

# Sylverfern Star

Volume 5, Edition I.

Earththaw A.F. 319

## IN THIS EDITION:

MORE TOYMAKER  
MURDERS

VOID PLAGUE  
ERADICATED

CONSTIBLE'S CORNER

OPINIONS

RECIPIES, POEMS &  
GAMES

...AND MUCH, MUCH  
MORE



## LOCAL TEEN SLAIN, CHILD INJURED BY TOYMAKER'S CLOCKMAN

**Editor's Note:** We first broke news of this fiend in Firstfrost, 316. Over two full cycles have passed since then, and many, too many children have lost their lives to this monster and her deadly golems. Children that include those who were adopted by the Star. While I do not make it a habit to do more than report the news, I made it a point to increase the bounty offered on this villian, doubling the reward. To date, none have collected. I now speak to the very HEROS of Sylverfern: Please. I implore you. Find this twisted creature, and bring her to justice. Bring her down hard.

Near the beginning of Winterdeep, a routine journey to the marketplace turned deadly for two sisters when they found themselves set upon by "Clockmen," the name originating from Bexton, Fallstav for the animated metallic constructs the Toymaker builds and employs to commit various atrocities, particularly against children and youth, for her own amusement. 16-year-old Iris Beasley and her younger sister 9-year-old Hazel were on their way back to their parents' farm with bread from one of the local bakers and seed grain for planting season when they were set upon by a lone Clockman, an encounter that left one sister dead and the other severely wounded.

The lone Clockman, upon "seeing" the children in whatever way Clockmen

normally see, made straight for the younger sister when she turned to run only to trip and fall. Hazel, showing shocking gumption for a girl of nine years old, kicked out when the Clockman attempted to plant its steel inside her flesh. She managed to avoid having her belly drawn open as though she were a condemned prisoner, but she took a deep slash over a foot and a half long down her leg.

Iris Beasley immediately ran forward to try to help her sister, hitting the Clockman with the full sack of seedgrain. The Clockman turned on Iris, slashing the sack asunder and spilling seedgrain all over the road. The last words her younger sister heard were "RUN HAZEL!" before her yells were cut

short by a dagger plunging hilt-deep into one of her lungs.

Hazel Beasley was unable to obey her sister's command to run; her leg was too severely maimed. However, the girl was able to drag herself along the ground for nearly a quarter of a mile before she reached someone's door and was able to get help and safety. She left a small trail of blood from her wounded leg, which had been gashed so deeply by

a Clockman that sinews and muscle were visible, in her wake. The farmer that answered, Tyrone Davis, immediately alerted nearby guards patrolling the area, but by the time they got to where Iris Beasley had been stricken down, she was dead, and had been for a while based on her cooling body. Her throat was viciously torn out. She had not bled to death, according to

**WANTED**

Melania Emery, aka "The Toymaker"

Crimes: Murder (many counts), kidnapping (many counts), attempted murder (many counts), assault upon guardsmen (many counts), theft of the property of a noble, tampering with property with intent to kill or maim, trafficking in illegal services, destruction of property, possession of necromantic tools, trafficking in illegal goods

Considered **EXTREMELY DANGEROUS**

1 RYAL, 3 HELM plus reimbursement for any transport fees and property damage - **ALIVE FOR QUESTIONING AND TRIAL**

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## VOID PLAGUE FINALLY ERADICATED?

This past Veddish Khal proved to be an even "busier" one than is usual for the villages of Sylverfern, Fisherman's Wharf and Blutmund. Although the statistics for necromancer and undead activity dropped steeply this year, the demesne of Lord Lockhart was instead afflicted by much worse - an onslaught of a vicious army of "Void Creatures" as dubbed by hysterical farmers that threatened to put pay to the widest reaches of the region.

These creatures were carriers of a disease that got nicknamed the Void Plague. Symptoms included headache, unsightly red and purple pustules, rage and other forms of severe madness. Priests with the ability to grant miracles of protection could temporarily inoculate people against the pestilence for an hour through prayers that granted protection against all disease but once that protection against disease wore off, they were susceptible once

more. Furthermore, spells and prayers to cure disease were of no use to anyone already in the throes of the dread malady. The infection spread when the infected attacked others in transient fits of rage. "They would attack friend or foe, it didn't matter," a she-dwarf eyewitness observed.

