

The Journeyman

Est. 2301

8th September 2397 of the Fifth Age of Neothera

LLA CONSIDERED TERRORIST THREAT

An unlikely alliance has recently formed between the L'Enarousse and Black Hammer Bay, with support offered by Blightfoot Ridge, and the verbal agreement overseen by the Tutela Syndicate themselves. This comes following the rapid growth of violence on behalf of L'Enaroussian Liberation Alliance (LLA) activists in almost all major cities in the Mainland, where terrorist attacks are now resulting in innocent lives being lost. But who are the LLA, and why have two neighbouring realms set aside an ancient rivalry to unite and stamp out this new threat?

The LLA has become an increasing thorn in the side of Philippe Marsell, the Governor of the L'Enaroussian realm of Jerrod's Front in Mainland Neothera. During their uprising, they focussed on clandestine attempts to undermine the ruling class, and particularly the Marsell family's grip on power. They were formed in 2392 by Horace Humberdink, a leading academic and freethinker who was a lecturer at the University of Apprentissage in Jerrod's Front. The LLA sees Marsell as an increasingly despotic ruler with aims far exceeding the mere safety of the L'Enaroussian people, especially considering the recent attempts of land grabs made by Marsell's forces.



Their protests were originally peaceful, however, became aggressive in recent years following heavy-handed L'Enarousse soldiers attempting to put a stop to them. Humberdink gave examples of journalists that have gone missing curtailing the freedom of the press and the virtual closing down of any anti-Marsell news, both inside and outside Jerrod's Front. This has led to tensions between them and pro-Marsell factions escalating to the point of violence, including street brawls and even assassination attempts.

Resorting to guerilla tactics, and more recently orchestrated assaults in city streets, Humberdink has a military wing that is becoming an increasing problem to Marsell, with numerous high-ranking officials kidnapped and even attacks on military outposts and supply convoys. Humberdink aims to destroy Marsell and his court and replace it with a form of government run by the people where the common man can vote for candidates that put themselves up for election. However strange this notion seems, it is a burning fire that Marsell is determined to extinguish.

Whilst this might seem like a problem for the L'Enarousse to deal with, it should be known that the LLA has recently made threats about the use of chemical weaponry in the city of Jerrod's Front. If such weapons were used and the wind blew to the west, the fallout would also affect the nearby city of Black Hammer Bay, a realm that in all fairness wouldn't blink an eye if Philippe Marsell was torn from power. This is where, to the surprise of many, a temporary truce has been called between L'Enaroussian Governor Philippe Marsell, and the Pirate King, Robert Smith, who is very much alive and well!

In November last year (2396), the Pirate King arrived at Jerrod's Front, handing himself over freely to the L'Enarousse. It was understood that Robert Smith was to be executed for countless crimes against the realm, yet it seems he was instead hauled up in Marsell Keep, apparently discussing how the LLA should be forcibly dismantled. It is speculated that the declaration of Smith's execution was a facade to allow him to be on L'Enaroussian soil long enough to not get lynched in the streets by the citizens of Jerrod's Front.

Whether the citizens of either realm agree with the truce, it seems that until the LLA is dismantled, Black Hammer Bay and Jerrod's Front can enjoy a period of peace. Offering support to this new alliance is Blightfoot Ridge, and Danny Henesey himself was present at the meeting with Robert Smith and Philippe Marsell. It is not quite clear why the Henesey's are involved in this matter, although LLA attacks on L'Enarousse supporters have been reported in the city of Blightfoot Ridge. Quite what the Henesey's have to gain by inserting themselves into this issue is yet to be seen, although some say that Danny is extending the hand of friendship, turning a new leaf, and perhaps turning his back on a life of crime that he was once so heavily involved in. The Journeyman newspaper has learned that several arrests have already been made in Blightfoot Ridge, Black Hammer Bay and Jerrod's Front, as the LLA ringleaders are being rounded up by the authorities. As the noose tightens around the thick neck of the LLA, one can only hope that desperation does not lead to them releasing any so-called chemical weapons that they apparently have access to.

Article Written by Milakov Neuman.



LUNA'S ENCHANTMENTS

"Hi, my name is Luna, co-founder of the Herald's of the Scarlet Star. I'd like to offer you my services!"

Friendly service, competitive prices

All common enchantments available

Various unique enchantments

Free cup of tea with every order

Find me at Aylston's Rest!

