



Stonewatch Scribe

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

Common Dinner
6 Bells Past High Sun
Common House

A PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF EASTGUARD

Concerning the Governance of the Counties & the Nomination of Castellans

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

By order of His Noble Grace, Margrave Humphrey Chillwind, Sovereign Ruler of The March of Eastguard, let it be known to every burgher, sailor, farmer, and freeholder across the land:

To guarantee the swift administration of justice, the defense of our borders, and the prosperous management of our expanding realm, the Margrave has formally decreed the elevation of Three New Castellans to serve as the High Wardens and Military Governors for each of Eastguard's counties.

I. The Privilege of the Nobility

Following their assembly at the Brightsteel Palace, the heads of all Noble Houses have been granted the solemn duty of choosing their leaders. The lineage of each county is charged with conferring amongst themselves to put forward a single, consensus candidate to represent their home region.

II. Deliberation in the Home Seats

The Noble Lords and Ladies are being dismissed to return to their respective estates, keeps, and ancestral seats across the realm. Throughout the coming months, the Noble Houses will hold court, weigh options, and forge the alliances necessary to agree upon their nominees.

The regional Nobility shall have until the final day of Winter to reach an accord and submit their chosen names before the Margrave.

III. The Royal Prerogative

Let all subjects remember that while the Nobility holds the privilege of nomination, the final authority rests solely with the Margrave. His Noble Grace reserves the absolute right to approve or deny any candidate brought before him, ensuring that only those of unyielding fealty and proven capability assume command of the realm's bastions.

Let the winter fires burn warm, and let the people witness the shaping of their county's future.

Given under the Hand and Seal of His Grace,

Lord Humphrey Chillwind

Margrave and Sovereign Ruler of The March of Eastguard



*Decree from Humphrey Chillwind I,
Margrave and Sovereign Ruler of the March of Eastguard*

By the authority vested in me, Humphrey Chillwind, Margrave of the March of Eastguard, it is with solemn duty, heavy heart, and high honor that I issue this royal decree to resolve the succession of House Sandmere and establish enduring order across our lands.

Whereas more than eighteen moons have elapsed since our esteemed vassal, *Baron Alistair Sandmere*, departed our shores into darkness, and whereas exhaustive inquiries and search—both mundane and magical—have returned without sign, word, or ledger from the deep waters;

Whereas Lady Sinfay Sandmere has stepped forward with steady hand and unwavering duty to govern the holdings of The Noble House of Sandmere, including that of Foxes' Run and Foxglove Hall, standing as the singular, legitimate blood-inheritor of her house, being the sole living direct descendant of *Lord Jelder Sandmere of Driftwood and Lady Alyana of Seareach*; and

Having received and deliberated upon the formal petition of House Sandmere, I, Humphrey Chillwind, Margrave of the March of Eastguard, do hereby affirm the justice of these claims and the vital importance of peace, honor, and mutual prosperity throughout our domain.

In light of these considerations, I hereby declare and command the following:

Pronouncement of Demise:

Baron Alistair Sandmere is hereby formally recognized and declared lost at sea and legally deceased. His honorable service and memory shall remain preserved in the chronicles of the March of Eastguard.

Recognition and Elevation of Baroness Sinfay Sandmere:

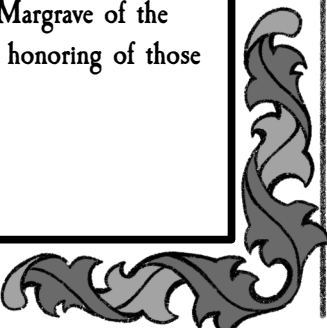
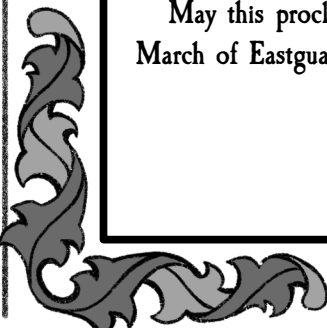
Lady Sinfay Sandmere is hereby affirmed as the rightful heir to the lineage, honors, and seat of House Sandmere. I grant and confirm unto her the illustrious title, dignities, and estate of Baroness Sandmere, with all associated rights, privileges, precedence, and responsibilities that accompany this baronial seat. She shall henceforth be addressed as Baroness Sandmere and accorded full seat and voice among the High Nobility of the Demesne of Stonewatch and the greater March of Eastguard.

