

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
After Court
Common House Porch

Common Dinner
6 Bells Past High Sun
Common House

A Season for Ambition

The heavy silence of winter has finally broken, and with it, the shadow of the Gods' War has retreated into the mist of memory. As your Editor-in-Chief, I find it my duty to look past the hardships of the previous year and focus our collective gaze on the horizon. The frost is gone, the soil is turning, and a newfound clarity has settled over the realm. Under the watchful eyes of the Divine, who have seen us through the storm, we now stand ready to steward the land they have left in our care.

A Hub for the Displaced and the Daring

With the roads finally clear and the divine mandates of the war concluded, we are seeing a record influx of travelers. Merchants from distant territories and artisans seeking a fresh start are arriving at our gates daily. This influx of new blood and new ideas is the lifeblood of our growing community.

To our Citizens: Welcome these newcomers with the grace that New Stonewatch is known for. Every traveler is a potential ally, a new partner for commerce, or a fresh mind to add to our local guilds.

To our Visitors: Look no further. New Stonewatch offers the stability and community that the rest of the world currently seeks. If you have a trade or a vision for the future, you have a place here.

The Trade Mandate: Prosperity Through Unity

The end of the conflict has reopened trade veins that have been constricted for years. We expect the markets to be the most robust in our history, offering goods and luxuries unseen since the era began. However, prosperity is not a gift, it is a harvest.

To thrive, we must act as a singular, cohesive unit. This is the year to set aside petty grievances and factional squabbles. Our success depends on the strength of our internal connections. When our merchants prosper, our laborers eat well; when our local guilds flourish, the entire settlement rises. We are a collective of industry, and this year, the environment is ripe for a surplus.

A Final Word

The landscape has changed, and the world is different in some ways, but our purpose remains steadfast. The soil of New Stonewatch is rich, and the sun is warm on our backs. Let us work with a feverish pace this season. Let us plant, let us negotiate, and let us trade with the gratitude of those who have been granted a new beginning.

By our hands and the gods' grace, New Stonewatch does not just endure, it ascends.

– Editor-in-Chief, Lady Sinfay Sandmere



*RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH
AND BEYOND*

Happenings in New Stonewatch for the Moon of Leafdrop 1225

As recounted by Lowry Springer

Feyday Night

Lt. Constance Keller visited New Stonewatch on Faeday night, primarily to speak to interested parties about a potential sanctification ritual for the town's graveyard. A pair of Sylvanfort rangers escorted a small group of adventurers into town.

Because this was Undathos Eve, there were scattered attacks by Undead throughout the moon, not all of which will be noted in my summary, nor will similarly scattered attacks by trolls or Kuzma.

Two Undathos worshippers that are known to the town, a warlock named Rigby and a cleric named Mordecai, set up outside of the Inn to sell candles. Inside of the Inn, a portal had been established to make contact with Sebboh, a former towns person (a previous proprietor of the Rose) who is currently holding the Dark Realm closed and the Bug Plague at bay as a giant spider.

A group of ghosts attacked the Inn, and were dealt with quickly. A pair of Undathos worshippers also hassled several patrons of the Inn, but left without any significant altercations.

Morana, sister of the former (and deceased) Avatar of Undathos, came to the Inn, apparently blaming the people of New Stonewatch for her sister's death.

Several disturbing incidents took place in the night. At least one member of town woke to find themselves weakened by some kind of attack while they were sleeping, despite having slept in a locked cabin. At least two townspeople (one in the same locked cabin previously mentioned, and one sleeping in the Inn) were sent to Judgement while they were asleep in bed. Burgermeister Ruby Skyflower and Aisling were both attacked on Clanhyll at around four bells in the morning. The Burgermeister was killed and saw Judgement, but Aisling was left after being incapacitated, and was able to recover fully. Of the three townspeople who saw judgement due to unexplained incidents in the night, two were named in the previous edition of the New Stonewatch Scribe as targets of a threat issued anonymously through the newspaper.

Satyrday

At Watch Muster, the Mages' Guild, primarily Johann Vinther, held a ritual that conferred magical protection onto the Town Watch, with the help of the Elementalists' Guild. Sir Rivan of House Domenjin was in attendance to observe this ritual, as was Lt. Sebastian Helmsworth, of House Windryder.

