

## Imperial Declarations

By: Commander Ito

People of Raskaz, together we have weathered many long dark nights. I hope that, together, we may weather many more. You are not the disorganized mass that once poured out of the circle and began immediately kicking hornets nests. You have cooperated, you have persevered, and once or twice you have even stuck to a plan. I admire your will, your tenacity, your dedication to making this place your home. I pray that what we have built here, what we are still building, will stand ten thousand years.

May the blessings of the gods and the Ivory Dragon be upon you.

## Another Step Forward

By: Quillian Mier

When last we gathered a significant scourge was defeated. Lady Kireyev is dead. This is not the outcome we expected, but we welcome the victory with open arms. For the sake of clarity, I'll recount the events.

In the month or so preceding our gathering, rumors spread that Nekta would be making an attempt to grab additional power from the Plane of Blood, but would be waiting for the Kireyev to be engaged with the town so as to not risk fighting both sides. This

was a lie. I, with the help of others (and you know who you are), spread this rumor trusting that Alyosha, whose access to blood magic had been reduced by the actions of the church of Faya, would spring at the chance.

In separating Alyosha from Lady Kireyev we hoped to create an opening long enough to fight Lady Kireyev on her own. While the town had engaged her several times before, powerful guards foiled a prolonged conflict to cleanly test her limits. This was the plan. To separate her from her most powerful servants, bait her with the shield which had consumed her attention when she saw it in our possession, and then to test her limits in search of a weakness to be used later.

We never dreamed that that fight could end with her death. We had accepted it would end in our own. As we circled Lady Kireyev, hemmed her in, peppered her with every spell and technique we could muster, her facade faltered. She became desperate. And then her power to defend failed her. Spells which would inflict great pain on vampires suddenly held no sway. She was not Undead.

She would not speak. She could not flee. Light and silver were driven through her heart. Where we expected mist, we found a corpse. The Gravekeeper came, and took her away. In final defiance she refused to explain even with her final ghostly words.

The true leader of the Kireyev is dead. We believe the leader of the Ferals is dead as well. The Grastari remains hidden. Yet



before we stand at the mouth of whatever cave shelters him, I urge each and every one of you to speak with your friends, your church, with all you trust and fight beside and find a consensus on one very important question. What will we do with this last one?

## Stillness will break

To the surprise of many this winter passed with not too much of a fuss. The Way has sent out small strike teams to attack the wolves in their dens to some success. Though some gifts were lost, it was for the hopeful eradication of the werewolves that have caused so much havoc for us and the townsfolk of Raskaz. I do fear that like any animal the werewolves are starting to feel backed into a corner and will be more desperate now than ever before. I know that we have not all seen eye to eye before but we must come together now as the snow melts or I am afraid the strides forward we made over the last year will be for not. I will call upon you for assistance with some strategic operations over the course of this high holy day. Stay safe.

-Morimoto

## Winter's Thaw

It has been a long and quiet winter. The revelations from the last gather still shock many of us, but it is important we remain on task. As the winter melts, slowly thawed by the rising warmth of spring, we can be sure our enemies will begin to move.

This Triquil is the High Holy Day of Bellinger and Zahar. I can only imagine the Night of the Burning Blood will be as potent, if not more, as the last. There has been a distinct silence from the things that tend to darken our doorstep. Rest assured they have been biding their time for the right chance to strike.

As always, be cautious when traveling around town. Remain in

## Stand Strong Together!

As the fight to Liberate Raskaz from the menace that is the Undead and their cohorts moves ever forward, we look forward to putting an end to the final members of the threat known as The Feral Blooded.

Always remember that even with your enemies at full retreat, do not underestimate the tenacity of a desperate beast that is trapped in a corner.

\* Ostromir



pairs or groups, and keep your eyes and ears open. What we learned from our last gather and must remember... the Ferals have become more dangerous in both their out-of-character caution and heightened fervor. The Wolves made targeted attacks at various outposts and farms, as if stocking supplies. And of course, while the Kireyev forces are severely diminished, Alyosha remains and is now that much more unpredictable.

Watch each others backs, Ser Gloria

## Springtime is all abuzz

In most corners of the world that experience drastic seasonal variance in temperature and perspiration, springtime begins anew the cycle of flora and fauna. Trees and flowers growing, budding, and blooming; dancing to a tune as old as Ptalmanar itself. With the waking of the wild weeds and wood comes the crawling and the calling of the colorful and contrasting creatures of Creation.

