

# UNITY NEWS

THE LATEST STORIES FROM ALBION

## Albion Mourns the loss of her King

With permission from the Lord General, Martyn Tarragon, a report into the mission to rescue the King and his subsequent death at the hands of the evil creature Calligar, can now be reported. Frank accounts given by many of the brave men and women who fought in the rescue attempt have been summarized as follows:

An Avatar of Puck turned up in camp during the second day of the Moot told everyone he knew where King was and to come quick to help save him. They transported to the Vale of York, where they were met by waves of unliving, Calligar followers and corrupted Ents.

Puck led the way through most of it.

However, after a short fight the King's body was found. There was much sadness at his loss but the



The Young King lies in State in the Albion Camp

battle was not over, They bravely fought their way back to the transport point.

The Lord Provost, Tristis Prynse Coltree was quoted as saying. "The king was killed by an avatar of Calligar who was trying to corrupt his pattern and dedicate it to Calligar himself. It pains me to say that we lost our king, we can confirm however that we stopped the pattern corruption and the King's pattern now rests safely with Albion's Ancestors".

### ATTENTION ALL ALBIONES!

People of Albion, for those of you who can reach the Great Erdrejan Fair in Gryphon's lands at the end of May, there will be a mustering of Harts in the **Tavern at 1 o'clock in the afternoon**, to enable the Royal and Privy Councils to

## News from the Caledonia Border: Base set up in Dollar

News has arrived from Kianan McAwylwyn of the Bards Guild that "The Lairds of Caledonia have given permission to open the borders to Albion refugees and the Thanes have granted permission to pass through the Wall". The great Master Thomas

of the Armourers Guild and Kellan McSnaga are leading the army to Berwick to try and retrieve as much of the people and supplies there as they can and defend their exodus back to the Wall. refugee camps are to be set up at Dollar (the vacated Armourers

Guild House) where the Earl of Lincoln Wyck Cardan, will set up his base. The Earl said "I anticipate our people being in Caledonia for up to 6 months before we can resettle them in Dragon lands."

## Messages from the Ancestors Guide The people to safety

An account of the incredible Rite held to aid Albion in her time of need by Lady Ash Dracha, Arch High Incantor:

“A meeting at the Guild area had been arranged on Sunday, which the Harts attended en masse to confirm the numerous issues and to ask the Guilds for aid. During this meeting, I agreed to attempt a rite in order to create an army of Ancestors to help with the safe evacuation of the remaining individuals on Albion. It was made clear that this would not be an easy task and would require a large amount of thaumic power as well as an organised show of faith from the Harts in order to achieve

this objective. We spoke to a number of other individuals across all the other Nations, including those who have displayed strength in their faith such as Snowy, Kal, Kal'is, Solitaire, and K a l e - na...from the information gathered, it was clear that Calligar and the Trinity were already engaged in a war on the ancestral plane. At approximately 8pm on Sunday evening of the Moot around 60 individuals



Albion burns but is people escape to safety

joined this rite, The rite called on all 3 aspects of the Trinity: The Hunter, The Pendragon, and Nethras. Finally we asked any and all other Harts, and people from the Heartlands, to worship their own ancestors in support. Everyone involved poured their thaumic power into our focus for the rite - our Sword of the Ancestors, Ancarulien - which was then put in the hands of Kal'is, Champion of the Dark Faith and

Blade of the Dark College, whom I had appointed to lead whatever army we had been successful in creating. At the end of the rite, we knew it had been successful as we all received a vision of Kal'is in front of the army, and he and our sword had disappeared...Kal'is and the Ancestral Army travelled through the dreams of Albion granting the knowledge of how best...to escape.”

A full account of Kal'is' battle against the Calligar forces will be serialised in coming additions of this newspaper.

## Songs of Hope for the People

“A JOY TO HEAR...”

“MARVELOUS...WE'VE BEEN SINGING IT ALL THE WAY FROM WATERFORD.”

A new song has been penned by Orric Hulce, the enigmatic Earl of Bristol in commemoration of the recent loss of our homelands. The Earl, not widely known for his Bardic skills, was somewhat coy about the song, entitled ‘You Can't take the Harts from Me’ and stated in a recent interview that “The people of Albion needed something to rally around, and this just

came to my mind as we helped rescue the people of Boscastle.”

