

# New Calendale Chronicle

The Spirit Moon, 1114



## KAVAREK OVERTHROWN BY THE FAITHFUL



As Kavarek once threatened to take over all of Adraveth, destroying life as we know it, those followers of the true 22 Gods and Goddesses united to seal Kavarek away on the 21st day of The Harvest Moon.

After moons of censharu killing hundreds of thousands, the faithful found a subtle way to shift the balance of power and in the process, forever alter the fate of all living beings - allowing the cycle to continue as we know it, Praise Neggorol! Praise Jerdanol!

One by one, they set aside their differences to put all hope in their faith. Praise the True 22!

It started with the strong actions of our leaders - our nobles, the Emperor of Sekhem, the Grand Sultan, and the Council of All Faiths taking up arms against Kavarek's followers, his preachers and believers who gave him most of his strength. With their actions, the tides of the battle against Kavarek slowly began to turn.

In Al`Hazar, the Grand Sultan Ali Hassan made the decision to officially declare all worship of "The New Lord" illegal, backed by the united churches of Mhizrak and Jerdith. So the hunt and war against Kavarek's followers began. *Praise Jerdith! Praise Mhizrak!*

In Sekhem, an attempted assassination on Emperor Ramashtop's life led to Trehmage Notep - a nzeromancer rumored among the most powerful in Adraveth - to lead his undead army against "The Dark Lord." So the undead forces joined the plight of the living. *Praise Drevarria!*

Here in the Twin Kingdoms, our own King Leopold attended an unprecedented gathering of the clerics of all faiths in Vondara where all churches unanimously declared open war on Kavarek. Kind Leopold and Queen Nehemiah decreed: heretic followers are to be shown no mercy, and





slaughtered to a man. Finding balance and order among the many, in the Queen's name, *Praise Leondar!*  
As the pious put trust in their faith, the 22 Gods and Goddesses gave their commands.

It has come to be accepted belief that all living on Adraveth and perhaps beyond, whether priest or priestess, cleric, pious or not - began to have dreams. We must accept they were divine in nature. *Praise Arrawic!*

Followers of Gorvaak to followers of Sindar, Ethali to Attalia, even those shamans who speak with the Spirits began to see visions of the upcoming battle, of war, and their place in the war that had commenced.

Baldrie, long-time faithful and devoted believer in the All-Father and All-Mother, started having visions of first the All-Father awakening, bringing renewed hope to the faithful. Many townsfolk in and near the Scroll & Dragon on Spiritsday night, after a particularly grueling battle against Kavarek's followers swear to have heard his voice, telling his children "not to fear, the battle has just begun." *Praise the All-Father!*

A traveling Ibwinn cleric hearing the news bought out the bar which led to a raucous celebration in New Calendae. *Praise Ibwinn!*

Upon morning's first light, all the area of New Calendae were on high alert. Battle was coming. Fighters lined up at the blacksmiths to get weapons sharpened, grab repaired armor while getting other pieces quickly patched. *Praise Gundar! Praise Hafur!*

Townsfolk awoken to good news - Baldrie had felt the touch of the All-Mother, who had awakened, granting him her ability to empower, reassure and strengthen anyone faithful to the True 22. *Praise the All-Mother!*

As the battle grew near, barbarians from the Frozen North confirmed even the Great Spirit had directed them to fight alongside the pious clerics. *Praise the Great Spirit!*

Those skilled in the healing arts checked over their supplies, filling their pouches and tending those wounded

from the night before, making sure all were able to stand ready. *Praise Attalia! Praise Oleandra!*

Four individuals, chosen by the gods, faced the task of fighting hand-to-hand against Kavarek and his cénsharu. As the army of the united faithful fought against Kavarek, waves of cénsharu and his followers, would be charged with the task of completing a ceremony of such great odds had never been attempted before - *Praise Viralee! Praise Elantrai* - as fortune smiled upon them!

The Followers of the True 22 and Kavarek's armies squared off, coincidentally, on a field once known to be host to a temple of All Faiths that was desecrated when several churches turned on each other leading to a battle of celestials versus infernal beings.

