

# New Calendale Chronicle

The Blood Moon, 1114

## Remembering the Fallen; New Calendale Prepares for an Honored Guest

It was the Spirit Moon in 1106, nearly eight years ago. The Goblinoid War still raged on, and it was obvious at this point that New Calendale was going to be swept beneath its waves. There was little hope that such a small town could stand against such large numbers. Despair was in the air, and many were coming to terms with the fact that retreat was impossible due to the sheer size of the horde. It was then that The Corax Legion, lead by their Commander Lucian Felix Andronicus Octavian, marched into New Calendale bearing their legion's banner with a black drape across it, and blood marking their faces.

Commander Lucian informed the town that all of his men had volunteered to embark upon a mission to cut off the head of the invading Goblinoid forces, in the belief that it would cause the rest of the horde to crumble beneath its own weight. The black drape, he informed us, represented a legion that was already dead. The blood marking their faces came from a bull, sacrificed in Mhizrak's name for his blessing in the battle to come. He and his men had arrived in town for the purpose of dictating their last wills and testaments, knowing that death awaited them on the field. After saying their goodbyes (including an especially tearful goodbye to Lucian's own daughter, who lived in New Calendale at the time), all but one of the

legion marched off; the remaining soldier stayed only at Commander Lucian's orders, to prepare New Calendale for the battle to come.

As the legion fought for their lives, a large arm of the horde descended upon New Calendale. The townsfolk were only prepared for this assault due to the forethought of

Commander Lucian, who had left one of his most trusted men to aid the town. The branch that had attacked New Calendale was fought off successfully.



Many were lost that day, but what history now knows as The Corax Gambit was successful. The Corax Legion, with Commander Lucian leading the charge, killed the Warchief leading the Goblinoids. The

victory was not without heavy losses, however; the legion was nearly killed to a man.

It is this selfless act of duty and greatness that Emperor Orastes himself is coming to New Calendale to honor. Messengers from Solinaria have heralded the arrival of The Emperor, who should be arriving in the New Calendale area sometime during The Shield Moon.

- Vorgl Valken



## "Hafur's Gift" Found

One of the things that I enjoy best in life is going into some forgotten ruin and deciphering, or at least trying to, its mysteries. You can learn so much from doing this, about what happened, who built it, why it was made, and so on. So when I get offered a chance to go down into Dwarven Ruins, you can be sure, I jump all over it.

But before we get to the interesting part, let me set the stage. Gregori, Barr, Corvus, William the Younger, and myself were contracted to go into a Dwarven Mine and do some exploring. We ended up dealing with some undead. Why they were there in the first place is still a mystery. We also recovered some old armor, nothing major, but we did clear the area so the Dwarves could tunnel deeper into the ruins.

On Fivesday night of this past moon, the group of us was again contracted by the same Dwarf who had previously hired us to go into what he and his compatriots thought may have been a temple. We were told that we would depart at some point on Spiritsday. We departed when an aide to our employer came for us that night. Because William the Younger was sleeping, Rehan Standing Elk, the man of many tomahawks, also one of the new faces in town, came with us instead.

Reaching the entrance of the temple, we entered, some traps went off, and we knew we would have to be very careful if we wanted to survive. As we entered, a spirit of an Ancient Longbeard looked at Barr, who was the first in, and demanded to know why he had brought outsiders to this sacred spot. Barr explained we were there to find out what had happened to this lost hold. While the spirit could not tell us what happened, he explained what the Holy Relic was that we saw.

The Holy Relic was "Hafur's Gift," a hammer given to Gundar by his brother so he would have the right tool to forge his marvels. Eventually the hammer was gifted to the dwarves. When in the right hands, it possessed the ability of being the tool with which special items could be crafted, with the Gods' approval. When not in the right hands, it was an ordinary hammer. You can imagine our surprise that we had found such an amazing item. The spirit eventually left after giving custody of the item to Barr who gave an oath to give it to the Clan employing us. We gave the item to our Employer when we met with him on Sundays. Who knows what we will find next?

- Brandon Laehlan

## Welcome to New Calendale

Welcome, dear friends and gentle readers, to another edition of our ongoing column "Welcome To New Calendale." I had the good fortune to sit down with some of our newcomers on the twenty-ninth day of the Blood Moon and get to know more about them.

