

The Korranberg Chronicle

Korranberg, Zilargo

If it happens in the five nations, you'll read it here first!

3cp Issue

Fluff-ball Infestation in Droaam

By Gilganarx of Droaam

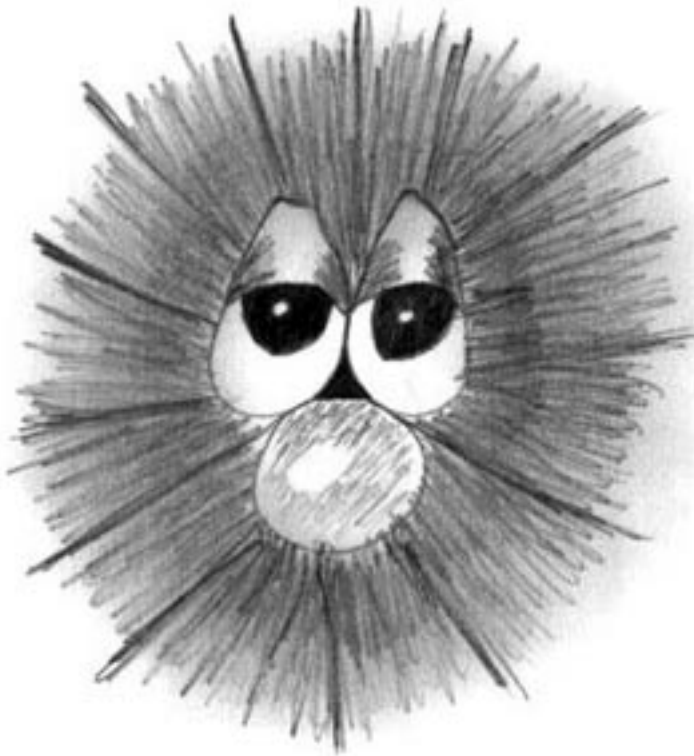
Every canny adventurer knows that Droaam is full of horrors that want nothing more than to tear you apart limb from limb. But now a new horror has gripped the nation: fluff-balls.

These creatures are small balls of brown fluff. With eyes. YES...EYES!

The first of these were found by a group of adventurers investigating a group of ruins unearthed by an earthquake. There, they would come away with a story that would haunt them forever.

"In all my years exploring, I can swear to Dol Arrah that I never saw a more horrid site," sobbed group cleric, Sarita Othemello. "[the group's fighter] Gaj just went up and poked one of them. Without warning he started giggling and cooing before picking it up and stroking it. More of them surged toward us. That's the last I saw of him before [the group's wizard] Ristnil grabbed us and ported us out. It was just horrible..." she went on through tears before refusing to answer any more of my questions.

Recently reports of the ador-



One of the new and deadly fluff balls found in Droaam. Note the dangerous eyes!

ing balls of fluff have been increasing. Snolls and ogres seem to be resistant to their wet eyed gazes.

"Nah, they don't hurt or nut-hin' but that doesn't make em' harmless," warned Bonesnap, a survivor of an attack. "One of me boys grabbed one and wants to make it a kennel. He also bathes it in milk. Makes me sick it does."

Because of the infestation, travellers are advised to keep their wits

about them in the area.

Any travellers coming across a fluff-ball are advised not to look into its eyes and run as fast as possible.

Symptoms of attacks include cooing, wide eyes, increased levels of "sissiness" and in extreme cases, cata-

tonic giggling.
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

INSIDE Special Magic Index!
(Requires Detect Magic)

WEATHER
Korranberg
RAIN! What Else?
High: Hot Low: Hot



Words and Stuff

Korranberg, Zilargo

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Cursed Book Plagues Korranberg Library

It has just been made aware to us at the Chronicle, that the Library of Korranberg has in its possession a cursed book! This book purportedly forces the poor reader to recite a mantra, which sounds innocent enough, but must be some sort of code that invading Demons or Quori use, to know that they have another complacent prisoner of the mind! Librarians are currently searching for this cursed tome.

The book – reportedly a small green tome, written by a doctor (a doctor of pure madness perhaps..?) – regales the temptation of a poor soul to eat cursed food. Truly, who would eat any dairy or farm product that is green? Be it milk, or in this case, pork and eggs.

