

Raven's Herald

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Courage and Honor

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Mist Consumes Town in Eastwyck!

The town of Shandlin's Ferry in Eastwyck disappeared behind a wall of dense fog sometime early on the morning of Sunday July 14th 596. Reports from citizens fleeing the town through the fog have been confused. However, all indicate that the people of this small hamlet experienced terrifying nightmares. The mist appeared sometime before dawn, and horrible humanoid creatures came from the fog and attacked the town.

A unit of Rangers in the area have made repeated attempts

to penetrate the fog and aid citizens remaining in Shandlin's Ferry. "I've sent my most seasoned troops in there," reported Sergeant Edonak of the Rangers. "They just get turned around in that fog and walk right back out. The Horse! I've got some of the most skilled trackers in Eastwyck here- You'd think they could walk a straight line but we just can't get through the blasted mist! There's good people dying in there and we just can't get through!"

Reports from the nearest

earth circles verify the good sergeant's comment-people are dying in Shandlin's Ferry. As they resurrect in those circles they tell gruesome tales of their friends and neighbors being turned into berserk creatures. "The fella with the farm right next to mine," reported Goodman Stanlis Stonecreek, "it was like he went mad from the mist, or some-such. I seen him go to fetch his best milk cow from the pasture, and then he come by my place later...His eyes were all red like he'd been rubbin' 'em somethin'

fierce, and he had a funny way of standin' there.. 'Stany,' he says, ' I wanna tell you somethin'.'

I thought he'd somethin' to say about the mist, so I walks over, and he pulls a sickle from under his coat, like to kill me! Well I managed to brain him with my splittin' sledge- always been handy with it when the goblins came 'round.. but I ain't never been so scared. It was on my way to the town hall when somethin' got me from behind."

Late in the day on July 19th a
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Coronation of King Mykel Takes Place in Evendarr

Editor's note: We were lucky enough to gain access to a full account of the coronation from our correspondent in Evendarr City. Unfortunately it was of such length that we had to trim substantial quantities of text in order to make it fit. We apologize to our correspondent.)

EVENDARR CITY- The cheers which began when the first banners came into view now reach a crescendo, and then fall. There is a pause, almost a hush. Then, just ahead of the next group, the voices swell to a roaring cheer that seems to carry the riders for-

ward on its momentum, for now comes His Royal Majesty, King Mykel Endarr II, Lord and Liege of the Kingdom of Evendarr.

He is led by his standard, the twin lions of the house of Endarr, reversed in black and silver, flanked on either side by the arms of his vanished queen and son. Resplendent in his house colors whose argent and sable gleam in the sunlight, he sits silently, almost sternly, upon his great black Thalassian war horse. His only acknowledgment to the wild acclamation of his subjects is a gracious but formal nod, with an outstretched arm. One compan-

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Oracle Cave-in

The Oracle Cave, a mystical source of information that randomly appears near Ravenholt City from time to time, appeared just before the June Gathering of Nobles, near the goblin caves on the edge of Lake Ardin. The Oracle was purportedly used by several of the Nobles in attendance at the Gathering in attempts to learn information for the ongoing investigation of the missing Mystic Wood Elves of the Duchy. (See Herald article) No unusual affects were reported by the returning group.

Shortly before the gathering ended, several members of the funeral parlor had traveled to the opening of the Oracle Cave, intending to seek information themselves. A loud bang was heard from within, followed by a deep rumbling. The ground shook briefly and the entrance to the cave collapsed. Fortunately, no one had ventured within upon hearing the loud noise. The Funeral Parlor report the incident immediately to the Duke Household which dispatched Anvil to investigate. Anvil and the Funeral Parlor were unable to breach the collapsed entrance. Brendel Poundstone of Anvil, a local dwarf, surmised that it could take over a month to remove all the stone blocking the entrance to the cave. It was not known if the Oracle within had caused the collapse or if it still would be there when the cave

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Mystic Wood Elves Still Missing

The past gathering of Nobles here in Ravenholt City has brought many more people than in past gatherings. Many are seeking answers to why family and friends are still missing. Last month, The Raven's Herald reported that the entire race of Mystic Wood Elves had vanished throughout the Duchy. A subsequent search by Sir Victar of Eastwyck and the Eastwyck Rangers of the Mystic Wood Forest had revealed no trace or clue to their disappearance. The search has widened throughout the Duchy and many questions still remain. Possible answers, some too frightful to be spoken, have been forwarded to Baroness Ganthe of Eastwyck, whom is

leading the investigation. The Mystic Wood Forest resides in the Baron of Eastwyck.

