

# FANCY FEAST has returned to Dragonsmaw!

NAME WRITER, Place

The envy of the last generation of shippers and trainmen has allegedly returned to Dragonsmaw. Thirty-five years ago, Fancy Feast came to Dragonsmaw tagging onto the caboose of a thresholdrail en route from Earth. The first arrival of Fancy Feast in Dragonsmaw brought with it a whole circus, parrade, and carnival in its wake. The fair featured odd animals such as the "cow," a domesticated meat supply, strange-yet-simple technology such as the "carribeaner," a way of securing one's self during a mountain climbing expedition, and fine art such as the "lava lamp," a jar of parafin wax and carbon tetrachloride that, when lit, resembles the radioactive lava we find in our mountains but cannot keep in our homes.

Such products fascinated the locals as well as folks from the surrounding provinces -- indeed it lead to the falling and rising of many who acted dishonorably and in bad faith, mistreating long established family lines and crowning kings of laval lamp tyrants. Of particular interest was the Lava Lamp Massacre

*The imminent arrival of Fancy Feast to Dragonsmaw will be met with trumpets.*

of 1074 P.T., in which the seventy sons of Emperor Oohwhatsit reached a rather grisly end on the tip of Dragoncrest: their blood poured down into the Plaza of the Gods where the basin memorial (and hole into The Core) remain to this day.

Bloody coups over makeshift resource scarcity notwithstanding, the second arrival of Fancy Feast to the Imperial Crescent is sure to bring with it many good times, hard taffy, rides through the glass dome, and fascinating technology lectures from the outter planets like Negloa, Arris, and the wonderful mining giants of No'ad. Certainly theirs could come in handy as we try to dig for a solvent to treat the sodium polyacrylate from Vritra. This author, for sure, will be watching and waiting for the imminent arrival of Fancy Feast to Dragonsmaw -- you can be sure that the second coming of such a delectable treat will be met with trumpets, underground euchre tournaments, cotton candy infused with the dreams of small children, and the like. Rumors abound that Fancy Feast has already arrived and that people are lining up to buy. ■



The treeclave in Freynz to delegate a new Woodward rerouted the Havenrun as a sort of protective moat. /// TUBBS esq.

# Trees hold Havenrun conclave to hallow a new Woodward.

Wisteria Angeloak, Freynz

As the Freynzian ridgers continue to encroach upon the Vegevgo woods -- particularly leeward near Havenrun -- the trees of that region have seen the need for a new king. A king in this part of the woods is called a Woodward and is considered the lowest position in society as the Woodward's roots bear up the weight of the rest of the stock.

The Havenrun trees started with an olive tree from further south: come be our king, they told the tree. The tree -- named Frantoio -- declined. It preferred to keep its dominion over olives by which demiurges, angels, humans, and magical narrators get honor: olive wood, olive oil remained her priority rather than holding sway over trees.

In the second round of the nominating process, the con-

clave approached a massive bay fig named Bubba. Bubba Bay felt flattered: obviously he had the weight and roots to hold up an entire region of hardwood, considering the saplings and their fruit and the erosion requirements of a wood surrounded by so many rivers and streams. But the fig named Bubba Bay did not want to give up his tending to fruits to hold sway over so many stocks. It seemed silly to him: "Why do friggin trees need a king?"

The trees then went, in successive rounds of voting, to an oak (preferred its acorns), a redwood (collaborative heights), bollybramble (its bollywood), elderberry (its dingleberries), ash (its fires), ewe (its bowyers), rubber (tires), cedar wanted its lawyers to keep telling the region it was the tallest, though the great Timberlanks have long held that title in Gergia and remain the prime hunting

*A king in this part of the woods is called a Woodward: considered lowest.*

*The trees went in successive rounds of voting to an oak, rubber, bollybramble, etc.*

Timberlank tribe, disrupting the symbiotic relationship of man and wood: of man who burns wood and of Timberlank who eats the blood of Ivrians (and outlying territories of course).

Cedarangst aside, they approached a nearby vineyard who also refused, due to its priority of wining and dining: of being a sort of intersection for the magical and mundane.

So the trees approached in the last rounds of the fortnite a thornbush from out of town. The thornbush said, "If you so desperately want me as Woodward, come take refuge in my shade, but if not, let a fire come out of me and consume Freynze and Havenrun."

They denied him. Now Havenrun is Woodwardless and the Timberlanks, ents, hurons, trows, fikers, aiks, and the rest have gathered together with the ridgers to put the fire out, also a result of Vritra's drought. ■

grounds for ridgers, primarily due to their speed, slightness, and the amount of wood they produce. Of course, the industrialized ridgers who use machines and not simply a throwing saw have all but decimated the

# GILP GILP: Gilp, Gilp-gilp -- gilp Gilp gilp, gilp. Gilp gilp gilp.

Gilp Gilp Gilp Gilp, Greyriver

Gilp gilp! Gilp gilp gilp. Gilp-gilp-gilpgilp, gilp gilp: gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp. Gilp gilp? Gilp, gilp gilp, gilp gilp gilp? Gilp!

