

New Calendale Chronicle

The Shield Moon, 1114

A VICTORY FOR THE FOLLOWERS OF THE TRUE TWENTY - FOUR!



Heretical Chalice Made Inert

New Calendale has been in possession of one of the chalices that Kavariek's heretical followers have been using to convert unwilling townsfolk to their cause. For those new to town who have not yet heard of this, these chalices are extremely dangerous. If you are offered a drink from a strange vessel, especially from people you do not know, **DO NOT PARTAKE**. Doing so will corrupt your mind (over a period of time that has been shown to vary), eventually turning you into a follower of Kavariek. Those whose minds have started to change have been known to periodically lose their minds and attack everyone around them, including their friends, imbued with great strength they do not normally possess. Great care should be taken around these individuals as they can be quite lethal.

On Fiveday, on the 11th night of this past Blood Moon, a Master Mage arrived in town with news of how these chalices could potentially be destroyed. He began to

assess which individuals in town would have the sufficient qualities needed to take part in the ritual to dispel the magic in the chalice. The hope was that by destroying the power of the chalice we held, it would release the minds of all those who had drunk from it. He said he would return the next day to perform the ritual.

He did return on Spiritsday with the chalice and one of the local infected Calendaleans in tow. A group of five mages and five clerics were gathered in a circle around the Master Mage, the infected townsfolk, and another helper down by the field at the caravans. The townsfolk was rooted to the ground in front of the Master Mage and told to hold the chalice in her lap. Those comprising the circle shifted uncomfortably as the Master Mage stated that since the ritual was all theoretical, he wasn't certain that it would work, but it should. He then added that everything had to be balanced lest the circle of participants be blasted into small pieces; those at the center would be safe however. Flipping through the pages of his notes, he then began to tell certain participants to switch positions, some several times, until he was confident that things were as they should be.

The rest of the town watched anxiously from a safe distance as the Master Mage began the ritual, summoning the arcane arts to his bidding. One by one, he turned to each mage and each cleric, drawing from their casting energies to empower the ritual. Once he had gathered the combined strength of those present he cast it into the chalice. A few tense moments went by as everyone waited for something to happen. The Master Mage broke the tension by saying the ritual appeared to work and that the chalice was now inert. He advised that the town keep an eye on the townsfolk for the next few hours, just in case, to make sure she was not still suffering from the effects of the chalice. Thankfully, she was not; the cleansing ritual was a success.

~ Allgraa Qeranni

Chaos' Demon wreaks Havoc on Countryside

A short while ago, a demon of sorts came to the chaotic town of New Calendale to look for some information. Traveling with chaos goblins, he started to ask certain individuals where his brethren were. As no one was giving him the answers he desired, he took his vengeance on those around him.

Some dispatched the chaos goblins very quickly, however, the demon was a much bigger foe. Several townsfolk rallied against this two horned monster. It seemed to be hurt by only certain attacks, especially by those who were not wielding any physical weapons themselves. From what I heard, the demon seemed as though he could survive all of the onslaught the little army of New Calendale could muster.

What fate could this mean for this town? It could possibly mean that this demon can come back. Not only that, it could bring more chaos goblins or his brethren to make sure that this demon can seek the retribution that he wanted from the start. Is there anyone who can face this threat head on? From what I hear, New Calendale is a town of adventurers who look for the fleeting light that most of us only see once in a while. Will the light fade on this journey? Only time will tell.

- Sebastian Wolf

Reflecting on the War in the North: Part 2

Last Moon I wrote an article about the War in the North from the perspective of Rus lezbagger. But as there are two sides for every story, here is the War in the North from the viewpoint of Gunnar Ivarsson. But before I get to that a brief review of what they heck I am talking about. The War in the North was a conflict between the Volk and the Tribesman of the North. The Volk came for resources that they needed and as per their nature as a warrior-centric culture, they tried to take what they wanted. The Tribesman of course fought back and did eventually win.

Now here is what Gunnar had to say on the matter.

What was driving you through the war?



"That's a question with many answers; I hope I can paint a clear picture. When I first came to your lands I encountered the mythic beings known as The Merchants of the Mist. The fortuneteller amongst their band had given me an ominous warning of the year to come, but at the time I did not pay heed to the omen. What truly drove me? It was the love and devotion to my homeland. To ask why we Volk do what we do is to ask why the Sun rises or Sets, or why not all Nikklari are feathered the same. It is the way of things. We Volk raid and pillage because we must to survive and to expand our great culture. Here you Eastlanders seem to have a preconceived notion of who we are as a people and it has blinded you to opening up your minds. I fought because it is what Volkmar asked me, just as any citizen of the Twin Kingdoms would take up arms should their nobles call for it."

