

Colony ✠ of Callisto



PLAY HISTORY

The Metropolis

*Colony
of
Callisto*



INTRODUCTION

Callisto is a play-by-email roleplaying game, with the twist that the players themselves determine most of the refereeing, by making statements that fall under their **narrative authority**. This document is the record of one of those games, set in a newly-settled iron-age Mediterranean colony. The emails on the following pages were sent by real players and turned into news posts by the moderator.

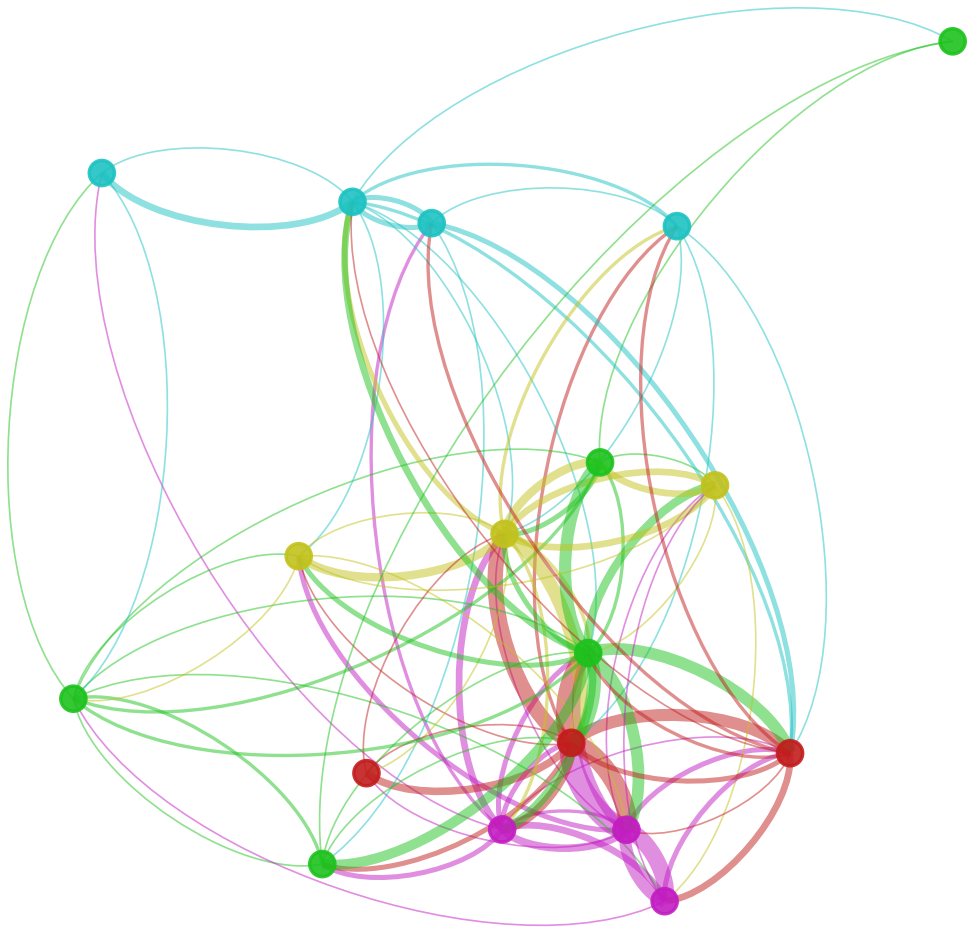
You can read along and watch how the innocuous details spread across the entire colony, how a misunderstanding about a draft lead to a shortage of beer, where giant carnivorous birds come from, and what happens when your philosopher uses the wrong stimulants.

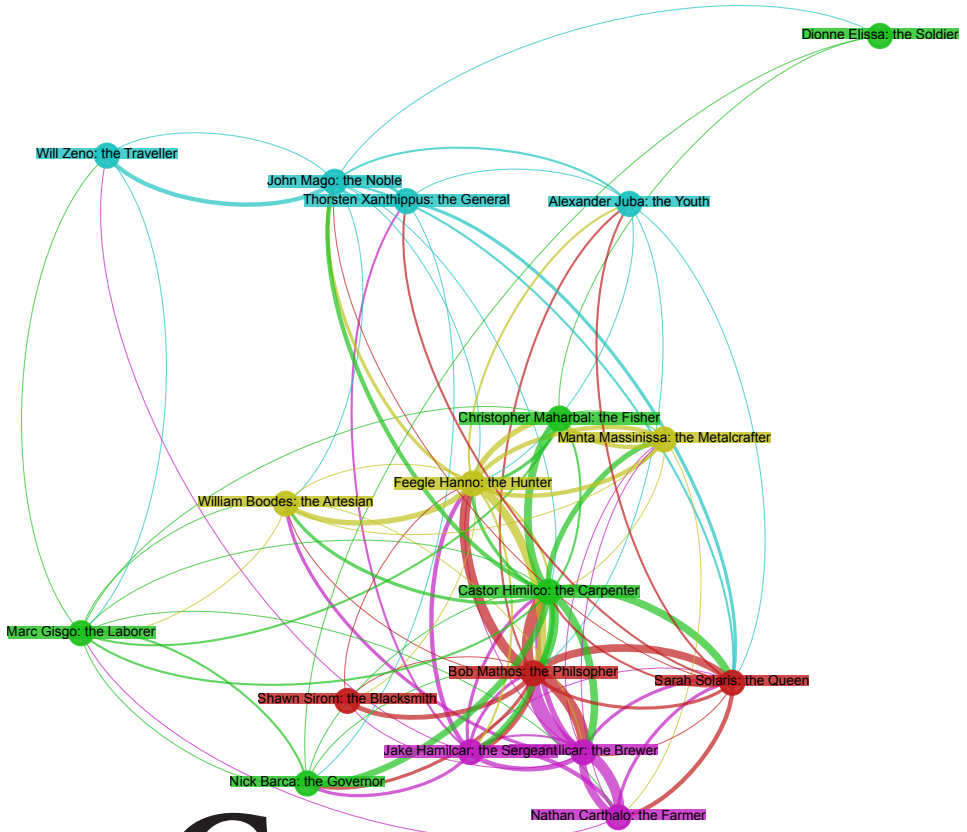
You can find out more about *Callisto* at these links:

VSCA Callisto site: <http://www.vsca.ca/Callisto/>

Callisto Google Plus Group: <https://plus.google.com/u/0/communities/113468506996874767262>

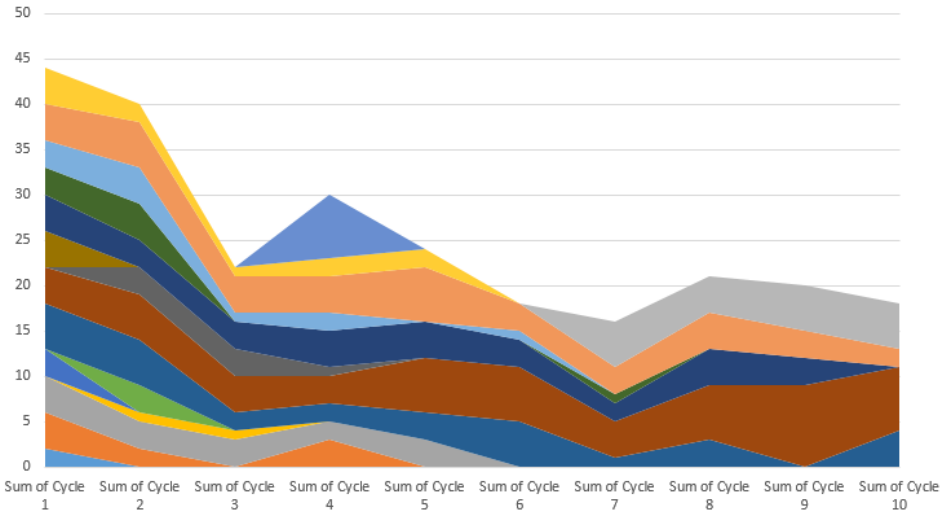
Colony of Callisto community: <https://plus.google.com/u/0/communities/101267880206923063919>



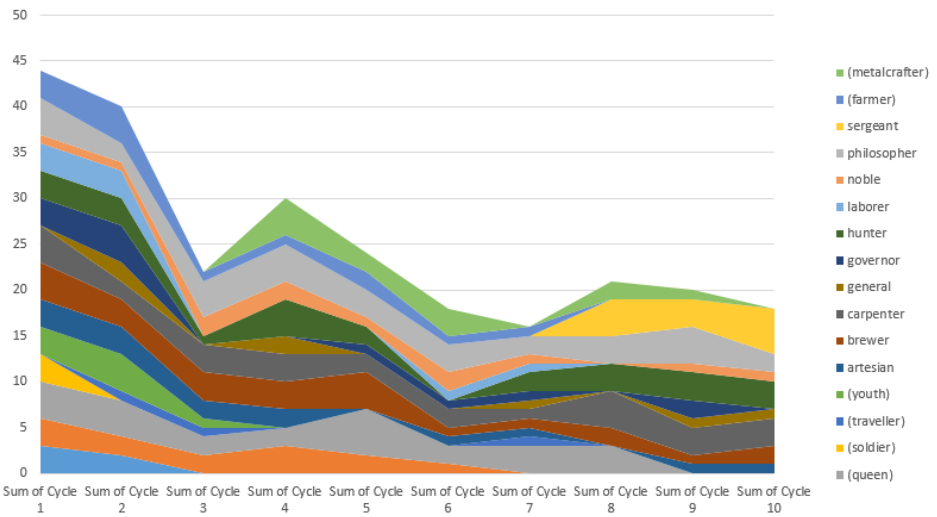


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SENT MESSAGES PER CYCLE



RECEIVED MESSAGES PER CYCLE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

You represent **Wisdom**. You have narrative authority in matters of **intelligence, skill, warfare, battle strategy, and handicrafts**. Your character is **Dionne Elissa the soldier**, veteran warrior. Will you be able to keep the settlement safe?



You represent the **Sky**. You have narrative authority in matters of the **sky, weather, thunder, lightning, law, order, and fate**. Your character is **Nathan Cathalo the farmer**, uprooted and transplanted here. Will you be able to put down roots in this new land?

This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe an unresolved tension in the community**.



You represent the **Home**. You have narrative authority in matters of **hearth, home, and chastity**. Your character is **Christopher Maharbal the fisher**, who knows the seas. Will you be able to feed the settlement?

This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you describe **an oncoming storm or menacing weather**.



You represent **Fire**. You have narrative authority in matters of **fire, metal-working, and crafts**. Your character is **Alexander Juba the youth**, ready for adventure. Will you find the exciting life you crave?

This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe something that creeps in the night**.



You represent **Wine**. You have narrative authority in matters of **festivals, parties, madness, chaos, drunkenness, drugs, and ecstasy**. Your character is **Bob Mathos the philosopher**, who sees beyond the immediate needs. Will you be able to help these people become something better?

This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe an oversight or unattended situation, and how it goes wrong**.



You represent the **Sun, music, arts, knowledge, healing, plague, darkness, prophecy, poetry, athleticism, and enlightenment**. Your character is **Sarah, the queen in exile**, honored matriarch of your people. Will you be able to protect your people in their new home?

This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe unrest, frustration, or disorder.**



You represent the **Sea**. You have narrative authority in matters of the **sea, rivers, floods, droughts, earthquakes, and horses.** Your character is **Brad Salicar the brewer**, who has a secret. Will your past catch up with you? This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe danger from famine, starvation, or blight.**



You represent **War**. You have narrative authority in matters of **conflict, bloodshed, and violence.** Your character is **John Mago the noble**, privileged but unrecognized. Can you win your way back into your family's good graces with what you accomplish here? This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe a problem that comes from the old country.**



You represent the **Matriarch**. You have narrative authority in matters of **marriage, childbirth, heirs, kings, empires.** Your character is **Castor Himilco the carpenter**, builder of shelter. Will your buildings stand? This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe something that will cause trouble in the future.**



You represent **Death and the Underworld**. You have narrative authority in matters of **death, the underworld, hidden wealth, seeds, and precious metals.** Your character is **Marc Gisgo the former prisoner**, remanded into exile. Will you forget your past, or recapitulate it? This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe a threat or danger from outside the community.**



You represent the **Messenger**. You have narrative authority in matters of **boundaries, travel, communication, trade, thevery, trickery, language, writing, diplomacy, athletics, and animal husbandry.** Your character is **Nick Barca the governor**, appointed by those who sent you but not yet established in authority here. Will the others follow your lead? This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe a dispute or debate.**



You represent **Growth**. You have narrative authority in matters of **grain, agriculture, harvest, growth, and nourishment**. Your character is **Feeble Hanno the hunter**, more comfortable in the wilds. Will you build civilization or flee from it? This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe a mystery or a suspicious circumstance**.



You represent **Wisdom**. You have narrative authority in matters of **intelligence, skill, warfare, battle strategy, and handicrafts**. Your character is **Thorsten Xanthippus the general**, sent from the homeland on special assignment. Will you be able to uphold order and safeguard the settlement? This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe a conflict starting or growing between the colonists and the new land**.

While you don't know many people here, your reputation precedes you. What is something that everyone in the colony would have heard about you? (You'll still have to introduce yourself, since they probably don't know you personally, but they'll definitely have heard of you.)

What news is there from the Metropolis and the Homeland?

What are your secret orders, direct from the Council of Fourteen?

The colonists don't seem to have any policing or prisons yet. How will you keep order?

What rumors have you heard about the natives?



You represent **Prometheus**. You have narrative authority over the **transfer of knowledge, the secret history of the past, the culture of the native inhabitants of this land, rebellion against the status quo, and light**.

Your character is **Will Zeno**, a traveller and explorer who has travelled far and finds this new city a fascinating place, but a troubled relationship with the land where it is being built. Will the consequences of the city's actions lead to its downfall? Will you profit from the aftermath?

This new land is not without its problems. You also have narrative authority to **describe a deception, a misunderstanding, or a retribution for past wrongs**.

How have the natives reacted to the colony's presence so far?

What is one harm have the colonists inadvertently caused to the local area?

What is one benefit that the colony has brought to the native inhabitants?

Who do you owe a lot of money to, and why would it be better if you didn't go back to the homeland right now?



You represent **Love**. You have narrative authority in matters of **love, beauty, desire, passion, and pleasure**. Your character is **William Boodes the artesian**, source of civilized things. Will you be able to make a home here? This new land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe a problem that stems from this new place**.



You represent the **Moon**. You have narrative authority in matters of **hunting, wilderness, animals, young girls, childbirth, and plague**. Your character is **Manta Massinissa, journeyman metalcrafter and native** to these lands. Will you be able to become the supreme master of your craft? This land is not without its problems. You have narrative authority when you **describe something that creeps in the night**.



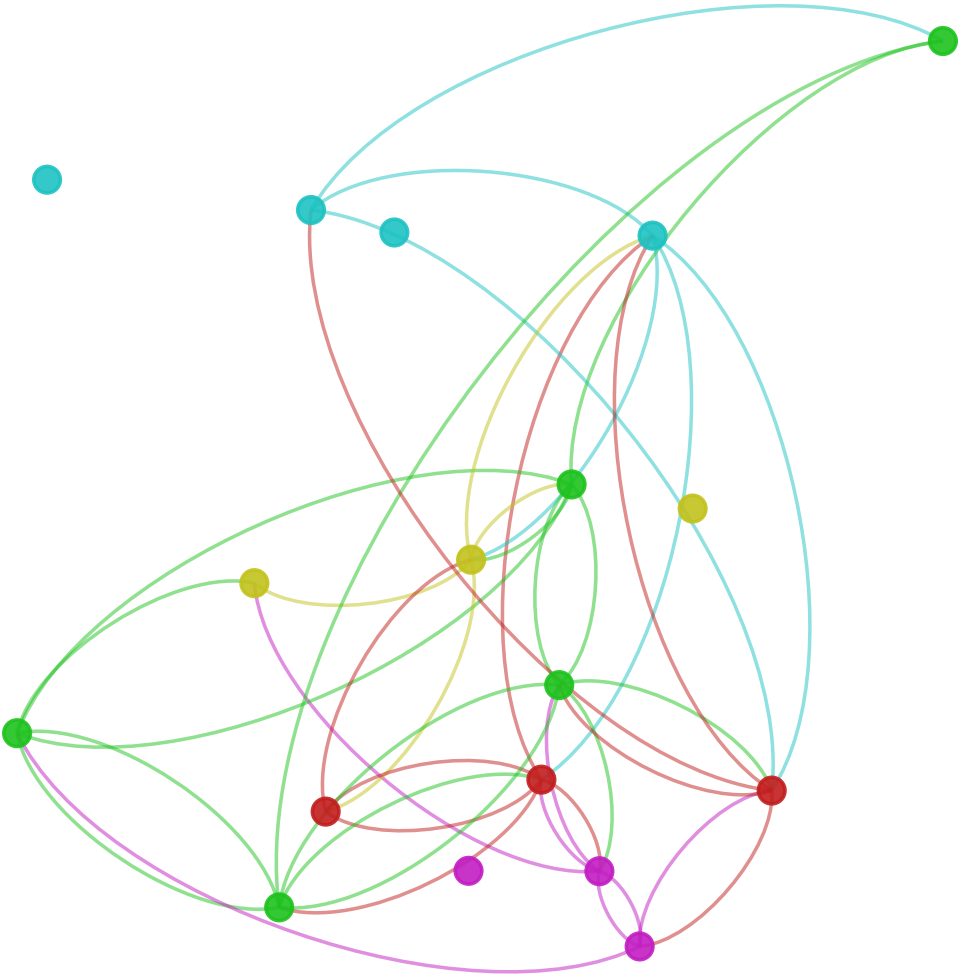
You represent **Fire and the Forge**. You have narrative authority to describe matters of **fire, metals, metalworking, and crafts, especially the results when others seek these things**. You also have narrative authority to **describe injury, maiming, and prosthetics, but not healing or death**.

Your character is **Jake Hamilcar, the veteran soldier**. (While you don't have narrative authority over war, you can describe things related to your character, such as what day-to-day life is like for your fellow soldiers and so forth.)

You don't have any family in the colony, but you do know a lot of the other soldiers. Who are you on good terms with? Who is your antagonist? Mention them by name.

Colony of Callisto





CYCLE 1

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

DATE: 4/7/2014 2:56

Cycle 1.

From Castor Himilco the Carpenter, to Christopher Maharbal the Fisher, greetings. I am busy about the huts, putting up new dwellings for our growing community.

I send word by the hand of my daughter Dioscura, with a request that you keep a look-out for things that will help me in the construction of our settlement.

While wood for building is abundant and of good quality, the stone, clay, and sand I seek for hearths and floors seem scarce and of dubious quality. If you are boating in the river and the bay, I ask you to keep a look-out for cliffs and outcroppings of clean, hard rock, bars of clean sand, and banks of good clay. Good hearths will keep us warm in winter, and good clay will keep out the drafts better than crumbly mud, though mud is better than nothing. I should have enough for the hearths and floors of the larger common buildings from what we've brought and found so far, but our new town will be happier if we can do a good job for everyone.

When I landed, there was fog threatening in the bay. I fear that it may be a problem for us in its season. The people of this new land seem very canny in the ways of the weather, so it may return us good to treat them well so that they can teach us how to sense the signs of weather changing, and not be caught in storm or fog. You upon the water may be of special benefit in this way.

If you are fishing up the river or wandering the countryside, I hear tell that there is Lethe Poppy growing in the river meadows. It is ivory pale in bloom, with very light green stems, and about knee high. The herbalist or midwife might be interested in it for its medicinal value.

--

Read the following silently to yourself, or send Dioscura along if you cannot read silently.

I suspect that some of the wild birds and animals here are actually tame friends of the local people. Ones you wouldn't think would be tameable. In the dusk, across the water, I saw a child by the shore, with a bat flitting

about, hawking after moths, then returning to perch on the child's head. I'm sure we'll get a better sense of it as time goes on.

Please do not detain Dioscura, since she has another errand. Do not ask her about her mother, about her brother Nesilos, or about her riding lessons. It's a long sad tale. Thank her and make her feel she's been useful, and send her on her way to Queen Sarah.

If you have any especially choice, fresh fish, you might send them to Queen Sarah [Sarah Solaris: the Queen] with your compliments. I'm sure Dioscura is not the only woman feeling far from home here, as much promise as there is in this new land.

Eyes open for good stone, sand, and clay.

With regards, Castor Himilco, Carpenter.

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/7/2014 3:13

Good morning Governor,

I am Mathos, the one that you and many others call 'the old man', though I am not any older than you and there are many here who knew my father before I was yet born. But a childhood affliction has left me with a stoop and you will have noticed that I often walk with the gait of a cripple, so 'old man' is understandable. Believe me, I have been called much worse.

Forgive my interruption, but I believe there is a matter of concern that you should be made aware of. I believe that you and the other councilors have been wise in choosing this place to settle. The granary is high above the river and the citadel is defensible, there is water to drink, and the land is rich. But I fear that the other settlers have not been as mindful of our security. This land is not like that which was our home, it is lush and fertile, but with this come trials with which our people are not familiar. I know that as the dog star rises so too will the river and I fear that many of the people have chosen to settle on land that will be inundated before harvest. The crops may also be lost as they are located on ground even lower and wetter than the village itself.

I believe that moving many of the village huts to higher ground would be wise - better to anger the people now, when they are well fed, than to face the wrath of a hungry homeless hoard come summers end. I humbly suggest that the high ground east of the harbor may make a better site.

The fields are a much greater challenge, and despite my education, horticultural engineering is not a subject in which my teachers were well versed. I will leave it to you and your advisers to consider this matter further.

Again forgive my interruption, I will leave you in peace now. May the Gods grant us wisdom and good fortune.

HISTORY

FROM: THE MODERATOR

TO: NEWS

DATE: 4/7/2014 7:44

Extracts from Historical Commentaries, Volume 14, by Pamphile of Epidaurus.

“The climate of that land tended to fog and mists. The inhabitants of that land were not troubled by this, having great foreknowledge of the weather. And it was said by many that the very beasts of that land were as pets to the people of it. They demonstrated this through the training of many formerly wild creatures.

“There also grew in that place the Lethe Poppy, whose ivory petals were valued for their medicinal uses...”

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/7/2014 8:08

TO: NEWS

NEWS

A priest presided over a sacred bonfire on the beach today, burning the body of a wild monster. Some described it as appearing almost human, but covered with sweat and streaks. A youth killed it, saving others from its attention. There are fears that it may have been diseased, and that the city may be in danger from sickness coming from outside the community.

The Black Moon Festival is approaching soon, but few preparations have been made. Some in the community fear that without the favour of the gods the community's fertility may suffer.

Evidence suggests that the river is low during the present season but that it has been much higher in the past. There is some concern that a rising river may threaten the huts and croplands.

Weevils have been discovered in the colony's stores of grain! As much as half of it may be useless, and there are concerns for the future of the crops.

Surveys have begun of the farmland, looking to identify the most promising land to begin planting. Several potential places have been identified, but will require some labor to prepare.

Several people with knowledge of herbs and edible plants were headed toward the hilly forests on the near side off the river, hoping to find supplements for the existing stores.

Some of the horses in the settlement have fallen ill. There is the possibility that it is infectious. It is advised that you quarantine any beasts who show signs of illness.

Many among the people believe that the native population indulges in cannibalism. We are horrified to be surrounded by barbarous customs!

DIRE NEWS

FROM: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/7/2014 8:18

Dear Governor Barca,

Please forgive me for not introducing myself properly, but time may not be on our side.

I must report the details of an encounter with one of the local humanish creatures that continue to occupy these lands. I am troubled by severe ill health and frequently take the sea air on Wide Beach as it proves of great benefit to my ravaged lungs. On this occasion, I spied one of the aforementioned creatures wandering the beach, as if drunk or delirious.

My eyesight fails me but I am constantly attended by my dutiful son and he reports that the creature was, by all appearances, doused in sweat and had dark, livid streaks running across its body. I have a terror of disease, as you might expect, and so I instructed my son to dispatch the creature before it could approach.

I sent my son to petition you directly but your attendants refused to permit him access.

I implore you to send your finest medics and priests to dispose of the body at once, lest the illness pass onto humans. I realise that I am speaking contrary to conventional knowledge regarding the origin of disease but I am convinced that sickness may pass via close contact. We must take all precautions. I suggest a fierce conflagration, properly blessed, should cleanse the area.

For the sake of us all, I beg you to act.

Your humble servant,

Marc Gisgo

FOOD PROBLEMS

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

DATE: 4/7/2014 8:22

Marhabal,

Seems we've got a problem. No sooner had the Queen's ships disappeared over the horizon, leaving us stranded in this godforsaken exile, than I discovered damage to some of our stores. Fully half our food supply is infested with weevils and mites, and it's not likely that it's safe to eat. Might be safe to plant, but hard to say whether it'd take. Plantin' grain in a new place is tricky enough without the possibility of introducing blight into the crops.

In the meantime, I'm gonna see if there's anyone who might know a few things about herbalism among the colonists. There's a forest to the east - don't look to be too far away. Gonna see about having a look there for anything edible.

If we're to make a go of this colony and not starve in the first few months, it's gonna have to be on the grace of those of us like you and me - the practical, hardworking folk who make sure things get done, rather than grandiose constructions and the like. Hopin' you might teach a few of the colonists how to get food out of the ocean - I understand that's your area of expertise.

Mebbe 'twixt the two of us we can make sure we don't starve in the next few

months.

Yrs,

Feegle Hanno

KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HERBALISM?

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

DATE: 4/7/2014 8:38

Juba,

There's a problem with the grain the Queen sent with us - a good amount of

it is infested with weevils and mites and ain't suitable for eatin'. Dunno how it'll take as seed, neither - could be it'll end up causin' problem with the other crops.

Meantime, I'm tryin' to gather some of the colonists to take a look in the forest to the east. Looks dense enough - could be there's plants in there that we can eat. Animals too, mebbe, but that's something I can look into myself. I'm hopin' that there's someone in the colony that can figure out what plants are safe to eat without having to taste-test them, if you catch my meanin'.

Hopin' that mebbe you might be able to help out with this. Got any skills in this arena?

Yrs,

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto

NEED FOR QUALITY TOOLS

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: SHAWN SIROM: THE BLACKSMITH

DATE: 4/7/2014 11:11

Sirom,

Not sure where yer head is at at the moment, but we have a pow'rful need to

start plantin' as soon as possible. If we're to make sure that the colony has enough food for the foreseeable future, we need to get to work clearin' and readyin' some of the land that might support our crops.

Been lookin' around the area for places that might yield good, healthy crops, and identified a couple of places that should work. One's a little inundated at the moment, and will take a fair bit o' work to get dyked off and drained. Once that's done, should be pretty fertile and fairly easy to irrigate. T'other's a bit rocky, and will take some clearin' before we can make good use of it. Not likely to be as rich, but should take less time to clear.

Both are decent options, but need some solid tools to get ready. I figger yer the one to take care o' that side of things. Got time to help out with this? Probably easier for you to make the tools to clear the rock, but may be better in the long run if you can help with the things we'll need to drain the swamp. Me, I can organize either way, so I'll wait on yer response before settling on a project.

Yrs,

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<[https://plus.google.com/u/1/
communities/101267880206923063919](https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919)>

GOT ANY PIPEWEED?

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/7/2014 11:19

Boodes,

In a bit of a bind here and hopin' you can help me out. When our high-and-mighty Queen decided I was fit for the colony effort, she didn't give me much of a chance to gather my things before tossin' me on the ships. Haven't been able to bring a lot of things that make life a little more bearable, if you see what I mean.

I figger if there's anyone in the colony that happened to bring along a sizable stash of pipeweed, it'd be you. Hopin' that you might be willin' to help a fella out, maybe part with a small supply to keep me happy fer the next couple o' weeks. Headin' out into the eastern forest to see what's what - mebbe there's somethin' I find that you might be interested in? Whatever new type o' plant or beast I come across, promise you've got first crack at it. Even part with it on the sly; ye can decide yerself when ye want to share it with the rest of the colonists.

Anyway, I'll be in touch later. Let me know if'n ye can spare some.

Yrs.

FH

FeeGLE Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: SHAWN SIROM: THE BLACKSMITH

DATE: 4/7/2014 14:46

Sirom my old friend,

I have not seen you since we arrived. When did we talk last? Too long ago for sure. I hope your voyage was less eventful than ours. Our ship was separated from the main conviare for over a week, during which many questioned the competence of our captain and... well... we are lucky to have arrived at all.

But that is behind us now. So what of this new place? It is beautiful don't you think? Since birth I have not seen so many variations of the colour green, the lushness of this place cannot be exaggerated.

You've been busy though haven't you. Your smithy looks nearly complete, almost up to the standards of your old master (though we know he would never admit as much).

I've come to once again ask a favour. The fine leg brace that you and your master crafted for me has served me well for several years now, however the salt of sea and unsteady voyage have taken their toil on the fittings, corroded the joints, and the coil-spring that you so cleverly added at the knee has completely failed. I'm hoping you can make some repairs without too much expense, as I fear my awkward hobbling about the village is scaring some of the young children and certainly does not encourage my hopes of ever impressing the old widows. I can pay in-kind, as before. I may hobble but I can still gather smithy's dung as well as any other and my scripture skills are, as always, available to you if needed.

I'm hoping you may be able to at least tend to the corrosion at the joints by or before the Black Moon Festival, nigh two weeks hence. Though I wonder if the people will be ready for the festival at all. I see that the old brewer Salicar has been spending more time sampling the voyage supply stocks of wine, than tending to his mead. This is worrisome for favour of the Gods is a requirement of our long-term success here, and more so the fertility of our people is essential to establishing our roots to this place. It seems to me that more and more the people take the Gods favor for granted, or worse think nothing of it at all.

But I've gone on too much, I should let you to your work. I'll leave the brace here, I know it is not your first concern; if all your schedule permits is a quick scrub with a wire brush I will be grateful. And I will bring you

some dung when I next visit.

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/7/2014 17:32

Salicar,

The Black Moon Festival is almost upon us and I see that you have yet to mature a single batch of mead. Or are you stashing it away for yourself? I cannot overstate the importance of this festival, the success of our settlement depends on it. After that miserable voyage, we cannot presume that the favor of the Gods is still with us. Surely the storms we endured, winter though it may be, were unprecedented by any standard - certainly an omen that no reasonable person would ignore. And yet you and many others spend your days exploring the meadows and enjoying the last of the stored goods, with little apparent concern for our security here in this new place. Where is the work ethic that our good Queen spoke of when we launched? What of the 'thousand days of labour' that we all swore to endure. I am but a half crippled man of letters, and yet I seem to be doing twice the physical labour of healthy men, such as yourself.

I speak harshly only because I know you are one of the few who understands the importance of this. The young, they care not for the traditions of their parents, and it seems to me that even their respect for the Gods is waning. The Black Moon Festival will establish our roots in this place... from this point forward the children born to us will be of this place, and Gods willing, in less than a years time the new regent will walk amongst us as a child.

The festival must be a success. Please I implore you, time is short.

Mathos.

ARE YOUR HORSES ILL?

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/7/2014 18:04

The dray horses that pull my ways to and from market have fallen gravely ill, both at the same time, and I wonder if you could tell me the state of yours? I think there may be something infectious about -- indeed I am sure there is -- and if your horses are well you might consider quarantining them.

On the same topic, do you know someone who can handle sick horses? If these beasts die I fear I shall starve or at least go a but hungry paying usury fees to rent cartage.

Many thanks,
Brad Salicar.

--

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILOSOPHER

DATE: 4/7/2014 18:07

The mead and ale is fine, good Mathos, but my horses are ill. If you know someone who can mend horses or provide carthage for my wares, that would

help immeasurably. I fear a plague in the draft animals, though -- have you

observed any such thing?

I will assume that your slight upon my ethics was simply the grumpy ravings

of the thirsty -- I know your personal weakness for my wares as you have fed me through at least one winter. You know well that though I am here in

the colony by force, I was not deported for my laziness.

Be well,

Salicar.

--



House Salicar keg proofing logo. If it doesn't say Salicar, you'll probably go blind.

Credit: Brad Murray

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: DIONNE ELISSA: THE SOLDIER

DATE: 4/7/2014 18:30

I must thank you once again, with all the humility I can muster, for assisting me in that unfortunate matter aboard the ship. Please find it in your heart to forgive poor Mr. P. Carver for his words and--were it not for your iron nerve and honed reflexes--what surely would have been his deeds.

He is a skilled butcher--and therefore an undeniable asset to the colony--but

his temper rivals that of Mr. S. Sirom's forge!

My true reason for bothering you at your post today--and might I just add that with you standing watch I sleep easier--is to pass along a rumor I believe will interest you. I was strolling past the megaron earlier when I couldn't help but overhear some youngsters speculating emphatically with regard to the native population of these lands. One young man, I believe him to be the Jubas' boy, claimed to know for a fact that we are surrounded by cannibals. Why I tell you, the very notion churned my stomach! No doubt

yours is less disturbed by such things, but even so, no civilized person should have to endure the threat of such vile barbarism.

And so I impose on you yet again for a favor. I plan to return to the megaron this evening to announce a grand public works project that will benefit all our intrepid colonists: the building of an impenetrable defensive wall to isolate our humble peninsula from any outsiders who would

dare threaten our families, our children, and our way of life. I would ask that you stand by my side as I make the announcement; with your support, we will start our beloved colony down the path of security and prosperity for all.

Until then and as always, if you need my council for any reason, do not hesitate to seek me out at my humble domicile.

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/7/2014 18:50

Cycle 1.

From Castor Himilco, carpenter to Brad Salicar, brewer, thanks and greetings.

Your jug of fresh beer was much appreciated as we celebrated the raising of our first proper barn. May your yeast and barley prosper!

I send this message by the way of Scar. You may recognize him from the one-wheel cart he's always pushing around. He's full of energy and I use him whenever we need to move materials for building, but he has some of the strangest ideas and is always putting together things out of scrap and broken equipment. Like the strange little cart with the one big wheel and the racks hanging off each side. He seems quite clever, but does not admit of knowing letters.

As a test, I have sent several pieces of my daughter Dioscura's honey fruit nut cake along with this note. She is trying her best to recall her late mother's recipe. If you find precisely seven pieces of equal size, about a thumb long, Scar will have brought all of them faithfully. Or, I credit him this much cleverness, he will have shaved the same amount off each.

Dioscura, alas, pines for her friends in the Metropolis. She misses exercising the horses at the High Stable, a privilege she created for herself by wheedling the attendants until they let her trade mucking stalls and grooming for time on horseback. We have few grand riding horses here, but perhaps Queen Sarah will have a few for the occasion of a parade or a holy day.

Scar should also have a load of clay for you. I heard that the daub in your walls is crumbling, letting in drafts. I had some left over from a hearth and figured you could put it to good use. Keep it wet and send the remainder back if you don't use it all. The timber is excellent here but I'm having trouble finding good clay, sand, and rock. Maybe if you know a hunter or forester who's out and around, you could ask them to keep an eye out for good clay and stone. In the meantime, I am spacing the new huts a little distance apart to help protect them from each others' dubious hearth and chimney work.

If you have gatherers working the meadows for brewing herbs, tell them

to keep an eye out. I hear tell that there is Lethe Poppy growing in the river meadows. It is ivory pale in bloom, with very light green stems, and about knee high. The herbalist or midwife might be interested in it for its medicinal value, but you don't want it in your beer. The story I heard is that it grows in meadows where the streams issue from openings to the Underworld, and seems more common hereabouts than in the old country. I haven't been out of the settlement yet, so I can't testify to the truth of that.

I suspect there was an assassin traveling here on my ship, aimed at someone in the settlement. He was lost overboard in the last few days, so perhaps there is nothing to fear. But he left his tools behind and I discovered them. I have no use for them, but if anything suspicious happens to me, dig under the northeast corner of the new storage shed with the red corner posts. There's a dagger cunningly concealed in a scroll case, a bottle I suspect is poison, and some undoubtably marked coinage.

I am glad you are here. There are so few I know. You are the only one I would tell that I kept my wife's holy pendant from her priestesshood when she died, and I've worn it by my heart every day since, except the day we boarded ship. You knew my family in happier times before I lost my wife and her family took away our son Nesilos, driving me out of business and setting me to law. At least the expedition bounty settled my debts, and I still have Dioscura with me. Though she misses her old life bitterly. I hope to find good work for her hands, and friends of good character. For now she keeps my house and runs messages. You will see her presently, I do not doubt.

Have you had an eye on the natives of this land? They seem uncommonly wise in the ways of weather and beasts. I even saw one across the water at dusk. He had a bat, a flying mouse, with him, tame, and he was sending it hawking after the moths in the early evening gloom.

If you find you have brewed an especially good batch, you might send some up to Nick Barca, our esteemed governor [Nick Barca: the Governor]. I'm sure he'll have occasion to put it to good use, and you might find it to your advantage that he thinks well of you.

In good health,

Castor Himilco, carpenter

RE:

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

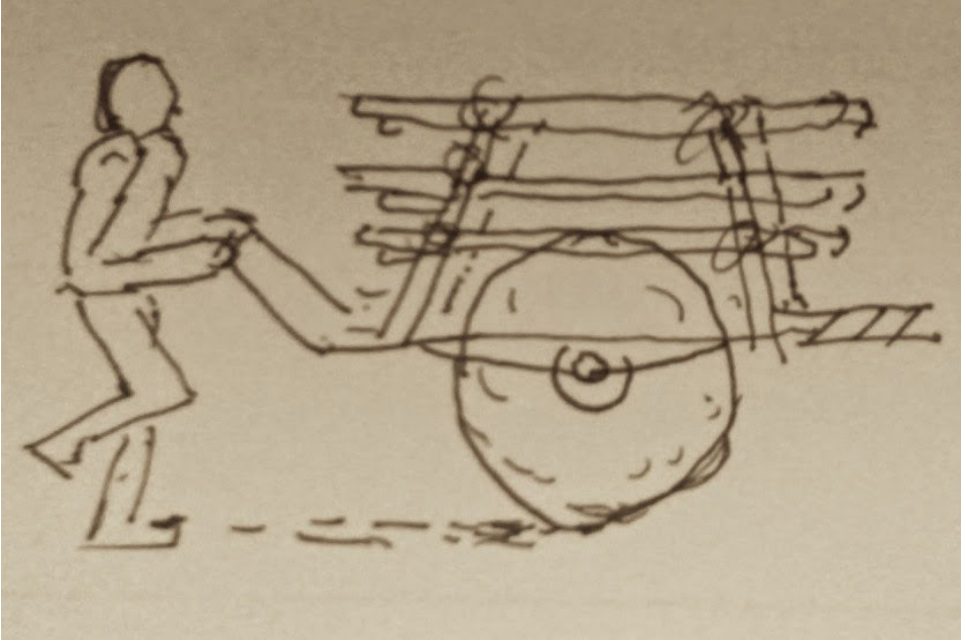
TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/7/2014 19:00

Your missive finds me well, Castor, though only in physical health. My horses are gravely ill and without them no matter what I brew I cannot get it to my paying customers. Do you know of anyone who can care for these horses? I fear something is catching as I've seen other horses in the area staggering in the same fashion and if the beasts die we are doomed. If it's something in the water we may all be at risk.

I will keep your secrets, though you know why I am deported to this land. I am touched that you find me sufficiently reformed and I believe I am.

--



Scar and his one-wheeled cart. Watch out, he usually has it piled too high to see around.

Credit: Jeff Miller

WELL WATER WOULD BE A BOON

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/7/2014 20:17

Good day, seignor Boodes, I hope you are well. Please pardon the pun.

I will get straight to the point -- I have heard rumours that the grain stores are infested with weevils and as a brewer this of course distresses me greatly. However, kegs of good weak beer are as good a way as any to store up grain for use later and so I am putting myself to the task of increasing my efforts. To this end I would ask of you a steady supply of sweet well-water: I do not trust the river water since the horses fell ill and I am certain that is the source of the infection. I fear you may be doing a booming business should the people begin to fall ill as well.

I know you are a civilized man, a metropolitan back in the old country, and

I would love to spend some time discussing the luxuries that are forever denied us now. Perhaps we could share some of my older mead some time soon

and reminisce? Perhaps there is something we can rebuild of that distant world. It would suit me well to deny my punishers the satisfaction of my discomfort.

--

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER
CARPENTER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE

DATE: 4/7/2014 21:47

Castor, my friend,

I was delighted to receive your letter. You've a lovely daughter in Dioscura, and it was my pleasure to exchange pleasantries (very quickly, as I did not wish to delay her!) before we parted ways. You need not have asked that I thank her: she elicited my thanks all on her own. Truly, it is our youth who are the shining future that awaits our beloved nation.

In regards to your need for stone and the like, I will certainly be on the lookout for anything that might be of use to you. The spirits of our families are high; we are full of optimism and ready to thrive in this new land, taking its challenges in stride, but, as you say, a good hearth and good clay will go a long way toward keeping everyone happy and comfortable.

Your reputation precedes you everywhere I go, Himilco. I've no doubt you will do good work with whatever you have, and it will be my honor to help in any small way I can.

Seldom have I taken any interest in flora--I'm most at home on the sea, where I know only sun, salt and the breeze, but I will nevertheless watch for the poppy flower you speak of. I realize the times call for a greater awareness from all of us. Why not embrace this?

I find your story of the child and the tamed bat to be quite fascinating. I

would very much like to learn from these locals if they do, indeed, have things to teach us. Perhaps I could employ a flock of birds to help me collect fish? Such a thing would be wonderful to behold. Alas, I fear I dream too eagerly.

Should you see my wife Ilithyia about the town while I am at sea, please treat her kindly and help her get to know the townsfolk as best you can.

We

are all the other has: tragically, an accident in her youth rendered her unable to bear children. I'm sure she would love nothing more than to care for her new community however she can. It is in her nature. Truth be told, she is my rock and my shore. Her unshakeable joy and strength are what keep

me going when I grow weary of the trials of life.

I wonder if I could trouble you for one more favor, my friend? I find myself in need of a place to weave my nets in peace, and I could get much more work done if I didn't have to drag my materials to and fro whenever I need to sit down and work. If you could construct for me a simple hut on the wide beach, so I may also launch and land my boat near there, I would be in your debt. It may even prove useful as a fishery moving forward, until we someday get a proper dock.

Blessings upon you,

Christopher Maharbal the Fisher

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

DATE: 4/7/2014 22:19

Young Juba,

How are your studies coming along? Have you finished reading the scrolls I gave you for the voyage? Did they survive the voyage at all? No matter, a small unsteady ship on a large rolling sea is no place to read on Pathos. The scrolls can be replaced, I wrote most of them out in haste and it is likely that I can do much better.

The voyage was rough on your old teacher, I'm afraid. My leg is much worse than before we left and my leg brace is damaged. I left it with the smithy this morning for repairs. Hopefully Sirom has the same skill with iron as his master, I am nearly an invalid without that brace.

That wasn't you amongst that rabble in the village that I saw early this morning, was it? Drunk as sybarites they were, one of them nearly knocked me to the ground as they passed. Was it they who burned that poor beast on the beach? I am greatly dismayed by that. The capacity of the Gods for forgiveness is not without limits. I fear that we are off to very bad start here in our new home.

But I shan't trouble you longer with my worries. When we last spoke you were concerned about your finances and while I am happy to provide you with an apprenticeship, I have no means to support you or your young family (soon to be, no doubt). However, I have just met with the brewer, Salicar [Brad Salicar: the Brewer] and he is complaining that his beasts are ill and is in need of a laborer to transport his supplies and wares. With the Black Moon Festival approaching he will no doubt be busy for a fortnight or more. But be sure that he pays you in advance, he can be stingy with his purse, as well he has a clever disarming charm that you should be wary of.

If that is not to your liking the governor may be looking for some young men to help him prepare the fields for planting. In any event, I think these are opportunities that you should explore. But do what most interests you, your studies can wait. As my teacher once said "do not train a child to learn through force or harshness, but direct them to it by what amuses their minds".

Mathos.

FWD: DEFENDING OUR NEW HOME

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER TO: DIONNE ELISSA: THE SOLDIER

DATE: 4/7/2014 22:36

Honorable Elissa,

I am glad you and your fellow soldiers are here with us as we begin our new

lives in this new land. While I sincerely hope we can establish a mutually beneficial relationship with the local peoples we've encountered here (who I have not seen, myself, but have heard about), it is a great comfort to know that our nation's finest are at hand to defend us should the need arise. Heavens forbid our more ancient enemies should encroach upon our lands.

Naturally, I will be spending most of my time at sea, and I'll be sure to let you know if any storms are heading our way. I don't claim any special connection to the gods, but in a way I can feel the sea itself speaking to me sometimes, giving me a sense of what's to come. I believe we'll have quite some time before the weather becomes a worry for us--I only pray we get just enough rain to help our crops get established. Feegle Hanno has shared a number of concerns about that with me.

If there is any way I can be of service, please don't hesitate to let me know.

Blessings upon you,

Christopher Maharbal the Fisher

FWD: FOOD PROBLEMS

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/7/2014 22:36

G'day to you, Feegle,

I am a simple fisherman, and I don't claim to know the Queen's reasons for sending us here, but I'm not so sure "exile" is the right word for this. In fact, it never even crossed my mind until you mentioned it. I think of it as an opportunity. Perhaps I am guilty of getting caught up in the optimism

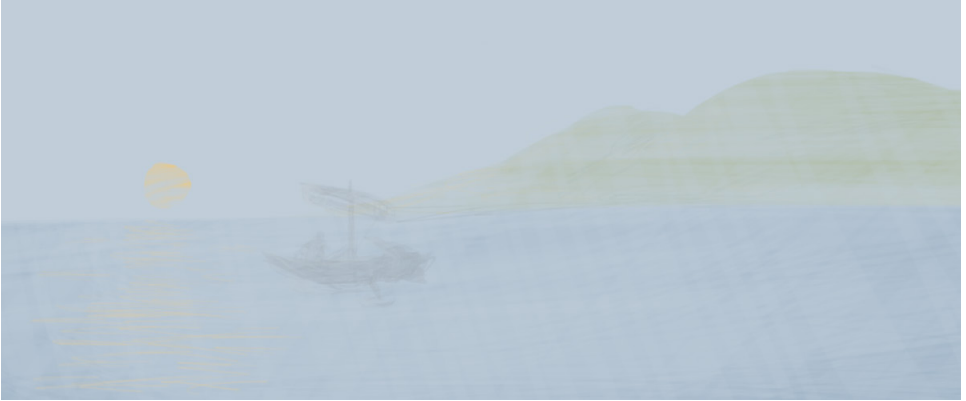
of those in our community and the excitement of starting a new life, but I find that I do not fear what lies ahead.

Of course, optimism alone doesn't put food on the table. As you say, it will be our sweat that sustains us. I'm sorry to hear you are having troubles with your crops. For what it's worth, I'll do my damndest to keep everyone fed while you get established. Indeed, this is a new land, but the sea? The sea is the same as it always was, and it is bountiful. Worry not, my friend: we will thrive in time. Until then, do feel free to send extra hands my way. I'll be happy to teach them what it is to fish.

Stay strong.

Blessings upon you,

Christopher Maharbal the Fisher



The fog at dawn

Credit: Christopher Krueger

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

TO: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

DATE: 4/7/2014 22:50

Greetings Master Gisgo,

I hope this letter finds you well. Having not been acquainted with you before our arrival in this new land, I thought I would introduce myself. I am a humble fisherman, and I always enjoy getting to know a fellow working man such as yourself. If one day we have the luxury of a tavern here, let us exchange stories and drink together. We can, of course, always do the former on our own initiative.

I hear we are not alone here--that there are locals with what seems to be an uncanny mastery of their surroundings. Feegle Hanno, the hunter, told me of a child with a pet bat, of all things! I'm actually quite intrigued by this. Do let me know if you encounter anything interesting while I spend my days at sea.

Tell me, master Gisgo, do you have any family? What brought you to this new land? Whatever your reasons, I hope we can work together to build a grand new life for ourselves, our families, and our neighbors.

Blessings upon you,

Christopher Maharbal the Fisher

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILOSOPHER

DATE: 4/7/2014 23:37

Mathos,

Please, have no worries about interrupting me; as a governor, it is my duty to listen to the concerns of the citizens, especially since I've recently been having similar concerns myself. I'm glad to meet someone who is a bit more proactive than the average man, and if you have any other concerns (reasonable in nature, of course), do not hesitate to contact me. I could certainly use a few projects to help me establish myself and my reputation here.

I agree with the plans of moving the village huts. However, I want to make sure the transition is as smooth as possible. Moving a few village huts is fairly simple, but my main concern is with some more permanent businesses, such as carpenters and whatnot. I will make contact with a few other people before I do anything official with this particular project.

Again, thank you for your input; I could use all that I can get. Gods guide you.

RE: DIRE NEWS

FROM: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

TO: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

DATE: 4/8/2014 0:02

Sir Gisgo,

I must applaud you on your quick action regarding the event, and for your vigilance. It is nice to meet someone so proactive. As today's news will point out, it seems the brute was already burned. I wish to clarify whether you meant to have the creature's surroundings burned along with the creature itself; that could be potentially dangerous. I believe we should try and find a way to handle these creatures in a way that does not involve fire, so that if a similar situation happens in the future, we won't risk burning down the whole village. I will speak with some medics and priests and have them look into an alternative method of controlling this disease and others like it.

Gods guide you,

Nick Barca

FROM NICK BARCA THE GOVERNOR

FROM: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/8/2014 0:14

Good evening, Sir Himilco,

I and a few other citizens have been concerned about the location of our village huts. As of now, they are at a somewhat low elevation and our worry is that they will be flooded by the river at some point soon. We believe that now would be the best time to move the buildings so that we can avoid catastrophe later on. However, I understand that carpentry tends to have a more permanent footprint. Moving your building, and other more permanent businesses, might be considerably harder and time consuming than a simple house. I would like some feedback on how we may be able to better accommodate the moving process for you, or whether we even should initiate it at all. There are other potential solutions to the flooding issue, some of which may be preferable for you. I would also ask that you speak with other business owners that you may know and share these concerns with them as well.

Thank you, and Gods guide you.

Nick Barca, your loyal governor

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/8/2014 1:03

Cycle 1.

Honored Governor,

I send this word by the hand of my daughter Dioscura. I pray that I have cured her of the habit of swinging around my old carpenter's hammer wherever she goes, and she has it tidily tucked into her girdle against a true need.

I have heard from our brewer and several others that our horses are taking ill. I sent my daughter around to look at them, for she has been a groom and stable attendant in the old country in exchange for riding time. Dioscura is convinced that the problem is bad feed from the horses grazing down among the river meadows. I expect she is nodding her head vigorously as you read this. Regrettably our past family life did not admit of a proper schooling in the social graces, but perhaps Her Ladyship Sarah, peace be with her, may find a place in her household for my willful one. Dioscura probably has her hand on the head of my old hammer now as you read, bless her.

I am concerned at the reports of weevils in our grain. We must endeavour earnestly to keep our remaining stores sealed and dry. Clay is the best material for this, but the local beds seem of low quality. Fortunately we have amphorae from our ships' supplies, and can seal them with wax and sticky tree sap. I trust our foragers will return with something useful for us.

Respecting your word upon the huts and their elevation, I will take counsel with the other business owners and seek the markings of the river flood. I will take immediate action to mark off a higher plot of land, beyond the feared flood area, in which we may build new huts. We have abundant wood and many hands, so this may be an effective measure to reduce our risk of ill fortune from flood. Regrettably, good stone and clay for hearths and chimneys is rarer in our close vicinity, so a following measure may be to strip unoccupied huts in the lower ground of their brick and stone and use them in the new plot. Larger buildings may not admit of the same solution, so we may need to prepare to defend them against the flood. Fortunately, bales of straw and movable earth are readily at hand, and may be sufficient should the time come.

My next task is to assemble materials and travel to the shore where Christopher Maharbal has been spreading his nets. We may have to depend more on his fishing skills, so I have accepted his request to build a hut by the beach where he can store and mend his nets and keep his gear without having to travel the distance back and forth to our settlement.

I understand you may be visiting the beach presently. If you see two men and a ridiculous-looking one-wheeled cart overstocked with wood and ropes bumping its way down the trail to the beach, you will have recognized myself and Scar. The rest of the building crew is thatching the barn, but I will pull one or two with us if I can.

One point in addition. When aboard ship for the new land, I came across a man who appeared to be traveling here not as a colonist, but as some sort of bravo or bladesman. Though he was reported lost overboard in the last few days of the journey, he left a note describing a confederate who could help him with his dark deeds, a man with a docked ear. I know no such among my building crew nor the tradesmen I frequent, but I plan to keep a careful eye out. Even without his companion, the confederate in residence may be up to no good.

With greatest respect,

Castor Himilco, Carpenter

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

DATE: 4/8/2014 4:11

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people,

To Alexander Juba, citizen:

Greetings.

I noticed you down at the docks with the new arrivals. Something in your visage suggested that, although untested, you would be an asset to our community. Now I have heard that you have slain a monster which threatened some of our people. My heartfelt thanks goes out to you for the risk that you took. We must all be able to depend on one another in this land, and you have proven yourself brave and heroic.

As you may know, some believe that this land was once the ancestral home of our people, and that is one of the reasons this site was chosen for our colony. There is some evidence that the nearby ruins were built by our people in the days of legend, before we were driven from here by such threats as you have now faced. If these tales have any basis in truth, by prospering here we shall reclaim our ancient glory. Those who came on this journey are all seeking something. I seek to establish the glory and prosperity of our people. What is it that you seek?

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/8/2014 4:11

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people,

To Nathan Carthalo, farmer and citizen.

Greetings.

It was with great concern that I heard of the problems with our grain supply; the welfare of our people is my greatest concern. I hope that I can depend on you in these uncertain times, and anything that I can do to be of assistance in the preparation of the fields for future planting would be my true pleasure to contribute.

Another matter has also been pressing on my mind regarding our food supplies, and that is the reported evidence of fluctuation in the water level of the river. In such a place as this, few as we are, It would not be fit for a leader to remain within the walls of the village, delegating all the tasks which will surely challenge us to others. Therefore, I have decided to investigate by making my way further up the river to see what I might learn there.

Please keep me informed about the situation regarding our crops, and if there is anything I can do to help, do not hesitate to ask.

" FROM NICK BARCA, THE GOVERNOR"

FROM: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

TO: DIONNE ELISSA: THE SOLDIER

DATE: 4/8/2014 11:47

Dionne Elissa,

I've not heard much about you, but I understand you have some military combat experience, and I believe that could prove useful for a project of mine. I believe it would be very helpful for our colony to have a bit of security, considering the recent monster threats we have been facing, and the thievery that I have been hearing about recently. A small group of men who would be willing to step up and keep guard of the village could mean the difference between life and death. However, being a humble politician, I have very little experience with any sort of military matters, and I could use your help or advice in finding, organizing, and training some volunteers. My son, Kent, has shown some interest in volunteering, and I have heard from a few villagers that they might be willing to volunteer as well.

Any input or help would be well appreciated.

Gods guide you,

Nick Barca

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: SHAWN SIROM: THE BLACKSMITH

DATE: 4/8/2014 15:02

To Shawn the blacksmith in a letter delivered by a child:

As you know, I have long admired the quality of your work. The warm glow of your forge has been a comfort to us all during these early Spring nights, of that I am certain.

I call upon you today because a matter has arisen that I believe to be of great import to our industrious colony and all her stalwart inhabitants. As you have no doubt heard by now, wild creatures stalk the lands surrounding us. Whether these are savage men drawn to our fires or mere beasts with a penchant for mimicry remains to be seen, but be under no illusions: danger lurks just beyond our borders.

