

# ~ CHIRAM'S HOLLOW ~

## Shiney Dreadfuls Newspaper

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### *Primes of Fire at War with Each Other, where do Mortals stand?*



#### Inside this issue:

Primes of Fire	1	The Prime of the plane of Fire known as Destruction burst into the tavern of the Hollow Isle Bastion early in May with the Prime known as Inspiration in tow as if he were a naughty schoolboy. Destruction began demanding that "the mortals" convince Inspiration to concur with herself, Forge and Hearth in that Destruction should be elevated to the position of Icon of Flame. Inspiration claimed that to vote any of the four Primes to the position would result not only in the Icon of Flame becoming a target for assassination by Void, the Withering or any other hostile power, it
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Shiney Dreadfuls	5	would create a tremendous imbalance in the eight planes, as Flame would then be the only plane to have an Icon at all. Destruction insisted that the strength of flame was the only way to counter the growing threat to the Plane of Flame and to the world at large, and stressed her ability to create and train an army comprised of "all of the weaker elements, except Ice."

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The people of the Hollow who were present mostly led by Ria Sevaria, Squire Tabin and Earth Guildmistress Keely, argued against the idea of elevating an Icon using Inspiration's argument, insisting that time could be found after the threat of Void was dealt with to create a new Icon. Inspiration agreed with the mortals, and informed Destruction that his vote was "never to vote at all." Upon making his decision, the sacrifice of the previous Icon was removed, as a new Icon had been chosen - none at all. The power of flame was restored to normal, simultaneously weakening (but not dousing) the bastion fires and eliminating the increased effectiveness of flame against the undead.

Incensed, Destruction declared that she would make Inspiration elevate her by force. She drew her sword and advanced on her fellow Prime, but Ria Sevaria stepped in between them and refused to move. When Destruction attempted to slay Ria Sevaria, Inspiration attacked Destruction with an incredibly powerful blast of Arcane Ice, forcing her to halt her attack in the face of his very real ability to simply erase her. She questioned his use of Ice; he reminded her that part of being inspired includes the foresight to know the depths of others' ambitions and the steps they were willing to take. As determination set in, he declared his intention to never again elevate an Icon to leadership of the Plane of Flame, and that instead he would gather an army of free elementals and elemental-touched to directly combat the forces of Void and thus ensure the safety of the Material Plane as well as all of the elements, and secure their freedom to make their own choices without the interference of either malevolent outsiders or overly ambitious insiders. He entreated Destruction to join his army, and left the tavern to begin his search.

There remains much in the balance for the people of the Mortal plane. It is possible that Destruction, and others like her, might again go on to attack Inspiration should he be successful in raising his army? There are also the Bastion fires to consider, how much longer will they continue to hold while the Primes of Flame quarrel amongst themselves.?

**\*Do you have information to share?\***

**Speak to your local Shiney Dreadfuls Delivery Agent!\***

**All Classifieds Welcome!!!**

## *Horde Wall Defeated in North Fortress*

The timely escape of a single survivor of North Fortress, dwarven celestialist Hiram Burnrune, alerted the people of Chiram's Hollow to the imminent nature of the Horde Wall threat and the re-emergence of Einhar, now a Void-possessed wraith. Hiram's escape came with a party of Horde Wall hunters who engaged the town in a free-for-all battle.

Almost immediately afterward, a blood wraith rose in the tavern, in possession of the old equipment of Marcus of Freeport, whose spirit was consigned to a ghost metal blade and then lost. He claimed to be that same spirit fragment of Marcus that had been installed in the blade, and informed the adventurers that Einhar was wielding both his blade and a new dark metal sword in which the spirit of the missing Mila Stonebrow had been trapped against her will using a hideous necromantic ritual. He directed the adventures to make sorties against various meetings of Horde Wall agents and agents of Legacy, who had been trading gold and magic for freshly-made dark metal weapons in which had been installed the spirits of unwilling North Fortress citizens. The adventurers were instructed to make use of their own ghost metal equipment and Destroy spells/skills to shatter the dark metal weapons and send the trapped spirits on to the afterlife.

