

New Galendale Chronicle

The Elder's Moon, 1116

THE TRUE END OF THE CIVIL WAR

Many believe that when Tallen was executed that it was the end to the Civil War within the Twin Kingdoms. However, many note that Bennett still led the Knights of the Mang, and had even campaigned against the Twin Kingdoms in the recent skirmishes against the Solinarian Legions.

However as of the 11th day of the Elder's Moon in 1116, Bennett has finally met his long awaited fate. The day started like any other here in Vondara; the markets were busy and people were talking when a caravan of Knights strolled into the capital. Knights of the Golden Briar marched on through the square on their horses. Trailing behind them with members of the guard were prisoners with cloth over their heads and their arms bound. The public quickly made it towards the central plaza where the Knights began to build a platform.

The construction was swift, as several people were conscripted and paid for their services, as the platform was built that morning and into high noon. The citizens went quiet when the King appeared himself before everyone. His face was filled with displeasure as he watched the prisoners get escorted onto the platform before him. He raised his hand and the crowd went quiet.

"On this day, we end the Civil War which caused us so much pain," King Leopold said, "for before you are the last remnants of Bennett's men." One by one, he walked down and drew off their hoods to reveal several members of the Knights of the Mang, and the last to reveal Bennett himself. The crowd was astounded to see the man before him, and very few raised their voices as the King spoke. "Let it be known that I condemn these men



to their deaths for their actions against the Kingdom and to its Crown. For the war they caused and the deaths of thousands of our citizens. Men, women, children, and the lives of our allies are placed upon their heads.”

An executioner stepped forth and tied a noose around each one of their necks and hoisted them onto the trap doors built into the construction. The King stood there and watched it all unfold as the crowd watched and silently waited for it to end. The quiet stillness was not out of sadness to see these men executed, but from the contemplation that the fight against them would finally end.

The King spoke once again. “I give these traitors the swift execution they deserve. May Negoro have mercy upon their souls.” He lowered his hand and the lever was pulled. If but for an instant, the weight of a thousand burdened shoulders was finally relieved, and the crowd began to cheer for the end of the Civil War.

I made my way to the Golden Briars and asked to speak with the King himself on this matter; sadly, I was not granted the permission as the King had other business to attend to. However Knight Captain Sir Gedramund, 290th in line, was able to speak with me.

“How did you come across Bennett and his men?” I asked.

“After the end of the skirmishes against the legions of Solinaria we had been given word that the Knights of the Manx were attempting to recruit more members. This is sadly in part that many deserted them after the war. We began investigations to find these deserters who returned home to their families and spoke with them. They were the ones who agreed to aid us in finding Bennett and ending this charade,” Sir Gedramund spoke eloquently.

“What happened when you found the Knights of the Manx?” I continued.

“We approached many of their suspected areas of operations and quickly disbanded it. Some of his newest recruits spoke against him as they were promised riches and land, when we came across one of his letters. Bennett himself had a rendezvous location of which his knights would meet for a new fight. When we found out where this location held based on our previous arrests, we allied ourselves with trusted members of the Twin Kingdoms Military and surrounded the area. It was a small grotto near the Blue Wolf Tavern, about a couple miles south. The battle was swift, and we descended without mercy against them.

The prisoners you saw were the only ones to have given up their fight against us,” Sir Gedramund spoke as his eyes seemed to relive the battle.

“What did Bennett say as his last words? Did he say anything at all?” I asked, but Sir Gedramund did not wish to comment on it.

In the end the Manx met their end, and we have the Knights of the Golden Briar to thank for, as well as the many men and women of our blessed Military. Long live the King, and long live the Twin Kingdoms!

- Holtan Thorne

New Calendale Goes to Larigmoore's Aid

Larigmoore, the once great sea port of the Twin Kingdoms, has since been destroyed by war and ravaged by the undead horde. A goodly piece of territory around the docks has been serving as the main headquarters of the effort to reclaim Larigmoore. Trying to restore it is not a simple task, but it can be done, and great strides have been taken to do this. The story behind how this all occurred is an interesting one.

Let us start at the beginning. It was a few bells past high sun on the 10th day of the Laughing Moon. Master De'can, one of the few allowed the license to study and practice the art of necromancy, gathered the residents of the town. He told us we would be making another push into Larigmoore, under the orders of Baron Ravenholm. Thus, the town of New Calendale let loose its war cry and charged through the portal. The goal we had was simple: destroy the necromantic relics the town had gotten a hold of, and destroy the many undead in the area. The issue lay in the fact that we were missing one of the sets of artifacts.

Luckily, it was found on one of the undead creatures that the town destroyed upon our arrival. The brave residents of New Calendale showed their mettle and started cutting down the undead forces we were encountering. There was undead that were unlike which we had never seen before, like the horrifying new abomination that has been named “Executioners.” Quick note: these creatures can make themselves disappear from notice; further, once it does this it will choose a target and pursue them. No other may affect them but the target. Luckily their attacks are all physical, so

attack shields and State of Stone will work.

Soon the ritual could be started and the artifacts be dealt with. But Master De'can realized something: instead of using the energies of the artifacts up by using them to destroy the large amount of undead that was in the area, he could use it to empower himself and take control of the undead army in the area. This was a risky move, as so much could have gone wrong, from frenzying and enhancing the undead to destroying us all. The same energies could have also destroyed Master De'can. But he was able to convince the Magistrate of New Calendale, Thone Lighthouse, to let him take the risk.

With that decision made, the ritual was completed. Filled with confidence and a strong will, Master De'can lead the army of undead and the residents of New Calendale, with the intent to retake half of the enemy territory. Master De'can and the forces of New Calendale cut a path to the allied-occupied docks, where they joined with the Allied forces stationed there. After discussion with the commanders of the forces, they came to agree to use the undead army, mostly to preserve the lives of their troops.

With that, now it is time to wait, rest, and build our strength. Soon the combined troops of the Twin Kingdom, the Solinarian Empire, along with the residents of New Calendale and the controlled undead horde, will push forward to retake the rest of Larigmoore and then the healing can begin.