So it was duty and love of your home land that drove you. That makes perfect sense. So would you have done anything differently?

"There would be less resistance, that's all I will say on that topic"

Very well then I won't push further. So what are your feelings towards the Tribesman after this?

"In a word: contempt. I distinctly remember who I felled in the battle on the wall and were it not for the efforts of townsfolk from New Calendale, Kell would have fallen with ease."

So it seems from what you have said that you believe that us Eastlanders have a fixed image of what the Volk are. So how would you describe what it means to be Volk? What are the traditions, beliefs, and daily nuances that make up your culture?

"You people of the East seem to enjoy taking everything at face value, and enjoy drawing a line where things are "good" or "evil." You're the only place I have ever seen such dramatic views are taken. We Volk are a strong and proud people, and we accomplish what others simply cannot. Far to the North in the Frostridge Mountains, we are the strongest, the survivors. We take what is needed so that the Volk may live on. Often people have called me brute or worse, and I cannot help but laugh at their attempts to bring me to ire. As a culture we are a learned people; we value warfare, trade, and skilled crafts as well. Many Volk are multilingual, and our mastery of the sea is unparalleled even by your Eastlander standards. We believe in right of deed and honor. Those who cannot show us proper respect do not in turn deserve ours."

Gunnar strikes me as a man proud of who he is and where he comes from. He comes from a rich culture made of survivors, that are willing to do what must be done to survive, even if it is not a popular action. I look forward to more opportunities to learn about the Volk. The War in the North is over and now is the time for recovery and hopefully everyone involved will become stronger for it.

- Brandan Lachlan

Onyx's Observations

• A Few Reflections & Observations of the Blood Moon •

Though I did not see nor have the chance to speak with him, I did hear that we have a vampire in our midst: Cavaliere Silvestri. He was sent by the Church of Ethali to aid us in our fight against Kavarick. I understand the concern of many townsfolk about Mr. Silvestri's presence, as I remember the last time a vampire took up residence in our town, but I accept that he is here and I even welcome it. I remind you that the prophet told us that we needed to accept what help the True Gods would send, and that includes Ethali's. It does not mean that I do not see Mr. Silvestri as a possible threat, but while he is here to aid us, I will put aside my own biases to work with him where I can be of help.

Help can come from the most unlikely and unfavorable of sources. That does not mean you should immediately discount it. It is, perhaps, a habit to judge ourselves and other people according to our feelings and ideas and then form conclusions about their position. Ultimately you have to ask if and how this judging helps yourself or others,

especially in times of need. Remember that when you ask for divine help, it is through their grace and in the form of their choosing that the help comes. It may not be what was expected, but it is what is needed. This is a lesson I learned during the Time of Nightmares when Arrawiel's choice of help was a dark elf, who would normally kill me on sight. It is a lesson I was reminded of during a 'discussion' with my teacher on the 12th night of this past Blood Moon.

This past Moon proved that not all actions taken against Kavarick have to be those of brute force and powerful strength reserved only for the strongest among us. One not need to be able to lift a sword nor fist or even hurl the strongest of spells to contribute to the battle. Those of us making up the circle of mages and eldries to dispel the magic on the chalice did not do anything overtly special. We merely stood together in faith, lending our strength to the ritual.

Our actions do make a difference, no matter how small they may seem. Take pride in

what you can do and do not be sorry if your share seems less effective than what others have put forth. If one farmer sows a handful of seed, it can make a difference for his family. If a whole hamlet of people join that farmer and help to sow just one handful of seed themselves, then suddenly there is enough food to feed everyone. The sizes of the hands will vary and thus the amount of seed they can hold, but that makes it no less effective. Others will reap the harvest that they have sown.

Never quit, and above all things, stand together. Continue to have faith and hope, my friends. May the True Twenty-Four watch over you.

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye



Student and Disciple of Arrawiel



Dark Forest Raid Takes Interesting Turn

The Blood Moon's adventure in the The Dark Forest took an interesting turn as fighters emerged with not one, but two extra bodies in tow.

A rather sizable group of New Calendale's bravest assembled on the second Spirits Day of the moon to be organized and outfitted by Ignatz Burnside and Private Gabranth. Under darkness of nightfall, the group was aiming to move swiftly to capture the ngeromancer who had been creating numerous numbers of undead creatures in the Dark Woods before he had a chance to escape via portal. A elerie of Negrozo warned they'd have to strike quickly to have any chance of catching the ngeromancer unaware.

The party set off on a long and arduous journey, going deeper into the Dark Forest than ever before as they attempted to trace the path of retreat through various twists and bends in the dark forest. The ngeromancer and many of the remaining undead guarded a complex series of caves within the Dark Forest.

