



Clamps Companion

MEET YOUR LOCAL TOWNSFOLK

By Quinten

In an effort to help the local inhabitants of Clampsboro get to know the people in the area, I will be interviewing a town member, officer, residents or other notables in the area. It will give you the opportunity to share information about yourself, tell your side of things, and let people get to know everyone the nobles, the shield at your side, the caster at your back and the townsfolk putting food in the stall.

For this columns inaugural run, we're starting with our local Sheriff Verix.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL SHERIFF

What is your full name, title, and position?

Verix Lan'theru, Sheriff of Clampsboro

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GADABARI WISDOM

- Chickens feeding outside in the rain foretell rain for several days.
- The smoke from rue and bitter almonds will repel wild cats.
- Experience is what you get when you expected something else.
- Sins and debts are always more than we think they are.

MEET YOUR LOCAL TOWNSFOLK (CONT.)

Are you associated with any groups or Organizations?

I was formerly a knight of the kingdom of Hightower, but that land has been peaceful for nearly a decade now. I decided to move on to places that would find more use for a person like me. I associate with many of the local organizations as well as those that are required by my position, but I don't claim membership in any of them.

Where were you born and raised?

I grew up in a desert kingdom that I cannot locate due to a possible time anomaly having displaced it. That or I was displaced. All I know is that it existed on Tyrra at some point or another. I lived a normal childhood with aspirations of training to be a member of our city's elite guard. I grew up and was married and hoping to raise a family after securing my dream. (At this point he appears to grow slightly wistful. After a moment he smiles and nods). There's a bit more to it, but I hope you understand when I say it is literally ancient history.

What caused you to take up the sword/bow/globe/fireball instead of becoming a baker?

I think that I may have become a baker if the world were a gentler place. Instead I decided to become a student of

“I think that I may have become a baker if the world were a gentler place. Instead I decided to become a student of war so that others didn't have to.”

war so that others didn't have to.

What is your preferred way to engage in combat?

I prefer to approach with caution, occasionally prodding to lure an enemy into exposing their strengths and weaknesses. I'll then either outlast them if I think I can or go in as soon as I see an opening to end the fight as soon as possible.

Do you have any non-combat or crafting skills you'd like to share with our readers?

I enjoy simple crafts and repairs when I have the time. There's something fulfilling about doing something like making a new belt or fixing a fence or the like. I'd hardly call myself any kind of engineer, but I could probably get something to work long enough for a real one to take a look at it.

If you could impart one pearl of wisdom to people starting out what would it be?

Learn everything that you can. There are practical lessons that more experienced adventurers have picked up, like how to deal with certain kinds of enemies or the most effective use of certain spells and abilities, learn from them instead of learning the hard way. Ask questions, assert your opinions, and refine them as you take in new information. The ability to assess a situation and implement a smart solution is a tremendous power. Nine times out of ten I would rather team up with a savvy warrior over a fool in a mithril golem.

What is your fondest memory?

This is going to sound absurd, but there was this time I got into a knife fight with a troll over a hot dog. You see, I was at a camp in the eastern desert with a few of my traveling companions when a tree bark-infused troll walks up looking for a fight. Instead we offered him some of our dinner. The troll takes the



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MEET YOUR LOCAL TOWNSFOLK (CONT.)

entire pack and starts bolting hot dogs like there's no tomorrow. I hadn't eaten yet, so I politely requested that he save some for me. My companions tossed a pair of daggers out between us and demanded that we fight for it. It was exceptionally late and I was very much younger, so the troll and I both shrugged and took up arms. What ensued was the most friendly, nearly-fatal battle I'd ever participated in. It was evident that neither of us wanted to kill the other

and that we were both pulling our blows...or at least he was, I'm awful with a knife... Somewhere between the sleep deprivation and the blood loss I couldn't help but laugh until I was out of breath (it wasn't difficult to be out of breath at the time). Needless to say, I lost. In my defense the troll had an overwhelming advantage between natural toughness and regeneration. He then offered me several hot dogs. He spent some time with us and it turns out that he was actually a pretty decent fellow. At least I think he was, there was a bit of a communication barrier. Today I look back at that night and take two things away from it. One, trolls are excellent knife fighters, and two, a single act of compassion can change everything. If Mister Troll has learned to read and reads this interview, I hope he is well.

