

# Aeran'Or Times

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## IRON TRIAD DEFEATED?

Reports from Freeton are still sketchy. However, it seems that at this past Gather, the heroes in the area killed two of the three leaders of the Iron Triad. Anyone who has any specific information on what exactly transpired at this past Gather should report what he or she saw to the local guilds. What is known is that shortly before the Gather started, members of the Freeton Guild Council, including Gar, Kern, and Suzie Platypus were involved in some type of armed revolt. This resulted in the assassination of Baron Tich'Kit. At this point no one knows what happened to these individuals. Anyone who sees any of them should contact local authorities immediately.

Due to the influence of the Vampires and the Flayers in the area, it is believed that none of the Council members were acting with free will. The Triad was probably controlling them in an attempt to lure Ducal forces into the area, thereby permitting the Triad to dominate even higher-ranking officials. The intervention by several heroes in Freeton stopped this. All of us owe them a debt of gratitude.

Though the Triad suffered a terrible blow, one of the Triad's leaders is still at large, and it still poses a threat to all those in Aeran'or. The Triad is on the run, so it is up to the rest of us to ferret

these treasonous criminals from their holes and bring them to justice. Any information concerning the Triad should be brought to the attention of local authorities immediately.

## THE WELL OF TEARS

*Editor's note: The following is the winning story by Kymri Ramishk told at the January feast gather.*

I give you a ghost story of Myrr:

In the north of my homeland is a great desert. In this Desert, on a caravan route from Durqai in the west to

Shiraz in the west lays a small village called Ridwan. It is held by a Kamar Family, the Kadi.

In the first days of the goblin wars my Aunt Casmiri was aiding in guarding the caravans traveling on the northern border. As her caravan came into Ridwan, they received the news: Sandaj Bitrah Kadi had failed to resurrect and her feast was to be held that night. Those in the caravan were asked to stay and join in the feast.



It was a beautiful day, so the feast was held next to the oasis. Family and friends reminisced and celebrated Bitrah's life, sharing memories and stories. They consumed the body freeing her spirit and taking into themselves part of her, so that she would be carried on in the living blood of our people.

As dusk fell the new Sandaj of the Kadi, Bitrah's daughter, Satrina, stood and began to sing a lament for her mother. Blessed with a voice as clear and beautiful as a flawless diamond, Satrina had traveled singing in the realms of Evendarr and Quantari. She was once reputed to have brought a tear to the eyes of a stone elf with a tale of lost love. Her song entranced all at the feast and the tears flowed freely. As she ended, Satrina opened her eyes and looked out into the setting sun. Crying out, she pointed into the distance. Cresting over the dunes, a horde of Sands Goblins marched.

Even with those from the caravan, there was not a hundred in the village. My aunt was the only Setare, with only five healers and less than thirty warriors. The remainder was children and those with minimum skills with weapons. The horde numbered in the thousands. All knew there was no hope of victory and the smallest of survival. One of the traders spoke "Do we flee?"

Satrina looked towards the doom about to fall on her village and understood at once what it meant to be Sandaj. When she spoke her voice was clear and cold "Leave if you wish, but I will not suffer this insult to my mother, Ridwan will not fall on the night of her feast!"

With that she reached out and for the first time in her life grabbed the sword her mother had carried and prepared to do battle. As everyone shook off the shock of it all, they followed her out to the edge of the village.

As the Gorbe stood there watching the goblins come, the seasoned warriors gave advice to the young. Satrina looked around awed by the bravery of those who now stood there looking their doom in the eye, knowing that they chose to follow her, instead of taking the small chance at running and escaping. This brought tears of joy to her eyes. As her eyes met others, not once did she see she fear, only a determination that if their lives must be laid down today, then they would be sold costly. Her tears soaked into the ground at her feet.

When the sun finally fell below the horizon, a cold wind blew in from the desert. In the twilight glow, Satrina looked up into her mother's eyes and heard, "Rise my child. Your tears carried your plight to us and we have come. Your need called us back. Rise my Daughter and lead us." As she looked around, there were more than she could count standing with her. The Shades of our people, kept strong in our living blood, had come to once again dance in battle. It was then that the horde came over the dunes before them. Sandaj Satrina Kadi raised her sword she cried out "KADI" and charged.

All through the night the battle raged, when dawn broke, the sands around Ridwan were soaked with goblin blood. Not one in twenty goblins lived to flee in the morning light. As the light of day began to shine down, the shades departed, all except for Bitrah. She stood over her daughter's body until it

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

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

Even today both wells flow strong. If you drink from the well of tears, you can hear her lament echoing off the dunes and see her spirit and those that also fell that day walking in the desert.

I hope this helps you to understand from where the gorges draw our strength, for we have an army marching through our veins.