Grace of the Gods be with us, that they may guide and protect us in the titanic endeavor we now face. Mhizrak, Jeredith, Leondarr, Negoro, Gorvaak, Razabaoth, give us the ability to move forward and defeat our foes. Attalia, Sindar, Olcandra, grant mercy and healing to our brothers and sisters in arms, and those who have been hurt by our foes. Drevarria, Viralze, Arrawiel, grant us the knowledge and insight we need to achieve victory without great loss. Virajar, Gundar, Hafur and Jerdano, grant us the skills and materials to prepare for the task that approaches. Elantrai, bless us with good fortune for this task. Xalaron, help guide us through the danger. Learyn, help insure the stories of this feat will be told for generations to come. Ibewinn, help us celebrate when the task is over, so we can refresh our weary souls.

- Brandon Lachlan



Foresight's Fruition and the Emergence of a New Path

Last Moon, something interesting occurred. Late night, on Spiritsday, a group of Light Fae came into town. These Fae were looking for persons willing to help them in an attempt to reclaim a section of their realm. This isn't unusual, as we know that the Light Fae have been trying to win back their Realm for several eycles.

What was unusual was what occurred shortly after they arrived. The Light Fae gathered a group of townsfolk willing to assist them and took them off to a portal to the Fae Realm to fight. This is where the twist of events occurred. Not long after they ventured off, another group of Fae came through town seeing the previous group.

This new group consisted of both Light and Dark Fae, the leader of which was the Darkling by the name of Herriek, who visited New Calendale two moons ago. They were directed in the general direction of the previous group, for many of the remaining town did not wish to incite conflict with this potential threat.

Sometime later, within the bell that these groups arrived and left, a clustered group of the townsfolk that left to help fight and four of the mixed group of Fae returned to town. They were all fairly worn down and injured, for a battle had occurred, just not the one they expected.

When the townsfolk had entered the Fae Realm, they began to help the Light Fae, but then the mixed Fae group arrived behind them, causing a stir and confusion. The mixed group was aiding the efforts of the townsfolk and the Light Fae, but the Light Fae didn't take too kindly to this.

Upon seeing the mixed group join the townsfolk, the Light Fae turned and attacked both the mixed Fae and the townsfolk. It was reported that quite a fight occurred when this began, harming several Fae on both sides. Once the townsfolk could escape through the portal from the fight, with what remained of the mixed group of Fae alongside them, they returned to the tavern back in town.

Beaten, aggravated, and confused, the townsfolk came into the tavern, where those of us who stayed behind were, and spread out throughout the building trying to understand what had happened. It seemed that nobody saw this seeing betrayal coming, because let's be honest, who would have?

Many people trusted the Light Fae, so this scenario became quite the shock to them. However, this has also shown an interesting development. The mixed Fae group, emerging into this war as a third party involved, for their goal is something else.

Both the Light Fae and Dark Fae sides seek to reclaim, or in the case of the Dark Fae maintain, control of the Fae Realm. However, this mixed group desires unity. They seek to restore the Fae Realm to the old ways thousands of eycles ago, before the war, before the split, when the Fae were just Fae.

If you recall the article, "Unpopular Considerations," written by Onyx TigerEye in the previous issue of The Chronicle, she mentioned that it's possible the Fae, which are inherently magical beings, could have been altered when the changes in magic began occurring. She questioned that we needed to look deeper, that there was something else at play we needed to consider. With the events of this encounter with the Fae, and the emergence of a new party within the war, it seems that my Arrawiclian friend was correct after all.

This news brings some closure, especially since there was speculation that both sides were attacking towns and villages if the towns hadn't taken their side or were taking no side at all. The tactics of both sides being brutal and unforgiving. It's sad to think that the Light Fae are stooping to such low methods.

Overall, a shred of actual light rests within this news. Herriek, the Darkling leading the unified force, explained to those in the tavern that didn't know yet, and those of us who had assumed, that the unified Fae wanted nothing more than peace. This fight is no longer just Light Fae versus Dark Fae. There is a chance for a third viewpoint: peace. Not reclamation, not continued control, but finally bringing peace to the Fae Realm and restoring what once was in ancient times. Perhaps there is a way for us to finally gain peace for our Fae friends.

- Ulv

Third Front Emerges in Fae War

New Calendalę residents have often witnessed the Light Fae fighting Dark Fae in an endless series of wars for control over the Fae realm, but the emergence of third group raises further questions as to how much we truly know.

On Spirits Day eve of the Elder's Moon, a group of Light Fae led by a Brownie, Silvermist, swept through town asking for aid for an attack on the Dark Fae to gain a foothold in the Fae Realm. A portal to the Fae Realm was opened, allowing Silvermist, the Light Fae, and those who answered their call to launch an attack and open battle.

Light Fae clashed with Dark Fae in what has only been described as awe inspiring: an other worldly realm with a soft luminescent glow with what's been described as a sparkling array of magical lights.

As the two sides were deeply entangled in fighting, a third group was spotted crossing through the portal all wearing blue light spells. A commanding figure called out "United," as their rallying call.

A Red Cap bearing one of these blue light spells was among the first to make his way into the fray.

"Are you okay?" he asked without any malice in his voice, a hand offered to help.

"United - Protect the Mortals," was the battlefield order.

This command was issued by Herriek, a Darkling who had previously visited New Calendalę during the Thawing Moon. Herriek said he came to New Calendalę seeking Silvermist for the alleged murder of his brother. He stayed near the area as he sensed an immense gathering of magical energies by Silvermist and his fellow Light Fae -- the energies necessary to force open a portal to the Fae Realm.

Rapidly, the battlefield began to shift and change -- the arrival of this combined group changed the existing sides and alliances.

While Light still battled Dark Fae, and Dark Fae fought against Light and their Mortal allies -- some Light Fae began to turn their swords against those Mortals they previously begged for help.

Pixies allied with Silvermist, including one named Silver, began to turn their swords on and attack those who came

to aid them -- attacking New Calendalę residents and once downing individuals, Light Fae attempted to slit throats of their prior allies.

Both Light and Dark Fae turned against this mixed group of Dark and Light Fae, attacking those bearing the blue light spells.

The decision was made to call for a retreat, back across the portal into New Calendalę, while using the protection offered by this combined "United" group of Dark and Light Fae to prevent the death or loss of any more mortal lives.

Herriek repeated this command for a retreat, ultimately closing the portal to the Fae Realm.

Upon arrival back in the Scroll and Dragon, Herriek and this combined group of Light and Dark Fae -- originally consisting of a darkling, a brownie, a red cap, a pixie, a troll, and a human -- explained they were part of a



larger group, who in their own words, are looking to restore balance to the Fae Realm. They have grown tired of the endless wars and fighting and want both Light and Dark Fae to be able to live side-by-side in the Fae Realm.

