

# The Breeland Times

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## LMB Album Release Party



*"Beyond the Western Seas" album cover – artwork by Ted Nasmith*

By Vatna Vaenleifsdottir

The Lonely Mountain Band, creator and hosts of Ales and Tales, will be releasing their very first, full-length album, entitled "Beyond the Western Seas." They have chosen Bilbo and Frodo's birthday to have their release party, which is this Wednesday, September 22.

Don't miss out! The party starts at 9pm EST at the Bird and Baby Inn in Michel Delving. The party is open to all and plenty of Old Winyards and Old Toby will be available! Plus, free prizes will be given to attendees. See [the flyer](#) for more info.

If you cannot make it to Michel Delving, you can always tune in and listen to the [live broadcast](#) – Merric and Goldenstar of CSTM will be interviewing Galenswerd Swordsong during the party.

Be sure to attend this week's Ales and Tales, where a free gift will be given away in anticipation of the release party.

For more info, see [Ales and Tales](#) or [Release Party](#). For album info, see [info](#) or [info](#). •

### Fair Treatment of Female Dwarfs

By Bounder Meadowlarke Sweetweed, Chief of the Bounders at Addernotch Station

As Chief of the Bounder station at Addernotch, I received reports as of late from some female dwarf Shire-friends that they've gotten some harsh treatment from some new Shire folk.

For the last couple of years, Shire folk have shown their traditional kindness and hospitality towards all of our Dwarfen friends, so this treatment disturbs me.

I'd like to ask iffen you're visiting the Shire – or any place else for that matter, though my concern is that which happens within the Bounds itself – that some attempt be made to restore some proper Shire civility in this matter. Your help and cooperation would be greatly appreciated.

In these dark times, we don't need to be annoying and chasing away our friends. Thank you. •

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## Letter from the Editor

By Vatna Vaenleifsdottir

I'm pleased to present the third edition of our newspaper. Where last month's edition was filled with unhappy news of the crime that haunts our beloved city, this month's paper is more representative of the creativity of our community.

We have some wonderful weekly events that can provide us with some respite after slaving in the fields or braving the harsh wilderness. The Lonely Mountain Band, Hobbiton Philharmonic, among many bands, offer us music to soothe our souls. Stories of high adventure and wistful longing provide us with exciting journeys from the safety of our seats by the fire.

In this edition, I give you a little of everything. We've a song by Lady Ghingeriel, some poetry, some stories and even some artwork. So sit back and enjoy! And remember to turn in your articles, advertisements and creative pieces soon to get them into the next issue. •

### Ceswyn's Qualitee Locale Dyes

With thee summer days waning, now is thee tyme to freshen up yor garb before the onset of wynter.

Stop living with thee shame of faded garments. Qualitee dyes for faire prices. Will not fade for years if properlee oiled. All dyes ranging from ten to twenny-five silver a piece. Bartering accepted. White and black not available. Qualitee guaranteed! Orders accepted in person or by maile to Ceswyn Oleander.

(advertisement)

## A Sense of Loss

From [The Life and Times of  
Kaleigh Starshine](#)

As I wander in the countryside near Tinnudir completing the many tasks I have been given, I am awed by the number of large ruins I come across. Even in their current state, they bear a regality that is striking and a beauty that lingers to this very day.

I am ashamed to admit that my ignorance of our history and times of long ago is appalling. I cannot imagine how wonderful it would have been to see these structures in all of their splendor. The men who built them long ago must have been very great, indeed. It makes one wonder how it came to pass that they faded from existence, with only haunting relics to remind us that they once lived, and magnificently at that, I must believe.



I am sent to Ost Forod where I am to continue my efforts. I must say, however, that my welcome here has not been the most friendly I have ever experienced. I suppose I will just have to earn the peoples' trust! •

## My First Ales and Tales

By Vatna Vaenleifsdottir

Mondays have a habit of sliding by for me. Tuesdays come around and I realize that, yet again, I've missed Ales and Tales. Well, last Monday, I finally made it to my very first one, which also happened

To be the first Ales and Tales since our open immigration policy began. I was so impressed and had so much fun, I thought I would recount my experience here.

That night it was held in Combe. I arrived to the area where I was pretty sure it was being held and found the square empty. However, I only had to ask and a kind gentleman from The Lonely Mountain band helped me to figure out where I should be. Lo, and behold, like magic, about a hundred people appeared before my eyes. It was, in truth, a little overwhelming as I carefully (continued on p. 6)

## Out with the old...

By Meeri Thurman

Trouble seems to surround the town of Bree, as the looming crowds of crebain flock overhead. They stir above the courtyard in front of the Prancing Pony.

Lately, the awkward, black-clad man – a staple of the front porch – seems to be conspicuously absent. He has not held his usual post in some days and it now seems as if the figure-head of the front porch has disappeared. Where could he have gone? Why is he missing? Is there a new “figure-head” in town? What of the Watchers? Did they take him away?

