

New Calendale Chronicle

The Love Moon, 1117

THE KING'S KEEPERS

During this past Spirit Moon before the winter set in, word began to circulate through Town Proper that former king-regent Charles Dalton Serpentsbane was to be brought to New Calendale for execution. The Inquisition forces that had been led by Dalton in Vondara had been defeated by the Loyalists led by the rightful King Leopold Damasque, who reclaimed his throne and was reunited with his son. King Leopold could not put into words of the joy he felt upon seeing his son unharmed even as he mourned the passing of so many brave souls who had fought to bring him to that moment.

On Sunday, the 16th day of the Spirit Moon, King Leopold and some of his men led a bound and gagged Dalton into Town Proper. The people gathered and followed the procession into a field near the edge of town, a field that was one of the places many brave men and women fell fighting for Leopold. Dalton was brought to his knees and after a short speech by Leopold to his gathered people, the king brought down his sword to cleave Dalton's head from his body. It was then, as Dalton fell dead, that more than a handful of peasants throughout those gathered also fell dead. King Leopold and the rest of those gathered quickly checked upon those that had fallen, alarmed by the occurrence.



After a few minutes of confusion, a power swept over everyone gathered, paralyzing every person present. Dalton rose with a laugh along with those who had fallen along with him. He said that Leopold had messed up his plans and thus he had to act sooner than he would have liked. He proclaimed himself Erathal, the 23rd god. And moved through the paralyzed crowd to King Leopold's side.



Erathal said a few words to King Leopold and then placed his hands upon him. He spoke that by his power he severed Leopold's pride. Leopold's paralysis broke and he fell to the ground screaming in pain while everyone else was powerless to help, only able to listen in silence to the cries of their leader. Erathal then wove back through the crowd while gloating about his victory and then set his men upon those gathered, releasing the paralysis so he could enjoy the battle.



While the town fought Erathal and his forces in the late afternoon sun, King Leopold was being carried from the field by Alceia and Gabriel. Onyx TigerEye broke from the fray to join them in getting the king to safety and soon after, the group was met by Eko. The four helped the king to safety, taking him down to the waterfront. Screams of battle and spells and people being cut down reached down to the group and they sent Eko to scout. It was some time before the king regained consciousness, but only briefly. Upon Eko's return, the group fled to the woods before enemy scouts could discover them.

The four brought the king deeper into the woods until dusk began to fall. Leopold still remained unconscious as they secured the perimeter and set up a makeshift camp. Working together to best utilize their talents, they gathered food, water, made a small fire, and set up small shelter. It was a long night, but thankfully uneventful, as the group watched over their precious responsibility and set up shifts in pairs.

They spoke of what to do. Eko confirmed that allies had seen them leave but that also meant it was unknown if Erathal's men had also seen them escape as well. As it was likely their allies would send help and look for them since

they had not yet returned, Onyx said they should remain together while also voicing her trepidation of the danger that enemy scouts may be hunting them. In spite of this, in the late afternoon of Oneday, Gabriel sent Alceia out to see if she could make it back to the town. Alceia knew to take care and stay out of sight just in case, especially since she was not under cover of darkness, a concern of both Onyx and Eko.

During Alceia's absence, Gabriel hunted and cooked for the group. Eko spent much of his time watching and patrolling the perimeter, making sure that their triplings were intact and watching for any threats. Onyx had been continuously keeping a close eye on Leopold's condition and at around thirty ticks past the tenth bell that night, King Leopold finally stirred, having been unconscious for well over a day.

He inquired as to where he was and the group assured him that he was safe. Leopold could not really recall what had happened, only vaguely coming to by the waterfront for a few moments. Onyx related the events before they had left the field while Eko and Gabriel

saw to getting Leopold some food and water. Leopold had never heard of the name Erathal and upon telling him that the being had proclaimed to be a god, did not take the news favorably. The conversation turned to the King's condition just as they were alerted by a noise. Weapons were drawn.

Alceia stumbled back into the camp, looking both exhausted and concerned. She asked Eko to check the perimeter. She had seen figures in black cloaks moving suspiciously and she was sure they had seen her. Alceia had tried to lead them away before doubling back, hoping they had not been able to follow her. The group knew they had to move because it was no longer safe. They helped Leopold up and the five traveled deeper into the woods.

They set up a new camp a little over a bell later and spoke about what to do. King Leopold felt it best that they should stay together because they were not a large enough group to afford to split up and if the enemy did find them, that would be less people to protect him. Deciding they would set out as a group in the morning, he said it was best they rest, Leopold apologizing that he could not do his part by taking a watch shift. After settling in and a bit of talking, Onyx sent Leopold into a protective sleep, with his permission, and the group prepared for the night.

In the morning, the group made their way through the woods with no haste. Whatever figures Alceia had seen must have been led away as the group did come across them. Some time during the afternoon on Twoday, they saw some Twin Kingdoms soldiers. Once they were certain they were from Leopold's side, the group drew their attention. King Leopold greeted his soldiers and thanked the group for all they had done before leaving with the soldiers.

At the time of this writing, we have no new information of King Leopold's condition, but when asked, Onyx commented, "This is not going to be something simply fixed externally by a mere spell. What Erathal did to Leopold - I tried to take it upon myself and I could not. Whatever it is, it's very deep. I can't even begin to describe what it felt like," she said with a shudder and a disturbed look in her eyes."