As told by Kymri Ramishk

## RUMORS

*~Kymri Ramishk of the far off lands of Elysia has quite a way with the women. He can be found knee deep in fair maidens when he is not out destroying minions of evil.~*

*~Where has Ash gone? Does his wife know? Has anyone seen Ash's wife? What about the baby? Did you know that Ash owes a lot of money to the Gypsy tribes?~*

*~Despite vanquishing many foes at the last Freeton gather, Gehenna Evermore Avalon*

*grows weary of the adventuring life, and considers settling down.~*

*~Morgan Grey led the assault that rescued the ducal forces of Freeton in April. Perhaps he will move to Aeran'Or and protect our fair citizens from the Triad?~*

*~Beware of anyone bearing a hat of ducal colors. They are really brigands in disguise.~*

*~Malvern will see that all gypsies are driven from Aeran'Or before the next Winterfeast. Permanently.~*

*~Who knows how many of the citizens of Freeton would never have survived the April gather if the powerful healer Tinare hadn't been visiting from far off lands?~*

*~Diablo Evermore is the real power behind the Triad.~*

*~Where have all the Dark Elves gone, and did you know that it is warmer underground during the winter than it is on the surface?~*

*~Why haven't any members of Death's Head Mercantile been seen recently and why were all the other circles of Freeton destroyed this winter except the DMGs? The Duke's men want all of the members for questioning and to be checked for Triad tattoos.~*

*~What happened to Cindar of DMG? He has been missing and presumed dead since November.~*

*~Which Blackbird is which? There are so many of them. Which one's the leader of the tribe? Which one is it, Ozen or Cade? Which one is which? Why do they talk so strangely? What's wrong with them?~*

*~The barbarians have been decimated this winter by their own cannibalistic ways.~*

*~No force of evil, no matter how strong, would dare ever attack the Kor.~*

*~Beware of horny Mystic Wood Elves, it is their mating season!~*

If it's written in the Aeran'Or Times it *must* be true!

## HOROSCOPE

### January

I see travel in the near future for you. A trip would serve you well. A home coming voyage would see to it that you are exalted and praised by your former associates.

### February

You my dear, much like the mischievous mongoose, are always flirting with danger. Do not take unnecessary risks. Such foolhardy actions will only serve to harm you.

### March

Magnificent one, you, much like the playful monkey, have been putting far too much time into fun and games, and not enough energy into the more important things you should be focused on. Remedy this or face the harsh consequences.

### April

Romance and love are calling your name. But be warned. Do not confuse lust for love. Use your



heart, not your eyes, and most importantly, let patience guide you.

### May

Hard times are about to set upon you like thieves in the night. Be prepared for their unwanted attention. You can overcome these problems with the proper amount of focus and determination.

### June

Good luck is headed your way, dear June. Your fortune shall be so bountiful that even the birds in the sky sing your praises, announcing your approach to those around you. This luck shall end only when you realize that you become aware of your situation.

### July

Love and passion await you. A romantic interest is very fascinated by you, and it would serve you well to seek this person out. Perhaps this could be true love.

### August

Oh, proud and mighty one, although a position of leadership may be calling you, do not give in to the temptation to sit on that throne. Hard times are soon to come for one who leads, for this seat of power has a disproportionate amount of responsibility tied to it.

### September

Travel and adventure are headed your way. If at anytime you find that you have gotten lost, realize that you are, in fact not lost, but rather have just embarked on one of your grandest adventures.

### October

I see only good luck and easy times in the coming month for you. Go with the

flow and never slow down. Ride that tide for all it is worth. This would be a good time to relax and do those fun things that you have been putting off.

### **November**

Mysterious one, you are the subtle breeze that is loved by so many. Soft, cool and mysterious, you draw others towards you but never reveal all of your secrets. That is the quality that keeps people coming back to you.

### **December**

Love, luck, and money, are all in the cards for you, dear one. I don't know how you arranged it, but once again all the cosmos is in order for you.

## **LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

Dear Aeran'Or Times Editors:

With spring coming on, it is time to think about summer, and summer means gypsies. They invade our lands as soon as the days grow warm and pollute Aeran'Or with their filthy customs and abhorrent mannerisms.

Remember, don't do business with gypsies. They will steal everything you have and leave you with a knife in your back. Never allow yourself to be cornered by gypsies while alone. Gypsies are never apart from their own kind, and the reason is that they will gang up on you and use their verminous numbers to their advantage. Report any gypsy activity to the guards. Report anyone conducting commerce with gypsies to the guilds.

Also beware of barbarians. With the spring thaw in the highlands the

barbarian hordes will be waking from their stuporous hibernations and proceed to their maniacal machinations. They will eat you and wear your skin!

Report the presence of any barbarians to the local guards *at once!* Do not allow them to lure you with false friendships! Barbarians are **evil** and must be dealt with accordingly!

Please remember to travel safely as summer comes on, and remember, danger lurks everywhere, not just in caverns and sewers. If there are gypsies or barbarians close at hand, peril is much closer than you may have expected!

Diligently,  
T. Cornelius Malvern  
Malvern Textiles and Sundries

Mr. Malvern:

You seem to delight in polluting these pages with tales of woe against gypsies, and now barbarians! Who will be the victim of your next tirade? Dwarves because of excessive facial hair? Elves because of pointy ears and/or dark skin? Gorbe with their catlike ways that silently prowl around you? Lizardmen for having green scaly skin?

You are quick to warn readers of these suspect foes- yet you will not show your own face when the guilds are approached by gypsies and barbarians asking to speak with you. You say not to do business with these peoples, but whenever someone asks to do business with you, you are nowhere to be found! No one knows who you are or what you look like!

Before you start flinging further unfounded accusations, you are encouraged to show your cowardly face to the citizens of Aeran'Or, so these wronged persons can see who or what they are dealing with and challenge you to an honor combat.

Sincerely,  
Amadeus Duckbill, Platypus Scavenger

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