

Aventurian Herald

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Travia Bond in Joborn

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Starfall Causes Panic Among the Xo'artal

Porto Velvenya. Aventuria wasn't the only place to suffer the effects of the Starfall. It apparently had grave consequences for Uthuria as well. Cormin Firunkis, ethnologist and worshiper of Nandus from the Middenrealm, stopped in Porto Velvenya on his return trip from the Xo'artal city of Amakun and had quite a few strange tales to tell.

Dreams Come True—The Rebels Win the Gareth City Championships of 1040 FB

Gareth. While the Empress was leading an army of brave men and women against Heptarch Helm Haffax, fans of the game of imman flocked to the capital this year for the championship games. From the 1st to the 8th of Praios, everything in the capital was focused on getting the ball past the goal.



Aventurian Herald, Peraine 1039 FB



Mage Academy in Punin Develops New Spell!

Punin. Almada's capital is witnessing the sensation of the century. It seems the venerable Academy of Punin has developed a new magic spell!

Guild mages everywhere are in complete agreement: creating a new spell is extraordinarily difficult and would serve as any mage's crowning achievement, the greatest possible masterpiece of magical arts. The academy's announcement met with a mix of astonished disbelief and thunderous applause!

According to Sirdon Kosmaar, the new spell, *Debilitatio*, weakens summoned entities. The announcement included a practical demonstration of the spell by the dean of the academy. But let us start at the beginning.

The Presentation

The *Scientific Symposium on Current Research in Magical Phenomena* took place at the Academy of High Magic in Punin from the 22nd to the 30th of Peraine. Known primarily as a convocation of members of the Gray Guild, Academy Dean Sirdon Kosmaar made a special effort this year to invite numerous prominent members of the Guild Scientific Exchange. The reasons for this unusual move remained a mystery until the second day of the symposium, when the deputy head of the Guild and the dean of the Academy announced that the academy had developed a new spell.

Departing from his usual habits, His Archmagister did not start with a long lecture. Instead, he merely emphasized the value of free and unrestricted scientific research at his institution, and then introduced his researchers.

Tsavolo Lacurenes, who was one of Kosmaar's brightest students, and Magistra di Madajani-Minora, an undisputed expert in the fields of clairvoyance and elemental magic, also both refrained from giving long speeches. Quite the opposite—they immediately proceeded to the matter at hand.

A curtain on the stage concealed a demon that had been summoned for research purposes and which was imprisoned in a banishing circle. It menaced the audience with its whip and sword. Some attendees reached for their staves while others reached for smelling salts, but they had nothing to fear—the Netherhellish creature could not escape the magic circle.

Lacurenes then cast a spell that required broad physical gestures and a loud voice. The last syllable had barely left his mouth when the demon's movements began to slow. It stopped cracking its whip, and the red glow of its eyes dimmed noticeably.

Afterwards, the Magistra conducted an analysis of what the audience had just witnessed. Unfortunately, the jargon she used was unintelligible to anyone who was not an expert in clairvoyance. Numerous mages from the audience conducted analyses of their own and all reached the same conclusion—their colleague had severely weakened the entity, demonstrating a spell effect that was previously unknown! Invaders from the Netherhells, beware!

Academy Property

After the demonstration and analysis, the two researchers took questions from the audience. They addressed a wide range of inquiries, from details about the magical matrix, to the spell's performance in the field and the possibility of using it to weaken other magical entities.