It is for this reason that I ask you to hear what I have to say at the megaron this evening. Surely you agree that the security of the colony is an issue of paramount importance. As a prominent member of the Craftsmen's Guild, we will be looking to you and your fellows in the near future to ensure the safety of all of our families. I look forward to seeing you there.

Yours in service,

Comrade John Mago, Esq.

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/8/2014 15:02

Your Highness, please allow me to introduce myself. I am John Mago, yes, of House Mago. My family and I have always been proud supporters of yours, and you have my word that my support will continue here in this new land despite circumstances. I am sure the uprising back home concerns you deeply, as it does all of us, your loyal subjects. Just know how grateful we are that you escaped the bloodshed, and how blessed we are to be in your presence here in this, our humble colony. Beg pardon, *your* humble colony.

It is my personal hope that, once the Stygians are quelled, you will be able to return to your queendom in peace. Heaven knows when that will be, but you have my assurances that when that glorious day comes, you will have a steadfast ally here in the New World. If ever there is the smallest favor it is in my humble power to grant you, please do not hesitate to call upon me.

CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/8/2014 18:01

Cycle 1.

Castor Himilco, Carpenter, to Sarah, Queen in Residence, my humble greetings.

Your Very Honored Ladyship,

My gratitude to you for seeing me yesterday at your residence. I send this message to you by the hand of my daughter Dioscuro, so you may see her in person and judge her suitability. I have earnestly pressed upon her that she must be on her best behavior, that she should not nod her head up and down like a frantic little bird, and that as much as she loves swinging around my old carpenter's hammer wherever she goes, that she must keep it tucked in her sash and not fidget with it.

By now you will have had a chance to examine the paper that I took from the effects of the man who was traveling with me on shipboard and who was lost overboard in the last few days of the voyage. I have the grave suspicion, as I said, that he was intending to do you ill. You saw where I pointed, to where your back door had been deliberately made vulnerable to surreptitious entry, and how I made it secure. The paper also mentions that a confederate was prepared to assist the man -- to assist the assassin, I should say, from the evidence -- a man with a docked ear. I have not recognized any such within our settlement, but there are enough of us that I don't know us all, and some men wear their hair long or their caps low. I pray that this is the last of this threat. You will do as you think best with this knowledge to guard your household.

Governor Nick Barca has requested that I consider the risk to our lower-lying buildings near the river in the case of a seasonal flood, and that I evaluate the suitability of moving our lodgings to higher ground. I have directed that new lodgings will be built on a new tract of higher ground further from the river, since we have much wood and many hands to the work. Our supplies of stone and clay for hearths are more limited, and we may find ourselves taking the material from unoccupied houses lower down in order to construct the new ones. Because of my suspicion about the quality of our hearths and chimneys using local materials, I have directed that the huts have enough space around them to protect against fire catching from one to the next, unless driven by strong winds. Your residence is, of course, safe from fire and flood, built strongly of good stone and far from the river's course.

I have taken it as my immediate task, at the request of Christopher Maharbal the fisherman, to build a hut for him on the beach to make it easier for him to go to and from the fishing grounds and to dry and mend his nets. His fishing may become very important to us, given the unhappy discovery of weevils in

the stored grain. I am hoping that some of our foragers may discover good clay beds or thick tree sap so that we can seal up the remaining grain securely against pests. Thus I, Scar, and his remarkable one-wheeled cart are on our way to the beach with a load of building materials.

Scar and his Cyclops of a cart may become a model for the rest of us if our horses continue to sicken. My daughter Dioscura knows horses from her time trading grooming and mucking work for the chance to exercise atop a fine riding horse back in the Metropolis, and she claims that the horses' problem is bad forage and that they should be kept away from the river meadows. I pray that this is the solution, or that we will find the key soon.

If you find my daughter Dioscura congenial and attentive, I am hoping that she can spend part of her time assisting your household. There are only the two of us in my house now, and my daughter misses the society of women, the talk of poetry and history, and the practice of domestic crafts. Ignore her rolling eyes and her hand fingering the head of my old hammer. She does in fact love to cook, and when she was younger, she was endlessly planning tea parties for her imaginary friends. While my late wife may have wished that Dioscura should follow her into priestesshood, my daughter's inclinations have never run that direction. I simply wish for Dioscura that she may find herself welcome in the new society we are building, that she may be honored and made welcome for more than her seat on a horse, her swing of a hammer, and her fleet feet in running messages. For this she will need more than the teaching of an old carpenter.

I have heard a rumor that our lack of preparation for the Dark Moon festival bodes ill for the fertility of our new colony. But I see good signs already. One of my workmen has taken to wife a local girl, and the midwife says that she has conceived and should be delivered within six months. I do not know her people. I suspect she is a refugee. But I hope that her knowledge of the land, its weather, animals and plants, will be shared to our benefit.

With gratitude and the best of wishes to Your Very Honored Ladyship,

Castor Himilco, Carpenter

THE SEA

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/8/2014 20:37

I was sitting on the roof last night smoking and sampling the latest batch of beer and I noticed an odd stillness to the sea. It seems to me that the sea should not be that still -- it was disconcerting. I know your area of study is (or was -- it's hard to believe the Colony "needs" a philosopher) the abstract and the logical and frankly you're the only one I can think of that has the background to even wonder about this let alone find an answer.

Maybe I'm drunk. It's a distinct possibility.

But I really think the sea should be more...vigorous.

Anyway, whatever. Do you happen to know that priest that was slaughtering natives on the beach? I'd like to punch that fucker in the eye.

Salicar.

[: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

Friends, hear me!

Some of you know me, and the rest have no doubt heard of me. At the very least you will certainly recognize the name John Mago.

I have come before you today to warn of grave danger that even now lurks just beyond the edge of town. Yes, at this very moment we are surrounded *on all sides* by the unknown wilds of this new land. Just today one of our young men struck down a savage beast intent on preying upon our humble village.

But we are not prey!

And word has spread of a tribe of savage men in the forests not too far from here--men who are said to feast on the flesh of *other men!* It is certain that we will be the target of their dark hunger if ever they cease consuming one another and taste our more civilized flesh. It can be no other way.

But we are not food!

We may have minor problems with grain and livestock at the moment--not even problems: issues, really--but those are minuscule compared to the threats we face from the untamed world around us.

I say untamed because that is what we will do to this New World: *tame it.* We will, with hard, earnest work and the grace of our benevolent gods, carve and sculpt this land into an exemplar of civilization. But this taming will not happen overnight, no. And therefore we must *survive*--our intrepid *colony* must survive--through to the morn. We must stand fast through the dark night, side by side, until the dawn breaks!

Yes, these are troubling times indeed, my friends, but fear not! I do not come before you today merely with problems plaguing our community. As anyone who knows me can attest, I am a *solver* of problems, both great and small. And as such I feel it is my duty to announce that a great public works project is underway--an endeavor without equal in this primitive land:

the building of an impenetrable wall!

Our colony is bordered on three sides by the sea, but the fourth is open to invasion from the wilds. As we are masters of the sea (as evidenced by our very journey to this land), we naturally turn our worried eyes inland. The only way to ensure the safety of our families--our *children*--and the continuation of this colony is to construct a grand defensive wall from the terminus of our little inlet to the lone tree on the river's edge.

Such a wall will of course take time and resources to construct, and you may say that the expense is not worth the effort. But heed my words: Without such a structure in place, we will soon have *nothing.* Our food stores, our livestock--our *very lives*--all will be forfeit, lost to the vices of inaction and indecision.

To say that this task is urgent is an understatement. Consider this: the next time one of our brave young men does battle with a beast of the wild, it may not be the *beast's* lifeless body that is placed atop the bonfire.

Leave the guarding of the colony to our stalwart soldiers, keeping watch from atop the wall. Let the youth engage in careless play in their own village, free from worry and harm. Let them play, for they will be grown soon enough.

RE:

FROM: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/9/2014 1:06

Your Majesty,

You have my great appreciation, and that of the people if i may be so bold, for your care and concern for our welfare. I am sorry to say that, to my knowledge, there is no way to salvage the grain we know to be infested. I believe that the only thing that may be done for now is to sift through the remaining stores for signs of weevils or weevil eggs and transfer the clean grain to new temporary storage- allowing us deal with the presently infested storehouse. Whether that involves setting the interior ablaze or building a brand new storehouse is Your Grace's prerogative.

With regard to the river, I have heard tell of rivers that undergo yearly floods that end with the soil more fertile than before. With the smell of a brewing storm on the winds, I wonder if this might be the situation we ourselves may be in. It may be wise to wait to plant till after the river floods, if it does flood, and have those wiser in these matters than I check the condition of the land there after and see if your gods have blessed the earth. On that matter, I humbly request for a portion of that arable soil to plant grains to provide bread for your table and ale for our throats. Grant me this boon, and the first of my crop will be reserved for your table, Your Grace.

As you request, I'll keep you apprised of the status of our crops the best I am able.

Your humble servant,
Nathan Cathalo

RE: ARE YOUR HORSES ILL?

FROM: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/9/2014 1:41

Master Salicar,

I am sorry to hear of the fate that has befallen your horses. Fortunately, mine have shown no sign of infection- perhaps it is the northern blood that flows in their veins, but I shall do as you advise and sequester mine away from others and err on the side of caution. As to your other question, I'm afraid I do not. Perhaps Master Sirom, the blacksmith may know of someone.

As one who more than likely has shod many a hoof- he may have encountered a physician with that particular knowledge. Though in my experience you'd be better off keeping your horses indoors, warm and dry while feeding them untainted food and water. Whatever has thrown their humors out of balance should pass in due time.

Also, when you have the opportunity can you bring me another cask of your "special" ale? My bad leg's been acting up again and your ale is the best way to dull the pain.

Regards,

Nathan Cathalo

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

RE: THE SEA

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/9/2014 1:46

Indeed, it is not the first time that my attention has been directed to the stillness of the sea. I mentioned this, in part, to others but the full story is one that I have kept to myself, for I fear that it may ruin my reputation as a man of reason. But as it seems you are now noticing things which I thought I had perhaps dreamed, I will tell you the whole story.

During the voyage the ship that I was aboard was separated from the main conviare by the last and greatest of the winter storms that we endured. For a week or more we tacked, searching for a proper course. By day the fogs obscured any navigational aids and by night the captain seemed confused by the stars above.

During this time a young man, Flavos, was sick with fever, and he spent much of his time shouting as if in a mad rage. The captain found this too distracting, so ordered Flavos below deck to be kept with the livestock. I spent much of my time with him, hoping to calm his madness, but it persisted and his ravings intensified as days passed. However, on the evening of the fourth or perhaps fifth day the fever passed and he was suddenly at peace, though he was still softly speaking nonsense.

He had been below deck for some time, and I also, so I thought it right to let him have some fresh air and a view of the stars. On deck, all was quiet as it seemed everyone else on the ship had retired. Then I noticed what you now have, the seas were calm, dead calm, and yet the wind was strong, the main sail was taught and our ship cut steadily onward through the water. For a moment I thought it was ice, but that was not rational, as the salt air was warm and the ship ran fast without obstruction. I started to look for the captain, but then Flavos turned to me and spoke "she has followed us here, she has found us", I was confused by this as there was no one nearby, but before I could ask who he was referring to he spoke again "she needs our help, we must help her", and then he stepped off the ship. For an instance I thought he would be able to walk on the water, as it was still like polished marble...and perhaps for a brief instance the surface of the sea held his weight, but then he was beneath the water's surface. I waited for him to rise again, but he did not. He was gone. I turned to find help, but my leg brace snagged on the gunwale and I took a tumble onto the main deck. I must have been concussed as I recall very little of the days that followed, until we arrived here.

YOUR ASSISTANCE IS DESIRED

FROM: NATHAN CATHALO: THE FARMER

TO: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

DATE: 4/9/2014 1:54

Master Gisgo,

Might I enlist your skill and the might of your strong arm to assist me in the construction of a small house near the river (not too close of course, one must be out of the way of potential floodwaters)? I fear with the coming storms that my leather tent will not hold for long and my darling Elizabeth deserves a more permanent home, wouldn't you think?

Your assistance would be greatly appreciated and will be rewarded. I'm sure

I can persuade Elizabeth to make us a pot of her famous stew (assuming little Lillian doesn't decide that the stew pot is better served as a witch's cauldron again... it took us a week to clean everything out completely)

Many Thanks,

Nathan Cathalo

RE: CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/9/2014 2:07

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people,

To Castor Himilco, carpenter and citizen.

Your have our heartfelt thanks in the matter of the would be assassin.

Although my own guards assure me that they would have noticed the problem with the door with time (they are loyal and well trained to my protection), I do have my concerns that they might have noticed it too late, being much occupied as we all are with the pressing matters of this land. They have been instructed to keep a watchful eye out for the man you described. If he is here, he will eventually make himself known; and thanks to you, we will be ready for him.

Indeed, I found your daughter pleasing in appearance and proper in behavior, although somewhat tight-lipped. I should like to spend more time in her company, in order that I might better know her character.

I am currently on a brief excursion to the south, to see if I might find the cause of the change in water levels. My advisers tell me that it may not be merely the seasonal result of nature in her course. We have not yet seen clay or stone of reasonable quality, but we will make note of it if we do. If you find it fitting and can spare her, you may send Dioscura along with Virago, a fine lady and trained member of my special guard who was waylaid by the trouble with the horses, but will shortly join us. You need not fear for Dioscura's safety; as Virago is a moral woman, and highly skilled in the warrior arts, and shall be able and willing to keep your daughter safe from all harm.

My teacher and honored friend, the respected philosopher Cordatus the elder has also accompanied me. We have paused by the menhir for his benefit, as he wished to examine the runes inscribed there. If your daughter longs for talk of history, she will find no lack of it from Cordatus. He is most excited by the similarities between these runes and the earliest records of our own peoples' work, believing them to be evidence that we have indeed returned after long absence to our people's legendary ancestral homeland. I believe he may be right. If so, we have before us a chance for great glory in it's reclamation, but also face many risks. Indeed, For if this is indeed our legendary home, I can only hope that the terrors that once drove our people from that place have perished, or else that we ourselves

have the same stalwart hearts as the heroes of old, and even stronger hands and minds than they possessed.

Your mention of the governor brings to mind the fact that he has not yet paid his respects to our person. I am sure that his intention is to make the best show and most proper greeting, and have no doubt that it pains him to be so caught up in the difficulties facing our people as to not yet have been able to do so. Please assure him that while his respect for such formalities is appreciated, and I do understand his reluctance to introduce himself without the traditional welcome, I will not hold such lack of ceremony against him. After all, his responsibility to our people should be his highest priority, as it is ours. Still, I feel that the people might find it reassuring to see his loyalty to the crown, and the crown's blessing in return; if you could make certain that he has means to contact me, I would be greatly pleased.

RE: SPOKEN AT THE MEGARON
FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN
DATE: 4/9/2014 2:46

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people,

To John Mago, noble citizen:

The transcription of your words has reached me on my journey to the south,

and indeed I hope to meet you in person upon my return. I have sought some

solitude for a time, that I may beseech the gods, including my ancestors, for guidance and the blessing of our people as we begin this new life.

Indeed, I recognize your name. My mother and father always spoke highly of

your family. Your continued support in these troubled times has not gone unnoticed, costly as it was at the time of the uprising. I am greatly pained by the losses we have all suffered. Truly, I am pleased to find a member of such a great and loyal house here. I must ask, what brings you to

these far shores, and what is your place in this new jewel of the queendom?

Please be assured that although the Stygians do give us some cause for concern, we trust that our cousins remaining in the Capital are well able to handle matters there. It was not merely due to their concerns, but also because I had long hoped for a chance to see our colony for myself, that I agreed to come here.

Do not think this means that I do not trust the loyalty or forthrightness of the royal governor or of our people. It is simply my belief that one cannot rule effectively without a firsthand knowledge of ones people and lands. My mother, rest her soul, felt differently, and though her wisdom be praised in many things, I have often wondered if the trouble with the Stygians could have been avoided by a greater understanding of their ways and practices. I therefore hope one day to have seen and learned much of the world, in order that I might serve my people better.

TO FUTURE SUCCESSES!

FROM: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/9/2014 3:34

Feege, my friend.

It was a joy going trapping with you this morning! Even if we only returned with a few small rabbits I'm sure that boar run you stumbled into will pay dividends before long.

I looked through the traps and snares that were sent with us aboard the ship. The wooden ones are of acceptable quality and should be able to get us some small game, but I'm afraid the larger metal traps were poorly secured against the sea breeze. It seems many of them have rusted beyond repair, and those that survive were so poorly made that they're better of as scrap iron!

I'm still getting to know who's who around town, do you know if we are fortunate enough to have a blacksmith or bowyer in our company?

As for the herbs, I've sent along the samples we collected to my teacher, Bob [Bob Mathos: the Philosopher], to ask for his aid. If there's anybody I know who could aid in discovering their uses, it will be him.

May you fare well until our next trip!

- Alexander Juba

MY APOLOGIES

FROM: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/9/2014 4:12

Most esteemed teacher,

I am glad to see that you have arrived in this new land with your health intact. A leg brace is a simple object that can be fixed. Your mind is what this colony needs.

I'm afraid that not only was I part of that morass, I was the cause of it. I happened to be walking out around the edge of town when I discovered a large cat eyeing our livestock. It is not the same as any other kind of beast I'm familiar with, but its head went up to my chest and it must have been as long as my height and half again. I know my tales err on the side of gallant overstatement, but I swear to you that this cat was immense! I tried to turn it into the woods, but it did not seem to fear us. Perhaps it is our newness.

At some point it lunged towards me and I reacted with my sword. I got lucky. It knocked me to the ground and drove the air from my lungs, but my iron held true and pierced the cat's neck. It is likely that if I had not been so fortunate as to land such a strike the settlement would have awoken to a dozen dead animals, including myself.

It let out a plaintive death cry as it lay atop me. That alerted some of the others to come inspect the scene, to find me trapped beneath the beast having slain it in defense of the livestock. I had no desire or wish to do that, but their elation caught me up. Some of the other young men took the beast over to the beach and built a fire. At some point people handed me some drink, and the rest of the night is a blur. I apologize if our actions have given cause for the Gods to think ill of our colony. I can only hope the beast's final cry scared away the others of its kind.

In less fantastical news, I have taken up to wondering the same forest to

the east which the cat refused to return to. I figure if there's enough food in it to support such a beast, there ought to be enough to support our village. We had little success in our early foray, but I did take samples of several plants that showed signs of consumption by animals. I figure it is likely some of these have positive medicinal use, but I am flummoxed by the differences between the plants in this new land and the ones in our old home. I figured if anybody was likely to discover a use for these it would be you.

You'll be happy to know that I have managed to keep your scrolls intact and study them when I am able.

Warmest regards,

Alexander Juba

I AM HONORED

FROM: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/9/2014 4:22

It gives me great honor that one such as yourself would note my deeds, but I must confess that there was little bravery involved in my actions. When the giant cat lunged at me I simply reacted, and was quite lucky that it was slain and not I. It takes little bravery to be lucky.

I am intrigued to know if you support the proposal to spend our efforts constructing a wall around the settlement to prevent such an attack from happening again. I seek nothing more in this new land than a chance to make a new life for myself. I've started to explore the forest to the east - the same one from whence the beast came - in search of good hunting. We know little about the lands around us, but isn't that equal call to explore them as it is to fear them?

I await your noble opinion on the issue,

Alexander Juba

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: SHAWN SIROM: THE BLACKSMITH

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/9/2014 4:42

[currently redacted]

RE: NEED FOR QUALITY TOOLS
FROM: SHAWN SIROM: THE BLACKSMITH
DATE: 4/9/2014 4:46

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

[currently redacted]

FROM: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER
DATE: 4/9/2014 5:27

TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

Dear Mister Maharbal,

I fear you may have me mistaken - my days as a working man are long passed

and now I am barely able to look after my own needs. Perhaps you are confusing me for my son who cares for me and is often busy with some errand

or other. He's a fine young man and I am lucky to have him.

A tavern sounds wonderful. Although I dare not touch a drop of alcohol due

to the terrible effect it has on my health, the warmth of a tavern's hearth and the warmth of good company would be a great comfort to me. I regret I

cannot participate myself but I am sure my son would be willing. I am presently looking for a trade for him to ply when I am gone and experience in building would be as good a start as any.

Regarding your comments on the locals, or natives, I did have a rather unfortunate encounter with one of them recently on wide beach. The deranged

thing was approaching and I feared that it may have been diseased.

Fortunately my son was able to dispatch it. Shortly afterwards, a most curious thing happened - two others of them, a young male and an adult female, approached the body and knelt by its side, emitting a most piteous wailing. I have seen examples of such behaviour in other pack animals but

rarely has it chilled me so much. They were frightened away by a party of priests, much to my relief.

I am also fairly sure that I saw a couple of males in a boat just off the shore - they certainly appeared to have the same sort of bodily markings and streaks that I had witnessed earlier. I regret that my eyesight grows dim with my illness and by the time my son returned, the boat had drifted too far for him to confirm what I had seen. Certainly an interesting phenomenon if true.

The only family I have is my son, a good boy of around 14 or 15. Young, but strong, clever and dexterous. I seek a better life for him here and that is far as my ambitions go. For my own part, I seek little other than a quiet and peaceful end, when the gods decree it.

Forgive me for ending on such a dour note. I am optimistic about this new world, of course, and wish you all the very best for the future.

Warmest regards,

Marc Gisgo

A PROPOSAL

FROM: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/9/2014 5:40

Dear Mister Boodes,

I hope you will not find it remiss of me to approach you without formal introduction but I regret that I ill health prevents it.

Mister Boodes, word of your fine craftsmanship has reached me via my son who

tells me that your work is often the cause of positive exclamation and much regard. As alluded to earlier, my health is extremely poor and I fear that my remaining days are few. The best use I can have for them is to help to secure a future for my son.

My son is a fine boy of around 14 or 15 years. While he lacks for formal training in a craft, he is strong, intelligent and capable of very precise work. He has his letters and is capable with the first six pillars of the Numericals. I am sure that these last two skills alone would make him an able assistant to you, for that is what I am proposing.

I hope that by assisting you with your daily work you may pass on some wisdom and techniques to him, such that he can make a good life for himself after my passing.

I may not have much to offer in return, save for the services of a highly capable young man, but I pray for your kindness and willingness to put an

ill man's mind at rest. I would gladly send him to meet with you, so you may see his quality for yourself.

Your humble servant,

Marc Gisgo

RE: ARE YOUR HORSES ILL?

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/9/2014 7:42

Can you put me in touch with Sirom? I have yet to meet this person though

I've bought their wares in the past.

As for the ale, when my horses are well everyone will get ale! I have tuns of it around.

--



Dioscura runs to deliver a letter

Credit: Jeff Miller

Extract from Historical Commentaries, Volume 11, by Pamphile of Epidaurus.

“In the Metropolis at that time, there arose among the people a great veneration for their ancestors and those who came across the sea, and they spoke amongst themselves saying we should most certainly honor our ancestors by reclaiming their homeland. But there were others who muttered against this saying that the land where they now dwelt was sufficient enough, and had they not raised pillars and built cities and made themselves into a greater people than their ancestors ever were. And so they quarreled, and the Stygians rejoiced.”

Extract from Historical Commentaries, Volume 14, by Pamphile of Epidaurus.

“Therefore, when the queen came to the menhir, she paused there, together with her attendants, and they examined the runes inscribed there. And her attendants became excited, observing that the letters were like unto their own language. The queen said to them, this was the reason why I chose this site for the city, that our ancestors be honored by our presence in the land that was once theirs.”

(Image: The Arcadian or Pastoral State, Thomas Cole)



NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/9/2014 9:30

TO: NEWS

NEWS

The sea was oddly calm last night.

Some of the laborers are learning how to fish. In this strange new land many people may have to learn new skills and assist at whatever need is at hand. A fishing shack has been built on the beach, to provide a place for the weaving of nets and the drying of fish.

The quality of river water has been reported as suspect, use caution before drinking. Perhaps it would be safer for us all to confine ourselves to wine and mead? Some people seem to have already embraced that idea. There have been reports of rowdy drunks, and bonfires on the beach. Their disturbance of the peace troubles us all.

Concerned by the problems with the site of the colony, the Queen has left the colony together with her entourage and is surveying the river to the south of the city. She has reached the site of the menhir to the south.

There are rumors that an assassin may have traveled on the ship with us. Does he lurk among us, waiting to strike?

Construction of buildings for shelter is slower than expected as colony has a shortage of clay and good building stone. One of the laborers working on constructing new huts has married a woman from among the native people of this land. Many say that she has much wisdom about this land. The couple is expecting a child.

The governor has announced that he intends to form a city guard, to be staffed by volunteers. The governor's son has reportedly joined this new institution

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/9/2014 9:31

TO: NEWS

A PUBLIC SPECTACLE

A member of the prominent Mago family gave a speech on the steps of the megaron. He announced an audacious plan:

Friends, hear me!

Some of you know me, and the rest have no doubt heard of me. At the very least you will certainly recognize the name John Mago.

I have come before you today to warn of grave danger that even now lurks just beyond the edge of town. Yes, at this very moment we are surrounded on all sides by the unknown wilds of this new land. Just today one of our young men struck down a savage beast intent on preying upon our humble village.

But we are not prey!

And word has spread of a tribe of savage men in the forests not too far from here—men who are said to feast on the flesh of other men! It is certain that we will be the target of their dark hunger if ever they cease consuming one another and taste our more civilized flesh. It can be no other way.

But we are not food!

We may have minor problems with grain and livestock at the moment—not even problems: issues, really—but those are minuscule compared to the threats we face from the untamed world around us.

I say untamed because that is what we will do to this New World: tame it. We will, with hard, earnest work and the grace of our benevolent gods, carve and sculpt this land into an exemplar of civilization. But this taming will not happen overnight, no. And therefore we must survive—our intrepid colony must survive—through to the morn. We must stand fast through the dark night, side by side, until the dawn breaks!

Yes, these are troubling times indeed, my friends, but fear not! I do not come before you today merely with problems plaguing our community. As anyone who knows me can attest, I am a solver of problems, both great and small. And as such I feel it is my duty to announce that a great public

works project is underway—an endeavor without equal in this primitive land: the building of an impenetrable wall!

Our colony is bordered on three sides by the sea, but the fourth is open to invasion from the wilds. As we are masters of the sea (as evidenced by our very journey to this land), we naturally turn our worried eyes inland. The only way to ensure the safety of our families—our children—and the continuation of this colony is to construct a grand defensive wall from the terminus of our little inlet to the lone tree on the river's edge.

Such a wall will of course take time and resources to construct, and you may say that the expense is not worth the effort. But heed my words: Without such a structure in place, we will soon have nothing. Our food stores, our livestock—our very lives—all will be forfeit, lost to the vices of inaction and indecision.

To say that this task is urgent is an understatement. Consider this: the next time one of our brave young men does battle with a beast of the wild, it may not be the beast's lifeless body that is placed atop the bonfire.

Leave the guarding of the colony to our stalwart soldiers, keeping watch from atop the wall. Let the youth engage in careless play in their own village, free from worry and harm. Let them play, for they will be grown soon enough

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

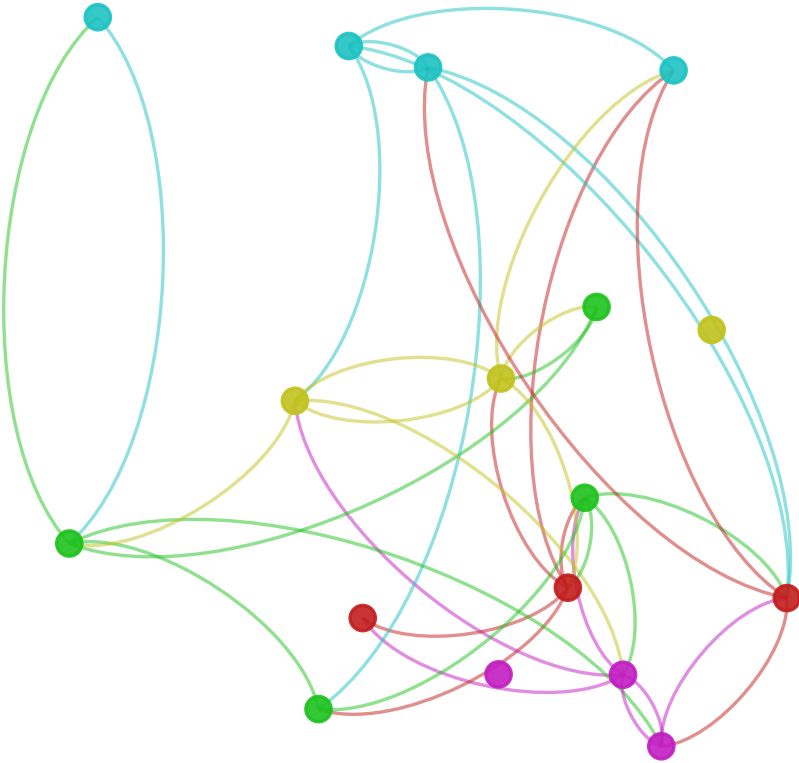
TO: NEWS

DATE: 4/9/2014 9:34

NEW ARRIVALS

A fast ship arrived unexpectedly from the homeland this morning, bringing new arrivals from the Metropolis. A few travellers were on board, but the primary passenger was the general, sent directly to the new colony by the governing council of the Metropolis.

Dionne Elissa has been recalled to the Metropolis and has already left on the departing ship



CYCLE 2

RE: ARE YOUR HORSES ILL?

FROM: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/9/2014 10:23

Most certainly I can. Last I checked he could be found at this
locationShawn Sirom: the Blacksmith

.

[*A crudely drawn map marked with a red X follows*]

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

RE: TO FUTURE SUCCESSSES!

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

DATE: 4/9/2014 14:46

Juba,

'Twas my privilege to show you the ways of the forest. Not often that I have someone who's willing to learn the skills of the hunter, 'specially those who grow up in a city. Seems to me that there's not a lot of interest in learning the things that I have to teach, an' I appreciate the fact that ye treat my craft with respect and honour.

In my experience, 'tis a poor hunter that has to rely on manufactured traps; not sure that we have to suffer for the destruction of the metal snares aboard ship. Could be they'd be better off turned into plowshares - or as our "illustrious" Mago family would have it, weapons. Regardless, yer invited out huntin' any time, and I'd be very pleased to teach ye the craft of snaring large game with nothin' more than the forest herself has to offer. If ye like, ye can take that scrap t' Master Syron [Shawn Sirom: the Blacksmith]. He's a bit terse, but a more skillful man with metal I've never met. Be warned - he's a lot on his plate at the moment, and he may not have time fer another task.

D'ye remember that trail we came across? The one that led through the nettles, near where ye caught yer second rabbit? Forgot about it, meself, but I headed out that way last week on another huntin' trip, and stumbled across it again. This time I'd long sleeves, so decided to brave that thicket and see where it went. Spoke truth to ye when we found it the first time - never seen a trail quite like it. Too narrow for us, but wider than any game trail I ever seen.

It led to a rock face, fairly sheer. Couldn't get over the damned thing - unnaturally few handholds. Poked around at the end of the trail for a few minutes, and found a crevasse in the rock face. Tight squeeze, but managed to force my way through. Don't know what I was thinkin', frankly - usually try to be more sensible, but somethin' seemed to call me on. Curiosity, I guess.

Not a long trip - never lost sign of sunlight, but on t'other side of the rock face found myself in an overgrown glade. Looked like the stone encircled it completely, like someone had hollowed out a circle of stone twenty feet high and open to the sky above. In the centre, almost buried within grass three feet high, was a table made of stone. Not carved or nothin', just two

slabs of red granite standin' in the ground about 6 feet apart, and a third laid across them.

Spent some time in the glade - mebbe half an hour or so, but somethin' in the air made me not want to disturb the place. Kept to the edges of the place, close to the wall of stone. Not much to be seen, t'be honest - just a few flowers, the grass, and that stone table.

Ye said ye were learned when we hunted together. Ever heard of anything like that?

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: SHAWN SIROM: THE BLACKSMITH

DATE: 4/9/2014 14:52

Sirom,

I have started a school. Three children are already enrolled and I am hoping to raise more interest amongst the people. Here, see, the children and I have brought you some dung, as promised. Also I have prepared this notice, for circulation. Please read it (you can read, can't you Sirom?) and pass it on to whomever you choose. I am hoping that in time the Hekademia Kallisto will be known throughout the Six Great Nations, but for now, I am content to do my best to encourage our youth to spend more time in observation and reflection and less time stealing wine from the colony stores.

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: SHAWN SIROM: THE BLACKSMITH

DATE: 4/9/2014 15:08

*** Sorry the previous letter was sent prematurely ****

Sirom,

I have started a school. Three children are already enrolled and I am hoping to raise more interest amongst the people. Here, see, the children and I have brought you some dung, as promised. Also I have prepared this notice, for circulation. Please read it (you can read, can't you Sirom?) and pass it on to whomever you choose. I am hoping that in time the Hekademia Kallisto will be known throughout the Six Great Nations, but for now, I am content to do my best to encourage our youth to spend more time in observation and reflection and less time steeling wine from the colony stores.

The children and I have spent the morning in studies of geology and natural history of this place. We have made some fascinating observations, but one in particular that may be of great concern to you. The children were practicing their mineralogy amongst the river sands. Amongst the base metals they readily identified copper, nickle, and zinc in great abundance, but we could find no sign of iron. We then dug a pit and lit a fire in an effort to coax the soil to reveal the rubification that is so common to our home land. But there was none, the burnt soil turned grey and green, but not red. I fear that iron may be very rare here.

Sirom, I dearly hope your master was thorough in his training and that bronze-craft is amongst your repertoire of skills.

NEWS FROM THE EASTERN FOREST

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

DATE: 4/9/2014 15:31

Maharbal,

Ye'll have t'fergive me my bitterness. T'wasn't my own choice to come on this expedition, and in spite o' my best efforts, I find sometimes that I slip into bile and resentment. I find that many o' me fellows see this new place as a chance to make something o' themselves - or worse, o' the land - but it ain't that romantic fer those o' us pressed into "National Service." Leastwise, that's what the paper they handed me said. I know I ain't the only one, neither.

Went into the Eastern Forest last month as part of a group o' hunters and trappers, and seems like the place is wild enough to be able to provide a significant amount o' small game. Rabbits and squirrels mostly, but I managed (with some help) to bring down a boar, which'll feed a few families

fer some time. Sent some plants to a purported "expert", too - might find some tubers, roots, or plants that can help to support the town as well.

Did find a few groves of older trees amid the rest o' the forest - frankly, a little surprised that there ain't more o' that growth nearby. Not an expert in ship-building, but ye might be - likely that ye know more than I do, at least. If yer game at some point, happy to take you into the forest and show you the stands. Could be that it's the right kind o' timber fer expanding a fishing fleet. Do me a favour, though, and keep the offer to

yourself fer now. I'm a little worried that the Mago family - seems they're a mite nervous about our position; what's all this talk about a great damned wall? - might see that timber and feel that it's best to build warships. That's all we need at this point - pullin' people off the work o' feedin' the colony just to put more weapons in the water.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

FIRST REPORT FROM YOUR GENERAL

FROM: THORSTEN XANTHIPUS: THE GENERAL

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/9/2014 16:01

Your majesty Queen Sarah,

i report my arrival here at the colony to take up my duty as your general. The Council of Fourteen has equipped me for this mission with a small detachment of soldiers and quite some capable scribes acting as my staff. They have given me the mission to guard this colony and especially you personally. In addition they gave me the task to ensure the rapid growth and prosperity of the colony by any means necessary.

While i am eagerly awaiting your orders, i have taken the freedom to take stock of the situation as far as possible. While my modest forces have set up their tents, i have sent out scouts to the surrounding lands, to check the rumours of wild animals and dangerous natives in our vicinity. They have reported of a few native settlements in our surroundings that looked shabby enough, but the report of one of my scouts is somewhat disconcerting: He has found a rather large mound of human bones in different stages of decay with signs of regular and recent visits by humans. On closer inspection the bones proved to have marks, from tools or teeth he does not know.

Right now we will have to assume, that we are surrounded by a cannibalistic native population, which will see us more as their prey than as their neighbours. To bolster our defenses as good and as fast as we can, i have already taken the following steps:

- As one of our highest priorities i have decided to start training our people in militia service: Having no real military force on hand and with the reports i have told you about, we have to make sure that the civillians are well trained to aid in the defense of our colony. My scribes have posted the following note all around the colony:

#####

”Militia Training”

As the General responsible for the defense of our colony, i decree:

From now on, each last day of a week, from sunrise to noon, all able men of the colony will meet at the Lone Tree to train for militia service. Each man shall bring with him the weapons and armor he owns, and will be

assigned to a milita detachment. Each detachment will be led, trained and prepared by one of the experienced soldiers i have brought with me to the colony.

Attendance to the militia training is mandatory under penalty of flogging!

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

#####

- I will also evaluate the militia training, to see if there are more colonists with the potential or former experience to become full soldiers.

- We will need weapons to equip our soldiers and militiamen. This can start with as little as spears and end with suits of ringmail. I will try to contact our smiths about this.

- I am also already coordinating with Governor Nick Barca about the forming of a city watch, a duty that could easily be taken up by my soldiers. While putting down the revolt of Antioch, i had the best experience with draconian measures. The legendary ad hoc ruling of “one fault, one finger” was extremely effective at enforcing the peace, while it caused only minimal reduction of he workforce of the city. Securing the peace here with these measures should prove to be quite simple.

- The wall as proposed by John Mago is a most excellent idea: My scribes are already laying down plans for the wall, including barracks for my soldiers and a small headquarters.

In the end, let me be frank:

I know, that the Council of Fourteen has really sent me here, because they are afraid. They fear my series of past victories, my reputation and influence among military circles. In the face of a discontent population they see me as the strong man, that could take up the sword and grab the Metropolis for himself. They fear for their reign and life. They are in error!

My assignment here is most obviously unworthy of my glorious past: Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano, Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians, Champion of Antioch to name only a few of my

widely known achievements.

Nevertheless i assure you my unwavering loyalty as this is my duty, and my duty is and allways will be the ultimate light by which i navigate.

So i remain, your most humble general

Thorsten Xanthippus

FIRST REPORT OF HER QUEEN'S GENERAL

FROM: THORSTEN XANTHIPPOS: THE GENERAL TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/9/2014 16:24

Dear Governor,

i report my arrival here at the colony to take up my duty as her queen's General. The Council of Fourteen has equipped me for this mission with a small detachment of soldiers and quite some capable scribes acting as my staff. They have given me the mission to guard this colony and the Queen. In addition they gave me the task to ensure the rapid growth and prosperity of the colony by any means necessary.

My scouts have found proof of most likely cannibalistic rites among the native tribes surrounding our colony. Therefor we will have to assume, that we are surrounded by a cannibalistic native population, which will see us more as their prey than as their neighbours. To bolster our defenses as good and as fast as we can, i have already taken the following steps:

- As one of our highest priorities i have decided to start training our people in militia service: Having no real military force on hand and with the reports i have told you about, we have to make sure that the civillians are well trained to aid in the defense of our colony. My scribes have posted the following note all around the colony:

#####

"Militia Training"

As the General responsible for the defense of our colony, i decree:

From now on, each last day of a week, from sunrise to noon, all able men of the colony will meet at the Lone Tree to train for militia service. Each man shall bring with him the weapons and armor he owns, and will be assigned to a milita detachment. Each detachment will be led, trained and prepared by one of the experienced soldiers i have brought with me to the colony.

Attendance to the militia training is mandatory under penalty of flogging!

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

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- We will need weapons to equip our soldiers and militiamen. This can start with as little as spears and end with suits of ringmail. Can you introduce me to the smiths of this colony, so i can start to work out the details with them?

- I have noticed, that you are in the process of building a city watch. With the arrival of me and my soldiers, this might now be redundant. I would suggest we inspect the watchmen you already have as to their fitness to become full soldiers. My men and i have valuable experience in policing a large city, gathered during the suppression of the revolt of Antioch. As small proof, the rule of “one fault, one finger” devised by me, is widely known for it’s efficiency.

- The wall as proposed by John Mago is a most excellent idea: My scribes are already laying down plans for the wall, including barracks for my soldiers and a small headquarters as my men are right now camping in their field tents.

So i remain,

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

THE WALL

FROM: THORSTEN XANTHIPPIUS: THE GENERAL

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 4/9/2014 16:48

Dear John Mago,

i have newly arrived as her queen's general at the colony.

I think i know your family, and it might have been your uncle who served under me during the subjugation of the revolt of Antioch: Janus Mago. At the time he urged me to take harsher measures than the "One fault, one finger" rule i declared there. Well i at least had the Antiochian quartered, that had cowardly killed Janus in a dark ally; i think he would have liked that.

I have heard of your plan to build a wall south of the colony to safeguard our people: That is a most excellent idea i will fully support. My staff is already laying down plans for the wall, complete with barracks and a modest headquarters for my men, who are right now forced to camp in their field tents.

This wall is doubly important, as we only have a rather small contingent of experienced soldiers.

Should you be in the position to name experienced veterans or promising recruits to bolster our ranks, you would earn my gratitude.

I have also decreed to train our population in militia service as you will read shortly, as my staff has put up notes about that all around the colony. In the face of only a token military force, it is of the utmost importance that the civilian population is able to defend their homes, should the need arise.

As i already have the impression that you care deeply about the ongoing security of our colony, i ask you to publicly support the measures i take.

Attached you find a copy of the note about militia training.

So i remain,

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

Attached note:

#####

”Militia Training”

As the General responsible for the defense of our colony, i decree:

From now on, each last day of a week, from sunrise to noon, all able men of

the colony will meet at the Lone Tree to train for militia service. Each man shall bring with him the weapons and armor he owns, and will be assigned to a milita detachment. Each detachment will be led, trained and

prepared by one of the experienced soldiers i have brought with me to the colony.

Attendance to the militia training is mandatory under penalty of flogging!

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

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NATHAN CATHALO SENT ME

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: SHAWN SIROM: THE BLACKSMITH

DATE: 4/9/2014 17:41

Subject:

Nathan Cathalo sent me

From:

Brad Salicar: the Brewer

Date:

4/9/2014 5:41 PM

To:

Shawn Sirom: the Blacksmith

Good day, smith Sirom. Cathalo recommended me to you -- I have a grave

situation with my horses and need someone with medical skills to save them.

I have many tuns of ale aging here when they should be in the markets!

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

--

Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/9/2014 18:38

Governor,

I spoke to you of my concerns regarding the croplands. I see that your engineers have been working toward a solution, but I am dismayed that many of the people seem more interested in swordplay and construction of city walls. If we are to survive in this place we will certainly need food, surely this is more critical than defence from stray cats and native women anxious to marry our young men. I am hoping that you are not one who supports Mago's foolish plans. Clearly John Mago is no different from his father, his ambitions are purely selfish. What better way to gain favour of the Queen and at the same time allow the Trade Guild to control all movements in and out of the colony, than to erect a 'defensive' wall.

But furthermore what foolishness it is to try to build a city wall when we have no stone or clay. What will he build with? Wood and sand? Surely the goats will eat Mago's 'wall' as quickly as it is erected.

A dyke however is something that we do need, which can be built without stone or clay and is truly a necessity. The General's ship bore copies of many of the holdings of the Library of Metros. I am certain there are documents pertaining to hydraulic engineering amongst the collections. With your permission I will have my apprentice track down what useful knowledge may be there. If you would come forward as the sponsor of such a major public work I am sure the people will respond favourably.

Another matter that concerns me are the preparations for the Black Moon Festival. I have spoken with the Brewer and he assures me that his stock of mead and ale is sufficient for the event, but I see no evidence of efforts to obtain a suitable offering of livestock or fish. And many of the horses seem to have contracted this unfortunate affliction, I doubt that the Parade of Stallions will impress even the most bashful of the Gods. I believe some effort must be made to rectify this. Has anyone sought out wild

horses for the event? Do you know of anyone I could talk to about this?

Finally, I have started a school. I am hoping that this will, if nothing else, keep our youth constructively occupied, rather than raising a generation of Sybaritic vandals. I have prepared this notice, for circulation. Please read it, and if you wish pass it on to whomever you choose.

May the Gods favor you and your family.

Mathos.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO NICK BARCA, CYCLE 2"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/9/2014 21:19

Honored Governor,

Again I send this note by the hand of my daughter Dioscura. She will be leaving soon to join the expedition party of Queen Sarah to the south, accompanied by the Queen's warrior woman Virago. I trust that Dioscura will be improved by the gracious society of the Queen's party, including her own teacher Cordatus the Elder.

Dioscura reports that the brewer's horses, who have been carefully kept away from the doubtful grazing of the river meadows, have been showing signs of improvement. He may be able to confirm this if you send to him at his shop, Brad Salicar: the Brewer .

Queen Sarah requested that you send her greetings and tidings of the progress of the settlement. You may send to her in care of Sarah Solaris: the Queen .

I have good early reports on the possibility of moving our huts uphill out of the possible flood ground. We took a new, unoccupied hut, levered it up onto a drag platform, and rolled it on logs up to a new, higher site. It took the whole day and most of the crew, but it means that further progress is possible if we choose to do so. Considering the effort, however, it may still be as effective to rebuild new huts in the higher area as to move them.

Scar is convinced that with clever application of ropes and levers, that a smaller crew can be used. He is talking with some of the longshoremen who have portaged ships across the Nithian Isthmus, and they have advice for how to set up rolling cradles like the ones they use for taking ships over the short road between the sea arms. I expect that this may be useful if we decide to move huts rather than simply rebuilding them. Some of the smaller trade buildings may be moved in this way.

Our happy couple -- my workman and his native wife -- are the beneficiaries of the new site. They've chosen a corner with a bit of a view.

I have completed a fishing shack for Christopher Maharbal so that he and the laborers who have joined him in fishing may be more efficient in their trade, and plan to be in the neighborhood of the settlement in the near future.

With greatest respect,

Castor Himilco, Carpenter

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH , CYCLE 2"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/10/2014 2:46

Castor Himilco, Carpenter and Citizen, to Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people.

Your Majesty,

May this letter find you well and your investigations profitably advanced.

As you see, I have sent this message along with the person of my daughter Dioscura in the company of your loyal guard Virago. I gladly accept your invitation for Dioscura to spend time in the uplifting company of yourself and your eminent friend Cordatus the elder.

Dioscura has insisted on bringing a set of horseshoes with her. I pled with her against the weight, when she was already carrying my old hammer and a bag full of clothes, food, and gear. I imagined that the horseshoes were a plea to the gods for serendipity, to coax out of the Unknown a fit wearer for them. However, I discovered that your guard Virago had set up a stuffed dummy with a cabbage head as a target, and that Dioscura could reliably knock off its head from a larger distance than I expected she could even throw a horseshoe. One's children grow and bring surprises. In the same light, I was outfitting her for travel and found that she could wear my old boots without padding the toes. If the rest of her should grow to match her feet and her throwing arm, she will truly be an Amazon. Though I am comforted that she has not suggested to me that war should be her calling.

Dioscura reports to me that our brewer Brad Salicar's horses are showing improvement after being kept strictly away from the meadows by the river and being set to graze higher up the hills. I pray that this improvement continues and that our other afflicted horses may be cured the same way.

I have respectfully encouraged our Governor to send his regards to you and report on his efforts toward the colony's progress. If it pleases you to make your requests and suggestions personally, Governor Nick Barca may be most easily reached in care of Nick Barca: the Governor . I last encountered him upon the Wide Beach conferring with our veteran fisherman Christopher Maharbal.

I was pleased to report to the Governor that our trial exercise to move one of the settlement huts from its original site to higher ground was

successful. Our clever eccentric Scar supervised the moving, which took all day plus extra time for leveling the destination and rebuilding the hearth and chimney. At this rate we might just as well dismantle and rebuild. Scar claims that with better preparation, additional huts may be moved more quickly using techniques developed for portaging seagoing ships over the Isthmus of Nithia, where a rolling cradle bears the weight as the ship traverses the land.

As we were digging out and leveling the new higher site for the hut, a worker discovered some broken pottery from before our advent. It bears a curious decoration and what could be writings upon it. I send it with Dioscura for the interest of Cordatus. Perhaps he may divine its origin and if it holds any counsel of wisdom for us.

The first residents of our new higher settlement site are our happy new couple, one of the builders and his native wife (Or maybe “autochthonous” is the word to describe her? We can hardly say “barbarian” of those we wish to befriend).

I have asked Dioscura to note down any sources of good, buildable stone, clay, or sand. She will know what to look for. I pray you may forward her observations with any messages you send back to town.

A General has arrived from the Metropolis, though I have not met him. Perhaps the Governor would know more of the General’s mandate and plans.

With gratitude and the best of wishes to Your Majesty,

Castor Himilco, Carpenter and Citizen

FWD: FIRST REPORT FROM YOUR GENERAL

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPPOS: THE GENERAL

DATE: 4/10/2014 6:03

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people

To Thorsten Xantippus, venerated general and esteemed new arrival to this our glorious Colony of Callisto,

Greetings and welcome.

Truly your past record speaks for itself. Your vigilance and ever ready strength will surely be welcome assets to our people. As a new arrival, your swift preparations are prudent, and I have no doubt of your loyalties.

Training for the citizenry is a good idea, but as you no doubt know, an army marches on it's belly, and a soldier whose concerns are with family and field cannot be fully devoted to battle. I beg you to remember that the resources we have here are more limited than those that you are used to.

Our colony is yet growing, and is currently only a few hundred strong. The military concerns are pressing, and I approve training being given to any man or woman who so desires; but all floggings and finger removals must be postponed until those practices can be reviewed by a formal court.

I am sure it it only an oversight, or an error in transcription that led to that portion of your notice; nevertheless, I have instructed my messenger to amend the posts. he has assured me that although quite a disturbance was caused by the initial posting, when he corrected it per my instructions, the peace was somewhat restored.

As to the wall, I do in fact feel that it is a good idea, since we do yet know what dangers may face us in this land, which I am increasingly certain is our ancestral home. I'm sure you know well the legends, which speak not only of giants but great beasts in the seas, and even titanic foes, risen to drive our people from what is rightly theirs. Nevertheless, we must continue primarily to explore and expand. After all, no nation ever won glory by cowering behind city walls, and we did not come to these shores to live in fear, hiding from the world.

As to the natives, although their customs are may seem primitive and somewhat unsettling, they have not yet been observed to consume the dead or the living. In fact, it has been reported to me that they are in fact be observing a local burial custom. The reason for this is unclear, but as I

passed near the kristvaen, I sensed a great disturbance; my advisers tell me that the dead were stirring in unrest. it seems that those whose bodies are not properly burned rise to haunt the living. According to the ancient texts, the Black Moon Festival was celebrated for the continuation of life.

Perhaps this refers not only to fertility, but to the restored rest of the honored dead. They do not seem yet to have fully awakened, and my advisers assure me that if the rituals of the Festival are properly observed, they will not. Perhaps it would be wise to spend more of our time in preparation for the festival, as I have heard that the preparations have been much delayed. Surely you and your men can contribute peacefully to the festival, as I have directed the members of my household remaining in the city to do.

This will no doubt benefit us all.

Thank you for your most valued service,

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people

GREETINGS ON A NEW SHORE

FROM: WILL ZENO: THE TRAVELLER

TO: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

DATE: 4/10/2014 8:16

Good day to you sir. I am Will Zeno, late of the Metropolis shore. Perhaps you would be so kind as to direct me to the local well? The water aboard our ship is clean but grew with the taste of oak as we traveled and I've been looking forward to a fresh drink since. I'd try the river but it's murkier than I trust be it silt or some pox of construction.

Though I suppose the hosts of this fair shore have their own place for drinking. Native or not we all need to drink and eat right? Unless this river is to their liking and they're possessed of some unnaturally strong constitution.

ANY NEWS ON THOSE HERBS?

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/10/2014 9:40

Bob,

Forgive my familiarity. Young Juba has traveled with me on a few o' my hunting trips into the forest, and saw fit t'offer an introduction, but neglected t'offer your last name. He refers t'ye as his teacher, but also neglects t'mention the nature o' that instruction. Humbly recommend that if etiquette is part o' that mandate, you offer 'im some suggestions on how t'make a proper introduction. Suppose 'tis the problem with the youth today; tryin' t'learn as much as possible, but not really gettin' any of it.

Thought I'd drop ye a note t'let ye know o'my experiences with yer protege. He's a quick hand with a hunting bow, and a fast learner when it comes to snares and the like. First trip out he brought back a brace o' hares and a half-dozen squirrels. Eerie quiet, that boy. Got the makin' of a great hunter, and 'twas nice t'spend some time sharin' my expertise with 'im.

Juba mentioned that ye have some knowledge o'herbs and the like, and that

he sent on a few plants we pulled out o'the Eastern Forest. With the problems with our grain, was hopin' t'find somethin' we could gather from there to help feed us. Who knows, mebbe we even get somethin' we can plant

and cultivate, once the fields are clear and irrigated. Any news on those?

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

RE: ANY NEWS ON THOSE HERBS?

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILOSOPHER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/10/2014 12:25

FeeGLE,

Forgive the poor manners of the boy Juba. My name is Mathos, I am a philosopher of ethics and speculative theology, but my vitae includes a wide range of subjects from rhetoric to natural history.

Yes, indeed Juba has given me the herbs that you gathered, though I have not yet completed my observations. They do not appear to be varieties of any known noxious flora, but I am wary of them. Currently I am mixing them into the food of my dogs and in a few days we will see if they are having any ill effects.

It is however fortunate that you have contacted me, for I am currently in need of a gamesman. Or I should say that the Governor is in need of a gamesman, but lacks the wisdom to seek one. The Black Moon Festival is but a week away and the community sorely lacks a suitable offering for the Gods. We are in great need of large game for the feast, but even moreso, the Parade of Stallions will require some wild horses, as the plague that has set upon our beasts has affected even the Royal stables. Traditionally, two white and two black stallions are necessary, though our chances of finding such beasts in the wild seem grim.

Also, I am trying to raise interest in establishing a school. Do you have any children? I have prepared this notice. Please read it..er..no, I'll read it to you (see attachment). If you wish to pass it on to those who may be interested, please do. In a few days time I may be needing some laborers to help with construction of the school's earthen amphitheatre, I realize that a man of your skill does not need to engage in menial labour, but perhaps you have a friend or relative who is interested in contributing in some way.

May the Gods grant you favour, your traps citatus and arrows acer lethalis.

Mathos.

RE:

FROM: NATHAN CATHALO: THE FARMER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/10/2014 17:30

Your Majesty,

I pray that your journey down the river has been fruitful, but I bring dark tidings Your Grace. There have been... unsettling rumors among the people

this week. I have heard tell of a man claiming to be a warchief, I'm sorry, 'General' is the term your people use I believe, parading around the township with his warband making demands and decrees among the citizenry.

Thus far he has been issuing orders under his own authority with no mention

of your name, Your Grace, and neither has your royal seal adorned his papers. Rumor has it that he has even threatened to flog all able bodied men who refuse to bow to his whims (fortunately, I myself can not be considered 'able-bodied' at this time). The people do not seem pleased with these events and beg of me to ask you: does this man make these demands in

your name, is he operating with your authority?

Your humble servant,

Nathan Cathalo

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 2."

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/10/2014 18:56

From Castor Himilco, carpenter to Brad Salicar, brewer.

Dioscura reports to me that your horses are showing improvement after being kept away from the river meadows and being set to graze higher up the hills. I hope that as she said, it was merely bad graze and that they may fully recover, the better to pull your fine product to every corner of our colony.

