

Sylverfern Star

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J'TETH BEATEN BACK

By Rastrey Winterkeep

The despicable slave mongering J'teth made an appearance in Vrengar this past moon. How they managed to get into the capitol of the Duchy remains to be seen, but they had the misfortune of picking the same days that many of Sylverfern's strongest fighters happened to be visiting - by request of the Duke - to help quell any issues with a recent anticipated crime spike.

The J'teth in their typical fashion seem to be trying to perform underhanded subterfuge to harass and beat down the duchy and its defenders, seemingly unaware of how accustomed to these tactics the Sylverfern residents are. In short order, any time the J'teth showed their cowardly hides they were beaten back by the experienced fighters. Even their magic, of which they are so proud, amounted to little in the wake of Sylverfern's own powerful mages, who went spell for spell against these mongrel hordes and sent them

scurrying back to their holes.

There is no time, however, to pat ourselves on the back yet. Even though the J'teth have been beaten back time and time again, they always return to rear their heads before long. This most recent defeat hardly means they will not show their faces in Middlehaven again. The "ambassadors" the J'teth emperor sent several moons ago have been nowhere to be seen, and it seems that truly

IN THIS EDITION:

J'TETH BEATEN
BACK IN VRENGAR

TOYMAKER UPDATE

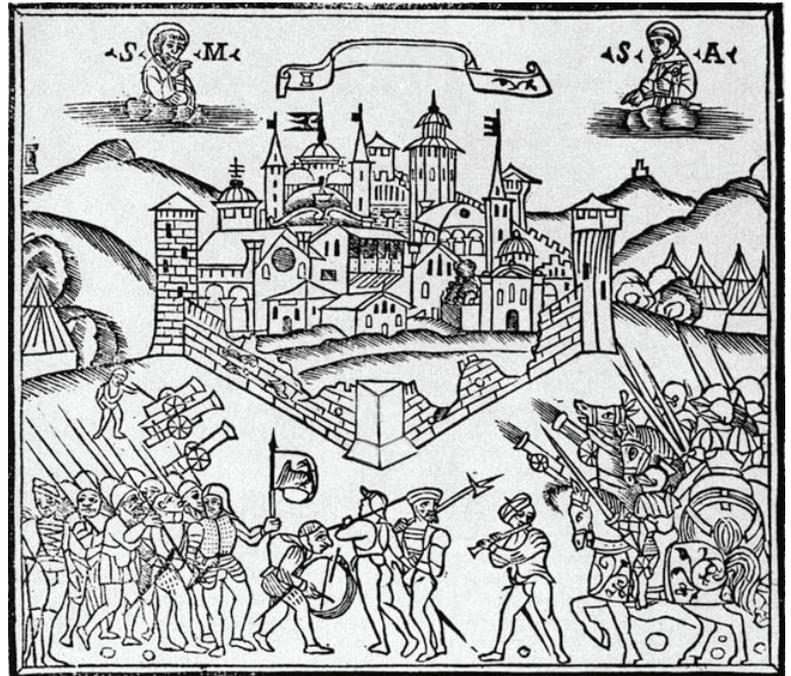
DEADLY CONFESSION

DEAR ABEY

OPINIONS

...AND MUCH, MUCH

MORE



they were only present to attempt to pull the wool over our eyes, and disguise their true objectives. Hopefully our guards continue to show the vigilance that J'teth scum warrant.

MECHANIZED MONSTROSITIES

By Mal Shumig

The Toymaker. Long has she been a thorn in the sides of all of Sylverfern, creating her slow doddering monsters and siccing them on children and other innocents in our town. It seemed, small mercy, that her machinations were, more or less, localized to our area. This is no longer the case as the recent excursion to Vrengar by many of our residents met with machines of similar make and build to previous monsters... however they were much, much worse.

These new creations seemed much better built and equipped than previous iterations, some of them

moving with alarming fluidity and speed. Others were able to take incredible amounts of punishment with seemingly no injuries to their forms. Lives were lost, blood was spilled, and at one point a retreat was sounded to regroup before having to go forward and meet the creations again.

