

Custard Pie Massacre Wrecks Alliance.

Valley confectioners admitted their embarrassment at the outcome of the recent Valley-Dai-far-Dyne talks. Talks were abandoned after a disturbing outbreak of pastry during recent negotiations.

Chief Merchant Rednow Ffuts was left with egg on his face, flour on his hands, and baking powder all over his shoes, when negotiations were interrupted by culinary activists.

Kitchen revolutionary Fern Redberry, struck a liberating blow for all oppressed pastry chefs, when he introduced Dai-far-Dyne Ambassador Vombassa to the intimate delights of their craft. He was seriously admonished immediately by the Ambassadors own culinary patrol, who were all somewhat disappointed at not getting a slice.

Ambassador Vombassa is reported to be "seriously miffed". The Mouthpiece can now exclusively report, that his diet has gone completely to pot and he has put on three stone since the incident, and people are starting to call him Quicksilver.

Valley dignitaries are said to be taken aback by the speed of developments. Twenty Valley representatives currently guests of the Dai-far-Dyne are reported to be very aback. Forty of them are said to be in fear of their loaf, whilst the position of a further sixty are said to be sticky. In fact it is dubious whether any of the two hundred will ever be heard of again.

The recalcitrant Fern Redberry is said to unrepentant and dead. In fact he is probably almost as unrepentant as he is dead. It is not clear whether he is actually on resurrection strike or whether nobody wants the blame.

In the meantime Valley members are bracing themselves for a custard pie backlash. Confectioners are preparing themselves for a long campaign and some awfully fiddly icing. Members of all three towers of the alliance have been warned, and it has been suggested that no-one should leave a tower without the protection of a Shield of Air spell, (Dalvain Spellword remains unavailable for comment) or a well sharpened cake fork.

Hospitaller Split Volminor Heals For Victory.

Dignitaries within the Hospitaller Guild have been playing down reported differences within the sect. The Lord Creyn is reported to be hanging out in some of the cooler bars of the new Village Tower, whilst a small group of hard-liners lead by that well known liberal Volminor the Impaler, have stayed in the White Retreat.

Comments from the various factions vary from, "Hey dude it's cool" to "Eat Cure Mortal Wounds, evil scum-sucking hound of hell." Volminor the Not-so-nice-as-he-once-was is reported to have asked questions of the wisdom of moving the sect to the Village Tower. "I've heard that at least one of the Guild leaders there is a scumbag". (It's Dalvain Spellword.)

Dalvain Spellword Did It - Official!

The Mouthpiece is pleased to announce that they have been made aware of a intricate plot that threatens the very fabric of the Valley Alliance. We have however exclusive proof of the existence of a secret Valley traitor of whom the majority are unaware. Due to the assistance of an informed inside source, we are now able to reveal the truth.

Ask yourself these questions, and then wonder if there can be any other logical reason than the disturbing truth we now reveal.

1. Which well known dodgy geezer turned up on the night of the Great Custard Pie Massacre, and didn't speak to Fern Redberry at all?
2. Who made it rain on the Half-Orc Guilds Annual Outing?
3. Why was Onyx wandering around with a totally infeasible and nasty curse for ages and ages - I'll give you a clue, it was cloudy?
4. How on earth did the Shark Cult ever escape from the stalwart pursuit of the Valley - You're getting there, there were indeed intermittent showers?
5. When the Valley sent an expedition to be well kicked out of "Happy Valley" by the Crystal Guard, why did it pour with rain from start to finish?
6. On your last adventure think, did everything go exactly right, or did

it seem like some scumbag was against you, were there clouds in the sky? Did it rain? Or perhaps such inclement weather was conspicuous by its absence?

Yes, now your Mouthpiece reveals the truth, the Valley has been nurturing a member of the Ravenon Scumbag Cult to their bosom. A leading member of the Blue School told us, "He is a Scumbag", he later added in confidence, "I am confident he is a Scumbag". Yes the Valley's own New Romantic Guild Leader Dalvain Spellword is a scumbag. These revelations do not come without long minutes of research. The suspiciously tall guild leader, well known for not giving high level spells to people who merely call him a scumbag, has been the subject of well-placed paranoia by Mouthpiece correspondents for some time.

"The first time I saw him" said one, "I thought he looked like a scumbag". "I called him a scumbag" said another, "and he didn't deny it!"

We hope that one of our correspondents within the Blue School of Magic will be able to bring our readers an in-depth interview with the scumbag himself. Just as soon as one of them gets permission to learn teleport.

Tired of Life?
Get Status!

This has been a
EMMONSFALL
Public Service
Announcement

The Mouthpiece

Valley
Edition

Issue No. 679

All the Truth We're Paid to Print!

Make Webs, not War.

