

Steamy Ink Press ^{3c}

August 1601 Lifestyle news to share over tea

Hey Terra, there's space here for a wanted poster if you pay me enough.

Local Bakery Has Great Cupcakes

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Rock Scholar Weighs in with Rock is an Egg Theory

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This Summer's Hottest Trend: Skulls and Furs. See Who is Sporting What This Season!

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Steamy Ink Press is a division of the newly-founded Steamy Ink Publishing (copyright pending). Our mission is to provide in-depth news to the people of Maplewood about the most entertaining topic- the People of Interest that flit through town. What are they doing? Why are they here? Are they single? What should I wear to look like them? 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 sipping tea and great friends!



REXT IN PEACE

Local bard fondly remembered as "That idiot that tied himself to a magical rock being worshiped by darkness cultists".

Rex McNeil of the Frelands, age unknown, is presumed dead after tying himself to the Rock and disappearing with it.

"I'd like to find out where mystical items come from." He stated when asked why exactly he was tying himself to the rock. He was advised several times by other Persons of Interest that this was a bad idea, but that didn't seem to dissuade him as at slightly before 3pm he ceased to exist as the rock disappeared.

It is unknown who his surviving family is, as he did not mention any, but did state "If that bastard Alfonze tries to take credit for this, beat his ass."

He has bequeathed his hat to Shelaz, who he states would wear it well and "would probably look good in green", and has requested that his beloved spear be planted

in the nearest grove, specifically the cave under the Dryad's Grove, along with his beloved glowworm (name unknown).

Rex's favorite color was emerald green, as is

to himself." A bystander noted. "It was nice knowing him I guess."

"I'll miss him. He was going to start a band that was going to serenade me daily." A sad-looking harpy said as they inquired to his whereabouts.

He has requested his resurrection if it is possible.

Are you also having desires to learn more? Thinking of gaining knowledge via Rock Travel?

Please contact Makhno Brownfox, Local Rock Scholar for tutelage on the dangers of attempting to join them by rock.



traditional of SIP we did ask this before his untimely demise.

"I mean, he kind of did it

You can also reach out to your nearest elder to share your feelings and gain their wise insight.

You are not alone. Don't tie yourself to the Rock.

Letters to the Editor



To those of the Steamy Ink Press,

I am writing this in to you fine folks delivering the news around Maplewood now. I would like to commend a certain elf for her bravery and dedication to protecting the townsfolk. Her name is Sosna.

I came back late from my brother's funeral and I did not dare brave the road through Northtown alone. I met this fine elf in the Jenny and I was surprised when she agreed to accompany this old man on his way back home.

I used to be a constable and I know the dangers of the road, and I know adventurers... so many require a high price for their efforts. Armor ain't cheap, I know. Sosna delivered me safely home without a coin changing hands.

I know I don't have the pull I used to around here, but I still feel recognition should be placed upon those that deserve it. That Sosna, she's got heart... and she's got what it takes to be one of the greats. I will give her that.

Sincerely,
Georgen Wilder

Marriage in a Tiff? Call Zenif!

After a recent run-in with some Kazvaks who were overly interested in a baking apprentice's cake, I became very interested in learning where this cake could have come from. A pastry aficionado since early childhood, I have always loved to try every cupcake and danish I could get my hands on and anything that Kazvaks, known for being carnivores, thought was good enough to demolish had to be amazing.



assistant told me that I could place an order in advance. Luckily a nice young woman happened to have an extra muffin, which she let me have after telling me all about this exquisite place.

Upon biting into this muffin, I experienced pure joy that I haven't felt since discovering that I have the Shattered Mind Plague. All of my worries were gone in an instant and I felt the need to instantly share my happiness with everyone. Alas, I had no pastries to share. Instead, I wish to highly recommend these wonderful

baked goods to anyone with a sweet tooth, or looking for an alternative to alcohol to cure their depression. How does Rictor bake all of that love into each individual bite? Is he a jolly man, full of the desire to share his happiness with the world? Surely, someone who helps the local stray animals as much as he does must be a wonderful person with eclectic taste and a large family. It was truly an experience, and Rictor's Bakery is a must-stop on any Freeland Traveler's list.

