

A large, ornate decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the entire page. At the top center of the border is a small, stylized flame or torch-like element.

2

# STERNPAW'S ALMANACK

17th Aerrayulla to  
9th Hrepmonath

---

Time sensitive deliveries?

Don't risk carts or canals; use magic!

The Guild of Thaumaturgic

Conveyers have offices in a dozen towns, and we're opening new depots every month! If it's got to be there, safe and on time, put your trust in the power of Noble magic. Satisfaction guaranteed, at a price that will surprise you!



Skilled labour Urgently required.

Immediate vacancy; military experience a plus, but a simple propensity for violence will suffice. A high level of moral flexibility is a plus, as is a lack of imagination, sympathy, or fellow-feeling. A simmering resentment for all other creatures combined with a total absence of any form of conscience will be most helpful to the successful applicant.

Contact Otto von Mohler at The Dusky Polecat.

Need goods moving? Brigands not a problem, we guarantee delivery, anywhere in Northymbra. Up to ten standard cart-loads in a single delivery, if required.

Contact E. Stoatbart & Sons,  
Caerlisle.  
We Deliver!

Northymbra's Alchemists - yet more changes...

### The Guild of Esoteric & Thaumaturgic Alchemy

As we revealed in our last issue, the Royal Guild of Alchemists was going through some dramatic changes; and we can now confirm that Forsine Longpaw, the enigmatic cat who is famed for combining alchemy and magic, has now definitely established her new organization. The Guild of Esoteric and Thaumaturgic Alchemy is now formally open, with premises in Penrhudd, just a few miles down the road from Caerlisle, where the Royal Guild of Alchemists is based.

The new Guild does appear to be separate from the Royal Guild, and is wholly under the control of Madame Longpaw. Any speculation that this would result in her expulsion from the Royal Guild now appears unfounded, however; Forsine Longpaw's rise within the Alchemists continues unabated, with her appointment to the Inner Council, as the new Chair of Theoretical Studies, following the sudden and unexpected demise of the former incumbent, Warwick Broadstripe, in an apparent mugging. Now controlling one of the six Votes in the Royal Guild of Alchemists and her own institution, Madame Longpaw has become one of the more influential beasts in Northymbra. How she uses this influence remains to be seen.

## The Noble Fellowship of Most Scientifical Artisans

As discussed in our last issue, the mole Tarrin Crum, famed for developing the highly controversial 'Black Powder', had established his own Fellowship, and rapidly attracted many practically-minded beasts to work with him in further research into the Arts Technical. Despite facing censure from the Royal Guild of Alchemists, who had threatened to cut Crum off from access to alchemical supplies, it seems the influence of the Othyrs has been brought to bear, and supplies of raw materials continue to flow in to Crum and his apprentices.

The Royal interest seems to come from a desire to see further development of weaponry, particularly larger versions of the gunnes and pistols currently finding favour with the Army. Tarrin Crum has also claimed that the Noble Fellowship of Scientifical Artisans will soon bring their skills to bear upon the field of production, claiming that he could vastly increase the output of our traditional industries.

This has not been well received in some quarters, however, if the demonstrations seen last week outside the Fellowship's hall are anything to go by. Angry smiths and mill-workers may seem easy to dismiss; but organised and gathering in large numbers, they should not be taken lightly. We will watch developments with interest, especially any official response from the authorities.



The very Finest, most Elegant and yet Hardwearing and Waterproof Toadskin Cloaks! Guaranteed to keep you Dry in the Fiercest of Downpours! Able to turn aside the Keenest of Blades! Buckshot simply Glances Off! Ethically sourced, all hides and other materials from officially designated Enemies of the Crown.

Contact Rupert Grosser, of Grosser's Hides and Leathers, Gallows Street, Eoferwic, just past the House of Illumination



17th to 23rd  
Aerrayulla

A sudden surge in natural magic levels will cause unexpected weather, including rains of bugs, and, according to local seeress 'Crazy' Meg Glommit, a potentially lethal rain of anvils. Cautious beasts will seek cover, on the offchance that Meg is right for the first time in her life...

## Strange Happenings Continue

Reports of ghostly apparitions and strange hauntings continue to increase in the Moors; many travelers are now seeking alternate routes south, hoping to avoid the area altogether. What was originally dismissed as simply overactive imaginations has grown dramatically. The DeBouan Witch Hunters who arrived last month in Whitbye have been conducting investigations in the surrounding villages and hamlets, and their findings are exceedingly worrying. Following up on an initial statement by one Wollsley Bunnitt, a wood-cutter living near the White Road, the Witch Hunters found his campsite empty, but with signs of a struggle having taken place. Of Bunnitt, neither hide nor hair was found. Moving on down the road, they found the small settlement of Wrench Green similarly devoid of life; shutters broken, doors smashed in, signs of violent activity, but again, no signs of any of the residents, barring what appeared to be possible blood stains. Fearing the worst, the group continued to search the area. In total, they have so far discovered seven small settlements all emptied, with no living beasts to be found anywhere. The likelihood of dark forces at work on the Moors now seems undeniable. What this will mean for the Kingdom is yet to be discovered, but the burghers of Scar's Burgh are preparing patrols, and hiring Road Wardens, while the garrisons at Crake and Harlsey castles have been put on high alert, although exactly what they are watching for remains unclear.

## The Origin Myth of the Eternal Light

by Heironymus Scrope, scrivener and archivist to Lord Rupert Barnsley.

There are a great many origin myths regarding the birth of our noble Kingdom, and even more concerning the beginnings of the very Eorthe upon which we stand. Over the years I have collected many such, which range from the incomprehensible, such as the Strath Clotan belief that all life arose from some form of ancient soup, to the humorous, like the idea common among lizards that their antecedents were once gigantic and ruled the world!

Nevertheless, certain of these myths have become fixed in the national consciousness, even enshrined as part of religious ceremony. One particular story, which is a sacred part of the lore belonging to the Order of the Bounteous Harvest, I record here for your amusement.

'In the beginning, Eorthe was lush and green, and filled with life, in forms most varied and wonderful. The great herds of Wilderbeasts traversed the grasslands of the Africus, the mighty Tigra folk ruled the Indus valley, and even our own land was home to great Equines, Boar-folk, even Deer with vast antlers on their heads, as well as the cunning Wolf packs and the terrible Ursids that preyed upon them. The smaller beasts lived a life of fear among the shadows, hiding in their burrows below the ground, or sheltering in fallen trees and other dark places, always seeking protection from

the great beasts that dominated the world. Yet this sheltered life was to be our salvation, when the Eternal Light shone forth.

It occurred that one clear night, the Light appeared in the sky; faint at first, seen distantly, it appeared as a star, but with a long tail flowing dimly behind it. But as the days passed, the Light grew larger in the sky, gradually coming to be brighter than the Moon, and as more days passed, challenging even the Sun for mastery of the Heavens. Then when it seemed the Eternal Light could be no brighter, the sound of a terrible thunder issued forth, and was followed by a brightness exceeding all others. The ground shook and was torn asunder, fire rained across Eorthe, and all the land was thrown into confusion. Much land at the coasts was lost under vast waves, and the whole face of our world was altered in an instant.

In the days and weeks that followed, a dark cloud seemed to encompass the skies, and the light of the Moon and stars was lost completely, and that of the Sun glimpsed only dully, as if their very powers had been swallowed up, eaten by the Eternal Light. Eorthe grew cold; the Winter that began stretched into years, then decades. The plants suffered in the darkness and cold, and soon withered and died. The great herds of beasts that ate the plants died too, and soon so did the great hunters that had preyed upon them.

Only the smaller beasts and birds, those who lived deep, burrowing, always hiding from the cruel world overhead, those able to breed quickly, and to survive on the worms and beetles that swarmed in the ashes were able to live through the long Winter of Years. Yet live through it we did, and as the sun finally began to shine again, we crept forth from our burrows, and now the world is ours, and we give thanks and praise to the Eternal Light for that great gift!

This origin myth is particularly interesting, as the College of Astronomy have suggested that it represents a racial memory, recording an event in the distant past. They suggest it describes a comet striking the Eorthe; apparently, the College's Professors predict that the results of such an impact would be much as described in the myth. Of course, no evidence of comets acting in this way has yet been discovered, so it all remains theoretical, but nevertheless, an interesting diversion.