Reports have returned from throughout the Kingdom that it has only been any of the Mystic Wood Elves who were present in the Duchy that have gone missing. Word has been received from many Mystics outside Ravenholt's borders seeking information about friends and family. Those that were brave enough to enter the Duchy under escort of friends and traveling companions reported no ill effects. All though replied feeling a great sense of loss after a few hours. Malmahien Deerspeaker, a prominent Mystic from Volta, ventured with friends as far as

the Mystic Wood itself, yet did not enter. "I felt so terrible inside. A terrible sadness swept over me as I came within sight of our home. A deep emptiness is all I feel now. I had several friends here in Ravenholt and I hope that an answer can soon be found."

Duchess Alexa had requested any information to be announced a emonies wi the start of little more h our missing the gathering many whisper that perhaps th Elves are gon Raven's Hera many through

Squire to Duchess Rescued in Strange Twist of Fate

Adramelech Evenstar, Squire to the Duchess who was thought to have suffered his final death in the onslaught of the last brood infestation was rescued from his fate by the Ducal Household. He is reported to be in fair condition, although somewhat traumatized by the experience.

Alec had accepted the power of the Singing Stones (a race of elemental creatures indigentous to Tyrra) and become one of them some two years ago. He had used his powers to assist Ravenholt from ground.

Alec found the Bro and attempted to dest

queen on his own. It seems Alec was not a match for the Brood Queens power and he too was infected with their vile taint. He called for the assistance of the people of Ravenholt, and died in the bloody battle that ensued.

His resurrection was attempted by Duchess Alexa herself, however, nothing could be done. The Life Icon, although present for the failed resurrection could only help by explaining that since Alec was half hu- irth, his e it was known veral

months, the Ducal Household gathered information regarding the strange death of their squire. Apparently a trip to the Oracle provided much insight on how to bring Alec back to Tyrra.

Reports say that the Duchess led an expedition to an area on the plane of Earth known as the Earth Garden. This garden is allegedly where all beings tied to true elemental earth go after final death. None of the Ducal Household were available to comment on what transpired. Apparently, after much debate and challenge from the rulers of the earth garden, Alec was allowed to be reborn in human

form, and returned to the Ducal Household.

Although very glad to have their squire returned to them, the Ducal Household is concerned over Adramelech's trouble to recover his skills and relearn his memories. After being identified at the Mage's Guild, it was learned that Adramelech's body was completely reborn, and his intellect although growing rapidly was reduced to that of a four year old. The Guild estimated that his mind should advance one year every three weeks until he reaches his apparent age, provided that his progress continues at its current rate.

Skane Circle Appears Again in Ravenholt City

Ean McTuckle – reporter

As the August Gathering of Nobles in Ravenholt City was winding down on Monday of August ***, several town guard reported the appearance of a small circle just outside the west wall of the city. The commoner groups of Anvil and Stormwatch, as well as representatives from the Mages and Healers Guilds proceeded outside the City to where the circle was sighted. A small circle glowed softly ahead, as this reporter approached with the assembled people. Within the circle was a small elm tree, now lifeless that several had remarked seeing as fully leaved when they had passed by within the past several days. Upon closer examination a small family of birds was also seen lying lifeless near the tree's base.

As those assembled gathered round the circle, speculation began as to its origins and intent by the one who had raised it. Kestrin Ardain of Anvil withdrew her blade from its sheath and loudly proclaimed, "Come and Get some Skane!" to the amusement of those around. That's when the note appeared.

