

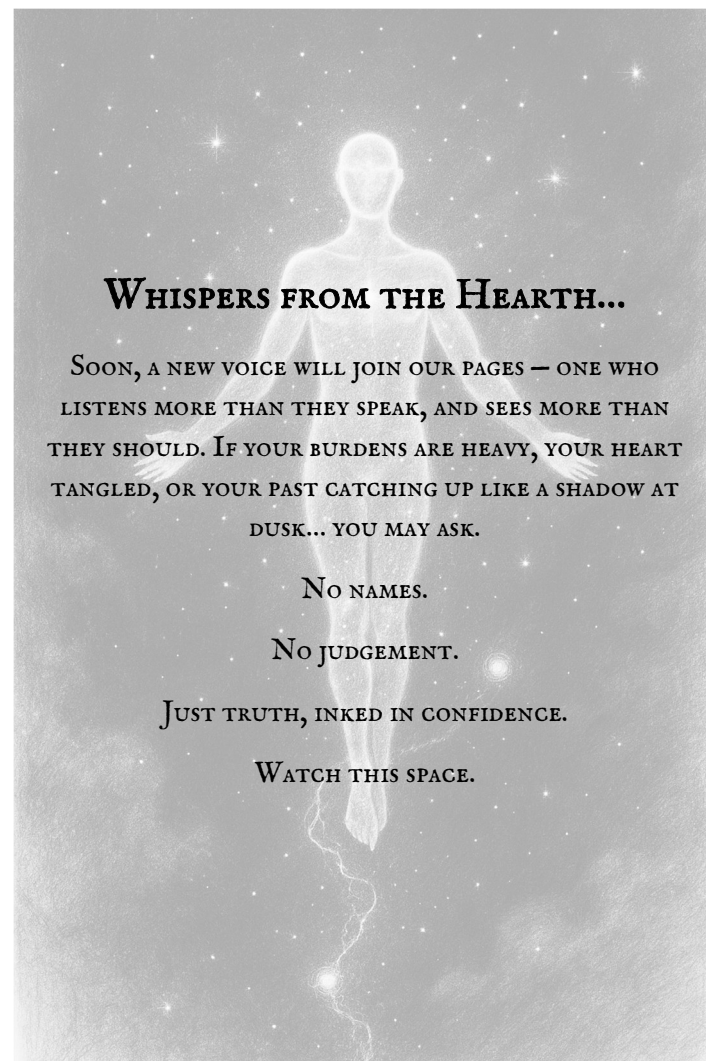
Thousand Island Marketing Emporium

Potions, Scrolls, Crafting & More...



Residing in The Harts

Ask for Norin Blackwood of the
Kronos



WHISPERS FROM THE HEARTH...

SOON, A NEW VOICE WILL JOIN OUR PAGES — ONE WHO
LISTENS MORE THAN THEY SPEAK, AND SEES MORE THAN
THEY SHOULD. IF YOUR BURDENS ARE HEAVY, YOUR HEART
TANGLED, OR YOUR PAST CATCHING UP LIKE A SHADOW AT
DUSK... YOU MAY ASK.

NO NAMES.

NO JUDGEMENT.

JUST TRUTH, INKED IN CONFIDENCE.

WATCH THIS SPACE.

THE HOLLOW LEDGER

Editor's Summary

To all those holding these ink-stained pages — thank you. Whether borrowed, bartered, or brazenly lifted from a crate, you now possess the very first issue of The Albion Inkwell, printed in Winchester, pressed with purpose, and sent out in service to the truth of Albion.

Within these pages lie whispers, warnings, and wonder — stories of battle, mystery, laughter, and tea. But it is your stories we want next.

Speak with our roving quill-wielders. Share what you've seen. Or better yet — write to us. Send word, parchment, or poetic rambling to The Inkwell Office, Winchester. We read every letter. Some we even understand.

Until next issue — ink well, stay curious, and remember:

Strength Through Unity. Albion Prevails.

