

# THE STONEGATE SENTINEL

News from throughout the lands of Dylleria and Eumiria

Issue 3 July 609

## A NEW CAPTAIN IN ASHTON

By Shalden Heartbow

This past market fair our good Baron announced a new Captain of the Ashton Militia. The new Captain is an elf named Morakas Vlas Maelthra. Morakas is a new face in Ashton. So why did Baron Gunter Gorloch choose him over so many more common faces in the Barony of Ashton?

Well, this reporter did some investigation on Morakas Vlas Maelthra past. Come to find out Morakas has a very interesting past. The oldest credible information places Morakas in Vargus about ten years ago. He fought side by side with the Alton'yr's against enemies of the Free City. Morakas also faced down a few members of the Jesters Guild of Tyra while in Vargus. The Jesters had no idea that Morakas hadn't been adventuring long and had no real chance to defeat them. Morakas told the Jesters that if they harmed anyone in Vargus he would hunt them all down to their permanent death. The Jesters caused no known harm that market day.

Morakas has held three noble titles in his past in three different lands. The first title was Baron of the Dragon Isles. Apparently Morakas overthrew the Lord Protector Daelar of the Isles in a bloody war that pitted adventurer against adventurer. During the war, Morakas commanded fire elementals and summoned bolts of lightning from the sky against Daelar's supporters. In the end, many an adventure lost his life, including Lord Protector Daelar. Morakas named himself Baron of the Dragon Isles and spared the adventurers that renounced their oath to Daelar. Later, Morakas put a Vornae Shogun in charge of the Dragon Isles and left.

Morakas surfaced again as Lord Chancellor of the Baldic Reaches. He was given this title by the merchant guild that controlled the Reaches. While in the Baldic Reaches Morakas lead a war against an encroaching lizardman hoard. But alas, the hoard was too many and the Baldic Reaches fell to the savage's rule. It was during this war that Morakas was named "Vlas Maelthra" which means "blood of the dragon" in the language of the Vornae from that region. The Vornae said that Morakas fought so fiercely that he must have the blood of the dragon in his veins.

Two years ago, Morakas helped lead a rebellion against an evil city of slavers in the Dragon Reaches. The city was renamed Engwin and the people there named Morakas their lord. Soon after a city council formed Morakas renounced his

title there. It is known that Morakas spent much time helping commoners in the area defend their homes and even gave them much coin to ease their hardships. Has our good Baron picked the right man for the job? Why is such an accomplished warrior here in Ashton? Only time will tell.



Baron Gunter Gorloch of Ashton

## THE BONDS OF LUMBERTON SHIRE

by Reesie Damashay

Welcome back to Lumberton Shire! Ahh, the sweet warm breeze, the crisp scent of Lumberton Needlers, and a fine fresh glass of my own sweet hooch recipe! As a descendant of more enlightened blood, I like to reminisce about the good things around me. So if you are waiting for me to tell you the tale of when Lord Sheth came to town with his friends and threw his metaphorical rock of hate thusly knocking over my metaphorical hooch bottle of joy, I will not! No, No. I will not discuss the angry skeletal kittens that came to ruin our game of Gypsy Roulette. It makes no sense why anyone (or thing) would call these former fur balls "pets" anyway; even if preceded by "death". There will be no need to inform you about how big, nasty abominations that are Unseele Fae interrupted a perfectly good lunch. For that matter, I don't think I will report on the sudden, inexplicable re-appearance of Black Orcs either.

Instead, I would like to talk about great bonds that are forming. Bonds of understanding, celebration, prosperity, sharing and love! If you are a friend of any Gypsy clan, or you are a Gypsy Didiki, or perhaps (most importantly) a Gypsy yourself; then I am sure that you know of what I speak... er... write! This past Lumberton gathering was a grand display of the growing bonds **Continued on page 4**

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## DARK INTRUDERS

The Prime Matriarch, Rhea, lay in the shadows as still as the cool granite floor beneath her. At her side rested the dark-wood staff that had served her well for the better part of a decade. Almost jet in hue, the weapon's smooth surface reassured her as she held it tentatively, patiently waiting for the Dark Dwarf patrol that she knew would be seeking her out. The Dark Ones had surprised her once, but would not do so again.

In the endless silence of waiting, she allowed her mind to wander to the melee little more than an hour ago. She and her companions had gone out into the hills early yesterday and had not encountered any of the Dwarves that day. There were signs of their passing, but all of the tracks were old and did not indicate where the intruders might have gone.

