

New Calendale Chronicle

The Solstice Moon, 1114

❖ “NEW LORD” NOT NEW, BUT OLDER THAN ANYONE IMAGINED ❖



He Is Neither “New” nor a “Lord”

by Onyx & Virika

There has been much speculation about the being that we have come to refer to with many names, the false god, the dark god, and most commonly, the “New Lord.” Prior to the Spirit Moon of 1112, Adraveth did not even know of its existence until it made itself known when eleries of the True gods of the Western Continent, who were forgotten to the Eastern, joined hands with those eleries of the True Gods of the Eastern Continent, who were forgotten to the Western. That coming together of what should have been a great celebration of the reunion of the full Pantheon instead became the beginning of the great darkness descending upon our world. The circle of peace turned to death with the dying screams of the eight eleries before they dropped to their deaths. The “New Lord” arose, animating the body of the dead Borainian elerie, and spoke its pleasure in

being free before leaving the elerie’s body. It was not long before it began to send its heretical followers to tell all to forsake the True 22, whom they refer to as the old gods, and to praise and follow the “New Lord.” Sightings of powerful beings we came to call “dark celestials” (for their appearance is akin to a celestial crossed with a wraith), soon followed, killing and striking down those who fought against the “New Lord.”

There was no reason for us to know of this being, no way that we could have stumbled upon that bit of knowledge in passing. It is not like anyone could have just gone to some ancient library to research this. For the “New Lord” is a being so old, that no one could have imagined its true identity; it had been lost with the passing of untold ages. The True 22 Gods and the Spirits remained silent, leaving us to hypothesize. When their eleries and shamens called upon their gifts to reach out to them, the answers we received

were unclear, terrifying, dark, and some even suffered being cut off from their Patrons for a short time, an experience more terrifying than the loss of connection we experience on Deity's Eclipse. Even the Oracle's Sight was thrown into darkness as he was unable to discern the name of the Year for 1113.

What is arguably the most devastating event to have happened is the ritual that occurred on the 12th night of the Spirit Moon, 1113. While protected within a greater circle of protection, the followers of the "New Lord" enacted a ritual that struck out at Viralge herself, presumably killing her. Her eleries lost their connection to her though they were still able to cast their divine magics, just not in her name. As if the danger of this "New Lord" was not apparent before, it was painfully clear now. It means to kill our Gods themselves. There were those of us that hoped Viralge was just severely injured and not truly of dead, a belief held by many Viralgans and non-Viralgans. But as time went on and no answers could be unearthed, and with the intensity of the "New Lord's" attacks and growing power, things became bleak and it was harder to hold onto faith.

This past Elder's Moon of 1114, information was finally revealed to us. Philoh, the Prophet of the All-Mother and All-Father, not seen to us since the end of the Holy War several years ago, came to New Calendae to tell us what he knew.

Philoh said that the "New Lord" is neither new nor a lord. His name is **Kavarick**.†

Long ago, before recorded time, Kavarick created the All-Mother and the All-Father. He tasked the All-Mother and the All-Father with creating other things. They brought the first of their creations to him and Kavarick was unimpressed. They tried again and Kavarick still was not happy. The All-Mother and the All-Father continued to try, making creation after creation and presenting them to their father but nothing pleased him. Eventually the All-Mother and the All-Father created children of their own, the 22 gods and goddesses of our Pantheon. Even with this impressive accomplishment, Kavarick was not still not satisfied. He ordered the All-Mother and the All-Father to destroy the

gods and everything else they had created and the start over once more.

The All-Mother and All-Father had had enough. They refused to destroy their children and instead rose up against Kavarick. How long the battle lasted is anyone's guess, but eventually the All-Mother, All-Father, and the True 22 were victorious but it cost them greatly. The All-Mother and All-Father loved their children and the rest of creation so much that they sacrificed themselves to imprison Kavarick. They used their own power to send themselves and Kavarick into a deep torpor.

