



June 1601

# Steamy Ink Press<sup>3c</sup>

Lifestyle news to share over tea

Each issue bought provides a copy to a Maplewood resident free of charge

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Presenting a  
New Lifestyle  
Paper for the  
Townfolk of  
Maplewood

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 adventurers that come and go through town. What are they doing? Why are they here? Are they single? We aim to answer these questions for you, and not just publish headlines with blurbs that make you need to venture out and do your own research to find out what they mean. We do the research for you!

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



## Vargainens: Tourists or Terrorists?

*After a night of ceremony and protest, one is left to wonder: Why are the residents of Maplewood so against freedom of religion?*

We have received reports on the matter. It appears the Vargainen Embassy at of a kerfuffle at the that they don't wish to their earliest convenience, recently opened involve themselves with we are sure they will be Vargainen embassy; it such paltry things as an enormous protest going needed due to the terrible news of one of their elders on while an embassy was murder.



even though apparently it was okay for non-Vargainens to praise the Sept and the Dragon. Despite many threats of violence no skirmishes broke out, mostly because the protesters who were carrying meat cleavers and clubs made of sticks realized the people protecting the Vargainen were glowing brightly blue all over and wearing an entire year's salary of magic items each.

Some were heard shouting "Where are the constables?" as they were told to disperse. There was no sight of the constables or any other form of town authority and they were unavailable for comment

Sable Company was spotted bravely gallivanting through the woods with some faekin in an attempt to help the younger Vargainens remove themselves from the situation. The local protesters, who seemed to not care about the safety of children, did not attempt to fix the issue they caused the younger generation. There have been no reports of traumatized younglings as of yet and any therapists willing to assist should reach out to

The night ended relatively peacefully, despite seeming like the largest riot to ever happen in Maplewood, with only one major murder on scene. Later one of the Vargainens, who had left only briefly, was found with the words "Abandoned by Darkness" carved viciously into his chest in perfect common. While clearly this was an attempt to make it look like one of their own slain the poor man a rookie mistake was made because as we know, Vargainen's native tongue is Andaranian. A murder mystery in Maplewood-who will be the first to solve the case?

"Me"  
??? - May 5, 1601



It is with heavy hearts that we report beloved town necromancer, known only as "Me", was put to rest by Mathys last month after a tragic misunderstanding in which she attempted to revive a dead family member but accidentally started to make a flesh golem instead.

"Me" enjoyed hobbies such as keeping the townsfolk company, teaching young humanoids how to dig up graves, showing the best ways to make friends, giving hugs, and casting protection spells on buildings.

When asked, locals remembered her fondly as "The stray cat you feed, but never let in your house". They all express sorrow that they were unable to help with the deep depression she fell into following the events of last fall.

She is survived by no one, as her entire family died in the orc raids.

May she always be remembered fondly.

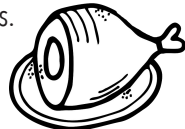
## *The Tale of Lenzo, the Meat Summoner*

Once upon a time, there was a man who couldn't remember anything about himself named Lenzo. On a summer eve while with his friends, they happened across an important Novitasian family that planned to burn down Maplewood and everything surrounding it. Lenzo could not stand for this misdeed, and together with his friends insisted on throwing the family a picnic so that they could see the joy Maplewood could bring. Him and his friends toiled the entire next day to make the best picnic Maplewood had ever seen. An entire roasted goat! Potatoes, entirely mashed and mixed with garlic! Summer vegetables, salted and peppered, steamed to perfection! To finish it off, a perfectly baked

apple pie! It seemed like absolutely nothing could go wrong. Alas, it was not to be. As soon as the groups sat down to eat, the Elemental opened up the skies and rain came down to dampen the picnic that Lenzo and his friends had worked so hard to put together. The family became agitated and angry, demanding that more food be brought at once or they would go to the Spinning Jenny, eat all of the food that was there, and then begin systematically burning the town buildings one by one. Lenzo felt a rage course through his veins as he watched his hard-cooked meal melt into inedible mush. With a mighty cry he raised his arms to the sky, cursing the heavens above.