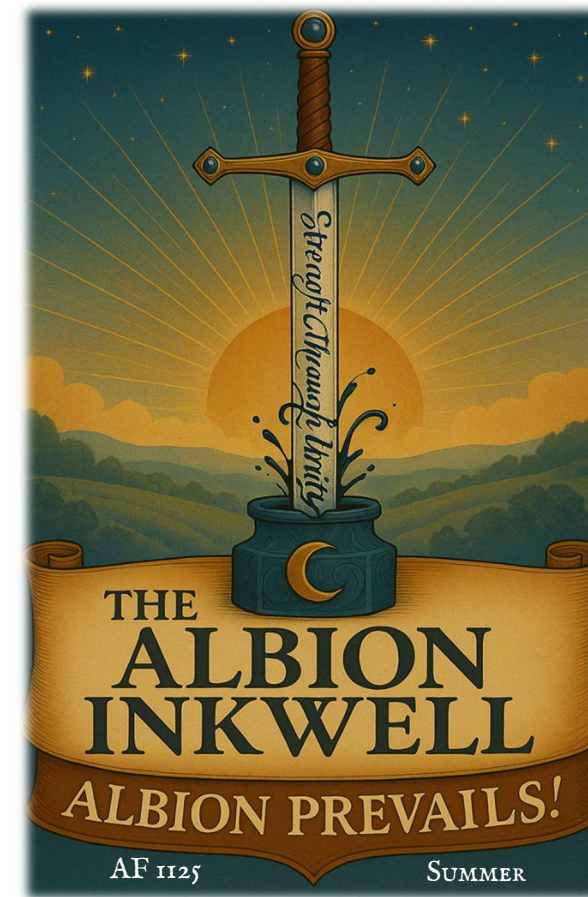
— P. Wilston Hollow

Editor-in-Quill, The Albion Inkwell

Battle Report

Mists on the Mlobe

The Gilded Lotus



ISSUE 1

Dortigern

Chatting With Dotty

Your Story's

Rhiannon of Albion: Bardic Brilliance Burns Bright at the Fayre

BY DOTTY QUIMBLE, INK-STAINED HALFLING OF THE TRUTH

It is not often that the people of Albion rise as one to praise the stirring words of a bard. But this past Fortune Fayre, amid the hum of traders and the clash of blades, a single voice stilled the crowd and stirred the soul.

Rhiannon — adventurer, storyteller, and Harts loyalist — graced the bardic competition with her retelling of Beowulf. But to call it a mere retelling is to call the Pendragon a simple knight. It was not recitation; it was resurrection. Through her words, the hall was transformed into a mead-hall of old, where the courage of one echoed in the hearts of all.

She placed second.

But to those who heard her, she came first in spirit.

There was something undeniable in her presence — not just in her voice, which lilted like the wind across Winchester's meadows — but in the quiet way she commanded the stage, unburdened by arrogance, elevated by passion. As the final note fell, a hush clung to the air like mist over Avalon.

Many said she could be the next Master Bard of Albion. I say give it time — she may yet be more.

For in Rhiannon, we find the very soul of our people: brave, eloquent, and rooted in truth. Her tale of Beowulf was not just a performance, but a call — a reminder that even as darkness presses in, there are still voices willing to sing light back into the world.

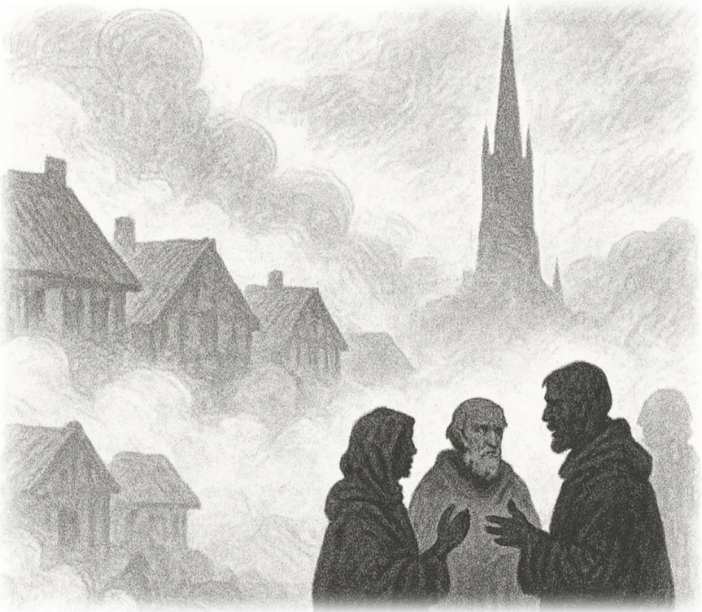
Watch her closely. The Bard's Guild may one day belong to her, not through ambition, but through inevitability.

Harts of Albion, take pride. Rhiannon sings for all of us.

MISTS ON THE MOVE: ALBION VANISHES ONE POCKET AT A TIME

By P Wilston Hollow, The Editor

Pockets of Mist seen all over Albion. Citizens told to be weary of entering these pockets as they have been know to relocate people, livestock and even buildings to other parts of Albion. Official sources close to the Throne of Albion have said that the main Mist bank at Caer Avalon are impenetrable, the sources were unsure of why or what is truly happening. Other have speculated its the result of Vortigern and his black tower.



VORTIGERN: A KING IN THE MIST?

By Dotty Quimble, No Crown But Plenty of Questions

Some folk earn crowns. Others just *announce* them.

Vortigern — a name now echoing through the mists of Albion — according to some within Albion he wants to declare himself king. No court, no coronation, just a title and a looming black tower to match.

