

Types of entries

- Articles, Posters
- Overheard conversation
- Written Message or Report
- 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 furlled 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

Rumor –

The burning and sinking of the gambling boat Montro, just outside city jurisdiction, may have been caused by fanatics of the Mothers who threw a fireball at the ceiling. There was fire in the sky and smoke on the water as Faunky Claude sought to rescue the innocent. Will there be more incidents?

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Blackmore, Gillan, Glover, Lord & Paice

Rumor - The merchant ship El Mond Fizyero did sink in a gale on Lakes Gichie 'n' Gyoomeh with a load of six tons of mithril laced high grade iron ore and a chest of dwarven jewels. There dwell the good captain and well seasoned crew in the rooms of her ice water mansion, though it is said that Mondo still sails on storm tossed nights on the lake that never gives up her dead.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing G. Lightfoot

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 tales

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

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 - 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.”

No book has not been found.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Don Leitch

Rumor –

There is a golem made of iron. He was originally made to save his people. But that was a long time ago. Now he is a statue that the people have forgotten and ignore. But the people have become decadent and sacrilegious now.

The few holy are wondering if Ferrum Virum is just a story or is he asleep. Is he planning his vengeance? Will he kill the people he once saved?

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Iommi, Osborne, Butler & Ward

Rumor –

Many moons ago a wise man spake “beware of gathering storm”, a warning he envisioned. The earth will shake and sky will break and the purging will come. The prophet was at first respected, but then they betrayed him and called him a madman. Only a few still fear the disaster he foretold.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing B. May

Rumor –

A Face changer died the other day. Padre McKenzie buried Eleanor in the graveyard, but nobody came. It is said her Face was kept in a ceramic jar by her front door. Some say it hasn't been claimed... who is it for?

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing P. McCartney

Report – Message 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

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

Encounter –

A morose crazed drunken bar patron claims that he saw Fairies with boots dancin' with the dwarves. Says he tells you no lies.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Iommi, Osborne, Butler & Ward

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

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 goeey eyes and sickly lips."

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

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing R & R Mael

Overheard - You overheard someone (of a neighboring kingdom) raving about a Necromancer entertainer and his skeleton band called *The Ungrateful Dead*. They will be touring in a big city near you.

- John Paul Bakshoian

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

Performing early in the evenin 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 – [One of the PCs finds an old printed flier of a carnival]

Come and see the show! The 9th Karn;

The Gypsy Queen performs with Guillotine;

Xander's Ragged Timed orchestra plays;

All exhibits are exclusively our own,

Including Seven Virgins and a Mule performing on a stool;

There is a vorpal blade of grass behind a dome of glass;

Visit The House of Vaudeville;

Demi-demon fighting cocks with Thrills and shocks!;

And a show that never ends...

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing K. Emerson

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

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

Encounter

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

There be a place outside of Stokbridj. '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

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

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

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.

Rumor

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

Overheard –

In a peasant bar outside the walls of the capital. Several 'young men' are talking excitedly about a section of the squalid, poverty-stricken lower end of town where former serfs reside; it's derogatorily called Serf City. The duke allows them to live there while manning the fields.

"I have a hay wagon and its made of woodie
it's not very cheery, it's oldie and moldy
ain't got a seat or springs or powerful pony
But it still gets me where I wanna go

Serf City, here we come
Gonna have some fun; Cause its two girls to every one (boy)

The duke never closes the streets at night; so something's always going on.
And when we get there, I'll be shootin' the dice
And checkin' out the parties for a serf girl."

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Berry, Wilson

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

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 –

Jealous forces have imprisoned Harmony in a Glass Guitar (a crystal prison) which can only be unlocked by four elemental keys that are scattered to the four corners of the world. The Glass Guitar is in a chest in the Valley of Silence. Who will free the spirit of Harmony and create a new Utopia?

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing T. Rundgren

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, worse 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.

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 - 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

Report -

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 be worthless.