MISSING SCOUT TRIO: HEMADRI COUNCIL ISSUES PLEA FOR INFORMATION

The Beastkin Council, rulers of the Hemadri Capital City of Zan'zoula has issued a plea for information about the disappearance of three of their most-skilled scouts. Finniuous, Farrow and Fletch, said to be related by blood to King Rah'lhan himself, were due to return home in April this year following a scouting mission. The trio were leading an expedition to the ruined city of Skorth, and fears are that they have been captured by Redellium Rahoolium, the Goblin Warchief's soldiers. Although they would not offer more information about how they know this, the Beastkin Council has stated that they know the trio is still alive, perhaps due to a soul-bond shared by them and King Rah'lhan himself.

Finniuous, Farrow and Fletch are unique amongst beastkin, in that they all shared the same aspect upon their transformation into their half-animal, half-human form. The triplets, born to the same mother and father, all took the half-form of a brown wolf, were inseparable growing up, and totally loyal to each other and the Hemadri realm.

The Beastkin Council says it is unlike the trio not to return by a specified date following whatever mission they were tasked with, and due to their level of skill in the art of hand-to-hand combat, they are not opponents that could easily be bested in battle.

Finniuous, Farrow and Fletch shared a love for music, declaring it was capable of soothing the souls of all living creatures, even the angriest ones. When not acting on behalf of the council for whatever mission they were undertaking, the brothers could be found in the chambers of the World Tree, listening to or performing music for their devoted audiences. Their failure to return to Zan'zoula has left the halls of the World Tree a sad and quiet place. Those with information about the siblings should report to the Beastkin Council in the World Tree in the City of Zan'zoula.

Article Written by Viktor Lininfrenk.

REDELLIUM VS. THE REGROWTH

It is hard to believe that it has been five years since the war against the Brotherhood of the Red Wolf ended, and four years since the Burning began. Around forty per cent of the Mainland turned to ashes following the Goblin Warchief, Redellium Rahoolium's orders to unleash Firewater in the goblin-forged tunnels beneath the cities of Faradome and Vulpera. Documents acquired recently from corpses of many of Redellium's goblin soldiers point to their hatred being targeted at elves. The content of the documents is a clear example of goblin propaganda, yet relatable to when one considers the legends of their species. Goblins communicate via their own spoken and written language, and the fact that all documents obtained are written in Common points to Redellium wanting them to be understood by anyone not of his race. Despite the Journeyman having access to a hard copy of Redellium's propaganda, the Tutela Syndicate will not allow it to be published in case of reprisal against goblins that are not allied to Redellium.

Little is known of Redellium Rahoolium's background, and indeed his rise to power within the caverns beneath Neothera. That said, Tutela Syndicate historians have pinpointed the year that the Goblin Warchief obtained what is believed to be the alchemical recipe for creating Firewater. This occurred sometime in 2367 of the Fourth Age (thirty years ago) at the Caddington Estate.

Written accounts show that a group of mercenaries acquired the recipe and handed it over to the young Redellium. According to descriptions of the mercenaries acquired by Tutela Syndicate personnel, some match the appearance of several of the so-called 'Heroes of Caddington'. However, this notion is unlikely because it means said individuals would not have aged in appearance in thirty years. Should this information somehow be true, it is thanks to the 'Villains of Caddington' that Redellium rose to power and caused almost half of the Mainland to be consumed in Fel and Demonic fires. Tutela Syndicate investigations are still ongoing into this matter.

Despite the Burning, the Mainland has endured, and signs of hope are beginning to emerge. Many of the fires have been extinguished, and life seems to be returning to what was previously believed to be irradiated, scorched earth and blackened rocks. In fact, scientists have reported the discovery of several new species of insects in areas of land where greenery is beginning to sprout up. There have also been sightings of strange humanoid creatures within the wastes, yet these reports have not been confirmed due to their apparent wish to remain reclusive. So far, it seems that the taint of corruption is not present in areas of the regrowth, although the long-term effects of the Burning are still yet to be seen. It is thanks to Dagda, a powerful spirit of nature that the regrowth is finally beginning, and many

witnesses have seen the child of Haman'li, the God of Nature, roaming the scorched wastes, expelling the corruption from the lands. It seems the being has also earned quite the following since its appearance, gaining many devotees who have accompanied it on its travels throughout the Mainland.

