

The Testament

Moot 1, 1108 – Opening Edition

Guilds clash with Tarantulas

Friction has developed between numerous Guilds and the Tarantulas Faction, following the death of Tobias, DeskMaster of the Alchemists' Guild, at the Great Erdrejan Fayre. The Alchemists Guild the killing of a Guild Member, in their Guild colours, while the Tarantulas claim that he was a renegade from their Faction and subject to their laws.

Debate over the issue has been heated to date, and the threat of sanctions has been levelled against the Tarantulas Faction. Accusations, counter-accusations and contradictions have been levelled, and to date no agreement has been reached. It is hoped that the matter will be resolved to the satisfaction of all involved at a Guild Council meeting to be held on Saturday afternoon.

Scouts Take Heavy Blow *The War on Entropy Claims Lives*

On the Friday of the Great Erdrejan Fayre the Scouts Guild took heavy casualties in the war against Entropy. Among the fallen were GrandMaster Dak.

It is an accepted fact that many have viewed the Scouts Guild with suspicion in the past. Whatever issues any have had with them in the past, we at the Testament ask that all take the time to recognise the sacrifice the Scouts made to safeguard the lives and lands of all of us.

The Festival of the Moon *Guild Trader Report*

There is one night every year in the city of Villenheim in the black forest that spirits walk the street as free as any mortal. We can't see them, but we can feel them in feelings of uneasiness.

It has been this way for as long as Villenheim has been a city, gypsy caravans and travelling mystics started coming to the city to act as mouth pieces to the spirits of the beloved lost who might make their way to the city, but for a price of course.

The Mayor saw this could be good for the city money wise so he made the Festival of the Moon a week long event with the night of the spirits on the last night.

It has been good for the city, people and merchants come from all over Erdreja for the celebration – myself, of course, was there to make a little profit for the Guild.

After what happened last night though I don't know if they will any more:

Like many others, I was in the market place on the last night of the celebration watching a street performance of the “death of XXXXX” - a story of a high priest of Chernobog who was killed during a battle in the forest during the Great Cataclysm of Water.

An acting troupe was performing and they were well known for their use of props and magic in the telling of their tales, the hair on the back of my neck stood on end and I knew a spirit was close to me as I watched the performance.

It had gotten to the point in the play that XXXXX was asking Chernobog for his aid and protection as the waters of the cataclysm broke upon his troops.

When the actor performing the prayer finished it , he fell screaming to his knees, that's when the spirit close to me fled and that's when the winds began to howl.

The wind died down almost as soon as it had started, that's when from the tents of the gypsy channellers and the mystics the screaming began,

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they began running in the streets with blood pouring from their eyes and ears, the crowd began to scream and panic overtook me like many of the others, running blindly I left the square.

I was past the 'Bloody Axe' inn and almost to the eastern gates when I was able to regain control of myself, I turned around and ran back towards the marketplace to see what exactly was happening .

At first I didn't see anything, for all the fires in the square had been doused and cloud covered the moon, but when the cloud had passed and the full light of the moon shined down upon the square my mind reeled.

Bodies covered the square from one end to the other. The actors were unharmed and trying to drag the one playing XXXXX out of the square.

What happened next still brings me nightmares and might for the rest of my life. The actor opened his eyes and a hellish light filled them, he put his hand over the chest of one of his comrades and the man's heart burst from his chest. I stepped forward, pulling my sword from its scabbard and ran towards the actors.

The man looked towards me and, while laughing insanely, picked up the heart and threw it at me. I stood transfixed as it came towards me and burst into flames.

I would have been killed if it wasn't for the quick actions that seem to characterise many of my close skirmishes with death.

I tripped.

The heart flew over my head and into the weapons shop behind me, where an explosion rocked the ground as the shop burst into flames, Priests from the temple ran around the same corner that I had come from and threw vials at the actor as soon as they saw him, the vials broke and the man screamed.

In a burst of flame, he disappeared.

One of the priests came over to me as the others walked around the square and he asked me if I needed assistance. I replied I was okay but shaken. Most of the people in the square weren't that lucky, most was dead and many lay in a coma four days later.

I was questioned by Guildhouse masters and given room at the Guild for the night. Yesterday the investigation ended and the result was made public: something had possessed the body of the actor. After further investigations it was found the actor was the son of an old mystic and had signs of being able to talk to the spirits himself.

A scout from the wilderness brought a report back claiming a problem had started to get out of control near one of the Guild's laboratories and that the local villages was suffering some form of madness and aid was been called for.

Help is needed desperately not only for the people affected at the festival but those affected by this madness which is being blamed on a poisoned water supply. Can the Guilds send people to help and investigate this matter before it is too late?

Varner Alchemist Guild Trader

BATTLE OF THE BARDS

Dragons choose new High Bard on the eve of battle

As the Dragon army amassed ready to drive the Fomori out of the western provinces of Erin and back into the sea, another battle was about to be fought – a very private one that was very publicly decided on the eve of the greater campaign. The battle for the title of High Bard of the Dragons – responsible for keeping the faction history, maintaining its morale, organising its entertainment, and acting as herald and voice of the Dragons. The

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job has been done for many years by Llwyd ap Neb, of Borthawr, but on the eve of war he was challenged to defend his title by Padraig ap Taran, whom Llwyd himself had declared Bard some years earlier.