In the second-wave assault the machines were beat down, but one has to wonder: why is it that while one or two appear seemingly at their leisure, warehouses full of them seem to appear wherever the Sylverfernian Council and adventurers travel? Is the Toymaker keeping tabs

on their plans and building them in advance? Does she send them after hearing that the heroes have relocated? Or are some of our own illustrious fighters and defenders working for her? Two priests of Vyrron - the God of the Forge and well known for blessing crafters and creators - seem to always be around, whether apart or together, when these things appear. Could one or the other, or gods forbid, both of these priests, be working with the Toymaker in exchange for tutoring in her skills or the acquisition of raw resources?



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

A tale of Personal Tragedy and a Confession

By Chadwick Helms, Jr.

Many of you know me as either Levon or Chadwick. I am the same person. I am, without a doubt, worse than any person ever to enter Sylverfern. I am evil, I am a fool, I've made mistakes, I've killed innocents, I've kidnapped, I've lied, and I even started a treasonous and seditious movement against the Duke and Lord Lockhart. If you have not yet figured it out, I am the Torchbearer. I created the Cloak and Dagger Syndicate. I am also Shannon Iggan, and I am Francis Grimm, among many other unnamed identities.

Before I elaborate, please allow me a chance to have my story heard.

As a young lad, my father died defending Fallstav from Perin. I only just learnt how he died after my crimes occurred. Despite his older age and being a Drill Sergeant and not on the front lines, my father led

a suicide mission. Perin was overtaking the Fallstav border. My father, Chadwick Helms, Sr. gathered the stragglers left and those who were not fighting. He led them to surprise Perin, knowing full well he and the rest of their band would die, but it was their only chance. My father led them and fought with them, and because of their surprise flanking move, Fallstav gained the upper hand and pushed Perin back to their lands. Ruhiger was there, and saw that he took a spear after toppling a horse with his Martial Art prowess, killing the soldier as they fell.

Back home, my mother killed herself. In front of me, a 10-year-old half-dwarf, the equivalent of your 5-year-old human children. My town disowned me and kicked me out two weeks later for not paying taxes. I made one friend in my life since

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

With the resignations of Councilwoman Lady Antonia, and Captain Arglac, as well as the tragic death of Lady Gemma, the future of the Council seemed uncertain. Recently, however, they held court as per normal with Lord Lockhart at the helm. During this meeting Lt. Qech was promoted to Captain Qech. Cyrrah the local Shalli priestess of the Scholars of Faith was appointed Lady Antonia's replacement. Captain Qech as well as a recently arrived Vanyanosto petitioned for positions on the council, which they were granted. Later on in a separate meeting Professor Atticus joined the council as well. Our current council is Gabriel Halewood, Cyrrah, Captain Qech, Vanyanosto, Tatha,

and Professor Atticus. Lord Lockhart will keep the estate's stewards on as advisors to the Council. Captain Qech has also promoted one of his regular guardsmen Sharparo Darkwater as his Lt., Syr as the Master of Arms, and Tatha as the Spymaster.

Next court meeting will be high noon the 25th day of Bloomingtide in Fisherman's Wharf.

Steward Palenalia

Editor's note: Although it is not the Sylverfern Star's place to question Lord Lockheart's judgement, we do have to wonder at the wisdom of announcing that the Council has a Master of Spies, and who exactly it is.

DEAR ABEY : AN INTRODUCTION

Dr. Abeline Maestro Catini

Hello Sylverfern! This is your friendly neighborhood physician, Dr. Abeline, but you can call me Abey. I've been asked some medical questions lately, and I've realized that I have a lot of information that others might not think to ask. So, I've decided to take up some space in the Star, to reach out to more citizens of Sylverfern at once with answers to their questions. Since this is a new column, I'll start off with something simple: every day common wounds.