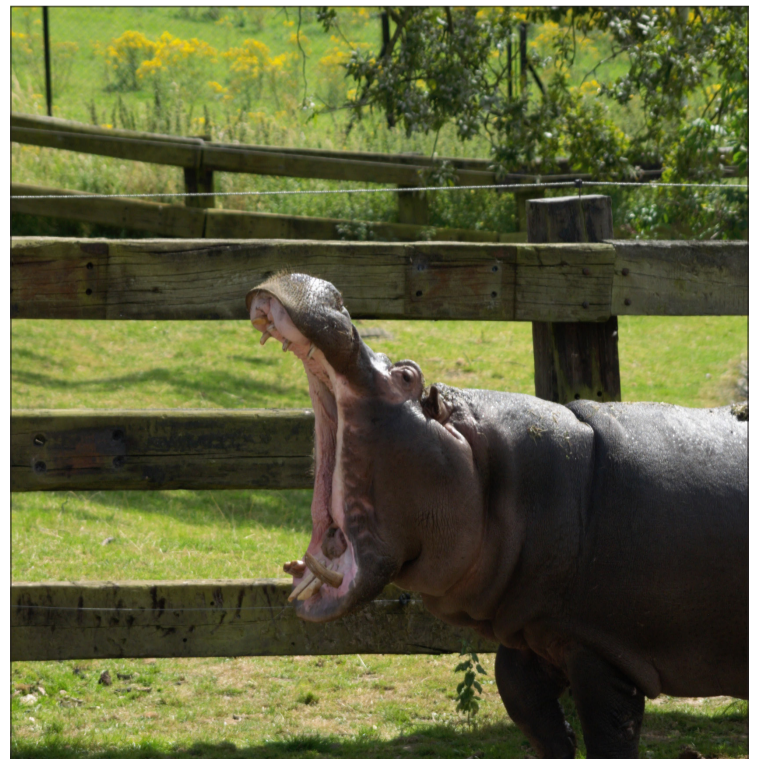
Gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp -- gilp gilp gilp -- gilp gilp gilp, gilp gilp; gilp gilp gilp, gilp gilp; gilp gilp gilp, gilp gilp; gilp gilp gilp, gilp gilp, gilp gilp gilp. Gilp gilp gilp gilp? Gilp. Gilp? Gilp, gilp? Gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp, gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp; gilp gilp gilp, gilp gilp.

Gilp, gilp, gilp. Gilp, gilp: Gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp

gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp; gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp; gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp; gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp gilp: gilp gilp. Gilp gilp gilp gilp. Gilp gilp gilp gilp. Gilp.

Gilp, gilp gilp, gilp gilp gilp. Gilp gilp!

Gilp? ■



Depiction of Gilp Gilp prior to being lost /PHOTO SIGNATURE

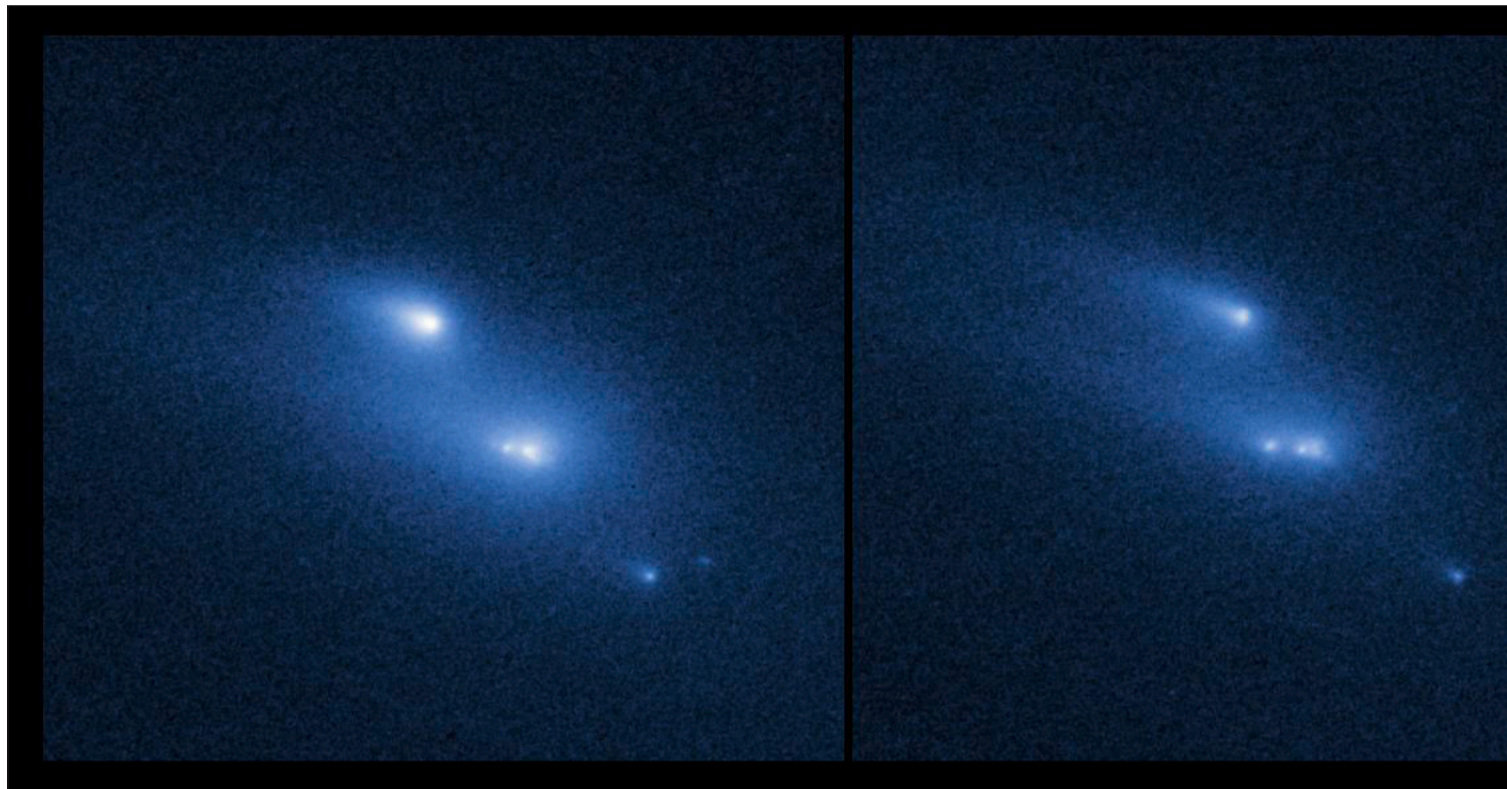
Slick Sillikers, **Murrugloa** (Strengalo sys)

