

# Aventurian Herald

Aventurian Herald 175

## Political News: Guardian of the Circle Declares Convocation of the Church of Efferd

**Bethana/Vinsalt/Al'Anfa.** For months, the hidden conflict smoldering in the Church of Efferd has been threatening to erupt into a conflagration. In the apolitical Church of the god of the ocean, the discussion about an additional Master of the Surf has become quite the political issue. The Church of the Lord of the Tides is in danger of driving a wedge between its various communities.

## Regional News: Straw Puppet Parade Divides Festum City Council

**Festum.** As the 8th of Phex approaches in chilly Festum, tempers are heating up. The Grand Council is quarreling, and Councilwoman Firnski plans to lead the Atmaskottjen Parade through the middle of town to honor Rondra and a Bornish dignitary named Linjan of Elenau.

## Panorama: Big Game Hunt in Uthuria

**Belhanka.** According to rumors, certain interests in Kuslik plan to exhibit a tame "escaladir" in the zoo, alongside other Uthurian beasts. This giant monster resembles a fanged cow with a horned ridge. Caspar Khoramsfright, famous beast hunter and questador, reveals what he's learned.



Aventurian Herald; Efferd 1040 FB

# The Prince of Uthuria is Here!

**B**ELHANKA. Prince Anajo I of the people of the Owangi and the realm of the Tapiwakpa, son of King Anwa-ti and Queen Kaliru, envoy of Uthuria to the colony Nova Methumisa, was welcomed to the harbor of Belhanka with great fanfare. With the words, "We feel honored to be at the service of the glorious eagle tribe, much endowed by Nandus, and ad finalem to explore its blessed Terra Cognita and civilization," the young prince stepped onto the dock. His arrival was accompanied by cheers that were at first a bit sparse but then increased quickly. This historical occasion marks the first Uthurian visit to Aventurian shores.

Prince Anajo I arrived on the caravel Prince Sirlan, which has made numerous voyages to Uthuria across the Fire Sea at the behest of the Imperial Aventurian Company (I.A.C.). This time, the hold contained not just exotic goods like jade, coffee, and gold, but also crates filled with the prince's personal wardrobe and also gifts from his homeland, for those he plans to visit during his travels. He handed the first such gift to Pervalia ya Tehrdilion, First Admiral of the town and Primesta of the Republic of Belhanka, who was waiting to welcome him at the pier. She received a precious statue of white jade with a human body and an eagle's head. It depicts the lord of the gods, called "Pra-Jobo" by Anajo's people. "This White Horas," Prince Anajo said, "shall be a confirmation of the factum that the Uthurian people of the Owangi and the Aventurian eagle tribe will fraternize in a cultural and spiritual way."

The Prince and the Admiral then

addressed the crowd to explain how this new friendship will benefit both realms. There were many words praising the peaceful gifts of colonialism for both sides. Belhanka benefits like no other town in the Horasian Empire from the influx of precious colonial wares, wonderful customs, and myriad stories from the southern continent. The Owangi will benefit from the progress that the Horasian Empire can deliver. Citizens cheered the visiting dignitary until he was carried off in a specially-crafted carriage to attend the next appointment in his crowded schedule.

But why is Prince Anajo visiting the Horasian Empire? He intends to travel the land for a whole month to experience our culture firsthand and spread it among his own people. Accompanying him is a patrician from Methumis named Lessandro ya Strozza, lord of the aforementioned I.A.C. and the Banking House ya Strozza. With his own eyes, Anajo will learn and see what the future holds for his tribe now that they are allies with the Horasian Empire. He will meet with nobles and other dignitaries, both mundane and clerical, and will even meet the Horas himself in the Palace Sangreal in Horasia. Prince Anajo's schedule consists of many private meetings with important people. We do not know will be discussed behind these closed doors. What political meaning this visit entails for the Horasian Empire and its colony at Nova Methumisa remains to be seen. Surely Khadan-Horas knows (in his flowery way of speaking, Prince Anajo refers to Khadan-Horas as "Superb Son of the Golden Coat!)



as, no doubt, do Khadan-Horas' court and advisers, Prince Anajo I himself, and Amero ya Vespati, governor of the colony of Nova Methumisa. What is certain is that the people hold the Southern Sea colonialism of the Horasian Empire in well regard.