Establishment of Hereditary Succession:

To ensure perpetual stability, domestic peace, and the unbroken continuity of noble bloodlines within the realm, the title and baronial seat of House Sandmere are hereby decreed to be strictly hereditary, to pass naturally and lawfully to the future children, descendants, and lawful heirs of Baroness Sinfay Sandmere in perpetuity.

May this proclamation stand as an immutable testament to the enduring commitment of the Margrave of the March of Eastguard, Humphrey Chillwind, to justice, the preservation of ancient houses, and the honoring of those who guard our realm.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Eastguard



RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH AND BEYOND

Happenings in New Stonewatch for the Moon of Sunhigh 1226

As recounted by Lowry Springer

Feyday Night

At around 10 bells, a group of Ratfolk attacked the town, starting at the Inn and working their way towards the Common House. Some of these Ratfolk were quite powerful Arcane casters, and some even wore the symbol of Caymlyn. They are intelligent, and are seeking to recover an item that was stolen from them by someone who lives in New Stonewatch. They have been told their item will be returned by the town as soon as possible, and that if they continue to attack the town, they will be killed. All members of town are encouraged to follow through on this threat, as long as the Ratfolk continue to attack first. This was not established until later in the moon, but should be known.

Br'gang had a party in the woods for Brogard's Honor Day, which was attended by Sergeant Lior of the Watch and a group of honored Orgrethian Dead, summoned by Lior. Though the intention was to call upon Orgrethian Spirits that are honored culturally as ancestors by their people, the Spirit of Thagor Skullcrusher, a former resident of New Stonewatch and Honored Dead of Voe, was able to visit town as well, using the window that Sergeant Lior had opened.

Lieutenant Constance Keller held a meeting of the Spirit Attuned in the graveyard on Faeday night, as she does most moons. There were also several scattered attacks by bandits and Undead.

Satyrday

Watch Muster was held at its usual time and place, and was attended by Lieutenant Sebastian Helmsworth of House Windryder. At their meeting, the Elementalists' Guild discussed potential steps to repair Peryn's retreat, and Sanctuary discussed the same, as well as a potential ritual to show goodwill to all of the Gods following the end of the Gods' War.

Lunch was provided by the women of the Blood, and was attended by His Eminence Valmyrion Draelthas, Avatar of Caymlyn.

High Magus Blondieostro attended the Mages' Guild Meeting, and opened a portal to recover Lieutenant Topper Drybeard of House Domenjin, formerly of the Watch, from where he was being held captive in the Arcane Realm.

Court was held in the Common House at its usual time, and was followed by the Grand Melee, a competition sponsored by House Darkwater and House Domenjin. The winning duo was Lady Ruby Skyflower and Sufjan Stormborn, and the second-place team was Mavi Denarius and Sir Rivan Blueshore of House Domenjin.

Gravetender Atticus Sebbhson directed the Sanctification Ritual in the Graveyard on Satyrday afternoon.

Those that attended dinner included Nobles of Houses Chillwind, DeMarte, and Sandmere. After dinner, a severe storm broke out, which greatly distressed the fawn that was staying near Sanctuary for the moon.

A party of adventurers led by Gwaine Lyons felled the Cyclops outside of town on Satyrday evening. Satyrday night consisted of several waves of attacks by Undead, and visitors from both the Arcane and Dream Realms. There were several other attacks by the Ratfolk during the day Satyrday.

RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH AND BEYOND

Happenings in New Stonewatch for the Moon of Sunhigh 1226

As recounted by Lowry Springer

Continued...

Voesday Morning

On Voesday morning, the town was visited by Fire Fae, Khasaba Barbarians, and members of the Orgreth Clan Quake. Fern and Siora, two former New Stonewatch residents, held a party at the Dark Fae circle.

There was another attack by the Ratfolk close to High Sun on Voesday morning.

I have done my best to record 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.)

