

The Breeland Times

∞ No. 1 - 7.10 ∞ Eriador, Yours to Discover ∞ Since 3018 ∞

A SIGHT TO SEE

A Walk to Rivendell

By Gwendeling Potts

The evening of Friday, June 18, Bree-Town was witness to a strange gathering of folk. Looking out a window of the Prancing Pony as I finished off a slice of pie, I saw an oddly large number of Elves, as well as Men, Dwarves and Hobbits standing around the large rock right outside the Inn. I spared only a moment to cast a longing look at the rest of the pie before my journalistic duty took over. There was a story out there.



Lurking around the back of the growing crowd I caught a few whispered conversations. Anticipation was high among the loiterers. It seemed that the group would be traveling from Bree to the fabled valley of Rivendell far to the east. A pair of Elves had volunteered to lead the way. Odd enough for Elves to be seen around Bree-Town, but these two were something out of fairy story and no mistake. Tall, fair and elegant as a lily they were, dressed up in uniforms of blue and silver. I cannot claim to know the significance of their costumes, but they sure did look beautiful.

After a time, the Elves set out at the head of the crowd toward the South Gate. I decided to follow. I never saw such a strange and diverse group of

travelers. A band had come out special from the Shire to make the trip to Rivendell and there were a number of young Elves from the west. It was a sight to behold.

Golly, what a journey. We stayed steady to the Great East Road all the way to the Ford of Bruinen. There were brief stops at the Forsaken Inn and Ost Guruth in what is known as the Lone Lands and Thorenhad in the Trollshaws, mainly so folks could meet the stable masters there. At first folks were a bit shy around the Elves as we walked but soon enough they warmed up and some even told their stories to their fellow travelers. The two Elves who were leading the group, Lord Makalaure and Lady Issel often rode ahead on their great horses

looking for danger.

I cannot recollect how many days of travel we spent in getting to Rivendell but it seemed like ages. At last we were looking down into the valley. One gentleman in the group was overcome with emotion. "A sight I never thought I would see!" he exclaimed before descending the path into the valley. Lord Makalaure promised that we would lead more such groups from Bree to Rivendell in the future, so keep your eyes open for strange crowds standing round the Pony.

Inside:

Community Events.....	p. 3
Regional News.....	p. 4
Opinion/Editorial.....	p. 7
Gossip.....	p. 7
Discovering Eriador.....	p. 8
Creative Corner.....	p. 9
Classifieds.....	p. 10

Breeland Militia March Met with Resistance

By Vatna Vaenleifsdottir

In the wake of recent natural disasters, Bree-town and the surrounding areas saw a breakdown in law and order. Vaults were robbed, farmers slaughtered, homesteads attacked by goblins and general uprisings by local brigands occurred. In response, Bree-town has seen the resurgence of law enforcement efforts. The newest such endeavor is the Breeland Militia, made up of local lords, chieftains and leaders of Breeland.

During the first Wednesday of last month, the Militia mustered in Archet and marched through Combe and Staddle on their way to Bree. The parade was meant to be a show of unity and force, announcing to the shadier elements that inhabit Bree and the surrounding towns that criminal acts against the law-abiding citizens will not be tolerated.

The march culminated with a swearing-in ceremony at Bree Town Hall. Overall, the

introduction of the new militia was a success. However, despite the need for such efforts to protect innocent citizens, their inauguration was met with some resistance. While marching through the north end of Bree, an



Breeland Militia march by the Pony

unidentified group attacked the mounted men with rotten fruit. Whether these people were disgruntled citizens, unhappy with the arrival of yet another law enforcement agency, or members of the very criminal factions the militia has sworn to eradicate, remains unknown. Only time will tell whether the new militia will be an effective and welcome addition to our community.

Local Robbery a Prank

by Vatna Vaenleifsdottir

Last month the Wildore Township held their first annual block party, which was an enormous success. There was music and free food, as well as fishing, dancing, sparing and poetry contests. The party went on for six hours and everyone who attended seemed to have a great time.