According to the she-dwarf, this repugnant new illness was baffling. "Honestly, I specialize in maladies of the mind, solved by therapy, but this one is medicinally cured, so I haven't the faintest idea. I already tried to talk it away. Worked twice. The final time I got hit upside the face with horrible gooey redblackpurply spit and got sick myself. Been fine ever since."

She wasn't alone. Many people that have specialized in diseases of the body and mind their entire lives were confounded by this hitherto unseen plague. Psychologist Dr. Amelia Klorast of the

Dormatorium for the Addled Mind, who had been around to administer treatment to Lord Lockhart, indicated that she had never before seen any madness quite like the Void Plague. "All I know regarding it is they ended up needing the blood of one of the completely infected in order to make the cure."

The she-dwarf also had cure information. For the specific recipe, she said "I dun remember them off the top of me head. I got God's descendant blood. Turns out the knave's kids can't hold their liquor. One drink and the tosser was right on his face."

The cure came only just in the nick of time before the town was obliterated by the plague according to a plethora of accounts. A vaccine was created and administered in copious quantities to ensure nobody would be sickened by this plague again. The cure

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## CONSTABLE'S CORNER

### Local Vyrron Priestess Kidnapped by Cultists

Veddish Khal is a time of year in which the Sylverfern Guard finds itself severely overtaxed between the activities of necromancers, the criminal mischief on the part of local youth and in the case of this past year, a highly contagious plague that included madness as a symptom. As such, the guard is spread extremely thin and incidents occasionally slip through their nets that they might curtail at other times of the year.

One such incident is the dread fate that befell the young priestess of Vyrron, a woman by the name of Gilraen Vearin that has quickly gained esteem as a smith and crafter of all trades. It is additionally rumored that she is a candidate for inheriting the clinic of the late Doctor Zar Quinn.

Vearin, often seen in the company of the elf noble Vanyanosto Roccondil, of the City of Last Light, was apparently out for a late-night stroll when she was ambushed, battered and dragged off by abductors. Their motive for seizing the approximately 22-year-old woman is unknown. There is speculation that she

might have been used in an evil ritual with the intent of releasing a violent creature that would spill much blood. Perhaps it is because she was a talented Vyrron priestess, perhaps it was because of her young age or even her just being there in the wrong place at the wrong time.

It is also said that Gilly's throat was torn out, but she survived perhaps due to the timely use of magic and surgery from the tiny amount of people that sought her.

Little more, unfortunately, is known about this incident, the monstrosity that was loosed, or the details of the fell ritual itself, which very much deserves its full measure of attention and not to be overshadowed by a certain other incident that took place the next day.

The ill-fated priestess could not be reached for comment; she appears to have been out of town most of the winter, perhaps visiting temples of Vyrron or possibly even seeking an asylum's aid to recover from the severe strain to which she was subjected to by her captors.

### FARM ANIMAL HIJINKS

To the travail of local farmers around Sylverfern and Fisherman's Wharf, in the past few months there had been a spate of miscreants, yet unknown, sneaking onto farms in the dead of night and setting livestock loose, which resulted in tremendous inconvenience at best, and heavy financial hits at worst. Those lucky farmers were able to recover their animals themselves or found enough help to do so. The less fortunate ones, however, lost their farm animals to predators, thieves, and the wilderness.

A Fisherman's Wharf goat farmer had his herd of goats get loose during Veddish Khal when local children out trick-or-treating decided to break the fence enclosing the goat pen in order to let the goats run free. The goats scattered all over the tiny rundown village against the lake. Fortunately, the goat farmer was able to find people to aid

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a physician asked to check her corpse. Instead, she'd been slain by a dagger stabbing into her throat three times, severing the largest artery and the largest vein. The Clockman was nowhere to be found and no tracker was available to hunt down the "golem" and reduce it to scrap metal.

This Clockman described by the severely horrified surviving sister as "having a daggers instead of hands where hands go." This was an unusual Clockman due to it having a silver face rather than the typical bronze or golden hue according to Hazel Beasley's testimony to a local guard. The mask was also closer to a half-

face one than a full face.

Iris Beasley was laid to rest several days later. Local youth that were friends with the girl are greatly devastated. "We've been friends since we were in nappies," said Harry Tomkins. "We used to get all the farmers cross at us by bending bristles on their brooms."