The first one I had a seat with was one of our new hobbits, Dibble Goodbody. This eager and energetic young soul left his home of Brokenborins and set out into the world to, as he puts it, "discover who I really am." Dibble takes great inspiration from his father, Bolly, a kind man and great warrior who spent his time adventuring or defending those who could not defend themselves. Now he hopes to follow in his father's furry foot steps to become a virtuous warrior. And might I say he's off to a good start, showing his mettle before the whole town at the behest of Baron Ravenholm and again when he dared venture into the Darkwood to oppose the Undead menace that assails our borders.

However Dibble is not just interested in the arts martial. He related to me his fascination with magic. Though still learning distinctions like "Bard" or "Mage," he recounted to me the fantastic sights he once saw a spellcaster perform at a great celebration and was truly amazed at the startling abilities and wonders if such things might be within his reach as well.

Though finding our town a little nerve wracking initially, Dibble confided over a smile that he was "quick on his feet" and so not terribly worried. He is happy to stay and looks forward to becoming a boon to the town.

Next I was able to have a seat with the Highlander Caillan MacFohad. Freed from Solnarian bondage by the goodwill and perhaps enamored heart of her former master, she has roamed far to find a place to live. Her life on the road and time before has honed her arts as a fighter and given her just a bit of knowledge when it comes to the merchant's craft. She looks forward to joining our town guard but until that time is willing to sell her sword for a fair and honest job.

As always I invite you, my dear readers, to get to know these people, not just those here but all our travelers and transients, any who come into our home.



Not just a pretty face with a blade, Cailllean recounted to me her surprise upon coming to New Calendalg. As she observed: "interesting things wander into and out of this place." She finds our little town quite lively and told me, with much merriment, of the several times she lifted her sword to aid our home out of a sense of duty instead of greed. She also feels a calling to Jerdano; finding peace and calm in nature that speaks to her.

Be it faith, coin, or sword work I am certain Cailllean will find her fill here with us. I look forward to seeing her shine and celebrating her joining the guard in due time.

Then I was able to sit with the learned Kaira, a half greg-elf come from Larigmore to start anew. I must profess to have been somewhat taken with this newcomer who related her great interest in learning and desire to uncover new things or old things once forgotten; an ideal close to my own heart. She admits to a weakness for treasures and has a keen curiosity in such things.

However it is not just crawling through caves and reading books that Kaira fancies. Her interest in treasures has taught her something of the merchant's way and has also made her quite observant. She finds our town quite beautiful and its wonder has sparked a consideration into the arcane arts, particularly defensive ones. Perhaps to find diamonds one must be as tough as one?

Her love of fortune, however, is not strictly monetary. She finds herself drawn to Elantrai's teachings. She likes playing games of chance and seeing how luck falls. As she put it, "Take a chance. Go adventure!"

I will take a chance and bet that Kaira will be a welcome addition to our growing community.

Finally I was able to sit down with a pair of Twin Kingdom locals from Riversbarrow called Liann Merec and Phoenix Black. Riversbarrow was sadly left devoid of life when it's people were taken by goblins. They have spent a long time searching for those missing, but from such tragedy they found strength. Joining a mercenary band known as the Black Dogs, they were cared for, trained, and raised by the group's leader Eze. The two have great respect for Eze, and he gave them his blessings to pursue their own path.

Liann learned a great appreciation for gems and jewelry from her father. He taught her how to understand the value of such things and she hopes to specialize in such understandings. From the Black Dogs she learned a more

subtle form of battle than the charging-forward sword-swinging method most of us are used to seeing from our warriors. Regrettably at the time of this printing Liann was still recovering from a noteworthy injury though expected to recover in a few weeks time. Despite this she was in high spirits and looking forward to being able to soon put her skills to work once again.

Black is more what one might expect of a mercenary. Don't be fooled into thinking he's just a man with a sword, though. Phoenix displayed a quiet contemplative nature and an aura of kindness that I personally found refreshing. The blade he carries was crafted by his own hands and he looks forward to honing and mastering the arts of smithing. From this he find himself drawn to Gundar. He finds our town a bit chaotic but said that "the townsfolk are warm and inviting."

He finished saying that he and Liann are always looking for work and I look forward to seeing what these two make of themselves and each other.

As always I invite you, my dear readers, to get to know these people, not just those here but all our travelers and transients, any who come into our home. I regrettably was not able to speak to every newcomer so I invite you to go where I failed to.

As always, may the True Twenty-Four watch over you and keep you. And, of course, welcome to New Calendalg.

