
An Réalta

News from the West

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A new dawn

Last weeks convention in Steinbruck, one that many were looking forwards to, turned out to be an eventful one, and especially for the Western Seal. Many new people were chosen to occupy jobs that were created out of a need for improvement, or ones that already existed and went vacant. Some for only a few moments, others for over a year. Here's a brief capture of what happened in Steinbruck at this years convention.

A new Thul'Heen

After two more tests for the four aspiring Thul'Heen candidates, one of discipline, and a test of combat, the Archon has decided who will be his new Thul'Heen. On the fridaymorning, those of the West present at the convention, and all friends and allies were summoned to the gathering field of the Western Quarters. It is there, the Archon proclaimed that acting on his behalf in times of his absence is the former Greifenhag Lieutenant Willem O'Bourne. He was granted the Sword of the Thul'Heen, and given the Halberd with which the former Thul'Heen Lucian decapitated the forsaken champion Elkantar. All aspiring Thul'Heen candidates were praised for their outstanding cooperation and loyalty, both to the West, as to one another. Although it's unknown what the other three candidates will be doing next, there have been rumors about a brotherhood of sorts after all former candidates, including

the new Thul'Heen, the First Knight and the Archon being in numerous closed meetings since the inauguration of the new Thul'Heen, and a Brotherhood of sorts was mentioned by him once during the convention.



Military Command

To improve the military cohesion between the Western Forces, and with the upcoming campaign in mind, the Archon Collin has instated two new ranks in the Western armed forces, meant to support the new Thul'Heen in his command during the Mirror-world campaign. The first one being the new Marshal of the West, *Wulfric Aidan O'Bourne*, Ri of the Greifenhag of Cloch Mör, with at his right hand, the Jarl of Dunholme, and military commander of the Grand Expedition *Forces Zeno Sidonius* as his First Spear. In the war section of this newsletter, you will find brief statements of the Marshal and the First Spear.



Treasurer



Appointed as the new treasurer, is mister Karl Ticiano. One of our Convention reporters was able to keep up with him long enough for a quick introduction to our readers.

“Good day to you,
My name is *Karl Ticiano*. I am the newly appointed treasurer of the West, but also the prefect general of the trading house DeGoa and trade chief of the fiefdom Bruckheim. A patrician you may think. But that is not my birthright. I am a son of the one true god of man, Sigmar. King of gods and protector of the empire of man. Though faith it everything, does not feed you. I am also child of low birth and never had the chances you may have had. I served many masters and worked all my life to become the man I am today.

The treasurer’s task is to monitor and take care of the seal’s treasury and expenses. I sit on the Council of Lords and am only liable to the Archon himself. It is our duty to support the Archon, his Thul’Heen and the Nyame or her Neches’Re in anyway possible, for they are chosen by the holy elements and are here to do their will. To help them in their quest I am authorized to raise taxes, tolls, issue swaps and pass commercial laws for the seal. Also I manage the protectorates as well as the non-settled lands for the Archon. If there is something I can help you with, do visit me in Grian Quihenya.

And now please excuse me, there is work to be done!”

Military updates

A Call to Arms

Honored citizens of the West, denizens of Aqua, followers of the beloved Nyame Siobhán NiCharthaigh and the Courageous Archon Collin MacCorribh,

In the past ten years we, the conquerors of Mythodea, under the Elements, have achieved victory, and suffered defeat. Loved ones were lost, a new home was won. With every new step made in this war being payed for with our blood, sweat and tears.

After ten years, we have all achieved, what many thought hardly possible. The once seemingly invincible forsaken warlord Argus, has been defeated. Apprehended by our Archon, Caged by the Thalion Knight Earc and a former Greifenhag Lieutenant, trialed by amongst others, Western Thu'Heen applicant Theodor von Wehrhagen, the West may not have given the executioners blow, yet indeed has played a major and decisive role in this victory.

Entire forsaken army groups have been vanquished, never to be summoned again, a man once known as Alnock Ginster, former senechal of the Western Capital and member of the brotherhood of the eternal swords, ascended into the divine World Council. Although indeed payed for by the blood, sweat and tears of all of us, these are victories that shake the very foundation of the forsaken powers. Piece by piece, stone by stone, the forsaken might is crumbling under the relentless and passionate tenacity that is ours.

The time has come to both celebrate our latest victory, and prepare for the next.