We must not forget that despite the regrowth, the Mainland is not yet in the clear, and Redellium's forces continue to assault the Moonglenn, now located at Tawmeade in the west of the Mainland. The Tutela Syndicate now controls this encampment, suppressing what could have resulted in violence between the L'Enarousse and Blightfoot Gunners, who both laid claim to the area.

With the assistance of the self-proclaimed World's Greatest Inventor, Mister Ingo Raspatten, Tawmeade continues to be cleansed of Redellium's attempts at corrupting the Moonglenn, yet should he be successful, it is without a doubt that the Burning will begin once again. Anyone wishing to aid the defence of Tawmeade should report to Tutela Syndicate personnel located there. Payment will be awarded for your services.

Article Written by Merrienne Craddock.

LIBERTY SCHOOL OF MONSTER HUNTING REOPENS

The Liberty School of Monster Hunting has recently reopened for business after closing its doors abruptly almost three years ago. The institute, also known as LSMH, was established by Alek Liberty in the 1800s shortly after he slew the giant troll named Blightfoot, from whence the city gained its name. It grew to become the most famous school of its kind in the whole of Neothera. The institute has been owned and run by the Liberty family since its doors first opened, and it has proved to be a vital investment in the safety of a city that is plagued by vile trolls and other vicious creatures which roam the nearby Crag-Spine Mountains.

In 2394, the school unexpectedly closed its doors to the public, and barricades were erected outside the facility. Armed guards patrolled the borders, and those without an official invitation were advised to vacate the site, failure to comply resulting in warning shots being fired at anyone who ignored the orders of the guards. All of this occurred after Danny Henesey came to power in Blightfoot Ridge and many people speculate that some kind of falling out occurred between the new head minister and Joseph Liberty's son and daughter, Tennerson and Charmaine.

On the first day the school reopened, I was lucky enough to secure an interview with Tennerson Liberty, who seemed in good spirits and told me what had been going on behind the closed sixty-foot, iron-clad doors that allow access to the cliff-side institute. "As many of you know, my father, Joseph fell ill and died following an extremely violent demonic possession. The news hit my sister, Charmaine pretty badly, and three days before I shut the doors, she also passed away from a short bout of illness. As you can imagine, the loss of my father and sister in such a short period of time affected me severely. I fell into a deep depression and was in no fit state to look after myself, let alone an entire realm. You see, I was next in line to inherit my father's leadership role as head minister of Blightfoot Ridge, but that job fell to Mister Danny Henesey in my absence."

I offered my condolences to Tennerson for the loss of his father and sister. I am sure news of Charmaine's passing, which until now was not common knowledge, will come as a shock to anyone that knew her and of her great work in defending the city. I went on to ask Tennerson how he felt about the Henesey family taking control of Blightfoot Ridge. "Danny and I have never seen eye-to-eye. He is part of the reason crime was on the rise in the years leading to my father's death, and he has his fingers in many dubious and unsavoury pies. There are rumours of the wight population mysteriously dwindling in Blightfoot Ridge, whilst the Henesey's pockets grow deeper.

I'm not saying the two matters are linked...Well actually, perhaps I am, and that is why no Henesey is permitted anywhere near the LSMH. I do wonder how long the reign of the Henesey's will continue in this city, although at least they have the myriad of crime gangs put into order, even if the Henesey's themselves are the worst of them".

I advised Tennerson that words such as this could invite rebuke when this issue of the Journeyman is published. He responded with this. "Since the doors to LSMH were closed, many alterations and upgrades have been made within its walls. We are more than equipped to deal with problems of any size, regardless of who or what creates them. My family has lived in this city since it was first established, and I certainly will not be forced out by criminals, if that is their intent. I have also been honing my skills whilst I locked myself away within the impenetrable walls of the school.

As some of your readers may know, I was the first in the Liberty bloodline to be blessed with the mark of Signis, the God of Lightning. True to his form, I will smite the wicked that rise up to overthrow the righteous, and see that justice is found for those exploited by the very people that are supposed to protect them."

If Tennerson's words are anything to go by, it seems the Henesey family may have trouble brewing on the horizon. If they are responsible for the disappearance of innocent wights within the city, as Tennerson Liberty suggests, the Henesey's may find themselves answering to the Tutela Syndicate in the years, or perhaps even months to come. This feud aside, we wish Mister Liberty the best of luck as the LSMH reopens for business. Applicants wishing to gain one of the prestigious scholarships offered by the school should report there in person and be ready to complete an entrance exam.

