

DURST TRADING COMPANY LEADERSHIP FOUND DEAD – CHAIRMAN SOUGHT BY SHERIFFS

The markets of Albion prefer certainty. Predictable routes, reliable partners, and directors who remain inconveniently alive. It is therefore difficult to ignore the recent developments surrounding the Durst Trading Company, where all six current directors along with one former have been found dead over the winter months.

Such a loss of leadership is not merely tragic; it is destabilising. A company of Durst’s standing does not simply misplace its entire board without consequence. Contracts stall, confidence wavers, and quieter questions begin to circulate among those who track more than just coin.

Officials have confirmed that investigations are underway, with findings expected shortly. Whether these deaths are connected, coincidental, or part of a more deliberate correction to the balance sheet remains, at present, unclear.

Of particular note is the absence of Alexander Durst, Chairman of the company, who has thus far been unavailable for comment. The Sheriff’s Office has expressed a clear interest in speaking with him as a matter of urgency.

A reward of 10 gold has been offered for information regarding his whereabouts.

For those watching the flow of trade, the implications are immediate. The Durst Trading Company has been a fixture of Albion’s commercial landscape. With its leadership removed in such a decisive fashion, the question is no longer simply what happened — but who, if anyone, is now steering what remains.

Those with information are urged to speak with a Sheriff at the earliest opportunity.

In matters of trade, silence is rarely neutral.

THE HOLLOW LEDGER

Editor’s Summary

To those once again holding these ink-stained pages — welcome back. Whether you sought us out, stumbled upon us, or acquired this issue through means best left unexamined, you now carry the second telling of The Albion Inkwell.

Much has changed since last we wrote.

Where once there were whispers, there are now declarations. Where uncertainty lingered, lines have been drawn — some in ink, others in something far less easily washed away. Albion has spoken, and in doing so, revealed not only its convictions, but its fractures.

Within these pages you will find more than stories. You will find consequence.

The Unliving have been cast out not in rumour, but in certainty. The Trinity itself shows signs of strain. The Mists stir, settle, and yet leave behind more questions than answers. Trade falters, leaders vanish, and even truth itself — as we have learned — sometimes requires correction.

We print it all. Not because it is comfortable, but because it is necessary.

As ever, we remain in service to Albion — not to its Crown, nor its courts, but to its people. To those who stand the line, question it, or find themselves caught somewhere between.

And so, we ask again:

Speak to our writers. Challenge what you read. Send us your truths — inked, spoken, or quietly passed between trusted hands. Every voice matters. Some simply require better listening.

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

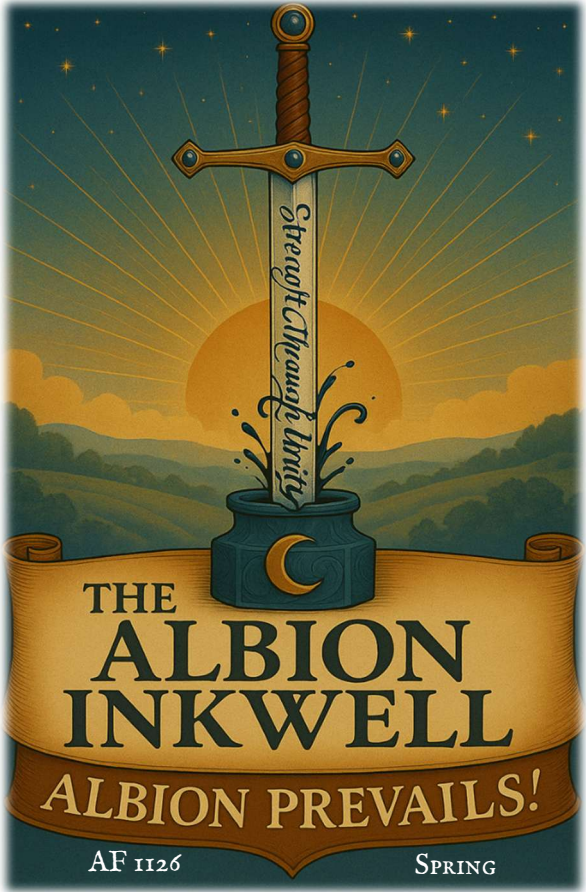
Strength Through Unity. Albion Prevails.

