

New Calendale Chronicle

The Laughing Moon, 1116

UNUSUAL TIDINGS AFOOT



A Dark Fivesday Evening

It was a lively evening in New Calendale, on the eleventh night of the Thawing Moon. The Seroll and Dragon was filled with drunken revelry; it seemed just about everyone in town came out to celebrate. Were we celebrating our comrades' return from Lagrimoore, the excitement of a wedding on the morrow, or was it just the passing of a long winter? Whatever the case may be, our local watering hole was fuller than ever, which set an interesting stage for what had transpired that evening.

We were joined by a newcomer to town, a Brownie, who was traveling across towns of the Twin Kingdoms to gather supplies for the Light Fae's ongoing struggle against the Dark Fae. With many of us eager to help him on his noble quest, he found himself enjoying a few drinks with his new friends.

Not long after we were joined by another newcomer; someone who had lost his way, and escorted to the tavern

by our local guard. The stranger's winter cloak left his identity somewhat of a mystery, so it wasn't until he settled in that we realized who he was. The visiting gentleman was a Darkling, a Dark Fae somewhat resembling a Brownie, and was on a journey all his own. He was traveling in search of his someone who had committed atrocities against his family, wanting to see them brought to justice. As it turned out, he would find the man he was looking for that night, right in the Seroll and Dragon.

He was attracting quite a bit of attention, along with a small crowd. Some had never seen one of his kind before, while others plotted attacking the man, afraid of that which they do not encounter every day. At this point, most of the town guard was nearby to prevent anything from escalating. It was at this point the Darkling recognized someone, calmly getting the guard's attention and raising his hand to point across the tavern.

“That’s him, guards. Please arrest the man who murdered my brother,” the Darkling announced, his finger firmly pointed at the Brownie who entered the tavern earlier. The Brownie became frantic, trying to rally townsfolk to combat the Darkling. The Dark Fae stood still, even turning to stone when the mad Brownie approached. At no point, however, did the Brownie deny the crimes he was accused of. The Darkling removed himself from the main hall and had a drink at the bar while the guardsmen did their best to calm the Brownie. By the time he had finished his drink, the Brownie had been removed from the premises. A small party of townsfolk escorted the Darkling out of town once he was finished.

While it is of the utmost importance that we aid and assist our Light Fae allies, it is important that we do not confuse our perception of a collective with the identity of an individual. Violence and hostility are never the answer, and are the unfortunate result of not conquering this confusion. We must always look deeper than the surface, for some people aren’t made the way they look on the outside.

- Jigen

Our history reads as a long list of invasions, devastation, warfare and death, with brief respites between. Just enough time to close the wound before fighting again. That’s not healing, that’s not even recovery. So what is healing? Healing is what we do for each other; it’s how we rebuild our neighbors. It is how we make each other stronger after the pain has passed, how we end the pain of friends, family and strangers.

So let us embrace this idea of healing, of recovery, of fraternity. Let us remember that through the violence and pain we have ever needed to rely on the cooperation of others, and now with the recent storm passed it is no different. We rebuild each other, we support our neighbors, and in the act of building we, too, are made whole again. Let this be a year of rebirth and renewal, let it be recovery and healing indeed.

May the Twenty-Two and their sirens watch over you all.

- Codiegr Stone

A Time To Mend, A Year To Heal

The White Argorian has decreed this “The Year of Healing,” and as one who has endured his fair share of trials and horrors, I can tell you healing is very much in need. But what exactly does that mean? What is healing? Everyone understands it on a basic level: a mending of broken bones, a replacing of lost limbs, but that is only the effect, only what occurs. What does it mean to BE healed, or to heal another?

An Altalian might say it is to take in the suffering of others, a Sindarin might say it is to replace pain with love. Those are likely the most expected answers, perhaps the easiest, but what might a Leondarrin say, what might a Razabaothian say?

Though a being of faith, I am no prophet and cannot speak to the will of the gods, so I can only say what healing means to me. Recovery. We must remember that for something to heal it must have once been broken. Healing is what we do after we have suffered pain. And oh, my dear readers, have we suffered.



Onyx's Observations

• Unpopular Considerations •

If you have read the cover story of this Moon's Chronicle, "A Dark Fivesday Evening," by Jigen, he finishes with an interesting, yet unpopular, point of view. I would like to express my thoughts on his words as I myself have had similar thoughts over the course of the Moon.

