

Glavorn Gazette

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Long Live the Baron!

November 592

REPORT FROM DEATH'S END

Several of our citizens have reported some very strange events from the old town of Death's End. It seems that they stopped there on the way home to Glavorn, and happened to be there during Halloween. Death's End is a simple outpost at this point, since the town was flooded out last spring, and is minimally manned. There were no pumpkins available that weekend to make Jack-O-Lanterns, and as everyone knows, Jack-O-Lanterns are required every year at Halloween to keep the free-roaming spirits away. Several reports of the hosting of spirits came from those who were unfortunate (but sometimes fortunate) enough to contact the free-roaming dead. A momentous fencing match occurred between Henri and Francois, a pair of long-dead fighters, over some ancient feud concerning one's sister and the other's bad bird. It was a Fuzzy-Wuzzy Knight to remember. Even Baron Herbanion was not immune to these spirits. According to one account, a certain Baron was heard to have said, "I don't dance with girls. I prefer men." We can only guess that a spirit was in control of the Baron's body at the time.

A PLAYWRIGHT IN GLAVORN

Henry and Michael made their way toward the village of Glavorn, having just met each other along the path. They were hopeful that the proximity to the outpost town would provide enough safety for the half league they had yet to travel. The previous night's repose held little in the way of sleep, with the howling and bumping of things in the night. Henry was glad to see the sun shining and, noticing the half-cocked smile of his newly found companion, hoped that Lady Fortune would continue shining her all too transient smile in his direction.

He was a man of dreams and ought-to-be's, a visionary self-proclaimed. Others thought him a bit too over dramatic and self-possessed. But he had taken up his quest. Henry was, as he called himself, "The Champion Commoner, Defender of the Downtrodden." His was a charge of peasants and commoners, no-name people used and thrown away by the nobility. His words were his weapons, and his plays his poultices. Perhaps he would be needed in Glavorn.

He was well aware of the frontier populace. There was much he shared with them -- he was a dreamer. The wilderness outposts were the latest effort of the Nobles. It was easier to take the lands inhabited by beasts and demihumans rather than deal with the deception and defenses of the "civil" human counterparts. The riff-raff and low-life's -- adventurers, thieves and guild merchants -- would do all the dirty work, driven onward by dreams of treasure, wealth, glory and potential title. It was the perfect plan. It cost the Nobles nothing but prospered them greatly. They could enlarge their land holdings, collect taxes, and rid the land of orcs, goblins, ogres and the like. In their minds they could see their coffers enlarging every day. Henry thought for certain he would find a willing audience in Glavorn's Inn.

One never misses what one has never known, and as well, one never loses what one never gains. Bluntly put, Henry was broke. He found it beneficial never to make himself a target -- his purse was wanting. It was his excuse for the poor reception of his performances. When the hat was passed it was most likely to be stolen from than returned full of coppers. A bad excuse is better than none, he always said.

Most of the citizens of Glavorn were still asleep when Henry and Michael climbed the steps onto the porch of the tavern. Things were not looking good. It was hard enough working a large crowd for a meal, let alone a sparse one. It could prove to be a colder morning than he thought. And he did not relish the back talk that his stomach would provide. His hope was that his companion had better resources than himself. Michael looked like a man of means, although too quiet for Henry's taste. You had to be careful of the quiet ones. They were always full of surprises.

Inside it looked like it had been a busy night for the tavern keeper. Several bodies were bent over tables, sleeping, obviously the result of too much bending of the elbow the night before. Theirs would be a tip-toe through the toadstool kind of morning. Henry showed no mercy. It was one thing to enjoy the finer pleasures of vice, but it was another thing altogether to fail to hold your ale. Henry drew in a deep breath and greeted his charge with a forceful and amplified salutation. Those conscious muttered something about a dagger between the third and fourth rib if the loudmouth didn't shut up. Henry ignored the threat feeling himself faster than a drunkard and possibly even a bit luckier.

Baron Herbanion Sarossa was in an unusually good mood this morning and feeling uncharacteristically generous. There was much ado about feeding weary travelers and welcoming all who enter the fine town of Glavorn, and may they find peace and prosperity during their visit. Henry suspected a thespian background in the Baron's past or perhaps it came naturally to all the landed gentry. They did, after all, learn to act when it came to the games and politics of the Court. Nonetheless, it would mean a warm breakfast for the two travelers and they took no time in procuring a bowl of warm pottage and mulled cider.

Amid the conversations during the breaking of their fast, Henry ascertained that his talents would best be appreciated in a larger town possessing a more cultured audience (culture and coppers usually went hand in hand). Those whom he had met so far were about as poor off as himself. He intended to head southward and hoped Michael would journey a little farther with him. Michael was a curious study and could be an interesting character in the play Henry was working on, the play he was always writing and never finishing.

Knowing it unwise to wear out one's welcome and to get out while the getting was good, Henry bid farewell to the few friends he had made and headed out of the tavern. Timing is everything

and Henry's was terribly poor, for about the same time that he was heading for the door, the lord baron made haste to remind him that the taxes had not yet been collected. Unbeknownst to Henry, simply entering the town of Glavorn would cost you a copper. Wasn't it always the same with the nobility? The higher powers had endowed them with enough hands for everyone's pocket. And this baron, it seemed, was quite intimate with his citizenry's purse.

Faced with forced labor for a day, "outright slavery" as Henry called it, he swallowed his pride and began the task of asking for a handout. It was begging, to be sure, and being reduced to the status of a beggar was almost more than he could bear. He had rubbed noses with the brown earth before but it was not something he found entertaining or uplifting. He could never be taken seriously in this town. It was thus that a generous teller of tales, Theopolis, paid his taxes and Henry found it expedient to head south as soon as the copper was in the Baron's hand. Too embarrassed and broke to stay, Henry practically took the tavern steps three at a time. It was his intent to put as much distance between himself and Glavorn and he doubted his return to the outpost. Little did Henry know that his return to Glavorn would be much sooner than he expected.

Baron Herbanion descended the steps from the tavern, intent on checking on the Healer's Guild. It had been another hard night in Glavorn and the healers had been kept busy. Their supplies were probably low. As he reached the bottom step Herbanion noticed a parchment case lying on the ground. Thinking it possibly contained several scrolls, greedily he scooped it up and unscrewed the cap. Much to his dismay, taking out the parchments he read a cover sheet: A BAD EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE, (A COLLECTION OF SAYINGS OF HENRY ALBERTSON).

PUBLIC NOTICES

Anyone with knowledge of the whereabouts of Lord Elmer Dirkin please leave word with the Gazette. You will be rewarded.

I am Osculumm - Remember My Name. Ask those who purchased my information. It was flawless. Many were saved. Much was gained. I am Osculumm - Remember My Name.

Wanted: Deputies and assistant deputies for the newly formed Sheriff's department. Inquiries see Sheriff Thorin Hillmover.

Wanted: In-game articles for this newsletter. People would like to read about your adventures. Start a controversy! Spread lies about your friends!

Send out-of-game ads and in-game announcements to PRO. Earn extra money - sell weapons, costumes, shields, armor, lockpicks, pouches, hats, etc. to PRO members!

