

Types of entries

- Articles, Posters
- Overheard conversation
- Written Message
- Rumors, Tales & Gossip
- Encounter

**Sea tales**

**Overheard** – (You are a passenger of a large merchant ship on the high seas that has been out for a month. You overhear one of the crew whispering to a minor government official who is on his way to a colony.)

*The captain has been sick now for weeks and confined to his cabin. The ship's physicker says he is delirious, though no one else has this illness. He demands to have the ship returned to him. Raving out "I'm your captain, can you not hear me or am I all alone?" That he has "been lost now, days uncounted."*

*The First Mate is new to the ship, picked up at embarkation when the much loved Peter died from a fall. Along with this pernicious First Mate were some of the motley crew he brought with him, including a new physicker. A foul lot.*

*The carpenter swears he heard (through the captain's window) the captain weakly mutter to the First Mate: "Am I dreaming or are you really scheming to take away my ship from me?"*

*The physicker's mate says the captain looks like he has malaria, but with bizarre symptoms. He says the captain "can feel the hand of a stranger tightening around his throat."*

*Recently the Captain has been lethargic and dazed, mumbling over and over "I'm getting closer to my home..."*

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Mark Farner

**Overheard** - at a dockside dive, this sailor says to the bartender:

"Me took mi catboat Lewy, 'you take me where I gotta go.'

Me sailed for t'ree days across the sea, alone! In this storm, t'inking I'll never make it home. I sail much more now. I sail to mi fine little gurl that bewitched me. I bring her mi treasures 'n mi soul. Me gotta go now... lets hustle out of here."

He pays for his drinks with foreign gold piece and shambles out.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Richard Berry

**Article** – in paper, headlined *The mystery of the sloop Jonbee*.

*The Jonbee was found floating abandoned in the sea with torn mainsail set and ravaged quarters and galley. Amongst the cabin debris was a heavily illustrated journal by the captain's grandson, a young searcher. His last entry was "This is the worst trip I've ever been on. I feel so broke up, I want to go home. Why don't you let me go home?" Twer many rough sketches of things fishlike in the water and unknown occult symbols, possibly formulas and musical notes.*

*In its last port upon its second day, the Captain was called to shore by the sheriff in regards complaints of horrendous noises, powerful smells and flashing of lights.*

*While there, the drunken first mate was taken to jail by the constables for breaking into the Captain's Trunk. It was noted that he was afeared something greatly. And the cook was incarcerated at Bedlam due to fits.*

– John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Richard Le Gallienne

**Article** - in the Port News:

*Three airships arrived at our port in Friday's rain, hailing from the Frazicoue Bay.*

*The crew of 73 furled their skyship's sails, battened down the hatches and locked down their anchors. The floatmen boisterously filled up the Bar District, a much needed for them as well as the bars, who have had hard times with the pirate purge lately of our now peaceful seas.*

*The flotilla provisioned on Saturday and are poised to sail on Sunday.*

*Several of the floatmen were recruiting both for crew and for adventurers and emigrants. "We're callin' everyone to ride along to another shore. We can laugh our lives away and be free once more." Walters, the owner of the Scalliwonk Inn, said of the gregarious captain, who made a striking image in his blue flight uniform; The captain spoke of his adventures, finding new lands and things. Walters' farewell was "Ride, Captain, Ride upon your mystery ships. Be amazed at the friends you have here on your trip."*

*However, with the storm blowing, few wanted to venture out. No one came at all.*

*So good luck on your way to a world that others might have missed as you sail off to history. The airships leave this afternoon after the storm lets up.*

- John Paul Bakshoian , referencing Konte & Pinera

### **Encounter – Assignment**

The person to find is in a western bay port that serves maybe quarter hundred ships a day.

No, I don't know which port. Some harbor town.

Her name's Brandy and she works layin' whiskey down.

Yea, she's a barmaid. A real fine girl. Lonely sailors pass the time away talkin' 'bout her.

No, I don't know the name of the bar. Alright, I FORGOT the name of the bar.

Well, she's part of the shanghai trade. A spotter for the goons. You could say her eyes could steal a sailor from the sea.

You can identify her 'cause she wears a braided chain, made of the finest silver. Has a locket that bears the name of Brandy's love.

We want that name. That guy is the key to this whole operation. Get it for me.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Elliot Lurie

### **Other**

**Message –** Note found on body washed ashore.

Paslo,

I escaped my tormenters, by horse, to the arid lands.

This is a desert of sand and rock. With plants and insects and dry heat, birds flying around in the clear sky. Yet somehow, it was full of sound.

Away from the pain of humans who give no love, I could remember who I am.