Queen Sarah has accepted my petition to take on Dioscura as part of her company during her expedition, and perhaps longer. So I am down to a household of one. Dioscura is accompanying Virago, a woman warrior in the Queen's guard, as she travels to join them upriver. The Queen's old tutor thinks he sees evidence for ancient habitation of our forefathers in this land. Dioscura will be swinging my old hammer all the way and pitching stones at fowls, I don't doubt. Though Queen Sarah reports she is modest and well-behaved in person. I am keeping busy, regardless. Christopher Maharbal seems happy with the fishing shed I constructed for him. Though if the throng of folks I saw on the beach will be joining him to fish, he will likely need a new shed soon.

Scar, that eccentric with the one-wheeled cart, was my foreman for the first move of a hut up the hill from our original settlement plot to the new, higher area. It took his crew all day -- long enough that they might as well have just built a new hut -- but Scar claims that with slightly better preparation of the road and equipment, they will be able to do it in less than half the time. He has been chatting with some of the longshoremen who worked the portage road on the Nithian Isthmus, who carry ships overland for far greater distances than we would move our houses. A smoothly graded path and a sturdy rolling cradle seem to be their secrets of speed.

Your shop is a ways up from the river, and may escape flooding. If the river should rise very high, we may resort to a barricade of ricks of straw weighted with stone and sand to keep the water away. Fortunately the straw is easily had. As for the huts and smaller houses in the low ground, I fear that there may be competition for labour as the season wears on,

between planting, fishing, soldiering, and that proposed wall we might be building. So for now, the new huts are going up on the higher site. In clearing and leveling house spaces in the upper site, we have discovered broken pottery, terracing, and drainage ways, clearly signs of past habitation. A good omen, I trust, that it will a good place for our houses.

I send with this note a basket of berries. They are easily found on the steeper slopes overlooking the beach, and seem to thrive on the fog and the sharply inclined ground, with long, low-growing stems crawling down the steep banks. Fingertip-sized, red, and puckered with tiny dimples, and very sweet. Perhaps the locals have a name for them.

May the heavens send you and your horses good health.

Castor Himilco, Carpenter

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 2"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/11/2014 3:10

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter, to Mathos, wise philosopher, greetings and thanks.

Your words of kindness and reflection when we met outside the Temple were helpful to me. Though I still feel the bite of the loss of my late wife, the bitterness of my in-laws' high-handed confiscation of our son, and the absence of my daughter Dioscura (albeit she is in good hands, with our Queen's expedition), I felt much better composed on hearing your advice, and in much better spirit to enter the Temple.

I send with this message a basket of the sweet red berries that grow on low vines upon the shoreside cliffs. Scar has been a trusty assistant, despite his eccentricities, and I am sure that they will have reached you in good order, likely swinging from a hook on the side of his Cyclopean one-wheeled cart. Our most recent work, after constructing a fishing shack for Christopher Maharbal and his fishing apprentices to ease the work around his boat and nets, has been to try moving one of our huts uphill. You may have heard that several of us have observed that our housing is close to the river, and should it flood in season, much will be lost. While I cannot swear to the risk, I have undertaken to build new housing higher up the slope, and to try out the possibility of moving already-built houses. Our first trial took much sweat and swearing, and about as much time as it would have taken to build an entirely new house on the higher ground, but Scar will assure you that if we prepare a cradle similar to those used by the ship portagers of the Nithian isthmus and grade out a smoother path, we will make far quicker work of the project.

I was about to ask for some of your words of kindness to share with Ilithya, Christopher's wife. She is a loving, generous person, very community minded, but distraught by her long barrenness, or so her husband said. Imagine my surprise when I saw her whispering confidentially with the midwife, then laughing with flushed cheeks, and holding a barely contained excitement in her posture. After introducing myself to Ilithya, receiving her thanks for helping her husband, and perceiving her happy distraction, I very much suspect that she will have unexpected good news for her husband when she sees him next. She may be in need of a rather different strain of wisdom within a couple of seasons'

turn.

After your words helped me dry my tears and settle my heart, I entered the Temple. It is a very different place from the Hearth of the Goddess in our home city, but it bears the same images and devotional shrines that have been familiar to me from my youth. Yet two places remain empty, for we do not know who is to occupy them. The God of the City and the Goddess of the Land have shrines without images, but with offerings made against their future inhabitation. I spent much time there, contemplating the empty plinths, before making devotion to the High Ones. An iron nail for the Smith, a spray of flowers for the Maiden, a dish of berries for the Magna Mater, and a straw doll for She Who Reaps. A meditation of the Laws for the Judge.

After I made my offerings, the priestess Selinua spoke with me, noting my ease in the rituals, and learned that my wife had been a priestess in her time, and I had been her husband by lot at Midsummer, and that after a year and a day we had chosen to stay together. We had fourteen more good years together and two hard ones before the Goddess chose to take her to her bosom. If you did not see me come out of the temple, it is because the priestess and I retired to her quarters, and talked long together. I had feared of her, for it is sacrilege for me to wear my wife's initiation pendant, yet when she discovered it, she blessed me for my devotion. And there is more of which I cannot speak, but I will say that I am glad of it, and my heart is strengthened and lightened.

With blessings on your wisdom and your kindness, and on the light of the day we met,

Castor Himilco

RE:

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/11/2014 4:48

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people,

To Nathan Carthalo, farmer and citizen:

Though the general has contacted me and claims to serve the crown, I am troubled by these reports. The man of whom you speak has a reputation for running his mouth and frightening people, though he is well known to have far greater competence on the battlefield than off of it. Though he has won renown in battle, and claims submission to the crown, I must make it clear that I have given him but one instruction at this time: not to inflict punishment upon my people without the due processes of a formal court.

We do not live under the rule of militia in this land, and I pray that we never have cause to.

I am concerned, but not fearful. It has been reported to me that while fierce in battle, in civilian life, the disorder of his troops is almost comical rather than than threatening. Indeed some of my servants who remained to keep my house have sent word that their fellow handmaiden had occasion to chase off one of the general's men by use of a wet dishrag, for the reported offence trying to steal a kiss. All reports agreed that the man was seen fleeing in a most undignified fashion, holding his buttocks in order to stave off another attack.

I have been assured that many similar episodes and examples of the general's men exist, and that the more he attempts to impose military discipline on a civilian populace, the more extraordinary and comical they become. Nevertheless, this miracle is reported to be his, that in battle against an enemy of the people, it is most commonly the enemy that finds itself in disarray, though how this is accomplished by such a group is a mystery beyond even my ken.

With regards to the matter of the water, we have discovered a most amazing thing. At a certain point in the river, standing at least 80 yards high is what can only be described as a dam, though it surpasses any previously known aquatic structure, even in the Metropolis itself! A bridge runs the width of the top of the dam, and through it's sculpted arches cascade a series of magnificent waterfalls. The bridge has room for four to ride abreast, if they were so minded, and unafraid of the fall. Behind the dam has formed a reservoir, and built into the structure are what appear

to be the means to control the flow of water. It may be that the flooding of the fields you speak of is a thing we can control, although I dare not experiment with the system until time has been made to study it carefully.

On one side of the bridge are the remains of what might have once been a settlement, it's inhabitants long since vanished. The runes on the structure and in the settlement seem to represent an ancient form of our own language, and even now, my friend and teacher, the philosopher Cordatus the eldar, along with my scribes, is attempting to decipher the rubbings he took of these runes.

We have been documenting our journey, and will have the map posted soon in the town square.

As to the matter of the grain, as the infested grain is unsalvageable, the pests must be destroyed. I know that you will take every precaution that the flames remain in the interior of the building and do not spread.

Thank you for your service in bringing the matter of the general to my attention. Although I am loath to cut my journey short, when my scouts return to the camp, I fear it may be time for us to return to the settlement.

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people

RE: I AM HONORED

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

DATE: 4/11/2014 4:48

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People,

To Alexander Juba, citizen

As I become more convinced that this is our ancestral homeland, I am reminded both of the fearsome beasts that people our legends, and the mighty heroes that slayed them. I daresay some of them might also have considered themselves merely lucky; history will likely determine such things for us.

A wall may prove quite useful in the future. However, it is more vital that we continue to explore this new land, and I myself have been moving with my

entourage to the south east, following the river. The things I have seen!

An ancient forest grows near the place that I am writing from, with trees as tall as hills, and so thick that my scouts tell me they have found places within that are as dark as night. And the creatures there! We have found a tiny, tufted lizard so friendly that one of my ladies has adopted one of them as a pet. I have been brought a sample of a moss that glows a soft blue color in the darkness of the woods. Though I longed to enter that place and see it for myself, I heeded my guards desire to that I keep to the river. Such are the duties of royalty, but such duties do not constrain my subjects. All those who wish to serve our people by exploring and learning of this land have my blessing.

Ultimately, we must depend on the strength of our hearts over the strength

of a wall, and this I pray you continue to do.

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People

WHITE AND BLACK WOOD

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/11/2014 10:03

Boodes,

Been spending some time in the eastern forest, not far from the beach.

'Tis an interestin' place - not so different from the ones near the Metropolis, but somehow unfamiliar. Animals behave differently, plants have small changes, but when I close my eyes and just listen I c'n believe I'm home again and not in this cursed land.

Found a few interestin' things here. One of them led me to the name I given the forest - went back to the old tongue for the right word and am gonna call it the Kamenstol Forest. Mebbe ask me about it sometime if yer

curious, but 'tis a long story and I'm too tired to commit it all to paper.

Did find something ye might be interested in fer yer workin's. There's a type o' tree that grows in certain parts of Kamenstol whose flesh appears to be strips of black and white. Not like anythin' I've ever seen before; may make fer some interesting projects if ye think it's strong and workable enough. Sent along a couple o' logs - let me know if'n they work for ye, and if so I'll see if I c'n scout out a few more copses t'pad yer supply.

Got a letter from another colonist today, some kind o' natural philosopher. Mathos is his name [Bob Mathos: the Philosopher] He's worried about the

Black Moon festival next week, an' the fact that our Parade of Stallions'll be affected by the plague what hit the horses of the colony. Never understood that rite, meself, but folks do what folks do, aye?

Was thinkin' that, if we can't get real stallions t'march in the parade, might be sufficient fer the colony to have effigies. Mathos tells me tradition calls for two black and two white stallions. Mebbe ye can carve somethin' to meet his needs? Best be diplomatic in yer response, tho' - not sure how invested 'e is in the importance of his rituals.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 2"

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/11/2014 12:58

Castor,

It was my pleasure to speak with you and our conversation was as consoling to me as it seems to have been for you. Our Fates are so similar, though I have been a widower for many years now and my only daughter, Kiana, was not coerced, but instead chose to remain in Metros with her husband, much to my sorrow.

Thank you for the berries, they are delicious and due to my lameness I am unable to traverse the steep slopes of the shoreline to gather them myself. I am also pleased to hear of Ilithyia's condition, but it would be wise not to speak of this to anyone else. There are many here who still believe in the Prophecy of Asiyus, which as you know, proclaims that the "First Born of The New Land is destined to be Ruler". I know that the Queen is a rationalist and does not hold to literal readings of the prophecies; but there may be others in her court who are threatened by them and may act to ensure their position and security is not threatened in any way.

You are wise to be making offerings at the temple, there are so few who observe the old traditions. I believe the Gods of this land will soon reveal themselves to us. I have seen signs, and others have spoken to me about this as well. It is premature to say so, but I believe a daughter of Poseidon followed us to this place and watches over us now as we speak, but she is in distress. The success of the Black Moon Festival is of such importance in this regard. I am dismayed that so few people are making preparations for it.

I know that you are yet to be a grandfather, but if you know of any who are more fortunate than ourselves, I am starting a school for our children and youth. I have prepared this notice [ATTACHMENT]. If you could pass it along to any who have children I would appreciate it greatly.

Also, I know you are busy assisting with the relocation of huts, but I am hoping to soon begin construction of an earthen amphitheatre and shelter to act as the hekademia campus. Your carpentry skills would benefit our efforts greatly I am sure.

Mathos.

RE: MY APOLOGIES

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

DATE: 4/11/2014 13:52

Juba,

I am dismayed to hear that you were indeed the cause of that poor wild creatures demise, but if what you tell me is true it seems that its fate was not of your choosing. Though perhaps you have learned something by this; your preference for swordplay, over your studies or productive labor, is still a great concern to me. I fear that you will end up as a mindless city guard perched on the fool Mago's wall, forever protecting us from stray cats and lonely native women. Your father would never forgive me. But you are young and it is the nature of youth to emulate The Fool, so I will not lecture you further. Besides, you are no longer my only student, as I have started a school and now have several 'fools' in my care (though they are all much younger than you and their foolishness is less well developed). Here... I have prepared a notice [ATTACHMENT]. If you could pass it along or post it somewhere frequented by idol youth, your old teacher would be very grateful. You yourself may even have some interest in being a teacher, I am sure you are already capable of directing studies for the youngest children.

I took a long walk with the school children this morning, fortunately Sirom the blacksmith managed to make repairs to my leg brace before he left us. The children and I have spent the week in studies of natural history and were investigating a curious phenomenon. Earlier this week during mineralogy studies the children and I noticed that iron appears to be completely lacking from the area, and I mentioned this to others, however, what I have told no one, as yet, is that aurum is greatly abundant amongst the river sands and gravels. Do you know of aurum Juba? It is so very rare in our homeland that very few would recognize it. This concerns me, as it is greatly valued in some lands where it is often referred to as "gold", and traders will go to great lengths to obtain it. It is a shiny metal that is said to resist corrosion, but I believe that it can be the greatest cause of corrosion when it sets upon the hearts and minds of mortals and gods alike. I fear that if the people hear of it they may all abandon their efforts to raise shelters and grow food and instead spend their days sifting gravel in search of useless shiny stones. The children and I have spent

much of the week collecting it from the gravels along the river and have completed our collections up as far as the Ford. In the evenings I have been taking the aurum we've collected and casting it into the sea, as an offering, but also to rid this place of its corrosive influence. I am hoping you can continue this effort, as the Ford is already further than I can walk comfortably in a day and still return for evening worship. But you must assure me that you will tell no one of this.

Mathos.

TROUBLING TIMES

FROM: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/11/2014 13:57

[currently redacted]

RE: GREETINGS ON A NEW SHORE
FROM: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER
DATE: 4/11/2014 14:32

TO: WILL ZENO: THE TRAVELLER

Dear Mr Zeno,

I trust that by this time you have located the water supplies. I am not as quick with a quill as I used to be and it would not be wise to wait for my response for anything urgent. The river is safe, though it is not to all tastes. I find it adds a certain robustness when used to brew tea, though the stuff is perfectly fine as it is. You may find it to be worthwhile leaving it to settle for a while to remove the bulk of the cloud. My constitution is far from strong and it suits me perfectly well.

I may not be able to be of any assistance to you but I am happy to lend what little aid I can to a fellow traveller. My son is hale and hearty and can usually be encourage to co-operate.

Forgive my manners, I have not even welcomed you to these lands!
Welcome. I

hope you find a good life here.

Your humble servant,

Marc Gisgo

RE: YOUR ASSISTANCE IS DESIRED

FROM: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

TO: NATHAN CATHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/11/2014 14:37

Dear Mister Cathalo,

Forgive the lateness of my reply, I have recently suffered an episode of ill health and have been unable to attend to my correspondence.

I regret to report that my might and strong arm are long since departed and I can offer no assistance that would require them. Perhaps my son would be willing but I fear he may be unable - I fear the toll of caring for me and trying to forge his own path here is proving too great for him. He has become withdrawn and dour. I believe he craves company his own age. He is a young man of 15 of 16 and I can scarcely be sufficient stimulation for him.

I wish all the best to your family. If there is anything I may do to assist you please let me know.

Your humble servant,

Marc Gisgo

A WORD IN PASSING

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

DATE: 4/11/2014 14:47

You there! Boy!

Have you heard the news? The great General Xanthippus joins us in our humble colony, and already he is hard at work ensuring the security of our borders. That's right, the same Xanthippus whose exploits are taught to children in poem and song:

"...then he himself with no remorse
the day's work almost done
took hand and foot of Aeol's king
and tied to each a horse..."

Why not make something of yourself and enlist in his ranks; make your family proud and become a man other men look up to. Seek him [Thorsten Xanthippus: the General] out at the barracks being built just south of the huts.

RE: DIRE NEWS

FROM: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/11/2014 15:09

Governor Barca,

Likewise, I commend your rapid response to the possible threat. I have begun to fear that my son's actions may have been premature and that no threat truly existed, but it is never a good idea to second-guess one's actions in this way. Even so, I have observed a number of the natives with similar appearance since the incident which all showed no apparent sign of ill health. My son claims to have seen groups of the creatures congregating and watching him with, to use his words, violent intent. Do not fear, it is most probably childish whimsy.

Thanks again for your prompt action.

Your humble servant,

Marc Gisgo

A GIFT FOR YOU

FROM: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/11/2014 15:23

[currently redacted]

OFFER OF APPRENTICE HELP

FROM: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

TO: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

DATE: 4/11/2014 15:48

[currently redacted]

RE: TROUBLING TIMES

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/11/2014 18:11

Many thanks for your gift of sweet water, Master Boodes -- I am now ready to experiment with new ingredients and the early indications are very interesting. I have had some contact with the indigenous peoples here and they have recommended much as you have and some other things besides. It may be time to set out and explore.

I have asked my son to bring you two kegs of my latest concoction, a brew that uses the fruiting part of a kind of cactus, and I hope it find you well. Gods know the lad is useful for little else. Be sure to check both kegs are full, though if not you probably won't see the boy and his cargo at all.

I fear many will go hungry this winter, but we shan't die of thirst.

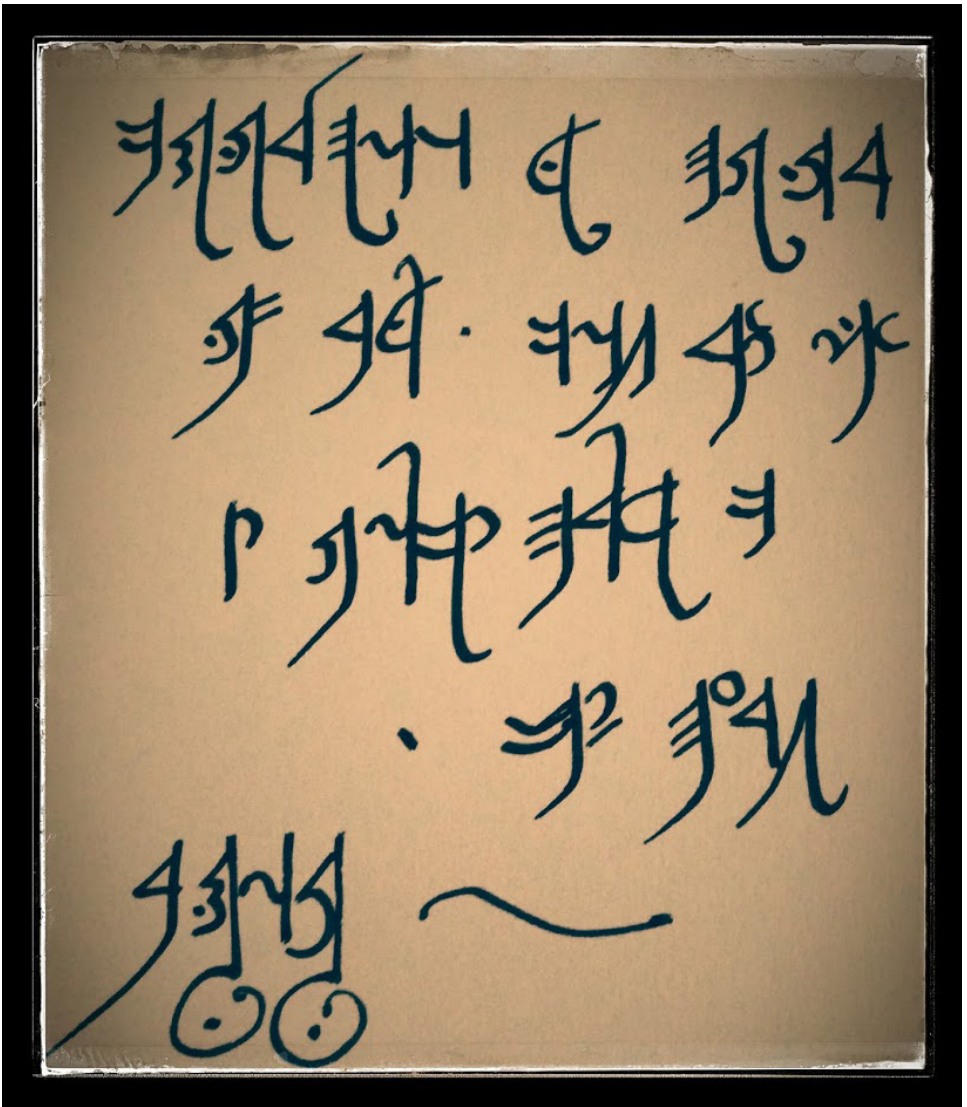
Salicar

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB



*Resist the militarisation of our colony. There is no threat unless we create one.
Salicar.*

Credit: Brad Murray

"RE: CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 2."

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/11/2014 18:20

Many thanks, Castor. I will see what I can do with these berries. If they are too bitter for a wine they may still make an excellent flavouring for beer. Either way, I owe you a keg.

I have heard that the grain stores are in danger and perhaps insufficient for the winter -- while certainly the river is an issue (and I am certain it will flood, just as I am certain that no more ships will arrive by sea) I am more concerned for the winter and starvation. I will be contacting the locals and doing some exploring soon and perhaps I will find some hardier plants or better methods for storage. Or a cure for the pests that are eating our grain.

Be well. I am excited about your find but am more interested in why whatever structure was there is no longer. If some recurring disaster buried this ancient village, then we may be in danger as well. If I can help your investigation, please let me know, but I beg of you: try to find the cause for its desertion.

Salicar

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

RE:

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

TO: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

DATE: 4/11/2014 18:38

Master Gisgo,

I apologize for mistaking who you are; perhaps I was, indeed, confusing you for someone else? We'll all still getting to know each other, and I'm afraid my time alone upon the sea does not help me to keep people sorted.

While I dread the day I might have to give up drink, I can respect your situation. My offer still stands should you ever wish to simply share an evening of fellowship around a hearth, and your son is more than welcome to join. I always appreciate the company of our youth--my wife and I are unable to bear any children of our own, you see.

I began hearing news of such strange encounters as you describe shortly after I sent you my first letter. It is unsettling, to be sure, and I'm afraid my initial fascination has given way to no small degree of concern for the safety of our colony. Still, I find myself holding on to some hope that we may find some agreeable sorts among our new neighbors. I don't know if you heard of one of our countrymen marrying one of the natives, but I met the couple briefly and they seemed pleasant enough. I should like it very much if we do not need the militia that is being raised, though I understand why we have it.

Should you ever find yourself in need of some peace and quiet and can't find it about the settlement, please do feel free to seek me out, and you may accompany me for a day upon the water. At this time of the year, the sun emits a gentle warmth, tempered by a cool breeze. It is not unpleasant.

I wish you good health, sir. Perhaps I shall see your son at one of my fishing lessons?

Blessings upon you,

Christopher Maharbal the Fisher

MINKE FAMILY IS IN NEED

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/11/2014 21:26

Subject:

Minke family is in need

From:

Brad Salicar: the Brewer

Date:

4/11/2014 9:26 PM

To:

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

Good Carthalo, I have a favour to ask of you. I paid a visit to the Minke farm this morning and was devastated to see the state of the family. Their crops are ruined -- too dry maybe or something wrong with the soil here --

and their daughters are both weak and ill. Their youngest boy died in the night. They are proud people and would not ask me for anything but neither

did they offer anything and you know their hospitality. Are we starving? I

have enough but my son and I don't need much and we have a steady supply of

all kinds of things in trade for our beer and meads.

But trade is the key here. I trade with the natives and most of the farmers don't.

Can you help them at all? Are your crops sound? If so they may be the

only

ones that are. You could be the sole hope of our colony.

And this “militia” business terrifies me. Who are we to fight? The locals? They seem to be the only ones completely healthy and fit. If we alienate them we cannot last here.

Please tell me you can help the Minkes at least. And if you’ve the steel for it, tell me you’ll oppose this upstart military shit-stirrer.

Salicar

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

A WORD AT THE BARRACKS

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPPIUS: THE GENERAL

DATE: 4/11/2014 22:20

General, it truly does my heart well to know you are taking charge of the defense of the colony. In your experienced hands I have every confidence that we will survive any troubles ahead.

I was introduced as a child to Janus, yet we were never close. He spent most of my childhood and adolescent years abroad with the army, but his father Adolfo--my great-uncle and brother to Atos, my grandfather--would oft tell me stories of Janus's recent adventures in war. Adolfo, himself a lifelong soldier, was blinded during the liberation of the Niccolites, the same campaign that took Atos's life.

But enough about my family tree.

I have sent a promising young man to you in hopes that he will pledge himself in service to his country and his queen. His name is Alexander Juba, and if he does not present himself at your barracks shortly, I would be most surprised; in that case I urge you to seek him out [Alexander Juba: the Youth] at his family's hut, which abuts my own dwelling.

Have you heard of this Salicar character, the one whose posters around town claim there is no external threat? Word has it he's a peddler of liquors or some-such. Keep an eye on him; a man who pours drink can twist the ear

of

many a lesser man.

There is one matter which concerns me, and at long last I come to my reason

for seeking you out today. The news of a local boy's marriage to a wild woman cannot have escaped your ears. I tell you it is an abomination. Were

the queen here, I'm sure she would have not approved of such rash, irresponsible action. Since she is... away, I turn to you to enforce order and civil behavior upon the colony.

We simply cannot invite these... these *creatures* into our midst. Untold ramifications await if we begin allowing civilized bloodlines to be fouled by primitive, barbarous seed.

I propose that you form a tribunal to try this young man. If nothing else, an example must be made to the rest of our modest population that this abhorrent behavior will not be tolerated. In my view, this miscreant is guilty of Conduct in Opposition to the Good of the Colony, Incitement to Desertion, and Bestiality. Harsh words, I know, but by the time you have been in this New World as long as I have, I have faith that you will understand just how deplorable an act this is.

NEWS FROM THE EASTERN FOREST

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/11/2014 22:36

FeeGLE,

Forgive me my earlier rebuke. I was not aware you--or anyone else--was forced here. I suppose I can understand your bitterness better now; thank you, nonetheless, for the apology, though it wasn't strictly necessary. You'll find I'm a very hard man to offend. In any case, I still hope we can make the best of what might not be the best of circumstances. To that end, please let me know if ever I might be of service.

I'm happy to hear you've had some success hunting and gathering. Keep up the good work! I heard about this wall you mention, and I confess I have mixed feelings about it. I can understand why some folk might like having it there for a sense of security, but there's still so much we don't know about our surroundings, and there are far too many more pressing matters to worry about now. Spending lumber and manpower on a wall right now seems a waste to me.

This militia they're raising sounds like enough protection for the time being. I can understand why a ranger such as yourself might be absent from the trainings, but I'll be there. I'm always near enough to home that I can take up arms in an emergency. Hopefully even that won't be necessary, but it's always best to be prepared, as I'm sure you'll agree.

Thank you for your offer, but I find myself quite busy of late teaching folk to fish. Perhaps someday I'll take you up on that. A good hike inland might do me some good--provide a change of scenery.

Take care these next few days. The seas have been calm lately, but spring isn't without its storms. I get the sense that we'll be getting a storm soon. I'll be telling whoever who'll listen that shelters need to be weather-ready soon.

Keep up the faith, my friend,

Christopher Maharbal the Fisher

A SMALL SCROLL ON THE LEG OF A CARRIER PIGEON

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/11/2014 23:01

Your Highness,

Your words gave me great hope, as did the arrival of one of Your Majesty's most decorated generals. Xanthippus's presence in the colony can only mean

that the Stygian menace is well in hand; only in such circumstances could he be spared to spearhead efforts here in the New World. It is my fervent hope, as I am sure it is also yours, that we will soon hear of peace once again in our homeland.

In response to your query, as youngest son of Johannes Mago, himself eldest

son of Atos, I found my family's influence in the homeland--let us say... stifling. In no endeavor could I hope to make a name for myself, be it trade, military, or politic, without the inevitability that any success or achievement of mine should suffer the taint--whether there be any truth to it or not--of foul nepotism.

When news of this expedition reached me, I realized that my one chance to

escape the shadow of my family (though love them I do) would be to make a

name for myself in this New World. And so I set forth alone, although I do

wish that my dearest sister Eliza were still alive to join me. She would have loved such adventure as this.

News of your sudden departure seems to be on the lips of every housewife and handmaid this morning. I pray that your journey is a safe one, as I am sure it will be; your retinue is a skilled and varied bunch indeed. I beseech you please avoid taking sides in the inter-tribal wars that plague the Southlands. These natives are a brutish sort, and one imagines an outsider's interference would raise in them their savage ire.

I know I speak for the entirety of your colony when I say we look forward eagerly to your return. While your wisdom grows with every passing day in the wilds, we await the day when such wisdom will be among us once more.

With humblest supplication I remain,

John Mago

RE: MINKE FAMILY IS IN NEED

FROM: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/11/2014 23:09

Master Salicar,

I am sorry to hear of the Minke's plight and their loss. As soon as I am able I shall make my way there to investigate their land. Though without seeing their crops myself, I can tell you only of my suspicions. In recent discussions with Her Majesty the Queen, we've come to the conclusion that the river bordering our colony goes through cycle, whereupon it floods for a period of time and then recedes to its current level. We believe that the land around the river is made fertile after the floodwaters recede. With that in mind and with it also being late summer, perhaps the soil was not ripened for crops when they planted, resulting in sickly fruit? This is only speculation for now, as I have not witnessed the state of the land after the river's flooding nor have I had the opportunity to plant anything myself as of yet. Being new to the colony I have requested a parcel of land to farm from the Queen, but she has not yet addressed that matter in our missives. Though why she wishes to hear my counsel on a variety of matters is a mystery to me. Perhaps your gods have directed her to do so.

Fortunately we are not starving as of yet, but if all others' crops are in as poor a state as you say, we may be 'ere long. You are right however, trade is the key and may be what keeps us alive through the winter. Perhaps you can introduce me to some of the natives. I have heard them called barbarians, but as I myself come from a people considered "barbarians", I'll have no trouble with dealing with them (unlike others in our community).

As for the matter with the General and his militia, I have spoken with Her Grace on the matter and it appears she will take him to task upon her return from her journey. You will find me sharpening my spear in the meantime. Though I may not look it, I was once to best warrior in my warband, second only to our leader. The injury to my leg is one of the reasons I am a warrior no longer, but that does not mean I cannot defend my land and my family. It was one man's belief that I was incapable of such that ultimately led me to this place. That, however is a story for another time.

I now have a favor to ask of you. I have been trying to build a more permanent dwelling for my wife and daughter, but I can't do it alone. I have tried enlisting the assistance of Master Gisgo, but he has since fallen ill no longer bears the strength he used to. As such, I now turn to you.

Will you be able to assist me in constructing a more permanent home? I can repay you with naught but my gratitude and my wife's famous stew.

Also be warned. A storm is coming, and a big one by the looks of it. I've been seeing the signs for the past few days, it may be here in no more than a week. Pass the word around.

Cathalo

written below in a much lighter ink, in much shakier handwriting

*Are you a man of faith, Master Salicar? If you are, tell me of your gods. Can you trust their priests? Do they perform signs and miracles for you to display the power of the god they serve? If they do..****the writing becomes more steady, almost agitated* ..*how are you certain that they are not the workings of charlatans and liars?*

I believe you to be a good and honourable man, Master Salicar, so please...tell no one of these questions. I am afraid...

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

RE: MINKE FAMILY IS IN NEED

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/11/2014 23:16

I would be honoured to help you with your home. I was planning to do some exploring and make better contact with the natives, but mostly because nothing much keeps me here. The labour in service of good people would make me happier. Consider me a part of your project.

As for faith -- my faith was burned from me on the funeral pyre of my wife and daughter. There is no space in my heart for it. Nor violence, as it turns out. Do not ask me to fight beside you, but a hammer I will happily swing to make homes.

Salicar

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

A VISIT TO YOUR SHOP

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/11/2014 23:37

Ah, Mr. Boodes. I'm glad to have caught you here.

I am in need of something refined to help my home stand out. After asking

around, you seem to be the man to ask, and so here I am.

Are you ill? You appear pale to me, or perhaps it is a trick of the light.

In either case, you must promise me you will take some time to relax; all this work will wear on your spirit. Sure, the climate here may not be as hospitable as that of our homeland, but the sea air will still revitalize a tired body.

Anyway, about my reason for visiting: I do not know exactly what I would like adorning my home, but it must of course reflect my noble birth, high station, and invaluable contribution to the colony. But I don't want some gaudy ornament! I leave such crass adornment to others. Taste and subtlety *are* my watchwords, mind you.

It saddens me that not all of our fellow colonists have such taste as you and I. Do you recognize *this*? It is a handwritten sign I found posted on the outside of your shop, not ten paces from where I now stand. Some hoodlum must have put it up under cover of night. Why, it riles me so what

this Salicar character is saying. Militarization? Since when has the common

defense been confused with militarization? Protecting ourselves is the prudent course of action, not the first stage in a campaign against the savages. Next thing you know this drunken fool will be claiming that my grand wall will be keeping us in instead of keeping savages and cannibals out! Preposterous!

Alas, I have let my tongue have its way with me once again. I will not take up any more of your valuable time, but heed my advice: take time to enjoy yourself. Do you have a wife? If so, divert a little of your careful attention--not to mention your dextrous hands--toward her; you'll be glad you did.

And do please let me know if you come up with any ideas for my home. I am a simple man of simple needs, whereas you are the expert in this realm. I thank you for your time.

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

TO: NEWS

DATE: 4/12/2014 0:30

EXPLORATION

The people have started calling the hilly forest to the east the Kamenstol Forest. It is reported to be rich with game, and to have excellent timber. The bark of some of the trees there is striped, alternately black and white.

A hunter exploring the Kamenstol Forest found a hidden glade that can only be reached by creeping through a crevice in almost impenetrable cliff face. Inside was a trilith made of red granite, resembling a rough table. Its bare stone was entirely unornamented.

A tiny, tufted lizard has been found in the forests to the south; one of the ladies of the court has taken one for a pet.

Small, red wild berries have been found growing on the slopes near the beach.

Scouts from the Queen's party report that they observed a disturbance at the kistvaen in the hills to the South. They claim that the cause was the dead, stirring in their tombs.

An ancient construction has been discovered; a dam that spans the river and may hold back the floodwaters, though its inner workings are presently incomprehensible. Nearby ruins appear to be some kind of city or settlement. The scholar Cordatus has proclaimed that the runes and markings discovered there greatly resemble an archaic form of our own language.

A forest of vast trees has been discovered to the south, trees so huge they entirely blot out the sunlight. In some parts of the forest, the only light comes from luminescent blue moss

RE: STORM'S COMING / CYCLE 2

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
FISHER

TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE
DATE: 4/12/2014 2:22

Good Friend Christopher,

I take you at your word and would welcome your help preparing our settlement. We have many exposed supplies and much work in progress that would suffer from a storm. Perhaps we may recruit the help of Marc Gisgo, the hard-working laborer [Marc Gisgo: the Laborer], whom I met on the beach. He was great help in building your fishing sheds, and could be a powerful hand in securing our dwellings and supplies.

I'll pass the word to keep children close to home and avoid grazing animals far from shelter as the storm approaches. Our good brewer fears a flood, but we are well drained against rain and water running down hill. Perhaps in later seasons we may be tested by the river. Our honorable governor is also most concerned by flooding, and I have started a second tract of houses upslope of any hazard from the river. All new houses are being built there, and we have moved two of the huts bodily from the lower tract to the upper one. I am preparing plans to move or reconstruct the other dwellings on higher ground, but our larger buildings may be more of a challenge.

I made a visit to the Temple on the Hill, and met the wise philosopher Mathos [Bob Mathos: the Philosopher]. He is abuzz with plans to build an academy (hekademy? I'm not sure of the word) to gather and educate the youth of our colony. He impressed me with his wisdom and kindness, and after his words, my visit was transformed from a memorial of loss to a celebration of devotion for our divine guardians. I gave respect and offerings at the devotional shrines within the Temple, noting the two absent places with small prospective offerings; one for the Goddess of the Land, and one for the God of the City, whose identities we must uncover before we can worship them in truth.

The priestess Selinua approached me after my devotions, noting my grace and facility with them. She invited me to join as a worship leader during the Black Moon Festival. Learning that my late wife was a priestess, she took me back to her room where we talked long of my beautiful Tanith, how I had been chosen her year-husband by lot at Midsummer, yet after a

year and a day, we chose to join of her own will. Selinua discovered that I still kept Tanith's initiation pendant by my heart, and far from crying sacrilege, she praised my devotion. She tested me with her questions of the mysteries and of my life and losses. The day growing late, she observed the evening devotion and joined me for the evening meal. We talked late of many things, and I stayed the night. I do not know what our meeting may bring, but I am convinced, and Selinua agrees, that my time for mourning is over. With Dioscura gone to further her wisdom and grace at the side of the Queen, my house will well afford quiet thinking. And I shall see Selinua again as we prepare for the Black Moon Festival.

I had the good fortune to meet your wife Ilithyia upon the hill. Far from seeming burdened by fate, she smiled broadly when I introduced myself. Her cheeks were flushed with happiness, and she quickly excused herself upon some urgent errand that she said she was pleased to be running. I trust she will bring you good news upon some point that she thought too precious to share with me.

I look forward to your sturdy arms to help batten down our roofs, doors, and valuable stored goods against the breath of the storm.

With fraternal esteem,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

CASTOR HIMILCO TO MARC GISGO

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

DATE: 4/12/2014 3:26

Good Citizen Marc,

I much appreciated your help in constructing Christopher Maharbal's fishing sheds on the beach. With easier access to gear and drying and mending space, our fisheries will greatly benefit.

I reach out to you in the interest of our community. Christopher, with his long experience watching the weather, predicts a storm soon and urges us to secure our buildings and goods from the storm. He is not expecting flooding, given the season and the water levels, but there is risk of damage to anything unsecured.

If you can lend your strength to the safety of our colony against the coming storm, it would be much appreciated.

I have passed the word to watch the sky carefully and to keep children and herd animals from straying far from shelter. With my daughter Dioscura away, I will plan to secure my tools and make myself useful as best I can during the storm, or possibly shelter in one of the larger, more solid buildings such as the Temple. Priestess Selinua and her helpers have made good preparations for the Black Moon Festival, and it would be a shame for any of that to encounter a setback.

As a well-appreciated laborer, I know you have cause to work in all parts of our community. Therefore I pass along the word of Mathos the philosopher, who is organizing a school for the youth of our colony, meeting outside the Temple after morning worship. He has been passing out notes, but his message may pass faster by word of mouth. If any need to find him, he may be reached at [Bob Mathos: the Philosopher].

May the Smith give strength to your arm!

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

HISTORY

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/12/2014 7:26

TO: NEWS

Extract From a POEM, Composed Thousands of Years Later

“Below the thunders of the upper deep,

Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,

His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep

The Kraken sleepeth...”

--Alfred Lord Tennyson

The Anglo-American Cyclopaedia, Volume XLV (STR-TOS)

“Tennyson found his inspiration while reading an account of the founding of The Metropolis by the ancestors of the colonists, particularly the suggestive but brief accounts of the sea monsters who harried them as they fled their original homeland...”

HISTORY

FROM: THE MODERATOR

TO: NEWS

DATE: 4/12/2014 7:28

Extract from Historical Commentaries, Volume 14, by Pamphile of Epidaurus.

“Concerning The PROPHECY of ASIYUS:

“This aforementioned prophecy, passed down and much revered by the people, proclaimed that The First Born of The New Land is destined to be the Ruler...”

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/12/2014 7:44

TO: NEWS

NEWS

Mounds of bones have been discovered, prompting concerns of cannibalistic tribes. Amidst these fears, the newly arrived general Xanthippus is organizing the defence of the city. Xanthippus is known for his many victories and strict discipline. It is rumored that the Council of the Metropolis is afraid of him.

Investigations of natural philosophy have revealed that there is a shortage of iron in the these lands. Hopefully this will not greatly affect the future of our colony.

The shortage of stone suitable for building continues to affect the construction of new structures. With no good quarry available they will continue to be constructed out of the excellent local timber.

Preparations for the Black Moon Festival seem to be disorganized and desultory. The disease spreading among the horses may affect their use in the Parade of Stallions. Wild horses may be needed, although none have been seen in this land so far.

Workmen have moved some of the smaller buildings to higher ground. They report success with some of the smaller buildings, but that most of the buildings now in the floodplain will need to be reconstructed. One of the laborers and his native bride have moved in already; they are expecting their first child.

During the construction at the higher site, remains of pottery were discovered, pottery that pre-dates the founding of the colony. Perhaps our ancestors once dwelled at this very spot!

The general's newly arrived soldiers are few in number and have been the source of much merriment. Their disorderly behavior has made them the butt of many jokes, and one was seen being chased through town by a servant girl waving a dishrag.

Illthya, the fisher's wife, has been seen singing happily after leaving a consultation with the midwife. What good news could she have heard? Is our little colony going to be growing soon?

The children of the town have been collecting shiny pebbles by the

riverside. They say that the pebbles they collected have been cast into the sea as an offering to the gods, a sacrifice that was doubtless both proper and adorable.

A youth reports that more of the striped creatures have been spotted near the community, congregating in groups. Are they a threat to our way of life?

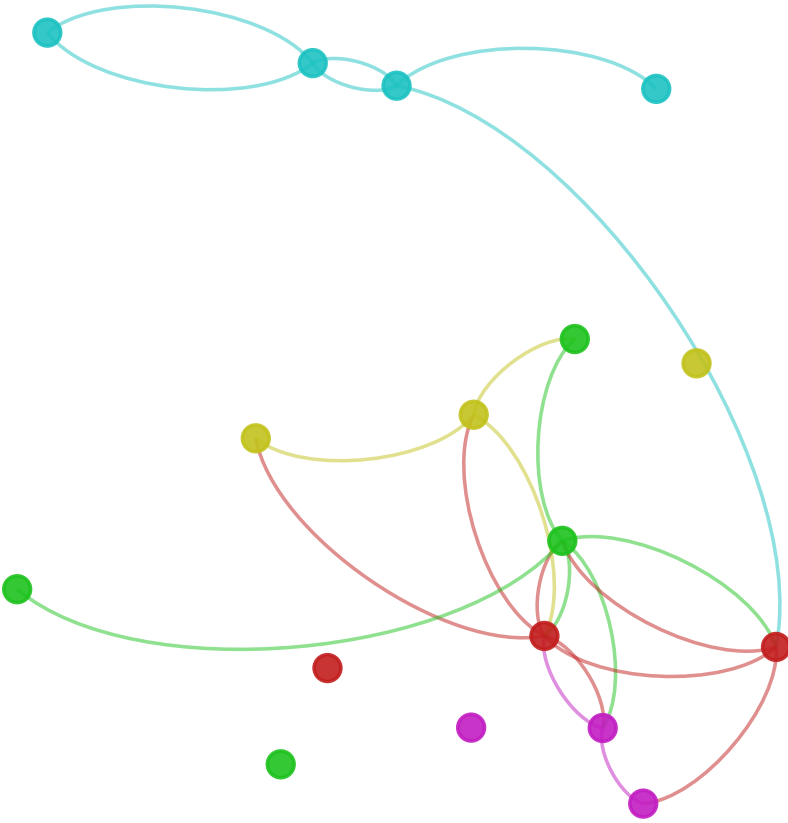
No cypress trees are in the immediate vicinity of our colony, but perhaps they may be found in the forests and hills surrounding us. It would be immensely beneficial to find such a useful and symbolic plant.

The Minke farm on the outskirts of town is suffering. Their crops are desiccated and dying, and the family is starving. Is this a sign of greater problems? With the loss of half our grain stores, there were already concerns that our food supplies may not be sufficient to last the winter, but now there are worries about the present as well.

There are signs that a storm may be approaching. Despite the preternaturally calm seas, or perhaps because of them, those among us who predict the weather from their aching joints or sensitive noses tell us to prepare for inclement weather of some kind.

A house has been built on the high side of the colony near the hill, by the farmer Cathalo, safely above any expected flooding. Farmer Cathalo has often been seen about town, and is filled with much advice on planting crops.

There are rumors of a war to our south between native tribes.



CYCLE 3

RE: THANK YE FER DINNER

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/12/2014 14:27

Boodes,

Appreciate everything that ye've done fer me. 'Twas nice t'come fer a home-cooked meal, too. Don't often get a chance t'eat more'n simple meals - a bit of game, some roots or berries, and was a nice change o' pace.

Apologize if m'gruff manner offended yer wife; don't have much call f'r polite conversation at all these days. 'Fraid that when talk of the militia gets up and going, it gets me goat. This colony isn't s'posed to be a military outpost. Didn't have any choice in coming here or not, but I'll be damned if they make me take up arms to protect it. Maybe that kind o'talk wasn't suitable in front of yer wife; please pass on my apologies.

Will be more careful in the future 'bout lettin' my opinions run rampant over dinner.

I'd planned t'tell ye the story of Kamenstol after we'd eaten; even brought a bottle of me homemade whiskey to share while we spoke. Felt bad about the argument, though, so figgered it best t'take me leave. Left the bottle on yer porch fer ye, though, by way of an apology. Did ye get it? I'm told it's somethin' of an acquired taste, but me, I've grown t'love the stuff.

Didja hear 'bout the glade? The stone table out on the forest? The boy Juba and I were out huntin' before 'e went missin', and game across a game trail through some nettles. Weren't suited fer pushin' through then.

Forgot about it, but I headed out that way 'bout a week later on another huntin' trip, and stumbled across it again. This time I'd long sleeves, so decided to brave that thicket and see where it went.

It led to a rock face, fairly sheer. Couldn't get over the damned thing - unnaturally few handholds. Poked around at the end of the trail for a few minutes, and found a crevasse in the rock face. Tight squeeze, but managed to force my way through. Don't know what I was thinkin', frankly - usually try to be more sensible, but somethin' seemed to call me on. Curiosity, I guess.

Not a long trip - never lost sign of sunlight, but on t'other side of the rock face found myself in an overgrown glade. Looked like the stone encircled it completely, like someone had hollowed out a circle of stone twenty feet

high and open to the sky above. In the centre, almost buried within grass three feet high, was a table made of stone. Not carved or nothin', just two slabs of red granite standin' in the ground about 6 feet apart, and a third laid across them.

Spent some time in the glade - mebbe half an hour or so, but somethin' in the air made me not want to disturb the place. Kept to the edges of the place, close to the wall of stone. Not much to be seen, t'be honest - just a few flowers, the grass, and that stone table.

Damndest thing I ever seen. Seems to be pretty important, too - definitely there on purpose, build be someone. Seemed appropriate t' name the forest after it somehow. Not sure how much y'know about the old tongue, but Kamenstol's the word fer a stone table. Big fan of literal name, meself.

Did a little diggin' around after our conversation 'bout the Black Moon festival. Seems to be somethin' popular in the Metropolis, which explains why I didn't know much about it before Mathos mentioned it t'me.

Somethin' of a festival of renewal, it seems, and thos who're more devout than I seem t'think it's a necessary ritual t'ensure success in the future. Honours all the gods, rather than a single one - seems t'me we need all the help we can get. Never seen such a run o'bad luck all at once. Horse plagues, tainted water, infested grain, shortage of clay and stone, not t'mention all the tension in the colony.

D'ye feel it? Don't make it back into town so much these days - I find that Kamenstol provides most o' the things I need. Now that I got meself a little cabin near the edge of the woods, I'm makin' a go of it. Still, there's trouble brewin' in town. Dunno why, but seems t'me that there's a lot o' people don't like the decisions bein' made 'bout their lives. Those posters about 'resistin' the militaization' are only one sign o' the times.

Could be people are just antsy 'bout the food situation. If that's the case, may not be much longer to worry. My friend, Christopher Marhabal [Christopher Maharbal: the Fisher] been workin' hard to train a group of fishermen, so there's the sea. Kamenstol proves to be plentiful in game. On top o' that, seems like that group that Sirvidan's been organizin' has finally finished clearin' a big piece of that rocky farmland just outside the forest. Just in time fer plantin' season, methinks - we'll see what comes of that grain we brought. Might get some wheat out of that land in a few months.

Mischief's adjustin' nicely to 'is new home, and 'e's provin' to be quite the hunter - game home last night and he'd caught a brace o'squirrels, and laid 'em out on the stoop plain as can be. You were right about 'is paws, and 'e's growin' quickly. Bigger than any cat I ever seen already, and 'e still hasn't grown into his feet yet. Dunno how 'e'll take to trainin' but I'll do me best once 'e seems old enough.

Found ye a small group of cypress shrubs on the far site of Kamenstol. Not a lot of cones - looks like they've recently sprouted here. Makes me think that mebbe they're more plentiful further east. East of Kamenstol seems to be a wide, grassy plain, but in the distance I can see more trees. Will try to make a trip out there soon and see what's there.

Yrs.

FH

PS - Best pipeweed I've ever had. Yer a good man. See if I can repay the debt somehow soon.

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

BLESSINGS ON THE EVE OF THE BLACK MOON FESTIVAL

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/12/2014 17:05

Mathos,

Have good news and bad news.

With the help of some good men and women from the colony, managed to bring

down several large game animals here in Kamenstol. A few animals that look

like large deer, a boar or two, and some smaller game, all set aside for the feast. Wish there was more variety, but with no crops ready to harvest yet, we take what we can, aye?

Bad news is that I ain't been able t'find hide nor hair of horses in this land. Thought the scouts said somethin' about horses to the southwest, but I ain't had time to see about the truth o'that. Figgered better to work on feeding the colony for the time bein'. Did mention yer predicament t'an acquaintance o'mine who's good wit' his hands and a skilled artisian. Was lookin' into making an effigy o' the stallions ye require - thought that might serve instead. William Boodes

[William Boodes: the Artesian]William Boodes: the Artesianis his name; think he was finishin' up a maquette fer ye. Might have to make adjustments fer our new situation.

Boodes also asked me what I knew about the festival. Can't say as it was anything I knew too much about - I understand it's something popular in

the

Metropolis. Mebbe wasn't a rite that spread to the hinterlands where I lived with my kin. I told 'im 'tis a ritual plea to all the gods at the beginnin' of the spring, but that's the only thing I heard about it. Mebbe ye can tell 'im a little more.

Got no use for a school personally, but can see how it would be good for the colony. Kamenstol's trees ain't the massive oaks and pines of the coastlines near the Metropolis, so they won't serve for large construction projects like the Wall, but if yer design for this Hekademia needs some smaller logs for benches, tables and the like I'm certain there are places here that will yield appropriate goods. Send some of the workers to my cabin in Kamenstol, not far from the new grain fields. I can guide them to the right part of the woods.

Yrs.

FH

"Small minds discuss persons. Average minds discuss events. Great minds discuss ideas. Really great minds discuss mathematics."

RE: BLESSINGS ON THE EVE OF THE BLACK MOON FESTIVAL

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/13/2014 1:32

FeeGLE,

Thank-you for taking my requests so seriously. I am relieved that there are still some villagers who understand the importance and value of the old ceremonies. Lately it seems as though the whole town is spending their days drinking and brawling, but perhaps that is just because I live too close to the brewery.

I have seen the game that you acquired and they are exceptional beasts. I am sure The Huntress herself will be impressed by the success of your efforts. The news regarding the horses, however, is grave. I would go out and look for horses myself, if not for the lameness in my leg and slowness of my step. I am uncertain if an effigy will suffice, but perhaps I could assist Boodes in creating an idol such that even the Gods could not ignore.

The herbs that you and young Juba gathered are... well.. interesting. Three of them appear to be edible, though not terribly flavorful. The dogs ate them willingly and have suffered no ill effects. However I would not recommend consumption of the fourth. The unfortunate hound that sampled it has survived, but for several days I was concerned that this would not be the case. At first he was gulping for air and flopping around like a fish on a dock, but then he settled down, though his eyes went black and he did not move at all for many hours. He seems to be back to normal now, though it is hard to fully comprehend the mental state of a dog. He remains confined to a crate and I will keep him under observation for a few more days.

Your offer of assistance with construction of the Hekademia is very generous and I will send the laborers over for wood just as soon as we have completed the landscaping.

May the Gods grant you favor in all your endeavors,

Mathos.

GODDAMNED SAILORS

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/13/2014 1:40

Subject:

Goddamned sailors

From:

Brad Salicar: the Brewer

Date:

4/13/2014 1:40 AM

To:

Bob Mathos: the Philosopher

I met with several sailors from the last ship in today. I'm being euphemistic -- I caught them breaking into my place to steal my beer. I was

out with Himlico helping his crew build some new houses on higher ground

and when I got back my place was full of drunken sailors. Anyway, it turned

out okay -- there's only so much you can drink -- and I wound up drinking

with them for most of the night.

You're wondering why I'm bringing this to you. You are the only person here

I know who's interested in something other than the immediate problems of

the colony and these men had something interesting to say. You might say they were drunk and didn't know what they were saying. Or that they were

deluded. Or that they were putting me on. Whatever. What they said bothered me a lot.

The ship that arrived the other day? It was one of six. It's the only one that arrived. These sailors are drunk because they are terrified -- they are supposed to make the return voyage next week after the ship resupplies and they are convinced they will never make it home. A couple of the crew have already deserted and are looking for safe places to hide in and around the colony.

Something is terribly wrong out to sea. That doesn't directly affect us, I suppose, but it might mean there isn't a lot of help coming.

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

RE: GODDAMNED SAILORS

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/13/2014 2:50

Salicar,

I would take time to council you on the corruption of drink and sloth if your other news were less urgent. I am concerned, but not surprised by what you tell me. When we last spoke I told you the story of the young man Flavos and his demise at sea. But since then... well, I have seen him... and... we have spoken, though.. it was not his spirit that occupied his corpse.

I should explain.

My former apprentice, Juba, he and another gathered some herbs from the forest to the east. They brought them to me as they were uncertain if they were edible. One of the plants had an odd effect on my dog, so I sampled it myself. I must say that this was probably not the wisest thing I have done. Nonetheless, I was at the river-mouth making offerings and meditations. I put but the smallest amount of leaf between my lips. At first it was but a mild bitter taste, but soon I was having difficulty breathing and I had the impulse to enter the water. There I was more comfortable. I am confused about how long I might have been underwater, it seemed like sometime, but due to the effects of the herb I am a less than reliable witness to the events.

After some time in the water I saw a figure with bright yellow hair, but skin pale as milk, moving toward me. I don't recall being frightened, but the thought of it now has my brow damp, mouth dry, and hands quivering. As the figure moved closer I recognized it as Flavos, and he spoke: "The seas are boiling with madness, a host of serpents, from the line of Chaos, children of Erebus. They seek satisfaction! They seek destruction! They seek the fallen ones!"

I awoke on the beach sometime later, after sunset. My clothes were dry so I must have been lying there for some time. I am somewhat embarrassed to say that I am uncertain of the meaning of Flavos's warning. But the tale told of your sailors provides some knowledge of its nature.

Mathos.

RE: GODDAMNED SAILORS

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/13/2014 10:38

Perhaps you could compose your lecture on drink and sloth while lying on the beach, otherwise incapacitated by euphoric herbs. When it's ready to deliver, you'll find me at the new construction site. Building homes.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH, CYCLE 3"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/13/2014 14:43

Cycle 3.

Castor Himilco, Carpenter and Citizen, to Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people.

I am pleased at your communication that Dioscura has been a welcome addition, and that she is learning much from the estimable members of your company. I am glad to hear that she is making herself useful as well as learning from among the best among us.

Word has come that one of your party has charmed a native tufted lizard and bears it as a pet. While there is much curiosity about the lizard here in town, I enjoin Dioscura from teasing it or making one her pet. Such indulgences are unbecoming to a young woman of serious intentions.