In most locations, this resurgence of nature includes the return of one of the most crucial and misunderstood of the Wyld's congregation: the humble bee. Not so in Raszkas. For the past few years a subculture of bees, possibly a single hive, has graced us with its presence year-round, despite the harsh snow and prevailing bitter winds. They've seemingly carried on, doing their business, as if the depths of Darkfreeze were a mere inconvenience. These B.O.U.S.'s have been particularly aggressive, many growing as large as rodents of usual size. They have hunted and harried humongous hounds; battered, beaten, and bested big beasts; fought and foiled our Fujianese friends. But now, rumors say, they seem to be complying with the commands of our comrades, how curious.

If these murmurs hold honey, may their masters be merciful and the mead be mighty. Springtime is abuzz with life, and Krushkov rises to meet the dawn once more.

## Glory to Fujian: Honor and Service

By: Tsuika Bu

It is with great sadness that I announce the death of a great Imperial servant, Karoshi Sado. She passed in the line of duty, fulfilling her mission to the Empire. We all should pray for the fortitude to follow such a grand example.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Imperial Scholarship Fund for Immigrant Children, whose education she held of such importance.

Glory to the Ivory Dragon! May the Fujianese Empire stand ten thousand years!

To the People of Raskaz,

You may notice that I am not home, and haven't been for a few weeks. Do not despair over me. I am in no danger, nor am I being held against my will. In fact, I am returning home tomorrow as I write this, though no doubt you will read this while I am still in transit.

I am in Sarov. I was summoned to the presence of the Daimyo, who had many things to ask about what was happening in our small town. It seems the forces of evil have been moving towards us at a slow and steady pace, enough so that his soldiers have noticed the need for violence in the reaches of their territory, especially the Carpago foothills. Beast men, insect men, and undead of all varieties have been seen in the woods within miles of our home, and the Daimyo asked me to explain.

I told him that this was not because of us. That we were appreciative of their efforts to keep the darkness at bay. That we would not, under any circumstances, attack his soldiers while they were recovering from the battle against evil. I told him, in no uncertain terms, there was no revolution fomenting within Raskaz, and that his forces had nothing to fear from us.

I told him about the evil under our town, and how we were struggling to find a way to contain it. He took this news very seriously, and told me he would pen a letter to Commander Ito to find out his perspective. He called us a town full of heroes.

That is what we are, my friends. We are heroes. While his soldiers do their best to keep us from being overwhelmed from without, it is our duty to take care of the evil within. We must do everything to end the vampire threat, and contain the evil that is beneath our feet.

I am bringing back something that will aid us in our struggle. The Daimyo has promised he will continue to do what he can to help. He has informed the Emperor of our bravery.

I will be home soon, my friends.

Fight on, and fight well.

Vassily Brashtamov

## I Will Assist

I am Rorik of Kursk, son of Marat, member of the Bloody Cross. I was met by some of you last gather. We helped the Lizardmen of the Mountain. Father Utar has been busy. He will continue to be busy. The people that know why he is busy know why he is busy. I will be assisting things that he may have assisted with if he was not busy. I am not him so I will not assist in the same way. I will come to you and tell you my name so you know who I am when I am there. We will also help the Lizardmen of the Mountain more.

Praise Faya

Rorik of Kursk, son of Marat,  
member of the Bloody Cross

## Call to Arms!

As the High Holy Day of Bellinger draws ever closer, I would like to announce that the festivities of the Bellinger Day games have returned to Raskaz in the form of several traditionally tactics based Wargames! For those of you that would like to join in on the festivities please feel free to sign up for the games that you would like to participate in on the Roster that will be located at the bar in the Tavern!

-Ostromir

## Words of Wisdom

As we approach the high holy day of Bellinger and Zahar, a day which will undoubtedly be rife with death and suffering, it is imperative we stay cognizant of the reasons why we fight. In that light, I share some words of wisdom I hope will guide you through this night.

“There is a greater darkness than the one we fight. It is the darkness of the soul that has lost its way. The war we fight is not against powers and principalities, it is against chaos and despair. Greater than the death of flesh is the death of hope, the death of dreams. Against this peril we can never surrender. The future is all around us, waiting in moments of transition, to be born in moments of revelation. No one knows the shape of that future, or where it will take us. We know only that it is always born in pain.”

In spite of the pain we will assuredly endure, we will persevere.

~ Anonymous

I KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
DID