

The Bridge of Truth: A Crown Reclaimed in Maguld

By Portia Parson

MAGULD — What began as a day of ceremony turned into a moment that reshaped the kingdom.

On Feya 24th, 566, the imposter king summoned the people to the Bridge of Honor, standing atop a stage draped in crimson banners. His speech promised unity and warned of hidden enemies. But as he spoke, five figures emerged through the colonnades—silent, resolute: These were the King’s Court lead by King Jessir and another wizard, known as Elim Zollus. They did not shout. They walked.

Jessir’s voice was calm: “I do not speak to reclaim power. I speak to reclaim truth.” Then Elim called for the Trial of Soul and Crown. Four high clerics stepped forward—Laurits, Theina, Gyu-Poi, and Ahr. The imposter performed the rites flawlessly. Then Jessir knelt. The basin boiled with light. A divine scroll unfurled on its own. A child’s memory—Jessir, young and steadfast—flashed in Ahr’s orb. Theina herself appeared, her veil falling, and said:

“My light has never left you.”

The false king broke apart, his form unraveling as the gods withdrew. The Sisters of the Night struck—three captains fell before they could resist. Elim raised his voice to the soldiers: “You swore to Jessir Cullet. The gods now stand witness. What say you?” Swords fell. Helmets were doffed. And the true king stood alone on the bridge. “I was taken,” he said. “But I return not to reign—only to serve, if you’ll have me.”

The bells of Maguld rang that night not for war, but for truth.



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Fire, Smoke, and Sermons: Order of Malac Marches in Mourning

By: Alina Nethersole

ASHBOURNE — In a controversial public rite, twelve priests of the *Order of Malac* walked barefoot through the streets of the Dockside Quarter yesterday, trailing smoke and ash behind them. Cloaked in dirt-gray robes, they carried relics of the deceased High Cleric Jonus, who was assassinated last month in what the Order calls a “coward’s strike by daylight.”

City officials warned against the gathering, but the Order defied them, citing “divine compulsion.” The march remained peaceful, though several locals have reported missing pets and disturbed graves near the Marchant’s End Cemetery.

Authorities deny involvement, but whispers persist of a potential raid on the Order’s safehouse. The mayor’s office has issued no comment.

Bronze Speaks Louder Than Steel

By: Mina Kelsey

TARN-CHAO — The wet streets of Tarn-Chao rang with the clang of bronze yesterday as local militia blacksmiths staged a symbolic protest against rising imports of rust-prone steel weaponry from the Chea Republic. Claiming the foreign steel “rots faster than fish left out at midday,” the smiths hammered and folded bronze blades in the temple courtyard of Yanbetso, their chants echoing: “The earth knows what we need. Not what we crave.” The protest comes days after a failed border raid escalated into a trade sanction against several Chea merchants. No official war declarations have been made, but the Grand Vassal of the Western Hills issued a thinly veiled threat, declaring, “Boata bends to no anvil but its own.”

Silver Tongue Academy Closed Amid Plagiarism Scandal

By: Thrombin Calworth

MAGULD — In an unprecedented move, the *College of the Silver Tongue* announced an indefinite suspension of operations following accusations that three of its most prominent lecturers—Lorin Fallstrike, Teyla Dume, and Maester Oric—were found plagiarizing bardic performances from off-world material.

The investigation was prompted by a recent performance wherein Maester Oric recited a poem that precisely matched one inscribed in a scroll recovered from the Lost Library of Myzanth, a location no longer accessible without planar travel.

Students are enraged, calling the closure a “punishment for faculty sins.” A demonstration is planned for Feya 12th. Meanwhile, scholars from the Arcane Academy and the Golden Dragon Academy have offered temporary lodging and coursework credits for displaced students.

Maguld’s Ministry of Culture has vowed to launch a wider audit into magical copyright violations.

The Maguld Masquerade: A Cautionary Tale from the South

By Ully Crimpton

PAUN — It is with no small measure of concern that I report from my study in Paun, surrounded by my extensive and vastly superior personal library, the unfolding of a curious and concerning charade in the southern city of Maguld. On the 9th of Feya, a day that shall be remembered not for clarity, but for cunning, an alleged “king”—long absent and notably untouched by age—strode back into public life with the flair of a stage illusionist and the backing of arcane trickery. Let us begin by reminding our faithful Uniche citizens that the arcane is not divine. It is not blessed. It is not natural. And most importantly, it is not to be trusted. According to accounts (none of which have been verified through divine channels), this supposed “Jessir Cullet” appeared before the people of Maguld and declared himself the rightful monarch—using, I am told, a trial that involved glowing orbs, boiling water, levitating scrolls, and the sudden “appearance” of the goddess Theina herself.