Back home in the country during that winter, everyone was barely alive from 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

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 ain't our fate. So let's 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

Report

Doctor Atherton,

Here is the Mystical Mystery document you requested. It was nicked by agent Yapple from Noyer Knott, the Sayeed of Little Nikolai. Unfortunately Yapple was only able to get fragments of the original papers, which were damaged and blown about the room before he could obtain them. Thus, it might not be in the correct sequence. This is his rough translation. Knott might or might not be the author of this letter.

Investigator Martin has evaluated and commented on this. The original letter is in black.

I am he as ye be he as you are me
And we are all together
See how they run like hawgs from the gunne
See how they fly
I'm crying

Martin thinks this beginning might refer to a Hive Mind of some sort.

The hawgs referred to are either the riding hawgs of Harlee which the Road Angels roam on Or the heavy merchant hawg ships. He speculates that the gunnes might be arquebus's or cannons. The 'fly' might be a comical reference to 'when pigs fly' or it could mean to outrun the attack.

For some reason, this makes the writer sad.

Sitting on a corn sack
Waiting for the caravan to come
Discorporation hair shirt, stupid Bloody Tuesday
Man you've been a naughty boy
Ye let your countenance elongate

Martin thinks that the author is at a caravanserai with his trade items, when he witnesses penitent pilgrims in sack cloths passing by. One of the penitent screams out in agony "Bloody Tuesday" (the name of their sect's unholy day), while his face distorts and he suddenly becomes incorporal, the shirt and pants falling to the ground.

Petty halfling watchmen sitting in a row
See how they fly like Lucifer in the sky, see how they run
I'm crying, I'm crying
I'm crying, I'm crying

There seems to have been a massive daemon attack where Lucifer knocks the hobbit guards flying about and scatters them to run-away. For some reason, there is again much sorrow with the author.

Yellow matter custard
Dripping from a dead dog's eye

Crabalocker fishwife, "Harlot writing priestess
Boy, you've been a naughty girl, you let your knickers down."

The author is just making a small observation about death, when a fishmonger grabs a crab from its bin and shakes it at a priestess walking by, making that rude comment. Yapple could not find the rest of the passage.

Expert, textpert choking smokers
Don't you think the joker laughs at you (ho ho ho, hee hee hee, hah hah hah)
See how they smile like pigs in a sty, see how they snide
I'm crying

Martin believes this is a reference to a heavily incensed séance room or fortune-tellers parlor. The Joker probably refers to the Fool's Card. The soothsayer gives a bit of incantation. Then comments some more about the prognostication.

And then sheds tears for the dead.

Thelmalina Pilchar
Climbing up the evil tower
Elementary penguin singing *Harry's Crystal*
Man, you should have seen them kicking Edgar & the villain Po

As far as Martin has found in his research, there is was a thief named Thelma who entered the Zamoran Religious Structure, outwitted the guards in their black and white livery who were distractedly beating Edgar, a man made tame by fortune's blows and Po who was a low-born rustic. They were probably Thelma's hired goons.

Thelma made off with the Eye of the Serpent.

Note: *Harry's Chrystal* is the name of a religious song.

I am the Overman
They are the Overmen
I am the walrus

Martin says it is not known whether this is a real reference to the Overman race or a simile. If it is the racial reference, it would be powerfully dangerous.

The Walrus was the name of a famous pirate ship of Captain Flint, so this might be an allusion to piracy.

Goo goo g'joob, goo goo goo g'joob
Goo goo g'joob, goo goo goo g'joob,

Goo Joob, joob, jooba
Jooba, jooba, jooba
Joob, jooba
Joob, jooba

Yapple had trouble translating this from the native tongue. He thinks it's an incantation, not so much words as the rhythm.

Umpa, umpa, everybody umpa (jooba, jooba)
Umpa, umpa, everybody umpa
Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)

Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)
Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)

Yapple thinks this might be the continuation of the incantation, but the pages may have been mixed up. He thinks that this is both a rhythm incantation and an affirmation that the item chanted for has been received by all participants. He is not sure whether this is a dividing chant (one solid object divided into bits for each participant) OR a uniting chant (many individual objects combined to make one large enchantment.)

