



DOOM Upon Us?

The Sons of Nk report that an ancient evil is due to arrive at the Empire's shores at any time! Chief priest Nkmakk brought the stark warning to the governor yesterday evening. "Every 5,000 years a great evil, intent on destroying all life, comes to our plane to destroy us all!" Nkmakk informed the governor's staff. "We must gather the spheres and find the Chosen One!"

Nkmakk was promptly thrown out of the building as this was the same story he brought to the governor a year ago.

At a nearby tavern, Nkmakk was happy to explain. "The Sons of Nk keep track! In the Encesticarknadem we mark the passage of each year on the Wall of Ages. The Mark of MMCIX has long been controversial. The careless chisel of a lazy acolyte? A flaw in the stone? We know now the Mark of MMCIX was not a mark at all. The Evil is coming this year! Not last year. This Year!" Nkmakk added, "well probably. Unlike MMCIX, the Mark of XXXLVII is clearly deliberate."

Nkmakk could not describe the form of the "evil", nor say when and where it would arrive. He said the Sons of Nk have a weapon to defeat the evil but was unsure of the mechanism. "There are four spheres," said Nkmakk as he gesticulated in a juggling motion. "We used to have them, but 300 years ago an emissary of Desna said the spheres were not safe and took them, promising to return when they were needed." Asked about the chosen one, Nkmakk finished his fifth fire ale in a single swallow, belched, and exclaimed to the room, "I choose ME!" and promptly fell unconscious to the ground.

Like the rest of us, nobody in the Imperial Defense Ministry takes anything the Sons of Nk say seriously.

Lost Cats Found - DEAD!

But the Widow Ambrel took it in stride. "Being a necromancer makes it easier to cope with untimely deaths of loved ones. You

hardly even notice." Ambrel said that a nice family with two little boys stopped by to solve the case after reading about it in the Mirror. "They were such sweet boys," says Ambrel. "But I didn't like the mother. She was standoffish." The family discovered that Ambrel's recently adopted son, Charlie, was the culprit. In addition to killing the cats, Charlie made off with several important books and a large sum of gold when he fled the premises. "I'll be fine," says Ambrel, "I've got good neighbors."

Homesteading Snafu

Imperial actuaries have downgraded the area surrounding Oppidum Septendecim from FCI 3+ to a 6 due to a regrettable clerical error. Existing homesteading licenses will be honored, but no additional licenses are currently available. For those families who managed to make it back to Myrinath, funeral expenses will be offset by the Empire with condolences.

In other news, the Imperial Army is looking for volunteers! Expect to see temporary recruiting stands pop up all over town in the coming weeks.

Area Man Claims to be Goat

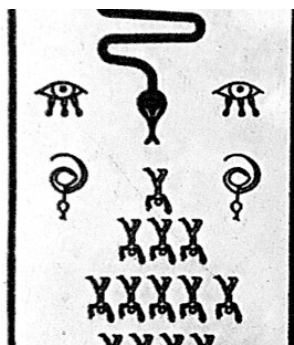


Goat-man?

The wizard Jerrold Carina says he spent the last several months eating grass as a goat. Jerrold specializes in animalistic polymorphism but denies he made any mistakes that could have backfired. "It was Tim," he says. Jerrold's compound shows signs of struggle and the erstwhile presence of many goats, but no one matching the description of "Tim" has been discovered.

Jerrold says he chanced upon a Druid, a Monk, a Bard, and a Sorcerer while attending a play at the well-known East-side burlesque house Mirage. Jerrold, who denies partaking refreshments aside from popcorn, convinced the motley crew to accompany him to his arcane laboratory. Jerrold does not know what happened next, but he "woke in a puddle with a small barrel strapped around my neck."

Mirage employees could not recall seeing anything unusual that day, but passers-by did see two bears chasing a goat. We consulted the Department of Wildlife and found that while the top predators of goats are coyotes and ankhegs, bears have been known to kill goats as well.



Evil Dwarven Snake?