When asked, several evacuees said the new song was “A joy to hear...” and “marvelous...we've been singing it all the way from Waterford.”

## The storm saved my life!

Me and me family was living in a small village near Lincoln. That week, where it rained so much and the wild started to attack was the worst of our lives. We had bolted the door of our cottage and put the table over the window and piled the rest of the furniture against the table to keep the nature out. Greta said we would last for maybe a week with the food we had, Greta is me wife. She was keeping the little-in quiet but I think she thought this

was our last days of this life. I must have dropped off because the next I knew I was walking with my family to the coast. It's only a few miles away but it's through a dark wood and with the wolves and things it was dangerous. But as I thought that, I knew that if we stayed we would die but if we left and made for the coast we may survive. Then I woke. I told Greta what I dreamed and she said she dreamed the same. We packed up all we could carry and unbolted the door. We

went out and through the wood. I could hear animals between the trees but none came towards us until we had nearly go through then this big wolf stood in our path. It had foam around its mouth and murder in its eyes. I looked around for something to defend with but before a had a chance the wolf charged. It got half way towards us and I thought this was it but then lightning struck a tree near us and it seemed to startle the creature. It may have

been blinded by the flash or maybe it was the noise that scared it but whatever it was that wolf ran off into the wood like all of hell was behind it. We ran from there and made it to the coast with no more problems. Many others where there being loaded onto this fishing boat. A new world lay ahead, it will be hard but at least we are still alive.

**Experiences of Harry Busby, Farmer.**

## Storms over Albion

The beautiful Lady Eloise Hunter returned safe from Albion having journeyed to Ely to assess the nature of the giant storm.

"I travelled with a band of people from several nations for the sake of Albion, transported by Ittamin. The land of Ely was flooded and the storm raged all around the transport circle. Rath began a rite to enable those of us with certain skills to be able to identify any ancestral activity in the storm." she recounted. "Just as lightning struck one of our party, I was able to see the Hunter himself in the clouds above as an animal baring his fangs against Calligar,

another animal pouncing to attack. Burntskar, who herself has a strange connection to the past, saw this also. For the sake of the party's safety we were transported back to Dubluth, but on arrival Burntskar and I attacked each other, so affected were we by our visions of the ancestors in the clouds. It was something we both regretted immediately and there is no enmity between us. All in the party was brave and generous of their safety. Albion Forever!" The Lady Eloise has now returned to her family who have taken up residence in Cymrija

## Strength Through Unity

Our Lord Marshall Cuthbert Charenten is working hard to coordinate the rescue of Albion's people he has asked that the following be printed.

"Dukes and Duchesses are co-ordinating their landed nobles in a concerted effort to evacuate all souls from the land. They continue to visit each country containing evacuees to show presence and assist their displaced peoples, passing on news of the fight against Calligar."

"Albion's military forces have been strategically deployed to assist in the evacuation, and alongside noble and non-noble Harts alike are working together to gather intelligence to formulate a plan of attack against Albion's strongest enemy yet".

## Report from Bollington

"The evacuation of Bollington and surrounding areas was made with an ordered haste by the people." As reported by the Baron himself, Dean Grey. "With water levels rising in the Trell marshes and the rivers flooding, travel was difficult. Driven by the vision from the Trinity, people packed light and departed their homes. The efforts of the transporters was seemingly endless. Families were sent together and checked off for destination as they were

sent. With ranger reports arriving of the encroachment from the west of the Sherburn and Blue Belle woods, escape for the people was either Bollington or Crowsfield. Some were able to reach Winchester where the Ritual circle there was being used as a transport site. Important papers and the like were saved from Bollington manor and sent along with the household staff to a safe location. With flood waters rising all the time, the superb efforts of

the Mages and watchers managed to evacuate all those who stood and waited to be sent to safer locations."

Baron Grey has taken residence in Ravenscar, along with the rest of the Order of the Black Hand and many of the people of Bollington.



