

# New Calendale Chronicle

The Laughing Moon, 1114

## Beast Terrorizes Countryside No More; The Story of Peter

It was a dark and cold night during the Harvest Moon of 1113, when Peter Caronet's son Jack, only a baby, was ripped from his mother's arms and killed by the beast. A few days after burying what precious little remained of his son Jack, his wife sadly took her own life in grief. With nothing to love left in his life, Peter embarked upon a journey of revenge.



Peter, being a simple farmer, had nearly no expertise in tracking or hunting. He went into the woods without food, water, or a guide. It can only be attributed to sheer will and possibly even the intervention of Mhizrak himself that Peter was finally able to track the beast down to a small cave in the Whispering Woods. Armed with only a knife (the one his wife took her own life with), Peter attacked the beast in its own home. For hours, the two struggled, until finally, Peter emerged victorious.

What happens now? When I spoke with Peter, he seemed hollow and empty, despite the raucous praise and celebration in his honor happening around him. I don't think he realizes it yet, but Peter has saved many lives.

Peter seemed to have made it his life mission to avenge his son and wife's death. I don't think he intended on surviving the encounter. It is this writer's sincerest hope that Peter can begin life anew.

- Vorrel Valken

## Welcome to New Calendale

New Calendale is a cross-roads of sorts situated on the western edge of Tirithyl. We see a great many travelers and traders, people looking to start a new life or just to expand upon what they already do. This past moon I managed to sit down with a few of our newcomers and welcome them to our exciting little town. So sit down and take a moment to learn a thing or two about our new citizens and transients.

The first person I had a seat with was Ohran Ketham, an elder Agorian scholar, who I have taken to calling Grey-Seal in honor of his venerable age and the wisdom he has accumulated over the many years of his life. Not just practiced in the arts of combing through copious amounts of information to research matters of interest, Ohran has begun his tutelage in the study of the alchemical arts, however he finds his passion in solving puzzles, joining debates, and mastering languages. Having once owned and operated an Inn on the Agorai-Sekhem border, he mastered the Sekhemite tongue and was able to recount some interesting experiences of his patrons, both Agorian and Sekhemite, noting the oddity of seeing "docile" undead awaiting the orders of their masters as Sekhemite officers rested and partook of drink and sustenance. Ohran looks forward to expanding his mind and adding new languages in the future to his repertoire.

The next young man I sat down with was Drustan Eibzar, a young Sea-elf, just come ashore to explore our "dry" world and find his sister Rynightemrynnet. Drustan is a petitioning elerie that finds himself drawn to Elantrai despite being raised in Ragikel by eleries of Olandra. He explains that it is gambling and chance that calls to him and even flipped a coin to see if he would participate in this article. Our



new Sea-elf is swiftly learning the ways of our land, having recently learned the common tongue, but he does not just come learning of us but bringing his own gifts as well. A burgeoning merchant specializing in divine battle scrolls at the moment and a seeker to spread fun. I for one look forward to seeing what treasures he may bring from the deep and what kind of excitement he'll add to our town.

Some of you may already know the next man I spoke with. A young human named Medicus, who has been part of our town just a few short moons now. He traveled all the way from the far land of Ippon looking for his half-brother and to keep him out of trouble. However Medicus has chosen to stay so he can lend his skills to help defend and protect all the people of the town. Medicus tells me he finds New Calendale intriguing and enjoys the mix of races and cultures and likes that the town is open and the people are friendly. As he puts it, "there is always a good story or adventure to be had." Presently he is focusing on learning skills to enhance not only his martial ability but expanding his mind into the alchemical field. And like many of us, he is tired of kobold tricksters and is seeking to learn how to remove the traps often left behind by the simple-minded creatures. I am thankful that Medicus has chosen to stay with us and look forward to seeing his growth in the coming years.

The next young man I spoke with I found an instant kinship with. Branden Lachlan is an archaeologist raised and trained in Vondara. The half-guari is a quick study who is not only honing his mind to better deal with his archaeological expeditions but is following in his grandfather's footsteps into the arcane schools of magic, beginning with Foree. He came to New Calendale after a harrowing experience on a dig that left him injured and lost. Shortly after, our own Onyx TigerEye found him and helped him back home. Here now, he intends to make up the debt he feels he owes Onyx and looks forward to being an active part of the New Calendale branch of the Mage's Guild and even remarked to me about how he found our own Master Moonasethnos much more approachable than he would have expected of a Master Mage. I cannot wait to see what Branden uncovers and what he learns next.

I saved these two for last as their stories are deeply connected and I feel they represent the heart of what Calendale is.

Vietoria Straza is a half-grey elf originally from Flyrose with a most interesting history - a cleric looking to deepen her understandings of Jeredith, Leondarr, and Attalia,

so she may understand which of these divine beings she is closest to and what path she should follow. Vietoria was, unfortunately, lost to her parents at a young age and was subsequently raised by a barbarian named Ord who taught her a respect for the lands and spirits, and how to defend herself in troubling times. She quite enjoys fighting, healing, and looks forward to growing as a cleric and deepening her connection with the divine. She met Khalarinth in battle, the two beset by those intolerant of others' differences and has developed a strong partnership with the half-ore as a result.