All 22 of the gods would be needed in order to undo what the All-Mother and All-Father did. To prevent that, they split themselves between the Eastern and Western Continents. Each Continent would be left with the knowledge of 18 gods; 4 would be absent from each. The Continents were then shrouded from each other. Borain, Razabaoth, Learyn, and Xalaron became unknown to the East while Hafur, Gundar, Ibewinn, and Olcandra became unknown to the West.

Who knows how many thousands upon thousands of years passed since that time, each Continent free to grow and worship the gods they knew. What is known that over time the enchantment surrounding the two lands began to weaken. Sailors would catch sight of the strange islands called the Emergian Isles, but they were never reachable, always seeming to move to other locations in the seas. These isles were glimpses through the enchantment, glimpses of the opposite continents. When the enchantment finally failed, the people of both lands were able to cross the seas bringing the knowledge of the other gods. A gathering was planned in which eleries of the "missing" gods would come together to share their knowledge in peace. Joining their hands in peace was the last thing those eleries did as a force of energy ripped through them. Their death cries filled the air in front of The Scroll and Dragon as the enchantment shattered and Kavarick was free once more to continue his quest to destroy all that his children and their progeny have created.

We now know why the All-Mother and All-Father withdrew from the world and remained silent to any prayers sent to them. Unfortunately, they are still contained while Kavarick's power grows stronger. We cannot get to them without the help of the True 22, and that includes the

goddess of magic and knowledge. **Hear this: Viralee is not dead; she is imprisoned.** In order to free her, we must find the Codex of Creation.

During The Reckoning, when Altalia was killed by Ethali, Viralee thought the possibility might arise that one day that she could fall victim to the same fate. If this were to occur, what would happen to magic, her domain? What of all those who depend on it or have it woven into their very being, such as the Fae? Viralee created the Codex of Creation which is comprised of Prismatic Magic. It is the blueprint for all magic, an integral part of creation itself. It is interesting to note that the Artani were the closest ones to getting and using the Codex. They made the mistake of sealing themselves away. One day, they will be released as well, that is, if our world survives the threat of Kavariek.

Philoh said that Baldrie is the key, as well as Skyla. Baldrie is a elerie who has not joined any formal church but instead devotes his life to worship the All-Mother and All-Father. Baldrie is willing to continue to place his faith in the All-Mother and All-Father, even if they will only be awake for a short time.

The news of Kavariek and who he is, for it was far worse than I could have imagined. I cannot imagine the strength of will it took for the All-Mother and All-Father to turn against their maker. Since "New" and "Lord" do not really apply to Kavariek anymore, perhaps a more appropriate term would be "All-Grandfather". With the identity of our foe revealed, instead of some nameless darkness, there comes a renewed vigor to continue to fight.

Philoh apologized that the news was so grave.

"It gives us hope," I said to Philoh.

The Prophet replied, "There is always hope."

I now turn the quill over to my friend, Virika.

Speaking for the Unwavering, I asked Philoh as he was leaving about the creatures we've been calling "dark celestials," seeking any information we might be able to use about what they are, how they're connected to the heresy, and what, if anything, we can do to counter the curse placed on us. According to him, they are called "**Sinsharu**," and they were among Kavariek's first creations. They serve now as his vanguard, sent to destroy worlds that don't meet his standards and usher in the next. This is not the first time

they've been called to execute an unsatisfactory reality, but by all accounts, ours is already the one that's given Kavariek and his slaves the most trouble by far.

Since the chalice used by heretics to taint their converts corrupted two of our friends last Sword Moon, Xandis has been alternately carrying it and hiding it to keep them from creating any more unwitting converts. We've been searching since for a way to destroy it, and he asked Philoh during this conversation for any direction he could provide. He said the same thing he said about the struggle as a whole – we'd find the answers in Skyla's prayers, and we must simply protect her until they come and trust in the answers that arrive, whatever the source and however unpalatable

they may seem to some of us. Even Ethali wants this world to survive, a fact Philoh went out of his way to remind us of. Everybody who's not a heretic is on the same side in this conflict.

