

Traitorous Prince.

By: Elezaer Bagley

Paun, Uniche Empire - Atticus Hiram: Oathbreaker, Usurper, and Elven Sympathizer

Empress Arabella Hiram has issued a formal death warrant for her twin brother, the now-disgraced Atticus Hiram, on charges of high treason against the Unichue Empire. Once entrusted with diplomatic duties on behalf of the crown, Atticus has spat upon that trust and now stands accused of openly defying imperial decree after the dissolution of his office.

What began as insubordination has metastasized into open rebellion. Disturbing reports suggest that Atticus's treachery has begun to infect the ranks of the regular army, with some soldiers deserting their posts to flock to his banner. These actions represent a clear and present danger to the stability of the empire.

But even more abhorrent are the whispers that Atticus Hiram—this so-called “King”—has reached out to ELVES for support. Yes, elves. Those same godless creatures whose lands we bled to defend against, whose treachery has cost us countless lives, and whose very existence threatens the moral fabric of our human dominion. (Cont. Page 2)



Image of Empress Arabella Hiram

Fay-Sei Temple in Merefild

Page 2

Shadow War in Republic

Page 2

Rain and Rainbow Festival

Page 3

(Continued from page 1)

Make no mistake: this is no civil dispute. This is a betrayal of blood, throne, and divine destiny.

By imperial decree, any citizen caught aiding, harboring, or even sympathizing with this traitor shall be executed without delay. Let it be known: the families of traitors who do not come forward will be treated as traitors themselves. There will be no clemency for those who stand against the Empress and the will of the Light.

Let us remain vigilant. Let us remain faithful. And let us crush the root of this treason before it grows into war.

Long live Empress Arabella. May the Light purge the wicked.

First Temple of Forgiveness Completed in Mirefield

By: Alina Nethersole

Mirefield, Garaga — After nearly three years of planning and construction, the Temple of Fay-Sei—goddess of forgiveness and renewal—has opened its tall,

willow-carved doors to the people of Mirefield. Built near the banks of the Westwand Stream, the structure features an open roof design, a gentle soundscape of hanging chimes, and a reflecting pool said to shimmer only when prayers are sincere.

Local clergy say the temple will serve as a place where both victim and wrongdoer may come together to seek understanding under divine guidance. “This is not a place of judgment,” said High Cleric Varnia Illyth. “It is a place of healing, where words can be spoken aloud that were once too heavy to carry.”

The opening ceremony featured the release of white doves, music from the College of the Silver Tongue, and an unexpected visit from a former knight who publicly sought pardon for wrongs committed during the Crusader Wars. “I have held guilt in my chest for thirty years,” the knight wept. “Today, I gave it to the wind.”

Already, nearby merchants and farmers report a sense of peace hanging over the district. Children linger outside the courtyard during morning hymns, and couples have begun leaving

offerings of silver leaves and folded prayers.

No official affiliation with the Crown was declared, but royal banners were discreetly draped behind the altar—perhaps a quiet nod from the palace.

Shadow War in Republic of Gult

Republic Dispatch | Anonymous Contributor

Shau, Republic of Gult — Panic gripped Brambleweave Market in the pre-dawn hours of Feya 25th when an explosion of arcane energy shattered windows and a storage house collapsed into fire. Witnesses describe inhuman shrieks, moving shadows, and strange flashes of red light piercing the darkness.

Initial assumptions pointed to gang violence, but investigators now believe something far more deliberate and dangerous occurred—possibly a clash between rival covert forces working beneath the republic's surface.

“I saw one figure walk straight through a stone wall,” said a local porter, still trembling. “Then another stepped from the alley. Their skin looked like wax—wet

and pale—and they dragged a staff that made the stones groan.”

Authorities have closed three blocks, citing structural instability and dangerous lingering enchantments. But several citizens report seeing masked figures in bone-colored armor retrieving bodies under cover of fog. No names have been released, and at least eleven individuals remain missing.

A well-placed informant, known for dealings in restricted magical texts, claims this was “a surgical strike that missed its target,” and that the district “now sits atop an unquiet silence.”

What little remains includes strange arc-like burns in the cobblestones and a charred imprint resembling a beetle-like face with tear-shaped impressions—though few have dared speak of it openly.

The Council of Safety remains tight-lipped. Local clergy are performing warding rites daily, and children have been forbidden from leaving home after dusk. Whatever forces clashed that night, they were not of the common world—and they may return.



Brambleweave Market – City of Shau, Republic of Gult

Orphanage Receives Anonymous Donation

by Mordecai Stonehope

Yaport, Republic of Gult — Staff at the Hearthhome Children’s Refuge were stunned this week when a plain wooden chest was discovered at the gates—unlocked, unguarded, and filled to the brim with stamped gold pieces bearing the ancient crest of Gult’s First Republic.