"We used to get in all kinds of hijinks," added Iris' close friend and adoptive sister Dahlia Crawford. "Exploring woods and abandoned buildings, parties in the woods, meeting all kinds of boys... Iris was always the brave one with boys when looking for sweethearts. You name it, we've gotten into it. And she was my very best

friend. I told her everything."

"Sylverfern won't be the same without her," Geoffrey Alden added wistfully. "She was a good friend and not half bad a looker either."

In addition to her younger sister and her adopted sister, Iris Beasley is survived by her parents Mary and Claude and her paternal aunt Cleo.

The Clockmen are considered always armed and, given they are constructed with blades for hands or imbued with the ability to cast harmful and agonizing magics and complete lack of thought for anything but destruction, extremely dangerous. If you see one, alert a local guard.

## RACIAL TENSIONS GROWING IN SYLVERFERN

By Bartholomew Benrick

Over the past few cycles a change has been growing in the modest town of Sylverfern. Slowly the mostly human town has had a veritable explosion of other races. Elf, Vordis, Orc, and even Rakasha have made our town their home. These peoples, who for the most part seem willing to integrate and work with us natives bring their own interesting consequences to the people living here.

Many of them have risked their lives to protect their adopted home, but others have also caused issues. Many Orcs who come here often have to learn what things are and are not allowed by the farmers and laborers. Those who refuse to change are driven off, but those who can adapt are viewed as welcome additions to the labor force for construction projects.

However not everything is coming up daisies. There have been more than a few issues with the other races too. Many view the Vordis, for example, as quick

breeding rats, worrying that their birthrate will eventually expand beyond the towns capabilities to provide for. In addition, many are worried that the native humans of the land may be driven off as the Vordis consume more resources.

There was even a spat between the elves who have made Sylverfern their home and some humans, an argument breaking out a few months ago that even degraded to the use of racial slurs. Even our own Sylverfern star has published articles using slurs against the elves and half elves of the town. What is going to come from this is unsure, but this reporter certainly hopes cooler heads prevail.

### Editor's Note:

Although we do not make it a habit of using such slurs in our reporting, we do make sure that all editorials and opinions are unfiltered. Opinions from outside sources do not reflect the opinion of this, or any other publication of the Sylverfern Star.

## WINTER'S WARNING

By Castor Lenkin

Winter. A cold chilly time of year accompanied by little daylight and a stilling of the natural world around us. People and livestock stay indoors, animals stay in their dens, and birds fly off for warmer climates. At least that's what is supposed to happen. This winter, milder than most, has seen little in the way of those dangerous lower temps, and while for many this may seem like a boon (perhaps the Twins are taking mercy on us this year?) it is a large threat to the food sources for the duchy.

While the temperatures are higher than usual, so food seems plentiful in the sense of hunting,



we are setting ourselves up for a famine if things don't go back to normal. With the lower light plants will not grow as fast, but the deer and other plant eaters will not slow down on consumption of plants. This, accompanied by a lack of deaths from cold, will cause an explosion of deer, which will encroach on grazing land for livestock, which will cut down on our own food.

Additionally, the increase in prey will cause an increase in predators. However, soon the prey will begin to starve as they overeat their territories. While the deer will starve and die, the predators will scavenge and increase in number. And once there are not enough deer to go around, they will begin going after livestock, and soon perhaps people. The coming days and seasons may be hard pressed to find food, and predators may make roads dangerous again as they have not in some time.

# MAGIC CAN SAVE LIVES: A RESPONSE TO THE ARTICLE ON THE DANGERS OF DARK MAGIC BY FATHER THOMAS OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF RUL

By Gaberiel Halewood

Through the study of history, we can learn a great deal. A long time ago, around 99 a.f. (after the fall) in the time referred by historians as the trial of darkness J'teth invade. Instead of armies lead by wizards, the J'teth used mentalism to control magical beasts as their main weapon.

King Torvill Stormreach commands all practitioners of magic are to be drafted to face the J'teth. With this decision, methods were developed to counter the J'teth. Thanks to this decision, Middlehaven still exists. It is also when the Royal College of Arcane Studies is created. The laws on how to practice magic are developed.