— P. Wilston Hollow
Editor-in-Quill, The Albion Inkwell

Wordsearch

Ser Robert Needs You!

The Hollow Ledger



An Apology

Odds, Ends & Enquiries

Whispers from the Hearth

Unliving Unwelcome! Albion Draws The Line, Trinity Fractures!

By DOTTY QUIMBLE, INK-STAINED HALFLING OF LIFE (AND FIRM OPINIONS)

Albion has spoken! This time, it has done so with renewed clarity. In recent days, rumours had begun to circulate among “the people” that the long-held stance against the Unliving might be softening. Whispers spoke of tolerance, of flexibility, of a willingness to reconsider what had once been firm. Those whispers have now been firmly put to rest.

As confirmed by Weathereye, the Pendragon Throne has not merely maintained its position it has reasserted it. The Unliving are not welcome within Albion. The Court stands with life, without exception or reinterpretation. While there is no immediate concern surrounding rites, bindings, or the properties that underpin such beings, the principle itself has been drawn sharply back into focus.

This reaffirmation does not come from nowhere.

It is widely understood that under Queen Cara’s reign, standards were allowed to slip. What may once have been firm became uncertain, and in that uncertainty, consequences followed. Her untimely demise now casts a longer shadow than perhaps first realised, not merely as tragedy, but as warning. Albion, it seems, has chosen not to forget.

Nor is this the first time such lessons have been learned at cost. Albion’s history carries its own cautions, and the name Gabriel Bathory is not easily forgotten. Where standards falter, those who hold authority have a habit of paying the price a pattern that now looms large over present decisions.

(Continued Page 2)

WHERE UNITY FALTERS

Not all voices were aligned in this return to certainty. Within the Court, there were those who argued for a softer stance, suggesting that understanding or control might offer an alternative to outright rejection. Whether driven by pragmatism or principle, those voices did not carry the day. The Crown has made its decision, and it has done so with unmistakable intent.

Yet such decisions rarely settle cleanly.

In the aftermath, tensions within the Trinity have begun to show. Reports suggest that the Hunter, displeased with the direction taken, departed in visible frustration a storming exit that has left more than a few questions hanging in the air.

With that departure comes uncertainty. Does this leave a place within the Trinity now open, and if so, who might step forward to fill it? Names already circulate in quiet speculation... Mordred? Mannanan? Caligar? each carrying their own... Baggage, and each with the potential to shape what comes next.

For now, the message is clear. Albion stands firmly with the living, and whatever ambiguity once lingered has been stripped away.

But as ever, it is not the line itself that will define the future — it is who chooses to stand beside it, and who does not.

Strength Through Unity. Albion Prevails.

A RETRACTION, AN APOLOGY, AND A CLARIFICATION OF VOICES

By Dotty Quimble, Ink-Stained Halfling of the Truth (this time) and occasional corrector of it.

It has come to the attention of this paper, with some urgency and no small amount of embarrassment that a previous article published under “Diplomats Strangling Trade” attributed statements to one Theo that were, in fact, not his. The individual speaking in that interview was none other than Snorter, Duke of Gloucester, who, it appears, chose to present himself under another name. Whether this was done in jest, confusion, or an overestimation of his own subtlety remains unclear. What is clear is that the words printed were not those of Theo, and for that, we offer a full and unreserved apology.

In the interest of truth which we occasionally catch, pin down, and print we have since sought out Theo properly. A veteran of many years, both before and after his service and, by his own admission, never quite allowed the peace of full retirement Theo expressed a far more measured view. He holds that trade and material concerns alone are not justification for war, and that while people and values may warrant defence, conflict should never be entered lightly. In his view, discourse, negotiation, and compromise remain the proper tools of peace, and war, when it comes, should be reserved only for matters of true and undeniable principle.

He further reflected on the cost of conflict, noting that commerce has value, but not one that justifies needless bloodshed. It is a position grounded in experience, and one that stands in stark contrast to the sentiments previously printed in error.

At the time of the interview, Theo faces a grave and uncertain task: the potential creation of a new Balrog under the direction of an Archon of Good. The risks are considerable, and the outcome far from certain. Even so, his outlook remains one of caution, responsibility, and a desire that others learn from the weight of his own experience.

