

New Calendale Chronicle

The Harvest Moon, 1116

ALL-FAITH TEMPLE RE-CONSECRATED

On the 5th day of the Shield Moon, 1116, as a precursor to Realm's Night, a Prophet of the All-Father and All-Mother entered New Calendale's Seroll and Dragon Tavern, accompanied by a celestial and an infernal carrying a bowl of holy water and a tome known as The Tome of the Faithful. The Prophet gave an oral retelling of the original and true story for which Realm's Night is celebrated.

The Artaani were terrible creatures, with a command of magic and skill the likes that has never been seen before or since. Their power rivaled that even of the gods. Worst of all, was their leader. So terrible was he, that when the gods defeated the Artaani, they wiped his name from the minds of all. Their leader possessed a crown forged from the stars themselves and imbued with Gems infused with the Energy of the Elemental Planes. It allowed him to use the magics like those of the Divine to shape the world and create as they desire. With an arrogance that could only be born of the sheer power the Artaani wielded, they named the Crown, "Domination." Upon their defeat at the hands of all of the mortal races, along with the Celestials and Infernals, Domination was forever lost with them.

With the Artaani gone, and much of the mortal races weakened, the Infernals sought to take Adraveth for themselves but were fought to standstill. The Devils and Demons did not agree with one another in many ways, but ultimately, for the first time in history, set their sights on the same cause. The Infernals sought to recreate Domination in their own image. The Devils and Demons of the Infernal races worked together during this time. The Devils were charged with forging the metal of the Crown and infusing it with their magic of the Devils whilst the Demons were charged with creating the Gems and infusing them with their magic of the Demons.

The Demons gathered the elemental creatures of Zanzir (the Efreet, Djinn, Dao, and Marid - creatures of each element), and infused them with Infernal magics, transforming them into terrible elemental demons and then sealing them within the gems. The Devils gathered the purest metals and began their forging. However, they had intended to betray the Demons all along, and during the forging process, they infused the metal of the Crown with the blood of enslaved Demons.



"The Story of Realm's Night"
as written in The Tome of the Faithful

The Celestials and Infernals are the creations of the Gods and Goddesses in the same way as the mortal races are. At first, the Celestials and Infernals existed on this plane, but they quickly fell into conflict. They each sought to control Adraveth on their own. But what of this conflict? To understand that, one must first know of the Artaani.



The reason why the Temple had its consecration removed before is because Philoh could not stand seeing a Celestial and Infernal attack happening on the grounds where Viralze decreed their war was supposed to end, for a Holy War can be a precursor to another Reekoning.

In the oral retelling of the tale, the Prophet specifically stated that the elemental creatures of Zanzir, corrupted by the Demons, had their souls sundered and their essences put into the Gems.

At the conclusion of the story, the Prophet, accompanied by the Infernal and Celestial, led a procession from the Seroll and Dragon to the former All-Faith Temple. There the Prophet spoke of the deeds and actions of the town of

New Calendale and that it was time for the All-Faith Temple to once more be dedicated and consecrated in the eyes of the gods and goddesses, the All-Father, and the All-Mother. Each present was invited to symbolically represent one of the gods, even if they were not a cleric dedicated to that deity. Those who represented one of the gods or goddesses stepped forward and declared which of the Divine they stood for and then dipped their hands into a bowl of blessed water. They then approached the entrance to the All-Faith Temple and blessed it by scattering the blessed water upon the threshold. Last to step forward was Baldrie, who stood for all the gods and goddesses as well as the All-Father and All-Mother. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Prophet dedicated and consecrated the Temple of All-Faiths, once more. The Tome of the Faithful rests within the All-Faith Temple if you wish to examine it personally. Any dedicated clerics are invited to add their personal stories of faith, particularly stories of dedication, to The Tome to aid and instruct future clerics.

On the seventh day of the Shield Moon, Realms Night having drawn to its conclusion, the Prophet of the All-Father and All-Mother once more stood within New Calendale, before the Seroll and Dragon, and presented the Banner of Viralze, which now adorns the Temple of All-Faith.