The tempter is most assuredly a demon or Quori most foul. It goes by the name “Samiam”. Silver Flame researchers

have heard the name, but at the time of publishing, have not revealed anything more concrete than that.

The curse of the book only begins after the last page is read: then the foul curse begins. The curse that forces the poor reader to follow the same path of temptation and failure that the poor subject of the book faces by that abomination Samiam. As mentioned briefly above, the curse involves reciting this foul mantra over, and over, and over again, to the point of nausea to not only the reciter, but to those listening as well.

Clearly this ‘doctor’ has done his research in madness well. The mantra comes off as a sing-song type rhyme. It, admittedly, is rather a catchy cadence, and there have even been reports of others joining in this chant by just listening to a poor soul who has

read the book!

The best cryptographers of Zilargo (naturally, Khorvaire’s best) have been working day and night to crack the code of this message. “It seems like there is a theme of nature, animals, and strangely enough; the Lightning Rail. One of the passages speaks of not wanting to partake of this sin in the rain, nor on a train, nor in a box, nor with a fox. Rest assured, we will find the key to this code, and keep Zilargo, and the rest of the Five Kingdoms safe” quoted Theodore Geisel, of the Triumvirate.

Indeed, if you hear one chanting something related to this, flee immediately and summon the authorities! Children seem most susceptible to this malady, protect them at ALL costs!!

Mournland Seeks to Dispel “Desolate Waste” Image

By Quarterstaff

In an effort to improve morale among his subjects, and recruitment from abroad, the Lord of Blades declared next month “Warforged intimacy month.” The month will focus on the physical and emotional relationships of warforged which, many believe, struggle under social stigma. We at the Korranberg Chronicle managed to land an exclusive interview with the project head, Shortsword.

“We are planning to have relationship and sexual therapists invited from all around Khorvaire to speak in Metrol. While most of our planned activities are as yet unconfirmed, we know thus far that the event will open with a seminar on tantric construct relations,” he explained.

Shortsword went on to elaborate: “While the event is geared towards warforged, people across Khorvaire are invited to the events. The Mournland

has a reputation as a bleak, lifeless place. We’re hoping that this event will also serve to dispel those false perceptions. Tourism Mournland is expecting a large influx of business when people learn what a hip, vibrant place the land under the mists really is.”

An aggressive advertising campaign is set to start all across Khorvaire this week for the event. Expect to see billboards proclaiming “Warforged: Always Hard” as soon as this week.

Mysterious Magical Muck

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Force Grown Crops Cause Alarm

Towards the end of the Last War, Breland started to force grow foodstuffs using magic to try and ensure the food supply generated was of high enough volume to support the ever increasing number of refugees and other transients passing through the nation. At the time this was seen as a viable alternative to the year long wait for crops to grow and ripen. Over the last two years, however fingers have been repeatedly pointed at the Farmers Unions by local politicians and nobility as more and more strange side effects start to become evident after the eating of said crops.

In once case an entire family are reputed to have changed to a deep red in colour after eating a bowl of beetroot soup made from the magically

enhanced foodstuffs. In another, the father, well lets just say he ate a prickly pear...

Donovan Farther, the 'Prickly Pear Man' from Ardev sounds off: "You have no idea how difficult it is to go about your daily routine with these...things..." Donovan is obviously distraught about this 'prickly' condition, and is the constant source of jibes from his fellow townsfolk.

Even the Brelish Military has an official opinion on this: "We cannot stand by and allow even the slightest bit of infiltration of these modified foods. To do so, would violate the purity of essence of each and every Brelish soldier, and that is something I cannot allow," General Jack Ripper of Wroat was quoted as saying in a press con-

ference yesterday.

The Farmers Union statement simply read:-

"They're here to stay and that's that. If you don't like 'em then don't eat 'em."

Needless to say this has not been greeted with anything more than contempt by politicians.

"If the farmers choose to continue with this method we will have no choice but to buy our food elsewhere," one unnamed source is reputed to have said.

I'm sure this particular issue will run for many months to come and we at the Korranberg Chronicle will keep you posted.

Morgrave Researchers Make Breakthrough in Longevity

By Sucros

After a four year long study that was both prospective and retrospective, researchers in Morgrave University department of geriatrics have made some startling discoveries. The most impressive discovery was that, the more birthdays a Khorvarian has, the longer they live.

