
The Arcosian Pernee

Oneday. 1 Sandir. 4542 FC Arcos's Town Criers since 1388 FC News from the Alimides and Beyond

Trian navy invades Alimides

Rauros. On Threeday, 37 Faldir, the Trian navy invaded the port of Rauros, capital of Roaria. The Roarians closed the city gates and defended the city walls, holding off the invading army. However, the city is expected by most observers to quickly fall.

This is the first act of aggression by the empire of Tria against the Alimides ever. All nations in the Alimides are watching carefully in case of further assaults. The Elaran Council in Sheliar is expected to summon the assembly of elders to elect a king. In Galadhur, King Thust summoned the nobles to his court. Coastal ocean traffic is being closely watched for trouble.

This will be the first time in 345 years that the Elaran council has elected a king. As many readers will remember, the last king (Themeria) negotiated a peaceful end to the march of Lellendrile, the fruitarian. Many expect that the new king, once elected, will raise the Elaran Guard and prepare the country for an invasion.

Tria has been expanding rapidly since 4157 FC, when Emperor Ilían III conquered the neighboring country of Thiria.

Adventurer's Guild refuses to grant membership in Arcos

Freeport. The Adventurer's Guild today refused to allow the Arcos chapterhouse the right to grant memberships in the Guild. Currently, membership is only granted to new members at the Guild Hall in Freeport, where applicants must pass a test to see if they qualify for membership privileges.

The Adventurer's Guild is an international organization based in Freeport. The Guild Hall in Freeport is well known because it is by tradition a sovereign realm within the nation of Galadhur. The status of the Guild dates back thousands of years, when the Guild played a central role in the development of Galadhur's naval power and national image. In fact, adventurers have constitutionally recognized rights in Galadhur. These rights are typically recognized throughout the Alimides.

Tales of bygone days: Farman's Opera

Back in the days of history
an elf named Farman composed
great operas for the House.

The house was made with stunning grace:
'Twas wrought of stone but looked like trees.
The boughs arched in the sky.

There they met in silver leaves
reflecting light of sun and moon
down to galleries.

And in the myriad branches perched
the elves who came to watch the shows
displayed on stage below.

Farman's shows grew more intense,
Each more full than the last
with hate and love and passion.

Finally the shell of calm
was shattered. The audience grew mad
and broke off leaves for daggers.

In their rage they rushed the stage.
Every player was killed, the band
entire killed as well.

The angry mob rushed out the back
and rampaged through the city streets
killing hither and thither.

running up every step, climbing up
every tree, 'till all were dead.
And then they slew themselves.