Upon the dead tree's trunk a small piece of parchment faded into view. The note was addressed to Kestrin and courteously invited her and friends to return to this circle upon September ** of this year to attend a special gathering in her honor. The note was signed by the Elemental Lord, Skane.

Skane has been a chronic problem for Ravenholt and Anvil and Kestrin in particular. Turning to her friend Cynesra of Stormwatch, Kestrin smiled sweetly and said, "I always love a good party, especially when it's for me!" Her husband Vastin however was not amused.

The guilds quickly gathered the required ritual components and set about to destroy the loathsome circle. At the completion of the formal magic spell though, the circle remained. There was no backlash and the scholars in attendance felt that the ritual had been successfully completed. Afterward, all withdrew to the safety of the City and a watch was placed near the circle. Sir Victdar of Eastwyck ordered all to steer clear of the circle if they were traveling near it as he and the remaining members of the Eastwyck Noble Court proceeded to Kent to continue investigations of the Mists surrounding the town of Shandlin's Ferry. (See herald's article on the front page). As to the purpose of the circle and the invite to Kestrin, I for one see only evil. This reporter will keep you informed.

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ion from his past accompanies him in the flesh: Lord Ambrose Huntington, Chief Advisor to the Crown, a contrast in the white, purple and gold of the house of Huntington. Once a being of great power who shook the stones of Saxony Keep, now he is just the man who has twice rescued Kings of Evendarr, as well as his own sister, only to lose all but the man at his left to the adamant of uncompromising Time. He is ever at Mykel's side. From time to time the Lord offers comment to his Liege, who nods, and occasionally responds.

Close behind His Majesty are the lieges of the Principalities: Prince Miles Tegg and Princess Eleanor of Southwatch, who are known to my people: Princess Lillian Rotari, radiant in elvensilks and riding upon a snow white palfrey under the banner of Greenmarch; and Prince Kevynn Blackfox and Princess Crissea of the Heart and of Northmarch. I see also the arms of County Blackstone, whose liege stands as Hereditary regent to the heir of Evendarr, but I cannot identify the riders. Here are also to be found the Houses of the Five Old Families who have figured so remarkably in the Kingdom's history; The Buttons, Huntingtons, Monays, Bartholemews, and a cadet branch of the Endarrs. Among them I see the formidable Dame Lorna Bartholemew, sitting a horse as erect as any soldier despite her advancing

years; and Sir Percival Huntington, son of the late Princess Andrea, the dashing young Viscount of Cwyll.

Primacy of place has gone to the lands of Southwatch, who are locked in a struggle with the rebellious Duchy of Sutherland. That standard seems not to be present, although I may have missed seeing it. Nearly every eye is focused on the Court of Tyrangel, led by the young Count Roderick Daleron.

Among their ranks is a company of cavalry with a dozen heads impaled upon their upraised lances, so blackened that it is impossible to distinguish race or gender. The Sutherland Necromancers will find little support here.

I see the Court of Therendry close behind, although I cannot tell if their Duke is with them. A woman riding among them seems almost glowing with intensity, and I am told that she is Dame Skymane, scourge of the Kitherian Mires, whose fell beasts plague Therendry. Apparently the Kitherians do not mind, for Duchess Kassandra Drenin follows closely behind in her carriage, and there is no sign of displeasure on her face.

Another great cheer rises, and the Duchy of Evendarr comes before us. Duchess Jane Monay is riding in an open carriage, and beside her is Richie Buttons, Lord Chancellor of the Heart, and her predecessor. There is a third figure in the carriage, whom I do not know, but my companion tells me is Dame Pamilla Saxony,

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citizen from the town managed to walk out through the mist. Commoner Else MacPherring was the last of a group sent by the “mayor” of Shandlin’s Ferry to seek help. “Things are looking grim in town,” she said, “The town is under constant attack by creatures from the mist. I haven’t seen anything like this since the Montesque rebellion.. Mayor Kassa sent six of us out to try to get help- I’m the only one left, and we were the most skilled people left in town. I don’t like what that Ranger had to say about trying to get back in, but I have to try..” And with that, the battered warrior lifted her shield and headed back into the fog. She returned a few hours later, frustrated and weary.