For all of New Calendae, all of Adraveth had one singular purpose: kill the cénsharu and send Kavarek back to the depths of the void. The Faithful fell on Kavarek's army with murderous intent, killing those faithful to Kavarek and his cénsharu, as none were to walk away from this battle alive. *Praise Ethali!*

Chaos reigned as the armies met, as the cénsharu circled out, breaking line and rank of the Faithful Followers. Yet the pious fought on. *Praise Gorvaak!*

The archers and mages first: as the first bowstrings were snapped, letting loose a volley of death, while mages, masters and novice alike, cast spells hoping the wind would carry to its target. *Praise Kalaron!*

The war cries of the pious joined with the thunk of arrows into shields, the bang of maces into shields, the ping of metal sword against armor and fellows' swords, cries of fallen turned into a battlefield song. *Praise Learyn!*

Those who would not carry a weapon still took to the battle field, piously healing those injured in the clash and offering their compassion for those whose wounds were beyond such arts, both friend and foe alike. *Praise Sindar!*

Some of those fighting would realize there was a cost to killing another, a cost that could not be measured or paid coin or gold, paying with their own life - and willingly gave their own. *Praise Virajar!*

As friends and foes began to fall, some were tempted by the lure of magical trinkets, money, and other goods lying



on the dead and turned their backs to the battle, looting the corpses. *Praise Borain!*

Despite all odds, the People of all faiths from all lands triumphantly beat down the ensharu, Kavarek, and his cultists, claiming victory and conquering Aldraveth in the name of the True 22. *Praise Razabaoth!*

May this prove what the power of a land and peoples united together can do, in the name of the True 22, All-Mother, and All-Father!

- Valeria Trio

## Faiths and Peoples Unite

Ladies and Gentlemen of New Calendalg, very rarely do I write of my own experiences for the Chronicle. I normally reserve personal observations for my more active colleagues who write for this paper. However, after this past Sunday, I cannot keep my own thoughts contained on what I experienced that day.

I have never considered myself a truly pious man. I believe in the true gods like anyone else, but I had never personally believed that any one god, let alone all the gods, really had any direct correlation with my life. I am still not a man of the cloth, but after that Sunday... no longer can I say that I do not feel their influence. I feel now more than ever that the gods are there and have a greater influence on my life than I had previously believed.

Since receiving the vision, I came to find out that many others had as well. I had joined a caravan traveling around, seeking out any and all true believers and those faithful to the True 22 and try to give them words of hope, supplies for any defending the towns and churches and to remind ourselves of the importance of what was to come.

I had heard after that Sunday past that the people of New Calendalg had defeated the Avatar of Kavarek, which correlates with what I experienced that day. Just before High Sun, the caravan I was traveling with had passed along the Northeastern corner of the Whispering Woods on our way to Dunkalter with the intent of delivering supplies, when we stopped suddenly. Looking up from my notes, I half-expected to see ores or brigands... Well, they were certainly human - that much I could tell. They were too numerous to be a typical bandit raid; from what I could clearly see, I counted over forty. However, something was off about the way they were approaching from the west. They weren't

attempting to circle us as though to cut off escape. More like they were going to simply walk straight through us. Thankfully, they were too far away to simply rush us.

That's when the chanting began. I heard it, low and distant at first. It became more fervent and pitched the closer they came. "By the gods..." The driver whispered, "they're followers of Kavarek." There weren't too many places for us to move the wagon, and what guards we had would have been overwhelmed immediately. We began to turn the wagon around as best we could, when, again, we saw another large group of people approaching from the way we had come. Upon seeing them, however, I did not feel fear. In fact, I somehow knew immediately who they were. These were followers of the True 22!

We drove the wagon back towards them and they let us pass until we got off the road some ways behind them. The driver turned to one of the Altalian clerics that walked by and offered to crack open the crates we were transporting. Inside were potions, gels and compounds, all labeled and organized, and pre-translated battle-serolls of both the arcane and diving. We began passing them out to any cleric, mage, or warrior that passed the wagon. We meant to give them whatever advantage we could as the number of the faithful did not seem nearly as big as the followers of Kavarek.