As for Snorter, Duke of Gloucester we thank him for reminding us that not all voices are what they claim to be, and that verification remains a discipline worth practising. We trust that in future, introductions will be clearer, titles accurate, and interviews conducted without theatrical disguise.

The Albion Inkwell remains committed to truth, even when it must correct its own ink.

Until next issue, stay curious, and question what you are told.

The Law Offices of
Hawksmoor & Ravenshale

Cecil Hawksmoor
Partner
Winchester, Albion

Strength Through Unity. Albion Prevails

NEXUS — WE LIVED. NOW TELL US WHY

The Nexus has come and gone, and Albion still stands — though not without questions. If you were there, we want to know what truly happened.

LETTERS RECEIVED, INK RESTRAINED

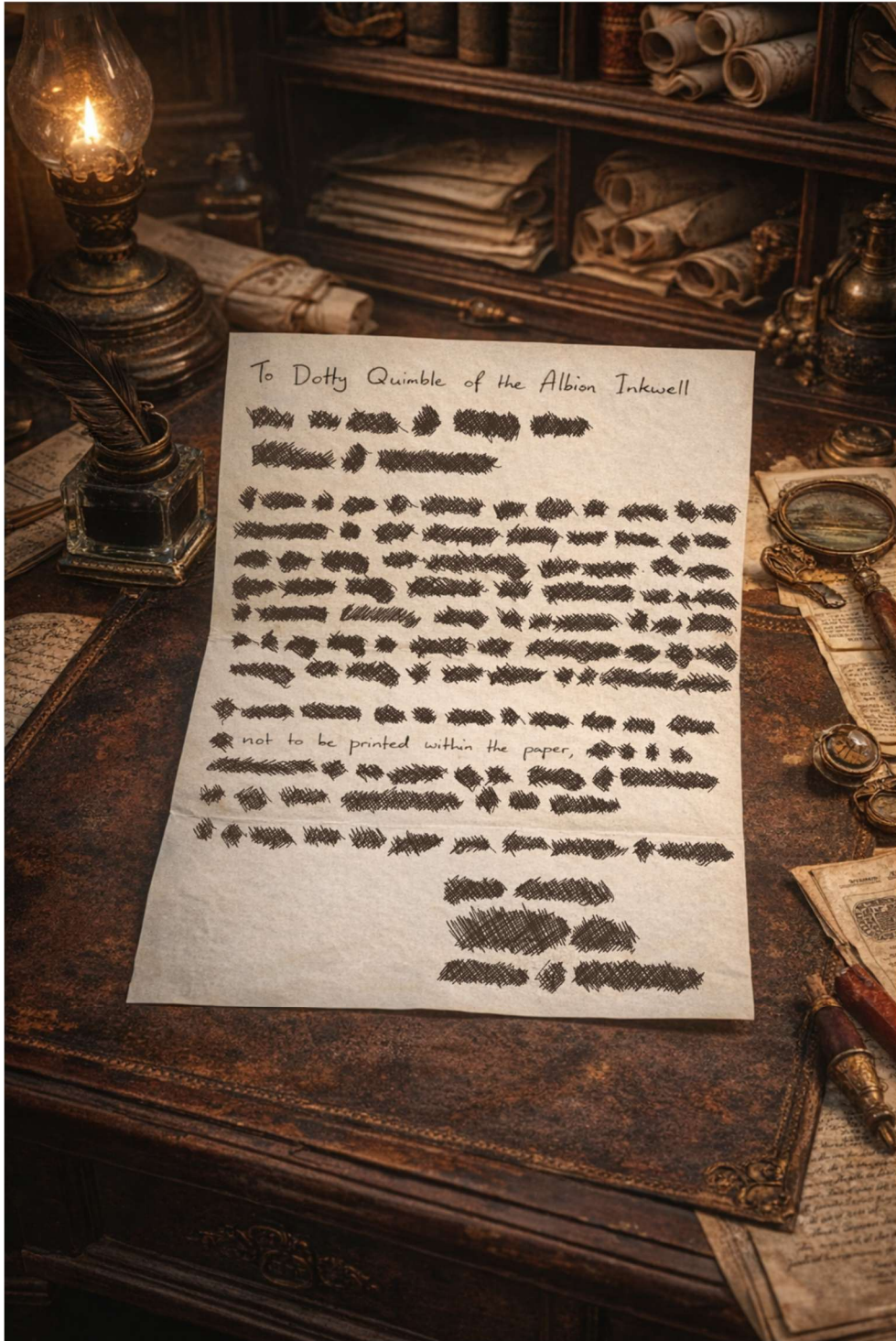
By Dotty Quimble, Ink-Stained Halfling of the Redacted Truth

