

Aeran'Or Times

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CRIMSON MIST AND BANDITS ASSAIL ADVENTURERS IN EBONVALE

On Friday night of last month's gather in Ebonvale, bandits and the dreaded Crimson Mist attacked the adventurers.

Visitors to Krossus Blackhammer's DMG cabin were getting ready to go into town when a girl ghost child appeared right in his cabin. The adventurers had previously seen the ghost in her family's tomb the month before. She babbled on about the Crimson Mist being in town and creepy things crawling about her tomb.

Perhaps foolishly, adventurers Mythran Lightcage and Mateas Nightshade left the safety of the group in the cabin and went out into the woods on their own. Soon, cries of battle and arcane incants of Death could be heard. The remaining adventurers consisting of Krossus, Cade Mierlaishte, Clarion "Zook" Zoucha, Jessenia Wrenfeather, and a new visitor to town, Fenten Kathar the hamster scavenger rushed to their rescue.

The bandits were soon dispatched by the group, but Mythran and Mateas were found dead. Jessenia had to give them Life spells. Zook found the dagger of the elf, Echo, on one of the bandits. The adventurers later caught up with Echo and her traveling companions in the tavern.

Later that night, the group saw the terrifying Crimson Mist lurking in the woods, especially near the tavern. It appears as a large, red, swirling cloud with a ghostly face and claws. The creature has consumed animals and individuals in the area and often causes great fear to those who encounter it. One adventurer reported that if one would stay still, it seemed to ignore you. However, the mist at one point entered the tavern, causing the adventurers to flee outside. It seemed that fire and lightning spells healed the creature.



Magic sword attacks seemed to have no effect, but iron ones did some damage. The creature was finally defeated with an Imprison spell and killing blow from the caster.

LOST SOULS

Creatures that appear dead and resemble the recently dead have been seen walking through the outskirts of Freeton. The graveyard has been recently raided and the bodies of fallen

comrades are now missing. Take caution with these creatures.

LORD OF DREAMS AND NIGHTMARE CREATURES OVERRUN EBONVALE

The nightmare-ravaged town of Ebonvale is still suffering under the self-proclaimed "Lord of Dreams" effects. In early October, the Lord of Dreams, or Tokathu, as he has calls himself, and his nightmare contingent assaulted the hapless town saying that he only wanted his castle back.

The nightmare contingent consisted of a creature covered in red skin and black thorns, a purple skinned squid-faced creature, a cadaverous gypsy girl, a bat scavenger, a bloodthirsty maniacal clown, and other creatures drawn straight from the townspeople's worse nightmares.

The townsfolk have become very disoriented due to lack of sleep. There have also been some reports of looting and mob violence. Authorities have been unwilling to confirm these reports, but the town is likely to become more dangerous as more citizens succumb to sleep deprived madness.

One maddened Ebonvalite has been observed tearing out her own eyes in an attempt to elude the nightmare contingent. She has been screaming, "He's in my head! In my head! Oh please, let me rest! Nooooo!".

Tokathu and his contingent are said to be so powerful that they caused great heroes to flee from the town in early October and abandon some of their friends. Krossus Blackhammer, other

members of the DMG, Mateas Nightshade, Echo Elentari and others fled into the woods after being Arcane Feared or attacked in some other manner by their perceived worst nightmares. Uruku, a half-orc, and Nayelia, a mystic wood elf, were captured by the contingent. Beauregard, a human scholar, later returned to try to rescue them, but regretfully, Uruku could not be saved before he had to resurrect in a nearby ogre village.

Blackhammer is apparently so distraught over not having been able to save Uruku that he has resigned his post as Chancellor of Death's Head Mercantile Guild and claims to be leaving Aeran'Or for good. The Castle of Dreams is rumored to have been taken by gypsies to an unknown place, or it could still be hidden somewhere in the woods outside of Ebonvale.

But what about this so-called "Lord of Dreams"? Will he stay in Ebonvale, or might he assault Bluebrook and Freeton as well? Is nowhere safe?

ATTENTION ONE AND ALL

The High Guild Council of Freeton will announce the appointments of the new Guild Masters of Freeton at the next gathering there.

The High Guild Council also wishes it to be known that there has been a contingency of woodcutters and lumberjacks that have turned up missing around Freeton. Please send information regarding these people to the High Guild Council.

Finally, Creatures of Fire and Ice have been seen doing battle in and around

the town of Freeton. These creatures have not attacked the local townspeople thus far. Anyone with information concerning these new forces or the war they now wage should feel free to contact the High Guild council in Freeton.



HOROSCOPE

By Julius Skygazer

January

I see for you, dear January, a change in the winds. The very essence of chaos shall set upon you, like squirrels to a bird feeder, fueling chaos and change.

February

You, February, have begun to question the legitimacy of many things in the world around you. Although your

nature is ever critical and inquisitive, you must take some things at face value for them to truly be worth anything in the first place.

March

I see travel in your very near future. You should exercise caution while on this endeavor. Be cautious of outlandish people, as one could spell disaster for the whole trip.

April

Luck is headed your way, dear April. Be prepared for good times, for they wait at your doorstep, much like that stray cat you fed once, and now look at him, he will not quit following you around and meowing for more tuna!