I have stitched up many a cut, slice, and wound on arms and legs and torsos that have occurred, and not all of them are from battle. A farmer who slips and accidentally slices themselves with a scythe while harvesting, a smith handling a bit of metal that had a sharp edge they hadn't noticed yet, or even a cook who is distracted mid-chop of a vegetable - these are all common injuries that occur, and should be inspected by someone with

medical training. But a trained medical professional is rarely right beside you when such instances occur, so what can you do? Here are some tips: immediately apply pressure to the wound, in an attempt to minimize the blood loss and exposure. If you are unsure how much pressure to apply, imagine you are squeezing an orange or lemon half in order to yield juice. Too much pressure and you simply burst and ruin the fruit; too little pressure and you gain almost no results. Holding a wound closed is much the same. Sometimes holding the wound closed with pressure is not enough. In those cases, raise the injured area above the heart, if at all possible - if you injure your forearm, for example, hold it above your torso. If you injure your leg, try to find somewhere safe to lay down and elevate your leg while someone seeks help. If you are alone, tightly wrap your shirt, or belt, or any spare cloth around the wound so as to apply pressure, and keep as little weight on that

leg as possible. (Everyone who is out in the fields or woods alone should carry a walking stick in case of just such an instance.) If you injure your hand, DO NOT put the wound in your mouth. Adding whatever you ate for your last meal to the open wound is not going to help it, and can actually make matters worse. Wrap it in a clean bit of cloth, apply pressure, and find your nearest medically trained person to help you. Wounds to the torso, head, or neck always require a medical professional's aid as soon as possible, even with little to no blood, just to make sure everything is okay.

In the case of a superficial wound, such as a shallow nick from the edge of a piece of parchment, even if it does not bleed at all, always wash the wound with clean water and soap to avoid festering in the wound.

I hope these basic tips will help you in your day to day life - be safe out there, and feel free to send in your own questions!

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then. He is merely an acquaintance at this point.

I did not understand the ramifications of the propaganda and the trouble it would cause. I never had a chance to understand this. Sylverfern taught me a lot, so far. Alas, it taught me when it all came crashing down and my guilt over-ran me. I wish I had this knowledge before. This is why if you see me, I will be wearing a full polka dot tabard. I do not deserve to be seen as anything but the child I am.

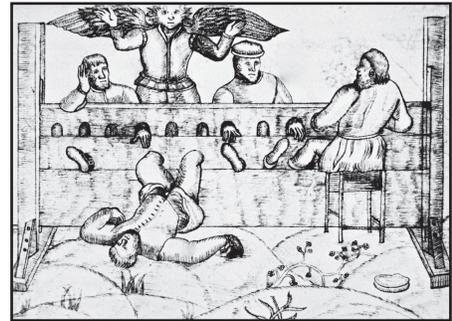
Daniella Strongheart, remember that name. It is because of me she was blown up in Vrengar. I hate myself for it; no one was supposed to be hurt. Remember that name, far longer than you remember mine when I am likely executed at trial.

Lastly, I am sorry. Sorry to my father for disgracing his name. Sorry to Middlehaven for acting with treasonous intent. Sorry for all the harm done to Sylverfern. Moreover, sorry to every one of my friends I had made here. You all deserve better. I accept full responsibility for all I have done. May you all be safe, may the gods guide you properly, and may you all have happiness for the rest of your days.

CRIMINAL ENTERPRISES

By Bartholomew Benrick

Recently the heroes of Sylverfern were summoned to the city of Vrengar by the Duke himself, to assist in the curtailing of shenanigans for the illegal Fool's Day celebration that frequent during this Knave-centric illegal 'holy day'. While there, however, the heroes seemed to have more to deal with than just a rampant holiday. Several of the city's prominent crime lords seemed to take an interest in our adventurers. Not much information has been gleaned to this reporter, but one does have to wonder exactly what happened, as it seems not many arrests were made. Could some of the more unscrupulous have made deals with the crime lords? What sort of deals could they have been? And is the Council involved? No more details are available as of yet, but with more investigation one would hope that some arrests may be made soon.



MAGIC, GIFT FROM THE GODS? OR CURSE OF THE ASHEN PLAINS?

By Ryland Smith

Recently in the Sylverfern Star there have been articles addressing the use of the foul art of necromancy in the lands of Sylverfern; only one brave soul speaking the truth of the corrupting influence of the dark art, spelling out clearly the nature of this insidious darkness. However, I cannot help but feel that the article did not go

far enough, and in fact wrote in the defense of necromancy! That dark art that can kill and then bind a soul to its expired corpse! And they claim it to be 'just a tool.'