**I entreat you,  
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Khalarinth is easily one of the wisest half-ores I have had the pleasure of meeting being quite well spoken and just beginning his tutelage into understanding the common tongue. Left on the steps of an Attalian church when but a newborn; he learned a great deal about what it means to help and sacrifice one's self

for others, even willing to take the pain of others so that they may be healed. After years of aiding and repaying the church's kindness at raising and teaching him, he set out into the world bringing with him, as he puts it, "the strength of two races." Like Vietoria, he is touched by the gods and is trying to understand his place with them drawn, naturally, to Attalia's compassion, Gorvaak's power, and, surprisingly to me, the Lord of eternity, Negoro. At least surprising until he explained how he absolutely despises the undead. He also feels a strange connection to Arrawiel, sometimes having vivid and perhaps prophetic dreams.

Finding a level of understanding with each other, Vietoria and Khalarinth have traveled together for some time and find they quite like our little hamlet. Discovering, as they put it, a level of acceptance and openness here that is a rarity in other places that are less diverse. I cannot wait to see what this duo accomplishes.

I would be remiss if I did not mention I was unfortunately unable to sit down with all our newcomers; some were simply too elusive, and others, like our new barbarian friends, would be most upset if I put their words to parchment. I entreat you, you who reads this article to get to know not just those you see here but any new faces coming through Calendale, over a hot drink or cold brew at the Scroll and Dragon.

- Codieigr "Stone"



## A Foreign Perspective

Alright New Calendare and its surroundings, here it is, the first installment of my written rantings. My name is Corvus, and I'm a proud citizen of the Solinarian Empire. Not to disparage your own kingdom of course, but I believe in staying true to my roots, even if I'm abroad. I'm sure in reversed positions, you'd feel the same, and it's exactly how you should. What decent nation wants a citizen who will disregard his citizenship the moment he crosses a border?

So, there's a commonly held opinion that seems to have gained a strong footing these days, one that this very paper seemed to prominently display not too long ago. People are saying Viralee is dead. Feels blasphemous for me to even write the sentence to describe it being what other people think. Look, I'm no man of great piety, but how can these fools even entertain the idea? We are talking about a goddess, one who has seen the rise and fall, birth and death, of countless men ranging from meaningless to legendary. Before someone even got the bright idea to start counting and keeping track of time, she had already been around. Hell, she probably was the one who gave that man the idea to do it in the first place.

Sure, they're saying the priests can't channel Viralee's power anymore. But that happens and you're convinced a god has perished? They can't do that without a holy symbol either. If no one's wearing one, does a god drop dead on the spot? Do they all just temporarily die during the Deity's Eclipse too? Or is that just them taking a nap? That's just plain cack.

They're all just associating gods too much with the magic that their priests channel, I say. The fact that I am even writing this is proof enough that Viralee, the goddess who presides over languages and scribes is still very much alive and well. The things she brought to this world and that she represented are all intact, although apparently taken for granted by many. How could she be dead if we still have these things? Wouldn't knowledge itself cease to exist? Maybe one might say the fact that people aren't all having this realization might indicate she's not in the best of health, but I know I can't be the only one. Fear and stupidity have just been bedmates since the beginning of time.

Stories tell us of only one divine death having ever transpired. It started a war amongst the gods themselves that shook all creation. If the gods were in such danger, would they not have united to decimate this threat with their combined power, just as one god murdering another divided them into a great war? There is a reason they have not come and put down these blasphemers. The enemy would have you believe it is because the gods are threatened. But that would be all the more reason to act quickly, wouldn't it? If Mhizrak were threatened, would he feel fear or hesitation? Of course not! He would be the first among them to hurl himself at the enemy! A foe who could challenge him in battle would be all the more tempting an opponent, and the murder of one of his siblings would demand a bloody retribution. The gods have not abandoned us, they do not hide while we must fight, they know that this is no threat to them, and that we can overcome it ourselves! No matter how many clerics can no longer put their gods' power into spells, all that our gods represent is still with us, and it is all we need to prevail.

So, logically, one might counter my statements by asking

me for my own explanation of these events. A church is unable to channel their goddess' power to perform miracles, monsters and lunatics terrorize the land, denouncing all the gods and claiming they shall all soon come to an end. Sure, I'm not a man with close knowledge of the workings of divinity. But neither are you, and neither are any of these scum. But I can certainly take my own guess, and I think it's a better explanation than what the fearful and the blasphemous have decided is going on. It's all a test, I say. Just like the deity's eclipse is. When

you take away all that divine magic, then you see who really believes. Maybe we all got too used to it for it to be a good test anymore. Maybe the completion of our faith with the discovery of the gods that had been forgotten in our lands signaled a time for the ultimate test, where we are allowed to think gods are being killed while cultists roam the land praising their destruction. Those who join in with these madmen have obviously failed. But I think those who have allowed fear and a reliance on divine magic to get the better of them have as well. Like a bunch of crying little girls, they can't handle not getting handouts from daddy anymore, and the whole world's going to hell. The gods are in no danger,

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and they are all still among us, that's what I believe. I see them in aspects of life itself, not just the magic of priests. I'll overcome this test with good old fashioned conviction. Will you?