Many attempts to retrieve dark metal swords from Legacy were made by the adventurers, including one unfortunate encounter with Necalli and another with a Ravenous.

Hiram Burnrune returned to Authenrai to seek aid, and encountered several patri/matriarchs of the tribal forces who had been preparing their war plans. He brought them to speak with Ivar, Duorn and the leaders of the adventurers, and a battle plan was made in which the families would assault the bulk of the Horde Wall forces and the adventurers would be portaled in directly to assassinate Einhar and end the threat once and for all. Thus satisfied, the tribesmen returned to prepare for battle.

In the night, a coalition of Legacy forces entered the town and made a demand: in exchange for the lives of the remaining captive North Fortress citizens, the people of the Hollow would return the dark metal weapons they had found, cease all further attacks on the Horde Wall/Legacy commerce, and hand over the Marcus blood wraith. The adventurers' response was predictably violent, and although they were unable to halt the spectacle of an unwilling subject being ritually transformed into a dark metal sword before their eyes, they were able to shatter the newly formed weapon and drive off the assault. The Marcus wraith, incensed, promised to aid the town in their assault on Einhar the following day.

On the day of the assault, Hiram Burnrune returned along with the Marcus wraith and opened a portal directly onto the battlefield outside North Fortress, where the tribal forces had already engaged the enemy and a battle was ensuing. In the center of the battlefield, a massive portal swirling with the energies of Void had been opened, and all of the dark metal on the field was feeding energy into it. Einhar was on the field and wielding both the Marcus sword and the Mila sword as reported.

Einhar dueled briefly with the Marcus wraith and struck down his bloody form, whereupon the spirit re-entered the Marcus sword and forced Einhar to drop it. The blade was recovered by Ria Sevaria, who passed it off to Squire Tabin; the spirit then commanded Tabin to engage Einhar directly, and protected the mage from Einhar and the summoned Void sword. The adventurers were able to combat Einhar to a standstill, with the Marcus blade biting deeply into the possessed wraith; finally, Koi imprisoned Einhar, took the Marcus sword, and ran him through, permanently killing him.

The spirit then commanded the adventurers to use his sword to shatter the blade that Mila Stonebrow was in, and Herey did so just as Void had re-animated Einhar's husk and chased the adventurers back through the portal they came from. Upon doing so, Mila's spirit was released to the afterlife, and the Void portal collapsed, dragging the entirety of the Horde Wall forces, Einhar's body, and the remaining dark metal weapons into it and sealing closed. That done, the spirit of Marcus returned to its duty with a renewed sense of accomplishment and a desire to continue protecting those that Marcus had sworn to protect, and the blade was returned to Ivar, Deborah and Duorn of the Hollow Isle Bastion for safekeeping.

## *The Power of the Virtuoso*

*By Professor Edwin Friedman*

This editorial was delivered by Courier to the Shiny Dreadfuls office, though we do not know the Professor Edwin Friedman personally—it was to compelling not to include.

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The plethora of changes experienced by the lands we inhabit, from the deepest valleys to the greatest peaks, does not immediately lend itself to metaphor for explanation. While we may each hold to a set of values as our guiding lights, the beacons with which we approach the endless night of these end times, one must in truth admit the beacons grow ever darker. Compromise has become the necessity of our time, birthed into our world by the twin midwives of strife and and desperation. Still, the child born of their union - if it is to flourish and grow as any mother would hope - must find a single principle upon which to plant its' banner, like a scout seeking unexplored territory. Indeed, as pilgrims seeking new land, we must seek out such a new horizon upon which to stare back at the seas and oceans of our experience that we've crossed, coming from the lands of our old values, once held so dear as terribly precious to us.

It is my hope the child of the new world shall plant it's flag deep in the fertile soil of excellence itself; of the paragon of craft, the virtuoso.

