

# The Therendry Blackstone Herald

May, 605



Volume 4, Issue 6

## Spring Tourney!

Earlier this month Duke Ellis Pinetree of Therendry announced that a Spring Tourney was to be held on the 23rd day of April in the 605th year since the founding of the Kingdom of Evendarr. The tourney was held in the County of Stormcross and was attended by Prince Gabriel Harcourt and his retinue. Contests were held in the categories of Fencing, Fighting, Casting of Magic, Riddles, Archery, and finally a Battle of Squads.

The first contest held was the Fencing competition. Opponents were to fight until a touch, at which time a point would be awarded and the fighters separated and brought back to their starting positions before continuing. The first fencer to score 5 points was to win the round.

Fourteen fencers participated in the competition and it lasted the longest of the six. Most participants fought with sword and shield, though other styles were represented. Kellian the dwarf fought with two axes, and several fighters used only a single sword. Sir Michael Justice of Prince Harcourt's party joined the lists but had to withdraw after the second round due to an injury to his ankle, which unfortunately was not as limber as his wrist. The final round pitted Sir Kyth Wild of Richland against Sheriff John Little of Springshire, with Sir Kyth emerging as the victor.

The next contest was one of Riddles, and only four contestants competed. In the first round Sir Corin Sunliner defeated Autumn the Biata after several rounds of riddles, and Duncan defeated Viscount Simeon Silvercord after only two riddles. In the final round Sir Corin Sunliner was awarded the victory when Duncan was forced to concede after exhausting his supply of riddles and being unable to ask a new one.

Following the Riddle competition was the contest of Magic. This was a competition between single mages fought until one participant was rendered unable to continue. There were eight participants, and after two rounds it came down

to Caliphar against Rastlin. Unfortunately for Caliphar, he had already exhausted his entire store of spells in the two previous rounds. His only hope lay in avoiding all of Rastlin's spells and ending the match in a draw. This was not to be, however, and Rastlin took little time in ending the match and gaining the prize.

The Fighter's competition was held next. With fourteen participants, this was the best attended event. The participants ranged from veteran to neophyte, from commoner to knight, with many different races and lands represented. Sir Sebastian Justice entered the lists but did not do quite as well as his brother and lost in the first round to Algorian.

There were few surprises in the early round, with most of the favorites advancing easily. Sheriff John Little and Glenn Stormwolf were awarded spots in the second round when their opponents failed to show. The second round offered a few surprises. Sir Corin Sunliner was heavily favored over Ander, but managed to lose his grip on his sword in the middle of the battle, which allowed Ander to press her advantage and nearly pulled off an upset. Sir Sunliner kept his poise, however, and snatched up his sword in time to salvage a victory and a spot in the next round.

The final pairing pitted John Little against Danrick. Danrick was the heavy favorite, and he has easily bludgeoned his way into the finals without much effort at all. John Little had studied Danrick's earlier matches, and so he knew what he was up against. The battle commenced and blows flew so quickly it was difficult to determine who had the initial advantage. Things reached a dramatic point when after a flurry of blows both fighters disengaged for a moment, and Danrick attempted to use the pause to put to use his considerable skill in armor craft to reset his damaged armor.

John Little had been warned of this particular trick and wasted no time in leaping back to the attack, scoring a few quick blows and ruining Danrick's attempt at armor repair. The crowd sensed a possible upset and

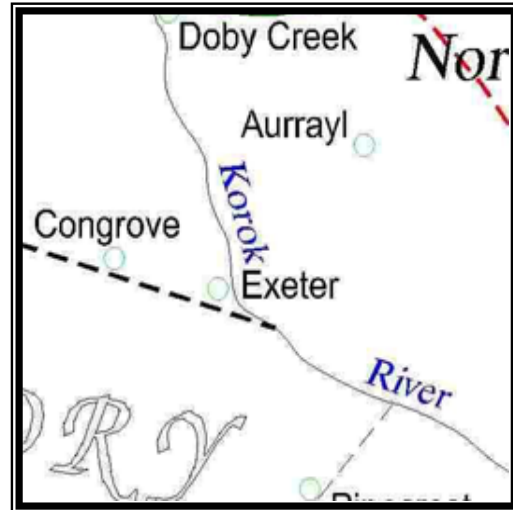
*Continued on Page 8...*

Information from Exeter Proper:

## Crops Are Planted! It's Time to Celebrate!

*Caution:* Militia has spotted much undead in the area in the past weeks.