This third front, or group, had used "United" only as a short, simple cry on the battlefield to unite themselves, but offered no actual name. It seemed more as if they were united on a single philosophy of restoring the Fae Realm back to its original state.

Herriek, among the most vocal of this combined Fae group, said he was aware of the attacks made on local towns and villages by the Fae. He voiced the belief that it may be a way of deciding loyalties or drawing sympathy for a particular side but offered no concrete evidence.

- Valeria Trio

Welcome to New Calendale

Hello dear readers! I hope that the warming of land and lengthening of the days finds you well and in good spirits. I write to you once again to introduce you to some of those new to our humble Township of New Calendale, that you may better know our growing population and the amazing peoples that come here. I welcome you all to New Calendale!

I was first able to speak with our newest Sindarin. She was preparing to travel beyond the boundaries of New Calendale, but I was able to catch up with her in the Scroll and Dragon for lunch and conversation.

Elzanora D'Espoir joins us from across the seas two Moons previous and found her first moments in New Calendale quite exciting. As she relates, "one of the very first things that happened as I got off the boat and on my way into town was that I encountered a ngeromancer - no less than five ticks after I got off the ship." The story follows that the ngeromancer was quickly dispatched, and from it found herself bound to one of the artifacts that would later be used to control the undead used to liberate Larigmoore. She is now, of course, thankful to no longer be attached to such a thing or be a magnet for the undead.

Though this article is not about her perseverance in the face of adversity, but the qualities she carries with her, I asked her, "Why Sindar?" The Lady of Peace is not commonly worshipped here in the frontier, so it was quite interesting to learn of her devotion. As Elzanora puts it, "Part of the



reason I'm Sindarin has to do with where and how I grew up. I didn't like what I saw, so I decided I wanted to be different than my family."

Some see suffering and pain and join it, feed it, or try to counter it with violence. Not Elzanora. She saw injustice and cruelty and thought to counter it with love and care for her fellows, so that she may help create a place of peace and harmony. lofty goals to be sure, and goals I am happy to see people reaching toward.

When I asked her of New Calendale, she told of how it was filled with diverse peoples, some she'd only read about and that, "most everyone in New Calendale has welcomed me

and protected me in one way or another. And I'm very grateful for that!" Just as we are grateful for a newcomer forwarding the clerical arts, one who also bakes interesting confections, though she does not believe her ability to produce breads both painless and hearty, is noteworthy. Having sampled such confections, I can assure you they are quite the treat for the palate and the body.

My time with Elzanora was short and welcoming, though she teased she might reveal more at another date. At the time of this article, it is likely Elzanora will be spreading Sindar's care to those most horribly affected by recent events as she was preparing to venture forth from our township to spread harmony, and in particular to visit the local orphanage to help our youth most in need of love and care.

After Elzanora, I was able to sit down with two more of our newcomers; both come ashore from lands very far away. The two sailed from what we know as the "New Continent," but before we come to that we should start from the beginning. The first being Captain Rhaz, a human of the Calderan Free Isles, and the second being his remaining erzwmate Nén, a sea-elf bard. You may wonder now, as I did then, how did such a pairing occur?

Nén had only recently left her home; having come of age, it was expected of her to adventure from her community to see the world and bring back something new. As she puts it, "Being in the overworld gives me plenty of opportunity to learn new songs to take home." However, at the start of her adventures she was ensnared in a fisherman's net and



sealed in a barrel. She might have remained for gods only know how long, to we know not what fate, were it not for Captain Rhaz.

"I was honestly confused why you'd keep a barrel of sea water in a ship," recounts Captain Rhaz who went on to explain that though he'd heard of sea-elves, he'd never encountered one before Næn. Grateful for the rescue, Næn decided to stick with the captain. They first came to these waters hoping to find new curiosities for trade and sale when an unfortunate series of events lead to the captain losing his ship and all his crew save Næn. Of course that hasn't left them

defeated - "...hoping to find allies and resources, or at least a ship to get home." And from there perhaps bring in more trade goods from his home land, for both he and Næn miss the strong rum they're used to imbibing.

Thus they already seem well underway to doing so as Næn excitedly related how the people of Calendale were very kind to her and how Clary Goldmoon taught her new songs and directed her to look to the Bardie Guild for tutelage and guidance. Likewise, both fought with us in the liberation of Barigmoore and put their songs and their blades to use protecting our little town in the short time they've been here. I personally look forward to sharing another cup with these two and seeing what goods and songs they will add to our lively little town.

I thank you for your indulgence, my dear readers and I entreat you, if you look for bit of excitement and a good deal of fun, join us here in New Calendale.

- Codiegr Stone

Mistral's Magical Musings



The Spirit Moon - The Genie of Zanzir

On the thirtieth day of the Blood Moon, 1116, a group of Light Fae under the leadership of a Brownie by the name of Silvermist, entered New Calendale seeking aid in their war with the Dark Fae. The Light Fae had a means of opening a portal to the Fae Realm and take the fight to the Dark Fae which are in control of that Realm. Such a feat was previously believed impossible after the Dark Fae had seized control of the Fae Realm. The nobility, in their wisdom, had ruled that the Twin Kingdoms and the nobility would officially remain neutral in regards to the conflicts of the Fae and focus on ascertaining the culprits behind attacks on the settlements and people of the Twin Kingdoms. Deputy Magistrate Kitara and Guardsman William Saberson stated that while the Twin Kingdoms was officially neutral, private individuals, if they chose to do so, could offer assistance. A small group rallied with the Light Fae and departed for the Fae Realm, to be the first mortals to step foot within the mysterious and magical realm of the Fae.

The Fae Realm is a land of magic made manifest. Ethereal illuminated mists swirl above the emerald green grass and multicolored magical light suffuses the land, glittering in the air and shining from the ground and foliage. It was truly a place of wonder and enchantment. Our small band of mortals and Light Fae traveled forth into this realm, initially uncontested. Then the Dark Fae struck - Trolls, Red Caps, Sporplings, Darklings, and Sluah. The fighting was fierce, and chaotic. In the darkness, no clear battle lines were drawn but rather a mass of combatants broken up into pockets of resistance as Fae, both Light and Dark, weaved in and out of the combat striking at one another. The combined forces of the Light Fae and mortals held against the Dark Fae onslaught. Blades flashed in the magical light and spells of fearsome magic clashed in the darkness of the night.