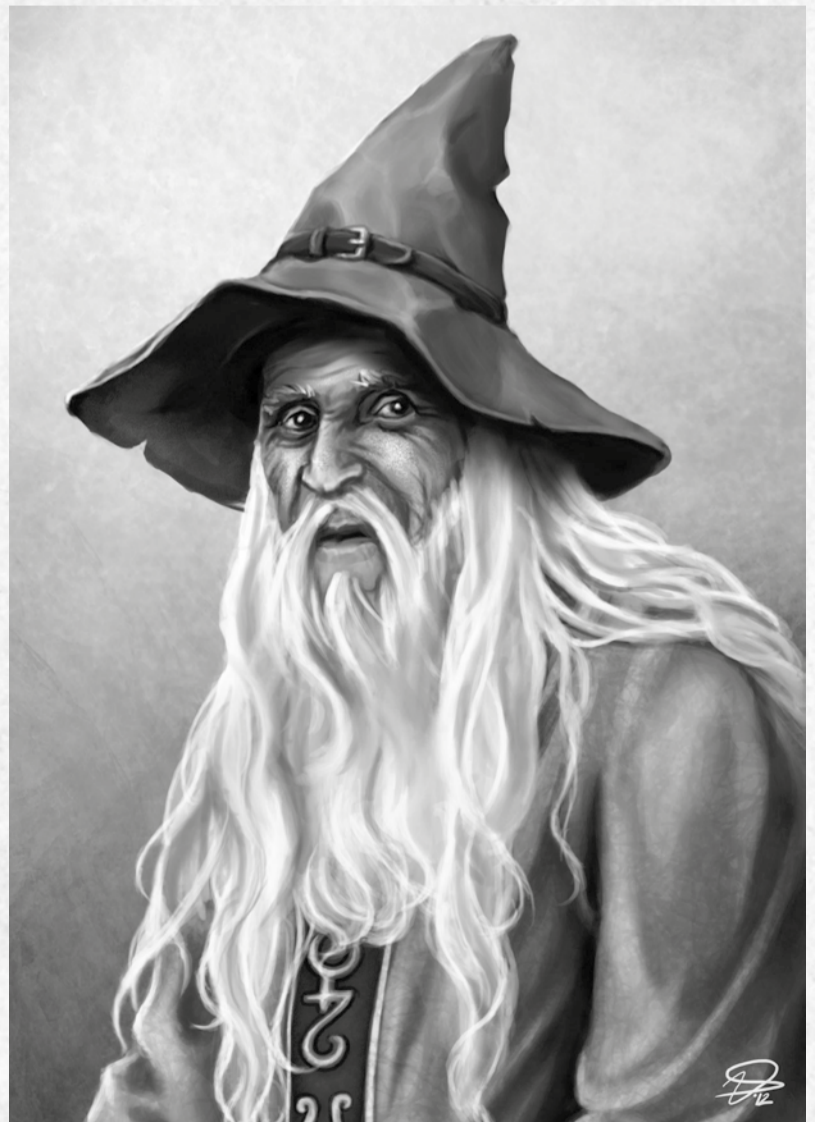
Now and then His Archmagister interrupted to put the focus back on the importance and position of his own academy. The credit for the invention of the new spell went to Lacurenes and a small group of researchers who had labored for more than ten years to stabilize the spell thesis. Kosmaar repeatedly emphasized that such work was only possible in an environment of open research such as exists in Punin.

Kosmaar explained that the spell had not been published in the *Salamander*, the periodical of the mage's guilds, because it was a development of the academy of Punin and thus academy property. Those wishing to learn it must travel to the capital of Almada, the implication being that His Archmagister wants the final say on who learns the spell. Surely not every mage will receive the formula, as Kosmaar, a noted traditionalist, dislikes guild members who forego tradition when seeking practical experience.

The mage would not answer any questions on this topic, and did not address how it would strengthen his position within the guild. He said only that such a spell belonged in responsible hands.

Naturally, this was self-evident to all present. There was also agreement that this was a major—some would even say impossible—development for the academy. A development named *Debilitatio*.

Terya di Casibelli
(Marie Mönkemeyer)



Hot Blood and Cool Heads

Alam-Terekh. After having heard several moving sermons from the Novadi (as reported in the *Herald*), I once again traveled to the Khôm.

I found one of these preachers in the Novadi oasis of Alam-Terekh. To my surprise, I also met some Tulamydes and Almadans, who listened peacefully to the sermons of the mawdli, *Charef ben Rashman*. He amicably invited me to participate in one of his talks and seemed—for a Novadi—incredibly open-minded towards those whom he considers *infidels*. His followers, who hailed from different Novadi tribes, tried to outdo each other as they told me tales of Rastullah's greatness and his works, and they showed me the wonders of their homeland.

