

# Sylverfern Star

Volume 4, Edition 5.

First Harvest A.F. 318

## IN THIS EDITION:

ALLIED VICTORY  
ON THE ROKARIAN  
FRONT

TOYMAKER TRAPS  
TROUBLING TOWN

COUNCIL  
ANNOUNCEMENTS

FALLEN HEROES

OPINIONS

...AND MUCH, MUCH  
MORE



## VICTORY ON THE ROKARIAN FRONT!

Felix Longtayle

The cunning Lord Lockhart and his retinue sailed in the black night near the Rokarian shore by moonlight. It was decided that a scout vessel go forward, to be sure of the ship's landing. Quickly, the scout ship encountered resistance in the form of a J'teth weapon that shot fire from a great distance. The scouting vessel was lost, but not before a daring rescue of it's brave hands was done. After the rescue, it was quickly decided that a few should swim to shore in stealth and disable the weapon and it's nefarious operators. With the few landed, and the main ship nearing firing range of the abominable weapon; the ambush was sprung, slaying the dastardly operators handily before the boat came to shore properly. Once land was made, Lord Lockhart and his retinue started the real task of clearing the J'teth out from the Maythmar lands. Lockhart's group cut at the supply lines of of the evil J'teth, and liberate their Vordis slaves into raising blades to their former masters.

Perhaps the most difficult and sensitive task was carried out by the cloyster of mages brought with him. A black J'teth ritual directed by,

or in concert with, demonic forces was being carried out over the span of days. Their insidious plan was to lay claim to a place where magic naturally coalesced and became more intense. The J'teth attempted to bind this wellspring to themselves and channel the powers to gain untold power and dominion over all. They were stopped by the ra'kashan member of the Sylverfern Guard, who, at his own risk, as this writer has come to learn, spied upon the ritual, learned it's secrets, and with much help reversed engineered it to seal the font of arcane forces spilling upon the land.

After this staggering defeat, the J'teth broke, the lands quieted with peace. This did not come without cost: two members of Lockhart's group fell in battle. Lupin Shadowsun's dutiful lieutenant and bladesmith, Nightshade and Bigguns, kind but strong axe of the Battleoads. With the dregs of the J'teth scraped clean from the land, Thane Maythmar did give thanks to Lord Lockhart with a hefty sum. Accounts with a sum already deposited in the names of all those who fought the J'teth blight were made by the Thane as well.

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## CONSTABLE'S CORNER

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During the moon of Forrestwake several new bounties have been placed and arrest warrants placed out. Most on the local war heroes it seems. Has their ego, perhaps, started to make them think they are above the law? The next set of trials should help us find out.

There is an arrest warrant out for a new local named Lydia. A clan in Werdill recently asked for the aid of Sylverfern to help the front lines in hopes of convincing the new Queen of Werdill to rejoin Middlehaven. Our troops were victorious in battle and took the survivors as prisoners of war promising them safe transfer once our issues were resolved. Somewhere in the transfers of said prisoners, this Lydia ended up killing one of the Separatist prisoners in clear violation. Why she did is unclear, especially when it was discovered she is a native to Werdill, killing one of her own makes no sense, unless perhaps she sides with the Separatists. She has yet to be captured for questioning though.

Another bounty has been placed for a wandering fire starter named Tara Fireburn. Little is known about her. The town has been split in two on the matter. Several people have started hunting with the bounty hunters to send her to the executioner's block while a few others seem to be aiding a new wizard in the area that has been training our elementalists. It seems they have some history, though again, this seems to be a bit of a mystery as no one has come forward for questioning. What is known is that she is wanted for property damage where such fires resulted in the death of some local farmers, as well as the visiting noble, Lord Prashor of Kraston hall, making the matter a serious offense.

The two most notable bounties are perhaps the most disturbing, given their nature of influence to our Council and grievance of crimes. The first being our recently promoted Captain of the Sylverfern guard, Arglac Dunhelm, by an overwhelming vote and a newcomer mo'raak

by the name of Dharus. They recently went on a raid to our duchie's Sanatorium to obtain information from a patient about killing demons. When denied entry without proper paperwork they attacked the doctor in charge, Amelia Klastor, and her trainee. The first attack came from Dharus, where he openly used necromancy, the fact that he wasn't arrested and killed on the spot seems questionable considering one of the Council members was part of the group in question. Captain Dunhelm stabbed the doctor leaving her on the ground to bleed to death, with the group preventing her own attendants from coming to her aid and their own doctor only semi healing her as an after thought on their way out, after they got the information they sought to obtain, certainly not under Arglac's wishes as reported by Dr. Klastor. Their trial is pending their safe return from the front lines in battling the J'teth in Rokar this upcoming moon under the watchful eye of the Council.

