

New Calendale Chronicle

The Spirit Moon, 1116

INQUISITION'S PURGE OF NEW CALENDALE STOPPED BY LEOPOLD LOYALISTS

The Jeredithian Inquisition's efforts to erase New Calendale from the Twin Kingdoms maps was brought to an immediate stop, as they were forced to retreat by none other than King Leopold Damasque himself. Expansive armies of the Jeredithian Inquisition marched into the town of New Calendale around high sun on the third Sunday of The Harvest Moon. "We were given our orders," they proclaimed, "to kill every man, woman, and child." A bloody battle soaked the mud red, until King Leopold appeared to take a stand with loyal followers to force the Inquisition out of town.

Dozens of New Calendale citizens milled about outside the Scroll & Dragon Inn after hearing word that a bloodied and injured Twin Kingdoms guard staggered into town claiming he was attacked by Inquisitors. His still bleeding wounds were healed by local eleries.

As the Jeredithian Inquisition forces marched in, some commoners knelted -- greeting the Inquisition's armies like nobles themselves -- on bended knee with bowed heads.



Inquisitorial forces



King Leopold with his loyalists

Their loyalty was rewarded by a sword's blade swift between their shoulders, separating their heads from their necks in an execution-style killing. Others, wary of brewing civil war, sought the help of master mages and eleries to be encircled by protections and await news of what was happening given the previous armistice. These magics were speedily dispelled and all those souls had their lives taken like lambs led to a slaughter.

Damasque gathered those able to wield a sword who escaped the initial onslaught to make a stand on the field outside the newly resanctified All-Faith Temple of New Calendale. A Grand Inquisitor and his forces stood in opposition, telling Damasque and his loyal followers to drop their weapons. King Leopold Damasque shouted back the same, to put down their weapons and talk, that no further blood needed to be shed that day.

"Not for a traitor King!" was shouted across the battlefield.

As Leopold loyalists armed themselves and prepared for battle against trained soldiers, the

Grand Inquisitor was asked by Leopold who he had fought for and supported in the Twin Kingdom's all-too-recent civil war.

"Tallén," the Inquisitor declared.

This was greeted with deafening silence. As Leopold took a step back, seemingly stunned that a Tallén supporter was one to dare accuse him of murdering his wife, the late Queen Ngehemiah (may the Gods and Goddesses rest her soul). Leopold informed the Inquisition forces that Queen Ngehemiah, as one of her last acts, had offered a pardon to all Tallénites and his supporters who put down their weapons and swore loyalty.

Not a single Inquisitor took Leopold's offer. Leopold loyalists took to the field to defend who they swore was the just and righteous king of the Twin Kingdoms.

"Long live King Leopold! Long live the True King!"

A long and bloody battle ensued, trudging on with determination as both King Leopold Damasque and the Grand Inquisitor faced off, eventually leaving the Inquisitor lying on his back, bloody, as his life drained out of him from a celestial spell thrown by former Inquisitor, Xandis.

Seeing their leader laying dead, Inquisition forces called for a retreat to a planned rally point on the outskirts of New Calendale -- no doubt planned as a rally point to celebrate their victories -- as a handful of surviving loyalists and King Leopold Damasque moved to track them down. The handful of survivors were grateful when unexpected news from a Twin Kingdoms Royal Guard arrived, proclaiming the Inquisition forces had been pushed back, routed off New Calendale.

Joined shortly by a wave of Leopold's own forces and reinforcements, which included Knights of the Twin Kingdom and Royal Guards, allowing them to take on the remaining Inquisition forces. Many were killed, but great strides were taken to push the Inquisition further from the centre of New Calendale.

- Valeria Trio

Oax's Observations

• The End of Neutrality •

The Inquisition are monsters. Plain and simple. And they need to be put down.

I am no longer neutral in this fight. I tried to be. I have done my duty as an Arrawigian, trying to keep our neutrality, as my mentor asked of me. The Inquisition was not interested in this.

Last Moon, the residents of our town were attacked by an Inquisitorial force bent on purging New Calendale from the map. The blockade surrounding our perimeter advanced. The Inquisition marched in to indiscriminately slaughter anyone they came across, regardless of sex or age. It mattered not to them if those people were unarmed or if they approached them peacefully. Farmers, merchants, children playing in the streets - all were prey before them.