Unfortunately, in the aftermath and during the clean-up, several people noticed that many of their belongings had disappeared and were replaced with bits of coal. Residents were horrified and felt utterly violated. However, the community came together in a show of wonderful support and the culprit, intending it to be a joke, returned the stolen items.

Kidnapping or Hoax?

by Meeri Thurman

Earlier this month rumors surrounded a strange occurrence involving Lord and Lady Black of Bree-town. Late one Sunday evening at the Prancing Pony, whispers abounded – the mysterious Lady Black, as locals know here, had gone missing. Wife and sister, she seemed to have disappeared without a trace. Some suspected foul play; some suspected a hoax to provoke war between the neighboring towns of Combe and Archet. It was rumored that even Lord Thorvall or her own husband may have been responsible.

(continued on p. 6)

Wedding Announcement

Araiden and Eoryna (Allendear) Applestrike are pleased to announce the occasion of their marriage this past June 26th.

Araiden, a Ranger, born of Araden and Alsien and Eoryna, of Dunedain origin, born of Renal and Elenoy, met under unfortunate circumstances. While traveling, Eoryna's family was set upon by orcs. Araiden, a young man, heard the cries of a young woman - Eoryna. He went to her side and fought off orc after orc, receiving a scar in the process.

Years later, while traveling through the North Downs, the two came upon some ruins. After some moments, having forgotten, they suddenly recalled that it was in this spot, they had first met. They walked to the top of the ruins and Araiden dropped to his knees and asked for Eoryna's hand in marriage.

Redwold Cart and Caravan Services

Redwold C&C is the premier transportation service in Bree-Land. The Redwolds' largest contract is with the Combe lumber camp. Carts have run trips as far as the Shire and Ost Ford. The Redwolds will guard your valuables on caravan runs. Trust Redwold C&C to run your valuable cargo to its destination with the safety and security you deserve! There is no job too big nor small for Redwold C&C! Contact Camrin if interested (advertisement)

All Month Long

Don't miss out on Eriador's Summer Festivals. Keg-Races at Frerin's Court. Fishing in the Shire. Win a steed at the Bree horse races. Join the Tavern League or Ale Association. For more information see [Summer Festival](#).

Daily

- ***Boulder Shoulder's Tavern***

Come one, Come all, to The Boulder Shoulder's Tavern. We have Fresh Food, Pipe-Weed, Mead, Ale, and for those pointy eared elves... Wine. Entertainment from minstrels, private bedrooms for people who wish to stay the night and best of all - its cheap!! Feeling hot or cramped inside the tavern? Then hop down to our river and cool down or fish. Please enjoy your stay at The Boulder Shoulder's Tavern.

Located in Gufrof, Thorin's Hall's Homesteads, 1 Frothing Road.

Hours of operation:

Sundays-Thursdays
8:30 p.m. - 12:30 a.m. (EST)
Fridays & Saturdays
7:30 p.m. - 1:00 a.m. (EST)

Mondays

- ***Ales and Tales***
Every Monday from 10:30pm to 12:00am EST. A celebration of music, fine ale, tales and more. Hosted by The Lonely Mountain Band. Locations vary. For more information, see [Ales and Tales](#).

Community Events

Tuesdays

- ***The Green Hill Society Concert Series***
Every Tuesday at 10:00pm EST at the Bird and the Baby Inn in Michel Delving, the Shire. Playing new tunes and old favorites. For more information, see [Green Hill Music Society](#).

Saturdays

- ***The Broken Cask Inn***
Every Saturday night from 9:00pm-1:00am EST at 5 Long Street, Durrow, Breeland Homesteads. Fine food, music and conversation. For more information, see [The Broken Cask](#).

Monthly

- **July 27, 2010 – Wildore Township Crafting Market**
The last Sunday of every month the Wildore Township will host a crafting market in their town square in the Breeland homesteads. Vendors open booths beginning at 3:00pm EST.