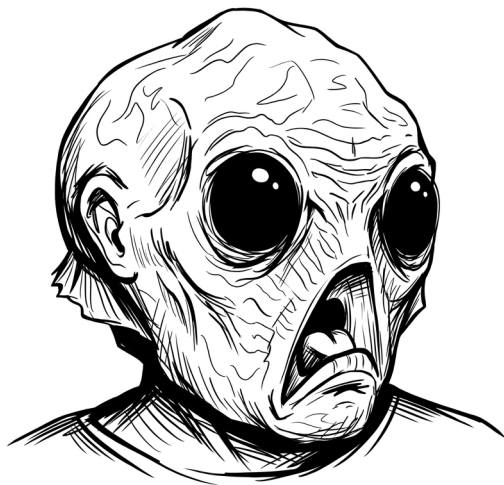
RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH
AND BEYOND

News From Around The Burg

-by Journeyman Chronicler Fitzroy

Members of some underrepresented Noble houses have been seen in the area, visiting the Estates around New Stonewatch. Discussions are being held in private, but the common folk think it has something to do with the Margrave calling in his banners.

The strange creatures known as Gil have been attacking local fishermen.



Groups of Kuzma have been spotted at places of power around the Burg. It is believed they are scouting for locations to hold their rituals.



Farmers are preparing to gather the fall harvest. They fear that due to the lack of rain this summer, their harvests may be lighter than usual.

A group of what appears to be skeletal warriors have been spotted roving around the area, but leaving relatively peacefully. When questioned, witnesses say that the undead are whispering the word "*Stormborn*".



The New Stonewatch
Annual Harvest Festival
will be held next moon!



The Noble House of Ironforge

is proud to host the first
New Stonewatch Crafters Competition

on

Kyrriden's Holiest of Days!

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

"The Hearth & The Anvil."

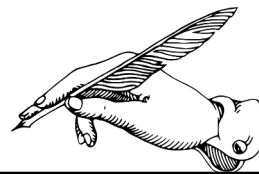
Townfolk of all trades and talents are invited to enter any crafted
creation that celebrates the tools, vessels, or comforts that sustain
our harvest, warm the home, and strengthen our foundations!

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



The Common Quill

Reader Submissions



As recounted from the journals of Vladimir Morozov...

06/05/1226 Today I had the distinct privilege of watching people peer into either the future, the past, or some deeply personal corner of their lives. Precisely which of the three was happening seemed to depend on whom you asked. It was fascinating, though admittedly a little unsettling. Some people left looking wounded by what they had seen. Others wept openly. A few appeared frightened, while still others accepted whatever revelation they received with the casual indifference of someone being told the weather.

The methods interested me more than the visions themselves. Fire was involved. Cards were involved. At least one singing and smoking bowl was involved. Apparently staring into ordinary objects and minding one's own business has fallen out of fashion. All of it was attributed to Danubu, though I was assured faith was entirely unnecessary. I am still trying to determine how that works.

Eventually we made our way to the tavern. To my great surprise, it was actually open. This was a genuinely pleasant discovery, considering my recent luck.

I learned that rooms were available for rent and, after speaking with the manager, Rhoam, discovered that the establishment was reasonably secure. More importantly, I managed to secure employment washing dishes. The pay was modest, but sufficient to fund the evening's most important necessities. Conversation flowed as freely as the drinks. Stories were told, laughter echoed through the hall, and before I knew it the sun was beginning to rise. A clear sign that either the night had gone well or I had made several questionable decisions.

Possibly both.

06/06/1226 I did not sleep long. The morning sun proved alarmingly effective at finding its way through curtains. I also discovered I had slept through hot breakfast, which seems to be becoming a personal talent. It is a skill with very little practical value. For a brief moment, fortune smiled upon me. I found several coins lying unattended on the ground.

For an even briefer moment, those coins belonged to me.

I promptly lost them on a wager during the melee competition later that afternoon. Had the table games advertised in the Scribe actually existed, I might have lost my money in a far more civilized manner. But I digress. I helped serve lunch and discovered that Atticus—the child of a spider, somehow—and I were the only Blood men willing to lend a hand. The reward was free food, which remains one of the finest forms of compensation ever devised.

Throughout the day, conversations led to connections, and connections led to an opportunity to visit the Arcane Realm. There I learned that one can apparently acquire knowledge through drinking.

This may be the greatest educational breakthrough in history. From this point forward, I firmly believe all lessons should be conducted in a tavern with a mug in hand.

The tavern opened once more, more dishes required washing, and I earned enough coin to maintain a pleasantly inebriated state.

Then came the rats.

There was, by all accounts, a rat attack. I attempted to cast a spell designed to banish were-creatures. It failed spectacularly. Either the spell was flawed, or they were simply very large and unusually intelligent rats. My money is on the rats.