Everywhere in the oasis, I heard discussions over the nature of Rastullah, and often I heard peaceful but determined arguments about the

interpretation of his commandments and even about their wording. Yes, it almost seems as if the unshakable truth of the 99 Commandments, which has stood since Rastullah's Appearance, has begun to waver.

Hatred and Reconciliation in the Hot Sand

But not everyone appreciated this new tone. On the evening of the 5th of Rahja, 1038 FB—among the Novadi, the 8th day of the week, also called the Laila-as-Sefra'iz (Night of the Blasphemer)—a group of about 50 mounted warriors of the deeply religious Beni Kasim arrived at the oasis and demanded that the sheik hand over the mawdli, whom they called the *blasphemer of Rastullah*. But the sheik, *Yussuf al'Kira*, took the side of the mawdli and his followers, and his warriors faced the battle-ready

Beni Kasim across the hot desert sands. Bloodshed seemed imminent.

Everyone paused in astonishment when Mawdli Charef stepped between the two forces to address the Beni Kasim. He held forth an *adamant*, a diamond that glowed with a bright, peaceful light, and told the Kasimites of the different paths that Rastullah shows to his faithful: their way, which is to serve Rastullah pure in faith, and his way, which is to bring Rastullah's wisdom to the infidels. He talked for many hours and, finishing long after midnight, he invited the Kasimites to a feast on the 9th day of the Novadi week. So Beni Kasim ate side by side with infidels at one table for the first time in history—even if they ate from different plates.

Cordovan Munter

(Anni Dürr with thanks to David Lukaßen)

Horasian Pirate Hunters' First

Success?

Belhanka. The Horas-Imperial Navy recently reinforced their Southern Seas Fleet with a large detachment of ships, and is now reporting their first successes in the ongoing fight against pirates. A Horasian flotilla under the command of Captain Silem di Nautariani is reported to have captured several pirate ships in the Charybbean and hung their leaders. However, there has been no official announcement on the number of corsair ships or even the exact location of the battle. Unfortunately, it is sometimes quite difficult to learn the Praios-pleasing truth, particularly in the brooding rumor mills of pirate dens and harbor-side taverns.

Malicious gossip has it that this story is false and merely a distraction from worries about the health of the Horas-Emperor, who has not been seen in quite a while, but one thing is certain—the infamous pirate Dagon Lolonna was not among those who were hanged, for the Admiralty would have been quick to disclose that news. Readers may remember that Dagon ambushed a Horasian weapons transport bound for the Uthurian colony of Nova Methumisa in the spring of 1037 FB, as previously reported in the *Herald*.

Nandora ya Strozza, the Vicereine of the Horasian Crown-Colony Southern Seas, has posted a whopping bounty of 1,200 ducats on Dagon's head, payable from her private fortune. Officials say the recent victory in the Charybbean is a major step towards finding Dagon and restoring order to Horasian sea trade routes, but outside observers cannot ascertain whether the Admiralty believes this themselves. Even though Horasian gazettes have been celebrating this victory, recruiters are still traveling the lands in search of crafters and sailors for the navy.

Derio Mantago

(Marie Mönkemeyer)

Travia Bond in Joborn

Daughter of Nostrian Knight Betrothed to Andergastan Baron's Son

Joborn. Following a report from this periodical from the wedding ceremony at the Nostrian Royal Court a short time ago, we have now received news of a remarkable covenant of Travia from the Warring Kingdoms.

In what promises to be a brave step into a new era, Noralettha of Eichenschlag, daughter of a prominent Nostrian knight, has announced her betrothal to an Andergastan noble, Gosthelm Longford of Joborn, nephew of the King. The news spread quickly throughout the Warring Kingdoms, not least because the guest list includes some famous names. Palace insiders assure us that the King of Andergast, Wendelmir VI Zornbold, will attend his nephew Gosthelm's wedding (the groom's parents are Great Baron Rufus Longford of Joborn and his wife, Princess Wenzeslausia Zornbold of Joborn, the sister of King Wendelmir).

