

New Calendale Chronicle

The Blood Moon, 1113

The Power of Many as One

"As any bard can tell you, the voice of one is not as powerful as the voice of many."

Whack! Something just hit you from behind. As you turn, you notice an ore with a staff in hand getting ready to strike you again. You dodge the attack by moving away from it, and you see from a distance that a whole group of ores is coming your way. What do you do? You have a couple of options at this point. You can use the woods around you to run and hide, or you can trust in the power of many as one and fight with the strength of all those around you.

In this scenario, the power of many as one refers to the power you and others can wield when you work effectively and efficiently. One person can be powerful but many can wield the power of that one person tenfold if used correctly. I have heard many stories of newcomers that fight off the attacks of many by working together as a team. For example, I once heard that the circus had taken down a werewolf by utilizing Vayne's manipulation of air to make the werewolf fall as many times as he could while the others attacked with fury. They did not have any type of advanced techniques in either sword or magic, but they subdued their opponent by using the resources they had and taking full advantage of them.

I was recently in a tussle on the 7th day of the Solstice Moon when an ogre started to follow me to attack while I was backing up towards the bar, trying to think of my way out of this situation. I knew my time to act was growing short as my back touched the bar. Suddenly, Clary used her bardic magic to put the monster to sleep, rendering it useless in the battle. I then took it upon myself to send the monster to Negoro's Realm by ineinerating its body. This is another form of using the power of many as one.

One final example that comes to mind was the grand exorcism of the Dominator. As Arthur, Theone, and some others performed the ritual to exorcise the Dominator's soul from his body, a good amount of minions came from

the outside of the tavern to its inside in order to aid the Dominator. As I saw the marvel of everyone going to the doors and attacking the minions, I also aided this effort by attacking whatever I could that I thought posed a threat. This attack holds a special place in my mind because it showed me what a town of extraordinary people could do if we all pool our resources together. Needless to say, we achieved victory on this battlefield which resonated throughout the night as Stone congratulated the town on a marvelous victory.

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The power of many as one has been used in the past to keep this town safe. The power of many as one not only refers to the physical attributes of each and everyone of us, but also the mental capacity of judging a certain situation and making the best of it with the resources we all possess.

New Calendale is a town of scholars, rogues, mages, and fighters of different shapes and sizes. Even if you are alone, shamans can tell you that the spirits are always amongst us and watching us. We must always be aware of our surroundings and always know that the power of many as one can always be used to aid us in the heat of the moment.

- Alexander Maglock

Privilege to Serve

Serving the nobility is not only our duty, but a privilege bestowed on us as free citizens of the Twin Kingdoms. Our great kingdom has stood the test of time, because its strength is derived from a diversity of peoples and faiths channeled by wise and venerable leaders. We each bring valuable assets to the kingdom, but without leadership we would easily be swept away by our more militaristic neighbors. Still, we must be ever vigilant against threats

within our borders as well as abroad. Over one thousand years since the unification of Vondara and Breckenford must herald another thousand years of growth and prosperity. It is our responsibility to make this vision a reality.

I have held many stations in my life, from farmer, to soldier, to scribe. Always in service to the crown and those it protects; I have come to know the role of the nobility well. We each have our role to serve and things we are bred for. Those lords that I served with in battle were among the wisest strategists and most cunning warriors. In times of peace, these same people proved to be masterful negotiators, merchants, and administrators. Their character and strength of will is not a choice. It is not a skill that can be learned or taught easily. The nobility is gifted by the Gods with abilities befitting their station.

This is not to say that the nobility are perfect, or those of lower birth are incapable of truly great feats. The deposed Duke Allector Tallen disgraced himself and his family, when learning that the true heir was alive. He continued his quest for the throne, rather than accepting his rightful place in Queen Nehemiah's service. And, it was the commoners of New Calendale who first expelled Tallen, and established a safe haven for our fair Queen. Having said this, without Queen Nehemiah and those nobles loyal to her, the rebellion in New Calendale would have been crushed. I feel pride in having the privilege to aid the Queen in reclaiming the throne and restoring the natural order within our kingdom.

- Valik Wainwright

Xandis' Falls to Clay Golem in Mhizrak's Tournament

Adraveth's champion found the power to move mountains but got mired in mud, falling in the fourth round of Mhizrak's tournament.

Inquisitor Xandis Lightfist, of New Calendale, faced off against a two-headed Clay Golem in Mhizrak's ring on the 8th night of the Solstice Moon. The last-standing champion of Adraveth took on the Earth Realm.

"You're lucky that Golem only has two heads," said Larken Dorak, Mhizrak's messenger and tournament host.

Xandis, a monk and celestial mage, had spectators watching with bated breath as he sparred the Golem with a spear and his fists, pushing aside blows from the Golem's two arms.

The Clay Golem threw its weight behind a deadly hit to take the first of three rounds.

Xandis was quick and eager to get back in the ring for a second round - but was in for a surprise. He relentlessly pounded the Clay Golem until it split in two, leaving him outnumbered.



A highly trained monk, Xandis kept his focus and employed a cunning strategy. He took up various defensive positions and held his focus, letting blows glance off him without being harmed. He moved quickly to strike when seeing a window of opportunity.

It was simply too much.

Outnumbered and cornered in the ring, the Clay Golems killed Xandis. His loss eliminated Adraveth from the tourney.

Along with the Clay Golem, a Celestial who beat down an leg Goliath will also advance.

Xandis' journey was hard fought and not without success. He secured one of five spots against seven other challengers in an open fight outside the Seroll & Dragon Inn in New Calendale.