We stayed out of sight as the battle began. People of New Calendalg: I can say, without any hesitation that what I saw was a story that must have played across all of Aldraveth. I watched Jeredithians and Leonardarrans fighting alongside clerics of Drevarria and Gorvaak. I swear I spotted an Ethalian save the life of a Sindaran who was tending to a wounded archer. All the while, they called out to their gods to rally each other.





## Oax's Observations

### • Lessons of the Nine of Wands •

It has been ten years since I first came to Calendale. From both Goblinoid Wars, to the Civil War, to the Holy War, I have seen alliances and friendships forged and broken by the simple difference of faith. In all my time here though, never have I seen so much and so many come together as I have seen these past two cycles in the war against Ravarek. As I reflect on what has come to pass, my mind keeps coming back to the Nine of Wands.

The Nine of Wands is the card of Strength in Reserve. It signifies that you are in a position of strength and by drawing upon all of your courage and abilities, you will prevail.

*"A wounded man holding a wand stands guard over the other eight wands. This is the 'failure-is-not-an-option,' card. This fighter has seen some battles, but he's still standing! He's hurt, but he's not down. When we have had a bad experience, we feel weary and battle-scarred. Even if we aren't hurt physically, our psyches are wounded. Our openness, innocence and trust are gone, replaced by wary defensiveness. Regardless, wounded and tired as he is, the man is not going to stop protecting those wands."*

It is natural to feel defensive when our backs are against the wall facing what looks to be impossible odds. Doubt creeps into our minds from dark corners, making us question whether or not we have the strength to overcome the challenges in front of us. However, do not lose heart; you are stronger than you know, and victory can be pulled from even the bleakest of circumstances.

There is a danger that the scars can turn one bitter. Experiences can deliver harsh wounds, yet those who survive them come out stronger. We all possess the physical stamina and the inner drive to persist despite all setbacks, even if we have to drag ourselves along the floor to get there. This is the spirit of the Nine of Wands. Keep going no matter what, even if everyone and everything seems to be against you right now. Within us are the hidden reserves needed to prevail.

*"The Nine of Wands tells us that we have what it takes to get by. Even in times of stress and difficulty, inner strength will rise up to guide us forward toward our goals. And in*

The battle was pitched, and, at first, I thought that they would push through the faithful easily, when suddenly arrows flew from the forest to the south. I watched as Wood Elves poured from the forest loosing arrows left and right, felling and disabling many. However, I also saw that many of Ravarek's followers were, after a time, standing again

and rejoining the battle. Victory became ever more uncertain as Ravarek's followers pushed for a third time to break the ranks of the faithful.

What happened next, in all of my years living, I never thought I'd bear witness to. I felt the winds pick up, and for a moment I felt as though the Freeze had come early. Then, as though from the air itself, men clad

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in furs and leather and bone charged into the fray, hacking and slashing and calling to the Spirits. Yes, Barbarians from the Frozen Wastes had joined the battle. They fought with a ferocity I had never witnessed in my life. Their healers tended wounded, and all the while defending all who were truly faithful, even those who were students of the arcane or divine.

Then, just as suddenly as the battle began, it paused. The followers of Ravarek all seemed to lose their will to battle for a moment. They looked around and called out to their god as though lost. Many continued to fight in frustration and were cut down much easier than before. Some were captured, though I cannot say for sure the fate of the rest. But the battle had been won, somehow. Now, knowing what happened in New Calendale that day, I know the truth: Ravarek had been defeated and our world once again freed from his grasp. Our future is still uncertain, but as it always had been before, it is once again our future to shape.

- Algernon Corvis



*the process we shall learn more about ourselves and our abilities, gaining a new all-round perspective which brings security and self-confidence."*

Deep inside ourselves is a river from which flows new depths and power if one is willing to explore far enough to find it. Wisdom resides there, laying dormant in the subconscious until one is brave enough to seek it out. Once found, this wisdom will bring balance and an inner peace. This newly found serenity can be drawn upon, awakening a trust in oneself that will carry one forward through life.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
***"You must fight to protect us all. You already know how."***

These were the words spoken to me by Arrawiel herself when the Gods called out to us, their children. There was desperation in her voice yet it was mixed with a fiery intensity born of the need to fight for all of existence.