In brief, the prophet told us that there was nothing to be done about this curse until Viralee was restored, but he did offer one new warning about our situation. That chalice is an artifact of incredible

corruptive power, and despite his best efforts, Xandis is gradually being tainted by its constant presence. It needs to be destroyed as soon as possible, through some method to be determined from Skyla's prayers, but it's not yet clear how much damage it can do before then. Some kind of rotation between capable protectors may be well-advised.

In the face of all of these dire revelations about the absurd scope of the threat we've been fighting, I think there's one hopeful implication of the news worth remembering. The fact that holy water blessed by the true pantheon is so effective against the Sinsharu tells us that while our world may have begun with Kavariek, it has grown well beyond his power to crush at will. I wrote something two moons back about how his behavior made him appear as a pathetic bully, a child covering his impotence with poorly-executed intimidation tactics, and I maintain that these revelations change none of that.

Personally, I don't care how he's connected to our creators.

Trust in the answers that arrive, whatever the source and however unpalatable they may seem to some of us. Even Ethali wants this world to survive.

I will go right on referring to Kavariek's following as heretics and treating them as such. As to whether I'll use his proper name or that other thing we like to call him, I'll wait and see which one makes him more upset. I suggest you all do the same.

~ Onyx TigerEye

~Virika Yavari Ngehyste

† Our apologies that the spelling for Kavariek and the Sinsharu may be inaccurate.

"Onyx's Observations" and "Notes From Oblivion" will return in next Moon's Chronicle.

Moriarty & Sons

Good News Everyone! A new business is starting up that will help stimulate the New Calendae economy. The name of this business is called Moriarty and Sons. The owner and his sons have been invited to New Calendae by Marquis Ashton Samuzl to help those of us who want to buy, sell, and manufacture goods. Right now they are seeking materials for which they can build their warehouse. In the future, they may also function as a place for people to store money and goods in a limited fashion. This would be a good thing considering the amount of the raw materials needed to do most forms of crafting and the finished products, especially if you are a very productive craftsman.

Since this would be a trade post, Moriarty and Sons is sure to have a variety of raw materials, various crafted materials, and finished products. If you need a special ingredient for your stew or anything in particular, try Moriarty and Sons which will be in part supplied by local craftspeople.

They are conveniently located in the Seroll and Dragon, right off the main room, so when it is open it is easily accessible. The storefront itself is going to be manned by Mister Moriarty, a strong statured man, and his sons who are all Hobbits. The storefront is usually open at one bell past high sun on Spiriteday, one bell past high moon Sunday, and one bell past high sun on Sunday.

- Brandan Laehlan



Dozens Slaughtered in Games Tragedy

It was a sunny day in Larigmoore when the first match in the annual Games matches was to take place. The hometown favorites captained by one Arivan Doone took to the field against another local team captained by a follower of The New Lord.

The Followers swiftly defeated the hometown favorites and decided to take it upon themselves to kill their opponents (despite it being highly illegal, and grounds for immediate disqualification). The crowd that had gathered was noticeably shocked, as the followers began to preach in the name of their lord. They then took to the stands, forcibly converting new followers, or killing those who would resist.

What is truly horrible is this was not an isolated incident. It has been customary for several Games matches (especially those within the first round) to take place simultaneously in many locations across Adraveth. At nearly every one of these matches, New Lord followers either won and slaughtered those around them outright, or; after having been defeated, rose with a newfound strength and killed or converted those around them. It seems the followers were using the games to gather crowds to obtain more converts, willing or not. Thankfully, some of the smaller towns across The Twin Kingdoms and other countries had not held their initial matches yet.