The evening continued until what I have learned is called the tipping hour. After a few hours of sleep, I once again awoke too late for hot breakfast.

At this rate, breakfast and I may never meet.

06/07/1226 Today Rhoam presented me with what may be his greatest contribution to civilization. He suggested I write short stories for people to read while occupying the privy.

A truly brilliant man.

History may remember kings, warriors, and great mages, but it is innovators like Rhoam who genuinely move society forward.

Afterward, day drinking commenced alongside my new Blood family. It is strange to write those words. For most of my travels, I have always felt like an outsider, even among Bloodfolk in distant towns. Yet here, in a place I only recently arrived, I have been welcomed with warmth, friendship, and a sense of belonging I did not expect to find.

No amount of sarcasm can disguise my gratitude.

I cannot thank the people of this town enough for embracing me so quickly. Their kindness has made this place feel less like a stop on a journey and more like a home.

And that is not something a traveler says lightly.

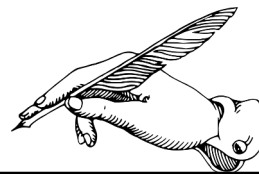
With newfound affection for my home and deep gratitude for the equality and fellowship I have witnessed,

Vladimir Morozov



The Common Quill

Reader Submissions



The Rot Beneath the Green

There are those who know Barid as a ranger. They know him by the sound of his boots upon the forest floor, by the bow upon his back and the blades at his side. They know him as the man who walks where others will not, who follows tracks into places sensible men would turn away from. But there is more to Barid than the weapons he carries.

He loves the forest. Not simply the trees, nor the quiet streams winding through their roots. He loves the small things: the moss growing upon an old stone, the birds returning after winter, the way sunlight finds its way through the branches and paints the earth in gold. He notices things others overlook.

Perhaps that is why he notices suffering, too. A frightened child. A wounded traveler. A creature caught in a hunter's snare. A village too weak to defend itself. Barid cannot simply walk past. He never could. So he puts himself between the danger and those who cannot stand against it.

Again. And again. And again.

He will take the arrow meant for another. He will walk into the darkness first. He will bleed so someone else doesn't have to. And when someone asks why, he will shrug. Perhaps he will smile. "Someone had to." As though his own life were a coin he could spend freely. As though it were worth less than everyone else's.

But there is something he does not speak of. Something beneath the scars. Something deeper than flesh.

A rot.

He does not know when it began. He does not know what caused it. He cannot name it, cannot point to a wound and say, There. That is where I was broken. It simply exists—a cold, indescribable decay within his soul. Some days it is little more than a whisper. Other days, it feels as though something inside him is being hollowed out, piece by piece.

And so Barid does what he knows best: he helps, he protects, he heals. He plants trees where others have cut them down. He carries the wounded. He stands watch while others sleep. He offers kindness when he has little left to give.

Perhaps he believes that if he does enough good, the darkness inside him will have nowhere left to grow. Perhaps every life he saves is another reason to convince himself that he is still worth saving. And perhaps that is why he never seems to care whether he comes home. Because if he is useful... if he is needed... if someone else gets to live because he stood in the way... then perhaps the pain means something.

When there is no one left to protect, no one left to impress, no one asking him to be strong, Barid simply sits beneath the trees, his hand resting against the bark, listening to the forest breathe. For a moment, he looks almost peaceful. But the forest does not ask him to pretend. The trees do not care about his scars. The wind does not demand that he smile.

There is one person who reminds him that perhaps his life is worth more than what he can sacrifice: Phoenix.

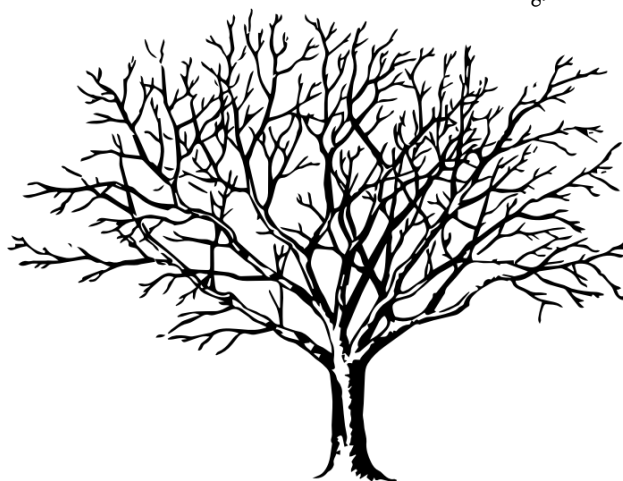
His love for her is not loud. It does not need to be. It lives in the quiet places: in the thought of her waiting for him, in the warmth of her embrace after the cold of the road, in the way her presence can make the weight upon his shoulders feel, if only for a moment, a little lighter. She is a reminder that there is something beyond the next fight. Something beyond duty. Something beyond the darkness. And perhaps that is what keeps him going when everything else begins to fail.