***"I have faith in you."***




At first I was confused. I knew how? Arrawiel herself had faith in me? I needed to sleep, to reflect on her words. In my prayers I saw the image of the Nine of Wands and I came to realize that Arrawiel was telling me that I had everything I needed if only I would search within.

It had been a long struggle thus far against Kavarek's forces. In the face of the adversity and trials to come, the hidden enemies and the obvious ones, despite feeling battered and bruised both physically and mentally, I needed to be resilient, patient, vigilant. If I did not succeed at first, I had to try again.

When one is in the midst of great struggle, it is not always apparent that their efforts are out of the ordinary. The battle may seem so obviously the right thing to do that one does not even realize how great and against the odds it truly is. With the help of the True 24, we defeated those seemingly insurmountable odds. And while that was what Arrawiel was speaking of when she implored me to fight, her lesson still applies to the events that will soon transpire.

Though the battle for existence is over, the Twin Kingdoms is still in turmoil. The threat of Solinaria looms over the land. Things are peaceful now, if only for a short time; it can change at any moment. We must recover our strength and find our personal reserves but at the same time not let down our guard. The battles that we win most decidedly are those we anticipate and manage to prepare for.

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel

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## Solinarian Legions' Disturbingly Quiet

Despite the conflict with Kavarek ending only a few short weeks ago, there has been little to no movement or hint of movement within the ranks of the Solinarian Legions. Boat travel remains dangerous, with the increased piracy on the waters. Immediately following their own battles with Kavarek's forces, they have seemingly settled. Is this the calm before the attack? There are rumors about what might occur next, but frankly there are more than a few groups that Solinaria would love to get even with.

-Falvitor Haile





## *Ruminations by an Al'Haziran Scholar*

• Of Loss, Return, and Remembrance •

My Dear and Fellow Citizens,

What follows are thoughts culled from the corners of my mind in reflection of the past two egeles. If my words cause offense, I offer my apologies in advance, for I mean merely to share what has been on my mind and not give insult.

These past few moons have been as taxing as they have been eventful - we have had weddings coupled with funerals, assassinations alongside ascensions. My congratulations to the many clerics that have gained the blessing of dedication this egele; your efforts have reached the ears of the gods, and they have been kind enough to lend their strength to the causes each of you uphold. My sincerest congratulations go to the kind miss Skyla, for the great return of her goddess to power; goodness knows the toils she has endured due to Viralee's absence.

Which brings me to the question a number of us have uttered, as their words buzz around with speculation. We have seen a number of heretics come to town, some more

hostile than others, but all equally ignorant and stalwart in their views that there were no other gods but their one pretender. Much examination has shown that these individuals were usually of the working class: farmers, common folk, and the elderly, whose wrinkled hands have tilled their fields since their father's time, only to ultimately join him in the neighboring plot six feet below. Given that we have yet to hear of an account of any who were well to do or with means for leisure and pleasure beyond the basic necessities, it can be safely inferred that those that turned to Ravarek were those that were without hope or much to look forward to.

When I first came to New Calendale, I recall being welcomed into the home of some elder farmers, their beards as long as my forearm. They were kind and generous, until talk turned to the topic of faith. Nothing could have prepared me for their ferocity when words came to blows, nor of their blindness to the pantheon. How could they believe in such a pretender when the True 22 were alive and well? Nine hells, there even came four other gods from the New



Continent! How could they have ignored such a wide array of benefactors in lieu of this one individual? After all, I have seen their eleries and priestesses all around me in town.

Then it hit me: though I and the people of this fair town bask in the warmth of so many holy men and women, it is possible that those elsewhere may not have such benefit. Even when they can spare the copper to come down to the tavern for a drink, our citizens have been so busy and exhausted keeping the town safe that there has been little time to spread the words and joy that are of the gods and goddesses many. It is likely that these farmers and working folk felt as if they were beyond the deities' favor, and in their moments of doubt turned to the blasphemer that promised them whatever they asked for, in exchange for their wills and quite possibly their souls.

