



## PICTURE IDENTIFIED



In a resent hissue your gazebbe told yew how to get money for nothing by appreaching a man and asking for some waiter from the hedge. A picture was supplied and the gazebbe is happe to say that this hindivisual has now been identifide as one Dash Elha-avalooan, deceased. Due to his death he is unavailable for comment.

*Hillystrayshun  
Won Dash Elhaavalooan, deseased*

## DUST WANTS TOE BE FOUND!!!!!!!

As a dessert culture the people of dust obvusle do not nowe that you shuld not drink seawater. Apon hearing that the joining of the shards had left ther land sir rounded by water they set off

set off to try and find it so they could sell the water to the rest of ther cuntry and have many camels.

Our New Whitewater office reports that the current favoritt in the race to water is non over than Karleaf Carlil, a friend of the gazebbe. This knoble man is also happarently a tek-know-lodge-ical genius and hinvented a huge flying mashine to cross the huge mounten range surrounding the desserts of dust.

Powered by a host of elephental volunteers the craft failed to find the sea due to sabotaje by a jealous third party who wished the attempt to fail as they fear t he number of bellymentals pledging the eir eternal loyalty to the Caliph. Under the Carleaf increased his security hand sent out a new hexpedition which wee are happy to report found the sea. Thee Caliph is currentlee working with his earth elemental haillies to construct hay macheen which will tunnel through the mountins to create the first sea port dust has ever known.

## NEW SHOTGUN NAMED

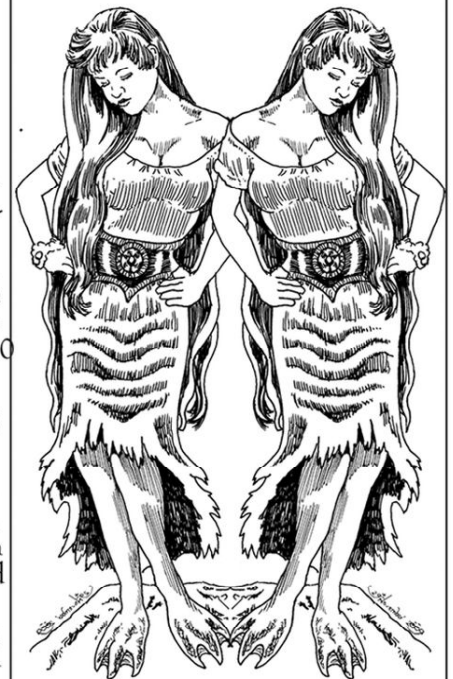
Strange matters are ahand in thee Fhunders. Has our readers know the Five Thunders is curentlee ruled by three sepirate groups who are consisistently all most at war with each hother. Rescentle one of these counteries under went a bit of termohel when Imagarwar Iblesyu, 100+6, apparently passed away under suspicious circumstances. Since some of those the gazebbe has named the 'Vandals' were present when the noble shotgun passed away his death must be viewed as a possible murrder, since the noble loud stood against a nimer of veews the 'Vandals' have greviously expresssed it wood not be a stretch of the imajinashone toe believe the murders of Atlantis would kill an old man who stod in ther way. Fol lowing something called the 'vote' Imagarwar Weantsoup became the new shotgun, it is unclear if he shears anything ot her than a first name with the previous shotgun.

continnewed on page 2

## SHOTGUN LIVES!!!!

Contrary to recent reports Imargar war Ayeblesuu still lives! Aparrsatle e he faked his own death to escap murder at the hands of thee 'Vandals'. Due to his hwel fondu fear of assassassination by these dasta ardlee hindivisables he currently on lee traviles around at night and has hired a number of heelete one leged bodyguards who play on a tradition al fear on the Thunders of people who hope. Using the sudonim Mr G V Ampire he hops to return to his throne in the neer futur and shave his people from the 'Vandals'. Hap arintlee he only sirvived thanks to the actions of twho people called Yo-Yo and the Puppet Master, hages un known, whose timely intearfearants allowed the shotgun to escape the hashasinasion squad sent by the 'Vandals'.

A picshure of one of these people is shawn below.



