

THISTLES AND TRICKSTEPS



THE GREAT PIXIE PRANK
PLOTTING A PERFECT MISCHIEF
UNCOVER THE SECRET SCHEMES OF THE FAE REALM

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Community Mourns Beloved Shopkeeper and Mentor

PETER
PREPENTINE
Senior Life
Correspondent



There are some names that become so familiar within a community that it is difficult to imagine the streets without them. For generations of young leprechauns, Wally Bramblefoot was one of those names.

The proprietor of Wallyworld, Wally Bramblefoot, passed away last week at the age of 64. While the local authorities have yet to release many of the details surrounding the circumstances of his death, news of his passing has spread quickly throughout the region, prompting an outpouring of stories and sadness from the

many former employees, frequent customers, inventors, collectors, and friends whose lives he helped shape over the years he ran Wallyworld.

If you ever received your first honest wage cataloging enchanted trinkets, polishing antique treasures, or organizing shelves that somehow never stayed organized, there is a fair chance Wally Bramblefoot signed the coin pouch.

"He always hired youngsters," recalled one former employee. "Not because it was cheaper, but because he genuinely believed everyone deserved someone willing to take a chance on them."

That philosophy transformed Wallyworld from a simple magical

artifact shop into something closer to a community institution. Many successful traders, artificers, explorers, and collectors trace their beginnings back to a summer spent working under Wally's patient supervision.

He is survived by no children, though many within the community have joked over the years that he accumulated hundreds of honorary nieces, nephews, apprentices or adopted grandchildren. Those closest to him say he never fully recovered from the passing of his wife, Maple, four years ago. The pair had been married for nearly three decades and were often regarded as inseparable fixtures of local gatherings. Friends describe him as becoming quieter in recent years, though never less kind.

"Wally stopped attending as many festivals," one neighbor told this reporter. "But if you needed help, he was still the first person at your door."

Outside of his work as a merchant, Wally was perhaps best known for his lifelong fascination with magical communication devices. Visitors to his shop could almost always expect to find him hunched over some collection of gears, crystals, copper tubing, and half-completed diagrams while enthusiastically explaining why the newest version would work better than the last.

His most famous project, known informally as the **Wrist Companion**, was a wearable magical assistant designed to fit comfortably on the forearm. Part

enchanted notebook, part advisor, part conversational partner, the device never quite achieved the reliability Wally envisioned. Depending on which prototype one encountered, it might offer helpful reminders, provide questionable advice, recite poetry at inappropriate moments, or spend several hours insisting it was actually a kettle. The imperfections only seemed to make it more beloved.

"He'd show you the latest version and spend twenty minutes explaining all the things it couldn't do yet," laughed one longtime customer. "Then he'd spend another hour explaining all the things it might do someday."

Authorities have confirmed that Wally was last seen outside his shop shortly before closing. Witnesses report that he stopped to assist an older friend who had stumbled in the street and fallen. Several individuals also described an unidentified tabaxi traveler who helped the pair before departing the area. Investigators have expressed interest in speaking with the traveler but have not suggested any wrongdoing, and at the time

of publication no leads regarding their identity have been announced.

In accordance with Wally's wishes, Wallyworld will close while his estate is settled. A public auction of the shop's inventory is expected later this season, with collectors already expressing significant interest. Among the anticipated lots are several unfinished Wrist Companion prototypes, a substantial collection of magical curiosities accumulated over decades, and numerous personal journals detailing his experiments and designs.

For many residents, however, the value of the collection has little to do with gold. Artifacts can be cataloged. Inventories can be assessed. Shops can change ownership. People like Wally Bramblefoot are much harder to replace.

As one mourner placed a small clover on the shop's doorstep this week, they offered perhaps the simplest summary of a life well lived that we should all hope is written so well as epitaph for ourselves when our time comes to shake off this mortal coil.

Wally Bramblefoot

By the Numbers



- ✦ 64 years old
- ✦ 38 year operating Wallyworld
- ✦ 30 years married to Maple
- ✦ 120+ fae and leprechauns had 1st job in his shop
- ✦ 22 Wrist Companion prototypes created
- ✦ 100's of magical artifacts cataloged and traded
- ✦ 1000's of customers served
- ✦ 1 irreplaceable member of the community lost too soon

Wally made people feel
lucky long before he sold
them anything that
actually was.