Baroness Ganthe and her court arrived on the scene shortly after being informed of the catastrophe. The Baroness immediately took command of the situation. She dispatched Rangers to patrol the edge of the fog in order to prevent anyone from attempting to enter the

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entrance was cleared. It was later resolved by Dame Quin who arrived to oversee the problem to wait and see if the Oracle randomly appeared again somewhere else close to the Capitol City as it often did. “No sense in risking anyone’s life just yet for perhaps an empty hole,” Dame Quin was quoted as saying. Dame Quin asked all to spread the word to report to her immediately,

dangerous zone. “As soon as the investigation here is in good hands I will be meeting with Countess Altair to further discuss the security of the area, and provide for the victims as best we can,” the good Baroness assured us. “Any and all relevant information should be directed to my Chancellor, Mastorium MacCorrick.”

We reached Countess Altair on her way to the veiled town. She had sent scouts throughout the Duchy to look for any other areas that might be shrouded in unusual mists. We asked her for a comment.

“This is another indication of the evil running rampant in our lands,” she grimly said. “It’s time we stop pruning the leaves, and kill this tree at the root.”

The mist covers a roughly circular area approximately 9 to 11 miles in diameter. As of this writing nothing has come from the mist except for frightened refugees and the spirits of the dead. Nor has the dense wall of fog moved since it first appeared on July 14th.

any sighting of the Oracle Cave.

The Oracle has been a very good source of information throughout the years although often appears within occupied bandit or brigand hideouts or some other inhabitants lair, often posing a challenge to reach the Oracle itself. The information gained through the three questions allowed to be asked of it is worth the effort to find and journey to it.

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the new Lady of Saxony Keep in the Barony of Arawyn, and the Heir to the House of Saxony.

The Duchies of Greenmarch come next. Leading them is Morten Sarten, the elven Duke of Rotaria, who is said to be a favorite of Princess Lillian.

Next I can identify the gold wyvern on a blue and burgundy standard borne by the Duchy of Ashbury and their Graces, Duchess Mara Tirane and Duke Bryan Nordenn.

The cheering seems to subside to a murmur as the court of Niman makes its passage. Duke Vordan Nicadaemus blazes with light in his silver gilt dress armor, a masterpiece of Dwarven craftsmanship. Duke Vordan is distributing alms, and the crowd is responding with cries of approval.

The final group of Royal vassals are those of Northmarch, along the northern frontier. Leading the ranks is the court of Duke Rutherford Rawlings of Elysia, looking fresh and eager as though they were about to begin a new adventure. They are followed by the twin bear standard of Volta, the colors of Duke Adrick Voltan who is also garbed in full battle gear. Last in the procession of the duchies comes Ravenholt, under the purple and gold banners of Duke Andros Holmsong and Duchess Alexa Rhyannan-Holmsong, matched black coursers prancing in step to the music.

In the distance one can hear a low but growing sound- not so much a cheer as a cry of

respect and awe pouring from thousands of throats at once.

Movement within the throng seems to still as anticipation builds. Even the soldiers guarding the route seem to stand a little taller. He rides into view under the emerald and ivory standard of the Kingdom of Quentari. He is Elenaro, King of the Quentari elves. A legend rides this day in Evendarr City.

It is now High noon, although we can barely glimpse the principal players in the Coronation Ceremony, special heralds placed along the way are intoning the ritual words. We see a flash as the ancient crown of Evendarr is placed upon King Mykel’s brow; the heralds speak the words of the Royal Oath in concert with the King.

The public portion of the Coronation Ceremony ends with the declaration by the Royal Herald that the Principals will now return to the castle, where the Oath swearing of Vassals will take place in the Hall of Crystal. A week of national celebration is declared, and the King and his guests depart to a roar of cheering which continues for many minutes.

Evendarr has a new king. This portion of the tale is ended, but I think that the greater part of the saga of the Reign of King Mykel II of Evendarr has only begun.