



September 1601

Steamy Ink Press ^{3c}

Lifestyle news to share over tea

We Have Not Checked if the Gazette Editor is Single.

Catori Continues to Climb the Fashion Ladder: The Rise of the Skullgirls

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A Lifestyle Paper for the Townsfolk of Maplewood

Steamy Ink Press is a division of Steamy Ink Publishing (copyright pending). Our mission is to provide in-depth news to the people of Maplewood about the most entertaining topic: the People of Interest that flit through town. What are they doing? Why are they here? Are they single? We aim to answer these questions for you!

As the people's paper we welcome submissions from anyone, anytime. Please submit your articles, tips, advertisements, and short stories via courier c/o Steamy Ink Publishing. It is our goal to provide you a perfect conversation piece to share that pairs well with tea and great friends!



Shattering the Timeline

So what actually happened during Harvest Fest?

10am: Harvest Fest begins. Everyone awakes, sleepy-eyed, looking for coffee. The day starts with an archery contest.

11am: People hit each other with catfish. One contestant gets particularly rowdy and is DQ'd. People stand in a field and try not to laugh.

12pm: All Plague victims appear to become hypnotized, staring off into space and saying varying forms of "The Sacred Tabernacle is coming".

12:30pm: Poppy is declared "Most protectable person in Maplewood" via vote at Party Feud. (*The answer should have been Shanden-P*). An archery contest is rigged against the colorblind.

1pm: Non-plagued victims suddenly appear to be affected with a severe variant, with some even losing as far back as to think that they were children.

2pm: Sable plays cards in the Bazaar.

3pm: Harbingers host a game in which people pass cards and throw axes at each other. It is a huge hit. Unfortunately, the prize was not Zenif. The Firekeepers play hide and seek. Nobody is able to outrun Enzo.

4pm: People of interest are seen throwing Rocks. Surprisingly, nobody throws out their back.

5pm: A tea party and a tournament happen simultaneously. The cucumber sandwiches are completely demolished before the fighters can come and enjoy them. Catori wins a hat contest by wearing two tiaras, and Pitohui is declared the tournament winner.

6pm: Everyone simultaneously experiences what has been termed "The Shattering". While everyone has differing versions of what they

experienced, it seemed that the common consensus was a feeling of falling in inky blackness for an undetermined amount of time before suddenly being right back to where they were. It is yet to be determined what exactly caused this.

6:15pm: Evilyn and Mathys get married despite the chaos and confusion going on around them.

7pm: The newly plagued victims symptoms appear to have lessened in severity as the day goes on, and most are only showing signs of mild confusion and most are no longer feeling violent.

12am: All traces of the Shattered Mind Plague appear to have vanished. Anyone diagnosed does not show any signs.

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Dearest Reader,

Love on the rocks? L has been seen hanging out with local boggart S. She seems very invested in his mental health and it remains to be seen if she plans on opening her own counseling office. Her on-again-off-again boyfriend, also S, seems very twitchy every time S comes around.

Unfortunately it has come to our attention that the person murdering Varganiens and has moved on to random townsfolk is none other than Halyttah, the Verduran who was spotted preparing the druids grove for the planting of saplings. It appears that her goals have moved from motherhood to revenge.

P was seen prancing around in some fancy new black robes, and with a sword that looks eerily similar to the editor's own. Are they perchance shopping at the same weapon smith? Or maybe P is starting to take some fashion advice from this very paper?

Of course, how could we not discuss M and E's beautiful entrance into their ~~hostage situation~~ marriage. M was so overcome with emotion that he couldn't even write his own vows and had to go ask P to do it for him (see page 7 to write your own!).

As a reminder, being killed at convergence and then revived will not make you immortal. That is what Nosferatu are for.

E was one of the many people of interest running around town confused with the plague. Several comments of note include "My name isn't [redacted], it's Marcellus!", "Baldisere won't let me play the inquisitor in Civinites vs Inquisitors!", and of course "I'm leaving I don't like it here!" and taking off through northtown faster than I thought it was possible for someone wearing that many bags to run. E should join the Strong Man's Guild with leg muscles like that.

