

The Journeyman

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REGROWTH, REVELATIONS & REPOPULATION

We live in an age of heroes, and it is thanks to the brave actions of a group of adventurers known as the Heroes of Caddington, that the wounds of the Mainland are beginning to heal. The Journeyman understands that this brave band of misfits channelled restorative energies through the leylines below the ground of the estate, leading to the corruption caused by the Nightmares and the Fel magic of the goblins, which spread during the catastrophic burning, slowly starting to fade. However, all of this would not have been possible if it were not for the help of an ancient guardian of nature, Dagda, rumoured to possess powers equal to Haman'li, the God of Nature himself. We hope in time that the corruption will continue to diminish, and to the brave heroes of Neothera that continue to fight for all that is good in this world – May your blades never dull!

Recent developments in the L'Enaroussian capital city of Jerrod's Front have painted a rather dim picture of Governor Philippe Marsell and his court. According to many eye-witnesses, Admiral Robert Smith of Black Hammer Bay has been taken prisoner by the L'Enarousse and is awaiting a date for his execution for crimes against the realm. It is understood that Smith gave himself up freely, much to the confusion of his allies.

The L'Enaroussian Liberation Alliance (LLA), a heavy-handed activist group that opposes Marsell's rule over the realm has also spoken openly about a chemical weapon that the governor possesses. This weapon, created by the wights of the Frozen North, close allies to the L'Enarousse, if unleashed could turn almost ninety per cent of the population of the city into the undead. This is worrying news for the population of Jerrod's Front, and indeed the rest of the world should Marsell choose to deploy this so-called weapon. However, votes of confidence for Marsell are still strong considering the efforts he put into housing and feeding the many thousands of refugees that fled from the Amicita city of Faradome and the Crystal City of Vulpera following the recent Burning of the Mainland.

In other news, the Far'dhoum Forest, home to the ruins of the ancient elven city of Sirella, is becoming one of the most popular areas of the Mainland for tourists to visit. Sirella was destroyed by the demonic Nightmares during the Second Age, and due to the dangerous nature of the forest the city was built in, very few set foot in the vast overgrown location since its destruction. However, it seems that not all of the Elves of Nature that lived there were exterminated and have been thriving in solitude, rebuilding their lost home into a prosperous city away from the affairs of the outside world.

Although not as majestic as the original structures, built from a rare type of jade, only found in this location of the world, the 'new' home of the Nature Elves boasts a population of 10,000, with another 10,000 refugees brought to the city from Faradome and the Crystal City of Vulpera following the recent destruction of these realms. The Journeyman understands that heirs to Ayelston Sirella, the founder of Sirella are alive and well, and currently overseeing the arrival of the refugees.

Article Written by Jorvas Franz.





THE LLA — WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT?

As many of us know, the uprising of the group known as the L'Enaroussian Liberation Alliance (LLA) within Jerrod's Front and her surrounding lands has taken the realm by storm. Governor Marsell is the main target of their attempted revolution, with many people seeing his heavy hand and abrasive way of ruling to be a catalyst in a long line of issues within the realm. We took a deeper look into the LLA and its end goal.

Originally started underground and behind closed doors, the LLA seek to overthrow the current government which has a tight grip on Jerrod's Front. They believe that a new head of the realm would provide better to the people, and even the rest of our beloved Neothera. As in recent times, the harsh nature of Governor Marsell has simply played into their hands, allowing more propaganda and fabrication to be shown as factual.

The LLA hasn't always been peaceful, however, and many of the good things they bring to the foreground are often overshadowed by their own brash tactics to incite change within Jerrod's Front. Reports of violence and aggression towards Lawmakers, and the local guard seem to have swayed some people who once supported them to see the bad in what they do.

In no way are the LLA perfect, but to claim to be better and different from the current government - who they claim are the aggressors, is often seen as a blatant lie.

We spoke to a few people within Jerrod's Front about the LLA and their honest views on them. For legal reasons, no names will be given.

We first spoke to a dock worker who, when asked about the impact the LLA has had on them, said "They have ruined a friend of mine's business. Shops have been destroyed in their battles with the local guard, and they don't apologise for it. They just blame the government who have done nothing but help to rebuild."

