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SUMMERSEND FESTIVAL DISASTER!



A peaceful gathering turns into a disaster

By PENGU

It was only moments before the end of Wintreath's third annual Summersend Festival. Citizens were enjoying themselves and getting drunk off of the seemingly endless supply of "Tiki Thunderbolt" provided by the festival's Tiki Lounge. Then, in one drunken rage one of the citizens stood up on the table claiming to be the Tiki God of Thunder, and began throwing arrows and other pointed objects at people. In panic, these fearful patrons left the lounge, but that didn't stop the deranged patron known as Mathyland from following in pursuit.

Speaker of the Underhusen

"People were screaming, and when I looked I saw some crazy guy with weird makeup and a badly made loincloth (you could totally see his...you know) chasing everyone." said citizen Taulover. "We were just having an innocent water balloon fight, and he comes charging through and threatening everyone with with arrows to the face if we all didn't leave the festival." recalls citizen Elbbas. "Naturally, my friend Doc and I didn't fall for it and continued our fight. I think poor Doc is still in critical condition now."

With the appearance of this deranged psychopath, the festival itself was a ghost town for some time until the police finally arrived. "Yeah, this guy was

wanted over in the next county for yelling at people that it was Sparta, and then kicking them to the ground." says Officer Colby. "We're just lucky we got here before he had actually killed anyone."

You might be wondering...just what was the monarch doing in the heat of all of this chaos? "Oh Wintermoot? Yeah, our king was too busy having his sexy fun times with our Jarl of Culture." recounts citizen Red Mones. "I watched as he spiked our Jarl's drink, and then through a series of hijinks got him to go to his "private quarters" where I can only imagine what they were doing. But even while everyone was running in terror and screaming, you could only hear the sounds of

laughter, things that can't be talked about in polite company, and I swear I even heard a cow at one point."

And that, folks, is the disaster that struck our humble Summersend Festival near its closing night. Thankfully the psychopath Mathyland was caught by police and taken into custody. The festival was able to resume without a hitch, and there's still no word from our Monarch or our Jarl of Culture Gerrick, who still seem to be locked in that room together.

Wintreath: @Pengu
Wintreath Nation: Penguin Dictators
Graphic by PENGU



Ministry of Culture

Cultural insights that drive ideas and innovation

The Culture Review: *Summersend Festival Special*

By GERRICK

Jarl of Culture

This is the third installment (and Summersend Festival Special Edition) of the Culture Review, written by me, Wintreath's Jarl of Culture. I'll be talking briefly about some of the contests and forum games that took place during the third annual Summersend Festival.

The Monarch's Game Bag is a list of over 150 spare Steam keys for PC games that Wintermoot and other citizens have donated to the region over the years. While it usually serves as a reward for those citizens who perform necessary civil service duties for the region, during the Summersend Festival it also supplied rewards for those who won or participated in the many contests, forum games, spam games, and discussions. Each time someone participated in a new activity, they got a raffle ticket, which they could then use to enter into any of the three raffles to win a free Steam key – the winners of which were announced at the end of the festival. Those who won any of the contests got tokens, which could then be used to redeem Steam keys as well. All in all, over 10 games worth of tokens were given out to victors.

The Post Count Contest was started up at the beginning of the festival by Wintermoot where people could guess how many posts they thought there would be by the end of the festival (using the *Price is Right* rules). Since it'd be easier to guess as time went on, submissions would only be accepted during the first three days of the festival. Guesses spanned from 1111 to 2600 (guessed by me). With all of the spam points games going on (read below) I knew it would be high, and I *definitely* did not try to keep any spam wars going just to make sure we hit my guess. But by midnight of the last day of the festival, the total count reached **2670 posts**, making yours truly the winner. With the first and second Summersend Festivals reaching 568 and 1069 posts, this year's festival was a great success.

Spam Points is a simple spam game where in each post someone makes in the thread, they add a point to their score, though they are not allowed to double-post. The game tends to get very competitive, especially when two people are on at the same time, using each other to boost their own score. By the end of the festival, 657 posts had been made in the thread by the ten participants. The winner by a long shot – with 208 points – was **taulover**, followed by Mathyland with 141 points.