When night fell, the Biata made camp in a valley little more than a few hours travel from their home settlement of Fenstrosia. Within their own highlands and so close to the safety of their walls, Rhea ordered only a skeleton watch that evening. No one would dare attack such a large party, not one containing the Prime Matriarch and her personal guard.

When the Dwarves attacked the Biata on watch were overwhelmed but not before the alarm could be raised. Within moments of the first engagement the encampment had come alive and Rhea had sprung into action. Grabbing her staff and calling out words of encouragement to her warriors, she joined the heart of the fray. Her tenacity and violence were so fierce that it seemed at first that she would defeat all of the enemies single-handedly. Soon however, the dire nature of the situation became apparent.

Rhea had never seen so many Dwarves. She had never thought that there were as many Dwarves in the world as she had seen during that battle. Every time she thought the worst was over another wave of Dwarves poured out of the darkness. The Biata force slowly dwindled a little more with each wave of attackers. At one point Rhea, looked around at her haggard band of defenders and counted fourteen heads, including her own. Fifty had come with her that morning. She knew they didn't have much left and that it was only a matter of time before they were all lost. That's when she decided it was time to attack.

Ordering ten of the Biata to scatter and find their way back to their homeland in whatever way they could, Rhea called the three best warriors to her side. Many of the ten promised to bring help when they disappeared into the darkness, but Rhea knew that even if help did come that it would likely be too late. When

the last of the ten were gone, Rhea and her small band of heroines plunged head-first into the darkness. Picking no particular direction, the Prime Matriarch and her party encountered no resistance at first, allowing them to entertain the possibility that the Dwarves had retreated. Just as this idea began to spread among the companions they ran headlong into the advancing line of Dark Dwarfven attackers. The battle was fierce, but eventually the Biata became separated and the First Matriarch was forced to flee or be overwhelmed.

That is how Rhea Redclaw, Prime Matriarch of the Fenstrosian Biata, came to find herself lying quietly upon the stone floor of a shallow grotto, all alone and awaiting certain doom. When she first fled and lost her pursuers, she tried to circle back for the others but the Dwarves were too numerous. She tried to make her way toward Fenstrosia by direct and indirect routes, and each time ran into too many enemies to overcome. The Dwarves had her trapped.

She contemplated the fate of the three companions who had accompanied her on this suicide mission as a subtle noise on the trail just outside caught her attention. It was a noise as soft as supple leaves rubbing together in a slight breeze. Was it a scuffling of feet, or maybe a brush of leather on stone? The second time she heard it she was sure that it was feet, moving deliberately and trying to keep from being heard. Rhea tensed and waited until the figure came into view.

When Rhea saw the slouching form she knew that it wasn't a Dark Dwarf. Leaning heavily against the stone wall that formed the entryway to the shallow cave, the Biata moved slowly and was covered with blood. The Prime Matriarch sprang to her feet and snatched her mangled comrade from the mouth of the cave and pulled her back into the darkness. The Biata didn't make a noise and collapsed on the stone floor. Kneeling over the newcomer, Rhea brushed the bloody hair back from the face of her companion to see that it was Jinsa Paletalon and that Jinsa's breathing, while shallow, was steady and rhythmic.

Immediately the Prime Matriarch went to the opening of her shelter. She gazed out into the half-rain of the late evening and listened. For several minutes she saw and heard nothing. Satisfied that there was no immediate danger, she returned to her fallen companion's side.

Inspecting Jinsa's wounds, Rhea knew that it was a miracle that she was alive. The obvious wound was a nasty gash near her left temple that matted her hair and covered her face with blood. A large bruise and irregular protrusion on her left side indicated at least one broken rib, and her right leg was broken below the knee so badly that Rhea was

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amazed that she could stand at all, let alone walk. Rhea did what she could to make her companion comfortable then went out to search for the things she would need to help heal Jinsa's wounds. How futile this all would be once the Dwarves found them.

Rhea returned with a few sturdy pieces of wood and a full water skin. Quickly but carefully, she washed Jinsa's face and splinted her leg. Jinsa never woke, but when Rhea set the leg she grunted softly and winced with pain. Rhea thought this was a good sign, and hoped that if they remained hidden through the night Jinsa could be saved.

Rhea sat down with her back propped against the hard stone wall. She would try and sleep lightly so as to make sure that she could react quickly if they were found. As she dozed, the soft sounds of Jinsa's measured breathing comforted her dreams.

Rhea woke to the sound of guttural voices on the trail outside. Springing to her feet she looked quickly at Jinsa, and found her the same as she had been when the Prime Matriarch had dozed off. Without another glance at her companion, Rhea moved swiftly and stealthily to the mouth of her small cave.