A group of us were engaged in combat with a Darkling when in the distance a line of figures each adorned in blue

magical light moved across the field of battle. Everything went dark, a gap in my memories. My senses and memories returned to me in a Realm horribly changed. The portal to Adraveth was closed and the once ephemeral mists and mystical faerie light of illumination had faded and darkened. Darkness choked the Realm, casting shadows across the land, and the very foliage and trees, once brightly green, seemed blackened and twisted. I found myself standing with the Brownie Silvermist and a Pixie I would come to know as Buttercup, as well as the Darkling with which I had fought. Around us circled the remaining Dark Fae, Trolls, and a Red Cap. A Sluah, shadow made life, pallid of face and slim of build, moved across the field like a carrion bird. The Sluah feasted upon the fallen, devouring eyes and cutting short the life of any that still breathed, even other Dark Fae. Silvermist had the Darkling under a form of magical compulsion but killed the Darkling before the compulsion ended. The Dark Fae declared their victory and launched a final attack. Blades flashed in the darkness, seeking to cut short our lives but were unable to pierce the magical protections surrounding Silvermist, Buttercup, and myself. We fled deeper into the Fae Realm, pursued by the Dark Fae.

As we fled, Silvermist and I exchanged a few words. Silvermist stated simply, "You didn't betray us. You stayed. You're our friend. We'll make sure you get out of here alive." We fled into the darkness. Two Trolls and one of the dreaded Sluah gave chase. Silvermist and Buttercup turned and made a stand against the Dark Fae while I escaped pursuit from the Sluah. Brambles and thorns caught at me as if possessed to aid the Dark Fae in hindering my escape. In the twisted forest, I eluded the Sluah which had abandoned pursuit to join its allies in fighting the Light Fae. The battle that raged was fearsome, incantations of magical power echoing in the darkness. Silvermist and Buttercup shielded themselves behind layers of magical protections and then would unleash a flurry of destructive magic upon the Dark Fae before sheltering behind their magical defenses. The Dark Fae were unable to pierce the protective magics but weathered the magical assaults without flagging. I joined the Light Fae in their stand against the Dark, but hope of victory seemed slim. The Dark Fae were relentless in their

assault and our magical energies were waning. We were unable to kill the Trolls, as we lacked the proper magics to defeat them, and their prodigious regenerative energies allowed them to rise from even our most devastating spells. The tides of the battle turned as Silvermist duelled against the Sluah. Abandoning his magical protections, Silvermist left himself vulnerable to the Sluah's attacks and, withstanding the enemies attacks, focused upon a purely offensive approach. He was successful in ensorcelling the mind of the Sluah. The bewitched Sluah was turned against the Trolls but proved equally ineffective in defeating them and so Silvermist ordered the Sluah to take its own life. We launched a final assault on the Trolls to temporarily weaken them and then fled for where the portal had once stood open.



Silvermist gathered the last of his mystical energies, and reopened the portal to Adraveth. I had almost feared I would never return home and that first step in Adraveth, that first breath of home, of freedom - nothing ever felt so good. There was a confrontation at the portal behind me. Silvermist was unable to leave the Fae Realm and maintain the portal but Buttercup did not want to abandon his friend. Silvermist grabbed Buttercup and threw the Pixie through the portal into my arms. During the crossing one of the Trolls managed to escape through the portal and head towards New Calendale. I was still staring into the Fae Realm as the portal closed. The Darkness stretched across the Realm but

where there was Darkness, there was light, ephemeral light filtering through the mists and enchanting faerie light dotted the land like stars in the night sky. Silvermist crouched by the portal struggling with the energies of the portal, the last Troll looming behind him, axe raised high to strike. The portal collapsed, the energies sustaining it diffused. Silvermist had saved our lives though he surely knew it would cost him his own. Buttercup and I stood in darkness but the natural darkness of night, of Adraveth. For one of us, of home.

- Vayne Mistral
Of the Cirque du Elantrai

Unexpected Visitors in Court

At the end of this past Laughing Moon, Baron Ravenholm presided over court at the Seroll and Dragon with Marquis Artenian by his side. In the midst of the matters being discussed, a portal began to form next to the counter in the bar. The Town Guard and several Townsfolk rose up at the ready to defend their nobility if need be. An Inquisitor stormed through the portal, anger in his eyes and began yelling at the top of his lungs for Thzone.

He found the Italian sitting at a table in the main room and began to berate her about the decision she had made in Larigmoore - one with far reaching implications. For those unaware, it was Thzone's decision to allow Master Aramel De'can, a legal necromancer, to take control of the undead forces there with ancient artifacts instead of destroying them. Her decision meant that hundreds, perhaps thousands, more lives were saved as Master Aramel used the undead to fight against those laying waste to Larigmoore.

The Inquisitor's words boomed through the Tavern as he screamed that Thzone had committed the biggest atrocity of necromancy since Abberthal. The room fell silent in shock, no doubt many unsure if they should say anything. The Inquisitor declared that Thzone was now stripped of her position as Magistrate and was to be immediately arrested. He then led the former Magistrate back to the portal and dragged her through.

The Baron continued conducting Court while a few Townsfolk guarded the entrance to the bar since the portal still remained open. About 20 ticks later, Thzone came back through the portal with none other than King Leopold behind her. He escorted her back into the main room and pronounced that all charges against Thzone and any future ones related to her actions in Larigmoore were null and void. He said that Queen Calithandra had trusted in her judgment so he would as well.

The Inquisitor could be heard shortly after outside the Tavern looking for his captive, yelling for people to tell him where the "former magistrate," had gone. When he came in and saw the King, he stopped mid yell and dropped to a knee. King Leopold told him that Thzone was free on his authority and they were not to harass her further about her decision in Larigmoore. The inquisitor mumbled his acceptance of his majesty's authority.

Let it be known that as of the 30th Day of the Laughing Moon, 1116, Thzone Lighthart has been reinstated as Magistrate of New Calendale and has been absolved of any and all past, present, and future charges relating to the decision in Larigmoore under the authority of his Royal Majesty King Leopold.

~ Onyx TigerEye & Ulv



Seize the Day

By no means should ngeromaney be an option. It is abhorrent and despicable. The pardon of the Magistrate is agreeable, but only because she was under duress at the time of her poor choice. She, also, is no ngeromaney, and her healing and compassion outweigh her hasty decision.

