

# THE DARKENWALD ENQUIRER

August 602



## The Realm of Dream.

By Jean-Paul Despartes.

This past gathering, the adventurers at Rosa's Inn were transported to the plane of dream.

The first contact they had with this realm came in the shape of a orb. It was brought to the Inn by a person seeking to sell it, and was bought by Louis. He bought it from the merchant for Wylder, who seemed to like it. Shortly afterwards, outside the Inn, the adventurers returning from a battle with a guild of thieves and trolls, discovered a unconscious human near the border of the main path. Once recovered, she revealed to all the orb was stolen from Her. She said that it was a dream orb and that her mistress wanted it back. Seeing as how Louis had spent a fair bit of gold to obtain it, he wished to see this mistress for himself and return the item. However, he also wished to regain the coin he had spent for this item. As such, he met the mistress.

With his skill in the art of negotiation, he managed to get his gold back and to be invited to a party. In fact, he was so good that all the adventurers who signed up for it would go to this party. However, many were very suspicious about this for the strangers had some glowing marks, a usual sign of Faye. This made many of the adventurers weary of the party, and many jokes were made to bring Cold Forged Iron and crash it. After much talking, the adventurers turned in and got some much needed rest.

When they awakened, everyone was a

little different. Aurora was a justiciar. Luthien Longbow was a Master Bladesinger and possessed a Moonblade. Louis was a lord of Icewurm and the Bandolier of clan Greenstar. Darius was a knight of the White Hart and possessed a magic sword. Shadow Keep was a embassy. It seemed as though they all obtained something they wanted, something they may have dreamed about, something someone else thought they would like. What was interesting about this situation is that all the people who were involved didn't think anyone was wrong, for their memories had been altered. As well, while this tale is relating to the actions taken in the realm, the proper titles given to the adventurers will be noted. It is important to note that these titles are not real and this article is just trying to be as accurate as possible.

Shortly after morning, a peasant came in seeking Sir Darius. The town was under attack, so he went off to deal with the problem. While on his way there, he met another peasant who said that the town was under attack from undead. Sir Darius then became even more inspired, and picked up his speed. After a exhausting battle in unbearable heat, a party consisting of Luthien, Lord Louis, Sir Darius and later on, SAM, defeated these attackers. SAM came along because she was looking for Sir Darius.

While these three were occupied with defending the Town, an official from a town about 2 hours from Darkenwald came searching for Draknalus. His town was being invaded by Feye. He came searching for him and bringing a scroll that would allow Draknalus to

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## ~NEWS~

**Realm, con't.**

be imbued inside a Cold Forged Iron golem body. However, he would have to go to the town by himself for it was under attack by a veritable swarm of Feye fairies. Even under the insistence of both SAM and Sir Darius, who volunteered to assist him, he was sure that it would be better for him to go alone. He reasoned that if someone went with him, they would be subdued by this swarm, and used against him. As such, he left on his own. However, in the event of a retribution of some type by the Feye on his family, Sir Darius was outfitted with Cold Forged items. However, an event happened that sent them all on a search to find Draknalus.

A little time after he had left, a few letters made their way to various adventurers. Lord Louis, Dame Aurora and Rolf all received one. As well as SAM. The letter sent to SAM was written in Draknalus' hand writing and smelled like him. However, to the people who read the note, it did not sound like Draknalus at all. Because the note appeared out of nowhere and what was said on it, it lead some to believe he may have been captured, or worse. As such, small group journeyed to the town Draknalus went to, to see for themselves what went on. Once there, they discovered a whole slew of dead fairies slowly unraveling. They also discovered what was assumed to be the remnants of a portal of some type. They collected some of the dust left and were ready to return to town when suddenly, one of Xerenel's minions appeared to inform Luthien that the Count wished an audience with him. Luthien said he would, but he thought it best if he went to town and made a plan first. Upon arrival, the adventurers were informed by peasants that Xerenel was going to keep the town hostage if Luthien didn't go to his tower immediately. A few accompanied him for this task, which was supposed to be one of bargaining and talking. However, the meeting