On the third day I crossed the arroyo and was saddened of its death.

On the ninth day, I arrived at the shoreline, so I released this unnamed horse.

Paslo, I had not found it. I followed the indicated path, but to no avail. But it was there, gazing at the sea, that I made my revelation.

It's in the sea! It is like a desert only with *underground* life, the ocean surface is a disguise that is perfect. It has sand and rocks and plants, and fish flying around in clear water. Just like the bard said. That is where I will find it.

I will let you know what's there!

– John Paul Bakshoian, Referencing Dewey Bunnell

**Message** - Notes taken of farmer Bill of Manning who was recuperating from malaria, Saint Agnes hospital wing from an interview by the Scholar Jocelyn.

“He was a well dressed man of some means. But he was disheveled as if he had not slept in days, bags under his eyes, crazed look, palsied hands, mumbling under his ragged breath. Those of us in the nearby beds looked at him and were appalled.

The sisters took his shoes off and his glasses, but did not undress him as would be usual to ready him for bed. The head sister gave him a potion, probably a sleeping draft. He seemed agitated.

After a few minutes one of the orderlies brought the gentleman’s belongings and placed it on the table. A heavy leather satchel. Upon the sight of it, the poor man writhed and clawed for it and shrieked “the book!” The orderly had to lay across him to prevent him from violence. The nurses came. Then they did something I had not seen these good women do on anyone else. They strapped him to the bed with rope round him.

My fever came up again at that moment and I fell to troubled sleep. When I woke up I heard him raving. He seemed to be hallucinating, but maybe not.

He diatribed about “looking out his window’ and seeing many sights.” But that he could refocus his eyes and in the glass’s reflection could see himself and ponder “all the different people I could be.’ That it is strange.

Said there was “some cat looking over his shoulder at him.” And about someone by the name of B. Nix becoming rich.

Then he was talking about some old book. That it wasn’t just the pages of the book, it was in the leather binding too. That “you had to pick up every stitch there too.” That he felt like a rabbit running in a ditch. That, yes, it must be the Witch Season. Said that several times. Then he laughed hysterically until he had coughing fits and some blood came up.”

The book has not been found.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Don Leitch

**Message** – Report of Backfire Effect from taking “Commune with Nature”.

Patient, shortly after recovering, describing the beginning effects of the potion Commune with Nature that critically backfired at a Midnite concert.

“Talkin’ at me was everybody.  
Their mouths move, but no words hear I.  
My mind reverberatin’ my own murky thoughts.  
I turn, spin, run.  
Folks are stoppin’ in their tracks, At me they stare.  
I only see darkness of their eyes, not their faces.

Then all goes round... fall... blackness.  
When I gets up (moments later?) I’m a sweatin’.  
Midnight no more. Twasn’t any time.  
I’m alone on Desert Shores.  
But me also in Marsh, rain pouring, but sun keeps shinin’.  
Then onna boat, skipping over ocean like a stone.

Wohm, wohm, wohm, wohm”

Patient falls back into coma.

John Paul Bakshoain, referencing Fred Neil

**Intercepted Message** [To Wizard Guild Inquisitor - Please investigate this report from the provinces.]

There seems to be a young scholar murderer. He has killed a schoolgirl, a professor and a judge. We normally wouldn't care, but he is doing this with a silver weapon, an indication that he possibly is a wizard. Again, normally we wouldn't care if a wizard did this, but the headmaster is a friend of a Guildmaster.

Murderer's name is Maxwell Edysawn; Studying Medicine at the university nearby. Apparently after he killed a fellow student Joan, he went back to the university. He caused a scene and attacked the rebuking professor. The attack was seen by one student. Maxwell hit both Joan and the professor in the back of the head with the silver hammer.

He was arrested and put on trial. Friends of his were there and may have smuggled the hammer to him, because as they were making screams, Maxwell was able to kill the judge with his hammer and make his escape.

He is still at large. He is capricious, mad, murderous and has a following. The Headmaster at the University thinks he may know magic or even be a magician incognito. The Silver Hammer may be enhanced, possibly even throwable and returns. The rumors are his powers are growing along with his instability.

– John Paul Bakshoian, referencing P. McCartney

**Intercepted Message**

I will be taking the last caravan from Cla'xvil. We'll be leaving in the morning and I would spend one more night together, till the morning brings the caravan master and I must go.