- Codicier Stone

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## The Dark Forest

As if Kavariek is not enough of a threat to our adventurous town, it seems that we still face the threat of the dark forest. In this recent adventure of advancing into the unknown, our plan of attack was to avoid the escape or presence of certain beings. As the bravest of warriors from New Calendalg went into the Dark Forest, this is what we encountered.

A portal, the likes of which I have never seen, was near the center of the battlefield. Was the portal some type of escape or an attempt to conjure forth reinforcements? This was uncertain. What was certain is we had a plan of attack to disrupt our enemies from using this portal for whatever they were planning. We had acquired some magical assistance that would negate the magical effects of the portal. This magical assistance came in the form of magical orbs that



were as bright as day. I believe they were a gift from the church of Jeredith. These magical devices needed to be protected at all times. If our enemies had the means to get close to them, they could dissipate these magical spheres of light quite easily. Therefore, our plan was simple. Protect the magical globes.

The battle escalated quickly. We held our own for quite a time. The fiends we encountered were necromancers, undead, and a good amount of people with weapons. As soon as we let our defenses down, the enemy had dissipated one of the magical spheres. We then concentrated our defense on the other spheres. We held our own against our enemies, protecting the orbs and using brute force against our enemies, but it was too late. Our enemies had procured in making sure that their portal was intact by deactivating the magic around the other orb. A retreat was called, and we quickly fell back to the town.

Although our mission into the dark forest proved ineffective, we are slowly and surely gaining the upper hand in most of our encounters with these creatures in the dark forest. We will win. When we do, all of our enemies will cower in fear of us, even the Sinsharu.

- Alexander Maylock



## Alexander Maylock Masters' Arcane School of Fire

One of New Calendale's own beloved bartenders is showing he has a spark of passion for more than just bartending. Alexander Maylock has mastered the arcane school of fire.

On the 29th day of The Blood Moon, New Calendale's townsfolk gathered outside The Scroll & Dragon looking on in wonder as a fire elemental screamed for Alexander Maylock, only to immediately ask, "Why have you summoned me here?" After some people reacted in concern and alarm, it became clear that this would be the final test of Maylock's mastery over the school of fire as a fire elemental itself taught him how to kill a person by using the arcane force of fire.

The fire elemental began to strike Maylock, causing what he could only describe as intense pain, then the fire elemental cautioned Maylock to protect himself as it began to cast the deadly spell upon him - creating quite the spectacle. For one who has spent a lifetime devoted to the understanding of fire, Maylock said this strange twist made perfect sense to him.

*"I feel like this was necessary in order to know the ferocity and the anger I needed to stir within myself so that I could imitate the spell. With several throws myself, I got to learn the spell. In time, I will be able to master it. I just to find some knolls or ores to practice on,"* Maylock said.

Alexander Maylock, assistant to Tavern mistress Lily Goldsworthy of the Scroll & Dragon, said he's focused on his study of the arcane of school of fire intensely over the last six cycles since coming to New Calendale.

*"Being a master mage has been my goal ever since I met the master mages within the guild."*

As a fledgling mage, Maylock said he had a dream of his brother Tridaine reaching down to pull him out of the rut he was in, then a string of fire fused with his body. However, instead



of hurting him, even in his dream Maglock felt the fire gave him strength and power in a way he had not felt before.

*"This is what drew me to fire, and still does to this day."*

Alexander Maglock's accomplishments include holding the title of scribe for the Mages Guild of New Calendale for several cycles, which he says is due to his truthful and honest demeanor.

*"I attained that job and title in my early days being within the guild for telling my masters that I had to pay my dues. They saw how truthful I could be that they offered me the job of being a scribe for the Mage's Guild, which was vacant at the time. I felt very honored to receive this title along with the job of course."*

In his other accomplishments, Maglock has learned the art of teaching fire magic to promising students of New Calendale earlier this cycle. He says it was the next logical step in his progression to becoming a master mage.

*"I wanted to spread the information that I have acquired throughout the cycles to those studying the school of fire. It has been a privilege and an honor to teach."*

Teaching has helped Alexander Maglock find a new passion for the school of fire and the Mage's Guild. He currently has several students in town including Alceia, Crysis, Suresh, and Skyla.

Maglock says he hopes to continue to use the arcane school of fire, wielding it in honor of Viralee - Goddess of Magic who has been captured by Kavariek and his followers. He also plans to continue using his power to defend the town and this mortal plane from all those dangers who threaten it, while teaching new students.