The governing body of the Games has officially announced that this year's games will be cancelled, to the great disappointment of this writer. However, if it is in the name of keeping our people safe, then so be it. To those of you who were to compete this year: spend your efforts instead taking down those who would ruin the lives of others, and who would seek to do all we know harm. Victory to the True 22.

- Vorcl Valken

Festival of Magic Happenings

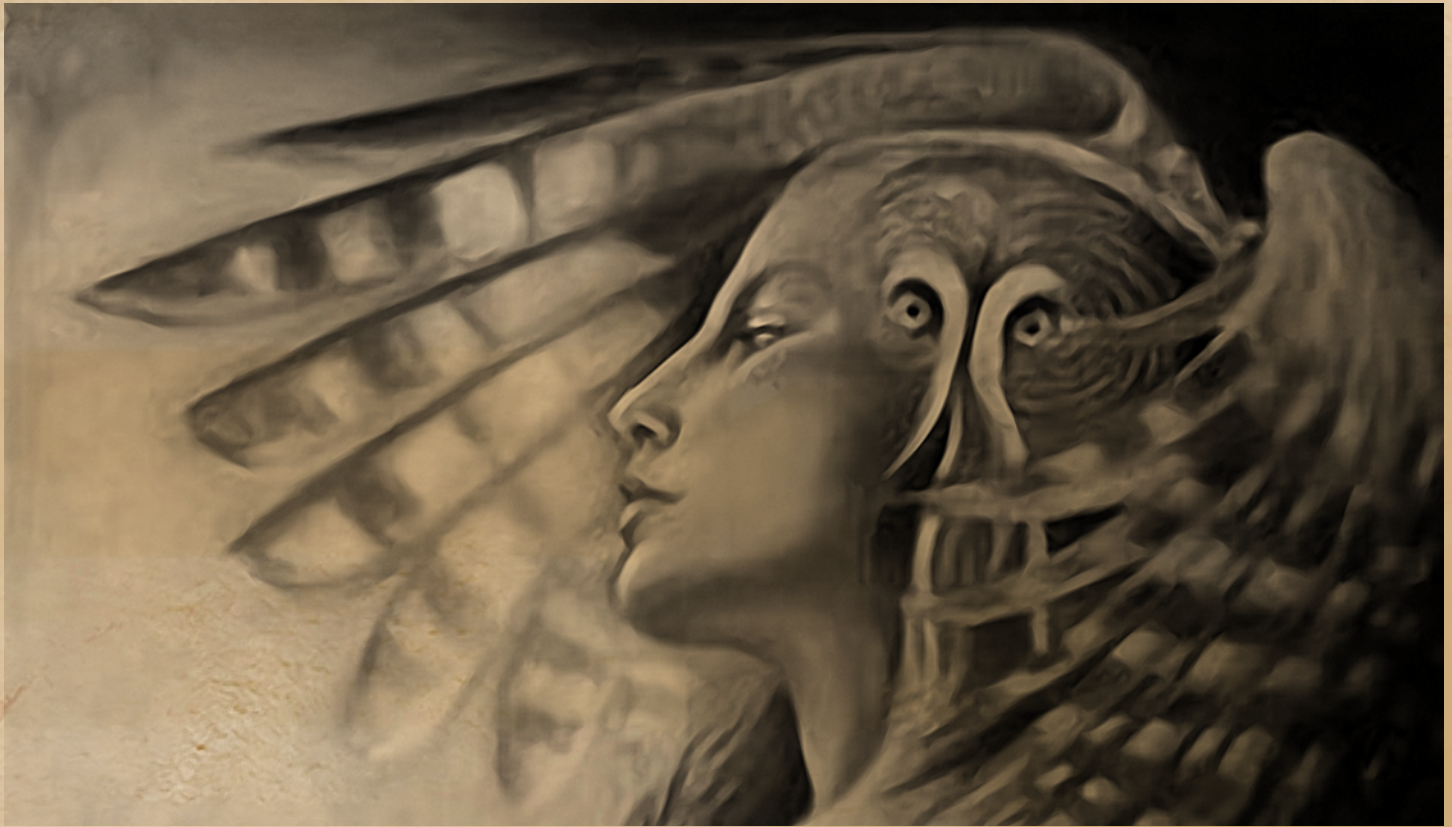
As another Festival of Magic came to a close, two major things had transpired. The first and foremost thing was Philoh coming down and telling the general populace that Viralge is not dead and that we must work together in order to overcome all the obstacles that challenge everything we hold dear. There was also a concerned mage that had come to our town to tell us of a troubling situation that happened with him and wanted to see if we could help. The main focus was that of happiness and caution.

