

### Behind the Curtain: Sheriff Thomas Silver

By George Aleister Wright

Inquiring minds want to know. Who is this Sheriff Thomas Silver that won the very first Marksman’s tournament in Horizon’s Stronghold? I was able to catch up with the sheriff and ask him first-hand what the readers want to know.

GAW: Congratulations Sheriff Silver! How does it feel to be the very first champion of the Marksman’s tournament?

TS: It feels good.

GAW: That was some mighty fine shooting, how did you come to be such a fine marksman?

TS: Well, I was ten year’s old when I first picked up a gun, and I’ve been shooting for the past twenty years.

GAW: Good, good! And you’ve been practicing shooting all that time?

TS: Yep. I practice 2-3 times a week. But what I really focus my time is on my swordsmanship. I practice with my sword EVERY day.

GAW: Every day with a sword? It must be really handy in your profession to be able to shoot a bad guy with one hand and slash another with the other. Tell me, Sheriff, our readers want to know, how did you come to be the sheriff of this town?

TS: Well, I came to Horizon’s Stronghold six years ago to meet up with my sister. You know my sister? She’s the local judge here. Anyway, the law must run in our family ‘cause a year later, I started to enforce them. I’ve been the sheriff every since, about five years.

GAW: Great! I know you’re a busy man and I don’t want to keep you from your work, any last thoughts you want to share with our readers?

TS: Folks, remember the town motto.



And there you have it. Our Sheriff Silver. Marksman. Swordsman. Lawman. Man! Our ever watchful guardian, protector of the town. And as the good sheriff has reminded us, “Do no harm and no harm shall come to you.”

### Rabble Rousers Litter, Townsfolk Annoyed

By George Aleister Wright

Several townsfolk reported that a person or persons claiming to be a group called the “Hell Riders” were causing mischief by littering the town. “I was leaving my house and noticed this scrap of paper fluttering in the wind in front of my door.” Stated a townsfolk who wished to remain anonymous. “I think it said something like, “Yar, this is our town, get out, yar, the Hell Riders”. “I think I ended up picking up three pieces of this trash on my way to Preena’s tavern. When the sheriff catches these rabble rousers, they ought to tan their hides and make them pickup trash for a month!”

If you see these litter bugs, please contact Sheriff Silver immediately.



### Dark Secret See’s the Light

By Thuun Daer Crowelm

Perry Prescott, human merchant, ethical and honest businessman, and esteemed father and husband. These were the descriptions the people gave him before they learned the truth. Perry Prescott’s true face behind his mask has been revealed. In reality, his face is twisted black and vile from greed and avarice, born of apathy and the suffering of the innocent. April 14th, lawmen uncovered a hidden drug and slave market on the outskirts of the munchkin kingdom. Over 30 slaves along with over 100 pounds of illegal drugs and toxins were found in a warehouse owned, run, and operated by Mr. Prescott were discovered during a raid. Documents linking Mr. Prescott to the illegal activities were discovered in his manor. Tinmen have already located and arrested half a dozen buyers. Following the confession of Mr. Prescott, his 32 year old human wife Jillian Prescott took her own life, unable to bear the shame her husband committed.

### Disturbance at Civic Municipal Building

By Thuun Daer Crowelm

It was a normal Friday evening at the red poppy tavern when a foursome of munchkin graced the tavern with their charms and ill intent. The women Eclipse, Coco, and Nightcap were accompanied by their escort, a male munchkin named Moonstone. After many attempts of coercing free drinks out of the good people of the Horizon, a witness observed the munchkin breaking and entering into the sheriffs own lodgings within the government building. When confronted, Moonstone denied all knowledge and involvement of the incident and declared, "If any of my girls are up to any wrong doing I'll cane the shit out of them." Although there were at least 3 confirmed munchkin in the sheriffs lodgings, the only fully identified munchkin that was caught in the act was Coco, who fled the scene when discovered. The sheriffs room had been rummaged through by the time he arrived on scene and informed the other munchkin to surrender Coco within an hour if they want to limit the severity of her crimes. The munchkin Eclipse and Coco did return later to try and seduce the sheriff, and after failing attempted to flee the scene, and Coco was shot in the chase. A short time later that night, Cocoa's father arrived armed and prepared to trade words with Sheriff Silver. The two spoke in a calm manner from one father to another, and the matter was resolved. Coco was sentenced to spend 1 week in jail in the town she came from.

