

The Journeyman

Est. 2301

8th June 2397 of the Fifth Age of Neothera

T U R M O I L A T T A W S M E A D E

It has been over two years since the Caddington Estate was reported missing – That’s right, an entire nine acre estate, along with various cottages and barns uprooted itself into the sky and vanished overnight! Although the estate’s feats of flight were not unheard of, with Caddington flying itself to the Western Realms and back many years ago, this time it seems no one has seen hide nor hair of it. Caddington was considered a location of great importance due to it being the home of the sacred Moonglenn, the last place The Seven congregated in the world before ascending to the Ethereal Realm. They left behind stone pillars, each akin to the elements, which are said to open gateways to various other worlds and dimensions.

It has been reported that despite Caddington vanishing from the map, the pillars of the Moonglenn somehow made their way to Tawsmeade, an encampment east of the town of Goggy Manton. Apparently, this is the work of a goblin known as Redellium Rahoolium, Warchief of the Bonetongue Tribe located in the City of Skorth in the southwest of the Mainland. I travelled to Tawsmeade recently and caught up with Ingo Raspatten, self-proclaimed as the world’s greatest inventor. He had this to say about the situation. “It’s quite simple, Chief. Redellium is pulling the Moonglenn closer to Skorth using Fel and Demonic magics. If it reaches him, he’ll use it to restart the burning, or worse, he’ll re-open the gateway to the Nightmare realm, allowing the demons to return.”

I asked Mr Raspatten why Redellium doesn’t simply travel to the Moonglenn himself with an army of goblins. “He’s not dumb! Are you!? Asking stupid questions like that..He’s sending waves of his troops here every day, trying to overload the Moonglenn with Fel corruption. He’s testing our defences and tryin’ to whittle us down. They’ve gotten close a few times but I ain’t gonna let ‘em win this. I have a machine here that’s constantly cleansing the Moonglenn of Redellium’s corruption, but right now I’m more concerned that fighting is gonna break out between the L’Enarousse and the Blighty Boys, and they’ll end up breaking the only thing that’s stopping the burning from starting up again.”

Mr Raspatten was correct. I witnessed several groups of L’Enarousse and Blightfoot soldiers wandering the encampment. Tensions between them looked high, with various slurs and other insults being casually exchanged. I asked Mr Raspatten what has been going on here to cause such a rift between the two realms. “This land was claimed by the L’Enarousse when the war against the Brotherhood started. They built an encampment, but the war never reached this place. Captain Williemo Demarq was stationed here all those years but never left. He said he had a divine calling, which I think is true because the Moonglenn ended up here. The L’Enarousse didn’t like him disobeying orders. He was supposed to have gone back to Jerrod’s Front years ago but ignored the letters.

Anyway, a few weeks ago, General Francois Lavigne shows up and executes Demarq for being treasonous. Next the divines show up, and then the Blightfoot Gunners. All of them laid claim to Tawsmeade, and from what I hear, they beat seven bells of s**t out of each other!” I proposed to Mr Raspatten that this seemed like somewhat of a land grab, something the L’Enarousse do a lot of. “Yeah, it’s basically that, and here I am stuck in the bloody middle. Those dummies don’t realise they need to work together to defend the Moonglenn, not flex about who is more capable. None of them can get on, and now they’re gearing up for a fight. It’s gonna happen sooner or later, and that’s why I’ve called for some help. The Heroes of Caddington will be arriving in the next few weeks, and then at least I’ll have a decent chance of my machine not getting smashed to bits.”

I understand that Mr Raspatten has worked with these people on several occasions, and asked him about this. “Me and that lot go WAY back. Some of ‘em are a bit wet around the gills, but they’re reliable and get the job done. I’d even go as far as to call a handful of them my friends. Right now, I’d trust ‘em way more than any of the officially recognised forces of Neothera. They always unite, and I’m certain they ain’t gonna be arguing like children when there’s a world to save!” I wish Mr Raspatten and the Heroes of Caddington the best of luck in ensuring the safety of the entire Mainland.

Article Written by Jorvas Franz.