At the pinnacle of last years great battle, a way-gate was opened that will lead us to our greatest nemesis. The Ratio, harbingers of doubt, abominations unlike anything seen before. The world created by them beneath the seal that bound them will be our next theater of battle. We, the mortal conquerors of Mythodea will not wait for these abominations to show themselves at their own discretion. Instead, we will enter their realm and hunt them down. We shall prevail over them in their own sanctuary, and paint the field with whatever color their blood is.

The great host

In unity and adamant faith, no longer shall we be divided. The conquerors that are we, are called to battle. Our swords and Iron will requested to attend. A combined effort to achieve what we now deem unachievable. Alike the day we first set foot on this continent, faced with the inconceivable odds that now lay bested, once more are we needed to take a step forwards to claim our new home. The combined races and nations that serve the Sacred Elements are called into one great host of war. No longer shall our segregated military installations be prey to assault, and dependent on outside reinforcements. United we shall stand and bring destruction to the Ratio!

Leadership

Next years great summer deployment will take us into the Mirror-world. As far as known to us now, this Mirror-world is a creation of the Ratio itself and cut off from the Elemental powers. The Elemental Avatars will not be able to accompany us for the battle that awaits. And with the absence of the Elements in the Mirror-world, neither Archon or Nyame will have the powers bestowed upon them by the Elements at their disposal. Where our courageous Archon could singlehandedly decimate an entire Black Ice Regiment and our beloved Nyame could summon a rain of fire down upon a Forsaken fortress, they'll not have such powers on the battlefield we plan to attend in the summer,



and therefor will be just as vulnerable as all of us are, whilst remaining a priority target for the forsaken. As made evident on the night after the grand melee of last summers deployment, the battlefield that awaits us will be even more unsafe for them, then it will be for us. Which is why during the summer deployment to the

Mirrorworld, in their stead, *the Western Neches'Re Faryanne Galain I'Narthan* will represent our Nyame in matters of spiritual consultation, and the newly appointed Thul'Heen Willem von Gelre O'Bourne will represent our Archon as commander of the Western armed forces.

Assuming that whoever it would've been, might be in need of more experience for such a harsh first deployment, our Archon decided to prepare the right support for his new Thul'Heen and appointed a Marshal and a First Spear from the Western ranks, who have been training with the Western armed forces for over a year now.

Devising the plan of battle as Marshal of the Western Army is the Ri of Greifenhag, and achieved strategist: "*Wulfric Aidan O'Bourne*". Making sure that strategy comes to life on the field as First Spear of the West is the Jarl of Dunholme and accomplished tactician: "*Zeno Sidonius*".



Jarl Zeno Sidonius of Dunholme, was present at the convention at Holzbruck not long ago. After being asked about his role as First Spear, he said the following to our readers.

"I'm Zeno Sidonius, First Spear of the West, Jarl of Dunholme and Lord Captain of the Grand Expedition.

"What's the First Spear of the West you ask? I'm the cruel bastard who is going to make sure things get done in the Army of the West. You will not like me, but you will come to respect me. I am hard but I am fair. I will never ask you to do anything I would not, or have not already, done myself. You are the Western Seal, your Archon and Nyame are watching. Make them proud."

Shortly thereafter a response in writing by the new Marshal was brought to us by one of his representatives.



“Defenders of the West!

I am Wulfric Aidan O’ Bourne, Ri of Greifenhag! Many of you have fought side by side with me in the last years, so you know me. The Archon honored me with the position of the Marshall of the West and with that put me into command of all Settler’s troops that will join us in Summer for the Campaign. For the first time, we will not defend our Lands, but we will carry the battle to our enemies. We will enter a world, that will be totally different to ours. So it will be of utter importance, to stay side by side and trust the person next to us.

See our Army as a body. Our new Thul’Heen, Willem O’ Bourne, is the will, that points out our goals and the heart, that will keep us a unity. I will be the thought, that names the target and picks the spot to hit. Our First Spear, Zeno, will be the strong arm, that wields the weapon against the enemy. You, the Defenders of the West, will be the blade, that hits the enemy mercilessly and strike it down, never to rise again. You will be the Shield wall, that protects all those, that come with us, but can not fend for themselves.

We will act as one, as the West did so many times before. Because we are united in our faith, we will not falter in the face of our enemies and return victorious and with honor.

I trust each and every one of you with my life, so let us show the other Sigils why they say “The best are in the West!”.

Under the Star, for the West!”

