

# War Almost Declared!

Reports of ardent war-mongering were being hastily denied by all interested parties. A rumour that each of the towers of the Alliance were gathering their armies was dismissed as fluke co-incidence. Apparently the entire

Crusaders Guild was gathered for a nature ramble and it just happened to be the very same day as the Iron Guard Annual Picnic, and all the Valley Rangers just happened to turn up at the Village Tower following a

rumour (unfounded) that Raucus was going to pay them their back wages. "It was a one-in-a-billion coincidence that all three, totally unconnected, honest, incidents just happened to occur on the very same day,"

said a spokes-militarist. In order to make sure that such confusion does not occur again, next year the White Retreat are said to be organising their own picnic, and everyone's invited.....

## Hobbit Commandoes Almost On March

Peacelovers everywhere breathed a huge sigh of relief when a pre-emptive strike at Wolfhold by a crack force of White Retreat Micheliner Hobbits, had to be called off when she ran out of food. A spokesman for Wolfhold described it as "a damn close

run thing". The elite fighting unit, believed to have been specially trained over many years, are now said to be under sedation until next year, and planning a larger knapsack.

## The Caterers Strike Back?

Dignitaries from all factions of the Vallety Alliance moved quickly to deny reports that the inevitable, bloody, to-the end, let-none-survive, yah-boo-sucks-to-you, this-is-the-end-of-everything, (but not the End Of Everything As We Know It, that's this year's Heroquest) war

to end all wars till the next one, was not in fact caused by a disagreement over who was going to do the catering at the End of Year Party. A spokesswarmonger was quoted as saying "Oh no, it's something much more trivial than that."

## Too Close A Shave In Dark School

The Black School of Magic was reeling as disaster struck their upper echelons. Naughty Narcis Fenrack, the darling of the suspender set, died suddenly after slowly bleeding to death whilst having "the best pair legs in the Alliance" waxed and shaved. The Third Barber of the House Tumdurgul is

said to be "inconsolable". The school is awash with tears and run mascara. The Assistant Guild-leader has moved into the now vacant position of Guild-leader, but it is doubtful whether he really has the ankles to lead the school with quite the same panache as his predecessor.

## Drow Mourn Leader

The House Tumdurgul mourned the loss of its leader following a tragic accident with several armed individuals. The much loved philanthropist Narcis "Funboy" Fenrack carelessly hacked himself to death on some casually

unsheathed blades, when a boyish prank went horribly wrong. "We cannot fail to be moved by this grievous loss," said a spokes-drow, "I've moved into his bedroom, and someone has already bagged the comfy seat by the fire."

## Michelinier Commander Backs New Education Drive

A daring new Youth Training scheme proposed by a leading Michelinier High Priest was thought to be in serious jeopardy, after the entire starting capital was used up in a single night's run through of the curriculum. The test, held at that noted White Retreat hostelry the Purgin' Paladin was said, by anyone who

could remember anything about it, to have been a damn good night out. "If Commander Leonidas can just let me have another 2000 gests," whispered a considerably the worse for wear spokes-Onyx, "then the education of young Micheliniers can be significantly improved, and the leisure time of old Micheliniers significantly enhanced.

Thanks for making  
the Time of  
Reckoning such a  
success!

*This has been a*  
**EMOTIONAL**  
*Public Service  
Announcement*

The

Valley  
Edition

# Mouthpiece

Issue No. 875

## Desperate Parent's Emotive Plea.

A heart-broken mother made a public plea for help in finding her lost son, now missing for some time. Old Ma Fenrack begged for news of her missing lad. Young Narcis is described as "little, evil, and exceedingly spicky."

The boy disappeared on his way to his regular choir practice and foul play is not ruled out. "How anyone could do anything to such a sweet child is inconceivable," she said.

## New Black School Leader Officially Unnamed

The Mouthpiece, that upstanding champion of truth and veracity, would like to move swiftly to quell a scandalous rumour. The report indicates that the actual name of the mysterious new Guild-Leader of the Black School Magic is really Flopsy Mopsy the Pink Bunny Rabbitkins. Whilst there has been understandable speculation as to the identity of the more than shy figure, the Mouthpiece must affirm that his name is not Teddy Bear Blossom the Furry Flower Fairy or Jerry the Wonder-Gerbil, Hero of the Riverbank.

The Mouthpiece hopes that this quick movement will put an end to the hurtful innuendo and even more hurtful Arcane Black

Magic. At the same time the Mouthpiece would like to say that some of the unsightly pools of black goo that have been discovered lately used to be Mouthpiece reporters and many of them still are.

This sudden image change on the part of several of this paper's Wolfhold Black School correspondents, was in fact a fashion statement and the new Head of the Black School is a thoroughly respectable fellow and everyone at the Mouthpiece is really happy for him and we hope he is the very happy in his new position, and that it continues to be some distance from the Mouthpiece editorial offices.

## Council of Ten Counting Down

Wolfholders were dressed in sombre mourning colours following the loss of one of their most vital members. Plain Narcis Fenrack, the ordinary evil-doers friend, was killed in a freak boating accident. "We'll never know where that forty foot ketch came from," said a spokes-colleague, "or how he got under it." His comrades and many friends

were all agreed that a suitable period of reflection be set aside, so that all could remember the "Best Dark One We Never Had". It is deemed that it would be insensitive and inappropriate to rush into the naming of his replacement on the Council of Ten. "It's Dalvain Spellsword," said a spokes-villain.

## Aunty Scrag's Problem Page.

Dear Aunty Scrag

As a harassed official I am getting a bit fed up with other towers coming in and telling us how to run our lives. How can I really make it clear to these bozos what a joke they are?

Frustrated Tower Leader

Dear Raucus

*The next time these pompous prigs arrange to have words with you make some feeble excuse to absent yourself and detail a couple of real jokes to diplo me on your behalf. A fancy-pants elven fop and a lisping idiot are a good combination. If they don't realise that you're not taking them seriously then, well they really are as stupid as they look.*

A.S.

Dear Aunty Scrag

I am a well-loved leader of a drow family, adored head of a drow house, and hero worshipped head of a black school of magic, yet somehow I can't help but feel that, hard though it may be to credit, someone, somewhere, thinks less than well of me. Who can this be?

Modest Turanthir

Dear Narcis

*I think you know by now.*

A.S.

Dear Aunty Scrag

Recently I was temporarily transformed into a multi-dimensional being of immense power and potential. In my expanded state the very mysteries of the multiverse were as nothing for my boundless intellect and unparalleled perceptions. Now I am returned to my former self I find the three-dimensional universe very bland and mundane. How can I regain my perspective?

Bemused Ex-Godling

Dear Orlando

*Either stop drinking the stuff you clean your armour with or double the strength of it.*

A.S.

Dear Aunty Scrag

Recently whilst on a mission with some members of the White Retreat, I was unfortunately slain. Then these so-called Good Sphere followers abandoned my body in the wilderness and went on about their business. When I challenged them about it later they described the episode as "an unfortunate oversight". Can I trust these individuals to adventure with them again?

Worried Grey Priest

Dear Twilight

*You have nothing to worry about, I'm sure that the next time they hide your body in a bush, no-one will find it.*

A.S.