The situation we find ourselves in is being in the middle of another war, one not of our making. A war has raged between the Light Fae and the Dark Fae for perhaps hundreds of years if not longer; I admit that I do not recall if I was ever told what had originally started it. From my experiences with Dark Fae, they will hunt down and kill Light Fae on sight. The Fae War flared in earnest several years ago. Up until then, the Light Fae were in control of the Fae Realm itself. Through a series of missions, the most important of which resulted in catastrophic failure, the Light Fae were unable to keep their hold on the Fae Realm.

The Dark Fae entered the Fae Realm and wrought destruction throughout. Entire Fae houses, some as ancient as the Fae themselves, were completely wiped out. House Arkroeth, a great merchanting house, fell early on. Pixie Noble, Lord Drzylianness, was killed in the fighting. Another pixie Noble, Jerzon, was the last survivor of his house and it is feared he too may have fallen since his last appearance in New Calendale. Entire tribes and bloodlines of Satyrs were eradicated. Light Fae were forced to become slaves and playthings for Dark Fae until they grew bored with their "toys" and disposed of them. It was nothing short of mass genocide.

Before I continue on, let me assert that I do NOT condone the actions of the Dark Fae above. As an Arrawielian, I am merely observing and reflecting as we are wont to do, putting forth my observations to promote thought.

Now then, one would hear all of this and would not think twice about supporting the Light Fae in their fight to regain their home. Jerzon was a close friend of mine for over a decade and I have supported him every step of the way. However, one must remember that Dark Fae also came from the Fae Realm. Can it not be said they too just wanted to return to their home as well?

In every war, there are those on each side who do not agree with what their side is doing. This may be the ideologies of the war itself and/or the actions that their side is taking to push their agendas and win the war.

The Darkling that visited us only sought justice for his murdered brother. He conducted himself in a peaceful manner, not attempting to attack any of the Light Fae present, or any other townsfolk. He was very respectful of the Guard and when he saw the man he sought, calmly identified the visiting Brownie as the murderer. This is extremely uncharacteristic according to everything commonly known of Dark Fae.

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There have also been rumors of Fae traveling to villages in the Twin Kingdoms looking for those to support their cause. For those that do not want to become largely involved or even outright refuse to help in the least, they have fallen to destruction. There has been speculation that it was retaliation by the Fae. What makes this even more disturbing, however, is that in quite a number of these reports, they were identified

as Light Fae, Fae that are supposed to be our allies.

Are there Dark Fae that truly seek peace and are sick and tired of the constant fighting? Do they just want to reunite with their Light Fae brethren? Are some Light Fae really resorting to more brutal measures reminiscent of the typical behavior of Dark Fae?

Magie in the World has changed very recently with those of us finding we have lost abilities to do things we once could and gained abilities to do things we once could not. Fae in particular are very magical creatures. Could this flux in magie have affected them in ways we are not yet aware of? If this is the case, how do we know who to ally with? Are there even two sides to this Fae war any more? Are those traditionally our friends able to still be trusted?

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Reflections and Observations

There was a friend I used to spend time with down at the marketplace before she moved on with her travels to other lands. We would spend hours talking of various subjects and friendship was often a subject. I remember one night she shared with me a page from her journal and I found it so moving, I asked to keep a copy of it. Allow me to share her words.

"I cannot remember the last time I gazed upon someone and called them friend. It has been long. Much too long. How much time has passed since someone could tell by a mere glance what I felt beneath my hardened exterior? And if they knew not, then when was it last that they knew I was keeping something to myself?"

"A true friend is an important treasure to unearth. One must dig far below the surface in the right place. Thereafter, many layers of unknown thickness must be breached, some gently, others roughly. The search will take much time and toil, but patience is essential. And then, after all that is done, will the chest be found. But the work is still not over, for the chest still needs be opened. On the chest is a single lock, one that cannot be cut, smashed, magically forced, nor picked. There exists only one key that will open it. A key that can never be bought, only earned, and it does not always come swiftly nor simply.

"That key is Trust."

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel

Ruminations of an Al-Haziran Scholar

• Of Recognition, Stillness, and Gratitude •

I would like to put at ease the minds of those who worried of my absence this moon. Through no fault of anyone, some spoiled food found its way to my plate on my way back to town. Little did I realize the drastic effect it would have on my health until cold sweats and unease fell upon my brow in the night. Unable to hold back the curdling lump in my stomach, I wandered out into the forest and did what had to be done. Tears stinging my eyes and bile in my nostrils, I mumbled a small prayer to the Eldest Lady, asking for any greater reason behind this suffering than mere poor judgment of food. I received my answer over the course of the next few days.