The idea of daytime undead did not seem all that unlikely to me, hailing from Sekhem, but it does leave a bad taste in my mouth. The growth of the abilities of ngeromaneyers outside the walls of the ngeropolis is growing quickly and there is no time to waste in the purge.

Seize the day, and put them back in their graves!

- Rhiannon "Mudge Paws"
Nakhara

Rededicate the Temple of All Faith

There are many interesting stories and features of New Calendale. One of these that stand out the most is the mix of people. We have people from all over making their home here. We also have clerics representing a multitude of faiths working together. Recently one of the town's prominent clerics, Diglon, a dedicated follower and champion of Gorvaak, has sent out a call to the residents of New Calendale. The call is to help re-dedicate the former Temple of All Faith. He has brought this task into the public eye, aiding Baldrie the All Faithful in a task he has been working on alone.

How can you help with this task? In Baldrie's words, "I say we and all those that worship the pantheon collaborate and bring this holy place back to its former glory and then some. If you or anyone else is interested in aiding in this endeavor please reach out to any church officials you may know and ask them for help. If there are any scholars that wish to spend time researching the history and any way we can accomplish this goal, I will be more than happy to compensate you for your time. I will once again reach out to the churches and see if they are willing".

Some of you who are more recent residents of New Calendale were not around during the de-sanctification of the Temple. You, much like myself, will be asking "how did this happen?" Five or so years ago, a conflict broke out between The Church of Jeredith and the Church of Gorvaak, involving the Jeredithian confiscation of a Gorvaakian holy relic. This relic was known as the Chaos Vial, which at one point contained the chaos essence that had escaped Nash, the Half-Ore avatar of Gorvaak, after his defeat by the town of Old Calendale. It was emptied via being shattered in Old Calendale, by the goblin shaman Splittooth.

Eventually the Vial was re-forged without the essence of Chaos. So the war was sparked over this artifact, and sides were chosen. It got so bad that even the Celestials and Infernals chose sides in this mortal conflict, one that was not sanctioned by Lady Jeredith or Lord Gorvaak. The war was ended by the Prophet of The All-Mother and All-Father, Philo, who decided to have the Temple of All-Faith stripped of the banners of the gods, and rendered it no longer a holy place.

The banners were taken away because of the division present in town at the time. Hopefully now, five years later, the town is better united, especially in matters of the faithful. This quest will no doubt be a trial, one that will put everyone's faith to the test. But if successful, we will show just how far our town has come, and show its united strength.

- Brandan Lachlan

Diglon, a dedicated follower and champion of Gorvaak, has sent out a call to the residents of New Calendale.

The Storm, The Romani, and... Ants?

Sentience

For several moons now, a bizarre elemental storm in the Northern Wastes has been growing larger and larger, to the point where its size was said to rival our neighboring nation of Alogria. This storm has been so severe that the Barbarian tribes of the North had been displaced. Many of these tribes have allegedly been pushed south, away from the storm and into other territories, including the Twin Kingdoms. To my knowledge, none of the Tribes have traveled within the Whispering Woods as of the writing of this article. However, the ramifications of this mass exodus into the kingdom are not pleasant. Many of the kingdom might see this as another attack similar to the tribal attacks instigated by Duke Tallen during the Civil War.

Additionally, many of the Romani have begun to set up camp around the storm, as close to it as is possible without the storm causing them any harm. Some theorize that they are drawn to the storm somehow. The reason for this is entirely unknown, and any ideas presented have been purely speculative, as the Romani themselves are either not telling or do not know what is actually happening. What is stranger about this is that many of the Romani who are camped around the storm are allegedly traveling into the storm. However, none of these Romani are seen nor heard from afterward once they enter. The purpose of these expeditions is currently unknown.

Stranger happenings, still, have been the appearance of odd and terrifying creatures. Creatures that I can only describe as "fish-like" in appearance were seen attacking the town of New Calendale in the early Laughing Moon. These creatures are rumored to hail from the Elemental Plane of Water. Then, later that same moon, a new breed of Giant Ants also invaded the town for a short time. These ants seemed to be capable of spewing fire and likewise are wreathed in flame that leaps onto any who attack them. With the rumors of

the demise of the dock master and rumors of farms in the region being razed, it isn't a huge leap to make a guess as to their origins.

My advice, gentle readers is simple: be careful out there.

- Algernon Corvis



The gods smile upon us! What beauty we have in intelligence and progress. We call the half-Orc our brother and the half-goblin our ally. Praise sindar, for we know love!

What defines sentience? Upon asking a scholar, it was said that it means the capacity to feel, perceive, or experience subjectively. Surely, it is believed by many that kobolds can only understand the objective and do not have the capacity otherwise. This very thought was challenged when it was clear that they responded to discipline and learned skills when given the proper attention.

An additional challenge to the status quo: is a sphere of communication needed to have a conversation with a kobold? It is understood that allegedly a kobold had poisoned the King, and that is not to be taken lightly; but would you condemn all humans if one human broke the law?

Citizens, rather than reading an article bogged down by facts, you have been given questions to mull over and arrive at your own path. May we see each other on the same one.

- Rhiannon "Mudze Paws"
Nakhara

A Brush With Fire

The morning greeted me with a cloudy sky. I started my daily chores of feeding the livestock and tending to the crops when I found myself suddenly overwhelmed with warmth. As I looked up, I saw this man holding a piece of parchment with sparks of fire coming out of it. This is where my story begins.



I could not see close enough to notice this man's facial features or anything else for that matter. However, I could clearly see the sparks coming out of the scroll he was holding. As I have seen these scrolls and magics before, I did not pay much mind to it. However, as I was about to put my mind and body back to work, the scroll dropped onto the floor. After that, a creature made of fire came from the scroll and appeared in his midst. In a panic, the man ran away as fast as he could.

I was in shock. What was this creature? How did he come from a simple scroll? My mind was just buzzing with all types of questions that I could not answer. Therefore, I decided to investigate it further and look onto what this fire creature was going to do next. As I went in closer to look, it became increasingly hotter with each step I took towards this creature. Finally, I got to the point that I could not go any closer because I was about to collapse onto the floor.