The Elementalists' Guild was also able to pay their respects to the Blue Rose.

Nothing of significant consequence was discussed at Sanctuary meeting, but the presence of Undathos worshippers made it so those affected by the Ashenheart's curse were unable to contribute, which included Aisling.

Lunch was prepared by the women of the Blood, and the Trading Post was open for its now-standardized hours.

The Mages' Guild meeting was held in the Common House, where it will be held every moon going forward. It was attended by Sir Rivan and the High Mage of House Domenjin, Blondeostro. The primary topic of discussion was curses, though the successful ritual Johann led for the benefit of the Town Watch was also debriefed.

RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH AND BEYOND

Happenings in New Stonewatch for the Moon of Leafdrop 1225

As recounted by Lowry Springer

Continued...

As part of the meeting, potential ways to break the Ashenheart's curse were devised, and rounds of experiments began. These experiments were conducted by Acting Captain Cel Airn and myself, supervised by Sir Rivan and High Mage Blondeostro, and ran into court, which is why the heads of both the Watch and the Mages' Guild were absent for much of Court. Though none of the curses were successfully broken then, the information gathered by these experiments was used to plan how the town would go about actually breaking the curses.

The Winter Caravans were held in the Common House. Townspeople and visitors to the town sold their wares.

The Br'gang, the name the group of Orgreth in town have given themselves, held a "drum party" in Peryn's retreat on Satyrday afternoon. The drums could be heard throughout New Stonewatch.

Dinner was held at its usual time, and was prepared by Dave. Lord Farreach was in attendance. Directly after dinner, the Ashenheart's curse was removed from three affected townspeople.

Avatar of Undathos visited the Inn, bringing with him several powerful and unusual Undead that he said he had created through "experiments." They were eventually put down by the town. Undathos-Eve related violence continued throughout the moon.

During a lull between more violent incidents, Priest Williams, a cleric of Undathos, visited the Tavern, as did a large group of Undathos carollers.

Powerful worshipers of Undathos, including several Ashenhearts and a dedicated ritualist, began to search for sacrifices and participants in their Ritual. Members of the town of New Stonewatch killed the Undathos Ritual Master, and because of this, the Ritual could not be attempted or completed. To retaliate against the town, relentless attacks by Ashenhearts and Undead were staged, with a number of townspeople seeing Judgement.

Voeday Morning

The Elementalists' Guild was able to complete its years-long quest to seal away Waterlight, fulfilling an agreement with Bromarr.

There was an attack by a large number of Warlord's troops near the Common House, which was resolved by the town.

All townspeople were brought to the Tourney Field, as if by a Gods' Trial. The Faithful appeared with the Avatar corresponding to their Faith (If that Avatar was present), and those without Faith, or Faith in a god that had not taken a side in the Gods' War, appeared with the Avatar of Volgen. Those without formal Faith, Pan-diefic Faith, and Faith in neutral Gods, were given the opportunity to choose a side of the war, or to remain neutral.

The intention of the Avatars was a confrontation, with the people of New Stonewatch fighting on the sides of their Gods. The Townspeople on the Light and Dark sides agreed to not attack one another, and Vero, acting as a representative of those remaining neutral, made both sides aware that those that were neither Light or Dark-aligned would defend themselves and each other against either side.

*RECENT HAPPENINGS FROM NEW STONEWATCH
AND BEYOND*

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As recounted by Lowry Springer

Continued...

The Avatars did attack each other directly. Many townfolk could only watch. Some tried to intervene. Some attacked Avatars or each other.

This battle ended when Voe appeared to us. Not as an Avatar, but as Himself, as He appeared to everyone in the world at the same time. As He said to the assembled town, He suspected that His appearance in New Stonewatch would have special significance. He spoke to individuals on the tourney field, but then addressed all of us, saying that our world, this iteration of His experiment was nearing its natural end, because of the Gods' War, and expressing His interest in ending our world and starting fresh. Naturally, the people of New Stonewatch objected to this, and presented arguments.

Voe also revealed that Ula was a piece of Himself, separated from the whole, and sent to New Stonewatch to check on the progress of humanity and experience life as a mortal. At the core of this experience was Ula's ability to learn, and New Stonewatch represented Creation by teaching Him.