**Toliver Smee, Enchanter.** Swords ensorcelled, staffs empowered, rings given potent magicks. Whatever you want in an item, I can provide. Need a spear with a Flaming Blade, or a Cloak of Concealment? Visit me at my home, where the rivers meet, to the east of Thorn.



**Balfour's Patented  
Nasal Moistener**

Hounds – do you suffer from DRY NOSE? This irritating complaint is far more common than you think; but you do not have to Suffer any longer! Balfour's Patented Nasal Moistener guarantees a full day of SOOTHING, HEALTHY DAMPNESS for all hounds!

Available from all good apothecaries, or direct from Jonsan & Jonsan, Ledecester, Myrce.



**24th to 30th  
Aerrayulla**

The Dark days are upon us; the weather remains cold and bleak. Expect rogues and those living wild to become desperate; theft and violent attacks are an increased possibility

Big Tom 'Slasher' MacDeth's Relationship advice and problem solving column - this issue, we have an interesting question of career advancement.

Dear Tom,

I've always been a very goal-oriented rabbit, focussed on my life-plan. I studied hard at Golmore's School for Superfluous Children, and upon graduation secured myself a position as a Clerk at Flummidge's & Co, the legal and banking firm in the New Castle. I flatter myself that I am not without talent, and am conscientious in my work, and punctual to a fault. Yet despite this, I find myself struggling and unhappy at work.

My career seems to have stalled; I find it all but impossible to attract the attention of my superiors. Any possibility of promotion, or any form of advancement in the firm, seems increasingly unlikely. I am despondent, and seek your advice.

Keen but struggling,  
The New Castle

Dear Keen but Struggling,

You're in a tricky situation; so often in life, we seek to avoid attention, not attract it. For instance, when I'm gutting an irritating neighbour, or stealing weapons from the Royal Armouries, I find things go much smoother, and with far less bloodshed, when no-one notices me. But you have the opposite problem; you actively want to be seen. Thankfully, I think I can help with this!

Perhaps you simply need to be less conscientious. For example, take the afore-mentioned neighbour cull. If I'd done the job as planned, and simply walked away afterwards, I would have remained, as you are, entirely unnoticed. But I got carried away, and decided to clear out several annoying local residents, and things became noisy and rather messy. Inevitably, the attention of the local authorities was attracted. They were merely Watch-mice, so I didn't find it too much of an inconvenience, and a snack is always appreciated, but the point remains; unmitigated, wholesale slaughter attracts attention.

And the quieter, more organised the place, the less it takes to be noticed; why, in a calm, orderly place like a legal and banking firm, you'd probably have to do no more than behead a single co-worker to attract attention! Seize the opportunity; and stack the deck a little in your favour, by taking out your immediate superior. That way, you'll not only attract attention, but create a vacancy too. I fully expect this will change you from unnoticed to famous quite rapidly; I wouldn't be surprised if we were reading all about you in our next issue!

---

Editor's Note - Tom's advice is merely indicative of one possible course of action; Sternpaw's Almanack offer no comment on whether or not this should be followed, and accept no responsibility for any resulting incarceration or death.

## Lady Jayne's Society news

The future of the Dillendorf Agreement is now in doubt. Originally brokered at the end of 794, at the close of the War of Storms, the Agreement established the new boundaries between the lands of the Reynards, the Belvederes, and the Willoughbys, forming the Northern border of Myrce. It also allowed a 'soft border' for trade between Myrce and Northymbra. But with relations souring between Lord Beaumaris and the Reynard family, the region seems likely to fall into unrest and brigandage, as rival factions sponsor small bands to clandestinely support their interests. We expect the Crown authorities to establish a formal customs post and garrison on the north bank of the Hymbre, and small bands of patrolling soldiers will no doubt be a regular sight right across the southern border region for the foreseeable future. Imports for the southern countries are expected to increase in price dramatically.

---

Princess Lutrea of Brittany has apparently begun a three month visit to the Court of King Vilemyr of Aquitania. It seems clear that this confirms the likelihood of a union between the Princess and Vilemyr's eldest son, Prince Dolemide. It would seem any hope of our Prince Reinert Othyr allying with the noble line of Brittany is now at an end. It also seems likely that the Othyr's lands and titles in the

Continent are now potentially at risk. Northymbra has no allies in that part of the world now, and with the Army decimated following the War of Storms, the possibility of any garrison forces being deployed seems highly unlikely. A gradual collapse of our Continental assets appears to be inevitable over the coming years, barring a miracle. What will this mean for the long term security of the Realm?

---

The recent duel between Lord Marchum and Sir Balderslee Short-tail ended with the death of the noble knight. The affair arose over certain insulting remarks Lord Marchum had been overheard to make regarding Sir Balderslee's sister. As would be expected, the knight issued a challenge, which Lord Marchum accepted. However, as the challenged party, it was Lord Marchum's given right to appoint a champion to duel for him. Thus, the duel took place between the knighly mouse and Marchum's champion, Dargo 'The Disemboweller' Tibbs, the wildcat notorious for being banned from Jock 'Anything Goes' Hybbitt's Fighting Pits for his unusual brutality.

Sir Balderslee's remains were interred in the family mouseoleum the following day.

Notably, with Sir Balderlee's death, there is no longer anything to halt the development of the common land around Allerton, and Lord Marchum's business agent has already been seen making arrangements in the area.

### Urgently Sought

Information leading to the discovery of last remining copy of Nargal's Recipe Book; believed last seen in the collection of Barnaby Moorcroft.

Substantial reward offered.

### Do you have what it takes?

Do you have a passion for adventure, a love of the Great Outdoors, and a desire for Honour? Do you long for the comradeship of fellow-minded, noble beasts? Why not consider a career in THE ROYAL ARMY? Guaranteed signing bonus of three shillings!

### Grubs, Larvae and Beetles

Need meat, but at reasonable prices?

We've got the country's widest selection of insect based foods, ideal for feeding a growing litter! Just one baked Strawberry Seed Beetle will feed a family of eight!