The newly appointed Thul’Heen of the Western Seal, Willem O’ Bourne, was found exiting a pavillion after one of the many War Council meetings and was asked for a brief statement as well.

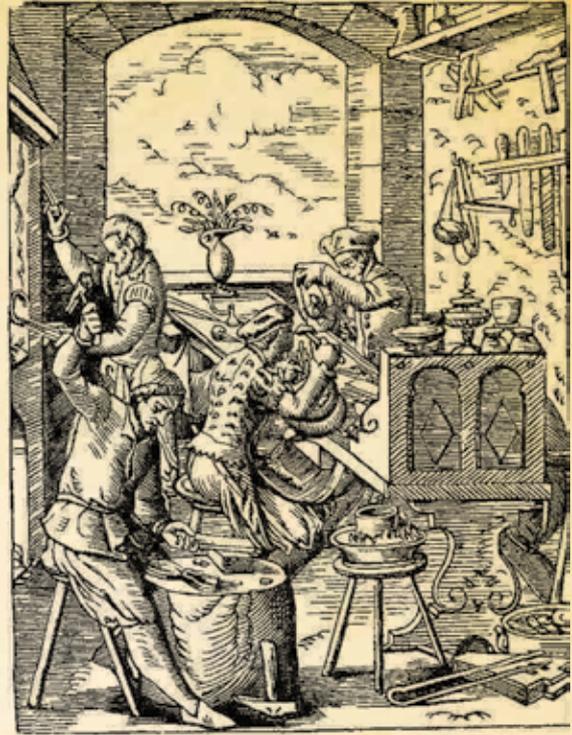
“With the full support of the West both as the backbone behind our commanding effort, and the advisory role of various accomplished commanders and Ri’s in our wake, these two great men will command the Western Armed Forces to victory, and in such carry out the will of our Archon Collin MacCorribh, and thus the Elements in time of their absence. Make no mistake about it, we do not intend to conquer anything in there. All that we will carry through that portal is vengeance and destruction. We will be the executioners that bring Justice.

“A Declaration of War has been made, signed and advertised. Even if we cannot deliver it to the Ratio right now, we’ll make damn sure they get the message, the last message they’ll ever receive, as soon as that portal opens.”



The guild of trades

Master Hochschutz has been appointed the Grand Master of the Trade Guilds. As Grand Master he is tasked with the protection of the rights of apprentices as well as that of the craft masters, and the prosperity of the trades in the west and protection of gilded craftsmen against ungilded craftsmen that might sell sup par products or get in conflict with western craftsmen. For this reason he has also been equalized with the rank of Ri, and will henceforth have a seat in the Council of Lords / Day of the Highest to speak on behalf of all tradesmen in the Western Seal. Because of our writers fear of the explosive nature of his specific trade an interview with Master Hochschutz hasn't been had on the convention. As soon as Liam Mc'Gossip, one of our more daring reporters is found again, we'll give you a more detailed insight in the Guild of Trades and Master Hochschutz's part in that.



From Senator to Paredroi, Congerius stepping down as Voice of the West



“Dear settlers of the West!

Let me first introduce myself to those of you, who do not, or not enough, know me. I am *M. Titius Congerius*, senator of the Roman Empire and Voice of the West. I came to Mythodea almost 7 years ago, a few months before the settlers started the first and disastrous siege of Doerchgardt.

Becoming inconvenient, a young senator was sent to a far place by a Roman council in this world, not to get involved in their business. Following the tenth legion in a wild new world with fiends out of child stories, to settle in a new province surrounded by barbarian Celtic tribes, led by a Celtic priestess queen and an orc king whom nobody had seen for months. Today, this young man is civil servant in the Western Seal, dear friend of the reputed barbaric

priestess. Blessed by TERRA he is following the sacred elements in their holy war against the forsaken, the mistakes of our ancestors named the Old Emperors.

It is hard for a member of the Roman senate walking from lying and intrigue to the path of TERRA, smoothed by truth, framed by honesty and lead by fair-mindedness. Now I follow in STONEFATHERS footsteps, formerly known as Alnock Ginster, magistrate of the capital of the Western Seal Grian Quihenya. A man known for absolute truth, honesty, friendship, mercy, justness and goodness just as well as his fierce strength in the battle against the forsaken.

Those of you knowing me, are aware of my pleasure to share my knowledge with those who seek, and I am pleased to tell you about the function of the Voice of the West and its future, and about STONEFATHER.