It is not often that The Albion Inkwell finds itself the recipient of formal correspondence from such esteemed quarters, and rarer still that said correspondence arrives with both courtesy and caution so carefully balanced upon the same page.

We extend our thanks for the letter addressed to this paper, and for the clarity it provides regarding recent events surrounding our sellers. It is always welcome to see matters of concern resolved with words rather than further... complications.

Editor’s Note — P. Wilston Hollow:

Despite the fact this has not been technically printed but transcribed, our counsel Hawksmoor & Ravenshale has strongly advised that we redact the letter... so we did.



DOTTY’S QUESTIONABLE HUMOUR

Vortigern remains in the Blood Wood*

Proving once again that some people simply refuse to leaf.

*On a serious note, Don’t go there

MISTS DISTURBED, THEN STILLED FOR NOW

On Sunday of the Gathering, a significant rite was conducted at Caer Avalon, drawing the attention of many within Albion. The rite was carried out with the assistance of Cornelius and Elison, under circumstances that suggest both urgency and careful intent.

Most notably, Admiral Carlotta was present, and it is reported that Excalibur itself was used to carve a path into the Mists, an act that alone speaks to the gravity of the situation.

Those gathered witnessed a troubling phenomenon: the Mists, already unstable, were said to be casting out... things. Ill-defined, unwelcome, and better left undescribed in polite print. Whether this was a symptom of the disturbance or something far older being forced loose remains unclear.

The rite appears to have had its desired effect. The Mists have, for now, settled.

From them emerged forty Oathsworn Harts, a sight that has already sparked both relief and questions in equal measure. Whether their return is a blessing, a warning, or simply the consequence of forces poorly understood is yet to be determined.

In tandem with this, the standing stones of Caer Avalon have once again been activated. What this signifies is, as ever, a matter for scholars, seers, and those brave or foolish enough to interfere with such things.

Elsewhere, political winds shift as quickly as the magical. Sinfay has made her mark in no uncertain terms and one cannot help but be impressed.

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

J
MANY BATTLES WEAR THE
SPIRIT THINNER THAN ANY
BLADE
REST WHERE YOU MAY, MEND
WHAT YOU CAN, AND
REMEMBER THAT EVEN A
FLAME BANKED LOW IS NOT
EXTINGUISHED.

R
WHEN CROWNS ARE
WHISPERED INTO
EXISTENCE AND ANCIENT
POWERS STIR BENEATH OLD
SOIL, THE WISEST COURSE
IS SOMETIMES NEITHER
RETREAT NOR CONQUEST,
BUT PATIENCE ENOUGH TO
SEE WHICH SHADOW
DEVOURS THE OTHER.

No NAMES.
No JUDGEMENT.
JUST TRUTH, INKED IN CONFIDENCE.

S
WHEN THE ROOTS FALL SILENT
AND THE WEB BETWEEN WORLDS
TEARS OPEN, LISTEN NOT ONLY
TO THE SPIDERS MENDING THEIR
STRANDS BUT ALSO TO THE QUIET
EARTH BENEATH YOUR FEET —
FOR IT REMEMBERS PATHS THAT
OTHERS HAVE FORGOTTEN.

S
YOU WALK WHERE GRIEF AND
DANGER MINGLE; LEARN
QUICKLY FROM THOSE WHO
REMAIN, FOR THE DEAD LEAVE
LESSONS HEAVIER THAN THEIR
ABSENCE.