By the light coming in from outside, she measured that dawn was soon approaching. Listening intently, she heard the voices of Dark Dwarves arguing about some dice game from the previous evening. She heard four voices at different times while she sat there waiting and guessed from the boot sounds that she heard that there couldn't be more than ten in the party. As the group moved closer to the cave, Rhea's body tensed in anticipation. She would have to be quick and deadly and use surprise as her advantage.

When the Rhea emerged from the hillside she caught the Dark Dwarves completely unprepared. They hadn't caught sight of the cave opening, and she seemed to come out of nowhere. She moved fast, two were down before the others could even react. As the remaining six fumbled for their weapons, three more fell to her blows, and a fourth tumbled down the mountainside trying to avoid her wrath. Two on one was no longer a fair fight, and when Rhea broke the jaw of the Dark Dwarf to her right, the other fell to his knees and begged for mercy. Without hesitation she delivered a thrust to his throat with her staff, sealing off his windpipe and stifling any sound that he had hoped to make. Mercy is for the weak, she thought as she slammed the staff into the base of the Dwarf's skull. He fell with a thud, dead before his limp form came to rest on the hard-packed trail.

Rhea saw that there were no signs of any other Dark

Dwarves. She also knew that this would not be the case for long; the party she had just dispatched was a scouting party. They would either be moving in advance of a larger force or were due to report back at regular intervals. She only had so much time to act, and she needed to move quickly.

First, she gathered up the bodies of the Dark Dwarves one at a time and moved them several hundred yards down the trail in the direction they had come to a small clearing near the bottom of a slope. There she hastily laid them out in mimicry of the battle scene that she just taken them from. Next, donning a pair of the Dark Dwarves' boots, she made several false trails in the small clearing in an effort to make it look like there was a battle here. When she finished she looked it over; it was well done, she thought. Maybe not enough to fool Elven or Biata trackers, but she only had to fool Dwarves, and it might be enough for that.

She went back up to the small cave where Jinsa still lay sleeping. Rhea sat with the wounded warrior for a few moments, holding her hand and keeping her company. She wasn't sure if the other could feel her presence, but she wanted her to know that she was not alone. When she had spared all the time she could, the Prime Matriarch rose and started toward the cave opening. At the last moment she stopped and returned to Jinsa's side. Taking a medalion from around her neck she pressed it into Jinsa's hand and left.

Once outside, Rhea began counter-tracking to remove any sign of footprints leading to or from the cave. She continued all the way down to the site of her new battle scene, and once there she tore a strip of cloth from her cloak. Holding the cloth in her mouth, the Prime Matriarch propped one of the fallen Dwarves' axes with the blade facing up and slammed her right calf into the cold steel. Pain shot through her leg, but she did not cry out. It was a measured blow and she danced about the clearing in a battle parody, spreading droplets of her own blood here and there amidst the fallen Dwarves. When she was through, she cleaned her wound thoroughly with her cloak and discarded it off to the side of the clearing, wrapping the torn strip around her leg to stop the bleeding.

Rhea looked back up the trail toward Jinsa's resting place. She hoped that the obvious track of a wounded Biata was enough to keep the Dark Dwarves from discovering her companion's cave. She could return there and hide out with Jinsa; maybe they could last long enough for help to arrive. If Jinsa woke up, maybe the two of them could even make it back to Fenstrosia. Rhea shook her head to clear those thoughts. There was only one hope for Jinsa, and that was time bought with her blood; the blood of the Prime Matriarch. She moved beyond the edge of the clearing and was gone.

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of love and prosperity. On Saturday afternoon, I was privileged to witness my beloved cousins Ellie Damashay and Natalia Romanov form a wonderful bond in marriage to the only Hobling that I know who can handle two Gypsy women, my good friend Perego! What a glorious sight to behold.

Earlier in the day, my Gypsy brethren and I were graced with the presence of Xander Vogalin, the King of all Gypsies of Dylleria! With Xander, I discussed many ways in which we will continue strengthening the fortitude of Gypsy ties. As we discussed these ties, we were given a great opportunity that was brought forth by Natalia Romanov to work together further to strengthen our Gypsy blood. Even further into the day, the Damashay clan welcomed its newest members Tatii and Tir Damashay. Many other Gypsies and Gaje friends gathered to join in all that had occurred over the market day, celebrating with us all in the single greatest bond that discriminates against no one... the illustrious bond of a hooch filled mug!