*"Maybe I have what it takes to become a battle mage or belong to one of the Orders of the Scarves. Who knows? Only time will tell. For now, I shall see where my life leads me."*

- Valeria Trio

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## Reflecting on the War in the North

The War in the North between the Tribesmen and the Volk has officially ended with the Tribesmen as victors. As you may know, this conflict started when the Volk, our friends from across the Sea, started to gather resources and land in

the Great Northern Wastes. These were already claimed by the Tribes living there. With a want/take mentality, the Volk began to "acquire" resources. The Tribes gathered at Kell and defended it well for several moons, eventually repelling the invading Volk who decided this whole situation was too costly and returned home.

Come Sunday, the Barbarians Rus leebadger, Rehan Standing Elk, and their teacher Mogdash approached New Calendale's resident Volk, Gunnar Ivarsson, and extended in their own way an olive branch, albeit in the form of bones which were the remains of a fallen Volk warrior. Hopefully now there will be peace between these two people. It is interesting to note that Rus leebadger and Gunnar Ivarsson were the war leaders of their respective sides.

## The Barbarians approached New Calendale's resident Volk and extended in their own way an olive branch, albeit in the form of bones.

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I was able to sit down with Rus leebadger and ask him some questions regarding the whole ordeal. According to him, this conflict helped him reunite with his cultural heritage, traditions, and beliefs. He is finally

understanding and grasping what it means to be of the tribes. He also said that his motivation was that he had the most to lose after finally finding his place and people once again.

leebadger feels that the choices made were all he could do. Other ideas were thought of but there were never enough time and resources to try them. Towards the Volk, leebadger feels hazy. Even though he really does not know how he feels, he does feel anger; he does not know if he hates them. Though leebadger does acknowledge that his feelings are not important in the face of Kavariek, he will reflect on his feelings later. He does not have an answer concerning the future. As for returning the remains, the Tribes felt that as he fought well he deserved a proper burial. The Tribes wanted his spirit to be able to pass on to the next life. They did not want his spirit to possibly turn into something dangerous.

I have not yet been able to sit down with Gunnar Ivarsson to discuss his side of all of this. Look for the second part of this article in a later edition of the Chronicle.

- Brandon Lachlan





## The Quill

### Darkness Became Me

When nothing was left, but the sand in my shoes,  
I knew it was time, there was nothing to choose.  
Wrapped in cowardice, it's all I could be,  
My last light gone, darkness became me.

Your words were generous, your smile always kind.  
You fool, you brave fool, you ended your time.  
You were the stars, and I was the moon,  
My brother, my life, it had to end soon.

The trail almost killed me, so harsh the sun's rays,  
But at the end, another ocean, another dream, another way.  
Stepped into this town, wondered what it could be,  
My friends, or family maybe, if they would have me.

But somehow they don't see what I've been,  
And what fate befalls those who are my kin.  
I'm sorry, but it always happens this way,  
And you should probably run if you hear that chord play.

- Clarissa Golan



## The Sword



### An Ode to Kell

Amidst the frozen wastes the moon shines down from on high,  
Battle about to be joined with war cries filling the night.  
Brave defenders with rage filling their hearts,  
Steeling themselves from the invading horde.

Slavers like locusts descend on the walls.  
Flawed warriors lead by failed men,  
Doomed to crash against stalwart tribe friends,  
Mhizrak's glory in the name of Borain's greed.

The attackers lie dying, in pools of crimson stains.  
So-called Mhizrakian donning the mantle of a coward,  
Running away from the battle field, tail between his legs.  
His allies dying all around.

Once, twice, three times a failure  
From forest to tundra it doesn't matter where.  
Tales of cowardice reaching near and far.  
While victors celebrate by honoring the fallen brave  
Friend and foe alike.

The song of the Great Spirit carries on,  
Its children continue to spread the ancestors' wisdom  
Animal spirits guide them on their way  
Fortifying them as one people against the oncoming darkness.

~ Rafael Espina de la Rosa



## Cedros' Claims Another Victim

On the 28th of the Solstice Moon, I came across something I did not think I would ever see. Cedros had taken over the body of Wesley, a prominent merchant that visits New Calendale every now and again. Wesley's struggle with the infernalist was both heroic and horrific.