Xandis outwitted the captain of the Royal Guard for the rights to represent Adraveth, made a Pit Lord cry for mercy in the Infernal Realm, and survived the Water Realm. Dorak said Xandis Lightfist advanced the farthest a champion of Adraveth has in a long time.

Mhizrak, god of war, vengeance and retribution, invites warriors to his realm in a tournament of champions once every 600 years.

- Beatrice Lain

Onyx's Observations

"Dear Onyx,

I have a friend who has been going through some rough times and I'm not sure how I am able to help. My friend is older in years, and most of her family has passed onto Negoro's realm. Her memory isn't what it used to be, but she is still haunted by some of her old enmities, as well as facing the challenges of today. Do you have any advice on how I can help her?"

-Salan

Salan,

I am sorry to hear that most of your friend's family is no longer in this Realm. The foundation of a family is an important one. How we were raised has a direct bearing on who we have grown into and the values we hold. Those past influences give us the groundwork on which we use to make decisions today.

The Six of Cups, the card of memories and the past, indicates a need to look back at the times experienced there so one can draw upon those experiences to help shed light on the upcoming circumstances. This is an important lesson for anyone. Unfortunately, when memories are scarce, that can definitely be problematic. Is it just age that you think is hindering your friend's memory or is it something else? If old enmities are surfacing, have you considered that they could be responsible for your friend not being able to remember other things? I think she will need to be more proactive in trying to uncover what she cannot remember. Sitting around waiting for the answers to fall into your lap is a mistake that so many others fall prey to.

When trying to uncover answers, it is best to focus on thinking clearly. Oftentimes, when taking the headlong approach, the result will be detrimental. There are times when it is best to act quickly, but I do not believe this is the correct time to do so. Who doesn't want answers sooner rather than later? That is understandable, but would it not be better to stop, think carefully, find the answer, and then take the time to reflect on what you have learned later on at your leisure?

When going through bad times, we tend to be our own worst hindrances. We make excuses, reasons why we cannot do whatever it is we are trying to avoid facing. We doubt ourselves and there is the danger of all those uncertainties overwhelming us so much that we feel trapped. It is hard to break through those feelings and when she gets to that point, clear thinking actually may not be the best thing for her. When dealing with feelings, sometimes a little bit of intuition can go a long way.

The sign of a good friend is one who stands by you when you need them the most. But, why limit yourself to one friend? Are there others that you would trust enough to help? I would suggest that perhaps you and your friend turn to other mutual friends and allies, that way all of you can pool your resources. Your friend doesn't need to face her challenges alone if she has a good support group that is willing and able to help her along.

I cannot predict what will be the end result of your friend's journey, Salan, but I do believe she will need her friends and allies to be there with her, or she may not be successful. Will it be easy? Certainly not, but you and the others will increase her chances of getting through those rough times in a beneficial way. I wish you both the very best of luck.

Salan, please feel free to talk with me this upcoming moon if you would like to hear the more in depth analysis. Your privacy will be respected.

May Arrawigz bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye



Student and Disciple of Arrawigz

This column is to offer advice, guidance, and observations as inspired my goddess, Arrawigz. If you would like to submit your troubles, please send it to the New Calendale Chronicle or to me directly. You can include any information you wish along with your concerns. The more I have to understand the situation, the better. Signing it under an alias is perfectly acceptable; however I would prefer if you would disclose your actual identity so I have a name to focus on when I consult my cards. Your identity will be kept confidential if requested and I will shorten the published question to reflect that.

Understanding Knowledge Scrolls

There are a few misunderstandings in our town, and I'm sure many of them concern Knowledge scrolls. My intention is to clear up some of those in this article. First, a basic overview: Knowledge Scrolls are pieces of parchment that have been enchanted to allow the reader (upon focusing on them for a few evenings or so) to gain the knowledge of the spell that is written upon the parchment.

In order for the Knowledge scroll to function properly, the recipient of the scroll must translate the writing on the scroll from either the Arcane or Divine languages. Just about anyone skilled in Arcane or Divine magic should be able to do this, if you are unable to (and can already cast spells of an Arcane or Divine nature), it is a simple matter to learn how. Following this, the user must focus their thoughts on the scroll and the lesson it contains for a short while. The amount of time needed varies from person to person but is generally quite short. If all of the above steps were followed, the parchment will be consumed, and the lesson imparted to the user. Be warned, however, that Clerics seeking to learn spells outside of the sphere of influence of their chosen god or goddess will find their efforts fruitless. Those who still petition will similarly find themselves unable to learn spells that exist under a specific influence. As, although the lesson is within the Knowledge Scroll, the power is still granted by the Gods. Fortunately, in both of the above cases, the scroll itself is not consumed in the attempt.

Why do Knowledge Scrolls cost as much as they do?

Knowledge Scrolls allow a student to accelerate the rate at which they are learning. The amount of time required to learn from a Knowledge Scroll is minimal enough to allow a student to not only learn a spell from the Knowledge Scroll itself, but allows for the time to continue their studies under the tutelage of their teacher, effectively doubling the progress of the student.

Apart from the worth gained through the above advantage, Knowledge Scrolls are considerably difficult to learn to create. Furthermore, there is a price paid for every Knowledge Scroll crafted: The crafter must put a small piece of themselves into the Knowledge Scroll, including all knowledge of how the spell is cast. Effectively, this means that the spell is gone from their minds and they lose the ability to cast that spell for a certain amount of time once

the scroll is crafted. There are also other difficult to obtain and expensive material components that also go into their creation.