C
EVERYONE CARRIES SOME TROUBLE NOT OF THEIR OWN MAKING; IF THE BLACK
VINES HAVE LED YOU TO NOTICE CERTAIN OLDER BINDINGS AND THE HANDS
THAT ONCE SET THEM IN PLACE, FOLLOW THAT THOUGHT CAREFULLY FOR THE
DEAD OFTEN LEAVE THEIR WORK TANGLED BEHIND THEM, AND PATIENT MINDS
SOMETIMES SUCCEED WHERE TIME ALONE HAS NOT.

INKWELL ANCESTOR HUNT

Fourteen names lie hidden within the grid — some run straight, others twist and turn where you least expect. Find them all, and prove your eye is as sharp as your wit. (Hint on Page 5)

H	E	G	O	V	C	C	K	L	W	S	U	M	G	M	X	S	E
O	P	N	V	H	E	M	Z	Y	S	G	D	T	P	T	B	F	O
Y	L	E	G	T	T	T	N	H	S	R	P	H	A	F	L	J	G
V	M	H	N	V	J	Q	G	Z	G	S	H	E	G	X	Q	S	A
B	T	L	M	D	E	R	D	R	O	M	O	F	Y	K	F	A	B
I	T	E	O	S	R	N	U	K	N	V	D	I	H	Q	L	R	W
D	C	O	K	I	T	A	R	A	N	I	S	S	U	P	T	H	Z
D	E	C	S	O	N	B	G	H	T	F	M	H	B	K	P	T	X
U	T	H	E	L	A	D	Y	O	F	T	H	E	L	A	K	E	H
V	I	E	H	F	N	Z	D	R	N	J	O	R	W	S	K	N	X
R	H	L	F	D	A	E	A	N	O	P	A	K	X	V	J	R	E
W	C	I	G	M	N	I	W	P	C	A	L	I	G	A	R	F	Q
J	R	O	A	S	N	I	S	D	K	B	Y	N	I	U	G	D	T
S	A	S	S	B	A	M	M	P	Y	X	A	G	M	I	F	N	X
H	E	I	O	P	M	D	L	U	O	R	V	P	C	J	M	V	J
D	H	W	M	X	H	L	X	J	G	D	P	Y	H	I	O	W	K
Z	T	G	H	D	P	Y	V	T	Z	H	H	U	N	T	E	R	F
L	A	A	E	I	G	U	M	K	B	W	U	A	L	M	L	P	E

WHEN FOLLOWERS FOLLOW TOO FAR — BRISTOL FINDS THE EDGE OF A CHALLENGE

By Brannick Vale, Crime Reporter, Watching Where the Blades Gather

It would seem that in Albion, a challenge rarely stays where it is spoken.

Bristol played host this week to what began as two rallies and ended as something far less orderly, when followers of the Hunter and Mannanan found themselves sharing the same streets and not for long in peace. What might once have been spirited support quickly sharpened into confrontation, as the challenge between the two figures took on a life of its own amongst those eager to answer it on their behalf.

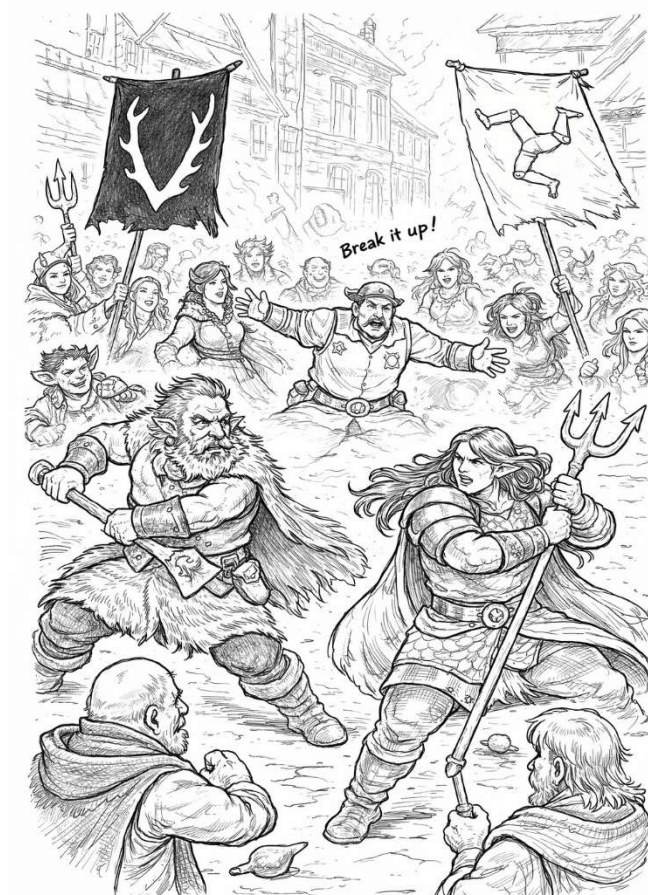
Witnesses speak of tensions rising with alarming speed. Words were exchanged, lines were drawn, and then restraint gave way. What followed was less a clash of ideals and more a demonstration of how quickly crowds can become something else entirely.

