



Seekers Review Training.

After many years of perfecting the training of the skills of stealth, subterfuge, camouflage, hiding in shadows, and hiding out of shadows to their members, the leaders of the Seekers' Guild have been forced to tone down their tutelage.

"Some of our members are just getting too good at it," said a disembodied voice from somewhere in the shadows. "We can't tell if

Yellow Guild Move into Fast-Food Wars.

Movers and shakers in the ongoing fast-food wars were shocked by a dashing new entrant into the culinary fray. The Yellow Guild of the Valley Alliance have moved into the market with an appetising array of gourmet delicacies, from the kitchens of the Lord Velteyn himself.

Although many pundits have been swift to decry this as just another fish bar, the Yellow Guild believe that their unique new advertising campaign will capture the imagination of the Orin Rakathan public in a way no-one has since the introduction of the Morgoth Hut Pizza Tabard. The plan is to make the Yellow Guild's Golden Arches a byword for nouvelle cuisine.

Spearheading the campaign is Tanu super-model Colchis who, it is rumoured for a huge pay-off, has had the

they really have popped down to the corner for 20 Orc Drive or are have actually gone missing. I mean, one of our Seekers was killed recently in open sight and she still managed to conceal her body in an inconspicuous rabbit-hole."

The Mouthpiece tried to get a comment from members of the guild but our reporters were unable to find any.

trademark golden arch design applied to his face and certain other parts of his anatomy. It is hoped that Colchis's unique no-waif look will inspire the terminally pretentious to desert traditional fast-food in droves.

The choice of the glamorous Colchis, better known for his daring centrefold spread in Playbeing magazine, is hardly surprising given rumoured links with the Head of the Yellow Guild. When asked if it were true that Colchis was actually Lord Velteyn's love child the Yellow Guild Leader replied brusquely "Lightning Bolt 10".

The Mouthpiece would only like to point out that he did not deny it though. Preferably at least 30 foot from the aforementioned Sorceror.

New Scandals Rock White Retreat.

Dignitaries of the White Retreat were said to be fainting in droves and having fits of the vapours at the new revelations of decidedly dodgy behaviour by some of its members. Reports of members of the Michelinier Sect engaging in cross-dressing have been hotly denied on the grounds that it wasn't his underwear, and as long as she didn't find out there was no harm done. Other alleged sightings of Micheliniers hanging around ladies toilets, just in case they were attacked by an evil power-user honest, have only served to fuel speculation.

Following on from reports that you could get a Cru-

Clavados back! - No Further Tour Plans.

White Retreat superstar and heart-throb Sir Clavados, the darling of the housewives and the idol of millions, has returned from an extensive tour of Orin Rakatha. Reports say that he was well received at all his concerts and his latest songsheets have all gone mithril. In his welcome home concert at the White Retreat, several members of the Michelinier Sect were so excited as to throw ladies' underwear at the stage and several passed out in the toilets.

sader to drop his trousers for 20 gests, and offers from the Iron Guard to do it for 5 (or less), these fresh allegations have only served to worry many in the White Retreat. Hearty back-slapping and speaking in deep voices seems to be the answer.

The newly returned Sir Clavados was in whimsical frame of mind when asked to comment. "It's all a lot more fun than when I was in charge before," he told a suitably no-evil-sphere-here reporter. He is believed to be receiving further treatment from Sir Volminor and certain right-thinking Hospitallers.

Most disturbing to his many adoring followers was his somewhat pale and wan appearance. He denied checking into a Hospitaller drying-out clinic although he did admit to having got heavily into the Neutral Sphere, whilst on tour. "It's not a problem. I can give it up at any time" he told our suitably powerhammered reporter. A spokesman for the Hospitallers' Guild refused to confirm reports of Clavados chain-melding, though demand for donors has increased of late.

Seasons Greetings
to our friends.
See you all at the
Time of Reckoning!

This has been a
EMMORRELL
*Public Service
Announcement*

The

Mouthpiece

Valley
Edition

Issue No. 698

Morgoth Worshipers Unveil Secret Weapon!