Martin's interpretation of the whole thing is that it is a trial run attempt by Noyer Knott to burgle a religious institution and make off with the treasures. Between the discorporation of the penitent, the rude comment about the priestess, the Zamorran Snake Cult tower, and the religious song; all protected by a hive mind, a daemon and gun crew and who knows what else, it is a dangerous tour.

- John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Jake Lennon

Overheard Conversation - In a park, two old men reminiscing about supernatural encounters:

"Uh once 'ad-a ghost, er should uh say, it once 'ad me.
Wasa delap'dated mansion, got trapped in her room.
She said 'Ininit good NorthEastern wood?'
She asked me ta stay, 'n' then flung me down in despair.
Uh looked 'round 'n' noticed uh hadn't a prayer.
Uh writhed on a rug bidin' mi time, listenin' ta her whine.
We talked 'bout an hour er two 'n' then she said 'It's time for the Dead.'
She told me she spooked in th' morning wi' a maniacal laugh;
told her uh didn't 'n' crawled off to avoid her wrath.
'N' when uh woke twas alone; This shade had flown
So uh lit a fire inna hearth.
Ininit good NorthEastern wood?, uh thought... mi God, uh survived!"

- John Paul Bakshoian referencing Jake Lennon and P. McCarthy

Rumors & Gossip

There is a storm coming and on it, HE rides.

We are borne in this world, thrown here by circumstance, without anything; all alone.

On our road is a killer, a squirming toad brain has HE.

When you think all is safe with your family, a brush with HIM and all will die.

- John Paul Bakshoian referencing Densmore, Manzarek, Krieger, Morrison

Report - From the notes of the DareDevil of Mount O'zark and his research into fellow spies:

Jacques Eblou is a master spy, head of the queen's spy ring. He is also a consummate actor. Has many secret identities. One of them is an invalid woman in an ivory tower.

Jacques takes short gains, but plans for longer ones; he seldom loses, he has much luck; Lives life in free-form style.

He seems to be aware of what he is doing at all times, but sources say acts like he doesn't care. One of his talents is that he instantly plays music that he's never seen before. You know, picks up the sheet and plays it perfect.

He has so many contingency plans that are never used. With his disguises, he roams the land, but "he was never there." Incognito.

It has been noted he is a late night planner, sleeps past sunrise. The takes on the world, but on his own time.

Our only source to this bedridden identity wrote that she has indigo eyes, drinks strawberry wine and seems to like moonlight. That source claims she "lives a dream that never comes true."

Find her and you'll know one of Jacques's schemes.

John Paul Bakshoian referencing Larry Lee/Steve Cash

Report

Master Atco,

This is a synopsis of the subject of contacting Spirits and of the attitudes or activities relating to that type of experience.

In the garden of Aiden there are certain black lotus flowers which make a potent royal honey that is used as a potion to bring forth a ghost guide. This spirit will pull you into the realm of the dead (a dangerous inter-planer region) where you can communicate with departed souls. Jealous ghosts and other unlife'd beings and malign spirits abound. You must hold the guide's hand for the entire seventeen minutes in that zone to be shielded from them. The guide will pop you back to the realm of the living, after which your memories will be vague. The *Ferro Papilio* incantation must be chanted along with a solo drum, though at other times a keyboard wind instrument, a string instrument or a low frequency string instrument can be used.

We were able to obtain a document by a friend of an invoker, who interviewed the bewildered man right after the peak experience. This is what Ron was able to decipher from what the nearly incoherent Dingle was saying the spirit was telling him:

"Inna gadda davida there's honey.

Don't you know that I'm summoned by you.

Inna gadda davida, master.

Don't you know that I'll always be true.

Oh, won't you come with me and my hand to take.

Won't you come with me and walk this land. Please take my hand."

Sincerely, Buxy

- John Paul Bakshoian referencing Douglas Ingle

Message (Found wadded up on floor at Inn)

To Chekerix,

Well, you got a brand new snickersnee,
I've got a brand new sheath.
Maybe we could get together and try them on to see.
See what power together there'd be.

