

Strange
Creatures
found in
Flaming
Sword! See
page 2!

THE GRYPHON'S ARSE

Being a Paper That Existed Before Liable Laws

"All the lies that are fit to print in 1433!" - Aprilus Foolus since 1066

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ARSE EXCLUSIVE STORY!



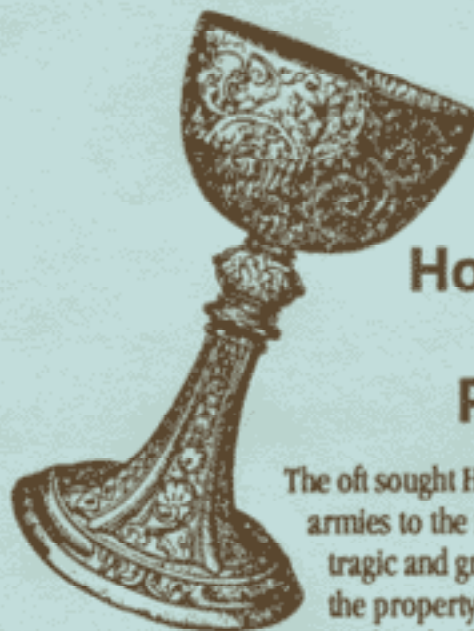
Baron's Squire Found Drunk In Ditch... Friends Shocked.

Last Friday Baron Berach's "fancy-pants" Squire, Emrys Eustace was found in a drunken stupor, half naked in the mud on the roadside near Winged Hills after a "squires night out".

After a long struggle with local constables, and several instances of him flashing his underpants to passerbys with cries of "Heh-heh, lookie I gots panties! WHEE!", he was finally apprehended with promises of curried shrimp with snow peas and toasted marshmallows.

"I don't know what happened to him, he only had one beer. It was even a domestic pilsner. I'm shocked. He used to be our 'Brewmiester', now I don't know what to believe in anymore." said one source close to Lord Emrys who asked to remain anonymous.

Friends say that all the trouble started when Lord Emrys spent 30 minutes berating a bartender for having the audacity to serve a stout in a lager glass.



Only 99
Pents

Holy Grail Found in Baronial Property Stores

The oft sought Holy grail, which has lead men and their armies to the four corners of the earth, and eventual tragic and gruesome deaths, was found this week in the property pile of the Gryphonny.

The Holy Grail: Found At Last

Chamberlain Ivan the Mad, said in response, "Damn it, I'm a madman, not an antiques dealer!", then preceded to beat the reporter about the head and shoulders with a large bavarian sausage before running away singing "These Are a Few of My Favorite Things".

Insiders say the Grail glows like "sunlight direct from heaven", is made of solid gold etched with a floral pattern surrounding crosses and suns. Each sun is inset with a "blood-red" ruby. All surrounding a diamond the size of a man's small toe.

Even though it had "Property of Jesus" engraved on the bottom, they didn't pay it any attention. "It was so gold we thought it was just another gaudy brass flea market trinket. That was until we noticed that while washing it out that all the water that touched it turned into wine. After the three day hangover we decided to announce the good news."

When asked why it took them a nearly a week to decide to go public, they said "We found out it would only make red wine, and all those tannins aren't good for you, you know. You would think The Holy Grail would have a larger wine list. At least a Zinfindel...or maybe a refreshing sparkling cider".



Local Laurel Accused of Stuffing Farthingale!!!

Sources close to the Laurel who will remain unnamed, who just also happens to be a local Baronial Senescal has been accused of stuffing her farthingale.

Insiders say "She has been doing it for years, I just can't believe it hasn't come out before this!" When asked why they came forward "The £10 you sent me did make an impression on my decision."

The Gryphon's Arse did it's own investigation and found several empty bags of cotton wadding in the said laurel's trash, A coincidence? We think not...

A Little Birdie Told Us...

Our sources have come forward with charges that our Baronial "Renaissance Man" Lord Wolfgang von Resselur traces his illuminations.

When confronted our reporters were brutalized while being cursed in German, We don't know what he said but it sure sounded very documentable.



Lord Wolfgang

Local Herald Discovered Consulting With God!!!!



**"He always said he had
"an in" with the higher
ups to get my arms
through, I never
thought he meant THAT
high up!"**

The Gryphonny's own, and the current Pale Herald, Master Dmitrii Volkovich was found discussing intimate client blazons with God!

Our scribes were there to capture the activities and we were shocked to learn that it does indeed take an "Act of God" to get your arms passed through the College of Herald.

After the amazing lightshow was over, we confronted the Pale Herald, who tried at first to hide his identity, but the fact that he was holding 300 "lost" Pennsic submissions made his arms so heavy he couldn't reach his face.

When he finally conceded to an interview, he was forthright and bluntly honest. "What the hell was I supposed to tell people? "Oh, by the way, I talked to the Almighty about your submission, and we agreed that it needs drawn better." Get real! I'd get strung up like pork feet in the market square! If I was lucky!"