It is now 318 a.f., such pursuits of knowledge and responsible study should continue

When considering a complex topic, we should acknowledge the valid discussion points Father Thomas has made. I agree, necromancy when used, gradually can change the aura of the caster and with it their mind. I agree, if care is not taken, it can lead to madness.

Notice that Father Thomas has studied these concepts to identify techniques that are harmful and should be deemed unlawful. With understanding, the dangers of magic can be mitigated. With time and

reasoning, laws can be crafted to prevent these actions without banning an entire school of magic. There needs to be a balance

Another valid point in this discussion, some techniques of magic are cruel and unethical.

As again Father Thomas gives examples, the first circle, "Death Knell" encourages the Necromancer to kill and take lives - lives which a more pragmatic person might have spared. "Damned Messenger" allows a person to be sacrificed to feed evil spirits, in exchange for helpful auguries.

This might lead to the incorrect conclusion that if we find one bad example, the entire school of magic should be banned. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Dealing in absolutes is often an overreaction. Luckily an equal example can be made. Be aware, this too is first circle magic, the spell known as sustain. This spell saves the life of a person that would normally perish from a terrible injury. On the field of battle, with many bleeding to death. Surgeons and healers must focus on one person at a time. A novice wizard with diligence can prevent ten or more people from death due to loss of blood in the same allotment of time. To fully appreciate the

difference. A skilled surgeon can help a person recover more fully. The healing arts are of great importance. The novice wizard does not replace the need for talented healers. What I am explaining is that by combining these talents, the novice wizard assures more lives are spared. Adding to the ministrations of healing arts many can find a full recovery. We should embrace this opportunity.

Demonstrating that proper education on magic can nurture a community of more responsible practitioners. We must choose: do we punish people because they can use magic? Or do we make a closer inspection on what particular actions were made. Yes, using Death Knell is wrong. Using sustain to save a person's life should be allowed. The laws we make, must be able to tell the difference. To make such laws requires an understanding.

With this understanding, we build a community of wizards that are accepted instead of misunderstood. Wizards that felt rejected, can find a home in this land. They see that there is a path they can take where they are no longer alone or cast out. Reasonable people appreciate all sides of a discussion and work together to find a solution. That is part of what makes Sylverfern beautiful.



## OPINION: A STUDENT'S PERSPECTIVE ON THE VRENGAR SCHOOLS

By Chadwick Helms

As I sit in my dark room at night here in the Stormwall Mountains, or am I in Perin? Or perhaps I'm hunting J'teth in the Desert of Arn, or traveling the Jagged Straights in search of a weapon to destroy the J'teth. I keep forgetting, I am traveling so often. However, it occurs to me, many nobles are sending their children to the J'teth training grounds of Vrengar Finishing Academy and Brightwater Prep, and that is a dangerous step for any.

Allow me an introduction, I am Chadwick Helms. An orphan, a scholarship case... a half-breed. Right? I know? But also, top grades in my year at Brightwater, until Barghava and his assistant Murata conspired to have me expelled a few moons back. Barghava and his assistant, the very same ones assigning J'teth separatist essays... Now, as a scholarship kid, I often had to do work, and as I was tidying their office, I saw they left a document out. I walked over to put it in its proper pile. But when I saw the document, I was

overtaken by a magical ward. It caused me to beat a baron's kid, even smashing a priceless piece of art on him. When I came to, I was constrained and had no recollection of what happened, at which point I was expelled and beaten by the kid's family. We'll get back to my part of the story shortly.

Now, to Barghava and Murata. As any parent of a student would know, there are strict curfews in place. But not if you are in their special group. If you are in their special group - you can be

found in their private quarters after curfew and telling secrets in dark corners throughout the day. Now, how inappropriate is that - can you imagine, you trust the teachers. Meanwhile, they are preying on polka-dot wearing youngins? Now, what they do behind those closed doors. I cannot say... the J'teth don't let half-breeds with absolutely zero magical aptitude into those meetings. In fact, they just want us out of the school so they can continue

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him in apprehending his goats, including a baby. All of the goats were recovered unharmed, with aid from people that were in Nancy's Tavern at the time. Sources suggested them to be a ranger named Turgon, Councilman Halewood's second Ulfbrecht, the guardswoman dwarf Ruhiger, Kenric Aletto, and the Battletoad Orok.