My crops were withering a little at the point that I stopped walking towards this creature. I did see that the creature kept going towards the one that had been holding the scroll. As I could not proceed further, I went back to my home to tell my wife what had transpired. She was alarmed to say the least.

Later on, a merchant in passing told me of the incident of how the fire elemental was seen in New Calendale. He told me this little tale. "The fire elemental caught up with the man who summoned it to this place. As he did, the citizens of New Calendale stood up to the fire elemental and punished the man who summoned him. It was hard to watch. However, the one who punished the man walked side by side to the fire elemental afterwards."

Why would the person who punished the man who summoned the creature walk alongside the creature afterwards? Why was the man punished? All the questions in my mind just made me angry because I did not know the answers. All of this does sound very peculiar to me. However, I guess there are always consequences when it comes to the magics of this town.

- Sebastian Wolf

Retaking Larigmoore

After Moons of warfare and infestation, Larigmoore has been liberated. Through the combined efforts of the Twin Kingdoms, the Solinarian Empire, and the aid from New Calendale's townsfolk, the undead horde that had settled in Larigmoore has been driven to dust and relic. Though it was not an easy task, it is finally over, and the reconstruction can well and truly begin.

Several weeks have passed since I wrote about the arrival of New Calendale townsfolk including the late Master Aramel De'can, a legal necromancer, and their gambit to use powerful necromantic artifacts called obelisks, to take control of a large undead army and use it to reinforce the allied forces already in Larigmoore. I would highly recommend you go and read that article before continuing this one.

The course of the last few weeks leading up to the operation to deal with the undead has been a mess. The darkness that filled the very air of Larigmoore could choke you. Seeing the once proud city reduced to shambles is a horrid sight, but what is worse is seeing the effect this place has on

everyone. There are so many wounded that the healers are taxed to keep up, valiant warriors are close to breaking, and only their strong sense of duty or vengeance keep them together. Yet there is an undercurrent of optimism that the time of darkness is almost over, that dawn will be soon. This hope has been kindled by the multiple concentrated strikes into occupied territory, targeting the various groupings of undead. This all led up to the final strike done by the New Calendale townsfolk and Master Aramel De'can.

The goal for us was to cut off the head of this beast once and for all. The flood of enemy undead kept coming, like there was no end to them. But we kept going; nothing could withstand the strength of will we had that day. So we endured the constant counter assault by the undead, until we found the ngeromancer we had been seeking. The issue was he had an ally with him, one of the Twin Kingdom's finest mages, Master Earth Mage Maddoc, who had been reported missing in action a few moons prior. There is little doubt from what I have heard of the man from those who knew him that this was not of his own will. But we were able

to overwhelm him and the Ngeromancer who had controlled him. We had won, and the enemies had been vanquished, though not without cost. Master Aramel De'can, had over the course of the moon contained the energies from the obelisks. That energy finally took its toll on him, as he went to meet Negoro, but not before somehow managing to open a portal to allow the group to return home to New Calendale.

When we returned home, we found that an unwelcome surprise had made it there before us. The Ngeromancer that we had fought to destroy, the individual that had been the source of the undead scourge, that had plagued Larigmoore, was there in front of us. It turns out he was a Lich, a form of powerful undead that is created by storing parts of their soul into what is called a phylactery. A Lich cannot not be killed unless their phylactery is destroyed, as they will reform by the device. How he was able to reform so quickly and arrive in New Calendale before us is still a mystery.

- Brandon Lachlan

Spirits' and Monsters'

My dear readers I must once more ask your indulgence. At times our articles have been long, and that is only because they are meant to be informative. I was recently granted an incredible honor and a second one besides. Rehan Standing Elk, a man from the cold north lands who we know as the place of barbarians, imparted to me not just his story but his leave to share his tale in the written form. For those of you who do not understand this is a truly rare occurrence afforded us because of the turbulent times we now find ourselves and Rehan's belief that this information is needed for the benefit of all who would heed it.

So pull up a seat and open your mind, my friends, as I recount history as it was imparted to me.

Rehan was excited when we at last gathered for this, or perhaps agitated would be better. Rehan is a man slow to action but one who explodes with great energy when action is needed. He seemed between the two now, on



the verge of leaping to action prowling back and forth in preparation for his tale.

"This is not just my story, but the story of my tribe. For I am the last to carry it," he explained to me, an eerie finality in those words.

"The Greatmother told us of a time called "The Great Rift," when some tribes turned to magic that was powerful and twisted the mind and soul into something foul. When men became mages and killed their own brothers. When

those who would not turn against Great Spirit were hunted and fled north to the lands we now call home. It was this time that my tribe's tale begins. Two days walk from the border of Kotal Forest, lay a valley. This valley was many miles long and shaped like the quarter moon with a river flowing through it, jumping with fish, and light foresting of many kinds of tree on the slopes. The soils were good and fertile where there were no trees and soft enough most moons that a bountiful amount of food could be grown and gathered before the frost of long winter blanket the land. Two tribes came to this place, their names now forgotten. One tribe settled near the start of the river, where the land was higher than other areas and the water rushed over rocks quickly. The other settled in the lands in the mouth of the river where the land was lower and the waters emptied into slow marshes that often froze even before winter. For two winters the tribes lived in peace and their people were fed well by the gathering of nuts and berries and wild grains and good hunts of elk and bison and other animals. But the third year was not good and the people were hungry when winter came, it is here that began what is known to our tribe as "The Dark Time."

"It is forgotten which tribe he came from, but a man called Tadodaho came to power." There was a pause here as though the taste of the man's name was bitter in Rehan's mouth. "It is said he was a Shaman with foul powers, ones not granted by Great Spirit. His body was gnarled and twisted and his hair writhed with snakes. He lived away from his tribe in a hut that could not be found and he could appear and disappear in a puff of smoke and did not need to see his enemies to kill them. He appointed himself Warchief and set his people to make war on the other tribe. He did this because he fed his powers with the violence,

"This is not just my story, but the story of my tribe. For I am the last to carry it."

chaos, bloodshed, hate, and sorrow of war. He fed his body with the flesh of men and drank the blood of his victims. For doing such things brings forth The Wendigo. It is not known if Tadodaho was possessed by Wendigo or if he allied himself with Wendigo of his own will. It is also not known if there are many Wendigo or if Wendigo is a single spirit that can be in many places at once. What is known, in the legends and scary-night stories the grandfathers and great mothers tell is that Wendigo is capable of twisting the natural world and throwing it out of balance. Wendigo is an enemy of Great Spirit and an enemy of Jerdano. It perverts Jerdano's gifts and strangles his children to do as It wills."