- Corvus

## Onyx's Observations



### The Strength of Viralezeans

This past Thawing Moon, I spoke with Viralezean Elymas Camillus about the state of affairs of the Church of Viraleze. His words are something that all those who have faith in the True 22 Gods and Goddesses need to hear, whether you are a cleric (it matters not if you are dedicated or undedicated) or just a follower.

Elymas has done, and continues to do, what he can to preserve the structure of Viraleze's Church. Even though he is not High Librarian and thus lacks the power he wishes he had in order to make his efforts more effective, he is taking whatever actions he feels may be beneficial to aid the work of holding the Church together. However, he is deeply worried that the Church might never be the same as it once was.

Elymas said that an interesting phenomenon is occurring within the straining Church. For the most part, their will is not broken, but Viralezeans are seeking a "sort of refuge" by allying themselves with the Churches of the other True Gods and Goddesses. The way he described it is similar to the relationship of the Jeredithian and Leondarran Churches. Those Churches work quite closely with each other, yet they remain as two separate and unique faiths. He said that Viralezeans are not looking to give up their faith in Viraleze,

but *"We need our brothers and sisters of all faiths more than ever to rise above this."*

Where each individual Viralezean decides to place their allegiance will vary. For Elymas, he feels that he could do well to ally with Mhizrak, due to his father's influence on his upbringing. However, he believes he is being called in another direction to best continue trying to hold the pieces of the Viralezean Church together. He confided in me that for him, the wisdoms that Arrawiel's gifts of foresight and vision bring might prove a better accompaniment with those wisdoms that Viraleze has already taught him.

Each Viralezean will need to listen to his or her own heart and make their own decision of how best to honor Viraleze and help their Church; no one can make that choice for them. Elymas spoke beautifully of this.

*"Not every Viralezean is going to run into the arms of Jeredith. Yes, some will want to seek justice and maybe they will seek help from Jeredith and Leondarr. Some may not be able to cope and will seek help from Attalia. How many Viralezeans would seek revenge? How many do you think would go to the Church of Mhizrak? How many do you think would go mad and follow Gorvaak? Some may develop a drive that wants nothing to do but brutally murder this "New Lord" and his followers; some would go to Ethali. Do you think Sekhemite Viralezeans would ignore their culture? Some would obviously go to Prevarria. What of these Gods and Goddesses we've never heard of until just recently? The curious nature of Viralezeans may draw them to one of those faiths. All rambling aside, this is a matter of personal faith. And in a way, it is seeing who will come to aid Viraleze and her children."* ~Elymas Camillus

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### • Reflections & Observations •

As angry as I am with Elymas for personal reasons outside the scope of this Moon's column, I could not help but find his words to be a great inspiration. Should he finalize his decision to seek refuge in the Church of my Lady Arrawiel, I shall do my best to assist my brother of faith and provide what guidance I can. My Lady's guidance imparts wisdom. Who am I to deny that when times are as ominous as they are? When Arrawiel's very ability to do so, and even her very existence as well as those of her siblings, could depend upon what her sight might reveal?

As I have said many a time in previous New Calendars



Chronicles, all of us who worship and follow the True 22 need to continue to be strong and have faith. I cannot shake the sense that this is going to be a long battle, and it certainly will not be an easy one.


Stand strong, Adraveth. If your faith wavers, seek the embrace of others with faith in the True 22. Remember the Viralgeans who carry on in Viralge's name in spite of the catastrophic loss they have suffered. Look to them. Draw strength from theirs. I have no doubt that there are other Viralgeans doing the same work as Elymas; Viralgeans who carry those same fears yet persevere on.

Protect those who have been marked for "Oblivion" by the False Lord. Help them in any ways you can. If you should wake up with a mark of your own, do not let the fear of its implications overtake you. Derive some satisfaction in the fact that the False Lord has found your faith in the True 22 so strong that he has had to resort to eliminating you because you are a threat to his lies. My friends Virika and Xandis are but two wonderful examples of this and remain quite vocal in their opposition. Speak with them. Learn from them.

I am well aware that these words may endanger me but this message is too important. It *needs* to be heard. Adraveth must be reminded that there are those who are fighting every day, every night, to preserve and protect the existence of the gods and goddesses and even our world.

Along, we do not stand a chance of defeating this threat to our Pantheon. Only together do we, and the True 22, have a chance to survive.