This has sent a shock wave throughout the scientific community. We spoke to one Dr. P. Slumph, of MU's geriatrics department. "We've had such decisive results before," he informed us. "Our margin of error was no greater than 366 days, and the re-

sults showed a direct dependence.

"The results clearly indicate a direct causal relation between the number of birthdays a humanoid celebrates, and the amount of years they live."

Already, longevity researchers are testing the applications of this theory. Thirty kegs of Dror ale, one hundred bottles of Aereni wine, and eighty cases of Chazzar rum were requisitioned for one experiment which had a sample population celebrate a birthday every day for a week. The results, however, were negative.

"If anything," explained head

researcher Dr. Onamous, "our subjects showed increased signs of aging. They had bags under their eyes, were tired, sore, and complained a lot. The experiment, however, was a success. We learned that the age-prolonging effects of birthdays were not the effects of birthday celebrations, but an inherent part of the birth date itself.

"Already, we've commissioned the brightest wizards in Breland for the development of a grant birthday spell to prolong the life of everyone across the Five Nations."

Really Odd News (Really!)

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Karnath Owns Up To Cookie Use

By Trinsic Woot

Karnath military officials from the Rekkenmark Academy have said that they are "very, very sorry..." for the inclusion of choc-chip cookies in soldiers' lunch-boxes during the last ten years of the Last War.

The cookies in question; delightfully yummy creations made from the finest Karnathi chocolate emporium "Waldo's" and carrying just the right mix of choc-chip and almonds, were supposed to offer that nation's army an alternative from the stale bread and shrunken tomatoes that usually make up a soldier's packed lunch. However, it has been a widely held belief that the cookies contain something known as E-numbers, and these numbers have

caused certain troops to riot and go, quite literally, beserk.

"These cookies turn normal men into barbarians," we were told by Lieutenant Crumble of the Academy. "They'd do anything just to get at another cookie."

"I remember the incident at Whispering Barrows," offers General Bean, "when a covert ops team of Brel-ish spies took our last cookie reserves and ran off into Cyre. We chased 'em through hell and high-water and at last came upon a secret Brel-ish cookie-making facility. They were trying to steal our recipe and make giant cookies to air-drop upon our cities and turn the civvies into raging lunatics. It was a fine plan, but luckily for us the Day

of Mourning occurred before the operation could be put into motion."

This stunning revelation reinforces travellers claims of giant cookie-monsters wandering the ruination of Cyre. A handsome reward has been put up by Karnathi officials for anyone bringing back a complete, uneaten cookie-monster for laboratory tests.

It is also rumoured that Karnathi artificers are working in conjunction with Waldo's Confectioners to perfect the ideal cookie. A spokesman for the Siberys forums has acknowledged that this can only lead to trouble, stating: "The Karrns firstly apologise and in the next instant they conduct secret tests to further cookie use. Damn them all!"

Warforged Unleash Power of Paralysing Joke

By Aldo Loon

News has reached the Korranberg Chronicle offices of the strange appearance of a hitherto unknown dragonmark...on Warforged!

The peculiar symbol, fashioned to resemble a yellow, smiley face has been seen on countless units as they make their way into Breland from the ruination of Cyre.

Challenged as to the nature of the bizarre symbol, the warforged have been heard to reply that "...everyone else seems to have a dragonmark and we felt rather left out of the whole business." Asked whether the symbol is indeed a dragonmark the warforged reply is invariably indignant: "Look, let's not debate the issue, old chap. This symbol - though it looks nothing

like the other dragonmarks - is a very powerful birthright for the warforged nation."

All of which, of course, prompts the question of such a mark's power...

"Ah...well, seeing as you've asked, it's the power of the Paralysing Joke. Why, with just one anecdote or punchline, you'd be paralysed with a fit of giggles and unable to defend yourself. It's through gratuitous use of this power that The Lord of Blades will bring all of Khorvaire...and quite likely the entirety of Eberron, under his control!"

In the name of investigative journalism, the warforged was asked to demonstrate the awesome power at its command. Upon hearing the joke, our Chronicler was duly paralysed with uncontrollable

laughter, and it is for this very reason that we are unable to print the joke in its entirety, suffice it to say that the words "small, furry balls..." featured heavily in the punchline.