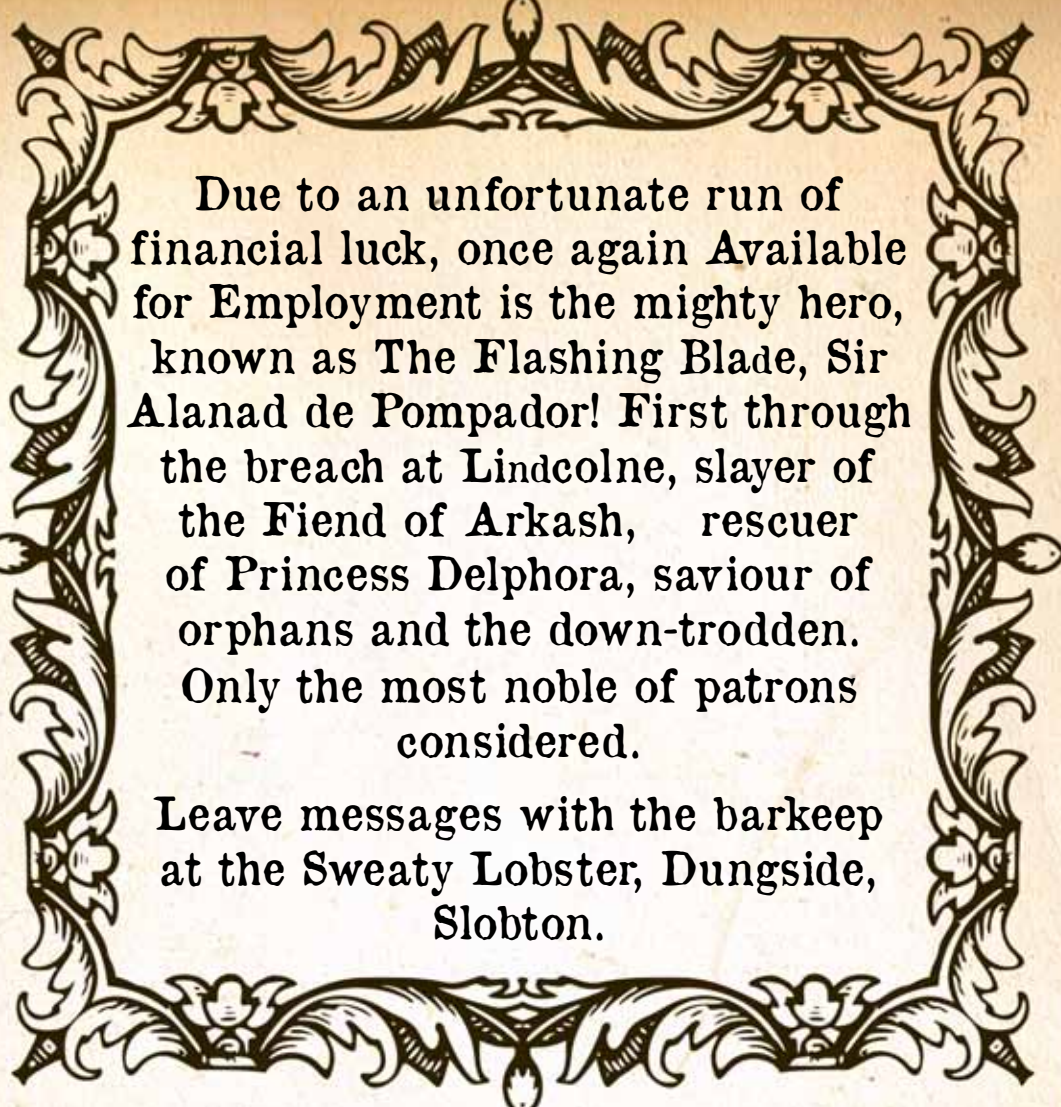
Willowby's Fresh Foods, Berneslai

### Wanted

The Notorious Highwaybeast Japheth Crole, also known as Fast Ned, Rorgal Foth, and Slippery Trong, for the assault and murder of the Hapwell brothers, of Hapwell's Haulage, upon the Dunby Woods Road.

Reward offered for information leading to an arrest.





Due to an unfortunate run of financial luck, once again Available for Employment is the mighty hero, known as The Flashing Blade, Sir Alanad de Pompador! First through the breach at Lindcolne, slayer of the Fiend of Arkash, rescuer of Princess Delphora, saviour of orphans and the down-trodden. Only the most noble of patrons considered.

Leave messages with the barkeep at the Sweaty Lobster, Dungside, Slobton.



1st to 7th  
Aefteryulla

A sudden freeze; the ground will be like rock. Moles will struggle to travel. Cover any grubs and seedlings with sacking.

The War of Storms, a personal account, Part one.

Contributed by Gorrin Slowhop, Hare. Formerly a Captain in the Royal Army, currently a Barkeep, Brewer and Priest of Medignus.

Editor's Note - this is a new series, and will cover Captain Slowhop's Reminiscences of the War. Our Reporter spoke with him in his tavern, The Brock's Rest, in Warren Percy.

'I bought this tavern as a retirement gift to myself; thirty years in the Royal Army, and most of that was fairly pleasant duty... oh, the occasional border skirmish, dealing with reivers, that kind of thing. But it was mostly garrison duty in various places, the odd bit of ceremonial stuff. Of course, the War of Storms changed all that. Worst three years of my life. Seems to me like a war should happen because kings get uppity, start picking a fight with each other. Or because some great wizard raises a huge army, and gets to thinking they should own the world. That's what you'd expect, anyway.

So when we had the big storm of 789, well, it was a nasty time, but didn't seem anything huge. A lot of beasts suffered, of course, and the harvest was ruined, but the storerooms and granaries were full, so there was no cause for panic.

But then 790 came around, and the Saint Juliana flood and the storm that came with it swept across Northymbra, and the early growth in the fields was lost, along with most of the seasons' new grubs and insects. And suddenly things weren't looking too rosy.

When the storms continued through 791, we were really in trouble. The storerooms were all empty; the emergency supplies had all been handed out the year before. The order of the Bounteous Harvest tried their best, with their usual charitable work, but they were just overwhelmed by the scale of the problem. Beasts were starving. 792 was looking to be the worst year the Kingdom had ever faced.

O' course, dark times like that are also an opportunity for some; the Children of the Green Mother were having a ball, preaching fire and brimstone, saying it was punishment for turning away from the old ways, calling for repentance, while others were saying the Kingdom should've modernised it's farming, and that was to blame, and pretty soon there was rioting and violence. Gangs in the streets. And up in the Ironstone Hills, Vargut the Cruel had been slowly beating the rat clans into submission, and the famine gave him the perfect excuse to lead them out. North o' the border, the Hillfolk Clans of Strath Clota were about as short of food as us, and were always raiding and thieving anyway, so the famine was enough to get them to stop feuding and unite for a full-on invasion.

If the Royal Army had been at its best, we could've coped with things. But the Army had already been split up into companies, spread around the Kingdom, to help with the relief work to start with, then to try and contain the rioting and brigandage. So when the word came that a Strath-Clotan army was ravaging the north country, we had real difficulties mobilising enough troops to hold them.

Then from Myrce in the south, scenting the chance to grab more land, a sizeable force under the Reynards crossed the Hymbra, claiming to be a force 'o liberation, bringing the Freebeast way to all, and we were forced to trade space for time.

We'd have been trapped between the Hillfolk Clans and the Myrceans, but then Vargut's Rat army hit from the east, and suddenly the Myrceans had their paws full, stopping the rats rolling them up from the flank. That at least meant we could focus on the northern threat. Even so, it meant we had to abandon most of the folk in the south of the Kingdom; we had some small garrisons, but they were isolated and in danger themselves, so a lot of beasts were left to take their chances with the Freebeasts or the rats. Can't hardly blame those that went over to the Myrcean side though, not with us turning our backs on 'em. Anybeast who was offering a helping paw would've looked like a blessing, especially given the only other choice was to end up as a slave or a meal for Vargut and his hordes.

So with the Reynard's Myrcean forces and the Rat army trading blows in the south, the decision was taken to gather a strong force together, to try and take some manner of control over the situation. With most of the remaining food stores held in The New Castle, word went out for all the Barons and Lords to gather their forces together there. It took time, o' course.

As 792 came to a close, most of the Army was north of the Tyne, hoping to take on the Strath Clotan forces in a decisive battle. It happened near the Old Wall, at Carrowburgh. I was with Baron Scargoil's beasts, serving as a Captain over his third company. We were formed up on the ridge, facing North. It was a cold morning, and the mists were thick. We knew the Hillfolk were close by, but had no real notion of their size or dispositions. Our scouts had gone out, but not many had come back...



---

## 8th to 14th Aefteryulla

Snow, spreading from the high ground right across the north of the Kingdom. The heavy fall will continue for several days. Ensure a good stock of food and fuel is on hand.

We were a fine sight, all ranked up, blocks of spear-beasts in the centre, free companies and militia on the wings, and rows of archers behind us, ready to drop a rain o' hell down on the enemy. There were a lot of clean, newly issued uniforms, their colours still bright and unfaded. Like I said, a fine sight. Of course, looked at logically, seeing all those fresh uniforms meant we were mostly a raw, untried bunch; but we'd at least look imposing to the enemy, even if those new recruits would have much preferred a crust of bread to a new jacket, I reckon. Standing there, waiting, is the worst part o' soldiering. Time drags, and the mist and the pale dawn light just magnifies yours fears. But I did my best to keep the lad's spirits up, with jokes and stuff, you know. Then, as the morning got late, we finally caught a sign of the enemy.

First thing we heard was their pipes; listening to the sound of them skirling through the fog didn't do our nerves any good, I can tell you. Then the pounding sound; we thought it was drums at first, it was so loud. But it got louder still, and speeded up into a rumbling, and then we could see shapes appearing through the swirling mists, and suddenly there was hundreds of them, charging full at us, coming fast.

They were close, too close for the archers to thin the numbers; our bow-beasts got a ragged volley off, but then the howling mob was right on us.

They don't fight like us, the Hillfolk; no order, nor ranks and files, just a great wall of blades and claws racing straight at their enemy. They all picked a target, beast to beast; I had a huge Wildcat, swinging a claymore like it was a toothpick, charging straight at me, grinning, green eyes locked on mine, staring like he was starving and I was the choicest cut of meat he'd ever seen. Forget the waiting, that, there, the being charged by a raging tower o' muscle and fur waving 5 feet of steel, that's the worst part o' soldiering. Reckon the weeks of short rations was the only thing keeping my laundry clean at that point.

We had fully formed ranks, spears at the ready. They had the numbers on us, but disciplined ranks of trained soldiers will always beat numbers. Leastways, they should. But our lads weren't at their best; we'd conscripted a lot of them when the crisis first began, and they were as short on training as they'd been on food, and were mostly more worried about what was happening back at their home towns than the job in front of them. I could feel the line wavering even as the Strath Clotans bore down on us. When they hit us, all discipline went; the veteran soldiers, scattered throughout the line, held and fought, but the conscripts mostly fell back, or just turned tail and ran.