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel

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## Notes From Oblivion

Many of you already know that the filthy, flea-devoured creature which calls itself "the New Lord" has mystically branded me and three others with a sign called the Mark of the Unwavering, a signal to its followers that it demands our death at all costs. It was apparently in response to our vicious, hard-hitting strategy of promoting solidarity against the heresy and saying mean things about him on the bulletin boards. If he cares as much as he seems to about his image, he should probably rethink his approach. It's not

at all becoming of a self-proclaimed god to behave so much like a petulant human child. Very bad form. In fact, I'm kind of offended... not so much because of the explicit threat to me and mine as because as far as we can tell, that really is what set it off. That, and not one of the things I've actually done to fight it. Not the dark celestials I've cleaved away at, eulists I've killed, or heretic preachers I've disemboweled as they screamed their lying idol's praises, but that I'm kind of flippant when I write about it.

So, if you're reading this, as I'm certain you are, those priorities kind of make you come off as a blustering bully, making up for the power you lack over the true gods with poorly-executed intimidation tactics. If I respected you as a narrative adversary, I might include some thoughts I've had on how you could do it better for both our sakes, but the truth is that

there's nothing to salvage there. The story you wish to tell, the whole "dark lord striking out with his spooky heralds to make everybody bend the knee or destroy the world if they won't" is horribly trite. I don't get why so many of you things are

all about destroying the world. It's so played out. What does rending the veils really accomplish for anybody? It doesn't even leave anyone to feed your ego, if that's what you want. It's just a giant, self-destructive temper tantrum, which I suppose maps exactly to the characterization you've displayed so far. Petulant child. Case in point.

So it can try what it will. My faith and my commitment to eradicating the heresy are untouched - although I suppose it knew they would be, hence why I was targeted to begin with - and I'm fairly sure I'll manage. I've survived worse to get here, and I was far weaker when I did.

It would help if more people understood the singular importance of cleaning this filth out, but one thing at a time. It's never too late to learn.

But they will or they won't. We'll see. In the meantime, I thank Drevvarria for the will to endure and thrive in spite of the mangy thing's attentions, the agonizing frustration my

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words seem to cause it, and for helping me to use this affliction as a rallying call, a source of pride and inner strength.

If you have any questions about these developments, or plans to curtail the heresy you need help with - please, contact me, and whatever our prior relationship, I will do what I can. This comes first.

And a final note, to whichever idiot farmboys receive news of my condition and decide your master might plow more of your fields or fix your bad shoulder or something if you bring it my heart? Go right ahead. See how that goes for you. You'll die, alone and despised by all, and it will be hilarious. If nobody else gets you first, perhaps I will personally split you open, frolic in your guts, and dance to a tune you play me on a harp made from your own bones as you die. Then I'll keep at it until there are none of you left. I think we'd all enjoy that very much, and I'll appreciate whatever opportunities you give me.

The rest of you, stay strong.  
~Virika Yavari Neehyeste

## Undead in the Dark Woods Defeat New Calendale's Best

Spiritsday night of the Thawing Moon, a group of citizens journeyed into the deepest reaches of the Whispering Woods to an area known as The Dark Woods. Though accounts are conflicting on what exactly occurred, it appears that the group was defeated by the Undead Hoard that they sought to defeat. Many were killed during this attack and only by the grace of Negoro were they allowed to return. Many others returned battered and bruised. The power of this particular hoard is great seeing as how it could so easily defeat such powerful adventurers.

The hoard itself is composed of three large rings, each one more deadly than the last. According to Agnatz, a dedicated cleric of Mhizrak, "The blight is categorized into 3 rings. The first ring was weaker undead in which we have already fought our way through. The second ring, where we currently have the undead pushed back to, consists of much stronger undead. These include but are not limited to: ghouls, ghoul lords, reapers, and flayed ones. As we go deeper we are also finding some less skilled necromancers. The third ring, according to scouting reports, has undead that no one has ever seen before. No doubt they are extremely powerful."

As Agnatz said, they are currently trying to break through the second of the three circles of undead ghouls, diseased undead things that are afflicted by a terrible hunger to consume flesh. Ghoul lords are much the same but also use magic. Reapers are large overwhelmingly strong undead known for cleaving through great groups of people and even buildings. There is not much known about Flayed ones.

Agnatz has a plan of attack for this hoard ring:

"Group 1 - Front line fighters. The Front line will be very important as we can only stay and fight as long as the front line holds. A good front line fighter will be able to deflect blows, resist spells, and know how to take a hit. These fighters must be fearless and willing to stand their ground. Once our line meets the undead we can not move back or the formation will become broken. Shields preferred.

"Group 2 - Undead slayers. The undead slayers will be positioned right behind the front line. This group will be specifically meant to deal large amounts of damage to the undead. A proficient undead slayer will be able to deal massive amounts of damage with arcane magic, divine magic, or 2 handed sword blows. Healing is also very effective in hurting undead. Unless told otherwise, under no circumstances should an undead slayer move ahead of the front line.

"Group 3 - Group support. Group support will be anyone who can help out the front line with their magic. This includes healing, elemental wards, protection from force, empowerment's, armaments, or granted abilities. Group support members are also responsible for calling out the slain or paralyzed so a timely retreat can be called. Under no circumstances should a support enter into combat

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"Group 4 - Shadow. Members of the shadow group will have to focus on working together. They will be positioned away from the main group. Shadows will have to take care of each other since they are not able to access the rest of the group. A good shadow will be fast, nimble, powerful, and aware of their surroundings. The tactic is hit and run, when one shadow has the attention of an enemy, the others come in safely from behind to attack. Shadows, like supports, are

responsible for calling out the slain or paralyzed on their end so a timely retreat can be called".

