

THE ASHBURY TIMES

MONTH OF SALAMANDER 614



CORRHEIM WINS DUCAL TOURNAMENT

It is my utmost pleasure to have had the privilege to oversee this year's Ducal Tournament in R'kura. I believe it was a rousing success and a wonderful chance to show the Duchy what our best, brightest, and strongest have to give. Thank you to each and every individual who put effort into assembling the tournament and, most of all, to the Gilded Claw for offering up their beautiful home to us. His Grace, Sir Nevin Kendrick, Duke of Ashbury, bids his most heartfelt gratitude to all who attended, participated, and allowed for a day's peace and calm in the name of the good people of Ashbury.

Without further ado, I present the results of the 614 Ashbury Ducal Tournament:

Colors

1. Ash Forest
2. Team Maitane
3. Corrheim United
4. Gilded Claw of Barran

Hero's Combat

1. Sir Amaranthus (Ash Forest)
2. Rupert Maitane (Team Maitane)
3. Baldur (Gilded Claw of Barran)
4. Raven (Corrheim United)

Three-man Combat

1. Ash Forest
2. Corrheim United
3. Gilded Claw of Barran
4. Team Maitane

Survival

1. Corrheim United
2. Team Maitane
3. Ash Forest
4. Gilded Claw of Barran

Icenian Standoff

Individual:

1. Willow Branch (Corrheim United)
2. Ketemycos Sunwald (Corrheim United)
3. Jinx (Corrheim United)
4. Raven Nevermore (Corrheim United)
5. Vox (Gilded Claw of Barran)
6. Rupert Maitane (Team Maitane)

7. Erden (Ash Forest)
8. Tempest (Ash Forest)
9. Baroness Ezri Silverthorn (Ash Forest)

Team:

1. Corrheim United
2. Gilded Claw of Barran
3. Team Maitane
4. Ash Forest

Ritual Performance

1. Ash Forest
2. Corrheim United
3. Team Maitane
4. Gilded Claw of Barran

Entertainment

1. Corrheim United
2. Team Maitane
3. Ash Forest
4. Gilded Claw of Barran

Final Results

1. Corrheim United
2. Ash Forest
3. Team Maitane
4. Gilded Claw of Barran

Once more, thank you all, and I look forward to meeting with you again in time.

Despona Garrick
Ducal Seneschal of Ashbury

WITHIN:

- *Letter from Baroness Ezri*
- *Necromantic Dryads*
- *Undead besiege Thrommel*
- *Corrheim's Newest Squire*
- *Letter from Sir Grim*
- *A Note of Thanks*
- *Vox Steps Down*
- *Magical Theory*



A LETTER FROM THE BARONESS

I would like to officially commend Sergeants Tinder Boulderback and Ferra Ironbeard and Captain Simon Neville for their bravery and valor. Thanks to the stout

hearts, quick minds and strong swords of these three leaders we succeeded in our mission without a single resurrection. I am proud to fight alongside these three fine

examples of the Icenian military.

In Service,
Baroness Ezri Silverthorn
Ash Forest

PEOPLE AND ADVENTURERS OF ICENIA

BY CYPRETHIUS BOGMENDER

I would like to genuinely thank all of those who came to my side last gather with little to no information with regards to the necromancer that attacked the town, along with some of my misguided kin. I would like to take this time to fully explain everything as you all deserve it. Many of my memories of the world, before the great sleep, have been rushing back to me within these past few weeks but most still remain elusive.

The Necromancer's name is Gwyrtheyrn (gwerr-thayrn). He was known as the Tiarna or for lack of a better word, the King, of Clan Duilleoga, my clan before the great sleep. He was a just and kind ruler, one I trusted and fought for countless times before his fall into the teachings of Undeath and Necromancy.

A prophecy of a great Calamity was foretold by our people for many generations. As time went on the signs of the impending Calamity grew closer and closer. Many of us saw the approaching Calamity as a necessity to cleanse the land to make way for the new generations and new life just as the earth has always done. But not Gwyrtheyrn, he feared the Calamity... he

feared losing his power and sought ways to avert it.