10,000 LLANDIE REWARD

A piskie has been declared an enemy of the L’Enaroussian state, with a bounty of 10,000 Llandies and two plots of resourceful lands being offered for his capture. This comes following the brutal murder of L’Enaroussian General, Francois Lavigne, at Sangris, a so-called demi-god’s hands. It is understood that General Lavigne’s body was slowly disintegrated, limb by limb whilst he was still alive, and his guards were unable to come to his aid due to the piskie’s powerful magic. This incident occurred in April of this year, following General Lavigne’s arrival at the Tawsmeade -

encampment on the boarders of the town of Goggy Manton in the west of the Mainland. Sangris reportedly left Tawsmeade after suffering grievous injuries at the hands of Charlie Henesey, sister of Danny Henesey, realm leader of Blightfoot Ridge. It is assumed Sangris and his entourage are heading to the Isle of Andore, home of the divines. Despite his injuries, Sangris is considered highly dangerous, and should only be approached by those who are more than capable of defending themselves.



TALES FROM THE TAVERN

Greetings all, this is my review of the taverns of Neothera. I shall be reviewing the taverns on the basis that I have been there recently, and shall only review drinks I have drunk myself or had a chance to interview someone who has. The review shall give a small description of the drink's taste and texture as well as how much it costs to get loosened up. After all that I'll give the drink a rating up to 5, 1 being utter dogsh*t and 5 being almost divine quality.

Our first tavern is Winter's Bite in my homeland of the Frozen North. The ale is a dark mixture with a thick and strong taste that makes even the dead squint. It is a drink I have regularly when visiting home, far better than the MRE-issued ale we have back in the mountains.

I'd give the drink a rating of a solid 3, it's a good drink for an affordable price and it'll get anyone drunk sooner or later. If you can stand the cold and smell of the people then Winter's Bite is a wonderful tavern with prompt service and good drinks.

Second on my list is The Crow's Nest tavern in Jerrod's Front. I spent a good amount of time there during my duties and had more than enough to drink during my downtime. My first time trying the mead was pleasant, it was a sweet drink with a beautiful honey-yellow texture. No doubt fermented under great care and for a good price too, on another occasion I was given a chance to try their ginger mead, it was sweet and mellow with a bronze texture that complimented the taste-

-nicely with my elven company. I give the regular mead another 3 and the ginger mead a 4. The Crow's Nest had wonderful service and drinks to boot, I recommend it if you have some time and Llandies to spare.

Finally, the last Tavern on my list is a special one, I had the opportunity by a rather interesting turn of luck when I somehow found myself within the lands of Terminarium.

The Hole was a cold but spirited tavern with a nice mood. During my brief time there I shared ale and wine with comrades new and old, the ale was of moderate texture almost soup-like but still easy on the eyes. Surprisingly the taste was rather strong but not all bad, maybe not such a drink for the faint-hearted or those of low constitution. A good friend of mine who frequents taverns almost as much as I had the local wine, a strong crimson red in a dusty bottle I assume fermented for an amount of time only the royals would know.

It had a nostalgic "surprisingly fruity" taste as she described. It wets the tongue nicely with a coppery after tone. I'd say that the ale is a 2.5 on my rating. Its rough texture could leave something to be desired but to me ale is ale. The wine is a strong 3.5, its taste could only be described as royal in nature as expected from the land of the fae. I have heard some tales of a fae delicacy that I hope to try on my next visit.

That's all for now, I hope to have another entry soon!

Article Written by Dredgen Yhorm.

WANTED: YAMINITE ORE

WILLING TO PAY OR
TRADE FOR
YAMINITE ORE.

PLEASE CONTACT MMM
REPRESENTATIVE, THADDEUS
OR GARRETT DIRECTLY.

MMM FACILITY LOCATIONS:

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TALANOR



REMEMBERING A FALLEN HERO

On the night of the 15th of April, 2397, Jasper B.W. Astaroth tragically passed away at the age of 828. Known as one of the esteemed, 'Heroes of Caddington,' Jasper was unfortunately slain by the creatures known as the "They," who were in turn slain by the other Heroes of Caddington he had left behind. He passed away, surrounded by his friends, and loved ones. Jasper was a dear friend to many, and a helpful mentor to many more. Close friends recall him as being a father figure to those in need. Although he was short-tempered, he was always protective of his loved ones, and you could always count on him. His friends knew that when he was there, they were safe and protected.