*Illus. The mysterious Master known as Mr John Smith*

# OGRES ON THE ATTACK!!!!!!!

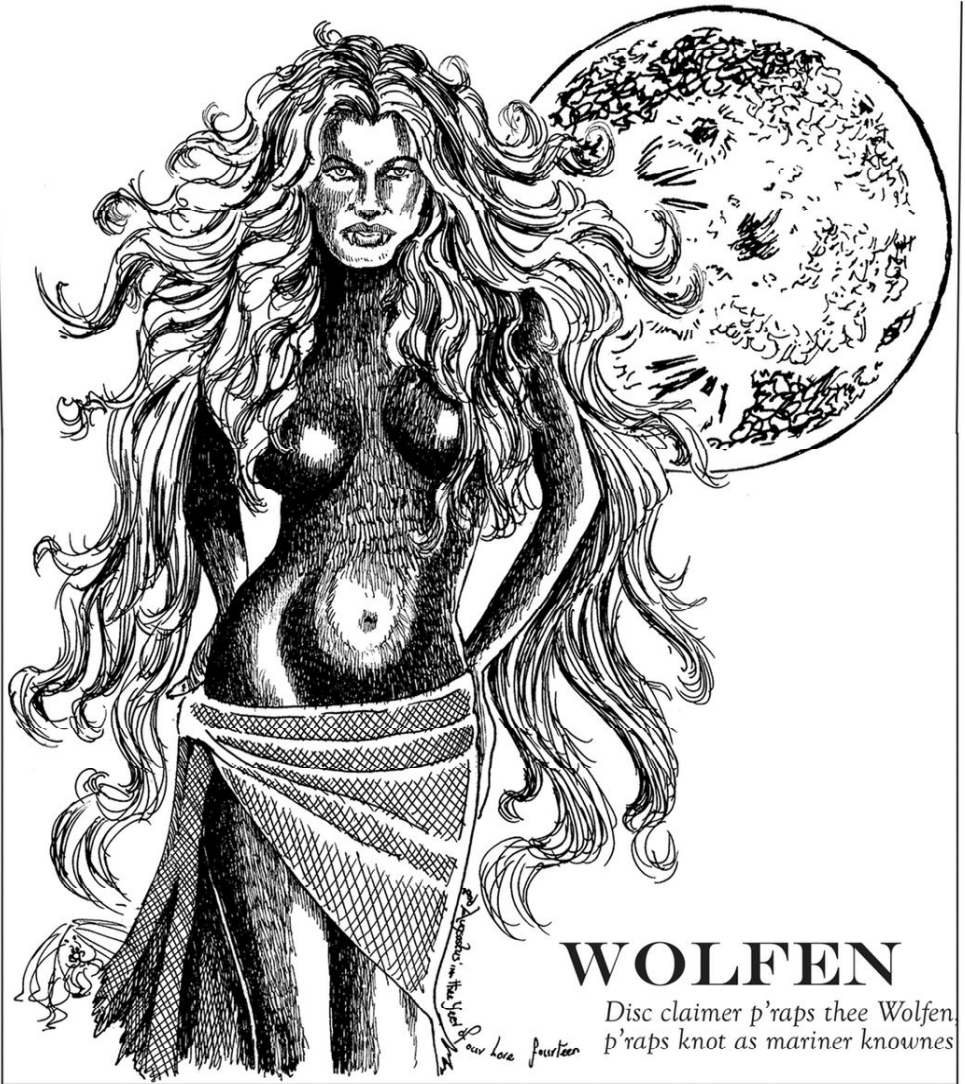
Based on reports received coming out of New Witewater the forces of the self proclaimed 'Ogre King' Michelle Longstrum are marching on New Whitwater. Apparently not satisfied by mercilessly attacking merchant caravans and innocent villages this despot has decided that he should rule the entirety of the whole of Dust and is leading his forces to attack New Whitewater. The Gazebe has made its views of this person clear and now stands vindicated following his outrageous actions. It is not yet known if his erstwhile companions, the 'Vandals', will be adding him in his attack on freedom but this publication would not be surprised if they did. Rumors persist that the dejected Ogres are eating their victims and this has been confirmed by one of our intrepid reporters. An alliance looks to be forming between the guilds, Carleaf Keel and the noble Ogryn to oppose Langstrom the Despical.

# DISASTER ON FAERIE!!!!!!!

A terrible disaster has recently occurred on Faerie where the noble High Mag and future ruler of Faerie the Dark Ridder has suffered a temporary setback following a treacherous attack by the Fae and Dwarves during an agreed ceasefire. The Fae and Dwarves recently begged the Dark Ridder for a ceasefire to allow them to bury their legions of dead from their futile battle against the Height Mage. Even though the Fae and Dwarves began the war with attacks on the peaceful Dark Rider and his people he nobly agreed to give them some time to bury the fallen. Rather than obeyed by this truce the Fae and Dwarves instead attacked the Dark Rider's forces. Rather than fight during a truce he agreed the Dark Rider temporarily withdrew his forces from the field but will soon return to crush his treacherous foes.



