

# STRONGHOLD THE GAZETTE

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## ANNIVERSARY EDITION

### Things That Go “Honk” In the Night

By George Aleister Wright  
Numerous clown sightings in the dead of night are being reported by the townsfolk of Horizon's Stronghold. So far, the encounters have been described as “creepy” or “terrifying”, but no casualties have occurred. One person described her run-in with the clowns. “She walked through my door as if it wasn't locked! I was so startled to see her face, a permanent, gruesome, painted smile revealed in the candlelight as she slowly crept up to my bed. I swallowed a whimper as I laid as still as possible, pretending to be asleep as she sat down at the foot of my bed. She slowly stroked my leg and started to tell a story, but at that point, I passed out and don't remember a thing. In the morning, I

cont. P3

### New Elder Changeling

Howdy everyone! I know things've been changin' a lot 'round here lately, and it can be hard to adapt. Hopefully y'all won't be too sad to hear that with Gron busy dealin' with outside problems, I'm takin' over as Elder Changeling for Horizon Stronghold! Many of y'all know me from cookin'

and servin' yer food, and don't you worry! That won't be changin' any time soon if I have anythin' to say about it. Don't forget to bring yer dishes to the tiny window! -- Clawdette <:3o~~



### The Wright Way to Survive in Oz #3

By George Aleister Wright

Hold your tongue and hold your nose when you're near a witch.

Well, at least, around bad witches. Or maybe just around this one particular bad witch. Apparently witches are just like people, there are good ones, bad ones, and everything in-between. You see, at the time of writing the first draft of this article, I had only heard of bad witches, and had only met the one bad witch. A very, bad, bad, witch. Now for those uninitiated to the witches of Oz, the bad ones are very much like the evil creatures that American parents would tell their children to scare them into behaving. Probably very similar to the witches that were burned in Salem( a place in the Outworld). The grotesque pointy nose. The gigantic mole with hairs coming out of it. The one, lazy, beady eye, staring at gawd knows where. Her skin was so..., green. Now my encounter with this wicked witch was extremely brief. I have been told by my native Ozite friends that I was very lucky to have survived. Do you recall my story about the flying monkeys a few issues back? Do you remember the cackling of a woman I might've heard as we escaped? It must've been her flying about near her gruesome minions. I'll get back to her in a moment. When Bernard and I escaped from those damn, dirty apes, we made it our first priority to find a safe place to

cont. P3



### The Silver Lining



"The first winter in Horizon's Stronghold was rough. Our people faced hardship, after hardship but it looks like we are finally coming out of the dark. Plants are growing again and we won't be caught without supplies to last next winter. With the spring, there is going to come a lot of hard work for everyone. Law enforcement will be out and about, making sure the good citizens can continue their days unhindered by troublemakers. The Hell Runners are still on the loose and our goal is to capture, Interro-

gate, and sentence them, in accordance with the law. As many of you have heard, a dark circus is coming to town, with aims to cause a heap of trouble. The changelings are still being ravaged by the rabies disease, so continue to use caution. Please find me or one of my deputies if you have any information, pertinent to our current situations. Remember our town motto: "Do no harm and no harm shall come to you."

# STRONGHOLD THE GAZETTE

## Forces of Oz

### Scarecrow - Ruler of OZ

(Positions acquired through merit/service. Typical military)

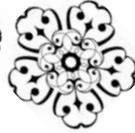
- SYMBOL: White picket fence in front of a cob of corn and rye
- Conscript
- Specialist (Culinary, Engineer, etc)
- Commissar (NCO)
- Captain (Coordinates Town)
- Major (Coordinates Territory)
- Captain General - Omby Amby



The Scarecrow is the known and appointed Ruler of Oz. He has built up an army to protect the lands, at first simply made up of old men and children; the army is now a thriving tool within the lands. Since the 'Great Spell' failed, and the forces of evil that have surrounded and filled Oz have been amassing, their work is tireless as they prepare to protect the one's they love. In an attempt at maintaining Order, the Scarecrow has aligned himself with Azkadellia and allows her to maintain the civil authorities within townships.