I've tried to contact you several times. By night and day, and when I went to your inn, the innkeeper said you're there, but you were with buyers.

Are you avoiding me? Because you got somethin' I need.

I've been a guard, a scout, not in no army though.
Don't promote fast, but I've trained pretty far.
For somebody who don't do magic, I been 'round the mystical world.
Some people say, I done all right for a girl.
- Safka

By John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Melanie

Report (to Tax Minister)

Another shop was shut down in The Skids last week. Typical immigrant store called *Pressed Rat and Warthog*. Sold muttlelegs an' feets, pressed warthog, atonal apples, foods, spices and other conveniences like amplified heat and small scale necessities from the motherlands. Also sold, amulets, charms, potions and components to the poverty stricken.

The owners didn't tell anyone; apparently they just got up and left. Now there are far fewer friendly establishments to provide sustenance to the poor and marginalized.

My bet it was Captain Bedlam done run them off. He is trying to clean up the old port of scum, foreigners and the like. A bit mad he is. He has a woodwormed peg leg which he swears some immigrant pariah hexed.

This closing of another Skids shop could be the trigger that will set off minority and destitute tensions and it will come to a head (possibly riots) if a few more incidents happen. It would be best if we caught up with the former owners, Petre Edvard and Mikahail Ronaldo, to find out how Captain Bedlam forced them to close down their shop, for it was all they got.

My informant thinks someone saw Petre in red baggy pants and Mikahail in a striped neckerchief that night and both carried a three-legged sack between them. They may have gone west.

By John Paul Bakshoian, referencing G. Baker and M. Taylor

Overheard conversation (in a bar)

Late in the night, the dark corner of the bar was emptier than the rowdy main room. It now contains those who are exhausted or in need of quieter space: A few souls were there contemplating their life. There were several slouching here, an elf, human, goblin and an orc. Being bored and in wistful mood, they grouched, dawdled and eventually reminisced about sex and war and their horrible youth. And in the horrors they had seen, from the small ant swarms eating large swaths of jungle to the incredibly raging, colossal thunder lizard that sometimes appeared.

Elf: I know of the beast that you are talking about. Gawd we called him. He is gigantic and tall as our elf tree-community. It made terrible sounds as it ripped the supporting branches of our homes. As a child, I was screaming bug-eyed while on our rope-bridge and he looked down on me.

Human: Well, 'e d'molished mi hometown of T'Kay Ho. Musta been 'bout fifteen hexes tall. Jus' waded thru th' centera town like i' was swampgrass. Picked up wagons an' tossed 'em down. Seemed ta be lookin' for sumthin. Never knew wha'.

Goblin Shaman: Ancestor Shamans to me tell about Xilliah. Came about near island city of Zipang. Human wars there brought magics dreadful and devastated the land and the sea in their attempt to control the weather and fauna.

It is typical of your kind. History shows again and again how nature points up the folly of man. Prosper GawdXillia, who now appears where nature risk is greatest.

- By John Paul Bakshoian, referencing Donald Roeser and Donald Bloom

Report

Sir, our research recently turned up this conversation in an embarkation station:

"I lived in the village of Crownreap , in l'Thaca. For a period of about a year, we were attacked almost every month when the moon got full and bright by vicious creatures, though the first few months it was just one.

A Supernatural Delight, that was. Everybody got out of sight on those full moon dates.

Garlic, wolf's bane, silver bullets, briars... none worked for long.

We were lucky to have scholar living in our village. He searched for a solution. Rumors of Himalaya having plants that might help, but we found a solution in France. A Were incantation with movements done rhythmically to music. The scholar went to Academy Universal and found some information. It took months of travel, but he made contact and liberated the formula.

We tried it the next full moon. It works. Pacifies 'em. Found that they don't bite or bark during and several hours after the dance. Keeps 'em loose too. These beasts were grateful; seems they can't dance and stay agitated. After that, we never fought."

Our agents are now searching for the whereabouts of the village of Crownreap.

John Paul Bakshoian referencing Sherman Kelly