Skeletons, Reapers and Smileys guarded the entrance, providing a solid line of defense. But a determine party plowed over them, leaving nothing but rotting bones in their wake.

While frantically searching long tunnels for signs of the ngeromancer they sought, New Calendale's forces found something, or someone, unexpected. A half-goblin named Gorum had purposefully collapsed a portion of the caves around him, trapping himself within while safe from becoming a puppet to the ngeromancer. Xandis Lightfist, acquainted with the half-goblin, grabbed a hold of him and immediately sought to rush him to safety.

Meanwhile, Ignatz, Sirius, and Gabranth assured the capture of a ngeromancer, though not certain it was the one they sought, and to dragged him forcibly back to New Calendale for questioning.

As the adventurers returned to the center of town, disputes broke out. Why was a half-goblin living among undead and ngeromancers? Surely he must be tainted, under their control, or working for them. Ignatz, Sirius, and Diglon feared Gorum a ngeromancer and wanted his life forfeit.

Xandis and Tiden stood by in support of the half-goblin, who explained that after the wood elves burnt their city to the ground - alleging it once stood by The Dark Forest - he was left no place to go. When visiting New Calandale previously, it was clear to Gorum that he was not welcome by some of its people and ran back the direction of his former home - straight into the heart of the Dark Forest.

Skyla called upon the knowledge she's learned from Viralge to find Gorum had seemingly no ability to cast, but this test did not end the dispute of whether Gorum was a ngeromancer. Some still called for his death. However, lacking any positive evidence of his wrong doing, the half-goblin seems to have been free to go or at least made haste to his next destination.

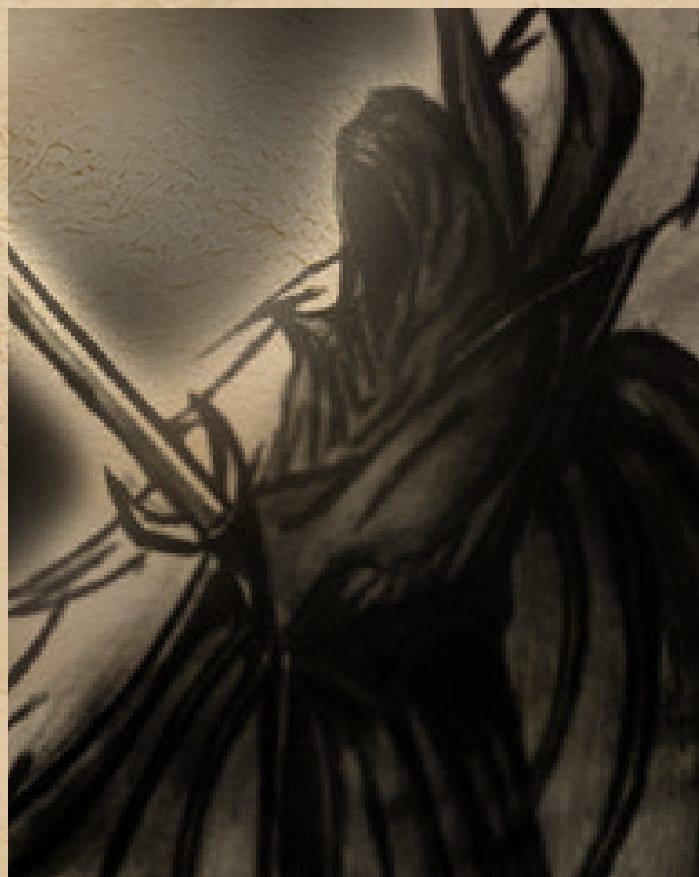
Ignatz, Gabranth and others grabbed their ngeromancer and dragged him off for questioning as to where his allies had retreated to.

- Beatrice Lain

New Calandale Strikes Against Kavarick

As many of those who read the New Calandale Chronicle pay attention to current events and don't live with their heads buried in sand probably know by now, the entity Kavarick is out and about and wants to unmake all of existence. This of course is not a good thing unless you are part of some cult that worships the end of days. If that is the case you might want to get your head examined. But getting back on topic, the followers of Kavarick have been converting others by the use of some Chalices that when the water is ingested, converts the drinkers into following Kavarick and takes away their will. All and all, stick to drinking ale and wine; Kavarick brand water is not a refreshing beverage.

I really need to learn to stay on point, don't I? Well anyway, two of these chalices have been captured from right under their noses, though not without casualty. The first was retrieved by a select team of individuals who managed to retrieve the chalice from a "temple" dedicated to Kavarick. The Heretics were not happy and a battle quickly followed, though the town managed to come to the team's aid and defeat the heretics.