All I remember was watching the Inquisitorial forces pour into Town

Proper like locusts and taking refuge in the scroll and Dragon Tavern. I had seven people with me under my watch in a Greater Circle of Protection at my usual table. We were obeying the edict that Lord Istivan asked of us - to respect the truth and wait to see what the noble investigation yielded into Dalton's claims. We had no wish to shed the blood of our fellow countrymen.

Later in the day, I was told what happened after I had raised the Circle. Ulv said that some had come in trying to harm us but couldn't get through the Circle. Apparently I had spoken up about respecting the truth and we were not taking sides. One man had left us and we were all right for a short while until others had come in. One dispelled our Circle and they drew their blades upon us and began to cut us down. I was told by Xandis that I had been able to run as far as behind the guard house; he had run from the forces in another area. When he looked back, he saw I had been beset by perhaps five or six of the Jeredithian forces. There was nothing he

The Inquisition are monsters. Plain and simple. And they need to be put down.

could have done to help at that point, and although I do not remember it, I am glad that I was able to provide enough of a distraction for him to at least get away to safety.

Is this the type of rule we want upon our Throne? I refuse to serve under a regime in any way which feels that it is acceptable to indiscriminately flat out murder any who disagree with them. I do not condone the mass killing of innocent people who happen to live in an area where there are so-called dissidents. And until this regime ends, I will no longer serve the corruption festering upon the Throne in the capacity of Bailiff. I do not trust that this corruption has not spread nor do I have trust in those that still serve it.

Lord Istivan was said to have been brutally murdered on the 17th of the Harvest Moon. I have been told that my name was one of those that been suggested as a suspect. Why and by whom, I am unsure. Firstly, I would not have attacked Istivan in such a way and, secondly, I was down at the Marketplace with many witnesses.

There had also been the rumor that a couple of Istivan's personal guards went to Alden and Diglon and told them that Istivan is alive and his manor had been leveled by a small series of many explosions. One source of mine informed me that over fifty highly concentrated explosive compounds had been stolen the previous Moon from some of the alchemists, a stash that would definitely be capable of taking out a building such as the manor. Other sources of mine has informed me that the story of the explosions was in fact untrue and a walk to Istivan's manor shows that it still stands, albeit under such heavy guard that one cannot get near it.

Something is clearly happening here, more than just a random murder. With the rumor of other noble families going missing and their estates burning in Vondara, one has to wonder if the foul play that Istivan suffered may be tied directly to the Inquisition itself. The missing noble families are feared dead and rumored to have been loyal to Leopold. That Istivan gave temporary citizenship, until the end of the investigation, to those in our town that were marked as traitors to Dalton's crown, instead of

permanently eliminating them, may not have sat well with the King Regent. Yet another example of those who get on the wrong side of the Inquisition being silenced and made an example of?

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I will still attempt to perform my duty as an Arrawigian and counsel any who seek my insight, even if I do not agree with their views. I maintain my belief that there are still good men among the Inquisition, such as the man who was going to leave us be in our Circle, but if you attack me, my loved ones, my friends, or my home, I will fight back.

With the Inquisitorial blockade surrounding New Calendale broken, King Leopold has sworn to cut a path to Vondara through the Inquisition forces to reclaim his rightful place on the Throne of the Twin Kingdoms and rescue Prince Regus. May the gods be with you, my King, for all our sakes.

May Arrawig bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye



Student and Disciple of Arrawig

Plight of the Commoner

Inquisitorial forces took to the offensive this past Harvest Moon, cutting down any in their way. Even those professing loyalty to the Twin Kingdoms, taking a knee before them in a show of fealty, were cut down. Various "Inquisitors" were heard calling for the purge of New Calendale, despite the best efforts laid forth to attempt to maintain peace. The death of Baron Istivan was the excuse mentioned for their attempted purging. As they have so many times before, the adventurers that have become the defenders of not only New Calendale, but indeed of all Aldraveth, turned back the attack.

However, it was not without losses.



Too often little thought is given to the simple folk of the land: farmers, carpenters, blacksmiths, men and women who wish only to live their lives and be left in peace. All too often they too become embroiled in the conflicts that seem to surround our town. Casualties that are often unknown and unseen leaving their friends and families to mourn them. This attack not only focused on the town centered around the Scroll and Dragon, but the outlying farms as well.

Folk whose only care is raising their families and living in peace don't care for politics, or who sits on the throne. To them, these events are a notion far above them and, so long as the peace was kept, better left to the nobles and soldiers who are supposed to protect them.