The mage that came into town asked for a group of mages to come together and listen to his story. I would think that he would talk about the Festival of Magic and possibly of some celebratory parties, but it was anything but that. His tale was one of caution, telling the mages of his encounter with a dark hooded figure on the road one weary and dark night. He told us that this figure stripped him of his power or something to that ilk. Since then, he has lost the power to summon most of his spells as a mage. He could still cast some things, but for the most part he was not able to do what he could do before it happened. This also happened very close to the Festival of Magic which makes me concerned about what this could possibly mean. I take from this that we need to be cautious as we walk the roads in the moonlit sky. If you have any information concerning this issue, please inform me immediately.

I also had the pleasure of listening to Philoh as many others did. What I heard in the conversation he had with half the town was that we needed to work together in order to have the chance to save the world. Of course, he told us that shamans, mages, clerics, and all sorts of people and races needed to band together in order to save humanity. This speaks volumes for me and our town. Personally, I have always tried to muster the best this town has to offer every single time a threat arose. I know I am not alone in this sentimental feeling. Many of our townsfolk believe in this ideal, and it is time for us to accept this more times than naught. When I overheard that Viralge is been alive, that restored my faith in all things. I was one of the few who never thought she was dead, and now many people know this to be true.

The Festival of Magic is a magical time for all mages to give tribute and respect for Viralge. Even though I did not celebrate the Festival of Magic as I would have hoped, there is always much to celebrate. Knowing that Viralge is alive is reward enough for me and the fellow citizens of this prosperous town, especially for the mages and clerics of Viralge. As I hold a token of Viralge in my possessions, I remember what I fight and hope for: the restoration of the goddess of magic and knowledge.

-Alexander Maglock



Test of Strength

On the tenth day of the Elders' Moon our very own Sirus, a druid and member of the town guard, held a Tournament to test the town of New Calendale's strengths and weaknesses. Although attendance was low the spirit of the tournament did not falter! With participants Lily, Clary, Hazel, Virika, Zelos, and Skyla a show of strength was ensured. Because there were so few participants the Tournament consisted of single matches. To start the lineup: in the first round, Lily faced off against Hazel; Zelos against Skyla; and Clary against Virika. To the lucky victor a prize of a gold and three silver was given. Who won? You will have to read to the end to find out!

**To the lucky victor,
a prize of a gold
and three silver was
given. Who won?
You'll have to read
till the end to find out!**

Although all bets were on Skyla for this round, Zelos' and Skyla's fight is one for the records! Neither would give. One blink and you missed a strike! All that could be heard was the clash of steel and words of their Gods. The weakened Viragean tried one

last attempt with all of her Amazonian pride, rose up and slashed at Zelos dealing her final blow. The Drevarrian, wounded and tired, did not miss a trick! He struck her with pain, praised his God, then finished her and claimed victory.

Sadly, as much as I love Pixies (and equal bets were on both contenders) Lily punched Hazel right out of the bracket in minutes! However Hazel's pride was not damaged. She did not run and fought for her fate in a battle that she very well knew she would lose. Great Pixie fighter if I ever did see one.

Clary's and Virika's fight was quite odd. Although all eyes were upon the two, with a flurry of spells through the air, the fight was finished in seconds without any martial combat taking place. Both stood their ground firmly, I tell you! This fight ended within seconds with Virika triumphant. How did this pixie do it? The spectators as well as I am not so sure.