## Horizon’s Stronghold Fabulous Fall Festival

The Fall Festival will be on Saturday during the daylight hours.



At All Times:

Reduced Drink costs at the tavern  
(Including cinnamon cider, served warm or chilled!)

Croquet game on the lawn

Pumpkin and Kite painting table (BYO squash)

Festival Events (these will start sometime after breakfast)

Changeling Domesticity lessons, taught by Cookie

Pie Baking Contest\*:

Judged by Sheriff Silver, Judge Silver, and Mayor Ewenice -->cash prize!<--

Fencing Contest: judged by Miss Glass -->cash prize!<--

Boxing Contest: judged by Sheriff Silver -->cash prize!<--

Shooting Contest: judged by the Wright Brothers -->gun prize!<--

Mayoral Speeches



### Townspeople Forced to Kill Each Other

By George Aleister Wright

An epidemic of terror swept through the town on the eve of June 1 called friends began to prey upon us. I, George Aleister, was a direct witness to these assaults, as my friends Mr. Danny Emerald, Mr. H.P. Invento, and several others, shambled into the Red Poppy Tavern with blank stares and blood-thirsty intent. We were able to stop the initial wave of our friends, and soon learned that they had been killed moments before and raised as zombies, with instructions to kill.

While Sheriff Silver, Deputy Satoko, Miss Eboshi, and several others ventured into the night to seek out the instigators of this Dark magic puppetry, the other towns people fortified the defenses around the town doctors and healers such as Dr. Blossom, knowing that injuries and casualties would inevitably arise in the coming night.

Among the scenes of carnage that raged between the living and the dead, this eye witness was awed by the magical flames breathed by Rubee, our resident baby dragon, who seemed to turn our enemies into little piles of ash.

This writer also noticed a spirit of cooperation permeate the townspeople, even as the stench of decay threatened to overwhelm us. It was heartening to witness that the townspeople risking their own lives to defend one another and heal one another during the crisis.

The culprit to the town’s upheaval was said to have been caused by either a dark witch in a pointy hat, or a malicious wizard in a top hat. If you have any further information on this attack, please contact us at the Stronghold Gazette, or better yet, please submit your own eye-witness account of the situation!

FANCY YOURSELF A CRACK SHOT? NEED A LITTLE PRACTICE? EVERYONE’S WELCOME AT WRIGHT ARMS

### Something A Buzz

By Thuun Daer Crowelm

Something was quite abuzz Saturday evening, when the people the Stronghold encountered an unbelievable event that never should be. Town resident Abbygale Buttercup was near her home on a stroll when suddenly she was beset upon by 4 giant and angry wasps. Herself and company quickly fled inside her home to take shelter. "They just seemed to bumble around" Abbygale said afterward. The bees seemed resistant to magic and spat acid. An alarming second wave disrupted the peace of the stone lodge where the inhabitants fled for help or hid. Officer Sotoko was on the scene ready for action during both encounters. Commissar Collen from the Scarecrows army arrived afterwards to reveal the cause was a man north of the stronghold fell into a wasp nest angering the colony.

### The Wright Way to Survive in Oz

Tip # 2. By George Aleister Wright

Talk to your food.