This hoard is being led by a former Lieutenant of the mad mummy and former ruler of Sekhem, Mahotuk, whom the residents of New Calendare defeated. How this will unfold, only time will tell.

- Jonas Drake

## Murder and Theft on the Rise

This past moon, Quartermaster Private William Samiel Saberson was found dead in the guard house by Bailiff Weis, stripped of a number of his belongings. An investigation for a suspect or suspects is currently ongoing. Although there have been whispers of someone fitting the description of Agnate Burnside leaving the guardhouse shortly before Private Saberson's body was found, officially the guards have made no arrests.

There have been reports of sightings of men entering and leaving cabins that they did not reside within. While most of the town kept to the Scroll and Dragon due to the extremely inclement weather that still gripped the land, the description most often given is said to be that of Jellal (who is still under noble decree by Marquis Ashton Samuel to keep a distance of at least thirty feet from the Scroll and Dragon on pain of death). The guard have known about the accusations but were unable to locate any stolen items on the known Ethalian and murderer of two Jeredithians' persons; they were unable to make an arrest at the time of this printing.

The execution and sundering of the traitor known as Kai occurred this past moon overseen by Masters Amoonasethnos, Hamilton, and Aurelion, as well as Corporal Saringo. The number of murderers in town has been brought down by one, only to be replaced by Diglon, a elerie of Gorvaak and traitor to the Twin Kingdoms who was seen back in New Calendare this past moon openly with no arrests by Corporal Saringo or Magistrate Lightheart. Cited was the need of representatives from the Church of Gorvaak in order to help deal with the situation of dealing with the pretender.

~Rafael Espina de la Rosa







## The Quill & the Sword



### Lake

I didn't suppose it would end up this way, on this river of death. I held the knife in my palm, stolen from the bar's kitchen in the middle of the attack. The blood of the ore still lay thick on the blade. I lay flat on my back on this makeshift raft, a piece of driftwood I had elinged to as I hid, hoping the water would hide my scent. My eyes closed, hoping for peace. Peace of death, maybe? There was a wound in my side and I felt disappointed that it had stopped bleeding. That would have been the silver lining. I opened my eyes as the river sprayed my side and I shivered in the cold air. I laughed bitterly as I saw that it made the wound look fresh, a trick of light. I had fought a good fight and it would have been a good way to go.

I felt the raft change course slightly as the river's pull led to the wide mouth of a lake. I sat up carefully and stared at the river behind me. It had felt like it curved all through the woods when my eyes were closed, but now I could see the unusually straight flow that led me here. I looked towards the shore and saw there was a small fire lit there, with two figures sitting beside it. I thought of the fires we used to have, all crowded around it, trying to get warm, laughing as the local bard played the most terrible music on his lute.

But that was behind me and I needed to be stronger for what was ahead. I breathed in and out, and I felt less tired. I dipped the knife into the lake and gently rinsed it of the blood and the memories. I did not know what would come of these people on the shore, but my intuition told me there was something good ahead. Either way, sitting next to that warm fire would be my heart's desire.

- Clarissa Golan



### River

On the river of life  
Each day can deceive you  
It can cut you like a knife

Staying focused with intent  
Is the challenge each day brings  
Stay positive with the time spent  
And Oleandra will eventually bring you peace

Even the bad days  
Contain a silver lining  
So fix your gaze on the horizon  
And soon your spirit shall be shining

Fight the good fight  
Bring out the laughter  
Let your spirit shine bright  
Forever after

Make each day a step towards a goal  
Set a heading keep your course  
With constant persistence

Soon you will reach where you want to be  
When you look back  
You may be surprised to see  
All along, your course was straight and true

Keep your vision constantly in mind  
With an eye on the prize  
Seek and you shall find  
And one day your dreams will fill your eyes

Don't look back  
Always go forward  
History can take you off track  
Look forever shoreward

Steer your ship down the rapids  
Upon the river of time  
And all things good will come in time  
And you will no longer tire of the journey

The message in all of this  
Is to make each day a day of reckoning  
Seek eternal bliss  
And perfection will be beckoning

So come on, give it all you've got  
Listen to intuition and do not tire  
Don't make this life a waste  
And bring to reality your heart's desire

~ Rafael Espina de la Rosa



# Tavern Ballads

Gregori Espina de la Rosa

## The Old Big Troll

*(Refrain)*

The old big Troll was a grumpy ol' soul  
and a grumpy ol' soul was he! Uh huh!

1) He called for his knife and he called for his gold  
and he called for his Goblins three! Uh huh!  
"Squeez, squeez, squeez!" Said the Goblins  
"Squeez, squeez, squeez!" Said the Goblins  
For grumpy snots are we! For grumpy snots are we!