I will pass along to the philosopher Mathos [Bob Mathos: the Philosopher] the samples of writing that Cordatus has identified as ancient writings similar to our own script. It could mean much to our presence here if our advent is in the manner of a homecoming. I see Dioscura's writing hand is improving, if that is her script. The charcoal rubbings of the carved art which you sent may also be of interest.

The samples of clay and quarrystone look most promising. When time permits, we should certainly travel to the clay banks and quarry and bring back quantities of them for construction, binding, and sealing.

The question of food for the colony continues to weigh on me. I feel we will solve this without a severe trial, but we may need to look more to the land and the wisdom of its olden people than relying on our practiced knowledge of flocks and fields. Naetha, my foreman's new native wife, may have knowledge to share. She was showing off her seashell jewelry, and I suspect the source of shells (and edible shellfish) may be nearby. It is yet too early to expect quickening, but the midwife assures us that every sign is good, and likewise that Ilithyia's unexpected blessing is proceeding very well for a first-time mother of her age.

Progress continues on the upper tract of huts. Scar has now built another

Cyclopean one-wheeled cart and put it in charge of the foreman, who has adapted it to use for assisting his construction work. It speeds up the transport of materials greatly, and is good with tight corners and narrow paths.

I am contributing in some small way to the preparations from the Black Moon Festival. The priestess Selinua has recruited me as an assistant in the rituals, after remarking on my facility with the offerings and the clarity and strength of my voice when I visited the Temple. When she discovered that my late wife Tanith was a priestess back in the Metropolis, we spoke long together. I have already been rehearsing some of the chants and songs with those who will be participating, including some of the children who have been attending Mathos's Hekademy in the mornings.

I have sent your messenger down to the brewer with coin and my compliments. He will bunk in the empty half of my hut before returning to you with this my reply.

With blessings and best wishes to Your Majesty,

Castor Himilco, Carpenter and Citizen
From the Scriptorium Cell of the Temple

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 3"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/13/2014 16:07

Cycle 3.

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter, to Mathos, wise philosopher, greetings.

I trust that this finds you well and that your enrollment at the Hekademia burgeons to our general benefit. I have passed your announcement to several workers and others with families whose children may have their minds enlarged with learning.

I send with this note a copy of the writings identified by the Queen's scholar and historian Cordatus as being an ancient form of our own script. It may be that in the course of your learning, that you have had occasion to study more antique writings, and can enlarge upon Cordatus's findings.

The Queen has been pleased to report that my daughter Dioscura has been well-behaved and helpful in their party's efforts, including helping to transcribe the antique engravings found in the quarry and the menhir that they are investigating. Happily, they have found both clay banks and an old quarry which may be renovated for use in our buildings, walls, and other efforts, given some work.

My particular duties continue under the able delegation of my foreman and the eccentric mechanic Scar, who has reproduced another Cyclopean cart for general use by the building workers. It speeds the job of moving wood and building materials to the higher site for use to construct new houses above the risk of flooding. The governor has advised that I look for any cause that the ancient site may have been deserted. I have found no evidence that point to any specific disasters or points of difficulty.

I am also contributing in some small way to the preparations from the Black Moon Festival. The priestess Selinua has recruited me as an assistant in the rituals. I have already been rehearsing some of the chants and songs with those who will be participating. Thank you for letting me recruit some of the young people attending your Hekademia. Their voices and youthful energy will be welcome.

I am planning to investigate a clue provided to me by my foreman's native wife Naetha, whose seashell jewelry suggested that there may be edible shellfish nearby. It's my understanding from a somewhat inarticulate conversation with her that the seashells in her jewelry are local to the area.

With best wishes for prosperity,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter
From the Scriptorium Cell of the
Temple

TENSIONS IN THE SETTLEMENT

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

DATE: 4/13/2014 22:30

Maharbal,

Sure that yer community spirit is appreciated in the colony. How are the turnouts for militia training? Haven't been myself, and have no intention of joinin' in, but I hear rumours that The General ain't happy with the turnout.

Remember that Royal Service bit I mentioned? Happened upon a group of colonists when I was in the village in the same situation. Guess word got out that I'm here on this continent for similar reasons. They asked me if it was true I'd built a little cabin in Kamenstol; seemed more t'be askin' in case they needed to get gone from the settlement proper. Seems they feel like the soldiers that The General brought with him are here to keep an eye on them, specifically. Mebbe The General don't think he can trust those of us who ain't here by choice - 'tis the only reason I can think to bring professional soldiers with 'im. Well, that or t'inspire fear of outsiders in the colonists.

Taken to calling this group Servicemen, after the letters they - we, even - were handed by the Queen's Soldiers who brought us in from the hinterlands. One of 'em even brought 'is summons with 'im to Callisto - included it with this letter fer yer interest. All of us seem t'be from the hinterlands of the Metropolis. Wonder if the Queen's advisors were

wise enough to know that they needed farmers and hunters, and also that the only way to convince someone so connected to the land t'come was t'force 'em.

Sirvidan, the one from the letter, has taken the lead on plantin' grain in the new fields. Be a few months before anything comes of the sowin', an' even then we'll have t'see how the grain takes to the new climate, but at least we got some fields clear and planted. Anyway, Sirvidan and a few of the farmers have started to build a few cabins near to the fields. It's a fair distance from Callisto proper and the beach, and seems they're happy to be away from The General's watchful eye.

Not sure how many Servicemen there are, but Sirvidan seems t'think more than a couple o'dozen at least. They're doin' what they can t'make the best of a bad situation, but the Gods only know what might come of pushin' them too far.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

RoyalService.gif

Attachments:

RoyalService.gif 554 KB

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/14/2014 0:40

Boodes?

Are you the skilled artisan that Feegle Hanno was telling me about? I am pleased to meet you and even more pleased to see the fine quality of your work! Is it true that you have begun creation of a statue to be used in offering at the Black Moon Festival? This is very honorable of you, and though it is a bit unorthodox, I don't see why the Gods would be less than pleased by your gesture. As it seems unlikely that we will be able to obtain live stallions for the parade any effort we can make is essential.

I am hoping that you have some skill working with precious metals. I know clay and marble are more common these days and without a blacksmith it is difficult to obtain bronze or even fine copper. However, I happen to have a supply of aurum. You may not be familiar with it, it is so rare in our homeland that very few have ever gazed upon it. See here... It has a colour and lustre similar to finely polished bronze, but lighter in colour and is said to never tarnish. I am hoping you may be able to make use of it for your sculpture. I have a sack full of pebbles here, and can obtain more if need be. Careful, it is much heavier than it appears. It melts quite easily and so can be cast with little difficulty, or pounded into sheets as thin as rose petals if you prefer. But please, it is important that no one else be made aware of it. I fear that the attentions of the people will be turned from the essential work that needs to be done if they knew that had been found in these lands.

Mathos.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 3."

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/14/2014 3:58

From Castor Himilco, carpenter to Brad Salicar, brewer

I send this note with the Queen's messenger, along with a sample of the good clay which accompanied the Queen's correspondence. She has also found a quarry with good building stone, and her expert scholar Cordatus has been copying and carefully inspecting the petrolyphic writing that resembles an archaic form of our own script. Give the messenger as much beer as his coin warrants. He has had a speedy trip down the river from the Queen's expedition site and is no doubt thirsty.

You may wish to inquire with the Queen's party [Sarah Solaris: the Queen] about the location of the good clay beds in particular, which will be good for sealing and closing cracks in buildings and storage vessels that allow spoilage and pests. I understand the clay beds and quarry are to be recorded on our maps for the general good.

I understand from the Queen's correspondence that my daughter Dioscura has been attending to the opportunities for improvement that her eminent company allows, and making herself useful carrying the horses and transcribing the ancient writings. I attach for your curiosity one of the charcoal rubbings which Dioscura made from stone-engraved art.

I write this from the Scriptorium cell of the Temple on the hill. Alongside my supervision of the huts under construction in the higher site, the priestess Selinua has recruited me as an assistant in the rituals after discovering my facility with the devotions which I learned from my late wife Tanith, priestess back in our Metropolis. I have already been rehearsing some of the chants and songs with those who will be participating. It feels so good to raise my voice in song beside Selinua, though it brings back how much I miss my wife. Selinua had words of comfort for me, and helped me confirm that it is time for my mourning to be over.

However, my next move is to investigate the possible shellfish beds that I learned of from my foreman's native wife Naetha, who wears polished seashell jewelry made from local shells. If I recognize the shells aright,

they may be good eating for our hungry people if our fields and flocks are wanting. I will trust our experience fisherman Christopher Maharbal to advise me on the coastal weather, for he fears a storm is coming soon. I have taken measures to secure loose roofs and doors and put our supplies in out of the weather. I would advise you check your roof and shutters.

On a somewhat less happy note, the general has commandeered my hut for quartering his soldiers. I have moved Dioscura's things and my own to a new, smaller hut in the higher group. Fortunately my tools are packed for daily travel, and easily fasten to the sides of Scar's newest and smallest Cyclopean cart. I foresee trouble if a more regular barracks arrangement is not established. Although the soldiers are not many, they seem poorly disciplined and apt to stir up petty difficulties. I even encountered one of them by the trailside at dawn, stuporous, barely even able to remember his name. Later on I heard that one had been into a flask of Lethe poppy juice the herbalists had been making trial of for medicine. I can only wonder if they and the General are some sort of punishment detail. Their officers seem serious, however, so i may merely be imagining things based on the worst of them.

With every fraternal blessing,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

SPOKEN IN HUSHED VOICE

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: WILL ZENO: THE TRAVELLER

DATE: 4/14/2014 15:00

Mr. Zeno, good morning. I understand that you have recently arrived from the Old Country, and as a man of many travels I must ask for your observations regarding a matter vital to the survival of our queen's Jewel of the New World.

Ah, but where are my manners? So weighty on my mind is this matter that I

have forgotten to properly introduce myself, and for that I apologize. My name is John Mago, humble servant of Her Majesty Lady Solaris, and I am at your service as I am at that of the entire colony.

Now, on to the matter at hand. In making my evening rounds of the village,

I could not help but notice that, of the new faces I do not yet recognize, many have an unnatural ruddy complexion about the neck and ears. Of those,

a few also have a distinctive, phlegmy cough; I'm sure the sound has awoken

you, as it has me, during the quietest hours of the night.

As one who travelled with the afflicted across the sea, I would ask that you remain on the lookout for those colonists who show these symptoms, as

will I. If it should happen that a contagion has been introduced to the population by these new arrivals, we must identify the infected and isolate

them from the healthy as soon as possible.

I do not mean to alarm you with this news, but constant vigilance is the price we all must pay for our continued existence in this new land.

RE: SPOKEN IN HUSHED VOICE

FROM: WILL ZENO: THE TRAVELLER

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 4/14/2014 15:30

Mr. Mago, I hear and echo your concerns. Having just arrived I'm unsure of all new arrivals but I believe most of the new illnesses are due to a wind of the Grippe sustained from a rather stormy voyage inland. All but the crew were confined below decks and the absence of healthy sunlight is a likely cause.

However; I shall maintain a watch as, in my experience, even a simple ailment can be aggravated by foreign tastes of air and water. As soon as I gain a clean supply of food and water (I do not trust the river during the current season and believe it best if we soon built a proper well) I plan to set forth beyond the village. I've heard rumours of a plant some natives use to cleanse bad blood. Should it exist I believe this could solve many problems.

A LETTER DELIVERED BY A CHILD

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPUS: THE GENERAL

DATE: 4/14/2014 16:03

My dear General,

I fear I must apologize for my words to you the other day. As a man of many passions, the foremost of which being that for this beloved colony which has become my new home, I allowed my zeal to carry me away, much like Tinder swept over the Sphagnous Falls.

I admit that a tribunal is unnecessary in the case of the young man who "married" a wild woman. To that I add that the charges I proposed were extreme, meant more to set an example, I now realize, than to reflect the severity of the young man's transgressions.

It would greatly simplify matters, I'm sure you will agree, both for you yourself and for colony precedent, if this young man were allowed to simply

live the life he has chosen. In taking a wild woman as a bride and giving her a child, he has cast his lot with the creatures that live beyond our borders. I do not know this man, nor do I wish to, but even without knowing

him I can tell you that he is no longer a civilized man such as you or I.

One who embraces the wild man's ways himself becomes a wild man, after all.

And as we have previously discussed, wild men have no place within our

borders, for they erode the safety we find so precious. So let this young man reap what he has sown; his exile will be not a punishment to him, for that is the path he himself would take.

As ever I remain in your debt,

Citizen

FWD: FIRST REPORT FROM YOUR GENERAL
FROM: THORSTEN XANTHIPPOS: THE GENERAL
DATE: 4/14/2014 16:21

TO: THE QUEEN

Gretings Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of our people,

i highly appreciate, that you aknowledge the training of our citizenry. But i also would like to urge you to let us make this training mandatory: The aim here is not to build an army, but to enable our people to defend their families and fields, which are of course at the core of all our concerns.

On a similar note i applaude to your support of the building of the wall. After laying down the plans for the wall and barracks, i have now given them the task, to list the ressources needed and estimate the amount of workpower to build at least a pallisade and wooden buildings, as the supply of stones seems to be awfully low. Again we think in similar directions:

Cowering behind this wall is not our ultimate goal, but we desperately need it to be able to defend our families. From that secure base we can expand our rightful influence on the lands surrounding us.

I am deeply worried by your account of stirring dead. I am in deep doubt that a festival of any sort can stop such a phenomenon. And encouraging soldiers to take an active part in a festival of any form is generally a bad idea, as soldiers tend to use any chance at undisciplined frolicking they can get. I'd rather set my soldiers and a few workers to exhume those dead, burn their remains and throw them into the sea; that should take care of that business once and for all.

On the points of discipline and the enforcement of te laws: Living at the Metropolis i would agree with you, that we need a court to pass any judgement on our people. But we do no longer live in the Metropolis! We are a mere few hundred colonists, and we have neither the time nor the ressources to waste on court hearings. We have to ensure discipline across the colony, and quickly so. Please take into account the experience i have been able to gather on that account. Flogging and finger cuttings are really rather mild measurements. They are cheap, easily dispensed and will not lead to a permanent losses to our workforce. And they will only be needed a very view times, to assure measureable results!

To lead by good example, yesterday three of my soldiers, who have behaved in a dishonourable way the last days under my service and jurisdiction, have been sentenced by a military tribunal headed by me: Each one has received 10 licks of the whip; nothing that will incapacitate them for

long, but a clear sign, that any form of undisciplined behaviour will not be suffered.

As you will no doubt shortly see the benefit of such measures, i graciously propose to also head a civil tribunal to handle quick and effective judgements where needed.

There is one last point i would like to discuss: Right now we are harbouring a native woman among us. We can not endure this! This woman of a most likely cannibalistic tribal society, giving birth to a bastard of our heirloom. Acting decisively on this abomination should be the first priority of said civil tribunal.

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

RE: SPOKEN IN HUSHED VOICE

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: WILL ZENO: THE TRAVELLER

DATE: 4/14/2014 16:31

A well would be a grand addition to our humble colony, I must agree. Too often am I disturbed by the revelry of the townsfolk who use our current reliance on fermented drink as an excuse to overconsume. Mind you I am no

teetotaler, nor am I opposed to a celebration when the circumstances warrant it, but the endless nights of vulgarity and debauchery on our beachhead have so far resulted in more than a few drops of blood spilled upon the otherwise-pristine sand. I fear the day when we shall hear word of

a deadly altercation by the bonfire or an unfortunate drowning at midnight,

yet on our current course, such a day is imminent.

If my voice in this colony is indeed as influential as I am often told it is, I feel it would be only proper to use such voice for the betterment of the common man—”for are not we all common men in the eyes of the gods? Do

you know of any masons or surveyors in town who may have begun digging a

communal well? If so, please introduce me to them. My vocal support would,

I’m sure, speed their labors along.

RE: A LETTER DELIVERED BY A CHILD

FROM: THORSTEN XANTHIPUS: THE GENERAL

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 4/14/2014 16:38

Dear John,

i do not care to much about that man or the punishment he will have to suffer: An example has to be set, that this kind of mingling with barbarism is not at all tolerable, and in this we share the same view.

I already had a word with the queen about this horrendous issue and fully expect her to install a tribunal of some sort shortly.

By the way my staff is now planning the wall and barracks further, putting down the number of workdays needed and the resources to be gathered.

This

will not be a small task, and we will need every hand available in the building.

Thank you for introducing me to Alexander Juba, i will contact him and recruit into my troops if he is able or willing.

Do you know, where i can find this Salicar person, so i can have a word with him?

We will have to stay vigilant always, to ensure the security of our colony, and it is the support of citizens like you that will make this task possible!

Thank you for your engagement!

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

RECRUITMENT

FROM: THORSTEN XANTHIPPIUS: THE GENERAL TO: ALEXANDER JUBA: THE YOUTH

DATE: 4/14/2014 16:44

Dear Alexander Juba,

John Mago has introduced me to you: You would be able and willing to enter

the service as a soldier. I would like to hear your own motivation and perhaps experience in soldiering.

We can need able men like you, whose highest goal will be the safeguarding

of our colony from external threat or internal lack of discipline.

If this is what you expect to do with your life, i will happily great you to this noble cause and recruit you into service as a soldier under my command.

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 3"

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/14/2014 18:05

Castor,

I am most grateful for the efforts you are making on behalf of the Hekademia and even more the Black Moon Festival. I am pleased the students are involved, it bodes well for the survival of our traditions. Despite my earlier concerns it seems that many of the people are making efforts for the festival's success. I hope that the Gods take notice.

The texts you have provided are most interesting, though I have not yet had time to decipher them in much detail. I will attempt this later in the week. But in a related matter I am wondering if the phrase "the fallen ones" has any specific theological or historical significance, and I thought that perhaps you or the priestess Selinua might have run across it in your studies of liturgy or scriptures. I believe it may have something to do with the ancient history of this place, but I am really just getting started with my investigations.

Have you been bothered by the rowdiness of these soldiers that are marching about. I am considering filing a formal complaint with the Governor, as their ongoing drunken behaviour is causing many a disturbance. Most recently a drunken lout in full city guard uniform interrupted my students while they were engrossed in their Ethics studies. He waved his sword above his head (clumsily, but nonetheless threatening to the children) and spoke of "death to the beasts and barbarians of this land". It was disturbing, but at the same time an excellent illustration for the children's lesson.

I will be sure to get back to you about the ancient texts as soon as I am able.

Mathos.

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: MATHOS, THE PHILSOEPHER

DATE: 4/14/2014 20:22

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People,

To Mathos the philosopher:

It was with great pleasure that I heard news of the proposed school in the settlement. It seems good to me that our children should be taught the needful ways of the arts and sciences. To that end, I have instructed my servants that you are to be given access to the the small but precious collection of books and scrolls that I have brought with me from the the Metropolis. Though it is nothing compared to the great libraries in that city, it contains all the main works of the major philosophers, and some others besides, as well as some volumes describing history, mathematics, and the natural world, and a few precious collections of illustrations depicting the great works of our most talented artists. These you may examine and borrow as you have need, and as to other needs that your school

may have, I hope you will not hesitate to make them known to me that I may

aid you for the sake of the children.

I have been told by Castor Himilco, the carpenter, that he has passed on to you some copies of the runes that my own teacher and friend, Cordatus the

Eldar has been examining on our journey, along with my scribes. He is most

eager to discuss them with a fellow philosopher, and all the more excited

as we were unaware that another such learned soul was among our people
in
this land. If you have the time to speak with an old man, and not begrudge
him his somewhat salty tongue, I would be greatly pleased, and may join
you
on such occasions as my duties allow.

With my blessing on your most noble endeavors,

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People

[here a post script is hastily amended to the end of the document]

It has come to my attention that there is need of a civil court in our
colony. As a man of learning and wisdom, any aid you can give in such an
endeavor would be a great service to the people and the crown.

S. Solaris, Queen, etc.

“Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH, CYCLE 3”

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/14/2014 21:07

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People,

To Castor Himilco, Carpenter and Citizen:

My thanks for your care of my messenger. I have no doubt that he appreciated your kindness. As to Dioscura's writing, Cordatus wishes me to inform you that he is most pleased with her progress, although most often, my scribe writes for me, or I take letters with my own hand. However, that you might see her progress firsthand, I am dictating the contents of this letter to her.

Thank you also for passing along my reply to Mathos. I have not yet had a chance to speak with that learned gentleman, though I had word that he is setting up a school for our children, a most welcome and blessed endeavor, for which I am lending him the precious volumes I brought with me from the metropolis. Both Cordatus and I look forward to conversing with him.

In the forest beneath the second menhir, there is a village. Though I have (at the behest of my guards) avoided much contact with the natives throughout most of my travels, we stopped and conversed with the natives here for a time. It seems that this village relies mostly on hunting and on those things which may be found in the forest, berries, seeds, and nuts, and we have traded with them to obtain information and samples of such.

It may be that different plants grow near the colony, and I wish to speak with Naetha on my return, to learn what I can in that regard. The villages seem small, only twenty or thirty inhabitants at most in those we have seen. While we may be too many to live exactly as they do, I have no doubt that their knowledge can be of help to us in supplementing our own supplies of food.

They have also told us of sand deposits at another small village nearby. We have added it to our map accordingly and should pass through the area soon on our way back to the settlement.

We also found wild plants which greatly resembled tea at the furthest point we have yet traveled to along the river. It was with great joy that we learned from the natives that they indeed use it for such, and we have carefully recorded the information and taken samples, and hope to [from here on, the script changes. Although it is much finer, it appears to have

been written hurriedly]

Although I had hoped to travel further, and to take more time with the ancient ruins that pepper our landscape, I am now returning to the city. Troubling reports had reached me about the impending militarization of our city, and even the institution of a draft. There are even murmurings against Naetha from those who fear the natives as cannibals (a practice I have yet to see or receive hard evidence of). I have authorized and supported none of these things, with the exception that I did consider the possibility of a wall. (Though I hear that the Royal seal is affixed to the draft order!) Now, I am not certain that the wall would be wisely implemented, given the reported actions of its supporters.

Please inform me of what you have seen regarding these things. I am gravely concerned for my people.

With my thanks and blessing,

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people

RE:

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/14/2014 21:18

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People,

To To Nathan Carthalo, farmer and citizen:

A troubling report has reached me, even as I hurry back to the city, that the royal seal has been used without my authorization, to form an illegal draft.

I have had a notice posted in the square, that such action is illegal, and that in the future such transgressions will be severely punished.

I have heard that when the notice was posted, many people began grumbling

against those who started the draft, indeed, that the uproar was quite severe and threatening to the maintenance of law, order, and the civic authority of the offenders in our colony. In this I urge temperance, and that no blood be shed yet, the maintenance of our peace is precious to all.

Upon my return I shall establish a court to deal with offenders to the crown and the people.

RE: MINKE FAMILY IS IN NEED

FROM: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/15/2014 1:02

Master Salicar,

My deepest thanks for your assistance in the construction of my home. We seem to have finished just in time, as the ever darkening clouds overhead seem ready to burst at any moment. Thank you as well for your cooperation during the celebratory meal, when Lillian tried “make you a faerie princess”. I do admit that I was quite amused and that is one sight I shall not soon forget, as I’m sure you won’t either.

With regard to the matter of faith, I am sorry to have brought back painful memories with my questioning, but I had to know. For you see, when my family came to this land we brought something of great value, something that could be of great aid to the people, but has destroyed my faith in my gods and, if it became known that I was in possession of it back home, I and my family would die slow and painful deaths. It was a set of scrolls containing a wealth of knowledge possessed by the priests of my tribe, knowledge they used while claiming to carry out the will of the old gods, perform “miracles” in their name. I cannot read much of it, as the majority of it is written in some older variant of your tongue, but what I can read includes methods to predict the weather, heal a variety of diseases and injuries, instructions for various tricks portrayed as “signs”, and much more.

I know not how men of the faith that was once yours would react to such

knowledge. I have said that my family and I would've died slow and painful deaths if the priests of my tribe learned I possessed these scrolls. I am afraid that was a bit of an understatement. At the very least, I myself would have been bound and led before the people, pronounced a heretic or worse, an Emissary of the Dread Wolf, stoned to near death and then flayed, ritualistically eviscerated and sacrificed as a burnt offering before the gods. So surely you can understand my fear. But after seeing the ails of our colony I feel these scrolls could help, and so, I turn to you as a man of honor, a man I can trust and hope to call friend, and as one who knows the minds of those of who still believe in your gods. I leave knowledge of these artifacts in your hands to do with as you will. I pray that your people are much more accommodating than mine.

I place my life and the lives of my wife and daughter into your hands,
Master Salicar.

Nathan Cathalo

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL, CYCLE 3"

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
FISHER**

**TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE
DATE: 4/15/2014 3:41**

Solid friend,

A thousand thanks for your help getting me to the Barrier Island with my small party including my foreman and his wife Naetha. When I talked with her about the possibility of finding shellfish to supplement our colony's diet against shortages of grain and herbs, she agreed with enthusiasm to join my little expedition.

With her guidance, we traversed a broad area of sandy mud at low tide and followed her indication to see little dimples with sandy dribble marks around them -- the tips of the reed-like siphon noses of the creatures buried beneath the sodden flats. But it took some speed and enterprise to actually lift the creatures from the mud, since digging disturbs them and they try to bury themselves deeply beyond the reach of hoe or digging stick.

Nonetheless, we soon had a full basket of the two-sided mud burrowers. Following Naetha's directions, we created a fire pit lined with broken stones, gathered wet seaweed, and mounded up the shellfish and layers of seaweed like a mad charcoal-burner's heap.

The lapse of time required for baking allowed me to do some exploring.

The broader end of the island has an outcropping of stone on which the stump of a stone tower, perhaps a lighthouse, rests. On the side of the island facing the mainland are broad sandy mudflats, home to clams. Opposite, facing the open ocean, are more steeply sloping beaches where Naetha says that ocean-swimming turtles lay their eggs. The center of the island is overgrown with bushes and seagrass, and difficult to quickly traverse. While exploring, I also noticed men working on a ship careened up on the beach. I wished them well if they were not pirates, but saw no reason to test the proposition, and so left quietly. Fortunately the sun was at its height and our fire made but little smoke.

The moist-baked shellfish roast was delicious.

I am bringing back with me several baskets of shellfish kept cool and moist with more seaweed. Regrettably, the sand looks coarser and less even-grained than I was hoping for. Perhaps the river sand the queen has identified in her explorations will be good for building.

Till I see you again: Keep Clam,

Castor Himilco, carpenter.

Attachments:

ColonyBarrierIsland.png 17179869184 GB

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/15/2014 8:36

TO: NEWS

NEWS

The sky is darkening with storm clouds.

Several brawls have been reported in town. There was blood on the sand this morning from the fight at a bonfire on the beach last night. Many people are saying that others have been turning to drink in the wake of the recent troubles. A drunken soldier even threatened the children at the school this morning! Some of the most troublesome drunks proved to be sailors who deserted from the last ship to reach the colony, too terrified to go back out to sea. They say six ships set out to reach here, and only one made it.

Some of the arrivals from the last ship have been showing signs of a coughing illness, accompanied by a redness around the neck and ears. Is it contagious? Some suspect that it might be caused by a lack of sunlight during the voyage. There is a rumor that the natives know of a plant that can be used in a simple treatment for diseases of this sort.

One of the general's soldiers was discovered passed out from the effects of sampling a tincture concocted from the local Lethe Poppy. He seems to have gotten it from the herbalists; hopefully this will not become a widespread problem in the future.

A wild report has reached us, of a drowned man who emerged from the sea and proclaimed, "The seas are boiling with madness, a host of serpents, from the line of Chaos, children of Erebus. They seek satisfaction! They seek destruction! They seek the fallen ones!" As the only witness was sampling a local herb at the time, popular opinion regards this prophecy with some skepticism.

An artesian is preparing effigies of horses for use as substitutes for the

real thing in the upcoming Black Moon Festival. It looks as though the traditional rites may continue, even if they are changed by necessity in our new land.

Some people have been speaking out against the native woman, Naetha, who married one of our workmen. There have been fearful mutterings about the “beasts and barbarians of this land.”

Soldiers have been searching for the youth Juba; he has not been seen in the colony and some people are saying that he left town to flee the draft.

The school, Hekademia Kallisto, has been built by the philosopher Mathos, generously supplied with timber from our nearby forest and many valuable scrolls of ancient wisdom. May it be a valuable source of enlightenment for all of our children!?



Credit: Sarah Christina Wells

EXPLORATION

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/15/2014 8:37

TO: NEWS

EXPLORATION

There are more villages nearby than previously thought, though they seem to be fairly small, numbering in the dozens rather than the hundreds.

Far upriver tea plants have been discovered, or at least similar plants that the natives use in the same way.

Several people have explored the barrier island, finding many clams and shellfish to supplement our colony's food supplies. The island is overgrown with dense scrub and difficult to quickly cross. The ruins of a tower are at one end of the island, on an outcropping of rock.

A careened ship was spotted on the beach on the far side of the island. There seem to be several people working on it.

This notice is hereby posted by direct orders of her Royal Majesty,
Queen Sarah Solaris:

It has come to the attention of the Crown that an illegal draft has been started, without the authorization of her majesty Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun, Queen of the People and Protector of the realm.

By this, it has become clear that certain individuals wish to restrict the rights of our citizens to tend their livelihoods and live in peace with their families. Therefore, in order to maintain order, and the rights and freedoms our people have always valued, her Royal Majesty hereby announces that upon her imminent return to the city, she will personally organize a civil court to administer justice according the law.

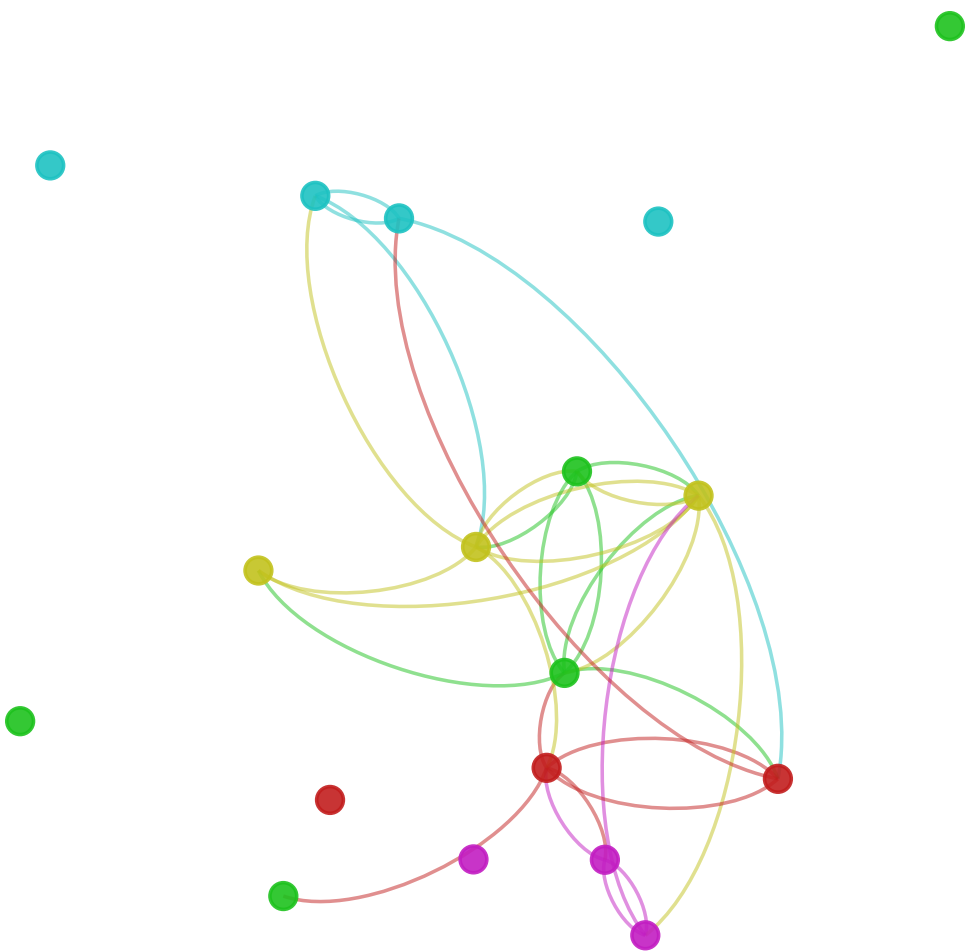
Those who have been subjected to the illegal draft are not under obligation to the crown to report to the same.

Further unauthorized uses of the royal seal, a practice which is a direct affront to the crown, her people, and the queendom, will be tried in that court, and those found guilty severely punished.



The Queen's own guard has posted this decree in a prominent place.

Credit: Sarah Christina Wells



CYCLE 4

RE: MINKE FAMILY IS IN NEED

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: NATHAN CATHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/15/2014 11:45

This is a heavy burden you lay upon me, Cathalo. My temptation is to do nothing with this knowledge, to stay the humble brewer and stir no shit. I would not risk you or your family for anything, maybe especially some "higher truths". But I will think on it. It is possible that I know someone who can help but I will need to approach them cautiously on the topic.

I eagerly await your next celebration. Your family is a delight and makes me remember my own in only the fondest light.

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

A QUESTION OF FAITH

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/15/2014 11:47

I have heard that you are a scholar of but some of your messages to me have

suggested your interest in knowledge is circumscribed by faith or superstition. I need you to tell me plainly if this is true.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

RE: A QUESTION OF FAITH

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/15/2014 14:42

Salicar,

Superstition is based in irrational fear. If you are asking, am I an irrational man or a fearful man, I tell you directly I am not. However, I am a man of faith, but it is neither irrational nor fearful. In part, my philosophical studies have been in speculative theology. This by definition is a pursuit based in reason, whereby it is assumed that no man possesses the wisdom to understand the nature or intent of the Gods, to assume so would be the utmost irrational arrogance. Instead I have faith that the Gods serve a just, and higher purpose, and the wise amongst us spend our lives struggling to understand their purpose and maintain their favour.

Mathos.

RE: A QUESTION OF FAITH

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/15/2014 14:47

Which gods, Mathos? Which gods?

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

RE: A QUESTION OF FAITH

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/15/2014 15:25

> Which gods, Mathos? Which gods?

The old Gods. The Children of Hydros and Gaia.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO WILLIAM BOODES, CYCLE 4"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/16/2014 3:33

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter, to William Boodes, Artisan.

Salutations!

I was pleased to make your acquaintance on the Beach while working on Christopher Maharbal's fishing sheds. Your contribution of carved details added that special touch that shows everyone that we are here not merely to survive, but to celebrate the prosperity of our settlement.

I send this message through my construction foreman Rom and his native wife Naetha, whom you may recognize by her glittering seashell ornaments. They have been near-inseparable since the midwife confirmed the good news that they were expecting a child together. When Naetha is close to her date with less legs for walking, I expect Rom will be pushing her around everywhere in one of Scar's Cyclopean carts. Rom and Naetha have just returned with me from a trip to the barrier island across from the fishing beach. I've proposed the name "Clambake Isle" to commemorate the eminently satisfying pit roast we made of the abundant shellfish found there. If you fancy clams, you may send to the fisherman -- he will probably have some. We may all have reason to be grateful, come leaner times, for the fertile mud of the island.

Your hard work on the wooden horses for the Black Moon Festival is much appreciated. Your discriminating eye made us work that much harder to find the best pieces of wood for you to use your skill and art upon. The priestess Selinua has been enchanted by the lifelike expression on your first pieces,

I have been making myself at home in a smaller space among the new upper group of huts, since the General's soldiers have requisitioned my original house. No matter to me, for I am out working or at the Temple all the time when not hunting clams. Sometimes I'm even curled up in the vestry or whatever they call it, after our festival rehearsals. It even feels a little homey to me, since my late wife Tanith was a priestess back in our mother city.

But when my daughter Dioscuro returns from the Queen's expedition (sooner or later, I trust, with her mind and graces much improved), she will be displeased to find her belongings in a sack in the corner. In good order, I promise, for her sake and mine. Though in truth it has been long since Dioscuro has actually lost her temper in front of me, not since the day she learned that she was losing her brother to their mother's family and that she and I were traveling into exile.

I am puzzled at the reports I hear of the soldiers, and of their behavior in person. Their general has a reputation for strictness of discipline, and his officers seem to be likely fellows, but the troops are not bearing out their commander's hand with honor. I can only surmise that he has been put in command of some sort of punishment group as a result of political maneuvering in the capital, and that we have been sent more than our share of troublemakers. In this case, perhaps his influence is beneficent yet his materials are flawed. You and I have seen enough of that in our respective lines of work.

I can only guess what sort of political shift might have wished the General upon us, whether ambition or a shift in the fortune of our mother city's lord. One story I have heard from one of the soldiers is that the General and his troops had supported the wrong heir in a power play, and their exile here is one of the terms of their defeat. But this soldier was a late addition to their company, pulled from a labor detail, and did not claim personal knowledge. The Gods only know what this might mean to our good Queen Sarah if it were so.

I enjoin you to use caution in looking after your materials and works. Christopher Maharbal has warned of us a coming storm. There is some space within the very sturdy temple building, and there is shed space in what we believe will be the sheltered side of the temple. You may well have seen me and my workers reinforcing roofs and walls against the threat of high winds. Rom can point out the reinforced structures if you have any questions.

I look forward to seeing you presently as we rehearse for the festival. I will put my hand and my voice to it with a will.

In good health and with all blessings,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

Marhabal,

Visited the Farmstead last week, and had dinner with Sirdevan. A pleasant enough fella. Happy t'be away from Callisto proper and workin' the land, 'e says. Two large fields cleared and planted, and I'll be damned if there wasn't some wheat and sorghum in the fields startin' to sprout already.

Two or three families settled close by the fields now, tho' their homes look a little rickety t'me. Dirt huts with grass thatch roofs fer now. Sirdevan's callin' the area Talu. Asked 'im what that meant, and 'e says it's a word in 'is wife's language for a centre of agriculture. Seems appropriate t'me.

Regardless, the Servicemen who've moved out to Talu are makin' a good go of it. They're workin' on clearin' a third field for corn. Got a sizable pile o' stone from clearin' the farmland - mostly small rocks, but should be enough to start buildin' more permanent houses once they got time. One of 'em's somethin of a tinker, tryin' t'figger how to irrigate the fields by drawin' water out o' the river to the south. D'ye know if that river has a name yet? Ain't heard it called anything but "the river", meself, but I hear the Queen travelled up its length on an exploration trip, so mebbe it's got a Royal name now.

One o' those soldiers the General brought with 'im stumbled down to Talu just after I'd gone, Sirdevan tells me. Tried to tell the Servicemen that they shouldn't be off that far from the beach, and they should move back t'town proper. By accounts, 'e was drunk - carryin' around one of those small casks with the Salicar glyph on its side, swayin' to and fro. Right afore he passed out, he tried given Sirdevan a "Royal Command" t'get back to Callisto. The Servicemen laughed in his face, and then he suddenly went cross-eyed and collapsed into a stupor. Stupid soldiers; they don't seem t'understand that ye can't farm grain right in the middle of a settlement. The solider was gone the next mornin'; hopefully 'e made it back t' town alright.

The bit about the "Royal Command" troubles me, though. After those letters from the Queen went up around Callisto, can't figger where her priorities lie. If the soliders are usin' "Royal Command" without her

knowledge, is she losin' control of the army? Could make things pretty interestin' when she convenes this civil court she mentioned.

Wanted t'let ye know that I'm headed t'the southeast of Kamenstol fer a while, may be sev'ral weeks afore I make it back. Got a few of the colonists huntin' in Kamenstol without burnin' the place down, so there'll still be some game comin' in, but wanted t'let ye know. Seems yer fishermen are learnin' the business quick-like; last time I was at the shore seemed to be a couple dozen boats on the water, casting nets and the like. Nice work, friend - 'tis yer efforts more than anything I've done that keeps the colony fed fer now. Hope the comin' storm doesn't do any damage to 'em. Don't look like the storm'll be too bad inland - mebbe it'll lose some force when it hits the coast?

Be Safe.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/16/2014 16:21

Your Majesty,

I am humbled by your generosity and I thank you for your most invaluable contribution to the Hekademia.

With respect to your creation of a civil court, I heartily support your intentions, though I am uncertain of what contributions I may be able to make. However, I have already begun indexing many of the texts that you have provided me with and I have instructed my senior students to set aside all those pertaining to matters of justice and laws, so that they are readily available for the court officials. I also offer you my services as a researcher, interpreter, and scribe if need for such should arise.

I would very much like to meet Cordatus. I am currently working on transcription of the texts that Castor Himilco brought earlier in the week and I am finding that I may be in need of assistance. It is a challenge like no other that I have undertaken, as the runes appear to be more ancient than any I have seen previously. I fear that my efforts may result in a translation that is less than accurate, but I will do my very best.

There is a short passage that I am reasonably confident with. It is from a tablet inscription that is quite lengthy. I bring it to your attention now, as it is quite troubling:

”[Sky/Sea] black as [darkness/chaos], though [moon/sun] was [full/high]. Waters [boiled/rushed] and all [finished/wasted]. From [sky/sea] serpents and all were [fled/panicked], [mortals/animals] and Children of Ge alike.”

My attention was drawn to this inscription as it appears to be the most recent of those that were provided to me, that is, the runes are most

similar to the ancient texts I have seen previously. Perhaps Cordatus can improve on my efforts. Also, I can't tell from the notes I was provided with where your expedition found this particular inscription. This would be helpful to know.

May the Gods grant Your Majesty favour and long life.

Your humble Servant,

Mathos

FROM: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER
DATE: 4/16/2014 16:22

Hello, my name is Manta Massinissa, journeyman metalcrafter and I am native

to these lands. I have come a long way in order to trade these trinkets with the local villages and learn more about my craft. I have knowledge of many of the native creatures of the land I would be happy to teach it to you in order to find a place to stay in the short term where I can work on my craft and perhaps trade with your colony.

FROM: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

DATE: 4/16/2014 16:30

Hello, my name is Manta Massinissa, journeyman metalcrafter and I am native

to these lands. I have come a long way in order to trade these metal trinkets with the local villages and learn more about my craft. I may be able to aid you with my knowledge of the local wildlife if perhaps you could tell me about the colony and what is going on here. I would like to set up a small place of trade where I can practice my skills and perhaps learn from your craftsmen as well. Maybe you could introduce me to someone

who handles trade and craftsmen.

MESSAGE FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/16/2014 17:50

Castor,

I have been working tirelessly on transcription of the texts that you delivered last week. I am making some progress and have reported some of my findings to Her Majesty. However, there is one passage that I recently deciphered that concerns me, and I am not sure if Her Majesty would appreciate my translation. It is as follows:

"The [rebirth/resurrection] of the fallen ones will be [known/seen] when the [Mother/Regent] of those banished [returns faith/repents] and thereafter the [First/Eldest] [Child/Born] of the union of the two races, mortals and Children of Ge, will rule them as [chosen/prescribed] by the Gods."

You must understand that this is my 'best interpretation' of the passage, it is possible that I have made some errors, the runes are very different from even the most ancient ones I have seen previously. I am not sure if I should proceed with the translations as I am concerned that what I write may be construed by some as treason.

I report this to you in confidence as you, I'm sure, well remember how treason was dealt with in Metros.

Mathos.

RE: NEWS FROM THE FARMSTEAD

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/16/2014 18:19

FeeGLE,

Thank you for keeping me informed. It is always a pleasure to hear from you. I'm afraid I've not had much time to write of late, fishing and helping to prepare for the coming storm wherever I can. Even now I must hasten to finish this letter and send it away, but it is my hope that, when things calm down, I'll have a long afternoon to write you a proper note.

Yes, I'm quite pleased with the progress the other fishermen have made. Some of them are almost a match for me in our daily hauls--almost. I look forward to sampling the game you've hunted down, if I can. I never tire of fish, but variety is the spice of life.

The whole militia ordeal has been a mess. Far as I can tell, the townsfolk are loyal to the Queen, through and through, so they're more than a little perturbed that anyone would challenge her authority or daire to speak for her. With that and all the rowdiness about, simple folk with families are keeping to themselves more and more, huddling in their homes most of the time. Distrust is spreading like a plague. I hope the new school might help to give some sense of normalcy again.

Oh, and a quick bit of personal news: my wife Ilithyia is with child! We thought this could never be, but the gods have made it so. We've a bit of joy to brighten these dark days.

Blessings upon you,

Maharbal

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER
METALCRAFTER

TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE

DATE: 4/16/2014 18:32

Pleased to meet you, Manta. I'm afraid my people presently harbor some ill will against yours--much of it unfounded, in my view, and based on overblown rumors--but I hope we can come to understand each other and continue to live in peace. So, with that, I welcome you.

You must forgive me, but with the coming storm, I don't have much time to tell you of all the comings and goings of late--and, honestly, I'm usually a bit behind the times, anyway, being on the water most every day. I don't know anyone who handles trade, but I've a good friend, a hunter, who might benefit from your knowledge of the land, and who I'm sure could share some useful knowledge with you. Get in touch with Feegle Hanno [Feegle Hanno: the Hunter]--though you may have to write, since he plans be away for some time, it seems.

If you're looking for craftsmen, I've another good friend in the carpenter, Castor Himilco [Castor Himilco: the Carpenter], who you might talk to.

Regards,

Christopher Maharbal

CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL TO CASTOR HIMILCO

FROM: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER
CARPENTER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE
DATE: 4/16/2014 18:43

My friend,

Of course you're quite welcome. I regret that I've not had much time lately to write, being busy with fishing and helping to prepare for the coming storm wherever I can, but I enjoyed our conversation on the way. Good to hear you had some success with your expedition.

I forgot to mention it during the trip--for some reason I cannot guess--but you were right: my wife did have some good news to share the other day. You'll recall I mentioned once that she was barren? Well, gods be praised, we've been blessed with a miracle, and she is with child! It is a great joy that helps to brighten these dark days.

You must pardon my brief reply, for I'm afraid there is still much to be done, but I wanted to reply to you and share the good news. I hope, when things calm down a bit, I can take an afternoon and send you a proper correspondence. In the meantime, take care, dear friend.

Blessings upon you,

Christopher Maharbal

PS - That pun was atrocious, but I'd be lying if it didn't make me laugh.
Thank you for that.

GOOD LUCK IN THE TOWN

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER

DATE: 4/16/2014 21:32

Massinissa,

Was nice to meet ye t'other day. Headin' a little further inland at the moment, and it's lucky that ye happened by my cabin when ye did. A day later an' ye'd have missed me completely.

Not sure if ye were able to find m'friend's home in the town. In case ye'd forgotten, his name is William Boodes [William Boodes: the Artesian]. Mentioned before that he's somethin' of an artisan hisself. Sure he'd be interested in learnin' about yer craft, and if nothin' else, he might be able to provide ye with a place t'trade yer wares. In fact, could be he's willin' t'trade room and board fer an able an' willin' partner and workmate.

If it don't work out with the two of ye, yer welcome t'stay at my cabin in the Kamenstol Forest. Ain't much, but it's warm and dry, and I won't be usin' it for a few weeks. Only drawback is that it ain't too close to Callisto proper, so ye won't be able to trade with the village without a few hours of travel each way. Like my privacy an' independence, y'see.

Didn't mention this when we spoke, but if I were in yer boots, I'd steer clear o' the soldiers in town. There's a militia, which is just a group o' citizens bein' forced t'train a few hours a week - not them. A few professionals came to the land with us, too. Ye'll likely know them by their clothing. Don't rightly know what t'expect, but as far's I c'n tell,

they seem suspicious of the natives of this land. Watch yer step around 'em, lest they take offense.

One last thing - rumour has it there're some caves to the southeast of the Kamenstol Forest, but no one's been out this far before. At least, not that I heard of. Headin' in that direction, and wonderin' if ye know anything about them - are there actually caves there?

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

FROM: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE FISHER

DATE: 4/16/2014 23:40

I'm sorry for any issues you've had with the locals, I am not one of them though as I am from a city far inland.

Should I be concerned about the coming storm?

I do wonder if the night time sea life is the same here. There are some very large creatures that go bump in the night I have heard of... Have you been out on the water after dark? I would not want to run into one of those armored monstrosities.

Thank you for the introductions. I will try to contact them as soon as I am able.

FROM: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER
CARPENTER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE

DATE: 4/16/2014 23:46

Hello, my name is Manta Massinissa, journeyman metalcrafter and I am native

to these lands. I have come a long way in order to trade these metal trinkets I make with the local villages and learn more about my craft. I know a fair bit about hunting and animals in the area... as well as some on

The fisherman sent me your way and said I may be able to discuss my craft with you. I would like to start a small smithy here near the rocky farmland. Is this area occupied?

My people would most likely be interested in trading with yours after we learn a bit about each other.

Is there someone I can talk to about setting up a shop or opening a trade route?

RE: GOOD LUCK IN THE TOWN

FROM: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/16/2014 23:57

Thank you for the help you've given. I have written to the artisan and hope to hear a reply soon. I would be careful of caves in general as there are some large nocturnal birds that use caves as a daytime shelter. I have heard stories of them being 7 or 8 feet tall. The largest one I have seen myself was merely 5 ft though its beak and talons were big enough.

Catching

them sleeping in a cave during the day is the best way to hunt them... but be careful at night as they are attracted to the smell of food and can be dangerous to a grown man when not prepared.

I plan on setting up a full smithy near the rocky farmland if people are agreeable. Let me know if you need anything and perhaps I can show you my skills.

FROM: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER
ARTESIAN

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE

DATE: 4/17/2014 0:02

Hello, my name is Manta Massinissa, journeyman metalcrafter and I am native

to these lands. I have come a long way in order to trade these metal trinkets I make with the local villages and learn more about my craft. I know a fair bit about hunting and animals in the area... as well as some of the medical arts like childbirth and plagues.

The hunter sent me your way and said I may be able to discuss my craft with

you. I would like to start a small smithy here near the rocky farmland. Is this area occupied? I also might need a place to weather the coming storm in if you have some spare rooms. I would be happy to trade knowledge or trinkets in payment.

My people would most likely be interested in trading with yours after we learn a bit about each other.

Is there someone I can talk to about setting up a shop or opening a trade route?

**FROM: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER
FARMER**

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE

DATE: 4/17/2014 0:06

Hello, my name is Manta Massinissa, journeyman metalcrafter and I am native

to these lands. I have come a long way in order to trade these metal trinkets I make with the local villages in this region and learn more about my craft. I know a fair bit about hunting and animals in the area... as well as some of the medical arts like childbirth and plagues. There have been some signs of plague with the locals even though they follow the traditional ways of avoiding them. Perhaps your colony has seen some issues as well?

I would like to start a small smithy here near the rocky farmland and thought you might be able to tell me something of it. Is this area occupied? Would anyone mind if I tried to set up shop? I am sure my skills as a metalcrafter would be of use. I would be happy to trade knowledge or trinkets in payment.

Is there someone I can talk to about setting up a shop?

A CONVERSATION AT THE BARRACKS

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPUS: THE GENERAL

DATE: 4/17/2014 0:13

General, I must say the pace at which construction is proceeding on the barracks impresses me. It is good to see your reputation for efficiency is well-founded.

I am afraid I have not yet met this Mr. Salicar, or rather he has not yet sought out my ear. Alas, I make the poor man for a recluse, hiding in his brewer's hole beneath some unassuming hut with no one to visit him but for the schemes and machinations of a booze-addled mind.

Such a man (if indeed a man he can be rightly called) dare not emerge into the harsh light of scrutiny, for fear of encountering The Truth. I suspect, therefore, our Mr. Salicar has recruited the illiterate young of the colony to post his pathetic flyers for him, for no civilized man or woman who could read such tripe would follow through with the task.

But I do believe I have wasted enough words on such a shell of a man for one day. Let us men of import discuss issues befitting our status. I speak of course of the simmering tensions bubbling just beneath the calm façade of our beloved colony.

Surely the queen's recent missive has not escaped your considerable attention. You must understand that I am—as is my entire family—a proud

supporter of our Royal Family, our young queen included. But my mind is troubled these days with thoughts that Her Highness is behaving erratically— even suspiciously. What happened to her on her journey through the Southlands? Why has the security and prosperity of our entire colony suddenly become unimportant to her?

Between Salicar's rabble-rousing and the queen's ultimatum, I'd say you've been put in a tight spot, my friend. The middle class—the craftsmen and artisans, riled by Salicar's slanderous lies—are against you. We few members of the noble class, who well understand the severity of the situation, stand firmly with you, General.

Those who remain undecided are almost solely of the common class: farmers and unskilled laborers. If you can rally them to your cause, the village will be yours; against you... I shudder to think of our stalwart colony torn asunder by civil strife.

These next days will test us all, I fear. Peace be with you, General, and may the gods guide us in our hour of need.

A BRIEF NOTE

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/17/2014 0:40

My dear Mr. Hanno,

I was delighted to meet you the other day on the beach, but my delight was tempered when we did not get a chance to really talk.

As a man of many travels, surely you have seen more of the strange wildlife

of these lands than most. My duties, unfortunately, restrict me to the village, yet as a man of learning I desire to know anything you can tell me about your travels.

And as ever, if there is anything I can do for you, do not hesitate to seek me out at my residence in town.

Your humble servant,

MY NOTES ON LOCAL WILDLIFE

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 4/17/2014 8:11

Mago,

Was a pleasure meetin' ye as well. Sorry fer rushin' off in a hurry, but looked like that storm was rollin' in, and I had a fair bit t'go afore I made it back to m'cabin in Kamenstol. Glad enough that I managed t'make it through t'home just as the first few raindrops fell. The fisherfolk are sayin' that day's storm wasn't even the worst of it; and that there's a big'un brewin'. Don't fancy gettin' caught near the seashore when it fine'ly hits.

Seen m'share o' beasts so far, what with the huntin' and trappin' I been doin' to make sure the village folk can eat while we work on gettin' the crops planted and grown. Nothin' I'd call strange, though, really. Most o' my catches have been small game - rabbits, foxes, squirrels and the like, but there's wild pigs in the forest as well. Boar are not as aggressive as back home, but could be they're not as hunted here, so they ain't used t'defending themselves. Have found a couple o' long-legged grazers. A little like deer, but the antlers are wrong. Caught one a couple o'days back and sent it into town with a few others, but kept the antlers out at m'cabin. If yer curious, and yer able to make it out this way, yer welcome to 'em. That the sort o' thing yer lookin' fer?

I'm headed southeast for a few weeks, scoutin' around. Got a request from

a friend in town to seek out some cypress, but there ain't much in Kamenstol, it seems. Other forests further southeast, so headed out there t'see if mebbe there's some stands, or even some shrubs, that might provide. Heard from a local that there might be some giant birds down that way - t'hear him tell it, could be seven foot tall and flightless. Dangerous, too, 'e says, but if it's true, and if I happen t'find one, I'll see what I can about bringin' it back. Dead, likely, but better'n nothin', aye?

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MANTA MASSINISSA, CYCLE 4"

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
METALCRAFTER**

**TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE
DATE: 4/17/2014 11:53**

Welcome, new friend.

Our new settlement can well benefit from your skills and knowledge.

No doubt the fisherman has cautioned you of the approaching storm. You will want to take care to keep yourself and your belongings safe until it has passed, and avoid being caught in a half-constructed building.

I have been advised that our larger tract of settlement huts near the river may be subject to flooding in season. Your suggestion of choosing a site near the rocky farmland sounds like it will be safe from this hazard. We are building a new, higher-up tract of houses and have moved some of the smaller houses up the hill.

My foreman Rom has a new native wife Naetha. You may be interested in sharing stories. I can introduce you in person when we see each other.

