

## Squared Circle Strike Again?

After long months of relative quiet since the group of valley adventurers known as the Squared Circle were forced into semi-retirement, a new menace has been unleashed upon Orin Rakatha. The so-called Dark Vortex, an incarnation of hatred summoned by the Cult of Hate of Pain is running wild after an attempt by the cult to use it in the destruction of the Elven Glade. Members of the group known as the Fellowship of the Rose were quick to take the blame, but judging by their poor track record this was dismissed and a more expert scapegoat sought.

After due investigation the fickle finger of blame seemed to point at Onyx, High Priest of the Michelinier Sect, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Order of King Michel, Honorary member of the Green School of Magic and fairy. Said High Priest etc., is a well-known associate of the Squared Circle. "Yeth we like to think of him ath one of the guyth" said a spokes-sorcerer for the group. Onyx himself seems to have gone to ground and even his guild-leaders are unable to find him.

The Dark Vortex itself is said to be evil, spicky, a poor kisser and considering offers from many of Orin Rakatha's leading tabloids for the full story of its relationship with the popular Michelinier pin-up.

## Michel Lives!

Following years of speculation, the most well spotted dead person since Quicksilver was finally tracked down by White Retreat papparazzi. It seems that the once famous matinee idol and country and western singer has given up the high life since being killed. "It kinda cramps a guy's style," he told our reporter.

The inspiration for the reknowned Michelinier Sect has been living in a commune on another plane but hopes to move soon to "Chill out with some Seer-dudes at Halmadons Heights,". Whern asked if it was his intention to come out of retirement and death to take up leadership of his fan-club, his reply was that the Order of King Michel was largely into slaying really evil things, evil things, not-quite-as-evil things, bad things and really rather naughty things, where as he was more into rolling his own, having his hair done and making tie-dyed t-shirts.

# Crusaders Triumph!

Following their absolute failure to wipe out all evil on Orin Rakatha and just about every other plane, the Michelinier Order of the White Retreat decided to hurl various members of their sect, and anyone else interested, to their deaths in a full scale invasion of the Abyss. It was deemed that their allies at Halmadons Heights would be heartily impressed with the lengths of recklessness that they were willing to go to.

According to the doorman at Halmadons Heights, many years ago a famous Good Bloke embarked on an ill-fated picnic and walking tour of the Abyss. Encouraged by an unnamed Michelinier with an unusual bag on his head, the bold venturers went in search of that fabled and puissant artifact, Morigar's Lunchbox.

After many hard banquets, purging of evil liquids, and vicious partying, the noble group managed to retrieve the precious item and return with it to Orin Rakatha. "It was a difficult struggle," said a spokes-drunk, "but we managed to overcome the threat of comfortable beds and over-eating. Several of the brave Crusaders offered in fact to stay in the Abyss and defeat more potentially threatening luxuries.

The mere presence of the powerful relic has had remarked effects already. A general air of bonhomie and stale alcohol wafts over the White Retreat. They have decided to let Wolfhold off being purged in the cause of good for now, and Lord Sebastian's sandwiches have never been fresher.

**SHADOWS**

*We're back!*

and we'll be seeing you  
soon.....

Valley  
Edition

The

# Mouthpiece

Issue No. 923

## Fearon's Glade Opens

Following its creation, the Fearon's glade is now accepting pledges of status from all Fearons and those of Fearon extraction. "We'd like to think of this place as being one where Fearons from every walk of life can get together and discuss purely Fearon matters," said a spokes-Fearon.

At the same time Fearons from all camps of the alliance have banded together to make a vote of thanks to Fearon for making it all possible.

## Evil Sphere Renounces Merlin

In a rare turn of events it can be announced that the Evil Sphere as a complete entity has renounced lovable children's entertainer Merlin. The background to this story is unfortunately vague but it is believed to have something to do with Merlin's offer to show Lord Blackwolf his glove puppet and his attempts to teach the Reaper Sect the "Hush Puppy Song".

It would appear that in recent months altogether too many people in Wolfhold have seen Merlin's glove puppet and this has prompted something of an exodus to the Valley Alliance Tower. Despite an offer by Lord Mian to kill and raise the offending individual as a Rank 9 Spectral Glove Puppet it has been decided that this would in no way make it more tractable. As Lord Snarlow claims that the "Hush Puppy Song" is the unique preserve of the Dark Seers an impasse was inevitable.

Rumours are that Merlin has been offered the position of High Priest of the Good Sphere. It is further rumoured that the cuddly children's favourite will be invited to join the Micheliners. Expect their musical repertoire to expand shortly....

## Duke Hanrow Escapes!

All members of the White Retreat were called to alert when the leading Michelineer, Duke Hanrow managed to wriggle out of his strait-chasuble and padded chapel. Although a search was immediately mounted for the lovable old eccentric, he could not be found before he had managed to tempt a number of gullible members of the Order of King Michel into dropping everything and invading the Abyss.

Duke Hanrow is described as wearing a Michelineer uniform and being disguised with a white bag over his head. If approached by such an individual, members of the White Retreat are advised not to invade any nether-planes, evil towers or Wolfhold without checking with Sir Clavados first.

### Note:

Due to a Dark Vortex in the Editorial offices of the Mouthpiece, several errors have appeared in the "Elven Glade Opens" story elsewhere in this issue of the Mouthpiece. The editors of the Mouthpiece would like to apologise for the errors. To make it clear that where the name Fearon appears in the article the following words should be substituted. "Elven", "Elven", "elves", "elvish", "elves", "elven", "elf", "elves", "that arrogant g\*t".

## Aunty Scrag's Problem Page

Dear Aunty Scrag

I am a Michelineer High Priest, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Order of King Michel, Honorary Member of the Green School of Magic and fairy. For years I have hated my father just because he is an Evil High Priest, mass-murderer, psycho-pathic torturer of innocents and Well of Sin and Iniquity. Now I have met him again and find to my surprise that he is also a committed family man, dedicated amateur yodeller, keen fan of soap operas and a well-respected hordling-rights activist. Naturally I want to hack him to pieces even more now, or lock him up in a small cage and send sprites to visit him.

However I have been offered huge amounts of gestic by the theatrical elves of Holly Wood in northern Orin Rakatha for my life history to be turned into a touring production, there is talk it may be a musical with me playing the lead part. I feel that such a production could be a great inspiration to up and coming half-orcs, but my agent has told me that viciously murdering, sorry righteously slaying, my father would be bad for the ratings. Should I slay the daddy, or go on the box?

Worried Star

Dear Onyx

*If I were you I would spend some time in Holly Wood sussing it out first. Then you can always*

*decide on killing your father and making it a tragedy. After all if it's a success you've always got your brother for the sequel.*

A.S.

Dear Aunty Scrag

I get this terrible pain in my neck from walking backwards. I have been to the Hospitaller Guild but all they say is don't walk backwards, what do you say?

Distressed Scout

Dear Wolf

*I say it's nothing to lose your head over.*

A.S.

Dear Aunty Scrag

I used to be famous many years ago but have been retired and have generally lost touch with things. Recently I was approached by a bunch of neo-nazi stormtroopers who claimed to have based their group and philosophy on me and are looking to me for leadership on a program of total war and ethnic cleansing. What can I do?

Tired Hippy

Dear King Michel

*Next time pick a better place to hide than the Abyss.*

A.S.