If you thought those fights were interesting and in the spirit of the competition then you were wrong my fair reader. Yes, the first round battles were all well fought, exploiting everyone's strengths and weaknesses and the pride and spirit of each individual was surely shown. But the final

battle was one that I will never forget. Virika, our own elveng elveng wielding pixie, Zelos, our resident warrior Drevarrian, and drunken Ibewinnian Lily, were all that was left for title of Champion.

As Sirus started the final round, Virika quickly uttered a few words, protecting herself before Lily and Zelos could stop her chant. Any sword blow or fist they threw at her was deflected by some magical shield. Lily noticed this and tried to usher her God's words upon Virika but before she could release her faith upon the Pixie Zelos swooped in for a crushing blow. Lily took hold of his sword and pushed it aside before any damage could befall her. But she was too slow as Zelos pulled in for yet another strike. His sword pierced through Lily's wrist, causing tremendous pain for Lily who was forced to one knee. She was able to recover by quickly backing away but Zelos channeled his true faith in Drevarria and enraptured her in a flurry of blows to cripple her joints with pain. While this occurred Virika took the strategic route and let the two fight while she watched for an opportunity.

The battle drew on as Zelos pressed his advantage, never letting Lily usher a prayer to protect herself for even a moment until he finally cut her in half. As he made contact with Lily she swooped down and broke both of Zelos' legs in her last breath. Seeing victory at hand, Virika swooped in and dealt the final blow to Zelos, achieving victory.

- Drustan Eibhgar

Brutal Murder Remains Unsolved

A brutal murder took place sometime earlier this moon. A family was discovered dead just south of New Calendale in a local village. The Town Guard responded quickly to the scene and are currently investigating it further. It appears that suspects entered a home and killed the family while they slept. Nothing was taken and there has yet to be a motive.

"I just cannot believe someone would want to kill them, they were always a nice family" said a local farmer who knew the family well. "I saw them just a few days ago. To think that someone is responsible for this is beyond me."

The Town Guard have ruled out sources of magic and goblinoids in the area.

- Falvitor Haile

Reflections

New Calendal: it is an interesting and dangerous place. We have mundane threats like Ores, Gnolls, Kobolds, Ogres, and similar issues. I cannot believe I called them mundane threats. Then we have the more exotic of dangers: Infernals, Undead, various Elementals and of course Dark Fae. With all of these threats after our collective hides it helps to do some reflecting.

Allow me to introduce (or reintroduce) myself. My name is Brandan Lachlan and this is going to be my fourth moon in this town and I have to say it has been an interesting period. First we have a horrifying army of Undead in the woods which we have fought to various successes and failures. I have a question: how in the name of the All-Seeing Eye of Arrawiel was this allowed to happen? This army has been created by one of Mahotuk's lieutenants. I can understand in the chaos of Mahotuk's defeat that he was able to escape. How was he able to create an army as large and powerful without anyone finding out and stopping him? That he was able to set up such an army unnoticed is odd to say the least. It has to take a lot of resources to set all that up.

Secondly, we have the Infernals attacking us. I do not like them! Can we please look them away? Seriously, those Succubi are scary creatures who can control you; best to stay far away from them. The Imps are bad news in large groups and coupled with Succubi are even scarier. Throw in an Infernalist and it is altogether not good (by the way who in their right minds would sign up with Infernals? It does not seem like it would be a healthy part of anyone's long term survival plan!).

The people in New Calendal are equally interesting. We have residents and visitors from all over the world! Elves, Fae, Argorians, Sekhemites, Ipponese, Volk, Dwarves, Tribesman, and a variety of others. It is interesting how people of such different backgrounds have ended up calling this place home. Talk about this place being the crossroads of the world! It makes one wonder what made this town such an attractive place for Adventurers to settle in. I look forward to figuring that puzzle out.