I have been spending much time near the Temple of late, preparing for the Black Moon Festival. You may find it an interesting introduction to our civic and religious customs.

Our Queen Sarah Solaris [Sarah Solaris: the Queen] has been exploring to the south, and may likely welcome your insights into the local lands and peoples. Her exploration party has also noted stone, clay, and sand which may be useful for building up a metalworking shop.

Our Governor Nick Barca [Nick Barca: the Governor] is a busy man, but you may wish to send a note of introduction so that he knows you are joining our settlement. Meeting and being known by notable people can help in settling in, since most of our people are far from home and worried about what the new lands and native peoples may bring. A charming first impression may help.

With welcome and good regards,

Castor Himilco, carpenter and citizen

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/17/2014 14:49

Governor,

I hope that you are well on this most sacred of days. As you are no doubt aware, the Black Moon Festival begins at sunset tonight. The next few days should be a joyous celebration indeed. Finally we will establish our roots in this place and the Gods of this land will reveal themselves to us.

I have been encouraging the townsfolk to make appropriate preparations and some have been very diligent, particularly the huntsman, Feegle, who has provided a great feast of wild game for the banquet. I am also hoping that the artisan, Boodes, has had time to complete the magnificent sculptures that he has been working on for the Parade of Stallions. I trust that you have been working equally hard on your preparations for the festival. I do not envy the responsibilities that fall upon you, as Governor and traditional 'ceremonial master' of the upcoming celebrations and rituals. But I'm sure the Priestess has briefed you on the appropriate scriptures.

Much to my great regret I will not be able to participate in the festivities as an urgent project that I am undertaking for Her Majesty requires that I spend some time in the wilderness. But I am sure that when I return the great success of the festival will be self-evident. May the Gods grant their favor, fertility, and lasting life to this place.

Mathos.

RE: A CONVERSATION AT THE BARRACKS

FROM: THORSTEN XANTHIPPOS: THE GENERAL

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 4/17/2014 15:22

John,

i agree with you wholeheartedly that the priorities of a lot of colonists seem to be badly askew.

I am even more troubled, as that draft, that the queen refers to, was not initialized by me. I have spoken openly with her about the Militia training and my moves to recruit - not draft - more soldiers. So i am now extremely concerned who has the guts to draft soldiers! This is preposterous! This colony is in dire need of a strong hand, and i have suggested to the queen to form a tribunal to enforce that. I am in the meantime less willing to believe, that she will concur.

As much as it grieves e to say, we might have to take matters into our own hands more than we did until now. Can i count on your support, should the need to act in rescue of our colony arise?

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

RE: FIRST REPORT FROM YOUR GENERAL

FROM: THORSTEN XANTHIPPIUS: THE GENERAL TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/17/2014 15:31

Greetings Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of our people,

i do not know to which draft your public notice does refer.

Surely you cannot mean the Militia Training, and surely you can not mean my

tries to recruit, not draft, more soldiers to our guard.

Please say so openly and publicly, because you now have placed the militar in a very bad light. With such a mark i fear for the cooperation of the people and thus for the security of our colony.

And we dearly need all defenses we can get:

I have ordered my scouts to take a closer watch of the mounds of skulls:

They have reported a dead native being carried to the mound and being ripped apart by a whole native tribe. They gnawed the flesh from the bones and threw the remains on the mound of bones.

This is grisly news, and i would actually ask you to support an active draft for soldiers right now.

We have to find out urgently who has the guts to draft in your name without

your legitimation and stamp out this problem once and for all.

This once more shows, that this colony is in dire need of discipline, and i offer to lend all my experience in manning this court you have proposed.

I think i do not need to tell you again the aexperiences i could gather on that account in my past.

General Thorsten Xanthippus,

Victor of the battles of Cenhelm, Galenos and Hagano

Subjugator of the Selloi and the Aeolians

Champion of Antioch

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL, CYCLE 4”

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
FISHER**

**TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE
DATE: 4/17/2014 17:41**

Oh best of fishermen,

You will find that “Keep Clam” has as many layers to its meaning as the pearl of an oyster. Regrettably my own discipline in the second commonest sense of the phrase fails, as I am the most gossipy of hammer-swingers.

Thank you for introducing our new metalworker, Manta Massinissa. His native insights into the land and its peoples, as well as his skilled crafts, may stand us all in good stead as we establish ourselves. I have advised that he introduce himself around to make a good first impression, and have suggested that he make contact with our Governor and our Queen, and that he should attend the Black Moon Festival.

I have been sticking close to the Temple since returning from the island, though if the storm damages our settlement, I will be out and about fixing roofs. Scar, Rom, and I have been directing our workers’ efforts toward securing any loose construction and getting supplies in shelter. It sounds like the soldiers have been satisfied with my old hut, though Dioscuro may be displeased when she returns to find we’re in a smaller space up the hill. More reason for her to apply herself to become part of the Queen’s retinue, or otherwise establish herself.

I’m looking forward to making use of the clay, stone, and sand supplies that the Queen’s party has been mapping out. Their samples are of good quality for building walls and hearths. Perhaps if things go well with the Dark Moon Festival and the storm, that may be my next direction.

Scar’s Cyclopean carts have been multiplying like rabbits. I think there are six or seven of them in use now for moving construction material and casual short-distance cartage.

Blessings on you and all your own.

With highest fraternal regards,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/17/2014 18:11

Boodes,

Hope all is well with you. Headin' off in the mornin' for the forests to the southeast. May be gone fer several weeks - seems t'be a fair ways off. Lookin' fer that cypress y'asked me about. If ye need 'em, Toller Sirvedan might be able t'help ye out. He's livin' out by me now, workin' the farmstead just southwest o' Kamenstol, but I know he makes trips into town from time to time, and he knows where those cypress shrubs I found at the east end o' the forst are t'be.

Was thinkin', though, that travellin' this far to harvest some cones fer yer workin' ain't likely worth the trouble in the long run. What if I could bring ye back a few saplings? Ye could plant them in town and let 'em grow. If I choose the right'uns, ye could probably have cones growin' within a couple o' years, and ye wouldn't have t'rely on me makin' trips out to the hinterlands? Duzzat sound like somethin' that would help ye out? Fer what it's worth, tendin' t'cypress is pretty simple, so t'wouldn't be a lotta work on yer part.

Takin' Mischief with me on the trip; it'll be good t'have someone along t'watch m'back when I'm sleepin' and the like, and he's gettin' bigger quickly. Size o' my neighbour's retriever back on the Continent now, and lookin' like he's about grown into his feet. Beginnin' to work with me as

we hunt these days, which is nice. Seems t'be some kind o' pack hunter, and I'm learnin' his cues as well. Make a formidable team now, which is nice. Keepin' me from bein' lonely.

Will do m'best t'send ye a letter from out in the Hinterlands. Stay healthy. Give m'best t'yer wife.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

HEADED OUT TO THE HINTERLANDS
FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER
DATE: 4/17/2014 22:26

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

Mathos,

Hear your Hekademia is up an' runnin'. Congratulations. Hope that lumber

I dig up fer ye was helpful. How's the enrolment so far? Are ye gettin' a lot of the children comin' t'classes?

I wanted t'let ye know that I'm headed southwest for a few weeks. Boodes is lookin' fer cypress cones, and there's almost none t'be had in Kamenstol. Headed down t'one of the more distant forests and see if there's any t'be had. On the way, there's mention from the Queen's scouts of some caves, but it ain't confirmed. Gonna spend some time in the area while I'm down there and see if there's anything t'be found.

Seein' as I'm headed out that way, is there anythin' ye've been lookin' fer that isn't common in Kamenstol? Herbs or medicinal plants, mebbe? Anything else ye'd like me t'keep my eyes open fer? Only the Huntress knows what's t'be found out there, but if there's anythin' in particular that ye'd like me to seek out, just let me know and I'll do what I can for ye.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILOSOPHER

DATE: 4/18/2014 2:15

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People,

To Mathos the philosopher:

Your proposed contributions will be most valued, especially the indexing of

the texts. It is my understanding that in a small settlement such as this, a judge may be appointed, and that that person shall settle minor disputes according to the law, and major ones with the help of a jury of between three and six persons. I shall be inquiring and observing among the populace to find a suitable candidate, one who is respectable, upright, and honest.

Cordatus was most delighted to hear that you would meet with him. He believes that the tablet you refer to was found in the ruins by the reservoir. If these ruins were indeed built by our ancestors (as we are increasingly certain), the tablet could describe to their exodus. I am also intrigued by the tales told me in a native village on our journey, wherein a similar legend was recounted; they called it the splitting of the peoples, and said that it recounts the days when many of their fellow tribes were lost. I am short on time as my travel is hurried now, but if you are interested, I will recount to you as soon as I am able.

I was pleased to hear that the Hekademia is already putting on a presentation. Though I am swiftly returning, I do not yet know if I will be

in time to see it or not. If not, I shall look forward to hearing a report of it and attending the next one. If so, then be assured that no additional preparations be made as they would be in the Metropolis; I have my own bowl

and spoon, and would find it unfitting to enjoy greater privilege when there have been so many difficulties securing food for the populous. I look forward to witnessing the progress of our children, and consider that to be a great honor in and of itself, as their learning will no doubt bring greater glory to our people one day, and therefore to the crown.

RE: FIRST REPORT FROM YOUR GENERAL

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPPOS: THE GENERAL

DATE: 4/18/2014 2:17

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people

To Thorsten Xantippus, General and Citizen of our Queendom:

While I applaud your enthusiasm, I believe I must clarify a point here. The purpose of the civil court is primarily to deal with civilian matters according to the laws and traditions of our fore bearers, which as you know, all those who serve in our military are sworn to defend. While I greatly appreciate your offer, I am afraid I must decline at this time, as it is more in keeping the ways of our people that a military court be solely used for the purposes of purely internal matters (which do not include the drafting of civilians). In fact, many internal matters can also be handled by a civil court, under the law. Nevertheless, I have no intention at this time to interfere with those men brought with you and under your command.

The use of my seal was reported in the draft of one Tollar Sirvidan, who was told to report to the royal navy yards. The Metropolis has no shortage of man power for such purposes, and our colony is short enough on such as it is. Further, our people were promised their freedom in this new life, and land of their own to till. My cousins have no need of nor reason to draft from our people here, and quite frankly, no authority to do so either. I am certain that you must also be appalled by such an abuse, as it is the actions of those who claim the royal blessing where it has not been given who give a bad name to our valued military. In this matter, I feel

certain that once the offender is found guilty in the civil court, turning the guilty party over to your military discipline will be an appropriate sentence.

I shall be back at the colony within a day. If the threat is as dire as your scouts report, I'm sure that even without a draft, you will have no difficulty raising a force sufficient to defend the people. Though I have been here but a short time, I believe that the strength of our people is such that they will rise to defend those they love and our colony.

I would like to speak with your scouts myself, to hear their account first hand and to thank them for their bravery in obtaining it. At that time, we can converse face to face about the future of your services in this colony, and what will be required of you. I have no doubt you will rise to whatever challenges we face.

In Gratitude for your continued service and loyalty,
Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people

FROM: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER
METALCRAFTER

TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE

DATE: 4/18/2014 2:24

Greetings Friend Massinissa,

You could not have come at a better time. We lost our own smith not too long ago and we may have need of your skills in the near future. Most important would be your knowledge of the weather patterns of this region and of plagues. Regarding the matter of the weather and the land- we have observed signs that the river bordering our colony has at some point risen to a higher level. Does the river rise and flood with some regularity, or is this a rare event? We have been theorizing that it is akin to rivers of a similar type- those that follow a cycle of flooding that leaves behind more fertile land as the waters decrease. Is this the case for this river as well perhaps?

As for plagues, I have been informed that there is an illness spreading amongst our horses, and as far as I know, has yet to pass to other people. Master Salicar will be able to give you more details as to the nature of the disease as his own horses are ill. Perhaps this is something you are familiar with? (*Master Salicar was last seen **here
Brad Salicar: the Brewer)*

To my knowledge, the rocky land to our south is currently unoccupied, but I may be wrong. It might be wise to beg an audience with Her Majesty, Queen

Sarah Solanis Sarah Solaris: the Queen, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the

People. Though be prepared, now that she has returned from an exploratory

mission, she may be prepared with many questions for you.

And now for a more personal question. Some of our people have come across

large mounds of bones, and with some slight paranoia, speculate that your people may feast upon the flesh of other men. Is there any truth to this rumor?

Nathan Cathalo

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

RE: MINKE FAMILY IS IN NEED

FROM: NATHAN CATHALO: THE FARMER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/18/2014 2:33

Master Salicar,

Thank you for your consideration and your caution. Though despite the heavy

burden I have now placed upon you, I must ask for your aid once more. Her

Majesty the Queen has tasked me with handling the matter of the grain-
more

specifically the relocation of usable grain and the purging of the
storehouse through fire. With a project of this size, I need all the help I
can get. For the first phase it matters not who we gather, as long as they
have sharp eyes and working hands with which to sift through grain. After
we have sorted through the grain and moved it to an alternate location,
we'll need to ready the storehouse for the flame- working with the intent
to purge the interior, yet leave the building intact (even if some repairs
may be needed at that point).

If you and anyone you can find could meet my wife and I at the storehouse
in two days, I would be greatly pleased. We need to get this done before
the clouds break and the rains begin.

Cathalo

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

On Tue, Apr 15, 2014 at 10:45 AM,

Brad Salicar: the Brewer wrote:

Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH, CYCLE 4"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/18/2014 5:55

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter to Sarah Solaris, Queen of the City and People

Your highness,

I write in haste, but with gladness. I am heartened by your reports of Dioscura's learnings and doings, and of her own notes to me.

The General's soldiers seem ill-disciplined, though there may be a better core that does not mix as much with the townsfolk. My hut was requisitioned, and I am now in smaller quarters up the hill in the new tract of houses. Conveniently that puts me next to my foreman Rom and his wife Naetha.

I have heard from a native metalworker Manta Massinissa, who may soon be sending his greetings to you and the Governor. He is seeking to settle among us, trade and work metal.

As to myself, I sing and practice for the Dark Moon Festival with the temple priestess, bring wood for the artisan to shape the wooden horse effigies, help supervise Scar and Rom as our workers batten down roofs and secure loose goods against the storm.

With every honor and blessing, while I still have oil and wick tonight, I am,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

P.S. The sealed enclosed note is for Dioscura.

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/18/2014 8:46

TO: NEWS

NEWS

Many citizens have been hard at work securing their belongings and bringing them indoors. Some of the weaker buildings have been reinforced in fear that the oncoming storm will bring with it high winds. All citizens are urged to be prepared to seek shelter.

The city's soldiers seem to be less disciplined than one would hope for those serving under the watchful eye of a general who is a well-known disciplinarian. Citizens have been reluctant to leave their homes due to the disturbances. Hopefully this will not lead to trouble in the future.

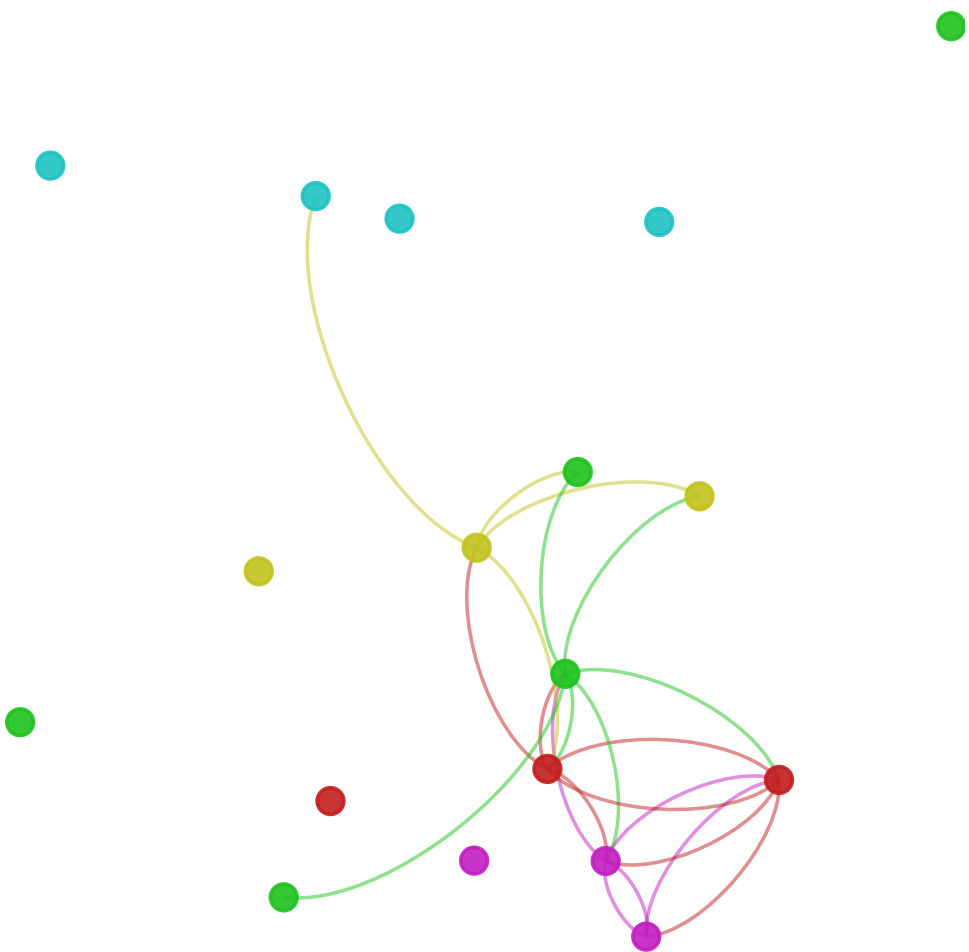
The crops are looking healthy, sprouting up in the newly cleared fields. Some rickety wooden huts are sprouting up too, as some of the farmers are staying near their fields. They've started referring to the area as Talu.

There have been reports that birds were sighted in the dark of night. Giant birds that tower over people! They reportedly shelter in caves during the day but be careful when travelling at night.

People have begun referring to the barrier island as "Clambake Isle".

The Black Moon Festival begins at sunset! Surely these next few days will be full of celebration as we commemorate the foundation of the colony and look forward to the gods of this land revealing themselves to us.

Between the fliers speaking out against the militarization of the colony, the organizing of the militia, and the general's vehement disavowal of a draft, there seems to be a conflict simmering just beneath the surface of our community. The laborers seem to be mostly undecided at present, but the merchants and artisans have been making their dissatisfaction heard



CYCLE 5

RE: MINKE FAMILY IS IN NEED

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: NATHAN CATHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/18/2014 11:43

I am afraid I cannot help you, Cathalo, for reasons beyond my control. The soldiers have visited my brewery again but this time with officers. There were a great deal more orderly -- they smashed my equipment and have pressed me into service. I am now reluctantly wearing the Queen's livery.

I hope this note finds you -- I have a good many friends thanks to my skills and surely one will get this out. I only hope that I will not be betrayed. My chief fear is illness, though, and not the mind-numbing useless labour nor the paranoid ravings of the leadership. Most of the soldiers are gravely ill. It's no wonder they are desperate to recruit. Half of these soldiers will be dead in a week.

I hope I am not among them but perhaps I am sufficiently pickled and shall
be preserved.

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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RE: MINKE FAMILY IS IN NEED

FROM: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/18/2014 12:43

Master Salicar,

Fear not for your survival, for Her Majesty the Queen is returning and she is greatly displeased. This draft occurring in our town is an illegal one, bearing no authorization from the Queen Herself. So hold fast my friend, for I doubt your stay in this illicit company will be a long one.

Cathalo

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

On Fri, Apr 18, 2014 at 10:43 AM,

Brad Salicar: the Brewer wrote:

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RE:

FROM: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/18/2014 12:51

Your Majesty,

I am sorry to report that so far, your notice has proven fruitless. Just the other day, my friend Brad Salicar Brad Salicar: the Brewer (of Salicar Brewery) was just pressed into service with great force, destroying much of his establishment's equipment in the process. As such, due to his plight and that of many others, I have not been able to make much progress

with the grain...as I need more hands and eyes than just mine in that endeavor. I will try to keep those who are yet still masters of their own will from engaging in rebellion, but I fear they are already sharpening their pitchforks in preparation. As I too, am sharpening my own old spear, if only to defend my home from oppressors.

I pray that your return is swift and that my actions thus far have led you to look upon my prior request in a favorable light.

Your humble servant,

Nathan Cathalo

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER
FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER
DATE: 4/19/2014 13:44

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

Your Majesty,

Forgive my candor, for I have no intention of questioning your wisdom, but I believe the authority of Civil Law is far too great for any single person to wield. I think it would be wise to consider creating a Jury of Elders, consisting of perhaps three or five respected individuals from the colony. Representatives from various casts would be ideal. For example the Brewer, Salicar [Brad Salicar: the Brewer] would be an excellent representative of the merchant class, while someone like Feegle Hanno the hunter [Feegle Hanno: the Hunter] could represent labourers. Your own advisor, Cordatus, might be a good choice for a representative of the Learned. But, whatever you decide, you can rely on my unflagging support.

Currently I am traveling in the wilderness as I feel I need to understand the context of the runes in greater detail before proceeding with my translations. I hope when I return that we have the honour of hosting Your Majesty and her court at one of our school events.

May the Gods grant you favour, health, and long life.

Mathos.

RE: HEADED OUT TO THE HINTERLANDS

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 4/19/2014 14:08

FeeGLE,

You are a good man indeed. Your offer is most generous, but I have no need for any more herbs at this time. As it turns out, I too am heading into the wilds, on an errand for Her Majesty. In this regard, there is something that you may be able to assist me with. If during your travels you encounter any ancient ruins bearing writings of any sort could you please report them to me, or if it is not too great a burden could you draw or make rubbings of the writings themselves? Any assistance of this sort would be most helpful.

I am hoping you are aware of the reports of large and very dangerous sounding birds nesting within the caves. I'm sure a man of your experience is capable of protecting himself from such beasts, but I fear for you nonetheless. I recently met a hunting party of native tribesmen. We camped together and they spent the night telling stories of their travels. They spoke of the large birds, though a literal translation of the name they use for them is "sky snakes". I find it remarkable how similar their language is to our own, this is something that I hope to explore more during my travels.

May the Gods favour you and guide you.

Mathos.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO NICK BARCA, CYCLE 5"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/20/2014 1:33

Honored Governor,

I send this note by the hand of Pip, one of the students in Philosopher Mathos's Hekademia. Pip is a likely youth, though quick and restless, and Mathos finds it mutually beneficial to find tasks and errands for Pip to perform, resulting in better calm and concentration on the lessons of the Hekademia.

I believe something has happened to change the soldiers' attitude. One of the officers was at the Temple talking with Selinua. I suspect that they've been impressed with the importance of the Black Moon Festival not merely for the prosperity of the citizens at large, but with the potency, power, and pre-eminence of any pretenders to patriarchy. Ahem. At any rate, several of the soldiers have been to-ing and fro-ing to help with practical preparations, and one of the grizzled veterans was talking earnestly with the herbalist. Something about the potency part. So the final steps are coming together. The horses are mustering, along with the wooden horses crafted by our artisan William Boodes, to fill out the number. The staffs have been cut and smoothed, the drums, sistrums, and flutes are ready to play. We are well rehearsed on the songs and chants. The youth of the Hekademia will assist in the procession and song, then disperse as the inner ceremony begins, to last till dawn.

I hope that this spate of better discipline and co-operation will persist. Our Queen will be much reassured if relations continue in this way. Regardless, Selinua is appreciative of your loan of your guardswoman Lucent to help keep order during the festival. Where did you find such an Amazon? She is truly terrifying, and with iron-shod staff in hand, she can reach over everyone's heads and halfway across the courtyard to smite any miscreant. The soldiers use care not to cross her. She seems to regard me

as some sort of pet, which I suppose is well enough.

We seem as well prepared as one could hope for the impending storm, with roofs reinforced, supplies put under cover, and children and animals on short leads.

I look forward to your presence gracing the event.

With esteem and gratitude,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter (and tonight, Cantor and Co-Officiant).

P.S.: What does your cook think of the shellfish from Clambake Isle?

RE: A QUESTION OF FAITH

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/20/2014 2:24

Salicar,

Will this rain never cease? The skies seem as black as soot and my skin is soaked like a wet sheep's skin. I fear that we have failed the Gods in our efforts, and have lost their favour. I know you are not a man of faith Salicar, but even you must find this out-of-season weather strange. When was the last time you saw such black skies and relentless drizzle? The creeks are overflowing and I fear the crops will be lost before the week is out. This Governor of ours is a useless man. I have tried to council him on the importance of the Black Moon Festival and the need for a dyke to protect our farmlands, but he has done nothing! I am glad that the queen has returned, she seems to be wise beyond her years, and trustworthy, despite her pedigree.

I have been traveling in the wilderness for a few days now. I am hoping to learn more about this land, particularly the natives who live here. Last night a group of native hunters entertained me with songs, dance, and tales of their people. It was remarkably enlightening, not just because of the novelty, but also because of how their language shares so much with our own. I am beginning to believe that there must be distant link between our ancestry and these people. However I believe there are some differences in some aspects of their language. In particular, their description of time, and quantities in general, seems exaggerated. For example, one of the young men I spoke with last night claimed to be 93 years old, and yet he could easily pass for a youth from the Hekademia. Another, an elder of the group describe himself as over 400 years in age, and claimed to have fathered more than 50 children. So its seems I still have much to learn about their language and traditions.

I am away from the colony for a few more days. I am hoping that the festival goes well, despite the Governors neglect. Please keep me informed of events in town, there are few others who I can count on to provide an unbiased account.

Mathos.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 5."

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/20/2014 3:24

Friend Brewer,

This note reaches you by the hand of Pip, one of the likeliest and most energetic students from the Hekademia Callisto of Philosopher Mathos. So likely and energetic, in fact, that we have to find extra tasks to keep Pip from fidgeting, bothering other students, or getting into trouble.

I have been busy battening down stores and reinforcing roofs while preparing for tonight's Black Moon Festival. Nevertheless, I have some clues that may bear on the abandonment of this otherwise excellent site in olden times.

The remains of a few walls indicate that they were made of the local stone, handsome enough in color, but liable to crack and shatter when put under uneven loads. Along the upper and lower edges of our new site for the huts, there is evidence of the land cracking and slipping. I owe the crack discovery to Scar, who is always looking every which way. I asked Rom to sample the various heaps of broken stone we've found about the site, now that we know what we're looking for. All of them were the inferior local stone.

I fear the story of abandonment may have been like unto the Banquet of Simonides, repeated many times over. A convulsion of the earth overthrew the weakly built walls of poor stone, burying the residents in their houses. The remainder may have struggled along for some time, only to abandon this place they perceived as ill-omened. I shall continue to recommend wooden construction, properly spaced against the risk of fire, until we receive supplies of superior stone as the Queen reports from the abandoned stone quarry found by her expedition.

And the storm approaches. So now we face forebodings of attack by flood, earthquake, and storm. Will fire be the next threat, to complete the elemental quaternity? Or will we face a quintessence, perhaps the threat of fear itself?

No mind, there is plenty of time to fear. I must prepare for the Black

Moon Festival, so that I may strive with my voice and my body for the blessings we need. And perhaps we will receive prophetic indications of the God of the City, and the Goddess of the Land, whether she be the Daughter of Poseidon of whom I've heard rumored, or another. My hope is if it proves that our patroness is a daughter of Poseidon, than at least she should be good help with horses and against earthquakes!

Our new soon-to-be citizen from these lands, Manta Massinissa, is setting up his metalworking workshop and trading house out by the rocky farmland. What do you think of the metal eagle I sent with this? Some fine work, I warrant.

The honey mead, was, as you advised me, the very thing. I am saving the second jar for after the Black Moon Festival, or upon that night, if Selinua insists. I believe that she may call upon some, mixed with special ritual herbs, as the ritual drink for a certain point in the ceremony. She and I found it delicious and rather compelling in its effects.

I have been happily surprised that a small detachment of the General's soldiers have been politely, earnestly, and diligently assisting Selinua at the temple with practical preparations. I suspect that they are eager for a general blessing, and some for a rather more particular blessing. Still, they have been well-behaved, and the Governor's armswoman Lucent -- you may have seen her -- well, you can't miss her, she's the tallest person in town, and rather strong as well -- well, Lucent is a terrifying Amazon with prodigious reach with her iron-shod staff, and none of the soldiers will cross her. Understandably. Lucent seems to regard me in the nature of a pet. Or perhaps as Selinua's pet, I haven't pressed the point.

May your brewing prosper and your mother yeasts make many myriad fine scion cultures,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter, Co-Officiant of the Black Moon Festival.

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 5."

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/20/2014 9:55

Your boy Pip is astonishing -- I don't know how he found me as I've been mostly confined to guard's quarters since I was press-ganged the other day into militia "service". Hang on to that jar of mead -- they smashed my equipment and stole most of my stock while apprehending me.

Your mention of disasters comes almost too late -- I'm sure we all felt the earthquake this morning that shook down some of the older huts and shattered much of the pottery used to store our winter cache. With luck one will knock down my prison before the river sweeps us all away.

Salicar

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

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FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE BIRDS

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER

DATE: 4/20/2014 15:37

Massinissa,

Appreciate the warnin' about the birds. I have to admit my doubts when you

mentioned them in your last letter - but when I camped southeast of Kamenstol, about halfway across the plains one dusk, almost got my arm taken off. Managed to fight off the bird with the help of Mischief, a big cat I picked up in the forest a few months back who's been keepin' me company since then. Glad I was trainin' him t'help me hunt, or else I mighta been dead.

Ye weren't kiddin' about the size o' these things. This'un was six feet tall easily, mebbe more. Beak about a foot long, and curved wicked.

Managed to take a gash out o' my forearm in the fight, but I packed it with

herbs and bandaged it. Shallow, but bloody - will make a good addition t'my collection o'scars.

What do yer people call these large birds? I'll probably refer to them in my notes as hakziab birds; evocative and descriptive if you know the old tongue of my land. Ye didn't tell me much except t'beware them. Do ye know anything of their ecology? Are they colony birds, or solos? Must be carnivorous, at any rate.

Headin' further east t'morrow. Haven't seen any more birds for the time

being, but didn't see that first one until he was on top o'me. Hopin' that they don't live in large groups.

One thing - they're tasty. Also, lots o' meat on 'em too. If the colony can work on domesticatin' em, might serve as a herd animal in place o'cattle.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

THE CAVES OF THE HAKZIAB

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER TO: CHRISTOPHER MARHABAL CHRISTOPHER
MAHARBAL: THE FISHER DATE: 4/20/2014 22:04

Marhabal,

Hope this letter finds ye well. Does the weather still bode ill? Is the storm still a-brewin'? Hopw that there's some serious preparation goin' on. If nothin' else, I'd be much obliged if ye'd pass on t'whoever'll listen that they have t'ensure that the grain house is protected and reinforced. What little grain we have left after the pestilence and after plantin' the fields down in Talu can't be risked. Sure that the folks in Callisto got their own priorities, and their own huts t'make safe - but if that grain house goes, we'll all be starvin' by degrees. Not sure that even yer masterful fishin' would be able to save 'em.

Had m'first run-in with those giant birds that everyone's talkin' about. Six feet tall, with a wicked hooked beak, spurs and talons on its feet. Callin'em Hakziab, after a hook-beaked bird (Hakzi) from the old country. One took a gash out o' my arm, but Mischief saved m'life. Guess all that trainin' got 'im thinkin' we're part of the same pack. Good thing fer me.

Told you about Mischief? Few months ago, came across this injured cat in the forest. Small, but with big paws. Brought 'im out o' the forest, had a friend in town nurse 'im back to health. Been with me ever since - turned out to be a real lifesaver, in the literal sense.

After that encounter, cut straight east to the area at the base of a hill where the scouts report caves. Looks like there's a run of canyons from the base of that hill down to the river - flash flood canyons, by the look of 'em. And filled with those damned Hakziab. Made the choice - wisely, it turns out - t'scout the canyons from above rather than headin' straight in.

Only one problem with that plan, o'course. Crossing some of the canyons meant either jumpin' or balancin' on some of the small trees that had fallen across at narrower points on the chasm. On my way across the latter, the tree broke and gave way beneath me. Fell right into the damned chasm.

The Huntress musta been with me, though - a few of those Hakziab in the distance, but no one close enough to be dangerous at first. On top o' that, the place where I landed was right next to a cave. Hadn't seen it from above, because it was under a lip o' stone. Managed to quietly scramble back into the cave just as one of 'em caught wind of my presence.

Ducked out of his sight just in time, I think.

...except this cave has a half-dozen nests in it. Squeezed toward the back of the cave, around a tight corner from the birds. Think Mischief is still up above the canyons.

Not rightly sure what t'do now. Rest, I s'pose, and think on it in the mornin'.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MANTA MASSINISSA, CYCLE 5"

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
METALCRAFTER**

**TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE
DATE: 4/21/2014 1:56**

Greetings and many thanks for your fast work.

After passing through your shop, the gold coins from the Metropolis were quite unrecognizable, and appear to be convincing facsimiles of ancient coinage connecting our archaic script with the hill and the river framing our settlement. With luck, your design might become the "ancient basis" for a city seal. The original coins were an assassin's wage, paid but never earned, and as I said, I suspected they were marked to be recognizable. Now that the deed is accomplished, I can let you know why I needed them restruck with new faces. Brad Salicar, our brewer, was taken by the recently-arrived soldiers with the excuse of impressing him into military service. What they would do with him that would be more important than his craft, I cannot imagine. After he tried forcefully to impress his doubts on the soldiers, they decided to pull rank and drag him off to the barracks, incidentally smashing some of his equipment.

It is my full expectation that a small consideration in "ancient" gold for the barracks keeper and a promise of beer after the brewing house is back in order, that Brad Salicar will be discharged from service.

I hope that you have had time to meet some of your fellow settlers as you settle in as part of the community. Scar and Rom from the construction workforce, I know you know, as well as Rom's wife Naetha who follows him along wherever he goes. I haven't seen any of it personally, but I suspect he might bring her everywhere because he doesn't want any ill-willed settlers to disturb her as a native of this land. You might find it good to talk with her.

I close with haste, and many thanks, as I prepare for the procession for the Black Moon Festival, where our priestess Selinua has chosen me to be a co-officiant and chorus leader.

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

RE:

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/22/2014 0:32

Please be assured that your loyalty has not gone unnoticed, and that you have my gratitude and blessing. If the request you refer to is that of a portion of good soil to provide bread for my house and grain for ale as well, then yes, I grant it most wholeheartedly. If there is another request, I fear that it may have been lost among the great stack of papers my scribe has been carrying (in a fashion far less organised than I approve of; she has been corrected), but pray that you mention it again.

I have tasked some of my household (about half a dozen) to help you as they can. I shall even lend my own hands if need be, as the situation with our the grain is of vital importance, and in a land such as this with so small a populace, even a queen has no room to stand on ceremony. But for now, I must tend to the more urgent matters that have brought me back early from my journey. For I can see even after a short time back that the people are restless and discontent as you say, and I fear that an open conflict would bring great loss to us all.

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/22/2014 0:33

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People,

To Mathos the philosopher:

I have just arrived back in the city. Cordatus is saddened by your absence, but was quite eager to converse with some of your students, and tells me that even in a short amount of time, they have made much progress, and show

great promise. He hopes you do not mind, but he has been engaging them in

some minor debates, of the sort used to strengthen logic and expand the mind. Such exercises with the young have always been one of his great joys,

and although his loyalty to me and his curiosity about this land drove him to follow me here, I know that he sorely misses them. I have reminded him that the school is yours, but if you can see fit to indulge an old man from time to time, I will be most grateful.

The Jury of Elders is a most excellent suggestion, and I believe the texts your students have been working with will be useful as well (my thanks for this aid). I hope to form the court soon, but I am deeply concerned about the state of the town; one of your recommended elders has reportedly been forcibly and illegally drafted, despite my declaration against it. Now that I am returned, I hope that I can do something to to shut down this most distressing threat to our peoples' well being.

It was with great regret that I returned earlier than planned to the city to deal with the most urgent and troubling matters therein. Please keep me informed of your findings, and may the gods shine their golden light favorably on your journey.

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the People

FROM: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 4/22/2014 0:58

Sarah Solaris, Lady of the Sun and Queen of the people,

To Brad Salicar, citizen:

I regret that our first exchange must be under such dire circumstances, and I hope this missive reaches you swiftly. I have heard that you are an upright man, recommended even to serve as a member of the civil court and administer of the law, and that you are devoted to excellence in your craft. Indeed I have not yet heard ill of your character or actions.

Although I had the good of the people in mind when I made my journey up the river, I have had most distressing news, and have returned early because of it. Among the latest of these reports was the wanton destruction of your property and the forcible pressing of your self into military service, I situation which I hope to soon remedy, along with all the other ills that have been wrought in my absence.

Pray, in your own words, what has occurred here?

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL, CYCLE 5"

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
FISHER**

**TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE
DATE: 4/22/2014 1:21**

To Christopher Maharbal with fraternal greetings and news.

I send this note by Scar, who is free to carry it because he claims not to hold with religious festivals, nor to have any fear of the oncoming storm. I trust it will reach you, since his sheer cussedness has more than once brought his will to pass.

Your introduction of Manta Massinissa the metalworker has already brought good to our community. I do not recall if I shared with you the story of the secret hoard -- an assassin's wage, in gold -- that I had hidden under a storehouse wall. Gold coins, rare enough here, and apparently marked for the paymaster to trace them. Our new metalworker was able to restamp them into the form of ancient coins. A few of those coins, with the promise of a keg of beer, bought the freedom of our brewer Brad Salicar, from where he had been pressed into service as a soldier. No soldier he, our stoutest of brewers, but a skilled tradesman, if a bit argumentative. In another way, I managed to get the better of the deal, for I also passed along to the soldiers one of my less able laborers, who was always singing warlike songs and marching about.

Dioscura continues to thrive under the tutelage of our Queen, her advisers and guards. I don't know what to expect when I next see her -- athlete, scholar, or Amazon. While I hope she will not choose this last, she will at least have two strong women to follow -- the Queen's armswoman Virago and our governor's terrifying giantess of a guard, Lucent. Perhaps Dioscura will have her first wish and become a horsewoman. I regret that she has missed the Procession of Stallions, although a number of these were wooden contrivances beautifully fashioned by our artisan William Boodes in great detail. Their eyes flashed, their manes curled, and there was no doubt that each of them was a stallion.

My voice is hoarse from the singing and chanting that went with the Procession of Stallions. I have a bit of a rest as the outside festivities wind down, and the ceremonies inside the Temple begin. The priestess Selinua will send one of the novices to bring me when it is time. As I expected, Selinua is calling on me for the last jar of Salicar's honey mead to mix with special herbs for a crucial part of the ceremony. Well, let it be memorable,

then! From my experience sharing the first jar with Selinua, I fully expect it to be so.

Safe harbor to you and yours -- all of yours,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

RE:

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/22/2014 7:42

Lady Solaris, I am impressed that your message managed to find me, confined

to my quarters here at the makeshift "barracks". Really they are only a stable roughly converted and much of it did not survive the last earthquake. It is pitiable indeed, though if reports are true the state of my own home is worse.

My situation is not unique. Many colonists are in the same condition as myself though I cannot speak to the condition of their goods or their shelter except as they report it. And so I will not repeat it for fear of compounding an error. Suffice to say that there are a good many disgruntled

persons here. I can only hope that this is some initiative of an enthusiastic but lesser officer and not the policy of the military command here.

I yearn to get back to my home and recover what I can of my business.

On an unrelated note, the porridge they are serving here is certainly made with blighted oats. It would be wise to look in on our winter supplies for if what I ate was drawn from those supplies, they are close to ruined.

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH, CYCLE 5"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/23/2014 15:55

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter to Sarah Solaris, Queen of the City and People

Your highness,

Apologies for the unsteady hand. I write on the morning after the Black Moon Festival. The acolytes rising for morning devotions jostled me awake, but I see the priestess Selinua is still asleep, wrapped in one of the banners that adorned the wooden horses in the procession. And well so; she had a long, busy day.

I send with this missive the last of the marked golden coins which I discovered in the effects of the bladesman lost at sea from the ship that carried me here. You may find its markings to be a useful clue as to the bladesman's paymaster. I took the others to our new metalworker Manta Massinissa, and he has restruck them in the semblance of ancient coins with a design showing the bay and the hill where we have settled. A few of them have already put to good purpose, purchasing the release of our brewer Brad Salicar from his involuntary enlistment in the soldiery. The coins, along with the promise of a keg of beer, were sufficient in the circumstances. Regrettably some of his equipment was damaged as he protested his impressment, so it may be some time before he is able to perform well in his trade. As to the "ancient" coins, I have had to explain them as a small trove from Clambake Island. That will, I hope, divert the soldiers toward an occupation that will not disturb the settlement.

Those words aside, not all of the General's troops have been troublesome or unruly. One detachment has been positively helpful in the preparation and performance of the Black Moon Festival, and Selinua praised them as being truly worthy and pious men. Having the loan of the Governor's armswoman Lucent may have been helpful. Lucent's prodigious height

and ferocious expression, along with her surprising reach with her iron-shod staff, has quelled any thought of unruliness among the participants in the festival, most certainly including the soldiers -- not that this group seemed especially intent on any sort of trouble. Indeed, they marched, sang loudly, and helped pull the wooden horses we needed to fill out the numbers in the Procession of Stallions. I see several of them round about on the floor of the temple, their clothes in disarray or lost entirely, sleeping the sleep of the cathartically exhausted celebrants. Outside I hear the students of Mathos' Hekademia going through their morning exercises. At least they got good rest after their early role in the Festival.

Selinua whispered to me that one of the inspirations she gained at the height of the celebration was that the currently empty shrine to the Lady of the Land should be filled by an image of the Daughter of Poseidon, Despoina. I know that is more a title than a name, but Selinua has attended the Mysteries of Despoina near our Metropolis, and the feeling she received was the same. It will yet be confirmed by divination, but I hope it will be so, to have a daughter of Earthshaker and Master of Horses as one of our sponsors.

I also write concerning the old house foundations that I discovered at the upper site. I found fallen walls built of the local, inferior stone, and my foreman Rom discovered cracks in the earth at the edges of the site. If we wish to build of stone, we will have to build strongly and securely of large blocks of good stone from the quarry site your party has scouted. I fear otherwise that there may come a day when we would be doomed to repeat the Feast of Simonides as our roofs and walls collapse from an earth tremor. For now, I continue to recommend that we build of wood, with sufficient spacing to avoid the communication of fire from one house to the next.

I am heartened by Dioscura's missives and gladdened that you have made her welcome in your company.

I will close now and rest. Selinua has promised me that we will go walking later today.

With honor and reverence, I am,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER
FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER
DATE: 4/23/2014 16:08

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

Your Majesty,

I apologize for my absence. My explorations in the wilderness have taken far longer than I anticipated and now, with these relentless rains, I fear that it may be sometime before I am able to return to the colony. The creeks that I crossed a few days back are now impassable and I may have strayed a bit from my intended course.

Nonetheless, my investigations have already been fruitful. A few nights back I camped at the weird ruins southwest of the colony. It was there that I met a group of native hunters. We spoke at length, and despite the challenges of understanding their language I found the encounter tremendously enlightening. In particular they were able to help me with the interpretation of some of the inscriptions with which I was having great difficulty. They were also able to provide me with a 'tour' of the ruins themselves, as it seems they commonly camp amongst them. The ruins are very extensive and it is my impression that many structures are concealed beneath the ground surface there, as though buried by a great sand storm or flood. The areal extent of the ruins is so large that I believe they must be the remains of a very large town or even a city.

Since then I have traveled much further south and hope to arrive at the old temple that was reported to be on the far side of the southern forest.

The Black Moon Festival must be almost complete by this time. I am sorry to have missed it. I hope the rainstorm has not dampened peoples enthusiasm for the celebration.

Your servant, Mathos.

IN THE CAVES OF THE HAKZIAB

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/24/2014 11:19

Mathos,

In a rough situation at the moment. Investigating the reports of caves to the southeast of Kamenstol, and the area around them is a series of flash-flood canyons infested with those huge, hook-beaked birds. I've started calling them Hakziab.

Through a series of... poor choices, s'pose, ended up trapped at the back of one of their nesting caves, which are probably the caves reported on by the colony scouts. Half a dozen nests between me and the exit. Happened into the cave middle of the night, luckily none of the birds were in the cave. Squeezed way into the back, around a corner, tryin' t'make m'self small as possible.

Found a narrow crevice toward the back - looked to be too small for the Hakziab to follow me through, but thought it might be wide enough for me t'squeeze through. Decided it might be useful fer me t'grab a few eggs from the closest nest t'the back. Wrapped 'em gently in some cloth I had with me, and squeezed through the crevice.

The crack in the back wall of the cave proved t'be an entrance to a larger cavern. Where t'others seemed t'be naturally carved by the waters of flash floods over hundreds of years, this cave was carved from the living rock

itself. Strange script covers the walls, and a number of alcoves are home to statues and other carvings of various sizes. I am, regrettably, unable to get any rubbings as I lack the proper equipment, but at this point it seems to matter little. Lost in these catacombs, I have been unable to find my way to the surface. My only solace is that these catacombs under the menhir seem to be at a single depth - I have yet to find any path upward or downward, and so I hope the scope of this maze is limited.

I wander, always turning left as the old tales advise, hoping that eventually I will find my way out, before my food or my lamp-oil depletes completely.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

RE: IN THE CAVES OF THE HAKZIAB
FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER
DATE: 4/24/2014 12:38

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

FeeGLE,

Your circumstances are troubling. Unfortunately I am in no position to assist you at this time, as I too currently find myself at the mercy of this land; though there are no immediate threats to my survival. The rains have raised the creeks to dangerously high levels and my attempts to move either onward or return to the colony have been foiled by their treachery. For now I will rest and hope that the Gods relent and the sun returns. I am comforted by the warmth of a strong broth that one of the native hunters prepared for me. It seems to have a powerful calming effect and I am thankful for it.

The caverns you have encountered sound remarkable and I hope that in a better season I am able to explore them myself. I am finding that there are many ruins scattered about this land and much to be studied. Some of the inscriptions from the ruins seem to speak of the cave birds you've mentioned.

"By night the skies are filled, wings thunder like the Gods' breath, they take what they want, they take what we need most, our offerings are rejected, the Gods do not help us any longer, we are left with hope but little else, may the Gods return and favor us once again"

FeeGLE, I hope we both survive this wild land.

Mathos.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 5"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/24/2014 15:43

Cycle 5.

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter, to Mathos, wise philosopher.

Greetings from the morning after the Black Moon Festival. In truth, the Moon in full darkness did not appear black to me, but rather a dark coppery red. Perhaps in your wisdom and experience you have seen such. But the progression of the Veil across her full face was a wonder to behold.

I only had a few glimpses, as the latter part of the festival was in full swing within the Temple, and Selinua had assigned me several key roles in the ceremonies, blessing my late wife Tanith for passing much of the ways of devotion and celebration to me.

The performance of your students as choristers and wand bearers in the early part of the Black Moon Festival was much appreciated. Their sweet harmonies and gentle, coordinated dance added greatly to the glory of the Festival. From what I can hear outside, they DID get a good night's rest, unlike their elders. I see the later celebrants sprawled across the temple in various stages of undress, including our good townsfolk, some of my laborers, most of the helpful detachment of soldiers, the junior priests, and even dear Selinua still sleeping, wrapped up in one of the banners that draped William Boodes' exquisitely fashioned wooden horses. I can tell it's her by her toes.

But Governor Barca's armswoman Lucent is fully awake, leaning on her fathom-and-a-half metal-shod staff, and looking fresh as a daisy. An extraordinarily tall and fierce daisy.

Selinua confided to me at the height of the ceremony she had sensed that the Goddess of the Land was a daughter of Poseidon as we had earlier suspected, known only by her title of Despoine', celebrated as keeper of Mysteries in Arcady. It will yet be confirmed by the diviners, but I have high hopes to have the daughter of Earthshaker, Master of Horses as our patroness.

I am starting to see in the shrines a number of votary figurines dedicated

by the citizens of the town, modeled after themselves, so that their images may constantly renew their connection with the gods or goddesses of our devotion. Our new metal crafter Manta Massinissa was undoubtedly the hand in several of these works. I see someone has set up a votary figurine facing the empty shrine reserved for the God of the City, perhaps resembling our Governor Nick Barca. And facing the empty shrine reserved for the Goddess of the Land, there is a figure of a woman in robes with a Solar crown.

All my human and, I dare say, manly capacities were well-exercised by the Black Moon Festival, save my capacity for sleep. I shall catch some rest now before I am called upon for more tying down of roofing and reinforcing of walls.

With best wishes for the prosperity of the Hekademia and its ideals,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Deputy Festival Celebrant (back to Carpenter tomorrow, if not today).

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 5"

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/24/2014 16:23

Castor,

I am pleased to hear that the Black Moon was properly observed, by you and others. I agree Despoine would make a very fine patron of our new land, this bodes well for our success here, though I will reserve my celebration until after the confirmation.

However, it concerns me that Boodes chose to make the stallion figurines out of wood. I myself provided him with a fair quantity of aurum for that very purpose!! Perhaps he is unfamiliar with its use and his omission is an honest one, but I am concerned that he intends to use the aurum for his own benefit. I believe that he would be tempting the wrath of the Gods to do so. I must contact him when I return.

Currently I am in the wilderness, and not especially confident in my own survival. I have been exploring some of old ruins scattered throughout this land in attempt to obtain an understanding of the ancient inscriptions, transcription of which Her Majesty has tasked me with. But my journey has been made treacherous by the hard rains and dark skies of that last few days. I have established a temporary camp in the forest and am hoping that the rains will soon subside.

I hope to stop by the temple and speak with Selinua and yourself when I return.

Mathos.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE HAKZIAB
FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER
DATE: 4/24/2014 20:22

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

Mago,

Been explorin' a fair bit to the southeast, and had some encounters with the large birds that I've taken to callin' Hakziab. Since you asked for my notes - and since I seem t'be trapped in these catacombs for the time bein', though I'd send ye a written account o' my experiences.

These birds seem t'range from about 5 feet t' 7 feet o'height, with the majority o' that bein' legs and neck. Vicious claws and spurs on their feet, and they know how t'use 'em. Wings don't seem large enough to let 'em fly, but they open like a catapult arm flingin' - wide, fast, and hard. Seem t'be familiar with that strength, too, and I've seen 'em try to buffet an attacket t'death. Their beak is hooked sharp, like a kestrel's. Seems made fer tearin' flesh. They're fierce, and seem t'be carnivorous.

Seem t'live in colonies, with a few nests together, but luckily, they're solitary hunters. M'companion and I managed t'bring a small one down - not without injury to m'self. Seem to be edible, if gamey, and there's a lot o'meat on one of them. Based on my observations of their nests, they leave their eggs unprotected durin' the night, when they're off huntin'. Seem t'ay two or three eggs in each nest.

Will continue to make some notes and let y'know if I can deduce anythin'

else. Provided I can make it out o'here with my skin whole, I may be able
t'send ye some eggs that I snatched while their parents were away.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<[https://plus.google.com/u/1/
communities/101267880206923063919](https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919)>

INSCRIPTION

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/25/2014 11:01

TO: NEWS

AN INSCRIPTION, discovered in the ruins to the southwest

”By night the skies are filled, wings thunder like the Gods’ breath, they take what they want, they take what we need most, our offerings are rejected, the Gods do not help us any longer, we are left with hope but little else, may the Gods return and favor us once again”?

EXPLORATION

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/25/2014 11:02

TO: NEWS

EXPLORATION

Some of the hunters have been calling the large carnivorous birds “hakziab”, though the local name for them seems to translate as “sky snake”. Our hunters also report they are delicious when roasted.

The ruins to the southwest of the colony seem to be more extensive than first suspected. They may be the remains of a great city, buried beneath sand and silt.

A large cave was discovered in the canyons to the southeast of Kamenstol forest, near the menhir. Its walls are covered with writing, and its crevices are decorated with statues

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/25/2014 11:04

TO: NEWS

NEWS

The river is rising, due to the recent torrent of rain.

The earth shook briefly. Hopefully this slight tremor is not a sign of later tragedy!

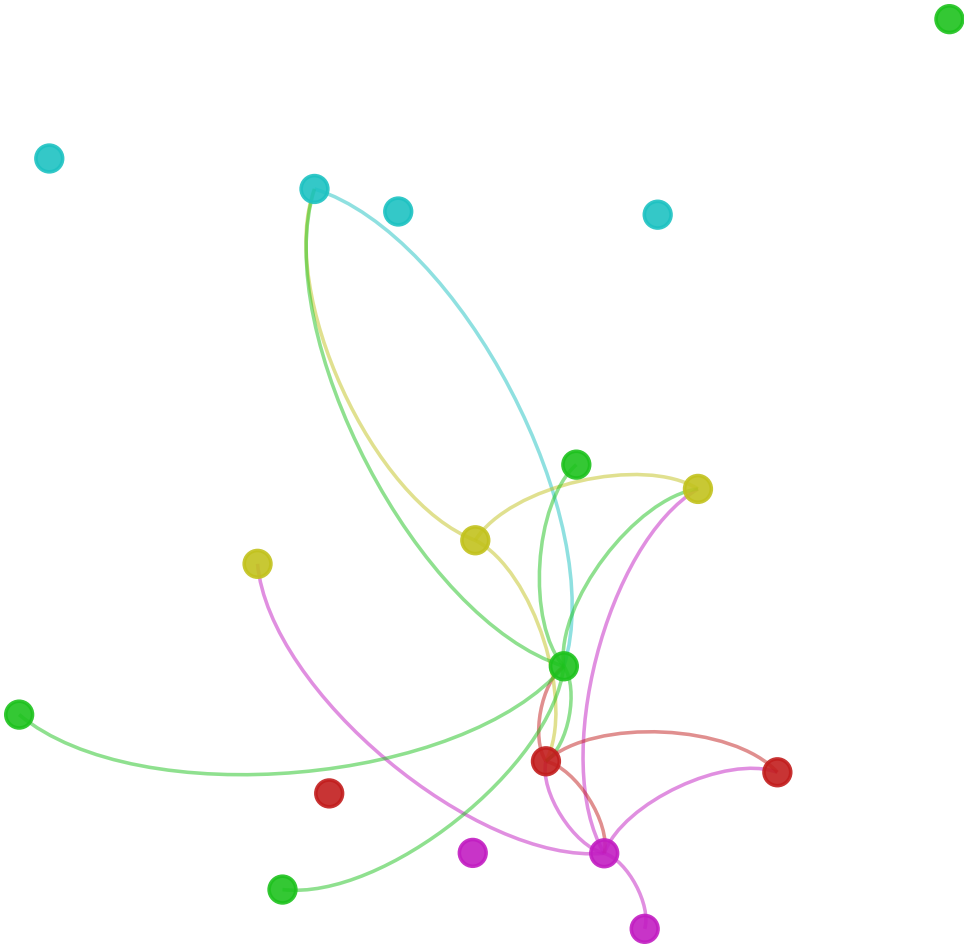
Tension is rising as overzealous officers have impressed citizens into military service.

Close examination of the traces of previous habitation here has revealed that many of the buildings collapsed due to landslides, earth tremors, and the poor quality of the available stone. No doubt the site was abandoned after this disaster was repeated too often. This seems an ominous portent for any buildings that we have constructed out of stone so far.

The infested grain seems to have made some of the people ill, including some of the soldiers. Efforts are underway to sort the clean grain out from the weevil-infested grain.

A native metalcrafter has settled near Talu and has been building a workshop on stilts.