Local Sheriffs arrived in time to pull the two factions apart before the situation could properly unravel. Their intervention, by most accounts, prevented what could easily have become a far bloodier affair.

Even so, several participants required first aid and healing following the altercation a quiet tally of the cost when spectacle overtakes sense.

For now, Bristol settles back into uneasy calm.

But if this is how a challenge echoes in the streets, one cannot help but wonder how far those echoes are willing to travel and how many more will answer them.



SKETCH BY BRANNICK VALE

Odds, Ends & Enquiries

Lost — Sentimental Blade

A short sword of modest make but great personal value misplaced following recent engagements near Caer Avalon. If found, please return to the Harts camp. No questions asked, quiet gratitude assured.

Wanted — Reliable Shield Bearer

Knight of reasonable standing seeks a dependable shield bearer for upcoming ventures. Must be steady under pressure and capable of ignoring questionable decisions. Payment negotiable, survival not guaranteed.

Notice — Missing Tankard

A large iron tankard engraved with “Definitely Mine” has gone missing from the Gilded Lotus. The owner insists it is irreplaceable and will recognise it immediately. Others insist otherwise.

For Hire — Discreet Problem Solver

Experienced individual offering solutions to delicate matters. No task too small, few too large. Payment upfront. Details best not written.

Lost — Sense of Direction

Last seen somewhere between the Harts camp and “just over there.” If found, please return immediately. Owner has been going in circles for some time.

Wanted — Apprentice with Patience

Craftsperson seeks an apprentice willing to learn, listen, and occasionally hold things while being told they are holding them incorrectly. Long hours, valuable skills.

For Sale — Fine Cloaks (Lightly Singed)