He began to secretly delve into the tainted magic of Necromancy and Undeath. He was cunning in his plan as he began to slowly spread his own fears into the hearts of my family, telling them his methods were in the best interest of the clan and threatened those who defied him with expulsion and permanent death. By the time I became aware of his motives and plans he had already corrupted most of the clan and had them expediting his cowardly plans. I tried to reason with my clansmen the best I could but our Tiarna's spell had already taken hold, it was as if they were enslaved to his will and there was nothing I could do, well almost nothing.... I fought back.

Gwyrtheyrn marked me as an enemy of the clan and an outlaw that should be killed on sight. I took to the forest, the next closest clan lived 50 miles to the west and I knew if I could make it there I would have allies to overthrow Gwyrtheyrn and hopefully save my clansmen. They hunted me through the night and into the next day as I ran for the village, that is when I assume the Calamity hit. The

color began to fade from the world and was blanketed in a grey hue, my steps began to slow until I could not lift my legs, my eyes grew heavy and my vision slowly faded to black. From what I have been told since my awakening, the Calamity is commonly refereed to as The Great Sleep.

Upon my awakening I had no memories of what had happened but leading up to the tournament, there was some sort of tremor within the spirit of the earth and I slowly began to remember my old life in bits and pieces, once Gwyrtheyrn came to Flameheart keep all of the memories became clear and connected. During the battle at the keep we were able to capture one of my clansmen and with the help of Kar, Tempest, Lili, and Squire Kailani they were able to break the chains on my clansmen's mind, freeing her from her servitude.

I am truly sorry for bringing this blight to the doorstep of Icenia and I am doing everything in my power to right this wrong. As we speak I have formed a hunting party to find Gwyrtheyrn and turning him to dust where he stands as well as save as many of my clansmen as I can.

- Cyprethius Bogmender

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THROMMEL UNDER SIEGE FROM NEW, STRANGE UNDEAD

The Estate of Thrommel in Nordenn has shut itself down and closed its walls to try to keep a new type of Undead from completely destroying the city.

These new Undead rose from basements and caves in various spots of the estate. While similar in appearance to other rotting zombie-like undead, these are vastly intelligent and have the power to turn others into similar Undead.

“The locals have started calling these things ‘morfs’,” stated Thrommel Healers’ Guildmaster Hrankin Thaik. “If you are killed by these creatures, they can infect you and then you rise up to join them. However, you retain all your thoughts and individuality and know all the skills you previously knew plus new ones you received from the Undead curse.”

Hrankin went on to explain that once you are “morfed” your personality becomes evil, and all you want to do is kill the living and possibly morf them, too. “We’ve had some of our town guard morfed, and they use their knowledge of their fellows to attack their

weaknesses. Plus they know all the passwords and secret entrances, so that makes it really difficult to fight them.”

The Undead seem to be led by a large Undead gryphon who rarely speaks and merely attacks until it is killed – only to show up later, perfectly fine. Reports are that the gryphon has died more than a dozen times but still appears, meaning there must be something keeping it alive.

Thrommel Council Leader Kib Toral assures everyone that Thrommel can handle their own problems, but the Duke is heading there now, accompanied by Count Ulthoc and many adventurers. “We will not stand by while our own people are being killed by Undead,” His Grace said. All able-bodied adventurers are asked to assist.

Thrommel is a seaside Ducal Estate in Nordenn, bordered by Nordenn Keep. It mainly trades through its ports.

For this emergency, Thrommel has set aside an encampment on the outskirts of the walled city wherein the Ashbury adventurers can stay during their visit. Kib promis-

es food and drink. There is a Healers’ Circle there if necessary, which will be staffed by Hrankin and his healers.

Ashbury Ducal Healer’s Guildmistress Zatarina is also on her way and has asked all healers to meet with her as soon as possible on the night of the 15th.

Meanwhile, the citizens of Thrommel hide in their homes and fight when they can. A local circus that had set up near the city has not been heard from. Many locals who have not seen from loved ones worry that they have been morfed. The ports have been closed and the Council has ordered no boats to leave or enter.

“The Garnet Razor will save us!” said one small child, referring to the secretive vigilante who has been rumored to stalk the night, preying on the evil. Some have said that the Razor killed the previous Council leader Vassalia Thrommel.

