

Stonewatch Scribe

A NEW DAY DAWNS OVER NEW STONEWATCH

Satyrday Gatherings

Town Watch Muster
9 and a half Bells
in front of the Garrison

Elementalists' Guild
10 Bells
Peryn's Retreat

Sanctuary
11 Bells
Sanctuary

Mages' Guild
1 and a half Bells Past
High Sun
Common House

Court
3 Bells Past High Sun
Common House

Merchants' "Club"
After Court
Common House Porch

Common Dinner
6 Bells Past High Sun
Common House

With the close of the Gods' War, New Stonewatch returns to its daily rhythm, not with celebration alone, but with reflection.

Our streets have filled once more with familiar sounds: the morning bell, the calls of merchants, the steady work and vigilance of the Watch. Life continues as it always has here, built not upon spectacle, but upon consistency, cooperation, and care for one another.

Yet even as normalcy settles in, reports from beyond our borders remind us that peace does not mean stillness. The wider world adjusts in its own time. Changes surface quietly in distant mountains, beneath known waters, and within places long shaped by conflict. None demand panic, but all merit record.

This edition of The Stonewatch Scribe gathers these early accounts so that our community remains informed, grounded, and prepared. These are not warnings, nor proclamations of doom, but observations offered in the spirit of transparency and stewardship.

New Stonewatch has weathered upheaval before. We endure not because we are untouched by change, but because we meet it together with level heads, shared knowledge, and trust in our neighbors.

What follows are the first notes of a world finding its balance again.

May they be read with curiosity, care, and confidence in the strength of our town.



*RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH
AND BEYOND*

THE DAY THAT VOE SPOKE

By Sora Ashquill

I stood upon the Tourney Field when the war finally
loosened its grip on the world.

Not with fanfare. Not with a cry of victory.

But with a long breath released, the kind you do not
realize you have been holding until your chest burns as
it leaves you.

When the last echoes of battle faded, there was no
blaze of triumph. Only the sound of wind moving
through the trees. Only the sight of people looking at
one another and realizing they were still here.

That is how peace arrived.

In the days since, I have walked through town and
watched what followed. The baker rose before dawn as
always, coaxing warmth from stubborn coals. The forge
rang out, steady and sure, sparks climbing briefly toward
the sky before falling harmlessly away. Children ran too
fast down the lanes. The Watch gathered, complained
about the cold, and went about their duties.

Nothing grand.

Everything precious.

The world did not change all at once and perhaps that
is the greatest kindness of all. No mountains shifted.
No stars fell. Instead, change came softly, the way
morning does. In how laughter feels easier to reach. In
how grief still exists, but no longer presses quite so
hard on the ribs.

Some have said the air feels fresher. Others swear the
moonlight looks softer as it reflects off the gentle waves
of the lake. I have heard farmers claim their soil turns
more willingly beneath the plow. I have also heard
skeptics snort and say that peace merely makes people
more prone to noticing beauty.

Both may be true.

What I know is this: when fear loosens its hold, people
remember how to live, how to love, and how to create..

The War of the Gods was never only fought in the
heavens. It was felt in kitchens and camps, in prayers
whispered too quickly, in the way folk glanced skyward
before making even the smallest choice. Now, that
weight has eased. Not gone but balanced.

The gods still watch. Still care. Still guide when asked.

But the days belong, once more, to those who walk
them.

To the merchant opening their stall.

To the healer preparing balms..

To the neighbor who checks on another simply because
something felt off.

If there is a lesson to be taken from what I witnessed,
it is not about divine power or cosmic struggle.

It is about this:

The world endures because people choose it to.

So walk kindly in the days ahead. Tend your hearths.
Speak honestly. Love fiercely. The future will not
announce itself with thunder, it will arrive disguised as
routine.

And in that quiet rhythm, New Stonewatch lives on.

With the turning of this page, I take my leave of New
Stonewatch for a time to walk the roads beyond its
borders and continue the work entrusted to me, carrying
the light of Kandrell wherever the world yet unfolds.

STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN THE NORTHERN PEAKS

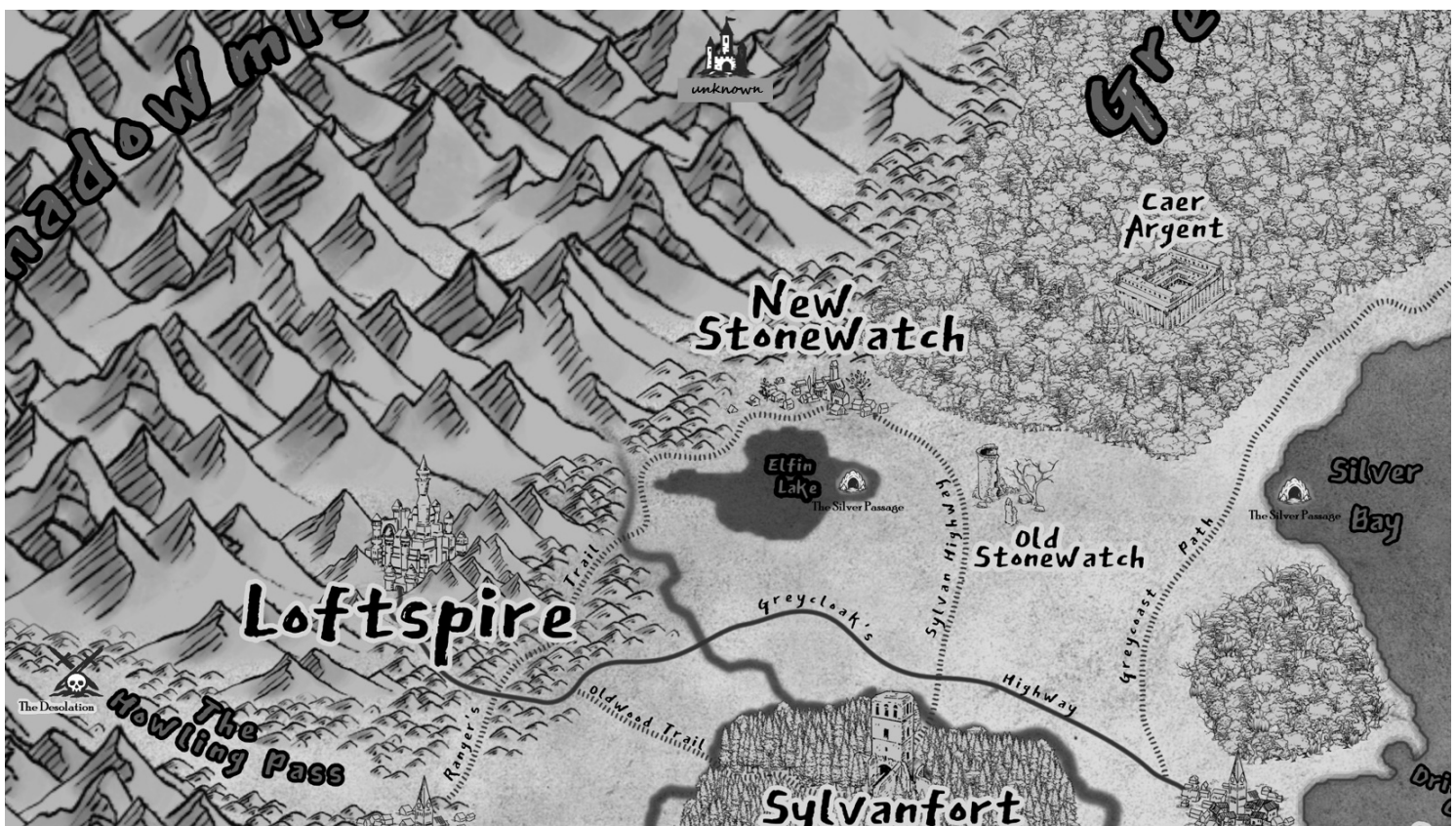
Word has reached New Stonewatch of a troubling, and as yet unexplained, phenomenon in the mountains north of town. A local villager, out foraging for winter herbs earlier this week, reported witnessing what can only be described as the sudden arrival of a massive stone castle crafted of dark, weather-worn rock.

According to the witness, the winds of the mountain trail died all at once, an unnatural stillness that lasted only a heartbeat before the air around them “grew heavy, like a weight pressing down,” accompanied by a creeping chill “cold as death itself.” A roaring gust followed, nearly sending the villager tumbling from a ledge. When they regained their footing, they saw, far higher along the jagged peaks, a towering fortress shrouded in swirling mist. The villager swore it had not been there a moment before.

Having felt “a dread so deep it settled in my bones,” the villager vowed never to return to that stretch of mountain again.

In service to the truth and the safety of New Stonewatch, The Scribe’s editor dispatched scouts to verify the report. Their findings confirm at least the presence of something immense perched high above, yet the terrain is treacherous even in fair weather, and the mysterious fog that surrounds the structure makes it barely visible at range. None could approach closely enough to offer more than the same haunting silhouette glimpsed by the villager.

For now, the northern peaks remain shrouded in cold cloud and colder questions. The Scribe will continue to investigate this unsettling development and urges any travelers heading north to exercise extreme caution.



