

THE SPURIAN FREE PRESS

The First Fallen Star Has Been Found (According to Murdach)

The Flerian Prophet Murdach has been about once again in Spur, with two new prophecies relating to the fallen stars of the gods' constellations. As always his words are difficult to interpret with any great amount of certainty, but with all things of their nature it is probably wisest not to try too hard.

Tears and the river of pain, at least, are common metaphors in many of the Flerian's speeches, and seem just to represent strife and chaos in some form or another. It is clear, though, that the first star has been found, by Tressa Lightbrow the Secian, a sage of the temple of Rinanni. When we spoke with her she claimed that she was no longer in possession of the star and it had been placed in a safe location.

The lovely Secian has also informed us that she has spoken to the other sages of her temple and the white forest, and they believe that the star is not exactly what most Spurians have taken them to be. We thought that the stars belonged to and related to one specific god each, but this may be incorrect. Tressa will detail her and the other sages' findings further on in this issue of the paper.

The fallen star was found in a celerith stronghold recently discovered in the eastern cliff wall of the Valley of Ruins, to the north of Spur. A small group of adventurers, including Habberthan the Hithual, Jezimai the San, Tressa the Secian, Kalessin the Dragon and Leonheart the Thugian, travelled there and def-

-eated the Celerith guarding the star.

A number of other objects were found with the Celerith including a wand of bone, a bag made of the skin of a human or possibly an elf or a psycian, a sword forged of an incredibly rare material known as bloodsteel and a mysterious dark gemstone. According to the sage Eridanus, the Celerith are from outside our plane. In their home plane chaos is like the equivalent of magick in this plane, somewhat of a driving force. The gemstone may be their form of crystallia, crystallized chaos rather than crystallized magick.

-Ellery Talbot

The Wanderer's Latest Prophecies:

The first key has been put in play, claimed by the most unlikely of creatures. That which is to come has been split asunder along a fork in time. Along both paths, the bearer of the first key will control it no more, far too caring and selfless for the final race, it will be thrown aside in the struggles for control of the gates opening. The first key is in play, in time the temple will stand and the gates open for those with the keys to unlock it, power and knowledge beyond all recognition will spill forth upon them, the struggle for control now begins.

Those who ride the waves of mortality control their own destinies, far above, those who once traveled among them pour endless tears along a river of pain, for the age of mortals has begun. Claim the keys, or be forever swept away in history. Your fates are now in each of your own hands. Along one path lies possibility, along another destruction, all else is but a cloud of grey.

The first star found at morning,
The age of mortals coming warning.
A Secian the first to claim of the stars,
A prize among prizes that won't long be thars.
Ancient whispers restless in heavens high;
Far above the ageless ones cry.
A sea of tears pours out over all,
The first of many tears that will fall.
Each golden door sits quietly in silence:
Before each opening will come great gouts of violence.
Will all claim the knowledge of the temple of past?
Who will stand before each door when its opening comes to pass?
The powers within will spill out to a few,
Be the wisest, the most cunning, and they spill unto you.

Murdach Dookem

Your News Quickly

by Miss Sapphire

I cannot always be lurking in the shadows at every waking moment, so if you have a bit of news or have an announcement you wish to be printed, send it to SFPSapphire@hotmail.com.

In case you have not heard, the recently married Hithual couple Haberthan and Nicki Honor II are expecting their first child. If you see either individual, do not forget to congratulate them.

Phannah the Human has become Mrs. Alittlewiser once more. Her first husband Callik the Fir Elf came back to the realm, making Phannah's marriage to Dhameon the Human invalid. Of course, there was some bickering between the two husbands while Phannah tried to decide who she would stay with. Another Human, who shall remain nameless, gives the couple two months.

A city guardsman came rushing into the square with a wild look on her face. She glanced around and drew her sword, saying, "Too many guards have died, I must kill you all before you kill me!" The first person the guard attacked was Dulcina the Secian who was daydreaming at the time. Those in the square fought and killed the mad guard before she could do anymore damage. Dulcina was quoted to saying afterwards, "that puny mortal guard could only hope to defeat me when I was falling asleep" (she was in costume as a dragon).