I'll be waiting at the caravanasarii's café for evening coffee. Please don't be slow, for I am feeling low. I must see you again. And I don't know if I'm ever coming home.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing T. Boyce & B Hart

**Message** - Letter from Fanny, in broken common.

*Ef yer goin back ta Nazret with'n yer boat, please be obliged to take a load off'n me. I can' go there rite now, ya knows why.*

*Luke's dyin o' the chest rot, an he's got my Anna Lee. Ye remembers my daughter? 'Bout seven now. Luke'll want ye to stay there. Don't. 'N say nuthin to Miss Moses.*

*Beware of Carmen. I knows you two were like ken, but that was then. Heared she's hangin' out with unsav'ry ilk now.*

*I knows them band of pirates are sendin ya for armament; ta brings back ball and cannon powder for the Cause. Well, Jack's a wolfshead 'n violent. He'll be hard ta find. Chester might know his where'bouts. Keep yer wits about ye and don't get fogged in yer drinks, then that damned shipmender Chester will hev ye doin' all sorts of errands for him.*

*Thas all I have to say. Give regards to everyone in Nazret.*

*God bless ya, Fanny*

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing R. Robertson

**Article** - in paper.

*Hansen Labs was closed down today amidst the demolition of one of the chemistry rooms. Mr. Hansen, owner of the facility, was taken to hospital with severe burns to hands and face and near asphyxiation brought on by fumes.*

*Hansen had been doing research into blending chemistry with alchemy. The bachelor Mr. Hansen, was working in the lab room with his assistant, when some ergot was spilled. After the cleanup, Mr. Hansen, became ill and experienced visions.*

*At the hospital, the chemist kept saying "blinded me with science."*

*Destroyed in the explosion were the lab's tubes and wires, chemicals & elements, spheres, machinery, technology and antiquated potions.*

*Gone were the careful notes to the research.*

*Miss Sacha Moto, Hansen's lab assistant, has been missing since the incident.*

John Paul Bakshoian, referencing T. Dolby

**Article** – in paper

Town of L'angstwelinski, forest of Luv'lewelinski

A peasant has reported a monster lurking there in the forest. He said he heard it drooling by the door to his cottage. Said his father told him not to worry, but that he should have run. Because he was eaten by the Monster of Luv. "It chewed him up and spit him out, leaving him with gooey eyes and sickly lips."

The peasant continued raving "Don't let it get me!!!"

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing R & R Mael

**Playbill** - You see scribbly handwritten bills (flier) posted up around town.

*Performing early in the evening by the courthouse, down on the corner but out in the street.*

*Willy and the Poorboys playin' happy noise.*

*Willie picks a tune out and blows it on the harp; Rooster's on washboard, Blinky on gut bass and Poorboy on mandolin.*

*Bring a nickel. Tap your feet.*

You enquire with a bartender what's all this? He says "People come from all around to watch the magic boy. You don't need a penny just to hang around, but if you've got a nickel, won't you lay your money down? Ah, just so you know, you not bein' from here, a penny is a copper piece and a nickel is worth 5 coppers."

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Fogerty



**Poster - Ancient Playbill**

Grandest Night of the season!

And positively the Last Night but Three!

Being for the Benefit of Mssr. Kight,

(Late of Well's circus) and

Mssr J Henerson, The celebrated Somerset Thrower!

Wire dancer, vaulter, rider and

On Tuesday Evening. Messrs Kight and Henerson, in announcing the following entertainments, assures the public that this night's production will be on of the most splendid ever produced in this town, having been some days in preparation.

Mssr. Kight will, for this night only, introduce the celebrated Herry the Horse. Well known to be one of the best Broke Horses in the world! Mssr Henerson will undertake the arduous task of throwing twenty-one somersets on the solid ground. Mssr. Kight will appear for the first time this season on the tight rope, when Two Gentlement Amateurs of this Town will perform with him. Mssr. Henerson will for the first time in Rochdale, introduce his extraordinary Trampoline leaps and sumersets! Over men and horses, through hoops, over garters and lastly through a Hogshead of Real Fire! In this branch of the profession Mssr. H. challenges the world!,

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing J. Lennon

**Overheard** - You overhear a conversation of two drunk bruisers talking about a barfight they had.

“We were in the Danzall fer days and into our cups.  
Were crazed, ya know, when Hugh, ‘n ev’ryone we knew...  
Well, Ah believe, Dew, twas a bottle he threw.”  
And then the other brute gets excited recounting the brawling.

“And then ya takes yer enemy by the hand,  
‘n make him do a headstand.  
And ya trip your enemy at the heel,  
And you know all the pain he can feel.  
Then ya takes an enemy by the hair  
‘n stab him close, there there there.  
And bit your enemy on the ear.  
A make him realize his darkest fear.”

The original drunk says “Yup, ‘n I sees rings on his fingers so’s  
I grab my enemy by the wrist,  
Cutting off an amethyst”

Says the other “Yea, and put the eyes black and blue.  
Then, you kneed him as he kneeds you!”