Are you a vendor? Are you a buyer looking for that something special? Or do you just want to spend a lazy afternoon shopping? You can find anything from baked goods, musical instruments, and maybe even a kissing booth. Come down to Wildore Township. For more information, see [Monthly Crafters' Market](#).

- **Friday, July 2, 2010 Sweetheart's Dance**

Wildore Township and The Sons of Numenor request the honor of your attendance at this formal Dinner Dance at the Wildore Town Hall, held in honor of friendship and community togetherness. So, ladies invite your gents! Food and drink will be provided. The Wildore Town Hall is located at 9 Chestnut St. in the Wildore Township of the Breeland Homesteads. The Dance begins at 8pm EST. For more information, see [Sweetheart's Dance](#)

- **Friday, July 2, 2010 Festival Fry-Day**

The summer festival has begun and you all know that means: fishing! The first Friday of the festival, the Bounders of the Shire will be having a special Festival Fry-Day by the Bywater pool, with cooks ready to fry up any catch.

- **Saturday, July 10, 2010 March of the Dwarves**

Join the Frosthammers in the last leg of their campaign. The march starts at 10:00pm EST and will last an hour. Muster at the Dwarf Statue in the Stone Quarter of Bree. All are welcome. At 10:15 the single file march will work its way towards the Prancing Pony, where Thingvi Frosthammer will speak. For more information, see [Axes of the Dwarves](#)

Any groups wishing to advertise their events for next month should contact either our events coordinator Nevanna Sacredsong or Vatna Vaenleifsdottir.

Wildore's Sister 'Hood
by Meeri Thurman

Wildore Township in Bree-land Homesteads has received a raving amount of attention over the past month or so since its conception. I had the privilege of meeting with the Mayor, Vitus, to inquire about the township, its people, the functions and what is still yet to come.

When asked to describe the settlement, he mentioned it was a peaceful respite for the weary. Its community gathers together for festivals, functions and serves as a marketplace. It also bands together during times of need. The people of Wildore have settled there for one reason or another, but most just enjoy the peace, as people sacrifice and fight hard each day in defense of the Free Peoples. The settlement on its own is pretty self-sustaining. Everyone wants the same things in life. To be safe, loved and surrounded by friends.



He seems really fond of those he works for and had more to say concerning a new homestead being built.

While Wildore is but the first of many self-sustaining communities they hope to build, right now
(continued on p. 6)



Undervale, Shire Homesteads – Wildore Township's New Sister Community

Comings and Goings

by **Pertina of the Oak n' Barrel,**
with contributions from
Daffodilia of the Bounders

The Shire has been pretty quiet overall, since the Spring Festival ended and the rowdies sobered up. There have been no more incidents of cabbage in the ale, or of lone goblin saboteurs roaming around Sandson's Farm.

It is still the most entertaining and musical place west of Bree, in my opinion. Here is what we have going on of late.

Every Tuesday, Falibrand and his Green Hill Music Society play a set outside the Bird and Baby Pub in Michel Delving.

On Fridays you can usually find Hoppa and Arabella and the other Warders of the Weald playing music about, somewhere in a picturesque locale. Mistress Ghingeriel and the Hobbiton Philharmonic - winners of the Weatherstock competition in The Light in the Dark and The People's

Choice categories – have promised us some summer concerts, too. Of course, Harperella, Galenswerd and Keptwise sometimes bring Ales and Tales to the Shire. This coming Monday, July 5, in fact, it will be held at the Plough and Stars up Brockenborings way.



GHMS practicing for Weatherstock

The Bounders are planning a few events themselves. The summer festival has begun and that means - fishing! The first Friday of the festival, the Bounders will be having a special Festival Fry-Day by the Bywater pool, with cooks ready to fry up any catch.