Article Written by Jorvas Franz.



*Pictured Above: The Liberty Family
Tennerson Liberty (left) / Joseph Liberty (centre) / Charmaine Liberty (right)*

GOOD SOULS MUST PASS

This is an article to remember someone who is no longer with us. I have travelled with the spirit of Doctor Fothergill, one of the highest-paid physicians at the Rowston Medical College in Blightfoot Ridge. He was trapped within a mask, restless and taken from us too soon. He wished to continue his life work even in death, claiming to be the best doctor the Mainland has ever seen. And that he was, over the months of having said mask in my possession, I was able to bear witness to the prowess of a good and committed doctor. He saved countless lives as we travelled together. If he were alive today, he surely would have been a valued and respected member of any hospital. Not only was he a good doctor, but on my travels, he became a good friend. He told me his story and I told him mine.

He met plenty of my comrades, and if it weren't for his expertise, I fear not all of them may be here today. I think I can speak for all of them when I say thank you.

I'd also like to share a personal experience I had with this spirit. I foolishly overlooked some magical theory and ended up trapped in a pocket out of time with another spirit tormenting me. The doctor was there motivating me not to give in to that foul spirit's torture, so for that, I again thank you. You may be the spirit of a great doctor, but you are also the spirit of a dear friend. I wish not to disturb the slumber that you've rightfully earned, but I'm sure there will be times when I wish you were still here. Sadly the doctor has now moved on to the Ethereal Realm and is at peace. This Journeyman article is his final wish.

I would like all who may read this to come to me if they find more coffin masks. These spirits are people tormented with Fel magics. They must be set free and put to rest for the good of the Mainland, and respect for the people they once were.

Article Written by Yato Bloodbound.



MALON SHURBS SUPERNATURAL INVESTIGATOR

Are you troubled by
strange noises in the
middle of the night?

Do you experience
feelings of dread in
your basement or attic?

Have you or your family
ever seen a spook,
spectre or ghost?

If the answer is yes,
then don't wait
another minute.

Visit my office in
Blightfoot Ridge for
a free consultation.

WINTER COMETH

Greetings good people of Neothera, as many of you may know we are closing in on the end of the summer season and winter will soon be upon us. Some of you might already know, but if you didn't, I herald from the Frozen North, where it is pretty much a constant winter. I now wish to share some humble tips that I have learnt in my time and on my travels, to help you get through this winter even more comfortably than usual.

Firstly it's important to stock up on wood now, always good to have a fire going and keep your home warm - Especially for anyone who travels consistently, you should always have a fire going when you aren't on the move. The wood in your local forest should be good enough, or you could probably buy some from your local market.

My second tip is to bundle up, nothing beats a snow day whilst so bundled up in furs you can't even feel your wet backside. In all seriousness, furs are another must, they'll keep you warm during the day and at night in your beds. Not only that, they will be useful should you not have any source of warmth like a fire, maintaining your body temperature is important. They can also be used to treat the sick more comfortably should they get the flu. But in the case that you or someone you know is ill and their condition

worsens, call for a doctor immediately or have someone do it for you.

Thirdly to any hunters out there, be sure to be extra careful. Most animals will be looking for their last supper before settling down to hibernate, and any monster will happily take a free meal while you're busy trying to start a fire. If possible, I recommend travelling with a companion, two heads are better than one.

My fourth tip is, should you be unlucky enough to fall into a river or have your furs get wet over time, then stop and dry yourself when the soonest opportunity presents itself. Hypothermia is very deadly. This also ties into making sure your camp is safe from strong winds. If you cannot get a fire started things could turn dire quickly.

Finally, make sure to have all the necessary equipment for food purification should you need to hunt, or water that can be boiled. Staying warm is essential to staying alive. Now I know most of this won't apply to a lot of you folk, but if this helps even a single person on their journey, then I think it's justified. We could all use a bit of help now and then.

Article Written by Dredgen.

FROZEN NORTH APOTHECARY STATIONED IN JERROD'S FRONT



Unrest is growing in the L'Enaroussian Capital City of Jerrod's Front following the unannounced arrival and extended stay of a Lord Apothecary from the ranks of the Frozen North in September of 2396. Who is this Lich? Why did he come to Jerrod's Front, and what are his motives? Are the rumours of airborne chemical weapons really true? I was lucky enough to gain a short interview with Damus V'dere in the extravagant gardens of Marsell Keep recently, and here's what you should know.