What is your deepest regret, or decision you wish you could have reversed?

Way to swing the interview...

An innocent man was framed and executed in front of me. I had some idea that he was innocent, but I didn't have a sure enough answer and I didn't want to be wrong. I was also afraid of what the very powerful people who wanted him dead would do if I opposed them, so I did nothing, hoping it would sort itself out and the truth would have the opportunity to come to light. I am a different person because of that mistake. It is one of the things that informs my future judgment. Sometimes you need to make a call and trust your heart on something. I would have done things very differently then if I had the same experience I do now.

What is the biggest danger you have ever overcome?

The Void has destroyed the world what I imagine to be a countless number of instances. I experienced one of those instances. The world ended and Tyrra was a nearly lifeless husk. My spirit and the spirits of several other dead adventurers possessed some void creatures to reassemble the last remaining pieces of Time. At least that's how I remember it. I believe what happened was that it went back and changed the destinies of the four individuals responsible for setting the world toward its destruction in the first place.

What is the scariest thing you have ever faced off against?

Some greater being of void back in the east. Nearly impossible to kill. Can obliterate spirits and destroy magic with about the same effort that it takes for me to cast a death spell. Not a fun fight.

What makes a good adventurer in your eyes?

The ability to support and act within a team. Individual power is great and all, but a team that knows how to work together and compensate for their weaknesses is a force to be reckoned with.

What do you do when you're not smiting evil or trying to kill things that tried to kill you first?

I try to serve the community as a medical practitioner. I'm either doing that or sleeping. Or looking for more evil to smite.

If you had no inner monologue what would we most likely hear?

Most likely a song of some kind only tangentially related to whatever I'm doing or self-mocking about how I try to peacefully resolve situations I'm nearly certain will come to blows.

What is a message you'd like to send to our readers?

I encourage open conversation with anyone. If you wish to talk about any of your concerns or voice an opinion, I am here.

Who would you count as your greatest or longest ally?

I've known Lugg, Meep and Kale for a very long time. Likely one of them.

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MEET YOUR LOCAL TOWNSFOLK (CONT.)

Who is your biggest rival/ most hated foe?

Nailing down a specific creature is difficult for me. I would say it's more the concept of indifference.

What is your favorite color?

Russet Gold

What is your ideal date?

Some time between late March and mid-April.

You're entering the tomb a 6000 year dead king, the Sarcophagus begins to open, what do you do?

Prepare carrier immunity against draining or death. That or ask whoever is inside if they want a glass of water or something.

Alcohol preference: mead, wine, beer, grain alcohol, whatever is in your cup.

*“How many Stone Elves does it take to light a torch?
One. Stone elves are perfectly capable of lighting torches. Don't be racist.”*

Whatever Bass mixed up in that wine glass yesterday (July 16th).

Are you a Cat or Dog person?

I used to not have a fondness for cats, but after meeting the best cat on Tyrra I can say that I now do.

If someone is trying to impress you/earn your favor what should the do?

Beside defend the town. I am impressed by people who give selflessly and remember to show appreciation and praise for the people that help them.

What is your greatest pet peeve?

Selfish people who abuse authority or hide behind a misguided sense of righteousness. In my more zealous days I used to have that unforgivable trait. Now I very much dislike it.

When I'm about to go off adventuring I always remember to take my?

Ability to cope with any random, absurd thing that I may encounter.

Favorite Joke.

How many Stone Elves does it take to light a torch?