*Caution:* Militia has spotted large numbers of Golems, of all sorts, in the area of Cosgrove. They travel in formation and have been known to decimate small villages.



FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS LARGE NUMBERS OF DISSIPATING PEASANTRY HAVE FAILED TO RESURRECT OR ATTEMPT RESURRECTION THEIR BODIES HAVE NOT REAPPEARED THIS PHENOMENON HAS BEEN NOTATED ALSO IN THE RECORDS OF BATTLES IN THE IMMEDIATE AREA

*Announcement:* To those who have been dispensing treasonous material: You are hereby branded criminals in Cosgrove. We hope that our neighbor and ally, Lord Siranot DeGauss, will join us in this pronouncement. When these personages or beings are found, they shall be brought to justice. Should any be in need of details, I may be found in Cosgrove proper during the coming weeks. Lady Airling of Cosgrove

Strange beasts have been seen in the woods. They seem to control the very environment around them. Most who have seen them have resurrected. Please exercise caution with the unknown.

Rumor Has It...

Where is Christopher Smalley?  
 Who Was that Masked Biata?  
 Zimmerman Shall Return  
 Danrick is Garendor.  
 Someone made a boo-boo...  
 Zimmerman is in League with Good  
 Give a Goblin a Coin  
 Garendor is in the area.  
 The Tourney Was Fixed  
 Coffee Will Appease Forest Creatures



## COVOLIA SOLVES EVERYTHING!

Your questions answered by a Biata.

A guide to a celestial free lifestyle.

Dear Covolia,

What is the best weapon to use in hand to hand combat?

~Young Fighter.

Dear Young Fighter,

The best weapon to use in hand to hand combat is a topic of much debate. The most prevalent weapon found in hand to hand combat is the longsword. It is a masterful weapon indeed, but the question as to whether it is the best remains to be seen. The polearm is a great weapon for field combat, but suffers from fighter charges in one on one situations. Maces are very good for cracking skulls. The best fighting style possible, though, is the two dagger fighting style. When properly mastered it is an unbeatable technique! I encourage all to learn how to fight with two daggers.

Dear Covolia,

What is the secret of the universe?

~I must know this!

Dear I.M.K.C.,

Mind powers. The mind powers of the Biata are the secret of the universe. But even if you change your race through magic you will not master them. Only pure blood Biata can channel the powers of the mind.

Dear Covolia,

How can I know if the person I am talking to is a doppelganger or a vampire?

~Ambushed Andy.

Dear Ambushed H.,

If it's daytime and the person you are talking to is screaming in pain and turning to dust, there is a good chance that they are a vampire. And everybody knows that doppelgangers have webbed toes. Ask the person you are talking to if they will take off their shoes so you can see their feet. If they refuse, then they are a doppelganger, trying to hide their condition! Kill them quickly!

Dear Covolia,

How much wood could a wolverine chuck if a wolverine could chuck wood?

~Rainwulf!

Dear Rainwulf!,

Wolverines don't chuck wood! Beaver scavengers do. And it appears to Covolia's powers of the mind that you have never seen a beaver scavenger chuck wood. But that's OK, not all of us will be able to see such a sight. There are only so many beaver scavengers out there, and someone as stupid as you probably drives them even further off.

Dear Covolia,

I am an evil and stupid man. I have no brains in my head. What should I do?

