

Glavorn Gazette

Vol. 2 No. 3

Long Live the Baron!

April 593

Thermo's First Adventure by Lord Thermo

Here is the tale of Thermo the Mage
as a first-level ignorant fool
In the far-off grand city of Ravenholt
learning hard lessons by rule

Twas a weekend in late ninety-one
with two loyal friends at his side
Thermo learned when tis best be bold
and when tis best to hide

In the first few minutes after arriving
Zane proved the first lesson tasked
"Sev'n silver! Sev'n silver! Sev'n silver!"
You *answer* the challenge when asked

Later we guarded the Healers' Guild
or rather it guarded us
As we stood we heard
"Flame Bolt! Flame Bolt! Flame Bolt!"
and woke in the hands of the Just

Thermo and friend went wandering
in the wrong direction and found
Four Ogres who took liking to them
and pursued them back to the town

These Ogres could not follow
into the town during the day
But their friend Necromancer could
and did and had something to say

To Thermo he asked confidentially
"Do you have Spell Protection?" "Are
you kidding"
"No!" Thermo said and he replied
"I charm you to do my bidding"

Thermo joined him and his Ogre band
who bound him and taunted
the townspeople who were too few
to save the victim they flaunted

Soon a powerful Fighter did come
and fired an arrow or two
These arrows the bad guy
did poke me with after they flew

Soon the crowd grew larger
and charged the band weapons drawn
saving me from certain death
leaving me feeling a pawn

One nice thing though, happened after
on the battlefield that day
I found a spellbook that had fallen
and persuaded the Mages' Guild to pay

This last tale has been longer
and it carries a lesson true
That if ever this comes up again
I'll search the field, won't you?

A Word to Thieves and Their Victims by Torn

Citizenry of Glavorn, you are being
forewarned. I have discovered among my
time with you humans that honesty and hard
work are not qualities that you readily
possess. It appears many of you would
rather improve yourselves through the
misfortunes of your fellow adventurers:
looting downed companions, stealing
possessions while others are not looking,
and as I have personally experienced, having
weapons pilfered directly from the
battlefield. I even personally witnessed the
attempted theft of the Staff of Resurrection
from our fair Lady Willis (something not too
bright if you happen to need resurrecting).

While protecting those in Dragonheart Keep
from an attack from an Ettin, my longsword,
which was cast aside to better deal with the
dumb beast, was removed from the
battlefield, never to be found. A theft of
insult. Therefore, since it seems that an
equal threat exists from those not fighting in
the front lines, it is my intention to first deal
with this threat and then perhaps to fight
against our attackers. Let me put this simply
for you humans, thieves will be attacked by
me and brought to a state of
unconsciousness before I turn my attention
to other enemies. This way perhaps it will
deter the swarm of "claimants" upon the
corpse of a fallen foe, weapons and goods
may not be removed from companions who
may have unfortunately fallen during the
battle, and honor will be served. Thieves
need not show up on the battlefield like
vultures to the prey.

As well, if I personally witness the
unwarranted taking of anything by anyone,
they will be dealt a bit of Dwarven etiquette.
I encourage and invite others to join me in
handling this plague within us. Perhaps if
we join together we may persuade our
thieving population to practice their craft on
our enemies and not on those who are
protecting their little chicken-butts. Sheriff
Hillmover would appreciate your
consideration on this matter, I'm sure. If you

wish to speak with me, I am, Torn, Dwarven
Armorsmith.

Backing by: T. Hillmover

Me meet and fight with Sodcutter, he good
fite-er and honor-ble fellow. You have my
support in killing theeves. When u aksed me
in town if you have my per-mish-on to kill
theeves, word still stands. U need hand?
Count on me.

Me also have want to say to Codpeece, the
only reason you die in field is bee coz U
dummer than me. U wander off into
shadows, get jumped by partee that
outnumbers us 10 to 1, and wander why U
die! Me and Argh tell u get moving and U
no listen! Then Argh go try help and he
dies! So then me have to drag U back to
tav-vern. Me ask heelers guild cast some
spell on Codpeece to make him smart.

Same thing go for fite-ing dragons. He no
kno when get out of way! He get resu-rect-
ted to write neet poem, but he die fite-ing
dragon too! He leeve fite-ing to me, Argh,
Bork, and little thief guy! He nice guy and
all, but he gonna die a lot more unless he get
smarter!