## TOYMAKER TRAPS STILL TROUBLING TOWN

It was early in the morning, that first day of First Harvest, when the first of the explosions started. A young boy, third son to the farmer Aloysius Sterngard had found the toy in the field where he had been working, yanking weeds for his father. Described as a wooden animal of some sort, with wheels, the boy was luckily distracted by his father admonishing him to get back to work. That scolding may have saved the young lad's life. Be that as it may, however, the youngster did manage to get hurt enough to require extensive stitching, and his left hand will remain forever a crippled claw of an appendage.

One of the boy's quicker-thinking brothers immediately alerted the Guard, and both Captain Dunhelm and Lieutenant Serraviv were on the scene quickly. Many of the local guardsmen scoured the area, looking for other trapped toys, but it was a farmhand by the name of Sean that found the next one. Sean, as of this writing, remains unconscious, perhaps a small mercy from losing most of one leg, and the foot of his other. Nearby guards pulled him from the small crater

that was left.

Farmer Sterngard noted the following, "Thank Shalli my boy is alive, but now I'm down more hands than I care to count during harvest season! Not to mention all the holes in my field now. I mean, I appreciate the guard coming to our aid and all... but this woman's been causing damage and death all over for years now, Surely someone can do something about this?"

In all, there were half a dozen casualties, including members of the guard, and some children. At this time, there were no reports of any deaths.

Captian Dunhelm could not be reached for comment.

*(The staff of the Sylverfern Star strongly urge anyone with any information about this sick, child-murdering, pestilence boil, to report it to the local guard as soon as possible. After this writing, but before publishing, it was discovered that several children in the Blutmund region were also discovered dead, in most gristly fashion. --Editor)*



## OPINION: CONSECUTIVE WORSHIPPERS OF AVAREEN AND HEKETA, WHERE DO THEY STAND?

By Anonymous

A small group of Rangers from Fisherman's Wharf was noted to have called themselves the "Hunters of Honor" passed through and I happened to notice dual worship of Heketa and Avareen. Of course, this doesn't seem to matter on Lord Lockhart's lands, as the guards didn't seem aroused, but what about Vrengar proper? According to Fallstavian Law, Exclusive Worship of the Dark Gods, is forbidden. However, is worshipping both Avareen and Heketa a crime? What would the Children of the Covenant think? Certainly, this isn't the first time this has happened.

What if you wanted to worship all aspects of Death? Certainly, Mondrigror and Dromidigen

are at odds, but some people philosophically accept both decay and shepherding of souls. They may believe life is suffering and that the afterlife is the only relief. They can't worship both gods. I saw a little boy not a few moons ago with both symbols on his chest.

Or the Knave and Selene? Rashyer and Mondrigror? The list is endless. I asked a few questions to some local guardsmen as they ate at Nancy's. Me: What do you think of Consecutive Worship of a Dark God and an Accepted God?

Orc Guard with Big, Worried Eyes: Me just look big. Don't know nuffink about no gods.

Prideful Valkoran Guard: It is my just opinion that I would have to appeal to the

Council on this matter. It seems our law-writers have indeed left a loophole. They could worship the good Rashyer, yet hide their want of reviving undead as a worshipper of Mondrigror. Not only a machine of war, but they essentially kill, then revive. Disgusting.

Brash Human Guard: Somehow, nobody would care. Even the Children can't deny them. But they're good at making up their own rules. So, we'll see. Don't care either way, because Lord Lockhart doesn't seem to. Why should we be bothered?

I next approached one of these "Rangers of Honor" to ask their creed.

I also had to ask: Why Heketa? Why not Valkor? The Ranger snarled, and

she had a heavy accent, so all "left out words" are intentionally fractured.

"All things come at price□ Valkor give, give, give, but he no understand. Survival of fittest, pain makes stronger warrior and strong can protect weak. If you weak Valkorian, how you protect weak? The power of Avareen makes me primal like nature, the power of Heketa keep me strong, make me remember that without pain, there no gain. Work hard, be strong!"

She tapped her nearly bare chest and grinned that orc woman. This was all I could get out of them. They started some weird war chant and I could find out no more.