Two weeks after the event now commonly referred to as **The Silver Grove Rampage**, investigators, shamanic healers, and arcane experts continue working to understand how one of the region's most recognizable leprechauns became responsible for one of the largest magical emergencies in recent memory.

For many, the story remains difficult to reconcile with the individual at its center of it all.

Big Larry was not known as a troublemaker. Certainly not on this scale. Friends describe him as loud, generous, occasionally reckless, and almost impossibly social. The sort of leprechaun who would borrow your wagon without asking, return it washed, repaired, and carrying three new passengers who now considered themselves your friends. Which is precisely why the destruction that followed has left so many struggling to make sense of it.

Official estimates remain preliminary, but authorities have confirmed to this intrepid investigator that numerous homes, businesses, roads, and public spaces suffered damage during the incident. Witnesses reported powerful magical surges, uncontrolled glamour effects, impossible shifts in probability, and bursts of raw arcane energy that appeared to occur without warning.

One hard-done by farmer even described watching his own fence rebuild itself at least three times before exploding into a flock of dancing/singing geese. Yet another reported winning and losing the same card game seven times in a single afternoon. Officials have neither confirmed nor denied either account.

While wild stories continue to circulate throughout taverns and marketplaces, the investigators caution separating fact from embellishment is an ongoing challenge and urge people to wait for the facts.

**PREPETENTI
THE P.I.**



But Prepetente the P.I. waits for no one and is on the case to bring you the hard facts first.

We were fortunate that a major wizard symposium was being held in the region this week. Dozens of accomplished mages from many disciplines were gathered when the first calls for assistance began to arrive.



According to the emergency response records, arcane specialists, healers, and support personnel were mobilized within hours. Several officials privately acknowledged that without the symposium's proximity, the incident may have continued for days rather than being brought under control when it was.

Exactly what occurred during the final confrontation remains unclear. Many details have been intentionally withheld, and participating organizations have declined to discuss specific methods employed during the operation. What has been confirmed is that an extraordinary level of coordination was required between independent wizard circles, local authorities, and several regional organizations.

"We learned a tremendous amount in a very short period of time," one symposium representative told this intrepid reporter. "The containment techniques ultimately employed required cooperation from experts who normally wouldn't be working together under the same circumstances." When asked whether the methods

developed could be used elsewhere, the representative declined to elaborate. "Some knowledge is best discussed among those responsible for safeguarding it."

The resulting containment facility was completed several days ago and now serves as Big Larry's current place of confinement. Officials emphasize that the structure was designed with recovery in mind rather than punishment. Although few details have been released, sources familiar with the project describe a combination of conventional security measures, specialized magical safeguards, and newly developed containment principles intended specifically for individuals experiencing severe magical instability.

"There remains reason for optimism," said another participating wizard. "The goal is not merely to restrain. The goal is to preserve the possibility of rehabilitation." That optimism is tied largely to the leading theory currently being examined by investigators.

While no formal conclusion has

been reached, many experts believe the incident may have involved the loss, destruction, or separation of a deeply bonded personal talisman. As discussed elsewhere in this issue, talismans serve as important anchors for many magical individuals, particularly leprechauns whose abilities often blend emotion, luck, glamour, and instinct.

Authorities were quick to stress that such events remain extraordinarily rare. For the overwhelming majority of leprechauns, a misplaced talisman results in inconvenience rather than catastrophe. Nevertheless, officials are encouraging travelers to maintain records of important possessions, establish recovery plans, and seek assistance promptly should a treasured talisman go missing. "We do not want readers to panic," stated one advisor to the investigation. "We want them to be prepared."

One aspect of the story that continues to generate questions is the absence of Little Larry, Big Larry's longtime companion and closest known friend. Authorities

have confirmed that Little Larry has not been seen since shortly before the incident began. Investigators have repeatedly emphasized that they are seeking him as a potential witness and source of information, not as a suspect. Friends of the pair describe their relationship as decades long, with the two rarely remaining apart for significant periods of time. Anyone with information regarding Little Larry's whereabouts is encouraged to contact local authorities.