Is it true that you don't learn the spell as well from a Knowledge Scroll as when you learn from a teacher?

The answer to this question is simple. A Mage or a Cleric who has spent their time learning from nothing but knowledge scrolls will have the same exact spells at their disposal as one who has never learned by Knowledge Scroll. This is because, as mentioned above, the creator of the scroll infuses the knowledge of that spell. The only thing that does not get translated over is experience. That is the important difference between learning from a Knowledge Scroll versus learning from a teacher.

Can you learn from only Knowledge Scrolls your entire life?

Yes, but this can be prohibitively expensive. There is the additional fact that as spells grow in power, the knowledge scrolls for them also become more difficult to find. There are also some lessons that cannot be learned simply by learning from Knowledge Scrolls, and would require lessons from an expert in order to learn.

The crafter must put a small piece of themselves into the Knowledge Scroll, including all knowledge of how the spell is cast.

I don't think I'll ever be able to afford a Knowledge Scroll!

I cannot express how untrue this statement or concern is. Knowledge Scrolls do cost a certain amount of money. However, many in this town have found that simply looking for work, or taking it upon themselves to create necessary jobs for themselves can easily enable them to have the coin to purchase these items. Additionally, for those interested, feel free to meet up with me in person if you'd like to learn the basics of Merchenting. I could easily bring you along with me to the market and show you how to start your own career in the craft.

- Victor Hamilton



The Quill & the Sword



Everybody Run

And it happens so often that the tree and the ground and the air around me feel exactly the same. Though this is a different gnarled tree, this is a different blood soaked ground; the screams in the air are always different voices. And they grow louder.

It's always something. A horde of ores we can't control, hate demons with screams that soak into your bones, or a wraith with a hiss like a laugh. Something always makes us scatter. Some won't run. Never. They stand their ground as the threat gets closer, but it never occurs to them to run. I don't have that problem. I run away from the battlefield. Away from clashing metal, flying spells, screams of triumph and tragedy. Away from the swords that could cleave me in two, the spells that could render me motionless, and the enemies who laugh in my face. They laugh because they know that I can't do anything. Right?

I run, I hide, I sit against a tree, control my labored breathing. Listen very carefully. A scream. Louder and louder and then it's just gone and then that is so much worse than the scream. I tell myself that's it's guilt that makes me move. But sometimes it is as though I only move when I know I have a purpose. I move quietly, but the forest floor is not like the smooth wood of the tavern, and I wince as twigs and leaves crackle beneath my boots. There is someone lying on the ground. There is a broken sword at their side, some cuts and bruises run down their arms, and their skin is so pale; it is as though there is no blood left in their body. I kneel next to them, observe the damage, and put my hand above their lips feeling just the slightest trickle of breath leak from their mouth. I place a hand on their shoulder. This is why I run.

I always feel like I'm invading. I'm not finding this power in any of the gods or the spirits. I'm doing a little exploration into the person, feeling around their minds, poking at their thoughts. I always find something. Everyone has that part of them that is a will to continue. I coax it out like a song just beginning, tempo slowing rising. Ba dum, ba dum, ba dum. A slow drum beat. Ba dum, ba dum, ba dum. Their heartbeat. Their breath that turns into a cough and open eyes and a look of surprise and then realization and sometimes thanks. Not always, but sometimes people appreciate it.

They stand up, not bothering to brush the dirt off their clothes. They try to ask if I know who is left standing, if I've seen anyone else, if I -- but no, it's too late. We hear it coming, feet slowing pounding the path to our right. It does not run, it does not need to. We look at each other and then...

... we run.

- Clarissa Golan

Stand Your Ground

It's never the same, despite it happening all the time, it is always a different experience. Time seems to slow to a crawl, yet it slips by too fast. I try to keep calm and focused because a single misstep can lead to disastrous results.

No matter what comes this way, whether its infernalists, undead, or any other of seemingly endless array of creatures this place seems to collect. I steel my mind and body, and get ready for what is to come and it does come, it always comes.

I stay and fight, others run. It doesn't bother me that they take flight. I don't have the time to be concerned over others at the moment. I set my stance, and get ready to do my part to protect those around me. The screeching whine of steel on steel rings through the air, crackling energy of spells being cast, and of course there is the sound of death and people dying. I don't fight for the sake of fighting, for the thrill of battle, no that is not my place. My place is to protect others. To protect the divine spark of life within each mortal race that inhabits this town. Despite whatever differences we might have, no matter that she does not believe as I do, or that he has no stomach for bloodshed. I stand my ground.

Sometimes the enemy is routed and we live. Beaten, bloody, and burnt, but we're alive. That's when I get a moment to focus on those who were not so lucky. I take a deep breath and find my center, that place deep within my core that is my link to the gods. I check the bodies for the faintest trace of life, like the ebb and flow of the ocean I feel it. The tide slowly recedes from the body, yet I ask for help to turn it back. Sometimes, when my prayers are strong enough, I am heard. That first intake of breath is the sweetest, I know, I've been there. Before they can truly recover though, the attack crashes into us once more, and I utter one word. Run.

My arms are tired, and my breathing is labored. Still, I turn as they run and stand my ground.

- Rafael Espina de la Rosa

Arms, Armor, and Fighting: A Little Armor Can Save Your Life

Those of us who live in New Calendae are well accustomed to various threats that are trying to send us to meet Hegoro. These threats are why I now write to you all about the importance of armor. I am well aware that there are all sorts of magics that are protective in nature. While an ordinary piece of armor may not grant any resistances or immunities to the elements and magic threats, I am of the philosophy that armor can be your best line of defense. I say this because magics can be miscasted, especially in the heat of battle.