The second chalice was retrieved after the town was alerted to a conversion ceremony of unwilling individuals. Unfortunately the town was not able to get there in time and there were several of Kavarick's elite followers, the Sensharu, there. The town was forced to retreat but in the commotion an individual, who shall remain unnamed, was able to sneak off with the chalice. Good news - the town was able to defeat almost the entirety of the heretic force and sent the remainder running.

For your own safety, please stay away from winged black-cloaked figures; it will only end badly for you. If you hear any whisperings of followers of Kavarick being active near you, please report to the nearest Guardsman and/or Dedicated Cleric. This way precautions can be taken to prevent any harm to any citizen or guest of the Twin Kingdoms.

May the Blessings of Arrawiel, Attalia, Borain, Drevarria, Elantrai, Ethali, Gorvaak, Gundar, Hafur, Ibwinn, Jerdano, Jerdith, Learyn, Leondarr, Mhizrak, Negoro, Olcandra, Razabaoth, Sindar, Virajar, Viralge, Xalaron, be upon you and may they guide and protect you through the current crisis.

- Brandon Lachlan

A Wanderer's Reveries

Ulv Shadow-Walker

Trust

When this war comes to an end,
Will you stand beside me, my friend?
Will you watch my back, my brother,
As we trudge through this war like no other?

Will you keep me safe, in times of strife,
Promise me you'll save my life?
Would you watch my home as I go
Away from this world we would know?

No! Don't! Brother!
How could you betray me with such malice?

You gave up on me. So I retract from you.
You have given nothing so nothing is what I shall give.
Vengeance shall be my end.
Hope shall be torn from your soul.

Your time shall dredge this land of ours.
Reborn in lands barren of flowers.
You shatter hearts and sunder souls.
Your reign is done from times of old.

Begone will you be to my might.
I shall do everything I can to win this fight.
Before you dream and dance tonight.
Be wary of the shining, beckoning light.

Live in fear, for you shall know,
The feeling of rushing undertow.
You'll try to run, nowhere to go.
And then you shall have none to show.

If I Die

If I die, no one will care.
If I die, they'll only stare.
If I die, who will be there?
No one, for I am alone.

If I die, who will I see?
I'll see Negoro welcoming me.
If I die, what will become?
If I die, who gave a damn?
Nothing. No one.

If I die, the world won't weep.
If I die, it'll just be sleep.
I'll wake again, in Negoro's realm.
For no one will care I've gone.

If I die, you'll see me no more.
Not like people tried to see me before.
If I die, I'll leave no legacy.
For there's nothing much to be left by me.

If I die, tomorrow will sing.
If I die, what got it'll bring.
If I die, lutes shall play.
If I die, it's just another day.



Alchemist Bazaar

Come One Come All

Spiritstday, 2nd day of the Shield Moon
In The Scroll and Dragon at 8 bells

The New Calendale Alchemist Guild will be selling
a large variety of Alchemical Items.

Also attending Merchants, Craftsmen and Artisans
who will be selling their wares.

Come and see the premier performance of The Cirque
de Elantrai

Refreshments and Treats will also be sold.





Enigmas of the Moon

1) When you bend me I'm kind
But I'm very hard to find
I'm easily sold
and rhyme with this when told.

2) I give you a family of three:
The first sits down, and will never get up.
The second eats as much as is given to him, yet is always hungry.
The third goes away and will never return.

3) A natural state, I'm sought by all.
Go without me, and you shall fall.
You do me when you spend,
and use me when you eat to no end.

4) A man goes out drinking every night, returning to his home early every morning.
No matter how much he drinks, he never gets a hangover.
This drink is very well known, but is rarely consumed, served warm and taken straight from its source.
The man is a sucker for a free drink, especially since he can't live without it.
What is his favorite drink?

5) I can bring tears to your eyes,
resurrect the dead,
make you smile,
and reverse time.
I form in an instant but I last a lifetime.

- Jonas Drake

Please send us your guesses for this Moon with your name on a piece of paper one of two ways:

- 1. Hand deliver personally to Onyx TigerEye (Senior Editor of the New Calendale Chronicle)*
- 2. Send by courier to "New Calendale Chronicle"*

*First person to get them all correct will receive a prize!
There may even be a little something for the person who comes the closest!*

Answers for the Blood Moon's Enigmas:

- 1) Water, Fire, Earth, Wind 2) Rain**
3) Only words with adjacent double letters may enter: such as Balloon, spoon, moon. 4) A rainbow

• Congratulations to Crysis for getting them all right! •