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# The Great Quorum Press

Latis 2nd, 566

Issue #8

News and events taken from around the world

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## Makeshift Temple to a Devourer God Discovered Beneath Maguld

By Portia Parson

**MAGULD** — The most recent expedition by Prophecy’s Hammer into the newly charted tunnels beneath Kepper’s Ward has revealed what investigators describe as “*an atrocity carved in soil and shadow.*” At a depth of nearly forty feet below the stormwater level, the Hammer’s advance team entered a crude earthen chamber lit only by pitch-torches and an open firepit.

What they found was a makeshift temple dedicated to the Devourer God—its altar little more than a slab of unworked stone, slick with fluids and surrounded by piles of stripped carcasses. The remains, a grisly mixture of livestock and human bodies, were stacked with unnatural precision before being pitched into a yawning, foul-smelling hole in the earth.

Witnesses among the Hammer report the presence of clerics of Malac, operatives of the Blood Order, and several robed devotees wearing the sigil of a fang-ringed maw. “*They weren’t rivals,*” said one fighter, “*they were working together.*”

The ensuing battle was short but brutal. Hammer fighters cut through the enemy ranks with decisive force, leaving no prisoners. The chasm itself, described as “*breathing*” by one shaken witness, has since been sealed pending deeper investigation. City officials have confirmed the site’s existence but declined to speculate on whether it connects to the rumored temple beneath the Temple District.

The Lord Marshal has ordered a full mapping of the substructure, though sources within the Guard whisper that some corridors have already collapsed—or been deliberately destroyed—from below.



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Queen of Boata dodges death in assassination attempt

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Rogue wave crashes into Ashbourne

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## Mass Dragon Death on the Korramuth Plateau

By Portia Parson



KORRAMUTH — Scouts crossing the arid stretches of the Korramuth Plateau have stumbled upon a sight that defies belief: more than fifty dragon corpses scattered across the desert, their bodies torn, burned, and in some cases, shattered mid-flight.

The dead range from fledglings to great wyrms, their scales scorched or ripped away. Some lie in tangled heaps as though they fell from immense heights; others are half-buried in sand, as if hurled with tremendous force.

Rumors are already swirling that this carnage heralds the return of Yzyn, an ancient dragon imprisoned centuries ago beneath the Ashen Spire. The prison was said to be unbreakable, but traders from the east claim to have seen the sky “*split by fire and shadow*” over the Spire a fortnight ago.

No official sightings of Yzyn have been confirmed, and the Crown has issued no statement. Scholars from the Collegium Draconis warn that if the rumors are true, the massacre may be the work of a single enraged dragon eliminating rivals before reclaiming the skies.

Caravans have rerouted to avoid the plateau, and several desert tribes have abandoned their ancestral hunting grounds entirely. One elder was heard to say, “*The wind smells of old fire again. We will not wait here to burn.*”

Whether the deaths are the result of Yzyn’s escape, a territorial war among dragons, or something far stranger, the scale of destruction has left even veterans shaken.

## Assassination Attempt on Queen Jehenne Lanshe Foiled

By Orvis Chalkmead & Irina Coalpane



**BRECHE, BOATA** — A day meant to showcase Boata’s maritime heritage nearly ended in tragedy when Queen Jehenne Lanshe narrowly escaped an assassination attempt during a ceremonial address atop Breche Fortress.

The Queen, renowned for her careful diplomacy and deep commitment to cultural preservation, had been presiding over a blessing ceremony for the city’s pilgrimage routes and newly refurbished coastal defenses.

The attacker, concealed among the rigging of a moored merchant

carrack, loosed three heavy crossbow bolts toward the dais. Two struck the Queen’s shoulder armor in quick succession, the third was deflected by the Lord Captain of the Guard, who stepped into its path at the last moment.

The harbor erupted in chaos. Guards swarmed the vessel, but the shooter vanished into the maze of sailcloth and dock pilings, leaving only a grappling hook dangling into the east inlet.

No group has claimed responsibility. However, some court observers suspect the attack may be linked to ongoing provocations from the Chae Republic—a government that has tested Boata’s unity and coastal security in recent years.

Despite the attempt, Queen Jehenne resumed her speech within the hour, vowing: *“Boata shall not bend to the will of those who deal in shadows and cowardice. We will answer with vigilance, unity, and faith.”*

The harbor remains under strict lockdown as the Sea Warden’s Office continues its investigation.

## Terrian Flats Under Sudden Siege

By Lucius Wedge

**TERRIAN FLATS** — Merchant caravans arriving from the southern trade road brought grim news late last night: the city of Terrian Flats, a key Elder Elf stronghold on the eastern edge of the Lazshorma Marsh lands, has come under heavy assault.

According to traders, the attack began just after dawn three days ago. Witnesses described tribal orcs in the thousands — their banners unfamiliar to the region — joined by a second, more fearsome force identified only as the Oriff, a race of fire-scorched warriors said to be kin to the orcs but unlike any seen in the Flats for generations. The Oriff, also called *Fire-Orcs* by caravan guards, fought in disciplined ranks, their weapons glowing faintly in the morning mist.