*Refrain*

2) He called for his knife and he called for his gold  
and he called for his Kobolds three! Uh huh!  
"Bark, bark, bark!" Said the Kobolds  
"Bark, bark, bark!" Said the Kobolds  
"Squeez, squeez, squeez!" Said the Goblins  
"Squeez, squeez, squeez!" Said the Goblins  
For grumpy snots are we! For grumpy snots are we!

*Refrain*

3) He called for his knife and he called for his gold  
and he called for his Ogres three! Uh huh!  
"Ugg, ugg, ugg!" Said the Ogres  
"Ugg, ugg, ugg!" Said the Ogres  
"Bark, bark, bark!" Said the Kobolds  
"Bark, bark, bark!" Said the Kobolds  
"Squeez, squeez, squeez!" Said the Goblins  
"Squeez, squeez, squeez!" Said the Goblins  
For grumpy snots are we! For grumpy snots are we!

*Refrain*

## The Fighting Man

There once was a man who fought every night  
A noble to all, a master of fight  
He'd fight until dawn and then fight again  
He swore to fight til the day he is slain

*(Refrain)*

LORD SAMUEL!  
YES LORD SAMUEL!

He bested an Ogre twice his own height  
Slashed off its limbs and put nails in its eyes  
His speed was amazing, as was his might  
He'd put down any beast that put up a fight

*Refrain*

His stride like a champion, proudly unmatched  
His might unheard of across all the land  
He'd take on all comers both near and far  
Beat them to a pulp, then head to the bar

*Refrain*

He'd win all the fights and bring home the lass HEY!  
He'd fight till he'd win 'cause that was his right HEY!  
He'd drink for his right to continue to fight HEY!  
He'd woo all the ladies and show them his might HEY!

*Refrain*

*Refrain*

HEY!





## Catty's Corner



Oh my goodness I thought the snow and ice would be gone by now! I am so sorry I missed you my darlings, but I just had to stay where it was warm. I am simply \*not\* cut out for this cold. If only Alden or Corvus had had room for me at their...hearth fires. Now that would have made me want to venture out. Anyway enough of me missing you my little cherubs, and I \*know\* you missed me, so let's just dive right in shall we?" As always, I am your host, Cat, and I am back, giving you the word straight, and slinging the dirt on the dirt.

So it seems that after all the allegations and accusations, Jellal just was not ready to give up his antics. Tell me Skyla, what is it about us always falling for the bad boys? Rumor has it he went on a spree of robbery and murder last moon, and if I hear things right he even desecrated a grave belonging to the former betrothed of our very own Lord Samuel. Now I don't mind some naughtiness, actually I require it, but Jellal that is just going too far. It's creepy. Maybe Drevarria has her eye on you? Still, rumor has it he has left town for good so maybe the populace need worry no longer. Skyla, we should get together some time and compare notes on the eligible studs in town now that you are back on the market. I mean, marriage is only upheld while you live in the same town right? Oh I am so bad!

Speaking of Lord Samuel does he \*ever\* plan to return to New Calendale? I mean whisking his bride off for an extended honeymoon is one thing, but come on, now you are just showing off! In the vein of showing off, do you see that foreigner from the newly discovered continent, Bear? With a name like "Bear" and that giant tacky hat he is \*clearly\* overcompensating for something. Someone has to investigate!

Meanwhile, in break-ups and make-ups are Clary and Victor Hamilton calling it quits to their forbidden dalliance? Rumor has it that everyone's favorite chaotic hunk Diglon has stridden back into town, and Clary was all too eager to rush back into his arms. One can only guess where this will lead! So Clary, do you go with money or looks? The choice will be yours!

Unfortunately though, Clary's choices might be a bit cloudy as of late. Seems she and poor Freddy Futtock accidentally drank from a chalice of the New Lord! Oh dear...their minds have now been corrupted and they need some serious help. I am not a very pious sort, so that angle isn't something I can help with, but Freddy love if you need some tender loving care to be nursed back to health, I am here for you! I have never spent the night...talking to a hobbit. I am eager to try the experience. I am sure I can work wonders for you.

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Another trend I have noticed as of late is a barbarian explosion! They seem to be everywhere. First Rehan and Le'Nauch joined Rus and now Kull has brought his ample muscles to town. Maybe it is because of the war brewing up north between the barbarian tribes and the Volk, or maybe they just like the warmer weather. I don't care \*what\* their reasons are, I just know these are some men a girl can really get wild with! There does seem to be a pretty young grey elf named Setja, tagging around though. I think she is on to something. We can share can't we dear?

I must say that I find this moon I am like a kid at a candy shop with so many strapping men in town! For those who ever wondered if it was easy being green, you can cuddle up with Khalarinth maybe? Or if you like the string silent type, Hlogun seems to fit the bill and then some! Gunnar has an impressive...helmet, and Flylas is so young, impressionable and of course cute. Does that make me a cradle robber? No matter...For those who want a true "knightly good boy," look no further than young William or Tridaine. Brandan, Barrabus...ah the list just goes on and on!