What political meaning this visit entails for the Horasian Empire and its colony at Nova Methumisa remains to be seen. Surely Khadan-Horas knows (in his flowery way

of speaking, Prince Anajo refers to Khadan-Horas as "Superb Son of the Golden Coat!") as, no doubt, do Khadan-Horas' court and advisers, Prince Anajo I himself, and Amero ya Vespati, governor of the colony of Nova Methumisa. What is certain is that the people hold the Southern Sea colonialism of the Horasian Empire in well regard

Arela Weißblatt (Dominic Hladek)

## The Voice of the People: The Prince

What a beautiful man! Ah, to be young again and to go to Uthuria, to be saved from the grasp of a giant ape...

—Cebanne Darow,  
manufactory worker from Simiavilla

\*\*\*

It fills me with patriotic pride. Our glorious realm has made an alliance with brave followers of Praios who live deep in the jungle, and together will now shine the light of civilization on all blasphemies and machinations of the Nameless One! I will do my part and buy shares in the next voyage scheduled by the I.A.C. We must stand up to Al'Anfa's blasphemies and imperialism, and show them who holds dominance in the colonies. It is a fact that the

interests of the Horasian Empire will be defended in Uthuria! Long live Anajo I, Prince of Uthuria! Long live Khadan-Horas!

—Solates Fock, Horasian patriot

\*\*\*

Where else but here in Belhanka could one such as myself speak this aloud, but this caricature of a prince, stuffed into his fine threads like a wheel of head cheese, is no more than a marionette being

paraded about to drum up business for the I.A.C.! The Uthurians are a proud, independent people, and it is a real shame that their chieftain's son has become a compliant slave of the narrow-minded nobles. It is outrageous that this is being celebrated here, in Belhanka, where citizens have freed themselves from the chains of the nobility!

—anonymous student from Methumis

Aventurian Herald, Efferd 1059 FB

## Guardian of the Circle Declares Convocation of the Church of Efferd

**B**ETHANA/VINSALT/AL'ANFA. For months, the hidden conflict smoldering in the Church of Efferd has been threatening to erupt into a conflagration. In the apolitical Church of the god of the ocean, the discussion about an additional Master of the Surf has become quite the political issue. The Church of the Lord of the Tides is in danger of driving a wedge between its various communities. Many observers and believers looked to Bethana with hope, but the Guardian of the Circle remained tight-lipped (probably to avoid the inevitable accusation that he favored one side over the other in this argument). Even demands by the head of the Church for congregants to refrain from quarrelling and avoid casting insults in public (as reported in the *Aventurian Herald*) went unheeded among some members of the clergy. There is no other way to interpret the words Efferdan ui Bennain delivered in a recent divine service. "Every river needs tributaries, that its life-giving water shall not run dry. But," ui Bennain continued, "a river

should not branch too often, lest it lose itself among lesser streams and creeks."

At the end of his sermon, the venerable Guardian of the Circle revealed a great surprise. In the month of Hesinde, he will travel with a delegation to Brabak, where the Master of the Surge South Sea will lead him on an inspection of the temple. "I hope that I will meet with the High Blessed One of Al'Anfa and with representatives of the Horasian Church of Efferd," the Guardian said. He then asked all Blessed Ones to journey to Brabak to join in the discussion about the future of the Church.

What he meant regarding the future of the Church, he did not say, as it please Boron. If it comes to pass, this will be the first convocation in the history of the Church of Efferd that brings together Blessed Ones from all over Aventuria, including the estranged congregations in Al'Anfa and the Horasian Empire.

