

THE FELIDAR GUARDIAN

MULTIVERSAL PERSPECTIVE. LOCAL COVERAGE.

“YOU KNOW, IT’S ACTUALLY PRETTY COMFORTABLE INSIDE THIS ROCK,” BY SORIN MARKOV

I know what you’re thinking. You’re thinking: “Oh, poor Sorin! Doomed to spend eternity trapped inside a pillar of stone!” But I’m here to tell you, it’s actually much more comfortable inside this rock than you might think.

Sure, it hurt a bit at first, as this constricting, calcified coffin crushed my internal organs, and violently disjointed my bones. But in the months since then my skeleton has rearranged itself to adapt, and now it’s actually a pretty good fit. And, hey, I’ve lost ten pounds!

Besides, this is the most “me” time I’ve had in ages! No worries, no cares, no mad angels to unmake.(cont. on page 2)



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH SORIN MARKOV
“I’VE LOST TEN POUNDS”



ASK ADMIRAL BRASS BY BECKETT BRASS

Dear Admiral,

I’ve been on the crew of my ship for a long time. Our captain, we’ll call her “Veronica”, vanished under mysterious circumstances, and our navigator “Talcum” was the only witness. He said the captain’s boyfriend, “Jason”, told him the captain was safe but that they had to go far away and that “Amala”, the first mate, was in charge. I’ve been on this crew longer than Amala, and I was always loyal to Captain Veronica. This whole thing feels like a setup. Do you think I have reason enough for mutiny?
(cont. on page 2)

“BACK IN 5 MINUTES” SIGN ON LIVING GUILDPACT’S OFFICE DOOR BECOMES OBJECT OF MIRTH FOR NEW PRAHV COWORKERS

BY P.R. SQUANKERS

Coworkers at the New Prahv offices of Ravnica’s mysteriously-missing Living Guildpact say that the “Back in 5 Minutes” sign on the Guildpact’s desk has become an object of mirth around the watercooler.

“There was one guy down in Hieromancy – Kevim –

who was actually keeping a running count at one point,” said Justiciar Ceilia Levont, who works on the Guildpact’s floor. “He’d sidle up to your cube in the morning, and say something like, ‘Oh, hey, so I guess it really should say “Back in 683,280 minutes,” eh?’ Or he’d nudge you in the ribs and say, ‘751,608 minutes and counting, am I right?’” Levont said. “I mean, it was kind of funny for a while, but then it started to wear thin. We all hate Kevim”.

Assistant Lawmage Merwyn Rhys told the Guardian that he had considered removing the sign, (cont. on page 3)

“YOU KNOW, IT’S ACTUALLY PRETTY COMFORTABLE INSIDE THIS ROCK,” BY SORIN MARKOV (CONT.)

I get to spend all day just thinking my thoughts. I’ve even started writing free-verse poems in my head. I call them “me-verse” poems, because they’re tools for self-reflection. I would share one of them with you now, except that I can’t really open my mouth.

I will admit it’s a bit hurtful when children come from the local village to throw rocks at my head, or spray graffiti on my backside. And the Segway tours which roll past three times a day so that tourists can gawk at me do strike me as being in particularly poor taste. But I swear I’m not complaining! I have actually become pretty close friends with some of the local pigeons.

I certainly don’t wake up every morning in agonizing pain, wondering whether today will finally be the day when Olivia comes by with some granola bars and a chisel, like she promised. She’s a busy woman. I understand that. I’m sure she hasn’t forgotten.

No. Save your pity for someone who needs it. Tibalt, maybe. Because, me? I’m having the time of my unlife! And I think I’m actually going to emerge from this prison as a much better version of myself. I’m becoming the me I’m supposed to be. #blessed ■



ASK ADMIRAL BRASS BY BECKETT BRASS (CONT.)

Signed,
Belligerent on the Belligerent

Dear Belligerent,
A pirate’s first duty is to their crew, and second to themselves. That’s how we survive on the open sea. If Alama was first mate, by right she should have taken over when the captain left. That said, the whole story sounds fishy. Do you have any proof Captain Veronica is safe? It sounds like you should confront Mal and Amala and let the crew decide who they believe.

