



## I Ask You, For What?

Over 600 of our fellow citizens lost their lives at the Colosseum yesterday. The civilian deaths are believed to be the direct result of political machinations. Aside from that (if we can even contemplate 'setting aside' such catastrophic carnage) what did we witness? First, we saw caged beings - with mothers and children - fight to the death. Sixty-four goblins; caged & goaded to end the lives of friends and companions orchestrated by a faceless mechanism of ropes and pulleys. Then we saw centaurs racing hobgoblins around a bloody track. The noble centaurs lashed to riderless chariots, the hobgoblins terrified and confused. There was no finish line, no end except the final futility of being the last one standing.



RIP Mignix

And finally, the grand spectacle - the spectacle of the great bulette, roaring and stomping its feet in confusion, frustration, and fear. The spectacle of the land shark's rage as it charged Mignix. The spectacle of blood gushing from the cloud giant's side as he lay dying, heaped atop the broken remains of our fellows.

Twenty-seven of those unlucky souls were not crushed to death. Twenty-seven of them drowned. Drowned in the blood of a storm giant. For what? This was not a deterrent to a remorseless enemy. This was not training for our legions or militias. It was mere entertainment to titillate and amuse the masses. The masses - us. Loyal citizens of the Empire. Is this the price we pay for our city? For our way of life? Is this the price we pay for Faberio and his entourage to deign us with his presence? What have we bought for so high a cost?

No doubt there will be cries of hypocrisy. Justified to be sure, but we cannot ask for change without being willing to undergo changes ourselves.

## Faberio's Fete

Imperial Consort Faberio entertained a myriad of Myrinath's luminaries at a reception on the Imperial barge yesterday

afternoon and evening. From little Arry Bigshadow to Consul Grippa, all levels of (polite) Myrinathian society were represented. "I love Myrinath," said Faberio at one point during the evening, "the Capital is so boring!"



Artist's conception of an elite party to which the artist was not invited.

In addition to Faberio, attendees also got to see a wonder of Imperial thaumaturgy: the Imperial Shield Guardian. Faberio travels with 4 of the twelve-foot warriors and their top-of-class wizard handlers. We'd like to see anybody try to get through that dazzling display of diligent defense!

## Inflation

Wheat prices at the Myrinath Market are at an all-time high and bread crust donations are at an all-time low. City officials are scrambling. "Nobody likes pumpernickel and cornbread just isn't popular around here," says local baker Panem Clibaro.



The push to settle the northern valley was seen as the Empire's response to warnings the Farm Bureau published early last year. "Grain supplies are adequate," says Deputy Farm Minister Villam. "The troubles in the north spooked the market and we are seeing stockpiling. The Bureau is pursuing an aggressive round of quantitative easing to moderate downside catalysts."

Son of Nk, Nkmmk remains concerned. "Somebody get me an ard," Nkmmk exclaimed, "and I'll get some wheat planted!"