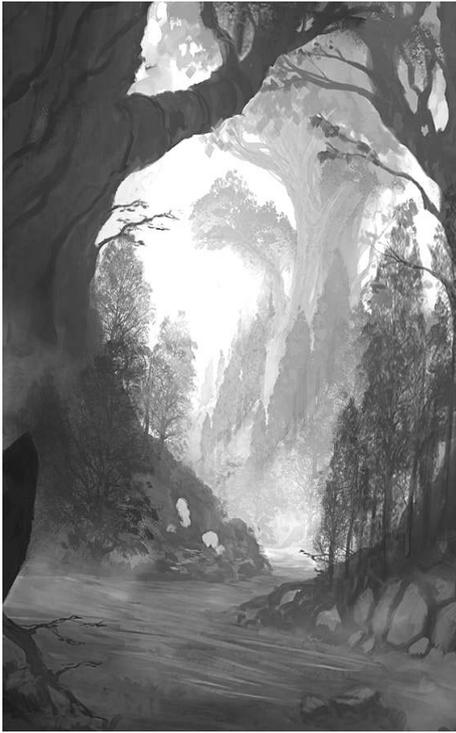
Next, when asked if they have witnessed any LLA aggression, this tavern-keeper said "No, none at all. The work they are doing to bring to light the corruption and evil that brews within Marsell's court is amazing, and I wish them all the best - they have my full support".

Lastly, we spoke to a local guard who worked on the outskirts of Jerrod's Front. We asked how the LLA has affected their day-to-day job, and they said "It depends, to be honest. I do believe what they are campaigning for is correct, but I just don't think they are doing it in the right way. They claim to be peaceful and different, but if that was the case, we would have to come and arrest so many of them. They cause havoc in the streets, and it's starting to spread around the Mainland".

Clearly from what we've seen, support for the LLA is mixed within the L'Enaroussian capital city of Jerrod's Front, and the inclusion of the border checkpoints that the fledgling Confederation of Talanor has imposed might sway people even further one way or another. Support is mixed, but one thing is for certain - the fight for the LLA is only just beginning.

Article Written by Thomas Hedson.

T H E O L D & N E W H O M E O F S I R E L L A



Article Written by Vinallic.

Recently in the last few years, the refugees of Faradome have been under threat of losing their homes, their loved ones, their entire normality gone in a day. But the terror and the challenge that brought with it and the tension was recently broken. Those who remained of Faradome were escorted by the Heralds of the Scarlet Star, and their fellow adventurers to find a home in Sirella.

Upon reaching Sirella a small party took to shore moving forward into the deep woods of the Far'dhoum Forests, headed by Aranthius Lightbourne, the leader of the Heralds of the Scarlet Star. They made their way through the overgrown forests and for hours pushed through the undergrowth to find elven ruins and the community of Sirella, the Nature Elves, hidden from the world since the Second Age.

They numbered 10,000 and lived in perfect harmony and happiness, untouched by the outside world. Over years of being able to watch the world as humans came and passed on, legends began and legends ended. But the Elves of Sirella endured.

When they made their way through the undergrowth none knew of the survival of the fellow nature elves that were not remembered but upon reaching their village a warm welcome was given. From the moment contact was made a group of people including adventurers and Y'Landithil, son of Ayleston, original ruler of Sirella, discussed the joining of the refugees to the nature elves of Sirella. After a short period of isolation members of the MMM guild were able to isolate and screen every individual of Faradome and ensure no danger came to the already existing community of elves. Led by Admiral Thaddeus and Sontar Moonbow, they slowly all got through and began finding a new life and new normality for themselves in this different world.

We have been fortunate to be accepted by our brethren, the elves of Sirella, ruled by their council headed by Y'Landithil of Sirella the blood descendant of Ayleston and kinsmen of Sontar Moonbow. They have decided to lead the refugees of Faradome and the people of Sirella into a new age of prosperity where we shall live together in harmony and learn from each other. The times to come are important, wishing to begin trading soon, the elves wish to rejoin the outer world.

Within Sirella the new guild house of the Heralds of the Scarlet Star has opened. Ayleston's rest is a place of perfection, tranquillity and great and rare teas thought lost in the explosion of Faradome. Inside this beautiful building is a large garden growing food and herbs, a huge kitchen and rooms for the guild to rest as well as a room where travellers may lay their heads. The teas here are beautiful and many have been able to sit and enjoy the tranquillity while making sense of the utter despair and fear that came before. The refugees of Faradome have a new home where they can begin the healing process. Many have found the changes a challenge but slowly the people are beginning to unite in this beautiful new home.

I would like to say that our friends in Sirella have made it possible to start a new life and we warmly and sincerely thank them for the many who now have homes. Many new families can be formed and hope fills our hearts once again.