The Sept took pity on the man in that moment and granted him immense power. With another mighty yell, lighting shot from his fingers, the clouds parted, and a beam of sunlight shown down upon the picnic. All of the side dishes were restored but alas, Lenzo's power was limited; instead of the roasted goat, there was a simple ham. It was enough. The heavens cleared, the birds began to sing. The hungry family was amazed by Lenzo's power and left Maplewood happily with full bellies.

And that is the story of why Maplewood is not a pile of ashes in the middle of the Freelands.

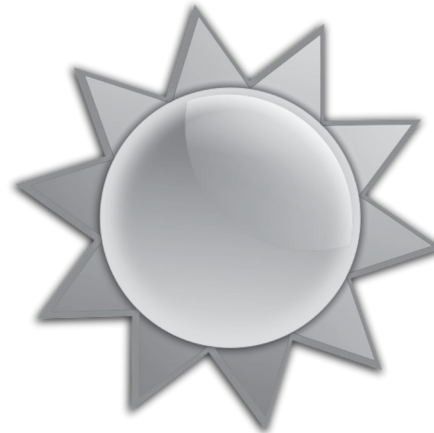


## *Vlenoan Food Critic Gives Pheasant Plucker Meat Rolls Rave Reviews!*

Maplewood's new up and coming coffee shop, The Pheasant Plucker, recently received great reviews from an unexpected visitor. Owned by merchant Sigos Brasnakov, they feature various coffee beverages, baked goods, and meat-stuffed rolls made from the secret family recipe of yours truly. forget what was said? Or perhaps he was overcome by the flavors in his mouth. No memory modifying magic was seen being used.

While an attempt to poison the unexpected critic did fail it turns out that it wasn't needed, as he was surprisingly enjoying the food he was given. After Chainbreaker Cordon advised the critic, Giles Driens, that a faekin friend made them he did take a second to mull over the taste in his mouth before finishing the baked good in its entirety. It appears that after being told, his eyes went blank and he just seemed to According to witnesses, it appears that Driens was taking a break around those known to be Plague infected while he was chasing a wanted fugitive of some sort. Unfortunately nobody in town was able to assist as there had been no humanoids recently seen matching the description Dreins gave and he was sent on his way. He did make sure to give the meat rolls and coffee five stars out of five before leaving. It seems that Sigos may indeed know how to run a business. The Bazaar will be bustling with more places to shop soon!

**It's going to be a terribly hot weekend! Make sure you and your friends drink at least a mug of water an hour, lest you find them all giving you looks of disappointment as you awaken from fainting.**



\* Beer, ale, and coffee do not count as hydrating beverages.

## Dearest Tea Stippers,

This month was a little lackluster. Clearly the adventurers are threatened by reports of their deeds. Please continue to send all tips via courier to Steamy Ink Press, we like to share thinly veiled secrets here.

Love on the rocks? L's relationship status has recently changed from "Married" to "Married and it's complicated". Potential suitors wanting to court someone accused of regicide should do so quickly. In addition O was apparently kidnapped again this month while walking from the Bazaar to the Inn, this time by baby turtles. Is it becoming more dangerous to walk twenty feet in Maplewood, or is she just an easy kidnapping victim?

Speaking of courting, sisters Land P were seen fighting while walking across the field shortly after speaking to a certain consul in the inn. If the rumors are true about L having a glucose grandpa, it seems P may be trying to find her own. As they appear to prefer the type "bald men with influence", the Fire Keepers should probably lay low for a bit.

AVlenoan Inquisitor was asking about a faekin who he stated he had tracked to the town. Every person we asked about it stated they had not seen or heard of a faekin woman with black hair and eyes. Captain A was unavailable for comment. Is A a Captain or an Admiral? Can someone please write in with confirmation of promotion, demotion, or correct title?

S was spotted tying R to the Rock (Rockbert? Has anyone confirmed this?) before they had to adjourn to fight trolls. Was this a weird kinky thing? No judgment passed here, but it's important to realize that bystanders need to consent before they do these things in public.

