, bid farewell to the girls, mounted up and road off into the night.

The following day, a messenger in blue, black and silver appeared with a note from Squire Liam. He had sent word that if I ever had need of someone to buy my products, House Wave could always use some good seafood.

A man such as this is rare in today's world. The love he has shown for the people is like none ever heard of... for my story is just one of many told in the local market or tavern. If you read this good Squire, know that we all appreciate what you and yours do for us... and our lives are better because you are in them. Thank you.

- Jack Worthing
Humble fisherman

Love is in the Air

Well wedding bells are in the air once again for the local adventuring group. This time a pair of wolverine travelers have agreed to join in union to each other. On the Fifth Day of July, Year 603, Sir Seneca Desertmoon of the County of Marentha, Duchy of Tyrangel, will enter into the commitment of Mating for Life with Guildmistress Acadia Brynn Everhate Ryu Zhi Darkstrider, County of Westerwind, Duchy of Dar Khabad. These two have made the plans to travel in life with each other to the bitter end. This event coming so close to the breaking of Acadia's past pack the Darkstriders. Where the Alpha Male of their pack, disbanded his pack due to an illness taken on by the Alpha Female of the pack. Hopefully this union will be able to provide happiness to Acadia and even the rest of her old pack after such a traumatic experience in her life. A moment must surely be spent to applaud two such individuals for their promise to each other.

As yet the world is such a harsh place to live in, that a union should not be looked at lightly. To many people view the union of marriage as a simple statement that can be said at any moment. Later dropping the union if it did not suit them anymore. Rumors about Blade County that speak of such an incident between Baron Simeon Silvercord's appointed Squire Liam Andreus and his once lifemated Mirage Sandchaser. Their bonding not even a year old and something has caused the family to separate on ill terms. One has to think of what is to occur to the two. No doubt Mirage is in a fit of mourning, and Squire Andreus left questioning his past actions. But what is to happen after that? Where are they to go from here? How does two people who are so integrated with each other on a daily basis suppose to continue with each other in this world. One can only speculate the friction between the two.

As to what unions yet to come. Rumor has it that Baron Simeon Silvercord of Blade County has taken an eye to someone. An Baron Valoric of Havencrest, it appears that many a lady has come to catch his fancy, will he be able to settle down to just one lady? As yet the County of Lyonesse, with his twinkling eyes and charming good looks, will a lady ever be brave enough to step forward and speak her love to him? Better yet the ever long awaited union of Sir Delwyn Mythrilmyst of the Duchy of Blackstone and Hero of Evandarr Pyroxia Fyrestorm. Word has it she is with child, maybe the good Knight will summon the long awaited courage to ask her hand. Love is in the air and unions are bound to bud. This reporter only hopes that the unions of the future can hold in these hardship times.

For those interested in Guildmistress Acadia and Sir Seneca Desertmoon's wedding it is to be held in the lands of Blackwell. The ceremony is to be performed by Jauntarius Darkstrider. The couple has stated that family, friends, and well-wishers are invited to attend the ceremony. This reporter would also like to take the time to apologize for titles that may have been stated in error.

A Revised Writ: The Laws of Therendry

The Laws of Therendry - 602 E.R By the Baron Simeon S. Silvercord

The purpose of this writ is to serve as a reminder to all citizens and travelers in Therendry of our Laws. It is your responsibility as citizens and visitors to be cognizant of our laws. Failure on your part to learn the laws is not a valid defense in trial. Those who are established citizens of Evendarr or recognized visitors are protected by and subject to these laws. The Nobles or Magistrate will make the final decision of who is or is not covered under the law.

Matters of Commoner Law may be handled by a magistrate or noble of the land. Within the city of Calais all matters of commoner law are handled by the Lord Magistrate. As of this writing that position is filled by Magistrate Corin Sunliner. Matters of Noble Law shall be handled by the liege of the Noble in question. While all laws have suggested punishments, it is the privilege of the Magistrate or Noble sitting in judgment to punish each criminal as harshly or as leniently as he or she sees fit, depending upon the circumstances surrounding the crime.

There are proper channels available to challenge the decision made in a criminal trial. That proper channel is NOT the Raven's Herald. If any citizen of Therendry is in need of information regarding the appeal of such decisions, you may ask of any noble of these lands.

The following is a legal definition of Obliteration:

Obliteration shall mean that the offender shall suffer the equivalent of three deaths. This does not mean an Obliterate Ritual. It means that the criminal will suffer a successful Obliterate Ritual, or three deaths, at the discretion of the magistrate or noble. Failure of an Obliteration shall NEVER be considered to be caused by the innocence of the condemned. Failure of a ritual is caused by a failure of the magicks themselves, or by an error in the casting.

Regarding Nobles

All those persons that are under consideration for assuming noble title within the lands of Therendry (Squire, Lady/Lord, Dame/Knight, Baroness/Baron, Viscountess/Viscount, or Countess/Count) must be presented by their liege-to-be to the Duke for introduction and examination prior to their appointment. If a noble is appointed without having been presented to the Duke, they shall be found guilty of Pretending to a Noble Title, and their liege shall be found to be in Contempt of this law.