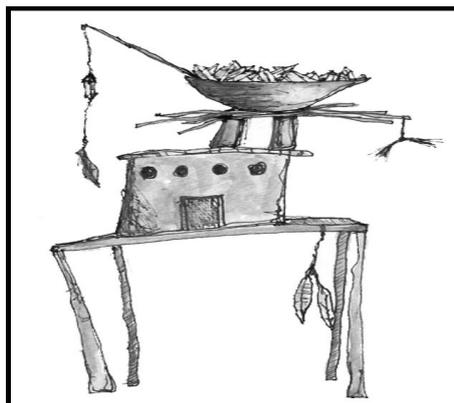
FOLLOWERS OF DAGDA—AN INVESTIGATION

Cultists. Supernatural Enthusiasts. Followers. Independently Religious. There are many names for people who decide to follow an entity and dedicate their life to its worship. Over the years, there have been hundreds of groups dedicated to worshipping Neothera's pantheon, demi-gods, and any individual that could cast a simple spell. Anyone who has been here for any length of time knows that these groups are a natural part of the fantastical world that we live in and that they are here to stay.

However, recently, one of these strange groups was brought to my attention, and I have been fascinated with them since. Some of you reading may know about the Heroes of Caddington, and the strange events that have been following the rag-tag group. Recently, they encountered a mythical being of incredible proportions known in the common tongue as "Dagda." No, reader, the Heroes of Caddington have not turned into a cult group worshipping this being. However, even though they have not been influenced by his magic, a certain group of people have been.

These individuals seem to be following Dagda's movement. Where Dagda goes, they go. It's almost like they are in tune with his presence. Mysterious shrines and places of worship pop up wherever Dagda appears, and the most surprising thing is, they seem to be having an effect!

I've seen with my own eyes, that the cultist's cuts magically seal shut and their purple bruises fade instantly. It's almost like their communion with Dagda is reciprocated.



They seem to be affected by Dagda's presence too. Their skin warps, and changes. They become one with the environment around them. I haven't had an opportunity yet to take a closer look. However, I'm hoping that, with time, these followers will become increasingly welcoming to strangers not looking to join them. So far, my attempts to approach them have been stressful, as they have been elated with their worship and are trying to convert me to their faith system.

Fate seems to follow the group too. Dagda moves with purpose, and so do his followers. My advice, for anyone who happens to stumble across the group-or indeed, Dagda himself- is to go in the opposite direction. Judging by the events at Caddington recently, and the effect Dagda has had on the world, I would reckon that being in Dagda's presence is a surefire way to be involved in a cast of fate far greater than you can handle. Stay safe.

Article Written by Supernatural Investigator:
Malon Skurbs.

A M U R D E R A T C A D D I N G T O N

In a world so full of danger, many deaths and crimes go unnoticed. In some places of the world, these are a common sight for the folk who inhabit the lands and who have to accept that this is a way of life. One area of Neothera which was due a quiet period was the Caddington Estate. The so-called 'Heroes of Caddington' had recently left, and many people flocked to the calm and serene makeshift tavern that one Francis Higginbottom had erected. This peaceful and idyllic estate, however, was soon to turn into a nightmare.

It was a quiet evening, as many people sat quietly enjoying a refreshing drink after a long and hard day's work. Seemingly unbeknown to the patrons that occupied this tavern, three of the esteemed 'Heroes of Caddington' were amongst them. After the drinks had started to flow, and the atmosphere was picking up, a small altercation took place between a lonesome Dragonkin and one of the 'Heroes'. This Dragonkin, we are told, moved here with his family after pledging his loyalty to the future and prosperity of Talanor.

The small altercation was nothing abnormal for a tavern, Mr Higginbottom told us. He said that words were exchanged, and voices were raised - a common sight. This is when the 'Hero of Caddington', who has been named Emily 'Darkness' Moonheart, decided to use her privilege as a respected person to heinously throw a bolt of magic at the Dragonkin, killing him instantly. She went on the run for months. However, we are pleased to announce that she has now been taken into custody and is currently awaiting trial. As we write, a trial date is yet to be set.

We spoke to some of the witnesses who were there on that tragic evening. "It was awful. He was leavin' to head home, and BOOM! Some magic brought him down and ended his life. Truly tragic." Said one person. "I can't believe people who we respected and trusted to protect our lands could do something like this," another said.

And quite heartbreakingly, we spoke to the widow and son of the Dragonkin who was killed. "I can't believe that the love of my life has been torn away from us. He devoted his life to his family, and his king. I just beg that justice is served." His wife said, though shaken, remained strong for her young son. "I miss my dada...I think he gon' be coming home soon, but Momma said he has gone to visit the Dragons in the sky and they gon' look after him". Truly heart-breaking words.