This may be a very silly thing to say to a native of the land of Oz. However, for a newly arrived person from the Outworld, it is an essential survival tip. You see, on our journey to Horizon’s Stronghold, we came across this pond in a meadow, and happen to see a venison, err a deer, taking a long deep drink. I slowly shrugged my rifle from my shoulder as I signaled to Bernie to take cover. “Ahhh, venison” I thought to myself, as the crosshairs settled squarely between it’s eyes. How long had it been since I enjoyed the succulent tenderness of roasted venison turning on an open flame? As the saliva began to dribble down my chin and my finger gingerly began to apply pressure on the trigger, an abrupt screech came from between my legs.

“Murderer!”

What?

“Murderer!” it sounded like again, muffled by the gunshot that wildly veered off toward nothing in particular.

I swear I must have jumped twenty feet high, hands cradling my jewels as I looked down towards my feet.

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“You were going to murder that person!” it screeched as it pointed at me



# STRONGHOLD THE GAZETTE

## Mission Statement of The Stronghold Gazette

### OBJECTIVE

To produce economically sound newspapers that add to the identity and pride of the communities they serve, record the history of the town and its people, and make a difference in the quality of life of HORIZON'S STRONGHOLD community.

## Champion Crowned at the 1st Marksman Tournament in Horizon's Stronghold!

In a very dramatic sail-biting finish won by the slimmest of margins, a champion was declared for the very 1st Marksman Tournament in Horizon's Stronghold.

The preliminary rounds of the tournament began Friday evening in the Red Poppy Tavern, with many curious townsfolk signing up and vying for a Wright Arms repeating rampage rifle, the tournament's top prize. Mr. TA Buckworth, a scarecrow with a very strong constitution, and Dr. Blossom, a highly skilled practitioner of the healing arts, held the top spot for quite some time, but was overtaken by the town's Sheriff, Mr. Thomas Silver by late evening. At the tournament midpoint, it seemed that Sheriff Silver, Mr. Buckworth, Dr. Blossom, and Mr. Jimmy Quinn, a local inventor and mechanical enthusiast, were destined to shoot it out in the finals. However, in the final hours of the preliminary round, Mr. Danny Emerald, a boisterous, well-connected tradesman, and the lovely tavern employee Miss Clawdette, jumped into the top three spots with their superior gun-wielding skills.

In the tournament semi-finals, the contestants seemed to be a little nervous in front of the cheering crowd, as their aim seemed to suffer in comparison to the earlier round. With 2 out of 6 bulls eyes at 15 paces, both Sheriff Silver and Miss Clawdette were barely able to squeak into the final shoot out. Luckily, in the final round, both contestants seemed to regain their composure and were shooting the target as befitting the Marksman title. Only a single bulls eye separated the two, and Sheriff Silver was eventually crowned the Champion!

The Marksman tournament was a great chance to show off the martial skills of our every day citizens. Planning on causing a ruckus at the tavern? I'd think twice before tangling with Miss Clawdette and Mr. Buckworth. Don't plan on keeping your end of a bargain? Careful, that might be Mr. Emerald or Mr. Quinn on the other side of that table. Suffering from scoundrelitis? A bullet from Dr. Blossom may be your only cure. And think, all of this under the watchful eye of our Marksman Champion, Sheriff Silver.



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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Message from the Mayor:

Town Hall Meeting: Saturday, September 21st, 3pm

Your elected officials will be available to discuss issues plaguing the town. Please remember the following rules in the open forum.

- Please do not fire your weapons during the town meeting. roofing is expensive.
- Please keep your Constructs and other devices under control for the duration of the meeting. We don't want a repeat of the Great Hypnotica incident.
- Anyone found excessively intoxicated will be removed by an officer and held until sober. This means you, Brig.

To Health and Prospaaaaaarity!

Dictated but not read by: Ewenice the Humblest Sheep

### VOTE FOR MAYOR EWENICE

A vote for Mayor Ewenice is a Vote for Tradition!

A vote for Mayor Ewenice is a Vote for Stability!

A vote for Mayor Ewenice is a Vote for Decency!