This time, soldiers of the Inquisition came and mercilessly wiped many of them out. The death of everyone was called for; not just the traitors, not just the defenders who leveled weapons and magics against them, but every man, woman and child was their enemy. While in the end the attack was turned back, it wasn't done without loss. Many families may very well go hungry this winter season due to the lack of hands capable of pulling in the last harvests. There are those within this town who are giving what aid they can in the form of labor, among them are: Khalarinth, Caillzan Mae Miodha, and Rory Pangur Bán. And though they are not going to have songs sung over these deeds, they do it in order to ease the suffering these families would otherwise face.

Those who can, in order to alleviate some of the brunt the winter can bring, give what you can in the way of supplies to those loyal to supporting the people of the Dunford Bay area. Though our taxes are meant to help care for the town and surrounding areas, this winter will be especially brutal on those who are unable to bring in their harvests.

- Rafael Espina de la Rosa

Nether Bits, Nether Court, and the Sapphire Band-Aids?

A very odd and, apparently, hilarious meeting occurred on Spiritsday night of the 17th day of Harvest Moon within New Calendal's local guard house.

The meeting was held by an entity that members of the town refer to as "The Magistrate," a creature said to hail from the Nether itself. From what I've gathered, the appearance of this particular creature is a semi-common occurrence

around the tavern area, thus it appearing in the guardhouse appeared to be no stranger. "The Magistrate" apparently proceeded, once it had an audience, to hold "Nether-Court" wherein it spouted off commands and demands of the people in varying degrees of sarcasm and mirth, if the accounts are to be believed.

Some of these accounts include multiple people being charged various amounts of, what I can only assume is, currency that it referred to as "Nether-Bits." Further, it would declare that anyone who committed the slightest infraction is to be thrown into "Nether-Dungeon" for 10 years. Some of its antics included demanding "that obnoxious Greg

Elf" be brought forward, and was confused when informed that there was "more than one."

However, the intelligence of the creature seems to

be questionable as it did not seem to realize that it had been presented with a Kelonian, when it demanded that "Nyxie" be brought before it.

At some point, someone offered the Magistrate a pastry. I am uncertain if it did not know how to eat mortal food, or if it was just being mirthful, but it immediately requested it be handed off to a "Sapphire Bandid" to be researched. The person who ended up with this task being Ulv.

To cap off the night, it demanded something to draw with and, after being given a stick of lipstick, stormed off towards the tavern where it hunted down and cornered the twice traitor-marked Xandis. Pinning the man to the bench, the creature proceeded to draw a third "X" on his face, over his nose, whereupon it declared itself the victor of "tic-tac-toe."

After this I am uncertain what happened to the creature, as in the uproar of the town cheering no one seems to recall where it went. The only hypothesis I have to this is that the creature possibly returned to the Nether.

This creature seemed to lift the town's spirit, in its dire time, and gave the town respite from the atmosphere created by the blockade. If that is true, I hope that it will continue to return to New Calendal, as it seems to care for this place.

- Algernon Corvis

The Cirque du Elantrai Hosts a Carnival



On the 17th day of the Harvest Moon, the Cirque du Elantrai, long-time residents of New Calendale were contracted to host a Carnival of Festivity after High Noon. When asked for the motivation of this Carnival, Mr. Kitty, a member of the Cirque du Elantrai stated, "We wanted to remind everyone that they were a community before they were a divided people."

The Carnival featured a variety of activities, and tickets were awarded for a raffle being hosted by the Cirque du Elantrai. Games of chance were hosted, including Liar's Dice and Blackjack. A game of skill and accuracy was hosted where contestants had to aim at various targets with a hand crossbow. There was a story contest, Rafael won first place with his "Origins of the Gods", Captain Rhaz came in second, and Ngn in third. There was also musical accompaniment to the festivities by Ngn, a local member of the Twin Kingdom's Bardie Guild. A local cleric of Ibwinn, Corver, was also invited to join in on the festivities, and brought a selection of his special brews.

The Carnival culminated with The Grand Raffle. Participants in any of the activities were able to earn raffle tickets which they could spend in the Grand Raffle. Raffle tickets could also be redeemed for various foodstuffs and liquors imbued with restorative powers. The Grand Raffle included various alchemical restoratives, a hefty supply of pipeweed, and crafted tools used in gathering supplies forged by the Cirque du Elantrai's blacksmith Davven. The most highly sought prize of the Grand Raffle was a portrait donated by a cleric of Learyn, which had well over 80 raffle tickets bid upon it, and ultimately was won by one of the local residents Ulv.