A NEW WOUND BENEATH THE WAVES: ELFIN LAKE REVEALS A MASSIVE CAVE SYSTEM

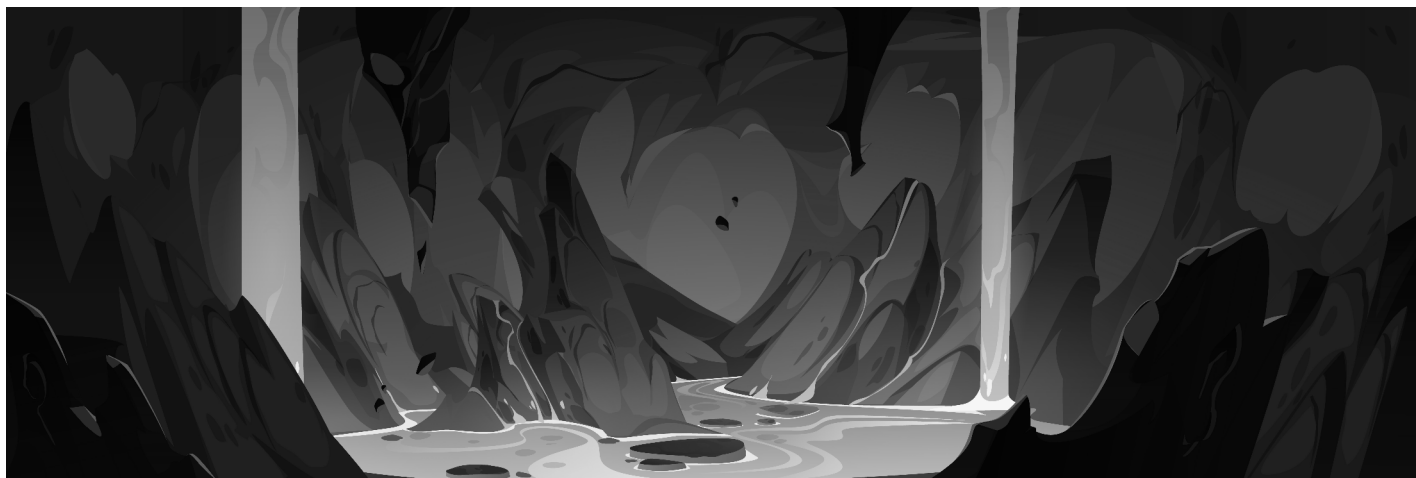
After some recent tremors were felt across the region, an event some are curiously calling the *Stonewake Quake*, citizens of New Stonewatch were relieved to learn that the surrounding locales and villages suffered little structural damage. Yet while homes held firm, the land itself had other ideas.

Along the eastern shore of Elfin Lake, an alarming disturbance first appeared as what looked to be a fresh chasm carved into the lakebed. Locals reported shifting stones, groaning earth, and water moving in unnatural patterns for several days. Then, as if the land had finally made up its mind, the chasm widened and stone rose and revealed the mouth of a vast cave system hidden beneath the lake.

Early accounts from fishermen and scouts describe an opening large enough to swallow a full-sized ship, with ceilings that vanish into shadow and waters deep and dark as a winter's night. The lake's currents appear to flow steadily eastward into the tunnels, suggesting a connection to the distant sea.

Small expeditions have already begun, using light fishing vessels to venture into the newly exposed passageways. Their goals: to chart the tunnels, gauge their safety, and, if luck is kind, discover where this subterranean river leads. Thus far, explorers report no immediate threats, though all caution that the darkness feels "old" and the echoes are "too eager to return your own voice."

For now, the town watches with wary curiosity. Elfin Lake has always been a serene presence on New Stonewatch's doorstep but with the earth's shifting, it appears the waters have been guarding far more than fish and folklore. The Scribe will continue to follow these developments as the cave's secrets come to light.



SHIFTING SHADOWS IN THE HOWLING PASS: THE DESOLATION GROWS UNSTABLE

Travelers and scholars alike continue to express deep concern over the stretch of land in the Howling Pass now grimly known as The Desolation, the site where the Avatar of Avagon, Liam Shondar, and the Avatar of Undathos, Ashlee, clashed in their final, world-shaking battle. Both avatars perished there, and the land has borne the scar ever since.

The ground remains barren, cracked, and faintly ashen, as though scorched by a fire that never truly burned. Yet it is not simply the appearance of the place that quickens fear, it is the behavior of the land itself.

Reports from those who dared approach describe overwhelming terror, fleeing the moment they set foot near its borders. Witnesses speak of roving undead, presumably remnants raised or twisted during the Avatars' confrontation, while others insist it is the unseen forces that drive travelers away. Eerie voices on the wind, sudden nightmares, phantom sights, and the suffocating sense of an otherworldly presence are among the most common accounts.

A cleric of Avagon, who braved the blighted region as part of a sanctioned investigation, offered a troubling observation: The Desolation is not static. According to their report, the area seems to shift from day to day.

Some mornings, the land crawls with undead.

Other days, the Pass lies utterly silent, draped in a strange, serene stillness that feels no less unsettling.

This inconsistency has sparked fear of a lingering curse or divine wound, something Undathos may have left behind when Ashlee fell.

Locals urge all citizens, adventurers, and the merely curious to give The Desolation a wide berth. "Whatever sleeps there," one traveler told The Scribe, "it doesn't want to be woken. And if you bring a piece of it home with you... it might never let go."

The Scribe will continue to watch the situation closely and encourages the people of New Stonewatch to prioritize safety over curiosity as the Howling Pass continues its haunting transformation.



A QUIET AFTER THE STORM

As recorded by a correspondent of The Stonewatch Scribe

In the weeks following the end of the Gods' War, reports have reached us not of battle but of silence, from distant corners of the world. Of breath held too long. Of the same dream, shared by many, no matter how far apart they stood when the heavens shifted.