## OPINION: "OH GREAT, THEY'RE BACK"

By Old Farmer Bertha

It was quiet and peaceful here in Sylverfern this spring and summer, when these "so-called" Heroes of Sylverfern were up in Rokar or otherwise in Fisherman's Wharf (who cares what happens in that ramshackle town?) and now you're telling me they're back? Oh. Great.

The great thing- we don't need a guard when you're away. The thieves seem attracted to YOU heroes. It's always so quiet when you're away. So do this old lady and this manor a favor and STAY AWAY!

Some of them are Orcs and some of them EAT like 'em anyways. Well, there goes my crops this harvest. I've got great-grandchildren to feed, remember? Oh. And they light trees on fire, spar, sometimes nearly missing this poor old farming lady. And. They. Are. Back?

Best yet, they COME BACK with their problems. Suddenly, murderous Fay will be back. Or, you know, tied

up in the bar. Some annoyed Heketa worshipper they put in a barrel will rot and their family will be upset at them and I'll just be in the way. Or there will be a troll trying to eat one of the youngin'. Oh, they keep pissing off the J'teth. Heaven knows they'll want to burn down my farm for information and I'll tell 'em everything before they do, I tell you.

And SO MANY GOSH DARN PORTALS. And magical timey-wimey business that this old brain cannot fathom. Get the mages and magic AWAY. Get the Fay away. And what is with all of these elves all of a sudden? The next thing you know, they're going to breed abominations with these orcs and humans and vordis. Who needs half-elves walking around, seriously?

And demons. Why do demons ONLY come around when THEY are here? Suddenly my son will be a sacrifice. Then he'll eat his children. Or they piss off Perin, or that godsforsaken crumbling old cooty Lich, Allasar, was it? This gelded, rotten flesh abomination would have never

been a problem if Fern didn't make it a problem. I don't care if she's court doctor. When that Allasar comes around, he brings flesh that rots harder than mine-UNDEAD. AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

Speaking of undead, I seen some of y'all bleed, but you never stay dead. I'd have to stab you dead half a dozen times to be rid of you. What is the matter with your blood? Is it corrupted? Were you bitten by a demon? Stay away from me or you'll meet the ground ripping side of my pitchfork up your baby-making bits!

Oooh and that Kincaid stole my brussel sprouts! The worst THIEVERY EVER! An old woman has to move their bowels! I should have slapped his arse with a frying pan! I do know one thing. You are LUCKY that LORD LOCKHART CALLED FOR A FEAST. YOU CERTAINLY WON'T GET ANY PRODUCE FROM THIS FARMER!

GO away and GOOD riddance!

## ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM THE SYLVERFERN COUNCIL:

Gratitude to Lord Lockhart and the Thanes of Rokar, an armistice has been agreed to.

Rokar has agreed to stop all fighting. This extends to allies, which includes Lord Lockhart and the people of Sylverfern. All townsfolk are expected to honor Lord Lockhart's agreement under pain of death.

. . .

Much happened last moon. Let us share what we know:

The Ice Queen Silarial has declared war on the people of Sylverfern, stating the time of recompense has ended. Fae warriors and assassins look to regain the staff of winter and will likely attack anyone

. . .

The famous healer Zar has been found, in the company of a clan of nomadic trolls

The departed hero Biggins negotiated Zar's release

. . .

Oniera and the Dream Thief have been battling in the realm of

dreams. Some townsfolk lost their lives while sleeping because of these powerful beings waging war.

Last moon many townsfolk were drawn into the realm of dreams to settle this battle.

This choice was to help prevent more deaths from the war in the realm of dreams

Oniera's side was victorious. For those that helped Oniera's side, they may ask for a boon.

When a person asks for the boon, they only have one chance to do so.

They can summon her and make their request known. Think carefully on this before making a request

. . .

Several demons were present last moon, perhaps battles and suffering drawn them like flies to a rotting corpse? The brave Auron slayed a greater demon. Attempts were made to stop other demons, they were not yet successful. Efforts continue to stop these foul creatures

Avoid any discussion with demons.

They will try to trick or seduce you with a promise for power so that they can take your soul. If possible destroy them

. . .

Jteth were using a magical item to convert priests into wizards. If you know of any such victims, please bring them to the council so they can be helped.

Jteth cursed weapons have caused chaos, reports of people attacking their friends or allies

Do not pick up strange weapons, they might be cursed.