Sources close to the Throne are tight-lipped. Others quietly blame Vortigern, his odd demeanour, and his shadowy fortress. Lilie, First Incantor, and Ser Asura called it a concern. That’s polite talk for *danger ahead*.

Is he a king, a threat, or just another lunatic with delusions and altitude?

One thing’s clear: Albion bows to no one just because they *say* so.

We’re watching you, Vortigern. Try not to vanish in the fog.

THE GILDED LOTUS - A BREW FIT FOR NOBLES AND NE’ER-DO-WELLS ALIKE

By Dotty Quimble, Ink-slinger and Occasional Tea Enthusiast

I wandered into The Gilded Lotus expecting a warm drink and maybe a seat. What I found was a pocket of peace in the middle of our usually chaotic camps.

The lighting was gentle, the air smelled like comfort, and the welcome was warm enough to melt even a Frost Elf’s frown. I was handed a cup of something hot, fragrant, and mysterious — and after a few sips, I remembered what it felt like to breathe without tension.

The hosts don’t just pour tea; they serve serenity. Conversations hushed to whispers, shoulders dropped, and I swear even my thoughts stopped pacing for once.

No fanfare. No sharp edges. Just quiet excellence.



Five stars.

If you need a moment to remember who you are — or who you were before all the shouting — the Lotus is waiting.

BATTLE REPORT: THE DARK LADY STRIKES — AND IS STRUCK BACK

Filed by Dotty Quimble, still cleaning blood from her boots

From the north, under veils of unnatural beings, the **Dark Lady’s** forces descended upon our camp. Their ranks were twisted — not undead, not living, but something else. Ancestral, some whispered. Alien, said others. Whatever they were, they hit hard and without warning.

Jaegar took a brutal blow to the face — described as ”horrid” by medics and ”well-earned” by Jaegar himself. He remained standing.

The Harts formed a solid line and pushed back, forcing the enemy into a narrow tunnel. There, with steel, spell, and sheer stubbornness, we routed them. Or so we thought.

More came.

Wave upon wave, slower but no less relentless. **Thorin** stepped forward into the line, blade raised — until, after a cry, he briefly vanished from the front. Some said he stepped back. Others say he stepped through. He returned, mud-streaked and bloodied.

Maru was seen cleaving through the enemy with calm, deadly precision. One scout simply wrote: *“Fearsome.”*

I did not witness The Dark Lady appear in person. Her presence, however, was unmistakable. Cold. Thick. Watchful.

When the dust cleared, the field was ours — **but not without cost**. Injuries were many.

Victory was earned. But something tells me... this was only the beginning.

KNIFE CRIME DOWN, WAND CRIME UP

THE MAYOR OF LONDINIUM ASSURES CITIZENS THIS IS TECHNICALLY PROGRESS. STAY ALERT — AND MAYBE KEEP YOUR WAND HOLSTERS LOCKED.

SINCLAIR FAMILY NOW ANNOUNCES THEY ARE HOUSE SINCLAIR

“ARE THE VIPERS OR HARTS KINGS MORE MURDEROUS?”

JUST A THOUGHT OF DOTTY WHILE EXPLORING VIPER LANDS

“I HOPE THIS NEWSPAPER SENDS A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO THE PEOPLE. I WILL BE WATCHING.”

- WEATHEREYE

Spotted Off the Coast: A Ship with 120 Cannons

FILED UNDER “DEFINITELY NOT NORMAL”

FOLK NEAR LONDINIUM AND CORNWALL REPORT SIGHTINGS OF A VAST BLACK SHIP LINGERING — SILENT, STILL, AND ARMED WITH OVER 120 VISIBLE CANNONS.

Strength Through Unity... The Empire Prevails???

FROM THE TRANSPORT CIRCLE HE ARRIVED — NOT SUMMONED, NOT EXPECTED. REGINALD ECTOR URSUS, 6TH TRIBUNE OF THE 9TH IMPERIAL, NAMED HIMSELF A PROTECTOR OF THE EMPIRE, THOUGH NOT ONE FROM ANY CURRENT MAP. HE CLAIMED TO SERVE AN ALBION FOR AN EMPIRE THAT NEVER FELL. IF THE EMPIRE STILL STANDS... WHAT ARE THEIR PLANS?

Chatting With Dotty

FAKE SER ROBERT???

While talking to nobles I met someone who claimed “Thorin could have tried harder at school” however I know what Ser Robert looks like, Someone as notable as the Kight Commander. The Fool I spoke with all I can say is they wore a helmet and a red leather plate with a white tower signal. The cheek of them, surely Ser Robert will want to deal with them.

The Black Vines are spreading.

Neither natural nor known to Guild or Grove, they twist through soil and stone with quiet intent. Ser Kiaya and Avery call them dangerous — others say they’re not growing, but reaching.



In-Character Document
Creator PID (required): 11057602
In-character documents and paperwork can be found using the searching rules and may be stolen in-character