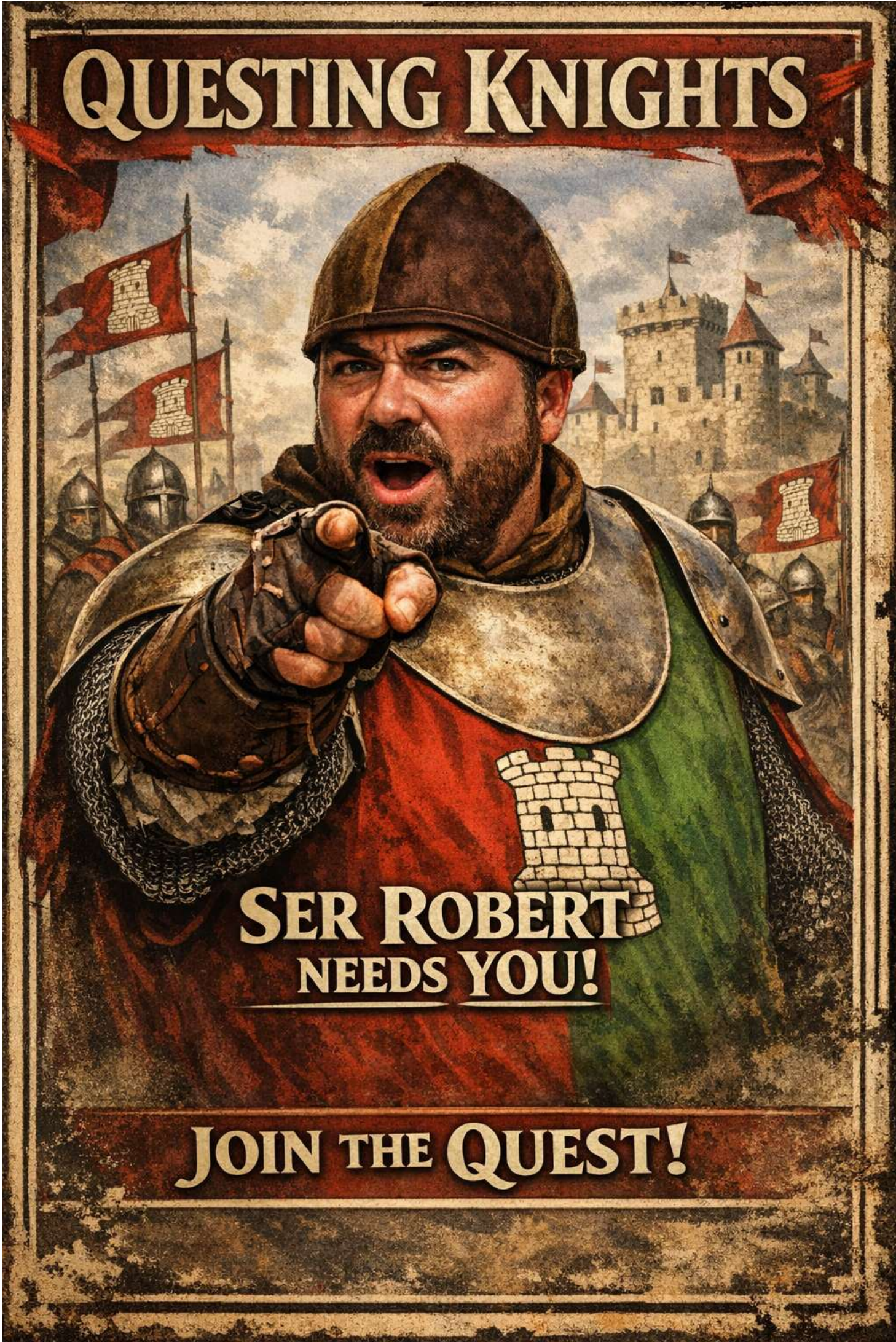
A selection of high-quality cloaks available at a reduced rate following an unfortunate but brief encounter with fire. Still warm. Still wearable. Mostly.

Seeking — Someone Who Knows What They’re Doing

General request. No further details. If you believe this refers to you, it probably doesn’t — but you’re welcome to try.

Notice — Loud Snoring

Individual in the Harts camp requests that whoever is producing the nightly thunderous snoring either seek assistance or at least establish a rhythm.



Romance — Tall, Mysterious, Often Busy

Frequently occupied but undeniably interesting individual seeks someone patient enough to wait and curious enough not to ask too many questions. Evenings irregular, intentions mostly honourable.

Seeking — Someone Who Heard That Thing

You were there. You heard it too. Please confirm it was not just me.

Room to Let – Edge of The Greenwood

Rent reasonable, conditions unique. Applicants must be willing to put up with the local flora and fauna.

Lost (Stolen) — Favourite Quill

My favourite quill has gone missing following a “brief borrow.” If you have it, kindly return it before I am forced to begin recognising it in other people’s hands.

Free to a good home – Little Bird

One chicken. Keep away from flammable objects. Please collect.

Soon!

Submissions to The Albion Inkwell

Those wishing to submit letters, articles, questions, or complaints are invited to do so via the designated drop-off point, signposted just a short walk from the Winchester transport circle.

For timely delivery, contributors may wish to employ a young adventurer or obliging squire.

Wand Crime Set to Fade

With the recent expiry of several enchanted items, officials expect incidents involving wand use to decline in the coming days. Reports suggest many of the implements tied to recent disturbances are already losing their potency.

Where magic fails, tempers tend to take its place. There is a growing expectation that disputes once settled at a distance may soon return to more immediate, and more personal, methods. In short fewer flashes of light, and more swinging arms.

Inkwell Ancestor Hunt Hint

Rainbow, The Fisher King, Coel Hen, Mannanan, Helios
Calligar, The Lady of the Lake, Mordred, Prydwen,
Hunter, Nethras, Pendragon, Taranis, The Architec,