May

Bad news is headed your way, and you better unfold the guest bedroll, because it looks as though it will be staying for quite some time. You truly are one poor unfortunate person.

June

Wear green pants to increase a positive chi flow in your life. The green of the pants will take in the goodness of the green of the earth. But be cautioned that a green shirt or hat could release all this good luck.



July

No one ever said that all news had to be good news, dear July, but guess what, your getting good news anyways, whether you like it or not. So just learn to cope with the fact that you aren't going to have anything to whine about for the next few days.

August

You have just endured a long journey, dear August, and with a madman at your side. My best advice is a long period of rest to regain your strength. Otherwise you would just be overtaxing yourself.

September

Ninjas are everywhere, dear September; you just can't see them because ninjas are sneaky. If they weren't sneaky they would not be ninjas, they would only be people in black pajamas. Don't worry. Ninjas are lucky for you.

October

Do you like monkeys? Because you are about to go bananas! Bad news is headed your way and you are going to lose it unless you heed my warning. Relax. Count to ten. And most importantly, close your mouth when you feel words of anger rush to it.

November

Mighty winter king, or queen, wealth and power are soon to be all yours. Beware the hoary marmot, as it could be your downfall!

December

Do not be afraid of the future, because it will have already happened in the time it took you to read this. Are you ready to face the future? No? Okay. Here is a little help, 7, 23, 85, 34, and 27.

HOBLING SEEN SLAYING GROUPS OF UNDEAD SINGLE HANDEDLY!!!

By Josiah Barner

Recently, a Hobling has been seen around Aeran'or slaying groups of

undead single-handedly. He seems pretty able and tricky. This hobling seems to be an earth caster, but then he turns around and swings man, many a dagger blows from behind. Don't get me wrong, he swings a nice blow from in front also. One commoner said he witnessed the hobling take on forty Deep Trolls with gasses and sword alone. Who is this little tough guy and where did he come from? Is he friend or foe? Well if you ask me he's friend, especially if he is taking out undead and Deep Trolls. Only time will tell. Keep your eye out.

RUMORS

By Gabrielle "Gabby" Noesitall

*~Beware if you ask Fenten Kathar to read off what scrolls he possesses. Apparently, the hamster scavenger carries a really big stack and reads the title of **each** scroll he possesses when asked. You will need at least half an hour for him to get through the stack and do not dare interrupt him; for he will start over from the very beginning.~*

~Roses to Fenten Kathar and his companion, Never. Their arrow attacks helped greatly in quelling the attacks of the swamp and bush creatures outside of Ebonvale.~



~Has Guildmaster Krossus Blackhammer gone mad? The dwarf has recently announced that he is abandoning Death's Head Mercantile Guild and Aeran'Or completely after the failure to rescue Uruku and his friend Nayelia from the Lord of Dreams, Tokathu. Apparently, he has

named Argent Jongleur as his successor as Chancellor of the guilds without consent of Aeran'Or nobility. If she is appointed head, she would probably not be too happy with the situation, as the guild's taxes are soon due to the Kingdom.~

*~Cade Mierlaishte has been making strange alliances lately. The gypsy who never travels alone without at least some of his formerly Blackbird familia made a rare appearance **by himself** in Aeran'Or this past gather in Ebonvale and hung out with Krossus Blackhammer of DMG. Also, since when has a gypsy worried about a dwarf so much and when has a dwarf worried so much about a gypsy? Could Cade be wanting to become a dwarf, or does the dwarf want to become a gypsy?~*

~Back in September, earth scholar Beauregard was tried for casting necromancy. With all the talk of enslavements, is it possible that he was under the influence of an enslaver himself at the time?~

EDITORIAL: "HEROES" ABANDON EBONVALE

by Carl, human resident of Ebonvale

I'll begin this article by apologising for any spellin' mistakes or bad grammar. I'm so tired, been tired for weeks, going on two months. Life's hard, you know? In September a hoard of underground bugs swarmed into town from a fissure in the tavern.

No problem. People die; some other people come and save us. It's the way of the world. Since I turned old enough to knock back a few I've seen vampires, orcs, zombies, and a little more than half

a zillion lizard-men invade or try to invade my hometown.

It happens. But what stops people from goin' crazy is knowin' that there are heroes out there to come save the day.

Well, people, let me tell you a story an' a half. About two months ago, some ego-filled buncha nobodys came into town and, word has it, took it upon theirselves to travel to the dream plane. I guess they did something they were'n't supposed to, cause ain't nobody gotten a wink a sleep in this town since.

What's more, last month, when they came back, a guy called himself the Dream Lord came to town lookin' for the people who stole a castle of his. I don't know how someone can steal a castle, but he seemed pretty sure of himself: we heard him all night yellin' for it. Word has it that we coulda got some SLEEP finally if they woulda given him back what he wanted.

I won't hold out on the surprise ending, because that's what it was. Instead of takin' their swords and shields, their "formal magics" and all that explosive power that everyone *knows* they got, they, get this, *up and left town*. It's true. And what's more, they left some of their friends behind. I herd one of them died and the others walked away with the ogres, so who knows what's happened to them now.

All I'm sayin' is, next time you see those sword-weeldin' bigwigs around, don't think they're all they're craked up to be. Inside they're as scared as you or me, and no magic or big blade changes anythin'.

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