Members of the New Calendale Guard also provided security to the event, ensuring that festivities were uninterrupted, and a passing pack of Gnolls being led by an Ogre Mage proved only a passing and minor nuisance, which was dealt with swiftly.

- Vayne Mistral



New Calendale: The Melting Pot

Interesting people with interesting cultures have started to visit us from a new continent. To them, our continent is new. My teacher, a friend, and I, had the pleasure of having a conversation with a well-dressed Kelonian from Caragmar. We four Kelonians reveled in the vast differences our cultures shared.

We Kelonians from this continent are accustomed to a nomadic lifestyle while the Caragmaran Kelonians have

Prides that provide varying different social, spiritual, diplomatic, and military aspects of the Caragmarans as a whole. Three major Prides of the Caragmar society are the Primes, the Ironwills, and the Mangs. From each of those prides comes an Alpha and their council. This concept of not only society, but government, is completely new to me, and I'm sure many of you reading this article.

The Primes are the most proud, and typically deal with

zeonomy and diplomacy. The Ironwills are the most inclined to theology and magics. The Mangs are described to be the most like "we" are, more nomadic and unruly mangs, favoring strength and brawn. I nodded and continued to listen, catching myself absentmindedly grooming myself.

Akash, this friendly Kelonian, is of the Primes Pride. He seemed very proud, but I wouldn't describe him as misanthropic. He pitied the Kelonians of this continent, for "our lack of pride and solidarity," that would be otherwise present in settled society. I would even assume he pitied my mang's hygiene and appearance. We made sure he understood we still have pride and solidarity with those we call fellow citizens, despite our different races and creeds.

He was genuinely interested in expanding his merchandising craft and took value in the varying cultures that we described to him of Sekhem and, especially, Al'hazir. He was surprised to find out about the vast merchandising opportunity available in Al'hariq, seeming to have traveled regretfully through Al'palaadi on his journey across our continent, just missing his opportunity to see the riches of Al'hariq.

The conversation continued and we reached a time of spiritual reflection. Borain, he spoke of. He made sure we understood he takes value in all of the gods and goddesses of the pantheon, but Borain's dogma is the most practical and realistic for mortals to follow. This line of thinking assumes that all mortals are self-centered, that even a selfless act is ultimately for that person's own gain. I nodded and continued to listen, though I didn't agree.

The melting pot culture of New Calendale is ever-expanding, and it is with pleasure I conclude this article with a thought: one could stay in New Calendale and manage a full life of adventure and unique experiences whilst always having a friend in a fellow citizen, and this nomadically inclined Kelonian might just stay put..

- Rhannon "Mudde Paws" Nakhara

Alecia: Master Fire Mage

For those of us who wield the powers of the arcane, there is no greater achievement than being granted the title of Master of one of the numerous branches of the arcane arts. In order to reach this level, it requires several years of intense study and practice. That is why it is such a big deal when this happens. Especially in New Calendale, where we live on a knife's edge. Right now she is finishing her training



of the final spell of the School of Fire. Once she has finally completed this training, then she will have reached mastery.

Alecia, of the Cirque Du Elantrai, has been a long time member of New Calendale's adventuring residents, and the local Mage's Guild. She is among the first, if not the first, of the new generation of the Scarlet Scarves. 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.

It can be said that she is quite pleased with reaching this mark, and has started to look at the various doors that are now open to her. She is already an apprentice in the newly reformed Scarlet Scarves, and with her Mastery all but assured, Alecia's future looks bright (and not just because of her fire). We at the Chronicle wish Alecia the best in her future endeavors, and a big congratulations for what she has achieved.

- Brandon Lachlan

Fighting Poison With Poison

Hello once more my dear readers, and here find an account of a circumstance that could only happen in Calendale. I have been witness to many a terrible and wondrous sight, and Sunday the 11th of the Harvest Moon was no different. I witnessed, then, an occurrence of unity and cooperation that would be rare anywhere but a nation as accepting as the Twin Kingdoms, or a town as diverse as New Calendale. Though, perhaps I got ahead of myself, so allow me to explain.

In the Moons past, one of our town's members, a fellow associate of mine, became afflicted by a terrible and

debilitating disease. The affliction that erodes the mind and traps the soul to transform a healthy person into a ghoul. I have seen this horrid affliction play out before, with the poor individual losing reason and morality until they are nothing but a danger to family and friend alike. Most communities exile or kill such an afflicted individual, particularly if they are a worshipper of an evil god or goddess. In this case it was not some beacon of virtue but a dedicated of Drevarria, and many would feel, as I'm sure several of you reading now would say, such a fate is deserving of any who follow the goddess of pain.