The Black Moon festival was a great success, with participation ranging from the students at the school to the soldiers from the garrison. Everyone agreed that the parade of wooden stallions made by the local artesian was very impressive



CYCLE 6

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/25/2014 18:50

Your Majesty,

I apologize for once again troubling you. I know you have many important matters to attend at this time, however, there is one that I think is of primary concern. It has been almost a week since these hard rains began, and the black skies suggest that the storm's end will not be soon. I can see the waters steadily rising in the creeks and have no doubt that the waters will soon breach the main channel of the river itself. Weeks back I pleaded with our good Governor to begin construction of a dyke to protect our farmlands, but from what I have heard, nothing has been done. Soon the young crops that are the essence of our winter stores will be lost.

I have learned that during the Black Moon Festival, the Goddess, Despoine, daughter of Poseidon, revealed herself as Patroness of this land. I believe that should she be pleased by our devotion to her, she will negotiate with her father to end the storm and quiet the earths quaking and ensure our survival. But a magnificent sacrifice must be made. One that she cannot overlook.

There is an inscription that I have been studying, that I believe foretells of the events that are just now coming to pass. It is one of the original texts that your servants brought to me a week or more ago. My travels have allowed me to verify the translation. To the best of my skill, it reads in part:

"The rebirth of the fallen ones will be achieved when the Mother/Regent [Queen] of those banished, repents and abdicates her divine privilege; thereafter the First Child of the union of the two races, mortals and Children of Ge, will rule over them as prescribed by the Gods."

I have only the greatest respect for Your lineage and the sincerest hopes for

our success in this land, however, I believe the fate our survival falls upon
Your Majesty at this time.

Your humble servant, Mathos.

YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 4/26/2014 12:15

Subject:

Your services are no longer required

From:

Brad Salicar: the Brewer

Date:

4/26/2014 12:15 PM

To:

Sarah Solaris: the Queen

While I thank you for your promise of intervention on my behalf after my drafting and subsequent incarceration by Royal forces, I find I no longer need your assistance. The latest earthquake shattered the barracks (a stable really) I was being held in and I was able to make my own escape. Imagine my surprise to emerge and find such chaos! The very landscape seems to have changed!

You will forgive me if I decline to mention my current location.

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

I HOPE YOU ARE SAFE!

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 4/26/2014 12:19

Subject:

I hope you are safe!

From:

Brad Salicar: the Brewer

Date:

4/26/2014 12:19 PM

To:

Nathan Carthalo: the Farmer

I hope you and yours are safe after this latest earthquake! I admit I am of two minds about it -- the devastation is startling -- I see fires and flooding and some of the landscape has clearly changed! Was there a mudslide or something near you? I surely hope not!

I have managed to escape my incarceration in all the confusion but I dare not return home. I would not impose on you since I am surely now a fugitive

(unless I am too minor to be of interest after the quake) and would not wish to endanger you.

If there is a silver lining for you (my freedom certainly glints preciously) it might be that your skills will now be in even higher demand.

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 3]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

EARTHQUAKE!

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 4/26/2014 12:21

Subject:

Earthquake!

From:

Brad Salicar: the Brewer

Date:

4/26/2014 12:21 PM

To:

William Boodes: the Artesian

I write this on the run having escaped the Queen's guard in the confusion of the earthquake but I must risk the success of my flight to contact you and find out if you are well! There are fires around me and some of the hill seems to have slid down into what I hope are not homes! In truth taking a break from my sprint out of the soldiers' grasp in order to dash off a missive or three is more a physical necessity than a nicety. My lungs are fit to burst.

I shan't be returning home, of course, but I will let you know where I wind up.

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO JOHN MAGO, CYCLE 6"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 4/26/2014 18:17

Honored Scion of the Mago gens, greetings from Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

I am pleased that Fortune favored me to let our paths cross in the Megaron today. Though the rain poured down and the wind blew, the sturdy stone was armor against all weather.

I thank you for your interest in my projects. I have been fairly running ever since I set foot in the Colony. The new, higher tract of huts now seems well justified by the rising water seen after today's storm. Our fisherman Christopher Maharbal has been very appreciative of the fishing sheds constructed on the beach. Not only do they ease his work as a fisherman, they have also allowed him to take on extra hands who have helped him to bring in more catch as they learn the nets and ropes. With Fisherman Maharbal's warning of the upcoming storm, my construction hands, under the able leadership of foreman Rom, have been securing any loose construction and reinforcing roofs against high winds, with the happy results you've seen today. My last work, a pure stroke of fortune in some ways, started when the priestess Selinua saw me offering devotions in the Temple. We talked long together that night, and she learned that my late wife Tanith had been a priestess back in our mother city. Forthwith she recruited me as a co-officiant in the Black Moon Festival. I aided her in the rehearsal of the songs and the procession, with the timely help of the Hekademia students swelling the chorus. As well, I helped supply choice wood to the artisan William Boodes as he constructed lifelike facsimiles of horses to fill out the Procession of Stallions.

The hut construction has been going well, and we have moved a number of the smaller huts up the slipway from the lower town to the new higher tract. My eccentric inventor Scar has devised a system of ropes and posts that eases the job. So if you were wondering what the strange constructions were between the upper and lower houses, they are part of his work. The larger buildings, and ones of stone, are of course immovable unless we remove and reconstruct them, which will probably be the story for Brad Salicar's brewery. I trust you have had the chance to welcome

his freedom from his brief captivity in the barracks, under the misguided notion that he would make any kind of soldier. Happily a quiet discussion, involving a few gold coins from an ancient hoard discovered on Clambake Isle and the promise of a keg of beer (once he can resume production) were cause for the sergeant to assert strongly that friend Salicar would be a greater help to the colony in his trade than in any sort of military capacity.

My foreman Rom and his native wife Naetha are happily expecting their first child together. They are practically inseparable, and I see that Rom is preparing one of Scar's one-wheeled Cyclopean carts as a chariot for Naetha, to be pushed by himself in the eventuality that she finds it difficult to walk far and fast as her pregnancy advances. The herbalist has been eagerly speaking with Naetha about the virtues of the native plants of this area, but I fear that she has traveled some little distance from her native village, so not all the plants of our locale are familiar to her.

I have asked Rom and Scar to make a Cyclopean cart available to you for work on your own projects, though I regret that the construction workers will be fully occupied dealing with housing and river issues. I caution you that the local stone is quite inferior, and you will want to avoid building more than the most casual structures with it. Our Queen Sarah Solaris, with her expeditionary party, has discovered an abandoned quarry full of fine stone which will be just the thing for building to last. I hope to see if the buried city that scholar Mathos has described is constructed of this stone, for it seems to have the weight of many years on it, and significant parts still stand high, even given the occasional earthshaking that this ground is prone to. In the meantime I am building of wood whenever practical, separating the houses against the risk of fire. When we get supplies of better stone and clay, we will want to rebuild the hearths.

But alas, I babble on about pedestrian matters. I am a man of Things, while you are a man of Vision, sent by your noble family to keep our heads high as we establish ourselves.

With blessings to yourself, your house, and your noble name, I remain,
Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 6"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 4/28/2014 23:55

Cycle 6.

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter, to Mathos, wise philosopher.

Greetings!

The Hekademia still prospers in your absence, though your wisdom and depth of knowledge is missed. Lately the students are reviewing the classical Modes of music, as well as practicing their letters, diction, geometry, and rhetoric. A small study group has begun working in the later afternoons with the more practical mechanical concepts of military science, including engineering (ramps and bridges), the lever, and ballistics. They have demonstrated remarkable accuracy with their cabbage catapult; fortunately, its weight capacity and distance are somewhat limited. After a high-flung cabbage went crashing through the thatched roof of Brewer Salicar's new house, the miniature war machine was put under strict rules.

It is possible that William Boodes made use of your supply of aurum to construct figurines for the temple interior. The life-size stallions in the procession seem far out of scale for building out of any precious material, unless it were to be used as decoration or as a thinly hammered coating. I have in any event seen an increasing number of votary figurines facing the shrines within the temple. Some bear the style of our new metalworker Manta Massinissa, and others were shaped by different hands. There are several more in front of the empty shrine reserved for the Goddess of the Land, so her blessing is eagerly sought. And there are several horses in front of Poseidon, Master of Horses.

I have given my late wife's initiatory medallion to Selinua to keep with her, and in the place of Tanith's medallion I wear the copper bead given to Selinua at her initiation. We await the tidings of the diviners upon the name of the Lady of the Land, though Selinua maintains her confidence that it is Despoine Poseidoneia.

Your news of the ruins across the river is quite intriguing. To think that

there might be a whole city there, under the mud and sand! What secrets, what arts, what past triumphs might it hold? And if there are structures yet standing tall, their very form may teach us how to build for the ages.

If my duties allow, I hope to see some of the wonders of the ancient city ruins.

As to my duties: as the river waters rise, I have been busy helping construct a flood-dyke below the buildings of the lower huts, with the able leadership of my foreman Rom and the fickle but energetic assistance of Scar, who has been plying up and down the hill with bales of straw to form the bulk of the flood-dyke, alternating with earth and stones to weight them down. I am fortunate that we can use wet straw not otherwise suitable for storage or thatching for this purpose, as the heavy rains got into some of our stored straw-grass.

Well, soon we shall see how much our efforts shall avail us. In the meantime, we have moved all perishables to higher ground. The mud is impeding our efforts to move any more huts along the slip-road, but we are in good enough shape overall, with the new huts higher up.

When my duties abate, I will send more word to you.

With continued good wishes for your health and thanks for your wisdom,
I am

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/29/2014 10:33

TO: NEWS

Earthquake!

The ground shook, destroying several buildings and altering the very land itself! The stable that has been converted to a barracks for impressed citizens has been destroyed, part of the hill has collapsed onto the lower slopes, and several fires have broken out in the city!

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 4/29/2014 10:38

TO: NEWS

NEWS

The rising waters of the river are threatening to flood our fields. Some citizens are attempting to construct dykes out of straw.

A rope-and-pulley system had been constructed on the side of the hill to facilitate moving some of the building higher; no word yet on if it survived. Or on the condition of the houses.



Hakziab spotted in the rocky farm regions.

Credit: Brad Murray

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO NICK BARCA, CYCLE 6"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 4/29/2014 11:13

Honored Governor,

I am mustering the construction workers for immediate response to the fire and earthquake. I have established a news and coordination center between the Temple and the Hekademia for people to exchange information, request help, find useful work, and discover who and what has been injured, damaged, or lost. A few of the more responsible students are acting as runners to send information to and from the parts of town that have suffered loss.

I expect that after we recover and reconstruct, it may be time to propitiate Earthshaker. It is not at all clear whether this might be a sign that the Lady of the Land whom we keep an open shrine for is in fact Despoina, daughter of Poseidon, as was hinted at during the height of the Black Moon Festival.

I ask you to forward my announcement to others who seek help and who seek to help in saving and rebuilding our community.

I pray for the safety of our Queen, the philosopher Mathos, and my daughter Dioscura, that the tremor may not have injured them in the wilderness.

With greatest esteem and in haste,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 6"

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/29/2014 12:35

Castor,

Daily, I give much thanks for your keeping watch over the school in my absence. Unfortunately I think it may be some time before I return. In fact, it may be best if I do not return at all. In a moment of poor judgment I have shared the translation of the ancient text, that I last wrote to you about, with Her Majesty; and boldly suggested that she abdicate her divine privilege and crown another, a child, Regent over the land, in order to save the colony from Poseidon's wrath. I have not heard back from her, though I suspect I may meet her Captain of the Guard when I return.

It has been many days since I last had proper shelter, and currently the unrelenting rains continue to inhibit my journey. I ran out of meal cakes several days ago, however, the broth that the native hunters taught me to make has sustained me well. Indeed it seems my health is much better than it has been since my youth, even my lame leg seems to have gained strength in recent days, so much so that I have cast off my leg brace. But the broth has some side-effects that are disturbing. For one, I have not slept for over a week, nor do I feel the need to. Also, I have been having visions, some so vivid that I am deceived into thinking that I have been transported to some other place or time, where people speak languages I cannot comprehend and giants and Gods walk amongst mortals. I am uncertain if this is a sign of madness or enlightenment, but it concerns me.

I hope what you say of Boodes is true. It seems that the Gods are angered enough. I should tell you that the sack of aurum I gave to Boodes is just a small sample of what the school children have been gathering over the last few weeks. I have told very few about this as I know that though aurum resists corrosion to itself, it can corrode the hearts and minds of men like hot water running over snow. I trust that you will use this knowledge wisely and unselfishly. Perhaps you and Selinua can make use of the aurum in the temple. The children and I had been making daily offerings at the river mouth, but it seems that these have not pleased the Gods. There may be a great quantity there by now, several hundred mina or more.

Mathos.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL, CYCLE 6"

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
FISHER**

**TO: CHRISTOPHER MAHARBAL: THE
DATE: 4/29/2014 14:33**

Best of Fishermen,

My thoughts go to you and yours at this difficult time for the community.

You have heard the news, no doubt, and seen the smoke of burning. The earth tremor has caused damage to the houses and buildings of our settlement. The older huts, built closer together, have suffered more from fire, and the new huts, carefully separated, built from wood, and set on solid foundations up the hill, have fared far better, though their hearths and chimneys have suffered some damage.

I am mustering the construction workers for immediate response to the fire and earthquake. I have established a news and coordination center between the Temple and the Hekademia for people to exchange information, request help, find useful work, and discover who and what has been injured, damaged, or lost. A few of the more responsible students are acting as runners to send information to and from the parts of town that have suffered loss. I ask you to forward my announcement to others who seek help and who seek to help in saving and rebuilding our community. With the help of more hands, or even words of encouragement, our shaken community will act as one to rescue any needful, recover goods from damage and risk, and to rebuild so that all have secure roofs over their heads.

I have heard from the philosopher Mathos who wanders in the wilderness with the kindness of the local tribes. His health, to his joy, is improving, and he has discarded his leg brace, though the local diet leaves him prone to disturbing dreams. He fears some of the ancient writings he has interpreted have disturbed the Queen, so he may make the sky his roof for some time. His Hekademia is continuing in his absence, with the assistance of the more advanced students to teach the beginners, and various learned members of our community stepping in to teach history, geometry, and rhetoric, with the Temple helping with music and song.

The priestess Selinua and I have been talking together about whether I might continue to assist her in devotional ceremonies and in other ways in the future, but all is at sixes and sevens with the earthquake and fire. I pray for the safety of our Queen and my daughter Dioscura, that the tremor may not have injured them in the wilderness. You will tell me at

once if you and your family are at need.

With fraternal esteem,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

I COME TO YOU A BROKEN MAN

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER

DATE: 4/29/2014 18:32

Subject:

I come to you a broken man

From:

Brad Salicar: the Brewer

Date:

4/29/2014 6:32 PM

To:

Manta Massinissa: the Metalcrafter

I find myself in this rocky farmland as I flee the oppression of the Queen's guard who pressed me into service. Only an act of God (or gods if you prefer) allowed me to escape when my prison was shattered by the recent earthquake. I fear things in town are desperate -- the destruction I saw was substantial, whole buildings sliding down the hillslope with the mud and stones.

I am a humble brewer but all my goods were taken or destroyed by the guard when they took me. I have not seen my son in weeks. If you could spare food and shelter only for the evening I can repay you in the only currency I have -- I could help you set up a little still or set some beer or cider to fermenting. It's not much but other than the rags I wear, it's what I have.

Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MANTA MASSINISSA, CYCLE 6"

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
METALCRAFTER**

**TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE
DATE: 4/29/2014 19:35**

Estimable metalworker and new friend,

I write with earnest concern for your well-being after the earthquake that has shaken our town. Your workshop, being by itself, may have escaped the troubles that have plagued us in town. Several buildings, including the barn that was being used as a barracks, have collapsed, and fires have broken out in more than one location.

I have established a center point on the Hill for organizing the town's response to this disaster, so that our people's spirits may be engaged in urgent, useful work and may not be further troubled by sadness over our losses until we have recovered what we can. So much can be lost if discouraged people sit bemoaning their loss, not seeing how much they yet have to save!

This message goes by the hand of one of the more senior students of the Hekademia. Seeing them act in an organized and responsible way will help the rest of our citizens see that rescue and recovery are in hand, and merely need their assistance when necessary.

If anyone needs help, or can offer help, please send them to the organizing point on the Hill, between the Temple and the Hekademia, where I have raised a pole with a sun-disc. I ask that you spread this message swiftly so that we can help rescue the people and recover the goods that are under most threat before we suffer more losses.

I have heard from the philosopher Mathos, who established the Hekademia. He wanders among the native peoples, studying the ruins. To his joy, his health is improving and he has discarded his leg brace. To his dismay, the native diet plagues him with ominous dreams, and he also fears that Queen Sarah is displeased with him over his translation of one of the ancient inscriptions he has discovered.

The priestess Selinua still awaits the word of the diviners as to whether this event bears on the name of the Lady of the Lands or the Lord of the City. Regardless, she continues to call on me to help sing the devotions.

The votive figurines you fashioned adorn the shrines, representing the worshippers of our sponsoring deities. The figure of Governor Nick Barca is very lifelike. I believe William Boodes the artisan is also making these devotional figures, notably exquisite little horses that have been set before the shrine of Poseidon.

I pray for the safety of Queen Sarah and my daughter Dioscura who are yet traveling in the wilderness.

If any among you and yours should need assistance related to the earthquake, please send right back to let us know. If you know any who can offer hands to help, particularly if they have digging or prying tools, send them to the Hill!

In earnest haste,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

FWD: EXPLORIN' THE CATACOMBS

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER

DATE: 4/30/2014 19:28

Massinissa,

Warned me o' these birds, ye did. Hakziab, Sky Snakes, or whatever they be called, they be damned dangerous. Managed to stay out of their way, fer the most part, and no I'm lost in some catacombs - the only exit that I know of leadin' straight through a colony of 'em. 'Twas my own stubborn pride that left me here, trapped and alone, though, and I don't blame ye fer my predicament.

How fare ye in yer settlement? Meant t'mention, yer plans had ye settlin' nearby t'a small group o'colonists. Farmers, mostly, and a small homestead they're callin' Talu. Heard from my friend Sirdevan that he's met ye and yer settled near 'im. 'e also said yer able t'make a number of farmin' tools that he'd never seen before, but that seemed oddly appropriate for the rocky soil they've been workin' t'get ready for plantin'. Good thing Talu's far enough up the slope toward Kamenstol that it's not flooded yet; can only hope that ye and they stay dry - or at leasty, as dry as possible in this rain. Even down here I can hear it poundin' on the ground above.

Wonder if it's the cause of those flash flood canyons I stumbled upon outside the place.

Wanted t'ask ye about these catacombs I've tumbled into. Seem t'be cut out o' the rock, and the walls are carved, with regular niches and statues of all sizes all over the place. Runes carved into the walls, too, but not in any letterin' I ever seen before. Almost seems eerie, though, that the whole thing is one piece - even the statues are hewn out of the rock itself, rather than carved elsewhere and installed. The whole place is that green-grey limestone of this menhir, and I can't fer the life o' me figger what the place was for. Maybe fer castin' aside old foolish hunters who stray too far from their native lands - it seems t'be doin' a pretty good job o' that now.

At any rate, I'm still wanderin', tryin' t'find either a way out or some indication of the purpose of this place. Both, ideally, but I'll settle fer the first if I can. This place is a labyrinth; I been wanderin' for a day or two now I think, and still haven't found my way out, or even back to where I started. Huge.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

FWD: FREE AT LAST!

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILOSOPHER

DATE: 4/30/2014 19:28

Mathos,

Finally, some good news. After several days of wandering in these catacombs, managed to stumble into a... well, a room, perhaps? Was different than most of the other places I'd found, with a vaulted ceiling and half a dozen passageways all departing from a central point. Also was the only place I'd found that had carvings on the ceiling matching several points on the room.

Decided to stop and spend some time there. Somethin' special about the room suggested t'me that it might hold the key to my escape, and decided not t'just press on blindly. Within an hour, optimism grew - the roof seemed t'be made of several panels of stone rather than carved solidly from the rock like the rest o' this damned place.

Managed t'scramble up the wall and climb across the ceiling hangin' from it like one o' them monkeys in the zoological garden back in the Metropolis.

Not an experience I relish repeatin' at any point in the future, let me tell ye. At the apex of the ceilin', there was a stone ring, with some remnants of rope from it. With a prayer to the Huntress, I grabbed the ring, and fell free from the wall as I lost my grip. Dangled freely from the ring fer a moment, which seemed t'support my weight.

Until, that is, it seemed t'come loose, and started t'slide free.

Didn't relish the thought of fallin' the fifteen feet t'the ground below, but I did m'best t'go limp and be ready t'roll with the landin'. The ring continued t'slide, but after about six inches, it caught, and didn't move.

There was a clankin' - a grindin' of gears like in some of the general's war machines - and the panels of stone began to recede into the walls, slidin' away from the ring and leavin' me hangin'.

When they stopped movin', they revealed that the ring was suspended from a metal pole, straight down a chimney carved out of the stone which was only about three feet wide. Managed to scramble up the rough stone about fifteen feet before I felt the first raindrops hit m'face. Five feet more and the sides of the chimney started to grow soft with moss and dirt. Ten

feet after that, the chimney leveled out atop the surface.

It was covered with a stone shelter - more of a table, I s'pose, with four arching legs and a wide, flat top, but larger than that. The metal pole I'd ascended hung from the underside of that massive tablet, and all round, the landscape sloped downward in the distance. Carvings over the inside of the shelter, the underside, and the inner arcs of the legs were common, in the same script as the catacombs below. As I collapsed to the ground, I heard the pole snap up a bit and then a grinding from below - presumably the roof panels closin' up again and sealin' the base o' the chimney.

Lay there gaspin', just happy t'see the daylight through the rain, when I felt a hundred pounds of wet fur land on m'chest. Panicked fer a minute until I realized it was Mischief. Not sure how that happened, rightly, 'cept that the only shelter I could see for miles from the top of the Menhir was the table above me. Musta come lookin' fer someplace kinda dry.

Sometimes the Huntress is good t'her faithful.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

HAKZIAB EGGS

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 4/30/2014 20:42

Mago,

Know yer interested in the wildlife of this place, and hope my notes about the Hakziab were of some use t'ye. I managed to squeeze m'self out o' those catacombs, at last, and am now upon the menhir.

Managed to keep those eggs I mentioned safe for a while, but in my wanderins I broke a few of 'em. Three are all that are left. Included them in the package with this letter. Tried t'keep 'em as warm as I could in my satchel, and with any luck, they'll still hatch - but that's not my area of expertise. Have a look, and see if they're useful to ye, in one manner or t'other.

Headed a little further southwest in the weeks t'come. Will let ye know if I'm able t'find anythin' new that ye might be interested in fer yer studies.

Yrs.

FH

A NOTE SCRAWLED WITH SOME DIFFICULTY

FROM: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 4/30/2014 20:53

My good friend Castor,

It is well that our fragile little community has competent and industrious tradespersons like yourself to valiantly struggle against the seemingly endless onslaught of misfortune that tests us in this new land. I cannot overstate the concern I had for the future of our colony during the recent period of internal discord; it is well that tensions seem to have been put at ease after the return of our beloved queen.

I am afraid the foul weather that even now buffets our homes has also sapped my health. I find it difficult to sit up for more than moments at a time, and my breath is short and often obstructed by fluid. I shall endeavor, in spite of this temporary ailment, to fulfill my duties to you and to the colony, but please forgive me for retiring to a temporary bed I had moved here into the megaron and enshrouded in curtains as the waters began to rise.

The news of Mr. Salicar's stint in the barracks surprises me. Certainly I have seen his scribbled warnings around town, yet I have never met the man, nor could I recognize his face on the street in even the brightest day. Our good General has been keeping me informed of his progress toward securing our borders, yet he has not mentioned this difficulty with Mr. Salicar. I

find this most curious.

Alas, the effort of corresponding has sapped what little strength I can muster this evening. Once I have recovered I will seek you out, for the work of your hands and the tales of your fellows' is the lifeblood of our intrepid venture, and it does me good to know your kind are waging a war of sorts against the destruction of our colony by the ravages of nature.

I remain, as always, Her Majesty's humble servant,

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MARC GISGO, CYCLE 6"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

DATE: 4/30/2014 21:57

Cycle 6

From Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter, to Marc Gisgo.

Greetings, estimable worker, strong of arm and sharp of eye!

I write to you to request your help in rescue, recovery, and safeguarding of our town as the effects of the rising water, earthquake, landslip, and fires work themselves upon us.

I have raised a pole marked with a sun-disc between the Temple and the Hekademia, as a point to bring news of our town's troubles, to request help in rescue and recovery of essential goods, and for ready hands to join the rescue and recovery efforts.

Active efforts now include extinguishing fires; building a dyke of weighted straw bundles against the rising water; rescue of citizens trapped or injured by falling roofs and walls, notably the barn that was commandeered as a barracks; securing food and other essentials from further loss or damage; and setting up temporary shelter.

I trust you to find the most useful way to contribute to our recovery. My special charge to you is to spread the word to others you know, that our recovery effort is organized and directed, and where they can go to get or give help.

I have sent to Governor Nick Barca so that he may pass the word to muster people for our recovery effort, but I have not heard back from him. He may be fully occupied with the recovery of his own household, so good citizens such as you and I must step forward in a timely way.

If you are able to reach the Noble Scion John Mago [John Mago: the Noble], his skilled oratory may be of great assistance in mobilizing other citizens. Do let him know of the coordinated response organized next to the Temple. If he is indisposed, he may yet be able to use his influence to forward our efforts.

The senior and middle-level students of the Hekademia are at your

disposal as message runners for any rescue or recovery efforts.

If you see any of the younger students throwing cabbages, do not chide them; it helps keep their minds and bodies occupied. Later they will be very busy rinsing cabbage leaves.

Meanwhile I pray for our Queen Sarah Solaris and my daughter Dioscura, who are out in the wilderness in this dire time.

With greatest respect, and vital haste,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

FROM MATHOS THE ENLIGHTENED

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 5/1/2014 1:50

Salicar,

It has been some time since I reported to you about my journey. I think you, of all people, will find my story worthwhile when I have time to tell it in full. But for now I will say that I am safe, though for a time I was certain that my body would be washed away from this place like the uprooted trees that now flow through the river mouth. My attempt to ford a rushing creek was nearly lethal. But Flavos saved me, just as I was submerged and soon to be wedged beneath a fallen log, his hand seized my arm and hauled me to safety; his flesh translucent like raw fish, his bones and arteries, like twine tangled around grey scroll rods. But his hair still shines like polished aurum in firelight.

My journey continues with new purpose, the lady of the sea needs my help and I will not fail her. I understand now that this place needs us. Flavos is my guide and guardian, she has sent him to us. She speaks to us through the stones and trees, the animals and air. We seek the fallen ones and must return what was taken. Flavos is our guide and we must follow him. The children are laughing again and the women weep. We may not return.

Mathos the enlightened

RE: FROM MATHOS THE ENLIGHTENED

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 5/1/2014 7:35

We may not return because we will all die here, leaving no trace. Half the colony slid into the earth the other day and the Queen oppresses us with forced service. My home is gone and I am seeking shelter with strangers (on high ground, certainly, given that the river is flooding).

You sound mad. A return to reality will do you good -- come home and help

us survive this.

-- Salicar.

[image: Inline image 1]

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Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

EXPLORATION

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/1/2014 11:44

TO: NEWS

EXPLORATION

The statues found in the in the caves to the southeast are carved directly from the grey-green rock itself.

There is a tunnel in the caves that leads to an exit near the menhir, hidden in the vaulted ceiling of one of the chambers

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/1/2014 11:45

TO: NEWS

NEWS

Rescue efforts are being organized in the wake of the earthquake.

The native hunters have taught some of the people how to make a broth from local sources. While filling, it reportedly also induces visions.

A prophecy pertaining to the eventual rightful rulership of these lands has been translated. Originally discovered by the Queen's expedition, it has raised some discussion about divine mandates.

Fire and the earthquake have damaged the original cluster of huts at the bottom of the hill. Many others were destroyed when the side of the hill collapsed, burying them beneath mud and stone.

The tensions of the colony have been temporarily been forgotten in the wake of the disasters that have beset us.

VISIONS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/1/2014 11:46

TO: NEWS

VISIONS

Flavos is our guide and we must follow him

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO MARC GISGO, CYCLE 6"

FROM: MARC GISGO: THE LABORER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/1/2014 13:58

Dear Mister Himlico,

I regret to inform you that my father, Marc Himlico, may have perished.
His

health has been extremely poor for many seasons and I have been acting as his sole caretaker. Recently he has been overcome with a lethargic melancholy that I have not been able to remedy. He had talked about going

to the wild areas to try to commune with the natives, he believed that it was the only worthwhile thing that a man in his condition could do.

It has been many days since I have seen him and I am sure he is no longer with us.

It may be a kindness if he has moved on, but still I worry for him.

I regret that my work leaves me too busy to assist you directly.

Apologies,

Matthias Gisgo

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH SOLARIS, CYCLE 7"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 5/3/2014 0:08

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter to Sarah Solaris, Queen of the City and People.

Your highness,

It is a difficult time in your city.

After the joyous celebrations of the Black Moon Festival, the weather and the shaking of the earth conspired to trouble us from above and below. You may have heard early reports of how the river is rising following the rain, and that several buildings collapsed as a result of the earth tremor.

I fear that two of your most energetic and loyal citizens have been lost as well. I have report from Matthias Gisgo, the son of the stout laborer Marc Gisgo, that his father was feeling his end upon him and had gone wandering out to commune with the natives. I was counting on his help to mobilize the rescue and recovery effort. And my longest friend here, from before our travels, the fisherman Christopher Maharbal, is reported lost at sea during a rescue attempt, leaving a scrawled, waterlogged parchment that somehow reached shore. I am glad that Fisherman Maharbal was teaching his trade to the likeliest among our laborers, for we may have great cause to rely on the harvest of the sea. As to his widow, her pregnancy continues in good health, while her sorrow is deep. I have taken her into my house, hard by the cottage of Rom and his wife Naetha, whose own child continues to ripen within. Naetha has been advising us as to famine foods, should we need to call on the rude produce of the land in later season. For now there is sufficient food, and there are yet many red cliff berries. I sorely miss my friend, and I miss his hearty voice and strong, sensible attitude. We could do with more of his kind.

I have set up a gathering center on the hill, between the Temple and the Hekademia, set up under a tall pole topped with the Solar Disc, to hearten the spirits of the citizens. From this place, we gather reports of people needing rescue and buildings and stored goods in need of preservation and recovery from further damage. Whatever good words or blessings you can send will be deeply appreciated. We are lucky that Guardswoman Lucent is continuing to help keep order. A tap of her iron-shod staff brings any disorder to an end.

It is my hope that with the help of our good, stalwart citizens, that we may recover from our trials in good time and in good order to build upon our dreams. I pray that you will forward my call for help in the recovery project.

Of course if you or your expedition party should be in need of help due to the earth tremor, storm, or any circumstance, send immediately and we shall dispatch a response.

I have not heard from Dioscura since the storm. If she has any word for me, please send it along with yours. I trust that she has been honest and fair, friendly and helpful, considerate and caring, courageous and strong, and responsible for what she says and does, in the words of the ancient pledge of sisterhood. Please have her scolded if she has lost my second-best hammer.

Your explorations and discoveries have been a blessing to us all, giving us hope that there are riches in the land to sustain us and our posterity as a truly civilized people.

With blessings and best wishes to your Majesty,

Castor Himilco, Carpenter and Citizen

COLONY OF CALLIPSO

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 5/5/2014 2:38

Governor Barca,

I write to provide a status update.

Progress has been made rebuilding the camp after the earthquake and landslide took out part of our barracks. I thank the Gods that the few men we did loose were of those too sick from the bad grains to be on patrol at the time of the disaster.

Our press for new men continues, we should not depend on new trained soldiers arriving by boat anytime soon. The General speaks of having left the Metropolis on “bad terms” but will not elaborate. I hope to learn more as I gain his trust.

Your servant,

SGT Jake Hamilcar

--



The children have discovered the new slopes of raw earth are perfect for sliding on using basket lids and tightly woven mats.

Credit: Jeff Miller

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO JOHN MAGO, CYCLE 7"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 5/6/2014 0:43

Honored John Mago,

I hope this letter finds your health improved. I regret that our community has lost two of its strong pillars, the laborer Marc Gisgo, whose son Matthias reports that he is much declined of body and spirit and has left to commune with the natives, and the fisherman Christopher Maharbal, my good friend, has been reported lost at sea in the course of an attempted rescue.

I have been honored to take Christopher Maharbal's wife Ilithyia into my household, just steps away from the cottage of my foreman Rom and his native wife Naetha. Though Ilithyia is deeply sad at the loss of her husband, she and Naetha can support each other as each of them is expecting a child. I understand from the midwife that each of them is healthy and well, and I can attest from the feeling of the kicks on my fingertips that each of them has quickened. Naetha claims her little one is always running, or perhaps she means swimming; I was not quite clear from how she expressed it.

My own health continues good, though the duties of digging, lifting, rebuilding and securing our vital stores keep me more than busy. Often I forget to break my fast at midday, and find myself joining the throng for soup as the night thickens. But it is good work. I am thanked by many, though others can find it only to look on and weep. At least the children are making good of the new raw slopes of earth, playing upon them by sliding down on basket lids and mats, or simply rolling elbow over elbow down the hill. It is when I muster the workers and number them, and dispatch them to the tasks of recovery, that I most miss our stout laborer and fisherman, who commanded such respect and influence among the workers, and could speed their intentions and efforts. If you know of any who could contribute to the rebuilding of our shaken and tumbled town, and the recovery and securing of our stores, I would be truly grateful. Send them to the pole topped with the solar disc beside the Temple and the Hekademia. I have called upon the longest-legged students as message runners to ensure that the timely need for effort can be quickly matched with strong arms and backs.

I wait for a word from our Queen Sarah Solaris, whose expedition party has my daughter Dioscura among their company, under the tutelage of

the Queen's own scholar and her armswoman Virago. I pray that the storm and shaking will have spared them. I hope that they may return and bring us their knowledge, and the Queen's moral authority to assist us in organizing our efforts. And for myself personally, my mood would be much brightened by their presence. The constant struggle wears upon one after a while.

I am blessed, perhaps, by my lack of time to sit and fret. Should I pause for a minute, the priestess Selinua is soon about, calling me to assist with a devotion or help with something in the Temple. And yet somehow my work feels lonely. Perhaps my confidence waits upon a hopeful omen.

Do forward my invitation to join the recovery efforts, if you would. Even a kind word of encouragement from the right citizen could mean a good deal.

In wishes for your improved and continued good health, I am,
Castor Himilco, carpenter and citizen

FURTHER SOUTHEAST

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 5/6/2014 13:34

Mathos,

Fer better or worse, headed off t'the south of the menhir t'continue explorin' and see about what's about down here. Clouds on the horizon to the north, but they seem t'be movin westward - is it still rainin' up there? There was light rain at the top of the menhir, but as I move inland there seems to be less and less rain. Last night managed t'sleep on a dry bit o'ground, if ye can believe that.

Mischief continues t'grow, if ye can believe it. I'm sure he's ten pounds heavier than when we set out. If 'e don't stop soon, 'e'll be the size of a lion soon. Run into a few o' them Hakziab since I came back aboveground,

but they seem t'be givin' 'im a wide berth, which is good news. Think I'm lucky t'have 'im along with me fer this trip.

Know you were interested in the carvin's and whatnot. Heard you got called

back to the settlement, but if yer ever lookin' to find yer way down to these catacombs, shouldn't be hard fer ye t'find. Look fer the stone shelter atop the menhir, north o' the river. Ideally, bring someone with ye who's handy with a spear or a bow t'keep ye safe, if yer not comfortable with those tools yerself.

Should reach the forest, which was my initial goal fer this trip,

tomorrow. Looks like there's a small village at the base of the menhir here. Hopin' that I can trade fer some goods down there - the wound I got from the Hakziab seems to be flarin' up a little, and I'm worried about infection. Best if I can get some kind of herb or poultice on it t'keep me healthy. Wouldn't be ideal t'take ill this far from home.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

RE: FURTHER SOUTHEAST

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/6/2014 16:35

FeeGLE,

It is good to hear from you. Contrary to what you may have heard, I am still exploring the wilderness. The rains let up enough for me to cross the raging creek that barred my progress, and I have just now arrived at the temple ruins that I set out for two weeks ago.

Surprisingly, I was greeted by a woman when I arrived. She is one of the natives of this land, "The Children of Ge" they seem to call themselves. Her name is Nadja, she seems no older than myself, but I have found that the natives are often much older than they appear. She says she has been waiting for me, that my journey was foretold to her many years ago. She provided me with much needed nourishment, as I had been living off of nothing but herb broth for more than a week.

She wants me to go with her to her village, where her people are gathering. It seems they are preparing for a pilgrimage to witness the birth of the "First Born". Apparently there are many other villages also preparing for the journey, many have even begun, seems their destination is Callisto. I wouldn't be surprised if you soon see them passing you on their way; there should be many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pilgrims.

I hope Mischief and The Huntress continue to protect and guide you in your travels.

Mathos.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO NICK BARCA, CYCLE 7"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 5/7/2014 3:55

Honored Governor Nick Barca,

I regret that our community has lost two of its strong pillars, the laborer Marc Gisgo, whose son Matthias reports that he is feeling his end upon him, and has left to commune with the natives, and the fisherman Christopher Maharbal, my good friend, who has been reported lost at sea in the course of an attempted rescue.

I have been honored to take Christopher Maharbal's wife Ilithyia into my household, just steps away from the cottage of my foreman Rom and his native wife Naetha. Though Ilithyia is deeply in grief at the loss of her husband, she and Naetha can support each other as each of them is expecting a child. I understand from the midwife that each of them is healthy, and I can attest from the kicks on my fingertips that it is so. Naetha claims her little one is always running, or perhaps she means swimming; I was not quite clear from how she expressed it.

I regret that I have no recent news from Queen Sarah Solaris or my daughter Dioscura who is among her expedition party.

Mathos, the Hekademia founder, continues his own expedition, though he complains via correspondence of his diet and of the flood waters. He reports his health as improving, to his surprise and delight. By contrast, John Mago continues to struggle with weakness and illness. Perhaps if John Mago can speak out publicly on our needs, it will help in organizing our town's recovery and reconstruction efforts.

I continue to arrange rescue, recovery, and reconstruction efforts from the temporary coordination center set up between the Temple and the Hekademia. I fear that without the strong efforts of my friends, it will be a slower and less-coordinated effort. If you would forward my request for assistance to others of your circle, I would greatly appreciate it.

With honor to you, sir, I am

Castor Himilco Citizen and Carpenter

THE VILLAGE OF LODA

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 5/7/2014 12:36

Boodes,

Hope all is well with ye and the colony. Have the rains let up any? I hear rumours even this far south that the floodin' has been pretty bad, and that much of the lower-lying areas are well under water at this point - but y'know how rumours can be. Heard from Sirdevan a couple o' days ago, and his news, at least, was heartening. Seems that the farmlands around Talu are far enough uphill from the river that they're safe - the grain fields're sodden, but not washed away. 'E's optimistic enough to figger that once the rains lay off, we should have a decent harvest of corn and wheat, at least. He did tell me that he and the other Servicemen of Talu are buildin' something of a floodwall along the southeast edge of the fields, just in case the water gets higher - but it's got some ways t'go before it puts the farmland in danger.

Now west of the menhir that our scouts explored at this point - after my aimless wandering in the catacombs below - and found a village of natives. Children of Ge seems t'be how these people are referrin' to themselves, though I'll be damned if I can figger out who or what Ge is. Always been good at huntin' and taken care o' meself in the wild, but this is the first time I've found meself yearnin' for a little book-learnin'. Mebbe I'd have an easier time communicatin' with the locals if I'd had some kind o'schoolin' in languages.

Regardless, they're a friendly bunch. Village - they call it Loda - seems t'have about a hundred inhabitants, and they're fairly knowledgable. Got a low stone wall around the place, some tended fields. Even have a drainage system runnin' through their crop fields to allow fer better water runoff - interesting design. Never seen anything like it, but I'm takin' notes t'bring back t'Talu. Hopefully, it'll help with the problem of the heavy rains, and help with crop yield. Sirdevan might be optimistic, but I'm concerned that if the rain's as bad as rumours are sayin', the seedlings might be drownin'.

That's neither here nor there fer ye, though - I actually meant t'ask ye if yer interested in a new market down here. Brought with me a few small carvin's and workin's, and they're goin' grazy fer them. Traded me some nice metalworks, a few tools, and a sackful o' local produce and grains fer almost nothin'. Think it's probably the novelty o' the work, but ye never

know. If yer not washed away by the waters over the next couple o' weeks, might be worth yer while t'make a tradin' trip down here. Loda's small, but there are three or four locals who seem t'be skilled artisans. One in particular makes beautiful carvin's out o' the greenish stone that seems so common down here. The art style is intricate, but alien - really different from the works that you produce. Not better, y'understand - just different.

Aimin' t'be back in Kamenstol in the next little while; I'll bring some o' the larger pieces with me when I come. Will stop by and visit ye on my return. In the meantime, I've enclosed the smallest of the pieces - it's a bit stylized, but I'm sure it's meant t'be a Hakziab in flight.

Be well.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 5/8/2014 0:19

Your Majesty,

I hope you will forgive my transgressions. My previous message was inappropriate. I recognize that my comments could be construed as treason and I would not blame you for condemning me so. My time in the wilderness has had an effect on my senses and 'reason' has not been paramount amongst my qualities as of late.

However, I write to you now as your humble servant, to forewarn you of events that will soon transpire. A great host of native pilgrims currently march on Callisto with the intent of witnessing the birth of the "First Born". It is my understanding that several thousand souls are currently making their way down river, I'm sure they some sill soon be arriving at the colony. I tell you this as an 'ambassador' appointed by the Children of Ge. The pilgrims mean you no harm, they are not a threat to the colony.

Mathos the transformed

RE: FROM MATHOS THE ENLIGHTENED
FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER
DATE: 5/8/2014 0:32

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

Salicar,

If I am mad, then so be it. My time in the wilderness has resulted in transformation of my being. My understanding of.. well everything is now on a level that I previously only dreamed of achieving. The movements of humanity, nature, and the Gods are all aligned in my mind and I am experiencing a clarity of reason of which even my masters in Metros could only speculate. I am enlightened, I am transformed, I am born anew. The Children of Ge have taught me so much. I only hope that you also will have the same opportunity, one day.

The pilgrims will be arriving soon, they will be thirsty, they number in the thousands.

Mathos.

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 5/8/2014 1:15

Your highness,

My name is Jake Hamilcar, I am just an old soldier trying to get by in this new land.

I write because I fear that the Governor is mad and communes with those foul flying beasts with the terrible cry that are seen in the night skies more and more often.

Please send word on your status and how I may be of service.

Your humble servant,

Jake Hamilcar

[COLONY OF CALLIPSO]

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPPOS: THE GENERAL

DATE: 5/8/2014 1:27

General,

My name is Jake Hamilcar, an old soldier under your command.

I write to provide a status update.

Progress has been made rebuilding the camp after the earthquake and landslide took out part of our barracks. I thank the Gods that the few men we did lose were of those too sick from the bad grains to be on patrol at the time of the disaster.

Our press for new men continues, but I've hear rumblings or misgivings among the townfolk. Something will need to be done about this.

I've received word from a trusted native, that the queen is being held captive by savages.

Jake Hamilcar

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: WILL ZENO: THE TRAVELLER

DATE: 5/8/2014 1:38

Will Zeno,

My name is Jake Hamilcar, I veteran soldier of the Colony of Callisto

I write to hear word of your travels. What lands do you hail from? My fellow soldiers long for tails of adventure and far off lands.

Jake Hamilcar, Veteran soldier.

[COLONY OF CALLIPSO]

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 5/8/2014 1:46

Farmer,

My name is Jake Hamilcar, I am a veteran soldier trying to get by in this new land.

Are you the one that has built his house upon stilts? How did you, alone, come up with this scheme? What else are you not telling us?

Jake Hamilcar, Veteran Soldier

[COLONY OF CALLIPSO]

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/8/2014 1:54

Feeble the Hunter,

My name is Jake Hamilcar, I am a soldier of the colony.

Things continue to deteriorate here at the Colony. All I hear is the ravings of madmen, the complaining of townsfolk, and the screeching of those awful flying abominations.

Send word of your adventures, we soldiers could use a good tale.

Jake Hamilcar

[COLONY OF CALLIPSO]

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: NATHAN CARTHALO: THE FARMER

DATE: 5/8/2014 1:56

Farmer,

My name is Jake Hamilcar, I am a veteran soldier trying to get by in this new land.

Are you the one that has built his house upon stilts? How did you, alone, come up with this scheme? What else are you not telling us?

Jake Hamilcar, Veteran Soldier

RE: FROM MATHOS THE ENLIGHTENED

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 5/8/2014 7:46

Thirstier than you think. My works are a ruin -- first the soldiers and then the earthquake. And the cistern was shattered as well, so they can lap at the river like animals if they are thirsty.

Salicar.

--

EXPLORATION

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/8/2014 13:19

TO: NEWS

EXPLORATION

The philosopher Mathos has encountered a group who calls themselves “the children of Ge”, they are on a pilgrimage to the colony.

Explorers have reached a village called Loda inhabited by the Children of Ge, west of the menhir hill. The drainage system in their fields and the low stone wall suggest they are more practiced with dealing with the local climate than we are. The inhabitants of Loda seem very interested in our carvings, offering in trade not just practical things like grain but also intricate artwork formed from the local greenish stone.

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/8/2014 13:20

TO: NEWS

NEWS

Marc Gisgo was last seen journeying to the woods to try to commune with the natives. His son, who can be reached at the same address, believes him to be dead.

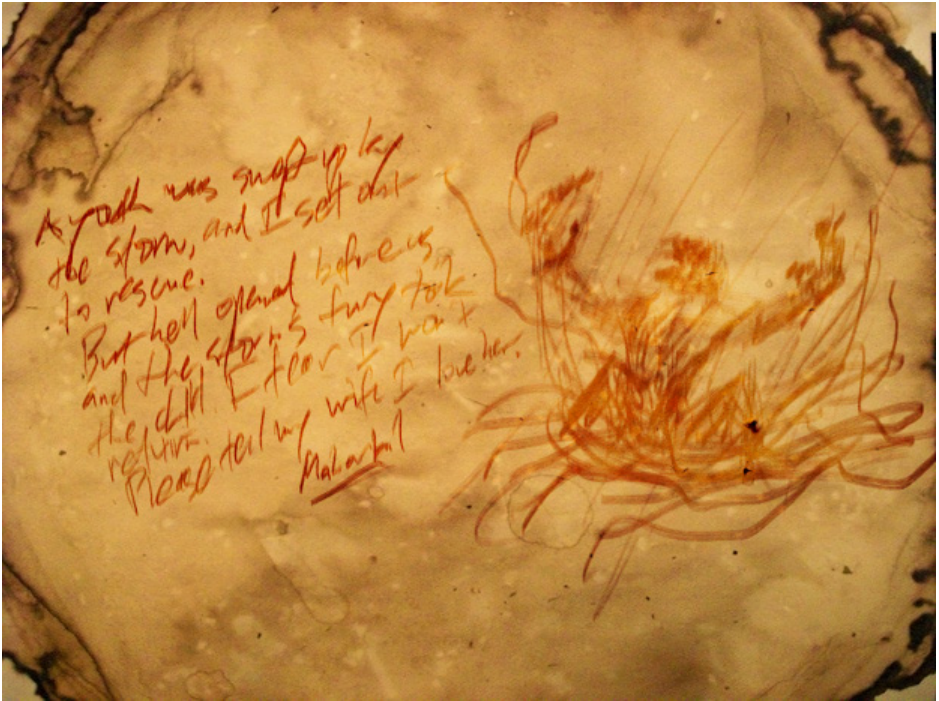
After her husband was lost at sea, Fisher Maharbal's pregnant wife Ilithya is staying with family friends in the higher residential area.

Post-earthquake recovery efforts are being organized on the hilltop, under the pole marked with the sign of the Solar Disc.

The farms in the rocky area around Talu were high enough to be mostly safe from the flooding. The Servicemen there are building a low floodwall out of caution, but hope that it will not be needed.

A pilgrimage has started, thousands of pilgrims slowly making their way down river towards the colony. They hope to be present to witness the birth of the "First Born".

Not only was the brewery destroyed in the earthquake, the cistern was as well. Fresh water may be at a premium, despite the floodwaters.

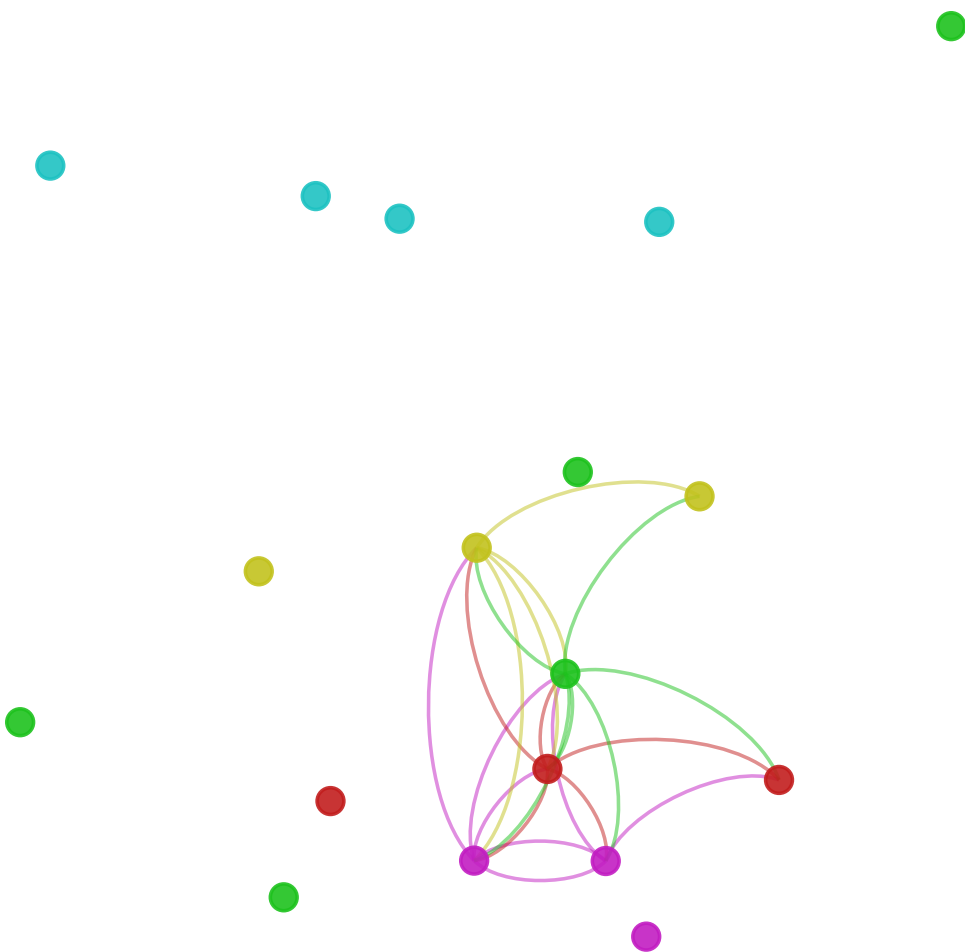


A water-stained parchment was found along the shore.

Credit: Christopher Krueger

Colony of Callisto





CYCLE 8

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 8”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 5/8/2014 19:35

Oh best of brewers,

I regret that it is been so long since I've written, but finally it feels that we have something to celebrate!

I am pleased that you could be with us through the long night of labour, close to the hut where our two new mothers were finally delivered in the morning. And appropriate that you had the last draft of the honey mead you brewed before the Gods upended their box of troubles upon us.

All was confusion during the night, as you can testify yourself from being with us, as Ilithyia and Naetha were delivered of four babes between them, and none can tell who was first and who was next.

Ilithyia was blessed for a mother of a first child at her age, bearing a fine young girl, to be called Maharbë after her father. The priestess Selinua suspects the mark of Poseidon or his daughter Despoine is upon her, for her little toes have webs between them, as though she is born to swim the seas! I suspect her mother's nickname for her will be “Little Froggie” or “Little Fishie”, from what I can hear of how she coos.

Naetha, also a mother for the first time, is exhausted after her efforts, having brought forth three little ones. They are all boys. They seem healthy, though small as one would expect from the grand lot of them. I do not know that they have names yet. Naetha is mostly sleeping, and Rom is very protective of her. I have spoken with Rom about the possibility of sequestering Naetha and the babes in a quiet place so that this throng of so-called pilgrims will not disturb them, and I think he is in agreement. With order being fragile in the city, it seems to tread on the fringe of hubris to rely on it. When they are strong enough to travel, we will make the arrangements. The midwife has a kettle of nourishing broth going, with some herbs which Naetha recommended for strength. It tastes well enough. Perhaps it might be suggested for a morning-after breakfast.

I am glad to have given you charge of the kegs which I saved from the brewery. You may wish to make use of their contents judiciously, to help

encourage the workers along in their reconstruction efforts. I've pointed out where a new foundation for a brewery might go well, if you want to take some workers there and explain to them that the sooner that you're securely housed and equipped, the sooner they'll taste your work again. Or as you will; you know best.

I fear I have not heard from Queen Sarah or my daughter Dioscura from some time. Perhaps they are already headed back toward town.

I know you will make the best of everything.

If anyone comes looking for work helping with the recovery, or help repairing their house or recovering their goods, send them to the pole with the sun disc set up beside the Temple and I will sort them out. Or if you see any idlers, send them up and I will find thing something useful to do.

With blessings and best wishes,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 8"

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/8/2014 19:39

It was my honour to be of service. I have not yet decided how I will live my life now. I feel no devotion to this colony or, specifically, its leadership, but each individual has been a beacon of hope for better days.

I will have to think long and hard about my course, but these days assisting you and yours will guide me to be my best.

Salicar.

--



Ilithia and Naetha stirring up some food for the squads of hungry recovery and reconstruction workers. More volunteers needed!

Credit: Jeff Miller

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 8”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILOSOPHER

DATE: 5/8/2014 20:12

Cycle 8

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter, to Mathos, wise philosopher.

Greetings from the Hill at the top of the town.

I write to you with news of some interest; you may wish to reflect upon it and share it carefully and judiciously.

I had the fortune of standing a birth-vigil through the night with our brewer Brad Salicar. We finished the last of his honey-mead at dawn to the happy news that Ilithyia and Naetha were delivered of four babes between them, and in the confusion of the night, none can tell who was first and who was next.

Ilithyia was blessed for a mother of a first child at her age, bearing a fine young girl, to be called Maharbë after her father. The priestess Selinua suspects the mark of Poseidon or his daughter Despoine is upon her, for her little toes have webs between them, as though she is born to swim the seas! I suspect her mother's nickname for her will be “Little Froggie” or “Little Fishie”, from what I can hear of how she coos.

Naetha, also a mother for the first time, is exhausted after her efforts, having brought forth three little ones. They are all boys. They seem healthy, though small as one would expect from the grand lot of them. I do not know that they have names yet. Naetha is mostly sleeping, and Rom is very protective of her. I have spoken with Rom about the possibility of sequestering Naetha and the babes in a quiet place so that this throng of so-called pilgrims will not disturb them, and I think he is in agreement. With order being fragile in the city, even with the governor's fearsome guardswoman Lucent hard by as its embodiment, it seems to tread on the fringe of hubris to rely on it.