Whispers float about. Soft murmurs that dance from lip to ear. Fear is evident, but life must go on. After speaking with a frequent visitor to Bree, I was told that several caravans guarded by shady individuals have been seen on the road. And a number of (continued on p. 6)

## Sundays

- MVT Weekly Concert***  
 11:00pm – 12:00am EST  
 Prancing Pony, Bree  
 Mar Vanwa Tyalieva puts on a great show every Saturday night.

## Mondays

- Nibbles & Nobs***  
 9:30 EST  
 Place: wherever Ales and Tales is being held.  
 The hour before Ales and Tales is a time for socializing, music, dancing, and more as the crowd begins to gather.
- Ales and Tales***  
 Every Monday from 10:30pm to 12:00am EST. A celebration of music, fine ale, tales and more. Hosted by The Lonely Mountain Band. Locations vary. For more information, see [Ales and Tales](#).

## Tuesdays

- The Green Hill Society Concert Series***  
 Every Tuesday at 10:00pm EST at the Bird and the Baby Inn in Michel Delving, the Shire. Playing new tunes and old favorites. For more information, see [Green Hill Music Society](#).

## Saturdays

- The Broken Cask Inn***  
 Every Saturday night from 9:00pm-1:00am EST at 5 Long Street, Durrow, Breeland Homesteads. Fine food, music & conversation. For more information, see [The Broken Cask](#).

## Community Events

### Special Events

- Shipwrecked Mariner***  
 Now through Tuesday, September 21. Head down to the Brandywine, near Buckland and learn about the Tale of the Shipwrecked Mariner. Help collect lost cargo and be rewarded.
- Bilbo and Frodo's Birthday – September 22***  
 Be sure to stop in and wish them a happy birthday.
- Fall Festival***, starting towards the end of October  
 Keep an eye out for details about the upcoming Fall Festival. New activities and new rewards this year.
- Wednesday, September 22, 9pm EST**  
***Lonely Mountain Band Album Release Party***  
 LMB is releasing their very first, full length album: “Beyond the Western Seas.” They’ve decided to combine their release party with Bilbo and Frodo’s birthdays. So, come down to the Bird and the Baby in Michel Delving. The party starts at 9pm EST. Free Old Winyards, Old Toby and prizes! See [Release Party](#) for more details.
- Beginning Thurs, Sept. 23**  
***The Fellowship's Walk: Child's Play Charity***  
 While peace normally reigns over the Shire, even hobbit children can get sick. This event, beginning Sept. 23, is meant to address the situation. Find out how you can contribute to the Fellowship's Walk. Consult the attached [scroll](#) and keep an eye out for details.

- Saturday, Sept. 25 through Monday, Sept. 27**  
**The Enderi Days – An Elven Tradition**  
*The golden leaves begin to fall in the wind like the numberless years behind us. As the season of Iavas comes to a close and an uncertain Firith lies ahead, we arrive at the days of Enderi.*  
 The Enderi Festival is a Landroval tradition celebrated for three consecutive evenings from September 25-27 each year.  
Saturday, September 25, 9pm EST: Walk to Rivendell.  
Sunday, September 26, 9pm EST: Songs Before the Fire – at the hall of Fire on the first floor of the Last Homely House.  
Monday, September 27, tba: The Casting of the Leaf Boats.  
 For more information, see [The Enderi Days](#).
- Friday, October 1, 9pm EST**  
***March of the Hobbits***  
 We will meet at the Great Smials in Tookland before we begin our slow march over the Brandywine, through Bree to Staddle. All hobbits, regardless of experience are welcome. Come show your support for the war effort! This march is a prelude to a larger event that will take place in the Ethenmoors sometime later in October. For more information, see [March of the Hobbits](#).
- The Great Race – From Bree to Sea**  
 A race across Eriador starting at Bree and ending at the Sea in Suri Kyla, Forochel. Teams of contestants will escort a "nubbin" through landscape along the course of the race. This event has been postponed until further notice, but keep your ears open and watch for [news](#).

## Dear Mom and Dad

*Somehow this letter ended up in our offices. We believe it was intercepted by a nosy hobbit, who perhaps thought it was newsworthy. We decided to print it.*

Dear Mom and Dad:

Urika, Peaberry and I have come to this place called the Forsaken Inn out east of Bree. It's a run-down place that is more ruin than inn, but they have dry beds and we rented ourselves a few to spend the night.

When I went upstairs to see about buying some groceries I was shocked to see Adenfirth come in the door.

I haven't mentioned Adenfirth yet. We met him in Bree and then got split up again and here he was showing up in a nowhere place like the Forsaken Inn.

Anyway, everybody's sleeping now so I thought I would fill you in a little more on what I've been up to.