I think it was five years ago when I was one of the voices of our Nyame Siobhán. Leading the Earth Camp I was gathering information and knowledge and shared it with her, so that she could coordinate settlers, adventurer and fighters in our quests and fights against the forsaken.

Evolving from this position it was three years and a few months ago when our Archon and our Nyame first introduced the function of the Voice of the West. At the beginning the Voice was a civil servant gathering information about quests and history just as well as a diplomat and “mouthpiece and ear” for Nyame, Archon and settlers. During the campaigns the settlers of the West had had their tents in different camps, therefore the Voice was traveling from camp to camp, from tent to tent and gathered information, talked with the settlers, announced the wishes of the Highness’s, heard the settlers pleas and delivered them back to Nyame and Archon.

To achieve this task, it was necessary to give up the lead of Earth Camp, and nevertheless I never fulfilled my own demands on the Voice of the West. I never visited enough tents or spoke to enough settlers, in my eyes. Thank the sacred elements, in the last years the academy of the West was founded, and Forbeis helped gathering information. As a consequence, the Voice of the

West of the future will be more the diplomat, “the mouthpiece and ear” of the West.

But also the passing year provided me with another task. Following the sacred elements, the campaign in the last year leads us to the first seal, the forge of the world. A place holding the key to our world as much as a prison to the fifth forsaken: the last – actually the first one – the ratio. It is impossible for me to tell you everything that happened last year, not only because it would need more previous knowledge also because I was not able to be everywhere at once. Amongst other things, because I helped a friend, a very good friend and a settler of the West: The magistrate of Grian Quihenya: Alnock Ginster. I knew this man, now known as STONEFATHER, for a bit more than six years. When I met him first he was mostly the bodyguard of our Nyame, later he become a member of the order of the Tivar Khar’assil, a warrior for the elements. Last year he was chosen from Terra as her beloved child and chosen from old and mighty forces (the Quihen’assil) as one of eight candidates for the World Council.

The World Council is a position not heard of for hundreds of years, simplified it is about mortals becoming gods. Eight persons were chosen to gather followers; the most successful candidates become member of the council. These eight were:

- Thorus: Archon of the East. He fulfilled a mighty ritual last year to secure the continent from foreign influences and died for this purpose.
- Camiira: Long time ago she was a Nyame of the West, mother of Athariot, wife of Orphaliot (the founder of the Tivar Khar’assil), and defected to the Undead Flesh in the old time. Last year she regretted her defection and came back to the sacred elements, with their grace. She is now a member of the council, using her old name: Camiira.
- The Kell’goron known as *Zarioth*: The Kell’goron is an order following ALL ten elements, and mainly their own goals. A very mighty and old one of them was chosen. He betrayed the other candidates and tried to manipulate the vote for the council. He was killed for his presumptuousness.

- *Aluser*: An Edalphi, he had a position, created in the new time, making him somewhat alike to a leader of the Edalphi. He is now a member of the council, using a new name: Brayan.



- *Alnock Ginster*. He is now a member of the council, using his new name: STONEFATHER.
- *Klais Windbringer*. A hero and former leader of the Naldar. He is now a member of the council. Using his old byname: Windbringer.
- *Quinto*: A mighty mage from the east. The year before last year he betrayed us and gave Argus the possibility to get to the first seal before us. It seems that in reality this was a clever move against the forsaken. He died during the vote.
- The bio-thaumaturge from the pestilence known as *Xanas*: He died during the vote, and gave is last strength for weakening the plain of the pestilence.

For the candidates this was a full-or-nothing vote, if they succeed they become gods, if not - they die. Every candidate could choose three paredroi, three people dedicating their live for the candidate. STONEFATHERs paredroi are:

- *Xune*, a female Drow member of the Tivar Khar'assil
- *Mandred*, a male human, now Thul'heen of the South and a member of the Tivar Khar'assil
- *Myself*

And we will never forget the help of Lodrik, a member of the Tivar Khar'assil and settler of the West, he helped us as often as possible, he would have been made a paredros if there could have been four!

As paredros of STONEFATHER, it is my obligation to follow his path, and to spread his principles. Also, nobody really knew what it is meant to have a Worlds Council. We do not know how STONEFATHER and the others affect Mythodea, the crusade or even ourselves. Therefore it is necessary for me to gather knowledge about the World Council and spread STONEFATHERS words. An obligation which consumes a lot of time, like my other obligation: the Voice of the West.

