

Steamy Ink Press ^{3c}

December 1601 Lifestyle news to share over tea

Willing to hire out our Security Guard to take care of your bad dates.

Cervantes Fan Club Declares Evelyn Their Archnemesis

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Traveling Cabin Making Rounds Across Novitas: We Tell You Why You Shouldn't Rent it

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Warnings on Syphilis and How to Protect Yourself

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Steamy Ink Press is a division of Steamy Ink Publishing (copyright pending). Our mission is to provide in-depth news to the people of Maplewood about the most entertaining topic that flit through town. What are they doing? Why are they here? Are they single? We aim to answer these questions for you!

As the people's paper we welcome submissions from anyone, anytime. Please submit your articles, tips, advertisements, and short stories via courier c/o Steamy Ink Publishing. It is our goal to provide you a perfect conversation piece to share that pairs well with tea and great friends!

"I will Destroy Everything He Loves."

When Joy Turns to Anger: The Story of a Woman Scorned

While it is common knowledge that drakes are warm blooded, at least one of their kind revealed he is indeed cold blooded. Lord Sissypuss shocked the town when he cruelly

cut off his engagement with beloved priestess, fortune teller, and animal rehabilitation owner Joy. After a long courtship in which he

provided flattery and gifts, he brought Joy to the fated date. "It was terrible. It was the first date and the worst date I had ever been on." Joy recounts. "He told me all about how he needed someone to rule over Terra when he took over the surface, made a whole affair about it..."

and then pulled out a letter stating he was betrothed to someone else and said I would never be his queen." The backlash was almost instantaneous.



"I will destroy everything he loves. And then I will end him." Joy was quoted as saying by some local townfolk who overheard the conversation and went to investigate. "I can't believe that that drake guy would do that. How could anyone hurt Joy? She's so kind

to everyone. She once gave me coin to buy a sausage, and my sister's friend's friend told me that she once got some Kazvaks to leave her farm without killing them."

Apparently Hisul, the name Joy has requested that he be called by, was planning a takeover of the surface of Terra. "I mean, of course she fell for his charisma. We all did." a local woman lamented. "But if

he ever wants to change his ways, I'm still single..."

It is currently recommended that anyone who sees him around town boos him loudly, and then immediately contact the nearest adventuring party to deal with the situation.

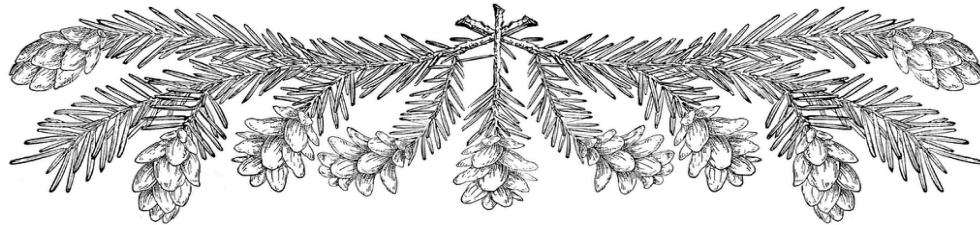


Join me in reflecting on the waning year, with a tradition from my home lodge.

Write your wishes or intentions for the new year, things you've learned in the old one, blessings, spells, etc on a slip of paper. Tuck them into a dry pine cone and place them in the fire to carry your words to the Seven.

Saturday 3:30 pm in northtown (rain plan, Bazaar fire pit). Cones and paper will be available while supplies last.

Signed [in Elvish],
Sosna Lisova



Reports of Strange Cabin Appearances Spreading Throughout Novitas

Crimson Couriers and travelers from around Novitas have been reporting accounts of strange cabins appearing in unusual locations. In each instance the cabins seem to be in an isolated location where nothing previously had been standing. An account from Terra put one in an old unused cavern. Several witness accounts from Civen, the Freelands, and the Great Forest claimed to have seen them standing alone in deep forest areas. Strangest of all was a report that in Evenandra, where there are no isolated locations, a cabin was reported to have appeared right in the middle of an auditorium that was currently between shows and not in use.

The reports describe these cabins as not particularly remarkable looking from the outside but upon

approach, they made bystanders incredibly uneasy and uncomfortable. People said they were afraid of the cabins without any clear reason why. A few individuals were brave enough to venture inside in several instances; none of them came back out again but several of the accounts mention hearing screams from inside the cabin after people entered it.

No witnesses have claimed to see one of these cabins appearing or disappearing, but subsequent visits to the cabins report they were gone just as mysteriously as they arrived. Because of this there is some speculation that there is only one cabin and it is moving around from place to place. If you see a strange cabin yourself, the best advice we can give you is to stay out of it.

