

The Brighthelm Babblers

17/10/1313 – The papercut on the finger of corruption

Victory in Amiens!

After a lengthy seige, the Gaulish Fortress of Amiens has finally fallen to the heroic men and women of the King's Army, despite ferocious opposition by its defenders.

The Gauls had staunchly held out in their citadel for several months, hiding from righteous Albionese steel behind their thick stone walls. The first two assaults launched by the former General Nathan Berkley were repelled, with great loss of life and suffering on both sides. Morale had begun to suffer, and talk among the soldiers of abandoning the siege began to spread through the camp. Dismayed by his servants' failure, King Samuel Swordsworn was forced to ride south and take personal command of the battle - relieving Berkley of his duties. Eyewitnesses report that the King's first words on arrival were "A Bad leader is a greater threat to Albion than 10,000 Gaulish soldiers" and with that, had his personal guard arrest Berkley for incompetence.

Inspired by the presence of their sovereign, the King's Men redoubled their efforts, building new and better equipment to take the walls. Once the preparations were complete, the King led the final assault himself - crushing the previously stalwart defenders with ease. Faced with the full might of Albion, the cowardly Gauls laid down their arms and surrendered after just a few hours of fighting. Private Jimson, who fought on that great day described the battle thus: "The Gauls seem to have lost their edge - so afraid they were of the King, that they could barely lift their swords to fight back! Surely, Mallan has blessed us today, where once he cursed us for that fool Berkley!".

The conquest of Amiens is a vital step to victory in Gaul - clear evidence that the King's Men are here to stay. As winter swiftly approaches and the campaigning season draws to a close, control of this key city ensures that the ground hard won by valiant sacrifice will not be in vain. The army will overwinter in northern Gaul, and take the fight to the enemy capital in spring.

Warlocks in Doing their Job Shocker!

A representative from the Warlock's guild has come right to us to tell the City that for once the Warlock's guild has carried out their duties and actually brought justice.

Just to add a bit of context, the justice brought was the death of a former colleague, a high elf warlock named Sarinya. Originally after trial in the Sussex Arms for killing noble Atenite Brother Geoffrey, Sarinya pleaded insanity (or demon possession as she called it) and was let off with exile as punishment.

Not too long after the woods have been overrun by wildmen and there have been rumours of demons, coincidence? No. Did the Warlock's guild step in there? No. Luckily the Mayor managed to put one and one together and realise Sarinya probably had something to do with it. The mayor then hired a few Warlocks and a Scout to deal with her.

Sarinya has now been killed and it seems the Warlock's guild are patting each other on the back now that they have dealt with their former colleague. Hate to put a dampener on their celebrations but it's a damn shame there's still a whole forest full of wildmen and demons surrounding our City!

Meat-Mad Dwarf goes on Sausage Spree!

No stranger to the filler articles of the Babblers, Crasses Caesus Scruto is yet again making headlines. Not content to simply wait his turn in line at McRasher's local butchers (or to cook his food,) Crassus was seen to spontaneously leap upon the countertop, grabbing at the dangling meat and cramming frankfurters into his mouth like a laundress who overslept by several hours. One nearby customer claims to have almost lost a fing to the dwarf's wurstlust. The City Watch (who we can only assume know Crassus by name at this stage) were summoned to escort him from the premises, where eyewitnesses say he was "thrashing around in ecstasy, wrapped in a string sausages and chewing on raw steak."

Kender Colouring Korner!

Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.



Congratulations
Xerxes!

1st place Prizewinning
swog of the Bevendene
swog fair.

Your Troops Need YOU

The Laundress' Guild has set up a Charity Collection for supplies to send to our men and women fighting for us in Gaul.

Your contribution can do so much for them, it could be the difference between life and death. The conditions in Gaul have become impoverished, with Troops living in water-filled trenches, their clothes wet-through and rotten. Your money will pay for warm clothes, new boots, more food and those of you who can provide more could fund new armour, new weapons! Alchemical healing.. the list goes on.

As part of the Charity there is also a letter service, your contributions will also help fund the ships that will take heart-warming letters from families to soldiers and back.

Please give all that you can, we will post progress reports and thank you letters from the troops on the Town Hall notice board.

Thank you for reading.

This article sponsored by the Laundress' Guild.

Wildmen found to lack basic manners!

The Wildmen are a well armed and obviously physically strong looking people, we thought that if they were going to attack, they'd attack us head on with some honour. If you were also expecting a fair fight from the Wildmen then think again, the Scouts Guild warn that they appear to be using Guerilla warfare tactics, jumping our men and our caravans whenever they see an opportunity.

Farms on the outskirts have begun to be raided, there is now a shortage of food coming into the City and there is more pressure on our Fishermen and our imports from other areas to feed us.

We have war overseas and it seems we have war on our doorstep, can our new Mayor lead us to victory? We at the Babblers very much doubt it.