One such account comes from a young cleric of Voe, scarcely into her third decade of life, who witnessed the War's ending far from New Stonewatch. Like others, she dreamt the same final moment: the stillness after divine quarrel, the sense of something changing, choices being decided upon.

For her, the dream did not bring comfort.

She confessed that before the War's end, her faith had already begun to fray. She prayed, yet felt unheard. She served, yet wondered whether goodness truly mattered in a world so eager to bruise it. When the gods fell silent, those doubts grew heavier, pressing on her chest like armor she no longer knew how to wear.

It was during this unrest that she encountered an Inquisitorial Confessor of Voe, traveling the roads not in judgment, but in quiet service.

She did not give his name. Only this: that he carried himself gently, as one might carry a candle through darkness, careful not to let it gutter. His voice, she said, was deep and warm, the sort that slowed the breath without asking. To stand near him was to feel one's thoughts settle, as silt does in clear water.

He did not interrupt her.

He did not correct her.

He did not tell her what to believe.

He simply listened.

And in that safe and unrushed space she spoke of fear. Of anger. Of the ache of loving a god who allows the world to hurt. When she faltered, he asked only small things. Questions shaped not like challenges, but like open doors.

What if purpose is not handed down, but grown?

What if faith is not certainty, but choice?

What if the world does not change because the gods act but because we do?

By the time their conversation ended, the cleric realized something quietly astonishing: he had not given her answers at all. He had merely cleared the path so she could reach them herself.

She left him with no grand revelation, only a spark. A renewed will to do good, not because it would be rewarded, but because goodness must be chosen again and again. Because we are not passive witnesses to the world's wounds. We are, each of us, potential catalysts for growth, for healing, for light carried forward by mortal hands.

"The gods may shape the world," she told us, "but we decide what we do with what remains."

In the aftermath left by the Gods' War, such stories remind us that its weight is not borne by heroes alone. It settles on farmers, clerics, soldiers, and wanderers alike. Yet even now, in uncertainty, there are those who walk gently with that weight; listening, guiding, and trusting others to find their way.

Sometimes, it seems, faith is not reignited by thunder or victory.

Sometimes, it returns in the quiet; when someone sits beside you and reminds you that choosing good still matters.

FROM THE QUILL OF VALMYRION DRAELTHAS

I set quill to page to record an event without clear precedent. The mana storms ceased and the Tower of Caymlyn fell into silence. Such quiet had not been known within these halls in living memory. It was an emptiness that pressed upon the senses. My wards and defenses held but briefly, before I too succumbed to sleep and dream. Of the time that passed, I cannot speak with certainty.

Upon waking, I found the mana storms restored and the Tower returned to its accustomed motion and purpose. Servants moved as they always had. The currents of magic flowed once more. I summoned tea and reflected upon what had transpired, committing these thoughts to record for those who may read them in years yet to come. What changes, if any, had Voe set into motion?

The question of the Dragons remains foremost. Driven nearly to extinction, they persist still, clinging to survival. Once counted among the greatest and most powerful races of the realms, they are now reduced to a scattered remnant. Their plight brings me sorrow, though I am bound to neutrality. As Avatar of Caymlyn, I may offer counsel to all who seek it, but I may not wield my magics in favor of or against any cause. The seeking and preservation of knowledge is the charge set before me. It is possible that Voe, in his wisdom, may yet restore what has been diminished. Only the passage of time will reveal his design.

Likewise, it must be asked whether the Baroness yet stands. Like Baron Omnius and Baron Rhone before her, she has ruled with an iron gauntlet. Her soldiers and minions have ceaselessly rooted out resistance, while her hunters stalk the remaining Dragons, preparing them for slaughter. Whether such a reign endures or falls rests beyond my knowing. If Voe has acted, the signs will reveal themselves in due course.

A saying long attributed to the wise bears repeating: the more things change, the more they remain the same. Where one species is lost, another rises. Where one Baron falls, a Baroness takes their place. It is not for me to judge whether the conflict has proven vain. It is for me to observe, to study, and to record.

Thus I shall continue my watch. I shall continue to give counsel when it is sought. And I pray to Caymlyn for the knowledge to speak wisely, the power to speak truly, and the discernment to know when silence best serves the balance of the realm.



LOFTSPIRE: JEWEL OF THE NORTHERN RISE

A Historical Feature Presented by The Scribe

There are places in Eastguard whose names alone conjure strength, history, and quiet majesty. And then there is Loftspire, the proud citadel-city of the Demesne, whose silhouette stands etched against the northern skyline like a crown of carved stone. Too often do travelers see only the wilds of New Stonewatch and forget the noble peak from which order and governance flow. Today, The Scribe invites you to look northward and remember the importance, beauty, and legacy of Loftspire.

