



Stonewatch Scribe

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
10 Bells, Voesday
Tourney Field

Court
3 Bells Past High Sun
Common House

Merchants' Guild
5 and a half Bells Past
High Sun
Griffin's Landing

Common Dinner
6 Bells Past High Sun
Common House

The Measure of a Town:

Grace, Discretion, and the Hearth

As our roads stir once more with carriage trains, martial retinues, and travelers of high birth, New Stonewatch commands the deliberate attention of Eastguard's great halls. With this heightened notice comes immense opportunity and the quiet responsibility of self-possession.

The Power of High Hospitality

To our tavern keepers, merchants, and guildmasters: courtly etiquette is not subservience; it is diplomacy. When visiting lords and noble retinues lodge at our hearths, let them find impeccably kept tables, prompt service, and the dignified composure of a people who know their worth.

A sterling reputation is currency. When envoys depart speaking of our civility, secure borders, and thriving trade, they leave behind valuable ledgers and lucrative patronage. A settlement known for peerless order proves itself an indispensable, prosperous partner, one that requires no heavy, external hand to steer its course.

Discretion at the Threshold

Yet gracious reception must never be mistaken for careless familiarity. Hospitality belongs in the public square and the council hall; it stops at your neighbor's door.

Inquisitive travelers, whether clad in fine velvet or sellsword leather, have begun making discreet inquiries into the private habits, dwellings, and names of our townsfolk. Let this serve as a clear reminder: a guest is entitled to comfort, but no stranger is entitled to your neighbor's threshold.

When an outsider asks who resides in a particular home or where an artisan sleeps, the answer is simple, polite, and absolute: direct them to the Town Watch. A quiet tongue is not insolence; it is the mark of a mature, cohesive people who cannot be divided or caught unawares.

The Quiet Strength of Order

Those in distant seats may view the frontier as chaotic ground, assuming peace must be imported under an unyielding eye. We demonstrate the contrary through quiet excellence. When our streets are safe, our deference to rank unfailing, and our loyalty to one another unbreakable, New Stonewatch stands secure on its own foundation.

Welcome our guests with elegance. Take their coin, respect their stature, and offer them our very best. But keep your confidences guarded, your latches locked, and your loyalties firmly anchored to the stone beneath our feet.



Summary of the Laws of New Stonewatch

Written & approved by Captain Celith Airn and Burgermeister Ruby Skyflower

1. Assault: attacking another person who has made no hostile action to yourself
 - a. Assault of a Watch Member: assaulting a Watch Member while they are carrying out their duties in service to the burg. Carries an additional penalty.
 - b. Assault of a member of the Nobility: assaulting any member of the Nobility whether by Deed or by Right. Carries an additional penalty.
2. Brandishing a weapon within town limits: Using a weapon in a negligent manner (e.g. waving an axe around in a crowded space) and/or threatening someone with a weapon. Unsheathed weapons near members of the Nobility are treated with additional scrutiny under this law.
3. Bribery of a town official: Making payment to a town official to influence their actions or choices (Note: any town official accepting a bribe is also guilty of this same crime)
4. Disobedience to a member of the Nobility or the Watch Captain: Refusing to obey the commands of a member of the Nobility or the Watch Captain.
5. Disrespect toward a Watch Member: Intentional disobedience and/or disregard for a Watch Member while they are performing their duties in service to the burg. Example: pushing past a Watch Member guarding a door during Court.
6. Disrespect toward a member of the Nobility: Intentional disobedience and/or disregard for a member of the Nobility, including failure to use proper titles (once known) and failure to follow etiquette when interacting with the Nobility.
7. Extortion and racketeering: Extortion is using an official position of power (Watch Member, town official, business owner, etc.) to threaten another for the purpose of obtaining money, favors, etc. Racketeering is running an organized illegal activity (e.g. an organized thieves guild). Note, extortion can be a racket.
8. Fencing of stolen goods: Selling stolen goods.
9. Forgery: Falsifying documents and/or signatures on documents. Example 1: Creating a fake guild charter intended to be passed off as official. Example 2: copying the signature and/or seal of a town official to make it seem as if they have signed an otherwise authentic document which they have not signed.
10. Fraud: Deceiving someone with the intention to cause them to give up a piece of their property or a right they are entitled to. Example: falsely claiming that there is a toll to cross the bridge by the inn and that you have been set to collect it.
11. Graverobbing: Digging up and/or stealing items, money, et al. from a grave

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Summary of the Laws of New Stonewatch

Continued...

12. Impersonation of a member of the Nobility: Falsely carrying oneself as, claiming to be, or insinuating that one is a member of the Nobility. This includes allowing titles of Nobility (Sir, Dame, Lord, Lady, Noble, Baron(ess), et al.) to be used for one or using them for oneself. It also includes falsely claiming rights only allowed to the Nobility.
13. Impersonation of a Watch Member: Pretending to be a member of the Town Watch, including presenting a symbol of the Watch, claiming to be a Watch Member, falsely leading someone to believe you are acting with orders from the Watch, et al.
14. Kidnapping: Taking a person by force or deception and holding them captive. Note, using magical mind control to make a person desire to go with you is also a type of force and is considered kidnapping.
15. Manufacture of poisons: creation any type of poison (a poison is anything which detects as such using the spell Detect Poison or as identified by an expert)
16. Murder: Killing another person without lawful permission (e.g. the order of a Watch officer or member of the Nobility). This includes the killing of unconscious criminals. A charge of assault is not required to charge murder.
17. Possession of poisons: Possessing any type of poison (a poison is anything which detects as such using the spell Detect Poison or as identified by an expert)
18. Robbery, theft, and burglary: stealing by deception, stealth, threat of force, et al. and/or breaking into a domicile with the intent to steal.
19. Sabotage: Tampering with the infrastructure, buildings, arms, armor, and other property of the burg to damage them or harm the people of the burg. This includes arson.
20. Slavery: Holding another person in mental and/or physical bondage and using them for free labor. As noted, this includes the use of mind controlling magic to make someone desire to do free labor for you.
21. Tax evasion: Intentionally avoiding paying personal and/or business and guild taxes for one moon or more. Taxes are paid at Court or at dinner in extenuating circumstances.
22. Treason: Betrayal of the burg of New Stonewatch. This includes giving intelligence to known enemies of the burg, assisting enemies of the burg, intentionally creating hostile forces through magical means, allowing known enemies of the burg to pass without alerting the authorities of the burg, et al.
23. Unlawful dueling: engaging in a duel (a formalized combat between two individuals who have agreed upon terms) without the authorization and witness of either a Watch officer (sergeant, lieutenant, or captain) or member of the Nobility.

RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH AND BEYOND

Happenings in New Stonewatch for the Moon of Harvesttime 1226

As recounted by Lowry Springer

Feday Eve

The moon began with another attack by the humanoid rats that have been causing issues in town since the beginning of the warmer months. There was also an attack by a group of Undead.

Around town, people began to notice unoccupied magical circles, some of which were located near hubs of town activities or places of power. Paired with an attack by a group of orcs capable of casting both "Power word agony" and "Arcane bonds," this was an early sign of how the Kukamanis would turn out. Otherwise, the only kuzma activity Feday night was a decoy Kukamani carried out by a group of ogres.

Lt. Constance Keller held a meeting of the Spirit Attuned and interested in the Graveyard, which was also disrupted by some Undead, though this was quickly handled. His Eminence, the Avatar of Caymlyn paid a visit to the faithful of his Goddess on Feday night.

Because we live in dangerous times, the social or personal visits of nobility (Such as to the Tavern) will no longer be recorded in my summaries.

Satyrday

At Watch Muster, Dave the Peasant was promoted to Sergeant. Both the Elementalist's Guild and Sanctuary were held at their usual times and places, as was lunch, which was provided by the Blood. Directly following lunch, the Watch held several training drills, simulating Kukamani scenarios, on the Tourney Field.

After a brief meeting of the Mages' Guild, a group of ten people from town performed a ritual, under the auspices of Sir Rivan of House Domenjin, to destroy a relic of the Lich. This ritual was written by Captain Cel Airn, Johann Vinther, and myself, but it would not have been possible without the participation of every person who attended.

During Court, Lord Gwaine Lyons was elevated on the order of the Margrave for his deeds in service of Eastguard and House Sandmere. Rhoam Krug was made a representative of House Windryder, and Whitecloud was made a representative of House Chillwind.

Another group of rats attacked in the afternoon.

Directly prior to dinner, the Merchant's Guild held its meeting in the tavern. Dinner was prepared by Sergeant Dave.

The majority of the evening was spent listening for drums and patrolling for signs of a Kukamani. Unfortunately, the Kukamani itself was successful, through an unusual use of ritual magic. It is possible that the intelligence of Orcs has increased since Voe reset the world.

RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH AND BEYOND

Happenings in New Stonewatch for the Moon of Harvesttime 1226

As recounted by Lowry Springer

Continued...

Voesday Morning

On Voesday morning, a group of townspeople recovered an item that had been stolen from Lady Shatterhand by the ratfolk. The graveyard was sanctified.

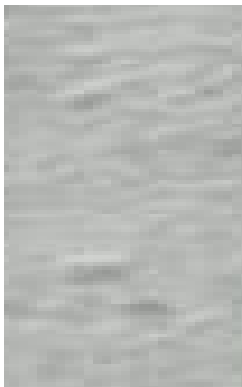
I must regretfully report that Corporal Sylanvor Taliana died at noon on Voesday. Their death was a result of the previous day's attack by the ratfolk. They were a good Watchman and a good person, one who truly embodied their Faith and God, and they will be dearly missed. They died their final death in the Common House, surrounded by friends and fellow townspeople.

I have done my best to record the events as they have transpired, using my judgement to determine what should be recorded and relayed to the general public.

Lowry Springer

they/them

Have you seen these bugs? Please find Lowry Springer if so as soon as possible, and inform them of the location.



(OOG: I am doing my Master's Thesis on these insects, and am looking for specimens in nature. I have seen them here before.)

RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH
AND BEYOND

News From Around The Burg

-by Janet QuickQuill

Rats, rats everywhere!

They were spotted at the crossroads causing death to all who got in their way.

Negotiations were being attempted by a townspeople, as it was actively trying to strike her down!

It seems to be in the towns best interest to give these creatures whatever it is they want, so they can be on their way.



The body of a young woman was found under a make-shift shelter in the Dark Fae Circle at the beginning of Midsummer.

The body was identified by her husband as Ronny Smythe-former temporary guard for a local noble house. She was fired from her position after spreading lies about the Baroness, subsequently lost everything; and died alone in the woods from exposure.

It's an exciting time to have coin in New Stonewatch!

The Harvest Festival comes to town with the promise of new vendors; assuring there will be something for everyone!

If your preference is to sell, there will be plenty of patrons looking for that special something!

Enter the crafting competition to show off your skills, and perhaps even win a prize!

Vendors must
pay a 2F table
fee.

Members of the
Merchants Guild
are exempt from
this fee.



The New Stonewatch
Annual Harvest Festival to
be Held This Moon!



The Noble House of Ironforge

is proud to host the first
New Stonewatch Crafters Competition

on

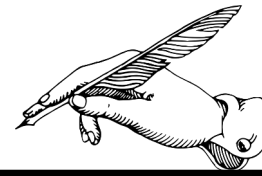
Saturday at 1 bell past Highsun until 3 bells!

In honor of Kyridden and the coming harvest, House Ironforge is
hosting an open crafting competition under the theme

"The Hearth & The Anvil."