It seems there are two Flerians by the names of Calumny Smutch and Pokle Doofenburg that are running for the "third assistant's assistant clerk of sanitation collection" in an upcoming election. Calumny has been passing out vivid red campaign leaflets that read "Vote Calumny Smutch for the promotion of outhouse education and culture!" Pokle has been passing out bright yellow campaign pamphlets that read "Good Sanitation, for all generations! Vote Pokle Doofenburg!" Each Flerian has been going around the Spurian area trying to insult the other candidate while making themselves appear the better person for the job. The election will be held after the debate between the two, though at this time, the date for either is unknown.

No one really knows who started the vicious cycle between Noffbrau the Hithual and his posse (Mental the Psycian, Draffut the Drake, and Juster the San Elf to name a few) and nearly anyone else who dares question them, but what is known is that when Noffbrau took a swing at Jurax the Taathian Penthanian firemage, Jurax decided to teach the Hithual a lesson. That lesson was Noffbrau's death and consequently the taking of his two-handed ruby veined emiel peace maker. Jurax placed the peace maker for sell in the post office, and surprisingly enough, many people began to bid on it, despite the threats the newly chaotic Noffbrau made. When Noffbrau tried to attack Jurax again, Jurax taught the Hithual another lesson - this time taking his black ruby hilted drathain imperial great-sword. We at the Spurian Free Press will keep you informed on this development.

Vallek the Frontacian grey mage seems to have a vendeta against Syntrik the Psycian. He entered the square saying to Syntrik, "You there, slave with the burn scars. You are the one who attacked Demian today?" After insulting the Psycian some more, he left the square. Vallek came back briefly after Syntrik was gone to mention to Kalessin the drake, "I hardly fear such a lowly being. Should I see it again, it will be disposed of." When Syntrik came back, so did the Frontacian - flying and with a white up - casting spells on Syntrik. At first it seemed like Syntrik was in trouble, especially when he did not have his armor on, but when Vallek's white fell and he started to run down Southern Avenue, Syntrik silenced him easily. When Vallek returned some time later, he gathered the Frontacians Demian and Somar - each fire mages - against Syntrik. With a little healing from those watching in bemusement, Syntrik killed the fire mages. Do note that this is the first brawl Syntrik has been in for quite some time.

After reading the Spurian Slanderer, Noffbrau the Hithual was pretty upset over whatever was in there about him, though it was not the section about him going to Anvil's funeral drunk as all get and threatening to spill blood at the Saian altar. Noffbrau was just about to read that part at the post office when Melraath the Leuian shouted out "Noffbrau, Yer a fraggin Turd". Noffbrau came back, attacking in front of Secians after deciding not to. Many others jumped in on either side and that is when the guards showed up. They slept Noffbrau and whisked him away to jail, but not before Melraath searched his body and removed Noffbrau's delicately etched runesilver dragon wings.

Heard Around Town

by Miss Sapphire

This column is just the place to find interesting and funny comments spoken by those who walk through the Spur everyday. If you hear any funny comments, please send them to my scribe—
SFPSapphire@hotmail.com:

Soyam says to Ra'lyn, "Meet Forge. He's a Hithual. He tends to involve himself in fights that Setites are in. He's like an Odarian, except in reverse."
- Soyam the Human and Ra'lyn the Fir Elf

Voskresenিয়ে says to Noffbrau, "Hmm, well, such lips weren't very nice, so you should hope not."
Noffbrau says to Voskresenিয়ে, "If it were my lips ,ye would have laked it"
- Voskresenিয়ে the Drake and Noffbrau the Hithual

Melraath says to Ra'lyn, "Come on, no one's going to believe a fool who humps raccoons."
- Melraath the Leuian and Ra'lyn the Fir Elf

Methoss says to Jalnus, "This body is weak and foolish, and it never has any fun. Give me five thousand gold Drag-al, so at least I can have a night of pleasure. Then I let you borrow the gold and you closed down the AGC"
Jalnus asks, "What is the AGC anyways?"
Methoss says to Jalnus, "A gentleman's club"
- Methoss the Drag-al and Jalnus the San Elf