He may throw himself between danger and the innocent without hesitation. He may willingly give pieces of himself away to protect others. But somewhere in the deepest part of him, there remains a small, stubborn hope: the hope of returning to Phoenix. Of seeing her again, of hearing her voice, of being more than a ranger, more than a protector, more than a shield—of simply being her husband. Perhaps she is the one person who makes him wonder if he is allowed to be saved, too.

Sometimes, when the campfire has burned low and the forest has gone quiet, there are moments when the mask slips. And perhaps, in those quiet moments, Barid allows himself to admit the truth he refuses to speak aloud: he is tired, he is hurting, and somewhere inside him, something is dying.

Yet morning always comes. The birds begin to sing, the leaves stir, and Barid rises. He shoulders his bow, he checks his blades, and then he walks back into the world. Still protecting, still giving, still smiling, still pretending that the rot isn't there.

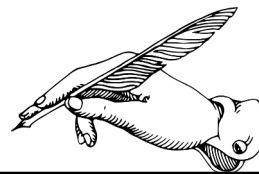
Because there is always someone who needs him. And perhaps Barid has never learned how to believe that he is someone who needs saving, too.





The Common Quill

Reader Submissions



On Honor

By Sir Jonns Bromfaust

Honor is a peculiar thing.

Men speak of it as though it were a crown placed upon the worthy. Knights polish it alongside their armor. Nobles inherit it with their names. Priests invoke it when convenient, and soldiers are buried beneath words praising how much of it they possessed. I have never understood honor that way. A crown may be taken. A name may be stained. Armor rusts, prayers are forgotten, and the dead rarely have opportunity to dispute what is written upon their stones. Honor must therefore be something else.

I believe honor is the chain a person willingly places upon himself. That may seem a strange description. Chains are things from which most sensible people seek freedom. I certainly have. Yet there are chains I would not break. There are promises never spoken aloud that bind more tightly than contracts. There are debts that no ledger records. There are those whom we choose, and in choosing them we surrender some small portion of our freedom. We accept that there are things we will no longer do.

Not because we cannot. Because we have decided that we will not. I learned this when someone greater than myself once placed a task before me. The task was not beyond my ability. Nor was it especially complicated. I have done worse things for lesser reasons. Had the circumstances been different, perhaps I would have done what was asked and slept soundly afterward. But a thread ran from the life placed before me to another. And that thread ran to me. Cutting one would have pulled upon the other. So I refused.

Perhaps that was weakness. Those accustomed to obedience may call it so. Those who believe power grants the right to command may find refusal insulting. A servant who chooses which commands he will obey is not much of a servant. But I have never claimed to be one. There is an important difference between loyalty and obedience. Obedience asks only that we follow. Loyalty requires us to remember why we follow. A loyal hound may obey every command of its master. A loyal man must occasionally refuse one. Otherwise he possesses no loyalty at all. Only a leash.

I have wondered many times since whether I made the correct choice. Not because I regret it. Because I wonder what the one who gave the command saw when I refused. Defiance? Cowardice? Insult? Or perhaps something familiar? That possibility troubles me more than the others.

Those who demand much from others were not always the ones giving commands. Sometimes they once stood where we stand. Sometimes the hand holding the chain remembers the weight of iron around its own wrist. Perhaps that is why certain refusals anger us. They remind us of choices we once made. Or choices we failed to make.

I know very little of the roads walked by those who came before me. History has a habit of polishing its subjects until inconvenient edges disappear. Victors become righteous. Monsters become simple. Betrayals become necessities. And somewhere beneath all those carefully chosen words was a person who once stood before a choice without knowing what would come after.

