

THE BOSCOVANIA NEWS AND FUNK REPORT

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Editor in Chief: Bosco Smokey, president of Boscovania Fine Smokeables

ITEM: TRANSLATION OF FATHER AMBROSE THE RIGHTEOUS

A wondrous event happened on the 29th of December. An exorcist from Portchester by the name of Father Ambrose had joined a group of explorers in the Badlands several days earlier. He reports that they had slain a multitude of lizards, apes and even a dragon. However, at one point the entire expedition was swept up into the hands of the Devil himself. The devil demanded that both Ambrose and his fellow exorcist renounce the worship of Bor and the Lawful church and bow to his heathen blasphemies. To Ambrose's horror, Rinaldo renounced Bor and became a priest of the devil. Ambrose scorned such a course and prepared to face bodily destruction. However, his faith was rewarded and Ambrose was spirited safely away back to the steps of Portchester Cathedral, alive and unharmed. Ambrose has boldly proclaimed the miracle across the city. The bishop has summoned a council of the diocese to discuss charges against the apostate Rinaldo.

ITEM: OLD ONES IN THE BADLANDS

Bosco Tripod, lord and master of Boscovania, has announced to all travelers that they should be especially on their guard in the Badlands, just south of the kingdom's borders. His guards and scouts have noticed a sudden increase in the Old Ones emerging from the transit tunnels to the East of the river. The numbers had been dropping off, perhaps due to some activity farther west or south.

ITEM: BARBARIANS ON THE MARCH

Last week, a small band of Northron barbarians, from the Thursons tribe entered Peaches's bar in Boscovania. They claimed to be a small scouting party from a larger clan who were attempting to find the Tree of Woden, a lost holy site of their pagan faith. One of them, named Starkath the Crusher, asked various people if they had met someone named "Rotwang", but everyone just laughed and started replying "you know there's an ointment for that."

ITEM: NEW DRUID DEVILMENT

The Earl of the Western Marches has made public report to the Kings of Portchester that his scouts have seen a large marching train of Druids and their armed escorts leaving from the Caturigan coast across from Choir Morag, heading roughly to the South-East. He is of yet unable to discern exactly where or why they are making their pilgrimage.

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