Rumor has it that Forest Count Eilert II Rheideryan of Mirdin, Prince of Nostria, is also expected at the celebration. The announcement of his visit to Joborn has a bittersweet component, as Joborn is the ancestral seat of the Rheideryans, but the town now lies in Andergastan hands.

The opinion among the population of Joborn is split regarding the presence of so many high-ranking Andergastans and Nostrians in town. Quite a few Joborners are selling their cattle, barring their houses, and heading out into the countryside because they believe no stone will remain standing after the wedding occurs. And who can blame them? In light of so many long-standing feuds, many fear for their safety.

Some think this union could be advantageous for the town, which has changed sovereignty so often that the oldest inhabitants can hardly tell whether they are Nostrians or Andergastans. More than a few hope that this Travia Bond is a sign of a peaceful future, as quite a few Joborners have relatives on both sides of the border. A lasting peace would indeed be a great blessing to the region.

The cries of naysayers are heard all around, and a confidante of the groom secretly disclosed that the marriage is political rather than romantic. Allegedly, poor Gosthelm has not even met his bride-to-be. According to folks in the marketplace, High Blessed One Raitjan Angmund, custodian of the Love Light of Joborn, arranged and fostered this

union. The Rahja temple in Joborn has not issued an official statement, but many believe that Lady Rahja smiles favorably on the couple and will see to their happiness.

Some naysayers insist that the Forest Count and the Great Baron are unhappy with this union, and that both seek a way to prevent the alliance. Also, quite a few Nostrian nobles are thought to have called for the liberation of Joborn with swords in hand instead of using a marriage to smooth over past wrongdoings.

The wedding will take place during the summer of 1040, although the exact date has not been announced. The *Herald* will follow this matter and publish updates as they come in.

Adriane Mildew
(Carolina Möbis)

*Purchase and Sale of Magical Books
and Books on Magical Theory.
Current Publications and Classics.*

*Horathio Varantes,
Antiquaria Magica, Vinsalt*

Letter to the Editor

To the venerable editors of the *Herald*:

I apologize that the letter to the editor by Master Fireroot drew you into a nefarious feud. The customs of Hesindan society are entirely alien to the Andergastans. Thus, I address my words directly to the offender in question and hope that, as advocates of truth, you print them.

As for you, burgher Fireroot. You may have spotted some of the weakness of your people, but you are

not as Phex-smart as you believe. It is true that the Andergastans cannot read, though for this we feel not malice but relief. Your claim of friendship with the Andergastan people isn't worth the paper it's printed on.

If you really cared about the truth, you wouldn't have picked up your quill after the *Drum* was banned from publication. Compared to you, the *Drum* was a worthy opponent. You cannot even challenge someone correctly to a duel. You learned the words well enough to

parrot and create the impression that you are a learned man, but the details show from which stone oaken wood your head is made.

For you, a duel is no different from a tavern brawl. Instead of sending a second to the offices of the *Wartrumpet*, you abuse the generosity of the *Herald*. Do none of your henchmen have the courage?

Nobody shall say that a Roachbrook cannot defend his honor. Thus, I agree to the place and manner of the duel,

but I decide the time! We shall fence when Joborn is Nostrian once again.

If you have any objections to this, then I look forward to hearing them from your second, if one exists.

*Friedhelm Roachbrook
Burgher of Nostria
(Philipp Neitzel)*

Dreams Come True—The Rebels Win the Garethan City Championships of 1040 FB

Gareth. While the Empress was leading her army of brave men and women against Heptarch Helm Haffax, fans flocked to the capital this year for the 6th Annual Imman Championship Games. From the 1st to the 8th of Praios, everything in the capital was focused on getting the ball past the goal.

The stadium was bursting at the seams, even for the preliminary games. The alleys and public squares of the Imperial City were also full of young lads and girls who, quick as foxes, carried the latest match results to every corner of the city. The most devoted friends of imman took their seats in the stands to follow every game and to cheer their favorite team.