With the mind shatter plague in full force, we have received a larger than normal number of reports of individuals "forgetting they are in a relationship". This tragic side effect usually occurs during a night of drinking at the Jenny. It is recommended to write your spouse's name in ink on your arm before leaving home to help mitigate this.

Also due to the mind shatter plague, people are apparently forgetting their native language. D was noticed speaking Elvish and Sylvan rather than common, and earthkin have been spotted forgetting their Terran. Members of Sable Company have been difficult to understand recently as well, as they have been speaking exclusively in Andaranian.

Yet another side effect of the plague seems to be people "losing track" of their senile old ladies. One such lady was spotted being dropped off with some humans attempting to have a nice picnic, and it was unclear whether her "daughters" ever came back for her.

Apparently there were Harpies out this month. Are they looking for friends, as they state they are, or is there a fae incursion coming? Can anyone confirm what these Harpies wanted, and is it true they were going by M&M?

The Fire Keepers and Harbingers were seen helping two different Vargainen families fighting over some unknown box. Are the Vargainens seeking to steal or "acquire" boxes of unknown and dubious sources? Perhaps instead this is some sort of cultural sport? Or maybe there is some unknown familial relation between our new Vargainen friends and certain feline companions, as they both share a love of boxes.

This month you should buy drinks at the Jenny for The Fire Keepers or The Harbingers, based on who you think would win in a fight to the death over an ancient box.

Yours truly,

*Madam Mapleleaf*

## Poppy's Search for Artifacts

It isn't often an editor gets to go in the field and investigate things herself, but I had the recent pleasure of helping a Varganien Verduran try to find their missing artifacts. For those not in the know the missing items are a book, a mirror, a box, and a vial of unknown substance. The book and mirror were both confirmed not to be the ones I carry.

I did not find the artifacts, but I did find places the artifacts are not:

- In Northtown next to the scary wraith
- In any of the Chainbreaker's bags
- Behind the spooky veil that is sometimes in the Bazaar.
- In the kitchen of the Spinning Jenny
- Inside Titus' coin purse
- With Coin Purses' remains buried in the center of town
- In the ruins of the temple
- Around the privy behind the Constable's office
- In the rafters of the old Slap and Tickle
- With Janos' buried treasure in Maplewood Proper

I did not check the lake despite wanting to, as Makhno told me not to go there by myself at night. Or ever really. Apparently only bad things ever happen at the lake.

I hope this helps anyone assisting the Varganiens in this search! Good luck and may the decade bless them.

*Do you find it hard to enjoy beating monsters to a pulp?*

*Do you enjoy a relaxing evening strolls by the lake?*

*Do you find yourself reaching for a quill more often than a sword?*

*If you answered yes to any of these then perhaps you may find a home among The Madrigal.*

*Rex McNeil is looking to create a group of musicians, storytellers, artists, and the like to gather together for camaraderie & revelry. Please reach out via the usual means for more information.*

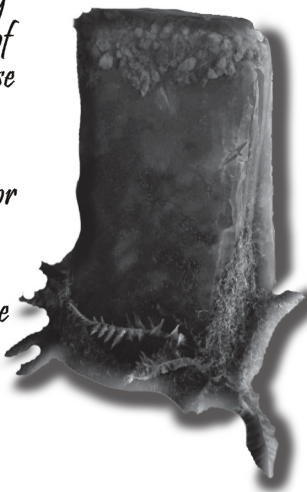


*Do you want to have a Rock vision? Are you wondering what the big deal is? Are you unable to get yourself out of bed in time to meet the Rock? Do you just not one of those pesky seizures?*

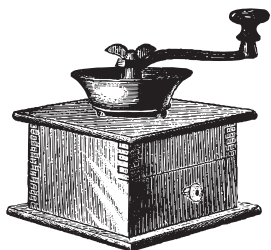
*Worry no more! Rocklicker Lorelei Levanestra is here for you.*

*For the low price of 10 coin plus healing fee, you can have your vision relayed without the risk of personal harm or having to wake up in the morning!*

*See Lorelei or send a courier letter with fee.*



Present this coupon for a free regular coffee with the purchase of a baked good



**The Pheasant Plucker**  
Saturday 10am -  
12(?)pm

New Pheasant CustomerS may obtain free regular coffee, no coupon required

## Subscription Offer

For **25c per year**, you can have SIP delivered to you (or your friends, or family, or whoever you want to annoy honestly) via courier instead of doing the pesky work of needing to find someone selling it. **That's 5c less than if you bought each issue individually!**

Please enclose 25c and return this ad to Steamy Ink Publishing, c/o Poppy Katullin.

