

THE FANTARA CONVERGENCE

The Path Forward

By Father Julian Salvani

It seems we've reached the point of no return in our battle against the eldritch invaders. They have become more erratic, more threatening, and less predictable than they've ever been. The entity known as Mr. Smiles has been capturing local farmers for his "games." The entity known as the Huntsmaster has been reported waiting for people outside of the Gate of Death, intercepting them to make offers to dead souls. Then there's the Queen, and the Fallen King, which we have seen having conversations with empty air, and calling on power we could not anticipate.

The borders of "New Arcadia" have not expanded, but reports from scouts have told us that the rules are becoming harder to predict once we cross the tree line. It has gotten to the point that the very foliage itself is hostile in some places. We are becoming more isolated from the Tafani, who exist almost entirely on the far side of the eldritch territory.

We have to stay the course. The stories, as we have been calling them, are still the way to victory in almost every instance. We have yet to collect many, but those we do have laid out the moments where we can turn imminent defeat into victory. In all of these instances, we have to take advantage. Each one of them we kill, or we send back to their home plane, is one more step towards reclaiming Creation from them.

When it comes to the Queen and King, though, we don't know what to expect. The Queen is still playing along, a drama of one, but the King has been pulled clear of his shackles. We don't know what the long-term effects of this course of action are.

Unfortunately, for now, I am as much in the dark as all of you. I promise though, every waking moment is being dedicated to the solution to this threat. Hopefully through our vigilance and dedication, we can find the answer before it's too late. Since the defeat of Nocturne and the host of nightmare spiders, the Dreams of Wisdom myself and the entire church have been getting are surprisingly clear. I ask that everyone put a little faith in all of the gods, and please give the Dreams that we receive the attention they deserve. We are all in this together, and only through focused effort will we overcome our enemies.

D.E.A. update

Last high holy day the DEA embarked on a mission to secure a artifact to help us combat the new demonic threat we face.

We were successful in that we located the first two parts of "the golden shield". With help from a few agents I believe I have Intel that will lead us to the last two pieces and perhaps even more resources if we are successful. When we are ready I will gather the DEA in its entirety to pursue the last two pieces, be prepared.

-Frank

The Loyal Answer

There is a saying in my country, "It is better to have skill than to have strength". It is even better to have both. And the Noble, Skilled, Strong, Handsome, PRINCE Fulgencio Altamirra y Villanueva is a man who embodies both strength and skill. None can deny his humility and charity and his altruistic nature.

Our Lord Fulgencio came to Novarum with his own skills and a wealth to share. He knowingly would never step upon any being regardless of station or status in life. His closest allies and friends extend beyond borders and you will find no one with more loyal and willing supporters in Fantara than Prince Fulgencio Altamirra y Villanueva.

A man of incredible courage need not hide and Prince Fulgencio does not hide. He does not seek in the dark nor he does not act without the honor of the light.

I do.

Your claims are invalid and your cowardice shines in your failures. As you said, "To the Victor go the Spoils." And this is why you continue to have nothing.

~The Loyal Shadow

Exciting News!

The Archdeacons are pleased to announce that we are very close to our long-term goal of creating a permanent stable portal to our homeland, the former Federated States. After a few false starts, we're confident that we've perfected the ritual - quite an accomplishment, I assure you. This will require quite a lot of resources, so don't be surprised if you see a few of our servants out and about gathering korba and other components. They are a bit literal-minded and so may be overzealous in their collection efforts, so please don't do anything to antagonize them! I am hopeful that once a permanent bridge has been established, it will establish a new age of cooperation and mutual prosperity between our societies.

As a personal note to the woman who very effectively incinerated my colleague, the Archdeacon of Extinction, he is still enjoying his new undead state, and has in fact been quite insufferable about it. All day, it's "Oh, so you still need to eat" and "It must be very inconvenient having to take bathroom breaks." He's become quite impossible to live with (no pun intended).

Respectfully,
The Archdeacon of Inevitability



Backwoods Weird

By Paulo Giacobbe

The woods. Are waking. Something stirs.
Something rumbles. Something craves.
They do not move, but they draw. They drag.
They call.
Little pieces pull, plucked, sampled, savored.
Something in me answers. That which would be
changed.
Something in me trembles. That which would
remain.
What would it mean to be, with all the pieces
gone?
Infinity? Oblivion? Everything or nothing or
something else entirely?
The hunger is distant, but growing.

Other things are closer. Those that go beyond
the walls.
The sun shudders and shakes. Shaded and
slipping.
The beast stalks nearer. A horde, hunched and
huddled.
The tree strides forward. Vines creeping over.
And this one simply smiles.
A game? I think not. This is hardly the time for
games.



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