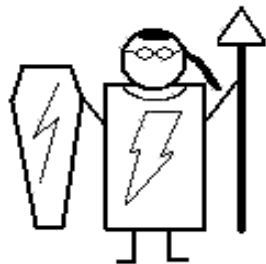
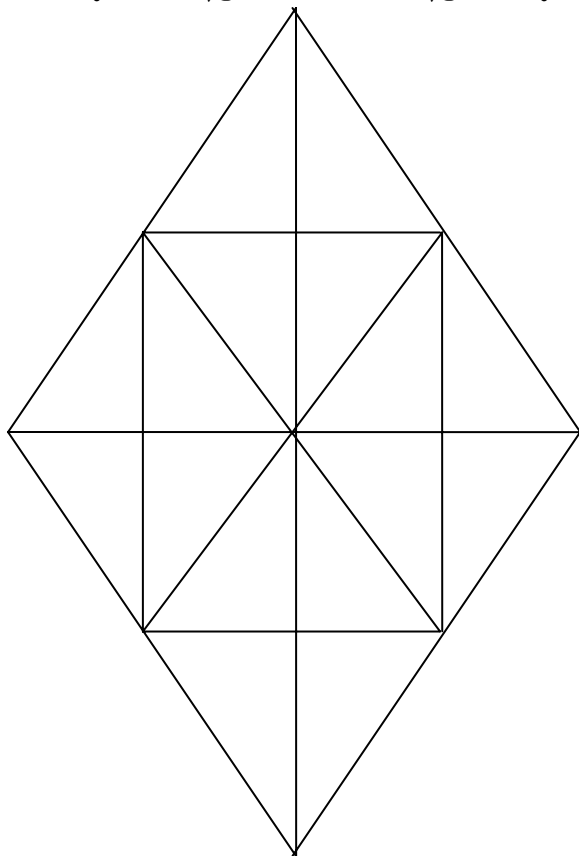
~Red Dex!

Dear R.D.,

Have you ever considered moving to Calais? If so there's a lovely hole in the ground over there you should jump in. When you hit the bottom, say hello to the spears that are impaling you for me. Repeat this step until you stop having the problem known as life.

# TRIANGLES

THIS DIAGRAM IS FILLED WITH TRIANGLES  
LARGE, SMALL, AND MEDIUM. TRY TO  
COUNT THEM ALL. THERE ARE MORE  
TRIANGLES THAN YOU MAY THINK.



Action Jack,  
I am your biggest fan!  
Signed,  
~CSMH  
The Stickman Artist

## A Story

Last Saturday, two dwarven miners were rescued from a collapsed iron mine in the Blackmoor Barony of Blackstone by a group of adventurers. The adventurers numbered 14, and included Discount Simeon Silvercord, Danrick, Baron Gedric Warclaw, his seneschal Alguin, Guildmaster Tygil, Elenril, Gleo, Beryl Qain, Squire Seronia Merrit, Kilana, Pyroxia Firestorm, Xander, Sox, and Hadrik.

The adventurers were alerted to the situation by a fae who owed a life debt to one of the miners, a dwarf by the name of Brightforge. The fae could not send the adventurers directly to the mine, due to the presence of iron in the soil surrounding it, but opened up a portal to the fae plane which would let the adventurers travel to it along a fae path.

After some discussion about the perils of trusting fae, it was decided that with lives at stake the risk would have to be taken. For those of you who have not traveled or dealt with fae, the most dangerous aspects come not from monster attacks or unseelie villains, but from things that seem harmless. A deck of cards, a simple question. On Saturday, the trouble came in the form of a small feast the fae were having. Before they'd agree to let the adventurers leave the fae plane, they insisted the adventurers join them at the table and partake of their food.

The food looked appetizing - a plate of sushi, fresh strawberries, a strawberry swirl bread, and chips to snack on - but each one produced an odd effect on the one who ate them. Danrick, who seemed to enjoy the risk, ate several, as did Discount Silvercord. The effects ranged from hallucinations, to increased strength, to hands turning into claws.

Once all the food had been eaten, and people purified and awakened as needed, the fae sent the adventurers back to Tyrra, to the iron mine. The entrance to the mine was blocked by fallen debris, but the fae showed the adventurers a secret way in.

Inside, the search and rescue mission was gearing up. The mine was a maze of corridors, with

some branches looping back to previously explored areas. The adventurers pressed onwards, fighting creatures around every corner, and following the right-hand rule when determining which path to take. At one point, the adventurers came across a mouse caught in a trap, crying for help. Danrick released him, and Lana restored his tail, which had been pinned by the trap and torn off, to him. In his gratitude, he promised to speak well of the adventurers to the Mouse King.

The adventurers hadn't gone much further when they encountered one of the Mouse King's patrols. After some negotiations, they were escorted to the Mouse King, who offered them cheese and treasure in return for their help with killing some of the other creatures who preyed upon his people. The adventurers readily agreed, and the Mouse King drew them a map of the mine, along with his best guesses of where the miners might be trapped.