As Mayor of the town of Horizon's Stronghold for the last 6 years, Mayor Ewenice - the Humblest Sheep - has gotten this town through tragedy and brought the town stability. A Ewe for the people, she has served the town Faithfully, and always with a smile.

When voting this November, remember: Ewenice: the Humblest Mayor.

### H.P. INVENTO FOR MAYOR!

### H.P. INVENTO FOR MAYOR!

A VOTE FOR H.P. IS A VOTE FOR EVERYONE!

## From the Tax Assessor's Office

By George Aleister Wright

For those of you who are new to Horizon's Stronghold(myself included), I have contacted our local tax authority to gain a better understanding of our tax laws.

Below is the written response from Miss Broomhilda, District Assessor.

"In celebration of a visit from the Shaggy Man, the Scarecrow and Ozma have declared a national holiday on Saturday. No taxes will be collected and everyone must be happy and celebrate with free feasts and dancing".

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EAGER SCARECROW SEEKS

FINANCIERS FOR DRINKING

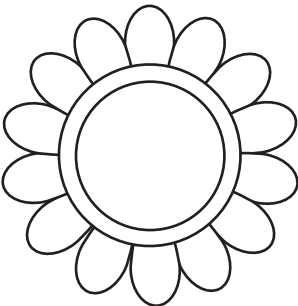
EXPEDITION. WILLING TO TRY

ANY DRINK FROM MISS PREENA

CLASS. ANY INTERESTED IN

SUCH EXPEDITION SEEK OUT

THADEUS IMMEDIATELY.



INTERESTED IN A POR-  
TRAIT FOR YOUR WALL?

WANT SOMETHING TO  
SEND HOME TO LET THEM

KNOW YOU ARE ALL

RIGHT?

SEE WRIGHT

PHOTO SITTINGS



# STRONGHOLD THE GAZETTE

## From the Mayors Desk

How to safely handle your Storm Riders

In recent months we have seen an escalation of Storm Riders visiting our fair little town. There have also been instances of the dead walking and attacking our citizens. While we have yet to confirm that these instances are linked, it doesn't hurt to take the appropriate level of caution when dealing with a Storm Rider. Please consider the following before approaching a Storm Rider:

Watch for signs of agitation or disease. Should there be foaming at the mouth, extreme irritability, or rotting flesh, it may be dangerous to engage. Alert the local authorities if they match this description.

Never approach a stranger unarmed or without a buddy. This invites disaster, and makes you a target for their amoral ways. Do not blame them, it is simply there foreign upbringing.

Avoid touching storm riders until you have confirmed that they are not inflicted with any disease. Instead of offering them a hand, simply cover your mouth with a handkerchief and wave to show you are friendly. It may take several days before we can be sure they are clean, so consider caution even with the friendly ones.

As non-citizens, a Storm Rider is a technical candidate for slavery, however, I caution any Owners from claiming Storm Riders as slaves. There improper upbringing has given them violent notions of freedom and entitlement. Should you seek to claim one as your own, be sure to train them properly before bringing them near civilized folk.

Following this advice is not only good for you, but your friends, neighbors and family. As a Storm Rider lives amongst us they can earn our trust, just remember to treat these outsiders with an appropriate caution. Thank you for your consideration, and above all else, be safe!

(Dictated but not read by Mayor Ewenice: the Humblest Sheep.)

## The Wright Way to Survive in Oz

accusingly.

I locked eyes with what at the time I could only describe as a mouse possessed by the devil.

Out came my six-shooter as I frantically tried to steady my aim at this devil mouse. "Hey now, err, never mind me, just passing through, carry on" the mouse squeaked as it raised it's paws, trying to duck and sway out of my gun sight. "Bernie, did you hear words coming out that mouse?" "Sure did." "OK. Thought so." BANG!

Now this little mouse was nowhere near as satisfying as that deer would have been, but made for a nice little snack to tide us over till we came across something more substantial.

Aw shucks, I was just pulling yer legs, my devoted readers! What actually happened was Bernard pushed my gun aside and began to converse with the little fellow, my hand to gawd.