As Captain, it was my job to hold the company together, but I had my own problems; about seven feet and two hundred and fifty pounds of problems, at a quick assay. Those wide green

eyes were glinting with something, excitement or hunger, maybe, and the claymore was swinging down, and it was all I could do to get my shield up in time. Even so, the sheer force of him threw me back, rocking me, so I was nearly over, only staying up thanks to banging into the unlucky sod in the rank behind me, who shoved me forward with an annoyed grunt, but even as I got my paws firm to the ground, the cat was swinging again, a wild, wide arcing cut aimed at separating my head from my body. Might be that's the worst bit o' soldiering, actually. I dived forward, dropping my sword and pulling a knife, hitting him at waist height with my shoulder, took the wind out of him.



## 15th to 21st Aefteryulla

A sudden improvement in the weather will give a false sense of Spring's nearness. The Lady's Wain rising in the north-east sky predicts that the cold and snow will return shortly, and harsher than before.

Still, it'll be nice to be warmer for a few days, at least!

His claymore whistled over me as I dived, taking a nick from my ear, and taking the top of the head off the trooper behind me. Like I said, unlucky. But his blood went in the Wildcat's eyes, blinding him, and with a shove, I forced him back, stumbling, and I was punching and punching at him, over and over, with that knife gripped firmly in my fist.

He took his own sweet time dying, mewling and screeching, and raking his claws across my back and shoulder, but suddenly he fell, and I could see the battle clearly again. I say battle, but it was more a brawl by then, with our orderly ranks all broken up, and snarling groups of beasts ripping at each other, no plan or discipline to it, nothing that made sense anywhere.

Except you could see the way it was going; when order's gone, numbers and ferocity count double, and the Strath Clotans had both in abundance. We were only in the opening moments of the battle, but anybeast could see it was over for us, and the smart money was on getting clear, and living to fight again. I couldn't find my sword, but I grabbed the Wildcat's claymore, and made a run for it. Looking back on it, those moments are really the worst bit o' soldiering, running scared, with your back to the foe, cringing, waiting for the blow or the arrow that'll end you. But I guess there was enough plunder to keep 'em occupied, and I made it clear of the field in one piece.

We lost a lot of beasts that morning, and it could've been the end of the Kingdom, if the Hillfolk had held it together, and harried us. But they had nobeast in charge, just a lot o' Chiefs, each with their own way o' doing, and that saved us; the Clans split up, looting, gutting the local towns and villages. Bad news for them, I guess, but it gave the Army time to regroup.

Even so, the Royal Army's first pitched battle of the war was a loss, and that wasn't good for morale. Even worse if you were one of the dead, though. Being dead, to be honest, that's probably the worst part of soldiering'

Captain Slowhop's Reminiscences will continue in our next issue.

---

Do you need a lost item reclaiming? Have your possessions been taken by another? Perhaps you left something by mistake, and it would be embarrassing to ask for its return? Don't worry! I can help. Whatever the item, however difficult it may seem, it can be safely in your paws in no time at all, and my rates are very competitive. Contact Gromley Softpaw, Discreet Acquisitions Specialist. Messages may be left on the notice board of the Three Bells, in Scar's Burgh.

## Getting to know Northymbra. Part Five: The New, the Old, and the Deeply Worrying.

Contributed by Jerzey Spaydtail.

Editor's note – this piece is contributed by a freelance journalist, and any comments and views expressed within are not those of Sternpaw's Almanack, and are not endorsed by the publishers. Any legal claims arising from the content of this article should be addressed to Mr. Rupert Grole Esq, Bole House, Dunholm.

### The Guild of Thaumaturgical Conveyers

One of the most unusual developments of recent years has been the application of magic to industry. While most mages' power is too volatile and unreliable to be much use in day-to-day life, the careful, scientific design of Unbound spells, and the pure, transformational energy of Noble magic have allowed significant use in the regular workings of the Kingdom.

Probably the best-known of the groups using the practical application of magic is the Guild of Thaumaturgical Conveyers. They appeared, seemingly from nowhere, eleven years ago, and opened six offices in major towns around Northymbra. Shortly after that, additional branches were opened in Ledecester, Lundene and Plymmuth.

Several more have followed over the years. The Guild was clearly well financed from the start, but who exactly was funding it remains unclear, as do the current owners; legal documentation shows a bewildering array of companies within companies, all but impossible to untangle. The only thing we can say for sure is that whoever it is, they wish to remain anonymous.

The Guild's stated purpose is very simple; it allows goods to be transported almost instantaneously between any of their branches. And that might be a very useful thing; perhaps a consignment of fresh oysters needs to be at a banquet five hundred miles away before it spoils, or a legal document must reach a particular courthouse before judgement is passed. Indeed, a beast may even find itself in need of being in a different town, rapidly, and without chance of discovery or interception. That too, can be provided by the Guild of Thaumaturgical Conveyers.

Of course, it tends to only be very urgent or expensive items that are transported in this way; most of Northymbra's goods and post continue to be transported by cart or barge, as usual. Because the Guild's services do not come cheap; indeed, they are often regarded as ruinously expensive. Regular users can take out a contract which allows a discounted rate, but even so, it remains a service for the wealthier members of society.

The high cost is inevitable, given the way the Guild's transport system works. Almost any-beast could afford to buy a handcart, or even a wagon, and begin moving goods by road. But to do what the Guild of Thaumaturgic Conveyers do, and move things by magic, is a much more difficult prospect.

The basic concept is straightforward; it is effectively a more powerful version of the 'Transpose' spell, one of the most stable and commonly known Noble spells. But as you can imagine, there is a lot more involved than that! According to the Guild's own publicity material, the process requires several highly skilled Master Mages, working in concert. The most skilled and powerful of the mages casts a modified version of the 'Transpose' spell, boosted to extreme power levels by the remaining mages operating as a magical 'Choir'. The number of mages required varies depending on the mass of the items to be transported. A roughly equivalent mass of quartz is placed at the destination; it is transposed with the goods as the spell is completed.

The Guild make it sound simple enough; basically, a larger, more powerful version of a spell quite well known to most Noble magic practitioners. One that provides a hugely beneficial service, under carefully controlled and safe conditions.

But it not all rosy; certainly, using the service for personal transportation has not been well received. Migraine and nausea are common side-effects of the process, and so far, the Guild insists that only one beast at a time is transported. They do not give a reason for this, but although their public image is untarnished, I have discovered several disturbing stories, which hint at a number of dark possibilities. A certain fox I spoke to, who claimed to be a former employee of the Guild, stated that initial attempts to transport several beasts at once had resulted in disaster, as the beasts arrived fused into a single lump... this fox also claimed that some who the Guild have transported arrived at their destination alive, but were left soul-less, an empty shell, while others had their soul replaced by something else, something they'd crossed through during the transportation! I'll leave you to decide on how much credence you give these stories, as I have been

Join Us for A Show Celebrating the  
Legendary Exploits and Heroic  
Achievements of the legendary Larry  
'The Immortal' Ironhide, along with  
a Raffle for Certain Items recovered  
during his Marvelous Adventures!

Come along and help us raise Funds  
to support his Widow and Seven Cubs.

unable to verify them. Other stories, however, seem to have more evidence; the spell casting process seems to have a damaging effect on the mages involved, causing rapid aging in some, and marked personality changes in others, even leading to psychosis.

It's also been asked where exactly do the items transported go as they travel, for although the process is very rapid, it is not instantaneous. What dark realm do they pass through, and what malign entities live there? It is rumoured that the Mage 'Choirs' now use blindfolds during the casting process; exactly what it is they fear to see is open to conjecture...

As dark as these stories may be, they do little to diminish the Guild's profile; as a business, they attract the richest of clientele, and seem set to continue in their rapid growth. Whether this will be to Northymbra's benefit in the long-term is impossible to say.



## 22nd to 27th Aefteryulla

Sudden cold, frosts, ice and snow. Stay inside. Burn whatever fuel you have left. This will be the coldest week in twenty five years, so wrap up in those blankets and stay close to the fire. Or just keep hibernating, if that's your thing.