Travellers beware, if you see any warforged units bearing such a smiley mark, run for the hills in fear of having your ribs well and truly tickled.

The recently organised association "Defence Against Fatal Threats" - DAFAT is looking seriously into the matter and has begun formulating possible variations that contain the words "small, furry balls" into a suitable defensive mantra for use by travellers and wandering bards with no better repertoire...

News From the Boonies

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Ancient Artefact Destroyed in Demon Wastes

By Delan Arytus Kurin

An astonishing story of bravery and heroics can now be revealed, after the success of a secret mission to destroy a hundred thousand-year-old artefact. The artefact was said to carry unholy power, and archaeological finds suggested it was created by a demon lord of the ancient age.

The Arcane Congress picked the team chosen to carry out the mission from the elite of a number of nations, and included a scion of King Boranel, a ranger of the northern Eldeen Reaches, and even a number of Talentan hunters and a Valenar warrior. Most of the team were seasoned explorers and adventurers, though it seems the Talentans were only included because they uncovered the artefact in the first place.

Accounts from the journal of one of the Talentans reveal that the mission did not go according to plan, with the team splitting up on the border of the Demon Wastes after a tribe of Shaash'kala orcs captured two of the halflings. The other halflings then set out to complete the mission themselves, leaving the rest of the team to save the captives.

It also seemed the artefact drew unwanted attention to the remaining halflings. Although the team had been pursued by what the author claimed were demons since they uncovered the artefact, a rogue goblin attacked them as they entered the Wastes, then offered to guide them through the Labyrinth to their destination.

As we all know, the Demon Wastes are a harsh environment, and

despite little water, less food and tribes of demon worshipping orcs, the Talentans finally made their way to the mountain range known as Duume where they cast the artefact into the crater of a volcano.

With the triumphant return of the heroes, it seems anonymous explorers and adventurers have once again saved civilisation from crumbling. Despite all the apparent danger and threats, the only casualty was the rogue goblin, who supposedly fell into the volcano while attempting to retrieve the artefact for himself.

Needless to say, author and publisher Janus Regulis-Risia Tulkean is suing the Talentan journalist for plagiarism.

Ritual Dance Brings Tribal Unity

By Whatta Maroon

Q'barra— Researchers from Morgrave University have been investigating the unity of several of the smaller tribes of Lizardmen that have formed close ties around what seems to be a religious ceremony. After a hard week's trials and tribulations, the tribe gathers together around a large fire pit, huge meal, and ritualistic dance. It is this strange gathering of different tribes and species around a common purpose that has brought Morgrave researchers into the jungles to investigate.

"These tribes were once at war,"

said university researcher Ima Doppa. "We were asked to come to Q'barra to investigate the gathering of several tribes once opposed to each other. It seems that someone has come out here and invested religion to the once savage tribes. This hypnotic ritualistic dance, known as the Macarena, seems to have the power to calm the tribes into cooperation."

Doppa noted that the tribes gather around a large fire pit and begin to dance in unison while chanting in a strange and sibilant tongue. When the dance reaches a frenzied pitch, they

shout, "Hey Macarena!" before turning in a new direction to start the pattern again.

The Morgrave researchers are currently investigating the strange language used during the ritual as well as investigating the origins of the new god named Macarena. There is little evidence to point the researchers in a proper direction to discover the beginnings of the ritual. For now they have been content to learn the dance and try to assimilate its power to calm.

Evil, Evil, And More Evil

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The Lords of Dust Declare War on Dirt

SHARN, Breland – The city of Sharn is one of the wonders of the modern age. Some say that the beauty of its glittering towers rival the crystal spires of Syrania, the home of the angels. But all cities have their dark underbellies, and this is literally true in fair Sharn. The city is driven by industry, and the burning forges of the Cogs are at its heart. Now we are beginning to see the price we pay for this commerce. The very names of the lowest districts speak of the filth that lies below: Ashblack, Blackbones, places fit only for goblins and warforged. Now that darkness is beginning to permeate the pristine beauty of our upper wards. The smoke that billows up through the chimneys of Sharn is finally leaving its mark. Who among us hasn't seen soot and ash disfiguring our home or favorite tavern? Even the white cobblestones of Skyway have become a dingy grey.