“This all means something very important,” said Froopstin, a local soothsayer, “but I’m not saying what.”



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KETEMYCOS SUNWALD NAMED SQUIRE

Attention citizens of Icenia. It is my honor to announce Ketemycos Sunwald as my Squire to the Barony of Corrheim. Ketemycos was born in these lands and has grown

here. He knows the soil and mountains and Corrheim steel runs through his veins. His job has just begun and I am certain he is up to the task. Rejoice people of Cor-

rheim.
By my Hand,
Sir Marcusgrim of For-
estheart





AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PEOPLE OF CORRHEIM

It was with great pride that myself, the court of Corrheim and the members of the Gilded Claw represented Corrheim at this tournament. For you, for the soldiers who have fought these seemingly endless wars, for all those that have lost and in honor of

Dame Jovunn... We have won. The day was filled with intense competition and we were honored to tie with the Ash Forest until a decision by His Grace, the Duke. Ash Forest never wilted, never yielded and they as well as the other competitors did their

best to entertain you all and display skill, ferocity, and passion. Let this victory solidify that you are not lost, Corrheim is not forgotten nor forsaken and we are here. Corrheim stands.

By my hand, Sir Marcusagrim of Forestheart

TO THOSE WHO ATTENDED THE TOURNAMENT

Thanks to all for helping me have a great time at the Ducal Tournament and its Balls! After all that happened in Stonehollow, this Dwarf was in need of some merriment and ale. Especially ale. I... drank lots of the ale. Flameheart Keep was very well decorated, though I still can't say I understand why Lady Pretty Aubry Leather Jingles was hanging armor on the wall.

I thought Lord Sir Crown Knight Grim fought really well for our people, though I can't really recall who won anything, now that I try to think about it. Must have been the ale. That was some

good ale. Hey there were pretty dancing ladies too! I enjoyed all the drumming, but none of the jokes were funny. I wasn't too fond of that strange clown person, either. Why did he show up twice? He was touching people.

I got to make lots of new friends, like Twig the Elf, Ferra the lovely but not interested in men, Ian the really tall fellow in a skirt, Davis from breakfast, and Not-Davis from...later. The food was delicious, so I had seconds, and I thank the noble folks for allowing me to be an unofficial taste tester in their dessert competition. I figured

it looked like there was more than enough to go around. Plus I needed more beard food. Me and Not-Davis certainly had our fill!

Well this is getting long-winded, so I'll just get to the end of things. Though the sorrow in my heart for the loss of Stonehollow remains, everyone at the Tournament and Balls did a great job of bringing me cheer, even if you didn't realize I needed it. Oh and thanks Beard Lady! My beard is STILL pretty!

Sincerely,
Smokey Lightboots

PS- I betcha didn't know it was me, did ya?

"EVERYONE AT THE TOURNAMENT AND BALLS DID A GREAT JOB OF BRINGING ME CHEER."

TO THE PEOPLE OF ASHBURY

By VOX

It is my duty to report that I, Vox, have determined to turn in my red belt. There are many reasons for this decision, but the primary one is that I am not ready for it yet. I have spent many years roaming. I have come to the realization that I do not understand the customs of Ice-

nia, nor do I fully understand its people. I do not understand the fine points of social interaction that seem so casual to all of you.

To me, the problem is that as a noble, knowing people is more than half the battle. I have decided to give myself time to learn these customs

and the people of Ashbury. Until such time, I am not fit to bear a red belt. Perhaps this will change in the future. Thank you for your time and confidence. I look forward to once again being worthy.



A SIMPLE THEORY ON THE MAGICS THAT SURROUND US BY VINCENT TARETHIAL

Through my travels I've found myself encountering many different styles and effects of magic that are either cast by myself or others. A theory that's come to attention, and I have discussed this with some of my allies, is the association of one's emotions in the abilities to cast magic. I've watched in several battles where an adventurer let their emotions run wild, and with that, miscast or screwed up a spell because of a confusion of emotions and the spell in which they are attempting to cast. With this being said, I find that when casting Earth magic it requires a certain level of calm and collected in order to effectively cast healing spells in the heat of combat. Think of the earth as a solid, dense object that is unmoving unless by great force, much like the Bindomancy you see from some

casters. Something to take note on as well is our close relatives, the Celestial casters. I have never found much prejudice in magic unless it be of the illegal variety, hence my ability to use Celestial abilities and items, as well as the Earth magic on memory, along with minor celestial spells. I've discussed with people that Celestial magic, also known as "Sky Magic," is much like it's nickname, wild, free, uncontrolled. Many Celestialists I've encountered have a similar attitude to the magic they concentrate on. Not necessarily a bad thing I have to say, especially if you need lots of explosions and things frozen very quickly.