*Muliro Larekos  
(Martin Schmidt)*

Aventurian Herald, Efferd 1059 FB

## Brabakan Spring Awakening

**N**AGRA. This kingdom by the cape has existed for over two centuries, but at times it seems almost brand new. To the burghers of Brabak certainly it has always existed, though to be honest, nobody beyond its borders ever felt that the kingdom was very important. This has been changing in recent years, as if the kingdom is waking from a deep sleep, like a beast coming out of hibernation.

It all began in the year 1035 FB when the Brabakan flotilla set sail on a secret mission. This was the same year that the Crown gave permission to a very old Brabakan family to build a wharf and create a trading company called the Brabakan Amalgamated Occidental Company, or BAOC, for short.

The new company's ships sailed first to Gyldenland, a symbolic voyage honoring the many Gyldenland travelers who had already made the round trip voyage successfully. But while foreign traders and lords blinked their eyes in surprise at the fleet's bravery (or smiled secretly at its foolishness), the BAOC managed to establish a kontor here in Nagra.

Two years later, even the Northland Bank had found its way to the royal city. That same year, the trading company's ships finally returned from Gyldenland laden with goods for Brabak. The Crown soon issued the *Codex Mizirion*, a set of laws for the entire kingdom, including the Risso Archipelago, which had grown increasingly important (almost every trade route used by free traders and the BAOC to reach Uthuria leads through the archipelago). Today, Brabak maintains a thriving colony, Porto Sancta Elida, in Uthuria. Trade with the remote southern continent is now the topic of conversation on everyone's minds, and not just in the royal capital but also here in

Nagra. Countless goods, such as lumber, jewels, plant saplings, and wild animals, find their way to the markets of Brabak. Apart from the BAOC, many free traders also try their luck on the dangerous passage. The Horasian Empire is investing in southern trade as well, and is even building a harbor fortress in Nagra. This decisive move is predicted to create an advantage in the struggles with the empire's eternal rival, Al'Anfa, and also serve as a springboard for passengers on their way to the Horasian colony of Nova Methumisa.

It might feel like a prophecy, but Brabak seems to be casting its gaze increasingly towards the southern continent and the riches that it can provide through trade. The future king, Prince Peleiston, shows no sign of diverting from his father's plans; if anything, it seems as if the Crown Prince's convictions have only strengthened. Time, the province of Satinav, will tell if Brabak can prove itself the equal of the Horasian Empire and Al'Anfa. When it comes to exporting the Aventurian spirit to Uthuria, Brabak's prospects look pretty good, at least as far as proud Brabakans and many foreign observers are concerned. Thus, developments here by the cape indicate that Brabak's spring awakening will continue for the foreseeable future.

*Nandurio, Blessed One of Nandus in Nagra  
(Christian Bender)*

Aventurian Herald, Tsa 1058 FB

## "This is going too far!" – Straw Puppet Parade Divides Festum City Council

**F**ESTUM. As the 8th of Phex approaches in chilly Festum, tempers are heating up. The Grand Council is quarreling, and Councilwoman Firnski plans to lead the Atmaskottjen Parade through the middle of town to honor Rondra and a Bornish dignitary named Linjan of Elenau. ntil today, the parade had been restricted to the Warehouse Island, meaning that the infamous Thorwal Drum (symbol of the bravery of Festum's city guards, and main attraction of the parade), which was made from the skin of the evil pirate, Atmaskot Blood-drinker, did not incite any larger conflicts. But now, Domain Master Gernot of Halsingen, along with other long-time residents of Festum, has sided with the councilwoman. Guard Captain Elkman Timpiski, especially, is of the opinion that the parade route should be extended to cross the Toll Bridge and enter the Old City. Those opposed to the plan include many followers of Hesinde, merchants both small and large, and even



retired Magister Alwin K. Nodwinger, himself a council member and former spokesman of the Festum Council of Arts. They fear that dangerous protests might erupt during the parade, aimed not only at careless Thorwalers, but also at Norbards, goblins, and Maraskans, all of whom enjoy burghers' rights and privileges in Festum. The Grand Council will vote on the matter soon. Those in the know think the vote will be close, even though the traditionalists hold a majority. The atmosphere in the city is already tense, and people who have experienced Festum's cosmopolitan flair will be surprised by the growing feelings of animosity towards "wretched immigrants" on the one hand, and "narrow-minded saber-rattlers" on the other. We hope, for the quarrelsome council members' sakes, that they will make a wise decision, but surely not everyone will be happy with the outcome.