But even as the darkness threatens to engulf us all, a new hope

has emerged, shining like a beacon. The Lords of Dust have come to Sharn, and these bold souls swear that Sharn will be a different city by the time they are done with it.

Who are these brave men and women, and how can they make such a claim? The Lords of Dust are an elite team of chimneysweeps, Arcanix-trained in the arts of prestidigitation and mystical cleansing. Nimble and swift, they are prepared to venture into the mile-long chimneys of Sharn to face the very heart of darkness. But even as they delve into the depths of our city, they are more than willing to take the time to help its humble citizens.

"We're thrilled to have the opportunity to save this beautiful city," team leader S'mittei said in a public address on Sar, when the Lords of Dust first revealed themselves to the people. "Sharn has so much promise and potential, and we're ready to sweep this city clean of the filth that has marred it

for so long."

These brave chimneysweeps have already begun to work their wonders in Sharn, and accolades are quickly coming in. Alais ir'Lantar had much praise for the Lords of Dust. "Bringing the Lords of Dust into the embassy of Aundair was the best decision I've ever made," the ambassador told the Korranberg Chronicle. "It's changed my whole outlook on life. I encourage all of the noble citizens of Sharn to open their doors and embrace what the Lords have to offer."

S'mittei has not let such praise go to his head. "We've got a lot of work ahead of us," he said. "But we're ready for it. We've devoted our lives to cleaning up Ashtak – that is, removing dirt and ash. It's a long struggle, but well worth the effort. After all, if the world were to come to an end... say, tomorrow, perhaps around noon... wouldn't you want your house to be in order?"

Unholy Alliance

On Sar, agents of the Dark Lanterns uncovered a plot involving an alliance between the Lord of Blades, and King Kaius of Karmath. Reports detail a plot in which the Lord of Blades is trading recently killed corpses to Karmath in exchange for the souls of Karmathi dead.

At the center of the controversy is the report that the Lord of

Blades is using an incomplete creation forge to create an army of soldiers bent on destroying all of Khorvaire. "The forge works flawlessly" stated Gauntlet, a Lieutenant of the Lord of Blades, "except that it is unable to imbue the sentient life necessary for final creation." Evidently that is where the captured souls come in. Using a weapon called the "Soul Drinker"; the souls

are trapped in "Soul Gems" and then transferred into the forge, circumventing that part of the process.

"This is the perfect arraignment for us" replied King Kaius, "our undead soldiers don't need their souls, and the Metal Men don't need the dead bodies."

Bannos, Crackers and Auts

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The Secret of Cyre Uncovered!

Yesterday, the Secret of Cyre was discovered happily cavorting with a nubile young Breland woman in Wroat. Apparently unconcerned at being spotted, the Secret of Cyre was quite happy to engage in conversation and sat in relaxed fashion, gulping back his favourite tippie, which the Korranberg Chronicle can exclusively reveal is warm goat milk laced with Oror vodka.

"Truth to tell, I'm not quite sure what all the fuss is about," The Secret told us. "And after being in hiding for well after the stated six month limit I thought 'sod this, lurking in a damp

hole with only a dim-witted goblin for company is not what I'm after'.

"My agent, Keith Baker, promised me fame and fortune, but have I received any amount of coin for my troubles? Nope."

"I'll also tell you that the Draconic Prophecy is thinking about showing his face later in the week. We've been in close contact and again, the promises made by Keith Baker and the other cabal of Wizards he's involved with have borne little by way of truth. 'Just hide yourselves away and try not to draw attention to yourselves' he says: but I really think he's for-

gotten about us; either that or fears we know too much."

The Secret of Cyre gives a wink and hugs the dancing girl close to his chest. A moment later he rises from his chair and drops his fine pantaloons, spinning around to show his rosy rump. Indignantly he slaps his buttock and says, in a piqued tone:

"And if you find out whose idea it was to give me a dragonmark in the shape of Lady Lolth then you can tell them from me: I'll sue." He pulls up his trousers, takes a swig from his tankard. "Personally I blame the proofreaders," he adds with a shrug.

The Madness of Xoriat

By Meladaer 'The Mad'

A breach to the plane of Xoriat has occurred in rural Aundair, some twenty miles south-east of Passage. As a consequence, the planar invasion of Eberron has begun...with a surely insurmountable force of cows hell bent on destruction, slowly making their way across the fields, eating anything in their way!