Jasper was an avid bounty hunter and was well-respected within his field. Although he would have stated that he only killed for Llandies, his true actions showed that he was a watchful and vigilant person who would do anything to protect those he held dear, even if doing so would have ended in his untimely demise. We will always remember this fallen hero for his deeds and we will forever be grateful to those involved in the incredibly beautiful and heart-wrenching ritual that has ensured his soul would be at rest instead of just wandering for all eternity. These people include Soleil Encarmine, Prince of Terminarium, and Sontár Moonbow, King of Sirella.

Article written by Celeste Alliseau.



MADAME LORENZA
PROFFESIANL EXORCIST SINCE 2372.

UNRULY CHILDREN?
FLATULENCE?
HAIR LOSS?
EXCESSIVE SWEATING?

THESE ARE ALL SIGNS OF DEMONIC POSSESSION!

VISIT MADAME LORENZA AT 6A
LITTLE BIG FOOT ST. AT JERROD'S
FRONT DOCKS FOR A FREE
EXORCISM CONSULTATION.

F I R E S A T J E R R O D ' S F R O N T D O C K S C A U S E D B Y L L A ?

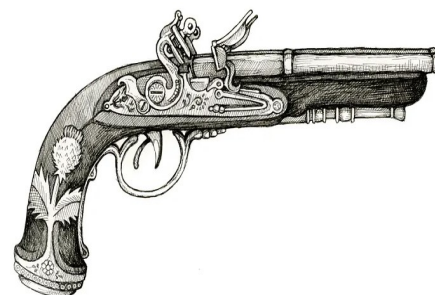
Two people were critically injured the other night in a fire that ravaged the Docks at Jerrod's Front. The fire began at approximately 6 pm and quickly engulfed the warehouse where it originated.

The warehouse in question was full of food provisions such as wheat which combusted quickly causing the fire to become out of control within minutes. Firefighters were on the scene quickly but unfortunately were unable to quench the fire which continued over to the neighbouring warehouse, which also stored food. The fire was eventually stopped by containing it and allowing it to burn itself out. Officials at the scene state it was a miracle that none were killed, however quick response time and action from locals made sure that none were stuck in the building as it burnt.

Although the cause of the fire is currently unknown the official statement is that it is a suspected LLA attack to undermine Marsell's authority. One of Marsell's chief officers had this to say, "It is never acceptable to cause harm to others and that is exactly what has been done here today.

Not only those injured directly by the blaze but to the families that are starving and require that food. We will investigate this thoroughly and the perpetrators for this attack will be brought to justice."

FLINTLOCK FUNDAMENTALS



The idea behind propelling a projectile towards a target relies on a spark being created near gunpowder, a dangerous enough idea. The resulting reactive force then sends a projectile being sent down a barrel with enough controlled force to hit the target. Flint is an incredibly hard form of rock, and therefore, when the mainspring releases the hammer when someone pulls the trigger it makes contact with the frizzen which is where the iron/steel is kept in place. When in contact, the flint creates tiny shavings of the metal causing sparks and allowing the gunpowder waiting on the pan to ignite.

Modifying a flintlock to cope with weaknesses should be left to those with more advanced knowledge, however here are some ideas to start with...

- 1) A cover or internal pan/frizzen to cope with wet conditions.
- 2) Multiple barrels and for multiple shots before reloading.

There is also an idea I have had for improving the accuracy and power, but I'll keep that to myself for now.

Article written by Garrett Newton.

A B R U S H W I T H F A T E

I, Mateo Diago, a famous artist of the City of Escallan in the Realm of Mantora, am an artist laureate of the Royal Pavoreal family. In April this year, I was lucky enough to travel to the beautiful Mainland location known as Tawsmeade. It was here that I arranged a competition.

I asked those who are artistically inclined to use the tools and canvas I supplied to create pictures that best represented this special location on the Mainland. Their art could have told a story about Tawsmeade and the people that lived there, or perhaps what the future holds for the location. However, ultimately the choice was up to the competing artists.