I soon learned that most animals here in

Oz speak human, and are smarter than your average bear. And most folk in these parts treat these animals like folk.

So when I had taken aim at that deer, it was like me taking aim at some man minding his own business, getting a drink of water.

Lance(the little mouse-person), happen to see what I was up to, and though smaller than my fist, he showed the courage of a lion and started yelling at me. Well folks, all would have been alright even if Lance hadn't scared the bejibbers out of me, it seems Bernard was already extending his hand towards my rifle when I had signaled him to take cover. Little Lance taught me that if I was hungry for meat, all I had to do was pick it off any variety of meat trees, so long as it was a wild meat tree, or get permission/pay the meat tree farmer who owned it.

So there you have it folks. If you haven't been an Ozite for very long and don't want to be labeled a murderer, it'd be best to talk to your food first and wait for an answer. Remember, animals are people too!

## Controversy Polarizes the Townspeople at the June Town Meeting

By George Aleister Wright

The town meeting in June was interesting, to say the least. Unfortunately, both Mayor Ewenice, the Humblest Sheep, and the Town magistrate, the Honorable Judge Roslyn Silver, were unable to attend. In their stead, the remaining elected official, Sheriff Silver, lead the meeting to discuss the very serious matters of Citizenship, Witch registration, and Certificates of Domesticity.

Due to the influx of Storm Riders of late (one of them, my dear readers, is yours truly), it has come to the attention of the Sheriff that the citizenship petition paperwork has sorely lagged behind. Having the desire to be "whole people" and not just "half people", it is the hope of this writer that the processing of such paperwork will be done swiftly and efficiently.

The registration of witchly powers was met with some resistance, as a few townspeople questioned the need for such laws. The Sheriff stated that such laws were necessary, to protect the towns people from vast power that can potentially be misused. He stressed that by having witches declare their abilities to local law enforcement, it allows him and his deputies to be better prepared "just in case".

It seemed that additional protesting comments were

restrained, for fear of reprisal towards those with unworldly powers.

The topic of requiring Changelings to get in-town pet licenses, otherwise known as the Certificates of Domesticity, caused a heated exchange among the entire townspeople. Cries of "Changelings are people too!" and "This law is so degrading" fell upon the deaf ears of the Sheriff, as he tried to explain that he doesn't create the laws, he only enforces them. "Them wild Changelings are savage and dangerous, and need to be put down." "Only well-behaved Changelings should be allowed to roam free with the rest of us" were sentiments that were overheard in the crowd, and a good many people nodded in agreement. In an effort to keep the peace, the Sheriff suggested that the matter of changing the laws be tabled to the next town meeting, when both the Mayor and Magistrate would be available to listen and add their opinions as the elected officials representing the townspeople.

With that, the Sheriff adjointed the meeting, reminding people to come see him afterward to obtain and file the correct paperwork with the local authority.

Do you have any strong opinions regarding the laws? The staff of the Stronghold Gazette encourages you to submit your thoughts to publish in our Letters to the Editor section.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE SILENT INVASION

One day soon we will awaken in a world we no longer recognize, our very way of life destroyed, undermined by the foreigners infiltrating our communities. They may look like us, walk like us, talk like us, but make no mistake, they are as much a threat to us as any slaverian barbarian with bloody knives drawn. These so-called "storm-riders" say they are just like us, and that they have our best interests at heart. But what do we REALLY know about them? For every one that learns our ways and joins peaceably into our society, there are a dozen that seek to up-end our traditions, dethrone our leaders, and impose their own alien morals upon us. Already much of the war and unrest we have suffered in our lives can be laid the door of foreign interference. They bring DEATH with them--why else would Lurlene's grace have abandoned us? We must stand behind this truth: Oz is for Ozians, all others are here on sufferance If we lose sight of that, then we will lose everything but the knife they will plunge into our heart.

Lt. Brig (ret.)