"It is likely that until recently, outside of the Frozen North, you have never had the pleasure of meeting me in person, yet you may have heard of my work. In life, I served as Chief Surgeon to the Royal Family of the Great City of Netherlye in the latter part of the Third Age. My work led me down a much more 'interesting' path than my employer would have liked me to follow, where I, Lord Apothecary Damus V'dere, was responsible for assisting the Frozen North in creating the Elixir of Rebirth.

I was the first Human to rise as a Lich after I was sentenced to death by the royal family for their mistaken belief that I was dabbling with demonic magic. Of course, this was not true, and even death would not stop my work in assisting the fascinating creatures known as Vampyres, who had cheated death itself. It seemed my studies and experiments had paid off. Upon my reanimation, I awoke in the frozen wastes, my new employer, the Council of Nald, ready and more than willing to support my ongoing work."

V'dere's level of eye contact made me feel uneasy, yet re-enforced the strange confidence he exuded. I asked him about rumours surrounding a so-called, airborne chemical weapon, and his reason for visiting Jerrod's Front. "I am here on official business that involves the Frozen North, strong allies of the L'Enarousse since the fall of the City of Fairdale to the mindless undead in 2389. If it was not for the assistance of my people, your Mainland would likely be a mess of dribbling and rotting mindless corpses. You would probably be one of them!"

V'dere pointed at me and winked. As an uninfected Human, I felt uncomfortable but realised that what he said was true. If the Frozen North had not intervened, the Plague of Undeath would have spread like wildfire throughout the Mainland. "Let us cut to the chase. In July of 2393, I sought the aid of two members of the Court Encarmine to discover if the Plague of Undeath could be reproduced in an airborne, chemical format: The Elixir of Redeath. Their efforts proved successful, and this told me that a cure for such a substance should be mass-produced. Imagine if such a weapon fell into the wrong hands? Glacilla forbid this should ever happen! I came to Jerrod's Front, because the L'Enarousse are allies of the Frozen North. I wanted to find an economic cure to such a powerful weapon. I understand a cure was already found, but at the cost of Divine Blood - Something I know a certain wingless ruler of the Isles of Andore is not happy about."

I asked V'dere who created the cure to Plague of Undeath, knowing of the rumours that the upper classes had already been given access to the substance in Jerrod's Front. "Bastian Hanstез. It's the only good thing he did before he got his skull crushed by a mercenary at the Caddington Estate back in 2392. I heard he stole the recipe for the cure from the Southern Realms. I acquired a dose of the cure and attempted to reverse-engineer it. I was able to deconstruct it and remanufacture it. A cure is possible, but it does come at the cost of divine blood, ones that are about to die, and that'll cause problems. It has already. Apparently Marsell was hauled over the coals for accepting quantities of the blood from mercenaries who hunted down the divines. Anyway, what's so bad about becoming a wight? Are you a racist?!"

V'dere offered me a crooked grin, and his strange assistant, Cassi, giggled at the mention of this. I felt extremely uncomfortable at this point. "Look. I came here (to Jerrod's Front) under the instruction of my employer. Cassi and I have enjoyed many fine things the realm has to offer, and we'd like to stay for longer, but other business calls. I've tested my experiments against the green-skinned, goblin-filth at Caddington. The airborne Elixir of Redeath was extremely potent. Yes, some adventurers got caught in the crossfire, but I offered them protection against the smog. It's not my fault if not all of them chose to use it. A cure for the masses is possible, but it'll come at the cost of hundreds of divines being killed for their blood." I had more questions I wanted to pose to V'dere, but at this point, he was called away on business and could not comment further.

Article Written by Jorvas Franz.

ZOAS

ZAN'ZOULA ORPHAN
ANIMAL SOCIETY



WE ARE A CHARITY WORKING IN
MAINLAND NEOTHERA TO SOLVE
THE PROBLEM OF THE
CONTINENT'S ESTIMATED 5
MILLION STRAY CATS AND DOGS
HUMANELY, EFFICIENTLY AND
RESPONSIBLY. OUR KEY FOCUSES
ARE RESCUE, REHABILITATION,
AND REHOMING OF ANIMALS
FROM OUR PRIVATE SHELTERS IN
ZAN'ZOULA AND TALANOR, BUT
ALSO OFFERING PRACTICAL HELP
AND EDUCATION TO PET OWNERS.