*Alriksej Gerberow  
(Daniel Heßler)*

Fantholi, Efferd 1058 FB

## The Countess of Bearforest Adopts a Daughter of Noble Lineage

**B**EARFOREST COUNTY, EFFERD 1038 FB: Our editors were shocked recently when a grim Weiden knight dashed into the writing room of the *Herald* to hand us a dispatch from the Countess of Bearforest. It seems that the corpse of a messenger sent forth on a delivery many months ago was found near Leinhouse. Phex be praised that his murderer didn't find the report he was carrying. We now present that report here, in its entirety.

**County Bearforest, 10th of Hesinde 1037 FB:** It has been barely four months since the cowardly attempt on the life of Walderia of Lionshead, Countess of Bearforest (as reported in AH 168) at the Bowyers' Celebration in Olat. Now the aged Countess has made the following announcement. In a solemn ceremony, she adopted a young knight as her daughter—a rare act among nobles—thus founding a new line of succession for the County of Bearforest, with the consent of the Duke.

The celebratory tournament was held in the peaceful fishing village of Olat. Firun had already clad the fields, meadows, and forests by the Mistmoor in winter snow. The black walls of the Countess' fortress rose like a dark figure from the ominous, fog-enshrouded waters of the Nine-Eye Lake. The bitter cold prevented all but a small crowd of chosen guests from arriving to honor the future Countess. Representing the Duke's family was Walderia's brother, Prince Walthard, her grandniece, Princess

Walbirg, and Shieldcount Kerling of Lionshead, Master of the Greencoats and former Master of the Knights of the Grove. Many famous heroes from the counties of Weiden proved their skill in the tournament, which also served as a readiness test for the campaign against Haffax. Attendees were especially moved when Master Eisewyn and Yolanda of Fallowfield sang a duet dedicated to the memory of Count Waldmar, Walderia's brother. Geiserich of Haffstone, the disputed Steward of Comital Pallingin, was noticeably absent from the celebration, reinforcing the rumors of his envy and resentment towards the young heiress, who descends from old Bearforest nobility. It is a shame that no proof of his involvement in the assassination plot has been discovered. Divine service was held to honor Firun and Rondra, according to long-standing tradition, after which Ivrain ni Catholainn, the Pro-Legate of the Church of Firun, presented Ifirn's blessing to the young, charismatic heiress. The Countess chose the 10th of Hesinde for the adoption because it was also Griseldis' 27th Tsa Day. During her speech, she referred to the outrageous assassination attempt from four months ago: "As my life was taken and returned on my Tsa's Day, so shall today signify the beginning of your new life. Rise, Griseldis of Pallingin, bound forever to me as daughter." All present were touched to see the normally strict and reserved ruler overcome by maternal emotions.

*Thuronia Kupferstich (Axel Riegert)*



Belhankan Watcher, Efferd 1040 FB

# Big Game Hunt in Uthuria

**B**ELHANKA. Among the passengers disembarking from the *Prince Sirtan* was an adventurer from remote Baliho named Caspar Khoramsfright, a famous beast hunter and questador who has spent the past few years in Uthuria hunting big game in the jungle. It is not hard to picture him. Imagine a rough, muscular body and a chiseled and unshaven mercenary's face with a nose broken so often that it resembles a leaning watchtower built in a swamp. Then imagine an unpleasant yet strangely alluring smell of musk with a hint of resin and tobacco. Finally, dress this image in the snug-fitting leather hide of an Uthurian jungle lizard, add a necklace of predator's teeth that would make a Bornland bear jealous, and you have Caspar. The daring traveler arrived with many large crates and cages in tow, destined for the Kusliker zoo. When I asked him about their contents, he would say only "beasts." It took a further 30 minutes of questioning to worm some more information out of him.