This has been James Tomori writing for the Journeyman. May the justice this sweet family deserves, be delivered swiftly and soon.

Article Written by James Tomori.

T R A V E L S O F A P I S K I E

Hello! I am Aile Winders, and I'm going to be sharing my journeys around Mainland Neothera. It all began when I and a group of extremely talented individuals were instructed to go to the border between Talanor and Jerrod's Front. Upon our arrival, we found a pair of workers checking papers at the checkpoint. Unfortunately, they had to go, and as they ran off, we realised it was now our responsibility to check papers and look after the checkpoint.

Whilst there, we encountered a series of colourful characters and frightening foes. During the end of our business at the border, a frightening event took place. We had split up the checkpoint into two parts; the first part was making sure people had their papers and then sending them to the second part, where their papers would be examined for any trickery. Most of the time I was there, I stood station at the first part, at this particular time a man came running along, he had a particularly alarmed look on his face.

"Papers please!" We stated to the man, we could see he looked worried. "Help! Please! A witch is summoning an army of undead monsters!" I was cautious to follow the man since only a few hours before another figure came running down asking for us to help his grandmother! As I followed the man we got ambushed. "Please help!"

"Ok, sir we will." I turned around, shouting for some warriors to come with me as a backup.

After we had collected a strong group we began to follow the man, he frantically ran down the narrow path. As we arrived at the location of this madness we saw exactly what he had described, a witch stood in the middle of an opening, a staff in hand. The sorceress began to chant a series of spells as an army of undead creatures rose from the ground. "THE UNDEAD!" Somebody yelled as we began to attack, I was forced to fly due to my lack of fighting skills. I fluttered over to the checkpoint screaming to any remaining people for help.

After a lot of medical surgery and spells from spellcasters, we had defeated the undead forces. Eventually my time there was up, my friends and fellow companions split up, leaving to each different corner of Neothera. The Court Encarmine sticking (mostly) together and others just going to explore the land in between. I said my fair wells and began to bat my wings, I didn't know where I was going to go. I just went to explore.

As I rose from the trees, I could see everything, the distant seas and the Crag Spine mountains towering over the trees like a giant. After a lot of thought, I decided to go to the City of Blightfoot Ridge to see the trees and nature around there. It took me a while to arrive there due to having to stop every few hours because of the horrible winds. I landed in the woods, weaving my way between a series of thick branches, on the other side was a tavern.

The Cog and Corset Tavern "Hm.." I had little to no money on me but I did have a loaf of homemade bread and a flask filled with water. I pushed open the large oak door and took a seat at the back, it was a lovely place. I didn't stay long, but the tavern was warm and lively.

Article Written by Aile Winders.



PIRATES OF NEOTHERA

As Neothera regrows after the recent turmoil of the burning there are some that have revelled in the chaos. They sail the seas, they often only see out of one eye and they have a particular love for the word "Aaarrr". Yes, you guessed it, Pirates. This way of life is seen by many as a dangerous criminal activity however some see it as an adventurous prospect leading to untold riches. Today we are going to discuss Pirates and what drives a person to take up such a life.

The act of Piracy has been around for many years and despite contrary belief is not limited to the ocean. Piracy is the act of stealing or taking that of which is not yours and so happens all across Neothera every day. Pirates however are those that make their living from stealing to taking what is not theirs.

Although raiding a caravan along the many roads of the Mainland does count as piracy these are often just referred to as highwaymen or bandits. However piracy as an occupation is more commonly attributed to the sea faring variety. The aim of these "Pirates" is to find other ships on the water, or small villages on the coasts and then steal, hostage and kill to take all of the goods or "booty" they want before departing again, all the while evading the law. So what is it like to live like a Pirate? I had a chat with Black Hammer Bay local, Peg Leg Pete.

Interviewer: So Pete.

Peg Leg Pete: Call me Pete.

Interviewer: ...I just did.

Peg Leg Pete: My apologies, the cannons have done a number on my ears and they ain't what they used to be.

Interviewer: No worries, Pete, please tell me, why did you become a Pirate?

Peg Leg Pete: Well, it all started when I was very poor. I actually wanted to not be poor. So I joined a Pirate Crew and took things for myself and was no longer poor.

Interviewer: You mention a "Crew", tell me, what is a "Crew" ?

Peg Leg Pete: Aar, well a crew is when lots of pirates all come together and work together to pirate together. The bigger the crew, the scarier you are and the scarier you are the more you can take.

Interviewer: Are there many Pirate Crews?