I am not saying that everyone should wear armor. There are several fighting styles that armor would be prohibitive to; most notably someone following the Monk tradition, Bards, and Mages. But for the rest of the populace of New Calendae, light leather armor can give you enough breathing room to fight or hold on till help arrives.

There are several types of armor to choose from. The armors primarily range within three levels of protection. The first level is the light armor, consisting

of light leather and fur armor, which gives the least protection but the most mobility. The second level is the medium armor, consisting of hard leather and studded leather, which has an even balance of the amount of protection and the amount of mobility. The third level is the heavy armor level, consisting of chain mail armor and plate mail, and grants the most protection but has the least amount of mobility.

What is important is to choose the type of armor that fits how you fight. If you are someone who likes to be mobile and dance around to avoid damage, then go with light armor. If you are someone who takes hits but also relies on agility to help you out, then go with medium armor. If you are someone who likes to go toe to toe with your foe and in doing so get hit many times, I would recommend the heavy armor.

Armor is by no means perfect protection, and will need to be maintained frequently. I recommend being friends with an armorsmith to help with that task. Armor may not protect you from all types of damage. But armor is a starting place and the foundation for your defense, so for your own safety look into acquiring a piece or two.

- Baern Torrum



A Dream of Valiance, Origins of the Lunar Crusade

In the jewel that is the Kingdom of Sekhem, there were three siblings. There was a girl who danced in dreams as her mother did, a boy whose fiery passions allowed him to manipulate the respective element, and their elder brother who watched over them both. Not quite ready for the responsibilities of adulthood, the trio played as most children do, but to them, one game was not enough. A game was played of two heroic knights, and a lady in distress. Over time, that child's game would be refined to be the spark which would become the Lunar Crusade.

When adulthood was reached, and labor replaced midday games of youth, the night was the only solace from responsibilities. Belonging to a family of traders and merchants, their beds were never in one place as the group traveled from town to town. The trio would hear stories from guardsmen stationed over the kingdom. With ears wide open would the siblings drink in the tales and lessons of courage and valor. As time passed, they became accustomed to familiar faces and places, and other youths would join the three on their nightly pilgrimage to a particular village's guardhouse and barracks with ale, songs, and revelry as payment for these epic stories. Looking for a name to call themselves, the siblings proudly founded the Lunar Crusade.

At its core, the Lunar Crusade is the manifestation of a dream of light and justice in the hearts of the innocent, of heroic and selfless deeds carried out in the realm of night in defiance of all that would bring discord to all of our lives. What started as the dream of three Kelonian children from the oasis of Sekhem will carry on with chapters all throughout Adreveth.

And there it is, my friends. The humble origins of the Lunar Crusade. Over the last several cycles, the missions and principals have changed so much. I've seen members become inspired and take the cloth. I've seen budding swordsmen fearlessly join their respective town's guard. But most of all, it was not until my pilgrimage to the Twin Kingdoms where the greatest mission of the Lunar Crusade would be undertaken.

On the last stretch of my journey from Amantohep, I had the pleasure of sharing the road with good company, all heading to the town of New Calendale for their respective reasons. We were eventually attacked by fanatics on the path and what I saw next was astounding. All those within our party drew their weapons defiantly against our attackers. People from all walks of life, different races, different skills, we banded together as a single unit and overpowered the fanatics.

I spent a moon in New Calendale, when the Lunar Crusade came to mind. Why not here? Why not in the one place on Adreveth where

The Lunar Crusade is the manifestation of a dream of light and justice in the hearts of the innocent.

fate seems to dance to the energy of all who dwell here? With a little planning, and the help of good friends, the Lunar Crusaders of New Calendale would soon become a reality. A force of good and light in the hands of mortals, that proudly exclaims that there is no such thing as absolute darkness, and that there is always a light in the night.

The mission of the Lunar Crusaders of New Calendale is as follows. We stand for the protection and good of all. We are vigilant in the dead of night, but we are always there to defend, no matter the bell. Make no mistake, the town guard are agents of the law and nobility, and are not obliged to much else. Even Celestial guardians have matters more pressing than the plights of mortals. We must take up the shield to protect our brothers and sisters; no one else will do it for us. We must continue to fight. Darkness will always seek to completely cover the world, but we will be the lights, no matter the price, who stand to illuminate the way for the sake of us all.

Several moons have come and gone since my arrival, and the Lunar Crusade grows more each day. From children playing on the sands to a fighting force that smiles in the face of darkness, the Lunar Crusade carries on, a dream come true.

- Nass'Quelar Serrok

Infernal Attacks in the Twin Kingdoms

In recent moons, reports of infernal incursions have been on the rise. Attacks around the Twin Kingdoms have been more and more frequent, with a rising death toll. These attacks come suddenly and often without warning. Details of these attacks are hard to come by as survivors of these attacks are rare. However, when any details are gleaned, the picture of carnage caused by these attacks painted is disturbing and nightmarish.

Sometimes these attacks are led by mortal casters of magic, who either watch from the side-lines issuing orders to these creatures or take part in the slaughter themselves. The most known and notorious of these infernalists is a man known as Erian Semiquaver, formerly of the Twin Kingdoms. This man has committed innumerable atrocities against the kingdom as a whole. He recently attacked the headquarters of the Scarlet Searves with help from his infernal army. Reports of this attack show that many of the Mages were killed during the attack. Some reports say that even some Master Mages of the Scarlet Searves were slain in the attack,

but this has yet to be substantiated.