Sigos Brasnakov: Ruffling Feathers and Plucking Pheasants

Not a few short weeks after being overheard saying that Septa Evilynn was "The closest thing we have to a Septon," Sigos Brasnakov once again has stuck his foot in his mouth and was overheard saying "Looks like we're letting Mom and Dad take care of everything" and glaring at the Fellowship of Stone following a large fight between the adventurers and the Cult of the Forsaken. Sigos stated "I can neither confirm nor deny that remark" when asked about it, and declined to comment any further on the matter.

"It's funny, Makhno was on board with what we decided and he's the leader of the Chainbreakers," Evilynn said when we asked her for her statement. For context, the serial murderer Halyttah's life was spared and she was brought back to the Varganien embassy. "I'm not sure what other outcome Sigos would have liked."

"It sounds like 'I didn't get to put my word in so everyone else's' is wrong," an inn patron said later the next morning after hearing what the hubbub was about. "Some people just can't take not being the center of attention." This isn't the first time that Sigos' loyalty to his group has come into question. Most recently Makhno was seen going on a quest with rival alchemist Wolfbane Foxglove, while Sigos was not asked to go and remained behind at the Pheasant Plucker. In addition, the

Chainbreakers have two new elves on their rosters in the form of Makhno's cousins Kyth and Vald, who appear to actually hang out with the group they have pledged their allegiance to.

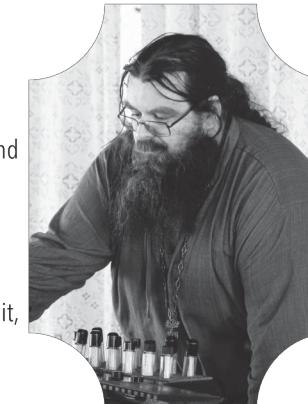
A lot of townsfolk have mentioned they often feel invisible around Sigos when they aren't patronizing his shop. A local farmer mentioned how he was walking out of the Jenny to investigate why all the adventurers were suddenly getting together to walk out of the town "And he was just there, at the edge of the field, knocking some people out. I heard him say something later about how nobody was around to see him, but I

was right there."

It isn't all bad talk about the half Dillin, half Civinite however; many people have praised his coffee shop and his work building the bazaar into a thriving market.

"I love the Pheasant Plucker, it's the closest thing we have to a coffee shop," Evilynn beamed as she sipped on a latte. Several other townsfolk have asked Steamy Ink on the sly if Sigos is planning to branch off into his own business, and as a public statement we wish to tell all those asking: we don't know. The only people who know the inner workings of the Chainbreakers are the Chainbreakers, and none of them are talking.

"Damnit Poppy, there is a sword of Darkness buried in the middle of town and a God-stabbing dagger missing and this is what you're focusing on?" Makhno, established Chainbreaker leader, sounded very annoyed when asked for comment.



Dearest Reader,

As the year winds down, so does the activity of the People of Interest who flit around town. It's rather unfortunate, but does mean that the things the remaining persons are caught doing much more scandalous things without their counterparts to distract from them.

For instance, P and M have been seen disappearing into the woods together quite frequently the last few months. This is usually heralded by P yelling M's surname and him quickly joining her as they walk towards the Chainbreakers camp. Perhaps for some quick afternoon "tea"? On one occasion J was even seen going with them.

S has been seen wandering around talking ghosts, as is her usual. This past month was different however, as she managed to get stabbed and even got her fellow faekin L mortally wounded as she tried to assist. Is S perhaps losing her touch? Less huggy, more stabby.

We would be remiss not to bring up the recent capture of Halyttah, and remind all Maplewood residents to not place any cult of the Forsaken masks onto their faces willingly. It appears that once they go on, they do not come off.

Yet another strange golem was seen wandering around town- this time it was an eggplant. It should be noted that W was the best father to it for approximately one hour until it apparently became an eggplant again. Anyone with vegetable plots should be on the lookout for them suddenly gaining sentience.

Someone stole the shroud of the Knight which was needed to stop Qa'watie Kharn out if the Archivists' bag in the Inn. Who would doom the town like this? The sword is now buried in the middle of the town with a rotating guard to make sure that it does not get unburied. For now, it is recommended that nobody go near that specific plot of land until the situation is dealt with.

P was seen interrupting a funeral J was performing for a grieving widower. J, who was having a very trying day, told P exactly where to shove his opinions and it was not somewhere that would take a pleasant stroll to get to.