At this Rehan clawed his hands as though tearing into the bodies of others to release a shower of blood. This foret, this Wendigo was certainly a terrible threat, a horrific one if he felt all who could needed to know of its danger and corrupting influence.



"Tadodaho forced both his people and the other tribe to fight. He bent the spirits to his will with Wendigo's power. Owl and Mouse were his spies, to this day some in the tribes still fear Owl as an omen of a swift and silent death, for if you have ever seen an owl take prey her wings do not ever make a sound. The food animals of the valley too were under his control. If Tadodaho was not pleased with the course of bloodshed he sent away the deer and bison and elk. He would send the squirrel and raccoon and songbird, whose voice and songs were stolen away, to gather the nuts and berries and hide them from the people. He would send all the fish to the middle of the river where both peoples would have to go if they wanted to eat and so fight. All this Tadodaho did for a hundred years, he became very good at feeding his powers and unnaturally prolonging his life. Both tribes became very good at killing and not much else. A brave man may have hoped to be born, grow, fight, father some children, and die in battle all in 16 years of age. Knowledge of how to walk the warpath set forth by Tadodaho was passed on quickly from generation to generation.

"Then came a warrior. Skenalahaway was born to the tribe of the head of the river. Like most men he grew and learned the ways of war, took a mate, fathered children. He loved his children very much and had no delusions what his fate would be some day; there were no old men in the tribe. He fought many battles, survived many raids. Then came an especially dark day when a raid claimed the life of all Skenalahaway's family. He carried his kin to a meadow, dug graves, and buried them all day. Throughout the day he noticed Eagle circle overhead. He had noticed Eagle many days before. He noticed how Eagle soared high above the valley every four days and remained out of Tadodaho's power. Skenalahaway decided he must speak to Eagle but he knew Owl would be watching and Mouse would be listening. Skenalahaway had a plan. That night he dug a hole big enough for him to crouch down in and be hidden. He wove a mat of sticks and grass and covered the hole so it would be camouflaged completely then he hid himself in the



...my feathers are symbols of great honor and victory and have great medicine.

hole. All this Owl and Mouse witnessed and reported to Tadodaho, who suspected Skenalahaway had gone mad but ordered them to continue watching him to be sure. This they did and for two days Skenalahaway did not move. Tadodaho said, ah on the third day I will send a rabbit to him and if he does not feed himself I will know he is truly mad. So on the third day a rabbit came near to the place Skenalahaway was hiding, and so he leapt from his hiding place and killed the rabbit. He put it near the edge of his hole and went back into hiding. Owl and Mouse were puzzled by this and when they spoke of it to Tadodaho he said, ah! Skenalahaway is truly mad! Watch him no more!"

Rehan waved dismissively at this, a sneer on his lips as his voice filled the small room. But the smile at the edge of his lips told the truth of the matter and I as you can probably guess where this story next turns.

"On the fourth day Eagle returned and circled over the valley. When he looked down he saw the rabbit. Hoping for an easy meal he swooped down and stretched out his talons. Just before he touched the rabbit, Skenalahaway shot out and grabbed hold of Eagle's legs with one hand, his beak with the other and dragged eagle back into his hole. "Eagle!" said Skenalahaway, "struggle not and listen to my plea! My people are locked in unending war and enslaved to a wicked Shaman who is one with Wendigo! We need the aid of Great Spirit or this chain of senseless violence will never end!" He released his hold on Eagle who settled down and listened to Skenalahaway.

"Eagle thought for a long while and then finally spoke, "I will help you and the people of the valley. Take two of my feathers and bring one to each of the camps, my feathers are symbols of great honor and victory and have great medicine. They will prove you have spoken with me and you will tell the people to make war on one another no longer. Then you will take them to place in the middle of the valley where so many have died on the river bank. Tadodaho will appear and challenge you, he will first offer reward to those

who continue to fight, then he will offer punishment when you refuse." Then Eagle told him of ceremonies and rights that would undo each of Tadodaho's powers. He told Skenalahaway that this will last the night and come dawn's first light, Eagle would return with a way to defeat Tadodaho and free the people. Their plan set, Eagle took wing and soared high into the sky, toward Kotal.

Skenalahaway did as Eagle instructed and the people saw the feathers and knew that Great Spirit would save them and so listened to the Peacemaker. When the people had gathered in the place Eagle had said to, Skenalahaway told them to build a great fire and burn their weapons, which were bows and arrows and wood and stone axes and clubs. This they did and so Tadodaho appeared. The people were frightened, all but Skenalahaway. "Ah, Skenalahaway!" said Tadodaho, "You have gone mad and think yourself free of my rule! You have fooled the people into believing your madness and thinking they may free themselves from my rule!" He glared at the tribesmen and sweetened his voice as best he could and declared "You are mine and you have made me angry! But to the tribe that returns to war and with their bare hands wins a battle today I will never make go hungry again!"

"The people looked to Skenalahaway who now placed the feathers in his hair and said, "See I wear the feathers of Eagle in my hair as I claim the first of my victories upon you! For to make peace where there is war is greater victory and honor than killing a hundred men in battle!"

Rehan was almost out of breath at this. Unsteady on his feet with the energy of the story flowing through him. I asked him if he needed to stop but he would not, the task needed to be completed. With a steadying breath he pushed on.

"From here many of the details of the ceremonies are lost but throughout the night Tadodaho cast spells and curses and Skenalahaway and his people performed the rights to undo each one. Finally just before dawn the tribesman performed one last right which involved dancing the war dance backwards around the fire to undo much of the Wendigo's power. Dawn's light cut down the valley and

with it came the serenade of Eagle who carried in his talons a great sword of elven make. "Skenalahaway!" cried Eagle "I have brought you a sword of great shamanic spirit medicine! It is made by Elves of the forest whom Jerdano smiles on! Tadodaho can not best you with this sword!" With that Eagle dropped the spirit weapon to Skenalahaway and a great battle took place and in the end Tadodaho could fight no more and Skenalahaway stood victorious. But Skenalahaway would not strike the final blow against the man who had killed so many. "Never again will I kill, Tadodaho it is those you have made to suffer that will take you from troubling us!" At this Skenalahaway plunged the sword into the earth and from it arose the spirits of a hundred years of death, wearing the restless bones of their corpses long forgotten in the river bank. They seized Tadodaho and dragged him away to a high place above the valley and entombed him there, never to trouble the people of the valley again.