Needless to say, the adventurers took care of the monsters - which turned out to be snakes with the ability to mesmerize people into being charmed - and pressed onwards. Soon they reached the area where the Mouse King had suggested they search for the miners. Once again, the path branched off. Tackling the right-hand path, the adventurers soon came to a caved in area. Danrick, using the increased strength he'd gained from the fae food, began tossing the rocks out of the way in a manner truly incredible to behold. In no time at all, he'd pulled a dwarf from the mess and carried him to the nearest healer.

The dwarf, once he came round, told the adventurers his name was Gruffy. He wasn't sure what had happened, or where anyone else was. With Brightforge's fate still unknown, the adventurers backtracked and tried the other branch. They hadn't traveled far before they ran into a glowing wall of energy that signified a ward. Discount Silvercord had found a ward key earlier, and when Baron Warclaw tried it in the lock, the ward went down. Brightforge was found safe, albeit a bit bruised, inside.

*And Now...I give you a ghost story of Myrr...*

*In the north of my homeland is a great desert. In this Desert, on a caravan route from Durqai in the west to Shiraz in the west lays a small village called Ridwan. Ridwan is held by a Kamar Family, the Kadi. In the first days of the goblin wars.*

*My Aunt Casmiri was Aiding in guarding the caravans traveling on the northern border. As her caravan came into Ridwan they received the news that Sandaj Bitrah Kadi had failed to resurrect and that her feast was to be held that night.*

*Those in the caravan were asked to stay and join in the feast. It was a beautiful day, so the feast was held next to the oasis. Family and friends reminisced and celebrated Bitrah Life sharing memories and stories. They consumed the Body freeing her spirit and taking into themselves part of her so that she would be carried on in the living blood of our people.*

*As dusk fell the new Sandaj of the Kadi, Bitrah's daughter, Satrina Stood and began to sing a lament for her mother. Blessed with a voice as clear and beautiful as a flawless diamond, Satrina had traveled singing in the realms of Evendarr and Quentari.*

*She was once reputed to have brought a tear to the eyes of a stone elf with a tale of lost love. All at the feast were entranced by her song and the tears flowed freely. As she ended Satrina opened her eyes and looked out into the setting sun. Crying out*

*she pointed into the distance. Cresting over the dunes, in the distance, a horde of sands goblins marched.*

*Even with those from the caravan there was not a hundred in the village, my aunt was the only Setare, only five healers and less than thirty warriors. The remainder was children and those with minimal skills with weapons. The horde numbered in the thousands. All knew there was no hope of victory and the smallest of survival.*

*One of the traders spoke "Do we flee?"*

*Satrina looked out the doom about to fall on her village and understood at once what it meant to be Sandaj. When she spoke her voice was clear and cold*

*"Leave if you wish, but I will not suffer this insult to my mother, Ridwan will not fall on the night of her feast!"*

*With that she reached out and for the first time in her life grabbed the sword her mother had carried and prepared to do battle.*

*As everyone shook off the shock of it all, they followed her out the edge of the village. As the Gorge stood there watching the goblins come. The seasoned warriors giving advice to the young Satrina looked around awed by the bravery of those who now stood there looking there doom in the eye as it came knowing that they choose to follow her, instead of taking the small chance at running and escaping, brought tears of joy to here eyes.*

## BEWARE THE BLUE FÆ

WHILE SITTING AT MY DESK AFTER THE GATHER IN THE BEGINNING OF APRIL CONVERTING NOTES INTO TRANSCRIPT, A BLUE FÆ RIFTED INTO THE ROOM. HE WAS DRESSED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN THE BRIGHTEST BLUE SHIRT AND PANTS I HAVE EVER SEEN.

“HELLO,” HE SAID. “I HAVE COME IN SEARCH OF SOMEONE TO PLAY A GAME WITH ME AND I HAVE CHOSEN YOU.”

NOW, I HAVE HAD PAST DEALINGS WITH THE FÆ AND HAVE FOUND THEIR GAMES TO BE SOMEWHAT HARMLESS, BUT MY WORK WAS PILED IN FRONT OF ME, AND I COULD NOT SPARE A MOMENT.

“I AM SORRY,” I SAID. “AS YOU CAN SEE, I HAVE A LOT OF PAPERWORK THAT NEEDS TO BE COMPLETED, AND I DO NOT HAVE TIME RIGHT NOW TO PLAY WITH YOU. PERHAPS, ONCE I AM DONE, WE CAN DO SOMETHING?”

“YOU DO NOT HAVE TIME! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?”