Bloody hell of a fight.”  
They both quiet down and contemplate in silence.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Costin, Feldman and Hues

**Overheard** – two patrons at breakfast in a small town inn.

“Merchant are you? Takin’ yer wares to the Faire in Scarborough?”

“Yes, I bring (Insert item) for this years vending. I have a request from our town apothecary to get much herbal components: Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, Tyme and the like.

I also am looking for my uncle, Master (insert name). Might you know where he be?”

“ (Name) hmmm, (name). Oh yes, he’s on an acre of land between the salt water and the sea strand. On the side of a hill. Many Weeping Willows trees. He wears a cambric shirt, head to toe. Quite the fashion there. Huh.” He then angles his head and seems to be quoting “Remember me to the ones who live here, they were once a true love of mine.’ Well, I must be going. Good luck and Good Day to you.”

Explanations:

Scarborough = A large town by the coast.

Scarborough Faire = a famous once every four year commercial gathering to sell wool, bolts of cloth and other crafts.

There is a one acre ancient family graveyard on the coast. It is bordered by a salt marsh and the sea channel of Mosley Island.

The entrance sign to the family plot reads “Remember me to the ones...”

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing P Simon.

**Overheard** scholar’s conversation with a wizard

In Graeme’s treatise on Magic Phantasmagora, he considers the moon’s affect on the senses and how it relates to illusions. He comments that the properties of color are recognizable in the day but that the “Cold hearted Orb,” the moon, “removes the colors from our sight” at night; fading some colors. So he surmises that we decide if the shirt’s red color is really grey or the glove’s yellow is really white in the moonlight. He asks which color is the illusion? Since illusions are in part fed by the observers, an illusion will always act as the *average* type of thing it is.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing G. Edge

### **Overheard**

A half century ago, there was a fire Drake that terrorized the Bohanna Leeward Isle for a half-dozen years or so. Pouphe the dragon was inseparable from a companion boy named Juanito ZigZags, who obtained for the dragon magical components such as twined items, wax of sealing, painted wings and giant's rings and other stuff of fancy. They would maraud in a sailing vessel it was said; Royalty had to prostrate and pirate ships would lower their flags when Pouphe roared.

And then it suddenly came to an end; the fearless roars ceased. There was no sightings of the boy Juanito or Pouphe. Rumor were many: that Dragons live forever, but that the little boy did not; that the sky had rained green scales when Juanito came no more; that Pouphe sadly slipped into his cave.

I've heard tell recently that Peter the Bard has delved into the comments and songs of this tale. He discounts that these are musings of drug-induced stupor. Peter believes that he has tracked down one who should know: a Jackie Paper, who presently resides in the Honalee Old Sailor's Home. Peter thinks this Jack might be able to summon up Pouphe once more.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing L. Leonard and P. Yarrow

### **Encounter**

Arlo said yer lookin' fer sumthin'. I think I ken help ye.

There be a place outside of Stockbridge. 'bout half-a mile from the racetrack. Go past the church wi' the bell-tower. Go around the back of the building and walk right in. It's the restaurant of Alice.

You can get anything you want there.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing A. Guthrie

**Encounter** – A Prognostication. It is twilight on a patchy cloudy night. The tinged muddy yellow moon is coming up and has a fuzzy halo around it.

You see an old man playing solitaire sitting at a table. He has a frown on his face as he concentrates on some item in front of him. It is a Future-telling device. He looks out the window at the moon.

He says out loud to no one in particular:

“Trouble is a’comin’.

Ya can see the badness in the risin’ moon.”

He points down to the cards (or bones or runes)

“The Land will shake and the sky will lightning.”

He flips another card (or tosses another bone)

“There is a powerful storm headed this way. We’re in for nasty weather.”

He waves a finger from one item to another.

“Hurricane tonight. River rises and overflow the banks.”

Another card flipped. He waves his hand over one item and connects it with another.

“Don’t go about tonight.

There is bad times today. A sacrifice. One eyed during the Eye.

Voices of ruin and rage.”

He looks straight at you.

“Hopes ya got your things together and are prepared to die,  
‘cause I know the end is coming soon.”

He quickly gathers his things and departs.

John Paul Bakshoian – Fogarty

### **Rumor**

It is said by the mountain people that the primeval forest is filled with nightmares. One must not walk slowly through there, better to run through the jungle and not look back to see. For there are demons on the loose and if you hear a rumbling, it may be calling out your name.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing J. Fogarty

**Rumor** – There has been a rash of hallucinogenic incidents in the wealthy district.

The latest one was reported by Cosmo. He just got back from his factory on Linnoy Street. He locked the front door of the estate as usual and went to the back porch to rest, having a light meal.