### Azkadellia - Civil Authority (positions are appointed)

- SYMBOL: Iron Kite Shield with a Black Tower
- Patrolman (Town cops)
- Marshall (Sergeant of a Town)
- Tin Man (Sergeant of a Territory)
- Civil Authority (many different fields, architecture/engineering/commerce)



### Warlord - Deuschainne Dupree

The dark once self-titled Tyrant of Oz; Azkadellia has recently joined forces with the Scarecrow. Her civil forces, officers and authorities, have aided in maintaining a semblance of law and order within the lands of Oz. While she has allied herself with the Ruler, it is rumored that it is only a matter of time before the Sorceress again tries to wrest control from the King.

It is rumored that Azkadellia has a secret assassin's guild that has grown in strength and popularity, seemingly in readiness for the great spell of immortality to fall...like it has.

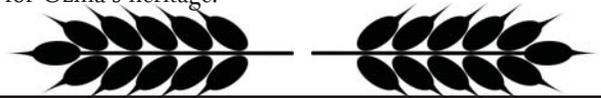


### Ozma - Once Queen of Oz (positions are elected)

- SYMBOL: Green Emerald with a Rainbow
- Soldier - Male and Female
- Lady - Female only (responsible for throwing parties and events)

- Duchess (responsible for covert dealings in a township)
- Princess (responsible for military actions in a territory)
- Matron of Roy G Biv - Matron Peregrine (coordinates all territories)

Ozma once rose to great position, her rebel army of women having overthrown the Scarecrow for a time. Once her people had acquired power however, they quickly lost it again to the forces of the Scarecrow. Ozma's armies are amassing again however and their rebel parties, balls and events, are the stories of legend. While they all hope and assist the eventual raising of their United Oz Coalition out of respect for Ozma's heritage.



## The Threat of Witches Rising

By George Aleister Wright

To the dismay of the townsfolk of Horizon's Stronghold, attacks by a group of witches have steadily been rising in the past several months. The townsfolk have commonly referred to this group of evil magic users "occultists", and extreme caution should be exercised when facing these foes. They are highly resistant to our guns, blades, chemicals, and magic, and very skilled at isolating our townspeople from the safety of our larger numbers. In fact, during a large scale attack upon the Red Poppy Tavern where many of us gathered to thwart the incoming threat, I myself was quickly separated from the others when a spell of lunacy was cast upon me. I was surely doomed as I ran away from the tavern in a fit of hysterics, but was quickly saved by a combat medic who seemed all too familiar in dealing with such heinous war

tactics (A quick thank you to all the veteran Ozian military men and women who constantly save inexperienced Storm Riders like myself). Throughout the evening our numbers were quickly diminished by these magical attacks, as our fighting humans, immortals, constructs, etc. Were forced to chase after our allies who were going crazy, gorging themselves on food and grass, crying uncontrollably, etc. Whilst fending off the occultists. In the end, we did survive the night, though not unscathed. I believe I was, in all essence, "dead" several times, had it not been for the highly skilled town doctors and healers. Please take precautions when travelling in the failing light of the evening, and always keep your friend on one side, and your firearm on the other.



# STRONGHOLD THE GAZETTE

cont. from P1

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**NEED A UP DATE TO YOUR  
OLD APPARATUS  
WRIGHT BROS.**

**LETTERS TO  
THE EDITOR  
MISSING**



Have you seen my sister? Her name is Virelia Mourning Glory and she disappeared with the fall of the Great Spell. If you know where she is, please contact Lucrecia Nightshade at the Stone Lodge.

## The Wright Way... cont. from P1

Hold your tongue and hold your nose when you're near a witch.