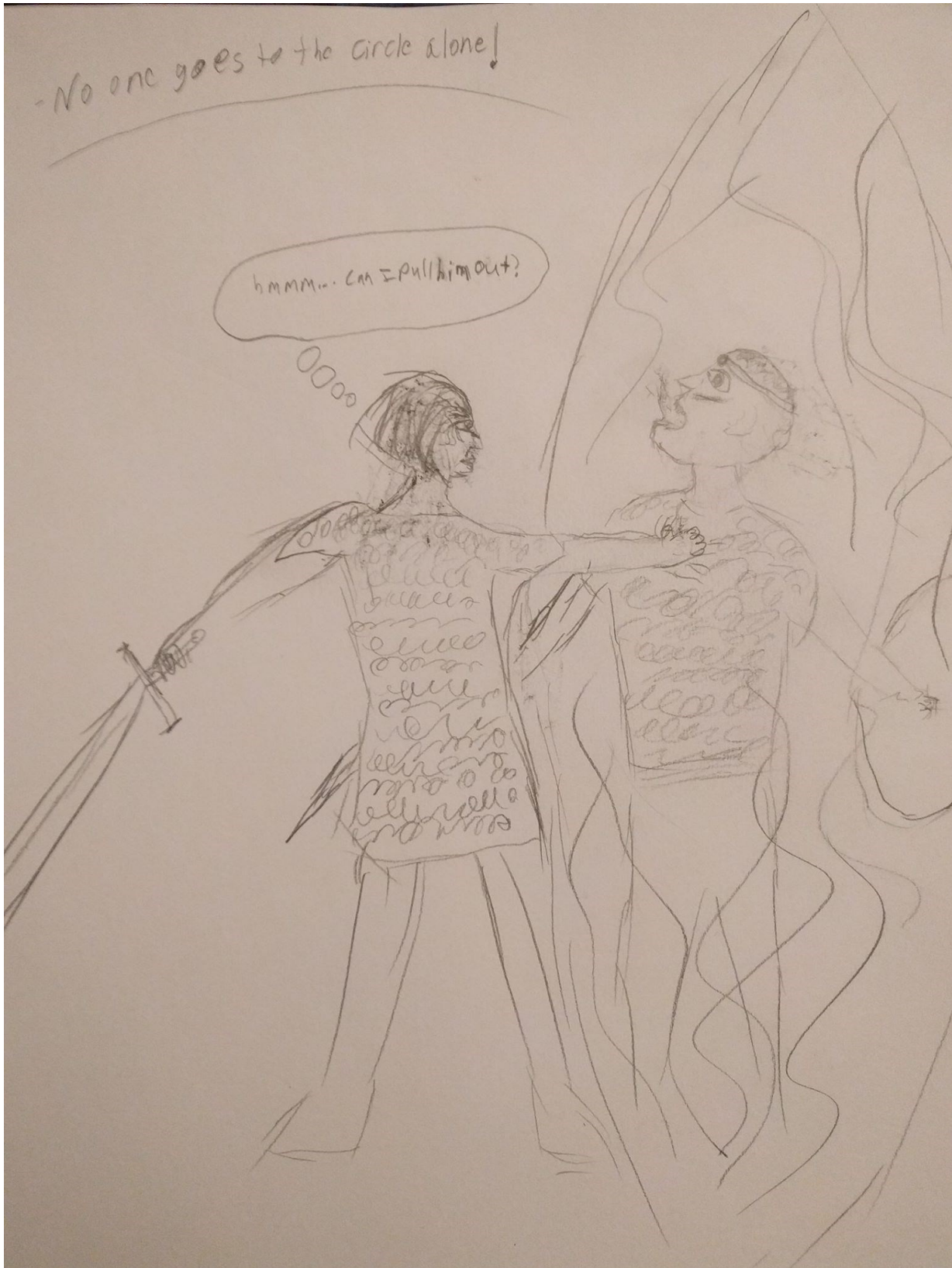
One. Stone elves are perfectly capable of lighting torches. Don't be racist.

If you could only eat one food for the rest of your life what would it be?

Corned beef sandwiches. I honestly believe I may never grow tired of them.

BARBARIAN'S CORNER

By Mirshana



WHINY BANSHEE

By Edward Peepers

To be sung forlornly under the influence of much mead.