I arrived at Tawsmeade on the afternoon of Sunday 17th April and was greeted by a wonderful group of people, many of whom had created inspiring pieces of art. I was saddened to learn that unfortunately one of the competing artists had died the day before my arrival due to choking on a crayon! Their sketch told the story of the horrors of war, and I am sure any of the artist's other works will fetch a good price on the market – perhaps even thousands of Llandies due to their death!

I present to you now the winning picture by a previously unrecognised artist named Avalyn. I chose her work as the winning piece to present to the Royal Pavoreal family in Mantora due to the playful nature of the content. It tells a story of happy times during the hardships of the burning of the Mainland, that there is still hope no matter how hard times may be. It shows that despite the devastation the land has endured, nature shall always flourish and regrow, as shall the people that dwell in Neothera. I look forward to seeing more of Avalyn's work in the future, and indeed any other budding artists I encounter on my travels.



W E D D I N G A C R O S S T H E P O N D

There were celebrations from Talanor to Norvaegr this weekend as King Ubbe Olofsson married his long-term partner, Adelaida Astaroth in a ceremony in Otta, the Capital of Norvaegr. Dignitaries from the Western Realms and some well-known names from other continents made the trip across the water to the West. Some names included King Karagal, and Queen Skaldmaer – King Olofsson's co-rulers in Talanor.

King Olofsson made a somewhat short speech to those in attendance where he proclaimed his bride the 'New Queen of Norvaegr'. Cheers erupted from the crowd who were present – a decision which had been rumoured in Norvaegr for some time finally being confirmed.

Queen Adelaida Olofsson then also thanked her guests and everyone present, before promising to serve her realm until her last days. She went on to proclaim that she "sees all of the people of Norvaegr as her family, equals to me", and that she "will always make sure their best interests are at the forefront".

The celebrations and festivities lasted for a few days, with feasting being the main point of interest. A large tournament took place in Otta, with one man, Ulf Bjarnason, being named the winner, after downing many warriors to claim the title. A large longship was also unveiled to the newlyweds, a gift from Queen Skaldmaer, and King Karagal presented King Olofsson with a Sword -

forged in the Ashen Mountains and Queen Adelaida with a Dragon-Scaled Dress, also woven there. Other gifts were presented to the pair, ranging from offerings of crops, to elaborate works of art. All gifts were received with warm smiles from the happy couple, as children of Norvaegr rushed to shower them both in flowers.

As for what follows for the King and Queen of Norvaegr, it is said that they will undertake a tour of Norvaegr as is customary when a new King or Queen is named. Part way through this tour, however, it is rumoured that the pair will venture back across the Western Ocean to the Mainland for reasons which are currently not known to the Journeyman.

MISSING SHEEP NOT 'HERD' FROM IN WEEKS

Sheep farmers, shepherds and lovers of sheep in general all over Neothera are well aware of the annual 'Fluffiest Sheep' Competition that happens just on the outskirts of Tawmsmeade. Each year, shepherds and their sheep turn up with the fluffiest sheep winning a grand prize of 2,000 Llandies, with onlookers arriving in their droves to witness the wonderful sheep and their exquisite fleeces. But in recent times, the winner of the past three years has gone missing.

The aptly named 'Fluffy', who is owned, and raised by the husband and wife team of Bert and Gloria Espen of Espen Farms, has disappeared, just two weeks before this year's contest is set to take place. We spoke to the duo who are rightfully devastated by their loss, and are appealing to anyone and everyone to keep a sharp eye out for Fluffy. Bert Espen said "We are beyond upset, inconsolable. All of our sheep are trained from a young age to remain in their pens, and never venture outside of them. We have never had one go outside its pen when it wasn't meant to.

It's not like our sheep to do this, and especially not to vanish".

His wife, Gloria Espen told us that she "Heard odd noises the night of Fluffy going missing". She continued to tell us that she "didn't try and investigate the noises" as she was "already tucked up in bed".

Whilst we were at Espen Farms, we spoke to a number of other locals in the area who also claimed to hear these 'noises' that Gloria claimed to hear. Oddly, each person said that they heard different types of noises, which started a small argument. It seemed that each person thought the other was mocking them for their claims, meaning we weren't able to get any more information from them.