The horse farmer Thomasina Tomkins also got mostly lucky, perhaps in part due to her own foresight. She'd gotten her horses staunchly loyal to her, then trained them to always return home when it seemed safe or necessary, whether they'd been ordered to flee... If she was traveling and wounded... she only lost one horse, which was mortally wounded when it trod on an explosive trap someone had planted in the area. Her other horses, badly spooked, eventually returned home within the next day or two.

The Horton family which keeps sheep, however, were not so lucky. Most of Farmer Horton's flock of sheep were eaten by trolls before he and his grandchildren discovered that someone had planted and then set off an explosive with a rock from a slingshot specifically to spook all of the sheep into scattering to the four winds. They were unable to round them up in time. Of the Hortons' flock of three dozen, only the "lucky seven" survived.

Chicken farmer O'Henry also suffered significant losses when someone opened the door to his coop. His prize rooster and multiple hens were set loose. Additionally, a fox got into the henhouse, and became a henbane. It ate all the eggs and slew several roosting hens to wash down the eggs with their mothers' blood.

Anyone with any information on these instances of criminal mischief should consider themselves beseeched to share it with the local guard.

## HOW THE ELVES MARCH FROM THE POLES TO THE SOUTH

By Veronica Souvex

I am sure I am not the only person who has noticed the sudden increase in elves in Sylverfern. While there are more than one group of wild elves that could explain the number of elves going up and down over time, taking time to get to know them shows that many of these elves are actually Vanyar, or high elves! The high elves hail from beyond Rokar up far far in the north. So how do these elves, notorious for being of frail constitution make their way through these cold and wild lands to Middlehaven?

Their road rations! Though it has many names, all of which I have given up trying to pronounce let alone spell, the staple of their rations is a type of short bread that keeps well, is filling, and provides plenty of energy for them to make the long trek south.

Speaking to a few of the elves I have met in my travels I even managed to get my hands on a recipe for the basic bread myself, that which many elves add things like dried fruit or nuts to, to their taste. And now, I present to you, the recipe for elvish trail bread!

- 2 1/2 cups of flour
- 1 tablespoon of baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon of salt
- 8 tablespoons of cold butter
- 1/3 cup of brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon of cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon honey
- 2/3 cup of milk/heavy cream (or more, if necessary)
- 1/2 teaspoon of vanilla

### DIRECTIONS

- 1) Preheat oven to 425 degrees (you may require an elementalst for the precise temperature).
- 2) Mix the flour, baking powder and salt into a large bowl.
- 3) Add the butter and mix with a fork or a pastry cutter until the mixture resembles fine granules.

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to build their armies to destroy the world as you know it.

Back to my part of the story... you may be wondering. How do I, Chadwick, know this is a J'teth group? The answer is simple, I compared the writing on that document I saw and connected it to other writings, and it matched with J'teth. So, I made it my business to prepare myself and to acquire evidence of their involvement with the J'teth. On the week's end of the Sylverfern town council, I went with a group of thugs and simply walked right in and took the documents for myself. Assuming they were warded, as they were before, I hired one thug to deal with that. So, we smashed up his office window and left...all the while, I was literally playing finger drums, because it was such a boring and simple mission.

Barghava and Murata were obviously rather upset. They must have heard I became friends with another student, the councilwoman, and Lady, the Lady Antonia Bianchi. To get at me, they, with zero evidence, claimed she stole the documents. This is just flat out a lie, As much of Sylverfern will attest, she was at court that week's end dealing with numerous trials. But it was a good lie, for their plan. Then when Lady Antonia left for Vrengar to face trial, she was kidnapped and tortured

with others. I can only assume, for information about my whereabouts. Which none but I know. Thank the gods, they were rescued.

This is who you entrust your children, your heirs, the future of Middlehaven to. Incapable professors, fooled by a school-aged kid, more than a couple times now. Even a group of adult thugs disguised as kids who came with me to the school. They obviously didn't even go to the school - Barghava couldn't tell that they weren't actual students. Never forget, he does not care for a single student that does not progress the J'teth ideal. A professor who is willing to order kidnap and torture for his own personal gains. And a professor, I feel certain takes orders from his assistant, because he's too weak minded and his assistant too scared to show his real face. Now, I want it to be known, not all in the school are this way - there are some fine and caring professors as well. These evil-doers have been hiding it well.