## The Tunneljacks

Rarely has any group provided such vital service to the Kingdom, whilst still being held in contempt by the majority of its inhabitants. The Tunneljacks were first instituted over a hundred years ago, during the Plague of Beetles, when a surfeit of background magic caused the huge burrow complex under Whittle Dene to be over-run by enormous, predatory Rove beetles. Out-of-work soldiers, mercenaries and other desperate beasts were hired by the local authorities and sent down into the burrows to clear the beetles out. The fighting was bloody, and many lives were lost before the situation was brought under control. The survivors were offered further work by the Crown, clearing infestations of larvae, beetles, cave spiders and other mindless beasts, in the tunnels, burrows and sewers of the Kingdom. And thus were formed the Tunneljacks.

Although an official body, funded and directed by the Crown, most Tunneljacks are employed by town authorities, and work within a fairly narrow local area, allowing them to develop a familiarity with the underground layout which can be the difference between life and death when the lights go out and foes swarm...

Tunneljacks are generally recruited from the dregs of society; the down-and-outs, soldiers who have been drummed out of their regiments, and similar.



This is not by choice, but rather, when a job combines poor pay with unsociable hours and the constant possibility of a grisly death, the pool of possible candidates is quite limited. Your life has to be pretty bad before a career as a Tunneljack looks like a step up.

The Tunneljack's foes are not restricted to the swarming, mindless beasts, whether naturally occurring or magically enhanced; they often have also had to fight against more cunning enemies. Most famously, during the War of Storms, while Vargut the Cruel's rat army was laying siege to the gates of The New Castle, a fleet of corsairs led by the dread Sea-rat Graunch Blade-tail rowed up the Tyne, capturing the jettys and wharfs beneath the town. They swiftly began to infiltrate the upper town, moving through the merchant's tunnels and the sewers which honeycombed the whole area.

When the first of them burst out into the streets, the garrison were taken unawares, with the majority of the troops already in action holding the walls. Only the Tunneljacks were available to fight; and fight they did, forcing their way into the network of tunnels, and pushing the invaders back, step by step. They fought for several hours that first day, pitting their hard-won close-quarters fighting skills and local knowledge against the ferocity and natural cunning of Graunch's Pi-rats. Losses on both sides were high; but at least the day ended

with the tunnels secured.

The fighting continued for days, with the Tunneljacks working in shifts, barely pausing every few hours for a bite to eat and a brief nap; but with Graunch bringing up regular reinforcements by ship, the pressure was relentless. This was some of the fiercest, most desperate fighting of the War, but it went unseen by most, happening as it did in the deep, dark places beneath the ground. The pressure was finally lifted when a relief force under the Warden of the Marches, Baron Growlett, stormed the wharfs and drove Graunch's corsairs back down the Tyne.

Inevitably, the New Castle's survival is attributed to the intervention of Baron Growlett and the staunch efforts of the garrison troops, holding the gates. But the real heroes were the Tunneljacks; as ever, doing the dirty jobs, and getting little thanks.

### Court of Justices Executions in the month of Aerrayulla

Borbor Tuftytail, for the theft of carrots.

Randall the Fair, for Selling Rotten Fish

Salvar Gram, for Beetle Rustling.

## The DeBouan Witch-hunters

Although not actually part of our great Kingdom, or indeed having any legitimate authority here, the Order of DeBouan Witch-hunters have been active here several times in recent years. Based in Roma, the DeBouans are the investigative and militant arm of the Office of Heresy, which in turn is subject to the High Church of All Divine.

The High Church claims to represent all the world's deities, and thus believes itself to be the de facto ruler of every religious group. Although this is a dubious and oft-disputed claim, the High Church's wealth and political power mean few are willing to openly antagonize them. As a result, wherever the High Church's agents, such as the afore-mentioned DeBouans, go, they are usually met with courtesy and respect, or at least, the appearance of it.

The DeBouan Witch-Hunters often operate singly, usually with one or two assistants. On rare occasions, when serious matters requiring possible military action come to light, a full Circle of thirteen Witch-hunters will be dispatched. Once the Circle have investigated the situation, they would typically gather whatever forces they required, then carry out whatever action they deemed appropriate. Their relationship with the temporal powers is often strained; the DeBouans will simply requisition troops, and demand assistance, while in many cases they have no actual power over the local authorities.

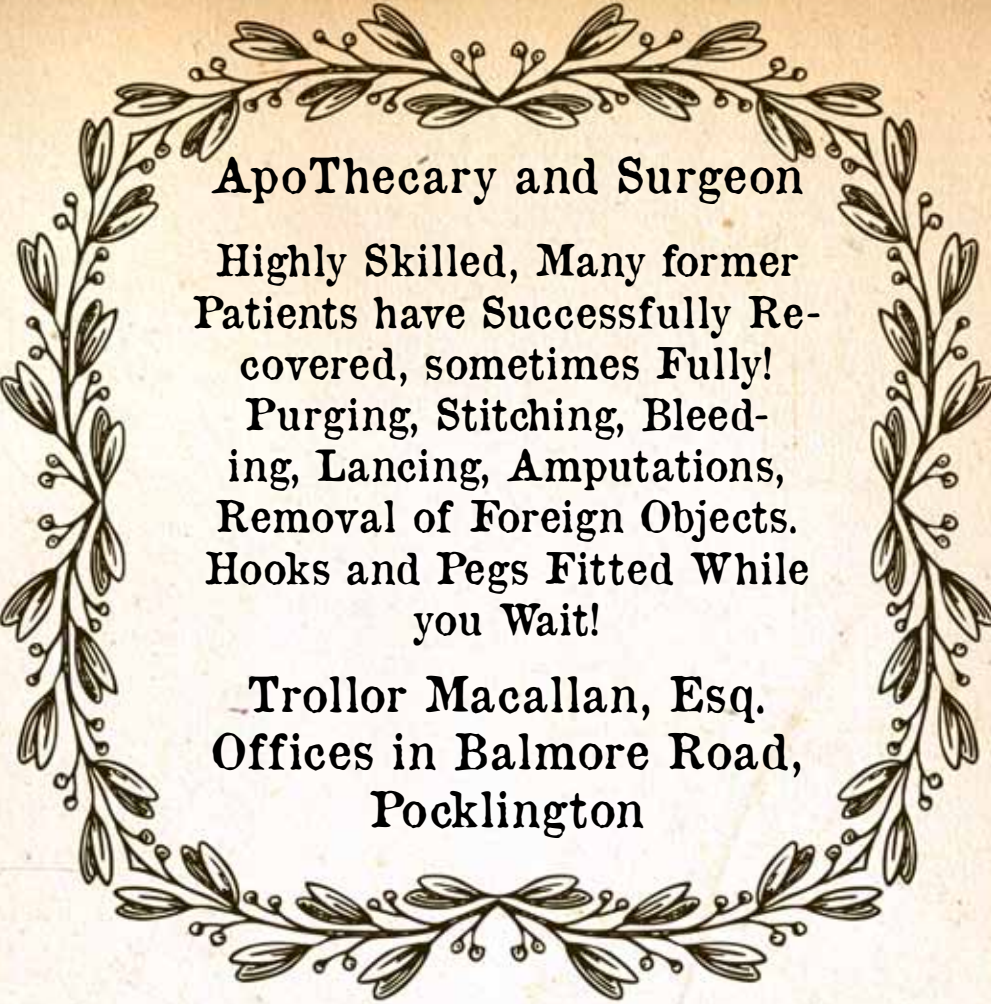
But few Kingdoms wish to risk the displeasure of Roma, so it is frequently easier to simply cooperate and get the situation over with.

DeBouan Witch-hunters typically despise magic and those who use it; even the use of Light magic, often seen among the clergy, is frowned upon at best. Most Witch-hunters would feel it within their rights to simply burn any magic-user they came upon; thankfully, when operating in a Kingdom like ours, they will have been instructed to show restraint in this regard. They are often accompanied by one or more priests, who offer 'divine blessings' that seem, in all honesty, little different from magic. But I wouldn't advise you to say that where a DeBouan can hear you!

As was reported in this journal previously, a Circle of DeBouan Witch-hunters is currently operating in the Moors region of our noble Kingdom. Whilst it is certainly possible that they are reacting to a real threat of possible necromantic activity, any magic users in the area would be well advised to be cautious.

---

Feeling LOST? Unsure of Where Life is Leading? Struggling to find Purpose? Wouldn't it be Nice to have Someone who Knows all the Answers tell you What to DO? You need Religion! Join us at the Church of Holy GraCe on Butterknowle Street, Dunholm, every Sunnandaeg.