Townfolk of all trades and talents are invited to enter any crafted
creation that celebrates the tools, vessels, or comforts that sustain
our harvest, warm the home, and strengthen our foundations!

Submissions will be judged on durability, craftsmanship, and how
well they embody the theme; please bring your entries during the
Harvest Fest!



A Good Death

I have never cared for the phrase a good death.

I understand what people mean when they say it. A warrior dies with a weapon in hand. A soldier falls defending their companions. Someone gives their life so that another might keep theirs. We call such deaths good because there is honor in them. Perhaps there is. But I have always thought there was something terribly convenient about calling a death good when we are the ones who remain behind.

Sylanvor Taliana died a good death. I still wish she hadn't. Most knew them simply as Syl. She was young, even by the standards of those of us who count our lives in mere decades. Half-Elven, though the wild seemed to claim as much of them as either half of their blood. She possessed that peculiar affinity for nature and the Fae that some spend lifetimes attempting to understand and others simply seem to carry with them. She was also a warrior. Sword and shield. And absolutely no sense whatsoever about when one ought to remain safely behind everyone else.

If there was danger, Syl had an unfortunate habit of running toward it. I suppose that is why we became friends. I found myself watching after them. Perhaps more than she ever realized. She was young, brave, stubborn, and possessed of that particularly dangerous confidence found in people who have survived enough battles to believe they will survive the next one. Yet she was kind. That is what I will remember most.

Syl made friends easily. She listened. She laughed. She cared fiercely for those she called their own. There was something wonderfully uncomplicated about their affection. If Syl decided you were worth caring about, then you were cared about. No negotiation necessary. And when she wanted advice, occasionally she would find me. I have been called many things in my life. Being considered wise remains one of the more amusing. Still, I listened. And when I could, I offered whatever wisdom experience had beaten into me.

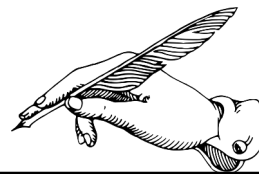
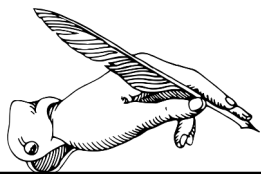
I suppose somewhere along the way I began thinking of them as one of the young ones I was responsible for keeping alive. Then came the Ratkin. Syl fell fighting them. That alone would not have made this farewell necessary. Many of us have fallen. Many of us have stood before Volgen and returned to complain about the experience afterward. Syl had done so before. This time was different. Volgen judged that she had reached the end of her road. Yet he granted them something precious.

One final day.

Syl returned to us knowing precisely what awaited them. She spent that time quietly finding those who mattered to them. One person here. A small group there. Goodbyes. Eventually, she found me.

"So, have you figured it out?" That was how she approached me. I knew something was wrong. Perhaps some part of me already understood. "You are saying goodbye," I said. "I suppose you are leaving town?" I hoped. I was wrong. "In a way." She told me that she had drawn death upon their final journey to Volgen. She told me that he considered their death honorable. Heroic, even. She had dissipated early so that others might have had the opportunity to be saved. She had died fighting the Ratkin. Protecting people she loved. A good death. Naturally, I began looking for a way out of it. That is what I do.

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A Good Death

Continued...

There is always another path. Another bargain. Another favor owed. Another person who knows something everyone else has forgotten. I have spent much of my life discovering that supposedly immovable obstacles become remarkably flexible when approached from the correct direction. Even the gods occasionally listen. So I asked them how it would happen. She told me that when their time came, she would simply lie down and fall asleep. Peacefully. And suddenly I understood the cruelty of it. There was nothing to fight. No enemy to kill. No prison from which to steal them. No ritual to interrupt. No bargain waiting to be made.

"So we can't even fight to keep you." I wish I could say I spoke those words with dignity. I did not. She was my friend. And she was too young. I told them so. She wasn't afraid. Of course she wasn't. That may have been the part that hurt most. Here I was desperately searching for some crack in fate through which I might drag them back, while Syl had already accepted what waited on the other side. She did not curse Volgen. She did not curse the Ratkin. She did not rage against whatever cruel arithmetic had decided that the number of their remaining days had reached zero. She told me that she had died protecting those she loved. And she was content with that. I have spent much of my life believing survival to be its own kind of victory. Perhaps that is because I am very good at it.

I have survived blades, monsters, magic, enemies, foolish decisions, and several situations that common sense insists should have killed me. I have slipped through shadows while better warriors stood their ground. I have learned when to fight, when to disappear, and when surviving until tomorrow matters more than winning today. Syl reminded me that survival is not always the measure of victory. Sometimes the person who does not come home is the reason everyone else does. I still do not like calling that a good death. Perhaps I never will. Because there is danger in making death beautiful. The dead do not need us convincing the living to join them. But I can call Syl's death what it was. *Theirs*. She chose how she faced it. Without fear. Without bitterness. Without regret.

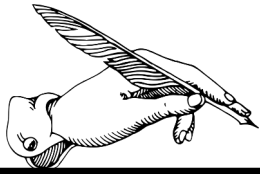
Before we parted, she asked one final thing of me. "Do me a favor? Watch after Renadia for me. She will need it." I gave them my word.

There are promises made before magistrates and contracts signed beneath seals. There are oaths witnessed by gods and bargains enforced by magic. Then there are promises made quietly between friends. Those are often the ones that bind most tightly. Syl will never return to demand that I keep mine. That does not make the promise weaker. It makes keeping it entirely my responsibility. Perhaps that is one of the final lessons she gave me.

Soon after, our goodbye ended. There were tears. I will not pretend otherwise. She smiled. Not the smile of someone pretending bravery for the sake of those around them. I have seen enough frightened people pretending otherwise to know the difference. Syl had accepted what came next. And I admired them for it. I still do. I turned away before the end. I disappeared into the shadows, because sometimes shadows are useful for more than hiding from enemies. Eventually, Sylanvor Taliana lay down. And she slept.