I SHOOK MY HEAD FOR I HAD NO IDEA.

“I AM COBALT. I AM SURE THAT YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME.”

ONCE AGAIN I SHOOK MY HEAD.

“MAY I HAVE YOUR NAME, SHE-WHO-WILL-NOT-PLAY?”

GIVING A FÆ YOUR NAME WHEN THEY HAVE ASKED FOR IT IS NOT A GOOD IDEA SO I WORDED MY REPLY CAREFULLY. “NO, GOOD COBALT, YOU MAY NOT HAVE MY NAME, BUT I WILL TELL IT TO YOU. I AM ANYANKA

FEATHERFALL, LEGAL SCRIBE OF THERENDRY.” I STUCK OUT MY HAND AS I HAVE DONE SO MANY OTHER TIMES UPON INTRODUCTIONS.

“OOOOOOO, LEGAL SCRIBE,” HE SAID AS HE GRABBED MY HAND IN A STRONG HANDSHAKE AND WOULD NOT LET GO. “SO THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE NO TIME. WELL, I SHALL MAKE SURE THAT YOU HAVE THE TIME.” AND WITH THAT, HE SNAPPED HIS FINGERS.

I GUESS I EXPECTED BLUE SPARKS TO FLY OR ELSE SOME OTHER EXCITING THING TO HAPPEN WHEN HE SNAPPED HIS FINGERS, BUT THERE WAS JUST STILL AIR.

“WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?” I ASKED INQUISITIVELY SUDDENLY SORRY THAT I HAD BEEN SO EVASIVE.

“YOU SHALL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH. YOU WOULD NOT PLAY A GAME WITH ME, SO NOW I SHALL PLAY A GAME WITH YOU,” HE SAID AS HE LET GO OF MY HAND.

SUDDENLY FEELING VERY VULNERABLE, I WENT TO REACH FOR AN IRON ARROW I KEEP IN MY QUIVER FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION. THE ARROW TURNED TO DUST AS SOON AS MY HAND LAY UPON IT, AND I COULD NOT REACH MY BOW WITH MY OTHER AS IT KEPT MOVING AWAY FROM ME. THERE WAS ALSO A PAIN IN MY LEFT ANKLE THAT WAS QUITE UNCOMFORTABLE.

“YOU WILL FIND THINGS QUITE DIFFERENT FOR A WHILE. I WILL BE WATCHING.” AND WITH THAT, HE RIFTED OUT.

*Continued on Page 9...*

Spring Tourney, for Strider, Continued from Cover Page...

cheered loudly for Little. In the end, it was not to be. Danrick's strength of blows, immense stamina and sturdy armor were just too much to overcome. He took most of Little's blows on his shield, regained the initiative and pressed forward his own attack, and moments later struck a final blow which gave him final victory.

After the high drama of the Fighter's competition, the Archery tournament was carried out in a more lighthearted manner. Four participants were to shoot three times at a target from 3 separate distances. The shots would be scored based on how close to the center they struck, and the person with the highest score at the end would be awarded the victory.

There was some confusion at the beginning with regards to the rules of the event, but it was decided that Kelian the Dwarf could participate using thrown hatchets. Caliphar was the first to compete, and to the delight and laughter of the other participants he was only able to scratch the outer ring in two of his shots, ending with a score of two. However, when he was followed in turn by Kestral De'Kiernan, Kelian, and Algorian, to their great embarrassment each was unable to score even a single hit, except for Kellian who managed to deflect one of his hatchets off a roof beam and onto Sir Michael Justice who was officiating. Thus, in the end, Caliphar's two points won out, and he was awarded the victory.

The last competition of the afternoon was the Battle of Squads. Four teams of four individuals fought in two rounds. Each battle lasted until all members of one team were put out of action. The first battle was between Jokarius Bashere, Glenn Stormwolf, John Little and Meilah on one side, and Viscount Simeon Silvercord, Rastlin, Sir Corin Sunliner and Kilana on the other, with Silvercord's team emerging victorious. The second battle was between Danrick, Algorian, Keno and Cleo on one side, and Sir Kyth Wild, Logenn, Kestral De'Kiernan and Caliphar on the other. Danrick's team came out on top after a quick but vicious melee.

