

The Herendry/Blackstone Emerald

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Volume 4, Issue 11

Wave Froth: A guide to this haven of chance and fortune! From "Blackstone: A Travelog" by Shawn Douglas.

Wave Froth! Surely this name be just said and in the mind of the learned reader a veritable mountain of rumor, legend, and tale shall spring forth. It is said that there are a thousand tales of Wave Froth, and that all of them are true. This may not be the case, but this is the sort of environment where legends are born, and where any may become wealthy beyond their wildest dreams, or end up face down in an alleyway with a dagger in the back.

To separate the fact from the fable it helps to look back into the early days of Blackstone, when two towns were founded close to each other where Wave Froth now stands today. This was in the time when Blackstone was it's own Kingdom, before even the formal founding of the great Kingdom of Evendar. Two towns were founded on the banks of the River Running, North Bank to the North and Firelight Cove to the South. In time the political powers of the lords of Firelight Cove caused them to seize control over shipping and trade in the area, and North Bank floundered at the brink of doom. To alleviate this situation the lords of North Bank sued for peace, and the entire area became the town of Firelight Cove.

It is said that the towns were not of new construction, but rather founded upon the ruins of a city that existed before the age of Blackstone, but was destroyed by an earlier fearsome eruption of Mount Sarabor. Whether this is true or not is a matter for another time, however. What is known though is that in time Mount Sarabor did erupt again and both towns were buried under ash and rock. The townsfolk were saved by a seer though, who ensured that all were on boats and safe in the bay when the eruption took place. Because of this the town, when it was rebuilt, was given to the Seer to rule over, and was renamed Wave Froth. The town lords of the House of Firelight Cove were still influential citizens though, and in time would rule over the large town that Wave Froth grew into in all but name.

Wave Froth today is probably much like it was in the days of old. Wild, lawless, and full of infinite possibility. A man of the town is limited only by his determination and strength of will, for any may make a fortune for themselves in the bustling marketplaces, storm-tossed seas, or twisting alleyways of Wave Froth. Traders from all ports foreign stop here, where the eye of His Grace's forces is less pressing then in the larger port cities of Braughm-Roar or Port Jaskara. Currently the town is run by the forces of four men who each does call himself "Lord Wave Froth." The first of these is "Admiral" Roberts, a scarred man who does claim to have been an Admiral in His Royal Majesty's Navy. The second is Jack O' Blades, a dandy as lethal with his sword as any barbarian bezerker, a man who can kill with a single slice of his rapier. Mumbly Peg comes next, a former pirate if all reports are to be believed, with two peg legs from where his name is drawn from. The last is a shadowy figure known as Garland De Vendi, who is so mysterious that the humble author cannot divulge any further information upon him.

These four men would not be in contention for power though, if not for the horror known as "The night of long blades." In one single night eighteen members of the house of Firelight Cove, the descendants of its first Lord, were murdered and the house ripped asunder. None who will speak on it know of the nature of the murders, but legend has grown around the gruesomeness of the killings, and the unsolved nature of it all only causes the legend to grow with each passing year. After this night ghosts and other haunts began to manifest in the area that was Firelight Cove at one stage, and the south-side of town, once the home of the finest and the elite, now houses the dregs of society, those who cannot leave or who are happy to dwell in a haunted town.

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Rumor Has It...

...that Kale Rend is leaving because he is Garendor. Guess there is nothing new for him to discover here!

...that Crimson is planning on race changing into a wolverine to serve both his alpha, Ander and Prince Kold.

...that Seravan is coming to the last gather in October of this year. This warrior of the Western lands is stronger than any in his homeland, and seeks new challenges for his blade.

...that Tovolia got lost on the way to Greyhorn because he was killing goblins. Lots of goblins.

...that Peppercorn doesn't like John Little very much.

...that Hooch is planning on ending the curse on Ramsus one way or another.

...that it sometimes seems that large, powerful monsters do not want to fight Elwood, or even be anywhere near to him.

...that the goblins have been overheard using the phrase "Elf roast" when they meet in the dark as a password.

...that the JGT plans to reunite to kill all of the Dukes and Counts in Evendar in one night, and only the work of Anthony Darkforge prevents this from occurring.

...that the Kingdom of the Dragon Isles is an illusion created by ancient fae magic.

...that in the woods outside of town grows a field of red flowers. It is rumored that some of these flowers possess great magic powers.

...that there are few things that frighten dark elves as much as laughter.



The Armor of Ali Azaril.