I find myself increasingly interested in those moments. Not the victories. The refusals. Tell me what a man conquered and I will know his strength. Tell me what he desired and I will know his ambition. Tell me whom he killed and I may learn whom he hated. But tell me what he refused to do when someone powerful commanded it, and I may finally begin to know the man.

That, perhaps, is where honor lives. Not in righteousness. Not in law. Certainly not in reputation. Honor is discovered at the boundary between what we can do and what we will do. I am no knight. I make no claim to virtue. There is blood upon my hands that no amount of philosophy will wash away, and I have taken things far more valuable than coin from people who would gladly see me buried for it.

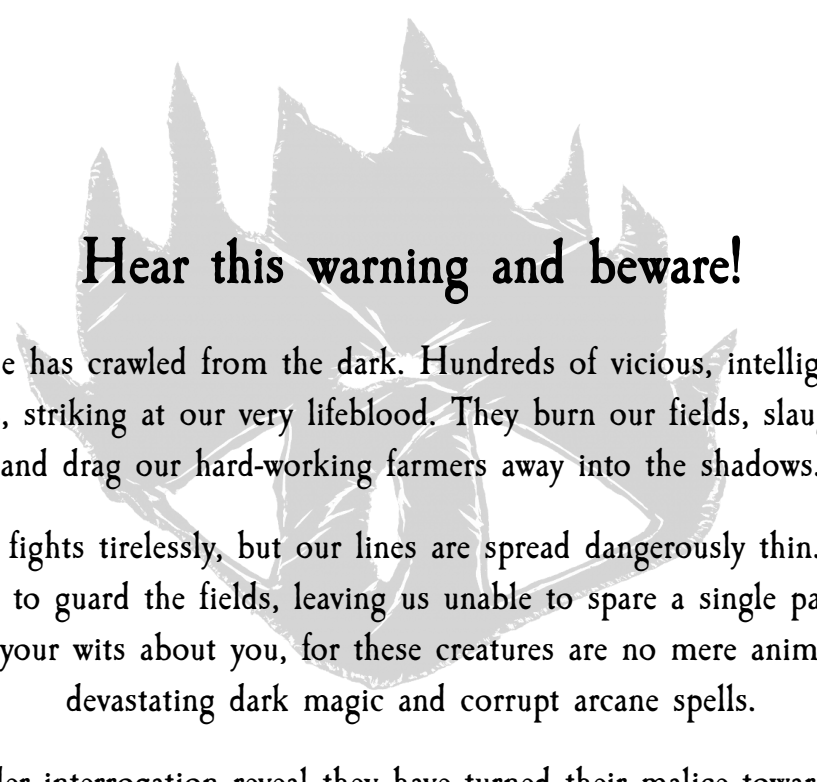
Yet even a thief must possess something he will not steal. Even a liar must have someone to whom he speaks truth. Even a killer must decide whose blood he will not spill. Without such boundaries, we are not free. We are merely creatures of appetite. And appetite is the cruelest master I have ever known.

So I keep my chains. A promise here. A friendship there. A debt remembered long after the other person has forgotten it. Names I will not surrender. Lives I will not take. People whose enemies may someday become mine simply because I once chose to stand beside them. These things limit me.

Good. A blade without a hilt may cut anything. Most often, it cuts the hand that holds it. Perhaps one day I will discover that the one whose command I refused understands this better than I imagined. Perhaps he once had a line of his own. Perhaps someone asked him to cross it. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he did not. I would very much like to know. Until then, I can only judge the question placed before me. What is honor? It is knowing that I could have obeyed.

And choosing the chain I had already placed upon myself.

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.



Hear this warning and beware!

A profane plague has crawled from the dark. Hundreds of vicious, intelligent rat-folk have descended upon us, striking at our very lifeblood. They burn our fields, slaughter our livestock, and drag our hard-working farmers away into the shadows.

The Burning Eye fights tirelessly, but our lines are spread dangerously thin. Sergeant Aemon bleeds without rest to guard the fields, leaving us unable to spare a single patrol to secure New Stonewatch. Keep your wits about you, for these creatures are no mere animals—they command devastating dark magic and corrupt arcane spells.

Captives broken under interrogation reveal they have turned their malice toward your town, seeking a specific group harbored within your walls. Do not let their beastly appearance fool you; they are cunning, and their silence is a trap. Grant them no mercy. Put them to the sword and purge their foul corpses with fire. Walk in the light, defy despair, and never forget that the glorious, unyielding sun watches over you always!