- Brandan Lachlan

Princess' Anindita is With Child!

Lord Ashton Samuel stopped by the bar in The Scroll and Dragon last Moon to have a drink, sit with the townfolk, and announce the news. Turning to his friend, cleric of Arrawiel, Onyx TigerEye, he said he had received her letter and her suspicions were true: Princess Anindita is carrying his child!

Lily Goldsworthy, bar mistress and friend, asked if he wanted to know if it was a boy or a girl. Lord Samuel beamed with happiness and said he wasn't sure if he wanted to know or if he preferred to be surprised. He said that he would be happy with either a son or a daughter.

Congratulations to the happy couple as they wait for the arrival of the newest member of their family!

~ Algra Qeranni

Dark Forest Attack Takes Wrong Turn, Undead Horde Assaults New Calendal

The ongoing war against the Dark Forest has taken an ominous turn as a powerful undead horde broke through the New Calendal's war party ranks to launch a deadly attack on the town.

On the 11th night of the Elder Moon, dedicated Mhizrakian Ignatz Burnside organized a war party consisting of fighters, scouts, mages, clerics, and healers hoping to launch an attack on the Dark Forest. There were fewer volunteers than in previous moons, as some expressed fear of the netheromancers' show of strength in previous battles where fighters had faced multiple reapers and flayed ones.

Despite being a smaller party, they were no less determined to attack.

The war party's initial push into the Dark Forest led them into the third ring. The Dark Forest is thought to consist of three rings. The first ring consisting of minor undead and the second ring having more powerful undead including reapers and flayed ones, have already been cleared.

Ignatz led the town's forces into an assault, but quickly the war party's ears were assaulted by the ear-piercing cries of a banshee.

A banshee, a tormented spirit left to wander the mortal plane, lets out high-pitched, ear-piercing lamentive wails that projects its own fear and pain. New Calendale's war party quickly found their senses overwhelmed, causing them to be repelled backwards, then many were overcome by fear and pain caused by the banshee's cries. Lore has it that a banshee can directly drain life force from the living, causing great injury without ever touching them, in order to sustain itself.



Lieutenant Darius Albrecht, leader of the Twin Kingdom's 1st Battalion, shared this research: The Banshee is a spirit having an incorporeal form. It does not have a solid tangible body like living creatures. As such, it cannot be injured by any physical attacks or enchanted weapons.

Those determined New Calendale fighters of strong of mind and will who were able ignore or push forward into The Dark Forest's third ring despite the banshee's cries found themselves face-to-face with a new enemy. A creature radiating a red glow swung a heavy two-handed weapon whose speed and accuracy could easily cleave a man in two. However, when the red-glowing creature was struck by a weapon, the weapon (unless magical) would seemingly

melt as if dipped in acid. The creature also sprayed an acid that ate through unenhanced weapons, shields, and armor, leaving many fighters exposed.

Agnate was forced to call a quick retreat for New Calendale's forces given these dangerous foes. The war party was able to re-group outside The Scroll & Dragon Inn without suffering any losses; all those who went into battle returned safely.

As forces regrouped, Magistrate Theone Lighthouseart noticed no members of the scouting party had returned from The Dark Woods. Kale, a scout who led the main forces in, went to scout the pathways leading to The Dark Woods for any sign of their return. Kale returned within minutes, out of breath, reporting the undead horde from The Dark Forest was leaving the woods, entering New Calendale's center, and were within minutes of The Scroll & Dragon. The horde included a banshee, the acid creature, reapers, and several flayed ones.

Town's guard members quickly urged Marquis Ashton Samuel, who was at the time paying a visit to his establishment, the tavern, to leave at once for his manor house to take safety from the oncoming undead assault. Lord Samuel, ever kind to the people of New Calendale, offered to stay and protect those untrained in martial arts within a Circle of Protection. Fearful of the netheromancers' powers, an alternative plan was quickly hatched to protect those unable to defend themselves.