Ocinaiya says to Olesia, "Yeah, next thing you'll be telling me there's Sanene in Temple Rinanni."
- Ocinaiya the Drag-al and Olesia the San Elf

Scruple yells, "Does the sun have to set EVERY night!?"
Ward asks Scruple, "If you pass out before the sunset does that count?"
- Scruple the Drag-al and Ward the Leuian

Augatil shouts, "Help I'm being attacked by drakes!"
Spite says, "Quick, someone help the drakes."
- Augatil the Leuian and Spite the San Elf

Clive asks Callik, "Didn't catch all that, what language ye learnin there?"
Callik says to Clive, "The language of ork snuggling

toe-pinching Spurian whiners"
- Clive the Drag-al and Callik the Fir Elf

Skillet exclaims to Scruple, "I fondle yours mind now!"
Skillet exclaims, "Im the perfesional mind fondler!"
- Skillet the Flerian and Scruple the Drag-al

Callik says, "Sa is a no-account, cloud defiling, toothless, soup-straining, ankle nibbler"
- Callik the Fir Elf

Scruple yells, "I'm not pregnant and I'm not saving the world!"
Gossamer yells, "Scruple's having a kid that'll save the world!!"
- Scruple the Drag-al and Gossamer the Drag-al

Melraath says to Callik, "I'm not the one who got caught out in the outhouse down south of here with a circle of farm boys around me, pants about thier knees."
- Melraath the Leuian and Callik the Fir Elf

Malt says to Noffbrau, "Come now, no one of your mental stature should be making fun of someone else's intelligence"
- Malt the Drag-al and Noffbrau the Hithual

Oake says to Zackie, "Well, sometimes we have to beat the death into the undead."
- Oake the Secian and Zackie the Secian

Teef says to Cyraenthalis, "If you want golden orbs castrate Vosk"
Cyraenthalis says to Teef, "Too bright and gaudy for my tastes."
Teef the Human and Cyraenthalis the Drake

Maren says to Callik, "What you do with butter should be better left in private."
Callik says to Maren, "I am but an elf"
Jurax says to Callik, "I'll hold it for you"
Callik asks Syntrik, "Do you know of this jello material?"
Syntrik says to Callik, "Yes... its called pudding."
Callik exclaims to Syntrik, "I can't shoot pudding!"
-Callik the Moose, Maren the Usil Elf, Jurax the Penthanian and Syntrik the Merchant.

MURDACH AND THE STARS

What follows is an account by Tressa Lightbrow of the finding of the first fallen star of the gods and a report of the subsequent findings of herself and the other Sages of her circle.

Upon waking one recent evening, I went to the square to find my Bond, Kalessin and found him standing with a small crowd of Spurians and passers-by including the well-known, but rarely seen, Murdach. It seemed I had walked in upon the beginning of one of Murdach's story tellings, as those around were mostly either engaged in listening to him, or shuffling their feet and looking for somewhere else to go. I know some people have little patience for Flerian stories, wandering as they sometimes do, but I myself find them quite enjoyable, so I settled by Kalessin and joined the conversation. Murdach, after a few false starts and distractions, was finally able to begin his tale. What he told us was this:

"Star stories and all that, I say, well anyway, I was traveling to Spur, not too long ago, as adventurers are apt to do, as adventuring is an important part of travel, and visa-versa, unless on the second tuesday of each 3rd month. And when low and behold, the sky started to change and go dark, things flickered and other things didn't flicker, and some things may have flickered or possibly not, I'm not sure, but if they did I bet someone saw it. And whooosh! Out of the sky comes this big bright light, I thought for a moment that maybe I was getting to meet a Galshuldafish, because I heard they have giant lights on their heads to confuse people into staring at them before they eat them. And because I've never see a Galshuldafish before, I decided to stand real still and stare right at the light in case it was one, cause you never know if it'll eat you until you give it the chance, and since I've never been eaten I thought it'd..."

A few of us asked about the fish, and whether he was in water, or underwater, or what.. He continued on to say, "Well I quickly came to realize I wasn't under the sea, nor near any water what so ever, and my hopes for seeing the rare fish were rather dashed, until it ocured to me that someone could have thrown one from the ocean high into the air what. So again I stood real still and waited for the light, because I hoped I'd get to see the fish right before it ate me, but the light kept getting brighter and I couldn't see much of anything except this little circle of light tumbling down from the sky."