You can place orders to Rictor's Bakery by speaking to Ron at the front of the shop during normal business hours.

And boy was I right! My nose led me straight to a small bakery owned by a man named Rictor. When I arrived almost an hour after opening they were already sold out to my dismay, although the friendly counter

An Interesting Take on a Historical Tale

There once was a great library of Black Mountain. If you studied there, you could learn about fighting or even constipation! It was an incredible source of knowledge that brought Novitas into a violent age. You could travel the whole continent and never see another library like the one in Black Mountain, located just north of Mad Wastes , a major center for no civilization.

That was until its tragic end

in the year 1172, caused by the War of the Avatars. ("Good Ol' Kahrn said FUCK READING"- uncredited Earthkin Maplewood Resident).

To this day not all the lost knowledge has been recovered but Grak is working on rebuilding the lost treasure by doing killing things and killing more things for GLORY . If interested in helping their endeavors, please contact Catori, not a Septon.



Dearest Reader,

I'm gonna write all the things you don't actually let me publish here since this is the draft and you can't stop me! *Fuck off Lorelei*

I'm hosting a fancy tea party and really hoping all the faekin come. People are starting to think I'm an inquisitor but really I just want to show S that they can be good people too. *I am not even going to entertain this with a response.*

I am curious as to how faekin reproduction works. Wonder if setting P up with Z would get a baby purple one. *Note to self: Explain how reproduction works to Lori.*

One nice thing about Civen... it's warm enough even S took his shirt off for awhile. The scars all over him have healed up pretty well. *Need some water for that thirst?*

Also, why are there no dogs in Maplewood? You'd think with all the humans around they'd have dogs. Maybe kazvacs ate them. ... *Really?*

During my adventure in Civen last month I found out that P has a secret boyfriend! I can't remember his name, I think it starts with an N. Anyway, I'm not sure why she keeps it a secret, maybe because her parents won't like him? They like Shelaz though, so at least I have a leg up on her there. *Not my boyfriend, bitch, did you miss the part where the silence I threw at him barely missed your head?*

Apparently L used to do her homework for her all the time in exchange for going to family functions in her place. That's super naughty L, I can't believe that you would rather do extra work rather than spend time with your lovely family. *You would too if you had to deal with our grandfather.*

Oh and Little L is kind of a prat but you can tell he cares about his sisters. He's always keeping an eye on them when they're around, even going so far as to ask me what P has been up to. I think he's worried they're gonna fight him for their dad's business. *You can't have it Lori, Lynn is gonna get it.*

The kids around here don't want to do schoolwork. They keep saying something about "summer vacation" but how will they learn elvish if they stop practicing it? *Worst teacher ever.*

While C has been away, potentially dead, M was seen adventuring with both R and A. Could there be trouble at home for the Chainbreakers? *Who?*

In other news, S still won't do me. *Have you tried just taking your shirt off and showing him your tits?*

Yours truly,

Madam Mapleleaf

Summer's Hottest Trend: Furs and Skulls



For most people, fur is a great way to stay warm in the frigid depths of winter. For the People of Interest in Maplewood, they are a year round fashion statement. From hats to linings to whole pelts, what used to be a cute fuzzy animal is now becoming a cute fuzzy accessory.

"Wearing furs year round says "I respect the elemental, and know that she could make it permanently winter here at any moment" ". Said someone wearing absolutely no fur, but who had a lot of opinions on the subject. "Then there's Grak worshipers who wear furs to prove that they will take on ANY challenge, even dehydration."

"Reduce, reuse, recycle." Fashion icon Lotharwen commented. "Wearing fur tells people you care about the environment. You reuse what you kill and get more value out of it."

Skulls are also becoming popular due to their multi-use purposes. Moneysack uses a pouch for coin keeping, Dante notes that they're spooky all year long, and Illivandros stated that "If prepared properly, you can drink out of them."