The last I mentioned is that this ranger Halros asked us to go up into the hills and scout out the goblins to find out their numbers. And he also suggested that if we were to thin down their numbers a bit that this would be useful to the people of Brockenborings and help to convince the goblins to stay in the mountains.

This was all quite new to me - being asked to walk out and go kill things that can walk and talk. I remember when Dirk asked Urika and I to wallop some bandit and see if we could find anything that said what the bandits were up to. I snuck up on him and tried to  
(continued on p. 7)

## Regional News



*The Fellowship's Walk – For the Children of Middle Earth*

### **Fight Fire with Fire**

[Home Improvement]

**By Atheor Stonewarden**

Burning pitch is no friend to the home owner. Once the orcs or bandits are driven off, dried pitch is an enemy that can't be so easily driven away. It's a nasty substance that can be difficult to remove before repairs or repainting can be started. One old remedy to try is to obtain a batch of Hunter's Fire Oil. While it is true that this flammable substance is hazardous to handle, this "hair of the dog" remedy will remove any remaining tar-like substance that may still cling to the walls or roof of your home. However, it should be mentioned that the combination of the two is more flammable than either individually, so make sure you keep any open flames away from the treated area for at least two full days. Please note that certain communities in Archet and Trestlebridge should avoid using this method unless the militia is consulted beforehand. •

### **Flower of Silver Crafting Quest Escorts**

Offering a permanent and free service, including travel to Rivendell. Contact Shaskah or \*Flower of Silver\* members. Need to collect a chunk of wood from a woodtroll in Giant Valley? Need an auroch hide from the North Downs? We can help you!  
(advertisement)

### **The Fellowship's Walk**

"We need to do something about it," said Master Meredoc Lhim when he was interviewed about the Fellowship's Walk announcement. "It's for the children!" added his beloved wife, Mme. Goldenstar Lhim. While everything seems at peace in the Shire, the two hobbits are affirmative: Like everywhere else, some kids can get pretty sick, even in hobbit lands. And they decided it was time to address the situation. They need something to light up their spirit.

This is why on September 23<sup>rd</sup>, our two hobbitlyas and a group of brave adventurers will assemble in Bag End and leave the Shire to venture on the roads. Their goal is to travel through Bree-land, the Lone Lands and the Trollshaws, hoping to reach Rivendell. There, maybe they will find some elven magic to help cure the little ones. After all, the knowledge of Master Elrond is well-known across Eriador and elven music is said to appease all sufferings.

They bring them little wares, but a lot of hope for the sick children of the Shire, and young ones from all Middle-Earth. Join the Walk and help them make it to Rivendell.  
[Find out how you can contribute.](#) •



*Cozy Trestlebridge cottage now on the market.*

### **Tired of the Bandits in Bree?**

[Real Estate Feature]

**By Atheor Stonewarden**

This cozy Trestlebridge home has recently come onto the market. Don't let the missing shingles fool you – this three bedroom bungalow is free of any fire damage and located on the highly desirable south side of town. From the front door, it is a quick walk to the market or only a brief pony ride for a day of shopping in Bree. As a bonus feature it is located just outside the southern gate, so the tiresome noises associated with the center and north sides of town can barely be heard. For more information contact the owner, Giles Chadwick, for a tour. He is available most days unless called to the general defense of town. Priced to sell at 2.2 gold! •

### **My Time Among the Lumi-Väki ja Karhu Kansa** By Peuma

The Lumi-Väki, more commonly known as the Lossoth, are a proud tribal people who inhabit the wilds of the northern frozen wastes of Forochel. Their name literally means “people of the snow.” They have forged a life for themselves among the snow and ice, subsisting off of what little the land has to offer.

Most of the Lumi-väki that inhabit the shores along the Icebay of Forochel belong to the Karhu Kansa – the Bear Nation. Millennia ago, when migration led the Karhu Kansa to the Icebay, legend tells us that other Kansa migrated in the opposite direction, towards the Grey and Misty Mountains. Nothing remains today of these other Kansa and no



*On the way to Suri-Kyla in Forochel*

one is entirely sure what happened to them. The social structure of the Lumi-väki is further subdivided into heimo – tribes – and koti – family groups.

Historically, the Lumi-väki were nomadic, following the herds of elk and mammoth across the ice. They constructed houses of snow

and travelled on sleds and bone skates. Heimo would travel together and marriages were generally restricted to cross-cousin pairings within the same heimo.

While many of their cultural traditions persist today, some Lumi-väki have chosen a more sedentary lifestyle, in (continued on p. 6)

**First A&T** (cont. from p. 2)

navigated my way through the crowd to find a spot up front.

There was so much to take in, I have no idea who was playing when I arrived, but it was a beautiful song and extremely well-performed. Haperella, in her trademark green gown, introduced new sets and generally did a wonderful job of keeping everything organized. The crowd was full of an intense amount of energy. People were cheering and clapping, waving to one another. Fireworks kept illuminating the sky. There was a circle in front of the stage where several people were dancing along with the songs. A cloud of smoke seemed to hover above the crowd from all the pipeweed.