Exact casualties remain unknown, but smoke from the city’s harbor district was reportedly visible for miles. The Elder Elves of Eleullan have made no formal statement, and the gates leading toward the marsh remain closed to outsiders.

No word yet on the attackers’ origin, though scattered accounts claim the war-band came from the north, pushing into the marshlands with unnatural speed. One trader claimed to have overheard soldiers speaking of “broken gates” and “burned watchtowers” in the lands above, but such details could not be confirmed. (Continue Page 3)

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The city's strategic position as the easternmost bastion along the marsh edge means any loss here could open the way south toward human territories. For now, the Crown in Maguld has only acknowledged "disturbances in Lazshorma" and is seeking further confirmation.

**SHIFTY'S  
TAVERN**  
KEPPER'S WARD—MAGULD

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**HAPPY HOUR**  
FROM SUNSET TO SUNRISE!  
*Because here at Shifty's, time is just a suggestion.*



**DRINKS  
HALF PRICE  
ALL NIGHT**  
From frothy dwarven stouts to delicate elven wines, if it pours, it's cheaper 'til daw.

**NOW SERVING  
FOOD!**

Try our new  
Spiced  
Boar  
Bites,  
Dockside  
Fish Fry, and the crowd-  
favorite "You'll Regret It  
in the Morning" Chili.

*"Come in for the drink.  
Stay because you can't  
walk straight out."*  
— Shifty, Proprietor



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Two alleys south of Kepper's Ward main square —  
look for the sign with the blinking lantern.

## Cendachi Empire Clashes with Hostile Lizardmen

By Mina Kelsey

**CENDACHI EMPIRE** — After decades of relative quiet, the Lazshorma lizardmen have launched a series of aggressive raids against Cendachi border

settlements. The attacks have struck without warning, targeting fishing hamlets, river barges, and isolated watchtowers.

Imperial dispatches claim the legions have met each assault with "measured victory," yet civilian accounts paint a grimmer picture. Farmers returning from marsh-edge markets tell of smoldering homesteads, stolen livestock, and neighbors dragged into the reed beds.

A survivor from the village of Vethrin described the attackers as "*larger than any lizardman I've seen, with war paint made from their own blood.*" According to his account, they moved in disciplined formations, suggesting a unifying leader or war council.

The Cendachi Senate has authorized increased troop deployments to the frontier, drawing reinforcements from as far south as the Cloudvine Plains. Imperial engineers are also constructing floating barricades across key river channels to restrict lizardman movement.

Despite these measures, the raids have not been abated. Some military scholars suspect the Lazshorma are responding to resource scarcity or outside provocation. Others whisper of ancient treaties broken, debts unpaid, and vengeance long deferred.

If the attacks escalate into a full campaign, the Empire may be forced to commit entire legions to the marsh war—a prospect that would leave its other borders thinly defended.

## Clergy Clashes in Maguld Leave Dozens Dead

By Irina Coalfane

**MAGULD** — The Temple District became a battleground this week when clergy of Gyu-Poi turned their weapons on each other in a sudden and unexplained outbreak of violence. Witnesses report that the fighting began inside the main hall during midday prayer and spilled out into the surrounding streets within minutes.

By the time the city guard cordoned the district, the conflict had drawn in mercenary auxiliaries and unidentified agents wearing no visible insignia. Steel rang on marble; spells scorched the temple walls. Smoke from overturned braziers drifted above the district for hours.

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When the dust settled, more than three dozen clerics lay dead, with twice as many wounded. The city's Healing Ward was pushed to capacity, forcing some injured combatants to be moved to private houses under guard.

No faction has claimed responsibility for sparking the violence. The High Curate of Gyupoi issued a statement of grief but stopped short of assigning blame, calling instead for *"patience until the truth can be separated from rumor."*

Those rumors are proving persistent. Multiple sources allege the presence of a second temple hidden beneath the existing sanctuary, possibly connected to the tunnel network recently breached by Prophecy's Hammer. One guard captain, speaking on condition of anonymity, admitted that sealed stairwells and locked iron gates had been discovered during the aftermath, but refused to say where they led.

The Lord Marshal has confirmed that a joint guard-clergy investigative team will enter the site in the coming days. In the

meantime, the Temple District remains under partial lockdown, and pilgrims are being diverted to smaller shrines outside the city walls.

## Exgonna Forest Cult Temple Broken

*By Mordecai Stonehope*

**EXGONNA** — What began as scattered reports of undead sightings has ended with the revelation of a massive underground cult complex in the southern forest, complete with what witnesses describe as an *"unholy beacon"* calling the dead from hundreds of miles away.

The temple, buried beneath a tangle of roots and concealed by natural sinkholes, was defended by altered undead—creations of the Order of Malac whose bones and sinews were reinforced to serve as walking bulwarks. These monstrosities escorted other undead to the site in a grim pilgrimage, forming columns that passed unseen through the deeper forest paths.