Hence, in the autumn of the last year, I asked my Nyame and my Archon to release me of my function as Voice of the West at this year's spring council. Every settler of the West, who thinks he could fulfill this position, is called on to stand up and come before me, so I can give any advice available to him or her I have.

And finally in this year's spring council, our Highness's will choose a successor for the Voice of the West! I loved to serve the West as Voice and I loved to serve our Highness's, and all settlers. But it is necessary for a new one standing up as Voice, and is necessary for me to follow STONEFATHER. But never fear, I will live in the West, I will walk in the West, and I will be there for the Western Seal, his Highness's and his settler, as long as I live!

May TERRA rise up to meet you. May AERIS be always at your back. May IGNIS shine warm upon your face. May AQUA fall soft upon your fields and until we meet again, may MAGICA hold you in the palm of Her hand.

M. TITUS CONGERIUS

Voice of the West

Senator of the Roman Empire “

A change of tone?

With the resignation of Senator Congerius as Voice of the West, there has of course been named a successor. Our journalists managed to get an appointment with the new Voice of the West, Marquis Jean-Louis Charles Alexandre de Bourbons Valois, only moments after his inauguration at the convention in Holzbruck. Covering the interview for you are Brian Mc'Gossip as interviewer, brother of our esteemed writer, Liam Mc'Gossip, who has been missing for a few weeks now, and Lilit O'Shenanigan as clerk taking notes.

“When arriving at the Pavilion I was met by a tall reserved man in yellow and black clothing, carrying a small black pooch donned in clothing of it's own in the exact same fabric as that of the man carrying it. Upon introductions and mentioning the word Pooch, I was quickly corrected by the Marquis after a Stern look was granted to me by the Dog itself, allegedly going by the name of Froufrou XVII, Chevalier de Gorges et de Guetignan. After my debacle in manners, the honored Chevalier deemed me unworthy of his presence, and decided to tend to matters of his own.

Brian: Good afternoon lord Marquis,

Jean-Louis: Good afternoon.

Brian: I was asked to ask you some questions regarding your new job, so that everyone reading this will get an idea of whom you are. You are Marquis? Here in Mythodea or elsewhere?

Jean-Louis: I'm honored to have been given the chance to introduce myself like this. Like a lot of us, I'm from the old world, and that is where my estates are situated. All thought right now they are being tended to by my family, I still hold the titles, even if only more or less ceremonial nowadays.

Brian: Would you be offended if I'd continue to address you as Marquis? Or is there perhaps another name or title which you prefer?

Jean-Louis: Etiquette prescribes that you address me with my title, yet I'd like everyone to feel at ease around me, so you may decide how to address me. Voice of the West for example is my most current title, and my name is Jean-Louis.



Brian: I shall address you as Marquis then. You said you, like many of us, come from the old world and that you own estates there. You don't sound like the kind of person that needs to find his fortune in Mythodea. What brought you here in the first place?

Jean-Louis: Everyone is looking for a place to call home. I found that in the West. The fraternization, that always being there for one another in time of need and in time of joy, is one of many reasons that make the West my new home.

Brian: Yet it sounds like you already had a home, why take to the road? And would this be the only place you could call home?

Jean-Louis: Actually, I never really had a home at home. I never really felt I was in the right place where I was before. I always had a certain wanderlust, a feeling that I need to be somewhere else. I have had the luxury to go out and look for a home and that is exactly what I found in the West a few years ago.

Brian: Then I can only welcome you Marquis.

Jean-Louis: Thank you Mister Mc Gossip. After many travels over in the past years I was convinced never to find a true home, yet I was wrong, the West is my home.

Brian: You must have traveled a lot then, where have you been in the past?

Jean-Louis: Especially a lot of places in the old world. It wasn't until a few years ago that I learned about this continent. Shortly after that I traveled here with the Ragnarok troops.

Brian: You payed them for your protection I take it? Before they became a Knightly order?

Jean-Louis: Not exactly. I was head of their administrative and diplomatic affairs. I thought I had to keep myself busy and pull my own weight somehow during my travels, and have made a lot of good friends within their company over the past years.

Brian: Excuse me for saying this, but a Marquis collaborating with a band of mercenaries? It sounds like an odd alliance, yet you have worked closely with them for years?