This curse can cause a person to attack people without cause.

We advise if a person sees such an item, notify the guard who have been trained on how to remove the cursed objects. Also if you notice someone acting in a strange or suddenly violent manner, they may be in possession of such a cursed weapon.

Council Member Gaberiel Halewood

## ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE CITIZENS OF SYLVERFERN

For all to pay their respects, let it be known that early Soul's day a service will be held for the heroes that gave their lives in defense of our land. Nightshade member of the Cadre, master smith, and defender of the realm. Biggins member of the Battle Toads, respected adviser to the Sylverfern Council, and defender of the realm

Sincerely the Sylverfern Council

## FROM THE EDITOR:

Elsewhere in this publication, you perhaps read an article in the Constable's Corner about the heinous actions of the villian Melania Emery, who is better known as "The Toymaker." As many of our readers may or may not be aware, the Sylverfern Star routinely takes orphans and misplaced children of many ages off the streets, giving them a roof to sleep under, and at least one square meal a day. Many of these children, by way of graditude, become employees of the paper itself, with many having gone from humble hawkers, to typesetters, to printers. A handful have even managed, through the will of Rul, to learn letters well enough to become reporters.

Most of the children targeted by this filth of a human being, belong to no one, with none to care for them as they try to survive in this world. Indeed, the latest fatalities come from the region of Blutmund, where they are still recovering from the tradgedy of last year.

What will it take before action is finally taken against this cur? Does it need to be the death of a noble before anyone takes notice enough to do anything? The current bounty sits at 1 Ryal, 3 Helm. As Editor of the Sylverfern Star, I hereby offer to match that amount, to anyone who can manage to bring this rotting sack of meat to justice.



# OPINION: A RANT BY LANNONYMOUS - NO MORE POLKADOTS!

So, here I am, at the hot end of summer. I'm a particularly armored youth. Yet, here I am, donning a polkadot tabard, because my parents WANT me to! For goodness sake, do they not see the sweat dripping off my skin? Surely, in Middlehaven, they are a marker of youth! But are youth not small enough as it is? And now, this dumb trend of belts and sashes and headbands until 18? Below, I list the dangers of wearing polkadot tabards and equipment:

**Heat Exhaustion:** Who the heck wants to wear a tabard like that in the middle of summer? I could die of dehydration!

**Big, Walking Target:** Hello, enemies of Middlehaven! As if adults weren't dying enough, the real evil baddies can now pick our young out of a crowd with these rainbow polkadots! Let me take your young out, they won't be able to reproduce forever!

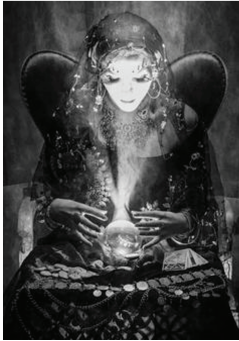
**Fire Hazard:** Obvs, a tabard can easily catch fire, especially since they can be made so huge that a youth may only need one in their lifetime.

Children also tend fires, too! These long cloth belts and sashes are not better, dangling over a fireplace - worst yet, headbands! Your hair could catch INSTANT fire. Not a pretty smell!

**For Formal Occasions:** SERIOUSLY! I've seen nobles make "pretty polkadots." What on earth. You have PEASANT CHILDREN who can't wear anything. But you have bloody nobles wasting extra dye making "pretty dots." CONSARN IT!

Nobles over 18? OH MY FREAKING GOD, RUL! What a waste. What a danger. I'm "Lord SOANDSO and this is my overgrown child, wearing more prettydots!" Yeah, NOT A BIG ENOUGH TARGET MARKER THAN A full grown adult wearing 'em. What a shame. DO NOBLES really think we're young forever?

Murder while wearing the dots? Yeah, so these dots are also worn by druggermite, who actually kill children. Do NOT let them play with your children. They are not innocent. And for that matter, not all children are innocent. Keep your guard up!



## ASK THE ORACLE

No Question too Small!  
No Problem too Big!

Submit your questions and queries  
to the Sylverfern Star today!

Intended for mature audiences. The Oracle is intended as entertainment only. Must be at least 18 years or older to Submit a question to the Oracle. The Sylverfern Star is not responsible for the content of any answers delivered herein.



Ever have a special occasion  
and you need to ditch your spawn or leave them alone?

HEY! Don't do this!

Sylverfern is a dangerous place!

Bring them to the elf with the plants in her hair and she'll protect them!