T again was seen roping naive people into multiple games of truth or truth. As a reminder, the trick to this game is to always drink so that people get bored of you and stop asking you to play. Alternatively, drink at random, or drink and answer the question anyway just to really mess with people's heads. It's a social deduction game, people, get good at it.

Fae have been spotted around town asking for names. As a reminder, you should not give a fae your name when they ask for it, simply tell them "You may call me...". Nor should you ever answer "yes" or "no" to any question they ask.

Town hero Jaroth was seen exhausting all of his magic power to calm plague victims. Please make sure to buy this man as many drinks as he is able to consume. And then buy him an extra one.

Yours truly,

Madam Mapleleaf

Top 5: Fanciest Head Wear

Draw from these looks to inspire your next wardrobe purchase!

Artistic Renditions Credited to the fine Artists Guild of Maplewood

#1



Shandeen

#2



Sir Cervantes

#3



Ophie

#4



Pitohui

#5



Draug

Rise of the Skullgirls

Catori continues her ascent into overtaking Lotharwen in the fashion world, winning the first Steamy Ink Publishing fancy head wear contest. She wore not only one, but TWO golden tiaras as her skull also joined in on the fun.

A small group of young locals, calling themselves "The Skullgirls", have also begun to wear skulls with tiaras. Surprisingly inclusive for a group of teenage girls, they are sporting everything from opossum skulls with twisted twigs resembling crowns to hand-carved wooden skulls resembling Catori's own prized possession rocking the finest tiaras in high elf fashion.

"She's just, like, so cool!" Penny, a particularly excitable 14 year old said as her deer skull sat on her shoulder reminiscent of a pauldron. "My dad got this one for me and eventually I want to send my first skull to her when I finally get better with my bow."

The more secular group, labeling themselves "The Pink Tiaras" have begun to grumble as their pink wardrobes fall out of style.

"Look, I have it on good authority that Catori was actually wearing Lotharwen's crowns." a young man wearing a pink Damascus cloak said matter-of-factly. "It doesn't matter if some wannabe fashion copycats think that Catori wore them better, Lotharwen will always be the best."

Despite the battle of the teenagers, SIP has it on good authority that Catori and Lotharwen are actually good friends who respect each others fashion choices. It remains to be seen if the Skullgirls and the Pink Tiaras will cause enough of a scene for them to need to put an end to the feud.

How Lenzo Got His Meat-Summoning Powers

A long time ago, in a land far away, Lenzo the meat summoner did not have his meat-summoning powers. But he had heard of a tale long told in this land, that there was a bridge. If you could find this bridge, it would grant you the power to summon meat whenever you wished.

Lenzo searched far and wide, but no matter what bridge he crossed he could not find the bridge of power. Until one day, he met a man named Nerl. Nerl had reportedly been to this bridge and agreed to bring Lenzo to it so that he, too, could learn to summon ham on demand.

So with a heart full of hope, he brought his good friend Sir Baldie and went on a long quest, fighting monsters and fae until they reached the fabled bridge.

It was a rickety covered bridge, filled with holes in the boards and swayed ominously over a canyon. But engraved in the wood, clear as day, was a large ham.

"Lenzo, don't do it, it's too dangerous!" Sir Baldie said, but Lenzo did not heed his words. With sure strides he walked towards the bridge and made a step. Then another. Soon, he was halfway across the bridge. Would he make it the whole

way? Alas! His foot got caught in a board! It seemed as though he would be there forever, stuck, staring longingly at the edge of the bridge that would grant him the power to feed all.

Lenzo then felt a strong force pull him up by his collar and toss him just short of the end of the bridge. He turned to see his selfless friend Sir Baldie, who was crossing his arms in an annoyed fashion.