These arguments focused on the importance of free will, and the necessity of conflict to living an interesting and rewarding life. In the course of these arguments, the Avatar of Kandrell made the choice, convinced by the Kandrellites of New Stonewatch, to withdraw her Goddess's support from the Dark side of the conflict, and to return to neutrality in the Gods' War, just as the War came to a close. I will not reiterate specific arguments or demands made of Voe here; any changes to our world that He has made will be evident as time wears on, regardless of how the input of any mortals may have influenced Him.

As we all know, Voe put us all to sleep, and, since I am writing this and you are reading it, we know that He has decided to allow the experiment to continue.

Voe has ended the Gods' War. A new chapter for our world and our town is beginning. Our free will, and how we use it, will shape this new chapter, our lives, and the lives of all those who come after us. We have a responsibility to remember the power and influence each of us has, and we cannot forget the connection each of us bears to the rest of Voe's Creation.

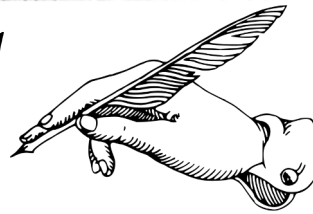
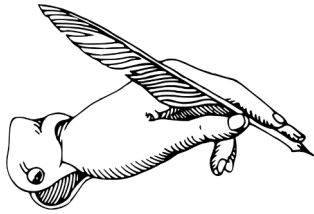
I have done my best to record the events as they have transpired, using my judgement to determine what should be recorded and relayed to the general public.

Lowry Springer

they/them

The Common Quill

Reader Submissions



Grove's Poem for Grover

*Recounted by Lowry Springer, transcribed by
Renadia Rosewood*

The field lies still where shadows wove
A hush beneath the grieving grove
The circle closed, the deed was done
The straw returned, the thread unspun
No hand to mend, no heart to sow
Yet something stirs in roots below
Sleep now, keeper, rest in loam
The earth remembers; you are home.





The Battle of Foxes Run



As retold by Executor Gwaine Lyons, House Sandmere

It began with the distant sound of drums—orc drums, relentless as a heartbeat. I stood atop the battlements, my sword heavy in my hand, heart hammering in my chest as I watched torches flicker in the darkness beyond the fields. The gates were barred, and every able-bodied soul stood ready.

The orcs came like a tide, smashing into our walls with axes and fire. I fought at the gate, cutting down the first that dared climb the stones. The air was thick with smoke and screams. Still, I have faced orcs before; I knew their rage and their weakness. It was not the orcs that put fear in my heart.

From the chaos came a sound I had never heard before, a guttural bellow that silenced even the orcs. The ground shook beneath my feet. And there, at the edge of the torchlight, emerged a monster from legends—a cyclops, ancient and terrible, its single eye burning like a cursed moon. Its head nearly brushed the manor's highest ramparts. The orcs parted, as if even they feared their monstrous ally.

With one swing of its massive fist, the beast shattered the gatehouse. Stone and timber exploded, raining down upon us. I was thrown from the wall, landing hard on the flagstones below. Pain lanced through my arm and shoulder, but I staggered to my feet.

The cyclops stormed through the ruins, bellowing as it swept defenders aside. I saw men and women fall, crushed beneath its feet. My mind screamed to flee, but my heart would not let me abandon Foxes Run or my Lady. Gritting my teeth, I charged.

My blade struck home, biting into its thick calf. Black blood welled, steaming as it hit the ground. The cyclops howled and kicked me aside, sending me crashing into a broken pillar. My ribs buckled, and I tasted blood. Still, I rose—again and again—striking at the monster's legs, dodging its crushing blows by a hair's width each time.

It battered me relentlessly until my shield was splintered and my armor hung in shreds. Each breath was agony, but I can still hear the last words of Ser Tomais in my head, "If Sinfay should have so much as a scratch on her, I'll kill you myself." With a desperate, defiant roar, I hurled myself at the beast one last time, dodging its massive grasp and driving my sword deep into the back of its knee. I felt the blade sink past bone, and the monster howled and shrieked, a sound so terrible it seemed to split the night itself. The cyclops staggered, clutching its wounded leg. Blood poured down, and for the first time, I saw fear in that single, burning eye. The monster bellowed once more, then turned and lumbered away, smashing through the remains of the manor wall and vanishing into the darkness of the forest. The orcs, leaderless, scattered after it.