Team Water Balloon Fight is very similar game to Spam Points, except people may group up into teams as well as deduct points from other teams. Twelve people joined the six teams, given names such as League of the Holy Potato, the Loco Cocos, Random Nobodies, and Some Team. By the end of the festival, almost 1300 posts had been made in the thread. Battles flared on and off as players (and even teams) worked together to increase their numbers and take down others' then call brief truces. The war turned ugly as teams began to use special fonts and colors to highlight their team names with pride and deface their rivals' team names by writing them in tiny font or with strikethroughs. At its worse, several people would post at the same time, causing them to have to go back and correct the scores. War-weariness set in as players grew exhausted with huge leaps in points and hits by sneak attacks from opportunistic teams. Towards the end, a shaky truce was drawn up between the People's Team and Team Water Balloon Fight, the two teams who had soared to a distant lead. With a final score of 214 and a victory by two points, the People's Team – consisting of **taulover, BraveSirRobin, and me** – won. The Great Summersend Spam War of 2017 was truly an epic tale that will surely be told through the ages.

The Tavern Song Contest was put on by Wintermoot, who realized that while taverns across many games have their own tavern songs, Wintreath's own Frostbite Tavern did not. The contest would then allow people to create their own song, be it original or based on an existing song, to enter for a chance at becoming the official song for our tavern. I created a song that merely switched some words to create a Frostbite Tavern version of the Green Dragon Song from the *Lord of the Rings: the Return of the King*. **Elbbsas**, on the other hand, created a longer, more original piece set to *Halving Camp - Hear Ye All You Rascals* by Mike Bridge, which she called **Raintrix Flight** (named after a creature from the lore of Wintreath) and subsequently was voted as the winner.



Cold is creeping at the door
But we keep it locked out there
Pick up your rum, assorted scum
We'll shout in disrepair!

We'll yodel to our mountains
Ride a raintrix to its call
And we'll laugh at those below us
That are too scared they would fall

So salute all our fellows
Hyperion or Wintrean
Ignore the backstabs and the jokes
Of wolves that hunt the night

Let halls be filled with laughter
And lightning crashes falter
We ignore the frost without a cost
And we keep our spirits bright

CHORUS

The fire's hot and so's the pot
There's tankards full of wine
So grab a mug of what you want
And chug until you're blind!
The region's full of acute chill
But we keep it out of mind
So gather now and here we vow
To drink till the fires die.



The Badge Creation Contest was put on in preparation for the new forum badge system that Wintermoot and I have been working on for the past few months and plan to kick off very soon. This contest was to create an official badge for this year's Summersend Festival, which would be given to all those who participated in it. Three entries (seen below) were put forward – ranging from the seriously well-crafted to the shitpost quality – made by Hydra, taulover, and me, respectively. Ultimately, the first of the below, created by **Hydra**, was voted as the winner.



Spyfall is an easy-to-learn forum game of bluffing, probing questions, clever answers, and suspicion. Usually in the game, one player is the Spy and has to try to figure out their location, while all other players try to figure out who is the Spy without giving away their location. Unfortunately for the players, I was the host and had a trick up my sleeve. Instead of making just one player the Spy and giving all other players different roles related to the location, I made **all eight of the players spies**. With no actual location, each player pretended to know the location while at the same time trying to figure it out from the others' answers. Players either gave incredibly vague or confident answers, which the other players then took and ran with as fact since they each thought they were the only Spy. In the end, Pengu guessed that the location was a cruise ship. Confusion ensued. Players began to announce that they were also spies, question others, and speculate that they were *all* spies, until I ended their bewilderment and my amusement by telling them the truth.

Favorites

Q: What's your favorite food?

Red Mones: The food, it's absolutely delicious! Most of the time.

Q: What's the most interesting thing about this place?

Mathyland (after a few answers by others about the view and the food): The view and the food; neither are at all what I'm used to.

Q: What's your favorite building or structure?

Crushita: There comes a point where they all become the same.

Arena is a forum game of strategy and chance that I adapted for Wintreath where players choose RPG classes with special abilities that they then use to fight each other to the death. At the start of each round, players are given a roll for initiative, which decides the combat order for the round. Players then send me their actions, which I then roll for damage and write out the results in graphic detail in-character. This match was a teams game with seven players spread among four teams. By the end, only one combatant stood remaining: the unassuming bard, Jenora Ellantor Magicbane the Arcane Trickster, played by **Aethelia**.

