

The Iron Protector

DAY 54 POST FALL



Psionic After Image - Part of the Tharinos Tourney -

Tharinos? That It Is Not.

By STANLEY DEVRO

Well loyal readers, another year has miraculously passed us by, and with it another Thairnos, one of blood, treachery, abominable murder and broken hospitality! Now for those Cragier amongst you too young to have witnessed a Tharinos, or those of you who, over the years, have confused the intention with the more common truth, Tharinos is an annual event created by the Fae to promote unity and and peace.

It should be filled with diplomacy, trade spectacle and festivities. However, for as long as I have been reporting, these events have been undermined, invaded or usurped by those who wish destruction upon the peoples of the Royal Basin and its neighbouring allies.

This year has been no different

in that regard, yet even then it has been markedly worse. Firstly, it was opened in a place weak in story, which for those not in the know, means the Tharinos itself which is usually sustained by the story of its location would require it's appointed Lord or Lady to lend their own story to aid in sustaining it's magics. This act of charity did not occur.

Why you might ask? Well this year the position of Lord or Lady of Tharinos was claimed, stolen, by a hitherto unknown Queen. Whom as an enemy of our nation did not desire the Tharinos to be empowered, for you see she wished to act against the intent of the grand festival.

As such, ironically mimicking the state of play of our own nation, Tharinos opened divided and in a state of civil turmoil. A Fae, introduced as the First Herald emerged from Tharinos itself to support as best they could our brave and intrepid guild's folk.

The next few moments was a rush to claim minister positions, with this

'Queen' appointing her own crownies as both ministers of Law and Games. The Herald, canny to her design, quickly managed to appoint one of our own as minister of Trade, preventing the Queen from completing a full roster.

This my dear readers, is when the plot thickens even more deeply. You see, our guilds folk were after a man, or maybe it was a fae, I myself am unsure, but a man of great knowledge, one who knew the rituals and oaths required to rescue and restore our future king, Edmond Lionsgold. The Queen had taken the man's soul or story, again I do not know which, though as I understand it, both are equally important, and intended to keep it for herself. She could not so simply do so, even with Tharinos as weak as it is, some laws are still not easily broken there.

Instead the man himself became a prize to be won, a soul or story of a man bartered in game and tourney. Readers, surely I do not need to impress upon you just how heretical

such an act is, yet this was the situation our fine cohorts found themselves trapped within, and why the Queen had been so eager to appoint her own minister of Games.

Each tourney would take place as expected, archery, sword and board, entertainers etc. What would be different, is that only the winners of each tourney would be able to partake in the grand tourney, where the prize of that man's soul would finally be awarded.

Needless to say our representatives did commendably in the tourneys, now i won't go into the full breakdown of each tourney, that I leave to our intrepid sports column, whose writers are itching to write something other than Jugger break downs. However I will list the winners of each tourney here.

In the archery the winner and new Black Arrow of Tharinos is Althaia of The Unrelenting Kingdom with Calanthe Silvermane as the White Arrow, who easily knocked out the competitors sent by the Queen in the early rounds of the competition.

Sword and board was a difficult challenge with Mallory de Mandeville taking the title. We also had for the first time a chess tourney, it was short with only a few members but Hayshe won beating his peers with finesse.

The entertainers competition was again a close one, with the First Herald presiding as judge, there was not one winner in this, with three individuals being declared the victors two of our own Calanthe Silvermane and Bungus Fungus but also one of the Queen's own. A hunter who had lost in both archery and chess previously.

All three sang songs, one was rousing, one was mystic and one was of remembrance. We will endeavour to provide you with transcripts of the ballads at the back of this paper as all three deserve to be shared so bards across the country can learn from their example.

During the entertainers competition we learnt that the hunter for the Queen was not wholly loyal to her actions in this Tharinos, and through convincing arguments from the other performers and choice words of the Herald we managed to cause his heart to waver, an act that would not bear

fruit until the Grand Tourney later that day.

Finally we had the Grand tourney itself, warped by the machinations of our selfish host. No doppelgangers were provided for our champions, no semblance of fair play, it was decreed to be a battle to the death, victor takes all.

Our brave contingent fought with restraint, choosing not to end the lives of those sent against them, a restraint that the opposition did not share. At least not until the hunter from the entertainers tourney joined the fray, he was late into the match, for unknown reasons, my personnel guess being that he was still deciding to whom he would fight.

He had chosen to support his Queen as he entered, but on hearing mid bout that it was a fight to the death, he challenged the sanctity of the fight. Throwing down his weapon in defiance, refusing to participate.

With his submission, as the last still standing competitor for the Queen, the rest of the tourney was swiftly finished, with Mallory de Mandeville bringing home our victory with close second for Calanthe Silvermane and a third placing for Althaia of The Unrelenting Kingdom.

Denied her prize, the Queen in her fury stripped the soul of the hunter from his body, destroying it, a pathetic act of heresy signalling her frustration at her inability to keep the prize of the original soul that she had taken earlier this Tharinos. Despite this terror I believe that ut summoned the power of Death that serves Tharinos which I considered hanging about for.

However I would like to continue this report on the rest of the Tharinos, but alas I must admit that at the sight of a man's soul being ripped from his body in such blatant disregard to the wards of Tharinos, I chose to leave the festival at this point.

I believe there was a play shortly after the tourney, revealing a key moment in history, but I was not present and cannot report on it. I am sure one of my fellow reporters that stayed can detail the later events, but for now this is Stanley Devro putting down his Quill.

Ferns Fiery Fury

By BANGLE FUNSHINE

Tragedy in the Ferns last Sundas, with the small village of Widdershale being erased from the map after a ruthless attack from a young girl who turned undead monstrosity.

In the early hours of that Sundas morning survivors speak of a small girl, later confirmed to be one Malinda Rex, entering the village in a dazed state. Attempts were made by militia to speak to the girl but were ignored as she continued to walk into the village square.

Once there it has been stated that from within her body a large monstrous undead emerged, striking down those around it with unholy magics before then beginning it's campaign of destruction on the rest of the hamlet.

Led by the bard Fredric Dale, a locally famed Bladesinger, and a fisherman with ley training of the Krakenite priesthood, the Militia mounted a valorous defence of the villagers, evacuating as many as they could while keeping the monster at bay. Alas, ten souls were lost before the beast was subdued, two of whom being both Dale and the ley priest.

With the village itself burnt to the ground, the survivors have since been taken to nearby villages with aid and temporary accommodation provided by Oath relief teams, and the monster, returned and seemingly dormant within the body of Milinda Rex, is being kept under guard in a local church.

We have heard reports that the Notelexus Church is demanding the return of Milinda, but the current militia holding her are too weary to risk her transport. If I know anything about such matters I believe it only a matter of time before this is brought as a request to the Iron Table.



Artists Impression of the Beast -
Huge Artistic Liscence Taken -

Corruption Goes Temporal

By GRACE LITTEN

News from the Colleges has reached our ears today, regarding the demonic sighting near the town of Entas. A spokesman of the COCP has confirmed that equipment, known as a Daemonic Register, that was installed in the area after the sightings of daemon activities has recorded enough data for the College to confirm that a Daemon has travelled through time into the future.

The spokesman has continued to say, with the confusing nature of temporal travel, the daemon has yet to arrive at its destination, saying and i quote "It won't arrive there until there becomes now, and it won't be anywhere until then." What this means for the area is uncertain, but if i would hazard a guess, it is likely that the colleges will try to intercept this daemon in the near future before it reaches its destination. I will update you with more news as it comes in.