Well, at least, around bad witches. Or maybe just around this one particular bad witch. Apparently witches are just like people, there are good ones, bad ones, and everything in-between. You see, at the time of writing the first draft of this article, I had only heard of bad witches, and had only met the one bad witch. A very, bad, bad, witch. Now for those uninitiated to the witches of Oz, the bad ones are very much like the evil creatures that American parents would tell their children to scare them into behaving. Probably very similar to the witches that were burned in Salem (a place in the Outworld). The grotesque pointy nose. The gigantic mole with hairs coming out of it. The one, lazy, beady eye, staring at gawd knows where. Her skin was so...., green. Now my encounter with this wicked witch was extremely brief. I have been told by my native Ozite friends that I was very lucky to have survived. Do you recall my story about the flying monkeys a few issues back? Do you remember the cackling of a woman I might've heard as we escaped? It must've been her flying about near her gruesome minions. I'll get back to her in a moment. When Bernard and I escaped from those damn, dirty apes, we made it our first priority to find a safe place to wash away the filth. We happened by a nice stream and took our time getting ourselves cleaned up. Every nook and cranny. Thrice. Once we felt civilized again, Bernard took to the woods to forage for some additional supplies. I took to building a nice little fire and cleaning our guns. After cleaning my first gun, I heard a noise a few paces off. I thought it was Bernie and looked up. It was her.

## MARKSMANSHIP TOURNAMENT WRIGHT ARMS



"Good gawd you're ugly!". The words escaped my lips. I know, I know, not a very gentlemanly response to a "lady", but you read my description of her right? You can't really blame me, can you? Not a moment after those horrible words left my mouth, a bolt of fire came flying near my person(lazy eye). I jumped up to my feet and backed away. "Hey there now, no need to get so angry. That was my fault, didn't mean it. I'm so sorry, my bad. I apologize." I apologized as I continued to back away. "I'm going to kill you for your insolence!" She screeched as she threw two more bolts of fire towards my uh, vicinity(lazy eye).

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I have a condition! Are you familiar with the work of Georges Albert Édouard Brutus Gilles de la Tourette? He's a very famous distinguished doctor from France! French doctor, very proper! I have an illness called maladie des tics. A Tourette's condition! Makes me blurt out obscene insults to complete strangers! I'm a sick person..." I babbled as I continued to back away. My dear readers, please understand that I actually am neither a blubbering idiot nor a sufferer of maladie des tics. I just have a tendency to get very nervous and wordy when people throw fireballs close to me(lazy eye).

"Silent you dog, you pig, you, you, you...newt!" She hysterically screamed as she waved in my general direction. I swear she almost turned me into a newt. A newt! Because not more than 5 paces to my left, a poor little butterfly, before my very eyes, was turned into a slimy little newt(lazy eye). "You're pretty! You're pretty!" I yelled as I kept backing away. "You're pretty damn ugly..." I mumbled under my breath as I kept backing away. And then, the smell hit me. Awful. As if you was the last one to use the outhouse after 20 of your brothers and sisters laid siege to it on chili night. But about 20 times worse. So bad, that it brought tears to my eyes. So terrible, that I involuntarily upchucked all over myself. It seems that a witch has a lack of smell and an aversion to bathing. Or I might have encountered her on a day(or decade) in which she forget to groom herself. In any case, I assume that if you are a

"Ride the Rainbow of Oz."

Red, Yellow, Green, Blue, Purple and Gold, one for each Virtue new and Sin of old.

Little Lady Red, her friends end up Dead.  
You will never be as Mellow as when you've seen Mr. Yellow.

Want to buy Three, you see Mr. Green.  
Mr. Blue will always see it too you get Through the Blockade.

Ladies of Purple, play to the hilt, looks Black with a Jack but with half of the guilt.

If it's too hot to hold, you want Mr. Gold.  
Rhyme the Rainbow of Oz; bring a Poppy to the Poppy, the color of your Love,  
and the Door Man will meet you, and see that your run.