I regret that the Hekademia is far from its usual order of courses and

recitations. The amphitheatre has done well, surviving the storm and earth tremor with little damage. The courses are in more disarray. The youngest ones chant their numbers, colors, and letters, and the slightly older students sing their songs of praise and lore. But in place of geometry and counting-stones, their young fingers are twisting cord, braiding rope, knotting netting, weaving mats, and baling straw for thatch. The older and more able have been assisting in reconstruction and recovery -- we faced not merely a flood, but an earthquake, land slippage, and then fires. I am pleased that so many of the higher huts survived, and my decision to space them out generously has been vindicated by the lack of contagion of fire from one building to another. The lower huts suffered more from each element -- water, earth, and fire. Thus now we have been tested by all four! From the storm, to all the rest.

I am glad for the high spirits and good humor of the young people, who are dashing about, carrying messages and equipment, and making themselves useful, with little crying or whining evident -- but with occasional re-enactments in play of the terrible events of storm, flood, earthquake, landslip and fire.

If you see anyone returning to town, tell them to go to the Hill, next to the Temple, with the pole marked with the Solar disc, and I will find work for them rebuilding and repairing.

To your wisdom and health,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 8"

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/10/2014 8:44

Castor,

The new borns are in grave danger!! You must protect them!! There are two amongst the pilgrims with malicious intent toward the First Born, and the Queen herself may also be in danger. They are not mortals, but phantoms or daemons, shapeshifters. They move quickly down the river. They intend to possess the soul of the First Born.

Use the aurum the children have gathered from the river. The Children of Ge tell me it has protective powers. The "tears of the Goddess" they call it. I have been a fool, it was put in the river to protect us, but I have had the children gather it and now the colony is in great peril. Have the metal-smith craft thin bands of aurum and place them around the brows of the children. I am told that this may protect them from possession by the daemons. You must do this Castor! I am hoping the hunter, Feegle, can track the daemons but whether he has the skill to destroy them I do not know.

Mathos the fool.

RE: FURTHER SOUTHEAST

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/10/2014 8:58

FeeGLE,

You must do this for me! There are two amongst the pilgrims that must be tracked and killed. They are not mortals but daemons, shapeshifters, intent on possessing the soul of the First Born. You must find them and stop them. They are headed down river toward you, amongst the crowds of Children of Ge.

Use the fourth herb, the one I suggested you not eat. Put a single leaf in a large pot of hot river water, drink the infusion, but do not let the wet leaf touch your lips or skin. The drink will allow you to perceive the daemons. Their speech is unlike that of humans, but you will be able to understand them. But be careful, they will quickly perceive that you are watching them and they can move very quickly. I am hesitant to suggest this, but perhaps Mischief could also be given the infusion.

This task that I ask of you is of utmost importance. It will be dangerous. Good luck.

Mathos.

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 5/10/2014 9:07

Your Majesty, you are in grave danger. When I contacted you last I told you that the pilgrims mean you no harm. However, I have since learned that there are two amongst them that are not mortals, they are phantoms or daemons with ill intent toward Yourself and the First Born. You must protect Yourself. Go to the temple, they can help you there. Speak to Castor Himilco, the carpenter Castor Himilco: the Carpenter, he will know what to do.

Your humble servant, Mathos.

RE: FROM MATHOS THE ENLIGHTENED
FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER
DATE: 5/10/2014 9:16

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

Salicar,

The river water can be purified, using two of the herbs from the forest. The hunter, Feegle, brought them to me, there should be a pouch full in my hut near the Hakedemia, if it still stands. Using these, the Children of Ge drink directly from the river with no ill effect. But be wary, the river continues to rise, though the rains have stopped.

Also, be warned that there are agents of chaos amongst the pilgrims, with malicious intentions. I believe the First Born and Her majesty are in grave danger.

Mathos.

A WARNING FROM A DUBIOUS SOURCE

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 5/10/2014 11:00

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

Subject:

A warning from a dubious source

From:

Brad Salicar: the Brewer

Date:

5/10/2014 11:00 AM

To:

Sarah Solaris: the Queen

I have heard word from Mathos the crazy philosopher that there are agents within the pilgrims that would do the Queen harm. I pass on this warning as

a loyal subject despite having been betrayed by the Queen's guard and unlawfully held be those foul and power-mad dogs. I hope they all drowned.

He has also passed on to me a method for purifying water that the people he

encountered use. I shall make the trip he described to obtain the materials for this as I fear the rising floodwaters will bring with them disease. The rocky farmlands seem safe -- the high water mark for the river is below them -- but I fear the rest of the delta will be underwater soon enough.

Salicar.

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 5/10/2014 15:18

Brewer,

I write to you in good faith for help.

My friend Glade Strongfoot is not able to handle his liquor and has become

a mockery among the men and the recruits. He is now in the infirmary after

having lost, ironically enough, his left foot after a drunken fight with a native beast of some nature. I've already heard the locals referring to him now as Sargent Weakfoot. This situation is hurting the recruitment effort, something must be done.

Please, do not sell this man liquor.

Sargent Jake Hamilcar,

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/10/2014 15:26

Hunter,

Things continue to deteriorate here at the Colony. All I hear is the ravings of madmen, the complaining of townsfolk, and the screeching of those awful flying abmoniations.

Send word of your adventures, we soldiers could use a good tale.

Sargent Jake Hamilcar

OOO - I sent this basic message before but I had the subject line wrong so I'm sending it again in case you're filtering by subject line.

RE:

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/10/2014 16:12

You've got some nerve, considering your men ruined my brewery and imprisoned me unlawfully! I wouldn't worry about any of your men getting any of the next batch, assuming I am ever able to get up and running again.

Salicar!

[image: Inline image 1]

--

Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/10/2014 16:31

Carpenter,

I have dedicated myself and what men I could muster to the project of rebuilding the town's graineries. This keeps the men busy and away from drink.

I have also been busy experimenting with the metal known as aurum.

This

material has some mysterious qualities and holds much promise for the

Colony.

Remain well,

Sargent Jake Hamilcar

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 5/10/2014 17:00

Philosopher,

Send word of these "Children of Ge" you are in contact with. What is their

real intent in coming here? The timing of all this is most unfortunate.

Things are tense in the Colony and people are still missing after the earthquake. I fear that a pilgrimage of outsiders coming now will only make

things worse and could lead to violence.

Do keep your eyes open for fresh water. Our cisterns are compromised, this

could be the end of us...

Sargent Jake Halibar

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/10/2014 22:51

Sargent Halibar,

The Children of Ge are the natives of this land, they are peaceful people. They travel to the colony to observe the birth of the First Born, the child that is destined to unite the peoples of this land and bring a thousand generations of tranquility and prosperity. They have been waiting and preparing for this day for over five hundred years. The coming of the Child Regent was foretold in the prophesies of this land, as it was in our own. You cannot control this, no more than you can control the rising of the sun. The future has arrived, you'd do best to embrace it.

There is no need for alarm about water Sargent, The Children of Ge have knowledge of herbs that can purify the river water, they will willingly teach us their ways.

May the Gods grant you wisdom and compassion. Respectfully,

Mathos the messenger.

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO JAKE HAMILCAR, CYCLE 8”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/11/2014 18:58

Sargent Hamilcar,

Many thanks for the strong arms of yourself and your men! The town's recovery and repair are proceeding at a doubled pace. Not only your men's efforts, but your leadership and their example of organization, co-operation, and discipline are a model to the rest of our citizens.

There are pilgrims starting to filter into town, hearing something about our newest young citizens, the triplet sons of my foreman Rom and his native wife Naetha. I have directed them to a camp down by the lower hut area, where the storm and earthquake damage left much space, but where there are useful buildings and facilities standing. While they get themselves oriented, I am making use of them as extra hands for the simple parts of reconstruction -- weaving mats and bundling straw for roofs, and having them join us at the soup pot to eat together. I am a great believer in the practical work of community in heading off the excesses of spirit which come from doubt and confusion. Guardswoman Lucent agrees that if there is any turbulent activity that begins among the pilgrims, having it some distance down the hill will be an advantage to any counteractive action. Priestess Selinua and some of the Hekademia students are teaching the pilgrims songs of praise and blessing, so that we may all sing together.

Philosopher Mathos has also advised me that the aurum dredged from the river has special properties and suggests making use of it in protective charms for the youngest ones. I have woven wire of aurum into the little warming caps they wear, the three boys and Maharbë, the newborn daughter of the estimable Ilithya and the lost fisherman Maharbal. As is the custom, Maharbë bears a blue bead, and the boys each have a blue bead and a reflective seashell.

Thanks again for your stout efforts, and health and fortune follow you!

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

NEWS FROM LODA

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/11/2014 18:59

Hamilcar,

Sendin' ye this from the interior. Small town, mebbe a hundred souls here,

give or take. Mostly farmers and fishers, but a few artisans. I'm a fair clip south from where I found the Hakziab nesting grounds, and ain't seen any of those damned birds in a week - not that they're missed, as I'm sure y'understand.

Afraid I don't have much in the way of stories for ye at the moment; after m'ordeal in the wild the last few weeks, I been takin' the opportunity t'rest and recover fer a while. Lot o' injury t'heal after m'last run in with the Hakziab, and gettin' lost in the catacombs didn't do much fer m'health either.

After a few days, noticed that there does seem t'be a steady stream of pilgrims coming down the river. Some of 'em stop in Loda fer the night. Hard to notice if yer only here a day or two, but after a week, it's more obvious. Seems like there are only about five dozen permanent inhabitants of the village, but there're huts for three times that many, easily. Not sure why, but based on what I'm seein' right now, there's likely a regular stream of people comin' through and stayin' fer a day or two.

The visitors - pilgrims, mayhap? Or refugees? - gimme a wide berth - they

don't seem t'wanna talk to me. Unfamiliar, mebbe? The others are more than happy t'chat, and even t'share some of their knowledge and technology

- but when I ask them about the travellers, they avoid the subject. Must be somethin' personal or religious, 'cause they sure don't want t'talk about it in front of outsiders.

A lot of the travellers are carryin' weapons, though. Most common are short spears and a kind o' inward-bending knife or dagger, like a large skinnin' knife. Could be they're just fer protection - if they're continuin' along the river, they'll be runnin' straight through the Hakziab territory, and they'll need all the protection they can get.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO FEEGLE HANNO, CYCLE 8”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/11/2014 21:08

Brave hunter, greetings!

I am Castor Himilco, carpenter of the Colony of Callisto, and I write to you with concern weighing on my heart.

Some time ago I sent my daughter Dioscura with the armswoman Virago to join the expedition party of our Queen Sarah Solaris. Dioscura and the Queen both sent notes back to me on the progress of the expedition and regarding Dioscura's progress in learning from the Queen's companions and helping with the expedition's duties.

However, I have not heard from Queen Sarah or from Dioscura since the storm and earth tremor have sent their respective disruptions through the town. I have been deeply occupied with the recovery and reconstruction of our settlement, and the securing of our remaining supplies against further damage. We are making good progress. The soldier Jake Hamilcar and his troop have been a great contribution to the recovery effort, including showing leadership and co-operative effort that have inspired our citizens to improved work.

A few pilgrims have appeared in town, seeking news of the first newborn of the colony upon the land. They seem confused, as if there were a single one that they expected; yet four were born in one night. The girl Maharbë, daughter of the accomplished Ilithyia and our lost fisherman Christopher Maharbal; and the triplet sons of my foreman Rom and his native wife Naetha. Each has been guarded with a blue glass bead, after the tradition; and the sons of Rom and Naetha each have a mirror-like seashell ornament, after their mother's custom. Philosopher Mathos has advised me to guard the tender young ones with aurum; I have caused circlets of aurum wire to be wound into the lining of their warming caps, following his direction.

The early-arriving pilgrims have been directed to a low-lying area near the river, where there is space due to the destruction of huts from the flood, earthquake, and fire, yet the sturdier buildings and facilities yet remain. I have enlisted them in simple, useful tasks related to repair and

recovery such as weaving mats and bundling straw for roofing thatch. The more accomplished students of Mathos' Hekademia are also teaching the pilgrims to sing songs of praise and celebration, so that we may all be in harmony.

Philosopher Mathos has also warned that he fears that two among the pilgrims are ill-wishers who seek to harm the children. He says that you may be tracking them; if you know any distinguishing qualities that mark them out, please send word and I will have our guards keep a sharp eye out. I have also prepared a refuge for them, should the pilgrims be troublesome or oppressive; a stretch of salt water should keep any distempered crowd at bay.

I would be deeply grateful if you could send me news of my daughter Dioscura, of Queen Sarah, or anything regarding the pilgrims which could help us prepare. If you converse with any wandering citizens, please send them to town, to meet at the pole on the hilltop capped with the Solar Disc, at which they can get assistance, share news, and find work in repairing the town.

With esteem,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO QUEEN SARAH SOLARIS, CYCLE 8”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: SARAH SOLARIS: THE QUEEN

DATE: 5/12/2014 1:05

Your Majesty,

I hope that this message finds you in good health. Your words and your presence are missed and deeply desired by your loyal subjects.

Fisherman Maharbal's wife (widow, we are presuming) Ilithya was delivered of a healthy baby girl, named Maharbë after her father. Her toes show webbing, perhaps a sign of the touch of the Lady of the Land, whom Priestess Selinua still feels must be Despoinë, daughter of Poseidon, or perhaps the touch of Earthshaker himself.

Foreman Rom's wife Naetha was delivered of triplet boys, all in good health.

All was confusion on that night, so none is sure who was firstborn. Neither of the mothers care, in truth.

The town is starting to see the arrival of native pilgrims who seem to be following a prophecy about the City's firstborn. It perplexes them more than a bit that there might be three or four who might be the one. I have done my best to put their idle hands to work assisting the reconstruction. Selinua, her assistant priestesses, and some of the advanced students of the Hekademia are coaching them to sing songs of praise and blessing. My workmen eat together with the pilgrims from the common stew pot, so we are doing our best to not merely make them welcome, but make them a part of our community for as long as they stay. Meanwhile I have arranged lodging at the bottom of the hill in some of the cleared area among the lower huts. The governor's armswoman Lucent approves of my position to put a long steep hill-slope between them and the upper town.

Reconstruction work proceeds at a redoubled pace, with the stout assistance of Sgt. Jake Hamilcar and his troop. Hamilcar's leadership and his troop's skilled coordination have spurred your subjects on to better efforts, so order is being made out of disorder, and our essential supplies secured against any further damage.

I crave any word from you or my daughter Dioscura.

In loyal respect to Your Majesty, I am,
Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

RE: FURTHER SOUTHEAST

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 5/14/2014 12:29

Mathos,

Fergive m'doubtin' nature. Best t'be certain of the fact when contemplatin' murder, as I'm sure y'can agree.

Been restin' and recuperatin' in Loda the past few days, and have seen a number of pilgrims headed through on the way downriver. Seems that a goodly portion of the town is actually empty huts, intended to shelter pilgrims on their journey. My earlier impressions about the size of this settlement were mistaken, and there are only a few dozen permanent inhabitants. Seems that the pilgrims arrive, remain a day to work in return for food and shelter, and then move on further down the river, toward Callisto.

Since the arrival of yer letter, been keepin' an eye on the pilgrims as they're in town, though I'm somewhat reluctant t'act on it fer the time bein', fer reasons that should become clear in a moment.

First, the pilgrims are all armed, almost to a one. They carry shortspears with wicked-lookin' barbs on the steel heads, or long, inward-curvin' knives that remind me of hunter's tools. They travel and work in goodly-sized groups, and I'm not honestly sure if I could get one or two of 'em alone. If the pilgrims are unaware of demons among 'em, it's likely that any attempt on one of 'em might provoke a battle within which I'd be

sorely outnumbered. Not sure how to handle that.

Second, the village elder here - calls 'imself Stanto - tells me that the herb you suggested I take is a powerful toxin that the locals use fer spiritual journeys. He says it's supposed t'open their minds to the possible, but later on, after he'd had a few cups of the fern wine they seem t'drink, he admitted that as far as he can tell it's really just a strong intoxicant that brings on visions of strange patterns and lights. He suggested that I stay away from the herb. Not sure if I can trust 'im completely - seemed that 'e was a mite too eager about shuttin' me down, but I'm still wary.

Wonderin' if ye can give me some more on the source of your suspicions about these demons. What makes y'think these figments are real, and have such nefarious motives?

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

NEWS FROM LODA

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/14/2014 14:10

Himilco,

Appreciate the good news from the colony - been away fer sev'ral weeks now, and everythin' comin' from m'other friends there is doom and gloom. Sounds like things are not quite so bad as I'd previously thought.

Not sure if yer aware, but as I mentioned, been away to the southeast fer quite some time. Currently located in a small village the locals call Loda, not far from the river, a few days' journey upriver from Callisto proper. While I've met quite a few pilgrims as they pass through the town on their way downriver, it's been a while since I've see any kinfolk of the colony. If I'm not mistaken, the Queen took her retinue further southeast t'explore the area - leashtways, that's what the rumours say.

Has she not returned to the colony? Thought I heard tell that she was comin' back with a vengeance - somethin' about abuse of the royal seal, and there was even talk of some kind o'tribunal. Not that there's time or tide for that kinda thing at the moment, what with the weather, the natural disasters and the like. Thinkin' that it was either wisdom or luck that got me settin' up m'cabin inside o' Kamenstol and away from the colony proper.

As long as y'bring it up, I'd like yer honest opinion on somethin'. True that we don't know each other well, and that we've never met in person, but as far as I can tell yer the only one in the colony who seems t'know Mathos. He told ye a half-truth, I suppose. Mayhap a quarter-truth, at that. Anyway, t'be clear, he warned me of two pilgrims who were demons in disguise and has asked me t'kill 'em both, not just t'track 'em. I'm as wary of the Others as the next'un, but I have t'say I'm a little skeptical of Mathos' information. Been keepin' an eye on the pilgrims comin' through just in case, but I've asked Mathos fer the source of his intelligence on these demons. Suspicious of the fact that he knows of them, but isn't sharin' how. Have ye seen 'im recently? Is 'e actin' normal? Hopin' that he's not gone 'round the bend with all that's befallen the colony, plus 'is lonesome journey into the wild of late.

I'll keep an eye out fer yer daughter, certainly, and let ye know if there's anythin' I manage t'turn up.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MANTA MASSINISSA, CYCLE 8"

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
METALCRAFTER**

**TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE
DATE: 5/14/2014 16:23**

Friend in craft,

I write to thank you for your help crafting the aurum collected from the river into circlets of wire. Following the advice of the philosopher Mathos, I have woven it into the warming caps for our newborns. Four of them! Such a blessing in these times, and all looking healthy enough. Our lost fisherman now has a daughter by his wife Ilithyia to carry on his name, called Maharbë after her father. My foreman Rom and his native wife Naetha now have three sons; small, as you would expect, but healthy and hungry little ones.

I am slightly concerned for the health of Philosopher Mathos. When he decided to take up residence among the tribes, he said that the native broths that sustained him were a great boon to his physical health, but that they gave him dreams and visions of great intensity. I suspect that his visions may be guiding his advice, but the priestess Selinua and I do not know what divine voice may be whispering to him, or whether it is a false dream from the Gate of Ivory. Mathos fears that there are two demons among the native pilgrims coming to visit our town who wish the newborns harm.

I have taken what steps I see as prudent to guard the newborns against simple threats, and am prepared to move the children and their mothers to a refuge across the water if I cannot feel confident in their safety. I have engaged the early-arriving pilgrims in the work of reconstruction and given them camping space among the lower huts, at a safe distance down a steep slope from the mothers and newborns, in case there is any unrest among them. The pilgrims work and eat alongside my workmen, so we can welcome them and teach them our ways, and at the same time we can get to know them and take their measure for good or ill. I am told that more pilgrims are on their way, so being well-prepared seems to be only prudent.

If you have any acquaintance with any of the pilgrims personally, or if you know their tribes by reputation, please do write me back with what and who you know.

I see you have crafted more votive figures for the shrines of the Temple, particularly at the shrine of Earthshaker. They are beautiful and evocative of the life of their subjects.

I wish you the best in life and craft,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

THE CHILDREN OF GE

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE METALCRAFTER

DATE: 5/14/2014 19:27

Massinissa,

Since last I wrote ye, found my way free of the catacombs and stumbled into a village of locals called Loda. Dunno if ye know of it, or if these locals are yer people or not, but if ye know anything of it, I'd be obliged if ye can share.

The town itself seems to be a stop on the pilgrimage, and many of these Children of Ge are makin' their way down the river toward the colony itself. Noone I've spoken with seems t'know the purpose of the pilgrimage, but it's irresistable t'the pilgrims.

Anythin' ye might be able t'tell me about Loda, the Children o' Ge, or the pilgrims would gimme a better perspective on my current situation.

Yrs.

FH

FeeGLE Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

EXPLORATION

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/15/2014 7:38

TO: NEWS

EXPLORATION

Loda has a permanent population of five dozen, but buildings for three times as many. Pilgrims are reportedly continually visiting and then moving on as part of their journey downriver.

Many of the travellers are carrying weapons--short spears and knives. Perhaps they are intended as defense against the Hakziab birds

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/15/2014 7:39

TO: NEWS

NEWS

Both Ilthya and Naetha have given birth. The fisherwoman's daughter is named Maharbë. Naetha, the native woman, has triplets: three boys. By all reports, her husband Rom is currently keeping them away from the pilgrim throng. In all the excitement, no one knows which of the children was born first.

There are rumors that not all of the pilgrims are friendly. Tales of shapeshifters are whispered, demons in mortal guise who come to steal the soul of the First Born. The shiny local metal aurum is said to protect against them.

Though the pilgrim throng is growing daily, we have learned from their presence. The natives have shown some of us how to purify the water using herbs found in the forest.

The river is still rising. The rocky farmland around Talu is high enough to be safe from flooding, but the lower area around the delta is still in danger, and may soon be submerged.

Sergeant Strongfoot was injured. He claimed it happened while he was fighting, "a native beast." Having observed his drunken condition when he was taken to the infirmary, many doubt his story. Fortunately, the story has a happy ending as his foot was able to be amputated while he was still passed out.

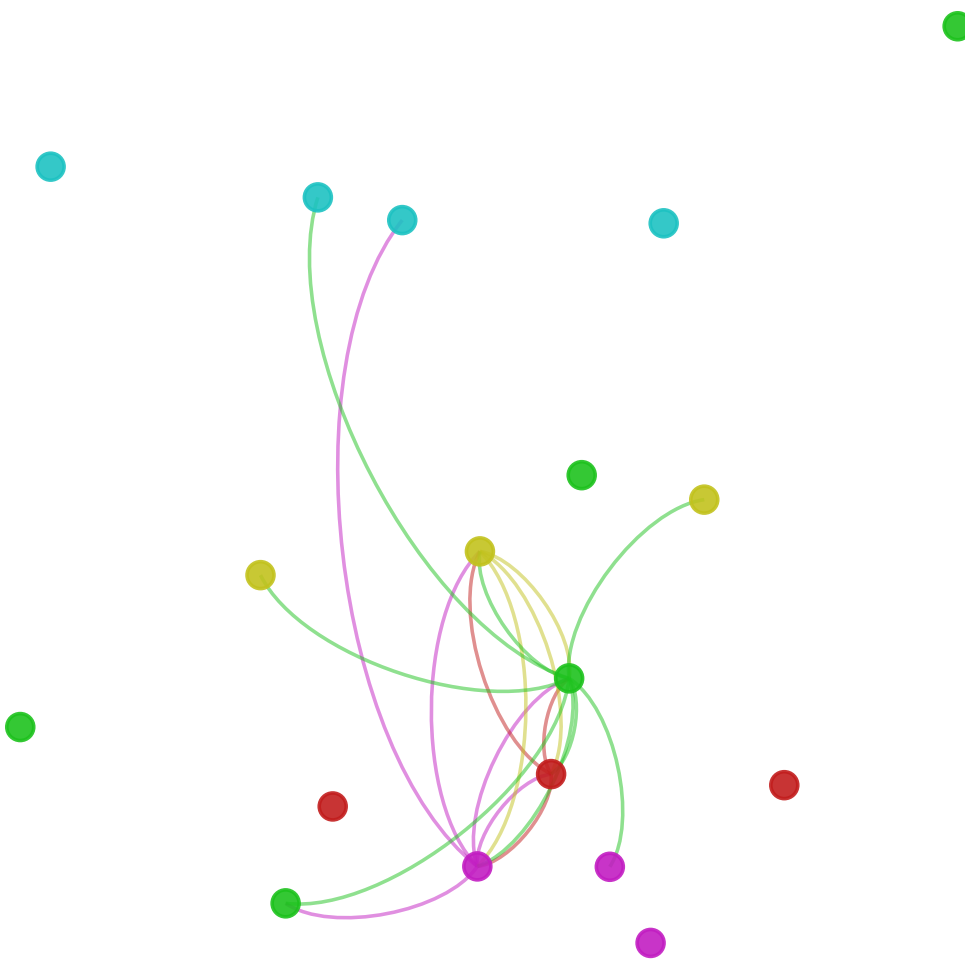
Soldiers have been diligently assisting with the cleaning up and rebuilding after the earthquake, particularly in repairing the grainery.

The pilgrims have told many people about why they have come: it's nearly

impossible to get some of them to shut up about it, in fact. Those who don't want to learn every minute detail of how they have been waiting for five hundred years for this event that will bring generations of tranquility and prosperity are advised to avoid making eye contact.

The newborn children are wearing caps with aurum wire, decorated with blue beads and seashells.

There are stories of a way to perceive shapeshifting daemons: brewing an infusion from a single leaf of a particular native herb, without touching the leaf, will allow the daemons to be seen and their speech to be understood



CYCLE 9

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO NICK BARCA, CYCLE 9"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 5/15/2014 21:03

Honored Governor,

I send with this message a pot of river water purified with the native herbs. With the pilgrims arriving in town and setting up camp at the lower part of the slope, it may prove useful to have clear water on hand for drinking to supplement our wells.

The newborns are doing well. Though they have many well-wishers, we are keeping them at a distance so they and their mothers will not be disturbed.

Sargent Jake Hamilcar and his troops continue to assist in our reconstruction efforts, concentrating on the granary. He and his men have been a great help, and our other citizens are learning from their example to better coordinate and organize their work.

I have heard from the hunter Feegle Hanno, who is exploring the native town of Loda, which has more buildings than it needs for its inhabitants. He is concerned that the visions of the philosopher Mathos may have overcome his wisdom.

Nonetheless, I am taking Mathos' warnings into account and treating the pilgrims with caution around the newborns, while at the same time, trying to organize their lodging and daily activities to bring them into the order of the town. The students of the Hekademia and novices of the Temple are teaching them chants and praise songs, and the pilgrims have taken on some simple tasks to assist the reconstruction of the town, including thatching and weaving of mats.

Selinua is calling me to assist at the evening worship, so I will close here.

With best wishes for your health and honor to you, sir, I am

Castor Himilco
Citizen and Carpenter

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO JOHN MAGO, CYCLE 9”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 5/16/2014 17:34

Honored Citizen Mago,

I appreciate your response to my letter while you were feeling under the weather. I regret not writing back sooner. So much has happened! I hope that you have been able to rest and regain your strength amongst the momentous events affecting our town.

There are confused reports of Her Majesty's disappearance, perhaps at the hands of a tribe far upriver. My concern for our community is matched by my personal concern for my daughter Dioscura, who had joined the Queen's retinue before the sequence of storm, flood, earth tremor, and fire touched the town. My eccentric workman Scar, feeling restless, has volunteered to search upriver for word of Dioscura and of Her Majesty.

If Her Majesty's return can be secured, it will be for the best; but if she is indeed lost to us, we shall have to carry on. You may have some sense of how to proceed. I regret that we do not have the presence and wisdom of Mathos, who is still in the wilds among the tribes, or even Her Majesty's scholar Cordatus the elder. Their sense of history and propriety would help guide us in these difficult times. It is best that decisions among humans are settled by human wisdom, but where that fails, we may have to look to the Gods as best we can, and to our best common sense.

Reconstruction proceeds apace. We have completed the salvage and preservation of our stored goods and foodstuffs which survived the calamities, with the strong support of Jake Hamilcar's troop of soldiers. Indeed, it seems that the soldiers have seen more civic work, helping with the Black Moon festival and the town's reconstruction efforts, than they have seen martial use. And yet they continue to practice their main duties so that they may be ready at need.

The happier news of the newborns, Christopher Maharbal and Ilithyia's daughter Maharbë, and Rom and Naetha's triplet sons, consoles me in part for our trials. They are all healthy and hungry. At the advice of Philosopher Mathos, I have caused aurum wire to be woven into the inside of their warming caps as a protection, and of course each has the traditional blue bead against the danger of an ill or jealous glance. The boys also have glittering seashell beads after their mother's native tradition. Though many are eager to see them and give their best wishes personally,

the mothers and children are mostly being kept apart in quiet quarters, away from the busy occupations of reconstruction and the pilgrims who are coming to town. The governor's terrifying Amazon, Lucent, is keeping a careful eye out for any suspicious activity. If the town proves unsuitably disorderly for the young ones as the pilgrims increase in numbers, I have prepared a more quiet refuge for them at close remove across the bay.

I have arranged a camp in the lower town for the pilgrims, and am matching them up with my workmen to help them contribute to the community and keep them from the troubles of idleness while they stay with us. Working together gives us a chance to get to know one another and for us to get a sense of them as people. Could they become citizens? It is hard to know, but if our community is to have a grander destiny, we will have to take the best that our new land offers, be it people or other bounties and opportunities. You may also have a sense of what course may be advantageous regarding the pilgrims, in short or long term. For the short run, I am combining constructive embrace with quiet suspicion, as we do not know much of them yet. These are not Naetha's tribe, so she has had little to say of them; she is from further up the coast, and they are from inland.

I close now, as Selinua is calling me to help her prepare the Temple for a ceremony. She tells me that the patroness of the land is indeed Despoina, daughter of Poseidon, but the announcement will be made publicly on an auspicious day. Despoina is a mistress of the Mysteries, though we do not have any who have led that ceremony. Perhaps we can send to the Metropolis to plant that tradition in our new soil

With every honor, and hopes for the gift of your wisdom and for your good health, I am

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

RE: FURTHER SOUTHEAST

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/16/2014 17:57

FeeGLE,

I don't blame you for your hesitation in acting on my request. You are clearly a rational man. However, revealing the source of my knowledge is not likely to relieve your hesitation, but I will tell you nonetheless. The young man Flavos, who sailed with me during our journey here and who drowned on-route, has been visiting me in waking visions. For more than a month now I have regularly spoken with him, though to be precise, I do not believe it is truly Flavos to whom I am speaking but a goddess of the sea, a daughter of Poseidon. Flavos has been my guide and though I understand why others may question my actions I am certain that what I do is right and just and for the best of our people.

However, I fear that our opportunity for action has passed, and the daemons may have already arrived at the colony. Her Majesty's sudden absence concerns me greatly. I have decided to head back to Callisto and deal with things myself.

Fear not the pilgrims weapons FeeGLE. They are peaceful people, the small blades they carry are ceremonial items, they are not to be used to harm other people; to do so would be a sacrilegious act.

Mathos.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO WILLIAM BOODES, CYCLE 9"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 5/17/2014 2:03

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter, to William Boodes, Artisan.

Salutations!

I have been very busy since the Black Moon Festival, the storm, flooding, earthquake and fire that have troubled our town. I regret that we have had little opportunity to talk since. Your skilled contribution to the Festival in crafting the horses for the promenade was greatly appreciated by all. I have seen your work in the votive figurines adorning the various shrines within our temple, and it is powerful and evocative -- though I would not have made the Governor's chin so long.

I write in part to ask if you have heard from the Gisgo family. It was reported to me under the hand of Matthias Gisgo that his father Marc had left town in declining health, to confer and meditate among the natives. Yet I am not convinced. If you can, please tell me if you have seen either Marc or Matthias Gisgo recently. You may be able to reach one of them at this address. [Marc Gisgo: the Laborer]. Marc Gisgo claims to be too busy to help in the town's reconstruction efforts, which puzzles me unless he has a far different trade than his father's estimable record of labor for one and all in our town.

I am in grave concern for the Queen. I have not heard back directly from her or her expeditionary party in some time. There are rumors that she has left us and joined a tribe far upriver. My personal concern is increased because my daughter Dioscura had joined the Queen's party to improve herself. My restless workman Scar has volunteered to go upriver and seek signs of the Queen and of Dioscura among the villages near where the Queen was making her explorations. I hope for the best.

I have arranged a camping site for the native pilgrims who are arriving at our town. To keep them usefully busy, I have matched them up with my construction and recovery workmen, partly to help set up lodging for themselves, and partly to help the town at large. This co-operative effort will also let us take the measure of the pilgrims and get a feel for their intentions and motives, while teaching the pilgrims how to be good, productive residents of the city for as long as they stay. In addition, the novices of the Temple and the more advanced students of the Hekademia are practicing songs and chants with the pilgrims so that they may join us in celebrations.

Priestess Selinua asks me to pass along her thanks for your beautiful contribution of art. She has not shown it to me, so perhaps it is of a holy nature or is personal and special to her.

With best wishes,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter.

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/17/2014 15:01

Sargent Halibar,

Currently I am traveling with a delegation of elders and leaders of the Children of Ge. We are heading to the colony by river in six large boats. The delegates come to honour the First Born and to see the crowning of the one who will unite us all. In a few days time you will see us approaching. Please do not be alarmed by the honour guard who accompany the delegation, their large blades are purely for ceremonial purposes and their masks are not intended to conceal their intentions, but rather are worn out of respect for the Gods. A great moment in the history of our peoples is upon us indeed.

Mathos, Ambassador of the people

WOLVES AMONG THE SHEEP

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 5/18/2014 11:05

Mathos,

Appreciate yer candour and honesty. Had those moments m'self when I felt that the Huntress was speakin' with me through an intermediary, so I can certainly understand yer experience. Ye've been lucky, t'have repeated visits and full conversations - my meetin' with the one I believe to be Virbia was more of a lecture. That's a story fer another time, tho'.

Tried the fourth herb. After I got back on my feet, spent some time wanderin' among the pilgrims. They spend time here passin' through - seem t'pay fer their room and board by workin' the fields and the like fer the town fer a day before movin' on.

Had my share o' enlightenin' substances in m'time in the woods - there are, as I'm sure ye know, a number of fungi, herbs, and animals back home that allow a person t'leave their lives behind and wander the spirit realm, in one form or another. This herb, tho' - never experienced anything like it.

Light-headedness, o' course, but I could tell i was still in m'body. Wandered back and forth fer a few moments before I felt I had it completely

under m'own control still. Was an eerie experience, what with the feelin' of ridin' my own body, but bein' removed from direct influence over it. Seemed a little like I was ridin' a horse, if ye catch my meanin' - I could tell it where t'go, but wasn't the one movin' the legs. Don't know if ye've given the herb a name yet - if not, thought that domovoi might be appropriate, after the old word for spirit.

Ye were right, though. Among pilgrims, there was one who had a... well, an aura, I guess ye'd say. Deep blue, 'twas, and, while the person beneath moved through the fields, pullin' weeds and lookin' fer insects, this blue aura remained erect, scannin' the fields as if lookin' fer somethin'. Can't tell what it was lookin' fer, but I stayed in the village, hopefully out of its sight.

The aura was tall - mebbe seven feet or so, and indistinct - hazy in the distance from the village to the fields. One thing fer sure, though - humanoid, except fer the pair of extra arms juttin' from its torso.

Torn as to what t'do, really. Ye said there were two, but I only found one, so either yer mistaken, or they ain't travellin' together. I swept the whole town, lookin' fer another, and it ain't here. Tracked the one I found back t'its lodgin's, and after the domovoi wore off, I went back.

Managed t'identify the pilgrim who's actually the demon. The one yer lookin' fer is tall, bald, and muscular, with two silver rings through 'is left ear. Carries a short spear of burnished copper.

Enclosed a quick sketch of the one ye want t'watch fer with this letter. I'm no artist, but should be good enough, with my description, t'allow ye to find 'im if yer watchin' when 'e arrives at the colony. Decided t'stay here and keep watch fer the second; I'm in contact with one of the soldiers at the colony who seems t'be workin' hard to help people recover from the disasters of late. His name is Jake Hamilcar [Jake Hamilcar: the Sergeant] and I'll make sure that he's watchin' fer this'un as he moves downriver.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/18/2014 11:51

Castor,

Thank you for attending to my request regarding protection of the children. I am relieved that there are some amongst us who are taking these threats seriously. Unfortunately Feegle the hunter has failed to act quickly enough to prevent the progress of the daemons. Feegle is a good man, but cautious to a fault. However, the news he sends leads me to believe that there may be more than two daemons headed your way.

I will be arriving in the colony in a few days time, with me are 100 Evzones, the sacred Royal guard of the Children of Ge. They are charged with protection of the First Born. Do not be alarmed by their appearance, the fearsome masks and other regalia they carry is intended to ward off agents of Chaos. Like me you may find the large blades, incised with aurum, that they wield to be uncomfoting, but be assured that they are skillful warriors who are trained only to protect the people of this place.

Mathos.

RE: NEWS FROM LODA

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/19/2014 0:06

Hunter,

Your letter along with many others has me on edge. There is much talk of these natives arriving well armed to our camp. I will speak with the General about these matters and impress upon him the need for a strong show of force to keep these natives in check. The last thing we need is some kind of bloody incident.

What do you know of this man Mathos? I fear the man has gone native...

My your arrows fly true,

Sargent Hamilcar

--

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPPOS: THE GENERAL
DATE: 5/19/2014 0:31

General,

I have received several letters warning of heavily armed savage natives advancing on the Colony via land and river! Several of the soldiers, myself included, have stepped up our combat training efforts in preparation for the worst.

I advise a general order to all the men that we are to deal swiftly and harshly with any signs of aggression on their part. I tell you now, these armed intruders are NOT to be trusted!

I also report with great relief that these statuettes and trinkets made of grey-green rock that have been flooding our town as of late make a damned good blade sharpener for our tired old iron blades! Rest assured that the men and I are making the best use of this new material and have taken to wearing them around our necks at all times.

I await your orders,
Sargent Hamilcar

OOO - I sent a message to you before but the subject line was incorrectly written as Colony of Callipso without any brackets in case you're filtering by subject line.

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO JAKE HAMILCAR, CYCLE 8"

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/19/2014 0:53

Carpenter,

I and the men are pleased to be of service but I am sorry to say I now need some information from you.

Have you heard any rumblings in the camp of the missing natives? I tell you

under strict confidence that we found the decapitated heads of *some* of the missing villagers in the brewers building! We were tipped off to this by your man Victor Smithson. What do you know of this Brewer? He is being

held by us until we can determine how to proceed without raising alarm. I fear word of these murders among the natives will only increase tensions between our peoples.

Please continue to keep an eye on these natives, I don't trust them.

Sargent Hamilcar

--

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 5/19/2014 1:03

Governor,

I have received several letters warning of heavily armed savage natives advancing on the Colony via land and river! Several of the soldiers, myself included, have stepped up our combat training efforts in preparation for the worst.

I have advised the General to issue a general order to all the men that we are to deal swiftly and harshly with any signs of aggression on their part. I tell you now, these armed intruders are NOT to be trusted!

I also report with great relief that these statuettes and trinkets made of grey-green rock that have been flooding our town as of late make a damned good blade sharpener for our tired old iron blades! Rest assured that the men and I are making the best use of this new material and have taken to wearing them around our necks.

Your servant,

SGT Hamilcar

OOO - I sent a message before this to you but the subject was Colony of Callipso without any brackets in case you're filtering messages.

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILOSOPHER

DATE: 5/19/2014 1:12

Mathos,

Explain to your new friends that they too should not be concerned by our own display of large blades, full armor and painted war helmets. Explain to them that we too must show respect for the Gods.

Do please continue to report your progress on this matter.

Sargent Hamilcar

--

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 9”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 5/19/2014 2:59

Good Mathos,

I am encouraged to hear that your health continues good and that your social situation has improved. I look forward to seeing you back in the colony soon. The Hekademia could use your guidance, as the disaster recovery efforts have left it in some disarray as the more senior students have been contributing directly to the community rather than pursuing learning. But prospects are improving.

I asked one of the pilgrims who had been helping us with reconstruction efforts about what an “Evzone” is. He seemed to think that it was a purely ceremonial post. But he does not claim to be one of the Children of Ge, and I could have misunderstood something.

That aside, you should tell your party to act with great discretion and not presume that they will be accepted in the colony without question. The arrival of the pilgrims so far -- peaceful, but in larger numbers than we expected, and with more filtering in -- has alarmed some of the citizens. A large armed party, even one claiming good intentions and accompanying your eminent self, might be refused entry. The leadership of the town has reorganized the self-defense efforts which had been bungled with the forced levy of soldiers, and many citizens are volunteering. Indeed, training has resumed with serious effect, now that our disaster recovery efforts have secured our goods and supplies and largely restored our housing. My workmen, who had been hard at work securing our stored food and essential tools, are now among the hands building the defensive wall which John Mago advocated so forcefully some time ago.

I have heard reports from Sargent Jake Hamilcar that there are some

native pilgrims missing under presumption of foul play. This additional source of tension will make the soldiers extra suspicious of new arrivals, particularly armed strangers of fierce appearance. I charge you to impress upon your guards that they should act in a calm and peaceful way, and that there may be much discussion about whether and under what terms they may enter town.

At least our brewer Salicar is starting his trade again, though he seems to have difficulty staying out of trouble with the soldiers.

With best wishes for peace and good fortune,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO JAKE HAMILCAR, CYCLE 9”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/19/2014 3:34

Sargent Hamilcar,

I send this note by the hand of Governor Nick Barca's armswoman Lucent, who you must know; she is the tallest in stature among the colonists, and has a wicked reach with the iron-shod fending pole she favors for what she calls "crowd control". I was very pleased by her assistance at the Black Moon Festival. Lucent may have some things to say to you about what she thinks of the native pilgrims, though my impression is that they seem mostly biddable, peaceful souls, though rather talkative.

Philosopher Mathos has communicated to me that he is planning to return to the colony within the next few days. Though I look forward to seeing him, he claims to be leading a host of 100 frightfully masked native guards as protectors from the "daemons" which he says are menacing the children.

My expectation is that if Mathos arrives in the way he describes, there will be at best fear and suspicion, and at the worst, open conflict. I have charged him to tell his party to act with calm and peace, and to expect delays as intentions are tested and terms are negotiated.

You may wish to communicate with Feegle Hanno, the far-ranging hunter [Feegle Hanno: the Hunter] who is in contact with Mathos, to get a sense of Mathos' most recent activities and state of mind. Feegle may have witnessed Mathos interacting with the tribe that Mathos calls the "Children of Ge". A possibility is that these 100 masked and armed guards may be imaginary companions of Mathos' waking dream. He reported to me earlier that the native broth which restored his health was also giving him powerful visions. So it would not surprise me if he arrived alone!

I have reason to be glad, yet not from joy, that my workmen have joined in the efforts to finish the defensive wall at the edge of the colony. A witty dramatist once said, "It is not from their friends, but from their foes that cities learn to build high walls." And we have had many hard lessons in the old country. I hope that the wall will not be needed, but I am glad we will have it in case of need.

I am keeping our pilgrim visitors busy with useful work for the colony, for

which they share the porridge and soup alongside my workmen, and are learning praise songs and chants from the novices of the Temple.

On the matter you raised first: Brewer Salicar is known to me as a solid citizen, but with a besetting vice -- he resists compulsion and ridicules authority. I have never known him to raise hand in anger to any who has not threatened him first. He has never said anything to me against the native peoples of our new land. Indeed, weighing toward a favorable opinion of the natives, Salicar provided a gift of beer for the wedding of my foreman Rom and his native wife Naetha. Salicar yet owes the garrison a keg of beer as part of the agreement for his release from compulsory military service which I helped arrange for him, so I suggest that you release him and let him get to work.

I have been so busy that I barely have a chance to visit our newborns, though they are well and healthy, feeding and growing. Naetha is now eating for four, her triplets and herself, and I understand from the midwife that lactation can be an even greater demand on the mother's constitution than carrying the child to term in the first place. All very interesting, though my late wife Tanith never seemed to complain or suffer when our son -- I miss him so, taken cruelly from me by his mother's relatives -- when our son and daughter were infants. Ilithyia and her new daughter Maharbë are quietly thriving as she mourns the loss of her husband Christopher Maharbal.

If the town seems dangerous or disordered, I have prepared a refuge for the new mothers and babies until peace and safety return. At need, Maharbal's former assistant Thumbs, now a fisherman in his own right, will be able to send messages to the refuge.

I am waiting with hope for my restless workman Scar to find more of what happened to the Queen and her party, since my daughter Dioscuro was with them. Scar has traveled upriver in the area where the Queen was last sending messages from.

Selinua calls me to assist at the evening worship. I must go to her.

Best wishes to you for peace, order, and skill, and the solution of this mystery concerning the natives in town.

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

“ RE: NEWS FROM LODA, CASTOR TO FEEGLE, CYCLE 9”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/19/2014 3:47

Castor Himilco to Feegle Hanno, Greetings!

I have received word from Mathos that he will be arriving in the colony within a few days, accompanied by a hundred masked and armed guards to protect us and the children from the daemons he's warned of against. However, his earlier reports that the broth that restored his health also gave him vivid waking visions raise the question of whether Mathos's hundred guards are only in his vision.

If you have seen Mathos as he travels, I would be glad if you contacted Sargent Jake Hamilcar [Jake Hamilcar: the Sergeant], who is keeping a close look on comings and goings. He and his men were also strong contributors to the restoration of the town, particularly the granary where our essential food stores are kept.

If you catch sight of town, you may be interested to know that the protective wall that John Mago publicly argued for so forcefully is actually nearing completion. There seemed some reluctance among the citizens, who were either focused on exploration reports or their own more particular business, rather than being interested in helping with more general civic projects. Our sequence of storm, flood, earthquake and fire, followed by another flood of native pilgrims, has left many citizens much more interested in taking protective measures including the wall.

The newborns and their mothers are healthy, and I hope that I will not have to disturb them, but if there is unrest in town, I have prepared a secret refuge for them where they should be safe.

I await with interest anything you have turned up on the Queen or my daughter Dioscura. If things settle down in the colony, I have a mind to go looking myself.

I close now; Selinua has sent a novice to tell me to join her for supper in the inner chamber of the Temple.

May fortune smile upon your skill,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 9”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 5/20/2014 2:26

Friend Salicar,

I am dismayed to hear of your run-in with Sargent Jake Hamilcar and his troops over the missing natives. No doubt some grave misunderstanding. I vouched for you as a solid citizen, and advised that any attempt to use authority or force would simply lead to a lack of co-operation. I sent my note by way of Governor Barca's intimidating Amazon, Lucent, to make a point of the serious nature of my message. I trust that you have been released and can go about your business with confidence.

I have very much appreciated your assistance during these troubled times. I have made a priority of securing our stores of food and especially grain, then assuring we have enough shelter for all who were displaced by the earth tremor and fire. With the help of many citizens, we have secured all our stores that were at risk and made good shelter for all who need it. I regret that my house is smaller now than in the past -- soldiers are bunking in my original house -- but the location of the new one is good, and hard by those of my workmen, and closer than the first to the Temple where I am often assisting under the direction of Priestess Selinua. I regret I have had to put up a fence around my house and Rom's to discourage casual visitors, for there is much curiosity about the newborns, and they and their mothers need peace and rest. Naetha and Ilithyia are finding many ways to support one another, making sure that the infants are soothed so that each mother may have a turn to sleep, and sharing the care of Naetha's three and Ilithyia's daughter Maharbë. Though if disruptions from curious visitors should increase, I have prepared a quiet refuge outside of town for them to go until things quiet down. If I should suddenly be absent from town, you may likely be able to send notes in care of the fisherman Thumbs, who was Christopher Maharbal's assistant.

Philosopher Mathos claims that he is coming to town at the head of a hundred native warriors from the tribe he calls the "Children of Ge", all dressed in fearsome masks, whose duty is to protect the newborns and to frighten off the "daemons" who seek to harm them. I am not sure whether his companions are real or whether they are creatures of his visions. In

any case I have cautioned Mathos to tell his companions to be on their best behavior and to expect some delays in being invited into town. I let Sargent Hamilcar know that Mathos had announced his arrival within the next few days.

It is perhaps fortunate that our stores and temporary lodging are secure, so that my workers have been contributing to the wall which John Mago had advocated so forcefully before the calamities began to strike us. The wall, for now, is of good stout timber reinforced with earth. At length we may strengthen it with good stone from upriver. Well-bedded, firm stone survives long, as the reports from the empty stone city to the west have testified.

Having my workmen and the native pilgrims working side by side has provided several interesting points of comparison. The natives seem stronger of stomach, and rarely do I see any complaints of flux, no matter what they've been drinking, while they seem weaker of chest, more apt to be made infirm by coughs or sniffles that our citizens would hardly notice; while our citizens are more delicate of digestion, particularly regarding water. We are in great need of good small-beer for the workmen. For now, we are adding more water to the boiled porridge and soup, but there are frequent complaints of thirst. Whatever you need to get your brewery back in good working order, please let me know.

My restless workman Scar has taken himself and one of his Cyclopean one-wheeled carts up the river in search of Queen Sarah and her party, particularly my daughter Dioscuro. We have had no clear report of their situation since the earth tremor, though there are rumors that the Queen is exploring deeper into the interior to the southeast.

Wishing you peace so that you may return to your high calling.

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

THE PILGRIMS

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/21/2014 9:20

Himilco,

Ain't seen Mathos since I left the colony a few weeks ago, though he's still writin' me with regularity. I'll give ye that I've some concerns about his mental state as well, but I trust him. Well enough to imbibe some rather potent herb, at least, and try to see what he sees.

There was a pilgrim in town who seemed t'fit Mathos' concerns. The herb...

I can't really explain. Heightened my vision, I suppose, is the best way to explain it. Felt... almost detached from myself. But sure enough, there was a four-armed aura around one o' the pilgrims of a deep blue. Unique to him, and I can't say whether it was a shapeshifting, or a possession, or even just something imagined in the throes of some strong and deep hallucination brought on by the herb. Certainly didn't seem t'be the last at the time, as it was only the one pilgrim, consistently, and everyone else was just... shaded. Dull.

But enough about Mathos - I have dire news. Mathos warned me of two daemons, but I only saw the one. I advised Hamilcar of the pilgrim who seemed to be possessed, including a description and a quick sketch, as I decided to remain here in Loda and keep watch for the second.

A few days passed, and I've been imbibing the herb - I call it Domovoi - each day and walking and working among the fields as the pilgrims do their duty, keeping an eye open for any others making their way downriver. This morning, I found the second one. The aura was stronger this time - deeper blue than the first - though the body at the centre of the aura seemed smaller in outline, more lithe and athletic than the massive, barrel-chested pilgrim of the first.

I continued to work, keeping this daemon in my sight, and waited until the domovoi had worn off. By that time, dusk was descending, and the daemon had started its trek back to the village, and the shelter, before most likely moving on in the morning with the rest of the pilgrims. I had to move quickly to catch up with it and not to lose sight. Its form - or host, perhaps? - was smaller than most of the pilgrims, and it was nearly lost among the crowds returning from the fields, but I caught a glimpse of the figure rounding a corner ahead and moving towards one of the smaller

pilgrim's cabins, far from the central square of the town. I followed.

I turned the corner, then another, and was suddenly face to face with the daemon, who glared up at me. "Are you following me?" it said.

I explained hurriedly that I'd caught glimpse of her in the fields, and her colouring and posture were so different from the natives that I had to see who of my countrymen was walking among the pilgrims. She smiled, and said that she'd found peace in their ways, and turned and left me there, shaking in relief. But there was something familiar in that face, in her movements.

I think, poor Himlico, that it was your daughter.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

CONCERNS ABOUT MATHOS

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/21/2014 21:44

Hamilcar,

Not sure ye need t'worry about Mathos "goin' native." I have been suspect of his information and his worries, but I'm startin' to believe.

There is an herb that I discovered shortly after our arrival. It appears to open the mind and allow one to see things that exist in the spirit realm. Mathos' writings of daemons worried me at first, but the herb let me see something among the pilgrims. I have enclosed with this letter several dried leaves of the herb. I implore you to trust me and use it.

Daemons or not, there is something amiss with one of the pilgrims who, only

this morning left Loda to continue downriver toward the settlement.

I have elected to remain here in Loda, for Mathos believes that a second pilgrim tainted in spirit will arrive shortly. The first I leave to you to investigate. If you do not make use of the herb, you will know him by the two, ornately etched silver rings that he wears in his left ear. If nothing else, it will assuage my curiosity if you and your comrades detain him, and then you gaze upon him after using the herb. If you do, please let me know what you experience and see - it will let me know how many of

Mathos' ideas I can trust.

Yrs.

FH

Feegle Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MANTA MASSINISSA, CYCLE 9"

**FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER
METALCRAFTER**

**TO: MANTA MASSINISSA: THE
DATE: 5/22/2014 3:57**

Excellent metalworker,

I thank you for introducing me to the farmer who has been breeding watchdogs. Having a keen pair of ears and a suspicious nose is just the thing to help guard the area inside my fence at night. Having a dog around the house is a novelty for my foreman Rom's wife Naetha, but she agrees that having a dog as night-watchman is a prudent measure. She has named him Horrie-Wog, after some story of a keen-eared desert dog from her tribe.

The newborns are thriving, though nursing three boys has taken its toll on Naetha. I think she weighs less than before her pregnancy. Fortunately Elethyia is able to help, having her single daughter, though her milk is less abundant.

Rom has been staying close to home, keeping an eye on Naetha and the boys, while I help direct the workers who are completing "Mago's Wall" as some now call it. Earth and wood for now, but I hope that with better stone from the upriver quarries, we may build in earnest with stone, with large well-set blocks to last for the ages.

I must close for now. I wish you the best.

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

TO: NEWS

DATE: 5/22/2014 11:57

NEWS

Many trinkets and statuettes made out of the local green-grey rocks have been turning up in town. The soldiers have discovered that the rock is excellent for sharpening their iron blades, and many have taken to wearing trinkets around their necks.

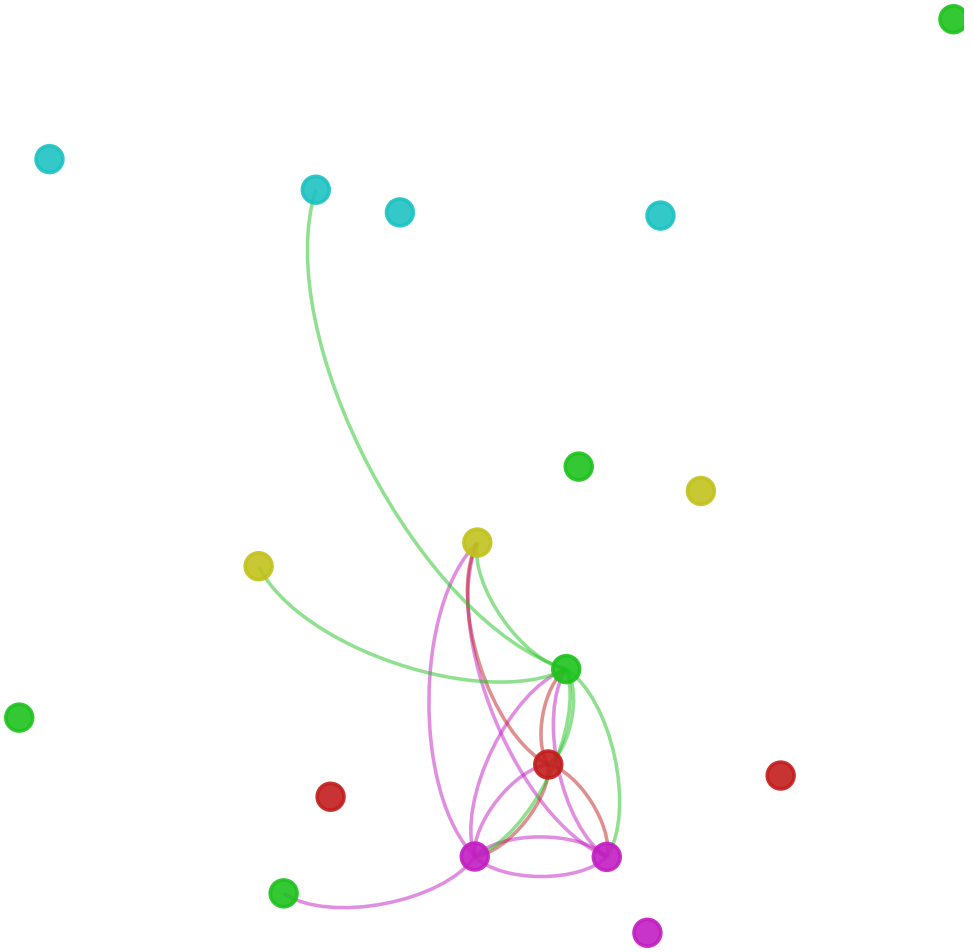
The wall has been constructed along the site that was surveyed. Constructed of wood and mounded earth, it marks a secure border at the edge of the colony. There has been talk of eventually adding stone quarried upriver.