- Vayne Mistral

*** Editor's Note: Let it be known, per the first page of The Tome of the Faithful itself, that Clerics who add their stories to the book must NOT put ink to The Tome's actual pages. I strongly advise that ALL clerics read the words of the first page for themselves lest they offend the gods and goddesses. ~ Onyx**

Upon completion of this Crown, Arch-Devil Orzisk placed it upon his horned head and wielded immense power. It was nothing compared to the Crown of Domination, but it was enough to break the stalemate between the Celestials and Infernals by forcing all of the Demons into slavery beneath the Devils.

The Celestials were on the verge of defeat until they came up with the idea of using the other races of Adraveth to defeat their hated enemy. Using their immense power, they forced the other races to fight alongside them in their conflict. After much bloodshed and the population of Adraveth going into decline, Viralze herself appeared on the battlefield and called an end to this fighting. She brought forth the two leaders of both sides, High Celestial Sigmund and Arch-Devil Orzisk, to her and told them that she would not allow the Infernals' and Celestials' fight to lead this world into ruin. She brought out her Tome, the Codex, and with the combined powers of her brothers and sisters, created new Realms to put the Celestials and Infernals into. She separately bound them to those Realms with the stipulation that should they venture back to this one, they only possess the ability to remain here a short time before being forced back to their own Realms.

This ground you are on now is where this battle was resolved and the Infernal and Celestial Realms were born. It is on this day, every four years, that Viralze brings these races together in the hope that one day peace can be made between these two races and they can return to Adraveth permanently.

Onyx's Observations

• The Chasm Which Divides •

Hello, my readers. It has been several Moons since I have put quill to parchment for my column. Everyone has personal issues to deal with from time to time and an Arrawielian is not exempt from that. Sometimes the advisor needs to take a break and sort their own mind when it gets overwhelmed. There is still much for me to do, but at least I have reached the point where I can begin to offer my insight to you once more.

That said, it is New Calendale that is overwhelmed lately. We are on the verge of another war, this time with the Inquisition. People tend to forget that Town Proper, up near the Seroll and Dragon Tavern, is not the entirety of New Calendale. There is the Marketplace down by the bay comprised of many shops, crafters, inns, taverns, and travelers where most of the trading and commerce that support New Calendale takes place. There are the outlying fields with farmers that grow the food that not only feeds us, but is sold to others that take it to other areas of the kingdom. Then are the outposts that surround the outskirts of the town where our Town Guard and other military officials, that rotate around the Barony, patrol to protect the people that live within these borders. This is New Calendale.

I spend a lot of time down at the Marketplace and I can tell you that people are scared. They do not understand what is happening and why we are being blockaded in, why there are armies not letting them leave. Rumors abound and people are preparing for the worst. To those people, I will continue to help and advise you where I am able, no matter which side you find yourself on, and I will also attempt to explain why this is occurring.

You have heard already that the Inquisition found that the former King, Leopold Damasque, conspired to murder our beloved Queen Nehemiah Varrow and fabricated the story of her dying in childbirth. There are

those that loyally support Leopold, believing that he was framed for Nehemiah's death and that King Regent Charles Dalton took advantage of her passing to take the throne from Leopold. On the other side, there are those who believe that the Inquisition rightfully uncovered a plot by Leopold and Archduke Stoneheart to ascend Leopold to the Throne, secure his family line with a son, Regus, and then murder Queen Nehemiah because they felt she was unfit to rule.

I do not claim to know the definitive truth of the situation but I can say that the current conflict directly stems from the two sides of thought in this matter. Even the Nobility of the Twin Kingdoms is divided. Marquises Fontaine and Artenian have openly sided with Leopold and all three of their armies have formed a large perimeter between New Calendale and the Inquisitorial armies beyond. Lord Istivan, now elevated to Baron, has informed us that Fontaine has been stripped of his nobility. At the time of this writing, I have also been informed that Artenian has also been stripped of his title as well.

Baron Istivan has asked of us to respect the ongoing investigation into the matter that they are conducting. He has asked us to stop our fighting and place our trust in him as they look into it. The investigation should be concluded within a couple of Moon's time. Until then, for the sake of peace, we need to stop fighting ourselves.

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Reflections and Observations

This is not the same town that I saw come together to defeat Kavarek. I barely recognize this place any more. Whereas we have overcome insurmountable odds against forces that those outside of Town would dismiss as story and myth, I fear that if one of those forces should rise up now, we would splinter and fall. I



look around and I see distrust in the eyes of once former friends and comrades. How could anyone feel safe in an atmosphere like this?