Not so I say. Drevarria teaches us through pain and hardship, and teaches her own more harshly than any other. Just as the diseases that briefly afflict us teach our bodies to be stronger, the trial set before this young cleric would see him empowered or dead. However he would not face this trial alone, for no one who lives in Calendalg ever stands alone. After moons of difficulty, a painful way forward was offered by a powerful cleric of Drevarria named Ciaphas. A ritual was known that would free the cleric of this suffering, but it would require volunteers willing to burden themselves with the young cleric's pain.

And so the question became, who would burden themselves as such. Where would one find twelve supplicants of Drevarria or even just evil gods willing to take on such a task?

We never needed to answer that question, for we live in New Calendalg, and those who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the betterment of others are what our home is built upon. Twelve brave souls came forward. A tribesman from the North, a half ore dedicated to Legendarr, a man branded a traitor, a cleric of Negoro and many besides. All stepped forward without hesitation because they knew it would help another. These weren't the young cleric's friends, they weren't people who agreed with his political views, they were just citizens trying to help one of their own.

Ciaphas then explained the ritual, how the energy of the curse would be lifted and shared amongst the assembled. Piece by piece the curse would be broken and destroyed, but most worrisome of all was that the process would be

excruciating for all who volunteered. They accepted this truth and not one pulled back or turned away now learning the price. The greatest toll would fall on Xandis, as the focal point of the ritual he would be wracked with disease and pain greater than any other, and only by experiencing the pain could the curse be purged.

Fliming his blade at the young Drevarrian, Ciaphas dragged the curse from his body and shared it among the gathered. Pain immediately brought the tribesman to his knees, as all were overcome with fits of coughing, aches, pains and suffering as the curse tried to take root. When the pain reached its zenith it was cast into Xandis, where it was consumed as his agonizing cries filled the air. And on it went, pain after pain, suffering after suffering but my dear friends and comrades endured, they suffered and as always they overcame.

With a howl of pain, such that it would rattle one's bones, the curse was cleansed, shattered beyond reforming, and both the young cleric and all involved were freed of its malign influence. My thanks and praise both to the virtuous volunteers and Ciaphas for freeing our young guardsman of his affliction, and showing once more that together we can overcome anything.

Until next time my dear readers. May the Gods and their parents bless thee and keep thee.

- Codiegr Stone

Mistral's Magical Musings



• Magic Devourers: A New Threat Emerges •

On the 17th day of the Harvest Moon the magical threat known as the Magic Devourers attacked the town of New Calendalg for the second time. Four of these creatures clawed open a portal into the Seroll and Dragon tavern. The initial onslaught forced many to flee the Seroll and Dragon, and Guildmaster Saringo of the New Calendalg Mage's Guild remained behind to face these monstrosities alone. The citizens of New Calendalg were rallied by apprentice Searlet Searf Alceia, and joined Guildmaster Saringo in repelling these threats. The Magic Devourers which attacked New Calendalg had already been exposed to sources of magical energy and unleashed devastating spells to immediately kill

their victims, and utilizing both the Celestial and the Infernal schools of magic.

To recap; no magical energies are to be utilized in the presence of these creatures. Magic Devourers do not distinguish between Divine, Arcane, Shamanic, or Alchemical energies. This is not limited to merely casting upon the creatures, or exposing them to backlash energies. The creature merely needs to listen to the incantation being cast within their presence to replicate the spell.

The creatures' claws can be imbued with mystical energies and they exhibit two primary stages. In one stage the creatures walk passively around, and cannot be harmed by either physical or magical means. In their second stage they become aggressive, striking with claws. It is during this time, when they are on the offensive, that they should be attacked. Strike swift and fast with the most powerful of physical blows to slay these creatures. Under no circumstances are they to be attacked with magically imbued weapons.

During the New Calendae Mage's Guild meeting on the 17th day of the Harvest Moon, Guildmaster Saringo announced to the Guild that any casting in the presence of these creatures would be considered as "willfully endangering the town" and that Guildmaster Saringo would report any offenders immediately to the Town Guard.

- Vayne Mistral

Trial of Flame

I'm sure all of you have heard of the trouble brewing up north in the town of Duncaster. If you haven't then let me fill you in.

In the previous war with Solinaria, many of the local guard of Duncaster were called to the Twin Kingdoms-Solinaria border. With the crippled strength after severe losses, an Ore Warband that had been forming in the Northern Wastes, led by the Ore Warchief Rekul, had begun attacking the town. The matter was unknown at first, as for some reason the Magistrate, and anyone under him, was dispatched with message to local nobility.