**Let it be known who they are. Parents, fight back against this evil. Residents of Fallstaff, rise, protect one another. If a school kid can trick them, repeatedly, then we can definitely defeat the J'teth. They are weak, they are foolish, they can never win. We are ready. The resistance is coming, from all corners of this land. Try to stop the inevitable. I dare you.**

- 4) Add the sugar and cinnamon, and mix them thoroughly into the mixture.
  - 5) Add the milk/cream, honey and vanilla and stir them in with a fork until a nice, thick dough forms.
  - 6) Roll the dough out about 1/2 in thickness.
  - 7) Cut out 3-inch squares and transfer the dough to a cookie sheet.
  - 8) Criss-cross (DO NOT cut all the way) each square from corner-to-corner with a knife.
  - 9) Bake for about 12 minutes or more (depending on the thickness of the bread) until it is set and lightly golden.
- And there you have it! As I said earlier you can add things to the bread if you wish but the base ingredients make a hearty and tasty snack as is!

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sylverfern citizens,

We are holding court the 9th day of Earththaw in the year of 319 one bell past high noon.

We are asking for all to attend. Yes, taxes will be collected from all during this court. If you have not dealt with the banker from clan Maythmar you shall pay your taxes to myself.

During court we will also finish the proceedings of the trials that were interrupted last time for private meetings with the accused if anyone wishes to come forth to witness and speak on anyones defense or in accusation of their crimes this will be the time to do so.

We also have several council seats that have been vacated. While Lady Antonia has listed Priestess Cyrrah as her replacement the others left with abandon. While this decision will ultimately be up to Lord Lockhart we are hoping to hear your opinion on such matters as well.

During court is also a time where you can get your writs. Whether to collect bounties-of which you would get either from the council or Captain Arglac, practicing necromancy or religious practices, or merchant writs to sell during our market that will be held later on in the same day. As well as speak any grievances you may have to the council. This will be your only time to do so.

We hope the court session allows you the time to help us run Sylverfern in a more effective manner. As one of the stewards it is our task to make sure court happens in more effiecent matters in the future.

Your servant,

Steward Palenalia

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Attention all Sylverfern residents,

We are proud to announce the opening of our first market plaza. With the building of the road and the Council's efforts along with surprisingly the thieves guild the roads have become a safer place to travel again since the incidents with the silver bandits. With that we welcome merchants far and wide to sell your potions, blacksmithing skills, and other products. Please come early during court to get your writs to sell and we hope this becomes the first in many trade opportunities. The Rokarians will also have one of their bankers on hand for any last-minute transfers of funds one may need.

Palenalia the Stewart

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Warden's Promise an edict approved by Lord Lockhart

The toads have searched for a home. A place for their tribe to grow. The cadre. Countless other groups. All have fought, and many gave their lives. It is time to show something more than gratitude. We show our support. Recognize that we are one large family

Any organization, whether it may be a tribe, clan, or any other word to describe a community of people. If such a group seeks to find a land they can call home. Search no further. Share with common minded people. To build up by planting seeds, raising children, and looking to a hopeful future. This is to embrace the very ideals of belonging to Middlehaven.

The oath of a warden, to keep the lands of their Lord protected and the people that live upon, we become a family, not by blood, by oath.

We welcome you to build a home with us. A place where we can respect our differences and be stronger for our ideals that encourage tolerance and freedom.

Lord Lockhart has proclaimed a portion of his lands for this purpose. The Lockharts do more than speak, they value deeds and merit. By sharing a portion of their land along the border, this will now be known from this day forward as the Warden's promise.

This edict from Lord Lockhart is inspired by the many heroes of Sylverfen that gave their lives in the defense of this land for their friends, family, the people they love and hold dear. Know that you will not be forgotten. For the people you have protected, this will allow future generations to flourish thanks to your sacrifices

Council Member Halewood

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Reminders!

Gratitude to Lord Lockhart and the Thanos 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.

J'teth 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.

Notify the guard immediately

Council Member Halewood



# OPINION: A NEW WAY, A NEW FRONTIER

By The Torchbearer

## Editor's Note:

The Sylverfern Star received this article anonymously, signed only as you see in the byline. Once again, I have to say that this opinion does NOT reflect the opinions of this paper, or anyone that works for the Sylverfern Star, or any of it's affiliates. Rul allows that everybody has their own personal Truth. This Truth belongs solely to it's author.