Long before Loftspire bore its current mantle, the lands around the Sea of Dreams were a cradle of early civilization, thriving until the upheavals of the First Orc War scattered its people into hardship. It was the Rangers who lifted these broken folk from desperation, and it was among these nascent communities that the noble lines of Eastguard first took root. Their courage and their flaws, led to the famed Council at Amberhold in the year 210, where forty nobles and forty Ranger captains met to unify the realm. From that council rose Lothar Bright-Steel, the reluctant yet destined leader who would shape the future of every hill and hold we know today.

His decisive victory against the Orgreth of Umrall set the foundation for centuries of stability. And nestled in that foundation, rising steadily in prominence, was Loftspire, one of Eastguard's original four counties. A county known not for chaos or calamity but for its unwavering fortitude.

Even tragedy could not dim Loftspire's legacy. When Count Ard fell in the Khasaba War without an heir, the county could have faded into obscurity. Yet instead, the Margrave forged something new. Loftspire did not vanish, it was elevated. Its lands became the core of the Demesne of Stonewatch, and its great Citadel was chosen as the seat of the Castellan, the very heart of frontier governance. Such honors are not granted to lands unworthy.

Since that day, every Castellan, Surebow, Gendon, Greycloak, Dragonheart, and Chillwind, has ruled from Loftspire's venerable halls. Its towering walls have witnessed modernization, war councils, pilgrimages, and the shaping of policy that keeps our eastern borders secure. Greycloak's Highway itself stretches like a lifeline from Loftspire toward Seareach, carrying not only traffic but the pulse of civilization into the wilds.

And what a sight Loftspire remains. Travelers speak of its high balconies catching the sunrise like burnished gold, of its banners snapping proudly in the northern wind, of the Citadel's lights gleaming warm against the dusk as though the mountain itself were keeping watch. It is a place where history feels alive beneath every stone, a bastion of memory, leadership, and dignity.

In times when strange fog-shrouded castles appear in distant peaks, when the ground trembles and caves open beneath lakes, one truth remains unshaken: Loftspire stands. It has stood through wars, plagues, miracles, and the march of centuries. It is more than a location, it is the anchor that keeps Eastguard steady.

So the next time your eyes drift towards the mountains, let them linger. Let them admire. Let them remember that while New Stonewatch may be the hearth of the frontier, Loftspire is its crown, and its steadfast shine guides us still.

The Scribe encourages all citizens to honor Loftspire's legacy and take pride in the Citadel that watches over our great Demesne.

From the Editor: The following submissions are printed as received. The views and proclamations expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of The Stonewatch Scribe, its staff, or the recognized authorities of the town. Readers are encouraged to exercise discernment when engaging with impassioned or unverified accounts.

Citizens of New Stonewatch,

Rejoice! The long night has ended, and the dawn of victory is upon us. The godswar is over, Voe has triumphed, and with that, the forces of good have shattered the grip of evil. Through sacrifice and valor, The Burning Eye has forged a new age, one where the Dark Artists are no more, and the shadows that once haunted our lands have been driven into extinction.

There is no need for gratitude, only vigilance. We now march into New Stonewatch, resolute and unwavering, to cleanse the last remnants of corruption. Let it be known: those who stand with us in this final purge shall be rewarded with coin, goods, and honor.

Raise your voices to the light. Surrender to the cleansing flame. And above all, exalt the mightiest of all
PRAISE VOE!

With unwavering resolve,

Lieutenant Caius

Southern Command, The Burning Eye

The world around us is seemingly the same, but if you look in the nooks and the crannies you will see the differences. Creatures never before seen in New Stonewatch are appearing.

Woodcutters run from great beasts. Orcs have begun to think. Fishing boats are being broken in half. It is truly an exciting time to be in the field of investigating the odd. People of New Stonewatch, if you happen upon things that are here but weren't before I implore you to share your experiences with me.

-Grant Ingalls, Investigator of the Odd



A FISHERMAN'S WARNING

I've fished the waters of Elfin Lake since I could hold a line. By the time stubble sprouted from my chin I had my own skiff. I've seen the largest bounties and the hungriest famine. Living in the burg of New Stonewatch I've also seen my fair share of strange creatures and stranger happenings in and around Elfin Lake.

The fishing is always slower in the winter; the fish just aren't as active. But a skilled fisher can still provide for supper and, if they're lucky, maybe have a bit extra to sell or trade. Something's different this time.

I've tried every trick and bait. Nothing. When something does bite, it's no sooner I start to bring it in when the line breaks with an aggressive tug. I've even broken the ice to lay nets only to find them utterly destroyed when I return to check them.

I've seen shadows below the ice, swimming as fast as any lake trout but as big as a man. Could it be the merfolk? They rarely surface and they've never harassed humble fishermen. Some of my mates say something's come through The Silver Passage, as they're calling it now. They say it connects all the way to Silver Bay! What terrible creatures might have found their way to our Elfin Lake?

I pray to Voe that I am wrong and it's just bad luck. As Voe's light starts to melt the ice the activity on Elfin Lake will increase, surely. Perhaps that will send whatever might be swimming under our lake back into the sea, if not, we may be in for a rough season.

-L'Edwin Fisher



GOOD NEWS EVERYONE!