I found a facilitator standing on a rock at the back of the crowd who was passing out free ale and pipeweed. I made my way back to the front and settled in with my Blackberry Ale. I downed my mug before I knew it and with that familiar toasty glow inside and a haziness around my field of vision, I happily swayed back and forth to the music, while adding more smoke to the air from my pipe. It could have been the ale or it could have simply been the excitement of my first time, but at one point in the evening Harperella was dancing so gracefully, it seemed she was floating on air.

I had to leave a little early, but I had a great time. Cheers to all the people who devote so much effort every week to successfully pulling this off. I highly recommend that everyone attend Ales and Tales at least once, if only to have the experience. •

**Out w/ old** (cont. from p. 2)

Heavily cloaked, ominous figures have been frequenting the alley porch outside the Prancing Pony tavern to speak with a very soft-spoken gentleman named Amlan. It is said that they might be Rangers, but it has yet to be confirmed. Though, it was overheard that they are of a new company that call themselves The Grey Dawn. I wonder if they were sent to help quell the crebain and protect the people of Bree... •

nature and slow to trust outsiders. Nevertheless, their hospitality runs freely and I've never heard of them turning away an outsider in need. I lived among them for many months, slowly earning their trust.

On one particularly fortuitous occasion I was allowed to observe a ceremony, which I will relate for you here:

Inside, with only the glow of the dying embers for light, the drumming starts, soft and slowly



*Lumi-väki assembling for a ceremony*

**Lumi-väki** (cont. from p. 5)

part due to increased trading with the kivi-väki – dwarves – and kesä-väki – men – to the south. A tentative centralization of authority has grown up around the Iso-talo – the Great Lodge – in Suri-kyla. There, representative members of the different heimo meet to discuss issues of concern, such as the encroachment of the Angmarim from the east and the raiding practices of the susi-väki – the fierce Gauradan. Consensus rarely comes easily.

Upon my arrival in Forochel, I was far from warmly welcomed. The Lumi-väki are of a suspicious

at first. The shaman begins his song, guttural sounds emanating from deep in his throat. His singing echoes the howling of the wolf, the groaning of the elk, the voices of his guardian spirits. As his song and the beating of the drums grow stronger, the sounds seem to come from all around me. From behind me. From above my head. Now at my feet. Now behind me. Time seemed to stop and go on forever all at once. I was mesmerized. When the singing and drumming stopped suddenly and the lamp was lit, I felt as though I had been jolted awake. As the shaman recited his closing praying I marveled at the experience. •

## Gossip

- It has been rumored that the wife of the rather stern Lord Thorvall of Archet has gone missing as has their child. Did she run off with another and take their son – the heir to Archet’s lands? Was she truly kidnapped, and if so, who has or had her?
- Are the Oathsworn as collective and organized as they once were, or is the rumored dissention in the ranks still prevalent? It has been rumored that Lord Thorvall’s advisor has taken leave from the Oathsworn fort in Archet. Dissention? Is his absence connected with the disappearance of Lady Thorvall?
- Occasionally you’ll find a woman, in the darkened corners of the Prancing Pony, playing with dice. Her name is Sugar, with a voice just as sweet. Her methods are fair, as is the game she encourages. Seems as though her luck has come through for her, as rumor has it that she’s getting married. Her suitor, an unknown man, seems to evade me as I write.
- Master Malrex, a local of Combe, was rumored to have struck his wife so violently that he chose to leave Combe without word of his whereabouts. His wife’s present condition is unknown, but a quick glimpse of her was snatched while she was in Bree’s marketplace and besides a split lip no other markings seems to be visible.
- Be on the lookout for a man selling “magic” items. He’s a charlatan and shouldn’t be trusted.

- Posters of a “Rouge’s Court” were strewn amidst Bree. The local lowlifes of Bree were welcome to attend. While I was unable to locate their meeting place, earlier this month rumors surfaced of a group of suspicious looking characters holding what appeared to be a meeting in one of the ruins not far from the Brandywine River.
- Some form of brawl ensued after a public disturbance in Combe, a local hotspot for Breeland’s most notorious miscreants. Bree Justice, Arion,



apparently busted through the front door, leaving it broken and needing replacement. Not a few days later, a few locals were seen repairing the front window and main door.

- Crebain still hover over the courtyard of the Prancing Pony, most citizens of Bree have become uneasy in the area, yet they continue to frequent the tavern. Butterbur’s Best must be worth it!
- Watcher enlistments seem to be on the rise, not sure if that’s a good or bad thing for Bree since the last batch allowed four separate murders to occur. Let’s stand behind our Justice and support this new batch.
- Speaking of Watchers, a woman now follows the Justice in tow. It is unclear if she is a local fan girl, his mistress, or simply a scribe. •

**Mom & Dad** (cont. from p. 4)  
wallop him with my shield, but he saw me and took a shot at me with his bow. Then Urika shouted and startled him enough for me to wallop him good and down he went.