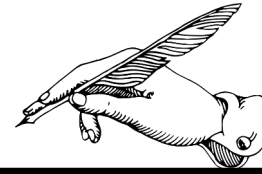
There will be stories told about greater warriors. There will be songs about heroes who slew dragons, broke armies, saved kingdoms, and stood before gods. I do not know whether anyone will write such songs about Syl. It does not matter. Those of us who knew them will remember.

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The Common Quill

Reader Submissions



A Good Death

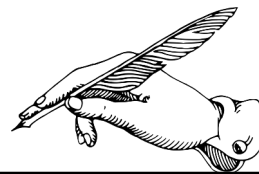
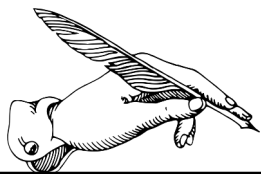
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We will remember the young warrior with their sword and shield who ran toward danger when wiser people might have reconsidered. We will remember the friend who cared quickly and fiercely. We will remember the young Half-Elf who faced their final journey with greater courage than many display entering their first battle.

And I will remember the friend who taught an old survivor something he did not particularly want to learn. There are some battles we cannot win. There are some people we cannot save. There are some doors through which even we cannot follow. When that moment comes, perhaps the final gift we can offer is not another desperate attempt to hold them here. Perhaps it is simply to remember.

Farewell, Sylanvor Taliana. You were too young. You were brave. You were loved. And you will never be forgotten.

Sufjan Stormborn



On Justice

By Sir Jonns Bromrfaust

When I was young, I believed justice to be a sword. I suspect many young knights believe the same.

We are taught tales in which wicked men are struck down, innocent maidens rescued, tyrants cast from their thrones, and honorable men rewarded for their virtue. Justice arrives upon horseback, clad in polished steel, and carries a blade sharp enough to separate right from wrong. It is a comforting belief. It is also the belief of a child.

I have carried a sword long enough to learn that steel possesses no understanding of justice. A sword will cut the guilty and innocent with equal enthusiasm. It knows neither honor nor cruelty. It obeys only the hand that guides it. Thus, if justice is a sword, we must concern ourselves greatly with the hand. There are those who believe justice and law to be the same thing. I have served enough lords to know better.

Law is necessary. Without it, every grievance becomes a feud and every insult an invitation to bloodshed. Yet laws are written by mortal hands, and mortal hands are guided by fear, ambition, ignorance, love, greed, wisdom, and occasionally spite. A lawful act may therefore be unjust. An unlawful act may, in rare circumstances, be righteous.

This does not mean that we should cast aside law whenever it becomes inconvenient. A man who obeys only those laws with which he agrees is not principled. He is merely obedient to himself. But neither should we surrender our conscience to parchment. There is another thing often mistaken for justice. Vengeance. Of the two, vengeance is the more seductive. Justice asks questions. Vengeance already knows the answer. Justice demands patience. Vengeance demands satisfaction. Justice asks what must be done. Vengeance asks what will make the pain stop.

I do not condemn vengeance entirely. There are wounds for which no restitution can be offered. There are deeds so cruel that allowing their author to continue unhindered becomes its own form of injustice. There are monsters wearing the faces of men, protected by walls, titles, laws, wealth, or fear.

Sometimes the sword must indeed leave its sheath. But that decision should frighten the man who makes it. I have come to distrust anyone who finds righteousness too easily.

A man consumed by anger will always discover excellent reasons why his anger is righteous. A proud man will inevitably conclude that his humiliation demands correction. A frightened man can convince himself that cruelty is merely prudence. We are remarkably talented advocates when our own desires stand accused. Therefore, before judgment, one must first master oneself.

Ask what was taken. Ask who suffered. Ask whether the grievance is true. Ask whether restitution is possible. Ask whether mercy would heal the wound or merely permit another. Ask whether punishment serves the injured, protects the innocent, or simply satisfies the one holding the blade. And perhaps most importantly, ask whether you would render the same judgment if you had no personal stake in its outcome.

That question has troubled me more than any other. For there have been moments in my life when duty pointed in one direction and loyalty in another. There have been men whom circumstance named enemy whom I could not bring myself to hate. There have been those whom authority condemned, yet my own conscience would not permit me to strike. There have also been those whom law protected while every instinct within me cried out that allowing them to continue was itself a crime.

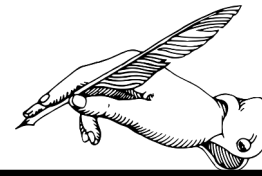
A knight likes to imagine that such moments will reveal some hidden certainty. They do not.

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The Common Quill

Reader Submissions



On Justice

By Sir Jonns Bromrfaust

Continued...

There is no trumpet. No divine light falls upon the righteous path. Sometimes there are merely two roads disappearing into darkness, and a man must choose which consequences he is willing to carry. That, I think, is the part of justice seldom celebrated in songs. Judgment has a cost.

If I condemn another, some portion of that judgment belongs to me. If I order blood spilled, I cannot wash my hands merely because another held the knife. If I grant mercy and the pardoned man harms another, I must remember that mercy was my choice as well. Authority does not absolve responsibility. It multiplies it.

Perhaps this is why I have grown suspicious of those who hunger to judge others. Judgment should be a burden reluctantly accepted, not a privilege eagerly claimed. Yet reluctance cannot become cowardice. There is a peculiar cruelty in refusing to judge anything at all. A man who witnesses wickedness and declares himself above choosing sides has still made a choice. His neutrality favors whoever possesses the greater strength.

Justice occasionally requires restraint. Occasionally mercy. Occasionally forgiveness. And occasionally it requires a grave to be dug. Wisdom lies in knowing which. I cannot claim always to have known. Age has robbed me of that particular arrogance.

