

# THE MYSTVINE



## NEWS in BRIEF

The Mysthaven quarry and mine has reopened after a group of adventurers explored and secured the recently uncovered natural caverns beneath the mine. Several miners were killed when they breached the cavern, leading to a rapid influx of gas and subsequent suffocation.

Melvin Mystbrew, owner of Mysthaven's most revered brewery, has spoken publicly for the first time since adventurers confirmed the ill-fate of his daughters Lucretia and Portentia. In an interview with the Mystvine he talked about the sisters' love of exploration, and explained "it was natural that, once the mist had lifted, they would want to be amongst the first to venture into Elsewhere".

The body of the third Mystbrew daughter, Felicia, was not discovered and there is hope she may still be alive.

The Mysthaven Museum of Curiosity is extending its opening hours to cater for the increasing number of Mystdhavians who wish to learn about Elsewhere.

Museum staff are said to be delighted by the influx of visitors keen to see their latest exhibit titled "Gurblyn in Formaldehyde"

At a recent emergency meeting of the Town Council, mynisters were appraised of a mounting threat in the Western Woods. Lord Butterfass, recently returned from an expedition to investigate a Gurblyn fortress in the area, briefed the assembly.

"I travelled to the Gurblyn fortress with my diplomantic protection squad in order to seek an audience with their chieftain.

"We sought to establish friendly relations and make the Gurblyns aware of Mysthaven's potential as a holiday destination, but were attacked on sight. After an extended skirmish we were able to retreat, but not before Guy Wisestreet, a Night Warden of the Guard, was slain. Guy fought bravely and the thoughts of the council are with his wife and two children.

Concerned mynisters then asked whether the Gurblyns posed any threat to the town. Lord Butterfass responded: "We should be wary; the Gurblyn chieftain is a ruthless brute called Hagdag with a commanding battlefield presence. They are stockpiling weapons and training wild animals to fight for them; their proximity to our border gives me great cause for alarm.

"Additionally, we found evidence that the Gurblyns are experimenting with artifice, albeit with limited success."

On hearing the account, Mayor Pole asked the council to agree funding for a new outpost on the border of the Western Woods. Mynisters will vote to approve the motion at their next meeting.

Meanwhile, the Mystvine has heard an alternative version of the Mynister's foray in the woods. A close source tells us that the diplomantic protection squad were ambushed and taken hostage by the Gurblyns, before being rescued by a sleuth of bears.

## FITZSPROCKET'S FANTASTICAL TICK-TOCK AND WHIZZ-BANG EMPORIUM OPENS

Retired transmutation professor, Herbert Fitzsprocket, has opened a fantastical new boutique selling magical 'tick-tocks, whizz-bangs, gadgets and gazmos,' just off the market square.

For decades, Herbert enjoyed tenure as a senior academic at the Mysthaven Academy of Magic, where he taught several generations of wizards, and carried out ground-breaking research into new transmutation rituals.

But, it is as a tinker that Professor Fitzsprocket is best known.

In his workshop at the academy he invented the cuckooless clock, hugely reducing the number of cuckoos wasted every year. He is also credited with the creation of Zeflon, a frictionless material used for the coating of pie tins. Now, he is turning his hand to magical adventuring gear for those seeking fame and fortune in Elsewhere.

Speaking to the Mystvine about his new venture, Fitzsprocket commented:

"My new store will feature essential equipment for the modern adventurer. I guarantee modest explosions, or your money back.

"And in recognition of their support in establishing my new enterprise, I am offering a 10% discount to all members of Mysthaven Women's Institute"

In completely unrelated news, WI Chairwoman Lenora Whytleigh has advised adventurers against approaching an 'unusual magical anomaly' on a hilltop in the Southern Moor.