According to rumors, certain interests in Kuslik plan to exhibit a tame "escaladir" in the zoo, alongside other Uthurian beasts. This giant monster resembles a fanged cow with a horned ridge. Caspar attracts an audience even when he isn't sitting among his peers in a tavern in Belhamèr (the Sailors' Quarter, where we conducted this interview), and he punctuates his tales with loud exclamations and cracks of his Baliho cattle whip. Since the hour was growing late, I asked him to summarize his thrilling report of the hunt.

*I always say, the farther away the land, the bigger the prey. Believe me, Uthuria is so far away that a forest elephant is but a pup compared to an Uthurian beast.*

*One day I enter the jungle, even though it is so hot you won't send your dog outside. After three hours, I think "What a waste, this day."*

*But then I see a beast, no joke, large as a witch's hut in Weiden, but much scarier. I keep a cool head (I like to tell myself that, but in reality I'm terrified) and I think "Sneak a little closer. It is just a big cow." Well, in reality it is more like a bull from the Netherhells. Not a real demon, of course, but with more teeth in its jaws than a damned Ifirn shark. And as I get closer, I see that the thing is so big I hurt my neck looking up at it. Honest, its neck starts two feet above my head. And the fur was... Well, let's call it blood-black. And the beast stinks! Something like a cow, but one that has been dead longer than a salted Thorwalian cod at the end of winter. Lucky my nose is so crooked—I can barely smell anything.*

*Then BAM! It suddenly goes crazy and begins to run! I think, I am being quiet, so what spooked it? And then I think to myself, fine, let it run away. But no, it runs TOWARDS me, as if Hell's Sultan himself was sitting on its neck, guiding it. And you know what? There was something on its neck. I ran like hell, which is why I am still alive. I know when to run and when to attack. This time, I run. And I run and run and meet a family of Jucumaqh, savages that live on the southern continent. They are skilled fighters, beat you to a pulp with their clubs. But I know one of them, and lucky he recognizes me, so I don't get beaten up. Instead we have a smoke by the fire.*

*My Jucumaqh friend tells me about the creature. He says these beasts are really quite peaceful, except during mating season. But there are these parasites, Kalladir or something like that, a type of blood worm. They use their jaws to clamp onto the necks of these peaceful giant cows, and then they suck blood and inject a poison that makes the cows insane. The Jucs call it an escaladir, which means "peaceless." Yes, the very same label Thorwalers use for their craziest pirates. Fitting, isn't it? And I saw such a thing on this cow's neck. So I ask: "Say I*

*remove the worm from the neck, does the beast become tame like a priest of Tsa on Rohal's Day?" The Jucumaqh says he doesn't know what a priest of Tsa is, and if what I'm asking is will the beast then grow as calm as a kerelomonkey after the hour of Rahja (I call it that here in Belhanka; he used other words), then yes, that is what happens. "Well," I say, "then I will remove the worm." You should have seen their faces. The warriors were all whispering, and their eyes... My knees begin to shake when I see their eyes. They are brave jungle warriors, but they are terrified of getting too close to an escaladir. Of course you are afraid now, I say to myself, but said is said, and said is done, which is why I'm in Uthuria, right?*

*The next day I think to myself, maybe you will find it asleep and things will be easy. Of course, when I find it, it's awake. Would have been strange if luck had been on my side for once. So I hold my nose and approach it from downwind, which makes the smell of the beast even worse. But this time I am quiet and get very close. I have my throwing knife with me, the one I used to knock a silver coin from a coachman's hand back in Baliho. Hopefully I haven't lost my edge, I think to myself. Then I stand up and throw. And hit! Man, I think, what a lucky day! Now, "hit" doesn't mean "dead." The worm is still on its throat, but at least the beast is distracted. So I move even closer.*