(continued on p. 6)



Weatherstock 2010 – The Blackheart Pirates: 2009 Battle of the Bands winners (photo credit: [Shiana](#))

Weatherstock 2010

By Lennidhren aka [Ranna Dylin](#)

Arriving late to find a festival like Weatherstock in full swing is a bit overwhelming. What a crowd! Estimates of attendance ranged from 200 up to as high as 290! That's a lot of music lovers taking a few hours out of their busy schedules to hear some fantastic bands.

The Eriador Music Society was playing as I arrived at Weathertop. The crowd found many ways to show their appreciation! Some lit hope tokens to be counted towards the "Light from the Darkness" trophy; there was an abundance of clapping and cheering; and some, like the red-robed fellow beside me, let out many a ROAR!

Between bands, Harperella as M.C. addressed the vast crowd. The Hobbiton Philharmonic patiently

awaited their turn on stage in their stealthy black cloaks. And hey! who brought a cat to the concert? I kept hearing "mew!" over the sounds of the crowd.

I finally had sense to move around behind the stage in order to get a better look at the bands. I was rewarded with an excellent view of the Blackheart Pirates performing *Amazing Grace*, featuring the bagpipes!

In the background, the security team keeps Weathertop safe from the birds that kept trying to attack. An outstanding team of vendors, led by Tinki of Ales and Tales fame, supplied the massive crowd with pipeweed, ale and hope tokens with which to support their favorite bands. The donations customers made in exchange for these treats went into the final prize pot, bringing the total to 75

(continued on p. 6)

Amusing lyrics by the GHMS (compliments of [Byrdie](#))

*Purple pipeweed in my brain
Lately the Shire doesn't seem the same.*

*Hobbits acting funny but I don't know why
'Scuse me while I eat a pie.*

*Purple fireworks all around
Don't know if they're going up or down.*

*Am I hungry again? How can it be?
Lobelia put a spell on me.*

Axes of the Dwarves – Dwarven Marches

by Vatna Vaenleifsdottir

The last month has seen the uprising of the dwarven armies, led by Thingvi Frosthammer. A series of marches have taken place to encourage support for the fight they wage in the Ettenmoors and abroad. The next march will be held the following Saturday. For more information, see [Tales](#) and [Video](#).

Kidnapping (cont. from p. 1)

Lord Black, known as Malrex to some, was seen speaking vehemently with his wife and a local Watcher inside the Pony. He appeared emotionally driven and quite upset as he stormed from the room. Bree Justice, Arion, arrived shortly after and had words with the Watcher and an unidentified man. A short time later, Arion and the unidentified man left the tavern to begin their search.

Afterwards, outside the tavern, there was a buzz in the atmosphere. Local misfit, Wickit, sitting with her mice, discussed Lord Black's disposition with other locals. Meanwhile, a young woman, who appeared to be the sister of Lady Black, was clearly shaken and upset while speaking with a Hobbit companion.

Later that week, Lady Black was spotted around town. It seems she returned as mysteriously as she disappeared. Rumors now suggest that the entire affair was staged. Details of the matter are unknown and neither Lord nor Lady Black could be reached for comment.

Come/Go (cont. from p. 4)

Lastly, sources close to Town Hole revealed that Mayor Whitfoot has hatched a new idea that he hopes will quell certain gossip and sway folks back to supporting him. The featherbrained scheme is to declare August the "Month of the Chicken" and according to our sources, the official announcement should be out soon. Four events are already tentatively scheduled. One has to wonder if his attempts to give his constituents something else to cluck about will really serve its purpose or if this idea will just turn into a rotten egg.

Wildore's Sister 'Hood (cont. from p. 4)

they have laid the foundations for a small village in the Shire. The organizers have received a great deal of support and kindness from many of the Free Peoples.

At the time of publication, Vitus, Mayor of Wildore Township had been unexpectedly called away on urgent business. Wildorians and other community members' good wishes went with him. Despite this and some delays with the builders, the Shire community has opened successfully. It was named Undervale and almost all the plots have been claimed.