The virtuoso is the one so dedicated to their art they are known to forgo shelter or sleep, food or drink in favor of their craft, ever tuning their performance to leave ripples of quality in their wake. Forsaking the compromises so many others would make, they throw off the mantle of what must be done and bravely stand naked before the watchwords of these dark times, daring the night to strike back at the excellence they come to represent.

In their doing, we see the lie that is compromise made plain, for even the world, in its' dying light, does naught but vaunt them up upon so great a pedestal that all might see their brightness, and the world stand in the shadow of their greatness.

In this, the virtuoso is revealed as the true creator of new worlds. In this we see those whose dreams are too great to be contained in the mediocrity of lesser beings.

In our world, there is one such creature who shows the lie of compromise... one whose art is so much greater than the half measures of our lands, who rides the stallion of greatness atop the sargasso sea of mediocrity which mires so many others in

it's tendrils of shameful, needy acceptance seeking. One who throws off the shackles others would wear with pride, claiming them golden bracelets.

This one we shall call... The Composer.

Her art is the human body, exalted beneath her hands as the clay in the greatest of potters, the stone before the sculptor. She takes the compromises that mar the spirit and flesh of all beings, and she carves them away in the way of the engineer who makes a machine that makes music... not adding to the machine, but taking away, until naught is left but the essence of the creature before her. And with it's one final cry, this creature shall sing its' perfect song... and expire.

For what creature could experience such perfection and be expected to live with the compromises forced upon them as fetters from the world of men?

You can see it in the spirits of her instruments as they return to the circle - the red of excitement, the crimson made plain upon their skin, showing the bare life of her song, the heartbeat of the world pumping volumes of exaltation that they can naught but share with whomever is fortunate enough to hear their song!

For the twice-born, you can see it in their eyes: they stand atop the mountain of her talent, and know the perfection only she can deliver... and they return wishing naught but to climb her mountain once again.

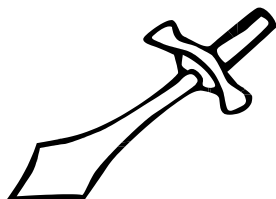
Such is the greatness of her craft.

Such is the greatness of the Composer.

Such is the greatness of the Virtuoso.

These next six months shall be critical, but if there is to be hope for this land, we must see the child of the new world embraces such perfection as hers... the foundation to build his new horizons upon.

Anything less, would be too great a compromise.



**Looking to learn the art of being a Warrior?  
Seek out Lefty at the docks of the Hollow Isle  
Bastion today!**



# Shiney Dreadfuls:



- ~Princess Ariel went missing for four days and has no memories of where she was
- ~The Bastion of Aolia recently held a day long festival to celebrate victories made against the Quiet Ones.
- ~The extremely large full moon of this past week was the work of Werewolf sorcerers in the Legion of Typhon.
- ~The dwarven refugees of North Fortress have been relocating to Tower Portal and attempting to create an infrastructure within its mesa.
- ~Baron Kerns is in fact illegitimate, and arranged his father's death before his bastard lineage could be revealed.
- ~ Bizarre corpses have been found on the outskirts of the bastions, seemingly made up of two different monster races. Each has a mark on its neck that resembles an "S".
- ~ House Sunderdragon is sponsoring Wylderkin by the hundreds to work the fields in Eire.
- ~Certain people of varying races have been becoming stronger. Certain authorities have theorized that these will be the only people to survive the oncoming end of the world.
- ~The ancient Tusnian Warlord Ethik'aa has been seen gathering mighty armies from around the continent to him, to march on the undead and worse that plague his homeland.
- ~It is said the Dark Elves of Lothantos survived by using magics that are the opposite of the Legion of the Vigil.
- ~The Vampire Necalli has been spreading rumors about his own weaknesses in hopes to slow down those who would destroy him.
- ~The Purial Child Haran Sevarin recently confided to friends that he doesn't believe the world will survive beyond this year.