With the majority of the Twin Kingdom Forces aiding in the reconstruction of the towns, villages, and the city of Larigmoore especially, King Regent Charles Dalton contracted the Church of Razabaoth, negotiating with Conqueror Siegfried Ashford. Siegfried then led a unit of Dedicated Razabaothians and representatives of the Twin Kingdom's to take back the town.

I got a moment to speak with Conqueror Ashford while he was within the New Calendae area. He had this to say: "The Church of Razabaoth was happy to help the Twin Kingdoms with disposing of this threat. With my strength and leadership, retaking the town was a simple task. With the town back under Twin Kingdoms control, I can now look forward to the completion of the new church of Razabaoth,

Siegfried's Fist, in Duncaster. This also served as a good opportunity to test my first apprentice, Aiden Durst, and bring him into the church as a newly tested Flame of Razabaoth." After that I was brushed aside as Conqueror Siegfried was in the mists of celebrating with some fellow Razabaothians.

Look forward to further relations with our new friends across the sea. Perhaps a new wave of influence and culture is coming to New Calendae and the Twin Kingdoms.

- Fredrick Delrich



Godling Babies - The Prologue

• Prologue - The All Mother and All Father •

During tired talks in time of peace and relaxation, there came a discussion among some of the townsfolk of good New Calendale. Valeria, Stone, myself and a few others theorized that what if the gods were children at some point. So, with many thanks to them for their additions and stories, I'd like to theorize on creation.

Many of us have heard of the exploits and legends, told over the centuries, of the influence the gods and goddesses have over our lives. Be it considered a blessing or curse, or sometimes both, the influence they have over our lives cannot be denied.

There comes a time though when one must ask, how long have they been the masters of their spheres of influence? Did the All Mother and All Father create their children perfectly? Or, were the deities of the pantheon children at some point, causing all sorts of trials and tribulations for their Mother and Father while discovering and perfecting their purpose in creation? Were the All Mother and All Father new parents, unsure of what to do when their children came to them with various difficult questions over the very nature of life itself? It's hard to imagine, but it would be possible that in the dawn of time there was indeed a time of godling babies.

While it might be hard to picture the eldest of Adraveth's creators as anything more than beings deserving of the utmost respect and reverence, these are also beings that, at one time, appreciated laughter and a good time. After

all, they did give us the pleasures of Elantrai and Learyn. So, perhaps as young parents they had as many growing pains to deal with as mortal parents, though on a far grander scale.

Picture it: going through the process of deciding what traits to give each child. Or, was it more that the traits were

discovered by the children themselves as they grew up? The first time Razabaoth set fire to the realms, did she cause her Father a time of panic, scrambling to douse the flame? Perhaps when Hlafur caused the first quakes while raising a mountain, his poor mother stumbled around saving whatever fragile objects beings of such immense power consider fragile. At the end of a long night, they wearily trudged to their rest after a day of maintaining order.

Each of their children both a trial and a joy to raise in their own way, for at the end of it all they would be the ones who became the creators of the Realms as we know them now.

- Rafael Espina de la Rosa

** Editor's Note: Be sure to look for this humorously speculative and lighthearted new column in the issues to come after the Thaw! ~ Ongx*



The Rites of Jerdano

As I was tending to my farm at dusk, a cleric of Jerdano stopped by my farm and gave his assistance and praise for Jerdano's roots to grow upon my farm. We shared pleasantries and spoke of farming, how much work we farmers go through every day from the Thawing Moon to the Harvest Moon. The cleric of Jerdano, by the name of Thomas, told me that he had just came from New Calendale trying to spread the good word of Jerdano to those of the farming persuasion. When I asked him if there was any new news that he found interesting coming from the New Calendale proper, he informed me of some startling news.

Thomas informed me of the newly dedicated clerics that have chosen to walk along the path of Jerdano. He informed that these new clerics' names were Luna and Tristendel. He told me he does not know the circumstances of their initiation into the church, though he could not be happier for these two clerics. He told me that it is always a great accomplishment when a cleric begins on the path in life they want to travel. As I asked him why is this so important, he said, "To follow a single path of faith is to choose what you want from your own personal life. I know many who become masters in their craft or magic and still they do not know what they want. The fact that these two clerics have chosen their path gives them motivation to continue their quest, knowing what they want. I wish for everyone to have the clarity that these two clerics have in this moment."