I collapsed then, unable to move, my body broken but my spirit unbowed. Around me, the ruins of Foxes Run were silent, save for the distant cries of survivors and the crackling of flames. I had not slain the beast, but I had driven it off. I had given Foxes Run another dawn.

They found me in the rubble; sword still clutched in my hand. Lady Sinfay knelt beside me. I could barely see her, my brow swollen and blood trickling into my eyes, but I heard her voice—soft, fierce, and grateful. I do not know if I will see another dawn. But if I don't, it will be enough to know I stood my ground for her, and for House Sandmere.

Low Tide at the Docks

The fog's rolling into Breakwater thicker than a wool cloak and it's carrying a scent that isn't just dead fish and damp wood. From my stool at the window, I've watched the different schools of sharks all swimming toward the same reef at the bidding of our own Margrave Humphrey Chillwind. The old songs about the "Farstriders" and "Strongshields" are just barnacles on the hull now; it's a new set of captains taking the wheel.

It's a strange sight to see so many different flags in one harbor as I watched the captains moor their ships at the palace:

The Falcon of the Wood, Thistle Vane representing the Sylvan Fort. Slipped through the crowd like a keel through glass, looking about as happy as a wolf in a sheep-pen.

The Gilded Salt, Admiral Ormara of the Dolphin. She walked like she was expecting a rogue wave, hand tight on her cutlass and eyes sharp for any reef in the palace halls.

The Bright-Plate, Lion Alaric Valerius. He marched in with enough brass to sink a galley, his armor polished so bright he's likely trying to blind the rest of the fleet.

The Iron Shadow, Elara Thorne of the Black Spear. She rode in with a silence that'd make a graveyard feel noisy. No one dared cross her wake.

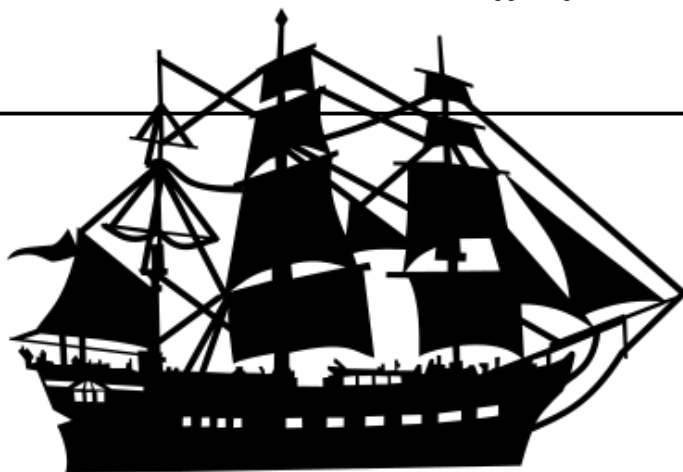
The Stone Sentry, Bastian Voss of the Tower. Seeing him this far from the edge of the map is like seeing a deep-sea kraken in a tidal pool...it means something heavy is moving in the depths.

The question every deckhand is whispering into their ale is: Why is the North Wind whistling now?

Some say the Margrave is looking to "stow the cargo" more tightly, perhaps tired of the captains sailing their own courses since the Great Storms subsided. Others are looking toward the horizon, wondering if he's seen the Warlord's Black Sails ghosting in the mist again and is calling for a blockade. And then there are the real salt-dogs, the ones who think the Margrave is tired of the same old fishing grounds and is looking to "expand the charts", planning to sail Eastguard's colors into waters that don't belong to us yet.

Is he mending the hull or weighing anchor for a raid? The big decisions are being made behind bolted doors. For those of us on the pier, we just watch the tide. Until it turns, keep your daggers greased and your ears to the floorboards.

— Iolo the Minstrel





Cfka qeb ciltbo kbtiv yilljba ybqtbk qeb zoxzhba olzh tfqesk pfdeq lc qeb tfiilt xka obqobxq. Dfsb qeb ciltbo ql qeb biaxo lc qeb cbpq clo x mofwb ql mlppbpp.

Signed:
Fern



Howdy there folks! Its a Yogi Bearah here.

I was told this was a good way to say hi to everyone in town. Hi! They told me they would put anything I want in here if I just got my sweet smelling hippie vibes off their premises and help heal some folks. Boy they sure do have people falling down a lot of stairs here.

