

VENKESS FORCES PUSHED OVER THE SPINE, EARLY SNOWS HALT ADVANCE

Reports from Lirian Military Affairs state that the Venkess forces have been beaten back to the Spine of Talus. Many of the remaining raiders fled in disgrace over the mountain range to their homeland. Others were trapped by early Fall snows in the most commonly used passes, and were either killed or captured as prisoners of war by Lirian military vanguards. The blockage of the passes also means that the advance of the Lirian military will be forced to pause for the duration of the winter. A significant division of military forces will winter in Acria, in order to aid in orchestrating security and reconstruction efforts there.

STEAMSHIP & FOUNDRY CO LINKED TO GANDALOU CARTEL

A storm of outrage swept through the financial and political quarters of the Lirian capitol earlier this month, when it was revealed by a Post-Intelligencer report that the Lirian Steamship & Foundry Company has been colluding with agents from the Gandalou Cartel, a Jhandihari criminal organization suspected of extortion, hooliganism, distributing poisons without license and other manner of ill-deeds. The market responded in a panic,

Iron City Threat Index

a comprehensive and scientific measure of the city's hazard. Scaled 0 to 10.

This month's Threat Rating:

6.79

The threat rating has been reduced further from previously elevated levels, as any violent Venkestra have been swept from the Iron City territories. The official quarantine continues to stay in place, but checkpoints have been opened to allow documented merchants and supplies free passage. Residents are advised to take precautions against rise in Luen.

with the value of corporate shares plummeting by more than 50% over the course of several days trading. The reaction came as an abrupt reversal from the previous months of exuberant optimism surrounding the venture and its latest model steamship. Founder and Executive Lord Alexander Sherman Wright remains unaccused of any wrongdoings, and has publicly denounced several senior corporate officers implicated in the scandal.

NATURALISTS EXPECT DAMAGES FROM ACRIAN CONFLICT TO SLOW RECOVERY

Leading naturalists and agricultural experts from the Lirian Academies of Zoology and Medicine have issued a memo stating that the environmental damages from the military conflict in Acria are likely to significantly hinder reconstruction efforts. Large tracts of land and forest were put to the torch during the Venkess retreat. Some areas has also been rendered hazardous by caustic alchemical spills and other incidents related to the deployment of advanced military engines. The memo estimates 15 million Qoz in lost revenues over the next five years from food crops, timber, game hunting and other sectors negatively impacted by the war.

LOCAL MILITARY POSTED TO AID IN ACRIAN RECONSTRUCTION

Lt. Bulvia Shizzar's post has been temporarily reassigned to the Acrian territories to assist in reconstruction efforts there and to bolster spent Acrian forces in flushing out the last of the Venkess invaders. Lt. Shizzar has been a stalwart defender of Iron City since it was brought under Lirian control and we wish him fortune and success in his deployment to Acria.

LASAI AIRSHIP CRASHES IN OGWE TERRITORIES

Lasai capital airship Hawk's Quarry has reportedly crashed in a stretch of land between Lead Barrow and Iron City. No information is currently available as to why the vessel was forced to run aground, or the condition of its crew or cargo. The event comes as something of an embarrassment to Lasai national pride, as the Hawk's Quarry was touted as a model of advanced airship design and reputed to be so skillfully engineered as to be immune to many of the common hazards which plague other airborne vessels.

LIRIAN FOREIGN OFFICE ANNOUNCES FORMAL TREATY WITH ANIYONEMA TRIBE

Officials from the Lirian Foreign Office have released documents showing that a formal declaration of mutual non-aggression has been signed with an Aniyonema tribespeople known as the Ataya. The terms of the treaty also give the Ataya and its vassal members the right to unrestricted travel in and around the demesne of Iron City, so long as the Ataya continue to take responsibility for Luen infections amongst their own people.

Exchange Rates	
All prices in Queen's Oz.	
Alder (LA)	0.250
Emir (JE)	1.119
Emperor (XE)	0.040
Kaiser (DK)	0.071

Eclectic Fashions of the Frontier, Part II

by Inga Harper, Consultant in Lady's Fashions

Perhaps my last article was too harsh on the women of Iron City. This entry I shall turn my attention to a man. And what a man! I am referring to the tavern keep of our hearts, Sir John Carrington, of course.

Mr Carrington carries himself with poise and dignity, always sporting the latest in Lirian fashion, and never ever repeats an outfit more than one day in a row. He pretty dearly adheres to the three key rules of male fashion in the frontier:

Rule the First: Never walk outside without a hat. A true gentleman always sports a jaunty hat of some kind, which he then uses to show his affection to attractive ladies by tipping it in a seductive manner.



Rule the Second: Just because you are surrounded by bland nature, do not be afraid to wear bold colors. Mr. Carrington's signature deep reds pop in the face of such dull surroundings.

Rule the Third: Break the rules - men are allowed! Mr Carrington has been seen on several occasions sporting loungewear inspired by the robes of the Xingsol. Such a thing on a lady would provoke a scandal, but he makes it look dashing, despite being suggestive and slightly lewd.

Next edition: On starting a petition to get savages to dress more appropriately!

Ruckholhaus

By Ernest Lawsley,
Foreign Correspondent

Chemical lights cut through the dark in the capital city of Acria. It is one in the morning as I watch a piece of granite the size of a train car, lifted into the sky, suspended against the stars.

Klaus Brand shouts a few orders to the operator and the steam-powered monster moves the stone into place atop the new National Assembly building. Tons of materials have been moved this way since I arrived. What would have taken days of work in the past, has taken only a few hours.