At this point, a young Secian discovered the cloud cover above the square, and in his excitement, nearly plummeted down upon us. Binx and I explained to him about the sky above Spur a little, then after the danger of falling Secians had passed, Murdach continued, "I say! That's right, carry on, continue and forward what, backwards and onwards, left and right, sally forth and round the bucket, up the paths and down the trail what. Well the light tumbled and rumbled from the sky, and I being rather disappointed I wasn't about to be eaten decided the next most exciting thing I can do is try and catch it. Sadly a bunch of other fellows, tentacles popping from their heads and such, all decided to race me as well, except I don't think they understood when I told them it was a race, because they all tried to kill me and what not. I of course explained to them I didn't have time for them to kill me at the moment, as I was busy chasing the giant fish that was falling from the sky, and had already promised to allow it to eat me when it fell and I caught it. The fellows with the tentacles didn't really seem to think letting the fish eat me was such a good idea, in fact I'd say they rather disagreed, and they chased me, or maybe I chased them, or we all sort of chased one another, towards the falling fish. Or star, or maybe a fishstar, it could have been both, or perhaps a fish falling after the star to eat it."

A short discussion of the "fellows with the tentacles" followed, along with the young Secian questioning Murdach as to whether he was making this story up. Needless to say, Murdach told him that he certainly was not. We then detoured to hear about the demons that Murdach had also had to defeat on this adventure, and his remembrances of Trapspringer McGee, a famous Flerian adventurer, who defeated a bunch of trolls with something called "the mirror of self knowledge". It seems Murdach defeated the demons with this very same mirror, or one just like it. We also discussed current Flerian fashion trends a bit, the story of what happened to Murdach's brother Timmy, what would happen if Dragons ate various things, invisibility, and well.. let's just say we wandered a bit in our discussions, as Murdach tends to do. It was most enjoyable though, and amusing. Eventually,

we did get back to discussion of the star, or fish, or starfish that Murdach had seen and was racing the “tentacle heads” to gain. Murdach told us that “Well I didn't see it real well, it hit the ground and then disappeared into the ground a good ways what, the little tentacle people won the race I'm afraid.”

We talked a bit about the nature of adventuring and Kalessin and Murdach debated whether, as Murdach said, “Why almost the entire adventure is getting ready for the adventure itself what!” or whether it was more as Kalessin claimed - “No no no. There is just pointing and saying onwards!”. At this point, Murdach challenged Kalessin to an adventuring race to find the star that the tentacle headed folk had claimed. I am, in recalling this, reminded that he said “The first to find the star is the winner, and gets to spend an entire day listening to adventures I've been on so they can record them and memorize them and become famous because they know me.” So, perhaps sometime soon one of us who won the race... yes, we won... will have to seek out Murdach and ask for this prize. Just before he exploded, or vanished, Murdach told us “I say, well the other prize is the star which is the key to the ancient temple.”

So off we went, Kalessin, myself, Jezimai, Leonheart and Haberthan, racing towards the ancient ruins up north where we knew the Celerith to live, these being the only tentacle-headed folk that immediately came to mind. Once we reached the ruins, we began searching for the celerith. At one point, Haberthan told us that Murdach had sent him a curious thought, which he shared with us.

“The powers of the ancients and the truths of the past rest behind the locked gates of the eternal temple, only the falling keys can open the gate. Their recovery brings the greatest powers to those who hold them.... How great a price will the keys take upon the world? Already in the distant lands beyond Aradath chaos reigns in the struggles to control the passages to the truth, soon, chaos may reign in the lands of Spur as well. A great treasure at the greatest price, the gift from those above to the lands of birth and creation, the lands of death and chaos, even prophecy can not tell who will rise in this age.”