As I was protecting Skyla against the onslaught of the Sinsharu, I could hear the screams of our townsfolk that were battling them. When the din abated we looked to see if the coast was clear. Other town members came to tell us that everything was alright so we came out and decided to reunite with the defenders. Things took a turn for the worse when we did. Skyla's Viraleean mentor told us that Cedros, the infernalist with mad designs on godhood, was possessing Wesley's body. That was when Wesley charged the group of townsfolk that were there. We had to subdue Wesley many times. Because of the magical protections he had woven about himself we could not kill him, nor did we want to. Each time we struck him down he would heal his wounds and resume trying to kill us. This battle lasted for a very long time.

Wesley managed to get hold of the magical pendant that Skyla's mentor uses to see Cedros wherever he is. I knew that if we were not vigilant Cedros could slip away due to his ability to jump his spirit from one host to another. "We cannot let him escape!" Skyla screamed. It was clear that this was a battle we could not afford to lose. Eventually his magic was exhausted and Wesley lay on the ground with everyone around. We wanted our Wesley

back. Therefore, we begged and pleaded with Wesley. We kept yelling out to him to come back. "Listen to me old friend," Dionon told him as Wesley fought Cedros for control of his body. While Wesley was trying to fight to take the pendant off, Cedros fought him to keep it on. After what seemed to be an eternity, Wesley took the pendant off with the help of his friends and those around him. Despite his triumph he fell victim to a final infernal debasement as his body exploded into ashes.

**"We cannot let  
him escape!"  
Skyla screamed.**

I imagined the others would keep talking about the steps that would need to be taken now that Cedros was free of Wesley's body. Despite this tragic and senseless loss, I had to leave promptly to attend to personal affairs. However it was apparent that I was too hasty because the whole group arrayed around Wesley's remains, led by Skyla and her mentor, confronted me. They wanted to make sure that Cedros had not jumped into my body and taken control of me.

It is very important for me that this travesty did not occur in vain. We must remember that Cedros cannot be allowed to endanger us all with his freedom. Everyone, take caution in what I say. We have to defeat Cedros as much as Kavariek or our foes in the Dark Forest. Please remember that the world is at stake. While Cedros disappeared into the air, Wesley lies dead despite our efforts. Is this a victory or defeat? I will let you decide.

- Alexander Maglock

## Hate Demon Sightings on the Rise!

Several huge terrifying creatures with bright red skin, and sunken black eyes have been seen in the New Calendale area with increasing regularity in the past couple of moons. They are known as Hate Demons.

These powerful creatures have been known to take down animal and person alike, slaughtering with abandon. Normal weapons seem to have no effect on these monsters. Fortunately, it has been seen that seeking refuge within a building can keep one safe from these rampaging creatures. For reasons unbeknownst to this writer, they seem unable to enter man-made structures.

Master Amoonasethnos, Guildmaster of the New Calendale Branch of the Twin Kingdoms Mages Guild, has been personally leading the defense against some of these creatures, and sending guild resources to areas where he could not personally be. What could be causing this resurgence in demonic activity?

- Haadren Thistle



# Fear And Revelation

If you, my dear reader are anything like most people, I know the revelation of the New Lord's identity, the history and truth behind the being known as Kavarick, was surprising to say the least. I have heard over this past moon, many struggle to come to terms with this knowledge, reacting with fear or despair, questioning where they should stand, and what all this means when balanced against all we know.

Far be it from I to tell others what to think, but allow me to offer an interpretation.

**What we have now is not a story of an all-powerful elder being come back from the dawn of time to destroy us. No, what we have is far more powerful than that..**

When I first heard the truth of Kavarick, I felt, I'll admit, disappointed and even a little hollow. Gone was my fervor, my anger, I felt enervated. And then I felt galvanized and filled with hope. What we have now is not a story of an all-powerful elder being come back from the dawn of time to destroy us. No, what we have is far more powerful than that. The very first love story.

The All-Mother and All-Father created their children out of love, looking for the love of a disapproving creator, and together through an act of great care they and their children created the world and all that would be. Then when the creator of our Elder Gods bade them destroy it all, they said no. Their children said no. To protect what they had wrought, to protect themselves, to protect existence itself, they said no. Can you imagine it? Gorvaak AND Leondarr, Ethali AND Jeredith, Drevarria AND Attalia, standing united in common cause. And what was that cause? You my dear reader; you, me, the paper you read this on, the tree it was built upon this! Everything.