However, there is other magic that wizards use. Transmutation. Elementalism. Sorcery! All these unnatural arts that the people have no

defense against. And we're expected to just... trust them to not abuse their power? Who do they answer to? Themselves and only themselves! Some claim that magic is just a tool, that it's no different from a sickle or scythe. Nothing can be further from the truth. With tools you can wear armor to protect yourself, even just thicker cloth can help

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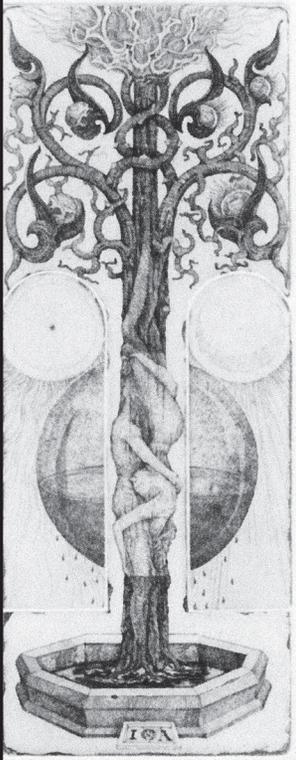
Dwarven Limericks

There once was a dwarf in a mine
Who started his day out just fine
But his belt, it was old
And lo and behold
All the miners could see his behin'

A wedding inside of a dwarf mine
Is full of good music and great wine
With their beards wove together
The pair vows forever
And spends the whole night intertwined

There once was a couple in Stormwall
Whose wedding vows lasted the long haul
They were loud every night
With their carnal delight
And the things you'd hear might make your
skin crawl

Oh the common folk think that we can't sing
But a dwarf's voice is kin to a bell ring
It is deep and it's loud
And it bellows out proud
Plus, it echoes back well while we're
mining

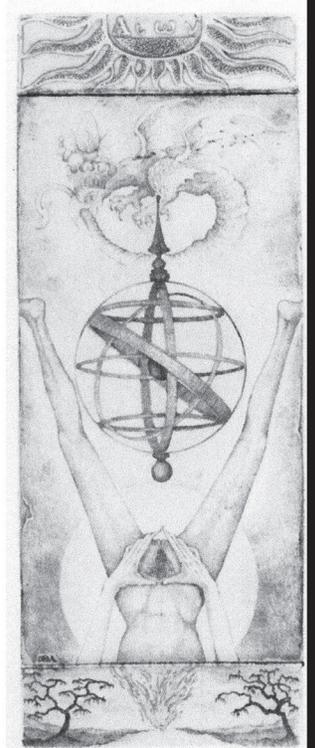


Seekers Of Knowledge!
Hunters of Fortune!

Fortunes Told! Answers Divined!

Seek The Mo'raak Oharus

Fate Smiles on the Generous



Continued from pg. 4

keep you safer. But magic? What do the common folk have to defend ourselves from those who decide that the magic they use should be used against us? The heroes of Sylverfern? They seem to have as little chance to resist magic as anyone else and seem to attract more of the wizards to our town than they repel! Recently, even the capital city of Vrengar saw a J'teth incursion in its borders and if the capital of our own duchy cannot even keep the magic vermin from gaining entry than what help does our small border town? Right next door we have the fens, and in those

fens lives all manner of abomination. Mo'raak and wild elves make those lands their home, and isn't it suspicious that all this trouble with magic happens in a town where 'natural born spellcasters' live right next door? And clans of Vordis lives in there and they claim to work for the betterment of the town, but trouble follows them just as much as anyone else! The clinic they 'paid' for had its last doctor murdered and ripped to shreds after all. 'But wait,' I can hear you saying, dear reader, 'Vordis stop magic, how can they be wrapped up in this?' Ah yes good point, but remember,

where did the Vordis come from? J'teth. And all of them are just one missed potion away from being their true masters' boot lickers again, ready to drive a blade into our sides for a hint of a potion.

Maybe it's time for Fallstav to go the way of Perin and ban these heretical powers from continuing to gain power and influence and overshadow us. Otherwise it may be not too long before we find ourselves enslaved to a new J'teth emperor grown from our very own stock with no one to defend us from them.

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