In the ruins, we went first to the ruined temple where the celerith are most often seen, but the temple was still standing as it has for many years with no signs that a star, or anything else had disturbed it further. We went then to the observatory atop the pyramid tower where we noticed that along the eastern rim of the valley there was a flickering, perhaps of fire. Since Murdach had mentioned the star to be a fiery sort, we headed that way to investigate. We ran into quite a few

creatures in the ruins as we headed across them towards the cliffs, and then it took us quite some time to find a trail that led up the cliffside and we were beset by demons, gremlins and a phantom steed or two in our search. We did find a trail though, and followed it carefully towards the flickering we had seen from the tower. What we found was a huge crater in the ground, apparently created when the star crashed into the ground. Much surround dirt and rock had fallen in, but we did find a crack large enough to squeeze through in one edge.

The star seemed to have landed atop some sort of stronghold the celerith have hidden in the cliffside, as we found ourselves in a many-leveled sort of underground tower, filled with celerith, some of them unlike any I have ever seen before. The tower itself is filled with a strange mist that obscures the hallways from view, making it very easy to get lost, and very difficult to find your way back out. In fact, some of the celerith had knocked Haberthan down, and Kalessin took but two steps from him, but we could not find our way back to him despite much searching. The entire tower was filled with dark stone, and barely lit, if at all. We found a few rooms that I do not care to speculate upon their use - suffice it to say that they were filled with implements like those found beneath the other abode of the celerith in the ruins, or amongst the demons.

I sent the peace of Rinanni to many, many of the celerith, but they chased us about, insisting that they would see us dead before they would let us escape now that we had found their secret place. We ran much with the others turning and fighting back the celerith where they would not allow us passage, nearly losing our lives many times in the process. After many twists and turns, and stairs, and doors, we found ourselves in a chamber dominated by what seemed to be a throne. Before this throne stood a celerith magician, his sceptre at his side. He was surrounded by many warriors, and we left briefly to try to prepare ourselves, and to attempt to draw away the warriors so that we could speak to him of this place. While we sat healing ourselves, a celerith master who was enrapt by Rinanni's peace suddenly yelled out, “The illusion placed over the crater has been broken, defend the Terranium!” Finding ourselves horribly outnumbered, we attempted to leave to gather help, however, we could not find a way out of the maze-like tower. Eventually it was concluded that the magician we had seen was probably holding some sort of illusion that was hiding from us the way out. Much to my dismay, the magician was unwilling to speak to us, and also apparently unwilling to allow whatever illusions he was holding to drop so we could simply leave. His warriors also refused to stop beating on the rest of the party, so they had no choice but to fight back. As the magician fell, a small tunnel of sorts opened behind the throne, which we ran through. Unfortunately, we

found that this was not the way out as we then found ourselves in a rather disturbing vault filled with skulls and tiled with bone. There were two large coffers made of bone and an odd violet flame that floated in midair above them. Within each coffer was another smaller box, also of bone, locked crudely, but effectively enough to keep us from opening them.

We searched the vault for some time, looking for an exit, but could find none. Eventually, Jezimai and Leonheart prayed to be released from this bone filled seeming trap, and I was able to call on the power of the doves to send Kalessin and I towards a spot we both knew well in Rathan. Jezimai had headed already to Spur by the time we arrived, and we met up with Leonheart in the city of Rathan. When we were able to get the boxes unlocked, we found within them a collection of things that the celerith apparently were hoarding. First thing was a carved bone-hilted sabre made of some metal I have not seen before. Leonheart was able to identify it as “bloodsteel” though. There was also a darkly shimmering jewel which seems to be some sort of crystallized chaos as near as anyone can tell. The next thing was a small pouch, in which was a beautiful moonstone orb, glowing with a deep golden hue. The pouch itself seemed to be made of the skin of a human or something close, so finding such a beautiful stone within it was a bit incongruous. Lastly, there were two lengths of bone, one a sceptre covered in runes, and the other something that seemed to be the spine of something fashioned into a wand and covered with runes.

Leonheart asked to keep the sabre, which we all agreed to. As it was only Leonheart, Kalessin and I left at this point, we thought it best to give Jezimai the bone things, Kalessin wished to keep the dark jewel, and I asked to keep the orb. I had noted that the orb was covered with strange sigils and runes, and I wanted to take it to the Sages I work with to study further. We returned to Spur and told Jezimai what we’d found and gave her the bone things, and the skin pouch, since she seems to like such things. Then, we all retired for the evening, weary and bruised, and with much to think about with the discovery of this new stronghold of the celerith and the crater of the star.