Top level operatives from The Royal Eyes of Aundair have formed a think-tank and begun hastily drawing-up plans to counter the deadly bovine attack.

"Stay away from the grazing pastures," a senior Eye told us. "And try not to wear green clothing 'cos it only intimidates the herd..."

It is understood that the terrifying leaders of this cud-chewing army are known as Hellcow and Bossy

the Cow and - though their motives are as yet unclear - surely world domination is their plan.

Further reports from Karnath and the Eldeen Reaches reinforce the invasion theory, with stampedes of apparently insane cows witnessed by one or two people in remote areas where only fools would choose to live.

"Don't try to milk 'em," warned one sour-faced farmer from Ghalt. "I got my hands on the one called Hellcow, gave a tug and he fixed me with such a stare that I froze beneath his gaze. It was all I could do to slowly roll off the rubber gloves..."

It is understood by military representatives of the five nations that this aberrant force employs three devastating attack methods. The first, "Docile Gaze" is similar to a sleep spell with a radius of 100 feet. The second

attack method is "Lie Down" and is noticeably employed before the threat of rain. Should such a storm-break occur, front-line operatives against the bovine threat have been warned to retreat or suffer numerous casualties as the cows flatten anything beneath them as they look to secure a dry place.

Lastly, and most feared of the cows' attacks is the "Deadly Flatulence", which is often accompanied by the "Fearsome Pat". This overpowering noxious attack has been known to fell entire units, whilst countless troops have skidded to their doom upon the Fearsome Pat. Of course, warforged units have proved resistant to the Deadly Flatulence, and it is for this reason alone that greater numbers of warforged have been utilised to defend the front-lines of civilisation against the bovine threat from Xoriat.

What We Really Think

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Letters to the Editor

This week, dear readers, we will give you a glimpse at just some of the letters to the editors that get rejected. The 'best' we had are printed for you to see, without editing, or comment by us...prepare yourself...-Ed.

Dear Sirs,

I am Davika ir'Waithlain; my family comes from the vaunted Waithlain line, and we used to live in Cyre. We were forced to move when tragedy struck our nation, and now live in New Cyre. We are looking to have your assistance in getting over TEN MILLION GOLD (10,000,000) from vaults of House Kundarak; transferred to us before the Day of Mourning, and we need reliable assistance in this. If you are wanting to help, please respond to us via House Sivis mail.

Best Regards,

Davika ir'Waithlain-New Cyre

Dear Sirs,

I hate you, I hate your paper, I hate your columnists, and I hate your town. Also, could you please make sure I get the Wir

editions again?

Thank you,
Van Kittri-Fort Zombie

Dear Sirs,

Why dont yoo write an artikl on the real mennace that plaagss Khorvair-the warfor-rgedd. These abominashons are a threet to everyone, and need to be destroyed. Their meer prezence kan doom us all! I kno yoo wont hav the coorage to print this leter to yoo, butt rest ashured, I am not aloon in my feelinz.

Sinseerli,
Grammmarr Profesor Markus Redmann of Morgrave Community Kolage-Wrote

Sirs,

This is your final notice.
Thank you.

Sirs,

Please find enclosed with this letter the contents, or the remnants thereof, of your fourth

to last issue of the Chronicle. Perhaps from the smell you can tell what I think of your paper, and if not, just open up the package, and I am sure you can figure it out yourself.

Ulla Bandermok-Varna

Sirs,

Is it too much to ask to include a regular addition of news of other races? My entire town is vehemently opposed to the fact that your biased news coverage covers only those races that you deem 'proper'. How deliciously biased! Perhaps your vast Gnomish superiority might want to include other races on your 'verboden' list, after all, who could possibly attempt to match the might of Gnomes? I eagerly await either your inclusion of other races, or an admittance of your rank hypocrisy and the immediate banning of all news that is not Gnome related.

Cordially yours,

Grand Raja Vek Hashameliir-Ashtakala

Weekly Weather Forecast

Korranberg, Zilargo

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Fairhaven Flamekeep Korranberg Sharn

RAIN!

What did you expect!

It always rains in Khorvaire!

Why in my day, we had to
walk to Upper Menthis uphill
both ways in the pouring rain,
you ungrateful whelps!

Without those fancy little
flying boats too, I'll have you!

We had to use ladders....