There are few greater pains than being told that what one was raised to believe in never was, or to have one's needs left unmet despite their finest efforts. The absence of a chosen god/goddess' influence is a thirst left in the soul that cannot be fully quenched. If the reader may forgive the comparison, miss Skyla suffered tremendously when Viralee was sealed away by the heretic pretender; likewise did the vessel that housed that atrocity's form when he (briefly) walked the earth. As my sword joined the others in rending the flesh from the vessel's body, I could not help but hear his last words: "Where are you? My lord, please don't leave me."

Though I fully recognize that the actions of the heretics and of the elerie himself are a blight upon humanity, I cannot help but feel the weight of those words heavy upon my heart. How many of the workers and farmers have thought those words as their crops withered that one year when the sun was its hottest? How many have looked upward to cloudy skies and asked that question when their umpteenth child failed to survive their first year on earth? When war had ravaged their homes and their legs could not carry them anymore, how many have beat their chests and cursed the heavens that their prayers have gone unanswered? I am aware that the eleries of New Calendale have had to endure this absence one every year, and I commend them for their faith and fortitude that allows them to endure. However, I ask that you consider these people who lack the strength you do, and the families they have lost to the heathen menace. How long have they been without the words of the

true pantheon? Surely Attalia weeps for them, as Mhizrak and Legendarr beat their shields to their cries for justice and vengeance.

Though the gods are powerful, they have shared with us their gifts for a reason. I may be but a humble scholar who may never know neither a god or goddess' favor nor their minds, but I would believe that one of those reasons would be to spread the good news that the gods are alive, well, and listening by way of their chosen followers. When Ibwinn cannot be there to give cheer to a father who must work the fields to give his family bread, surely one of his servants will be present to share a drink. When a working woman is freezing in the dark of winter on her way home, surely

Jeredith's chosen will be there to light the way. And when I hear of someone that wants to learn but was too busy helping their family to know how to read, I pray to Viralee that I will be right there to teach them.

Please understand that I recognize that our eleries are working hard to take care of our town, and that this message is not meant to imply that they are not doing enough; rather, this message

is to remind the world that

the goodness of the gods burn brightly in all of us, and to encourage everyone to share the flame where embers are found that seek its warm remembrance.

I thank you for your time and tolerance in reading this entry. I hope that, should you hear of someone who cannot read this who wishes to hear what the Chroniele has to say, that you take the time to read it to them, so that they may enjoy these words. If they are not of these ways and beliefs, I pray the two of you can share enriching dialogue of mutual respect for new and differing customs. And if I am present, please do not hesitate to seek me out for reading aloud; I, too, did not know the common word onee, and would be honored to quench the thirst for knowledge and the written word.

Long live the pantheon! Long live knowledge!

Yours most sincerely,  
~ Rizhak Alim H'Gar



## Solinaria Is Coming

Good news! We have defeated Kavarek and sent him back into the hole he came from. But into every life a little rain must fall, so bad news: we are at war with Solinaria. I know this is already been announced and is common knowledge, but the oncoming war is big trouble for the Twin Kingdoms and needs to be addressed. We need to prepare.

Some of the signs of war are already being seen here in New Calandale. What sailors do come through tell tales of increased activity of pirates. Trade at the marketplace is seeing the stream of traveling traders dry to a trickle, and many head to parts north and east of New Calandale. Many have enlisted into the Twin Kingdoms Military. May Mhizrak bless them.



Corvus said that Faustus of the Vorenzi is behind a declaration that was made during the Shield Moon of this year. The declaration states that "letters of marque" will be issued to pirates (among them a group known as the Red Corsairs), legitimizing their actions under Solinarian law, so long as the Twin Kingdoms remains the victims of the attacks. I think that he prepared to do this ahead of time to let the pirates do his dirty work, and has been lying in wait for the right time to turn them loose.