"Or so we thought. Some said he had to have long since perished but there were those elders who maintained he is still alive, entombed with the spirits of the restless dead who guard him and so that place was sacred and no one goes there but to make offerings to the ancestors. But years ago in the onset of the second Goblinoid war, my tribe was cut down by a massive ore war party answering Nash's call. No offerings have since been made and the world has seen ever more wars, ever more tragedies and sorrows. Two Goblinoid wars, The Fae War, The Civil War, The Holy War, The Solinarian War, The Burning of Larigmoore - all these and more have fueled his return and perhaps stronger than the death of The Great Rift ever could. But there is a hope.

"When Skenalahaway's battle was won and his people free, Eagle came among the people and clutched the sword in his talons and broke it in three. "Here you will make a village," Eagle said to Skenalahaway. "Do not go back to the camps of your old life, those places are forbidden. Learn the ways of the wilderness and the Great Spirit again and return to earing for the land and cultivate it. Rediscover the lost knowledge of peaceful life, but pass on what you know of war and one day you will learn to remake in your own ways this blade that I have broken. When that day comes you will be a people ready again to walk warpaths and you

will do so for the sakes and freedom of others." With that Eagle departed and the people did as was told to them. They became one tribe and named Skenalahaway their first Chief and in turn he named them Ragnok.

"It is unknown what truly became of these fragments over the centuries. It was rumor that they eventually made their way into a great sword of my Father's that passed to me. Whatever the fate of the fragments, I believe they must be found if we are to defeat Tadodaho."

You may ask, my readers, what is all this? Some story of fancy mayhaps, the bed tales of a savage people who talk of speaking animals and rabid spirits? My learned fellows will say it is allegory or else fiction. Nay I say, it is a legend, one of the most ancient tales of a time so very long passed like the Reckoning or the birth of the gods. And legends, we know, are true. No mortal now can truly say how much is fact or how much has been reinterpreted over the long years, but we are living the fruits of that legend. Here on the edge of civilization we have met the agents of Tadodaho - the spirits of the deceased who refuse to move on, drinking in corruption to ward off the call of eternity until they are naught but a husk of what they were.

I have many times made a call to action in these very pages, asking for aid, calling defiance, and promising the power of my arms and those of my fellows against the horrors that plague our nation and this is no different. Except. Except violence, and warfare must not be the only tool we use. I sat with a Sindarin named Eleanora and she envisioned a land of peace and harmony. I am not so naive as to believe we will always be without violence but I know we cannot ONLY be of violence and destruction. Just as we must fight, we must build. Just as we must bleed, we must mend. This is the Year of Healing and Rehan Standing Elk teaches us that we as a people and a nation are in desperate need of that healing, that we need it if we are to put an end to the growing malady overtaking our lands lest we fall into our own "dark times" as his tribe once did.

Fight and love, my dear readers. Break and build. Care, perhaps, care a little more than you had before and step by step we will construct a land and a future where our children need not be the warriors we are. But above all else, listen and learn.

May the gods, their parents, and all the goodly spirits of the Realm watch over thee and keep thee.

- Codieigr Stone

Rumor Has It...



- Jeredithian Inquisition investigating local officials of New Calendale for abuse of power and possible corruption.
- Farmers seeking aid from Nobility after fields razed by strange fire spewing insects.
- Feared pirate ship The Plunderer's Bounty seen sighted near coast of Dunford Bay.
- Mary Beth Charity, while walking the local market, knocked into a cabbage cart sending it careening downhill crashing into statue of local hero, Barristan von Astra. The statue was destroyed beyond repair.
- Church of Razabaoth is in negotiations with the Twin Kingdoms to erect first church of Razabaoth on this side of the World.
- Ipponze emissary ship reportedly several days out from Dunford Bay Harbor.
- Alogia reportedly furious with the Twin Kingdoms while Sekhem applauds the Twin Kingdoms on its positive use of undead. Tensions are high. It is rumored that delegates from both countries are said to be visiting The Twin Kingdoms soon.
- Ship found floating crewless. The ship bore signs of a boarding party fighting, but curiously only foodstuffs were found to be missing from the ship's hold.
- So called "Dwarven" master weaponsmith Tharidin Embersbeard has been arrested for selling fake mithril sword to Dunford Bay militia quartermaster.
- Many locals of Dunford Bay complaining about horrible recurring nightmares asking for aid from Church of Arrawiel.
- There has been a large increase in infernal presence within the Twin Kingdoms. The threat has caused them to move up new Scarlet Scarf Exams to the Blood Moon of 1116.
- The Larigmoore recovery process is steadily improving thanks to Twin Kingdoms Forces and a company from New Calendale.

- Powerful explosion rocked the Mages' district in Vondara, leveling a small building. Thankfully, the building was nearly empty at the time, and only a few were injured. Journeyman Mage and Alchemist Aberfark Lazbark was found to be responsible for the failed experiment that caused the explosion.

- Jewelry Store owner Crestin Dellinger reports that his store was attacked one night as he was closing up shop by a Wraith. The Wraith reportedly tore apart his store and stole a few rings before disappearing.

- Several Mages, displeased with the current leadership of the guild, have petitioned for an audience with King Leopold to discuss the potential formation of a secondary Mages' Guild. They are of the belief that if many merchant trading companies can exist, why not many Mages' Guilds as well?

- A strange howling has been heard in the woods at night. All who have heard it insist it does not sound like Gnolls. Some animals have been found torn apart.

- Everlorn Taverns made appearance at Emperio's Tomes and Scrolls in Vondara, signing copies of his newest Limited Edition auto-biography titled, "Born Great, The Everlorn Taverns Story."

Editors' Notes



Chronicle Archivist

We are proud to announce that we will have a new Chronicle Archivist beginning in the Blood Moon. If you have missed an issue of The New Calendar Chronicle, please see Ulv.

Ulv will have 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 Calendar Chronicle thank you for your continued patronage. See you next Moon!

~ Victor Hamilton
Editor in Chief, New Calendar Chronicle

~ Ongx TigerEye

Student and Disciple of Arawiel
Senior Editor, New Calendar Chronicle

~ Rizhak Alim H'Gar
Editor, New Calendar Chronicle