As of yet, Undervale has no mayor and so it will take them some time to get organized. The hope is to have as active a community as Wildore that contributes as much to the social calendar and community solidarity.

Weatherstock (cont. from p. 5)

gold raised for the event – 25 gold for each of the three prizes!

Last to perform, and a crowd favorite, were the Hobbiton Philharmonic! Most impressive were their custom lyrics and even one original song, "LFF." And somewhat unsettling, what appeared to be an Elf in a rabbit mask was dancing away.

At the end of the concert, each band played for a few more minutes while fans voted with their feet by gathering near their favorite band for the Free People's Choice Award. I stayed put, feeling unsure how to vote, having heard only half of the bands...but it was pretty clear that Hobbiton Philharmonic in the center was gathering the largest crowd.

There was not only the Free People's Choice Award, but also the Light in the Dark Award, which also went to the Hobbiton Philharmonic, a clear crowd favorite! The Light in the Dark Award recognizes the band for which the most people lit hope tokens during their performance, and the Philharmonic won with over 30 tokens. People could not light tokens for them fast enough. Fans were apparently happy to support multiple bands, not hoarding their lights just for a favorite. From what I heard, all the bands were doing a great job and earning those lights of approval!

The final trophy, the Lonely Mountain Cup, went to Ingolemo's Lonely Hearts Club Band – better known as Mar Vanwa Tyalieva, whose concerts are well-known. The Lonely Mountain Cup was the "judges' choice award, selected by members of the Lonely Mountain Band, hosts of Weatherstock.

Thus, with fireworks, the concert came to a close. We rode and walked en masse from the summit back to the Forsaken Inn...Best quote of the night, which I caught just as I rode off. To the best of my recollection, it went something like this: "Candaith asked me to check Weathertop for anything suspicious. Does 200 people dancing and listening to music count?"

For more information, see

[Ranna Dylin](#)

[Weatherstock](#)

[Weatherstock comments](#), especially page 6.

[Shiara](#)

[Byrdie/Lookinouttosea](#)

Breeland Gossip

- Do I hear the pitter-patter of little feet? Rumor has it that two well-known brigands – formerly of Bree, but have since left for outlying areas - are expecting!
- Of late, an influx of black crebain has been seen hovering around the courtyard outside The Prancing Pony. Word has it that something dark and sinister approaches Bree.
- Nefarious dealings by...the good guys? There have been several rumors about kidnappings that may very well have been perpetrated by The Oathsworn. The mysterious disappearance (and equally mysterious reappearance) of Lady Black may be the doing of this group of law-enforcers. Rumor also has it that the adopted daughter of that well-known, one-eyed, alluring and now “glowing” brigand may have also been abducted by the Oathsworn. Perhaps they had good intentions – delivering a poor innocent from the harsh life of a highway brigand. However, when the “good” guys stoop to the same level as the “bad” guys, well, that is a sad, sad state of affairs.
- Perhaps the Oathsworn should turn their attention closer to home. Archet, a small town just outside of Bree, has long been under the protection of the Oathsworn. However, rumor has it that unrest is rising in that troubled town as known criminals flock to Combe, encroaching ever-closer to the burnt-out town of Archet – a town plagued by brigands in the past.

- Whispers of a new band of outlaws have been floating around. No one seems to know much, but people are scared. A citizen who wishes to remain anonymous states, “Moon something, I’ve heard they call themselves. Blood on the moon or some such tripe.”

Crazy Aedil’s Shack of Savings

Now open on the AH! I *have* what you *need*. Weapons, armour, crafted items, recipes and whatnot. Look for Crazy Aedil’s goods. My savings are *crazy*.