"I told you so." Sir Baldie's face was set in a scowl.

But Lenzo could not let his friend's brave sacrifice go to waste. He stood up, dusted

off his pants, and crossed to the other side of the bridge.

As soon as his foot hit the ground on the other side, he felt immense power course through him. He held his hand to the sky and lightning struck down directly onto it, delivering a perfectly cooked veal steak.

Unfortunately, Lenzo did not realize that he had attempted to channel too much power without practice. The lightning coursed through his arm and between the shock of summoning meat and the lightning, he lost consciousness.

And that is how Lenzo obtained his powers.



Puzzles to Pass the Time

Solutions published in the following month's issue



Evilyn,

Ever since we were young, I knew that I would be with you for unit of time. I knew this on our first date when we went to Place with Name and Name. You told Name that I was the most wonderful man that you have ever met, and that you couldn't wait to see me again.

Since then we have been through a lot together. Like the time we verb Lilith and Sage's wedding by coming out of an object, or that other time when we had to do action at the Location.

You are the most verbing woman I have ever met, and I am absolutely head over heels with your Body part. My life would be Sad adjective without you in it. I can't wait to spend unit of time with you. You are Cheesy Expression.

May we be together until our hair turns color and the god of your choice decides to action us.

Love,

Your Name

We suggest completing this and sending it to Evilyn via courier in a show of support and love for her life choices.

Last Month's Answers:

16	13	14	11	5	4
17	15	12	6	10	3
18	19	7	8	9	2
20	21	24	23	1	35
27	25	22	31	34	36
26	28	29	30	32	33

Riddle Answer: D.

As a reminder, Enzo, this was a riddle. The constables are not actually making you question bandits.

Missed Connections

Me: Silver-haired faekin, wearing light purple, writing in the bazaar.

You: Brown-haired terran, wearing a blue flower crown and a purple robe.

Please send courier message to "Poppy is Probably Dead When Lynn Sees This"

SABLE COMPANY MEMBERS DEMANDING BACK PAY

A year after being taken into the mercenary company, a pair of twins claims to have never been paid.

They will accept payment in either coin or fish.

Looking For Smith

To any weapon smiths with the time available.

I am in need of an elven steel or primal weapon.

I am Príosúnach a local hunter and martial escort for hire.

I have a surplus of coin and wish to exchange for your services.

-Príosúnach Ceannaideach of the Grim faced Tribe.

Dear Sophie,

I (25FH) have caught my husband(30MH) "Dave" cheating on me with my next door neighbor "Sarah"(21FH). Now we have been friends for a long time and originally I did not not want to make a fuss and cause problems but lately I have been getting madder and madder at the situation because

"Sarah" claims to be my friend has not fessed up even though I have been hinting that I know about it. I also know her husband"Edward" knows nothing about it as I only stumbled on in upon chance and they have gone to great lengths to not to be discovered. She has just also announced that she is pregnant with their second child. I am not sure but there is a good chance it could be "Dave" rather than "Edward"'s. I am done with being passive. I am angry and want my pound of flesh. What should I do?

Signed,

Vengeance is Not a Dish Best Served Cold

Dearest Revenge Seeker,

First of all, please do not start a cult centered on revenge for handsy husbands. Cults are for grieving persons, and you are not going to grieve. You are a bad ass person.

Now that that is out of the way, good for you for not putting up with this anymore. You deserve so much better than fake friends and a husband who doesn't respect you.

Sometimes the best revenge is living life well. Cut "Sarah" out of your life, and then go to dinner with Edward. You guys now have something in common, which is that your now both want revenge on someone that wronged you. Join Sable Company, work out with the Strong Man's Club, and send your counsel after Dave for everything he has.

Of course, you should leave him enough to take care of his children. But only his children. Not himself.

It is also NOT ;) recommended to go to the market, buy a fish, and leave it under his mattress. Uncooked.

Scorned
Wife Wants
Her
Husband's
Hand... Off
the Neighbor