Listen, oh best beloved, to a tale of legend, and know that tales such as this one are often based upon a measure of truth. It is said that in the days of old the pirate Ali Azaril did once sail into the bay surrounding Wave Froth with three ships in pursuit of him. Ail Azaril did run for his life from them, for these were three ships filled with mercenaries and wild men who had been hired by a King of the Northern lands with whose youngest daughter, the beautiful Princess Samara, Ail had stolen a night of pleasure with. The Princess now stood beside Ail as he looked through his spying glass back at the ships following them, each man upon them hungry to collect the ransom of a thousand golden pieces that was placed upon Ali's head.

Ali was a reckless sort though, and did spit in the face of danger. He piloted his ship through the reefs, and the larger ship that followed him most closely, the captain blinded by greed, did give chase. Ali's ship was as nimble as Ali though, and skirted the reefs with nare a scratch. The larger ship did wreck its hull upon the rocks and sink below the waves.

The second and third ships were piloted by more prudent men though, and stayed clear of the doom of the rocks. Ali did then devise a way to set them upon each other, to buy himself more time. Ali did turn his rudder hard

astern, and the small craft did flounder in a circle, creating a whirlpool in it's wake. Ali's pursuers saw this and did say amongst themselves "Here is Ali, trapped in a whirlpool! He is curs for the talking, and with him the one thousand golden coins!" Then they did look across the waves at the other ship in pursuit, and each saw the eyes from there espying them, and lips whispering of treasure. In seconds arrows flew, and the two ships did clash!

Ali did espy this, and slammed his rudder hard to port! The ship leapt from the whirlpool, and a buffet of water arose and flooded the ships! Men from both sides were swept into the waves, and their number was cut in twain in seconds! One ship did take on so much water it did sink, and all able bodied men boarded the one remaining ship, and chased after Ali again.

Ali was prepared though, for while he may not have been able to slay three ships full of the vilest of the vilest of men, and would have been hard-pressed to kill two ships worth, he could slay all the men of one ship without breaking a sweat! Ail did leap in a mighty leap as the ship bore down upon him, and clearing the railing had slain five men before his feet touched the deck! Ali whirled like a cyclone, and from his twin blades death did rain. A full fifty men had died in under a minute, and only two remained

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COVOLIA SOLVES EVERYTHING!

Your questions answered by a Biata.

A guide to a celestial-free lifestyle.

Dear Covolia,

What is the best way to know if the person you are courting is true?

~Lovelorn in Lyonesse

Dear L. I. L.,

To know if one's love is reciprocated and true is one of the greatest tests of true love there is. There are several methods that may be used to determine if love is true, a few of which I shall include here. The first is trust. Some say that only by trusting one's love can true love flourish. These people are idiots, as trust begets betrayal! The second are the powers of the mind! By studying one's love's mind with mental powers one may know the truth, but this will not work unless you are a Biata. Finally there is the use of spies, alchemy, and traps. I recommend this course of action, as the heart may wander and be untrue, but self preservation will detain many a wayward glance. And ladies are enamored by power, and killing those scoundrels who would attempt to woo your lady love will make her weak in the knees towards you.

Dear Covolia,

What is an Evermore?

~Lumberjack in Stormsport

Dear Lumberjack,

A target with legs and a history of bad culinary choices.

Dear Covolia,

Are you a wizard? How powerful are you?

~Donkey guy!

Dear Idiot,

No, I am the Archwizard of Vision and Vengeance, the Chosen of Life, and Keeper of the Portal. My power is none of your concern, save to say that it overshadows the power of all but the Mindlords of old and the Great Gryphon himself.

Dear Covolia,

Where is the source of the River Dawntide?

~Cartographer in Calais.

Dear Cartographer,

The source of the River Dawntide lies in the fallen Dwarven Kingdom of Alrz—Kazhrba, in the range of mountains known as Tyrra's Spine, which was old when the world was young. The eastern gate sees the river flow from this maze of ancient traps and treasures, and such is it named Dawntide for.

Riddles! Be the first to answer these and win a prize from the Gamesmaster!

~Riddle the first~

My tines be long,
my tines be short,
My tines end ere,
my last retort.

What am I?

~Riddle the second~

I blind and I give sight,
I am the greatest made small,
I exist where there is no water,
and I live where there is all.

What am I?

Wave Froth Continued from Cover...