Faerie baby, Clamps Camp lady,
seamstress for the dead
Sunken eyed, pirate smile, you
married a soldier man
Ballerina, you must have seen her
dancing where I bled
And now she's in me, always with
me, whiny banshee in my head

Gadabari by the road
Handing tickets out for shows
Turning back she just laughs
The boulevard's not that morose

Minstrel man he makes his stand
In the trading post's lone streets
Looking on she moans the songs
The words she knows, the tune she
shrieks

But oh how it feels so real
Lying here with no one near
Only you and you can hear me
When I say softly, slowly

Hold me closer whiny banshee
Count the torches on the highway
Lay me down in sheets of linen
I had a busy day today

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ASK HANA

LIFE AND LOVE ADVICE FOR THOSE LIVING IN ADVENTUROUS TIMES

By Mizumi Hana



Dear Hana,

Recently, while on the run from the destruction in the south, I met the most dashing and handsome red-leg soldier. He and his companions found me sheltering in the woods and I swear he was as gallant as a knight straight out of the storybooks. He flirted outrageously, offered me dinner and then told me he'd give me a "sword" and some boots. There was a lot of wine, and to be honest I may have been a little tipsy. He brought some papers for me to sign and well, I just figured he kept mementos.

I woke up the next morning before dawn only to find out that now I'm a private in the army! I'm so confused, I just thought he was flirting and had a foot fetish! Now some Sergeant is shouting orders at me and telling me I have to dig foundations. Worst one night stand ever! What do I do?

Sincerely,

Not an Officer, or a Gentleman

Dear Nog,

You are not the first youngling to fall for a night of romance and awaken in the morning with a hangover and a heart full of regrets. Though I'll admit, this is hardly a situation to be fixed with a walk of shame. It seems, without intending, that you have made your bed and the Army is going to insist that you lie in it. In the future, I'd advise more dinner, less wine, and more specificity about specialty gear like boots, handcuffs and swords. Read the fine print more carefully.

But that doesn't help your current situation. To be blunt, buttercup, you're screwed and not in the way you would like. There may be a silver lining though, take pride in your new uniform, be a dashing officer and a gentleman and ensure yourself a few nights of your own. Then get promoted over his ass and put him on latrine duty.



Dear Hana,

I recently grew a third eye and now I can't seem to get my look right anymore. I can't do the double tuck, or smokey eye or even the panda smudge and get it to look right. Whether I wing it left or right, I always look unbalanced. The other new recruits here at the compound have started calling me 'blinky' because I keep getting fake lashes caught in it. I'm constantly late for formation and indoctrination classes because I hate leaving the dorms without my face on, what do I do?

Beauty is in the Eye

Dear Beauty,

I can't tell you how many younglings have written to me of late asking for help with problems concerning their third eye. Really, I can't tell you, or those gentlemen who came by my home with pamphlets will show back up and set my house on fire. I can say that your third eye does not need cosmetics to gain attention, such a startling look will garner attention in every room you enter with or without mascara. And the people who love you will see your inner beauty, especially with their eyes closed.

For balance purposes, trying winging both sides in a quadruple tuck.



Dear Hana,

I'm a corpse keeper in the fifth battalion of the Langvolke Wolven army and I'm in a lot of trouble with my mate. Normally I wouldn't stoop to asking advice of a **lowly pink**

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ASK HANA (CONT.)

skinned weakling like yourself but I'm really in the doghouse. See, I help gather bodies for the pack and I have a case of... mange. I swear I wasn't doing anything bad with the bodies! Just gathering them and you know... necromancy, nothing dirty! But now I have mange and well... I can't go home. The moment she smells me she'll know I have it and then it'll be hours and hours of her accusing me of sniffing some other wolverine tail and snarling at me. Last time when she found out that I went after that labradoodle in heat she wouldn't let me in the house for a week. I had to sleep on the ground. I got mud in my fur!

You're a girl, and all soft and fleshy, how do I convince her it was all the corpses and not a Pomeranian? Do I get her a gift? What does she want? Does she want bones? I have bones. I could give her some bones and then sniff her butt and everything would be okay right?

