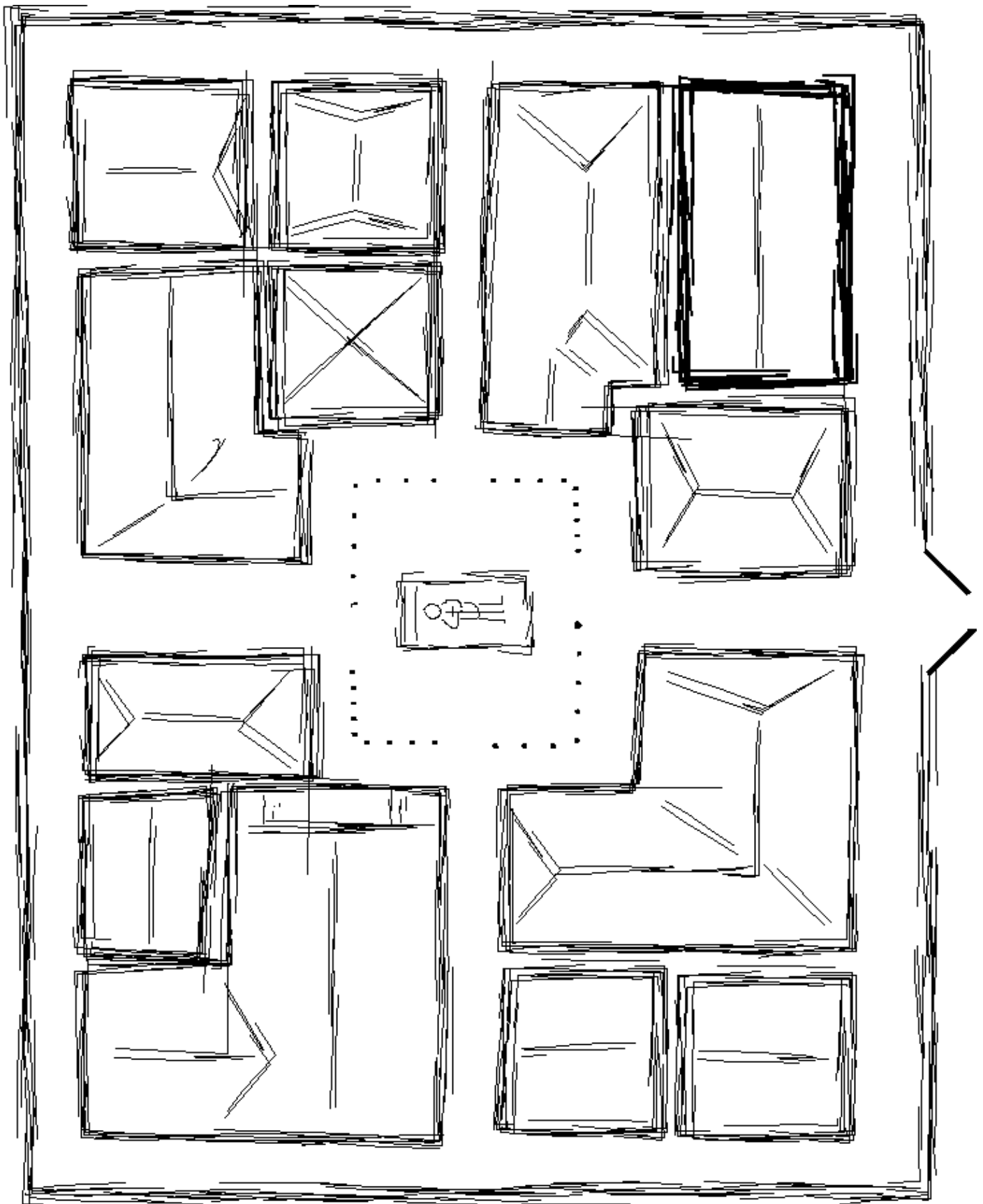


# Handout 1



Dear of the dormouse, sixthest moon, day XVII -

To-day a troop of gallant Knights honored our hamlet with a visit, led by the reverend Sir Belincourt. Members of the noble Order of Harmony, they were.

They came with a mission that made all of us wonder:

To find the sword of our beloved Hero Olaf Swiftblade. They were already up to open his tomb, when old Haggardh remembered it to be stored in the cellar of the townhouse.

They claim it to be a weapon of magical powers.

By the order of our Sovereign, Sir Belincourt was to bring the sword to a new citadel he had built in the lands to the east, a strong underground fortress named "the Bastion of Order".

Here he intends to hoard and guard all items of danger or grieve importance to the land.

The valiant knights spent a night in our humble inn and left the next day, taking Olaf's sword with them.

Sixthest month, day XXI -

To-day the price winning fat sow of old Michel, by the name of Bluemchen, went a-missing. We immediately set out a mission of twelve to take up the search. Two and a-half hours later they found her at the field well.