

THE GILDED HERALD OF AULDERMERE

"By Quill and Crown, the Realm Made Plain"

EDITION OF THE THIRD WAXING MOON · YEAR 1142 OF THE CONCORD · PRICE: TWO
COPPER STAGS

HERO ILLUSTRATION PLACEHOLDER

Watercolor and ink in the style of medieval illuminated manuscripts, soft parchment background, gold-leaf accents, muted earth tones with deep crimson highlights, naturalistic medieval figures and architecture. 16:9.

**HEIR TO BARONY OF
WESTREACH FOUND
ALIVE IN
BRAMBLEWOOD;
RESCUED BY
MERCENARY COMPANY**

Cause for jubilation hath visited the noble House of Westreach this seven-day past. The young Lord Ambrose Westreach, missing these eleven days following an ill-favoured hunting party in the deep woods of Bramblewood, hath been returned to his lady mother's embrace in good health, if somewhat humbled.

The recovery is owed in full to the four-strong company that styles itself The Whispering Lantern: namely Captain Vella Threecoin of the Free Cities, the half-elven ranger Aldous Marrowind, the dwarven cleric Brann Ironvein of the Forge-Father's third order, and a hooded sorceress known only as Lirien. The party tracked the young lord to a poacher's long-house held by men sworn to the outlawed Ash-Mark Brotherhood, and freed him after parley failed.

His lordship the Baron hath promised a purse of four hundred crowns and the freehold rights to a small mill upon the Whitwater. The Brotherhood's captain, one Garrick Sallow, is bound in irons at the assize-house and shall stand the Crown's question on the morrow.



**ARCHMAGE'S
RELIQUARY
DESECRATED; GUILD
OFFERS HANDSOME
BOUNTY**

A grievous theft is reported from the upper vaults of the Lapis Conclave. The Hand of Saint Olwen — a relic of unimpeachable antiquity, its bones encased in silver and beryl — was taken from its plinth on the eve of the Founder's Feast. The wards, by all accounts, remained intact, which troubles the senior magisters not a little.

Magister Corwen Vex hath posted a bounty of six hundred crowns for the relic's safe return, with a further hundred for the named felon. Any persons of credentialed virtue may present themselves at the Conclave's lower atrium between the hours of Lauds and Sext.

It is murmured, though unconfirmed by this paper, that the Whispering Lantern company hath already accepted the commission. Readers are advised against private speculation.

**HOUSE
GREYTHORNE'S
FINE LIVERY**

*Cloaks oiled, doublets quilted,
hose of true Pelham wool.
Patronised by three Counts
and the Bishop of Wenn.
Lower Cobbler's Row, by
appointment.*

**CARAVAN-MASTER
FELLED BY
HIGHWAYMEN ON THE
OLD STAG ROAD;
ASSAILANTS PUT TO
ROUT**

The Merchants' Bench reports with grave countenance the death of one Master Edrun Foyle, late of Pelham, slain by quarrel-shot upon the Old Stag Road three nights past. His caravan of seven wagons, bearing salt and bolt-cloth bound for the Free Cities, was set upon by no fewer than a dozen masked riders.

The brigand-captain, who styled himself the Red Vicar, is reported slain by the same Captain Threecoin abovementioned. Three of his men were taken to the assize; the remainder fled into the Hollowmarsh. The caravan's goods are recovered, though much of the salt is spoilt.

Master Foyle leaves a widow, two daughters, and an unpaid account at the Sign of the Brindled Goose.



GOSSIP FROM THE SUNDIAL COURT

*By Our Most Devoted
Correspondent, the Lady
Marigold —*

It is observed that the Princess-Regent hath thrice declined the company of Duke Olivander at the spring revels. The Duke, for his part, was seen quitting the salon with a face most rubric. Wagers at the Crown and Sextant favour a betrothal by Midsummer, though this column counsels patience — and a heavier cloak.

The aforesaid sorceress Lirien was observed taking the waters at the Mereford Baths in the company of an unnamed gentleman of foreign aspect. Make of it what you will, gentle reader; this column makes nothing.

GOT RATS, MOUSE, OR WORSE?

*Goodfellow's Vermin Removal
hath the discreet remedy.
Honest dwarven craftsmen,
guaranteed work, no questions
asked of cellar nor chapel.
Enquire at the Sign of the
Bent Tabby, Threadgate Alley.*

This paper hath received complaint that our coverage of the Bramblewood affair did unduly favour the mercenary company over the loyal huntsmen of House Westreach, who searched some eight days without recompense. We answer: the mercenaries found the lad. The huntsmen did not. Let virtue be measured by deeds and not by livery. — T. Ashwood, Editor-in-Chief