At first, it seemed the undead horde - tracked by the sounds of the wailing banshee - swept along the borders of New Calendale, staying away from the tavern as fighters regrouped and took their stand in the tavern field. It wasn't before long the undead forces and New Calendale's own attack forces and townsfolk began to battle for their lives. The undead horde broke through the reformed group, scattering small groups of 3 to 8 throughout the town routed on different pathways and groups.

Agnate and a handful of townsfolk regrouped to take a stand deep in the woods, near the beachfront. The war leader reported several lesser undead were dispatched. Another small force including Magistrate Theone and several town guard members managed to reunite in the woods, hoping to regroup to take on the undead horde. While successfully managing to locate and band together several townsfolk, providing safety, they were not able to find the undead and launch a secondary attack.

Lieutenant Albrecht came into New Calendale on Sunday to have a meeting with Agnate as well as meet with several scouts and frontline fighters to put together a detailed look at the third ring of The Dark Forest and help plan a method of attack.

The Moon's fighting determined these undead and living creatures within the third ring of The Dark Forest were so heavily protected by ngeromancers that clerical attempts to destroy the undeads' warped bodies did not appear to work. It is also worth noting that attempts to throw vials of holy water at the more powerful undead did not have any effect.

Details of the next attack plan will not be published within the pages of The Chronicle in order to ensure the greatest possibility of success, and the safety of those volunteering to risk their lives to purge The Dark Forest.

It is safe to say that great skill, determination, and persistence will be needed to defeat the ngeromancers responsible for creating The Dark Forest. Those willing to offer their skills, talents, potions, battle scrolls, or other resources of possible use should contact either Agnate Burnside or Private Valeria Trio.

- Valeria Trio

Justice Served! Inquisition apprehends assassins responsible for the death of Count Thynne

The Inquisition has finally apprehended the fiend responsible for the death of Count Aleott Thynne: (Former) Margrave Sarith Morrigan.

Following the death of his son during a duel with Count Thynne, Sarith Morrigan lost all regard for his own life. He promptly sold a majority of his lands, called forth many of the soldiers who served with him and hired a small mercenary army with the gold from his lands. He then promptly went into hiding.

After nearly a year of intense and grueling investigation, The Inquisition located where the former Margrave was hiding with his men. The local guard in the area (led by Lt. Darius Albrecht) were brought into temporary service of The Inquisition for the assault upon his compound. The Inquisition (with Guard assistance) assaulted Sarith's base, killing many of his men in the process, but taking few casualties themselves. Fortunately, a great many of the men surrendered immediately upon seeing The Inquisition leading the assault.

(Former) Margrave Sarith Morrigan was tried for his crimes, and was hung by the neck until dead on the 15th Day of the Solstice Moon, 1114. Those men who fought against The Inquisition were tried for their crimes as well, many ending in hanging. Those who surrendered were granted leniency, and are currently serving in prison.

- Haadren Thistle



Enigmas of the Moon

1) Everyday I stalk you all day long,
With every move you make, I never make one wrong.
I vanish twice a day with the sun's height and fall,
I will follow you anywhere,
even the bathroom stall.

What am I?

2) I'm many people's favorite place,
even though many don't remember their stay.
You'll love to come but hate to leave,
if you get cold use my sleeves.

What am I?

3) Look at me I want to play.
I'll move like you in every way.
Be tricky, but the result is always a draw.
Why? Because I'm an expert at response and call.

What am I?

4) A serpent swam in a silver urn
A golden bird did in its mouth abide
The serpent drank the water, this in turn
Killed the serpent. Then the gold bird died.

5) It can be said:

To be gold is to be good;
To be stone is to be nothing;
To be glass is to be fragile;
To be cold is to be cruel.
Unmetaphored, what am I?

- Jonas Drake

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

Answers for the Elder's Moon's Enigmas:

1) Barrel 2) Tapestry 3) Hair 4) The word "Habit"

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