I have not seen the Town this divided since the Holy War which, in my opinion, was much worse. Mythian asked me what happened during the Holy War and I relate a quick summary here for those that do not know.

It started over a piece of a relic of the Church of Gorvaak that destroyed Old Calendale. A few other Churches were of the opinion that it was too dangerous and shouldn't be in their hands, even though the relic belonged to the Church of Gorvaak. Essentially, the entire Town took sides and began fighting and warring over it. Even the Church of Attalia took a side and aligned with the Gorvaakians. Myself, Dr. Victor Hamilton, Caimbeul Quinn, and I believe one or two others remained neutral, trying to tell people that that this war wasn't what the gods wanted but our words fell on deaf ears. The fighting got so bad that even Celestials and Infernals fought in our Realm. The Celestials even spilled Infernal blood in the Temple, in spite of Victor's attempts to stop them. The Holy War is why we lost the Temple of All Faith.

Those few of us who came in direct contact with the relic were afflicted with mutations of both mind and body - myself, Victor, Diglon, and several others. One of my hands became a huge claw. We had an insatiable lust for blood. I tore apart a goblin ate it raw. Victor later told me, "You should try the Kelonians, they're quite good." Once we fed, the bloodlust was satiated for about a bell. I warned

Caimbeul, my best friend, that as time went on, I wouldn't be able to control myself. I told him not to let his guard down near me. He forgot a few bells later and I nearly killed him in my madness to feed.

As you can see, the relic was indeed very dangerous. Many relics are ancient and are imbued with unimaginable power, but the Churches those relics belong to know best what to do with them. In the case of the Holy War, it belonged to the Gorvaakians and no one had the right to interfere.


I have seen new Calendale at its best and at its worst and I am saddened to say that this nearly rivals its worst.

If we can come back united and stronger than ever from a War like this, taking on Kavarek to save all of the Realms, and earning back the favor of the gods to rededicate our Temple, then why must we shed the blood of our Townsfolk? I have seen new Calendale at its best and at its worst and I am saddened to say that this

nearly rivals its worst.

This chasm is tearing us apart. It is making many innocents suffer, those who were not even involved. Friends, families, and loved ones have been fractured by this. I have watched those who once trusted each other unconditionally now take up arms against each other. I have listened to them spew venomous words to cut, hurt, and badger others to their side. This needs to stop. This must end before we destroy ourselves from within.

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel

What is the Church of Jerdano Hiding?

During this year, there have been reports of werewolves resurfacing in the New Calendale area. Luna Evergreen, a follower of Jerdano, has graciously and bravely taken matters into her own hands to inform the people in the area of the danger that the Druids of the Jerdanan Church have been trying to keep concealed from the populace.

Werewolves, while quite physically powerful, have been formidable opponents in the past. As far as I know, this has not changed. Luna brings us the warning, however, that these werewolves have shown to be able to sever the connection between Clerics and their gods. In light of this information, all clerics in the area should take heed and remove themselves immediately from any areas where they suspect a werewolf may be present.

~ Algraa Qeranni

Realms Night: Oleandra's Fury

There were games abound this past Realms Night. Games of skill, chance, stamina, and some of simple luck. The games were close in terms of which team was winning. One in particular though was of special interest, to me at least. The game was titled Oleandra's Fury, and it was described to be a test of holding one's breath. The game itself was so much more than that simple description could attest to.

From a portal exited a water elemental who in turn lead the gathered participants into the elemental Plane of Water where this challenge began. The waters were ice cold, turbulent and dark, and soon the mortals gathered within the very essence of Oleandra began to show their strengths of survival and of willingness to overcome this challenge of life. One by one the contestants succumbed to the challenge of the depths whether from overwhelming cold, sickness, or shortness of breath.

With the blessing of Oleandra there was one winner at the end. While it was a point for Team Infernal, in the end it was the feeling of being able to overcome this challenge that was the true prize for this writer. A reinforcement of my decision to worship the Lady of the Waters and Life.

- Rafael Espina de la Rosa

Changing of the Guard

Hello again my dear readers, it has been quite some time since I reached out to you with ink and prose and much has transpired in my absence but perhaps not so much as has transpired upon my return. Surely you feel it in the air, have heard rumors, and seen things you thought perhaps impossible if not illogical. I hope now to educate you, to assuage fears with truth and understanding.