In line with the new directives from the Micheliners, Lord Sebastian has issued a new memorandum upon the treatment of arthropods, in particular arachnids, that is specifically spiders. "I've noticed a distinct tendency for all members of the Valley Alliance to treat our eight-legged brethren with a little less than respect" he told our no-evil-sphere-here correspondent. "Certain of our Alliance members, and I include members of my own sect in this, think that it's perfectly all right to just go around leaping on eentsy-weentsy spiderkins for the most petty of reasons. The excuses I hear, "It looked at me funny"; "It had too many legs"; "I thought it was Dalvain Spellsword"; "It was trying to eat me". Are any of these really any excuse for turning our poor little arachnid friends into puree, apart from the one about Dalvain

Ice Diamond Turns Profit

Official Enquiry Follows.

Would-be wide boy and entrepreneur Ice Diamond surprised all of his contemporaries by announcing a profit in his first period of trading. This has been of mild surprise to all his seven hundred and sixty-four equal partners, and has cast everyone who has had dealings with him in this period into confusion. The Reader-Azard-an Alliance is said to have closed business completely in the interim, while they rigorously check their books. The Valley Merchants Guild are said to be torn between promoting and auditing him. They are reported to be "checking the fine print and putting the price of everything up by an exorbitant amount". Oblivious to the concern displayed, the redoubtable ex-Taranor, (How do you think they lost their tower?) is currently considering several new business ventures. Several thousand percent shares are said to be available.

Spellsword that is. "What is needed here", he told our now tied down reporter, "is a little more love and understanding. So next time you meet a big, horrible, potentially lethal spider, just don't immediately start converting it into cutlets. Talk to it, try and find out its problems, a little more encounter session instead of encounter. Spiders have feelings too you know. I'm sure that if we had more hugs and less hacks it would be a nicer world for everyone, no matter how many legs." Lord Sebastian is now in the care of Volminor the Really-Only-Quite-Stern and is said to be responding to treatment. He has apparently made friends with the cobwebs in the corner and is having a deep meaningful communication with several things that live under his bed. He still refuses to be drawn on exactly how many legs that not-a-pineapple has however....

Michelinier Love Scandal

Controversy between the Brown School of Magic and the Michelinier Sect, threatens to split the Alliance wide open with the sensational revelations of unnatural sexual acts. Rumours of a secret marriage between an unnamed Michelinier, who due to legal proceedings can only be referred to as Brother O, Priest of the Michelinier Sect and Veteran of the Order of King Michel, and a section of Post-Slithic sandstone strata. "Promises were made, things were said and wobbly bits were entombed," said a representative of the Brown School of Magic. Leading members of the Michelinier Sect were said to be looking some of the more descriptive terms up. The rock formation is said to be devastated, "As I told the tall good-looking drow with the near solid permanent wave," she said, "I'm devastated. I feel used, abused and badly eroded. Words can't begin to describe this individual, especially as scumbag is being used by someone else. Custody of the empowered mace is said to be in the balance.

Aunty Scrag's Problem Page.

Dear Aunty Scrag,

I am a Valley Hero and former guild official, for many years I have given the Alliance good service and have pledged my more than adequate status to the maintenance of our Towers.

More and more however I find that my efforts are just not appreciated. In fact I seem to be becoming a figure of sport and ridicule. How can I achieve a position of respect commensurate with my status.

Depressed Super-Hero

Dear Aides,
Either you, your suit or
your tailor should leave the
Valley immediately.
AS

Dear Aunty Scrag,

I have fallen in love with a beautiful priestess, but as I am only a half-orc she thinks that I am lower than the lowest slime in the pits of the abyss. How can I raise myself in her estimation?

Despairing Priest

Dear Aurthang,
Start off by becoming a
powerful Anti-Paladin, go
on to be a High Priest and
Sorcerer, then become an
Aspect of the Dark
Sphere. Having done that
become head of your own
tower, built upon the bones
of a thousand victims and
decorated with the flayed
hides of your defeated
enemies. Alternatively
take up flower arranging.
Neither are likely to bring
you to the attention of any
discerning young lady, but
both are healthier than
keeping the offending part
of your anatomy in a bottle.
At a last result send her
the bottle anonymously.
AS

Dear Aunty Scrag

I am a young female Hospitaller and my boyfriend is a brave Michelinier. Recently however after he has visited me, I seem to be using all my Power to heal myself. Please can you tell me what is going wrong?

Worried Damsel

Dear Owli
Next time tell Enyx to
take his armour off.
AS

Dear Aunty Scrag,

I have worked my way up in the Hospitaller Sect from the very bottom. From nose-bleeds to resurrections, that's me. Now I am a powerful Power-user and am soon to be made a Wizard. As I have got older however, I have become aware that when people see me they see only a Cure Mortal machine, I feel that they are missing out on the essential me. How can I make them take me more seriously.

Dejected Healer

Dear Brother John,
I believe that Cure
Embarrassing Sexual
Disease is only a Rank 7
invocation. You learn
that and I'm sure they'll
all take you a lot more
seriously, I know I will.
AS

Dear Aunty Scrag,

I find that people are suspicious of me, it goes very quiet when I enter the room and although I am in a position of authority, people beneath me are very rude and call me names. Can you tell me why this is?

Worried Guildleader

Dear Dalvain
It's because you are a
scumbag.
AS