Illustration of the former Faerie Isles in times gone by. Before, not after the disaster, a bit.



# WOLFEN

Disclaimer perhaps the Wolfen perhaps not as mariners know

Illustration of the mysterious Master mariner known as Pilifer

The gazebe recently received reports that three infamous creachers known as Woollfen are abroad, well a while over the place really. Our illustrator Mr I Nonemous 'as' a fair go hat captured in a likeness. This 'as' been based upon reliable and most accurate and detailed descriptions given us by an adventurer who got it from a milkmaid, who got it from an attractive Sea Captain who was in the area when he visited Faerie. Apparently Pilfer met a number of visitors to inquire about a traveling tinker who 'apparently' did not give a cuss.

In conclusion we at the Gazebe take no responsibility for the said off the illustration now or hereafter. Thank 'ee The Eddytor

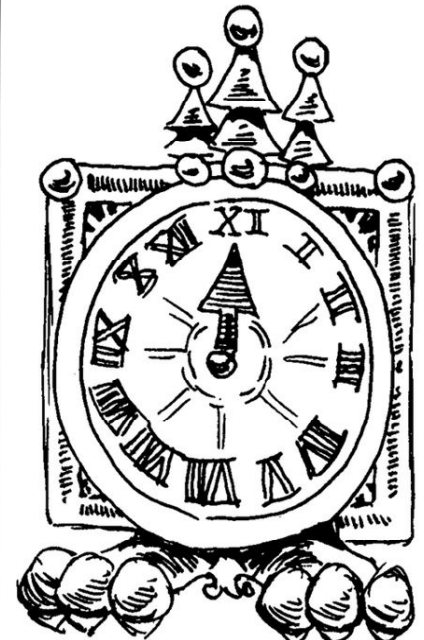
Illustrated below The Professor Flea in his younger days.

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# SHARDS WATCH!!!

## Shards Watch

Illustrated above be the intrepid gadgeteer tells the time though 'oo' it do thy entertainment and informing has been recently unassisted 'as' though it be employed as such an 'is' specialist to bring you the news off the time, hit 'as' no voice.



# WEATHER



*Illus. The mysterious Weather*

Archipelago - Rains of fish and raine expected with the chance of precipices high.

Dust - Heavy snow anticipated in these winter months

Faerie - Hot and dry with a chance of cream as expected in a dessert

Frontier - No weather expected

Salem - Rayne, raane and more raen with a distinct chance of raine.

Thunders - Summer night, from cloud to cloud the moon is swift in flight.

Union - The weather of Onion is expected to be very overcast with the sun knot being seen at all on many days of this month. This will suite many residents who expressed a dislike of bright sunny days as they give them a headache.

# NARG THEE BARRBARIAN

## RECEPEE PAGE

### BONE IN THE HOLE



Take one bone and put it in a pan and put the pan on a hot thing for 10 minutes. Take bone out of pan Swear over burnt hand and drop bone Look at bone in hole and add cheese to taste.

# WHITCH KING INVADES DUST!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

*Illus. The Racerers knowne De Highwaymin & Capt Johannnios Brickee*

Follooing his abboartevee attack on Faerie it seems the Itch King seams too have switcht his attension to Dust. In alliaance with Longstram the Deespicable the Witche King has sent a hooge force of unded to seese the pourtal on Dust. The Valley of Kneeah currentlee his surrounded by his ineed whored and if not for the actions of a Mr Al Fulani, 56, an avowd enemy of one of the 'Vandals', the Switch Kinge would have seeled dust off from thee rest of the world. Due to this knoble action on the part of Mr Falani the guildes are reportedlee to offer him the freedom of both Whitwater and New Witewater and possibubbly enter into an alleyancee with him.

# NIGHT LIFE FLOURISHES! IN THE SMOKE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

*Illus. The mysterious Master Recrewtmint Hofficer knowne as Capt. Kronos*

Compton has been unseeted as the place to be sore on Onion by the Smooke, witch will soon be the number one hol-e day dresstinashon in thee world. Acore ding to reports reseved by the Gazebbe thee Smok only reelly comes to life at kni hight where a new fee-nom-in-a can be fowend in the taverns and inns. Called a 'bloody mary', or 'blood' lowcalee, this new drink is happarrently much in demand, wyth compleet strangers stooping people inn the street and demanding blood. The gazebbe have been unable to obtayn a sample of this nectarr as it is happarrentlee onlee aveilabl in certain members honly clubs where the rich and powerfull meat to discuss the future on Union over a nice pint of 'blood'.