**ApoThecary and Surgeon**

Highly Skilled, Many former Patients have Successfully Recovered, sometimes Fully!

Purging, Stitching, Bleeding, Lancing, Amputations, Removal of Foreign Objects. Hooks and Pegs Fitted While you Wait!

Trollor Macallan, Esq.  
Offices in Balmore Road,  
Pocklington

Need cheap labour? The Eoforwic Slave Market still has stock available; fine, hardy specimens, mostly Black Rat. All official captives from the War of Storms, guaranteed lice free and ready to work. Shackles available for a small extra fee.

**Obituaries**

Alladun 'Twisty' Grimmit, weasel, laid low by the Shudders.

Rufus the Nose, tracker. Stuck his nose where he shouldn't.

Drolley Bushytail, a red fox, killed by the Red Pox.


Croupit Spike, hedgehog. Squashed by a cart when crossing the road.

Harry Smallnose, beaver. Died of lead poisoning, delivered by blunderbuss.

Deathclaw 'Killpaws' Blood-drinker, infamous mercenary and warlord, died of natural causes, and a very large knife in the back.

**Looking for a Stable Career?**

Why not join the TunnelJacks?  
Regular work guaranteed, a life with purpose and camaraderie, no stuffy uniforms or dress code. Preference given to those with military or pit fighting experience. Own weapon a plus.



## Roark's Instant Preen

Avian Ladies – do you spend much of your day Preening your Plumage? Or is the Pace of Modern Life forcing you to Fail at this most Basic Requirement? Worry not – for Roark is here to help! Just one tiny bottle of our famous Instant Preen will provide a Lustrous Sheen to your feathers that is both Beautiful and Long-lasting! Think of the Hours saved; and our money-back guarantee gives you complete peace of mind.

Always test on a small area first; side-effects may include dryness, baldness, insanity and death.

## Fighting Grubs

We breed and train the fiercest of grubs and larvae. We've bred more champions than any other in Northymbra.

Call at Drugall's Yard, Hindrelag

## Lonely Hearts

Great Brown Rat, GSoH, strong, own armour, hefty weapon. WLtM lady rats of all types, with a view to breeding a significant army of my own. Must enjoy wanton slaughter. Sharing my dream of world domination a big plus.

Ferret, 22, male, attractive, good prospects in the 'acquisition of unguarded valuables' trade, looking for life partner, preferably young, attractive, and with a practical view on legal and moral matters. Woodcut preferred.

Our eyes met across a misty clearing, and so did our blades. Not a word was spoken, and too soon you had gone, leaving me with an ache in my heart, and one or two fairly deep gashes on my arm. But I can't get your lovely auburn fur out of my mind; I must see you again! Whether you want to talk, or fight, I'll be ready and waiting for you with open paws. Yours, The Stoat with No Name (AKA Derek Bobbs).

One Ornatly decorated and well bejewelled sword, believed to be the work of Malpus Grimes, the noted artisan. All reasonable offers considered; or will swap for a decent caliver.

Contact 'Red' Nev Halfstak, at the Crown, Mallby

## Brief News

A demonstration by the recently formed 'Brethren of the Working Paw' ended in violence last week.

The beasts were protesting outside Baron Rufus Grimmjaw's Townhouse in Eoferwic. The protest, which was apparently in response to the recent Warren Percy Clearances, involved much waving of placards and chanting of slogans. Around three dozen beasts attended, lead by Floppit Clumm, a rabbit from the village of Slodden.

Despite their evident enthusiasm and zeal, the protestors did not seem to be achieving a great deal, as the town continued its regular routine around them, paying them little heed. However, shortly after noon, a sizeable body of troops in the livery of the Baron arrived on the scene, and deployed in line, with weapons drawn. Within minutes, the protest had been brutally suppressed, with several members of the Brethren suffering serious injury. The group's leader, Clumm, was taken by the soldiers, and it is believed he was delivered to the city's House of Illumination for questioning. No further word concerning him has since been recieved.

Baron Grimmjaw has not been available for comment.

The much loved family business G. Bolam's Butchers of Ceddesfeld has found itself at the heart of a raging dispute, following allegations made last week of improperly sourced meats. The claims, which were made anonymously, suggested that the meat being offered for sale was the leftovers of illegal bloodsports, stating that both convicts and slaves had been used for so-called 'Beast-hunting', and their mortal remains sold as prime cuts by the butchers.

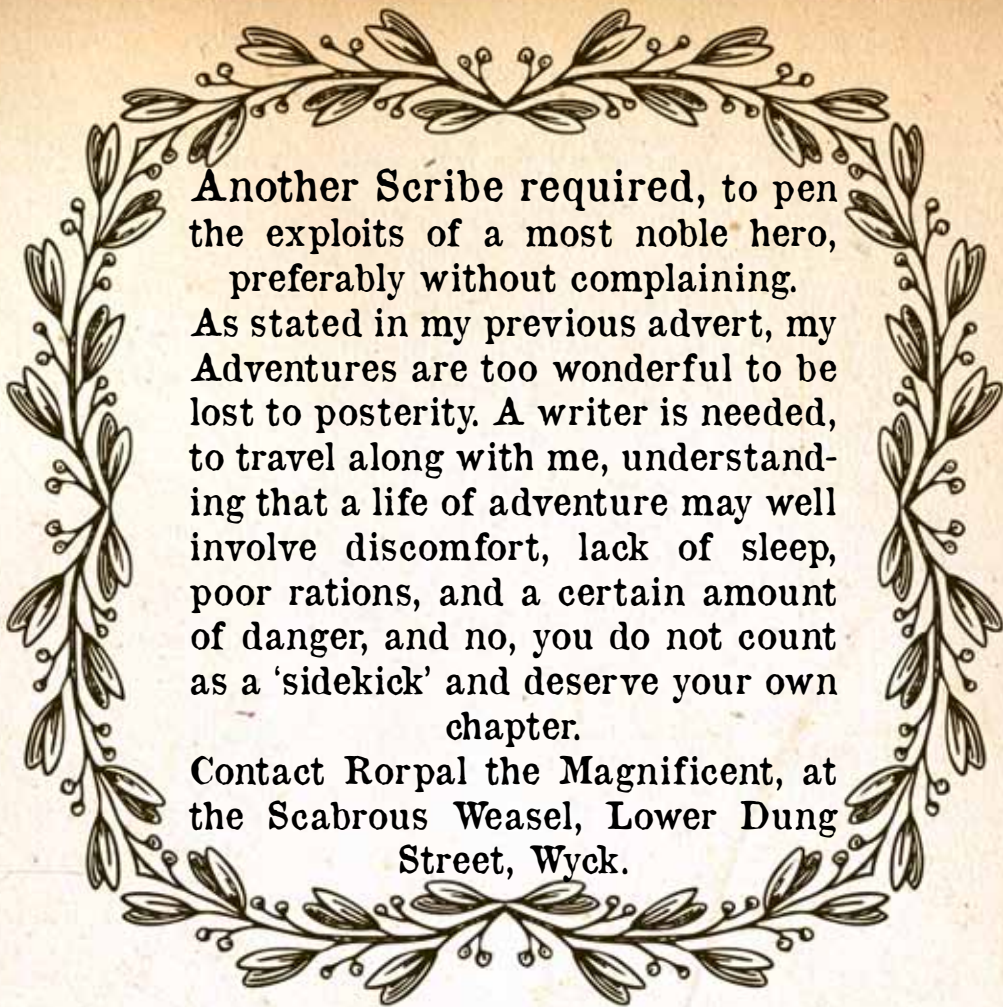
A representative for G Bolam's insists that the claims are baseless, and are in fact slanderous lies, cooked up by one of their many rivals.

The issue has been taken up by the local Magistrate, who has ordered a thorough investigation.

---

Apologies to the Shinty, Camanachd & Hurling Association for last issues' misprint; the Shinty Grand Final is of course on the third Laugherdaeg of Solmonath, and not Brahmonath as we incorrectly stated.

The Bewcastle Ironpaws take on the Gisburgh Hammers at the Bearepark Showground near Dunholm. The Hammer's star player, the wily stoat Neddry Hardstriker, will be looking to score at least twice, in the hopes of securing the seasons' 'Top Scorer' award.



Another Scribe required, to pen the exploits of a most noble hero, preferably without complaining.