"Grak worshipers have so much brain damage they often can't tell the difference between their own skull and someone else's, so they wear them just to be sure they have one." said the opinionated non-fur wearing townsperson, "Wearing skulls and pelts is also a great way to say "I'm not a necromancer, because if I were these would be animated right now"."

The more traditional residents are not enjoying the new trends.

"Sometimes you want people to know the state of your mental health just by looking at you." a short towns person with a shorter temper remarked. "This is a great way for me to know who to send counseling advertisements via courier to."

Top 5 Looks of the Season

Draw from these fashionable looks to inspire your next wardrobe purchase!
Artistic Renditions Credited to the fine Artists Guild of Maplewood

#1



Catori

When we asked where she got this lovely hairpiece, we were told "My Mentor".

#2



Audra

#3



Lucky

#4



Daitoro

#5



Moneysack

A New Thesis on The Rock

Submission by Emeric Barnes

The Rock is the child of the Avatar of Grak and the Helix and it will birth a new God more powerful than either of them. My neck is freakishly large and (Editor's note: The next 6 pages of this

You believe that the Avatar and the Helix just disappeared and then 6 months later this "Rock" just so happens to show up right where the Helix used to be? It's an egg! Wake up sheeple!

We need to start stockpiling rations and swords for when the Grak-Helix hatches so we won't have to eat our neighbors in desperation. I don't want to eat my neighbors. I could though. I drink a mixture of frenzy brew, mind expanding elixir and ogre



Subscription Offer

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Puzzles to Pass the Time

Solutions published in the following month's issue



		7		0	6	2	5	9	3
	8			5		4	0	7	
6	7		9		2	1		8	
3	8				7			9	
		3	7		6		4		8
16	33	17	31	9	28	16	20	31	24

Fill each empty square so that every row contains ten different numbers from 0 to 9. In the columns the numbers may be repeated, but wherever one square touches another whether horizontally, vertically, or diagonally the numbers must be different. The black squares show the sum total of the numbers in each column. The solution will be published in next month's issue.

*Did I already put
that one in?*

Last Month's Answers:

Not found due to the effects of The Shattered Mind Plague.



No idea what to put in this giant blank space. Use it for note taking or something, I don't know.

DID YOU KNOW?

All constables in Maplewood are required wear a Mapleleaf badge while on duty.

If you don't see a badge, you don't have to do what they say!

*Also if you ask if they are a Constable, they have to tell you they're a Constable.

A brief overview of the groups looking for plague cure donations:

The Elven Temperance League is working on creating an item that is magically similar to a remembrance crystal that can be used as a substitute for it.

The Alchemist's guild of Civen has been trying to create a compound capable of defeating the disease.

The Mage college in Civen is trying to create a new ritual that will serve only the purpose of curing this plague. They are hoping making something specialized will have better results.

Several religious groups are trying to pray the plague away though the Sept appear to have yet to respond.

More than a few of the groups collecting donations are scams for the enrichment of their leaders, be on the lookout for these unsavory folks.

Dear Sophie,

A few months ago, I found a doomsday prophecy written on a piece of paper. I didn't think it was real or important, so I kept it away and locked up in my stationary box. The month after it was posted in the inn and everyone seemed very concerned and it appears that it may have been important after all. Should I apologize?

Sincerely,
I Think I Fucked Up?

Dearest Sister,

Are you writing home to our parents or something?

Anyway, well yep you done fucked up. You have a few choices here. I suppose it depends on how bad you really feel about it.

1. Don't let anyone know and keep it a secret forever.
2. Leave the piece of paper in a convenient place and just don't tell anyone you had it all along.
3. You could post it in a convenient publication such as your local SIP newsletter for everyone to see.

Any of these options would solve your problem. Or I suppose you could follow your moral compass and apologize for keeping this information to the general public and mass distribute it via flier.

Maybe you just forgot about it. There is a plague going around after all.

Shit happens.

Either way you should make this prophecy known just in case it actually comes true.

This is why Dad likes me better. Good luck!



Kill
Anyone
That
Knows
Your
Secret.