# BLODLINE REPORT WOOLFEN!!!!

Called by some wherewolves the woolven are actually a boodlion race and quite diffirent in very few wheys, much like hogres and ogryn. The differenciss between Hwerewolves and Woolvin lie mostly in their injellygence, apparently covering yourself in woolven ex-cree-ment makes them think you are wolvern. This love of their own ex-cree-ment is very strange but should be accepted as just one of those differences that makes the whorld the weirred place it is.

The fallowing conveersasion between two wolvern guards yesturday at noon one was obsurrved by our intrepid Erban Leg Ends team when tesesting this little nowne fact about wolvern.

"Halt who goes there", sniff, sniff, "Ah it's Frank, hello Frank", sniff sniff, "Oh and Dave is with you ok pass friends". Turns to companion "it's a good job wee are on guard Frank or thieves might get in". Replie from other guard "You are right there Dave we are greate guards I just wish there was more than just the two of us here."

Next issue Ogryn Smart and Strong

# EXCLAYMATION MARK SALE NOW ON!!!!!!!!!!

Exclaymation marks now half price from thee prinleers guild!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

# SUCKIN' SUSAN HINVITES YEW TOE



# THEE PINK PUSSY CAT CLUB

WHITWATER

# THEE NEW ADVENTURES OF PIGG WILLIEUM



# DARK RIDER DEFEATED!!!



As predikted in the gazebbe the forces of Hard-Rye Finnlahe and his dwarves alliy Thoorinn Iamskint have defeated the so called Dark Ridder in battle and drivelled him from the smault. This hattack as cripeled the Bark Riders forceps and it is honly a mater of time before he is finally defleated and driven from Fairee. The Gazebbe would like to take this hopo rtuneitee to declair our conteeneweing suport for the Ard-Right and our con feedance that total victory will soon be acheeved.

Illus Below thee Harrd-Rye Finndlahee

## ERBAN LEG ENDES WOLVEN ARE STUPID - FACT!!!!!!

Due to the completely unexpected survival of our erban leg ends team thee gazebbe is not looking for brave public spirited individuals to join our erban leg ends team.

## VANDALS

Accordioning to hiwitness reports the 'Vandals' were recently obsewered on Dust. Witlesses advise they were there at the invetasion of one Mirrorage thee Croone, 76, and werr cunfronted by seveal tea towel salesmen from the Stable Nail. Thee sailsman demanded they choose between Mirrorage or the Stable Nail for their tea towel soupplies so thee 'Vandals' brutalee murdered the Stable Veel alesmen as well as Mirrorage's representatetive. Not sateesfide by this slawter they then attacked a village of leepers by an ohasiss in horder to steal enough money to buy chicken necks which they kneeded for some unknown nee-fair-rious porpiose.

## EXCLAYMATION MARK SALE NOW ON!!!!!!

Exclaymation marks now half price from thee printlers guild!!!!!!

## PARTEE 10117 THEE PIGG AND.....?

'It was a dark and stormy night' wrote Pigg William and then crossed it out. Irritation shook his head. 'It was a dark and stormy Knight' wrote the porcine creature. He pawsed and pawed thee parchment passionately. Cross stroked thee quill and he began again. 'Dust, dust, dust,' he wrote, 'Dust, dust, dusty, dust,' and then wondered if he had over done it. Dust, dust everywear ann nott a drop to drink.' Pigg Wulliam fingered\* his flask sorrowfily, it was empty. He cast his mind back, back to the day when.....Somewear a harp tinkled regretfully, the pigg's head jerked in the direction of the soft music. 'And you can pack that inn right now!' Hee glared at the shocked sheep bent over a harp and thee note styllid upon

upon thee air.

How should hee hentile hiss opus? 'The Hand of thee Mummy' butt thee thought of thee caress of thee creature along hys woden legg made hym shudder. 'The Eye of thee Mummi' and whilst it was true thayt she onlee had thee won eye it followed hym remorselessly wear ever he wandered.

The pigg tried again, 'The Knee of the Mummy' & it was true the Mummy had fetching nees in that short Eggwhippien skirt. It left little toe thee imagination & thee pigg shuddered once more & almost had a 'funny' turn. A light turned on inn brain so it was a little light. 'Elbow of thee Mummi.'

At that moment hay duck, top half swath ed inn bandages, thee bottom half displaying a daring pair of knees appeared. "Time for tiffin dear?". And it awl went toe hell inn a handbasket.