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Sign below to acknowledge that subscription fee does not include courier fees or tips:

## Puzzles to Pass the Time

Solutions published in the following month's issue



O		X		X	O		X
O			O			X	
	X			O			
O			X	O	X		O
X	X		O			O	
O			O			X	
	X			O		O	O
	X	O		O			

Place either an O or X into each empty square so that no three consecutive squares in either a horizontal or vertical column contain more than two of the same symbol.

There needs to be as many O's as X's in every row and column.

Ten candles stand burning in a dining room. A strong breeze blows in through an open window and extinguishes two of them. Checking back in on the candles later, you see that one more candle has gone out.

To make sure no more flames go out, you shut the window. Assuming the wind doesn't extinguish any more candles, how many candles do you have left in the end?

## Mind Sharpening Riddles:

What is yours, yet others use it more than you do?

## Last Month:

Triangle Number: 3  
Riddle: The letter 'E'

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



# FUND THE GUILD

For a chance to win a coin bag that may or may not bite the hands of pickpockets!

All proceeds go directly towards the establishing of a craftsman guild for Maplewood.

See or send X'Nor to get your ticket for only 5 coin each. Winner will be drawn Saturday between 3pm and 8pm.

## Do You Know Where Your Grandmother is?

*There have been reports of elderly women being left out in the woods after being infected with the mind plague, their families no longer willing to take care of them. If you find any elders wandering around looking lost, please inform a Constable immediately.*

*If you are abandoning your elderly relative to be eaten by who knows what in the woods, you should be ashamed of yourself.*

## Mother Wonders How to Make Her Daughter "Normal"

Dear Sophie,

I (28 fh) and my husband (29 mh) have a beautiful daughter (9 fh). She has gotten into her head after a few humans in black and red crossed by our town that adventuring is the best and she wants to do nothing else. We have been raising her to be a lovely woman so that she may go to Civen, court a politician, and allow herself and us a better life than working our farm her entire life. She used to let us teach her how to walk properly and do up her hair, but now from sun up to down she is running around the town "training" and hitting trees with sticks all hours of the day. She even had the audacity to ask us to cut her hair so it doesn't get pulled if she gets in a scuffle. My husband and I are now sending her to a school specializing in social etiquette for young ladies but when we told her this, she threw a fit and has not talked to us in days. I fear we are losing our daughter to a madman's profession. What should we do to get her back on the path to being a fine lady men will marry?

Signed,  
A wild princess' queen.

~~Dearest Queen of Noone.~~

~~Perhaps you should just stop selling your daughter off to the nearest rich man you can find and let her be a child.~~

~~Great more people thinking that marrying their children off to the rich patriarchy is the way to go.~~

~~Have you ever considered that maybe your daughter has an active imagination.~~

Dearest Misguided Mother,

At 9 years old, social etiquette is something that should have been learned already. One should know instinctively that you use your cutlery from the outside in by at least age 6, and if you do not know that by then you will have to spend extra time to catch up to all the patrician's children that already know this and have a leg up. That's a lot of unneeded pressure on a child who clearly has a mind for storytelling.

Perhaps your money would be better spent at a school for those gifted in the arts, where your daughter can be around other like-minded youngsters and have her creativity fostered instead of suppressed. Perhaps she will find a nice friend there and they can grow up together, fall in love, and not be subjected to an arranged marriage by parents who don't know any better.

~~Also Civen politics is a bunch of old men arguing in a hot room over rules made hundred of years ago to benefit them why would you even want to subject your daughter to that.~~