Jean-Louis: Yes indeed. It might sound odd, yet in my travels I had almost given up hope of finding what I was looking for. When I first met these Mercenaries I was impressed by them in such a positive way I joined them. In retrospect, I'm rather grateful they took me in.

Brian: Sounds good, fierce warriors with a respectable man doing their talking.

Jean-Louis: Yes, I believe so too, and thank you. As Voice of the West I will still be working closely with them, just like all of the groups that make up the West of course.

Brian: Your cooperation with all groups, amongst which Ragnarok will require a lot of your attention, aren't you afraid you will be favoring Ragnarok in terms of attention and time?

Jean-Louis: Not at all. When on the road I will be residing in the Ragnarok camp as my base of operations so to say. This is partially because the Ragnarok are always aware of where I can be found. When I'm not in the camp, anyone of the Ragnarok can be addressed to get in contact with me. I found out that for a lot of people, for example on the campaign, finding one another is the first great achievement in any contact. Besides that I will have equally as much time for everyone, and will forward information to anyone of us that

could benefit from it. I will not favor anyone nor discriminate on account of group affiliation within the West.

Brian: Yet you will be securing the ties of friendship you have within Ragnarok? Did you lay down your tasks and duties towards Ragnarok then?

Jean-Louis: Exactly. I had a staff that has taken over my tasks within Ragnarok, and beyond that, one that will also support me in my task as Voice of the West, whenever, and wherever they can. Many members of the Ragnarok administrative staff will join us on the coming campaign and will support me there as Voice.

Brian: Luckily you won't be facing the task alone then?

Jean-Louis: Not at all. Like this I hope to be able to advance and maintain contact to all the groups in the West, not only in the Western Quarters, but especially to those residing in other banners and Quarters on the great campaign.

Brian: It sounds like a good intention. You already proved to have the support of most, if not all of the groups in the Western Sigil, what expectations do you think all these people have of you?

Jean-Louis: First of all I think they'll expect me to keep my word. Since I promised to do my best as Voice of the West to at least visit each and every group once a day during the deployments, this to optimize the communications. Beyond that I think they expect of me that I will keep them informed of changes within the West and useful information outside of that. I also think they expect me to represent them as good as possible towards others within the West, and towards Archon and Nyame, and perhaps even towards the outside world when needed.

Brian: Those are some high expectations. Do you yourself expect to be able to answer all of these expectations?

Jean-Louis: It will cost a lot of time, and it won't be easy, yet I have faith that with the help of my staff, and the acceptance of the West, I'll live up to these expectations above and beyond it's call, or at least I'll strive to.

Brian: Please tell us something about these staff members of yours. What tasks do you think they will be able to perform? How much time do you think they will have, and will they be as skilled as yourself?

Jean-Louis: Firstly, they are all those, that I have personally chosen for their competence and skill. I have all the faith in them personally, and the fact that they will do an excellent job. The idea is that they will be assigned groups within the West to whom for any reason, a more frequent contact is needed, where I'm not available. Also, they will be key in getting urgent messages across when everyone needs to be informed at once.

Brian: And these members of Staff originate from various other groups?

Jean-Louis: Yes, originally they are all from various groups and cultures.

Brian: It's good to hear you'll be more or less delegating these tasks to some extent to occupy yourself with the more important tasks. The question is, how will you be able to differentiate objectively what tasks are more important?

Jean-Louis: As an example, logistically, I should be able to visit every camp once a day. My staff should be able to increase the frequency when this is needed. Differentiating between what is an important task is always difficult. What is of key importance to one, could be a trivial matter to another. Yet I think and hope to be able to

prioritize from my extended experiences in the past. My primary goal is to serve the West.

Brian: You clearly have faith in your staff being able to prioritize in the same way when and where an increased frequency in contact is needed. What problems do you expect, or do you hope to have solved in advance?

Jean-Louis: Communication is the key term. I'll try to prevent miscommunication, especially the kind that leads to larger issues. During the last summer Campaign for example, there was a point in which the Air camp armies were ready to assembled at the Western gates with less then friendly intentions. Simply by talking people found out that all of what led to this, was one big misunderstanding. If you ask me, misunderstandings through miscommunication are one of the greatest perils we'll face during the campaign, and also one of the easiest ones to deal with.

Brian: Like I said before, it all sounds like a good intention, and I wish you well in keeping up to that. As a final question. You previously stated you'll reside in the Ragnarok encampment during the campaign. Where can you be found outside of military deployments?