quickly got into violence, and Luthien started attacking him. Unfortunately for Luthien, his Moonblade disintegrated once he drew blood from one of his blows. Powerless, he was quickly charmed by Xerenel, and so were the few whom accompanied him. After this meeting, Xerenel decided to go into the Inn with his new "friends". Once he arrived, Dame Aurora and Sir Darius both decided to go into meditation. The reason for this meditation was that they felt that they should consult the Hart before trying any action, for a direct attack may result in the decimation of the rest of the adventurers and the Town itself. He stayed in the Inn for a long time, and managed to charm most of the adventurers present. After he left, the two knights eventually came out of meditation. They had some strange news to deliver the others. One of these, which wasn't of great note, is the fact that the White Hart and Sir Durin were both very, very, very far away. More so then they had ever felt before. The second was the strange voice that they heard when they were in this trance. It was from the mistress they had met on Friday night. What the voice had told them was : " Do you like my dream children? Have I given all you ever wanted? What about your worst nightmares? Have they come true?" They told this to others, but not much sense was made of it. They had a few theories, but nothing conclusive.

From the dust collected at the portal, SAM was able to discover that Draknalus had entered the portal into the Feye realm and was gleefully slaughtering many of them. Unfortunately, he was made entirely of Cold Forged Iron, so the realm was unraveling beneath his feet. Some concern was felt about the fact that he couldn't move forever, and may fall into the pits of void he was creating.

In between these events and directly after the meditation, there was a period of time were the adventurers were out

and about in the yard directly behind Rosa's Inn. A interesting fact was the surprising amount of Kobold's in the area, long thought to have been decimated. They came out in groups, and it didn't stop. They came to sing, knock out other goblins, and one even made the mistake of trying to surprise Lord Louis. He didn't have many spells left from the battle in the morning, but he did have two that made there mark. They were two death spells. Needless to say, it was the end of that one. Thereafter, Lord Louis told Sir Darius to enforce the Greenlaw. He then proceeded to follow little Wylder across the lawn, and whenever a Kobold came into range, they were dealt with. Also important to note is that Wylder is now an able searcher of kills. He was able to get the treasure off every kill and bring it to his mother when told to. This was used extensively by Sir Darius, and the treasure Wylder collected got up to near 1 gold.

Also of note are the apparition of the other letters. Aurora received one from her parents, Rolf from a royal source, and Louis from Sir Magius, for he was knight in this dream realm. Rolf's note was a very well kept secret, and this big eared journalist was not able to learn more about it. Louis's note related to the death of his family at the hands of zealots raiding Akasha's domain.

After the killing of many Kobolds, some returned into the Inn to escape the bugs, but three people remained inside. These people were Guild mistress Tira, Sir Darius and Dame Aurora. Then, from the main path, came a pantherghast. Tira felt the tingle at the back of her neck, but Sir Darius, a fellow human, did not. This lead to some confusion, and some thought that Xerenel had possibly created a Tira Stardust Pantherghast. Sir Darius was told to go into the Inn and look for help. However, the beast prevented him from doing

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**"Peace is but a shadow of Death, desperate to forget its painful past..."**

## ~ NEWS ~

**Realm, con't.**

so. Sir Darius did manage to distract it while Aurora quickly made her way into the Inn. Tira also went out, and Sir Darius put himself between this creature and her. They fought as best they could, considering only she could effect it. Sir Darius eventually fell from it's blows, and Tira tried to get into the Inn. She got hit, but still managed, somehow, to get past it. Tira was very mad at everyone inside the Inn for not helping her. Once inside, she started yelling at SAM and Aurora, then locked herself in her room. Once the Pantherghast left, the adventurers found no trace of Sir Darius. No weapons were left behind, no body, nothing.

After this disappearance, another strange event took place. Nox, the grand master alchemist and member of the watchers, was put on trial for conspiring with Lady Whitebone to overthrow King Silvermane. Aurora, who considers herself almost like a sister to Nox, was the juror of this trial since she was a justiciar. Unfortunately for her, she had to sentence him to death for the evidence against him was overwhelming. This led her into quite the Depression, and she went into a room to cry, a very understandable action.

As for what was going on in the Feye realm, Draknalus was having fun with his golem body. After a period of time, his golem body started to disintegrate. This destruction was progressive, and when he lost it, the Feye could finally effect him with their spells. Before he became completely overwhelmed, he stabbed his Cold Forged Iron sword into the ground. In doing so, the realm started to become progressively unraveled. These Feye creatures eventually subdued him, and got someone to take out the sword from the ground. This person was another adventurer, who simply took out the sword and did not help Draknalus. This, of course, was the most intelligent course of action since

he/she couldn't use the Cold Forged Iron items very well. This journalist is chuckling at the possibility that they would have taken Sir Darius to take the items out. This fact would have been amusing, to say the least. Afterwards, Draknalus was taken to a thrown room, where he made a symbol of a spell book with a Cold Forged Iron glove on the thrown.