I . . . um . . . think I might have killed him. He hit his head pretty hard and wasn’t moving at all. We just grabbed what we could and ran. I never went back to see if he was okay or not.

Then, later in the day, Jon asked us to go to the ruins to disrupt the Bandit plans. That was the first time I knew I killed somebody for certain. This bandit charged after Urika and . . . well, I’m a wolf hunter. I just tossed my javelin right at his back as if he were a wolf and he went right down. I knew he was dead. I dragged him into the bushes so the other bandits couldn’t find him.

I had never killed a person before and the whole thing just made me sick.

I know that we’re supposed to think of all goblins as filthy creatures that are no good for anything but killing but I’ve always wondered if it was really (continued on p. 9)

### **Kiarane Designs**



Is your hobbit hole looking sparse? Not sure what to do with the second room of your house? I’ve got answers. Visit my [shop](#).  
(advertisement)

Creative Arts Corner



*Hobbit's Eye View of Lothlorien by Merryden*

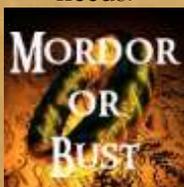
**Regarding Hobbits**

When little hobbits go out at night,  
they dance around 'till the morning  
light!  
Full of pies and pipeweed too,  
they have a good time and so will  
you!

Hobbits are gentle folk, you see,  
tending the land and living  
carefree!  
Simple, but not remotely boring,  
some adventurous souls even go  
exploring!

**Mordor or Bust**

Can't wait for the next issue of  
The Breeland Times? Need some  
information? Or just curious what  
is happening around the world  
today? Consult [Mordor or Bust](#)  
for all your Middle Earth-related  
needs.



(advertisement)

You'll hear of lands vast and new,  
with golden trees and a stunning  
view!  
But no purple sky or fancy queen,  
tops their pretty lasses and their hills  
so green!

When little hobbits go out at night,  
they dance around 'til the morning  
light!  
Full of pies and pipeweed too,  
they have a good time and so will  
you!

Big folk can be scary, so give them  
time,  
show them no harm and commit no  
crime!  
The Bounders are shrewd and quick  
to act,  
if you try to escape, you will be  
tracked!

Cooking is something they love to do,  
almost as much as drinking brew!  
Surely, Michel Delving is the place to  
be,  
for superior ovens, most cooks agree!

Perfect pies,  
win a prize.  
Shire Spice Ale,  
where's my mail?!

Perfect pies,  
win a prize.  
Shire Spice Ale,  
where's my ale?!

The Party Tree is where they  
go,  
for dancing, eating, and a music  
show!  
There are inns at most every  
town,  
kick up your feet and put your  
swords down!

I've been to places where elves  
make wine,  
and places with green streams  
that smell like brine!  
Leaves of red and gold take my  
breath away,  
but the lovely Shire is where I  
choose to stay!

When little hobbits go out at  
night,  
they dance around 'til the  
morning light!  
Full of pies and pipeweed too,  
they have a good time and so  
will you!

Perfect pies,  
win a prize.  
Shire Spice Ale,  
where's my mail?!

Perfect pies,  
win a prize.  
Shire Spice Ale,  
where's my mail?!

We're full of pies and pipeweed  
too!

**Lyrics and music by  
Ghingeriel**

Listen to the song [here](#).  
More from Ghingeriel [here](#). •

**Mom & Dad** (cont. from p. 7)  
right to think of them that way. But I couldn't say no on the thought of some goblins coming into Brokenborings and doing to it what the bandits did to Archet, or worse. So, I agreed to scout the hills and to kill any goblins I found if I found any.

Urika and Peaberry agreed to go with me, which I was grateful enough for when the time came, because there was more than a few goblins in those hills. They had their own city in there - easily twice as big as Brokenborings and Scary combined, and filled with so many goblins they would have had no trouble overrunning the hobbits if it was in their mind to do so.

We came to the goblin camp, and they had posted a guard. But they had probably lived there for quite some time without any hobbits coming up to disturb them, so the guards were not too vigilant about their guarding. At the same time, we couldn't just walk past and expect a fair greeting. We spent some time discussing options and decided there was nothing to do but to kill him so as we can get into the camp. And we had to kill him quickly so as he wouldn't sound an alarm.

Well, I put my wolf-hunting skills to work and I just pictured in my mind that this goblin was a two-legged wolf and I threw my javelin right at him. The goblin was so stunned it didn't know what to think and so I charged forth with my sword and I stabbed it and just as I did Peaberry fired arrows into it and I saw the arrows zip past me, then I grabbed the goblin as it died and let it down onto the ground slowly so as it didn't make

much noise.