In the wake of your most earnest weeping with Voe upon the tourney field where much was said of free will and rather less was asked of solutions, I am delighted to report that the realms remain richly infested with unresolved horrors, unstable magics, and delightfully bendable laws of nature!

Truly, a bountiful season for those of us with vision.

As such, opportunities abound for the ambitious and the intellectually equipped. Those possessing both qualities, or at least one in convincing measure, are invited to present themselves at the Mages' Guild, where their bodies, minds, and, circumstances permitting, souls may be put toward the advancement and rediscovery of arcane mastery.

Progress, after all, requires materials.

Come willing. Come curious. Come prepared to be remembered in the footnotes of history... should history survive the process.

Ceremoniously,

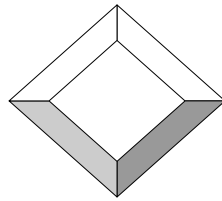
High Magi Blondieostro

of House Domenjin

(House Domenjin accepts no responsibility for loss of life, permanent disfigurement, metaphysical displacement, or extended residence within the Halls.)

Privateers Need Assistance

*We need assistance in a few jobs. Pay commensurate with risk. Can lead to more lengthy positions. If interested, please contact **Pearl** or **Phoenix**.*



Hay You!

I opened my eyes, and cautiously scanned the room...Those dreams certainly had me on edge.

When safety was determined, I went to gather wood for my hearth fire. While out in the forest, I noticed a large creature in the distance. A horse? "YOU, THERE!" The horse spoke. IT SPOKE, and I ran. I made it to my cabin, heart racing. Am I still dreaming?

I started a fire, and sat quietly on my hay stuffed cushion.

A noise at the door.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you, I was just wondering if you might have board, and food for purchase for the evening?" , said a muffled voice through the door.

I opened the door. It was the horse.

Bewilderment aside, I thought why not? I had a barn, and extra hay and vegetables to share.

He was gone by morning.



GOODS, SERVICES, AND LOOKING TO HIRE

Can't get a tune out of your head?

Missing a melody from days gone by?

Wishing for your favorite song at the tavern?

Currently taking requests to expand bardic repertoire!

If possible, lyrics with chords are preferred. If not, requests can be taken to be transcribed and learned between moons.

See Renadia Rosewood with any material!



Trading Post Grand Reopening!

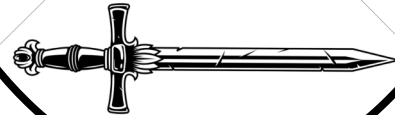
Brought to you by Houses Ironforge and Demart,

The trading post will be open on Satyrday from noon to one and a half bells for the foreseeable future.

Selling potions, armor repair, weapon commissions, weapon augmentations, locks, wine, ale and much more!

Don't see anything you like, or if you want something we don't have, make sure to ask!

Gruffglass of House Ironforge
Silas of House Demart

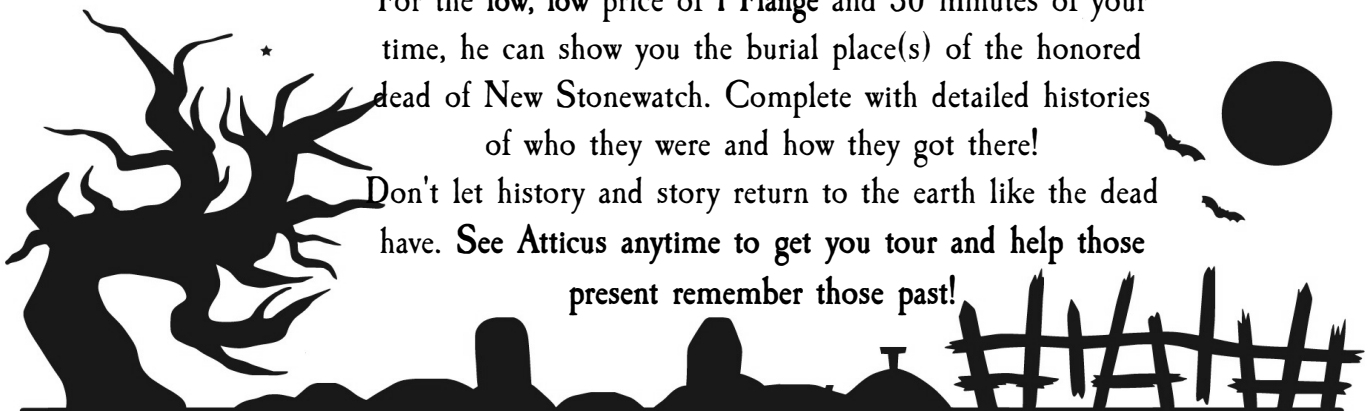


INTERESTED IN WHO CAME BEFORE YOU? WANT TO SEE WHERE THEY ARE NOW?

Atticus' Graveyard Tours is here for your answers!!!

For the low, low price of 1 Flange and 30 minutes of your time, he can show you the burial place(s) of the honored dead of New Stonewatch. Complete with detailed histories of who they were and how they got there!