Reports have been returning to all camps of a disturbing new tactic employed by members of the ubiquitous Nazgul Tower. This daring and ingenious weapon is of sinister and subtle cunning and it is believed that it was first developed by a disgruntled pastry chef.

The targets of this secret weapon are invariably mages and the intelligence experts of the Alliance Defense Chiefs have provisionally called this Orcbolt-Lots. The ploy involves hurling the biggest Uruk you've ever seen at the unsuspecting mage and said Uruk chopping a great big hole in him from front to back. The efficacy of this tactic was demonstrated on a recent White Retreat mission when two of the party mages were downed by this new terror weapon.

Witnesses said "In a matter of moments there was a big hole all the way through Brackus and later, in a matter of hours there was a similar hole in Fayenor." Valley researchers are hurriedly researching a defence against this new device but so far a stout pair of trousers seems the best plan.

Undead Regroup After Humacti Coup

Bitter mumblings in the depths of the tombs and crypts of Orin Rakatha followed the excursion of a group of Humacti Lager Louts onto the Plain of the Sleepless Dead.

"Once again irresponsible yobboes from the Order of King Michel have been lolloping around upsetting the status quo," said a spokesnecromancer. "They think nothing of threatening the undeathhood of any number of gainfully employed undead. Don't they realise that there are all sorts of support industries at risk here?"

Representatives from the appropriate guilds were too busy running around dismissing two named undead to comment on these allegations, but it is believed that their honeymoon period is soon to end. Word from the Tombs of Dymwan is that a dramatic new re-alignment is underway amongst the ranks of the walking dead to meet with this threat. Skeletal Warriors are to be redesignated Warriors of

Bone, Zombie Warriors are now Warriors of Bone and Other Bits and Erelan Black has been redesignated as a Rank 10 Death and More Death Knight.

The head of the Tombs of Dymwan brushed aside talk of a bone jerk reaction. "This is all part of an ongoing process of rationalisation that we necromancers have been planning for some time. Oh, and by the way I'd like to take this chance to correct a common spelling mistake, it's Kranium Doom Wraith so don't anyone get too excited."

Good fanatics were unimpressed by talk of rationalisation or an explosion in the popularity of nigromancy. "It's nicknames next, followed by acronyms and bar-coded undead," said a spokesmaniac. He then started to count the words in "Mouthpiece Reporter" wherupon we suddenly ran out of space for further analysis.

Aunty Scrag's Problem Page.

Dear Aunty Scrag

Did you know that the Orin Rakathan specimen of the Pink or Greater Bogflower has small red speckles underneath the petals, unlike the specimens found in the old Valley which evidenced no such peculiar markings?

Observant Scribe

Dear Twilight

Did you know that you are a boring git?

A.S.

Dear Aunty Scrag

On a recent adventure I was unfortunately power-drained in the ladies toilet not once but twice. Now I feel that my friends are sniggering behind my back, how can I regain their respect.

Undermined Micheliner

Dear Paris

I think that you have a real problem, but in the short term stop using the ladies toilet for your adventures. Alternatively, just stop using the ladies toilet.

A.S.

Dear Aunty Scrag

I have heard some gossip that says at least one of the Crusaders will take his trousers down for 20 gests. As I just happen to have 20 gests spare I would like to test the truth of this rumour. How can I find out the identity of this

strapping warrior?

Curious Hospitaller

Dear Snile

There isn't enough money in the White Retreat to make me reveal Orlando's identity.

A.S.

Dear Aunty Scrag

For some years I have worked very closely with a barbarian shaman, we've had our ups and downs but generally we've been happy. Now I can't help but think that maybe there's someone else, he's taken to leaving expeditions in mid-course and spending the rest of the time sitting in a bush. Do you think I have anything to fear or is it just my over-active imagination.

Worried Sidekick

Dear Dead Klegg

You have got to tell Mountain that he cannot take his Good Spirit up the side of a hill and bury it for later. I do not think you have any real problems apart from the fact that you are dead and you have Mountain as your shaman. Lesser talismans have crumbled under greater strain. Planning an alternate career as a toilet brush or swizzle stick might be a good idea in case Mountain cracks up terminally.

A.S.