During my convalescence, the people of my cabin held vigil over me in their own fashion, offering me food, drink, and good humor when mirth was plentiful. One or two even came to me for counsel, which

I was more than glad to give. Kitara, Onyx TigerEye, and even Rehan Standing Elk shared their healing with me when they were able. Though I clenched my fists at the thought of not being able to return the favor immediately, my heart

shed a tear or so, thus filled to brimming with the emotions of gratitude and compassion.

Recent readings and events had caused me to doubt my place here; nightmares, loss, and fear of looming conflict can to that to a person. The kind and compassionate people of my cabin allowed me to realize Viralee's answer to my question: during fear and suffering, sometimes one needs to be still and recognize what beautiful gifts and blessings surround us. Those gifts vary on the individual; for me, it is the love and devotion of those I call friend. To those who cared for me, I offer my deepest of thanks. I would not have been able to muster the strength to fight at Barigmoore had you not given me water to drink.

Speaking of good company, I have found myself drawn to spending time with a friend and fellow countrywoman, Yara Adesh, a local merchant from my homeland. My time at her tent, the Three Wishes Bazaar, was indeed well spent, as her hospitality reminded me of the comforts I once had many moons and miles past. Even if you opt to forego purchasing from her significant selection of wares, she offers good conversation in a light atmosphere, sometimes with small snacks while everyone sits around the hookah.

...sometimes one needs to be still and recognize what beautiful gifts and blessings surround us.

May others bask in the warmth a good Al'Haziran woman brings to both her home and her business.

This moon I spend in contemplation of these lessons. Do not look for me or fret, for I am in good hands. May fortune and favor smile on you all this Moon, and may you find the time in our busy town to seek stillness and bask in gratitude of the world's gifts.

Yours most sincerely,
~ Rizhak Alim H'Gar

Once More Into the Breach, Once More Answering the Call

"The other nobles have decided to restrict all travel to Larigmoore. They have decided it's a lost cause. Well I think that's atrocious!" Words spoken with great vehemence, words that will enter the history books. Words that would mean treason, were they not spoken by Marquis Artanian.

The 6th day of the Thawing Moon was a surprisingly warm day, the sun was near its highest point and the sky was clear. Still, gathered in the Scroll and Dragon the Marquis' words sent a bolt of ice through our veins. What followed was a rapid explanation by Marquis of his plan. At the expense of great personal energy he would open a portal

to Larigmoore and the whole of New Calendale would be sent to act as relief for the beleaguered and the desperate of Larigmoore.

The whole of New Calendale.

To empty a town and hurl its full measure at another is a risky proposition in the best of cases, and were it any town but ours probably a sentence of suicide. But this is New Calendale. We and ours have ever been the Twin Kingdoms' vanguard and stern-guard both. Not one citizen balked, not one person protested; our nation was in need, our brothers and sisters suffered and as ever before New Calendale answered the call. Preparations were hasty, warriors were girded in skins of arcane power, spirits were beseeched and potions were hastily imbibed. Then we charged.

If you do not yet know of the plague infecting Larigmoore I can only tell you that words cannot do it justice. The air was thick and foul with rot, the sky cloaked in grey clouds and washed in a miasma of corpse flies. Blood that I fear will never wash from the stones stained the streets and the ashen remains of buildings decimated in the war with Solinaria collapsed under their own weight even as we watched. Many writhed as the fumes choked our lungs and erid as the haze burned our eyes. We appeared on the docks amidst a tide made red with the fallen and the masts of sunken ships breaching the waves. Unfortunately we hadn't time to acclimate ourselves to the scene before the undead broke from the surrounding buildings and crawled from the sea to assault us.

Undead! In the day? Against the whole of New Calendale? I almost felt sorry for the shambling remains of the dead.

The first detonated as Prevaria's might tore it apart. The second was bisected as the raging blade of Gorvak descended through its body. Then we were into them! Spirits bound ghouls to the earth, alchemical fire burned away rotted flesh, arrows sailed through air and desiccated meat with equal ease. The divine energies of Attalia rolled through the field, invigorating us and enervating them. Magistrate and scholar, merchant and soldier, mage and shaman, priest and



seoundrēl - it did not mater from what walk of life one came, all stood together and unleashed the full fury of New Calendalē upon the scourge.