Soon though, he was singing and his imagination set in. He saw a giant doing cartwheels, a statue wearing high heels, chimpanzees and elephants playing in a band. Many strange things. Look at all the happy creatures dancing on the lawn.

Perhaps a wondrous apparition, provided by magician? Or a herbist perhaps?

So far, no mishap has occurred from these incidents.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Fogerty

**Rumor** – of the baddest man in town

On the worst part of the south side of our town is L'Roi Brunneis, a bad man gambler.

He is over six feet, badder than a gladiator and meaner than an orcish dog.

All the downtown women call him "tower lover"; All the men call him "sir".

He is a fop, has a diamond ring he likes to wear on everyone's nose, a four-horse coach, a pocket slingshot and a razor in his boot.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing J. Croce

### **Rumor – A tale**

Ya know the history of HighCrest and Meleos 'bout ... well, some years back?  
Crests of the mountain and the Meleos valley folk below?  
So on the mountain was this treasure and them valley folk swore they'd take it.  
The Meleosians send this messenger up the hills, "Give us the buried treasure,  
Them tons of gold." Well the Kingdom replied that they would share their riches,  
All the treasure buried there.

Well, Meleos was itchin' for a fight, and they mounted up and took their knights up into  
the mountains and slew the protectors.

So the victors stood before the treasury of that red stained mountain,  
And turned the stone and looked beneath.

Well, there was a Lych that was entombed there for centuries.  
And they woke it up. "Peace on Earth" was all it said.

And then it proceeded to wreck havoc with the knights and army and the valley.  
Seems both sides hated and cheated neighbor and friend. But the judgment day horns  
didn't blare.

And on the bloody morning after, only a tin golem rode away.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Potter and Lambert.

### **Rumor - of a female fighter (almost a paladin) somewhere around here.**

Her family was killed years ago when she was but a child.  
Her heartbreak was quite open, so much she couldn't hide.  
Of that day, word's unspoken as if it gets stuck in her throat.  
Some saw her kneeling at church, crying words that she meant.  
She's an awful scar on her face from that day in her childhood. Left side. Covers it with  
make up or veil. Only shows her good side.

She's an ostentatiously virtuous and well-behaved woman of sobriety and little vice.  
Not of courtly fashion she. Those styles can't be taken seriously.  
She does have a double set of shoes though. And a good tipper, usually with a thank  
you note.

She's got integrity and wisdom. Can't tell her what's right and what's wrong.  
Or who to drink with or sleep with.  
Don't infer innuendos, 'cause she's got something of steel on the inside.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing A. Ant

### **Rumor -**

A bit of background on that highwaymen, Mr. Caine.

He was with the rebellion about 5 years back, when the bells rang the night Ole Moxie fell.

He'd been with the Danbill caravan, till the cavalry tore down the bridges again. It was reported that he didn't mind choppin' wood and didn't care if the money was no good.

Back home in the country during that winter, everyone was barely alive and starving.

Virgil and his wife, from the front porch, saw the rebellion leader led by in chains.

Virge lamented that they shouldn't take the best they have.

That you can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat.

Well, last year Virgil left the land that his pa and he had worked.

And came out here for a life of crime.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Robert Robertson

### **Rumors -**

In their threshing oar ships, they are coming to our lands to slaughter us.

From a land where the sun often shines at midnite,

And hot springs flow amid the snow and ice.

Our soft fields of green will be filled with gore

As they sing and cry, 'Valhalla'.

And when the tides of war have calmed and they are our overlords,

We will rebuild all our ruins and there will be peace for a while.

Until they raid again.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing James Page and Bob Plant



## **Rumor**

There is rumor of a thieving gang made up of an actor and pickpocket.

Once they were almost caught, pursued in the confusing warrens of the maze.

The merchants and the farmers are their fare, but those that were robbed could tell they were working up to bigger targets.

It always starts out as a confidence scam. They get the victim into a conversation by asking a question or offering drink. The nimble one was a talker. And holds commentary with his friend throughout the scam. He once said that "there are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke."

At about that time the scam turns into a robbery when the nimble guy pulls a small blade. Then he turned to the person being robbed and said "But this is not our fate. So let us stop talkin' falsely now, the hour's getting late."

The robberies usually happen under the view of the watchtowers while barefoot servants and shopping women travelled by.

The prince has two of his wildcat guardsmen on horseback stationed a cold distance away. When the tower guards notice anything suspicious, they will howl the wind sirens to signal an approach.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Robert Dylan