There have also been reports from the town of New Calendale, that a former member of the Scarlet Searves, a water Mage by the name of Kanas, was seen assisting Erian in the most recent attack on the town. Aside from the more commonly seen Imps (red-skinned creatures), there are stories and sightings of creatures never seen before. One of the creatures looked like a Devil. Another creature, which I have been told by many that they found it the creature hard to not look at it, had the appearance of a human red-skinned woman. The last report of the creatures, looked as was white as bone and even had the appearance of an over-sized skeleton. Citizens of the town attempted to repel the attack but were unsuccessful in defeating Erian and Kanas. Because of the valiant efforts of both the guard and the townsfolk in general, casualties were kept to a minimum and the town was able to recover from the attack with relative quickness.

- Algernon Corvis

Observations of Nature, the Thawing Moon

This is a curious region to live in. It is new to me, as many of you know, for I hail from the great island of Ippon originally. Since my arrival, I have noticed many creatures I have never seen, and many creatures that, in general, are familiar, but different than those I have encountered before. Here I shall speak of the first.

For example, during my first moon in town, the Thawing Moon to be exact, I encountered canine like creatures that could move on two legs and wield weaponry. I had never seen such a thing before, and wondered if this were some foreign form of wolf kin. They had features similar to wolves, such as fur, pointed ears, long snouts, and sharp fangs. I later found out, from speaking with the townsfolk I had met, that these beasts were called gnolls. They are quite a sight; impressive beasts to encounter and, as I learned, dangerous if confronted.

Other creatures that I find quite interesting and unusual are the large bug species that reside in this forest. I, myself, have never encountered such large versions of these creatures prior to arriving in town. The size alone could frighten some, but the poison that some can spew is far more fearsome. To those who may encounter these creatures, be wary for they travel in swarms and can overrun a small group.

I've come to see many creatures from my travels from Ippon. More familiar species I recognize are the goblinoid species, ores and goblins specifically. Those beasts I have encountered before, though the ones here in these lands seem more organized and more, controlled, for a lack of a better word. When they attack the town I watch their movements carefully. Each time, something seems odd about them. Maybe in time the reason shall come to be known.

I thank you all for your time and interest to read. Farewell for now good fellows, may nature continue to peak interest to all.

- Ulv Shadow-Walker

* Foresight of the Moon

The Ice Moon: Relax, some of your efforts may be wasted if you continue to act hastily. Beware of couriers bearing ill tidings. Do not let the messages they carry go unheeded.

The Love Moon: Duty and honor will call on you. Put your faith in Leondarr, and don't let yourself become unbalanced; lest the tides will turn against you. The answers you seek are not as abstract as they seem.

The Thawing Moon: Prepare yourself and hone your greatest weapon. Viralg calls on you to recall the past, learn from it, and take it to heart. Don't be afraid of walking a different path, especially if it is what your heart desires.

The Laughing Moon: Watching your every step, a shadow prowls. Use your inner light to defeat the shadow. Optimism and perseverance are powerful forces. Harness them and bring yourself to new heights.

The Elder's Moon: You always have a choice in difficult matters. And if you must, pass the reigns to Lady Elantrai. Family and friends will be your greatest ally in trying times, never forget that.

The Solstice Moon: Jeredith will be smiling upon you. It is time to be strong in your convictions, and to do the right thing in the face of conflict. Observe the dawn and reflect upon it in meditation, the truth will find you.

The Blood Moon: Not everything is worth fighting for. Don't pour more salt onto an open wound. Decisions must be made, trust your instincts. Find solace in a safe place, only there can you be free of distractions.

The Shield Moon: One does not need to be Argorian, but it will help in the waiting game you must now play. Don't take action until everything is set in place, lest your hourglass be flipped and the sand within doubled.

The Harvest Moon: Some would say that you are lost. But to you, every uncharted step is a new mystery ready to be unraveled, and treasure to be had. Uphold your honor and vows, they will lead you through the night ahead of you.

The Spirit Moon: Don't fear moving on with your life. Apprentice yourself to a new craft, and take it by the horns. Be sure to count your blessings, and show your

thankfulness to those who have helped carry your burden along the way.

The Sword Moon: Seeds that you've planted have begun to grow, but you must act soon to reap the rewards. As Jordano is displeased with those who overharvest, so too are those who you rely on.

The Death Moon: Don't doubt your own abilities, but expand upon them. Take this time to recollect your past lessons and put them to use. Anxiety will grow like vines if left unchecked, cut off the head of this beast while you have the chance.

- Xavier Apfeliz

Advice from the Scroll and Dragon

I know there are many who consider the bar as an extension of the Scroll and Dragon. However, I feel like the bar is its own representation of a majestic place where many things happen. The bar, like a person, has its own "characteristics" that accentuate its own brilliance. As the people of New Calendale come and go as they please, I know there are some things that us patrons need to know, so the beauty of the bar can be maintained.

First, let me discuss some of the rules of the bar. There shall be NO WEAPONS set on top of the bar. Many people order drinks and such, and I believe that having weapons set on top of the bar sends the wrong signal, especially if you have just come back from a battle. I personally do not want to see Ore blood dripping on the wood carved bar as I drink my dark ale.