Then there was this other goblin who was walking towards us and would have stumbled on us soon enough so we quickly did the same to him before he had a chance to warn the camp.

With those goblins dead we were through the front gate, so we took the chance to look inside and see just how many goblins there were.

It wasn't far inside the gate that we came on a whole camp of goblins. I would say that there were a half dozen or so in the camp itself and milling about.

I have to say it shames me that one of the things I was thinking is that if we killed the goblins and took their stuff we might be able to sell some of it and finally have some real money in our pocket so as we could eat proper for once. I was instantly ashamed of myself for the thought of killing things so as I could rob them. I felt really bad about the whole thing.

But I know people would tell me that they're just goblins and I shouldn't have such thoughts - just as others were possibly telling the goblins, "Those hobbits are just hobbits and you shouldn't have such thoughts."

My brain was thinking about these things, but at the same time I was in this goblin camp surrounded by goblins who might at any moment gather up an army to attack Brokenborings.

So the three of us figured out a plan for battling these six goblins. Peaberry laid out a trap for any who charged at us and I figured I could get the first shot in and drop

### Pearls of Wisdom

*"Pay attention to the past, for from it you can draw valuable lessons."*

- Clayton Cole, Breetown Watch

one of them and that would leave four goblins against the three of us.

These goblins were not poor fighters so it was risky but we couldn't figure out any other way to put the odds more in our favor so we went ahead with it.

Well, I'm writing you this letter so you know we lived and the goblins all got killed. Urika and Peaberry are alright, too. I suspect they weren't having the thoughts I was having about killing the goblins. They were among those who thought that there's nothing else to be done with goblins.

I could say that, once we were in the camp, any goblins who came upon us seemed quite content on seeing us killed and maybe served up in a good hobbit stew or some such. Any number of the goblins we killed next just charged after us when they saw us. They weren't smart or organized in any way - they just attacked so as to kill us the instant they saw us, as if they couldn't even think to do anything else.

We must have killed three dozen goblins in that camp and that were nothing but a fraction of those that lived. Knowing their numbers, we made the call to move to the exit and get back to the hunter Halros.

Once outside the gate and away from the goblins, I all but collapsed on the hillside. I was covered in goblin blood and suffering no shortage of nicks and (continued on p. 10)

**Mom & Dad** (cont. from p. 9)  
cuts on my own person. I will tell you that if you get goblin blood in your own wound or cut it burns as bad as putting salt in a wound.

As soon as my mind figured out we were safe again it seems that it told my body to just quit altogether. I was too weak to stand and I couldn't hold down my breakfast any longer. It took a good hour before I could find the energy to stand up again.

We took what we looted off the bodies and split up what looked valuable and resolved to clean up the rest of it and sell it back in town – and the goblins had some coin on them anyway that we took with us.

We found the hunter back at his camp and told him that we found goblins and killed a good number of them. He told us to report back to Bounder Primstone in Brockenborings and to add that the leader of the goblins wasn't a goblin and that he should be alert to the possibility of attack.

Strangely, Bounder Primstone didn't seem all too interested in our report of goblins. Instead, he told us to look to some relic that was found in the quarry at Scary – the head of some old dead goblin leader that Bullroarer took care of long ago. And he was willing to pay us decent so we decided we would go ahead and do that.

But it puzzled me that he didn't seem to care about the goblins much.

Well, this letter is long and I need my sleep before we head up into the hills tomorrow. This forsaken inn does have a post so I'll see that this gets off to you before I go.

Love,  
[Bluejay](#) •

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**Fluttering of a Thrush**

From the journal of Valiana Ulmaquelle

O menel,  
Dim ulma lanta,  
Namarie ulma, Ai vana hisie quelle

From heaven, a sad rain doth fall, “Farewell rain. Alas! A beautiful mist shall fade.”

A wind stirs from the east, deceptively cold and with ill intent. Most shiver at its touch, continuing on with their ignorant lives, they become bothered with it, warming their hands or tightening their cloaks about themselves in an attempt to ignore it and what message it carries. Yet I, I stand and feel its sinister touch and accept its heralding. I become embraced within its amorous grasp and it consumes my thoughts.

“Alas, I cannot see the stars of the evening. Alas, I cannot travel now to the West to where my kin shall go. Alas, I feel the burden of this world and soon shall fade as well...”

I speak these words and weep.  
I lament.  
My fate hath been decided and no other path shall be made ‘ere my feet within the world.

O! A glimmer shines within the darkness of my vision...  
A light, nimble and fading, flutters, ebbing in and out of existence.

There is hope for what comes. Hope still lingers within each of us, like the fluttering of a thrush within the torment. We must strive to accomplish all of what must be done ‘ere the end.