We have blunted the press of ore invasions, we have decapitated Solinarian legions, we have fought on the edge of oblivion against an over-dēity and his chosen minions. Undead? Undead were as nothing to us. Our arms grew tired, our energies low, our blood fell with that of our enemies and many hovered on the doorstep of Negoro. But we did not relent, we did not yield. We did not fall. We fought, and we fought, and we fought and our blades turned red and at last the final ghoul fell to rise no more.

The air shook with the roar of our triumph, with the cheer of our victory. With these undead finally allowed their peace, we returned home as we came.

When next there is need of us, we will answer, as we always have. For Barigmoore, for the Twin Kingdoms, For King Damasque and the true gods New Calendalē stands.

- Codieier Stone

Twin Champions Crowned in the Tournament of the Two Rulers

The Tournament of the Two Rulers, one a Grand Melee the other a Grand Tourny of Magic. Both were grand displays of skill both martial and magical. The Grand Magic Tournament was won by Master Saringo, a Master of Force Magic and knowledgeable of other schools. He defeated Artemis the Enchantment mage in the second round of the tourny. He then faced off against Dylon, a Cleric of Gorvak, who also passed the second round by defeating Brandan Laehlan, a student of Force. The final round was an amazing show of spellcraft on the parts of those who participated. But it was easy to see that both Master Saringo, and Dylon, had the upper hand in terms of skill.

The Melee tournament was a wondrous set of duels between a variety of people. There were people from all over. In the end the final battle was between Xandis, the Champion of Adraveth, and Agnatē, a cleric of Mhizrak. While Xandis was the better fighter, Agnatē was not without a few tricks up his sleeves, even coming back from unconsciousness to continue the fight even after the battle had been called in favor of Xandis.

A bell or so later, King Leopold and Emperor Orestes,



stood in the tavern and gave the victors their hard-won prizes. Each of them received a pair of twin forged rings; one ring of each set was forged in the Twin Kingdoms and the Solinarian Empire. They both also earned the right to make a request of the ruler they fought for. Xandis asked King Leopold to grant citizenship to his friend from the New Continent, a Half-Goblin named Gorum. This is an interesting choice for Xandis. On the one hand, he shows his nobility by using his request to help another. But, on the other hand, this same Half-Goblin is responsible for the creation of a construct that ended up attacking our Wood Elven friends in the Whispering Woods. But our great and wise King Leopold granted the request, and stated that any other Half-Goblin would be given the chance to prove themselves worthy of citizenship. Master Saringo also had a surprising request to make to the King. He asked for an opening of diplomatic communication between the Twin Kingdoms and Agoria. Ties between the two kingdoms have been cut since the end of the Twin Kingdoms Civil War, where Agoria sided with the traitorous Talon. But this request is very much in spirit with what the Tournament of the Two Crowns is about. The tourny is about the strengthened unity between the Twin Kingdoms and the Solinarian Empire. Using his request to do the same with Agoria is a good choice for Master Saringo to make. The King said that, come the end of the frost, a diplomatic party will be sent to Agoria, with Master Saringo at its head. Best of luck to him on this venture,

But there was one further prize: the opportunity to be the first dual citizens of both of their respective domains. That is right - Xandis and Master Saringo now hold citizenship in the Solinarian Empire and the Twin Kingdoms. This is something that, before the war between the two nations, had been only talked about as a shadow of a possibility. There will also be opportunities for others to take a dual oath as well. May this serve as a symbol of a new era of peace and prosperity between both kingdoms.

- Brandan Laehlan

Redemption of a Branded One

If you have lived in the area of New Calandale for a cycle or two, then you will no doubt have heard the story of Diglon. Diglon is a cleric of Gorvaak and expert swordsman who has lived in the town for many cycles. Several cycles ago, he and two others ended up committing treason. Since then, only one has been redeemed. So, for the last few cycles Diglon has lived with the Traitor's Mark on his face, a heavy weight around his neck. Unlike others who have by their own actions bore this brand, and continued their villainous ways, Diglon worked towards redemption, which he has been granted.

Due to his actions during the War with Solnaria, which includes saving Marquis Orsiv Istivan from enemy troops and continually putting himself in danger to protect our beloved kingdom, he earned his citizenship back, and will hopefully have his brand removed. This was announced and granted by the most wise Baron Alexavier Ravenholm.



Diglon lists several people as inspiration, as well as those who helped him in various ways down the challenging path of redemption. In his own words from a post he made on the town boards, he says the following:

"The town guard of New Calandale was instrumental in my rehabilitation. Their continued example of proper citizenship stood as a constant reminder to me each day. More specifically, under the leadership of Judge Corporal Gabranth I came to know the true meaning of loyalty to our lands.

