

Riot at Starkhaven?!

As many of us know, those who have been afflicted with the magical corruption (Thanks Mordok scum!) are now located outside the city of Starkhaven. Two of three groups have been kept in spare housing in a district. The other group, however, has been having to weather the harsh spring thaw without much cover and care. As the weathered warmed up, so did the third groups anger. They stole away in the night, and broke into the city. Robbing, raping, and mugging those who got in their way. The event was quickly put to rest however by the Town Guard. There has been no comment from any of the chapters of Arnath at this time, but rumors fly abundantly about lacking supplies and failing to come through to help cure or delay their corruption.

IS THE NEW TOWN OF BAILE ONOIR A HAVEN FOR CRAFTER'S?

As some may be aware, the illustrious, and bird people sponsored, faction called the Broken Blade Company founded a settlement up in Aylin's Reach. Many people celebrated at being able to call a place home, but the type of people attracted the most to this new city were not

loclaochra, mercenaries, or warriors. Rather it was the crafters, veterans, and families that went.

"It is plain ta see ye be knowin' nuttin about goo' ole Richtcrag's. We not jus' warriors, we also be crafters. So of course, we be headin' up to our kinfolk. They be needin' people to be a buildin', and the sooner we are there, the better for us!

(Seeking journalists to set up an office in this town to help expand network, please come to offices for interviews.)

*Want to help cure the corruption?
Come to Zhao's Potion Shop.*

HOW TO BE ABOVE THE FUN LINE! *(By: a certain noble.)*

Hello from above the fun line! So, some of you common people finally found out about the fun line. Congrats on finally being able to understand how little your life is compared to ours! So, you may be asking yourself how do I live above the fun line. Well we are here to teach you just that! In this many part series, I will be discussing with you the dos and don'ts of living above the fun line. This being the first part I will share with you the first thing you can do to stay

above the fun line... don't be a drummer. Seriously no one who has had a drink wants you around and if you haven't had a drink how can you be above the fun line? So, remember no one likes a drummer!

**SPRING IS HERE!
WATCH OUT FOR THE YUR-TIO!**

For those of you who are unaware of the this strange Syndar folktale, we shall condense if since, like with all Syndar related items, it is long winded. The story is about a young feral Syndar that goes frolicking through a meadow in spring time. The young boy accidentally trips over a long and hair log. The log turns out to be a Yur-Tio, a rough translation for Furred Serpent. The beast chased the boy for some time before he escaped back to his tribe. It was when he went to sleep he heard a voice say, "Nobody is safe... From the Yur-Tio..." The child is then eaten up. The story goes on for much longer than this, but we will let you learn of this at your own time. So, when you go out into the fields this spring, keep an eye out for large hairy logs. They may come and eat you in your sleep.

LETTERS FROM THE READERS: OH DEAR...

Dear More Doc Monthly,

Never had I thought that such a thing might happen to Me, but truly our world is a Dark and Dangerous Place! I write these lines with shaking hand, knowing that I quiver tenderly from Sadness and Fear to discuss such a Vile Subject, but indeed I must sound a Warning Call to all tender and sweet young things on this, our Benighted Continent! I write to warn you most Forcefully of that brute, that fiend, the ULVEN MALE. I lived quite a Happy Life in my father's house until the spectacle of the Man intruded. He served as bodyguard to my father. Out of respect for the Head of our House, I used to attend training sessions in the yard, to see that these Bodyguards were indeed capable of Safeguarding Our Lives! I paid most Vigorous Attention to this Man, being much admiring of his Physique and Oiled Body Glistening invitingly in the Noonday Sun, chest heaving as he pushed himself to the Limit of his Very Strength!!! I became quite - excited- alarmed at the sight and swooned, whereupon he took me in his Strong Arms and Kissed Me!! I revived at once and Demanded he

Unhand Me, but the ENTIRELY accidental straying of my milk-white hand into his Taut Trousers must have given him quite the Wrong Idea, for he Kissed Me Most Passionately and declared he would Ravish Me! I was quite so overcome with Shock and Grief at such a Vile Notion that I cried out "Yes, yes, take me!!!," meaning of course "Take me back into the house and leave me alone at once, you Brute!" Alas, my meaning was not understood, and I was gloriously-ravished!!!! Women, beware of the ULVEN MALE!! He is Brutal, Ignorant, and extremely capable of Tearing Your Dress Off and causing your Torn Bodice to expose your Heaving Mounds of Creamy Bosomosity. I beg you, do not fall for his Vile Tricks!
With Greatest Sincerity,
A Lady!

Oh Jolly Sailor's Bold, come on down to Mara's! Where you can wet your whistle, and your wood.

The Phoenix of Fire Isle are Hedonists?

We hear many strange stories coming from Fire Isle, but none as odd and brazen as the one we must share today. This story comes from none other than a sailor that found work on the newly built trade

vessel that is owned by the Phoenix.

"Aye, I got a story or four for you to hear. All of them though center around one thing, their debauchery." This sailor took a moment to collect his thoughts, from either the drink in front of him, or a way to put it into words.

"Have you ever seen around, let us say, 30 to 40 people, get completely Sh&t faced and then try to f*^k everyone? It is truly a horrible sight to behold. Syndar and humans all fighting for a place to get themselves a bit of the sin of the flesh." The sailor took a large gulp of ale after this, we assumed to try and steel his nerves.

"Of course, during that entire time of the orgy, they continue to drink! I have never seen so much wasted wine and ale. Most the time it was spilled on those on/about them!"

Sounds like the Fire Isle is not a place for the pure of heart, and more of a place for those who like to truly take in the pleasures that life has to offer. Beware innocent folk, beware.

Thank you for reading The More Doc Monthly! We publish every week with a new volume for the month's issue. If you have any information, please contact us at our offices!!!