I did take the orb to the Circle of Sages and they were able to shed some light on the nature of the orb. There was much discussion of it, and all the Sages examined it, eventually concluding that it is in fact the heart of a god-star. The markings upon it do not seem to be of any one of the gods in particular, but rather are a very ancient form of Secti, from when mortals first learned to speak to the gods of the pantheon. Much of this language has unfortunately been lost over time though. The few words we were able to translate before it was

decided that the orb must be passed into safekeeping included two forms of what would translate into “holy”, the mark for “illumine”, and two other marks that are less clear but we believe one to mean “separation” or “division” and the other to mean “completeness” or “wholeness”. We have copied the marks and continue to work on translation. It is the feeling of the Sages that the orb is akin to some Sagestones which are keyed to open certain hidden places. They also agree that this orb is quite neutral – that though it may be from a particular god-star, it possesses no qualities of any particular god, but rather seems to be a source of potential.

When I returned to town the first time after taking the orb to the cloisters for study, I was informed that Murdach had visited and prophesied again. Kalessin had scribed his words for me and they were,

“The first key has been put in play, claimed by the most unlikely of creatures. That which is to come has been split asunder along a fork in time. Along both paths, the bearer of the first key will control it no more, far too caring and selfless for the final race, it will be thrown aside in the struggles for control of the gates opening. The first key is in play, in time the temple will stand and the gates open for those with the keys to unlock it, power and knowledge beyond all recognition will spill forth upon them, the struggle for control now begins. Those who ride the waves of mortality control their own destinies, far above, those who once traveled among them pour endless tears along a river of pain, for the age of mortals has begun. Claim the keys, or be forever swept away in history. Your fates are now in each of your own hands. Along one path lies possibility, along another destruction, all else is but a cloud of grey.”

I was very glad then for the advice of the Sages circle and my friends and trusted advisors, and did seek out a safe place for the heart of the god-star. It remains in safekeeping while its companions and the path it will lead down is searched out. For any who might think this means that I have locked it away, I assure you, I have not. I have, however, given it into care where I consider it as safe as it would be if it were again in the care of the gods themselves.

Scribed the 7th day of Rina, 318
by Tressa Lightbrow,
Sage of Rinanni

Rinannimas is coming! Rinannimas is coming!

The weather is changing, the Festival of Shadows has come and gone, and the month of Rina is upon us. This means that Rinanni's Festival of Ice is not far off, and the celebrations of Love and the undying Light will be here for all to enjoy!

The peddlers will soon be here with their trinkets and sweets and all manner of things to be shared with each other when many of us exchange gifts.

The Festival of Ice is a time of giving, a time of sharing, a time of love to lighten up the cold and darkness of the winter, a time to reflect on the year past and look toward the year ahead.

So, saying that, we'd like to present a poll for our readers! The winners of the best answer to each question, as judged by the editors, will each win a surprise prize and some will be published in the next issue of the Spurian Free Press!

1. **What is the best gift you've ever seen or been given or received at Rinannimas?**
2. **What is the most important historical event in the past year and why?**
3. **Who will get kissed the most under the mistletoe this year, and by whom?**

Answers should be sent to SFPKalessin@hotmail.com and SFPSapphire@hotmail.com!

Festival Of Shadows Costume Contest Report

By Miss Sapphire

The costume contest was held by Tir the Go-blin-al and Lord Ward the Leuian of Emjedah in the festival tavern. They were each costumed as Muck and Noffbrau (Noffy) respectively. Those who wanted to enter the contest were to whisper to Tir. The judges of the contest were Ward, Tir, and Xaphania the San Elf as the fashion consultant.

First up was the pair Dulcina the Secian and Hesper the Dragon. They were dressed as a blue Dragon and a Secian (yes, they switched races). They showed their "eternal love" for each other.

Second was Bethany the Psycian. She came costumed as a cow herder with her fat red cow in one arm and a wooden staff of herding in the other. She put on a pair of wings, hopped around like a Secian, and started mooing as her cow call.