"Aiden, for his aid in rescuing Lord Istivan. Although he may sometimes let loose too much of his tongue, I would not have been able to carry our Lord away from the carnage without his harrying of the enemies flanks."

"And lastly, the other five brave souls who stood by me last Elder Moon in our last-ditch efforts to defend the township from a certain doom. Judge Codieer Stone, Ribz Traverser of the Spirit Realm, Rus lezbagger Spirit Walker and Guardian of the North, Gabriel of the Offshore Isles, and our lost brother, Private Weis of the Twin Kingdoms Guard".

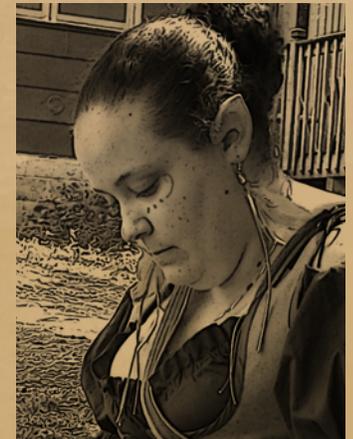
All that remains to be said on this is, congratulations Diglon. You have done what few before you have been able to do. You chose the hardest path you could have taken, and you did it successfully. May your future be bright and your adventures successful.

- Brandan Lachlan

Maiden of the Forest

The Whispering Woods can be a treacherous path for those who don't know how to navigate it properly, especially if you find yourself unable to defend yourself against its natural inhabitants. I speak of the territorial Gnolls, large Insects, and even the ferocious Goblinoids that rampage through the forest. Recently, on my way back from Brekendorf, my group ventured through the woods and we stumbled into Groll hunting territory. We were surrounded and all seemed lost when suddenly a young woman appeared and roots captured all of the Gnolls. She began conversing with them, telling them our group meant no harm and we would be leaving. She then told us to go. I asked her name as we began making our way back again and she said it was Kitara. If that Maiden comes through town, I hope she reads this to know we made it safely and she has my thanks.

- Sakaala Dabanaek



A Look at the Honor of Dual Citizenship

"Answer me - are you a Solinarian Sympathizer?" a Twin Kingdom soldier screamed.

Silence.

"I'd rather teach the half-ore."

This insult was thrown like a javelin, his aim unerring as if still in heat of war. His words strike to the core issue: Many Twin Kingdom citizens - even in New Calendale- still hold a grudge against our Southern neighbor.

It is a time for change. That change is now.

King Leopold Damasque of the Honorable Twin Kingdom has negotiated and agreed to an alliance with Emperor Lucius Junius Orestes of the Glorious Solinarian Empire. Let me be the first to say, long live the reign of the two kings!

After nearly a cycle at war and the death of two beloved rulers, these rising powers have seen fit to declare an alliance between two great nations. It comes at a great cost. Hundreds, no, thousands are dead. More are injured. Homes have been destroyed. Crops torched. The damages, which are likely still being tallied in Larigmoor, are immense.

This is not the first, but one of many wars in a series of conflicted past between the Twin Kingdoms and Solinaria. These conflicts have bred deep distrust, dislike and yes - outright hatred of Solinarians in the Twin Kingdom.

Trust me on this one. I know firsthand.

When I first arrived in New Calendale, I became the target of many insults. I was a dirty Solinarian. I was not to be trusted. I was a slave owner. Fighters wouldn't spar me. Masters of swordplay wouldn't teach me. Information was kept from me.

"I would never trust a Solinarian."

Solinaria's proud heritage, the Empire's practice of allowing slavery and its military strength were all fodder for insults. Only a few of those I met seemed to remember brave sacrifices of the Corax Legion who marched to their deaths in

order to change the tides in the Third Goblin War.

"So what, it's just another dead Solinarian," Kitara said, before the late Emperor's body was even cold.

Now some of those very same people who defiled and vilified the Solinarian Empire seek to swear Dual Citizenship this thawing moon.

Citizenship is an honor and privilege, not a right.

Swearing an oath of citizenship is taking on all the duties and responsibilities of knowing the laws of the country, understanding its government, and promising to both uphold and abide by the laws and its nobles. To be made a citizen is an honor-bound promise to a new ruler.

The honor of citizenship should not be taken lightly.

To be made a citizen is an honor-bound promise to a new ruler.