Without poor Fluffy, it seems for the first time in years, there will be a new 'Fluffiest Sheep of Neothera'. The devastated Espen's are offering a reward of 50 Llandies for any information regarding their prized sheep, and a reward of 250 Llandies for Fluffy to be returned safely to their farm.

Article by Matthew Stapleton.



A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR THE QUIET TIMES

All great adventurers know that time spent doing nothing is not time well spent. You should always find things to keep you busy out on the open road or when visiting a new village, town or city. But what if you just want to sit and relax with a flagon of Black Hammer's Best and watch the world go by? You do you, ghoulish friend, and why not try your hand at finding all 18 words relating to the World of Neothera whilst you're at it?!



LOVED ONES, TRADITIONS AND PAST LIFE

Hello, my name is Aile Winders. Today I will be talking about piskie traditions and my past and the loss of my friend, Jasper. I have travelled far and wide in my many years of living, met a lot of people, and seen a lot of cultures. There has only been a small handful of people who I have really enjoyed spending time with. An old goblin, a small vulperan child and Jasper.

Jasper was a kind vampire, a bit rough around the edges and a hot-headed personality but in the short time we spent together he changed. His harsh red eyes became a soft crimson, his angry resting face became soft and his frown became a smile. Jasper was protected by a rough skin and a vicious personality; I just wish I got to know why.

In my past when a loved one died, we would hang them from a tree, we would regularly visit them and then after a while when they were just a skeleton, we would collect a bone as a memory. Piskie traditions aren't as commonly seen anymore but I grew up in the woods with piskies and these traditions seem normal to me. When Jasper died, I was surprised, I stayed upset for weeks.

The week after Jasper's death I was flying over the woods, I chose a nice spot in the woods where I landed gracefully on the floor. I was exhausted and I laid down gently against a tall sturdy tree. My eyes flickered and I fell asleep.

I woke up to rustling in the woods. I jumped up and attempted to identify where the noise came from, I heard it again. I spun around to see Victoria emerge from the bushes. I jumped. I was shocked about seeing her.

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I had known Victoria for many years, she was a small vulperan child with a huge personality. After the tragedy of my parent's death, she helped me. We met and I told her my story, about the end of my old life and how frightening my new one became. Victoria took pity on me and showed me the new world around Neothera. She has been my long-lasting best friend for years.

Sometimes I think about the old times in Neothera and my parents, I think about the traditions of the piskies and my friends. Jasper deserved the world, the world deserved to see more of Jasper. Rest peacefully, Jasper.

Article Written by Aile Winders.

SHEEPSCO

YOU FOLLOW THE HERD SO WE DON'T HAVE TO!

FOLLOWING THE BURNING OF THE MAINLAND, RESOURCES ARE RUNNING LOW EVERYWHERE! ARE YOU PANIC BUYING YET? NO? WELL, YOU SHOULD BE!

HEAD ON DOWN TO SHEEPSCO IN BLIGHTFOOT RIDGE FOR ALL YOUR MASS HYSTERIA-INDUCED, PANIC BUYING NEEDS! WE WILL FEED THE NATIONS!

-TOP SELLERS-

ANUS CLEANSING PAPER: (WHO DOESN'T WANT A CLEAN ASS WHEN YOU'RE ALREADY STARVING AND CAN'T SHIT THROUGH LACK OF FOOD?!)

SOAPS: (IT'S ^(NOT) PROOVEN THE UNDEAD INFECTION DIES IF YOU SMELL NICE!)


BREAD: (BECAUSE WHO NEEDS FRUIT AND VEG FULL OF IMMUNE SYSTEM ENHANCING VITAMINS?!)

MEDICINES: (WHO NEEDS MEDICINE WHEN YOU HAVE ANUS CLEANSING PAPER?!)

COMMON SENSE: (THAT'S SOMETHING MONEY CAN'T BUY)

PLUS MANY OTHER TOP SELLERS
(THAT MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE
ALREADY SOLD OUT)

NO LIMITS ON PURCHASE AMOUNTS. WHO CARES ABOUT THE ELDERLY OR CHILDREN - IT'S YOUR GOD-DAMNED RIGHT TO PUT YOURSELF FIRST!