Emmeran Storrebrandt, merchant prince and master of the games, once again donated the championship cup and the prize money and booked the coveted Emperor Reto Box for the final game. Also in attendance was his daughter, Ardova. The 22-year-old counting house apprentice cheered exuberantly for the Rebels and sat at the team's table during the victory celebrations.

Empress Rohaja's recent call for troops to fight against Helme Haffax weighed on everyone's minds during the games. While some had complete confidence that the Lioness of Alveran would bring her forces home safe, others worried about their loved ones and the fate of the realm. The city council debated whether the spectacle of a city championship was appropriate at a time like this, but as with the new year's celebrations in the City of Light, they had nothing to worry about. The games served to ignite the flames of Garethan hope in these hard times. Each game of the series began with a moment of silence for those off fighting and those who had fallen defending

us all. The spirit and enjoyment of the games lent strength to those who had stayed behind, helping them forget their worries, even if only briefly.

Special times require special measures, however, and more than a few of the regular players are battle-hardened veterans or eager young lads who answered the Empress' call to arms. Thus, some substantial adjustments were required. For example, as many fans know, all team members of the Kilnground Manticores belong to a mercenary unit called the Bladebreakers. The whole team, including their team captain enlisted in Rohaja's expeditionary forces and thus had to surrender their standing in the quarterfinals. Similarly, many team members of Imman Banner are officers in the Imperial army, and the resulting shortage of players forced them to withdraw from the championship.

Fans this season seemed to favor underdogs and teams that needed to find last-minute replacements to fill their ranks. One particularly impressive new player is Jarlak Mohateng, whose father came from the Far South. While his precise passes were welcome on the playing field, it was his defense that helped the Gareth Rebels win their entirely unexpected victory over the favored team, Herohill United, in the final.

"He's been my neighbor for ten years. He's smart and works hard," beamed Okil Nikoloff, the proud imman referee. "On top of that, he is reliable, and I knew he had what it takes, so what could be more obvious than recommending him to my old team?"

For in-depth reflections, key player highlights, results, and game analyses, see the special *Friends of Imman* issue—out now!

Gorm Beetfarmer (Eevie Demirtel)



Results of the 6th Garethan City Championships, 1040 FB

Quarterfinals			
Ashrod Fortuna	–	Gareth Rebels	10:14
Herohill United	–	Tobrien Deathstrike	20:11
Garetia Gloria	–	Nardeshome Friends of Imman	12:9
South Quarter Jawbreakers	–	Ashclearing Boars	15:17
Semifinals			
Herohill United	–	Garetia Gloria	18:12
Ashclearing Boars	–	Gareth Rebels	13:15
Final			
Herohill United	–	Gareth Rebels	13-16

Hacketau Dispute Escalates!

A Sports Report

Reports from the Warring Kingdoms of Nostria and Andergast show once more what great, civilizing achievements man can achieve—or fail to achieve, as the case may be.

We know that the people of Nostria are pugnacious, particularly towards their neighbors from Andergast, who for their part do not want to be perceived as inferior to Nostrians in any way, including their willingness to enforce their point of view. Just one incident of a border stone being discovered moved, or even an allegation of a border dispute—in this case, in the Nostrian forest county of Thuranshag and the Andergastan barony of Joborn, close to the hamlet of Axetown—might trigger the next war.

A border stone was found overturned in Efferd of the year 1039 FB, and apparently had fallen into Nostrian territory. If it had been spring, this would have certainly led to battle, but—Hesinde, be praised—it was harvest season, and only a few old men turned up for the agreed upon battle. Their pathetic attempt at walking stick dueling should not be considered anything more than sport.

The question of whether the border stone was deliberately moved remained unsolved, so someone suggested a tug of war. That suggestion was so well-liked by both sides that argument ensued about which of the two sides first had this brilliant idea.