(advertisement)

Shire Gossip

Tall folks in the Shire? Rumored to have no apparent connection with the ruffians at Old Odo’s Leaf-Farm

Word has spread among the patrons of many of the respectable pubs in the Four Farthing that some suspicious looking folk have been spotted out and about. Suspicious tall folk, to be exact, have been seen wandering about the roads near Rushock Bog...as well as frequenting pubs, including the Bird and the Baby, the Ivy Bush, the Green Dragon and the Plough and Stars.

When asked of an anonymous Southfarthing resident, it appears none of the tall folk have been seen coming or going from the direction of Old Odo’s leaf-farm, taken over recently by ruffians and the only known place in the Shire to have previously been plagued by such characters.

Opinion/Editorial

Immigration into Eriador

Recent news reports suggest that within the coming months Eriador will see a rise in population. Recently, with the rousing success of Weatherstock, residents have already noted an increase of new immigrants to our shores. However, outside influences are expected to be responsible for an even greater immigration event. People are nervous and not sure what to expect. Will these new outsiders settle peacefully into our communities or will we be plagued with an incursion of brutes, wreaking havoc in Archet and the Shire, among other places? Here is what one citizen has to say:

Hello citizens of Eriador! Now, I know some of you are worried about the new residents and immigrants that are coming to our lands this fall. But I say, do not worry. As long as we stick together, like I know we can, we will maintain this land as we know it and simply welcome even more happy residents. I, myself, am a recent immigrant and all of you have been so welcoming to me. I have fallen in love with this land. I am sure we may get some thugs and villainy, and maybe more than normal. However, it is now more important than ever that we stick together and make sure we set a good example for all new residents. As long as we act the way we do now and are kind to all the newcomers, I am sure we can all have a great time and make some new friends in the process. So take care and stay strong.

- Vorrth Caine

Discovering Eriador **The Barrow-downs: The Forgotten Wastes**

By: Sandriell of the Palantiri

The Barrow-downs are undoubtedly a place of mystery and evil- however It was not always as such, and its role in history, was so much more!

Throughout the ages the Barrow-downs were long used as a burial ground by Men, however our story begins just over 2,000 years ago when the Kingdom of Arnor, which spanned the entire region of Eriador, split up into three distinct kingdoms after the fall of Eärendur, the final King of Arnor. Each of the fallen King's sons staked a claim to the throne and in order to prevent civil war, the land was divided- Arthedain to the east, Cardolan to the south, and Rhudaur to the north. It is within the newly created Kingdom of Cardolan that the Barrow-downs resided, which at this point in history were no more than a series of low, grassy hills sparsely crowned with barrows- and it was here that Tyrn Gorthad , the capital of Cardolan, was founded.

For over 400 years the megaliths and barrows of the Barrow-downs served as the final resting places for the princes of Cardolan, up until the year 1300 of the Second Age when the Kingdom of Angmar was built by the Lord of the Nazgûl. It was at this point in time that the downfall of Cardolan began to play out, first with the fall of Rhudar to Angmar. The last Kings of Rhudaur were not of Númenórean blood, but were descended of Men in service of



One artist's rendering of the Barrow-downs (artist credit: [Laurinque](#))

Angmar. Under their rule the land became a vassal of Angmar, and thus enemies of Cardolan and Arthedain. Cardolan became the most important ally of Arthedain in the fight to hold back Angmar, but it proved too much for Cardolan which entrenched itself at its capital of Tyrn Gorthad, in the Barrow-downs. The final blow for Cardolan came when the Witch King of Angmar sent evil spirits, wights, to occupy the Barrow-downs. The combined forces of Angmar, Rhudaur and the wights overran and destroyed Cardolan in TA 1409.

After the fall of Cardolan, Arthedain once again staked claim to all of Arnor, even making a failed attempt to reclaim the Barrow-downs and the capital of Tyrn Gorthad, but the wights kept them out. For 500 years Arthedain kept up the struggle against Angmar until the TA 1974, when Angmar overran the city of Fornost, which had served as the capital of Arthedain.