Don't let history and story return to the earth like the dead have. See Atticus anytime to get you tour and help those present remember those past!





THE GRIFFIN'S LANDING

DRINKS ~ FOOD ~ GAMBLING

COLDEST BREWS IN EASTGUARD!

NIGHTLY DINNER SPECIALS!

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT!

FRIENDLY WAITSTAFF!

LARGE WINE LIST!

HOT CRISPY TOTS!

LOCAL SPIRITS!

TABLE GAMES!

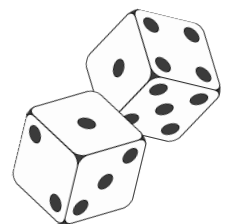


WANT TO PUT YOUR COMBAT SKILLS TO WORK AND EARN THE PAY YOU DESERVE?

JOIN THE GRIFFIN'S GUARD AND NEVER WALK ANOTHER PATROL AGAIN.

BENEFITS & COMPETITIVE WAGES!

SEE POLARIS OR RHOAM KRÜG



Sanctuary Hours

In these troubling times, the Faithful of the New Stonewatch Sanctuary would like to make ourselves available to those who need us.

Whether you are in need of a bit of healing or need to discuss theological matters with one of the Faithful, we are happy to help.

At least one of the Faithful will be available for counsel or healing at the Sanctuary on Satyrdays, from 10 bells in the morning until the Sanctuary meeting and from 5 bells in the evening until 6 bells or so.

Place Your Bets up on Clanhyll!

Come up the hill, lift a mug, and toss your coin on fate's table.

Place your bets on what will happen this moon, and if luck favors you, you could win big.

All bets due by Saytrday lunch.



THE SHIELDBREAKERS

will hold their monthly meeting at the trading post right after lunch. Pay will be distributed, ongoing or new missions will be discussed, and those interested in joining our ranks can apply at this time.

Seek out Gideon, Sufjan or Ambrose for more details if necessary.

BARID'S BREAKFAST SANDWICHES

Now served hot 'n' hearty each morn' 'til the rooster crows thrice!

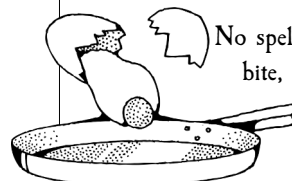
Fresh-laid hen's eggs, soft as clouds from the highlands!

Crisped bacon or seasoned sausage, charmed with Barid's secret blend o' herbs!

Melted cheese, rich as a merchant's purse!

All betwixt golden breads baked 'fore first light!

No spell nor potion needed — just one bite, and thou shalt be bewitched!



Only 1 Flange, or open to trades! From 7 Bells to 9 and a half bells!



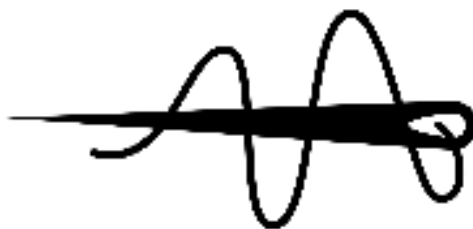
Lunch
High Sun at the Clanyll
buys a drink, chips, and
either 1 *burger* or 1 *hot dog*



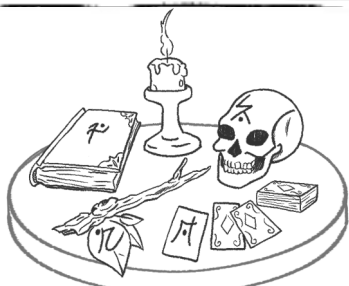
Feel Lucky?
Roll a 7 or 11 for a *free Lunch!*
Roll doubles however, and your
lunch price
doubles...



LEATHER REPAIRS



Have your leathers been slashed
through?! Did your strap break in
that last fight with the orcs? Stop by
the Tea Realm and see Ruby. Quick
and easy repairs for just 1 *Flange* per
gash.

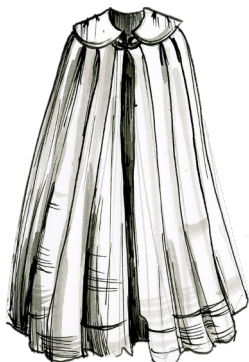


Mages' Guild meeting at 13 and a half
Bells at Common House

Have you always wanted to know more about gambling?
Do you know how to gamble or deal cards?
Would you like to take your first step to having your very own
disposable income?



Then ask Tomin how to start your career today!
And if you don't know who Tomin is. . .
Just look for the "M"!



Lost Cloak

Missing my fighting
cloak. Last moon I
left town hastily and
it was left behind. If
found please return
to Executor Gwayne
Lyons for reward.

-Possible Locations-

Road into/out of town, Full moon trail, Tourney
field, Ranger station, Serpent rock

*Continued on Last Page *

New to town?
Looking for work?
Seeking adventure?



Speak to Executor Gwayne Lyons
for more information.

*Continued on Last Page *

Come relax and take your ease with the local Blood at the Clanyll.