The chest bore only a note: “*For warmth, for bread, for joy. Let the little ones grow in peace.*” It was unsigned.

The Refuge, which supports nearly seventy children

displaced by several raid in the northern part of the republic had long been struggling to maintain supplies. Meals were often stretched, and winter boots had to be shared between siblings. That hardship is now over—for a time.

Headmistress Saley Thron says the gold will be used for improvements long dreamed of: a second-floor dormitory, new beds, proper heating stones, and enough food stores to last the year.

Already, a stonemason has been hired to reinforce the roof, and a clothier has promised new outfits “at cost.”

Some speculate the money came from a noble house. Others whisper of a masked benefactor seen near the orphanage gate the night before the chest appeared. But no one has claimed credit.

At tonight's dinner, every child received their own bowl of stew, a buttered roll, and a ripe plum.



Rain and Rainbow Festival

By: Portia Parson

Tal-From, Heskin Territories — Spirits soared, and colors danced as the Rain and Rainbow Festival returned to the eastern market hall this Feya 23rd, with record attendance and not a single incident reported. The festival, once postponed due to political tensions and flooding, came back brighter than ever—featuring hand-painted parasols, rainbow-sugar confections, and acrobatic performances from the Stonebrush Troupe.

Local lords, often wary of mingling outside their holds, surprised the crowd by joining in a shared dance around the Ribbon Circle. Even more surprising: several rival banners were flown together over the same food stalls. A tentative truce? Perhaps. But for now, the mood is joyful.

Children played beneath colored water sprays, while elders sang lullabies of the hills. One anonymous noble was seen laughing heartily while chasing his escaped pig through a crowd of cheering villagers. “If this is diplomacy, I’ll drink to it,” said one gray-bearded merchant.

Vendors from the western coast brought glass ornaments that caught the light in iridescent patterns, while goat-milk caramel from the cliffs of Calduran was quickly sold out by midday. caught the light in iridescent patterns, while goat-milk caramel from the cliffs of Calduran was quickly sold out by midday.

The Lord of Lords Lady Lorena Almira gave a brief speech at sunset: “Let this day remind us that we are not divided by name or title, but united beneath the same sky, rain or shine.”

As the sky dimmed, thousands released painted lanterns into the dusk. They rose like glowing flowers over the stalls, drifting toward the peaks in silent celebration.

Crypt Workers Discover Bone-Altered Corpses Near Fortress Wall

By: Portia Parson

Tal-From — A crew repairing the eastern crypt walls of Fortress Drednark uncovered a chamber filled with grotesquely altered remains earlier this week. Bodies were found in twisted positions, bones reshaped into lattice-like structures, and spines bent into unnatural spirals.

“It looked like some kind of ritual... or warning,” said Denver Lott, foreman of the excavation team. “Some of the bones were still warm. Something down there was recent.”

Authorities quickly sealed off the area, citing public health concerns. However, multiple workers have come forward anonymously, reporting runes carved into the skulls and patterns in the surrounding soil. One described it as “a dark geometry only madmen would recognize.”

Whispers among the guards suggest this wasn’t the work of common criminals or grave robbers. One member of the local watch, speaking off-record, claimed the site bore signs “linked to old enemy activity... the kind the high lords prefer not to name.”

The local chapel has ceased funeral rites until a formal blessing can be held. Curiously, two initiates assigned to fortress duties were last seen the night before the discovery. Their quarters were found empty, beds unmade, with traces of grave dust trailing into the lower halls.

Citizens are now calling for a full cleansing of the crypt complex. Rumors speak of “bone singers” and “ritualists who twist the dead into tools.” Officials refuse to comment, but unease spreads. Farmers along the outskirts have started hammering iron nails above their doorframes—just in case.

GRAND OPENING

THE BALDING UNICORN TAVERN

“Where the Fire’s Inside and the Ale Never Stops!”

Just two lanterns east of Tal-From’s South Gate


FIRST INDOOR GRILL IN THE TERRITORIES!
Watch your meal cooked over open flame!

SPECIALTY OF THE HOUSE:
THE UNICORN CHARGER
Thick-cut, flame-seared beef sandwich, grilled to arder, served hot with spice-salt chips and a wedge of firefruit

OPENING NIGHT OFFER:
All Ales — Just 1 Silver Piece All Night!

- Live music!
- Tables sturdy enough to dance on!
- Dice cups, card decks, and unspoken bets in the back room

“No one leaves with a cold belly, or dry tongue.”
—Marbo “The Grillmaster” Keggson, Proprietor



Accepting applications for guards for the Forge.

Apply at the 3rd Ranger’s HQ in Maguld.
Holy Kingdom military experience preferred. Expect mental, physical and magical screening before acce-