I have mistaken anger for righteousness. I have allowed affection to soften judgments that perhaps should have remained hard. I have followed obligations longer than wisdom warranted because I had given my word. And there have been moments when I wondered whether refusing an order was betrayal or whether obeying it would have been the greater betrayal.

I carry those questions still. Perhaps that is proper. A man who carries no doubt after passing judgment upon another should concern us far more than the man who lies awake afterward wondering whether he chose correctly. But doubt must not become paralysis. Eventually judgment must be passed.

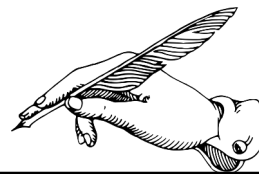
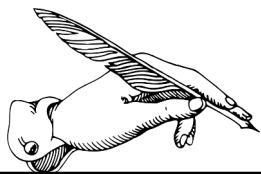
Once it is, action should follow without cruelty and without spectacle. If punishment is required, let it be sufficient. If restitution is possible, let it be made. If mercy is deserved, grant it without humiliation. And if blood must answer blood, let the blade fall swiftly. Not because killing is sacred. Because suffering is not. There is one final distinction I have learned. Justice is not balance.

The world cannot always be restored to what it was before a wrong occurred. The dead cannot be returned by killing their murderer. Betrayal cannot be undone by punishment. Years stolen cannot be repaid. Some wounds leave scars regardless of what judgment follows. Justice cannot always repair the past. Sometimes its purpose is simply to declare that what happened mattered.

That the grievance was heard. That the wounded were not forgotten. That someone looked upon what was done, weighed it carefully, and answered: No. This shall not pass unanswered. Perhaps that is why mankind continues pursuing justice despite our repeated failure to perfect it. We cannot undo every wrong. But we can refuse to become indifferent to them.

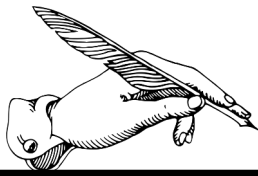
So I no longer believe justice to be a sword. The sword is merely its final instrument. Justice begins much earlier. It begins when a grievance is heard. It continues when anger is restrained long enough for truth to be sought. It takes shape when judgment is separated from pride, fear, and appetite. And only then, when the matter has been weighed and the judgment rendered, does the hand reach for steel.

A young knight draws quickly. An old knight first asks whether the blade must be drawn at all. But when the answer is yes, he does not hesitate.



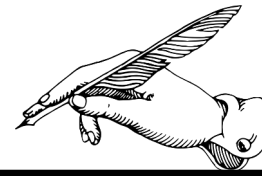
Find us in the woods just
north of Peryn's Retreat,
on the trail where 3 paths
meet. BrGang welcomes
you to join us in ritualistic
endurance drumming on
Satyrday, at 10 bells in
the night.

FREE BRSWILL!



The Common Quill

Reader Submissions



A Most Fortunate Chronicle of Excess, Death, and Breakfast

-Vladimir Morozov

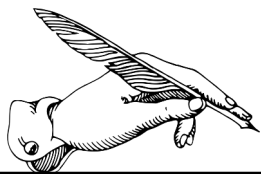
09/11/1226 What an absolutely magnificent beginning to the evening! After purchasing a Mountain Brew for the princely sum of four bits, I was fortunate enough to be subjected—er, introduced—to Trunk's latest experiments in the noble art of ale-making. Eight drinks later, I discovered that Trunk's generosity, or perhaps his complete disregard for sound business practices, had resulted in me still having spent only those original four bits. Eight drinks. Four bits. A truly remarkable economic model. Then the ghosts arrived. Naturally, they were not content merely to haunt the premises like respectable supernatural nuisances. No, they proceeded to hurt a great many people. Fortunately, I was apparently protected by the ancient and highly reliable defensive magic known as being completely inebriated. Not a scratch. Not a bruise. Not even a mildly concerning bump. I have therefore been forced to amend one of my many well-established philosophical doctrines: Overdrinking equals safety. I eagerly await the scholarly community's attempts to disprove this.

Later that evening, I found myself enjoying a Cal Deblin Death Stick in the company of The Dude. Everything was proceeding exactly as one might expect when smoking a Death Stick with The Dude—which is to say, absolutely nothing was proceeding in any sensible or predictable fashion. The next thing I knew, I was back inside the tavern. At first, I assumed I had simply blacked out. A perfectly reasonable conclusion, given that blacking out is a skill I have spent many years carefully cultivating. One does not simply acquire that level of expertise. It takes dedication, perseverance, and a complete disregard for the consequences of poor decision-making. Apparently, however, I had actually died. Which was inconvenient. Fortunately, matters improved considerably thanks to one of my newest and now firmly established favorite family members, Aisling. Through circumstances I am still not entirely certain I understand, I returned to the world of the living. Thus, I learned an important lesson: Death is apparently not the punctuation mark I had previously assumed it was. More of a semicolon, really. Perhaps even a particularly aggressive comma.

I had also intended to reprise my bard competition storytelling from the previous occasion. Unfortunately, Polaris—the self-proclaimed “The Bard” of Griffins Landing—informed me that I would first need to check with them before performing. A perfectly reasonable request. The only difficulty was actually finding an appropriate moment to make said request. Polaris appeared to possess the extraordinary supernatural ability to be perpetually engaged in conversation. Every time I encountered them, they were already speaking with someone. And not merely speaking, mind you. No. They were engaged in the sort of lengthy, deeply involved conversation that gives the impression that the fate of nations, the balance of the cosmos, and the proper preparation of breakfast potatoes were all being debated simultaneously. I considered interrupting. Then I considered the possibility that I valued my continued existence. So I waited. And waited. And waited. Perhaps someday a noble will take pity upon me and outrank Polaris sufficiently to simply command me to perform. Otherwise, I fear I am destined to a bleak and impoverished existence in which I am forced to tell my stories somewhere else, like a common traveling bard without the proper paperwork. My other option, of course, is to simply take my chances with the wrath of the Almighty Bard. I remain undecided which fate is more terrifying.