Back at the Inn, the others got word of Draknalus's capture by the Feye themselves. SAM feared the worst and decided that if their Lord was who they said he was, she would trade herself for Draknalus. She expressively demanded of everyone to let her do what she had to do. However, Draknalus was returned to them without SAM having to trade herself. This journalist has not been able to determine how, but know that he was returned.

Eventually, Sir Darius was found by Kendrick. He was dead. He brought him as quick as he could towards the Inn looking for an someone to bring him back. Dame Aurora was speaking with her parents near the path that Kendrick emerged with Sir Darius. She quickly tried to use a Life spell, but it didn't work. The spell faded before it got to it's in tented target. Because she didn't bring him back, Sir Kentaro was forced to take Dame Aurora away. He arrested her for withholding a life spell from a noble. She was then sent to Icewyrms keep. Kendrick then brought Sir Darius inside the Inn and SAM lifed him. Everyone wondered where he went, but the last thing he remembered was trying to save Tira from the pantherghast. Except for Aurora, all the adventurers were now present. It was then known that they were in the dream realm, that Sir Darius's suggestion was accurate, and they now possessed the Dream Orb again. This object would respond to it's possessor questions as best it could. Any questions that didn't pertain to the realm in which they were present resulted in the

orb turning pitch black. Some questions were responded in the orb getting confused. After many tries, the adventurers finally uncovered the secret of the orb: the word "be". With this, any thing they had on their minds at the time they said this word, would in some way come true. Saying the word "be" could summon creatures, people and items for a very short period of time in front of the possessor. It also had the ability to transport the possessor. After much usage, it was determined that the only way they could get back would be to go to the "party" that they were all invited to by the mistress.

At the party, all the adventurers had to choose a person to lead the opposing team, composed of dream elemental's, against them. It was first decided to send Luthien Longbow to be the captain of the other team. However, he wasn't there at that time. So, Sir Darius volunteered to be the captain of the other team, since he said he was no good at these type of games. Luthien eventually made his way there, but it was too late to change. There, before them was a giant square board game. The rules of this game were the captain of each team had roll the giant dice. With the number it showed, they got to choose a member of their team and move them a number of squares equal to that number. When a member landed on that square, the picture on the square was revealed, and a competition of some sort was undertaken. Sometime it was Combat between the member that was chosen and a member from the other team. Sometime it was riddles, and if the question was wrong, they were taken off the board and the riddle was given to the other teammates. If they answered it correctly, they got the member back. If they got it wrong, another member was taken away. Sir Darius was eventually defeated by the Captain of the other team for he choose for both captains to fight one on one.

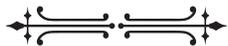
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**"Peace is but a shadow of Death, desperate to forget its painful past..."**

**Realm, con't.**

Sir Darius's position was even tougher considering that he did not possess his magic sword anymore. He was defeated by the other captain, and removed from the game. Then Luthien was the next captain named to the opposing team. He angered the dream elemental's in some way, and was removed from the game by their Lord, a nightmare elemental. Then Azurman, of Shadow guard, was named the captain. After his team was completely annihilated, he tried valiantly to win by himself. However, he did not win. After the game, the mistress thanked them all for playing, and returned the adventurers to their realm, a loud knocking sound was heard by all as they left, and the elemental's started to become very anxious and scared.

Once returned, they all became like they were before the dream. For most, it was a enjoyable experience. Some got live a part of what they imagined themselves for the future, some got what others believed would be right for them. However, this dream was shattered by their worst nightmares. How they managed to survive this experience is beyond this journalist. Perhaps the adventurers of these lands are of a greater fortitude then they are attributed? No one shall ever know...



**Claims and Deeds.**

By Jean-Paul Despartes.

It seems Darkenwald has become a prized area to possess land and start a guild. Or at least, that's what quite a few rogues believe it to be so.