Located atop Clanyll, here you will find the Rose Annex, a place of shelter and casual games, where one might purchase a glass of wine or a massage from the Rose or a hot beverage from the Tea Room, including their wide variety of exotic teas.



Chilled and running low on energy? Come cozy up to a hot cider, hot cocoa, or one of a variety of exotic hot teas at the Tea Room!

Looking for a nibble and lunch was bells ago?



The Tea Room and The Rose have 1 Flange snack specials! *

As always, 1 Flange will get you 3 cake pops, But now, it can instead get you 2 cake pops or 2 finger sandwiches paired with a hot drink or glass of house wine.

Are your muscles sore and strained from fighting the forces of evil?

Are your shoulders tense from carrying the weight of the world?



Come take your ease at Winters' End, a massage service provided by The Rose, and enjoy a massage in a relaxing & convivial refuge from the chaos of New Stonewatch, nestled up against The Rose up on the Clanyll, or you can seek the services of the Roaming Hands of Winters'

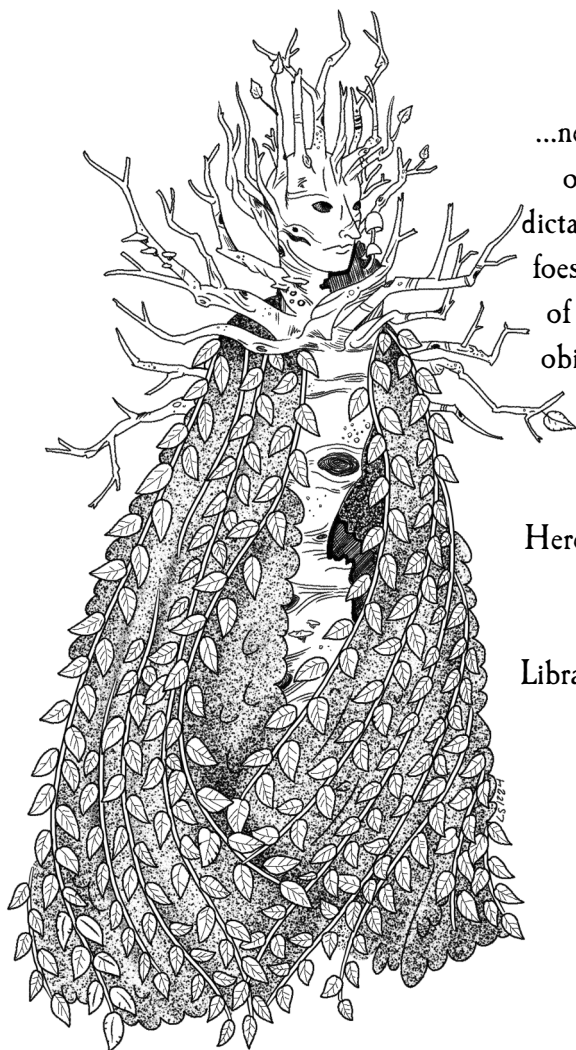
End as they roam the town.

Multiple services and service lengths available, with a basic 5 minute massage costing 1 Flange plus gratuity.

Both the Rose and the Tea Room are also available for rental for private meetings for a competitive rate.**

*while supplies last

**To be negotiated at time of scheduling



The Library of New Stonewatch

...needs your help cataloging the history and enemies of our town! Volunteers are needed to write (or dictate) and review descriptions of monsters and other foes for the town bestiary, but that's not all! Stories of New Stonewatch, poems or songs written here, obituaries of former residents, and all other written records are welcome and desired!

Here is an example of an image that can be found in the New Stonewatch bestiary!

Library materials are available by request at any time.

Contact Lowry Springer for details.

Continued from Seeking Adventurers and Lost Cloak by way of Gwaine Lyons

"By accepting these tasks, you are voluntarily participating in this Activity. You understand that there are risks associated with your participation in this Activity, such as physical and/or psychological injury, pain, suffering, illness, disfigurement, temporary or permanent disability, death, or economic loss. These injuries or outcomes may arise from your own or other's actions, inaction, or negligence, or the condition of the Activity location (s) or facility (ies). Nonetheless, you assume all risks of your participation in this Activity, whether known or unknown to you, including travel to and from the Activity (including portal) or any events incidental to this Activity. You have read this document and are agreeing to it freely and understand the consequences."



Greetings and salutations to those of New Stonewatch and the surrounding areas. Throughout my years, I have amassed a treasure trove of information regarding all manner of things of interest on this great continent of ours. This is information I would hate to have disappear if something were to happen to me. To such ends I am willing to make this info available to those who would be interested. For the meager price of 1 flange you may access my selection of collected knowledge for ten minutes. You may take down as many notes as you wish, and if ten minutes is not enough, you may extend your time for more coin. (I still have to make a living myself). Feel free to seek me out this moon to set up a time, and we can discuss further. Until then may the gods guide your steps to a long and vibrant life. -Sufjan Stormborn, Lt. of the Shieldbreakers Mercenary Company