Now we come to the types of magic we don't particularly like, at least I myself don't. Necromancers! Ever notice how they always seem angry

at the world, pissed off over nothing, and just want to kill everything? Well that my friends is the best way I can describe Necromancy as a school of magic to you. Anger is an emotion that can be used as a great tool for battle, or the ultimate weakness. It's a tough emotion to control and even worse when trying to harness magic of any kind, the effects of magic have still proven endless. So I speak out with this theory of emotions and magic to the adventurers in these lands. Have any of you ever felt your emotions controlled by magic you were channeling? Or has your casting been affected by emotions in anyway? These are questions I ask the community in order to dive deeper into the knowledge of magic and the theories. With enough work even more knowledge could potentially be unlocked.



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If you're well-spoken and seeking extra coin, the Ashbury Times has an opportunity for you! We're actively seeking contributors of news articles in exchange for good silver. For further information, speak with a local Times representative or send a missive to our headquarters in Ashbury City!

Grok will be holding a checkers tournament starting before the first breakfast of the gathering. 5 silver buy in. And winner gets half the pot. Talk to Grok as soon as possible. Grok will be playing chess. 1 gold buyin and an item of value to the first person who wins. See Grok throughout the gather to challenge.

Greetings, I know I am not on everyone's favorite persons list, but I request aid for the upcoming gather. As some of you know, I am recently come into a Golem made purely out of alchemy. Like some regular Celestial Golems, I am healed by flame. Raven will not be able to attend the next gather and so I put out the request for any and all celestial casters. Perhaps we can eliminate this threat more easily if we focus our assets. Please contact me privately if you wish to offer aid. I will offer what I can in return. -Master Artisan Vox

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TALK OF THE TAVERN

In our monthly installment of "Talk of the Tavern," we'll be sharing some of the most notable rumors and stories going around Ashbury's local taverns — to keep you, our readers, apprised of what the common folk are saying.

Many were abuzz with talk of the Ducal Tournament and the Ball that followed it.

There was reportedly a kerfuffle of sorts at the Archer's combat, in which Willow of Gilded Claw and Ket of Corrhaim faced off. Apparently, Willow fired more arrows than was allowed, but won the competition anyways. That being said, Ket was squired later that night, so we think he still won out on that one.

The Ritual Competition

drew out some rather interesting ritual casters—a team apparently attempted to compete in spite of their complete lack of magical skill. While their violent attempts could have potentially counted as an entry for entertainment, they rather unsurprisingly failed to produce any magical results.

The Gilded Claw rather notably helped to field two tourney teams this year—one for Barran, and one for Icenia with the Vanguard. Perhaps there's a fracture in the family?



Speaking of Barran, it appears that the elves of Barran have an interesting tendency of sharpening their teeth... What do they eat over there, that requires such strange incisors?

It's looking more and more like golems are in vogue this season around Ashbury, as the former squire Vox exchanged his crimson belt for a brilliant suit of alchemy. How is that even possible, anyway?

A few wallflowers have mentioned some of the interesting conversations had in Flameheart Keep regarding personal preferences of cer-

tain voluptuous body parts — with certain Ashban nobles among those offering their two cents. Apparently politics isn't all that boring after all.

Eyes and ears are lately turning to the Estate of Thrommel in Nordenn after a Biata council member made a public appearance in Flameheart Keep. Tensions between the adventurers and the Thessi proved counter productive to civil discussion, but many suspect that a thorough investigation of Thrommel may answer some troubling questions. With suspicions running wild, how will Count Ulthoc account for the freehold in his home Barony?

That's all for this month's Talk of the Tavern! If you have a rumor you'd like to share, send your missive to our headquarters in Ashbury City.