*Now, if you think I am going to say that I climb up and throw myself on its neck, you are quite stupid. You can go try something like that, but I want to live a little while longer. I take my spear, stand off a bit from the beast, and stab. I am quite good at aiming, and by the eighth or ninth stab, BAM! I hit. My spear pierces the worm. It twitches on the tip like a pike drawn from the water, but I ram the spear into the ground, draw my knife... What, boy, you there, in the last row, yes, you. Take a look, when I say knife, I mean this one. Yes, a damn*

*machete, as you say it. So I draw my machete, which I call "Fernlove." You know, ferns? So I draw it and hack the worm to pieces. The peaceless cow doesn't become peaceful all at once, of course, since the poison is still in his blood. So I roll to the side, I don't want to be crushed. I run away and wait. After a while, the beast settles down and goes back to grazing as if nothing had happened. Believe it or not, I throw my lasso around its neck and lead it back like a cow from the pasture.*

*He has become a good friend, this beast. I name him "Birsal the Escaladir," after my favorite cow from the time I worked for the cattle barons. Well, I called her Birsal the Cow, "Birsal" for short, not escaladir, of course. And tomorrow we go to Kuslik or whatsitsname, where the beast goes to the Zoolobota... Zoologa... Zoologa... to the zoo. It's a pity, I really like him.*

*What, you ask if the worms are contagious? Haven't even thought about it. But no, if they were, I would have met somebody who caught something, back in Uthuria. People don't catch worms. Does a worm grow back? No, I can't imagine they do, or it would have already happened to Birsal on the ship during our journey home.*

Quido Berylli  
(Dominic Hladek)

Rapiro Floretti Special Editions Delivered in Time for the Visit of the Uthurian Prince!

LPC's coverage of the daring and romantic adventures of the Belhankan heart throb continues in these new tales from the legendary southern continent!

Rapiro Floretti and the Rose of Uthuria

&

Rapiro Floretti and the Curse of the Skull Eater

Will the legendary Uthurian rose help Rapiro Floretti win back the heart of his beloved Donna Sabbaionica? Can he resist the temptations of the jungle dryads? And will he again cross paths with the infamous Al'Anfan, Dottore Dannato?

Find out for just 2 silverthalers!

.....  
"Prince of Uthuria" — Try the new roast at Oro Nero!

To honor the visit of Prince Anajo, our skillful roasters have create a new blend. You love our spicy "Queen of Coffee" with its citrus flavor and pleasant bite. Now try our "Prince of Uthuria," a smoky, full-bodied coffee with hints of caramel.

Don't be a tea-drinking Tulamyde! Enjoy the true flavors of Uthuria!

## Credits

**Publisher:** Ulisses Spiele GmbH, Industriestr. 11 65529 Waldems Steinfischbach

**Editor:** Carolina Möbis

**Contributors to this Edition:** Christian Bender, Marcus Friedrich, Daniel Heßler, Dominic Hladek, Axel Riegert, Janina and Marcus Robben, Martin Schmidt, Jürgen Suberg

**Illustrations:** Markus Holzum, Nadine Schäkel, Sabrina Klevenow

**Composition and Layout:** Christian Lonsing

### English Version

**Translator:** Daniel Mayer

**Editor:** Kevin MacGregor

**Layout:** Emma Beltran

The Aventurian Herald appears bimonthly. All material copyright © 2015 by Ulisses Spiele GmbH. THE DARK EYE, AVENTURIA, DERE, MYRANOR, RIESLAND, THARUN, and UTHURIA are trademarks of Ulisses Spiele. All rights reserved.

This publication is protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, whether electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or otherwise, without prior written consent by Ulisses Spiele GmbH, Waldems.