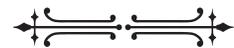
At this past gathering, a group consisting of Maxwell, Cymric, Darius, Luthien, Matthias, his brother Duncan

met a young man. He said that he was desperately in love with a young woman. However, to prove himself to her father, he had to collect quite a few items that were either rare or very hard to obtain. When he returned home, he found rather large group of rogues in his house. They said that they now owned that area and kick him out. Desperate for his house, he decided to go ask the adventurers of Darkenwald for help. The group told him to go to the Inn and they will go see what is going on at his house.

When they arrived near his establishment, the group divided into two groups. Cymric and Luthien took a discreet route to the area, while the others followed the more beaten path. At the entrance of a clearing, the group who took the beaten path meet up with a small group of humans. They spoke with obvious hostile intent towards this group. They also claimed that their boss owned the land they were patrolling, and had the right to prevent any from entering. Upon hearing their claim, Darius demanded to see the deed of the property. One of the humans then went off to a building, took a little time, then returned with a piece of paper. He presented it to Darius and Maxwell. It was an obvious fake, for the ink on the paper was still fresh. After reading it, Maxwell told the man that everything was in order. He then whispered into Darius's ear that it was a fake. They then attacked these bandits. The battle was going slowly, until two figures entered the fray to defeat the bandits. It was none other then Cymric and Luthien, who were able to get around the opponents and attack them from behind. After this battle, more of these bandits were coming out of the small house near the middle of the clearing. The ensuing battle was a long one. It seemed that the bandits were in almost endless supply. After about 40 bandits were defeated, a spell caster came out of the house. He decided to use necromancy to his benefit. After the first incantation invoking Chaos was heard,

both Darius and Cymric decided it was time to get rid of him. They quickly converged on him and subdued him with a flurry of blows and spells.

After a long stream of bandits had been subdued, their leader finally stepped out of the cabin. He was a very stealthy and was very adept at running away and hiding, only to return and try to get the group of adventurers from behind. Eventually, he was killed by Cymric. Once inside, they discovered that the bandits were packed like little sardines in the cabin. The young man was very happy when he learned that the thieves were now taken care of, and their false claim to that land exposed.



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Bronwen and I would like to thank Noah Mitton, Chris Eaton, Bobby Ogilvie, and Ian Petley for sending us stories. You help was greatly appreciated. Thanks guys!

- Liz

**“Peace is but a shadow of Death, desperate to forget its painful past...”**

# Luthian's song of the moment

## One

I can't remember anything  
Can't tell if this is true or dream  
Deep down inside I feel to  
scream  
This terrible silence stops me

Now that the war is through with  
me  
I'm waking up, I can not see  
That there is not much left of me  
Nothing is real but pain now

Hold my breath as I wish for  
death  
Oh please lord, wake me

Back in the womb its much too  
real  
In pumps life that I must feel  
But can't look forward to reveal  
Look to the time when I'll live

Fed through the tube that sticks  
in me  
Just like a wartime novelty  
Tied to machines that make me  
be  
Cut this life off from me

Hold my breath as I wish for  
death  
Oh please lord, wake me

Now the world is gone I'm just  
One  
Oh lord help me  
Hold my breath as I wish for  
death  
Oh please lord help me

Darkness imprisoning me  
All that I see  
Absolute horror  
I cannot live  
I cannot die  
Trapped in myself  
Body my holding cell

Undead have taken my sight  
Taken my speech  
Taken my hearing  
Taken my arms  
Taken my legs  
Taken my soul  
Left me with life in pain

- Maim Gorefield & Gronz Kullrich,  
of Orcallica



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“Well, first of all, in the last installment when I said that Donald Henley was formely of the bardic group the Eagles, that is wrong; as of about a decade a he has rejoined his former band-mates. Hooray for the Eagles.

This song seems fitting regarding the current Xerenel, undead army conflict we're in the midst of right now. Some of you might say, “Luthian, Orcallica is quite a leap a from the Eagles”; yes, they are. But great music is great, regardless of style.

The song fictionally recollects a warriors traumatic experience during the Kabal Wars. Apparanly he was wealthy enough to afford gnomish devices to preserve his life. This simple lyrical script does not do this song justice; this song examplying the awesome talent that Orcallica have. Their use of the mechanical lyre is incredible, and I would suggest that if you haven't heard this song before, get a hold of it somehow and have a listen.”

-Luthian Longbow

“Peace is but a shadow of Death, desperate to forget its painful past...”

