

The Great Quorum Press

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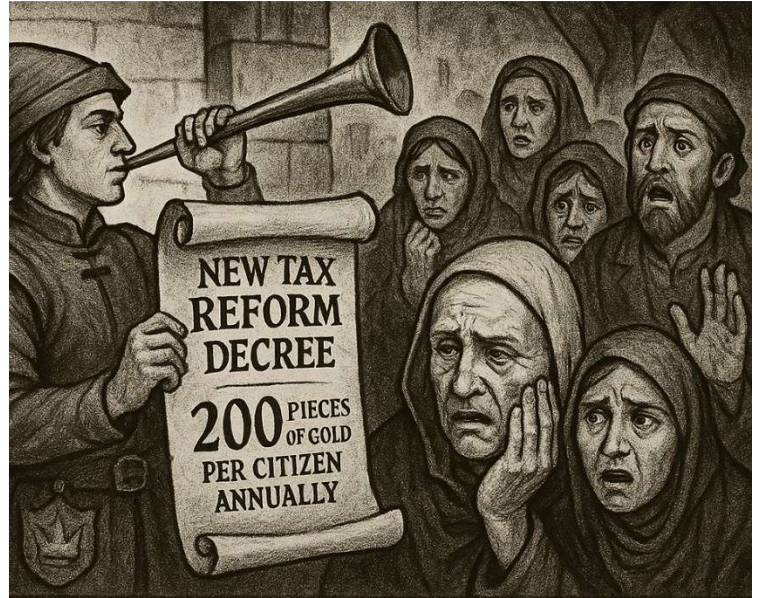
News and events taken from around the world

Palace Announces New Tax Code Adjustments

By: Quoos Glenkettle

Maguld. The Royal Treasury has issued a new tax reform decree, aiming to balance the burdens between landowners, traders, and commoners. The previous tax code was percentage based, with each person owing ten percent of earned income as taxes. Landowners paid an additional land tax based on land usage. The current system sets a total annual tax at 200 pieces of gold for each citizen regardless of owning land or size of income.

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A Celestial Blessing

By: Philbert Maxwell

Ura. Across the sprawling equestrian estates, breeders have reported an astonishing surge in the birth of robust, vibrant foals. Some whisper that these extraordinary births are the unmistakable mark of the gods' favor—a message that the deities have smiled upon the city. Such blessings are believed to secure not only bountiful harvests and prosperous trade but also the unmatched vigor needed for the famed warhorse trade that has long been the backbone of the city's martial might. A boon that

starts early as many clerics of Trengue has already shown interest in purchasing and training fifty newborns.

Pirates attack shipping!

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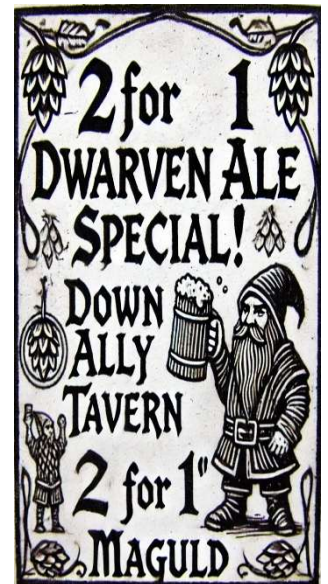
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The Royal Treasury issued a statement claiming this is the fairest tax code the kingdom has ever seen. Many citizens, mostly in the lower income brackets are voicing their concerns, many claiming they cannot pay the 200 pieces of gold in five years let alone a single year. Merchants claim the tax is fair and graciously offer to pay the taxes up front and for several years, if of course they are exempt from future tax changes. The Treasury has not commented on the penalty of failing to pay the annual tax. statement claiming this is the fairest tax code the kingdom has ever seen.

The Copper Curse?

By: Alina Nethersole

Ashbourne. The copper mines outside the city have reported a rash of unexplained deaths among their workers. Some believe it is due to unsafe conditions and toxic fumes, while others whisper of a dark curse placed upon the mines after a sacrilegious land grab by the ruling elite. Officials have promised a full investigation, but the mine overseers continue operations, forcing workers into the tunnels despite rising fear.



Pirates of Aynor

Quoos Glenkettle

Aynor. Three merchant ships carrying hardwood and citrus bound for northern ports have vanished without a trace over the past month. Some claim storms were to blame, but whispers of pirates growing bold in the southern waters have stirred unrest among the ship captains. The city's admiralty is considering increasing naval patrols, but some fear it may not be enough to protect vital trade routes

Bounty of the Sea: Record Haul from Winter Fishing Season!

Nigel Elmstone

Sully's Cape. Fishermen returning from the Deep Azure Shoals have reported one of the largest hauls of fish and shellfish in recent memory. The city's harbors are brimming with fresh seafood, and prices at the markets have dropped, allowing even the poorest citizens to enjoy a feast of the sea. Some claim it is a blessing from the gods, while others credit improved net-weaving techniques developed by local artisans.



Oddities Surrounding the King

By: Portia Parson

Tal-From. The winds whisper unease. The Holy King—once radiant with wisdom and grace—has walked a shadowed path of late. His essence feels... changed. Those who have stood long at his side now cast wary glances, for his judgments have grown strange, like ripples upon still water. One such companion, seeking clarity, inquired gently of his mind, and was met only with the cryptic murmur: *"It is all part of the plan. Do not worry."*

But worry they do.

Dark tidings befell us when Vivian Hettie—beloved chronicler, bright of mind and spirit—was struck down upon the cobbled streets of the capital. She, who was once counted among the king's dearest allies, lies now in silence. No words of mourning passed the king's lips. No tribute, no farewell. Her life, and all the light she gave to it, slipped quietly into the night like a forgotten song.

And now... now the whispers grow louder. The bonds forged with the Holy King are questioned. The threads of allegiance fray. What once seemed steadfast now trembles beneath the weight of uncertainty.

Shaedoran Citadel?

By: Arabella Thatch

Ura. Oh darling, *have you heard the latest?* There's a place—yes, a real one, not some fireside fairy tale—that has tongues wagging from the capital to the coast. Some say it's mythical, others insist it's a complete fabrication. But *yours truly* has confirmed that this place is very much real. Nestled far to the north and east of the empire, this shadowy outpost has become a hive for all things treacherous. Invading armies? Check. Enemies of the crown? Absolutely. It's basically a villainous vacation spot with ongoing construction that started—get this—*sixty years ago!* And they're still at it. Recruiting, scheming, spreading their venomous little lies.

But here's the real tea, sweetheart. My *very* reliable source (and you *know* I never spill unless it's piping hot) tells me those backstabbing little rebels are about to receive a *very special delivery*—let's just say justice has a sharp edge. And once that business is handled, perhaps we can finally breathe again. Trade flowing, markets buzzing, coins clinking in our purses like the good old days.

Now, about these nasty little rumors painting the king as... off. Strange. Erratic. Honestly, who comes up with this drivel? The man is more *focused* than ever. He knows exactly who stands beside him—and who deserves a swift, silent end. Don't believe everything you hear, love. Believe what you *know*.