Though continued local griefs mar the face of a once luscious Imperial Crescent, some astral phenomena indicate that ours may not be an isolated case. Recent evidence arose that the spirit charged with overseeing the Tor of Strengalo -- the planet Murrugloa -- has rebelled against the star and chosen to turn the planet into a rogue planet. The planet has careened off orbit into the womb of the worlds specific to its dimension and is leaving the safety of its local star.

It seems the consequences of such rogue planet actions, at least in this particular instance, are that *the Onyx and Obsidian world itself is shattering*. The prime evidence for this came from the NEGSA observatory late in the Negloan deep night. They spied a series of a half-dozen large chunks of the planet burning upon entry into the Negloan mercurial and silver nitrate atmosphere. Most burned away, but one of the pieces crashed into a sealed silver ore well and exploded upon impact, shooting molden silver all over the landscape. Geologists are letting it cool and then plan to inspect the rock itself while a recovery team has searched the area for survivors who may have ridden atop or within the rock to escape the planet's shattering.

As the implications of the shattering of a rogue planet ripple through the seven systems of the vale, we here in Gergia have found species succiptle to a homeworld lifelink to face imminent, mass extinction. It seems many such bodies cannot live without the mind being donated from teh consciousness over their planet. A red tide, for instance, was noticed off the shore of Have and, upon biological

# MASS EXTINCTIONS: Murrugloans mourn homeworld shattering



Fragments of the shattering Murrugloa planet burn upon entering Negloa's atmosphere. /// NEGSA

and enviroinmental investigation, this was shown to have no efficient or material causation stemming from the consequences of the Imperial drought. Rather, the species seem only correlated in having originated -- or their originators having originated, as in the case of the rock biters -- on the planet Murrugloa. With the formal and final mental causation severed, they have immediately begun to die and wash ashore bloody, beaten, rotting, some severed in

twain as if to mirror the surface of the planet, and, in so many words, dead. The mustache fish, pictured below, has hung on by a thread, having parentage in bnoth Murrugla and on Earth (where it is called a Sunfish, though it has no connection to their local star -- Earthbound folk taxonomize their creatures without the slightest metaphysical association). Over half of the local mustache fishe have passed on and their causes now sleep in the mind of the Archive.

If this continues, we will likely see more and more species threatened as their homeworld link severs further. They seem lost. Lost without hope of being fond by their planets chief rescue teams and homeworld security. It remains to be seen whether any of my fellow Murrugloans will muster their Onyx, muster their Obsidian, and reforge the planet under new stewardship. Much like the election of a new Woodward (an event far more consequential off Gergia than

folks of the Imperial Crescent seem to understand), the deference of the planet's mind and matter to a new angelic steward could herald in a new era of vibrant crystallization, compaction, melding, and cementation unlike those of the most elegantly carved marble palaces.

One can hope. In the meanwhile, do what you can to ease the suffering of dying biomes and, in the case of endangered ones, help them find a local tether. ■

