

The Conflagration

ROGSYLVANIA'S LEADING JOURNAL OF PUBLIC OPINION

247th \$\$\$^&&*\$#%^&&&

Free for Balrogs; 12 souls apiece for Ruggles

HIS IGNIFEROUS
EXCELLENCY THE
COUNT-PALATINE IS
BRILLIANTLY WITTY
AGAIN

Flirting
charmingly with
Volcanasha
Blastoff, the
Count was
immaculately clad
as always in a
shadow cloak whose
wings stretched
from wall to wall,
occasioning some
mild spatial
issues for the
other guests at
the Flammenwaltz
Ball. His cravat
was a scintillant
blue, His
Excellency having
decided for the
nonce that red was
boring.

The Count-Palatine
has, as everyone
knows, been a
bachelor for the
last century or
two, since the
disappearance of
his last wife.
Rumors that she
had run off with a
wizard have not
yet been sifted,
nor are they
necessarily any of
your business.

The dinner was
exquisite,
consisting of a
perfectly
parboiled human
fricasseed in a
sauce of gasoline
with just a
soupçon of dwarf-
blood and served
with a beverage of
molten basalt-lava
with explosives.
The ambience was
of the most
delightful and
charming. The
smurvacco had an
extra spice as
well, probably
taken from a
congeries of
usenet posters.

The Marquis
Brennenbrenner-
und-Brenn-Brenn-
Brenn played a
lovely arpeggio on
the undead-piano,
as Miss
Mademoiselle
Fräulein Signorina
Destructa
Flagrante sang a
lovely aria about
the joys of a
couple in love
destroying
villages together.

The Count-Palatine
accosted Countess
Blastoff and asked
her opinion of the
best fashions.
Volcanasha laughed
and said that she
preferred
Bloodigorian
fashions, but
found those of
Pyromania to be
risible. The Count
laughed modestly
and remarked that
... (continued on p.
942)

OUTRAGEOUS
RUDENESS AT ANNA
ROGOVA'S SOIRÉE

Anna Rogova,
heiress of an
estate of 40, 000
orcs, is
celebrated for her
soirées, where the
best Balrogs of
Roggenberg gather.
Hers is a loyal
establishment, and
conversation
turned to the
antics of
Morambar.

"What do you think
of this latest
farce, the
coronation at Port
Important some 120
years ago?" asked
Anna Rogova.
"Really the
sovereigns of
Middle-earth
cannot continue to
endure this ...
being which

is an irritant to
us all."

"The sovereigns of
Middle-earth?"
echoed the
/vicomte
d'Orthanc/, an
émigré from
Russidor, in a
polite but
hopeless tone.
"The sovereigns -
I do not refer to
Rogsylvania - what
did they do for
Huggy Beorn, or
for Sauron? Did
they take the
slightest interest
in Uncle André?
They have reaped
their reward for
betraying the
cause of good
manners."

Prince Gasolyne,
who had been
staring at the
/vicomte/ for some
time through his
eye-glass, asked
the little
princess for a
needle, and began
tracing the Eye of
Sauron on the
coffee-table.

"Really, I haven't
heard of anyone so
irritating since
Gandalf," said
Anna Rogova. Do
you remember how
he used to tell
the most blatant
lies? 'I have no
desire for
dominion,' he
said."

"After the murder
of the duc de
Morie, even his
most loyal
supporters ceased
to regard him as a
hero," snorted the
/vicomte/.

It was then that
Count Pierre-Feu
Burzumov committed
his outrageous act
of impropriety,

almost as shocking
as the deeds of ^%
\$#%\$, who never
wiped the gore off
his feet before
entering someone
else's cave.

"The execution of
the duc de Morie,"
declared Pierre-
Flamme, "was a
political
necessity, and I
consider that
Gandalf showed
true nobility of
soul in ...
(continued on p.
1009)

BARON VON
FEUERFEUER CHANGES
COAT-OF-ARMS FROM
GULES FLAME ON A
SABLE BACKGROUND
TO SABLE FLAME ON
A GULES BACKGROUND

Baron von
Feuerfreuer has
never been known
for being
imaginative. Even
when we raised the
Roggy Mountains,
the consensus of
those who know is
that his volcani
were a little
plain. This is not
to disparage the
Baron, who does
have fine taste in
bloodwines, but
his aesthetics
leave something to
be desired.

He's kept the same
coat-of-arms of a
gules flame on a
black background
for the last 20,
000 years, despite
constant nagging
from his wife to
get current with
the Third Age at
least. But he's
finally decided to
make a clean break
with the past and

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switch the colors around.

His wife, when questioned about this, merely sighs and says ... (continued on p. 256)

BRIEFS

CHARMING ORC DANCE IN BLOODIGOR

There was a beautiful view of the Roggy Mountains reflected in the fires of Lake Flambée. The good people of Bloodigor had gathered together in the amphitheatre for some entertainment. They were bored of destroying things,

and had persuaded some charming peasant orc-women to don their skull-caps and embroidered dwarf-skin skirts for a folk-dance in honor of the mayor's name-day. In this dance, gaitered troll-lackeys threw burning coals at the rude orc-maidens, who, giggling playfully, batted their eyelashes and swung their mallets in perfect ...

(continued on p. 1267)

IT'S GOULASHA'S BIRTHDAY!

Anyone wishing to give Miss Goulasha,

daughter of the Baronet de Peur, may contact the baronet via palantir at No. 12-*&^. She loves hobbits!

FRED DOES SOMETHING

King Fred did something again today. We think it involved a Constitution. It sounded boring, so we ate a couple of courtiers and went home.

HELLUVAN ORCS ARE NAÏVE AS WELL AS OPPRESSED

We've heard that the orcs of Hell have been bragging about "mining"

rogplings. Needless to say, we were interested, as we would have to wipe them out if this were true. Fortunately for them, it turned out there was a mistake, and these "rogplings" were really half-breed pizzas, descendants of one of Tolkien's wilder escapades. These things the orcs mined were labelled as rogs for hundreds of years, and apparently no orc ever asked himself why those particular rogs were round, flat, and had toppings, and smoked English tobacco.