For now, officials insist there is no ongoing threat to the public. The damage is being repaired. The injured are recovering. The containment facility remains secure. Yet beneath the reassurances, many questions remain unanswered. How did one of the region's most beloved figures lose control so completely? Why did it happen so suddenly?

And perhaps most importantly, if the cause can be found, is there still a path back for the leprechaun so many people remember? For the moment, those answers remain locked behind reinforced walls,

Why Does That Tiny Crystal Vial Costs More Than Your Cousin's Mushroom Cottage?



If you've spent more than five minutes near a Summer Court social gathering, you've probably heard someone whisper:

"Oh, this? It's Acornwine."

Usually while holding a crystal thimble no larger than a raindrop and acting as though they've personally negotiated peace between the stars. So what is Acornwine? Why does a single serving cost more than a season's worth of enchanted pastries? And why do elders become visibly alarmed whenever someone suggests making their own? Let's untangle the roots.

First Things First: What Does It Do?

Contrary to what certain musicians from the Western Glades might claim, Acornwine is not simply a very expensive beverage. A well and properly aged Acornwine temporarily heightens a fae's connection to memory, vivid imagination, and dreamcraft. Colors become richer. Music gains texture. Old memories can be experienced with startling clarity. Stories feel almost tangible to the listener.

Many describe the experience akin remembering something that never happened! Most vintages last only a few hours, though rare reserve batches have reportedly produced effects that linger for days.

Why Is It So Rare?

Three of the ingredients make Acornwine exceptionally difficult to produce. The first is the Silvercap Acorn, harvested from ancient dream oaks that produce viable acorns only once every seven years. The second is Moondew Nectar, collected during a very specific celestial alignment. The third remains a closely guarded secret known only to licensed vintners, though rumors range from dragon tears to bottled laughter stolen from sleeping giants.

Then comes the aging process. While common wines may mature for years, premium Acornwine often rests for decades or more. In fact, some of

PETER
PREPHEMIE
Senior Trends
Correspondent



the most prized bottles currently circulating were probably sealed before any of your grandparents hatched, bloomed, sprouted, divided or otherwise arrived into the fae realm you call home.

The Treaty That Saved Everyone

Several centuries ago, Acornwine production exploded in popularity. This went poorly. Very poorly. Competing courts stripped dream groves bare. Counterfeit batches appeared everywhere. More than one noble house reportedly spent an entire season debating whether birds were real. The resulting chaos led to the signing of the famous **Treaty of Acornwine**, which established harvesting limits, protected dream oak groves, and restricted production to licensed vintners.

Today, most scholars agree the treaty prevented both ecological collapse and widespread magical instability. Which is admittedly less exciting than the popular rumor that it prevented the Moon from suing the Fae Courts.

Can I Make My Own?

No. Absolutely not. The Guild of Licensed Vintners estimates that nine out of ten homemade attempts result in serious disappointment, temporary transformation into decorative shrubbery, or both. Worse, the tenth usually becomes a cautionary tale.

If I Ever Get The Chance...

Experts agree that Acornwine is best enjoyed:

- ❑ In a safe, familiar place.
- ❑ With trusted companions.
- ❑ Away from active spellcasting.
- ❑ Never before signing contracts.
- ❑ Never before life-changing decisions.
- ❑ Never while being challenged to a duel.

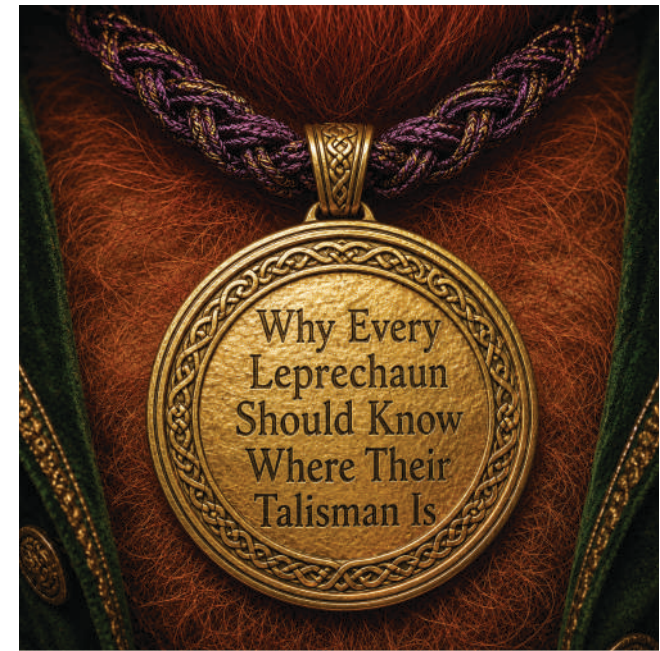
A quiet glade, soft music, and good company remain the very best setting among experienced enthusiasts to enjoy a thimble with friends.