On the 6th night of the Shield Moon, during Realms Night, a great conflict occurred. Not between Townsfolk and Infernal creatures, nor the monsters that prey the dark and the virtuous kin of my home, but between those who should have been brothers in arms if not in blood. Not since the Holy War have I seen such enmity betwixt members of the township and just as then, the resulting conflict was bloody and fierce. I will let others recount the course of those events as that is not the intent of this article. The important part is that it left our guard in shambles and our nobility reeling from the news. Though there had been no Court that Spiritsday, this necessitated noble intervention and Lord Istivan made way



to the town proper to hold an Emergency Court meeting. And with him came not only his personal retinue but members of the town newly risen to service within the Guard; at its head strode Diglon, the once traitor.

Tension was high, shock curled through the air, and it looked like another battle between brothers would commence. However, impassioned words and reason won the day and soon the town was assembled before Lord Istivan. Amongst an oppressive heat, murmurs of confusion, and an atmosphere of opposition, Istivan made the following pronouncements.

Firstly that Diglon was raised to the station of Corporal of the Twin Kingdom Military and would be granted the dual role of Corporal of the Guard and Magistrate of New Calendale. I hear your questions even now: Diglon. Marked a Traitor Diglon? Gorvaakian Diglon? Convicted of murder and theft Diglon? Yes. The Diglon that fought to liberate Larigmoore, the Diglon that liberated Kavarek Chalices. The Diglon that knew not to battle during the Holy War. The Diglon declared a hero by Lord Istivan and appointed to the guard by Regent Dalton. Yes, that Diglon was named Magistrate and Corporal and granted full authority over civil and military matters for the township of New Calendale under the nobility, removing both deputy-magistrate Ritara and Magistrate Thzone Lighthart of their positions.

It was the first of many shocking revelations, but not the last. Several townsfolk who displayed their loyalty to Regent Dalton and support of the Jeredithian Inquisition were appointed to the guard while others had their positions elevated such as Sirius who is now a town Judge. More than that, Aiden Durst, petitioning cleric of Razabaoth, has been appointed to the Inquisition and charged with the removal of corruption and disloyalty.

Perhaps most staggering of all, however, was the news of our own nobility. Marquis Fontaine was stripped of noble title and right, though he retains his wealth and property. Baron Ravenholm has been elevated to the position of Duke and Lord Istivan is now Baron Istivan.

You can well imagine the stunned silence of these proclamations, the unease in the air. With these radical changes, Judge-Corporal Gabranth and Bailiff William Saberson retired from service while those remaining on the guard were left to do deep soul searching and consider their duties under this new regime.

Then a voice cried out. "What about me? What about my people! How can I trust the people you put in charge?" challenged Xandis Lightfist. His outburst swept the room filling the air with agitation and worry. Baron Istivan assured all that the appointments were fair, were what was most needed to be in the regime of Dalton, but the disaffected were not satisfied. So another called out for more appointments, that those in place must be balanced by those known to be trustworthy. Seeing the wisdom in this, Baron Istivan sought to return me to the position of Citizen Judge but I could not in clear conscience take such a position when matters are likely to keep me from home. Instead I nominated Baldrie the All Faithful, knowing that any man that could endure the trials of the Heresy and balance the conflicting truths of the gods could pronounce judgments fair and true. Onyx TigerEye would remain Bailiff to oversee the guard and act as the commoners' recourse in the case of the guards' abuse and once Corporal Saringo, veteran of the Civil War, would act as direct counsel and guide to Corporal-Magistrate Diglon.

An uneasy calm settled on the assembled and Baron Istivan took to common courtly proceedings entreating that we all kneel and pledge our citizenship new and renewed. Saringo took the first step forward and soon we all followed, with the Baron even granting temporary citizenship to Xandis, William of the North, Khalarith, and all those recently marked as traitors to the kingdom. We rose together as citizens but WERE we together?

Were I a lesser person, now is when I would invoke the name of those past, manipulating your love and pain at our tragic losses to serve my own ends. I personally find such tactics deplorable and I have enough times asked us to look to the guidance of the fallen. Not this time. This is not



a problem of the past, nor an issue faced by those who have gone forward to Negoro. This is our issue, our problem and we will have to solve it ourselves. Though I am learned, I will not claim to know all. I do, however, know this: "A house divided will fall." It is an old Solinarian saying and it holds true today more than ever.