The assault on the temple involved Crown forces, mercenary companies, and several freelance adventuring bands. Combat underground was fierce, with cultists fighting to the last and several chambers collapsing in the struggle. Clerics from allied temples consecrated the main altar after its capture, but the strange beacon—described as a crystal sphere that thrummed audibly—was removed under heavy guard and taken to Maguld for study.

One ranger captain claims the beacon *"wasn't just summoning—they were feeding it. Every undead that reached the altar made it stronger."* Officials have declined to comment on this theory.

The Crown has declared the forest temporarily closed to civilian travel, though hunters report sightings of scattered undead still roaming the outer trails. Whether these stragglers are remnants of the pilgrimage or part of a separate threat remains uncertain.



## Shapechanger Unmasked in Giant Undead Siege Investigation

By Alina Nethersole

MAGULD — The mystery surrounding the catastrophic giant undead attack months ago has reached an unsettling conclusion. Military investigators confirm that a shapechanger, not an undead commander, orchestrated the chaos that left the 6th Infantry floundering at the city’s eastern approach.

The shapeshifter, identified only as “Kerris” in Guard records, is believed to have infiltrated the command tent hours before the siege began. Disguised as a senior officer, Kerris issued contradictory orders, splitting the 6th’s lines and delaying the arrival of siege-breakers at the city wall. The confusion gave the undead—and their true summoners—time to press the assault deeper into Maguld’s outskirts.

*“It was a performance,”* said Sergeant Erwin Bale, who fought on the wall that day. *“He knew the words, the hand signals, even the way the general stands with his sword. We thought it was him. We all thought it was him.”*

The shapechanger’s body was discovered two nights ago in a safehouse near the southern docks, throat cut and gear stripped. Whether the killing was the work of the city guard, the Hammer, or another faction remains unconfirmed.

General Varthen of the 6th publicly thanked the investigative team, declaring the regiment’s honor restored. However, the Ministry of Internal Affairs issued a terse, two-sentence release describing the matter as *“resolved”* and *“of no further public concern.”* The dismissive tone has drawn criticism from military circles.

Rumors persist that Kerris may have been acting under contract for one of Maguld’s rival powers—or that his death was staged to keep larger truths buried.

## Rolling Thunder Cup Thunders Back to Pinevein

By Philbert Maxwell



**PINEVEIN, EMBEREND REPUBLIC** — The hills above Pinevein shook with cheers, music, and the unmistakable rumble of barrel wheels as the Rolling Thunder Cup, the most beloved sporting spectacle of the Twelve Republics, returned after a five-year hiatus.

The race is deceptively simple: competitors mount human-sized barrel wheels, some of polished oak and others of reinforced wicker, and ride them down the twisting, perilous slopes of Hearthfire Hill. The course plunges nearly half a mile from the pine-crowned crest into the cobbled heart of Pinevein, lined with hay bales, bunting, and brave (or foolhardy) spectators.

This year’s champion, Nella Tumbleroot of South Dapple, set a new record of 2 minutes, 14 seconds, despite nearly colliding with a runaway goat midway through the descent. *“Didn’t see the goat, but I heard it scream,”* Nella laughed afterward. *“Could’ve sent me straight into Old Marnie’s pickle stand.”*

The Cup isn’t just about speed — it’s a test of balance, nerve, and creativity. Some riders decorate their wheels with painted crests or clever carvings, while others focus on pure engineering, adding subtle grooves to gain traction on the hill’s sharper

turns. Bets are made in copper, silver, and occasionally barrels of ale, and rival republics take bragging rights as seriously as the race itself.

This year's festival drew vendors from across the Twelve Republics, filling Pinevein's streets with the smell of fried dumplings, sweet cider, and honey-roasted nuts. Rumors already swirl about next year's "cheese-wheel division" — and whether Nella will defend her title, goat or no goat.

## Rogue Wave Devastates Ashbourne Harbor

By Mordecai Stonehope

**ASHBOURNE** — A towering rogue wave struck the city's harbor without warning, flattening docks, splintering warehouses, and claiming hundreds of lives in a matter of minutes.

The wave, estimated at nearly twenty feet high, swept in from the open sea on an otherwise calm morning. Dozens of ships were lifted from their moorings and dashed against the seawall, their crews lost to the churning water. Harbor front merchants watched helplessly as years of goods and inventory vanished beneath the surge.

City healers have set up triage stations along the upper market streets, treating the injured and identifying the dead. Mass funeral pyres are already burning on the western bluffs, the smoke visible for miles.

While some city officials have called the wave a freak natural event, others suspect foul play. "*Seaquakes don't just happen here,*" said Harbormaster Lerris Drenn. "*If this was magic, someone used a power we can't ignore.*"

The disaster has reignited debate over Ashbourne's lack of an arcane watchtower—plans for which were shelved a decade ago due to cost. Foreign navies have offered assistance in clearing the wreckage, but the Crown has yet to respond.

Meanwhile, the mood in the city remains grim. Survivors speak of loved ones torn from their arms by the current, and fishing crews refuse to launch until the cause of the wave is understood.