When we asked how long "God" had been a consulting herald, Master Volkovich answered "I'm a Pelican, I don't have to answer that."

He did say that God's herald 'code name' was the "Biblio Pursuivant".

"We didn't think anyone would guess who it was, I mean there's a billion of these commentators out there. And, they all want a stinkin' 'title'."

Did Master Dmitrii ever give God any advice? "Yeah, I told him when he made the earth he made it color-on-color... What the hell was he thinking?"

We asked our reporter what God looked and sounded like and were told "Surprisingly, alot like Willie Nelson. It's scary if you think about it too long."

"Strange Creatures" Discovered To Be Double Peers of the Realm

Recently, in the Marche of Flaming Sword reports of "strange creatures" in the area caused a band of locals off in search of the beasts.

After three days of intense and fruitless searching they stumbled upon a grove of trees. Inside they heard dancing and much merriement.

When they reached the center they discovered "at least ten" odd monsters. Most were beyond heraldic description.

One, with the body of a bird flew forward and introduced himself as "Sir Bill" and handed them a flagon of ale. Another with a head of a snake and the body of a goat was introduced as Master Bruesten.

The party was shocked to learn how the evolution of these once near-mythical figures into purely mythical figures happened.

"It starts as a strange tingling in your extremities after a couple of years after you become a first-time Peer. I first thought it was due to all the head shots I took over my fighting career. But, once I got that second peerage, and the feathers sprouted, I kinda thought that it might be something else."

"It was about that time I was visited by the "4 Dukes of the Apocolypse" who told me of my destiny and the changes to be.

"Within a month I had fully converted. Now, I would never trade a thing about it, I can fly to CanQun in 10 minutes flat" he chirped "that's a bundle of savings even with frequent flyer miles". The peerly creatures did say they were expecting Duke Syr Master (ect..) Comar any time now. "He's a duke, a knight AND a pelican, he'll probably change into something cool like a hydra"



Master Sir William

Fencer Gangs Take Over Streets



The "Bloody Three" Gang: Max, Visconti and Griffin

Gangs of vicious fencers have taken to the streets of the Gryphonny recently spreading fear and cavalier garb in their wake.

Baronial Seneschal Mistress Rosamund outlined her plans to "foil" the fencely foes in a highly disregarded press conference.

"We need big pairs of scissors. By cutting off their pantaloons and embarrassing them out of the lands, their self-respect, we win."

"We also need a viking brute squad to beat thier butts back two hundred years in the past to be as civil and courteous as we are. I also recommend rationing the supply of satin, lace and those cape holding things. Without these they are totally disabled, disarmed, and unfashionably dressed."

The
Murder
Weapon:
A Fool's
Bauble



Dance - master Found Murdered

Gryphonny dancemaster Lord Valentine Christian Warner was found dead last week, killed with his own Fool's Bauble, by an aquintance and dance student.

Constables have charged local dancer Gildor Cuthalion with the murder of the fluffy haired trotter.

"It was bound to happen sometime, Gildor always had this 'look', you know? Sort of like a squinty eyed hyena. Always spooked me." said one shocked eye-witness.

Reports vary, but we have been able to accuratley say that the incident started when Lord Valentine refused to run a tenth round of "Toss-A-Wench" in order to take a break from dancing.

That's when it was stated Gildor got a keg of floor wax from the utility closet and polished up the dancing area while the revelry moved outside.

Then Cuthalion laid Valetines bauble staff in the centre of the freshly waxed floor and waited.

"It was awful, Valentine ricocheted off the walls for hours it seemed, until the end finally came. Gildor did a heck of a nice job on the waxing though."



BFG Recharted... We Own the East Kingdom!

The Barony at large was shocked last week when our baronial cartographer Baron Eirik the Elder, discovered we own the East Kingdom. "There was this little road going from Havenholde all the out way to the east coast. I think the road is called old Route 40."

"When he first told me the discovery I told him to keep it to himself, because I don't know if we WANT New Jersey." said Baron Syr Berach.

The Baroness however was ecstatic, "My first official business is to go to New York City and declare no sales tax!"

How did ole' Eirik conclude the lands DID belong to us, countering all state, local and kingdom laws? "There is a little known clause about our barony's founding, we "border the road known as 40" Well, we never said HOW far we bordered it, just that we did, so technically it's all ours. All the way to the end."

What about other lands on Route 40? "Basically we own everything west of here too, everything in the path of the road... But we'll hold that trump card a while yet... let them sweat a while first" Smiled Berach

How does the East feel about it? Berach Said "I called it to thier attention, and now they just seem to be in denial. I guess it's getting towards the time to go kick some butt."

Other within the barony were less than pleased "The fact that we own Paramus, NJ is enough to make me want to bathe in alcohol after scrubbing down with a brillo pad. Ewww!"