They pushed back against what may very well have been the most powerful thing in creation; they sacrificed the founders of the pantheon and they won. And for what? For us my dear reader, for you and I. How can one learn this tale and not feel empowered, not feel loved? I hear this now. I know this now. And I am amazed at what such an act of defiance means. If ever you doubted the Gods' love for YOU, know that before you drew your first breath, they fought for you,

fought so that you could BE you. Yes even Razabaoth and Borain, even the gods you see as evil, terrible, and contrary to all you are, fought for you.

In truth it is humbling, so humbling it makes me want to laugh at the absurdity. All of them, all Twenty-Four waging a battle they never knew they could win for us. And now I laugh at the absurdity of us losing. With such love and power with us and us with them, what chance does Kavarick really have?

Now I shall repay the debt owed before the coming of time. I will stand with those who fought for me be they good, evil, or neutral. The war has come, and I will see it won. For faith, for love, and for peace.

See you on the battlefield.

- Codiegr Stone

## Onyx's Observations

### • Lessons of the Four of Swords •

With all of the recent powerful threats besieging us as of late, such as Kavarick, the Sinsharu, Cedros, the Dark Woods, I felt the need to share a wisdom from one of my cards that I feel we should be mindful of during these tumultuous times. It is a lesson that all of us are guilty of not heeding at one time or another, myself included.

The Four of Swords is the card of Respite. It signifies a temporary period of rest and recovery after a time of challenge, with the promise that, once recovered, you can and will return to the challenge.

*"The Four of Swords is a reminder that after every crisis and before every new challenge, there is always a time of relaxation and contemplation. Constant stress and tension will break even the hardest and most resilient of people but brief periods of rest enable you to refresh your energy, concentration and focus, ready for the next challenge. These rests should be used wisely, to heal the body and ready the mind."*

A tree is very tough, being flexible yet rigid at the same time. In a storm, a tree can develop small cracks as it struggles against strong gusts of wind. In between foul weather, that tree can heal with rest and continue to grow so it has the



strength to endure the next storm. But a tree can only bend so far before it breaks.

*"The Four of Swords is also a sign that you can stop worrying, put down your defenses and take a breather from the chaos around you. For the moment there is a truce and you can catch your breath without being attacked again. However, bear in mind that a truce and peace are not the same thing. The Four of Swords is a guarantee that challenges will return to your life as soon as you are ready to face them, so make the most of the stillness and quiet you have earned but never lose sight of the fact that the battle is not yet over, and that there is still work to be done."*

Keep in mind that the threats are still present; they have not gone away by any means. But even the opposition needs time to gather and regroup. That period provides the means to also do the same. One would do well to take advantage of it, for this is a great time to re-evaluate and re-assess what has been successful, what has not been successful, and what needs to be changed for the future. Taking those respites after major challenges will increase your chances of placing yourself in a better position for future victories.

*"The Four of Swords can also indicate that you are feeling restless and wanting to do everything at once. Even if your body is telling you that you need to rest and relax, your mind may be pushing you forward, trying to accomplish a long list of tasks. You may be getting quite sick or stressed as a result, so it is vital that you force yourself to pause and take it easy to ensure that you do not become completely run down and exhausted."*

I often find that those who push too much and continue to reject what their bodies are telling them start to lose the ability to hear what they really need. Over time, they may not realize just how tired and how exhausted they really are. It is when their judgment starts to become impaired and they find themselves making uncharacteristic decisions, or their bodies just give out at the most inopportune times, that they have no choice but to listen.

### • Reflections & Observations •

In reflection, I have found that some of the greatest joys I that I experience in life come from the simplest of things.

There is a certain magic in shuffling through the woods during the cooler Autumn months, kicking up piles of rustling leaves, that earthy scent filling your nose. What of gathering firewood and curling up in front of the mantle to bask in the warmth and watch the embers glow and fade as you drift into Arrawiel's domain?

This past Moon I took the time to take a few one on one walks with different friends and we picked berries on the trail while chatting. I also took several solitary strolls during the brightness of Jeredith's day and under the protective cover of Ethali's darkness, all the while feeling Xalaron's breeze lift the feathers in my hair. I spent quite a length of time gazing at Olcandra's fish swimming in the streams and the Bay. Jerdano watched as I tended my flower garden for a little while then later sat in the grass and ruffled through the clovers looking for a four-leaf clover. I even chased a butterfly in front of the tavern, not being able to catch it, but squealing in delight when by Elantra's luck, it landed on my bracelet for a few precious moments.