In recent times it was revealed by the hermit Tom Bombadil that several Hobbits had tried to pass through the Barrow-downs and were trapped there by a wight. The hermit claimed to have rescued them and aided them on their journey to the City of Bree.

Today the Barrow-downs are a place of ruin and evil. The wights still hold the Downs and the ruins of Tyrn Gorthad with several wight lords residing with the deepest tombs. Do you dare to enter, to seek the lost lore, to face the darkness within?

Kiarane Designs



Is your hobbit hole looking sparse? Not sure what to do with the second room of your house? I've got answers. Visit my [shop](#).
(advertisement)

Young Heart

a song by Lady Cyrsei of Rohan

Creative Arts Corner

*"I lay beside the fire in a valley lush and green,
filled with meadow-flowers and fox gloves green;
Of tree's with golden leaves in autumns fiery hair.*

*The rolling brook with morning mist and the roses in the briar,
I sit beside the fire and dream of how my home will be,
when that moment shall come one day in spring,*

*In this valley at every turn there is a shadow only of green.
I sit by my fire and think of all the people I love and so fast shall grow,
the little children who will see a world that I will never know.*

*I will sit beside the fire and continue to grow old,
Dreaming of my valley lush and green,
Filled with meadow flowers and golden leaves.
And how my children shall never see,
That place in the valley where their mother doth dreamed."*



"Shire Sunset" by Loriwen Snowberry (courtesy of [Loriwen's Photography Studio](#))



“Stone Trolls” by Sandriell of the [Palantiri](#)

Letter from the Editor

Welcome to the first edition of The Breeland Times. We hope you enjoy this issue. Thanks for reading!

During the conception of the paper, the idea that was foremost in our minds was to provide a medium that reached across all regions of Eriador. Our intention is to help unify those different communities and offer an easy source of information, so that the public has an idea of happenings in other regions. We hope that the release of our first edition will at least moderately achieve these goals.

We look forward to your future [submissions](#) and any [suggestions](#) you may have are very welcome.

The Breeland Times Staff

Editor-in-Chief -
Vatna Vaenleifsdottir

Features Editor -
Vatna Vaenleifsdottir

Creative Submissions Editor -
Keral Blackedge

Correspondants -
Meeri Thurman
Gwendeling Potts

Events Coordinator -
Nevanna Sacredsong

Public Relations Representative -
Ellacin

Copy Editor -
Kailis Virendis

Office Manager -
Haydyn Sylvanus

I am the Riddermark a poem by Lady Cyrsei of Rohan

*I am the Reddina-mearc, I am the Snowbourn.
I sing as my sisters find shelter from Edoras to Helms Deep.
I come from a land where a sweet breeze blows across our fields of green.
I am a Daughter of Edain, blood of the sons of Eorl run in these veins
I am the Red Arrow blazing in the dead of night, horrible becom, burning bright!
I am the living Oath, from the White Mountains to the Limlight I stand tall!
I will Fight from the White City to the Shire lands I shall protect you all.
As bold as a sea doth teem, I shall fight and ne'er fall.
but if I do, best not mourn my fate, for I am of the Reddina-mearc
There will always be more who will take my place!*

Classifieds

Polite, well-mannered, snuggly, one-handed dwarf seeks female companionship.
Contact Smolgrym Jutt if you are that special someone...

Free home makeovers. Looking for kinship and dwarf & human standard houses to redecorate. I makeover your house and keep the pictures; you get a newly decorated house. Crafted decorations will be provided; bought items will be billed. Contact Kiarane if interested.

Looking for long dwarf-make table for kitchen. Willing to pay up to 50 silver. Contact Jhaninti.

SWD with 'tude & green gown fetish looking for GF. Bearded mates granted first priority. Must be able to cook, enjoy pipeweed, and adore long strolls through the charming, romantic Barad Guldur. Apply to mail box 1334.

The Breeland Times is still looking for staff members. If interested, contact Vatna.

WTS breakfast table. 50s or best offer. Contact Ihsana