Many of the spectators had seen the various participants in battle before, but often times against goblins and orcs and other ruffians and scum. It was quite a different story to see two organized teams of highly skilled professional pitting their skills against each other. The final battle was a showcase of speed, precision, organization, and strategy. The entire battle lasted just under a single minute, but the battle showcased each team's skill to its fullest.

Danrick plowed into the Silvercord team and shrugged off Silvercord's blows and bludgeoned Kilana to the floor, but was in turned spelled down by Rastlin. The remaining swordsman duked it out with Algorian being the first to fall. Cleo or Keno briefly managed to heal

Danrick, but the moment he rose he was quickly put down by the vigilant swordsman of Silvercord's team. Before Cleo and Keno tried to regroup bring their magic to bear, but the remaining member of Silvercord's team pounced on them and bore them both to the ground.

Even then the battle was not completely over. Each team was clever, but each also knew the other's tricks. Both Cleo and Keno had contingency cantrips cast on themselves to grant them life should they be given a killing blow. But the other team was ready for this trick, and after granting life and healing to all their members proceeded to finish the battle to its conclusion, and won the competition.

When all the competitions were completed and all the awards granted, Prince Gabriel Harcourt rose and made one final presentation. He asked Sir Corin Sunliner to approach. The Prince announced that based on the spirit and manner in which he competed in many events in the tournament, Sir Sunliner was being awarded the position of Champion of Therendry. In typical knightly modesty Sir Sunliner attempted to demur stating he was unworthy of so high an honor, but the Prince would have none of that, and granted him the position, and thus drew to a close the Spring Tourney of Therendry.

#### The Table of the Victorious

Fencing Tourney	Sir Kyth Wild
Riddlemaster of Therendry	Sir Corin Sunliner
Casting Tourney	Squire Rastlin Dawnware
Fighter's Tourney	Danrick
Archer's Tourney	Caliphar
Squad Battle	4-Man Squad of Viscount Simeon Silvercord, Squire Rastlin Dawnware, Sir Corin Sunliner, and High Lady Kilana Amendar
Champion of Therendry	Sir Corin Sunliner

*A Myrran Ghost Story Continued From Page 6...*

*As her eyes met other, not once did see she fear, only a determination that if their lives must be laid down today, then they would be sold costly. Her tears soaked into the ground at her feet.*

*As the sun finally fell below the horizon a cold wind blew in from the desert. In the twilight glow Satrina looked up into her mother's eyes*

*“Rise my child. Your tears carried your plight to us and we have come. Your need called us back. Rise my Daughter and lead us.”*

*As she looked around there were more than she could count standing with her. The Shades of our people, kept strong in our living blood, had come to once again dance in battle.*

*It was then that the horde came over the dunes before them. Sandaj Satrina Kadi raised her sword she cried out “KADJ” and charged. All through the night the battle raged, when dawn broke, the sands around Ridwan were soaked with goblin blood.*

*Not one in twenty goblins lived to flee in the morning light. As the light of day began to shine down the shades departed, all except for Bitrah. She stood over her daughter’s body until it was found by the other survivors.*

*As she faded she told them” Her spirit is what brought us here and kept us through the night, but the cost was high. She is too weak to resurrect and I do not know if she will even be strong enough to join us in the beyond. Honor her as you honored me for this is her day”*

*They feast Satrina the day after, unlike her mother’s this feast was somber and humble. In the days that followed a new well was discovered in the place where her tears had call to our blood. While the old spring was cold and sweet this new one was warm and salty as the tears that fell from Satrina’s eyes.*

*Even today both well flow strong and if you drink from the well of tears you can her lament echoing off the dunes and she her spirit and those that also fell that days walking in the desert. I hope this helps you to understand from where the gorbe draw our strength from, for we have an army marching through our veins.*

*Kymri Ramishk*

BEWARE THE BLUE FÆ, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7...

SHAKING MY HEAD, I BEGAN TO WONDER WHAT THIS FÆ HAD DONE TO ME. I LOOKED DOWN AT THE DOCUMENT THAT I HAD BEEN WORKING ON FOR THE LAST TWO HOURS READY TO CONTINUE WITH MY WORK ONCE AGAIN, BUT THE WRITING WAS DIFFERENT. SCRIBBLES WERE ALL I SAW. EVERYTHING WAS INDECIPHERABLE. IN A FRANTIC GESTURE, I WENT THROUGH ALL MY BOOKS AND PAPERS. I COULD NOT READ A THING.