Wave Froth is a town where legends are made, and in some of the legends here is truth. Tales of ghosts of the murdered family members wandering amid the faceless specters are exchanged over mugs of ale in taverns here, and on the decks of ships in the docks tales of islands appearing in the morning mist on the eastern seas and of horses who can run on the water are passed over grog. One tale that only the foolish tell is of the dreaded pirate Teche, or Tehce, or Tesch, for the spellings of the name change with the stories of those crusty sea dogs who would dare to tell it. Tales of a ghost ship, dark and unspeakable formal magics, and a sword capable of controlling the weather and letting the captain bring hull wrecking storms are most common of those few that dare to tell it, and some even believe that to speak of the pirate is to invite his gaze from beyond the realms of death upon the next voyage they set sail upon. Be these stories true or not, there are a number of real hazards for any who would set foot off the safe path. Mazes of alleyways wind through town, home to any number of rats, four-legged or otherwise. To the South the firelight Forest glitters with strange lights at night, and reports of people wandering into it in a drunken stupor never to be seen again are more common than it is comfortable to say. To the North lies the Spiderhaunt Forest, which runs to the foothills of Mt Sarabor. Thick webs and a horrible chattering chorus announce to the traveler that he is too close to where the spider holds sway. The only safe forest is to the northeast of town, the relatively calm Land's Edge Forest, where the tallest point in the area stands, the small mountain known as Sunrise Hill, which the first lights of dawn strike and give the illusion of whiteness to each and every morning. Around this outcropping of land are the Little Breakers though, and wise sailors steer well clear of the point, lest the hullwrecking reefs claim another ship. In the center of the bay lie two inhabited islands, Hoylt and Lloyd's Rest. Each island has a thriving collection of buildings upon it, and much information may be found in the taverns here. The Five Sisters, a series of five islands to the southwest of Wave Froth are uninhabited by men, but a number of animals make their homes there, and rumors hold out that a tribe of Barbarians dwell in the thick forest here. Stories also tell of undersea caves, and some old salts tell of similar caves below the faces of the cliffs that make up a good portion of the face of the bay. Whatever else may be true of this town, it is safe to say that a stay in Wave Froth is never dull. One is advised to keep one's wits about them at all times though, lest they forfeit their purse or their life.

The Armor of Ali Azaril. Continued From page 3...

on the deck. Ali, and Garganol, the captain of the final ship. Garganol snarled and did charge, and with his mighty hammer did rain blows toward the head of Ali that Ali was hard pressed to stop. For nine hours they fought, and while Ali did bloody Garganol many, many times such cuts, which would have slain a lesser man instantly, were as fly bites to the Bully of the Seas. Garganol did not land a blow upon Ali, for one blow of Garganol's mighty hammer would surely have been Ali's last, but Ali had never been as pressed as he was now, and his spirit of fire was growing dim. At this point Princess Samara did climb aboard the ship, carrying a basket of treasures. Distracted by her Presence Ali was struck by Garganol, but had enough presence of mind to roll with the blow so it winded him, but was not fatal. "Oh, my hero." Said Princess Samara to Garganol, "You have freed me from the brute who did take me captive. As my father shall reward you, let me too shower you with riches and affection." Garganol was smitten by the beauty of Princess Samara, and was blinded by the golden bracelets she placed as rings upon his massive fingers, and at the necklaces of gems and fine metals she wove into his beard. Lastly she took Ali's own armor, the finest of plate armor, enchanted to be immune to harm and to send foul magics back upon their caster, and placed it upon Garganol's head as a crown. The armor was not a good fit for the head though, and slipped over Garganol's eyes. Blinded, Garganol did thug upon it, but the armor was stuck fast. Princess Samara then moved as swiftly as a rabbit to Ali's side and fed him a potion to restore vigor to his body. Ali did jump up, and together he and Princess Samara did take up Garganol's own hammer and hammed him with it! The impact did send Garganol tumbling over the side of the boat, and into the waters of the bay, where, weighed down by the riches and the magic armor of Ail, he did sink below the waves and disappeared forever! From here Ali and Princess Samara did sail south, but what they found in the waters there is a story for another time.

Schedule of Events:

Date:	Location:	Chapter/IG Loc.:
September 9-11	Prince Wm. FP Camp 1 **CHECKOUT SUNDAY 11AM**	METRO
September 23-25	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR
October 7-9	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR
October 21-23	Prince Wm. FP Camp 5	METRO
November 18-20	Prince Wm. FP Camp 5	METRO
December 9-11	Prince Wm. FP Camp 5	METRO

Contacts for METRO (Therendry): Website: <http://www.therendry.com>

Pre-registration:

Gateways, 2350 Soft Wind Court, Reston, VA 20191

Mike Smith: illuminating1@hotmail.com

Contacts for VALOR (Blackstone): Website: <http://www.valornero.com>

Pre-registration:

VALOR, 4709 Guinea Road, Annandale, VA 22003

Chris Hill: valornero@aol.com

Logistics for VALOR: valorlogistics@yahoo.com

Costs for Events:

2-Day Event: \$55 at the door, \$45 pre-registration, for PCs.
NPCing is free.

3-Day Event: \$75 at the door, \$65 pre-registration, for PCs.
NPCing is free.

Those with a good NPC/PC ratio may be given a discount.
Logistics must be contacted for pre-game production prior to event.

Logistics:

VALOR: valorlogistics@yahoo.com

METRO: characters@therendry.com