Dear Admiral,
Recently I was banished to a remote island by a powerful mage and ordered to serve as caretaker for said island. I have tried to assemble a well-regulated force of jungle birds and lizards to establish order and protect the island, but I’ve found that they don’t respond to my usual managerial techniques. I’ve done my best to create a civilized code of laws, but the lizards just keep licking their own eyeballs, and the birds continue pooping in non-designated areas. Do you have any recommendations for holding them accountable and making a functional society of them? This whole thing has been very frustrating.
Sincerely,
Ineffective on Useless Island

Dear Ineffective,
A good captain leads by example. What are you doing to make your island colony better? What improvements have you made? Your crew won’t respect you if you don’t show them that you’re willing to get your hands dirty. Once they see that you’re not just bossing them around, they’ll trust your orders and fall in line.
Or they can walk the plank. Discipline is almost as important as trust.

Dear Admiral,

Our captain was a good enough guy, always leadin’ plenty of raids and getting us lots of booty, but it’s always seemed like he cared more for the plundering than the plunder, if ya catch my drift. He’s been goin’ on for years about “Immortal Sun” this and “my daughters” that, and he’s always been kinda bullheaded. Couple of weeks ago he left the ship to go on some fool’s errand on Ixalan, and he never came back. The first mate don’t want to be captain so we been trying to elect a new captain ever since. The crew can’t seem to come to an agreement. Any suggestions for picking a new captain?

Signed,
Distracted on the Devil’s Chains

Dear Confused,

If no one wants to take charge of the crew, maybe it’s time to go your separate ways. A good ship can bring a fortune, so I say sell the ship to the highest bidder, split the take among the crew, and to the fathoms with your captain for abandoning you. ■

MISSED CONNECTIONS

It was last Friday, mid-morning. I was outside sipping espresso at a cafe on the outskirts of town. You arrived surrounded by a small war party consisting of goblins and other short creatures, adding a profoundness to your presence. All were wearing armor, except you. But your bearded face, bare chest, and perfectly scarred, nay, chiseled abs were, least to say, completely disarming. I don’t normally look twice at a guy whose hair is longer and more flawless than mine. Even after however long you spent on the battlefield, you returned from war sweaty. And beautiful. And immaculate. The way the morning sun kissed each strand of your perfect hair and danced on your infallible skin - it made me second guess everything. You may have entered town that morning on a horse, or on the back of some other majestic beast, but for all I know you floated passed me like a golden moment, frozen in time, until it was too late, and you were gone.

Oh if you had only turned to see me, perhaps you would have considered a short delay in your journey - for I would have obliged a day, a night, even a single turn enthralled in your company.

Yours Truly, V.

“BACK IN 5 MINUTES” SIGN ON LIVING GUILDPACT’S OFFICE DOOR BECOMES OBJECT OF MIRTH FOR NEW PRAHV COWORKERS (CONT.)

but decided to leave it up. “I mean, he is coming back, right?” Rhys said. “Right? I mean, he left his cloak on the back of his chair, and several dozen of his belts. So he must be coming back.” When asked what might explain the Living Guildpact’s prolonged absence, Rhys shrugged, and said: “Traffic?”

In the meantime, Deputy Elocutor Twylari Lex said that she and her coworkers have been making use of the unclaimed space. “It’s so nice to have an empty office where you can take a nap after lunch,” she said. “Or where you can make out on the couch after dollar margaritas at P. F. Thunderfunk’s, then rub your bare ass all over the Guildpact’s desk.” When asked whether she was still hopeful for the Guildpact’s eventual return, Lex said: “Not really. That guy was a total prick. Say... they can’t identify butt prints off a glass-top desk, can they?” ■



“HE LEFT...SEVERAL DOZEN OF HIS BELTS.” - ASST. LAWMAGE RHYS

WANTED/ADS

OPEN AUDITIONS:

The producers of the multiverse’s newest game show, “Last Target Standing,” are holding open auditions for next season’s contestants. Ideal contestants will have an observed alignment (all are accepted, including neutral-aligned contestants with “fun personalities”); fair-attractive or at the very least “interesting” appearance; and are not, nor have the independent capability of becoming: indestructible, hexproof, or shroud-enhanced. Legendary contestants with compelling back stories highly desirable. Please, no planeswalkers. Note that contestants may take home immense, titanic, or giant-sized prizes. Or they may be exiled/die. Horrifically.

KALITAS, TRADER OF GHET:

Purveyors of fine enchantments, exquisite artifacts, and avant-garde fashion with a peculiar penchant for hats and headgear. Buy - Trade - Sell. By appointment only. Betray your wallet - your closet will thank you!

FOR HIRE:

Recently out of work, too young to retire “Dr. S” seeks employment in casual formats. Qualifications include: three relevant abilities to create mana, gain life, and drain those that oppose you. Worksite ideally near a fully stocked graveyard. SUPER CHEAP TO CAST. History of breaking previous formats pales in comparison to this doctor’s broken heart. Someone please give this doctor another chance.

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