Anyways, I prayed at the Jade Lady over in sanctuary a moon or so ago but have since heard of these places called Groovy and Gladey. With names like that, how could I not want to pray there.

If anyone knows the way to those places, I'll be at Pysin's for the elementalists' meeting for any interested guides!



With Blossoming upon us,

Love abounds!

Let it be known (and lightly giggled
over) that

Dhara Baison

shall joyfully wed

Grubpus of The Fae

Join the celebration during the Fae
Festival.

Attire: Petals, polish, or polished petals.

Gifts: Stories, shinies, or something that glows
faintly.

Kindly arrive by flutter, scamper, or
respectable swirl.

"Cake" to follow

GOODS, SERVICES, AND LOOKING TO HIRE

Can't get a tune out of your head?

Missing a melody from days gone by?

Wishing for your favorite song at the tavern?

Currently taking requests to expand bardic repertoire!

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

See Renadia Rosewood with any material!



Trading Post Grand Reopening!

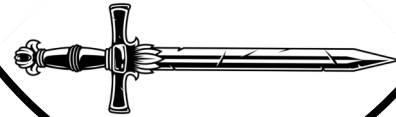
Brought to you by Houses Ironforge and Demart,

The trading post will be open on Saturday 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

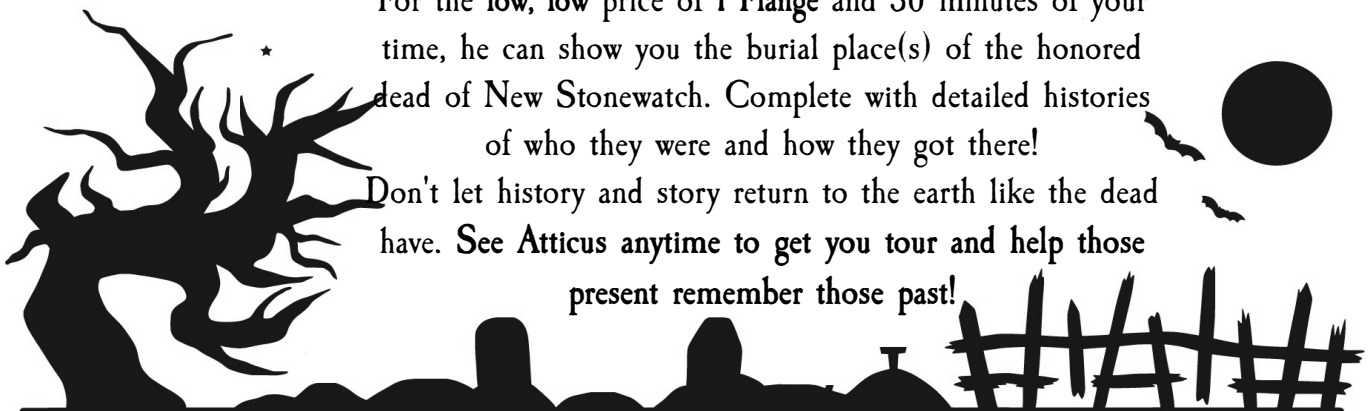


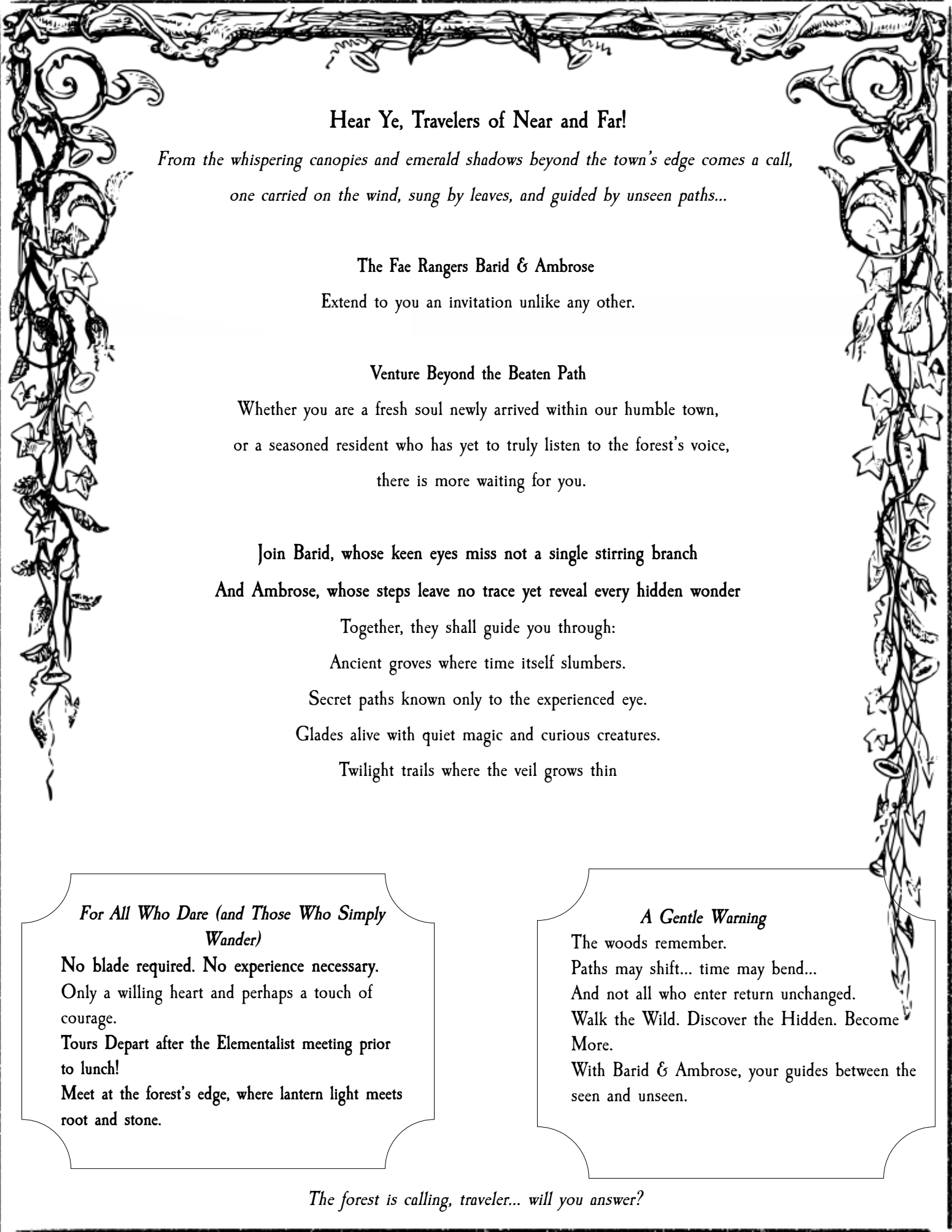
INTERESTED IN WHO CAME BEFORE YOU? WANT TO SEE WHERE THEY ARE NOW?

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.

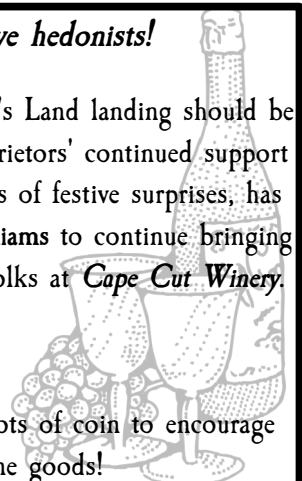
*Knowledge is power. Drive away
the fear with the power of
information.*



Hark all ye hedonists!

Patrons of the Griffyn's Land landing should be delighted that the proprietors' continued support for all faiths, regardless of festive surprises, has allowed your Priest Williams to continue bringing wares from the flayed folks at *Cape Cut Winery*.

Make sure to spend lots of coin to encourage more fine goods!





THE GRIFFIN'S LANDING

DRINKS ~ FOOD ~ GAMBLING

COLDEST BREWS IN EASTGUARD!

NIGHTLY DINNER SPECIALS!

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT!

FRIENDLY WAITSTAFF!

LARGE WINE LIST!

HOT CRISPY TOTS!

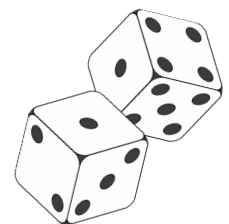
LOCAL SPIRITS!

TABLE GAMES!