May ye of fading hope, of falling dreams and of lingering darkness find some solace within these writings. Much must I write about ‘ere the darkness diminishes the light o’ my being... Alas, where to begin...•

From the journal of [Heregrim](#)

**September 3rd, 2010**

I can't say I would have expected much less. The long way from the Iron Hills has led me into countless encounters with the evil creatures who serve the shadow. I have been lucky until this day, for I still stand in my feet.

**September 3rd, 2010**

For the beard of my ancestors! A dwarf like myself can't rely on the lonely mountains anymore. Everywhere I go, is infested with those nasty beasts. Shame on the Dourhands, for engaging in evil deeds with those horrible monsters.

Dwalin should learn from this to not be as trustful as he is. Not all dwarves are among those whom we can call trustful.

Oh, but in what kind of world are we living when you must doubt the word even from a dwarf!

**September 4th, 2010**

We dwarves have a lot of things on our hands right now here at Thorin's gate. Our situation with the Dourhands has worsened. They steal our gold and walk our lands dishonoring the name of the dwarves.

You know dwarves well if you know we are distrustful of the elves. Since the battle of the five armies in 2941, I can't remember any deep collaboration between our races. But thanks to those wretched Dourhands, our race is facing another danger: a possibility of war against the elves.

Dwarves can be stubborn I must admit. But so can the elves and this is the proof. The elves won't take (continued on p. 12)

**Defense of Breetown**

By [Luxbra](#) (Elendilmir)

I was feeling really proud of myself. I had bought a large house for me and my sisters, San and Luxmar. We were going to be a family again, but Middle-Earth in wartime can wreak havoc on any plans. Arda has little respect for the wishes of man or elf.

When riding towards Bree one day, I was shocked to see two dozen brigands, accompanied by all kinds of beasties, storming the southern gate. I kicked my horse, Kiri, and galloped to the gate. When I arrived, I saw the guards dead at the gate. Fires and screams emanated from the north. I left Kiri tied at the southern entrance and ran straight to the jail to see if my sister, Santanica, was still safely locked up.

When I arrived, there was no longer anyone in the stock. The front door of the jailhouse was smashed in. I drew my sword and ran inside. The brigands and guards were engaged in a scuffle. Behind them I saw another brigand trying to free someone from a jail cell. I sheathed my sword, drew my bow and placed two arrows in the man's back.

Hearing someone come up behind me, I whipped around and tagged the brigand in the face with the end of my bow. Tralli and the other guards had the brigands backed up to the front door, so I ran downstairs to check on San. She was on the floor, sleeping like a baby, with her herald, Rochette standing watch over her. I gave Rochette my boot knife and directed her to defend San with her life.

(continued on p. 12)

**An Extraordinary Adventure**

By [Bibbsy the Burg](#)

"Gather around and hear my tale – a tale of adventure, danger and woe. Sit by the hearth and open your ears and such a tale you will hear."

It all began one fine summer night in the kitchen of my hobbit hole. I was making myself several meat pies, when all of a sudden the sound of a patter of hooves came down the road. I peered over my garden fence and saw Bounder Boffin out in the middle of the road.

"Now, what is he doing out there?" I asked myself. No sooner had I started towards him than a black rider came galloping up on a midnight black steed. It was ever so frightening! The stranger looked ever so frightening as it leaned down to hiss something ... "ennsss..." Not receiving the answer it was looking for, the stranger reared his horse up and rode past us, nearly knocking Bounder Boffin down!

After collecting his wits, Boffin told me to go and get a weapon from his bag. Well, let me tell you – I am a very respectable hobbit and had never in my life held something more dangerous than a spade or a butter knife! The very idea was absurd! But Boffin convinced me that if I did not find a weapon, the mysterious stranger would come back to kill me.

With great trepidation I choose a knife with a six inch blade and looked as though it could cut through a small tree in a single swipe! I ran after Boffin who was headed towards Old Odo's Farm. (continued on p. 13)

**Heregrim** (cont. from p. 11)  
 our word and demand we proof that in action. The Dourhands have apparently kidnapped an elven prince and we are given the blame for this unless we do something.

I'm just an adventurer, but wandering in these lands can lead me into any kind of situations I might not even expect. I don't even know how I got involved, but there is no other choice if we are to prevent any further conflict.

My axe is already stained with goblin blood. It's a shame that I have to spoil such a fine weapon with the Dourhands' blood now. Let's just hope it won't be needed to be stained by elven blood too. our word and demand we proof that in action. The Dourhands have apparently kidnapped an elven prince and we are given the blame for this unless we do something.

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**September 5th, 2010**

There is much greater evil in the works by the shadows that extend from Angmar. Before I could help in the rescue of the elven prince, I had to deal with some creatures I've only heard in the tales of the older dwarves. Horrible undead skeletons, minions of the evil dark lord. Such things are only possible

through the forbidden art of necromancy.