PRAISE VOE!

Lieutenant Caius

Southern Command, Burning Eye



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!

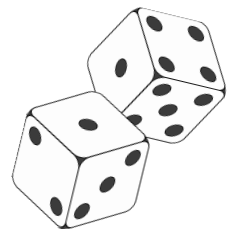
GRIFFIN SAUCE!



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

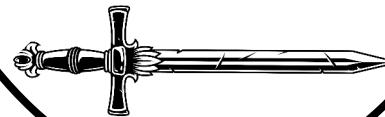
Brought to you by Houses Ironforge and Demart,

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

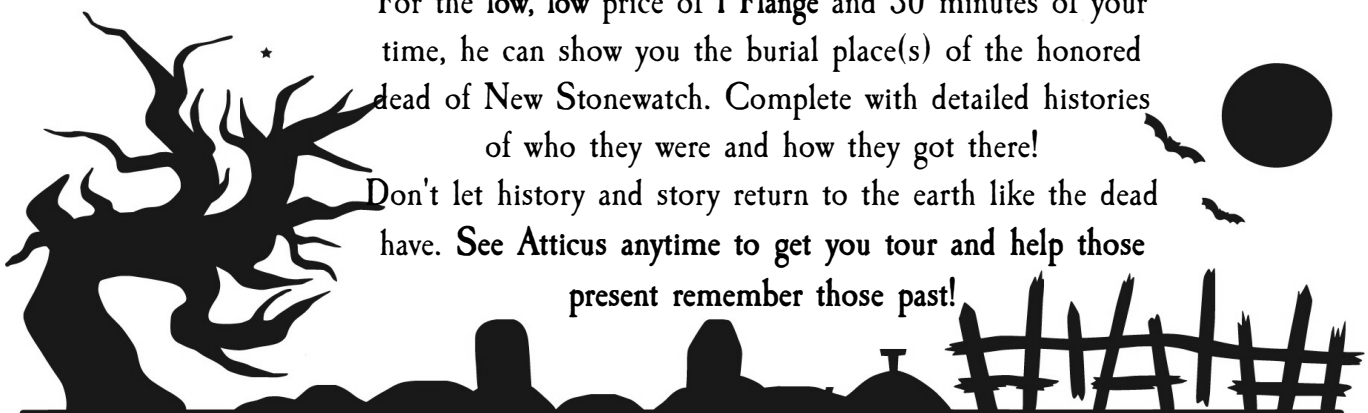


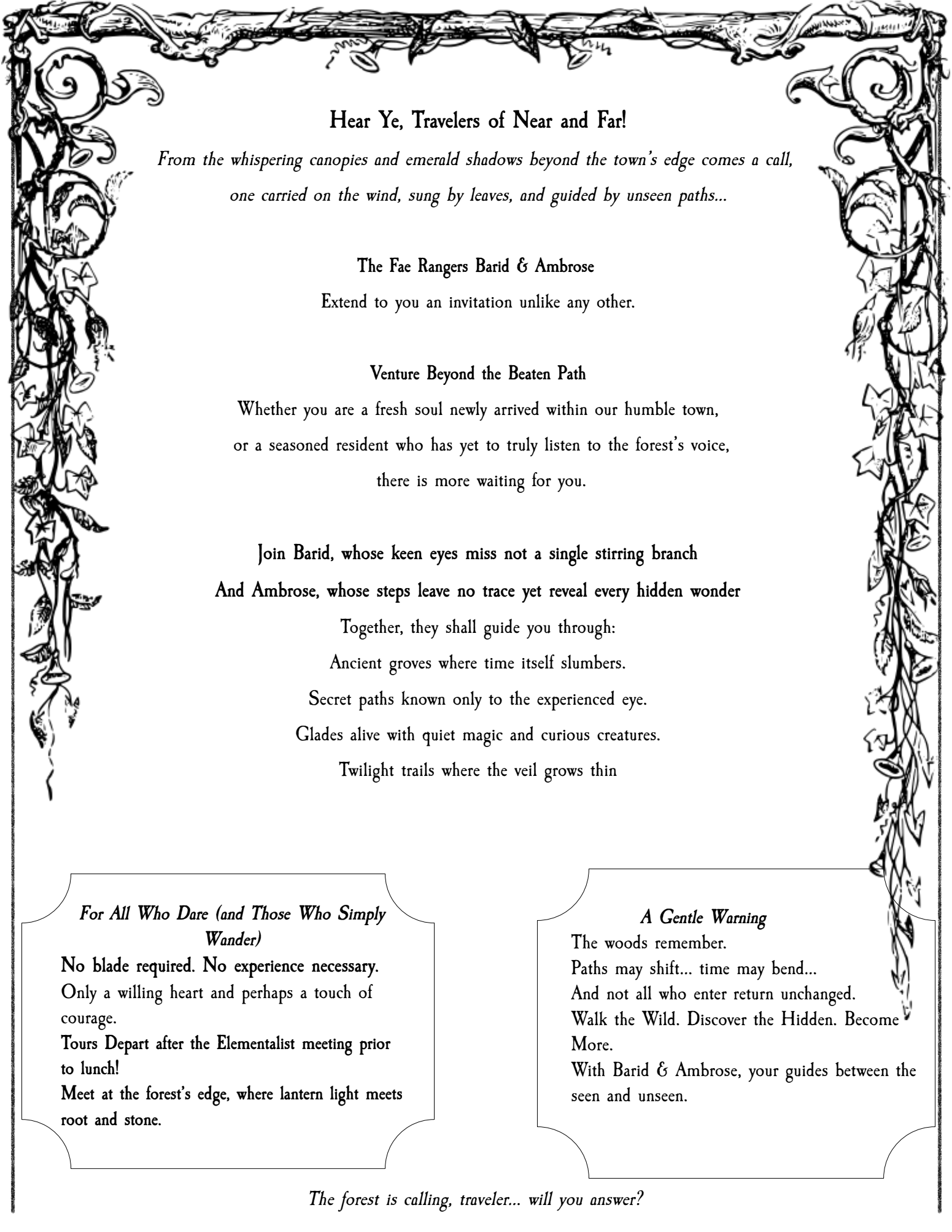
INTERESTED IN WHO CAME BEFORE YOU? WANT TO SEE WHERE THEY ARE NOW?

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.*

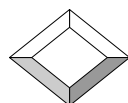
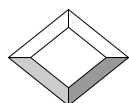
Ink fades, but legend endures.



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, Barid, or Ambrose for more details if necessary.

BARID'S BREAKFAST SANDWICHES

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

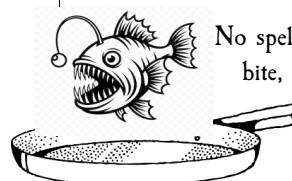
Fresh-laid hen's eggs, soft as clouds from the highlands!

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 in the Common House at
One-and-a-half bells on Satyrday afternoon.*

During the meeting, we will go over the magical
issues facing New Stonewatch and provide
instruction to our members that need it.