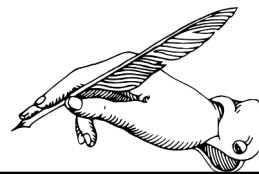
I did, however, manage to contribute to a rather fascinating debate concerning whether or not a Mystic should attempt to create a spell capable of producing light using only the power of their mind. I am no Mystic. Obviously. But I felt compelled to point out that whenever someone has an idea, their mind is already creating a sort of light. It simply isn't particularly useful for illuminating a dark room. Lady Windrider seemed to believe that creating such a spell would require considerably more effort than the result appeared to justify. I agreed. Not that I have any idea how one actually creates a spell, mind you. But I am nevertheless confident that if I did know how to create spells, I would be extremely good at determining which ones were too much work. This is called efficiency. Blood King Dorin and Blair later inspired yet another debate, this time concerning the nature of magic itself—specifically, the notion that using magic requires energy to be taken from one thing and transformed into another. It was a fascinating philosophical question. Possibly even a profound one. I considered weighing in. Then I looked toward my cozy bed at the Inn. The bed won. There are some mysteries of the universe that simply do not require my immediate attention. Some truths can wait until morning. Some questions about the metaphysical nature of reality are best explored by people who are not currently thinking about how comfortable their pillow is.

Continued on following page...



The Common Quill

Reader Submissions



A Most Fortunate Chronicle of Excess, Death, and Breakfast

-Vladimir Morozov

09/12/1226 You're not going to believe this. I successfully experienced my first hot breakfast since arriving in town. A hot breakfast. Actual warmth. Food. At breakfast. I had begun to believe such things were merely myths passed down through the generations by starving travelers and particularly cruel innkeepers. But dreams do come true. Sometimes they are even served on a plate.

Speaking of dreams coming true, it appears that my submissions to this fine and illustrious publication have not gone completely unnoticed! I was approached by one of the editors of this magnificent institution, who took the time to teach me more about the craft and encouraged me to continue writing for this publication. Naturally, I shall accept all praise with the humility and grace for which I am so widely known. But do not thank me. Thank her. Without her intervention, you might have been spared the considerable burden of reading my increasingly questionable observations about taverns, ghosts, alcohol, magic, death, and breakfast. Clearly, she has made a terrible mistake.

The remainder of Satyrday was relatively uneventful, save for considerable discussion concerning some impending rituals that were supposedly going to take place at very specific times and very specific locations. There was an impressive amount of emphasis placed upon this specificity. One might even have been led to believe that the location and timing were, in fact, important. How foolish of me. When the ritual actually began, it was being conducted on the complete opposite side of town from the previously specified location. The carefully announced precision of the timing and location had apparently been more of a creative suggestion than an actual logistical plan. Even more amusing was the earlier call for everyone to come and help. Naturally, when the ritual began and I, along with several others, arrived in an attempt to be useful, we were informed—in language considerably less flowery than the preceding announcements—that we should kindly leave. Apparently, our assistance was no longer required. This leads me to the following valuable piece of advice: Pro tip: If you ask everyone to come help, it is generally considered poor form to become annoyed when everyone actually comes to help. I realize this is a revolutionary concept. Perhaps one day we shall all be ready for it.

By Voesday, I was still sufficiently displeased by the events of the previous day that I remained in bed for an impressive portion of the morning. Breakfast came and went. Other activities came and went. Possibly several opportunities for personal growth came and went. I regret nothing. Sometimes the wisest response to the world is to pull the blanket over one's head and allow civilization to continue without you. After all, I had already survived ghosts, death, metaphysical arguments, excessive drinking, an encounter with The Dude, and the terrifying possibility of upsetting the Almighty Bard. At that point, I felt I had earned a little rest.

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.

Tread carefully, citizens of New Stonewatch!

The rat menace grows by the day. Our forces have been fighting without cease to protect our farmers and secure the lands. You must exercise extreme caution: these foul creatures strike without warning and possess a dangerous command of both the Arcane and Dark Arts. Worryingly, several of their leaders were found bearing crude symbols of Caymlyn, proving they recognize its power.

To aid in our defense, Sergeant Aemon is returning to New Stonewatch. He will be spearheading the investigation into their sudden appearance and gathering any intelligence you can provide.

Stay strong, keep fighting, and never forget: the brilliance of Voe's light will always pierce the darkest night!

PRAISE VOE!!!

-Lieutenant Caius

Southern Command, Burning Eye

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.

New Stonewatch.

You ask us what we want. We tell you
what we want. You don't accept that.
You want peace. We don't want peace.
We want it all. You send us back with
the intention we share your pleas with
our lords. We share what we learned.
Names, places, hierarchies.

Your kindness is failure and will lead to
your downfall.

The one they call Dorin. Yes
yes, the one they call Dorin. We
hates him the most.



THE GRIFFIN'S LANDING

DRINKS ~ FOOD ~ GAMBLING

TOPPERS DRY ALE IS BACK!

NIGHTLY DINNER SPECIALS!

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT!

FRIENDLY WAITSTAFF!

MAGICAL DRINKS!

HOT CRISPY TOTS!

LOCAL SPIRITS!

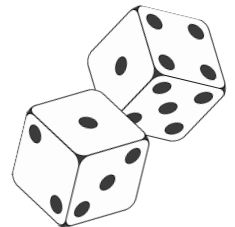
GRIFFIN SAUCE!



HARVESTTIME MARKS THE RETURN OF TOPPERS DRY ALE AND MORE!
COME IN AND TRY TOPPERS ARCANÉ BREW FOR A MAGICAL DOSE OF FORTITUDE!