The children are being kept in seclusion. The pilgrims remain very interested in them, but appear to be patiently awaiting their public debut, for now.

The Philosopher Mathos is reportedly travelling with a group of the pilgrim's guards called the Evzones, armed with ceremonial weapons. By his own account, he is also accompanied by a young man he refers to as Flavos. Flavos reportedly has some mystic connection to a goddess of the sea.

The damage from the recent earthquake is mostly repaired, with new building being built with the assistance of some of the pilgrims to replace the ones that were irrevocably destroyed





CYCLE 10

RE: FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER
FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER
DATE: 5/22/2014 17:11

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

Sergeant,

There has been a most unfortunately incident. Upon arrival the delegates of the Children of Ge and their escort were accosted by one of the colony guardsmen. The young man was clearly delusional, was threatening several of the elders in our company in a very violent manner, and was barring our passage. Upon Flavos' orders the Evzones decapitated the young man. However, you will be relieved to know that the delegation does not hold you responsible for the incident. It is clear that the young guard had been possessed by an agent of Chaos, a daemon sent to disrupt the fulfillment of the Prophecy of Asiyus. We believe there are at least two more daemons at-large in the colony and the Evzones have begun tracking them. I suggest you keep an eye out for unusual behaviour amongst your remaining soldiers.

Sincerely, Mathos.

RE:

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/23/2014 16:41

A week prior you come begging for help, and now you claim I am a murdering monster? No one will believe your lies. Oppress someone else (and brew your own beer from now on).

Salicar.

--

Attachments:

Salicar sig.jpg 17179869184 GB

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 9"

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/23/2014 16:45

I apologize for not writing sooner, but I have had my hands full evading the agents of that pirate and blackguard, Hamilcar. He himself brought the

murdered pilgrims to my attention -- bodies found in my home weeks after I

was driven from it and imprisoned by his own men! I remain on the run until

he brings about his own ruin, which must of course happen.

I only thank my luck that the flooding and earthquake damage has his men

more occupied with saving this colony (and of course rebuilding the farms and fisheries that supply these parasites with food) than with pursuing an old brewer.

I would tell you my whereabouts but I no longer trust anyone entirely. We had good days and I thank you for them.

BAD THINGS ARE AFOOT

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/23/2014 17:08

I hope this message finds you in time, Hanno. The colony is in dire risk of starvation and your skills may be all that can save us. Recent flooding and earthquake have caused far more permanent damage to our farms and our distribution (the market, for example) than this small colony can withstand. If the soldiers were not pre-occupied with consolidating power and persecuting the innocent (myself among them, I must warn you) then we might be in better shape. But we are not.

This winter will be the end of us unless the captain, Himlico, can be reined in. I admit, since he is after my own head for no reason I can fathom, that I have a personal interest in this. However even if there is nothing you can do to save the colony, binding myself to you as a friend might at least let me save myself. I brew a magnificent beer and that has recently gone from a staple of every common man to a luxury since Himlico destroyed my brewery. But with a little time alone and not having to look over my shoulder, the beer and wine could flow again.

Any aid you can provide would be well received. If you have any ideas for saving the colony, that would be nice as well. But at the moment I am having a hard time finding much sympathy for the colony as a whole, as an organization. There are individuals I would save, but the organization has a cancer. Himlico.

Salicar, brewer and fugitive.

--

"Re: CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 9"

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/23/2014 17:10

Castor,

The Evzones have successfully identified and destroyed one of the daemons, however, we believe there are several more currently amongst the pilgrims and colony townfolk. Unfortunately the daemons are clever and are frequently changing form, making our attempts to track them less than successful. Currently we believe that they intend to pose as (or even possess) prominent citizens of the community in order to gain access to the newborns. The Governor and General are primarily suspect right now, but anyone in a position of authority is not to be trusted. Castor, you need to be extremely wary of those around you, even the temple staff may be a threat. Please do not let anyone remove the aurum laced bonnets from the brows of the children and I advise you to take similar precautions to prevent possession of your own soul.

Mathos.

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/25/2014 15:26

TO: NEWS

NEWS

In the recent confusion, several colonists have gone missing. Have they departed the colony voluntarily or has something dire happened to them? It is now feared that at least some of them may be more than missing, given the recent discovery of decapitated heads in an abandoned building.

The Evzones were involved in an altercation with one of the guards from the colony, who was reportedly delusioned and acting violently. The conflict ended abruptly with the death of the guard. Rumors among the pilgrims claim that the late guard was possessed by an "agent of Chaos". The Evzones have been seen throughout the camp, tracking something.

The flooding and earthquake have caused serious damage to the colony's farms. While the efforts of the citizens and soldiers were able to save some of the supplies from the grain house, it is feared that the farms will not produce enough to let us survive the winter, to say nothing to the disruptions to the market and trade that are preventing what food there is from being distributed.

The rumors of shapeshifting demons persist, though some dismiss them as madness. They are said to be trying to prevent the fulfilment of the Prophecy of Asiyus.

“ CASTOR HIMILCO TO JAKE HAMILCAR, CYCLE 10”

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/27/2014 2:06

Sargent Hamilcar,

It is a maxim of the trainers of athletes and fighting men that, “When the going gets tough, the tough get going.” I hardly expected to hear this as the theme of a personal sermon from the Priestess Selinua to stiffen my resolve, but it is as I say. Armswoman Lucent was in the hall outside, and gave me a good thump on the shoulder as encouragement. I think encouragement is how she meant it, anyway.

With our supplies and goods secured as best we can, and with everyone at least out of the weather, my aim of work has shifted to increasing our food production. I have put some of my workmen, paired with willing hands among the pilgrims, to work assisting the fishermen with the routine land-bound tasks such as mending nets, cleaning fish, and boiling seawater for brine and salt to preserve their catch. My workman Scar, taking the advice of the natives, has built a little beehive hut into which he directs woodsmoke, which is their method of drying and preserving fish for later use.

I have sent others of the pilgrims, who claim some knowledge of the woods and fields, under the direction of Feegle Hanno our hunter, who has been ranging closer to town in these days. I hope they will assist him in bringing home a bigger catch. I have talked with our midwives who are learning from the herb-wise among the pilgrims, to find out what wild foods are within reach of gathering for us.

As I sent to you earlier, Scar has been scouting upriver for signs of the Queen's expedition. He did not find any clear sign or story of them, any more than we have heard already, but he saw the scars of several large landslides in the area where she was reported to be. Scar has returned, still wheeling his cyclopean cart, and is now occupied with food preservation as I said. Another innovation which he is exploring, if I understand correctly, is called “potting”, where a thick layer of liquid fat is poured over hot stewed food placed in a deep pot. The fat hardens as it cools, sealing out rot. We have not kept any potted food long enough to make a good test of this method, but I imagine that we will have occasion to do so soon. Potted stewed hakziab seems like a fine choice for this method, providing both the fat and the meat.

We have had a successful presentation and blessing of the newborns, organized by Selinua and myself with the assistance of the temple staff. Yesterday at dawn, the pilgrims finally got to see the little ones that they had been waiting for. Some seemed satisfied, even to the point of packing up and returning upriver. We had to end the presentation early when Elethya's daughter Maharbē started squalling up a storm. She has her father's lungs, that one. How I miss him. But

his assistant Thumbs carries stoutly on with the newer fishermen under his wing.

All of these developments encourage me. However, all is not happy, as you would know at first hand.

My friend, brewer Salicar, seems much out of sorts, and has been hiding out in various places, refusing to meet anyone. I hope he may find the safety that allows him to be at peace, but I cannot blame him for feeling as he does, given his personal troubles on top of the struggles of our community.

The unrest in town has caused me to act upon my preparations to guard the safety of the newborns; or infants, I should say, since they are filled out and especially the triplet boys are not looking like pinch-faced little dolls any more. At any rate, they and their mothers, together with Rom my foreman and a couple of my steadiest hands, have removed to the prepared place of safety I wrote of. It is quiet and well removed from the turmoil of the city, and has an ample if monotonous supply of local food. When things are peaceful in town, they will all return.

My daughter Dioscura, who had been with the Queen's party, returned wounded, hungry, and distraught after dark last night. She reports being hounded into the river by a gang of fearsomely masked men who attacked her with clubs. Now she huddles in the corner, clutching my old hammer, and weeps frequently. She does not want to go out or see anyone, and the pilgrims seem particularly frightening to her. We are doing our best for her in my diminished household; indeed, it is diminished enough that we may move into some of the cells at the Temple. Our watchdog seems to have taken a shine to Dioscura, and he sleeps at her feet during the day, before we put him out into the newly fenced yard during the night. Lucent reports that she was walking night patrol around the temple when our watchdog's growling alerted her to a figure hanging about my fence, but he gave her the slip before she could catch him, despite her long legs and longer iron-shod staff.

I thank you for sending the little stone frog. As you said, that green-gray stone is excellent for honing metal, and makes a pleasing noise when scraped or tapped.

I trust that you will act with your usual discernment and wisdom to support the colony, whether that is in restoring public order or assisting in improving our food production.

With respect and esteem,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 10"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 5/26/2014 1:24

Mathos,

I thank you for your concern over the newborns. Their health and well-being is of great importance to themselves and their mothers.

I trust you enjoyed the presentation of the newborns to the pilgrims yesterday at dawn. The event, carefully orchestrated by the Temple staff and watched over by Lucent and a detachment of soldiers, went smoothly, with all being able to see the wee things. We hustled them away when little Maharbë started crying. Her hair seems quite grown in, and much like her mother's. I saw you in the back of the assembly, but was not able to catch up with you after the ceremony.

I am concerned by the reports of flood damage to the farms. It feels sometimes that this colony is on a never-ending wheel of calamities, but Selinua advises me to carry on as I have been, while taking any needful precautions.

If the pilgrims are to remain longer in the city, they must be enlisted in efforts to secure a supply of food for us all. It may be that they will not stay long. I saw some of them packing up and leaving after having seen the newborns. Whether they were satisfied or confirmed in their dissatisfaction, I cannot know. But we must make use of their knowledge of the land and shore, the fields and forests, to ensure our security against hunger. I will enjoin Feegle Hanno to make use of those who know how to hunt and gather to share the fruits of their work with us.

To address the fear of any ill will to the newborns while there are disorders

in the city, they and their mothers have removed to a prepared refuge which will be secure against unrest and has abundant local food for their party, albeit monotonous of character. My foreman Rom has gone with his wife Naetha and with Elethya and the children, with a few reliable hands from among my workmen. When things are settled in the city, they will all return.

Dioscura has returned to me. She was weak and hungry, with signs of wounds. She huddles in a corner, weeps often and does not want to leave the house. The pilgrims frighten her. She told me that she was attacked and abused by a gang of men with fearsome masks and clubs, and escaped them only by casting herself into the river. I am caring for her as best I can. Seeing her gladdens me, but seeing her thus, seeing her so hurt tears at my heart.

Scar has also returned. He brings no news of the Queen's party, but reports several landslide scars on the hills in the vicinity where she was last reported to be.

To your health, Mathos,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO FEEGLE HANNO, CYCLE 10"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/26/2014 1:49

Honored hunter Feegle, may your hand be steady and your senses clear!

We live in interesting times, indeed, but there is always work to the hand, and hope amid the struggles.

Yesterday at dawn, we presented the newborns to the pilgrims. All could see them and their mothers, and how healthy they were. We had to bustle the little ones away after Maharbë started squalling inconsolably, but there was general satisfaction that they were present and doing well.

There has been unrest in the town that concerns me, however, and in the evening after the presentation, the mothers and their newborns quietly relocated to a previously prepared refuge outside of town, along with my foreman Rom (Naetha's husband and father of the three boys) and two of my most reliable hands as assistants. There is abundant, if monotonous, local food, and a snug little nest awaits them. They will return when things in town settle down.

I have sent this message with my energetic workman Scar, accompanied by a small party of pilgrims who claim to be wise in hunting and gathering the local foods. With the flood damage to the lower farmland, our town will need to develop any other food sources we can, calling on the land-wisdom of the native tribes. I ask you to put them to work for the good of the town, bringing in more food for us all. With your own keen sense of the land, you will be best to advise them and guide them. Particularly if the pilgrims remain with us, they must work alongside us to ensure that we all prosper. Many of them have proven themselves by working on the recovery and repair of town from the storm, earth tremor, fire, and flood, and now those who remain must needs help us provide for ourselves.

Some of the pilgrims packed and left upriver after the presentation of the newborns, satisfied that they had seen what they needed, so it is possible that we may have fewer new mouths to feed than I feared; or fewer new hands to help, as it may be.

Good hunting!

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

P.S.: Selinua called me before I sealed and sent this. My daughter Dioscura has returned. She is hungry, bruised, and distraught, and describes being attacked by a gang of men with clubs wearing fearsome masks as she was returning alone to town, having been separated from the Queen's party during the earth tremor. She saved herself only by casting herself down a bluff into the river. Now she huddles in a corner, clutching my old hammer and weeping. We will do our best to nurture and restore her, but I fear she is too frightened to want to see anyone.

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 10"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 5/26/2014 2:07

Friend Salicar,

Perhaps you are blessed that your personal difficulties provide immediate engagement. I have left caches of food and useful things around town and behind the fishing shack at the locations indicated on the reverse, to provide whatever assistance I can.

Selinua and I managed a successful presentation of the infants to the gathered pilgrims. All could see that the little ones were in good health. After Maharbë started squalling, we hustled them away, not wanting to tire them any further.

Though the presentation went well, there is enough unrest in town that the infants and their mothers have relocated to a refuge near town, along with my foreman Rom (Naetha's husband and the boys' father) and a couple of reliable workmen as assistants. They have a good, if monotonous, local food supply, and a snug little nest far from the noise and interruptions of town.

The happiest, and saddest news I have is that my daughter Dioscura has returned to me. Yet she returned alone, hungry, injured, and in deep distress, reporting that she had been lost from the Queen's party during the earth tremor, and while returning to town, she had been attacked by a gang of fearsomely masked natives. She huddles in the corner now, clutching my old hammer, and weeping frequently. She does not go outside and does not want to see or hear anything of the pilgrims.

Some of the pilgrims packed up and returned upriver after the

presentation of the children. Of those who remain, I am putting them to work in whatever way I can find to help them increase the food production of our town. As before, I am matching them up alongside my workmen. Our early efforts are going to actual hunting and gathering, with the help of Feegle Hanno the hunter, as well as helping our farmers and gardeners where we can.

May fortune and justice smile upon you,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO WILLIAM BOODES, CYCLE 10"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 5/27/2014 2:25

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter, to William Boodes, Artisan.

Greetings from one craftsman to another.

I must admit with the difficulties in town, between the repairs, the doubts about the food supply, and managing the pilgrims camping at the bottom of the slope, there are times in these last days that I have felt greatly burdened. But seeing how you have carried on through it all heartens me, and Priestess Selinua advises that I follow your example. And things have in the main worked out; our defensive wall is complete, our threatened food supplies are secured; and many of the pilgrims who wandered into town are working side by side with our citizens to help the city with its needs.

At dawn yesterday, we had a successful presentation of the infants, Elethya's daughter Maharbë and Rom and Naetha's triplet boys, all filling out nicely and looking healthy. The pilgrims who had walked so long finally had a chance to see them. A number of them seemed satisfied, and packed up their belongings to return upriver. However, the recent unrest in the town has led them to remove to a prepared refuge until things are safe and calm again.

My workman Scar has returned, pushing his Cyclopean cart, from a foray upriver to seek the Queen's party. He found no news or clear sign of them, but he did see several fresh landslide scars in the area where they were reported to be. It is possible that they were trapped in a side valley and have to work their way back via a long, circuitous route.

Happy and sad news: my daughter Dioscura has returned. She was weak with hunger, showed marks of wounds, and seems sick of soul. She has said little, but told me that she was separated from the Queen's party during the earth tremor, and made her way back alone. At one point she was menaced by a gang of fearsomely masked men, and escaped by leaping into the river. She huddles in a corner, saying nothing, eating little, and weeping frequently. Her only consolation seems to be to clutch at my old hammer that she used to swing around when she ran about town, and petting my new watchdog that sleeps beside her during the day.

Sargent Hamilcar presented me with a gift, a carved stone frog, that is unmistakably your work. It is a beautiful little figure, and the broad back and belly are perfect for using to hone metal edges, as the Sargent said.

Dioscura perked up and was admiring the stone frog. When I told her it was your work, she requested that I ask of you to make her a figure of a dog, like the watchdog that sleeps at her feet during the day. I am sure that it would comfort her and make her feel better, especially when the dog is out on duty in my fenced yard during the nights.

With respect and esteem,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

CYCLE 10

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/28/2014 2:45

I write with important news,

We have located and burned two agents of chaos at the stake in the middle of the pilgrims camp as an example to all of what happens to those that fight against the Asiyus Prophecy!

Oh, let me tell you friend, it was a sight to behold! I knew that the Aurum burned well and produced brilliant colors, but I had no idea how grand the effect could be! I tell you now, as those bastards burned, I saw, no we all saw the brilliant multi-colored flames take the shape of huge gnashing Hakziab and snake covered screaming human skulls!

Now I admit, I am not used to the ways of these pilgrims but I got the distinct feeling at the time, their awful blood curdling screams and cries were directed at the evil spirits they were witnessing and that they understood why we HAD to do this honorable and righteous thing.

Turns out, this overwhelming experience was so intense and amazing that many of us, the pilgrims and colonists, fell into a dark, hot, nightmarish slumber only to awaken sometime later and find that the fire had gone out of control and is still burning the pilgrims camp all around us! I was witness to many burned and maimed pilgrims, young and old...

The men and I are busy guarding the Hill and the Wall against the last

rumored agent of chaos and any unruly people that might foolishly try and cause damage under these unfortunate circumstances.

Someone really should coordinate putting out this fire before it's too late.... With the wall built, there's really nowhere to run.

Sgt Hamilcar

CYCLE 10

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILOSOPHER

DATE: 5/28/2014 2:48

Philosopher,

I write with important news,

We have located and burned two agents of chaos at the stake in the middle of the pilgrims camp as an example to all of what happens to those that fight against the Asiyus Prophecy!

Oh, let me tell you friend, it was a sight to behold! I knew that the Aurum burned well and produced brilliant colors, but I had no idea how grand the effect could be! I tell you now, as those bastards burned, I saw, no we all saw the brilliant multi-colored flames take the shape of huge gnashing Hakziab and snake covered screaming human skulls!

Now I admit, I am not used to the ways of these pilgrims but I got the distinct feeling at the time, their awful blood curdling screams and cries were directed at the evil spirits they were witnessing and that they understood why we HAD to do this honorable and righteous thing.

Turns out, this overwhelming experience was so intense and amazing that many of us, the pilgrims and colonists, fell into a dark, hot, nightmarish slumber only to awaken sometime later and find that the fire had gone out of control and is still burning the pilgrims camp all around us! I was witness to many burned and maimed pilgrims, young and old...

The men and I are busy guarding the Hill and the Wall against the last rumored agent of chaos and any unruly people that might foolishly try and cause damage under these unfortunate circumstances.

Someone really should coordinate putting out this fire before it's too late. With the wall built, there's really nowhere to run...

Sgt Hamilcar

CYCLE 10

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPPOS: THE GENERAL

DATE: 5/28/2014 2:53

General,

I write with important news,

We have located and burned two agents of chaos at the stake in the middle of the pilgrims camp as an example to all of what happens to those that fight against the Asiyus Prophecy!

Oh, let me tell you friend, it was a sight to behold! I knew that the Aurum burned well and produced brilliant colors, but I had no idea how grand the effect could be! I tell you now, as those bastards burned, I saw, no we all saw the brilliant multi-colored flames take the shape of huge gnashing Hakziab and snake covered screaming human skulls!

Now I admit, I am not used to the ways of these pilgrims but I got the distinct feeling at the time, their awful blood curdling screams and cries were directed at the evil spirits they were witnessing and that they understood why we HAD to do this honorable and righteous thing.

Turns out, this overwhelming experience was so intense and amazing that many of us, the pilgrims and colonists, fell into a dark, hot, nightmarish slumber only to awaken sometime later and find that the fire had gone out of control and is still burning the pilgrims camp all around us! I was witness to many burned and maimed pilgrims, young and old...

The men and I are busy guarding the Hill and the Wall against the last rumored agent of chaos and any unruly people that might foolishly try and cause damage under these unfortunate circumstances.

Someone really should coordinate putting out this fire before it's too late.... With the wall built, there's really nowhere to run.

Sgt Hamilcar

CYCLE 10

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 5/28/2014 3:04

Brewer,

I don't know where you're hiding, but you should know, we have located and burned two agents of chaos at the stake in the middle of the pilgrims camp as an example to all of what happens to those that fight against the Asiyus Prophecy!

Oh, let me tell you Brewer, it was a sight to behold! I knew that the Aurum burned well and produced brilliant colors, but I had no idea how grand the effect could be! I tell you now, as those bastards burned, I saw, no we all saw the brilliant multi-colored flames take the shape of huge gnashing Hakziab and snake covered screaming human skulls!

Now I admit, I am not used to the ways of these pilgrims but I got the distinct feeling at the time, their awful blood curdling screams and cries were directed at the evil spirits they were witnessing and that they understood why we HAD to do this honorable and righteous thing.

Turns out, this overwhelming experience was so intense and amazing that many of us, the pilgrims and colonists, fell into a dark, hot, nightmarish slumber only to awaken sometime later and find that the fire had gone out of control and is still burning the pilgrims camp all around us! I was witness to many burned and maimed pilgrims, young and old...

The men and I are busy guarding the Hill and the Wall against the last rumored agent of chaos and any unruly people that might foolishly try and cause damage under these unfortunate circumstances.

Someone really should coordinate putting out this fire before it's too late.... With the wall built, there's really nowhere to run. Perhaps this is the way for you to redeem yourself and show us all that you are with us and NOT an agent of chaos. The choice is yours.

SGT Hamilcar

CYCLE 10

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 5/28/2014 2:44

I write with important news,

We have located and burned two agents of chaos at the stake in the middle of the pilgrims camp as an example to all of what happens to those that fight against the Asiyus Prophecy!

Oh, let me tell you friend, it was a sight to behold! I knew that the Aurum burned well and produced brilliant colors, but I had no idea how grand the effect could be! I tell you now, as those bastards burned, I saw, no we all saw the brilliant multi-colored flames take the shape of huge gnashing Hakziab and snake covered screaming human skulls!

Now I admit, I am not used to the ways of these pilgrims but I got the distinct feeling at the time, their awful blood curdling screams and cries were directed at the evil spirits they were witnessing and that they understood why we HAD to do this honorable and righteous thing.

Turns out, this overwhelming experience was so intense and amazing that many of us, the pilgrims and colonists, fell into a dark, hot, nightmarish slumber only to awaken sometime later and find that the fire had gone out of control and is still burning the pilgrims camp all around us! I was witness to many burned and maimed pilgrims, young and old...

The men and I are busy guarding the Hill and the Wall against the last

rumored agent of chaos and any unruly people that might foolishly try and cause damage under these unfortunate circumstances.

Someone really should coordinate putting out this fire before it's too late.... With the wall built, there's really nowhere to run.

P.S. Do send more herb, I find it clears my mind of doubt and from the tiresome habit of overthinking things.

HISTORY

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/9/2014 9:36

TO: NEWS

Extract from the works of Corinna of Tanagra

“Then spoke the sea and wept for me rising tears.

Wearing gold crown, the clouds look down: aurum burns.”

(Image: Destruction, Thomas Cole)



RE: CYCLE 10

FROM: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/28/2014 7:43

Thank you for your concern. I don't know whether you're high or insane, but

your wall has doomed you -- the upcoming flood will wipe out everything inside it. It will, at least, put out the fire.

I am safe and dry. You have doomed the colony.

Salicar.

--

" CASTOR HIMILCO TO JOHN MAGO, CYCLE 10"

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 5/29/2014 4:05

Honored Citizen Mago,

I pray for your health and strength as our colony continues to weather storms of the spirit, following upon calamities of each of the elements in turn.

Sargent Jake Hamilcar has reported a dire incident of violence in the pilgrims' camp -- the burning of two suspected miscreants by the soldiers -- but I fear there was no due process of law, neither was there any cause to invoke the necessity of emergency. I do not know what we are becoming, without the guiding hand of our Queen; and I have heard nothing from the Governor.

Fortunately the newborns and their mothers, after the presentation of the children to the pilgrims, were transported to a refuge outside the town. They should be safe on Clambake Isle, with plenty of clams to eat, and a clear spring at the edge of the dunes.

I have called my weary workers, and those of the pilgrims who are not too frightened to stay, to fight the fire that spread from the burning in the pilgrims' camp. Unfortunately -- or perhaps it is poetic justice -- my old house in the lower set of huts, which was commandeered as soldiers' quarters, burned down in the fire.

There is good separation between the lower buildings and the upper buildings, so I have no fear that the fire will spread beyond the lower town. The high water level also makes it easier to fight the fire by making it a shorter run with barrels and buckets, carried with the aid of Cyclopean carts.

One of my workers says that he found a new proclamation with the seal of Queen Sarah Solaris, but he was unable to read it and let it go. I am very curious as to what it might say. Perhaps you will keep an eye out for it. I can only hope that it is something that will bring us out of this dark time.

In joy and sorrow, my daughter Dioscura has returned to me, hungry, wounded, and sick at heart, following an encounter with a gang of fearsomely masked men. She sits by herself, cuddling the watchdog of a day, and holding a little carved dog close to her when she sleeps at night. It has gone hard with her since she was separated from the Queen's party

during the earth tremors.

With honor and respect,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

RE: CYCLE 10

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 5/29/2014 4:12

Sgt H:

The fire: On it, with my workmen and a few pilgrims. Sadly my old house that you were using as soldiers' quarters has burned. Fortunately the high water level near the lower town helps. Also fortunately the lower town is separated from the rest, so there is a limit to the damage.

The wounded and some of your off-duty soldiers have been treated with a brew of Lethe Poppy, which should help them sleep off the anguish of the terrible situation and provide healing forgetfulness. I think a few others drank of the brew, thinking it the last of Salicar's beer. No matter, it will probably do them good.

Please, no more summary justice in town. It is bad for civic order.

Have you seen the new proclamation from Queen Sarah Solaris? One of my workmen says he saw it and recognized the seal, but regrettably he's not a reader. Haven't seen it yet.

In haste,

Castor Himilco

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

TO: NEWS

DATE: 5/29/2014 9:40

The children were presented to the gathered throng of pilgrims in a dawn ceremony at the temple. Some of the pilgrims have begun the journey back upriver. The infants have been quietly taken to a place where they are reported to be safe.

Concerns over the future of the colony food supply continue.

Scar has returned from an expedition upriver, and reports that there is no sign of the Queen's missing party, but many fresh landslides near the area.

The soldiers captured two "agents of chaos" and burned them at the stake. Many people report seeing the flames take the shape of a huge gnashing Hakziab and a snake covered with screaming human skulls. Much screaming was heard from the audience, lit the by the light of the brilliant burning aurum.

In the aftermath of the stake-burning, the pilgrim camp caught fire, and is currently burning brightly, the flames out of control. Many of the pilgrims have already been burned and maimed in the conflagration.

The injured are being treated with are being treated with a brew made from the Lethe poppy. It seems to relieve their pain. A group of soldiers mistook the brew for the last of the brewer's beer and drank it. Hopefully that won't lead to further trouble.

Soldiers are busy patrolling the hill and the wall, under orders to hunt down the last agent of chaos. The wall prevents the crowd from escaping the town and the flames.

The river is continuing to rise. There are signs that a flood is imminent and will likely wipe out everything behind the wall. Which will at least put out the fire, so there is a bright side even in our darkest hour

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 5/29/2014 19:47

The final words of Mathos the Deceived.

”Flavos stands before me now

Titan of Chaos, spawn of the deep

Spreading lies, terror and sorrow

While the Children laugh and the women weep

His mane of aurum alight with flame

Mortals run like panicked sheep

Helpless lambs in the God’s great game

While the Children laugh and the women weep

Mathos the Fool his guileless pawn

Young minds to mold and souls to reap

Struck down dead before the dawn

While the Children laugh and women weep

The spirit of Ge has left this place

The innocents murdered in their sleep

A knowing smirk upon Flavos’ face

Still the Children laugh and the women weep”

FROM MATHOS THE PHILOSOPHER

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 5/29/2014 19:53

Move Order: Mathos has walked into the sea.

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

TO: NEWS

DATE: 5/30/2014 12:44

There are reports that the philosopher Mathos was last seen walking into the sea.

FINAL CYCLES

CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 11

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 6/1/2014 2:03

Mathos,

I do not know if this will reach you, but you have been a good correspondent from the day we met. The breath of the Gods touches us all who live upon the earth, and blows us where it will.

I have news from the refuge where the children and their mothers are sheltering. Maharbë is still doing well, and Ilithyia seems to have settled on calling the baby girl her “little fishie” after her webbed toes. For Naetha and her three, the appointed term past birth has passed, and the young boys now have names. Phocas, Acherbas, and Malqartas are their names. Phocas already seems to be a fighter, Acherbas has a look of calm, well, I guess it’s too early to call it wisdom, and Malqartas is called so for his kingly strength.

Selinua has been a constant support. She reminds me to comb my hair and beard, to oil and scrape, and to stand tall, for only so will I be able to lead our workers for the best results.

We have the fire contained to the lower town and will rapidly have it extinguished. Some more of the pilgrims have slipped away, which I quite understand after all the frightful events; whether they floated out across the estuary, or climbed the wall in the dark, I do not know. I have nothing to say about whether someone might have showed them a way out.

The native roots make a good addition to the fish chowder. They are starchy and provide good thickening, making it feel like a man is actually eating something. There is another one like a long radish, which is crisp and spicy, and also goes well in soup. We may have to draw in our girdles, but the land is rich, and will support us as we build back our larders.

With best hopes and wishes,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

CASTOR HIMILCO TO WILLIAM BOODES, CYCLE 11

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER TO: WILLIAM BOODES: THE ARTESIAN

DATE: 6/1/2014 2:17

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter, to William Boodes, Artisan.

The Lady of the Land and the Lord of the City must be favoring us, since the fire was contained to the lower huts and did not spread widely. Just steps from water, it was easy to extinguish the blazes with the dedicated effort of my workmen, a few soldiers, and some pilgrims working together.

Your help was greatly appreciated in getting a number of the pilgrims out of town by way of Manta Massinissa's workshop. Will you be taking charge of it, or are you happier staying closer to the center of things? The frightful events convinced them they could not say, but the soldiers on the wall -- fie upon them, why were they not fighting the fire! -- would not let them pass. I am glad they may go in peace, and hope they may return in happier times.

I have word from the infants' and mothers' refuge that they are doing well, and now that the traditional time has passed, they have names. Phocas, Acharbas, and Malqartas they are called, after their respective qualities of struggle, calm, and kingly strength.

One of the starchy roots has been an excellent thickener for our clam chowder. Indeed, the more we look, the richer the land is. I was pleased to share the banquet of the hakziab you caught. Truly, from your description, they are not clever birds, as big and fierce as they appear.

May your hammer be true, your tools be sharp and your eyes keen.

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

CASTOR HIMILCO TO NICK BARCA, CYCLE 11

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 6/1/2014 2:30

Honored Governor,

I beg to report that despite the smoke and screams you may have noticed late yesterday, that things are settling down and improving in town.

The fire was contained to the lower town by the ample space between the older buildings and the hilltop and hill slopes where the new housing was created. Water was readily available next to the lower town, and was used by a co-operative team of my workmen, some of the pilgrims, and a few of the soldiers. Your guardswoman Lucent was not present; I presume that you had need of her strength and stature, though I have a guess, based on the hints she dropped and the look on her face when I last saw her.

With this note, carried by my indefatigable workman Scar, I send a pot of clam chowder thickened by a starchy local root. I expect that this will help sustain us during the times ahead as we rebuild our larders. Indeed, the closer we look, the more we are discovering that this land can support us, that it is rich to those who know it well. I left a thank-offering to the shrine of the Lady of the Land for this, the Lady who I am sure is Despoinë Poseidoneia.

I have a report from the refuge where the mothers and infants are staying. The infants are doing well, and the appointed time has passed in Naetha's tradition to name the boys, and so they have been. Phocas, the fighter, Acherbas, the calm and knowing one, and Malqartas, with kingly strength. Ilithyia has taken to calling Maharbë her "little fishie" after the webs on her daughter's toes, perhaps a legacy of her father's long hours upon the sea within the breath of Poseidon.

The priestess Selinua sends her own note for you, enclosed and separately sealed.

With greatest respect,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

CASTOR HIMILCO TO JOHN MAGO, CYCLE 11

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JOHN MAGO: THE NOBLE

DATE: 6/1/2014 2:39

Honored Citizen Mago,

Times of trouble call the most out of men; I shall hope that it will call out my best. Things are as I previously reported. The fire is contained to the lower town by the ample separation between the old buildings and the newer ones, higher up the hilltop, and the nearness of water makes it easy to fight with the expedient of buckets and tubs and several of Scar's Cyclopean carts.

Some more of the pilgrims have left, in a way we do not know how. For your wall, just lately built, found its first use not as defense, but as a prison palisade, as the soldiers guarding the wall would not allow the pilgrims to leave. In the darkness of night, they must have found some other way. Still we have some pilgrims, the most patient perhaps.

Such a beautiful cloak you sent to Dioscura! She wears it every day, wrapping it tightly around her as she sits in the corner beside the watchdog, sleeping when she can -- though the watchdog snores when he's napping in the day, his off-duty hours.

A report from the refuge where the mothers and infants are: time sufficient to Naetha's tradition has passed, and the boys have names: Phocas, the fractious one; Acherbas, calm and almost thoughtful; and Malqartas, of kingly strength. All are well, though they are tiring of their monotonous diet. With honor and respect,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

CASTOR HIMILCO TO FEEGLE HANNO, CYCLE 11

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 6/3/2014 11:51

Honored hunter FeeGLE,

I trust that in your roaming of the land, you are enjoying the peace and tranquility that we have had short supply of in town. Indeed, a number of residents that I know personally have been acting far out of character, and some of my closest acquaintances have left, no doubt despairing that order and even sanity can be maintained. I regret the soldiers' intemperate acts against the pilgrims, and suspect they were influenced by misuse of one of the native herbs. As one close to the land, you must know that caution, mental preparation, and support of experienced mystics are important in avoiding dangerous delusions. Alas, such preparation and support have been in short supply.

But things are calming down; the embers of the fire in the lower town are cooling, and the rest of the settlement was well isolated from the trouble. Some more of the pilgrims have slipped away, understandably in the face of the troubles -- and I admit to giving some of them a guiding hand to do so -- but some still remain.

The mothers and children continue to thrive, safe in their refuge, though perhaps bored with the monotony of the food. Enough time has passed that Rom and Naetha's boys have been named: Phocas, the fractious one; Acherbas, calm and almost thoughtful; and Malqartas, of kingly strength. In time we will see them all again.

My daughter Dioscura continues to be very quiet, but she is starting to take interest in activities, in grooming and dressing, and she has been helping Selinua in some of the daily chores of cleaning the temple. I hope that her pains are healing. She even smiled once yesterday.

As the wise have said, adversity tends to simplify. It is to you that I look in this time to help guide us out of the pinch of hunger. Though our fishery continues to prosper, and shellfish are abundant, we will be calling upon wild foods hunted, trapped, and gathered to support the remains of our stores. I hope the party of pilgrims that I sent your way has been helpful as extra hands in gathering, and as experienced eyes in discovering food to sustain us. I look forward to your news.

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter.

CYCLE 11

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 6/4/2014 2:15

Hunter,

The fire grows & it acts as if it is seeking out Aurum around the colony. I have seen with my own eyes large flames reach out from what a second before was dying embers to consume even the smallest trinkets made of the stuff.

This Aurum, when burned against flesh, leaves a shadow of its shape behind on the flesh that shines in the dark with a ghostly green light! You will know this is what has happened to people with glowing, sometimes intricate designs burned into their flesh. I warn you to be on the lookout for anyone with a glowing Hakziab symbol on their chest!

SGT Hamilcar--

CYCLE 11

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 6/4/2014 2:17

Brewer,

The fire grows & acts as if it is seeking out Aurum around the colony. I have seen with my own eyes large flames reach out from what a second before was dying embers to consume even the smallest trinkets made of the stuff.

This Aurum, when burned against flesh, leaves a shadow of its shape behind on the flesh that shines in the dark with a ghostly green light! You will know this is what has happened to people with glowing, sometimes intricate designs burned into their flesh. I warn you to be on the lookout for anyone with a glowing Hakziab symbol on their chest!

SGT Hamilcar--

CYCLE 11

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 6/4/2014 2:18

Governor,

The fire grows & acts as if it is seeking out Aurum around the colony. I have seen with my own eyes large flames reach out from what a second before was dying embers to consume even the smallest trinkets made of the stuff.

This Aurum, when burned against flesh, leaves a shadow of its shape behind on the flesh that shines in the dark with a ghostly green light! You will know this is what has happened to people with glowing, sometimes intricate designs burned into their flesh. I warn you to be on the lookout for anyone with a glowing Hakziab symbol on their chest!

SGT Hamilcar--

CYCLE 11

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT TO: THORSTEN XANTHIPPIUS: THE GENERAL

DATE: 6/4/2014 2:19

General,

The fire grows & acts as if it is seeking out Aurum around the colony. I have seen with my own eyes large flames reach out from what a second before was dying embers to consume even the smallest trinkets made of the stuff.

This Aurum, when burned against flesh, leaves a shadow of its shape behind on the flesh that shines in the dark with a ghostly green light! You will know this is what has happened to people with glowing, sometimes intricate designs burned into their flesh. I warn you to be on the lookout for anyone with a glowing Hakziab symbol on their chest!

SGT Hamilcar--

CYCLE 11

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 6/4/2014 2:19

Carpenter,

The fire grows & acts as if it is seeking out Aurum around the colony. I have seen with my own eyes large flames reach out from what a second before was dying embers to consume even the smallest trinkets made of the stuff.

This Aurum, when burned against flesh, leaves a shadow of its shape behind on the flesh that shines in the dark with a ghostly green light! You will know this is what has happened to people with glowing, sometimes intricate designs burned into their flesh. I warn you to be on the lookout for anyone with a glowing Hakziab symbol on their chest!

SGT Hamilcar--

CYCLE 11

FROM: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 6/4/2014 2:20

Philosopher,

The fire grows & acts as if it is seeking out Aurum around the colony. I have seen with my own eyes large flames reach out from what a second before was dying embers to consume even the smallest trinkets made of the stuff.

This Aurum, when burned against flesh, leaves a shadow of its shape behind on the flesh that shines in the dark with a ghostly green light! You will know this is what has happened to people with glowing, sometimes intricate designs burned into their flesh. I warn you to be on the lookout for anyone with a glowing Hakziab symbol on their chest!

SGT Hamilcar--

CYCLE 11 CASTOR HIMILCO TO JAKE HAMILCAR

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 6/4/2014 3:31

Sgt. Hamilcar,

All the better that we're getting the last embers extinguished. Fortunately we're not seeing anything like that at the upper town, but the only fires in the Temple are small lamp flames.

With some of the pilgrims leaving -- I think they found some way round the wall at night -- there are few left in the camp, and most of the remaining pilgrims are sheltering in the workmen's bunkhouses for a bit more security than the tents and lean-tos of the camp.

Have you seen the proclamation by Queen Sarah? I heard it was delivered in a number of copies at the gate in Mago's Wall, but while the guards were dickering with the messengers -- warriors in gilded armor, I understand -- there were a number of other copies discovered, already posted in prominent places around town. With her coronation coming up after the equinox, we still have time to prepare. It certainly looks like her authentic seal, and who wouldn't want to rule a place called Aurum Dorado if it's peaceful and prosperous. Perhaps it is as she suspected, that our ancient origins are in this country, and we are returning from exile to take our rightful place.

The only Hakziab I've seen were on their way to be roasted. They still appear to be rather dull-witted for such fierce-looking birds.

I will keep my eyes sharply open for any strange glowing green manifestations, as will my watchdog Horrie-Wog, who has proved a gem.

Best,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 11

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 6/4/2014 3:45

Friend Salicar,

You have been quite circumspect in your comings and goings, but I see that you have availed yourself of some of my caches. Use them in good health!

I have a suspicion that you are behind the proclamations from Queen Sarah nailed up around town. If this is so, then blessings and thanks! Our community is in sore need of something to focus on besides the constant clamor of calamity and confusion. With her coronation day at the new moon after the Equinox, we have some time to straighten things out here and get a delegation together.

Sgt. Hamilcar seems to be chasing a suspicious person who can be identified by the green-glowing outline of a hakziab bird on his chest. If you see anyone glowing green, it would seem like a good idea to avoid them and go find some place to lie down quietly for a while.

At least the infants and their mothers are doing well, at sufficient remove from town to be in a calm, restful location with ample if monotonous food. The boys now have names, the customary time in Naetha's tradition having passed: Phocas, Acherbas, and Malqartas, make of those what you will. Their hair is thickening and growing in, and they are thriving.

Dioscura is also perking up. She is helping Selinua with simple daily tasks like cleaning the Temple.

The team of woods-wise pilgrims I sent to Feegle Hanno have returned with a large basket of miscellaneous roots and greens, then decamped again. I'm looking to the pilgrims among my working teams to indicate how they may be best cooked and served. Things are looking up in the area of food, I would say.

May Despoine Poseidonia and the nameless Lord of the City smile upon you.

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

RE: CYCLE 11

FROM: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 6/4/2014 17:12

Aurum shines upon the skin
Aurum burns with lasting fury
Aurum marks the god-spawned twin
Destined ruler, judge, and jury

Aurum seeks the fallen ones
Restoration of their home
Chaos' servants, daughters, sons
Lay claim to their rightful throne



A PLACE OF REFUGE

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 6/4/2014 19:12

Salicar,

Surprised t'hear ye speak ill of Himlico - others I've heard from seem t'take a more favorable view of his influence on the colony. Still, while I've corresponded with the man, I've never met him in person, and I'll freely admit that it's hard t'take the measure of a man before ye've shaken his hand. If yer still feelin' the pinch of his presence in the town, I'd invite ye t'take refuge in my cottage. 'Tis found inside the borders of Kamenstol forest, and with the exception of Mathos, I'm not certain that anyone knows precisely how t'find their way there. Ask after me in Talu; I'll send word to my friends there that if ye ask, they should guide you there. Plenty of quiet and isolation, and Huntress willing, it may give you time to find yer centre again. I think ye may even be able t'salvage my original shack 'round back, if ye want to repurpose it t'make some of yer brew. I'm headed back t'the colony shortly, but the journey promises to be long, and I'm not sure how long it will take. Regardless of when I arrive, though, yer welcome t'stay as long as ye need.

Yrs.

FH-----

FeeGLE Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto

<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

THE WEAKNESS OF THE HAKZIAB

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 6/4/2014 20:30

Hamilcar,

Am currently makin' my way downriver toward the colony from Loda.

Correspondence indicates that the settlement proper is in rough shape, and been thinkin' it might be useful fer me t'be nearby, in case my expertise is necessary. More t'the point, though, thought you might like to hear of my latest encounter with the Hakziab. The river carries past the nesting grounds I found on my way inland, and as I approached the region, I took care t'stay out of sight, and on the west bank of the river. 'Twas my hope that this would minimize the chance of an encounter with the beasts.

At the point where I judged myself about halfway through the most dangerous area, Mischief, my companion, growled low. I turned t'see him eyin' a Hakziab who'd sunck up t'my flank. I turned t'face it, preparin' to dodge t'one side, but moved slow and silent as I could. T'my surprise, it froze and seemed t'be lookin' around, as if it couldn't see me. Mischief was still growlin' at it, but neither of us were movin' at all. The beast took a step forward, and I held my breath, but I didn't move. After a moment, it squawked and took to the air, without attackin' either one of us. Not really sure if it was the growlin' of Mischief or the lack of motion, but somethin' kept the bird from attackin' us. If I have cause t'try further - and Huntress willin', I won't - I'll keep ye informed of what I learn.

Yrs.FH-----

FeeGLE Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto

<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

THE STATE OF THE CROPS

FROM: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

TO: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

DATE: 6/4/2014 20:49

Himilco,

Ashamed as I am to admit it, it may be my fault that the soldiers have been abusing the local flora. It was recommended to my by the madman Mathos, and I passed on the recommendation to him. I haven't seen the damage I've wrought, and I don't look forward to the evidence of my failings bein' on public display. I only hope I haven't injured or killed too many people in m'negligence. I'm headed back t'the colony from inland, and I wanted t'let ye know that the crops in Talu are ready t'be harvested. There's a number of farmers in Talu who've started bringin' in grain - seems the rains were not too damagin' of the fields, and I'm optimistic that it'll provide food for some time. On top o' that, I hope t'soon be back in Kamenstol, and workin' to provide for the colony again. 'Tis my hope that I'll be able to make amends for the damage fer which I'm responsible.

Yrs.FH-----

FeeGLE Hanno the hunter

Colony of Callisto

<<https://plus.google.com/u/1/communities/101267880206923063919>>

CASTOR HIMILCO TO FEEGLE HANNO, CYCLE 12

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: FEEGLE HANNO: THE HUNTER

DATE: 6/6/2014 19:24

FeeGLE,

Wonderful news on the crops in Talu!

We have already had a thanksgiving feast of the first harvest, together with fish, clams, and native vegetables. There were still some of the sweet red cliff-berries to be gathered near the beach. You might look for similar sandy bluffs touched by mist in case there are other places they grow.

With the abatement of the emergencies, the Hekademia is getting back toward normal business. The children are so curious about the country round. If you could come visit and tell stories of what you have seen on your travels, they would be very grateful.

The town is abuzz with the announcement from Queen Sarah. Where is Aurum Dorado? Presumably upriver. I asked my daughter Dioscura, who was last to see the Queen and her party on the day of the earthquake. But she had nothing to tell; perhaps it is yet farther inland than anyone has seen. I only caught the barest glimpse of the gold-armored warriors as they were delivering the Queen's notice. It is her seal and her paper, and the writing is finely educated, so I take it as a proclamation of the Queen herself. Yet there must be some agent inside town, for as soon as the warriors were seen at the gate, several copies had already been posted around town, including a copy tacked to the Sun Pole.

I look forward to journeying around myself as things are well settled in town.

Selinua sends her greetings.

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

CASTOR HIMILCO TO BRAD SALICAR, CYCLE 12

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BRAD SALICAR: THE BREWER

DATE: 6/9/2014 19:42

Friend Salicar,

You are still as elusive as ever. Though my workman Scar said that he saw you down by the river at twilight talking with my daughter Dioscura and one of the native children who had a bat on a string, hawking after the insects that rise over the water at day's end. Dioscura admits to nothing. If it was indeed you, I charge you to deal gently with her. She is still hurt in soul and body from her lonely return from the Queen's sundered expedition.

Yet all may be well. It is my hope that Queen Sarah will be in a good position to give us aid as sovereign of Aurum Dorado. I am endeavoring to put the town in order so that I may be part of the delegation to attend her coronation. I hope that before that time, we may learn more of her situation and how our settlement may have harmonious and prosperous commerce with Queen Sarah's new domain.

Our hunter Feegle reports that the crops in the rocky farmland, Talu, are ready for the first harvest, and indeed, we have had a celebration of their bounty. I feel that events are finally rewarding our earnest efforts. I have made a thank-offering to the Lady of the Land, Despoinë Poseidonia, for her blessings. If you have noticed more in the caches this week, that is the reason. Perhaps the sack of barley I have included can be put to use in a barrel in a cool, hidden corner to revive your trade.

One of the herbalists is starting to brew a spiced honey mead. Her first efforts have been lacking. I miss your deft touch in blending and brewing, and your careful attention to all details. Come back as soon as you can!

Feegle plans to return to the forest soon. There is often good hunting in the harvest season.

May all the gods smile upon you,

Castor Himilco, Citizen and Carpenter

CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 12

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 6/10/2014 1:11

Mathos,

It is my hope that these words will find you, wherever you are on earth, above, or beneath. Our settlement is turning for the better, and there is interesting news from Queen Sarah.

We have enjoyed the first-fruits celebration from the harvest of the rocky farmland at Talu. The produce of the fields, together with the wild foods hunted and gathered in the forest and meadows, were abundant and satisfying. The children danced and sang in celebration.

The Hekademia is settling back into an almost regular rhythm of learning, with the youngest learning their songs and words and manners, the middle ones learning their letters and numbers, and the older ones learning all manner of wisdom, rhetoric, and means of thoughtful discussion.

Any week now, I expect the town to be sufficiently settled for the children to return from their island refuge. They are thriving, at every report, and one of the boys is starting to crawl about.

The workers are helping with the harvest, with the remaining pilgrims helping most particularly with gathering wild foods. My construction workers will soon be turning back toward building more permanent houses to replace the huts lost from the lower town. My restless, inventive workman Scar has been looking at the rocky farmland and proposing ways to remove rocks and grade it to expand its productivity for the coming season. My daughter Dioscura is slowly recovering her balance of humors. Selinua has been working closely with her, giving her little tasks in the temple. a constant support. She reminds me to comb my hair and beard, to oil and scrape, and to stand tall, for only so will I be able to lead our workers for the best results.

My thoughts and prayers to you,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

NEWS

FROM: THE MODERATOR

TO: NEWS

DATE: 6/5/2014

The children are doing well in their secret refuge on Clambake Isle. The girl Maharbë seems to have an affinity for the sea. The three boys have been named: Phocas, the fighter; Acherbas, the thinker; and Malqartas, of regal strength.

The fire that is consuming the lower town behaves strangely: it seems to seek out Aurum and burn those who carry it, leaving behind markings that glow with green phosphorance in the dark. Several people have reportedly been sighted with elaborate glowing representations of a hakziab bird on their chest.

Having viewed the children, some of the pilgrims have been leaving. Others remain.

A proclamation from the Queen has been delivered by a mysterious delegation in glittering armor, announcing that she is to be proclaimed queen of someplace called Aurum Dorado. Numerous copies have already been posted around town.

The harvest has begun in Talu. Mostly untouched by the damage to the lower fields, the crops seem to be in fine shape and will likely be able to supply food for the colony for some time to come.

EXPLORATION

FROM: THE MODERATOR

DATE: 6/5/2014

TO: NEWS

A root vegetable, starchy and nutritious, has been discovered on the island. It makes an excellent addition to the local clams when used in chowder.

CASTOR HIMILCO TO MATHOS, CYCLE 12 (FIXED)

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER TO: BOB MATHOS: THE PHILSOPHER

DATE: 6/10/2014 1:15

(OOC: pressed send too early! restating last paragraph.)

Mathos, It is my hope that these words will find you, wherever you are on earth, above, or beneath. Our settlement is turning for the better, and there is interesting news from Queen Sarah.

We have enjoyed the first-fruits celebration from the harvest of the rocky farmland at Talu. The produce of the fields, together with the wild foods hunted and gathered in the forest and meadows, were abundant and satisfying. The children danced and sang in celebration.

The Hekademia is settling back into an almost regular rhythm of learning, with the youngest learning their songs and words and manners, the middle ones learning their letters and numbers, and the older ones learning all manner of wisdom, rhetoric, and means of thoughtful discussion.

Any week now, I expect the town to be sufficiently settled for the children to return from their island refuge. They are thriving, at every report, and one of the boys is starting to crawl about.

The workers are helping with the harvest, with the remaining pilgrims helping most particularly with gathering wild foods. My construction workers will soon be turning back toward building more permanent houses to replace the huts lost from the lower town. My restless, inventive workman Scar has been looking at the rocky farmland and proposing ways to remove rocks and grade it to expand its productivity for the coming season. My daughter Dioscura is slowly recovering her balance of humors. My watchdog Horrie-Wog (named by Rom's wife Naetha) seems devoted to her, which helps greatly. Selinua has been working closely with her, giving her little tasks in the temple. I even caught her walking with long strides, swinging one of my old hammers the way she used to.

My thoughts and prayers to you,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

CASTOR HIMILCO TO JAKE HAMILCAR, CYCLE 12

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: JAKE HAMILCAR: THE SERGEANT

DATE: 6/10/2014 1:27

Sgt. Hamilcar,

Things are looking up in town. We've had our first harvest festival from the crops starting to come in from Talu, and Feegle Hanno reports that there should be plenty more from the rocky farmland there. He's looking forward to getting back to his regular forest trails now that the food situation near the settlement has improved. Most of the pilgrims have left -- either after the presentation of the children, or after the dire events of the fire and rising water. Some have stayed, and are pitching in with the workmen, with the more woods-wise using their skills to gather wild food and support us all.

I'm looking forward to getting the town in hand because I want to be part of the delegation to Queen Sarah's coronation at Aurum Dorado. My best hope is that our Queen will be sovereign of a strong, friendly city of people who know the land well, and will be our staunch allies as our nation grows. I have passed the word to my workmen but I have had no authentic reports of people with green-glowing marks. However, with their sharp eyes looking in every corner, one of them caught a confused young Hakziab within the walls. It made good eating.

My workmen are helping with the harvest but will be shifting soon toward improving our housing stock for the season ahead. My inventive workman Scar is part of the harvest contingent and has been suggesting several ways to improve the grade and drainage of the rocky farmland near Talu to improve our production there.

Best,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

RE: CASTOR HIMILCO TO NICK BARCA, CYCLE 12

FROM: CASTOR HIMILCO: THE CARPENTER

TO: NICK BARCA: THE GOVERNOR

DATE: 6/10/2014 1:36

Honored Governor,

I am pleased to report that the peace, order, and food situations in our town have improved. You will find with this message a basket of first-fruits from the rocky farmland near Talu, where harvest is beginning. They promise to be excellent in quality and quantity, and will make up for much of what we have lost. We will still be eating more clams, fish, and starchy tubers than we had planned, but there will be no hunger. The notices posted around town from Queen Sarah Solaris requesting a delegation to attend her coronation have been the talk of the town. I earnestly hope to be part of that delegation, and have grounds for that hope as conditions in town improve.

Indeed, I hope that the infants and their mothers may return soon if things continue as they have done. My daughter Dioscura is recovering steadily. She is still skittish and shy, but her humors are returning to better balance, and she is helping clean and prepare the Temple. My watchdog is devoted to her, which seems to reassure her greatly.

The priestess Selinua sends another note for you, enclosed and separately sealed. She had an amused look on her face when presenting it to me to include with this message.

With greatest respect,

Castor Himilco, citizen and carpenter