By taking brief respites when needed, by living your life and being consciously engaged in it, not as a spectator but as a participant, you honor the love and sacrifices of the All-Mother, All-Father, and their Children. You honor all that the True Twenty-Four have breathed life into, all that they have created, and all that they will continue to give birth to. And you remember that all of creation is their treasured gift to us, one that we must help them to sustain for those generations that will follow.

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel





# A Wanderer's Reveries

Ulv Shadow-Walker

## Time

Time tests a temporal glance  
Into the futures of the past.  
Dreaming moons flutter away  
And win and lose in their last.

The shade of trees envelopes us  
Before we weep into the mourn.  
Under each tree shall sit and wait,  
A tiny imagining little acorn.

One day upon this grove shall grow,  
A great willow of smoke and fiery might.  
The burning of the heated billow  
Shall be seen throughout the night.

Dance and dream this winter's eve  
Before you lull your sleep to be.  
Sting and run into your heart  
And glance a fleeting gaze at me.

Do not dream of days of gore.  
Dream of ones to come before.  
The dread of time shall ever flow  
And every one of us shall know.

None before prepared to gaze into eternity beyond.  
They only wished to dream beyond.  
Darkened days lay with us now.  
For only nightmares scream and bow.

## Hope

Hope will sing us in this night.  
Hope will let us see the light.  
Hope shall crush our endless dreams.  
Hope will only bring our screams.

Hope will let us die tonight.  
Hope is how we win this fight.  
Hope is when we kneel below.  
Hope is why we'll never know.

Hope will never feel our fright.  
Hope will never know our might.  
Hope will see our damnation.  
Hope is useless in every nation.

Hope to gain your soul?  
Hope to see you're not a fool?  
Hope you think you cannot win?  
Hope will never let you begin.

Hope is the light that fades.  
Hope is the night that darkens shade.  
Hope is what will tear us to shreds.  
Hope is what will fill us with dread.

Hope will search our very souls.  
Hope will feed us when we're old.  
Hope will kill our family.  
Hope kills you.  
Hope kills me.





## Editors' Notes

### Chronicle Archives

If you have missed an issue of The New Calendalē Chronicle, please see Stone, our Chronicle Archivist.



Stone has a copy of every issue we print. Anyone is welcome to request a copy to peruse, but we ask that you please return it to him as soon as you are done reading.


We here at the New Calendalē Chronicle thank you for your continued patronage. See you next Moon!

### Errata

In my cover article last Moon, I listed Hafur, Gundar, Ibwinn, Olzandra as the Gods that were unknown to the Western Continent. After a discussion Spiritsday afternoon, I was told that Ibwinn was known but Virajar was not. I penned the correction into the Chronicle copies in the tavern. However, after another conversation later on, I had my doubts and went back to research the matter.

It turns out that I was correct the first time; the original story is the accurate one. I will make sure that Stone, the Chronicle's Archivist, has the correct printing for his records.

My apologies for any confusion. Happy reading!

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel  
Senior Editor, New Calendalē Chronicle





## Enigmas of the Moon

1) There are four brothers in this world that were all born together.  
The first runs and never wears.  
The second eats and is never full.  
The third drinks and is always thirsty.  
The fourth sings a song that is never good.

2) A cloud was my mother,  
the wind is my father,  
my son is the cool stream,  
and my daughter is the fruit of the land.  
A rainbow is my bed,  
the earth my final resting place,  
and I'm the torment of man.

3) A glass green fortress sits on a hill.  
Certain things can enter, and certain things can't.  
For example:  
Beer can go in, but wine cannot.  
Eyeballs can go in, but eyes cannot.  
The castle has a floor and walls, but no ceiling.  
There is a roof, however.

What is the rule about things that can go in and out?

4) I'm always quite shy & live like a hermit,  
then appear unexpected for masses to marvel at,  
you'll see me in the distance dancing with rain  
but if you search for my home - it'll end in vain,  
too enchanting to see close-up, be content from afar,  
for my beauty rivals that of the nearest star!

- 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 Solstice Moon's Enigmas:*

*1) Your shadow 2) A bed 3) Your own reflection 4) An oil lamp 5) A heart*

*• Congratulations to Anders Eibhørs for coming the closest! •  
• Please send us your guesses for this Moon! •*