The time has come, the tradition and social norms of Middlehaven have created a power void. The Council of Dukes, the Council of supposed "Great Lords", has been absent from its duties. Duke Fallstav has failed. He has given up; he allows separatists to have free reign in Vrengar, his current home. Not to mention, without guidance and a working system of governance to back them, the Sylverfern Town Council has unfortunately become a sham. The Sylverfern Town Council, through no fault of their own by the misguided and lackluster leader, Lord Logain Lockhart, has been tied by constraints and inaction by the greater council. The individuals on the Sylverfern council have been fighting back against the J'teth but hampered at every turn by Lord Lockhart and Duke Fallstav's examples of leadership, lack of resources, or even a timely paid town guard to allow the council to do its needed work. Repeatedly, Lord Logain Lockhart fails to provide guidance and continues not to offer any power or assistance to the council to act. As such, the town council is useless, while some individual councilmembers are not just worthy, but worthy of support by the Cloak and Dagger Syndicate. We invite councilmembers old and new to join our ranks, create a council of the people for the people.

Until then we must remain vigilant while Duke Fallstav and Lord Logain Lockhart ignore the needs of the people and the council begging for help and resources to do what needs to be done.

In this power void of hamstrung councils and corrupt leaders, the Separatists have been welcomed with open arms by the pretentious "leader" of Sylverfern and into the Capital of Fallstav. A supposed warrior against the J'teth, Lord Logain Lockhart, has clearly joined sides with the J'teth and the separatists. First, he offered sanctuary and a prized place at the gala a few moons back to a leading J'teth separatist, Lord Asher Montelione. Not only that but when a member of the revolutionary Cloak and Dagger Syndicate, a sworn enemy of the J'teth, assassinated the monster Montelione, Lord Lockhart called upon the townsfolk, including at least one polka dot wearing child, who nearly died from the irresponsible desire of Lord Lockhart to have a necromancer perform a ritual on this leader of the Separatist movement. This ritual, mind you, included a rather large diamond, that could have been used to protect the people of Sylverfern or perhaps pay the currently unpaid guards to protect the town. And let us not forget how the next day Lord Lockhart showed his biased and reprehensible judgment by passing judgment against town hero and savior of the people, Fern, a local necromancer who has

saved dozens if not hundreds of townsfolk from death, or worse. Does Lord Lockhart intend for only J'teth to be allowed access to Necromancy with his "writs"?

To recap, Duke Falstav has diehard loyal J'teth Separatists right under his nose teaching his fellow nobles' children to rise towards a system of genocide and enslavement and in the very capital of Falstav, no less. Lord Lawrence Lockhart has used his crusade against J'teth as a cover to bring separatists into Sylverfern, a town known for its population of Vishar adventurers. The people that fate itself has dictated is the best chance for Middlehaven to survive its various trials and tribulations.

It is time to rise up! Root this filth from our lands! The Cloak and Dagger Syndicate is here to bring justice to this land. Push back, join the resistance. We don't need nobles or councils to protect us. They have throughout history failed at protecting the peoples of this land.

Join the fight! Bring whatever skills you may possess. We will find a place for you in the new world. A world for the people. A world of equality. And most of all a world of TRUE JUSTICE.

LIGHT YOUR TORCH BECOME TORCHBEARERS AND SPREAD THE WORD. AN IDEA CANNOT BE STOPPED AS LONG AS WE STAND UNITED

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ended up being invented by an alchemist named Gift. He, Captain Dunhelm and a newcomer group called the Bluebloods saw to it that the cure was subsequently distributed all over town.

Dr. Amelia Klorast indicated that a person had deliberately caused the infection to sweep through Fisherman's Wharf. "Some old enemy of theirs had found a strain of the plague and released it... I think his name was Alistair--I'm sure you saw the notes posted all over Sylverfern about him. I don't know much else." Further research indicated that this Alistair had sent death threats all over Sylverfern - and was apparently a lich.