Believe it or not, your darling Catty \*also\* noticed it is not just men coming into town. Whether these ladies will prove to be friends or competitors has yet to be seen. For instance did you see Victoria's teeth?? Oh my were they sharp! I wonder if she bites? The lovely Reiko and Lucky also made their way back to town! So good to see capable women in this day and age. Does anyone have any word on Alceia? I saw she came back but I hadn't heard how her...time with the sultan went. Ga-rowl.



Meanwhile, New Calendale's masked crusader, the infamous "Man in Black," seems to be gaining a following! Copgeats have been popping up all over the kingdom. Anyone can be a "man in black!" Hmmm that gives me an idea for a game...

And on a more serious note efforts in towards destroying the undead in the Dark Forest press on led by Ignatz, Sirus and Rath. It's been getting more and more dangerous from what I hear. I hope they are keeping safe out there. Tragedies simply make for dreadful conversation.

Apologies for the short column this moon, I have lots of catching up to do. With the thaw here it's time to start looking for summer fun! Good day, good eve and of course be good until next time. But not too good of course. I know you will anxiously await my next installment!

And remember that Catty's corner is where life is cruel, and so am I.

~ Cat

## A Soul Sundered

During the last Sword Moon, Kai was sentenced to a sundering of her soul. Over the winter she was not permitted to leave the town proper until the day of her execution. On the 15th day of The Thawing Moon, Kai was put into a stocks and sat in the tavern all day, awaiting her fate.

Coming from Al'Hazir, Kai made a new life in New Calendale. She acquired the friendship of prominent townsfolk, became a member of the Courier's Guild, and rose in the ranks as an apprentice Scarlet Scarf. Her friends would swear by Kai's honesty, generosity, and loyalty. And then the accusations began. It became clear that there was more to Kai than anyone had previously been aware of. Over a course of time, Kai was accused of theft, murder, spying, and treason. She lied to the guard, the magistrate, the nobles, and her friends. An X was seared into her face, and she was declared a traitor.

On that night of her soul sundering, something became apparent. She had done horrible things, lied to everyone, deceived as easily as breathing, but this did not stop the townsfolk of New Calendale from coming over to the stocks and whispering their last words into her ear. Kai's friends were seared by her actions, but they remembered who she had been before the corruption had eaten away at her character.

Kai was taken from the stocks late in the night for her fate to be sealed. Master Muzlian Noventhal, Master Cadrel Moonasethnos, Master Dr. Victor Hamilton, and Corporal Saringo surrounded Kai's broken body on the ground and repeated the words of sundering around the circle. There was silence and a few sobs as Kai's soul was sundered. The body was taken away by Skyla Corrin and Clarissa Golan as the town dispersed from watching the spectacle.

- Clarissa Golan

## Zanzir Lost

As a mage myself, the concept of the place known as Zanzir still eludes me. However, through Master Hamilton's guidance and knowledge, I know a bit more every time he tells me of the tale of the place known as Zanzir.

Zanzir is a mystical plane where all of the elementals reside in. All the elementals wanted a place that they could call their own. Therefore, the place known as Zanzir was created. Each elemental took their own portion of Zanzir and molded it to their own convenience.

The Efreet are the fire elementals, Djinn are air elementals, Dao are the earth elementals, and Marid are the water elementals. Unlike the other elementals having one element, Qorrash are elementals of all four. The Qorrash are very dark beings that have markings on their face. These five elementals have molded Zanzir to their own liking. However, it seems that this place has come to a close.

It seems that a while ago, the elementals that were residing in Zanzir have been going away for some reason that I do not recall at the moment. For this reason, the place known as Zanzir is collapsing. This collapse has had a disastrous effect to mages that reside in Adrevath. From firsthand experience, what the mages thought were the ill effects of Viralee's disappearance was actually the collapse of Zanzir. It could possibly be both. Who knows? What I do know is that Zanzir is in a state of complete disarray.

Therefore, this begs the question. Where have all the elementals gone off? Have they gone to our plane? Will we be seeing them soon? I do not know what the consequences of the elementals disappearing or moving may be, but it cannot bode well for the citizens of Adrevath. I will continue to keep everyone abreast of what is going on as more information comes to my ears.

- Alexander Maglock



## New Lord's Powers Take on New Focus in New Calendale

The New Lord's power and influence in New Calendale continues to spread like a dark stain across land that leaves its residents and visitors mystified at the horrors their eyes have seen.

On the 15th day of The Thawing Moon, a Dark One and New Lord followers attacked the Seroll & Dragon Inn at the heart of town early Spirits Day morning, roughly around 11 bells, as the townfolk began to gather to wait for court. As town guard, fighters, and mages banded together to defend against the attack, it seemed the New Lord's followers seemed uninjured by sword blows, untouched by arcane spells. By all reports of those who defended against the attack, the New Lord's devout were seemingly invincible, unable to be taken down or subdued by any normal means.