Newland's
APOTHECARIUM

Potions ~ Concoctions
Elixirs ~ Herbs
Alchemy Supplies

Find us in the market
district at Jerrod's Front

THE SYNDICATE SAVIOURS

As fires continue to burn across Mainland Neothera and the undead clawing at the gates of our capital cities it is nice to know that there is some good in the world. The Tutela Syndicate bank has been a big part of Neothera ever since they were founded in the middle of the Third Age.

Although they seem a very normal part of everyday life, the humble Llandie that we use all the time once did not exist until the genius that is Nayagatiya, Berlanditho and Onslove created them to help assist in trade between realms.

The name "Llandie" even comes from one of their names "Berlanditho". The Tutela has since then been an intrinsic part of the way the realms operate, assisting with trade and most notably greeting the laws that all realms must follow to keep peace and order. So even after all the great work they have already done, it is impossible to ask for more, but more they give!

The Tutela Syndicate have been working tirelessly to help those most affected by the recent tragedy get back on their feet, assisting them with -

- places to sleep and jobs to earn them Llandies. Is it any wonder the Tutela Syndicate are widely seen as the best thing to happen to Neothera? So, on behalf of all of us here at the Journeymen and all our readers, we would like to thank the Tutela Syndicate for their hard work and charitable nature.



The Tutela Syndicate's crest is that of an Ironwing Bird, an ancient and legendary creature whose feathers were so strong that they could not be penetrated by any weapon or known magic.

A B L O O D Y S I T U A T I O N

So, to preface this, the people of Neothera for years have known of the Adventurers of Caddington. So, the first thing is we who adventure do it because there is a need for people like us to go out and do the work many do not wish or cannot do. That's fine. Every society is strengthened through diversity. If we did not have the farmers, we have no growing from the ground and trees or food. If we have no hunters, we have very little to no meat. If we have no barkeep, we have low morale. If we have no one to heal and care many die. So, the fact is every being is needed in whatever little part they play. But the fact is that diversity could be for nothing. The goblins of Skorth have decided to go to war and want to bring back the fire that has enveloped so much of the land. If the goblin Warchief, Redellium Rathoolium has his way, he will bring the fires across the lands and burn it all while the goblins sit under the ground and wait for us all to burn to death.

The situation. Here is where everyone says...You are the adventurers and you will stop them. Well, yes, that is the intention of my colleagues and me. To put a blade through the scumbags' necks. But here is the problem. The Moonglenn now sits in the borderlands of the L'Enarousse. The Tawmsmead encampment now holds the stones that keep our reality from becoming a flaming mess. Everything will burn if they are moved to Skorth.

Ingo and his friends are preventing the Moonglenn from being pulled to Skorth with the use of one of his amazing machines. Which I won't explain because I am no engineer. But suffice to say it's an important piece of machinery. Here is where the tale of the bloody situation imploded.

When I went to Tawmsmead it was to take into custody a traitor, a father who had lost his mind. Not following his orders, he felt a calling to the Moonglenn and now he lies headless. He was executed by his commander. But what no one realised was the amount of support once we knew the danger to come for the stones. We found that Divines, Elves, Humans of the L'Enarousse and Blightfoot Gunners all wanted to protect the stones and the machine. So, most of us who have common sense and even a few years of understanding tactics would realise all should work together. But no, it couldn't be that simple. I mean expecting adults to behave like adults who would have thought that could be expected. Upon the arrival of the L'Enaroussian forces, they sorted their business with their own and killed him.

But then the divine turned up and elves were going to turn up a few days later. So, the L'Enaroussian General decided instead of working with everyone, he and his realm would lay claim to the land. Fair, but the fact is it needs as many to defend it as possible. The divine did not initiate the aggression but the L'Enarousse did. We tried to talk the situation down and defuse it until finally the general was destroyed by the divine. Now it could have ended there, all the general's army had to do was give some space. When the general's bodyguard advanced, I held them without violence back from more fighting. Rather embarrassing the elf holding 4 of them back on his own. I watched as a detachment of the Blightfoot Gunners turned up. Charlie Henesey was with them. She wasn't mixing her words. Something I respect. So, the situation got a little better and the L'Enarousse pulled back up the field.