All those holding Noble Title within the lands of Therendry must attend at least one half of the Gatherings in the Capitol City in order to retain their title. Extenuating circumstances will, of course be taken into account, but only if communicated well ahead of time. However if a noble is absent from more than one half of the Gatherings without excuse, their title shall be removed.

Low Crimes

Low Crimes usually consist of damage or theft of property or assault, and are therefore punishable by fining or incarceration. Multiple or repeat offenses may be punishable by confiscation of the individual's possessions, or by death.

Arson: Destruction of another's property by fire.

Assault: Placing someone in fear of harm, seriously threatening another person, or causing harm to a person or their property. These threats may be physical or magical threats.

Bribery: Obtaining favors, money, or other property by force, intimidation, or illegal means.

Conspiracy: Planning to commit a crime, aiding a criminal (a person in the commission of a crime), obstructing the investigation of a crime, or obstructing the course of dictated punishment of a criminal (i.e. setting a criminal free from incarceration, delivering a *Life* spell to one sentenced to a death, etc.) is conspiracy. In matters involving nobility, this will become Treason. In matters involving Undead, the charge will be Necromancy.

Contempt: The willful disrespect of a noble or public official, or the willful disobedience of an order given by them. Please know that His Highness Prince Miles Tegg has passed a law requiring that all nobles be addressed by their proper titles.

Forgery: Producing or planting of false documents or money for the purpose of deceit.

Theft: Stealing or destruction of another's goods by any means. Tax evasion is theft.

Public Disorder: Anyone found to be acting in an abnormal or irrational manner (i.e. babbling nonsensical statements, walking about unclothed, speaking or acting in a manner unlike themselves, etc.) must be brought to the Mage's Guild immediately for Celestial *Identification*, and if necessary, detained there until the madness has passed. If no external cause can be found for the disorderly behavior, a fine of no less than one gold shall be extracted, and paid to the Mage's Guild by the afflicted person, whether in cash, material goods, or guard duty for 1 hour.

According to Evendarr Law, **common folk may not engage in "Honor Combat" without the sponsorship of a noble.** Any common folk engaging in "honor combat" without a noble sponsor present will be charged with Contempt, as well as any crimes committed (such as Assault or Murder). If anyone is harmed other than the two parties engaging in the "honor combat" the person who caused the harm will be charged with the appropriate crime.

High Crimes

High Crimes are punishable by confiscation of goods and by death. Obliteration and banishment may be ordered for multiple or repeat offenses.

Kidnapping: Taking or constraining a person with unlawful force.

Murder: Taking of another's life, even if a *Life* spell is administered.

Necromancy: Casting of a necromantic spell (any spell with the word "Chaos" in the incantation) or ritual is Necromancy, as is the creation or knowing possession of any necromantic item (any item created through necromancy or one that produces a necromantic effect) or creature, consorting or conspiring with Undead. If one is forced to consort with Undead under extenuating circumstances, this consorting, and the circumstances must be reported to the Duke immediately for any future plea of leniency to be considered.

Pretending to a Noble Title: A commoner who seeks to convince another that he or she has a noble title is guilty of this crime. It is unlawful to present oneself as a "former noble". You may not represent yourself to the monster races (such as Goblins, Ogres, Trolls, etc.) as a noble.

Slavery: Forced servitude, the buying or selling of another to enforce servitude. This can be through the use of *Charm* spells, *Dominate* poisons, *Enslavement* poisons, *Euphoria* poisons, *Love* poisons, as well as by physical or implied threats. No one may own slaves in Therendry, monster or not. The possession and use of the elixirs commonly known as *Euphoria*, *Enslavement*, *Forget-Me-Not*, and *Forget-It-Well* are always illegal.

Treason: Attempting to overthrow the lawful government of the land by means of force or trickery. This crime may be punishable by death and confiscation of all worldly goods. In the matter of *High Treason* (the attempt to overthrow the Duchy, Principality or Monarchy), Obliteration is mandated, and may be to the final death. Banishment after Obliteration is an option.

All citizens and visitors are protected by these laws, and required to obey them. Invaders of this land are not protected by these laws. You may not be arrested for committing the following against a monster, an invader or their property: Arson, Assault, Theft, or Murder.

There are certain laws which may never be violated, regardless of the victim. These are: Kidnapping, Slavery, and Necromancy.

Circles of Power with any duration exceeding that of Battle Magic must be granted by the Duke, and the "owner" of the *Circle* must be able to produce a writ to that effect. Ungranted *Circles of Power* are prohibited, and shall be considered a crime of Treason.

Similarly, anyone looting the defenders of the town while the town is in threat will be considered guilty of Conspiracy to the crimes committed by that threat. This is likely Conspiracy to Treason as a minimum, and will result in severe punishment.