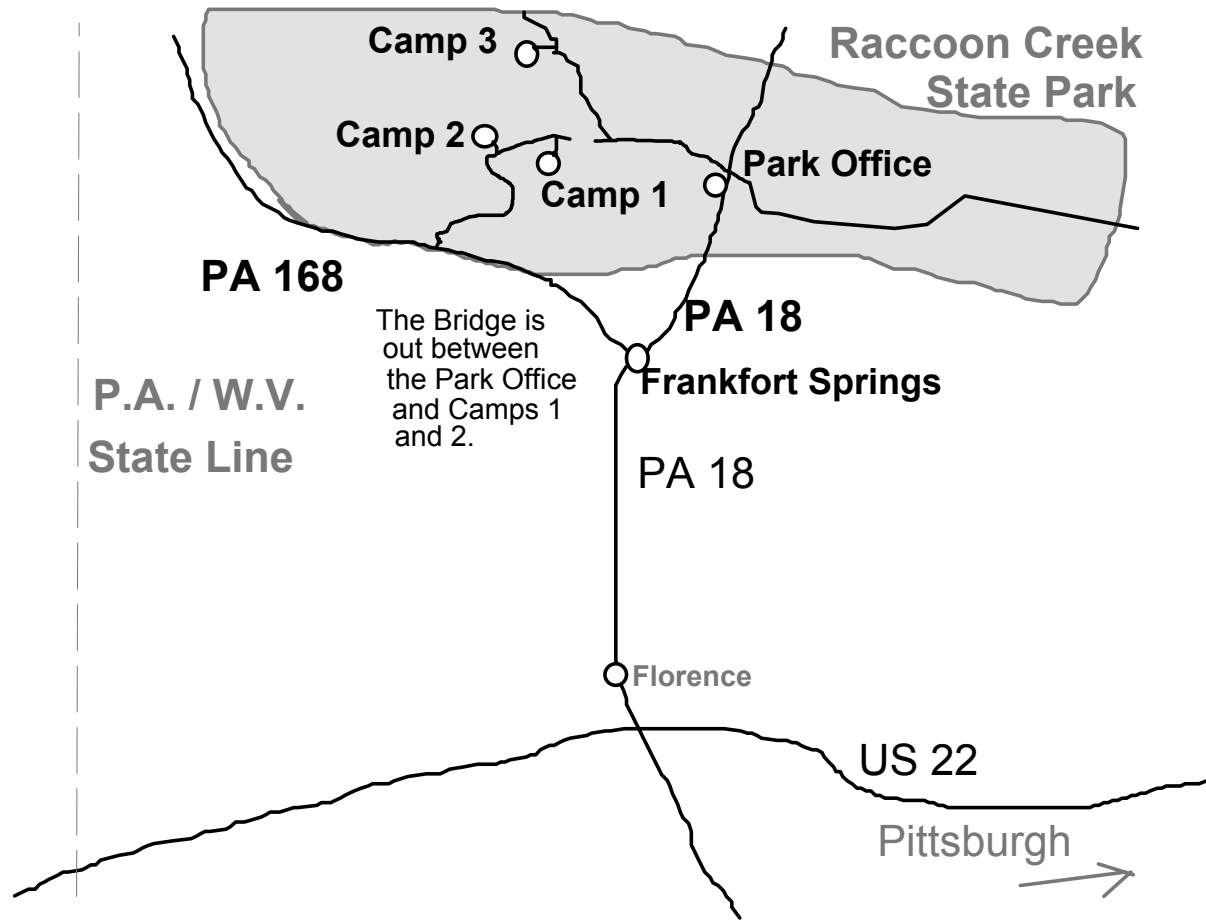
On last note, me thank Brothers of
OakenWood for accepting me as a frend and
brother. Me have always fawt with u before,
and me always back forever!

Proposal by T.H

To little orc girl! Me feel bad that ur mate
was killed by slaver guy. That why me pay
half to buy u free, aside to find trez-er. Me
kno me ogre and u orc, but if u need person
to bring food home and pro-tect and take
care of u, come to Glavorn and see me. Me
look for u there and me always back forever!

Do not believe the put-on quick wit and
shart-tongued responses of the heads of the
craftsmans' guild, mages guild or the "lord's"
questioned honor. These men are
longwindedly saying: "Not only are we
doing what we want, but we're also lying
about it too, and there's nothing you can do
about it or even begin to prove it." Watch
yourselves, be concerned.

Concerned Citizen



P.A. / W.V.
State Line

PA 168

The Bridge is
out between
the Park Office
and Camps 1
and 2.

PA 18

Frankfort Springs

PA 18

Florence

US 22

Pittsburgh