Thomas also informed me that a cleric by the name of Rath has attained the title of High Druid. I was surprised to hear this information, as he went on to explain that not many achieve this status. I felt very safe, that my family can relax knowing there is a High Druid of Jerdano nearby. I asked Thomas how long does it take for a dedicated cleric to

become a High Druid, and Thomas said, "To become a High Druid, it takes many cycles of concentration and faith to pull you through the trials and tribulations that the gods themselves have put on this plane of Aldrevath. It is very easy to falter through the lies and deceit of Ethali's veil to not continue on to the high peak of High Druid. For this reason, I am very proud of his accomplishments."



Upon the news of the newly dedicated clerics and the High Druid of Jerdano, I returned home to tell my family the good news. I invited Thomas along, to join us for tea, and we spent the rest of the night praising Luna's, Tristendel's, and Rath's accomplishments.

- Sebastian Wolf

A Jerdanan Cleric Speaks of Werewolves

If you have been paying attention to recent issues of the Chronicle, and not living under a rock, then you know that there has been a recent upswing in werewolf activities. No, I am not joking and this is not an elaborate prank by the Chronicle staff. We have honest to Gods werewolves running around causing trouble. To make matters worse some if not all of them have the capability to sever a cleric's connection with their patron deity.

The most recent mass sighting was the 16th of the Harvest Moon, when there was an onslaught of werewolves attacking New Calendale. The town, with help from three Archdruids of the Church of Jerdano, was able to defeat the murderous pack of werewolves. So that's good, though we have yet been unable to prevent the creation of more of them.

I was able to sit down with a newly dedicated Cleric of Jerdano, Tristendel of the Cirque du Elantraï (Congratulations Tristendel!), and asked him a few questions regarding the recent werewolf activity.

First Question: What are the origins of these werewolves?

"I am not certain, but I believe many of these werewolves were turned from northern tribesmen," Tristendel stated.

Second Question: How do they differ from regular Werewolves.?

"As far as I know, these werewolves are not significantly different from others. They share a powerful bloodline, leading back to the Reekoning," claims Tristendel.

Third Question: Is there any particular way to deal with them the best?

"The main threat from this pack, their alpha, has been dealt with by the local Druids. The alpha, who carried a dirget blood tie to an ancient werewolf, was completely destroyed; its skin sundered from its flesh, it's flesh from its bones. It's soul will not return. This was done to prevent others from devouring its body and inheriting its strength.

"Any remaining werewolves would be of rank between beta and omega. The dwindling number of those who were not killed in their attack will either attempt to form their own weaker pack or be absorbed into others.

"In terms of general tactics, omegas are the weakest of wolf kind and seem to easily be defeated with strength of arms. I do not believe there to be any inherent resistance to magic. More powerful ones would have honed animal senses, allowing them to perceive their immediate surroundings through scent. It has been seen that knocking them onto the ground repeatedly proves to be very effective, although some may be more difficult to put down," explains Tristendel.



Some very useful and interesting information, and basis for more inquiry. I hope that you find this information helpful in keeping you aware of what is going on, and to help protect yourself and your loved ones. Standard safety measures apply here, do not leave populated areas alone. If you must take a stroll in the night, make sure to take others with you.

- Brandon Lachlan

Rumor Has It...



- Local Mage found dead inside of his home. No objects seemed to have been stolen, but there was evidence of a break in and fight.
- Farmers attempting to rebuild in wake of Inquisition attack. Not all of the farms were destroyed, as the brunt of the attack seems to have been focused near certain town centers such as The Scroll and Dragon.
- Solinarian navy ships seen battling ships under Inquisition control in Dunford Bay. The Wife's Fury was seen on fire.
- Mary Beth Charity wore a stark white dress to Eva Jo's wedding. Eva Jo was furious at Mary Beth all evening.
- Several noble families have been missing since last Moon. It is believed they were eliminated as many of their estates in Vondara have been seen burning. These nobles were believed to have shown fealty to Leopold.
- As Leopold and his troops have been making their way to the capital, many nobles have been rallying behind him forming the Army of the True Crown to combat the Usurper Dalton.
- More and more of the destitute have been seen screaming about the coming end of days. The church of Sindar and Attalia have been taking these people in, trying to treat them and get them back on their feet.
- It is believed that as Leopold advances, the Usurper Dalton has murdered Prince Regus as he has not been seen in public since the coronation ceremony.
- Florians carry a terrible disease called seal-plague. Prolonged, close exposure can sicken you greatly.
- Despite all that is going on in the western side of the Twin Kingdoms, Larigmoore has seen an unbelievable transformation as the reconstruction efforts have continued.