Rumors are also abound that J is going to be hatching a baby dragon soon- congratulations to the new mother!

C had his long-awaited trap off with Ignatius, but instead of the finale of the minds everyone hoped for they instead managed to blow each other up instead. Perhaps a rematch is in order?

In addition to a bank, it appears A also now has acquired a new friendship with P as they were spotted sporting matching friendship necklaces! We'll see how long this lasts, apparently L is not very happy about it....

As the year wraps up I would like to thank you, dear readers, for your loyalty and tips for what has been seen around town. Please continue to entertain me with the stories of what everyone is actually up to until I return next spring!

Yours truly,

Madam Mapleleaf

The Greatest of Lies ~A~

Children on the continent of Novitas often endure indoctrination from those of Septly influence. Regardless of source, it purports a single truth: the Sept is 'good' and the Dark Three are 'bad'. I write this to encourage scrutiny upon the actions from those who claim Septly persuasion, and once more shine light on the hypocrisy we openly accept from Septons. On the topic of light, we are encouraged (or in some places, mandated) to claim the Sept as pillars of virtue, and their followers the torchbearers sent to banish evil, the Darkness. But what is evil? Septons often claim authority over who lives and who is returned to the well, not just through unprompted murder (there is a reason the wise do not openly carry bells, nefarious intention or otherwise), but also by using their powerful magic, oft through stolen items, to bend the laws of man and nature they claim to protect. All too often you see Septons exemplify a lack of social skills that even the smallest child can exhibit: the ability to compromise. And what do these good, just people do when they've finished their carnage? They roll the bodies off the road, and move on. No care goes into what happens to those sparks; they could be eaten by Kazvaks, they could be sacrificed without care. It doesn't matter to the Septon. Their judgment has already passed. Should a Darkness worshiper send that spark to Final Rest, or a Kazvak uses it to nourish themselves, they will be killed without trial. For what? Cleaning up another's mess? Moreso, nothing is more disturbing than the clear bravado and joviality these people express when recounting their crimes. You'd be hard pressed to find a Freelandic inn whose doorways do not spill with laughter from murderers, who exhibit not a care that those they hurt without abandon lie just beyond shadow's reach. They don't care for the lost; lovers, families, even children. There can be no justice without accountability. There can be no equality so long as they insist on their perch above the rest of us. I leave you with this: I would rather trust a liar who embraces their nature than one who masquerades with good intentions. At least the former knows reason. -Submitted Anonymously

REWARD

For the return
of the Shroud
of the Knight
to the
Maplewood
Preservation
Society.

10 coin

Please see
Matek for
details.

With the end of December approaching, it is almost time for the solstice to inexplicably disturb everyone's sleep schedule for the next year.

If your friends are suddenly not awake at their usual time please check their beds before assuming they are dead or missing, as there is a good chance they are just napping.

Lord Syphilis: Who He is, What He is Doing, and How to Handle Him

It's a sad thing when terrible diseases infect people and there are no cures. Sadly it's even worse when those diseases infect those who are too weak to defend themselves. That's where the story of Lord Syphilis begins. He used to call himself Hisul, the pathetic excuse for a tyrant who wants to create a homeland for our neighbors the dispossessed Drakes. The fact that by all appearances there are no Drakes dumb enough to follow him isn't going to stop him from his mission. Now that he has renamed himself Lord Syphilis, the power-hungry imbecile Hisul has begun recruiting an army of the worst mercenaries he can find because intelligence is not a quality he values in his followers.

His target is the surface of Terra where Terrans, known as Reavers, live. After centuries of Lord Syphilis' ancestors (who were dragons at the time) oppressing the Terrans before finally being overthrown, Lord Syphilis is so deranged he thinks that as a Drake, with some mercenaries too stupid to find better employment, he will accomplish what Dragon's failed to. In this it's important to understand that as Dragons shrank in size it impacted each one differently. Clearly Lord Syphilis descends from those Dragons whose brains were most impacted by the changes. Lacking any real intelligence, he instead manipulates the simpletons of Clan



Silversmith who are somehow even dumber than he is. The leadership of Clan Silversmith seeks to gain power even if that power comes at the price of a really, really, painfully, stupid leader.

If you encounter Lord Syphilis don't try to fight him. He might trip on his sword while he runs away and in doing so inflict more damage than he would otherwise. Don't worry, he poses no danger to you. He only kills unarmed people in cold blood like a coward. Because he knows what a failure he is, he hasn't actually tried to attack Terra. He only harasses the Terrans who are smart enough to ignore him. If he attempts to hire you, you're probably safe to take his money and then help him "recruit" by telling the nearest adventurers where he's at. He's not smart enough to track you down. Should his thugs kick you out of

your home, pass it along to the nearest adventurers and they will be happy to remove said thugs, if only to laugh at how absurd they are.