Fisherman's Wharf was not alone in facing attack nor in needing defense when the lich lord began to lay waste to the area. Sylverfern proper, too, was targeted. Several detachments of said legion began to lay waste to the surrounding town of sylverfern. What happened was both unbelievable and immensely surprising. As the legions drew close, a seemingly endless horde of vordis, humans, and others led by a nearly incoherent man wielding a pot, appeared from the surrounding forests. Armed with what appeared to be several grenades and dwarven technology, they routed those void creatures foolish enough to attack in an attempt to murder "Vishar," mythical people that do not remain dead when slain.

In the past few months, this illness has disappeared as fast as it came. One can hope we never see hide nor hair of it again.

## DRINKING GAMES LEARNED IN VRENGAR

I am called Winston. I have two sisters, Wilhelmina and Winifred. They're twins. My mother and father are farmers. They take turns going to Vrengar during harvest season in order to trade. This year, I got to go with them! Aside from learning how to do the whole farming and merchanting thing and how to convince people to buy my family's corn, I did get some time to myself during which I made friends with some of the youth in Vrengar- not the snobby rich noble schoolkids that always talk Separatism and other boring aristo stuff of course but the youth that are actually fun and easy to understand. The ones born and bred in the city. Aside from talking how different it is between the city and the country they showed me all sorts of taverns including which ones don't care about selling to kids with polka dot headbands, armbands or belts because we are close enough to being grown anyway.

The friends I made in that giant city also taught me some drinking games. One of my favorites was called "Aristos and People" involving cards. Here's how it goes:

**Ace: Army.** The one who drew the card starts drinking, then the next person, then the next person, until everyone drinks. The one who drew the card stops, then the next, then the next. How long you do this for is up to you.

**2: You.** Pick a person to drink. I personally pick whoever seems most sober, but picking the most entertaining drunk is always an option.

**3: Me.** You picked the card, you drink.

**4: Floor.** Everyone touches the floor. The last person to do so drinks. Halflings and dwarves get an unfair advantage here.

**5: Sky.** Everyone raises their hand. Last person to do so drinks, which is usually the drunkest or thickest person.

**6: Exotics.** All nonhumans and demi-humans must drink.

**7: Human.** All humans must take a sip of their drink.

**8: Mate.** Pick a drinking buddy and you both drink.

**9: Rhyme.** You say a sentence like "I like my cat", next person must say a sentence where the last word rhymes such as "the butcher is fat." Whoever does a botch job on rhyming drinks.

**10: Categories.** Pick a category such as "poisons." The first person that can't think of a new word for the category or who repeats a previous word drinks.

**Knave: Never Have I Ever.** Everyone puts up three fingers. The one that drew the card says something they've never done such as "never have I ever had a sweetheart." Anyone that has done the thing puts down a finger and takes a sip. Keep going until someone loses all their fingers. Whoever loses all fingers first must drain their stein and get a refill.

**Queen: Questions.** Everyone starts talking in the form of the question. The person that's first to not ask a question drinks.

**King: Konfessions.** You must tell your friends a fact about you which few people know.

**Joker: Choker.** You must slam down the whole drink at once, however much is in your mug, and get your refill. **ALTERNATIVE:** Put a mug in the middle of the table. Everyone must put a little bit of their first drink in that mug before they start drinking, before actually drinking from it- let's not spread any sickness!

## Poems Three

### A Send Off For Travel

Farewell we call to hearth and hall  
Though wind may blow and rain may fall  
We must away ere break of day  
Far over wood and mountain tall.

### Finding Home

Beneath the mountains dark and deep  
At the bottom of a stair  
There stands the entrance to a mine  
With gemstone-colored air.

The miners whack  
And hammers smack  
Like thunder in the halls  
The gems so bright  
Their veins alight  
Like torches on the walls.

These earthen tunnels rumble deep  
The minecarts full and plenty  
Built tall, a shrine to honor gods  
To thank them or their bounty.

The dwarves do pray  
Two times a day  
When entering and departing  
Their pickaxes hung  
On even rungs  
Beside the trestle carting.

Beneath the mountains dark and deep  
At the bottom of a stair  
Lives family and home and light  
And finally I'm there.

### Self

How do you lay down who you always  
thought you were?

How do you walk away and never look  
back on the lies you were raised under?  
It sounded so difficult until the truth  
found me

And when she first spoke my real name  
The hardship fell away.

Giddolin Pebblehand was my past, buried  
with my father in a grave on a Fallstav farm.

Giddolin Firestrike is my future,  
precious as the gold in the mines of  
my mother.