# STRONGHOLD THE GAZETTE

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### TOWN HALL MEETING: SATURDAY, MAY. 10TH, 3:00 PM

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.

### Tax Collection after town meeting

## TAXES IN EFFECT

By Lucrezion acting officially as Town Treasurer

By requirement of the Emerald City and in order to assure a community chest for the medicines, foods and other items that our town so greatly needs, a new TAX POLICY is being enacted. Each resident of Horizon Stronghold shall pay THREE BITS every tax-season. In the interest of fairness, those not eligible for full votes will pay a reduced amount: TWO BITS for partial votes, ONE BIT for those who cannot vote.

To lighten the burden, the Treasury has agreed to accept certain goods at a reasonable discount from market value. At least ONE BIT per Person must be paid in cash, for we must have coin to send to the Emerald City. Overpayment may be logged as a CREDIT against future taxes, or may be spent to help pay the taxes of others.

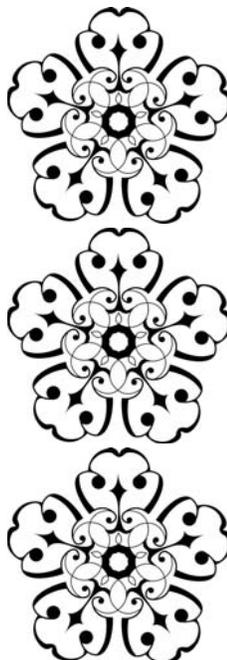
## Anonymous report of attack on Farm

Dash Tater! Attacked! A vicious red dragon has executed crimes against the township and is being sought. A barn, built for storing food at the behest of Storm Riders, has been burnt severely by a brutal red dragon. Any information leading to the capture of said dragon, will be rewarded finely.

## Emerald Guild Treasury Robbed!

Last Tuesday, several armed men were spotted coming out of the Emerald guild treasury. A local carpenter in the Emerald City, preferring not to be named, said they were wearing old Azkedellia army regalia. Representatives of Azkedellia deny any involvement. Azkedellia herself could not be reached for comment.

A representative from the emerald guild confirmed yesterday that a total of 32,265 emeralds were stolen from the guild. They are offering a 100 emerald reward for information leading to the arrest or capture of the responsible parties, and recovery of the emeralds.



## Cool Jack WANTED

By Marshall Johnson

Cool Jack and the Cool Kids gang are still being sought by the Civil Authority. The capture of, or information leading to the capture of, comes with a reward of three months certified food rations and a further reward of fifteen Emeralds. Jack's last known whereabouts are still in question, though their crimes and the crimes of their compatriots are known to be isolated to the territory of Munchkin Country. Food crimes, crimes against livestock and Grubbers, and general disarray have all been levied against them. They are a nuisance which must be dealt with.

## Fast On Your Feet?

By Commisar Colin

Looking to bolster our newly founded Scout department within the Scarecrow Army. Please inquire with your local recruiter about possibilities.

Wanted, Door tenders for the Stone Inn. Duties to include guard duty and door duty to let in travelers, quests and residents. Must have combat training and the good sense to sound the alarm when encroachers threaten the Inn. We are looking for at least two people and will pay with room and board. Inquire at the Stone Inn, ask for LeRoy

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

"For All Your Needs, Think Green"

Danny Emerald, purveyor of Fine Fuels, Required Restoratives, and Devious Devices. Mr. Emerald is your one and final stop for any and all of your ordinary or extraordinary needs. It's his solemn promise to see to it that if you have the coin, he has what you need for fair market value. Don't let your device run empty, your protections go by the wayside, or your ailing's get yah down!

"Magic hands make your troubles seem far away"



"Just a few rubs and you are ready"

"Loving hands soothe away"

Always looking over your shoulder put a crick in your neck? Time to see Ms. Esmeralda at the Stone Inn for one of her famous massages! Safe and Secure room to relax completely in 2 bits for 10 min. or 1 emerald for 30 min. Set-up your appointment today!