In closing Syphilis is a very serious disease, and it is tragic that someone so incompetent is making it look like a joke. Don't mistake the good Drakes of Novitas for this asshole, they don't follow him, and no matter how much he is paying neither should you. -Submitted by Enzo

Puzzles to Pass the Time

Space this Month has been sponsored by the Cervanatics

The Story of a Man That Nobody Asked for but Gets to Read Anyway:

Sir Cervantes, AKA "Donny"

Hollyandra "Holly" Berry and Kenneth "Keith" Berry, co-presidents of the Cervantes Cervanatics Fan Club, were out last month in a recruiting drive.

"He's just the most amazing person ever." Holly gushed when asked why she established the club. "He can cure nausea just by smiling at you."

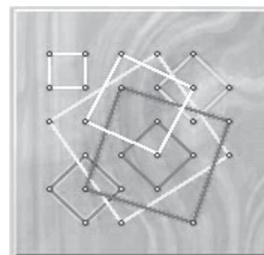
"Cervantes climbed a mountain. Twice." Keith said matter-of-factly. "And even after that, his hat never became floppy and his hair remained phenomenal. I will die happy if only I could shower in his hair."

"It's actually a huge secret but he told us that he actually likes being called "Donny"." Holly added.

Reportedly, Donny can single handedly stand against an army and when the Avatar of Grak descended upon us, he threw a humongous boulder at him with one hand. Apparently he is also so beloved that the Helix lets him use offensive magic in the inn with no

repercussions.

Last Month's Answers:



Brother and Sister: They are 6 year old twins

9's Question: 20

"She is absolutely the worst.

She's even a

Septa, she could have performed the ceremony! It would have been beautiful!"

the distressed woman said, wiping away tears.

She was not distressed enough to tell us in great detail about how well Donny uses his "really big" spear. It is described as "large and glistening", and it killed 12 orcs at once before breaking due to his thrusting technique. Consul Titus, who was present in the inn at the time of this conversation, made a point to state that it is not the biggest spear he has seen. The Cervanatics did not take kindly to this comment and proceeded to continue talking about how Donny smells good, is the bearer of all that is good and holy, and was chosen by the Knight for his good deeds.

Anyone wishing to join the Cervantes' Fan Club can send a courier message with a three page essay detailing everything they love about Cervantes to the Cervanatics, % Holly and Keith. Meetings are on Wednesdays at 8pm in the bazaar.



When we first started publishing the Steamy Ink Press, we didn't think it would take off as well as it did. While adventurers can come in and cull the monsters and try to solve disputes, it's become clear to us here that there was a severe lack of entertainment for the townsfolk here in Maplewood. We're happy that we could fill that niche.

Next year we plan to expand beyond just the Steamy Ink Press into proper story publishing- be on the lookout for our first book in April! You can also look forward to more bonus content, such as the Lotharwen paper doll that was enclosed for subscribers this month.

As we come to the end of our first year here in Maplewood, it's important to recognize the growth and opportunity you, our readers, have given us. Our first year has taught us many things about both what you want to read and about how wonderful this town is. We look forward to improving and continuing to provide you with the best Person of Interest news for many years to come.

Dear Sophie,

I'm trying to get married, but someone keeps stabbing the Septons in charge of the ceremony. We've tried getting a septon devoted to every God, even resorting to ones of the Three, but each time they are murdered and left with ominous notes threatening the God. Sometimes we even find leaves from a strange plant left behind. I'm beginning to think that our love is displeasing to the Sept. What should we do?

Sincerely,
Out of Altar-natives

Dear Doomed at the Altar,

I have it on good authority that Septons may soon stop getting stabbed as the serial killer responsible was found and apprehended. Congratulations!

Most recently I saw the loveliest of unions performed by a member of the Brownfox clan in the bazaar. While not a septon, he seemed competent and the couple walked away happily wed. Perhaps you can send him a courier letter asking if he would be interested in performing the nuptials?

Another option is to consider taking this as a sign to get to know each other better. Are you absolutely sure that you are not marrying a serial killer? Maybe go on a few more dates, get some pre-marital counseling, and stalk them through the woods at night to make sure they aren't secretly a Forsaken cultist sabotaging your marriage for unknown reasons.

Best of luck with the wedding planning and good wishes for your future happiness!

Marriage Attempts Interrupted by Murders

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