Next up was Suupidosutaa the Monitanian dressed as a mammal. Of special though disturbing interest was the revealing skin tight swamp thong that he wore.

Gowli the Flerian was next in the costume of Draffat. With his red wrinkly tub of fat around his body and the red I R Draffut jacket, he showcased the Fat well.

Snotgobbitz the Go-blin-al was fifth but I am not exactly sure what he was supposed to be. Tir seemed to know, calling the outfit "fun'tacky'n runemage."

Sixth was Binx the Secian and his stallion as the juggling headless horseman. The returnable wickedly grinning jack-o-lantern head made a nice touch to the costume.

Cont'd....

Next was Sast the Secian as...I consider his costume as food, specifically emerald rock candy, but the Secian claims he is the Sugar Faerie Knight. Right. Back away from the sugar please and just say no. Many in the audience tried to eat Sast, especially Rocco the Thugian.

A late entry was Noffbrau the Hithual. In a very scary move, he pulled down his pants and walked backwards, claiming he was Treyfalgar, the Inquisitor of Taath's temple. Gowli exclaimed how hairy Noffbrau's ass was while Rocco complained that he was now blind from the sight.

Ninth up was Popi the Flerian as a bunny, though she did not want to compete and tried to hide.

Pimsly the Go-blin-al and maker of balloons was tenth as a...pumpkin patch. Tir made him go up on stage.

Magenta the Secian was next as a gypsy fortune teller and told Sast's fortune. His fortune was that he would be dinner.

And last but not least was Kiki the Secian as a luscious drink. Unfortunately, the person who was supposed to wear a costume that matched hers was not there.

The judges left the tavern for awhile to calculate the winners and came back. The honorable mention went to Gowli as Draffat. His prize was the laughter of the crowd. Third place was Kiki. Her prize was a custom mask from Broyce. Second place was Suupidosutaa. He won a 3 piece costume from Broyce. And the first place winner of the night was....Bethany as the original and very creative cow herder. Her prize was a 5 piece costume from Broyce.

In a world where bloodshed, anger and strife run rampant, its important to take time out and enjoy the little things in life. Specifically, the arts.

Bards come and go, passing through Spur for only a short period of time; perhaps not feeling welcomed to our city. I think this is due to the fact very few Spurians appear interested in what they have to offer. It seems that many Spurians get wrapped up in mundane things: hunting, plotting revenge, meetings, gossiping, arguing, etc. And, in doing so, forget that there is more to life than these things. Business for bards is low. This is not to say it's non-existent, but appreciation seems to lack drastically.

Bards offer a wonderful diversion from the hum-drum day-to-day activities with their songs and stories. They stir imagination and emotions. Bring joy, and, even sorrow. They proffer just a moment of time where you can sit and forget your cares (or at least try). They are a fountain OF creativity and a pillar FOR creativity. It's not just a profession. It's a state of mind.

Support their endeavors. Take a few minutes out and offer an ear for a quick jaunty song, poem or story. Show your approval by tossing a few coins. Its very discouraging to spend time writing and performing, yet not receive compensation. I am not saying that a "thank you" and "good job" is not relished. However, when your means for living directly relies on remuneration for your performances, the term "starving artist" takes on a very literal meaning. Many would not consider not tipping someone who unlocked their boxes after a hunt. So why should it be any different for a bard who extends their skill, knowledge and time? If it's pleasing to you, have a heart.

There used to be two bardic run events. Any and all were welcome to participate in them. Talivar, Spurs own Master Bard, held a bardic recital every month for those poetically inclined, and I, Anyah, held a story-telling event. This was a way for you to share your experiences and give your outlook on life. A chance to be creative and, in many instances, spontaneous. Participation for these events seemed to wax and wane, just like the moon. I would be very interested in starting recital nights again and I personally would like to extend an invitation to everyone to attend. Not only will it give you a chance to explore your own creative mind, but also allows the opportunity to listen to some of Spurs "bards at heart," and meet some of the folks who live around you. It's a time to form friendships and relax after a hard day of battle.

Show your support for the arts because without art, life would be pretty darn dull.

Anyah
Bardess of Sa