Final Verdict

Is Acornwine worth the price?
For refreshment, absolutely not.

If you're seeking a once-in-a-lifetime glimpse into the strange and beautiful corners of the fae imagination? Start saving your petals, cultivating a great playlist and glade in which to enjoy your first thimble of it.

Just make sure the bottle is authentic. The last thing you want is to discover you've spent three hundred gold leaves on fermented squirrel tea and the totally reputable businessperson that sold you their rare vintage collection was just a shiester in a good suit in search of a full coin purse easily opened. Yours.



Ask ten leprechauns what makes a proper talisman and you'll likely receive ten different answers. A treasured coin. A carved button. A pocket watch. A ribbon. A smooth stone found beside a stream. Some families even pass talismans down through their generations, adding new memories, meaning and potentially power with each keeper.

What most scholars agree upon, however, is that the object itself matters far less than the connection formed with it. Over time, a talisman becomes a stable point around which a leprechaun's natural magic settles. Luck, glamour, intuition, and emotional energy gradually weave themselves into the object, creating a subtle but important anchor. The longer the relationship lasts, the stronger that connection becomes.

Fortunately, such temporary separation is rarely cause for alarm.

Most leprechauns misplace their talisman at least once during their lives. A forgotten coat pocket, a misplaced travel bag, or an overenthusiastic spring cleaning is usually little more than an inconvenience for the properly prepared.

Long-term separation can be an entirely different and dangerous story. Many fae researchers have observed that prolonged loss may result in increasingly erratic magical behavior. Minor effects often appear first – unusual streaks of good or bad

luck, difficulty concentrating on glamour magic, emotional overreactions, or magical effects occurring unintentionally.

Friends and family are often the first to notice something is wrong as they have the most experience interacting with the now-talismanless fae or leprechaun.

A normally cheerful companion becoming withdrawn, increasing irritability, showing signs of unusual recklessness, difficulty controlling magical abilities, or a apparent new obsession with recovering a lost object may all be signs that additional support is needed. Or, some just call that Tuesday after a wild weekend.

If you have lost your talisman, experts recommend remaining calm and beginning a systematic search. Keep a written record of likely locations, seek assistance from trusted friends, and avoid attempting complex magical rituals while emotionally distressed.

Most importantly, do not assume replacing the object will immediately solve the problem.

While a new talisman can eventually form a healthy bond, such connections take time. The memories, habits, and magical patterns accumulated over years cannot simply be transferred overnight.

As Professor Thimblewick of the Academy of Arcane Studies summarizes, "A talisman is not powerful because of what it is. It becomes powerful because of how long it has been part of your story."

The good news is that most separations are temporary, and most bonds can be restored. The longer a talisman remains with its keeper, the more magic settles into it. The longer a keeper remains without it, the harder that magic must work to find its balance.

For that reason alone, it may be worth checking your pockets one more time.

HOW ONE SHOE STARTED A FASHION WAR, CRASHED THREE FORTUNES AND SUMMONED LAWYERS FROM HELL



If you've attended a court gathering in the past year, you've seen them. Silver clogs. Silver clogs with moonstone buckles. Silver clogs with illusion-thread stitching. Silver clogs with enough enchantments to qualify as minor magical artifacts.

The question is no longer **whether** you're wearing silver clogs. It's whether you're wearing the **right** silver clogs.