Didn't Stray Dog

Dear Dog,

The only way to be good with your mate is to be honest with her. The best way to be honest with her (and not get kicked out of the house) is to beg her help. Tell her you're really embarrassed that you got mange from your job in the army and you need her help to clear it up before the guys notice it because if they do they'll never let you live it down. Try being humble and meek and it'll encourage her nurturing nature. She may think it's adorable that you need her so much.

The only way to get rid of mange is to **STOP SCREWING WITH NECROMANCY AND DEAD BODIES YOU SICK DOG. WHAT DID YOU THINK WAS GOING TO HAPPEN! YOU ARE LITERALLY CARRYING AROUND ROTTING CORPSES! OF COURSE SOME OF IT GETS STUCK IN YOUR FUR!**

I can't really advise on the butt-sniffing, we don't really do that here, but I think many girls like a good bone.

“YOU ARE LITERALLY CARRYING AROUND ROTTING CORPSES! OF COURSE SOME OF IT GETS STUCK IN YOUR FUR!”



Dear Hana,

I'm writing in for a friend because I don't need any advice, certainly not from some puny, untrustworthy woman, what could a woman possibly have to tell me! But my friend needs help. Yes, friend, let's call him Short-Bearded-Vermin Crusher. My friend is concerned that women don't like him. And they totally should! He's awesome and badass and totally the nicest guy. He's so nice! If you ask him he'll tell you how nice he is. All his friends say he's nice but it's just unfair! None of the women he meets want to move into his lair and bear his spawn. It's really a complete mystery because he's super strong and super manly and he does manly things like crush bearded people and eat kobolds but does that please the stupid, sneaky, untrustworthy women? No! They just keep screaming about letting them go, and how they don't want to be slaves and how they're not ogres. Whatever, women are stupid and ugly, they should feel lucky that I even noticed them. He noticed them, that he noticed them. I'm totally asking for a friend.

I probably won't even read your reply, being that you are a woman and a bitch and stupid and probably a Fake Ogre Girl, and full of lies but write back soon. Because I need to know. For my friend.

Ogre Going His Own Way and Totally Not Someone You Know But You Should Because I'm Important And Nice, Really Nice. Why Won't Women Date ~~Me~~-My Friend

Dear Ogre

Tip #1 : Nice guys (actual nice guys) don't have to tell people they are nice. They're just are and it shows.

Tip #2 : Nice guys do not generally go around referring to all women as stupid, untrustworthy, lying, fake, ugly and sneaky.

Tip #3 : Offering to kidnap a woman, drag her back to your cave, impregnate her and have her spend the rest of her life as your 'worthless chattel' is not good pick up line. It is, in fact, the start to a bunch of horror stories we warn other girls about.

You're not fooling anyone. Not even yourself.

BASELESS RUMORS

Yeah, I found some unusual tracks out by my barn. Had a horse missing too.

They say someone found gold upriver. Gastan for one found a few ounces.

I can't wait for the dance on the winter solstice. I'm going to ask Virgera to go with me.

I'm going to keep drinking until you start looking good.

If you're interested in the gladiator fights, bet against Wilvyn--I hear the fix is in.

There's gonna be war to the east, mark my words. Those people are trouble.

Rodents of unusual size? I don't believe they exist.

CLASSIFIEDS

Contact Edward Peepers to post - 1 Silver per Word

Ruther, please come home. Momma misses you, and the farm isn't going to survive the winter with Poppa still missing from his travels to the coast. The Americans do not need you like we do. Your sister, Isada

Mercenaries for Hire: The Sea Lions seek adventure, glory, and coin. Let us worry about your troubles whilst you enjoy your wine. Ask for Captain Chrétien de Troyes.

Honor! Glory! See the world and protect your family! Join the Red Legs! All the Fame of the military without all their rules...

Wanted - Experts in the ways of the elemental planes of Dream and Reason: Contact Edward Peepers.

Formal Scrolls & Components: Has an indecipherable formal scroll recently come into your possession? Not sure what to do with all your extra bat wings and monster teeth? The Sea Lions will pay for quality formal components and scrolls.

Are Your Parents Dead? Are you or do you know an orphan? These lands have seen tremendous suffering. If you lack guardians and holdings, seek Edward Peepers for help. There can be a better tomorrow, together.