Together we have broken armies, liberated towns, and saved all of creation. At each other's throats we will be nothing but dried blood and bleaching bones in the sands of time. Too many of us are using this conflict as an excuse, painting each other in broad strokes and letting our claims of loyalty and honor mask our desires for vengeance and destruction. However, we can be better than that. On our own coinage it declares that unity brings strength. I implore you all to remember that - to remember that we are stronger whole than separate, that our differences need not divide us, that this kingdom has ever been a collection of differing ideals and has grown all the stronger because of it. You are reading words in an alphabet created by humans, on wood collected from wood elves, printed by a gnomish press, written by an agorian. Where else can this be? That, my dear readers, is the true magic of the Twin Kingdoms.

We need not be in agreement, but we must be in alignment or else all that has come before, the sacrifice and the victory, will be meaningless.

May the gods and their parents guide thee and keep thee ever more.

- Codiegr Stone

Mistral's Magical Musings



• Magic Devourers: A New Threat Emerges •

On the 7th day of the Shield Moon, 1116 a group from New Calendale accompanied the Darkling Herriek into the Fae Realm. This group included Guildmaster Saringo, Magistrate-Corporal Dielon, and Judge-Corporal Sirus. While Magistrate-Corporal Dielon and Judge-Corporal Sirus could not be reached for any statements, it is my understanding that neither were acting in an official capacity at the time.

The group ventured into the Fae Realm through a portal and encountered a previously unknown threat which has been termed Magic Devourers. These creatures appear vaguely humanoid in stature with darkly shrouded bodies. Their eyeless heads are skinless, revealing exposed bone and flesh. They wield no weapons but can sheathe their claws in various magical energies.

Should a Magic Devourer be encountered, under no circumstances should any form of magical energy be invoked or otherwise utilized within their presence, regardless of source - shamanic, divine, alchemical, bardic, or otherwise. The Magic Devourers are able to feed upon and absorb such magical energy even if it is not directly

cast upon them. Furthermore, they are able to perfectly replicate it. They have been observed stripping magical armor off of an individual as well as being able to drain a cleric of the divine energy they wield.

The Magic Devourers displayed two primary stages in their combat tactics. At the first stage, the creatures are very passive and wander seemingly aimlessly with their arms dangling at their sides. During this period of time, they appear to be completely invulnerable to physical harm. The second stage is more active; they strike with swift savage blows with their enchanted claws picking a target to disembowel. It is during this active stage that they become vulnerable to harm. Attack only with mundane weapons and strike with as much strength or finesse as you can, for their bodies are quite formidable and can withstand even the most savage of attacks. Under no circumstances should any form of magic be utilized in their presence, protective magic, offensive spells, enchanted blades, alchemical components, or otherwise. Strike only with mundane physical attacks and un-enchanted weapons.

The group which ventured into the Fae Realm encountered four of these creatures and managed to slay one of them. They then escaped through a portal back into New Calendale. Having witnessed the portal magics, the Magic Devourers were able to replicate the portal and clawed open a passage from the Fae Realm into the Scroll and Dragon of New Calendale. It was Guildmaster Saringo who discovered the creatures' innate ability to consume and replicate magical energies, and at his advisory the Guard ordered all peoples of New Calendale to refrain from using magic during the combat.

Furious combat was engaged, as it took the combined strength of all those gathered to slay each of these formidable creatures. The Magic Devourers are currently being investigated by the Orders of the Scarlet and Emerald Scarves. Apprentice Scarlet Scarf, Alceia, has been spearheading the immediate investigations within New Calendale.

- Vayne Mistral



Inquisition Attacks New Calendale

On the 5th of day of the Shield Moon the town of New Calendale was left reeling at the deaths of a handful of townsfolk that were marked as traitors by the Jeredithian Inquisition. Word of the prisoners had reached the townsfolk who were eager to try and rescue them for any false accusations that may have been leveled against them. When they arrived at the campsite it was to a gruesome scene of dead bodies of men and women, both young and old, with no one to explain the reason of their deaths.

Dishheartened by the grisly scene, the group of adventurers returned to town and encountered Lord Marshal Forthwind, of the Inquisition, along with a contingent of soldiers. The Lord Marshal began to sling accusations of traitors within the town of New Calendale and ordered his soldiers to attack. The defenders of New Calendale began to fight out of self defense for their own lives while at the same time attempting to not kill the men and women aligned with the Inquisition.