As I walked amongst the groups of Gaje and Gypsy Cousins bound in celebrations that night, I thought to myself: "It's gonna be a good season in Lumberton Shire. I can't wait to see what she has in store for us all. A season of growing, learning, and loving together." At that moment a tear of joy ran down my cheek... at least I think it was a tear... maybe someone spilled hooch on me!



**Reesie Damashay and his hooch cup, which has been proclaimed to be his most precious item ever.**

## COMING HOME



by Thorin Falstaff,  
High Wizard of  
Procrastinated Pro-  
tection, Stonegate  
Mages' Guild

As summer warms  
the fields around

Lumberton Shire, my ears detect rumors that cause my imagination to reel and my heart to skip beats. Rumors of old heroes lost and returned, old friends returning to the Land, and new enemies that threaten the very existence of my home. My feet move quickly to the sound of names many may not recognize: Fooz Coalbaron, Falgar Shinglefoot, Rhea and Sebastian Coe, just to name a couple. My heart longs to greet them again, to reminisce of times past with other memories of those long-forgotten days. To those who remember, I was there when the Thirteen made their first foray into the Mirrored Plane, where all was opposite and wrong, to retrieve and destroy the Spirit Bottle of a most evil entity. I held open the gate that gave them access to that hellish plane, saw my own opposite taunt the adventurers remaining in town, and mourned for the loss of those fallen there with the task left undone. I was there when King Balladan I awarded the Thirteen for their bravery, and received recognition for my part in it. I was away when news reached me of the permanent deaths of those brave souls, and in my own way, I mourned their loss. Now, to hear they have returned, those happy heroes of my youth, I rejoice. Perhaps we shall again have grand adventures and mayhap I will again prove to be of some small use to them as I journey back to the land of my youth...and home.

As always, the Sentinel is looking for new articles and amusements! Please submit articles to Sr. Editor Lavender Quill at [dmbeucler@gmail.com](mailto:dmbeucler@gmail.com)

The next issues deadline will be Sept 30th.

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## AROUND DYLLERIA AND EUMIRIA

**Stonegate Keep** - Royal Steward Rage Scenarius is still away from The Keep on his swing through the western regions of The Kingdom. So far he has visited Dollos and Coronus, with the next stop being Prinnith. There, he will reportedly look in on the northern front between Prinnith and Ironholm and is rumored to be considering approving a siege of the former Imperial Capital. While he is away, the day to day affairs of The Keep are in the capable hands of Lord High Steward Jibis Mentron and the remaining members of the King's House. The Royal Steward is reportedly in daily contact with Mentron via Whispering Wind.

**Sarum Protectorate** - Aid has come to The Protectorate by means of several caravans of supplies in the way of food and clothing from Prinnith. Most of the supplies have come from House Clexan, but also from several private citizens in the area.

**Remin** - As suspected, Royal Steward Scenarius gave the order to reinstate The Barony of Remin. Acting as the Countess, Her Grace Elonia Scenarius (Rage's wife) granted the title of Good Sir Baron to Jenner Fen, formerly of the Order of the Golden Eagle. House Fen will wear the colors brown with white trim and a golden talon will be the House's symbol. Fen's Knightly Order will be called the Order of the Golden Talon. He is expected to fill his house soon and some members of House Scenarius could decide to stay on with him permanently.

**Aelin** - Sir Seston Hamden of the King's Own Order of the Golden Lion has arrived with a retinue of Stone Guard under his personal banner to assist in securing the Barony, which has been on shaky ground since the near total annihilation of House Prombus. It is believed that he will be able to recruit the Highlanders of the MacInnit and Whiteshadow Clans to the cause of The Barony due to the fact that he is an indirect descendant of the MacInnit bloodline. Sir Bastion, also of Highlander descent, has taken to the hills in search of the head of the Ogre that leads the Gur-Dosh Tribe, the brutes responsible for the attack. Meanwhile, Lady Dora Gray is working with the local garrison to keep commerce moving and the local trade-ways open.

**Prinnith** - Amid continued preparations along the border with Ironholm, county soldiers have begun traveling west of The Kingdom's borders and distributing propaganda to inns, taverns, and frontier villages along the road to Vargus. Pamphlets

and other handouts extoling the virtues of working for the common good and also citing the strength and prosperity of the Stonegate Guilds and The Kingdom in general are being given out en masse to any soul within earshot. The soldiers are also distributing food, clothing, wine, and ale in hopes of enticing those they encounter to listen to their pitch. So far, the commoners have seemed receptive.