# Kendrick's Corner

## Dwarvish Paradise

by Kendrick

(A parody of 'Gangsta's Paradise',  
with apologies to the bard Coolio)

As I walk through the mountain  
where I follow my thane  
I take a look at my wife, and realize  
her beard's very plain  
But that's just perfect for a Dwarvish  
like me  
You know I shun fancy things, like sorcery.

At 4:30 in the morning I'm mining  
stones  
Jonas Steelforge mends the weapons  
And Thorin groans...Fool!  
And I've been groaning and stoning  
so long that  
Even Cold Forged Iron thinks that me  
mind be gone.

I'm a Dwarf of the stones, I'm into  
discipline.  
Got a hammer in me hand and a  
beard on me chin.  
But if I finish my deeds and you finish  
the mine,  
Then tonight we're going to party like  
its 599.

We be spending most our lives  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
Bashed Goblins once or twice  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
It's hard work and sacrifice  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
We sell gems at discount price  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.

A Hobbling boy picked all of me pockets  
last week.  
I just scowled at him, and pushed  
him in a creek.  
I really don't care. Too bad it's not  
a well.  
And I'll be laughing my head off  
when he's rotting in jail.  
But I ain't never punched a Scholar,  
even if he deserved it.  
A Dwarvish with a 'tude, you know  
that's unheard of.  
I always wear armor, and I've got a  
cool flail,  
And me homies agree,  
I really look good in scale...Fool!

If you come to visit, we be drinkin'  
beers.  
We haven't had a sip of water in  
over 300 years.  
But we ain't really Nobles,  
So please don't point and stare.  
We're just sociologically impaired.

There's no Orcs, no Elves, no Biatas.  
Not a hint of sorcery.  
Like Kharas with his Hammer  
We're as honorable as can be.

We be spending most our lives  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
We're just short and stubby guys  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
Giving out some bad advice  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
We like to fight, we don't play nice  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.

Mining out the mountain, polished  
my gem cutter.  
Raised a fort on Monday, soon I'll  
raise anutter.  
Think you're really grumpy,  
Mining with your cart?  
Well I know I'm a million times  
As stubborn as thou art.  
I'm the stocky guy all the Humans  
want to be like

In the caves day and night  
Killin' Goblins with a butter knife.  
So grab some gems, and make them  
shiny,  
Or else my clansman I might have to  
get medieval on your heinie!

We be spending most our lives  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
We ain't never touched no rice  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
Dwarf spirits are our vice  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.  
But you'd probably think it bites  
Living in a Dwarvish Paradise.

## Kendrick's Riddles

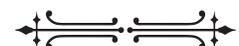
Looking at Luth's section last edition,  
I thought I'd put some riddle in this  
one to test the mind of the commu-  
nity. Don't forget, a healthy mind is a  
healthy person. And to one and all,  
the answers will be posted in the next  
edition.

1). Runs smoother than any rhyme,  
loves to fall but cannot climb!

2). You break it even if you name it!

3). I stand, and look across the sea,  
with its waves, crests, troughs, and  
valleys. I stride, across this water, my  
horse following after, and while it  
laps against his withers, and brushes  
against my thighs, I fill the emptiness  
with laughter. And he - with his sighs.  
Whether do we go?  
Or do we go at all?  
Or are we simply out here wading,  
To the next port of call.  
Where the sea ends, where the loam  
lays firm beneath my feet, and I can  
mount my steed again, and continue  
til next we meet.

What is really being talked about?



“Peace is but a shadow of Death, desperate to forget its painful past...”

# Question of the month

by Talmus Lightreaver  
trl@nero.nb.ca



A funny thing happened today. I woke up and found that somebody named "Peaches" had left a message on the Dryads Tree. Strange that, who would go by such a name?

Well it turns out that Peaches is actually Pichus, someone who used to be a Lich but was changed back into a mortal form. The message in general is a happy one, expressing how much better Pichus feels about himself now, the evils of Undeath, and so on.

Yep, that's right. The evils of Undeath. We hear that one a lot, don't we? So you would figure that this Pichus guy must have done some pretty horrible stuff, right? Well I asked around, and the answer seems to be: no. Ok, he might have and perhaps nobody is talking. I didn't ask him specifically, he has had a hard enough few days no doubt. But I asked around, the people who knew him and such.