Jean-Louis: I have been given an office in the Western Capital of Grian Quehenya, where I'll be able to be found at all times. I hope to see you there often in the future, and thank you for your time. It was an honor and a joy to be able to have been given a chance to speak."

Expand and share knowledge, Join the Western Academy Iarthar

To Magicas honor Dear citizens of the Western Seal

First I would like to introduce myself for everyone who does not know me. My name is Forbeis Arcadison and I am the leader of the Academia Iarthar – the academy of our seal. For myself I am a scientist with the analysis as special topic. If you have more questions about me or our institution feel free to visit us in our main area – on day south

of the capital at the main street. I am glad to have the opportunity to explain our academy to you all. We are the only institution in the seal that takes care of all the scientific stuff. Our aim is to search for knowledge, to keep it and to inform all citizens of our seal. So please bring all the information you have or you will find somewhere to us so that our library is able to grow more and more. We have many faculties with different special items. We have

the faculty for war, for shipping, mage, alchemists, healing and many more. We have the place for everyone with every kind of ability.

It doesn't matter to which culture or race anyone belongs – you are welcome. But if you are a friend or supporter of the forsaken – stay away. We all stay close to the elements and fight the forsaken with our abilities. In the past year, we had two big meetings with well-known scientist from all over Mythodea. I am glad that all the great men and women followed the invitation. The meetings where very fine with a lot of discussion and ideas to win the war here and to work together with the scientist without seal borders. We are always looking forward for new students in our academy.

For some of you we also have some supporters who pay your studies. We are also looking for people who want to work for us in different aspects. Please contact me and I can help you with your ideas about the work in our institution. Also fighters are needed in our academy. For those who are interested: Please contact me and I will explain your our fighter program. We have a lot of work for you with different specializes. For all workers and fighters – the academy will pay you well. Best regards and I am looking forward for many new contacts.

May the Elements save you all

Forbeis Arcadison Leader of the Academia Iarthar

Word on the Street

rumors inquired by Peter Whispermanson

Our fine capital city, Grian Quihenya, has always been a good source of rumors and gossip. Talking to the people, you can easily find out, who has the lowest prices, who the highest quality. But if you talk to the right people, you might even find out, what happens behind the counters or under the covers. Far more important though, is what is on everyone's mind, the city's mind itself: The word on the street.

During the second week of November, every citizen had the same thing on his mind. A series of strange break-ins. Mostly at night, but once even at the light of day, doors were kicked in and the houses searched, than the assailants fled in all directions. The assailants were dressed as commoners from different cultures and quickly mingled with the crowds, before the Gardai, our capitals city-guards, arrived. As far as is known, no one was injured. But rumors say, that one of the house owners has disappeared after the break-ins.

People are frightened and mad at the Gardai, who did not make any progress in finding the assailants, even though some of the descriptions were, allegedly, very detailed and accurate. Some say, that the Gardai is plain incompetent. Others whisper, that the Gardai might be in league with the assailants.

Following those whispers about corruption into the drowsy back rooms, it leads to talk about conspiracy: What if the Gardai was not payed off by the assailants, and instead the assailants were paid by the Government?

But such talk always surfaces, when naturally suspicious men stick their head together in taverns.

Party of four

rumors inquired by Liam Mc'Gossip

For some time now, the West has been in dire need of a Thul'Heen. "What is a Thul'Heen?" I can hear some of our readers think. A Thul'Heen is the poor sod that has to take care of the Archons business, when the Archon himself isn't willing or able to do so.

During last years convention in Holzbruck, the former Thul'Heen Lucian designated five men to follow in his footsteps in case of his demise. Five men which he, our Thul'Heen thought brave and experienced enough to continue his legacy, or at least dumb enough to be tricked into the behemoth of a job.

These five men were: Sir Ragnar von Harsdorn, William Arron and Procsiqu no Daitai, Theodor von Wehrhagen, Logan Mata MacDonall and Willem von Gelre O'Bourne. The first three had to decline the honors due to standing oaths and commitments, the latter three entered the competition to become the new Western Thul'Heen. Later that year the Dwarf known as Amboss Erebor volunteered to enter as well, which made a party of four candidates aspiring to be the new Thul'Heen.

In the months before the convention I took to the streets of various Western settlements to talk to people. After almost a year, it was high time we all got some answers.