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 before the Mages' Guild meeting,
and they will add you to the meeting's agenda or
help find the members that can help you privately.

JOIN THE RANKS OF NEW STONEWATCH MERCHANTS GUILD



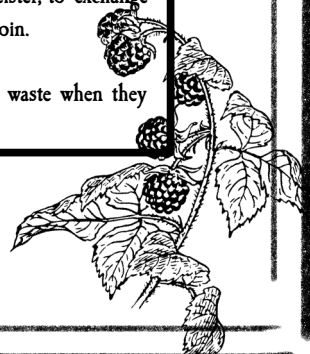
BE PART OF THE
CONVERSATIONS THAT
WILL SHAPE EASTGUARDS
FUTURE.
HELP PAVE THE ROAD TO
YOUR OWN FINANCIAL
FREEDOM.
LEARN HOW TO SHAPE
YOUR BUSINESS FROM
EXPERTS IN THE FIELD.
SATYRDAY EVENING,
FIVE-THIRTY AT THE
GRIFFINS LANDING.

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!

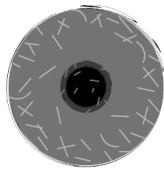
Library materials are available by request at any time.
Contact Lowry Springer for details.

Hunting and retrieval services for hire

In need of a beast back in your care? Dead or alive?

Beasts of many kinds roam the wilds of Eastguard, on and off our great roads. But a flower strangled by weeds cannot survive.

Peryn blesses the footfalls of the hunters and of those who will do what is necessary to continue the cycle of life, for those worthy within it, at any cost.



Will accept coin or barter

Ask for Syl, devoted servant of Peryn



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