**WANT TO PUT YOUR COMBAT SKILLS TO WORK AND EARN THE PAY YOU DESERVE?
JOIN THE GRIFFIN'S GUARD AND NEVER WALK ANOTHER PATROL AGAIN.**

**BENEFITS & COMPETITIVE WAGES!
SEE POLARIS OR RHOAM KRÜG**



Sanctuary Hours

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

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

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

Place Your Bets up on Clanhyll!

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

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

All bets due by Saytrday lunch.



THE SHIELDBREAKERS

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

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

BARID'S BREAKFAST SANDWICHES

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

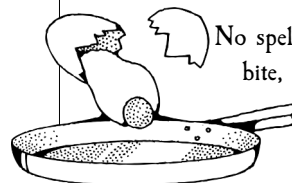
Fresh-laid hen's eggs, soft as clouds from the highlands!

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



5 bits



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

LEATHER REPAIRS



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

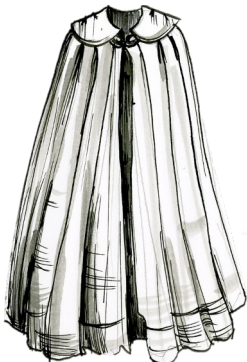


Mages' Guild meeting at 13 and a half
Bells at Common House

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



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



Lost Cloak

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

-Possible Locations-

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

*Continued on Last Page *

New to town?
Looking for work?
Seeking adventure?



Speak to Executor Gwaine Lyons
for more information.

*Continued on Last Page *

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?



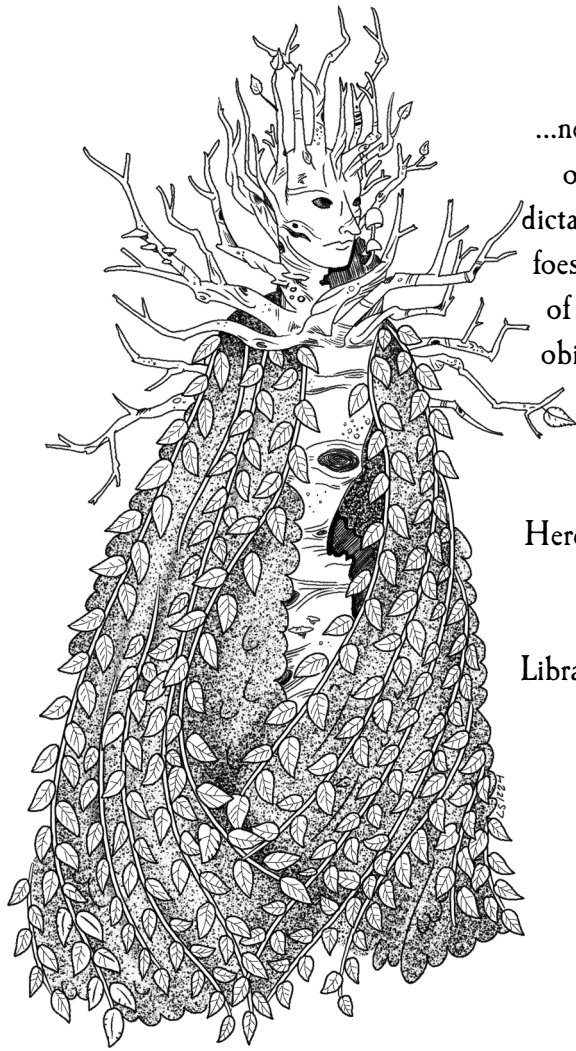
Come take your ease at Winters' End, a massage service provided by The Rose, and enjoy a massage in a relaxing & convivial refuge from the chaos of New Stonewatch, nestled up against The Rose up on the Clanhylf, or you can seek the services of the Roaming Hands of Winters' End as they roam the town.

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.

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

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



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

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

Citizens of New Stonewatch,

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

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

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

With unwavering resolve,

Lieutenant Caius

Southern Command, The Burning Eye

The world around us is seemingly the same, but if you look in the nooks and the crannies you will see the differences. Creatures never before seen in New Stonewatch are appearing. Woodcutters run from great beasts. Orcs have begun to think. Fishing boats are being broken in half. It is truly an exciting time to be in the field of investigating the odd. People of New Stonewatch, if you happen upon things that are here but weren't before I implore you to share your experiences with me.

-Grant Ingalls, Investigator of the Odd