In our Capital city I set my hopes on those close to the fire. A rather large fellow donned in the colors of the Kura'Assil that introduced himself simply as Tamor took a moment to answer me. Although he seemed a bit uncomfortable with me writing down what he said at first, he seemed to be willing to talk to me about what he knew, which was that Theodor von Wehrhagen, was allegedly already looking for a new job whilst still aspiring to be Thul'Heen. What is this madness? Is mister von Wehrhagen just planning ahead wisely, or perhaps he knows more about the on-goings? Tamor didn't seem to know anything beyond that and directed us to the Holzbruck convention, where allegedly, the Archon will make

known who will be the new Thul'Heen. That's a good reason to get myself invited there, but I wouldn't be Liam Mc'Gossip without wanting to get to the bottom of things right away.

Dozens of people I spoke to in the capital didn't know a thing about this. Not even rumors or feint signs of any of the candidates being a favorite. Lastly a woman naming herself Caitlyn Levelan claimed that she wasn't even aware of a 4th candidate presenting himself. Beyond that, it was the same story everywhere I went. Nobody is told a thing.

Time for me to head out and find some answers. All the way through Abain Cuan, the same story repeat itself. Nobody knew a thing. Except for a friendly looking Greifenhag man donned in a gray robe who was able to tell me to beat it if I hadn't anything of importance to discuss.

After a short trip by boat I arrived at Ney'Haben in Grootutlandswaarder. Almost immediately after disembarking the ship I spotted a well known, and pretty face. It was Captain Spades, the Ri of the Oukfreyken, if anyone would know... it'd be her. Boy was I wrong.

Although she seemed friendly after asking her about her view on the whole Thul'Heen competition as Ri of the West, things took a turn for the worst shortly thereafter. She replied that I should seek out the Archon himself for such questions, also stressing that she believed that an official statement would have been given already if anything would have been decided yet. Me being Liam Mc'Gossip however, wasn't quite satisfied with the answer. Something told me there was more that met the eye. I informed her about there not being any official statements yet, and asked her, as the well respected journalist that I am, about any rumors she as Ri of the West might have heard about. After that everything happened real fast.

The Captain let out a sharp whistle, and I noticed two armed men responding to it from the corner of my eyes. I turned only to see them coming towards me. The Ri Captain Spades told me I wasn't worthy of my trade and when I looked at her again, the last I saw was the handle of her pistol closing in on my forehead. After that my lights went out, and I woke up aboard a trade ship 3 days later. This wasn't an Oukfreyken Ship though, 't was but a wee river barge of sorts.

I was sat in the brig and released at the ships destination, a small makeshift dock at the bank of a river. The dock crawling with people and goods though, and a small sign at the road that pointed in the direction it was headed that said Shang Meng Feyn, nearly there.

Being Liam Mc'Gossip, respected journalist of the West, I set out to the place the sign told me about, and found a war torn area being rebuilt by people at a rapid pace. Amidst all of the labor I spotted a familiar face. It was mister Kilian Haffelbach, Rì of Dreisteineich. A man renown for his odd taste in alcoholic concoctions. Some more successful then others, that much can be said. I went to him and asked him about the Thul'Heen rumors. Mister Haffelbach didn't seem to be bothered as much with the Western Thul'Heen competition as much as he was with building a city it seemed, and explained to me why there would be even less rumors on the subject there, then there would be in the West. After a sip of his latest creation I thought it high time to return to the West, when it occurred to me that I might as well start heading to Holzbruck seeing as I was already halfway there now. And if there's any place where rumors fly, it'd be on the Convention.

When I arrived at Holzbruck a few weeks later it was busy with folks walking around with tents and furniture. I asked one of the overseers wearing a Western Star badge if the Archon, or one of the aspiring Thul'Heen candidates had arrived already, and asked if she heard anything about the Western Thul'Heen competition. The woman smiled and told me that the Archon, and all Thul'Heen candidates had arrived, and that Willem O'Bourne was the new Thul'Heen. In awe I listened to what she told me and almost forgot to take my notes. When I asked her how she knew who will be the Thul'Heen, she replied: "Because they arrived five days ago mister", as she tied a large cannon on wheels behind a pair of horses. Only then did I realize, all these people weren't setting up camp... they were breaking it down. I arrived five days too late. Well, there you have it ladies and gentlemen. Your esteemed writer, Liam Mc'Gossip has cracked the rumors and gossip. The new Thul'Heen is the fat guy from Cloch Mór.



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