PUT YOUR SKILLS TO GOOD USE AND NEVER WALK ANOTHER PATROL
BENEFITS & COMPETITIVE WAGES!
See POLARIS OR RHOAM KRÜG



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

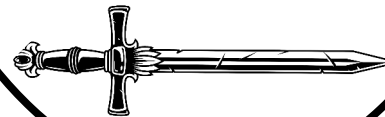
Brought to you by Houses Ironforge and Demart,

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

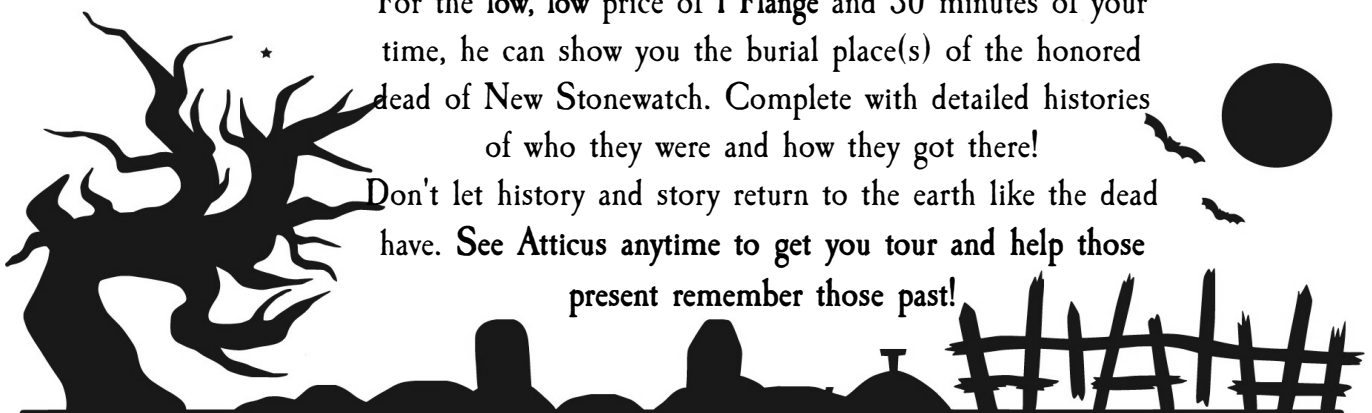


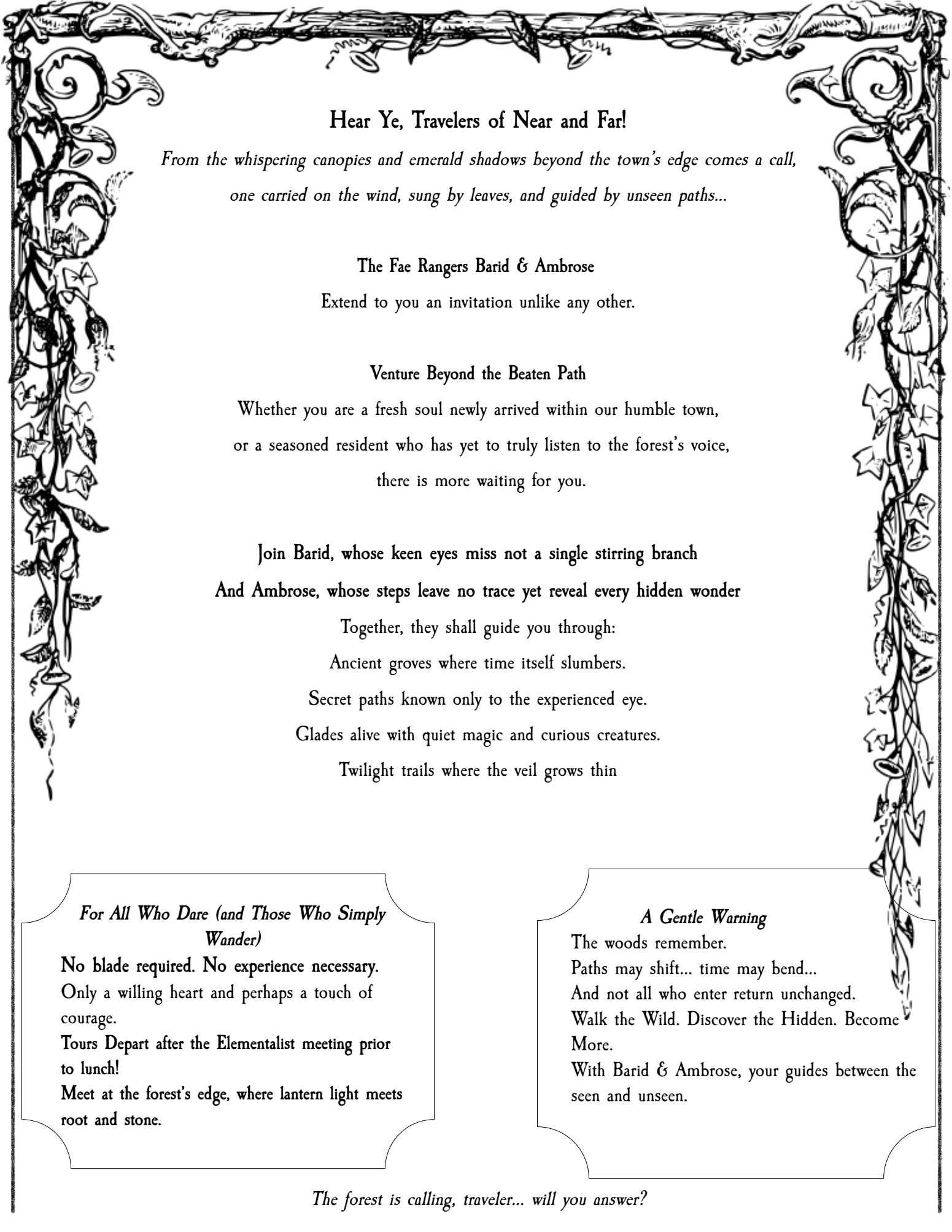
INTERESTED IN WHO CAME BEFORE YOU? WANT TO SEE WHERE THEY ARE NOW?