As a coastal town, New Calandale is a prime target for these scum, so be prepared to contend with shore parties looking to take your things and even you yourself for the slave trade. Also expect travel and trade disruptions. I can't speak for what moves the legions will make or how they will be deployed, but I'd wager it is more likely to encounter these pirates in our area rather than legionaries. New Calandale is small and tactically isolated; the legions are more likely to be sent after the kingdom's strength is spent and make as

deep a push in as they can. But I can't make any guarantees there; I can only guess based on what I'd do.

In case it comes up, I'll add the disclaimer that I'm not condemning the practice of issuing letters of marque or those who hold them. It's just a military tactic. But these men have lived lives as unrepentant killers and thieves, and will now be legitimized for their role in this "treachery." Pirates or legionaries, either option is dangerous for everyone who hails from the Twin Kingdoms, so I urge everyone to be cautious.

That being said, the Twin Kingdoms can endure this war like it has in all previous conflict. The unity of the people who call the Twin Kingdoms home will prevail; together we will create an unbreakable, unconquerable wall that will turn back the tide of the Solinarian legions and their mercenary minions. Together we will win, and send them running with their tails between their legs. Stay strong, everyone - while the storm is here, we can and will endure it.

- Brandon Leachlan

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## Adraveth Unites to Banish Kavarek

Just a few short weeks ago, Kavarek made his final push in the war against the faithful. He sent avatars of his might all across Adraveth to lead his Censharu into battle against the forces of the true 22. Reports are coming in from all over that every standing army in every country took up arms against this terrible force.

In Sekhem, the undead legions had barely left Amantothep before they encountered the forces of Kavarek in the deserts. The air was filled with only the screams of rage and pain from the cultists as the undead silently and methodically cut them down. The Censharu were overwhelmed by the sheer numbers of bodies they faced, and eventually torn apart by the powerful ngeromancers who guide the legion. Ahermage Notep himself was seen tearing the spirit from the body of the avatar that was sent to Amantothep.

Vondara was the stage of another attack by the forces of Kavarek, but this time, they were prepared. Kavarek's followers attacked during the night, seeking to use the darkness to their advantage. However, due to the previous destruction of The Chaliegs, those who were under Kavarek's spell returned to the side of the True 22 and were able to relay some of the plans of the enemy. Powerful mages from all across The Twin Kingdoms prepared an ambush for when Kavarek's followers would attack. When his followers attacked the gates of





Vondara, the air became alight with every color imaginable. Fire warmed the skin of anyone nearby, only to be chilled by the cold of ice. Thunderclaps pierced the air in time with flashes of lightning, great earthquakes with sandstorms ripping the air apart above them battered Ravarek's forces. It was truly a sight and sound to behold. Nearly all of Ravarek's invading force was torn apart in the initial charge. This slaughter went on for hours, with dawn breaking to find his forces slaughtered to a man.

The Agorians had troubles of their own as well. Early on with the emergence of Ravarek, the Agorians voted to expel Ravarek worshippers from their cities. And given the hostile terrain that surrounds much of their cities, the movement failed to take much root. This did not stop Ravarek from sending an avatar there as well, however. The Agorian military and Mages Guild brought its might to bear against the invading force, and killed them without mercy.

These are just but a few examples of the bravery and power shown by all of the nations of Adraveth in this massive conflict. For once, we were not nations - we were all children of the True 22.

- Vorrel Valken

## Working Together

The idea of working together is not a novel idea, but it is one that comes around often. As part of the farming community, I know that working together is always better than working alone. I depend on the sun and rain for my crops to grow. I also depend on my family to help me tend to the garden each and every year. More importantly, I depend on my neighbors to aid

me if a group of ores decide to invade my home and destroy my crops for their own personal amusement. Working together is strength in times of need.

The town of New Calendale, for example, has had some exotic partners that have traversed the town to offer assistance. In recent moons, a vampire that practices the tenets of Ethali came to lend a hand to those who worship the True Twenty-Two. As Philoh has stated in the past, "We need to band together in order to defeat the Dark One."