Mage War is a brand new forum game inspired by Battleship that Wintermoot developed for Wintreath and debuted during the Summersend Festival where players are scattered randomly across a 30x30 grid board then take turns launching magical missiles around the board in hopes to kill each other and remain the last one standing. With eleven players and 900 grid points at the start, the game is still going strong a month later. Two players have since been killed off, and Wintermoot has implemented several new buffs spread around the board to speed up the game and add another layer of strategy and chance. Regardless, it seems to be a *hit* among the players.

The Civilization V Game Night took place one night with four players. With so many conflicting schedules, it was difficult to find a time and day when several people could play, but eventually we got it started. With Gattoartico as the Inca, Crushita as Ethiopia, Wintermoot as Egypt, and me as Germany, we played on a tiny Pangaea plus map. As is common with Civilization V multiplayer, there were several connection issues, causing the then-current leader in points **Crushita** to quit fairly early. He got an early lead with his religion, propelling his Ethiopia into first for the long majority of the game. With the very slow pace of the game (thanks to my slow laptop) Gattoartico also had to call it quits due to real-life obligations. Wintermoot and I metaphorically battled it out as we vied to steal first place from Crushita's AI Ethiopia – Wintermoot by building cities, wonders, and great works, and I by building an army then capturing cities from Gattoartico's AI Inca. By 3am ET (eleven hours after the start), **Wintermoot** finally surpassed Crushita in points and ended the game as the victor. Only six turns later, I conquered the Inca, bringing me to first place, but the game was already over and decided. Woe is me.

Wintreath: @Gerrick

Wintreath Nation: Geramundo

Graphics courtesy of ISTOCK.COM and WINTREATH.COM

INTERVIEW WITH A STRANGER

By TINY TIGER (aka Pengu)

Speaker of the Underhusen



Tiny: Tiny now in...in...in...ter...view puny human about Fes...ti...val. Thank you puny human for coming!

Crushita: How dare you, I am the Potato Pope, and I will not stand for some heretic tiger grabbing me off of the streets like this!

Tiny: Silence! You will answer Tiny questions!

Crushita: I will do no such thing, GUARDS! Guards?! Gah, useless good for nothings.

Tiny: Guards no match for Tiny. Now puny potato man, tell Tiny about favorite part of festival, or Tiny wish crush you!

Crushita: How barbaric! Fine you uncultured feline, I'll do as you ask for now, but I hope you burn at the stake! Anyways, my favorite part of the festival would have to be the water balloon fight. Even though my incompetent team members lost.

Tiny: Ha. Ha. Tiny love throwing water balloons!

Crushita: Watch it, you almost got me wet you buffoon!

Tiny: Tiny no baboon, he tiger! Potato man know nothing!

Crushita: I said buffoon...it's an expression you monkey.

Tiny: Ha. Ha. Potato man keep thinking Tiny a Monkey, he must be stupid!

Crushita: Right. Whatever you say.

Tiny: What Potato man's least favorite part of festival?

Crushita: That god awful exorcism--

Tiny: Whaaat? Potato man no love exercise? But exercising good for you, look at Tiny muscles!

Crushita: No no that's not what....oh nevermind, I don't know why I'm trying to explain it you. On the plus side though, that whole bumbling affair turned out to be a surprise party. Although I'm suffering from broken legs thanks to my tumble, I at least got a gorgeous new staff out of the deal.

Tiny: What is staff?

Crushita: It's...well...It's like a big tall stick made of metal that you can hit people with.

Tiny: Oooh, that sound fun, Tiny like.

Crushita: Yes, it's very fun. Now if you'll excuse me, I have more important things to do...like finding a certain penguin and introducing him to my new staff for putting me through that exorcism ordeal!

Tiny: Heh. Tiny like crushing penguins. Well, that all for today.

Wintreath: @Pengu

Wintreath Nation: Penguin Dictators

NEWS IN BRIEFS!

- Wintreath Space Expeditions RP finally takes off!
- A peace was mediated in the RMB between the nations of Acaria and Allouxia after a brief spat over an island.
- New Hyperion has officially taken over Wintreath.

Wintreath: @Tupperman

Wintreath Nation: Escanthea

Graphics by Almonaster / Modified by Hydra