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!





Hear Ye, Travelers of Near and Far!

*From the whispering canopies and emerald shadows beyond the town's edge comes a call,
one carried on the wind, sung by leaves, and guided by unseen paths...*

The Fae Rangers Barid & Ambrose

Extend to you an invitation unlike any other.

Venture Beyond the Beaten Path

Whether you are a fresh soul newly arrived within our humble town,
or a seasoned resident who has yet to truly listen to the forest's voice,
there is more waiting for you.

Join Barid, whose keen eyes miss not a single stirring branch
And Ambrose, whose steps leave no trace yet reveal every hidden wonder

Together, they shall guide you through:

Ancient groves where time itself slumbers.

Secret paths known only to the experienced eye.

Glades alive with quiet magic and curious creatures.

Twilight trails where the veil grows thin

For All Who Dare (and Those Who Simply Wander)

No blade required. No experience necessary.
Only a willing heart and perhaps a touch of courage.

Tours Depart after the Elementalist meeting prior to lunch!

Meet at the forest's edge, where lantern light meets root and stone.

A Gentle Warning

The woods remember.

Paths may shift... time may bend...

And not all who enter return unchanged.

Walk the Wild. Discover the Hidden. Become More.

With Barid & Ambrose, your guides between the seen and unseen.

The forest is calling, traveler... will you answer?

*Veteran Messengers' Guild member
Barid here;*

*Whether your heart longs to send a
letter afar, seal a message in
careful script, or carry news across
distant lands, we are at your
service.*

*Have words left unspoken? Let
them live on parchment.*

*Have a thirst for adventure? The
Guild calls for able hands and
willing souls to join our ranks.
Seek out Barid, the seasoned
ranger of road and woods, and
prove your worth among
messengers who brave storm,
shadow, and silence alike.*

Ink fades, but legend endures.



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.



Fear the Undead?

How about the Dark Arts?
**Fear is just misunderstanding
turned emotion.**

New to Stonewatch and a
former professor, I'm here to
help.

I offer instruction in matters of
the undead, either creation or
destruction, as well as
knowledge of the Dark Arts
and how to utilize it corruption
free.

*I offer individual and group
instruction, all at very reasonable
rates.*

Dark Arts and the undead are
nothing to fear, with the
proper understanding.

Contact me, Farwick the
Cruel, for more information
and to schedule a lesson now.

*Knowledge is power. Drive away
the fear with the power of
information.*



Are you a full-blooded Elf seeking
interesting side work for extra coin?
Find Rhoam Krüg at lunch at the
Clanhyl on Satyrday to learn more.



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 or Ambrose for more details if necessary.

BARID'S BREAKFAST SANDWICHES

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

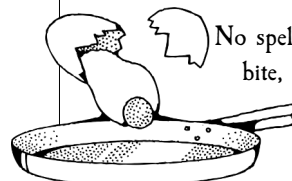
Fresh-laid hen's eggs, soft as clouds from the highlands!

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

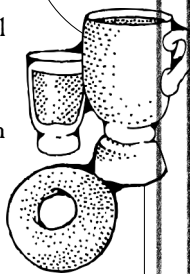
Melted cheese, rich as a merchant's purse!

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

Highsun at The Clanhyll
1 Flange buys a drink, chips and either 1
hot dog or 1 burger



Feeling 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!

The New Stonewatch Mages' Guild



*...will be meeting on The Tourney Field at 10
bells on Voesday morning rather than at its
usual time, in support of the Harvest
Festival. .*

During the meeting, we will be participating in
combat training, focusing on magical strategies, in
cooperation with the Town Watch.

Members of the Mages' Guild will also be present
at Watch Muster to provide magical protection to
the Town Watch.

If you have magical problems and you would like
help from the Guild or its members, speak to
Lowry Springer, and they will add you to the next
meeting's agenda or help find the members that can
help you privately.

JOIN THE RANKS OF NEW STONEWATCH MERCHANTS GUILD



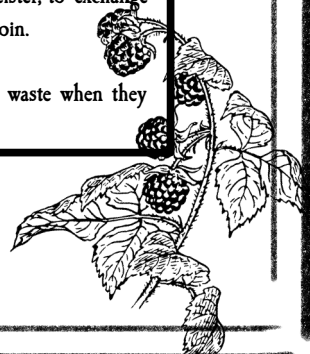
BE PART OF THE
CONVERSATIONS THAT
WILL SHAPE EASTGUARDS
FUTURE.
HELP PAVE THE ROAD TO
YOUR OWN FINANCIAL
FREEDOM.
LEARN HOW TO SHAPE
YOUR BUSINESS FROM
EXPERTS IN THE FIELD.
SATURDAY EVENING,
FIVE-THIRTY AT THE
GRIFFINS LANDING.

Have you come across fae berries, enchanted seeds, curious
woodland fruits, or other strange gifts of the fae wilds? I am
seeking to purchase such treasures for fair and reasonable coin.

Whether glowing, whispering, shimmering, or otherwise touched
by fae magic, your finds may be of interest. No quantity is too
small, and all trades will be conducted honestly and respectfully.

Seek out Barid, Fae Ranger, Liaison of House Ironforge and
Guardian of the Elder Trees, Deputy Burgermeister, to exchange
your fae-touched discoveries for coin.

The wilds hold many wonders—let none go to waste when they
may find purpose elsewhere.



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

Located atop Clanhylf, 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 Clanhylf, 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.