During the fighting, words were exchanged between the Lord Marshal and various townsfolk, in an attempt to cease the fighting and discuss the reasons behind the attack and accusations of treason being made. The Lord Marshal ordered his forces to fall back while he was lead to the manor of Marquis Fontaine in order to civilly discuss the events of the evening and what lead to the slaughter of citizens of men and women of the Twin Kingdoms.

- Rafael Espina de la Rosa

The Newest Scarlet Scarf

As some of you may know, the Order of the Scarlet Scarves, was reformed early this cycle. This is great news for the Twin Kingdoms as once more there is a group of defenders dedicated to handling the various magical threats that have a tendency to crop up. One of the first objectives for the newly reformed order is to rebuild their membership. Prior to their disbandment years prior, the group's membership had dwindled greatly. One of the prospective members for this valiant order has recently finished the last of her trials and has been welcomed into the group as an apprentice. The apprentice Scarlet Scarfs' name is Alzeia, of the Cirque du Elantrai.

Alzeia has been a long time member of New Calendale's adventuring residents and the local Mage's Guild. She is

also an expert fire mage who is close to attaining mastery in this fiery discipline. She is also known to be one of the most caring and wisest of the town's residents, always making sure people are well, and giving them riddled advice when they are troubled.

I was able to sit down with Alzeia and ask her a few questions regarding her recent achievement and new station.

Q1: Becoming a Scarlet Scarf is no easy task. How do you feel about being one of the few to achieve entry?

Alzeia: "I feel humbled. It is a great honor to be trusted."

Q2: What are your plans now that you have achieved this position?

Alzeia: "I do what is right for the kingdom and the people; I have sworn to protect it. Being in a position does not matter; it's only about protecting each other which I have done since before this position."

Q3: What are some of the lessons you have learned through undertaking the trials and along the way leading up to them?

Alzeia: "I have learned many things. For one, always be true to yourself. Second, never forget what you're fighting for, and always be prepared to do what needs to be done. That taking orders is important but being true to yourself is also very important. To always adapt to the environment and never let that environment control you. I have learned that being a scarlet scarf is what I always wanted but finally becoming a scarf has redefined what it is that means to me."

Good luck Alzeia, may you do honor to your position.

- Brandon Lachlan



The Third Realms' Night Drinking Contest Between Two Old Friends



One Realms Night tradition that has entertained and amused a number of Townsfolk over the past couple of Realms Night celebrations has been the Realms Night drinking contest between two old friends: Sarinzo and Dr. Victor Hamilton.


The first instance of this contest took place in 1108. Neither Sarinzo or Victor being ones to drink often or to excess, the two friends decided to see who could hold out the longest. The infusions were special shots that were brewed by the Church of Ibewinn and were much more potent than any you would normally find. The contest did not last long, resulting in a sleeping doctor and a quite drunk Argorian as Sarinzo claimed the first victory.

The second instance of the contest took place in 1112. Victor was determined to win this Holiday and had been working on his tolerance since the last contest. The pair joked around with each other all day boasting about who would win on that Realms Night. When evening fell, Victor and Sarinzo took their places and shook hands, preparing to battle. The shots were again supplied by the Church of Ibewinn and were just as potent as the previous Holiday's. This contest went on for longer than the previous one had, but the result was the same with Victor face down on the table while Sarinzo, still awake, swayed victoriously in his chair while laughing very drunkenly.

This past Realms Night of 1116, found Victor looking forward to this Holiday's contest. In a jovial tone he exclaimed, "No one beats Victor Hamilton three Realms Nights in a row!" Friendly wagers of spoken word were placed upon the contestants, mine being on Sarinzo (sorry, Victor!). After the masquerade ball, the pair took their seats in the Scroll and Dragon once again and the bag of Ibewinnian special brews was taken out. The contest went on for quite a while, with both Victor and Sarinzo laughing and heavily slurring their words and taunts. Vials lay all over the table and we watched in anticipation.

Victor folded his arms and lowered his head, passing out for the night. Sarinzo claimed his third victory in a row though this Holiday he was so drunk he hadn't even realized he had won yet. Another Ibewinnian shot or two and he found himself paralyzed in place, the vial still in his hand. Sarinzo was still awake as Victor talked in his sleep having delusions of grandeur about winning while still taunting Sarinzo.