So, a glimmer of hope was others would calm down. But as I turned to walk back into the barn housing the important machine, I was informed no one would work together.

What happened next landed up with many dead. I was challenged by an officer of the L'Enarousse to a duel. Well, the predator does not allow the prey to hunt them so he was dispatched quickly. But the ensuing fight has now caused us all a huge issue. We now stand upon a precipice. The goblins of Skorth will keep pushing to bring the Moonglenn to them in the west. We need an alliance and people to stand together. If we do not, we all get to have a barbecue comprised of our friends, family, children...all of us. WE the adventurers of Tawmsmead NEED YOU the people!

Go to your leaders and do what you must get them to understand that united we stand, divided we burn. I implore every one of you who reads this to go to your leaders and demand they realise we need to be one in this. Our diversity brings us strength but as a twig is easily snapped a big thicket of twigs makes it nigh impossible to break. So as one of the youths of Neothera and its generation rising, I ask you to help us to save the generations to come and for the land and all of us. Be one people.

Help ally to defend the Moonglenn and help keep the people alive.

YOU ARE NEEDED!

Article Written by Vinallie.

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!

GARDENING WITH SONTAR

“ASPARAGUS! GREEN HEALTHY SUMMER TIPS JUST... IGNORE THE PEE SMELL!”

Article Written by Sontar.

Welcome to another edition of gardening with Sontar. Apologies in advance as I did say that this would be a readers Q&A edition, but recent events left me with little time to ask you lovely gardeners and readers' questions about anything green and beautiful, So! If you see me in the coming weeks feel free to send your questions to my garden in the City of Otta or in person.

Today, we will be covering a nice summer vegetable which I believe is not given the love it deserves. That's right, some lovely long green (and white!) asparagus. This lovely long veg is packed with nutrients to give you a great healthy summer figure (Perfect for them VB3 models)! Sontar my pointy-eared friend... what's in them long green asparagus thing me-bobs? Well, these beauties are filled with good sources of fibre, folate, vitamins A, C, E and K as well as some chromium! As all things green, these lovely veggies are packed with a lot of good, so if you are on a diet, budget or just fancy a change! These things are sure to give your body what it needs.

GARDENING

Typically, these veggies require 2-3 years before they're fit for cultivating so to give you the best bang for your seed, I recommend going for the all-male cultivar as they produce better and stronger tips. Begin sowing your seeds outside in March or April in drills of 2.3cm deep and 30cm apart. As the plant begins to grow, ensure it is fed well for strong growth, you can use blood, fish, bones and liquid seaweed. De-weed when required. When winter approaches use more mulch to discourage weeds and help store moisture in the soil. As summer approaches, the plant will grow tall so ensure stakes and twine are there to support them as windy weather can damage their crown. Once autumn hits, allow the foliage to turn yellow before cutting it down to the soil level.

HARVESTING

You **MUST** resist the temptation to harvest newly planted asparagus for the first two years. Let these lovely green fellas establish and then in the third year, harvest the tips from mid-April to early June. Cut each tip with a sharp knife (2.5cm from soil level). In warm weather, harvest every two-three days for the best quality asparagus.

MARKET SELECTION

To ensure you're getting fresh and good quality asparagus when you're next down at the market then follow these steps. Grab them lovely long green asparagus tips and feel their strength and sturdiness. They should not feel rubbery or have any marks on them when you try to bend them. Eye up these beauties! If it looks dry, then it's most likely old. Any signs of brown or dryness are a sure sign to stay away. Take the time to listen to your asparagus... yes that is right, listen to it. If it squeaks when you rub two together then it means that's a fresh one. Give your asparagus a good old sniff! If there's no smell then there's nothing to taste. Make sure you buy ones that give off a slight aroma of earthy and hearty scent.

That wraps up our summer edition of Gardening with Sontar. Be sure to catch the next edition where I answer questions from all you gardeners in Neothera.