As a Lich, he seemed to spend more time trying to reclaim an Inn that he used to own more then anything else. It was owned by his father and was taken away when he failed to make a tax payment (it now belongs to Magnolia Greenstar, one of the sisters of Rosa Greenstar, owner of Darkenwald's Inn; the only building to survive more then two years in the area).

You would think that with the army of Undead a Lich must have, he would have no problem simply taking back the Inn. But he never did that. Instead he talked, tried to convince people of this. Even the local authorities did not

seem to have any significant problem with him (for that matter neither did the visiting Adventurers, who simply let him go on about his business). Strange isn't it, that such an evil being wouldn't simply take what he wants?

Among other evil deeds that Pichus committed, the most horrible certainly has to be his offer to assist said visiting Adventurers in locating the "night-walkers" that were plaguing the area, and the children they had kidnapped. I heard that his offer was rejected by the Knights of Icewurm and Gryphonclaw who were in the area (who are probably forced by some law to do so), but offering to assist in such a noble endeavour as helping to rescue children surely is an evil act if I have ever heard one.

This is not the only example of helpful Undead. The most famous one in recent times may very well be a Vampire who provided the missing ingredient for a cure to a plague that was running rampant some years ago. Does it seem like the actions of a truly evil creature to assist people who want to destroy you in their time of need? One has to wonder...

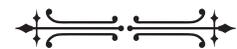
We also have Undead who would have to be looked at differently. Baroness Akasha is certainly an unusual case. I do not know very much about her, but it would be hard for anybody to argue that she is not eloquent and skilled at making a point. There are quite a few living people in this Kingdom who could use a good lesson

from her in how to write. (Baroness, how would you feel about an interview at some point to get your opinion on all of this?)

I am not going to say that all Undead are good, certainly not. Queldonas for example has no redeeming qualities whatsoever that I know of. I would have a very hard time making a case that the Kabal (in either Undead or Elemental form) were nice people. But at the same time, I can't make a case that all Humans are nice. Neither are all Elves, Dwarves, or any other group of people.

The main difference is that its considered proper reasoning to hate every Undead, whereas somebody who hates all Woven on sight because of their race is just considered to be a nutcase. Is that really fair?

Its something to keep in mind the next time an Undead saves your life. Perhaps it would be a good idea to say 'thank you', and leave the Destroy Undead spells out of it?



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**"Peace is but a shadow of Death, desperate to forget its painful past..."**

### Calling all Artists!

Takysa Shandrill

As something of a special edition, I'd like to get everyone who fancies themselves an artist to submit to myself or Shallamar Lorie your artwork! (I'll have to run this by her, of course, since this edition is coming out without her final touch! Bad deadlines, bad, hehehe.) Anyway! I'm sure she would like this idea very much so please! Send us your drawings!!!

-----  
(OOG - Please have them scanned in at 300 DPI if possible, as this will guarantee the quality of the image when it is printed .... the archer on the front was at 72, and it's kinda crusty, hehe... and send them to either me, liz@hiredgoons.ca, or to the newsletter email address, newsletter@nero.nb.ca. Thanks a bunch!!! - Liz Goulard)



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# Festival of the August Moon

### The festival is upon us!

This week is the Festival of the August Moon! The event list is as follows:

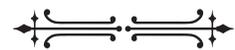
- Animal Survival
- Archery - Clout Shoot
- Archery - Friend and Foe
- Charade Contest
- Circle Dancing
- Contest of the Mind
- Drag Race
- Feast!
- Find the Name
- Fighting Tournament
- Four Legged Race
- Gambling
- Improv Challenge
- Knife Throwing
- Market Day Booth
- Obstacle Race
- Performance Art
- Scavenger Hunt
- Sneek
- Team Cheer
- Team Colours
- Tinker's Competition
- Trap the Hall

Sign up for Teams starts at 9:00 pm on Friday and lasts until 11:00 am Saturday. If an individual competes, then joins a team, their points are added to the team's.

### Stuff you should get together beforehand:

- 1) Each team needs to provide something for the Feast on Saturday
- 2) Each team needs to be able to set up a stall on Market Day
- 3) You may want to bring supplies for the Tinker's Competition and Trap the Hall

Feel free to contact the Committee if you have any questions.



### The Darkenwald Enquirer

Brought to you by:

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“Peace is but a shadow of Death, desperate to forget its painful past...”