Good luck at Realms Night 1120, Victor. Because surely no one beats Victor Hamilton four Realms Nights in a row!

~ Ongx TigerEye 



In Memoriam: Uther Vergeant

It is with a heavy heart I write about a man, in memoriam: Uther Vergeant; husband, father, grandfather, friend, and storyteller. "Sir Grandpa," a merchant, a fish monger, a sailor, and many more. A renaissance man and a family man.

My sincerest condolences go out to Xandis Vergeant, a man I call my brother. I know the great sorrow that consumes your heart when you lose a father and your family, and it pains me to see Xandis endure the loss of his grandfather and last living blood relative.

Sir Grandpa was murdered. Caged like an animal and murdered. No one deserves such a fate, least of all him.

The moral of his story is to go after what you love, or you'll never get the chance.

I met him when we were helping in Larigmoore. Even while his home was being ravaged by undead, he still found time to sit down and tell stories of moral value and punny humor. I am heartbroken to have these story times restricted to my past.

My favorite story was the first one he told me when I first met him. It was so heartfelt that I even remember holding someone's hand. It was about when he first met his late wife, Lilia. She was lost in the aftermath of the war in Larigmoore. This was when he was a fish monger, heaving fish into barrels on ship at port. He would see her across the way on another ship and he would describe her like an invaluable work of art. For a while, he didn't muster up the courage to meet her. Finally, he saw her one day and dropped his fish on the deck and leapt onto the docks and ran to her. He asked her immediately to spend the rest of her days with him. She is and will always be the only woman to have pushed him off of a boat into the water.

He tried everything from simply calling her beautiful to pick up lines like, "There's plenty of fish in the sea, but until I catch one, I'm just stuck here holding my rod." Soon, she gave him a chance. They would talk at night under the stars. Days turned to weeks, weeks to Moons, Moons to cycles. She eventually agreed to spending the rest of her days with him and they started a family. The moral of his story is to go after what you love, or you'll never get the chance.

He was a loving and mentoring father figure to Xandis and anyone Xandis called friend or family. This is a great loss that will change our hearts forever.

- Rhiannon "Mudge Paws" Nakhara



Rumor Has It...



- King Leopold turned himself in a few weeks ago, it's only a matter of time before the inquisition drops the hammer on this forsaken place.
- King Leopold has been gathering forces in an underground tunnel, preparing to catch the Inquisition forces from behind.
- Families grieve upon hearing news of loved ones killed in Inquisitorial prison.
- Three Cows were stolen last Fiveday's night from Ludwig's farm.
- The Inquisition has been paying off some Sea Elves to maintain their blockade even beneath the waves.
- If you know the right people, you could pay someone to smuggle you out of this blockade.
- Inquisition preparing secret weapon to wipe New Calendale off of the map.
- Mary Beth Charity accidentally squashes Edmund Tavalier's prize pumpkin when cutting through his property instead of taking the long way around it. This will be the first time in 20 years the Tavalier family may not win the largest Pumpkin contest at this year's harvest festival.
- Both Inquisitorial and Leopold controlled forces are giving wide berths to any Faç (light or dark) they come across in the woods. Neither side wants direct involvement in their conflict.
- Forces from outside of the port blockade have been reported as attacking Inquisition-backed ships. Wife's Fury sighted amongst them.
- Unusual amounts of wraith activity are being reported near the edge of the blockade.
- Lonnie Lester seen wearing town guard uniform, looking completely cleaned up. He is sad his wife is gone, but he feels he's doing himself and the community a service by serving under the one true king.
- King Regent Charles Dalton seen near the perimeter of the New Calendale blockade. Rumor has it if there's going to be a direct assault, Dalton will be at the head of the charge.
- Local Youngster Timothy Horton has been going around town looking for his misplaced wooden sword with initials carved into it. He has been offering a reward if found.
- Crazy man arrested near docks claiming to be a prophet. He kept repeating things like "All things must die," over and over again, forgoing even the most basic forms of taking care of himself.
- Argorians have been known to infiltrate local communities by first stealing the women of men of influence, or at the very least, destroying their relationships with them. After that, they worm their way into local government in order to take it down from the inside.