Second, if you ever need a private meeting, and the bar is the place you want to hold your special meeting; there are some options that you are available to you. There is a meeting room that is suitable of two to six people right on the side of the bar. However, if this room is too small, you may always request from Mistress Wynnle or myself for the actual bar. Though if the bar setting is what you require, we will need to be compensated as to how long the bar will be closed during this meeting, since no drinks will be sold at that time. Under dire circumstances, I will take it upon myself to interrupt your meeting. This will be done under life-threatening situations or actions of great importance.

Lastly, there are many offers of drinks when it comes to the bar. We have dark ale, which is a very manly of ales, and

not to be had by those who cannot control their drinking. We also have pale ale, which has a very light and almost pure taste to it. For those who do not drink, Pale Ale is a great drink to taste and try. Red wine has a very robust texture and strong taste with hints of fruit. Red Wine is very much like dark ale except for the fact that Red Wine can accentuate many different foods when you are eating including various meats and cheeses. Elven wine has its place by introducing a crisp mix of fruit and strong liquors. Elven Wine is good to have by itself or with many fruits and berries. Every moon, the bar workers take it upon ourselves to look outwards to other towns, and villages to find a different kinds of ales and wines that will accentuate the moon and all it encompasses.

There are many things that make the bar, I work at, very comfortable and a great place to work. I think you would agree that the bar is a great place to meet and converse with others. If you ever need to discuss in person about anything I have written here, or have any suggestions about how to make the bar more beautiful or add to its decorum. Please remember that besides Rizhak and myself, the bar is mostly run by woman, and I would like for our patrons to conduct themselves in a calm and respectable manner, whenever entering and exiting the bar. Thank you very much.

- Alexander Maglock

Mistral's Magical Musings



The Blood Moon ~ The Dark Fae

In this article I will be addressing the threat posed by the numerous types of Dark Fae, which continue to threaten the safety of citizens within the New Calendale region.

This past moon, on the Eighth Day of the Solstice Moon, a solitary Red Cap launched a vicious attack against the town of New Calendale. While this particular Red Cap was slain, and its body reduced to ash, Red Caps are known to normally travel in pairs. Witness accounts potentially place a second Red Cap still at large within the region. In correspondence with Judge Corporal Saringo, he warned that the Dark Fae are extremely dangerous and that even the more powerful residents of New Calendale are advised to never attempt fighting one of the Dark Fae on their own. I would also like to extend special thanks and recognition to Sirus, Druid of the Whispering Wood, as well as Judge Corporal Saringo for their assistance and knowledge for the

compilation of this article. Furthermore, Sirus would like it to be known that if anyone has any additional questions regarding the Dark Fae threat that they should feel free to approach him during his time in New Calendale.

Currently there are five distinct kinds of Dark Fae which are known, however vigilance against the growing power of the Dark Fae should be maintained lest they awaken even more powerful of their kin as has already occurred in the case of the Sluah. The five types of Dark Fae currently known of, and which have been active within the New Calendale region in the past, are Darklings, Red Caps, Sporelings, Trolls, and Sluah. All of the Dark Fae are powerful and ancient beings of magic, however each race has unique strengths which need to be overcome, and weaknesses to be exploited. In general, all Dark Fae will be utterly destroyed by a dispersion spell; however such a rare and expensive method should not be relied upon.

• Darklings •

Darklings are generally observed as leaders among the Dark Fae and as such are usually encountered accompanied by other Dark Fae under their command. These beings are extremely intelligent and gifted in the arts of subterfuge and magic. The longevity of this race grants them many mortal lifetimes to orchestrate and implement their plans and be warned that they can be persuasive in the use of guile to turn those who oppose them into serving those plans.

Accounts differ as to the physical demarcations of the Darkling race. It is agreed upon that Darklings have pointy ears and markings around their eyes. The coloration of these markings is generally described as dark, or brown, and may be accompanied by silver markings. They are described as being of the same stature and weight as a Pixie, though differing accounts compare them to Brownies.

When combating a Darkling, one of the most important things to keep in mind is that these beings are ancient and powerful wielders of the Arcane Arts, being adept in several schools of magic, and as one source states, a Darkling may have mastered up to three schools of magic. Typically the predominant school of magic wielded is that of Fae Magic, but they are not limited to this school of magic and generally employ additional schools of magic to compensate for their physical frailties. It is also keenly important to keep in mind that Darklings are immune, or at least highly resistant, to all forms of magical assault;

including being struck by weapons which have been magically enchanted. Darklings are described as being physically frail and vulnerable to being struck by non-enchanted weapons; as such they tend to employ spells which shield them from physical harm. Additionally their mastery of magic makes frontal assaults devastatingly difficult. Strategies suggested to combat Darklings rely upon stealth and subterfuge to attack this foe, as well as the strategic implementation of archery and other ranged assault. Additionally, the moment to strike should be

All of the Dark Fae are powerful and ancient beings of magic, however each race has unique strengths which need to be overcome, and weaknesses to be exploited.

immediately after the Darkling has launched their own attacks, thus lowering their protective magics and rendering them vulnerable. When this window of opportunity presents itself, strike fast, and strike hard. A word of caution however, as many Darklings are described as being able to focus through enemy attacks in order to complete their incantations. Additionally Judge Corporal Saringo noted, "So will poisons, which of course should only be used in the non-lethal capacity by expressly licensed persons".

• Red Caps •

These sadistic creatures are described as bloodthirsty, ruthless, and insane. Red Caps generally operate in the service of Darklings, and while possessing intelligence, their intellect is generally considered to be limited in that their sole focus is upon murdering their enemies.