It was not until New Calendale's dedicated elgies focused their efforts on the Dark One, throwing bottles of holy water blessed in the name of the true 22 Gods and Goddesses to destroy this creature, that the followers began crying out, screaming in pain. Witnesses theorized that the New Lord's followers' vulnerability may be directly tied to the Dark Ones - black, faceless winged creatures - that accompany them. Only after the Dark Ones were destroyed did the town rally to strike down and kill those New Lord followers that had attacked. Except some townsfolk found themselves unable to join the fight.

Several New Calendale residents who have been the most outspoken in words or actions against the New Lord and its desire to destroy the True 22 Gods and Goddesses, have been marked, a black symbol appearing on the back of their hands. It's not clear when or how these marks first appeared, only that those individuals afflicted are not able to remove them by simply washing their hands or seeking out local elgies.

Those marked with black symbols have found themselves unable to get close enough to a Dark One to attack it. Once they are in eyesight of these winged creatures, the marked simply appear to stop and freeze, almost as if frozen where they stand - leaving them completely vulnerable to the Dark Ones and New Lord followers. The marked have theorized that the New Lord has marked them for destruction, finding that these individuals cannot be forced to follow or worship in his ways. Instead, their

mark gives the signal to Dark Ones to kill them, or so it is theorized. If it is true, New Calendale may soon face more dire trouble than becoming a target for Dark Ones and New Lord followers attacks. But the greatest trouble New Calendale faces may be from within.



Two New Calendale residents who were unwittingly tricked into drinking out of one of the New Lord's chalices continue to fall deeper under its influence, attacking townsfolk and behaving strangely. Clarissa Golan and Freddy Futtoek lashed out in attacks against fellow townsfolk and travelers visiting the Seroll & Dragon Inn several times during the Thawing Moon raising new cause for concern. The first sign of a problem began when both Clarissa and Freddy passed out in the tavern late Fivesday night. A few ticks later, both suddenly woke from their sleep, aggressively lashing out and attacking both friends and foe alike. They were unresponsive to anyone attempting to call out their names, and fought with skills of a highly trained warrior.

Several patrons of the Seroll & Dragon were injured during the first attack. In self-defense, townsfolk took up arms against Clarissa and Freddy. At first, it seemed both of the afflicted did not feel much pain from a regular sword's blow or spell, much like the Dark Ones who fight on behalf of the New Lord. It wasn't until dedicated elgies began throwing



holy water or blessing them in the name of the True 22 gods or goddesses that they screamed in pain, and were beaten until they dropped unconscious and bleeding. It was only once unconscious, on the edge of slipping into the cold grip of death, that elrical healers intervened to heal both - and both remembered who they were.

Several townsfolk said they either slit Clarissa or Freddy's throat or cleaved their head clean off their body while they were seemingly possessed, only to have the head seemingly reattach itself. Then, Clarissa or Freddy awoke as if from a bad dream, stood up and walked away as if fine. Both claim to have no memory of this first attack, or the several that followed every few hours throughout the Thawing Moon. Both continue to feel intense pain when coming in contact with any dedicated elerie or having a dedicated elerie cast on them, yet have verbally denied feeling that they were sick, ill, or afflicted after drinking from one of the New Lord's chalices. Yet, their close friends and fellow townsfolk would say differently and warn you to be on your guard.

All are advised to be on the lookout and aware of any ornate large chalices, particularly filled with water and being offered for drink. These vessels are still reported being used to convert people to believing in the faith of the New Lord.

It also bears to mention that several New Lord eleries and followers traveling through New Calendale during the Thawing Moon mentioned they had come into the faith in a different way. Many said that they had asked the New Lord - if true - to grant them a wish. One man in particular said that he had lost his hand and asked the New Lord if he would grant the wish to restore his hand. Lo and behold, he found his hand was restored to him and gave praise to the New Lord, finding himself with new abilities to heal people and other such things. He called it a 'miracle.' Despite this

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"miraculous" happening, the New Lord elerie was unable to recall most of his life before being a elerie and could not answer simple questions as to whether he had a family or a job. It's suggested the New Lord may be robbing his followers of their right mind.

- Unsigned





## Enigmas of the Moon

1) What fire nor water can kill  
But wind can easily blow away  
Uncountable, but still not a copper worth to pay

2) Hard to catch  
Easy to hold  
Can't be seen  
Unless it's cold

3) There is one that has a head without an eye,  
And there's one that has an eye without a head.  
You may find the answer if you try;  
And when all is said,  
Half the answer hangs upon a thread.

4) With thieves I consort,  
With the vilest, in short,  
I'm quite at ease in depravity;  
Yet all divings use me,  
And savants can't lose me,  
For I am the center of gravity.

5) Born of Earth, but with none of its strength.  
Molded by Flame, but with none of its power  
Shaped by Wind, and with all of its clarity

- Jonas Drake

*The first person that can manage to solve all these riddles and send a couriered letter  
with the answers to the New Calendare Chronicle will receive a prize.  
There may even be a little something for the person who comes the closest!*

*Answers for the Thawing Moon's Enigmas:*

*1) Bookmark 2) Smoke 3) Courtship 4) Coins*

*• There was no winner last Moon. Please send us your guesses for this Moon! •*

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