Finally, the two sides agreed that they had disagreed, and set a time for the contest. But soon both parties were embroiled in a lively debate about the type of rope, its thickness, and length—a dispute that itself almost led to war. Half a year passed before they reached a consensus, by which time it was spring again. The aggrieved parties then discussed the number of participants, the exact orientation of the tug-of-war (perpendicular to and straddling the border), and what to do in the event of all possible (and impossible) outside

influences—such as a bee sting on the posterior of one of the participants, a sudden swarm of mosquitoes, or an otter biting the rope. They even established the number of audience members and their attire, to prevent a sudden flash of breast or a beautiful posterior from distracting one of the contestants in an improper and unfair manner.

Finally, the tug of war commenced. Both sides presented a dozen men and women, whose total weight did not exceed that of two bulls (about a ton), and whose combined ages were at least 180 years but not greater than 360 years. In addition, one sex could not outnumber the other in a single team by more than two to one.

Eye-witnesses reported a long period of stalemate, the onset of snowfall, and the public display of a male sexual organ, which was determined did not contradict the “breast and posterior” rule and thus led to the display of countless other male sexual organs in back-and-forth retaliation. Then someone threw a saltarel onto the field. The fish had not been banned beforehand, and its appearance caused one of the Andergastans to slip, costing them the contest.

The Nostrian side thus prevailed and demanded that the stone should be set up again according to their understanding of the kingdom's borders. The Andergastan side refused, not the least because they thought the results of the (in our eyes strange) sporting competition had been forfeited by the appearance of the fish. While I sit here shaking my head and writing these lines, discussion continues in the border region of the Warring Kingdoms about whether the tug of war must be repeated. One thing is certain—in case of a rematch, the throwing of saltarels, as well as the exposure of any body parts other than the head, neck, and hands, will be prohibited.

Alrik Fassbinder (Sebastian Thurau)

Lost and Found

Moda magica elegantia

Attire that you like. Elegant, stylish, fashionable, and in line with the *Codex Albyricus*.

Atelier Avan Tilen,
Vinsalt and Kuslik

My son desperately misses his hunting panther

Timor

Last seen in the Cunda villa garden

Strong build, silver collar, hears well

**Large Reward!
Alwinia Cunda**

Good Neighbors, Good Beer

The Prince's Tsa's Day Celebration, and Praise for the Amber Nectar

Angbar. His Serene Highness Prince Blasius of Eberstamm, Sovereign of Kosh, invites everyone to his city of Angbar on the 15th of Travia to celebrate his 71st Tsa's Day. Many people have heard the call, and many guests will no doubt gladly take him up on it, as the Kosh prince's hospitality is legendary.

The prince's jubilation isn't the only reason for gladness; the kingdom's famous beer purity law, which states what belongs in real Ferdoker and Angbaran beer (as well as what has no business being there) celebrates its one thousandth anniversary, having been decreed in the year 40 FB by good Princess Garethia of Eberstamm.

Noble families from the Northmarches and those from Kosh have enjoyed good friendship for many decades. In this god's course a delegation of aristocracy and nobility attends at the invitation of Prince Blasius. However, His Majesty Hagrobald Guntwin of the Great River and his wife cannot accept the invitation. Put aside any worries of a disagreement between the two royal houses, as the reason for the absence of the Duke of Elenvina is a joyous one: Her Highness Concabella of the Great River is expecting and cannot undertake the strenuous journey. It is just as well, for her husband is bound to his duchy, which, under the tight reins of its new lord, now demands quite a bit of attention. If one considers how well His

Majesty likes joyous festivities and the company of friends, one can see how much importance he assigns to these tasks.

The guests in Angbar also look forward to the contest of brewers from across the principality, an annual event that offers free tasting to all comers. Quite a few brew masters from Ferdok have set out for Angbar with their products, which naturally include the famed Light Ferdoker Ale, to solve the ancient question of which beer is the best. However, no result is expected this god's course either, possibly because six judges have been summoned to officiate at the tasting—half of them from Angbar, the other half from Ferdok.

Alara Tegelstein-Horning (Tina Hagner)

Starfall Causes Panic

Among the Xo'artal

Porto Velvenya. Aventuria wasn't the only place to suffer the effects of the Starfall. It apparently had grave consequences for Uthuria as well. Cormin Firunkis, ethnologist and worshiper of Nandus from the Middenrealm, stopped in Porto Velvenya on his return trip from the Xo'artal city of Amakun and had quite a few strange tales to tell.