A Brief History of Terrible Financial Decisions

Scholars often compare today's clog craze to the famous human Tulip Bloom, during which otherwise sensible people spent fortunes acquiring increasingly rare flowers. The comparison is unfair. Tulips never granted a +2 bonus to dancing. Silver clogs do. As demand grew, collectors began trading limited-edition pairs like treasure hoards. Rare color combinations now regularly sell for

absurd sums with "First Moon Silver" pairs fetching enough gold to purchase a respectable cottage. Or a deeply questionable cottage.

The Battle Itself

The conflict began when renowned designers **Lady Glimmersole** and **Duchess Silverstep** each claimed to have invented the now-iconic **Silver Clog silhouette**. What started as strongly worded letters rapidly escalated into fashion duels, public accusations, exclusive interviews, magical injunctions, and at least one incident involving animated footwear.

For nearly a decade, supporters divided into rival camps. Friendships ended. Marriages strained. One noble attempted to wear both brands simultaneously and was asked to leave three different parties. The dispute eventually became known as the **Battle of the Silver Clog** after the initial battle on the runway resorted to the two fashionistas using their own products as hand weapons.

More Than Just Footwear

Part of the appeal comes from the magical properties associated with various styles. Popular examples include:

- ❑ Moon-Silver
Enhances dancing and movement.
- ❑ Rose-Gold Petalweave
Favored by romantics and socialites.
- ❑ Emerald Mossstep
Silences footsteps on natural terrain.
- ❑ Stormsteel Blue
Produces cloak-fluttering effects.
- ❑ Midnight Obsidian
Adds 12% more mysteriousness to you.

Researchers continue debating how much of the effects are magical that could be applied to clothing above the ankle or the inherent awesomeness of the clog is a fundamental part of the process? This wide-footed author hopes it is so much the former!

The Knockoff Problem

Unfortunately, success attracted imitators. Counterfeit silver clogs have flooded markets across the courts. While some are merely embarrassing, others have proven actively dangerous. Common side effects include:

- ❑ Uncontrolled squeaking.
- ❑ Temporary loss of rhythm.
- ❑ Fake fashion credential-itis.
- ❑ Looking ridiculous.

Why You Should Check The Label

Both major clog houses now maintain teams of infernal contract specialists to protect their designs. Yes, actual demonic lawyers. If a pair seems suspiciously affordable, there is a reasonable chance that the shoes are fake. the seller is fake, your understanding of ownership rights is about to become fake.

Fashion experts recommend purchasing only from authorized retailers and ensuring all authenticity runes remain intact.

Final Verdict

Are silver clogs overpriced?
Almost certainly.

Will that stop anyone?
Absolutely not.

In a world filled with dragons, archfey, and ancient magic, there remains one truth: Nothing is more powerful than being seen the hottest shoes of the season.



PUZZLE CORNER

Can You Solve This Month's Riddle?

I have no roots, yet I grow.
I have no wings, yet I fly.
I can warm a cottage or
swallow a forest.
What am I?



COMING NEXT ISSUE

Do Dragons Appreciate Art? A surprising survey of hoards, interior decorating, and whether "organized piles" count as curation.

Seven Mushroom Recipes That Are Almost Certainly Safe

The Secret Language of Garden Gnomes

Why Does Every Magical Item Eventually End Up In A Pawn Shop?



FAIRY CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE

Slightly Used Enchanted Cottage

Only moves during thunderstorms.
Previous owner insists this is
"part of its charm."



LOST

Pocket Watch

Occasionally runs backward.
If found, please return before next
Thursday.

FOR HIRE

Professional Apology Writer

Specializing in:

- Accidentally polymorphing relatives
- Offending nobility
- Summoning things that should not have been summoned.



WANTED



Brave Individual to Retrieve
Family Sword

Last seen in dragon's hoard.
Will pay in gratitude and three
perfectly ordinary buttons.



HELP WANTED

Assistant Needed for
Experimental Alchemy

No experience required.
Eyebrows preferred but not essential.



MISSING



One Brown Toad

Answers to "Professor."

Do not discuss philosophy with him.

PERSONAL

Young wizard seeking companion
for moonlit walks and discussions
of theoretical transmutation.

Must enjoy tea and tolerate
occasional explosions.