- The sounds of fighting have been echoing through the Whispering Woods, accompanied by strange bursts of light. It is believed the Fae have stepped up their conflict to a frenzied point.

- Lonnie Lester missing, presumed dead after battle with inquisitorial forces. He was last seen bravely rescuing several of his fellow soldiers. He will be missed.

- The Church of Razabaoth has been looking to hire a local carpenters guild to begin construction of their new Church in Duncester.

- The Dwarves of Karak Razad have been celebrating a huge triumphant victory as they have unearthed a large section of the mountains long lost to them after the Tragedy of Clan Darkhammer.

- There has been a strange sighting of several large silver beings seen gathering materials in the forest up north.

- Sindaran elerie accidentally shot with arrow while trying to defend Robold from angry mob. He is not expected to live through the night.

Momentum



4th Day of the Spirit Moon, 1116

It has been over two weeks since Inquisition forces attacked the New Calendale area. It is believed that the Inquisition took advantage of the hole in the blockade caused by a large wraith presence in the evening before their attack.

Following their defeat in the New Calendale area by forces led by King Leopold himself, the forces loyal to the Inquisition began their retreat towards Vondara. Leopold and his forces followed them east, either taking them down or accepting the surrender of those who would listen to reason.

Leopold's forces continued to move east, directly through the Whispering Woods. Fortunately, due to the good relations forged during the Solinarian conflict, King Finvara granted Leopold and his forces safe passage.

Once they had cleared the deepest parts of the woods, they were met by a large portion of the Twin Kingdoms Mages' Guild. Those mages began creating portals on a scale not seen since the emergency evacuation of Old Calendale. The whereabouts of Leopold's forces are currently unknown.

8th Day of the Spirit Moon, 1116

It appears that the portals Leopold and the bulk of his forces took transported them to Breckendorf, where a small battle occurred with those forces loyal to the inquisition. Leopold's forces were not met with heavy resistance.

Since the advent of the Holy War several years ago, the Inquisition's forces are limited in number, and many within the Inquisition were relegated to the position as acting officers over the military. A very large portion of the soldiers under the command of the remaining Inquisitors balked terribly at the idea of fighting against other Twin

Kingdoms soldiers or noble forces. If any place in the Twin Kingdoms remembers the horrors that came of the Civil War, it is those who reside in Breckendorf.

King Leopold and his forces have regained complete control of Breckendorf itself. It is apparent to anyone that Leopold is preparing his forces for a final push to Vondara, to secure both the crown and his son, who is currently a hostage of Dalton.

13th day of the Spirit Moon, 1116

King Leopold's forces departed Breckendorf shortly after its retaking, making an obvious beeline for Vondara itself. Interestingly, several Jeredithians have joined Leopold's army, many former inquisitors.

Judging by the sheer amount of defense set around Vondara, it is readily apparent that the seat of the Inquisition's power and influence lies in Vondara. All inquisitors siding with Dalton have retreated behind her walls.

The sounds of fighting can be heard for miles around, as powerful magics crack through the air and light up the dark night sky.

Some rumors speak of Leopold falling in battle, others insist that he's breached the walls of the city. Some say that the gates were opened for him, and the fighting is taking place in the city streets, with only the shimmering dome protecting the castle preventing his progress.

It is apparent that the next few days shall decide the fate of The Twin Kingdoms.

- Vorgr Valken

Editors' Notes

New Positions, Column Hiatus

The New Calendal Chronicle is happy to announce the promotion of two of our staff members. Jigen and Ulv are not only writers but will also service the Chronicle as editors. Any issues regarding editing may now be brought to them as well as to myself, Victor, and Rizhak. Any concerns regarding content are still handled by me and Victor. As always, we look forward to servicing the Barony of Dunford Bay.

On a more personal note, I know I have just started writing again after my crisis of faith, but I must announce that my column, Onyx's Observations, will be going on hiatus until further notice as I need to concentrate my focus on the remainder of my eldric studies. Should you see me around Town Proper, or in the Marketplace and surrounding areas, feel free to still approach me for advice or perhaps for me to read your cards.

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawig
Senior Editor, New Calendal Chronicle

~ Victor Hamilton
Editor in Chief, New Calendal Chronicle

~ Jigen, Ulv, & Rizhak Alim H'Gar
Editors, New Calendal Chronicle