Peg Leg Pete: Aye, there are many crews on the water. Some are only small and starting out, while others are big and dangerous.

Interviewer: Can you tell me about some of these crews?

Peg Leg Pete: Well, there are four I know well, five if you include Admiral Robert Smith's crew, but no one can compete with the realm leader of Black Hammer Bay an' his men!

The first is the crew I am part of, we are called the Vultures. We are known for being brutal and we will find other pirates trying to get some booty and we will swoop in and get the booty for ourselves, no one dares stop us as we are a big scary crew.

The second I be knowin' is The Black Widows, a group of women that have a small crew but keep causing issues. They seem to not be scared of us and fight back, stupid. I do not think they will be around for long.

There are also those (profanity) Lighting Sparks. Their captain came from Blightfoot Ridge and uses all kinds of spangly machines to power his ships, aint none that can catch em. Lastly, and by far the most terrifying beings on the sea are known as "The Phantoms". They only appear at night, but their crew are made up of the dead. You cannot kill 'em, they just come back, there is no reasoning with them, they will end your life with the bite of their cold, cold blades. It is said that they search for sommin' but no one knows what. If you ever see a ship, empty, drifting at sea in the day, stay well away.

For entering or worse, stealing from them will only lead to your death!

Interviewer: Very spooky! Well, thank you Pete for your time. Unfortunately for you, because we are regulated by the Tutela Syndicate bank, these two gentlemen will now escort you from the premises for trial.

Peg Leg Pete: Why you little, I ain't going down for nothing!

Guard One: AAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Guard Two: AAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Interviewer: Don't shoot, don't shoot, I am just doing my job!

Peg Leg Pete: I'll be leaving now. And I will be taking this with me. Hahaha-aaarrr!

Article Written by Louis Djon.



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

“I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE APPLE OF MY FATHER’S EYE”

Article Written by Sontar.

They look so a-pee-ling, sweet and refreshing. That’s right, I’m talking about apples, not ale, steak or women. In this edition of gardening with Sontar. I’d like to discuss a sweet treat ready for this summer. As we begin to approach summer, a variety of wild apples or orchid apples are becoming ready to pick and we usually waste quite a bit as they begin to rot or we cider lovers can’t drink them all.

So..Ya might be thinking to yourself, when on earth can I pick these beauties Sontar? Well after spending a lot of my time tending to crops and plants all year round, I can say it all depends... yes that’s right apples are the pain in the arse fruit. They ripen at different times depending on the type of apple itself but on average it is usually mid to late autumn. You’ll be able to tell when these suckers are ready by cupping your hand over it and giving it a slight twist with your hand... no I’m not talking about your own meat and two vegs. If you need to give it a good tug or leave its stalk behind, then it’s for sure not ready!

Ahh but Sontar... I’m too busy to pick or I much prefer to wait for them to drop! Well, I’ll apple-y tell ya why you’re a fool. Most of the time if apples fall off the ground, especially early then it’s usually a sign of codling moths or sawfly grubs inside and the tree sheds them to minimise damage to itself. I can only recommend eating them off the ground if you really wanted some protein in your fruit... Now that sure isn’t a-pee-ling!

Sontar... I’ve got barrels of these apples and I just can’t drink them or eat them quick enough! Don’t worry yourself, apples make all sorts of lovely desserts, drinks and foods to share with family and friends or to make a quick buck and as tradition, I love to leave a small recipe to help you folk in making a scrumptious meal.

I’ve selected a lovely one for you all in this edition and it’s a classic...Apple Tart! You’ll want to make sure you have these ingredients:

- 3-4 lbs of apples which are peeled, cored and chopped
- 1/4 cup of cream
- 1/4 grains of paradise
- 1/2 tablespoon of ginger
- 1/2 tablespoon of cinnamon
- 1/2 tablespoon of nutmeg
- 1/8 tablespoon of clove
- 1/8 tablespoon of mace
- 1/4 cup of sugar
- 1 Pie shell (or even better, a homemade one, not these crappy ones from your local Jerrods Front bakers)

- Place apple pieces and cream in a pot on the stove and simmer until the apples break down about 20 to 30 minutes.
- Mash cooked apples and mix with spices and sugar.
- Pour into pie shell, bake in the oven at 200°C for 60 minutes, or until dry and set.

Well, folks...I hope you can sink your teeth into a lovely warm tart. In the next edition of Gardening with Sontar, I’ll be taking in your questions and giving a Q&A on all things gardening. Maybe even the odd cooking advice on what to do with your crops as well. This is Sontar signing off, have an apple-solutely wonderful day!