**"THE EVACUATION OF BOLLINGTON AND SURROUNDING AREAS WAS MADE WITH ORDERED HASTE BY THE PEOPLE. "**

## NOT THE MOTHER!

It was the day before the storm and I was just about to open the tavern, I'm the owner of "The Kings Head" in Hingham just outside Ludlow. A priest walked into the bar and said he was a priest of the Mother and she was going to come and bless us in person. Well I have met many men that have seen the ancestors but mostly that's after a heavy night on the booze, but sober

not so many. As I was about to tell him this it got dark and cold. Something had walked into my bar that was not natural and defiantly not the Mother. I have a few abilities in identifying those that are no longer alive and I recognised this thing as a Lord Spectre. I've had experience with these sort of things from my days in the army and I knew that I was as good as dead but at

that point another priest came in. He told that thing that he had found the path into the mountains which they were looking for and they were ready to go. The creature looked at me, smiled, then turned and left, it would appear it wanted to get to the mountains more than it wanted to end my life. I am not staying to find out if it will be coming back. *Flynn Gregson*

### SEARCHING FOR:

Lost - Portly ginger cat, answers to the name Buster, last seen Londinium area.

Found - in need of a loving home and a dry towel - very wet ginger cat, Newcastle

## LONELY HARTS:

Demonologist looking to connect with like minded Harts, must like the colour blue.

SWF with no morals and a GSOH, WLTM single male beastkin with own tent for nights of animal passion.

Tall elf looking for a night of blood and tears, genuine responses only to Lazarus c/o the Dragons camp

Tall, handsome, well-built, articulate, intelligent, yet grossly inaccurate umbral. (Cynics may say 'pathological liar, but I like to use 'creative with reality') looking for partner, apply to Satharial - the Crows of Albion

Lonely female healer would like to meet injury prone male for mutually beneficial relationship.

Well dressed unselie Fay, slim build, seeks alibi for the evening of May 21st between 8pm and midnight.

Shy but fun loving beastkin seeks pack.

### AN ACCOUNT OF AETHELRED, BROTHER OF NETHRAS. TRANSCRIBED BY EORL FAIRFAX, BARD OF HOUSE FISHER.

"It were wet, but yas know that by the look of yer. Drowned rats looked better comin off the ships than yer lot. That Earl ah yer walkin as he? I hear tell his alchemy pals been whizzing about by them circles, aint none of that fer us and ours. Werent no warnin, never is like is there when trouble comes. It hit coast and minuts later its comin down t'spire like Nethras were takin a piss off the vane.

Its good job i had folks round fer morning prayer and they wrapped up warm, thrtly two of us t'were made our way out from there. Thirteen days took us t'walk up here and get past that damned wall, half starved to death by time we got t'camp. Bread and wine don't keep that long in dark times. Lost old Des on way like, he were five and sixty if he were a day, couldn't hack the moors, not with them knees. Bless Nethras 'is old missus were long gone and his kids died with that bloody disease fifteen month back, suppose that were part of it, he 'ad nowt t'live for.

Now ere we are. Cale-bloody-donia. I seen more skirt here than down t'hall on dancin night and too few women wearin' it! But its like Nethras teaches eh? Persevere we will, Albion will be ours again, 'spect that Earl up t'road in Dollar is already plottin' vengeance in her name or t'Dragons for Des and all t'others we lost or left back there. And bloody right n' all. Aye, Albion Forever s'long as I still got breath in me."

### AN ACCOUNT OF MERTON, OF DURHAM, MESSAGED BY SERGEANT KEVAN WHITINGHAM OF THE DURHAM CITY GUARD

I write this here in the hopes a mother, father, uncle, aunt or other may see this and know this boy. Young Merton is no more than nine years of age, he has fair hair and plane grey green eyes. I found him at Inch Colm, but am taking him to Dollar with the others. You can find me there.

"Hello. Sorry i'm wet. Mummy has me cloak. This nice man gave me this sheet to keep off rain, it didn't work. Have you seen her? Shes not as tall as you, she had blonde hair like your sister though. I lost her at the river when we crossed. I cried. I know I should be brave like a soldier like you, my daddy was a soldier too mummy says, I miss her."

Please if any of the above rings true, seek me and young Merton out. My name is Kevan, I am a member of the Durham City Guard. I'm as tall as a good long spear and the woman with me has hair like summer buttercups. He says he was from a village called Stannington, I do not know it.