ONCE AGAIN I REACHED FOR MY BOW. I NEEDED TO GET HELP. IT LEAPT AWAY FROM ME AND NO MATTER WHAT I DID TO TRY TO GRAB IT, IT STAYED JUST OUT OF REACH. I FRANTICALLY ATTEMPTED TO GATHER ARROWS INTO MY HAND THINKING THAT IF I COULD HOLD THE ARROWS, MY BOW WOULD COME TO ME. BUT JUST LIKE THE FIRST ONE I TOUCHED, THEY CRUMBLED INTO DUST.

THIS FÆ HAD PLACED A CURSE UPON ME. ANYTHING I TOUCHED THAT DEALT WITH MAGIC OR SKILLS WAS IMMEDIATELY DESTROYED. SPELL BOOKS, POTIONS, SCROLLS, COMPONENTS, ALL TURNED INTO DUST. MAGIC ITEMS I ATTEMPTED TO HOLD STAYED AWAY FROM ME AS IF I HAD AN INVISIBLE SHIELD AROUND MY BODY. AS I EXITED MY ROOM TO GET HELP, BY ACCIDENT I TOUCHED SOMEONE AND ALL OF THEIR POSSESSIONS WERE DESTROYED AS WELL.

I HAD SAID THAT THERE WAS A PAIN IN MY ANKLE. THERE WAS NOT MUCH PAIN AT FIRST, BUT SOON IT FELT LIKE IT WAS ON FIRE AND AN THOUSAND SHARP INSTRUMENTS WERE STABBING ME. IT WAS HARD TO WALK AND IMPOSSIBLE TO RUN. I WAS HOBBLING.

I THOUGHT THAT THIS WAS A SIGNIFICANT EVENT THAT PEOPLE NEEDED TO BE WARNED OF, BUT WHEN I TRIED TO COMMUNICATE UPON THE FÆ TREE, I FOUND THAT EVEN THIS, TOO, WAS BEYOND ME. I COULD NOT GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE TREE TO READ IT LET ALONE LEAVE A MESSAGE.

A MONTH HAS GONE BY AND I AM JUST BEGINNING TO GET MY SKILLS BACK, BUT IT HAS BEEN A SLOW AND PAINFUL PROCESS. I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH VERY MANY PEOPLE AND HAVE KEPT TO MYSELF. I DID NOT KNOW WHAT ELSE THIS BLUE FÆ HAD DONE TO ME, AND I DID NOT WANT TO CAUSE ANYONE HARM NOR DID I WANT TO DESTROY ANYONE’S POSSESSIONS.

SO, WHY AM I WRITING OF THIS EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE FOR EVERYONE TO READ? ONE, I AM JUST SO HAPPY TO BE ABLE TO WRITE AGAIN. TWO, I FELT THAT THIS STORY NEEDED TO BE TOLD. I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF COBALT, AND I THOUGHT THAT OTHERS WOULD NEED TO KNOW WHAT HE IS CAPABLE OF IF THEY CAME IN CONTACT WITH HIM. PLEASE BE CAREFUL. I WAS NOT.

SINCERELY,  
ANYANKA SHADOWRUNNER FEATHERFALL  
LEGAL SCRIBE OF THERENDRY

**Schedule of Events:**

<b>Date:</b>	<b>Location:</b>	<b>Chapter/IG Loc.:</b>
May 27-30 (3-day)	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR ←
June 3-5	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR ←
June 17-19	Camp 1, Prince William Forest	METRO
July 8-10	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR
July 8-10	Camp 1, Prince William Forest	METRO
August 5-7	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR
August 12-14	Camp 2, Prince William Forest	METRO
September 2-5 (3-day)	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR
September 23-25	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR
October 7-9	Pocahontas State Park	VALOR

9-day: May 27 to June 5

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

*Pre-registration:*

Gateways, TO COME

Mike Smith: [illuminating1@hotmail.com](mailto:illuminating1@hotmail.com)

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

*Pre-registration:*

VALOR, 4709 Guinea Road, Annandale, VA 22003

Chris Hill: [valornero@aol.com](mailto:valornero@aol.com)

Logistics for VALOR: [valorlogistics@yahoo.com](mailto: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](mailto:valorlogistics@yahoo.com)

METRO: [characters@therendry.com](mailto:characters@therendry.com)