Now, I must ask—how often does a god materialize just when an unverified monarch needs them to? It is more likely, dear readers, that what the masses witnessed

was an arcane fabrication, conjured by a rogue mage—Elim Zollus, a known eccentric whose “tower” cannot even be located, let alone regulated.

We must not forget that this same Elim has been observed in company with shadowy figures and questionable mercenary groups. That his robes often shift hue without seamstress or brush. That his name appears nowhere on any official registry of magical sanctioners (of which the Empire wisely keeps none). And now he appears at the center of a miracle?

I urge you to connect the dots.

The so-called trial of “Soul and Crown” included not one, not two, but four clerics—yes, faithful voices of the divine—but all of them foreign clergy aligned with the Kingdom of Garaga, a land long known to shelter cultists and undead sympathizers. Do not mistake their glowing eyes and holy regalia for truth. Here in Paun, truth is vetted, not summoned with candles and chants.

Perhaps most disturbingly, the figure known as “Jessir” was said to kneel as the water boiled. But what caused the heat, I ask? Divine revelation? Or a glyph of

ignition inscribed beneath the basin by one of Elim’s sneering apprentices? This event reeks not of divine will, but of clever choreography, staged to win the hearts of a weary people. Let us remember this: Divinity does not arrive with pageantry. It arrives with purpose. And while the faithful of the Empire seek truth through devotion, reflection, and divine record, the southerners have accepted a tale spun of mist and firelight.

I, Ully Crimpton, remain vigilant.

I urge our ministers to bar entry to this false king, his magical enablers, and their spreading doctrine of spell-wrought sovereignty. The Uniche Empire will not bend to illusions, nor be ruled by a puppet wrapped in holy flash paper.

Beware the man who returns unchanged after sixty-five years.

Beware the wizard who walks without a tower.

Beware the god who comes only when called.

Faith endures. Magic deceives. And we will not be fooled.

— *Ully Crimpton, Historian (Self-Awarded), Defender of Purity, Torchbearer of Reason*

Lodging Review: The Glinting Pearl Inn, Tarn-Chao

By *Augustina Littlefield*

Date: Feya 10th, 566

Room: 2nd floor, corner suite

Length of Stay: 3 nights

Cleanliness: ★★★★★

The rooms are immaculately swept, though a keen nose may detect the faintest trace of river mold behind the dressing screen. Linens are freshly pressed, with a notable effort made toward crisp folds and lavender sachets tucked into pillow seams. No insects observed. Mirrors are a touch aged—silvering along the edge—but not enough to mar function.

Service: ★★★★★

Discreet and well-trained. Staff knock softly and wait for permission rather than barging in with over-eager hospitality. My request for chilled water at dawn was fulfilled precisely on time each morning. A minor note: the

bellhop uses a cane with a metal tip—easily heard even from upper floors.

Security: ★★★★★

Two guards posted at front and rear during nighttime hours. Inner locks on room doors are functional but antiquated. I noted a secondary exit accessible through the second-floor linen room—useful in case of emergency (or quiet departure). The inn does not ask for surnames upon check-in, which may appeal to merchants wishing for privacy, but also draws less savory clientele.

Food & Drink: ★★★★★

The evening stew is flavorful, though likely made with stock cubes and preserved herbs. The bread is passable—crusty but inconsistently risen. I ordered a bottle of Nightveil Reserve; it was served too warm and arrived unsealed. I did not drink it. Breakfast offerings include stewed rice, fried watercress, and pickled fish—local fare, modestly prepared. Morning tea is notably good.

Ambience: ★★★★★

Quiet after dark. Walls are thick enough to dampen most sound, though the window shutters rattle during high winds. Lighting is oil-based with small mirrored sconces; the glow is soft and conducive to writing. The main hall boasts a modest hearth and imported rugs, though wear is visible on the southern edge. A lute player performs in the evening—adequate but uninspired.

Overall:

The Glinting Pearl provides reliable comfort without ostentation. Ideal for merchants traveling alone or in pairs, particularly those wishing to observe or be observed without drawing attention. It is neither the finest nor the cheapest, but offers a quiet sort of dignity—perfect for travelers with business to conduct and secrets to keep.

Final Rating: ★★★★★