Apparently, the realm of the Xo'artal was plunged into confusion and chaos. The disappearance of stars, along with the other changes in the night sky, rendered useless their priests' ancient star calendars, from which they divine the fates of their cities. Xo'artal long-distance traders and seafarers of the green-skinned Nanshemu reported in Porto Velvenya that the individual city-states have gone to war with each other over possession of fallen stars, which they believe contain city stones that can restore order. In some places, rulers executed their priests for failing to predict the catastrophe. There are even rumors of an entire city's population deserting their homes to settle near the impact point of a fallen star.

Native priests and those visiting from Aventuria worked together to calm the population by explaining that the city gods blessed the newly formed alliance of peoples and wish to share the treasures of Heaven, as happened before when the holy altar stones of the Xo'artal fell from the sky. The Xo'artal then cheerfully ordered warriors to find these fallen stars and bring them back to Porto Velvenya. However, the colony noticed with some worry that some types of arachnids have grown increasingly aggressive since the Starfall. Aventurian colony residents fear another attack from the dark spider idol of the Xo'artal, which brought the city of Porto Velvenya to the edge of destruction once before.

Moreover, the fact that the Rubies—the new, sinister, red-gleaming constellation—is also known locally as the Spider is a source of great discomfort for many moderate Xo'artal. As befits an adherent of Nandus, Cormin Firunkis has already set out on his next expedition, and we await his findings with anxious excitement.

*Yelahan Gusman
(René Littek)*

Nostrian Cartrumpet, Ronda 1040 FB

Brash Pirate Raids on the Coast

Nostria Steadfast in the Fight Against Thorwalian Pillagers

Trontsand. The lovely coast of our glorious, Nostrian homeland has always been the target of Thorwalian pirates. This may be no surprise, as the nefarious northerners have a lust for plundering and pillaging in their blood. These savages even attack the temples and abbeys of the Twelve and murder their priests. Then, this past summer, the villainous sea wolves attacked the innocent farms along the shore of the Sevenwind Coast with incredible ferocity. Only the Noble County of Salta was spared, even though it lies closer to the homeports of these perfidious plunderers.

These lowlifes steal not only the silver that the dike yeomen set aside for

their tithes, but also their provisions, livestock, and almost everything else that is not tied down. They avoid honorable combat and act as cowardly and deceitful as Andergastans. Full of guile, they prey mainly on secluded villages and solitary farmsteads. Whenever the Nostrian army intercepts them, they drop their loot and flee in terror, but often, before the Dike Count's champions can reach them, they have finished committing their heinous crimes and have already escaped in their dragon ships.

Since the Thorwalers have taken things too far in the last months, Sea Count Hupart Hyttenhau of Sevenwinds has announced that he will put an end to their deeds once and for all. A mighty

stone wall protects his seat of power, Trontsand and its port, from attack from the sea. But that is not enough. He has ordered palisades constructed along the entire coast, and work has begun on new hill forts in some areas to provide secure places of refuge for farmers. As the old proverb puts it: "The early saltarel knows at both low tide and high tide where the current will carry it." We can place our trust in the Sea Count and our good Queen Yolande, who will put everything in order.

*Droderick Salderdike
(David Schmidt)*

Credits

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

Editor: Carolina Möbis

Contributors to this Edition: Björn Berghausen, Daniel Richter, Tina Hagner, Peter Horstmann, Marie Mönkemeyer, Philipp Neitzel, Florian Schörg

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Aventurian Herald!

**I.G.I.A.
APPROVED**

Rhyme of the Month

When star constellations twist and turn
Elven magical songs can be heard
Leave everything far behind
And hide behind a rock to unwind!

*-tactical advice by dwarven mercenary
Xash son of Xadash, on how to deal with
spellcasters in these magically unstable times
when even the stars disappear from the sky
(Fabian Sewing)*