Inquire with the council on this!

YOUR YOUNG ARE IMPORTANT!

Gemma's Babysitting Service! Inquire Today!

(Not responsible for damages)

## Aspiring Writers, Journalists and Spreaders of Truth

The Sylverfern Star cannot write itself! We are always seeking contributors willing to seek out newsworthy stories and dig up facts in dire need of being shared with the world.

Think not that ye won't get compensated! Each article is worth it's weight in florin (two per article, submitted, in fact)!

And fear not, if you are illiterate! We have scribes on hand willing to listen and transcribe your story for all the world to read!

Interested parties should seek out Gabby Tattletale or any of the reporters at the Sylverfern Star offices for more information.

## MISTAKEN RACES

Sylverfern, once a quiet farm village with only farm and merchant families that have dwelt here for generations, has in the past five years, evolved into the sort of town that attracts a very wide range of travelers. Denizens of Sylverfern have gone from spending entire lifetimes without beholding a single nonhuman to having to adjust to a diverse community. As such, the locals are starting to have to adjust to coexisting with elves, dwarves, mo'raak, vordis, half-human/half-nonhumans, and various other races.

Most of the local population is uneducated and unfamiliar with racial characteristics of nonhumans and tend to mix them up. "People confuse me with Orc and Human all the time. Why don't they understand?! I am pretty sure you guys are glad there's only one of me," said a bald man, roughly his thirties, who offered that he is a wizard but wouldn't give a name.

Stereotypes of other races often come into play. A woman that carries a greatsmith's hammer remarked. "Just because I craft does not mean I'm a dwarf." In addition to crafting, many dwarves have a penchant towards hammers; warhammers, as well as large crafting ones.

Many humans, the most common of the races, have even been mistaken for nonhuman races as a consequence of this phenomenon. "I'm not a halfling I'm just short!" one villager said. It isn't just when people are on the short side, as it's been noticed -- humans have also been causing people confusion when they have a lot of facial hair along with being short or are especially tall or thin. According to the Councilor Lady Antonia Bianchi, "I'm always getting mistaken for an elf or half-elf half-human for some reason. Not sure why, my ears aren't even remotely pointy." The young Councilor is quite tall for a woman, which human Samara Morris noted as a probable

reason she herself is also mistaken for being an elf. "I've been mistaken for an elf quite a few times since I entered town. I'm not sure if it's because of my height, or the jewelry I accessorize with. I don't take it as an insult; actually, I take it as a compliment. Elves, at least the ones I've met, are beautiful and elegant, so absolutely I take it as a compliment."

Not everyone has the same flattered sort of response. A local mo'raak, Dharus, had much angrier words to say. "If one more peasant mistakes me for a demon there will be consequences, I am a mo'raak!"

Others, especially those who are half-human, half something else, have their own share of struggles due to being unable to fully identify with either humans or elves. Councilor and Guardswoman Tatha is among this population and courageously shared her feelings. "I'm a half-breed, not an elf and not a human. What I'm seen as depends. What I am...is not common. Not among humans, and, not among the elves. Humans think I'm an elf. Elves have thought I was human, if they'd never met a human before. But more often than not they recognize what I am."

Some people use the confusion of others. A 10-year-old vordis who identified herself as "Poinsettia" said that she loves when people confuse her for being a human. "All I have to do is put on a hat and gloves and I'm no longer a vordis. People think I'm human. I can't wait until I go from tabard to headband, then I can really have fun tricking people into thinking I'm human!"

Whether the upsurge in nonhumans is unique to Sylverfern, or the beginnings of a larger trend in Fallstav, remains to be seen. If it continues, the schools in Vrengar may well find themselves having to do some rewording in their racial theory classes.

### Greetings Fellow Adventurers!

Whilst ye slake yer thirst and hunger at the local Inn or Tavern

Drop by and set a spell at my travelling shoppe

Cyrrah's Cache & Scholars of Faith Stash

My shoppe carries a variety of wares and services:

Hand-Crafted Jewelry, Gaming Dice, Blank Journals & More

Available Training in Various Skills

If ye seek to buy, trade, donate, or sell

Or ye just wish to set and chat a while, come by

Cyrrah's Cache & Scholars of Faith Stash

Seek out Cyrrah, Rah'Kasha Priestess, for further details



## OBITUARIES

### Alista Plathor

War is not without its casualties. It is with a heavy heart we announce the passing of two of our own Sylverfernian heroes in the Rokarian war. Their deaths were for a noble cause in our efforts against the J'teth empire and their desires to control all magic and land.