Our enemy is of great power indeed. Yet here we are - elves and dwarves about to spill unnecessary blood. Can we not see pass this trickery? The enemy gets stronger, and fortifies its walls, while we, enemies of the shadow, divide and face each other. That's exactly what the enemy wants.

For now, we've cast away these evil monsters from the lands of Haudh Lin. But who knows for how long? However there was still a situation going. I was pointed out that a ranger named Langlas, who was silent and deadly, would be willing to help me raid the Dourhands campment at night. I searched for him and he was already planning an attack.

We stormed through the Dourhands lines, much to their surprise and demise. We left no survivors. But it was too late. The prince had already left the place and is to be sent away in one of the Dourhands ships. We had risked our lives for nothing. We must make haste now. I will do anything I can to prevent any further conflict, but there's only so much that I can do.

These are dark times indeed. Will I be strong enough to overcome these shadows? Would all of us be strong enough, or will the shadows consume us forever?

**September 7th, 2010**

Perhaps I misjudged the elves. When I heard about the rescue of the elven prince my thought were of a weakling warrior whose pride and arrogance cost him his freedom, and probably was nothing more than a royal charlatan, who

never knew the true ways of a warrior.

But I was wrong. Prince Avorthai fought bravely side by side with me in our final attack against the Dourhands. We were not going to stand for any more of their meddling in our free lands. Ered Luin can breathe peace for a moment now, thanks to a dear collaboration between elves and dwarves. We've put aside our differences, much like in the days of old when Thorin Okenshield, his companions and the dwarves from the Iron Hills, forged an alliance with the elves and the men of the lake for the sake of all goodness. Our new collaboration lead to the retreat of the Dourhands, but they still oppose a threat in the southside. Our journey to stop the Dourhands is not complete.

Skorgrím escaped us. But not for long. My past is already stained with innocent blood. But there is still a lot this dwarf can make to amend his mistakes.

Skorgrím Dourhand, I give you my word as a dwarf, that I shall not rest again, until you and your evil Dourhands scum are banished forever from all the free lands of men, dwarves and elves. Indeed, you have my word. •

**Defense** (cont. from p. 11)

Tralli yelled down at me to get back upstairs. The brigands were either dead or had run off. Tralli looked at me and said, "Our garrison is holding the perimeter. Go and find those remaining inside the gates..."

"I'll go. Push them to the Pony. (continued on p. 13)

**Defense** (cont. from p. 12)

They'll be cornered there. With me." I replied as I ran out the door.

As I made my way towards the Prancing Pony I saw scattered fighting in the streets. I fought as I ran, helping as I could. I arrived at the inn in time to stop a brigand who was attempting to light the Pony on fire.

Brigands started coming from both the west and the south. Some with swords, some with torches, some commanding beasts. I shot arrows to one side as I fought them face to face on the other. An herbalist came to give us a hand. I could not believe how poorly trained the brigands were. Then again, I thought, they're only thieves. I fought alongside the Breetown guard for what seemed like forever. We must have killed two score of them. I emerged with some pretty deep wounds, but nothing fatal. The herbalist was not so lucky.

As I sat on the steps cleaning off my sword, Tralli came lumbering up. "Your sister took an arrow in the leg. Rochette is tending to her, but you should go." Without a word, I took off for the jailhouse...•

**Adventure** (cont. from p. 11)

What we found inside frightened me almost as much as the black rider – spiders! Boffin engaged one of them in combat, hacking and slashing at it. It was a very un-hobbit-like thing to do. As more began approaching, Boffin asked me to help him fight. The nerve! This was a Bounder for goodness' sake! Weren't they supposed to be the ones protecting the Shire from danger? But I couldn't leave him to die, so I slashed out and struck one.



*Resting on the River by Kaleigh Starshine*

When the spiders were dead, Bounder Boffin told me to follow him through another door. Inside was the most gigantic spider web I had ever seen! We began to cut through the webs and fought off a few spiders along the way. It was utterly terrifying!

We made it to the door just as Celadine Brandybuck and Mundo Sackville-Baggins burst in. Both of them being highly respectable hobbits, it was a little unsettling to find them screaming something about brigands chasing them. I had little time to dwell on their undignified behavior as they were quickly followed by three bandits. Muttering something about "the rider deciding our fate," they proceeded to know all four of us out!

The next thing I knew, I woke up in a cell with two of the tall folk outside my door. Another man ran up and I thought for sure my life was over. He surprised me by striking down the two men guarding me. He opened the door to my cell and that of Bounder Boffin. The man introduced himself as Strider. I thought to

myself, "What a strange name." I thought it odd to be associating with one of the tall folk, but I wasn't about to give up my one chance at freedom, so I followed him out the door.

"We cannot stay here," Strider said. I wholeheartedly agreed and with a mournful thought over my pies, I followed him.•

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To learn more about The Breeland Times and the editor-in-chief, tune into [CSTM's interview with Vatna](#).