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Vritra losing orbit. Water dries and people pray as she prepares to crash. /// Mibble Mumpingson

BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DROUGHT: STILL NO CURE OR DOCTOR FOR VRITRA

Polyacrylic acid, ice dialysis, & dream clouds: big ideas, no cure.

Tobias Aurelius, **Dragonsmaw**

Five months ago, Vritra — ill and desperate — crashed headlong into the loadbearing wall that Stornheist shares with the North Gate and ever since our surrounding lands grow nothing, bear nothing, receive nothing, and hold no measure of moisture. The crash came willfully — she claimed at first, though she has since spoken little — in hopes to find a physical, metaphysical, or spiritual cure to her malady. Since her crash, no cure has emerged.

The chaos of the crash initially killed three dozen burn victims from a brimstone explosion in the south (gun-toting bandits once more broke into the stores of Shæieœuois-hæœuoevæieœuouh whom these valiant citizens fended off). The burn victims had been recovering in the orthopoedic ward as the medical ward had been overrun with starving patients. However, the room was reconverted into a military triage and since there's no rain to worry about, they did not bother to cover the hole other than to post a few bowmen, what for the wild steelchoppers.

Cures for such drake maladies (Vritra, as per her usual, refuses to accept the name of "dragon" claiming only one dragon exists on Gergia — indeed in every Leuk system) have grown hard to find. A possibility remains that we may find Dr. Halcyon in the ice desert, who had travelled there initially to round up the machinery to create a large dialysis bag and some sort of external osmotic agent in order to extract the locked water from the sodium polyacrylate the terrorists injected into Vritra's heart's fountain of youth. The other option is to acidify the wa-

terlocking solution and create a sort of polyacrylic acid. But with the dialysis bag, osmotic agent, and acid, that still only covers the physical reagents. The water seems metaphysically lodged in some sort of dreamworld glass cumulonimbus cloud, which would need to be talked into wetting itself — and clouds, being young things, are notoriously shameful when it comes to pissing themselves in public. Of course so many metaphysical and physical solutions are useless unless synced up via some sort of soul threshold where the memory of water and its mani-

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festation create a bliss link in the narrative mind.

Granted, that's folly for now. Dr. Halcyon remains lost in his search for a giant ice dialysis

bag. We have no acidifying formulation. Dreamleapers have left the continent. And most people find thresholding to be too out of fashion.

We may well have to submit to the aeronautic union as they propose a sort of sea-to-land aerial irrigation system not unlike those the firefighters of Duecoden use to stomp out whatever eldrith weavings the creatures at the center of the black forest cook up. The upside being that the children have found themselves well entertained in sliding down the dragon's* wings and tail — an activity that has the added effects of both keeping the dragon* in high spirits and showing the parents there's more to do than merely watch the kiddos in a drought, sowing and reaping as it were.

If you pray, intercede for the Irain. If you have access to a thunderstone and are willing to donate it, the Crescent will see you duly compensated. And if you know of any Dynams able to do a rain dance, please send a Muselink call to the Imperial Crescent Council at the Dragonsmaw town hall or send a courier to Tobias Aurelius at the Dragonsmaw Graveyard inhumement offices.

Manhunt continues for tech thief.

In the world of underground Phi games, any number of bets can be made and lost: forms and fasons, mensch and monies, toys and tech. The latter has caused a recent scuff up in the regulator courts devoted to seeking and finding the culprits who bet assets they did not own. Like the derivatives market, such bets can include mere debt float — you could, if you wanted to, literally buy a game of Phi for a song: the

rights to a song, the metaphysical meaning of a song, and so forth. Of course this creates problems if you do not own said song. In this case, the bet made was for a shipment of archivist's mementomes, already linked to the elusive and rumored Storyweaver archive, as well as the ice dialysis bags potentially needed (per my colleague above) to find a cure for Vritra, the ailing raindrake. Whoever made the bet seems

blissfully unaware that both the receivers of the bounty (it seems the Zobrine dwarve executives and the etins of Ashen benefitted equally) and those who lost the tech are hunting for him. If you have any knowledge of the whereabouts of the thief or bore witnessed to the bet and resulting fallout, contact any agent at any watch precinct. Meanwhile, mind your wagers. ■