Lady Antonia will be giving an official memorial for both Nightshade and Bigguns at two bells past high noon this Soul's Day.

In life, Nightshade's full name was Nightshade Shadowsun, aged 22 years. Born in Sunspurge Creek the vordis was forced to leave there and found refuge elsewhere. Most recently, the man known affectionately by his kin and clan as "Shade" had taken to helping those in Sylverfern. Being in Rokar had special meaning: fighting against those that had created his race; intending them to be slaves. He is survived by his family, Lupin Shadowsun, Daturu, and Oats.

. . .

Our other fallen hero, more commonly known as Bigguns, was a half orc named Ha'dun Tur'das, aged 27 years. Given the rumors of the popularity of orcs in Rokarian fighting pits it must have been especially hard

for him to rise to the call of duty. He did so with great honor to his tribesmen/women. He was known by several titles: as parting Chieftain of the Tarukkar; Hammer of the Battletoads; and as the last known Warchief of the Battletoads. Zzyzzard, commonly known for giving those around him nicknames, referred to him fondly as "Patches Orc."

. . .

When asking those in Sylverfern what both were like to them, they had these to say:

"Both were brave, loyal, and I count myself lucky to call each a friend.

"My words are not enough to honor these great heroes, and still I will try my best because it is all I can do."

"Bigguns was full of life, his voice could demand attention from everyone nearby. As a Battletoad, some would think mercenaries are without heart. They would be wrong. Bigguns is the example of a strong person that would lend their power to lift others up. Also a council member, his advice and gift of tactics was of tremendous help and effect.

"Nightshade on the other hand was quiet, and those that know him, when he spoke, each word held great weight. A skilled smith who has left

reminders in each expertly crafted work he created, by this talent, Nightshade continues to protect us.

"I will miss them both. May each find a well-deserved peace in the Grey."

"My clan honors them both. Bigguns, as a loyal friend who fought alongside me honorably on our numerous campaigns and ventures, and Nightshade, my first friend, who had grown up alongside me and was more brother than cousin to me. May they find peace, wherever now they reside and if they deign to gaze upon us who languish in this world beyond the Greylands, let it be known they were avenged, and that their deaths were not in vain."  
--Lupin Shadowsun

"Bigguns was a good orc. He knew his people well, and we honor him and the Toads for what he has done for us."  
--Grimtag Warbraid, acting chief of the Warbraid Clan.

"Shade was a shadow. His eyebrows spoke all the words he needed them to speak. You can't get not better a fighter, and no smarter a friend than him."  
--Alex

"Shade was truly devoted to those he cared about, and seeing that kind of love leave this world so horribly is tragic. He was also an incredibly talented weaponsmith."  
--Professor A. Trevian

## Adventuring Gear

Adventurers have it rough sometimes, and the right sort of gear can make a difference. I am Silas Flynn and I make trades all over, Fallstav, Perin, Mergrim and Werdill - around the Fallen Fens and inside it - I am there. I can't say my prices are the lowest, but I have the best stuff and given time I can get anything you ask for if the coin is there...and I wouldn't have lived this long if I asked too many annoying questions. Faire Trade is all I seek and you'll find it coin well spent.

If you're in the area around Sylverfern, come see my local franchise apothecary. Ask for Ruggz.

Other franchise opportunities are available. If you have a desire for honest coin, we might be able to come to some agreement.

-Silas Flynn,  
Traveling Merchant.



# To One and All

Have you ever went into battle and come back out of it not 100%?

Have you ever been caught and tied up? Need a way out?

Have you just wanted to go into a situation and become invisible?

Or do you want to make that blade just a little bit sharper so it hurts that evil that much more?

Then Ruggz Apothecary is what you need. I have all manner of potions that can help you in almost every situation. I even have scrolls of magic that can help you if you are in a pinch. You can contact me between moons or come on down to the Apothecary if I m in town and I promise to have something that can help you or be able to get it by the next time we meet.

ALL SALES ARE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL.

## MISCHMETAL'S MYSTICKAL MECHANICKS, MUNITIONS AND MERCENARY MERRYMENT

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BORDERING THE CITY MILITIA BARRACKS.

TRAVELING MERCHANTS WELCOME.

CATALOGUES AVAILABLE.



"IF YOU CAN MAKE IT,  
WE CAN BLOW IT UP."