As stated in my previous advert, my Adventures are too wonderful to be lost to posterity. A writer is needed, to travel along with me, understanding that a life of adventure may well involve discomfort, lack of sleep, poor rations, and a certain amount of danger, and no, you do not count as a 'sidekick' and deserve your own chapter.

Contact Rorpel the Magnificent, at the Scabrous Weasel, Lower Dung Street, Wyck.



## 28th Aefteryulla to 3rd Solmonath

The tailend of Winter is still upon us, but the chill will recede through the week, and the endless meals of salted meat and dried fruits will soon give way to fresh fare...

## Praise Medignus!

For the month of Aefteryulla, The Brock's Rest Tavern is proud to present, as well as our own, most celebrated, Slowhop Special, several wondrous and most potent Guest Ales!

Including Sweet Sally's Honeyed Drop, Theekstone's New Typical, and the Grosmont Steamy Chugger.

Come along and Try the Taste of Real Ales, brewed the way They Should be!

The Brock's Rest, Warren Percy.



## 4th Solmonath to 10th Solmonath

The Mud Month is truly upon us now that the frosts and snows are retreating... everything's dirty, fur is matted with sticky mud, and beasts are trailing paw prints everywhere. And it's still cold.

On the other paw, not long til Spring!

## Sporting News

It's been a high-profile few weeks in the Fighting Pits, with a new Bare-Claw Heavyweight crowned, as well as a successful title defence of the Middleweight belt.

Jack 'Three Claws' Widestripe continued his family's fine tradition of success in the Pits, spending five Rounds wearing down the defending champion, 'Big' Berdle Logbiter. The fight was decided in the opening moments of Round six, when a tired and stumbling Logbiter left his guard down for a second too long, and Widestripe hammered in a potentially lethal slash to the throat, claiming the Heavyweight title. Logbiter remains under the close supervision of Guild certified Surgeons, and is currently 'not quite dead' according to a spokesbeast.

Rising star Galban Broke-ears made a spirited attempt at the Middleweight title, but the reigning champion, the ferret 'Twisty' Frud Wildeye used his experience and ruthlessness to close down the challenging hare in a flawless display of controlled violence. Although left bleeding from numerous wounds, Galban was able to walk away from the fight, with the ferret seemingly content to win on points, not trying for any fatal blows. Perhaps Twisty is mellowing as he approaches the close of his career!

To celebrate a very successful first month in business, Fergal's Saintly Remains is offering a wide assortment of new stock, at bargain prices!

Teeth from a Great Cave Bear – wide selection available!

A fragment of Galmar's Cloak! Guaranteed Genuine!

Saint Namasett's Paw!

The Spear of Managoll, recovered from the wreck of the WaveBreaker. In need of restoration.

Balfour's Ear, complete with the Ring of Trocks, excellent condition!

The Shield of the Mighty, as attested in the Skrymall Saga! Still showing the rent caused by the Weeping Blade!

And numerous other Items of great Worth and History!

Dravin Fergal, Purveyor of Religious Relics & Icons on the Corelgate Road, Cawbridge.

## Unlucky Rabbit's Foot

After an accident with a barrel of Black Powder and an unshielded lantern, the ne'er do well rabbit Tolbor Huppit was completely vaporised, with the exception of one foot; which was found miraculously whole and undamaged on a nearby rooftop.

Initially claimed as a good luck charm by the champion bare-claw fighter, 'Slicy' Brock Tibble, the foot became the property of his opponent, Jon the Stripe, later that evening following Jon's entirely unexpected evisceration of Brock in the Fighting Pits.

Jon the Stripe didn't own the foot for long though; it was taken from his lifeless body by a Black Claw assassin, who had somehow mistaken the massive badger for the squirrel he had actually been sent to assassinate...

Since then, the Huppit Foot has been passed from beast to beast, leaving a trail of ill-omen and bad fortune in its wake. The foot currently rests in the notorious gambling den, Holpor's House of Fortunate Enrichment. Any patron of the gambling den who has an unusually good winning streak is forced to wear the foot around their neck for the rest of the evening. Invariably, the House wins all of their money back before the night ends...

## A Marmot in Northymbra The Memoirs of Darmok Foecrusher, mercenary and adventurer.

A new series, in which the retired sellsword will describe the events of his long career, recorded here for your entertainment. Part two will appear in our next issue.

'I looked over the ship's railing at the port of the New Castle and gave a heavy sigh. It was the end of a long, nasty voyage, although a quick glance around the place told me it wasn't necessarily a welcome end. But I was a young marmot with few choices; so I hefted my gear and started down the rickety old gangplank, though the port it led down to didn't look too inviting. That said, the looks the crew were giving me weren't too inviting neither; glaring like they were doing me a big 'ol favour just by not slitting my throat and dumping my corpse in the drink. And the way my prospects seemed just then, that might not even be the worst option I was facing.

Oh well. Better to be doing than waiting, as my old Uncle Colly used to say.

Trudging down the gangplank and onto the dock didn't improve the situation a whole lot. The ground beneath wasn't swaying at least, which was a pleasant change, but the smell and the grime seemed pretty much the same as back on board.



The locals didn't seem too friendly, neither. If they were looking at me at all, they were weighing me up fast, and deciding I wasn't even worth the effort of despising, and moving swiftly on to something they found more interesting, meaning pretty much anything else. But then, I guess a young marmot fresh off the boat from the Carpathians ain't of much account to the great and the good of Northymbra. Not that this lot struck me as being high enough up the ladder to be great or good. Most of 'em would need to climb aways just to be scum. Made me wonder what else weren't going to turn out the way I'd thought it would.

Not three feet from the dock's edge were the first of the fish-sellers, which probably explained a lot of the smell. Stalls crammed with whatever they'd managed to buy cheap from the trawlers, mostly the leavings, stuff that wasn't worth sending on up to the proper markets and stores in the upper town. All marked as 'Catch of the day', even though it was anyone's guess which day that might have been; last Donnersdaeg, if the stink was any guide.

Still, might have been the most wholesome thing on sale down there, given the rest of the merchandise on offer. Vixens and does, fox, rabbit, mouse, whatever a sailor fresh off the boat might fancy, there was one or two examples of each, decked out in cheap dresses, leaning against walls or calling from the windows above. They were the kind of 'ladies' my moth-

er had frantically warned me about, desperate to keep her only son pure and decent. She needn't have been so anxious though; between the limp, drooping flesh and the cold, dead staring eyes, the tarts were about as appealing as the fish.

Anyway, none of that was the reason I came to Northymbra. I'd come to make my fortune, to get ahead in the world, rise above my lowly origins. Or at least find a way to get regular meals, anyway. What I needed to do was find a prospect, an employer, someone looking for a likely lad not afraid to get his paws dirty. Where to start looking though, that's not something I was all too clear on. To be honest, my plans hadn't extended much beyond the sea journey, and now I'd arrived, that was looking like a bit of an oversight. Still, the New Castle's a big old city, and I reckoned something would turn up. It never rains forever, as my old Uncle Colly used to say. So, I picked a street, and started walking.

An hour later, things weren't looking so rosy; Sunna was dropping low in the sky, and it was getting chilly. I was thinking it might be time to find an inn, and wondering just how long the last few pennies in my pouch would last me. I was starting to feel proper sorry for myself, and to be fair, I had good reason. Not much food, or money, nowhere to live, no job, stuck in an unfriendly town, with a sea between me and home, and no clear way of changing any of it.

Then I heard a scream from around the next corner, high-pitched, fear, maybe, or pain. And I gave a little grin; could be things were looking up.

I went around the corner at a fair old pace, but I pulled up short when I saw what was going down. There was this ferret, a doe, posh looking, fancy clothes with all slashed sleeves and that, hat with plumes, and she was backed up against the wall. Facing her, there was a long-ear of some kind, big-looking, probably a hare; a mouse, waving a short sword, and a weasel brandishing a long knife, with another half-dozen blades strapped about his torso. So, outnumbered then, but at least all three had got their backs to me. Never hesitate, as my old Uncle Colly used to say. In a heartbeat, I'd unstrapped my flail, and made a wild swing, thinking that with a bit o' luck, I might just take down all three.