Red Caps are described as having dark, blood-red skin due to it constantly being stained with the blood of those they have slaughtered. Additionally, they are said to speak in a 'raspy' voice. The most distinctive feature of a Red Cap, are the 'red caps' they wear upon their head (some sources claim that this 'cap' is in truth a part of the Red Caps body, and is not an actual hat). Though these caps may have originally been of a different coloration however Red Caps soak these caps in the blood of their victims.

Red Caps do not collect the blood of their victims out of some sense of sadistic sport, but rather by feeding upon this blood the Red Caps are known to gain extremely potent regenerative capabilities, causing their wounds to mend in moments. Additionally, should a Red Cap be brought low, a different Red Cap will be able to revive it if allowed to feed it the blood stored in its cap. Judge Corporal Saringo

warned that two of the most important things when fighting a Red Cap are to prevent them from feeding upon a fallen towns person and to keep them from reaching a Red Cap which has fallen in battle. Among the Dark Fae, the Red Cap possesses the greatest martial prowess, superior to that of both Sporplings and Trolls. Red Caps are capable of cutting a man in twain with a single strike of their sword. Though only the most skilled of warriors are capable of matching a Red Cap's martial prowess, these creatures are invulnerable to being harmed by non-magical means. Effective strategies for fighting Red Caps include the use of enchanted weapons, or spellcasters engaging the Red Cap while being protected from the Red Caps by fighters equipped with shields. Spellcasters should take note however that not all forms of magic are effective against Red Caps, as they are capable of shrugging off most debilitating effects. Spells which would cause the Red Cap to become paralyzed, charmed, fall asleep, or be knocked over are ineffective. Furthermore, their robust strength makes binding enchantments ineffective as they generally break free from such spells. Generally spells which render a leg or arm useless, either by numbing it or shattering the bone have proven effective against these entities. Additionally, spells or compounds which steal the sight of the Red Cap are effective against them, and can be used to great effect when combined with delivering strategic blows to vital points in their body. Judge Corporal Saringo also stated that spells such as found in the Air School of Magic, which fill the Red Caps lungs with toxins in the air have proven effective in the past.

• Sporplings •

Sporplings are a truly disgusting race of walking fungus covered in mushrooms and toxic spores. They bear a giant mushroom cap upon their head, and have appendages formed of vine-like growths. Like the mushrooms they resemble, they generally appear to have white spots, and coloration of brown or green, though Sporplings with no spots have also been observed. These Dark Fae are filled with virulent toxins and contagious diseases. Their touch is debilitating to local plant and wildlife as well as any mortal unfortunate to cross paths with a Sporpling.

While Sporplings possess both intelligence and martial skill in combat, the most distinguishing feature of this race of Dark Fae are the toxins and diseases that they breed within their own body. Striking a Sporpling with a weapon will rupture some of the spores growing on them releasing their toxins into the air around them. Furthermore, Sporplings

are known to pluck spores from their body in order to throw them at their enemies and have also been observed to use their spores to smother the faces of their victims. Sporplings are also able to excrete the toxins and diseases stored within them through their hands in addition to releasing them through their spores. I gold, Strategies for combating a Sporpling must take into account their toxic nature. Alchemical or magical means of raising one's tolerance to toxins and disease as well as clerics capable of magically purging such debilitating elements from the body are a necessity for any attempts at close-ranged combat. Ideally Sporplings should be battled from afar through the use of archery (and other ranged weapons) as well as damaging magics. However a word of caution, given time a Sporplings wounds will begin to grow closed.

A final word of warning regarding these contagious creatures: should a Sporpling be defeated in battle, ensure that the body is burned and reduced to ash lest new Sporplings, like fungus, grow from the corpse.

• Trolls •

Among the Dark Fae, Trolls serve as bodyguards and shock troops. These massive creatures are not known for their intelligence however they compensate for this lack in brute strength.

Trolls are of massive stature, standing over nine feet in height and are a mass of flesh and muscle. These creatures are known for having pale skin, dark hair, and jutting features accompanied with large tusks extending from their lower and sometimes upper jaws. Horribly disfigured, a Trolls flesh is bubbled and twisted, marked with scars and protrusions where the flesh has healed over objects embedded in them.

The Dark Fae are powerful sentient races from a plane not our own.

In terms of combat capability, on the offense Trolls rely on their brute strength and their fighting style has been compared to that of ogres, though this Dark Fae is far deadlier. Generally Trolls are

observed to fight with either their massive fists, or 'clubs' which are in truth giant logs or uprooted trees. While slow and not extraordinarily bright, a Trolls sheer strength will crush a person should they catch them. They are known to knock over an individual, or even a group of individuals, with a single blow and relative ease. What makes a Troll truly formidable is their ability to withstand almost any assault. A Troll's skin is so thick that weapons have been

known to shatter upon striking it. Additionally, Trolls have exceptional regenerative powers, allowing them to recover from most wounds within moments, including shattered limbs. Trolls have been known to even regrow dismembered limbs, and I have personally witnessed a Troll be cut in half then rise to continue the fight. When fighting a Troll, do not attempt to use magic that binds or otherwise attempts to halt the Troll's movement as their massive strength allows them to easily overcome such trifling attempts. Additionally, rapid hit and run tactics from multiple directions and the use of suppressing fire from skilled archers should be employed against such a foe. This strategy serves the dual-purpose of both hindering the Troll's regenerative capabilities through the constant infliction of wounds while also disorienting and confusing it.