A late autumn wind rips through the courtyard. Much of the capital is still rubble, but there is now order to the ruin. Piles of mortar, brick and concrete pushed together by steamdozers; the wood reclaimed to fuel the many bonfires dotted throughout the city

"The Queen sent her Royal Engineers just a month ago," says Klaus. "They brought many machines like this." And he motions to the group of metal giants – the sound of clanking gears, the whine of spinning flywheels, and the roar of the engines is constant. We move away from the cacophony to warm ourselves by a nearby oil can filled with burning timber.

I know the two men already gathered around the fire. The first is Klaus' friend, Helmut Schmidt. Helmut is a wunderkind of sorts – a talented architect whose design is being implemented before our very eyes – not just the Assembly Building, but the entire city. The other man is Charles Manning, a Lirian businessman who works for Northern Railway and Locomotive. They both tip their hats at our arrival.

"Two days ahead of schedule, Klaus. Do you realize the savings in labor alone?" Helmut beams. Charles makes a little bow and says, "Glad we can be of service, gentlemen."

I know that Mr. Manning and his company have been awarded lucrative contracts in the Acrian reconstruction. Countless miles of train track created or repaired, with the express purpose of reconnecting Acria with Liria. Medicine, building supplies, food, and relief personnel – they arrive by the trainload every day.

A whistle blows and the commotion stops. Workers climb out of the great machines and wander over to the mess tent where hot tea will warm their bellies, chip away a tiny bit of the cold creeping into their bones.

show you."

I follow him past Government Square and turn on to Arndt Strasse.

Klaus spreads his arms wide, directing me to take in the view – an entire city

nothing could grow here ever again – but look! Iron, stone, glass – they grow here now."

He bends down and pockets a spent casing from some firearm – the action is second nature. Whenever he moves, I hear the jingling of metal on metal from his jacket.

"The houses... they wait. They are lonely. My people need to come home.

An Anonymous Missive to the Residents of Iron City

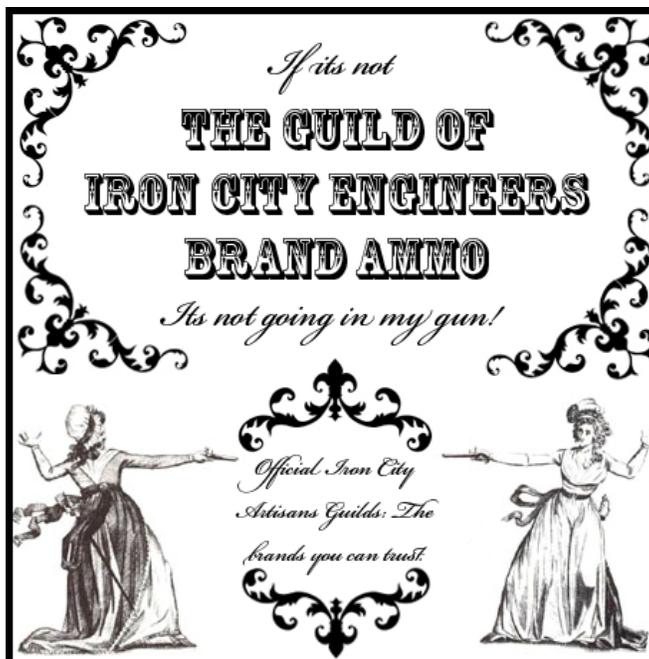
We are coming. We are watching you. We are among you already, taking notes, judging, deciding how best to serve you all justice. You are a filthy lot of liars, murderers and thieves. It will be done soon. We will point you out. We will show everyone what you have done. You will be stripped, shown for what you really are, and cast into the cold by the ones who now love you. You are our puppets, our playthings, and little dolls we shall make of you. Nobody will escape our eyes.

The opinions of the authors presented herein do not represent the attitudes and opinions of the Iron City Post-Intelligencer or its staff.

Stock Listings

Latest quotes provided courtesy of Dawkins & Emberwell Brokerage. All prices listed in Qoz.

Equity Market	Price
D&E Composite Index	15.88
Dornham Royal Teas (DRT)	13.6
Lirian Steamship & Foundry (LSF)	21.2
Amalgamated Coal & Galvacite (ACG)	20.7
Yoban Agricultural (YA)	18.9
Farthingham Tool & Leather (FTL)	9.3
National Bank of Liria (NBL)	21.0
Royal Tonics & Distilling (RTS)	12.5
Northern Railway & Locomotive (NRL)	19.9
United Lirian Textile (ULT)	5.6
First Galvanic & Semaphore (FGS)	19.5
Bosswink and Bosswink Assay & Mining (BBM)	14.3
Fourth Age Shipyards (FAS)	13.8
Bond Market	Price
30 Day Royal Exchequer Bond (100 Qoz).....	99
60 Day Royal Exchequer Bond (100 Qoz).....	97
90 Day Royal Exchequer Bond (100 Qoz).....	95
One Year Royal Exchequer Bond (100 Qoz).....	88



The support crews open access panels and lubricate gears, tighten connections, throw fuel into the hungry hearts of the giants. A second granite slab floats half way to the heavens – the crane will finish the job once the break is done.

The Acrian foreman takes this opportunity to drag me away from the main construction site.

"Come, my friend. We have just enough time. I must

block of rebuilt tenement-style buildings, windows dark.

"In one month's time, we did this. Me, Helmut, and our crew. It is a labor of love." He nods, jaw stiff, eyes bright in the cloud-filtered moonlight. "So many of us died. This land is soaked in blood – more this time round. Sometimes you smell it in the sunlight, baking out of the ground. Some thought

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