## OUTSIDE THE REALM

### TERRIBLE CONFRONTATION IN EVANDARR

There lies, in the Frostpeak Mountains, a small forgotten village of sturdy and humorless people. Their name lost to all the kingdoms of the world, they live and die without ever leaving their meager lands. At one end of the small open area in the center of the village is a statue. Barely three feet high and made of weathered gray stone, the statue depicts a squat reptilian figure clutching at what seems to be an egg. Ask anyone in the village and they will tell you that it has always been there and then they will shrug and go about their business.

However, on June the Tenth, Six Hundred Nine as Evendarr Reckons the years, that ignored and ridiculous statue moved. A small boy walking by dropped his armful of sticks to stare as the egg fell to the ground and the statue's hands flexed with a grinding sound of rock shifting across rock. He screamed when the statute straightened up and flexed its tail, and he fled when it took a step forward. Step by step, the statue moved, and as it walked chips of stone began to fall away and it began to grow taller. It began to lope, and then run, and chunks of rock crashed to the earth to reveal the scaled hide of an ever expanding blur of reptilian motion. With a final primal scream, it leaped, great wings snapping out to catch the thin mountain air as the now towering creature fought its way into the sky. The village panicked, men and women cried out, but the great beast ignored them all and flew rapidly North, its shadow blotting out the sun for a single instant before it was gone.

# OOG WAR NEWS

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## GETTING INVOLVED

2009 has gotten off to a great start, and I for one could not be happier to see all of the new faces and old friends that are frequenting events. Jacob and Lisa Stone, Mike Funkhouser, Joe Goddard, and others from days when WAR was a much younger chapter have recently made return visits, and it's been great to see them all. In addition, we have also seen many new players and that's the most exciting part - new players are the lifeblood of our events. Their unbridled imagination, creativity, and enthusiasm are key elements to keeping the setting fresh and new. The plot and staff teams have been working feverishly to keep everything running smoothly in 2009, and it's all due to their fantastic efforts that we have been running such excellent events. Kudos to all of them, and to each and every player that has helped out!

As has always been the case, WAR is a group run for and by the players. Countless plot and staff people come out and give their time to ensure that camps are booked, cleaned, props are transported, and countless other thankless tasks are getting done. I know that there are others out there who can and would willingly help out, but may not know how to begin. Getting started as a volunteer is simple - just talk to a member of current staff, plot, or ownership, and they can help point you in the right direction. We are always looking for plot people, staff, and helpers of all kinds. I know for me, pitching in has been very rewarding because you get to return the favor for other helpers who have worked hard to put on a good event for you - I always love returning the favor. Right now we have several plot and staff openings, so it is a good time to get involved. Not only is the organization in need, but there are opportunities out there for those willing to commit their time and energy to making the game better.

So, if you've been wanting to help out but have been hanging back for whatever reason, don't do it any more. Jump in and help when you can - your fellow players will definitely be grateful for the efforts.

Thanks so much, and I look forward to seeing you all at events!

- Mike Ennis

## UPCOMING EVENTS

Lumberton Shire Aug 7-9 Camp Giscowheco WAR's 15th Anniversary FREE EVENT!!!

Rockcrusher Aug 21-23 Lewis Arboretum

Lumberton Shire Sep 4-6 Camp Giscowheco

Necropolis of Vargus Sep 25-27 Camp Myeerah

**GOBLIN NEEDS-** Please email [war@warweb.com](mailto:war@warweb.com) or check the boards for changes

- Spell Packets -Especially Orange packets and Packet Arrows
- Face Make-up (especially Green, Red, Black, Blue)
- Make up sponges
- Any sort of battery powered or plug-in type lights
- Costume Jewelry
- Spirit gum
- Weapons
- Shields
- liquid latex
- baby wipes

## 9TH ED RULES, DRAFT RELEASED

A draft of the 9th edition rules has been released on the national web site at <http://nerolarp.com/PolicyInfo/NERO-9th-Rulebook-DRAFT.html> It will be available until August 23rd as a zip file. While it is open the national staff and editing team is taking suggestions and critique at the nation forums at <http://www.nerolarp.com/forum/forumdisplay.php?f=17>

## NPC REWARDS AT THE FREE LUMBERTON EVENT

Lumberton is looking for some fabulous people to NPC for the free event. In addition to NPCing for free a few of the rewards of full time NPCing will be a Magic item and a latex sword raffle, double pulls from the NPC grab bag, and a free event voucher for WAR. People who NPC for a 4 hour shift during this event will have their characters Max Out paid for.