“I was half expecting a fight, or at least a blank refusal” said ap Taran, who was recuperating from wounds sustained fighting followers of Hafgan at the time. “But Llwyd explained that he considered himself the bard of Maclan, our former God-king, and not of Rhodri, the current Lord Dragon. He was waiting to see who would challenge him for the post rather than step down.”

The Entertainers’ Competition

A fine Fair entertainers’ competition was had on Merinholt, attended by many noteworthy dignitaries. The Guild was honoured to notice Lord Wolf in the front row and Prince Seraphim at the back.

A many great Erdrejan talents were on display: singing in a variety of styles, a battle between Caledonian and Erinish storytelling, some off-the-wall comedic exploits, harping and even some exotic Maurabian dancing [which apparently caused comment from at least one of the Guild Leaders!].

The competition was fierce and the judges’ task hard, especially after one was ‘seranaded’ by the entrant! [to much hilarity throughout the tent] but we can proudly announce the following winners:

Eliahn Macbeth, 1st place
Lester the Jester, 2nd place
Pádraig ap Taran, 3rd place

STOLEN from the GUILDS

4 sealed envelopes, believed to contain vital information for the Guilds and all Erdreja, are believed to have been intercepted and stolen by two unknown figures.

If you have these letters, if you return them to the Guilds in tact no questions will be asked.

Please ask the Bards for more information.

DECLARATION OF OUTSTEAD MILITIAMAN

Owing to events of the Grand Erdrejan Fayre and due to several charges including:

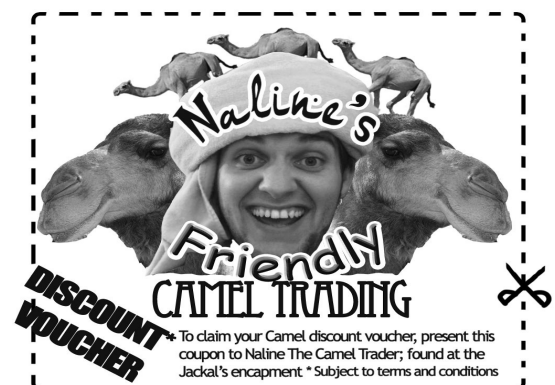
Breaking a militia oath

Deception and misleading of the militia,

Getting caught

Taking the piss, and it not being funny.

Lishtar of the Stone Ogre Tribe is hereby removed from the militia guild and is no longer entitled to use any of their training or services. If Lishtar is captured in the common areas of an event the militia would appreciate him being delivered to them for questioning.



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So...what can we do for you?

Bards Guild Workshops

Wondering where on Erdreja you are? Lost in the post-Cataclysm blues? Getting swamped by bad guys and back stories? Or just want to learn a song, an instrument or a story?

Well, then come down to the Guild and see what we can do for you! We run impromptu workshops on anything you wish to learn, from the secrets of using our Library through to which came first – the Dragon or the Egg!

Whatever your curiosity, the Guild is here to fill you in!

Wanderings of a Master Tart

Greetings!

Well, since ye seem to have a keening for the ol' reports of my adventures, I thought I'd bring ye up to speed on my travels. [Well, OK, only one of ye does – but she's pretty and so the rest of ye can grin and bear it!]

Well, it's been a hard slog since the Guild calling came – it's not easy teaching those buxom maids the ins and outs of better wearing their corsets, and working on resisting the charms and temptations of the world. Who'd be a Master Bard, I ask ye?

Now, the winter saw the Bears finally bring an end to the tyranny and terror of Ciara and his haggish minions, who threatened to seize control of Lady Anu's underworld realms. After several years of clashes and battling, and much loss of good Caledonian lives, in a mighty titanic battle the forces loyal to the Queens and their allies were triumphant – and the wayward ancestor put down.

It started well, I thought, when we were met by a lovely lass and her guiding lantern – but it

wasn't long before we encountered the underworld's less pleasant inhabitants. My own duty was to tread, with others, into the realm of 'Sorrow' – there to bring smile to those poor tortured souls who had lost all hope, and then to glean what information we could to restore the rightful lord [whilst chasing off the troublesome Nightmares and Bain Sidhe that tried to thwart us; it's never all talk with the Bards Guild!].

Meanwhile, our intrepid heroes ventured in groups to the other realms to restore them to Her Light – before we could finally summon and challenge Ciara himself.

And what a titanic struggle it was! As he summoned all manner of the Underworld denizens as well as those minions we had already faced once and crushed. However, we restored him to Her Light with a righteous kicking and all is well once more...

Come the Spring, I found myself joining the Dragon warband to teach the former a thing or two. The ancestors, of course, had other ideas – and, as Cosaint turned to me and said 'So, Kianan... you've been to the underworld. What can we expect?' I knew things were about to become interesting! It seems our friends under the border are having similar troubles, yet with many a sausage to eat we prevailed on this strange shore.

That was, of course, preceded by the successful trip to Forever Tale – where the Guild and its allies finally laid to rest the last of the three 'aspects' that had been plaguing us for some time: Vox, the Storyteller. Which left just enough time for the Bruid's Beltaine festival [and excellent hospitality!] and then a trip to Lantia to round up yet another of the Bards Guild's foes: for, indeed, Thrydwulf is no more.