The most important thing to keep in mind is that Trolls are each attuned to a specific element (Fire, Water, Wind, or Earth) to which it is vulnerable. When struck by the element they are weak to, a Troll will generally act with extreme violence. When a Troll is damaged by the appropriate element, or blades enchanted with the power of that element, the wounds inflicted by the element will not heal. Additionally, utilizing the element they are weak to is the only known method of ending a Troll's life. If its elemental weakness can not be determined then it is unlikely that a Troll can be defeated. This can make battles against a Troll vulnerable to the element of Earth exceedingly dangerous as Earth magic is not known for its potency in offensive magic and that the Earth School of Magic does not possess a spell which will attune weapons to that element.

• Sluah •

The Sluah are described as shadows given life, shadows with claws.

"Sluah are in many cases the most deadly of all the Dark Fae encountered so far. You will never see them coming and you will never hear them approach until it is too late. They will dig their claws deep into your flesh, drain you of all your fluids, eat your eyes from their sockets and leave you an empty husk for all to see..."

- Sirus, Druid of the Whispering Wood.

The physical appearance of the Sluah is hard to determine given their predilection to remain hidden within the shadows. However, what is determined is that Sluah have gaunt features and dark gray skin. Additionally they possess very large, sharp, claws and teeth.

The Sluah is an extremely dangerous, intelligent, and patient foe. Described as the assassins of the Dark Fae, the Sluah can see the heat of their victims' bodies and always know where to strike. The Sluah prefer to utilize ambush tactics. Their victims are left as lifeless husks, their life and fluids drained dry by the Sluah. If a Sluah is unobserved and hidden they are able to manipulate the perception of their victims (in a way described as an aura by some and a sergech by others) in order to remain unnoticed and nigh invisible. The Sluah are also capable of utilizing this power to paralyze multiple individuals in the area around them simultaneously. Additionally, the Sluahs' claws are capable of paralyzing their victims. Finally, the Sluah are known to magically invade the minds of their victims and seize control of their victims against their will.

Fighting the Sluah is difficult and the best method is to wait for them to reveal themselves and then cut them down as quickly and efficiently as possible before they are able to properly react. Additionally the most capable at fighting the Sluah are those individuals who possess many magical protections and are able to deflect their paralyzing claws. Above all else, if a Sluah manages to escape, do NOT pursue it alone, and do NOT split up in order to better search for it. If one is even suspected of being in an area, prepare all available defenses, utilize the utmost of caution, and leave no stone unturned for they could be hiding in any shadow ready to kill an unsuspecting person.

• Concluding Remarks •

A final note dear readers, the Dark Fae are powerful sentient races from a plane not our own. They pose a significant threat and you should not attempt to engage them if you are alone, as the effective use of group tactics will be necessary to survive an encounter with even one of these powerful beings. I hope this article has been enriching, as these words may well serve to save your life one day.

~ Vayne Mistral

Of the Cirque du Elantrai

Staff Writer of the New Calendale Chronicle

Mistral's Magical Musings is set to be a staple column of the New Calendale Chronicle which will feature articles that highlight the magical affairs and events that occur within the New Calendale region. Additionally this column will feature articles which highlight the various magical threats and creatures which threaten the peace and safety of New Calendale and its citizens on a regular basis; as well as strategies for combating such threats.



Enigmas of the Moon

- 1) Oft I must strive with wind and wave, Battle them both when under the sea
I feel out the bottom, a foreign land. In lying still I am strong in the strife;
If I fail in that they are stronger than I, And wrenching me loose, soon put me to rout.
They wish to capture what I must keep. I can master them both if my grip holds out,
If the rocks bring succor and lend support, Strength in the struggle. Ask me my name!

- 2) I am valued by men, fetched from afar, Gleaned on the hill-slopes, gathered in groves,
In dale and on down. All day through the air, Wings bore me aloft, and brought me with cunning
Safe under roof. Men steeped me in vats. Now I have power to pummel and bind,
To cast to the earth, old man and young. Soon he shall find who reaches to seize me,
Pits force against force, that he's flat on the ground, Stripped of his strength if he cease not his folly,
Loud in his speech, but of power despoiled To manage his mind, his hands or his feet.
Now ask me my name, who can bind men on earth, And lay fools low in the light of day.

- 3) My beak is bent downward, I burrow below; I grub in the ground and go as he guides,
My gray, old master, foe of the forest. Stoop-shouldered my warder walks at my back,
Fares through the field, urges and drives me, Sows in my track as I sniff along.
Fetched from the wood, cunningly fitted, Brought in a wagon, I have wondrous skill.
As I go my way on one side is green; On the other side plain is my dark path.
Set through my back hangs a cunning spike; Another fixed forward is fast to my head.
What I tear with my teeth falls to one side, If he handles me right who is my ruler.

- 4) A longly wanderer, wounded with iron, I am smitten with war-blades, satred with strife,
Worn with the sword-edge; I have seen many battles, Much hazardous fighting, oft without hope.
Of comforts or help in the carnage of war, Ere I perish and fall in the fighting of men.
The leavings of hammers, the handiwork of smiths, Batter and bite me, hard-edged and sharp;
The brunt of the battle I am doomed to endure. In all the folk-stead no leech could I find
With wort or simple to heal my wounds; But day and night with the deadly blows
The marks of the war-blades double and deepen.

- 5) This creature is odd, its habits unaccountable. It sings through its sides. Its neck is curved,
skillfully carved, and above its back it has pointed shoulders. It plays its fated part
as, gracefully, it stands by the roadside, high and handsome, useful to men.

- Jonas Drake

*The first person that can manage to solve all these riddles and send a couriered letter
with the answers to the New Calendale Chronicle will receive a prize.*