WHAT WORDS ARE WORTH

As an upcoming reporter for the famous Journeyman newspaper, I was tasked with recording the stories of the everyday folk of Neothera and beyond.

I pondered my manager's request and felt that rather than producing a boring written account, the likes of which so many of my fellow employees do, I wanted to try something different. One evening it hit me like the spiked club of a Mountain Troll in the back of the cranium of an overconfident monster hunter from Blightfoot Ridge. Artistic Wordery! To be more precise, POETRY!

I was looking for poems written by the REAL people of Neothera, not just exaggerated accounts of events that one overheard in a tavern upon a drunken evening. I yearned for raw emotion, true tales homegrown from the Mainland and beyond. I wanted the benign and the boring, the heroic and the mysterious, but overall, the truth!

I arrived at the Tawsmeade encampment on Sunday 26th June 2397 to listen to poems, and you can read my favourite below. This entry was written and recited to me by an elf named Vinallic, who I understand is an officer of the Heralds of the Scarlet Star, a guild established and owned by Aranthius Lightborne, a faerie king from Lyshanduir.

"In the forest in which we bloom, we came for the adventure that may mean our doom, but at least we do not lie in a convent's solitary gloom. For the forest's bloom shall offer you a hearty cheer, so our hearts will know a happy tune to come with the great runes that shall give us our times that peace may thrive upon the land, and give us a gleeful boon. So come, listen to my fine rhyme, for soon it shall be a time where peace will thrive again, and we shall not know our doom but our greatest bloom."

Article Written by Robin Twinklevale.

REWARD FOR KNOWLEDGE

Do you know your monsters, beasties and things that go bump in the night? My name is Gabriel Tortinsworth, and I am on a mission to create a beastarium, a book detailing information on the beasts, both natural and unnatural, that inhabit Neothera. This book will contain lots of useful information, like how to fight/run away, strengths and weaknesses, whether it is edible and much more!

So if you are someone that is out and about in the world of Neothera and you know information on certain creatures that I could put in my book, I would like to hear from you! Here are a few facts you may not know about the beasts of Neothera.

Did you know that Nim Nims are a fungus that is ripe for a very short time, and if opened when not ripe can cause many issues such as pain, nausea, hallucinations and more? Did you know that the beast known as the Manahunter comes in two different varieties, the common (male) and the Matriarch (female) and that the Matriarch can lay eggs inside of you, controlling your mind? Gross!

If you have interesting facts like these I want to know all about it! Send a word or write to me at The Haven in Otta and I would love to speak with you. If you assist there will be money in it for you too!

MASTER SCHOLAR TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DIVINE

Were you born different?

Do you feel you have a unique calling in life?

Do you possess quirks beyond the comprehension of others?

Perhaps your raw skills surpass those of the most well trained veterans?

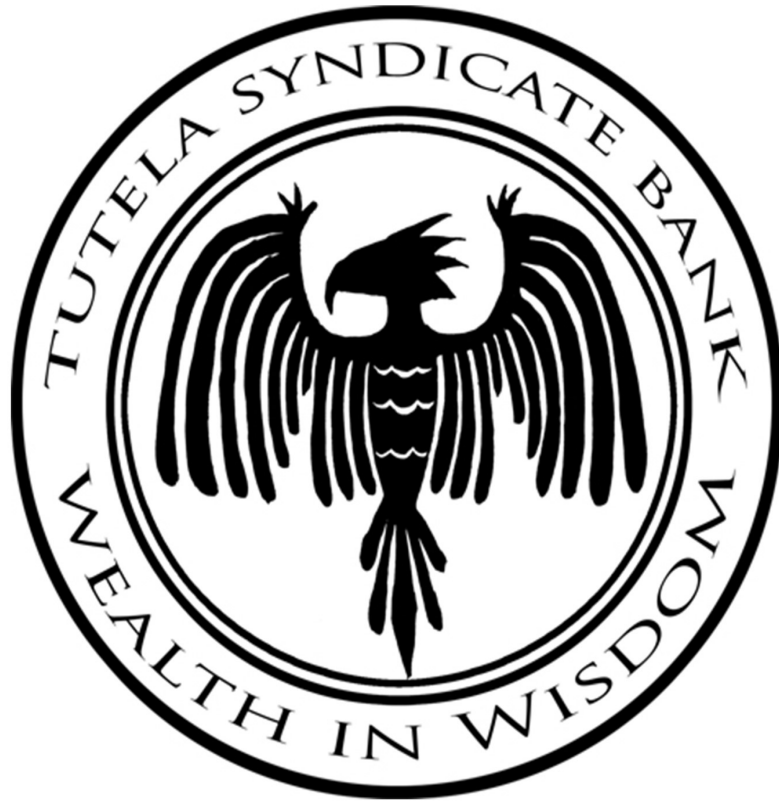
Are you unable to control the raw power you were born with?