I have also heard of Shamans communing with the spirits and other Shamans. The Shamans have come to the conclusion for the time being that they need to work with clerics of the True Twenty-Two faith. As is the Shamans custom, they do not usually associate themselves with clerics, but working together seemed to benefit both parties.

Also, in more recent times, a group of ores came into the town proper and started talking about working together. Worshipping Gorvaak, they wanted to do their part in destroying the Dark One. As much as I despise ores for the atrocities they have done to my farm and the farmland around me, I have to admit that they have a good intention for wanting to help.

As much as I would love this sense of partnership of all the gods and goddesses working alongside each other, as well as their clerics, I know it will not last. As the sky around me filled up with bursts of lights and sounds that I have never seen or heard before the 21st of the Harvest Moon, I suspect the Dark One was defeated. However, I know this would have been for naught, if we did not work together. Therefore, we shall see what comes of this partnership in cycles to come.

- Sebastian Wolf



# A Wanderer's Reveries

Ulv Shadow-Walker

## Peace

The foe is felled,  
We can rejoice!  
Our trials end,  
Release your voice!

Time is now  
For celebration!  
In every temple,  
In every nation!

Time is now to revel on,  
For he is banished, he is gone!

Shadows dance  
With the sister of light!  
The chaos reigns  
With order's might!

The healer lays  
With the sickened one!  
The fire father  
With the water son,

The mother earth,  
The sister wind,  
All is well  
Now within.

Rest ye head  
Weary ones,  
The battle's done -  
We have won!

Rest now,  
Dear one,  
For you are safe -  
Peace has come.

## Balance

One will live,  
One will die,  
Two will live,  
Three shall thrive,

Four have been,  
None remain,  
Balance brought to the world again.

Heaven above,  
Earth below,  
Realms about of our unknown.

Fighting stance,  
Lovers' dance,  
One is free,  
The other need be  
Forgiven but not forgotten.

The balance tilts,  
The scale has shifted,  
Once again eternum lifted.

Begin it will  
Again to see  
The restore of balance,  
None are ready.

## War

You strive, you fight,  
You dream, you fight,  
You hunger, you fight,  
You fear, you fight,  
You live, you fight!

Do not let the fire die -  
Fight on, fight strong!

Do not let the fire die -  
Battle until the world collapses!

You love, you fight,  
You cry, you fight,  
You care, you fight,  
You dare, you fight,  
You run, you fight!

No matter the cost, fight!  
No matter what may come, fight!  
No matter what burns in your mind,  
No matter what scars through time,  
No matter, fight on!

Frontline, sideline, shadows, mystic,  
Everyone fights, everyone must fight!

Brace, for death will come;  
Brace, for you are one!  
Death is yours, as is mine,  
Death is ours, it is time!

You fight, you win.

You fight, you die.







## Enigmas of the Moon

1) A traveler comes to a fork in the road which leads to two villages. In one village the people always tell lies, and in the other village the people always tell the truth. The traveler needs to conduct business in the village where everyone tells the truth. A man from one of the villages is standing in the middle of the fork, but there is no indication of which village he is from. The traveler approaches the man and asks him one question. From the villager's answer, he knows which road to follow.  
What did the traveler ask?

2) What force and strength can not get through,  
I with a gentle touch can do,  
and many in the streets would stand,  
were I not as a friend in hand.

3) I have many eyes but cannot see.  
I have no mouth or nose, but always smell.  
Do not eat my tree or you will be,  
a very rare fatality!

4) I am around long before dawn.  
But by lunch I am usually gone.  
You can see me summer, fall, and spring.  
I like to get on everything.  
But when winter winds start to blow;  
Burr, then it's time for me to go!

5) This thing devours all,  
Birds, beasts, trees, flowers,  
Gnaws iron, bites steel,  
Grinds hard stones to meal,  
Slays kings, ruins towns,  
And beats high mountains down.

- 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 Calendalé Chronicle)*
- 2. Send by courier to "New Calendalé 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 Harvest Moon's Enigmas:**

**1) "Empty" 2) Bottle 3) Rainbow 4) Pin & Needle 5) Air**

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