I have sworn an oath of citizenship in Twin Kingdoms on at least five occasions. In doing so, I solemnly swore to uphold its laws and defend it as my home. To swear it twice to two great nations, is to double one's duties and

responsibilities. To kneel and pay equal respect to King Leopold and Emperor Orestes.

Dual citizenship, and this new alliance, offers an unprecedented opportunity to heal the rift between the Twin Kingdoms and Solinaria. Both countries are still mourning the loss of beloved rulers, hundreds of deaths and great suffering. A period of peace offers the opportunity for new trades and deals that could bring the potential for new found prosperity.

If New Calendale citizens are given the opportunity to swear dual citizenship this moon - I beg you - do so only if you can give equal respect to both nations. Find it in yourself to help heal the past wounds and bury old grievances.

The Oracle has declared 1116 the Year of Healing.

- Valgria Trio

New Calendale Resident Takes First in Dunkalter

I received a letter from Dunkalter the other day. This letter detailed the events that took place at the Dunkalter Annual Arm Wrestling Festival. This event is hosted annually in Dunkalter at the Tavern of Liberation. This contest is part of the founding celebration of the town and attracts all sorts to come and test their strength. This year was another fierce competition and its champion was none other than a Citizen of the Twin Kingdoms and resident of the Town of New Calendal, Barrabus Delvkangsh. Three Cheers for Barrabus Delvkangsh representing our town and spreading the good name of New Calendale.

- Durnas Brownaxe

A Thank You Letter to a Local Doctor

In this town that is blessed with followers of the 22 gifted with the divine prayers of healing, we often forget to thank those who lack the divine touch but have made it their life to study the body and to learn how to cure its ailments. With proper bandaging, sterilization, and medicine one can save just as many lives as the followers of Attalia. Local Doctor Thomas Vultor was seen saving the lives of some travelers who came into town suffering from poison and infected wounds. It was thanks to his tireless efforts and his years of studying medicine that these people came to me asking to write this story and wish to say once again, "Thank you, Doctor."

- Jannalor Sarzana

Beware the Fae

People of New Calendale I warn you to not trust the Fae. Recently there have been lots of reports of Fae coming to the area, often innocently, asking for donations and for assistance. But hours after showing up, devastation lies in their wake. These are much worse than the stories of old when wandering in the woods sometimes people would disappear, perhaps whisked away by a Pixie. What lies in the wake of their presence is nothing but destruction. Several small villages which this warning did not get to soon enough have already fallen. If the Fae come to your town, send them away quickly; don't risk the safety of the townsfolk.

- Qildor Presfiel



Odes to the Moons

Sebastian Wolf

Ode to the Spirit Moon

Souls rendered from bodies
Puts us in a great unrest
In these troubled times, the
Realm of Spirits will aid us,
Instantly saving the Realm of Man from
The evil entities that haunt our plane.
Shamans, both near and afar will sever and
Maim these dark spirits.
Only during these treacherous times can such an
Opportunity present itself and give us
Nuances we have never seen.

Ode to the Sword Moon

Snow's sweet embrace
Hinder the crops from growing and
Initialize the start of the cold season.
Everyone readies their personal belongings and
Laments the arduous days ahead, where people stay
Dormant and hidden.
May you look upon these cold nights
Only as a reminiscence, for
Optimism will guide you through these
Nights of despair.

Ode to the Death Moon

Destiny will
Embrace all that you are
As you look upon the
Twinkles in the night sky.
Heat from a friendly fire will shape and
Mold your path from whence you started your
Origins. The decadence and
Opulence of these simple gifts will
Nourish your soul and shape your Future.

Ode to the Ice Moon

Iceles hanging from the tree's branches
Come together and shatter
Every part of themselves this
Moon. The
Only good thing about these iceles is their
Opportunity to shine brightly in Meredith's
Nicely heated sun.

Ode to the Love Moon

Lo and behold! The
Overture of love is playing its
Vivacious melody all throughout Adraveth.
Everyone can feel Sindar's gifts, even in the
Most remote locations that future paramours may be.
Open your heart to love, and let love
Overflow your mind and body evermore!
Never lose your faith in Love!

Ode to the Thawing Moon

The trees are showing signs of life and
Harvesters know the signals all too well.
Ancient knowledge roam the
Wandering countryside so that adventurers can
Invite themselves to wondrous and
New ideas. A
Great number of farmers inquire within
May this be the cycle that gives me an
Overabundance of crop?
Only time will tell, as
New adventurers begin their adventure again.