Are you marked by the divine with patches of gold upon your skin?!

Senpai Gokugo and his travelling castle of scholarship are visiting a city near you soon!

We are now accepting gifted students into our halls. Apply today!

A brief consultation could result in your acceptance!



ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE: VB3

Taking, possessing or distributing the substance known as VB3 is now illegal in all realms occupied by the Tutela Syndicate.

Following extensive testing of the substance at the Rowston Medical College in Blightfoot Ridge, VB3 has recently been deemed extremely harmful, with long-term use often resulting in death.

Promoted as a performance-enhancing drug, and often taken by those wishing to improve their combat prowess, notable side effects have been now been discovered, including but not limited to the following:

- Excessive twitching
- Accelerated heart rate
- Severe headaches
- Memory loss
- Vomiting
- Loss of muscle control
- Bleeding from the eyes, ears, mouth and nose
- Heart attacks

VB3 does not affect wights, however, the law still applies to all wight citizens.

Tutela law, applicable in all realms the Syndicate operate in, allows Tutela Syndicate officials the power to impose on-the-spot fines, make arrests and imprison those guilty of taking, possessing or distributing the illegal substance.

A VB3 amnesty is in effect until the end of the year. Anyone in possession of the substance is encouraged to hand over their supply to Tutela Syndicate personnel to avoid further action being taken against them.

GARDENING WITH SONTAR

“ONCE IN A BLUE PRUNE”

Article Written by Sontar.

Hello all! Welcome to yet another edition of gardening with Sontar. As summer starts to roll down it's time to take care of your plants and prepare them for the winter ready for new growth in the year to come. In this edition I will be going into some snippy details on giving your plants a good tender too!

WHY DO I NEED TO PRUNE?

Sontar! Why would I hurt my plants!? Do not fret my fellow green thumbs, this small inconvenience to your plants will improve their health, strengthen their shape and keep the plant healthy by producing new flowers and/or berries. Plants not pruned tend to have restricted size and can lead to dead tips and reduced flowering! Less flowers? Less lovely little bees to produce us some lovely, sweet honey for our mead! (Do not forget to pick up some freshly made ginger mead in Sirella!)

HOW DO I PRUNE?

Grab yourself some secateurs (found in most general stores or blacksmiths) and prune just above visible buds, this will prevent a long snag of stems which might encourage die back. Please allow 3-4mm so you do not damage the bud itself. If the plant has pairs of bud's opposite to each other, then cut straight if you want both buds to grow or cut at an angle if you wish to remove one of the pair. Then move down to the base of the plant and cut and remove any old and dead growth. This will encourage strong new shoots from the base and extend its life. If you have a shrub that requires rejuvenation, then do a hard prune and cut or saw down to 10-15cm above their base and do not fear! If you do not see any buds just yet! It will soon pop up when spring comes. Sontar my pointy eared friend, what do I do with all these cuttings? Well, here is the lovely thing about nature! Place them into your compost bin and over time they will break down and create a nice mix of mulch ready for you to use in winter to cover plants from frost and provide a nice nutrient rich dinner to help them into the next year.

So, here is a breakdown of the common reasons to do your early autumn pruning!

- Reducing density removes limbs all the way back to their branch of origin. It is a method used to free up a full canopy so that more sunlight can come through, trees or shrubs will benefit from this, particularly young saplings.
- Maintaining health is like fine-tuning a tree. Simple cuts are used to clear out dead, diseased, and damaged limbs to give the tree a polished look.
- Size management cuts reduce a tree's height or width. This method typically shortens branches that are inching into windows or reduces a wide-spread tree.
- Improves a plant's long-term health.
- Encourages more flowering.

So, remember! Keep your plants and trees pruned ready for a new year's growth! With Dagda helping us with the regrowth, now's no better time to show him we are working hard to look after our green friends. Be sure to catch me at Tawmeade in September where I will be creating a Q&A for the next edition of Gardening with Sontar, so do not be shy if you have questions, you want answered! Until next time folks.