Course, luck's a support you shouldn't lean on too heavily, as it's apt to collapse; the flail's iron ball clipped the mouse handily enough across one shoulder, but the hare and the weasel just stepped right out of the way, like it wasn't hardly moving. Still, the weight of the swing had pulled me forward, and suddenly I was between the three attackers and the vixen. See off these ruffians, I was thinking, save the posh lass, and I reckoned I'd be in clover. You have to grab chances wherever you can.

I found myself with a bit of a sinking feeling though; the hare and the weasel looked pretty big and tough from where I was standing, and the mouse seemed to have recovered well, and they were spreading out, and there was just no way I could keep an eye on all three. Might be that I'd made a bit of a rash decision.

Still, you pick a side, and you stick to it, come what may, as my old Uncle Colly used to say. 'Course, that bit of advice had got old Uncle Colly onto the wrong side of a last stand, so maybe his words o' wisdom weren't that smart after all...'

Read part two of Darmok's adventures in our next issue, published on the 1st of Hrepmonath.

Have you experienced a Haunting?  
Seen Ghostly Apparitions? Felt the  
chill of Dark Powers? Witnessed  
any Unusual or Sinister Activity?

Ask for Witch-Hunter General  
Mordecai, staying at the  
Rose, Whitbye

# Wanted

Sally 'Gaptooth' Lobbitt, Witch

For Acts of Appalling Evil, including Trafficking with Dark Powers, Dabbling in Foul Magicks, Offering Aid and Succour to the Fiends of the Pit, and also Selling Cake which, While clearly advertised as Coffee Flavoured, Tasted distinctly of Vanilla.

Reward offered for Information leading to her Capture; eighteen pennies, or the Guaranteed Redemption of your Blackened Soul.

Your Choice.

By Order of Sligoth  
Puwell, Chief Illuminator,  
Caerlisle

## Rogan's Patent Claw Sharpeners

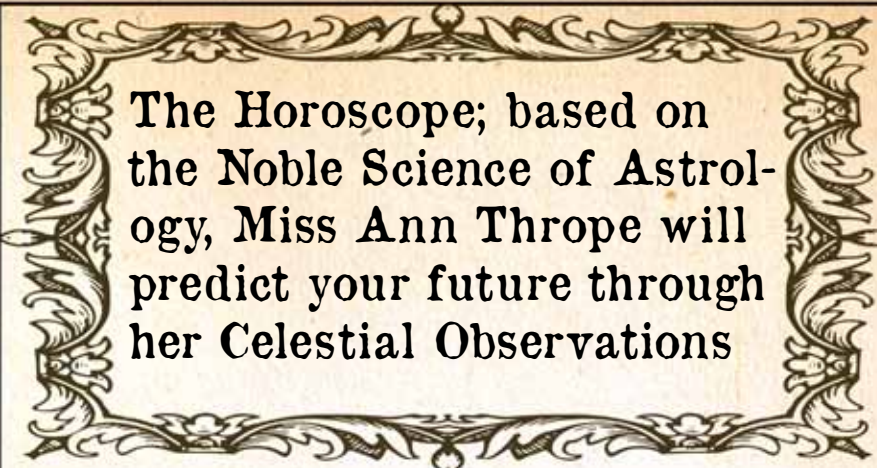
Cats – do you have Blunt claws? Uneven claws? Ragged, jagged claws? Are you Lacking in Slicing and Slashing Power?

Few things are more detrimental to a cat's Physical and Emotional Wellbeing. But help is at paw!

Why not try our New and Improved Claw Sharpeners! Simply wind up and attach to your paws before taking a nap, and our Patented Sharpening Mechanism will do the rest!

Order before Solmonath and receive a FREE set of Claw Extensions, for that oh-so fashionable Wildcat look!

Contact Rogan's Mechanical Health Devices, Cheapside, Morpeth



The Horoscope; based on  
the Noble Science of Astrol-  
ogy, Miss Ann Thrope will  
predict your future through  
her Celestial Observations

Birth date between 21st Aefterayulla to 20th  
Solmonath

### The Lode Star

Signs indicate that any attempt to achieve anything positive for the next three months will fail. Your relationships will be difficult, finances will hit rock bottom, and your health will suffer. On the positive side, any brothers or sisters you may have will do unusually well, reaching heights well beyond anything you have ever managed. Relatives and friends will be happy to point this out to you with regularity.

---

Birth date between 21st Solmonath to 20th  
Hrepmonath

### The Lady's Wain

Your stars are pointing the way to a secure and happy future, both in your family life and your

career. Sadly, they appear to be pointing in several entirely different directions. Pick one, and hope for the best. You'll inevitably pick wrong, but that's always the way for you, isn't it?

---

Birth date between 21st Hrepmonath to 20th  
Ostramonath

### Day Star

It seems that now would be a good time to discard any lingering remnants of the past that may be holding you back. For instance, those born on the 12th, and having the initials J. M. may find their inner spirit and emotional well-being improved dramatically by clearing an outstanding subscription payment to this Almanack, preferably by the end of the week.

---

Birth date between 21st Ostramonath to 20th  
Winnimonath

### Orendel's Toe

You can expect pain and heartache to be your constant companion over the next few days, and indeed, over the remainder of your miserable life. All existence is suffering, after all. Still, it's not all hopeless; perhaps you'll die young.

Birth date between 21st Winnimonath to 20th  
Brahmonath

### South Star

Romance is very much in the air this month. Not for you, of course. But expect those around you to have wandering eyes and flighty hearts; you'll probably find yourself alone by the end of the month. All alone.

---

Birth date between 21st Brahmonath to 20th  
Hewimonath

### The Three Reapers

It might be time to reconsider your chosen career. You're almost certainly not suited to it, and there are any number of beasts more qualified who would do the job far better. Why do you even bother getting up in the mornings?

---

Birth date between 21st Hewimonath to 20th  
Wodemonath

### The Wolf's Jaws

An offer from an associate may not be as good as it first appears; nothing ever is, really.

Birth date between 21st Wodemonath to 20th  
Haligmonath

### The Torch Waver

Several signs point to the likelihood of a sudden and unusually painful illness. Could be something you pick up when outside, or it may be caused by something you eat or drink at home, or even just something in the air. Basically, you're not safe anywhere.

---

Birth date between 21st Haligmonath to 20th  
Winterfylleth

### Locke's Brand

Rising early on the Eastern horizon, the Brand suggests that you're probably gaining weight again. Not healthy, muscular weight either; flabby rolls of fat. Your appearance is increasingly disgusting, and you're probably looking at heart disease, too.

---

Birth date between 21st Winterfylleth to 20th  
Blotmonath

### The Seven

All signs show that your bland and meaningless existence will continue in its pathetic,

loathsome course for the foreseeable future. The possibility of change is in the air though; after all, things can always get worse, can't they?

---

Birth date between 21st Blotmonath to 20th Aerrayulla

### Thiorri's Eyes

With the prospect of anything good now fading, it may be time to accept that you are nothing more than a blight upon the world. You're worthless; but then, everyone's worthless. So you're not even worthless in a special or noteworthy way; you're merely average.

---

Birth date between 21st Aerrayulla to 20th Aefteryulla

### Eyring's Way

There appears to be a cloud on the horizon; a cloud filled with woe and pain and all sorts of horribleness, and it's heading your way. It's almost as if the Universe hates you; but then why would the Universe care about you? Even beasts stood right beside you barely notice your increasingly worthless and irrelevant existence.



## 11th to 25th Solmonath



Frogs and Toads will be spawning; we at the Almanack wish all our Amphibious readers great Success in their breeding efforts this season!

All other beasts are advised to avoid ponds, lakes and other wet areas during this time, as territorial instincts and aggressive competition take hold.



## 26th Solmonath to 9th Hrepmonath

The Wild Month is upon us with a vengeance, as strong winds sweep in from across the North Sea, bringing heavy rains, and a possible storm surge up the tidal rivers. Ships should beware the possibility that the mighty monsters of the Deeps may be stirred into wakefulness.



Published by the  
Worshipful Guild  
of  
Fabulators  
Westgate Road, The New  
Castle, the Kingdom of  
Northymbra.

**Sternpaw's Almanack Staff**

Captain Garrick Sternpaw, retired. Hare.  
Editor in chief.

Lady Jayne Reynard. Fox.  
Society news.

Bonita Broketail. Blackbird.  
Roving reporter.

Cotton MacKnight. Otter.  
Sports reporter.

Big Tom 'Slasher' MacDeth. Wildcat.  
Relationship advice and problem solving.

Miss Ann Thrope. Shrew. Horoscope.