~ Alyraa Qeranni

Farewell to Baron Orsiv Istivan and New Beginnings

It is with great sorrow that we bring news of the passing of Baron Orsiv Istivan. On the 17th day of the Harvest Moon, Court in New Calendale was cancelled by order of the nobility. It was a time of tension within the Dunford Bay Barony due to the continued stand off between forces loyal to King Leopold Damasque and the blockade established by Inquisitorial forces loyal to former King-Regent Charles Dalton Serpentsbane. Rumors spread through the town of New Calendale as to what had caused this cancellation of Court. Such rumors included that alchemical explosive compounds were utilized in an attack on Baron Istivan's manor. While the estate itself was unharmed, there was heightened security and an increased presence of the Guard around the estate. The rumors were laid to rest at Court on the 15th day of the Spirit Moon by Duke Alexavier Ravenholm.

Baron Orsiv Istivan had passed into the realm of Negoro, may his spirit know peace and respite in the afterlife. Baron Istivan has long served the Twin Kingdoms faithfully and his loss will be mourned. Even in his final days Baron Istivan served the kingdom through attempts to broker peace between the forces loyal to King Leopold and those loyal to the then King Regent Dalton within the Dunford Bay area and led an investigation into the claims brought against King Leopold by the then King Regent Dalton.

While the hearts of the citizenry in Dunford Bay are heavy with loss, life does move onward and we shall not be left without the direction and leadership offered by the nobility. The former Baron of Dunford Bay, Lord Alexavier Ravenholm has been elevated among the peerage and now holds the title of Duke. The Barony of Dunford Bay has been placed into the excellent care of Lord Alberic Fontaine who has also been elevated and now holds the title of Baron. Congratulations to both Duke Ravenholm and Baron Fontaine and may the years to come be peaceful and prosperous!

- Vayne Mistral

Author's Note:

I shall be compiling information to write a tribute piece in honor of the life and memory of Baron Orsiv Istivan, if any would like to share stories or memories of the late Baron for inclusion in the article, please reach out to Vayne Mistral.



To Whom It May Concern

To Whom It May Concern:

It has been many Moons since the execution of Regent Dalton and the subsequent reordering of the Twin Kingdoms. However you are likely to have heard rumors surrounding the event, of the attack on King Leopold and the return of a deity. Others in these pages will relate the facts as we know them, but know now this to be true. A being claiming divinity did appear in New Calendale and this missive is to it.

One must understand first that I live in a place of wonders in a time of great change. There have been more great and historic events in this past decade than the century previous. The very fundamentals of our understandings have been upended and disproven. And living in Calendale as I do, I have often been at the front of these great changes. Rulers have died, wars have been won, alliances brokered, continents discovered, and deities returned. And that, just

Romani Attacks

in the past five years. So you may understand that my first response to some random entity claiming divinity is curiosity, not condemnation.

So I say this to you Erathal, and forgive the misspelling if I sounded out incorrctly, if you are a lost or forgotten member of the pantheon, then I can forgive you the disturbance of your return. It is quite possible that you have legitimate grievance with your siblings, so I will allow the immature manner of your appearance. I entreat you, instead, if you are truly a member of our pantheon, to reach out to us as a deity should, with the aims of educating us that we may better understand you and your place in the tapestry of our world. I truly, honestly, want to know you, your history, your dogma, your goals, and if you be true, to help you gain the veneration due a being of such stature.

New Calendale, however, is a place of faith and devotion and we do not take kindly to false idols, nor to those determined to be our enemy. We have stood on the precipice of death and oblivion and always fought our way back from the edge, and make no mistake, but this will be no different. I warn you, do not choose to be our enemy; it will only end poorly for you.

- Codieer Stone

The great storm in the North has been reported on by various eye witness accounts. It had been reported as being a great magstrom engulfing a massive swath of land and that endangered many tribes of Northerners. Once again, the city of Kell has become a place where refugees go in order to escape the seemingly arcane storm. Anyone seen heading to the storm is met with the harshest weather imaginable; even the stalwart people that call the Northern Wastes their home dare not venture close. An added danger now are the bands of Romani that have converged at the edges of the storm. Some Reports even have said that some of the Romani have been seen disappearing into the storm itself. Tensions between the Barbarian tribes and the Romani have grown exponentially since the storm first formed, and now open attacks have been witnessed. Though most often evenly matched, the Romani now seem to walk in the company of elementals who also attack the Tribesmen.

An attack occurred here in New Calendale on the 15th day of the Spirit Moon. One of the Romani entered the town alongside a fire elemental and claimed that the Tribesmen were responsible for the storm without an explanation. On seeing the members of the tribe in New Calendale, the Romani began to attack them with the elemental quickly following suit. Many were harmed though none had any serious lasting injuries, as the defenders of New Calendale rallied against this threat. In the end, the Romani was subdued though the elemental, at last sight, had escaped the town.

- Rafael Espina de la Rosa

Editor's Note: The Romani was actually killed, not subdued as initially written. Also killed by the fire elemental in the attack were two members of the Town - Alceia of the Cirque du Elantrai and Alexander Maglock, both who thankfully returned from Hecoro's Realm.
- Vayne

Emerald Searves' Entrance Examination

The Order of the Emerald Searves, a branch of the Twin Kingdom's Mage's Guild, held its semiannual written entrance examinations, in the town of New Calendale on the 16th day of the Spirit Moon 1116. The Emerald Searves serve the Twin Kingdoms through the study of magic and magical threats. Where the Searlet Searves are trained on how to combat the various magical threats which can emerge, it is the Emerald Searves which provide the knowledge on how to combat such threats. To enter such a preeminent organization and undertake their significant responsibilities one must undergo a rigorous vetting process of academic capabilities. For anyone seeking admittance into the Emerald Searves:

"Requirements to Apply- Must be a Mage in Good Standing with the Mages Guild.- Must be well versed and literate to be able to Author and invest time in reading various research works.- Must have three written recommendations from Master Mages in good standing



within the Mages Guild.” - Everlorn Tavers, Grandmaster of the Emerald Scarves

The aspiring mage must then undertake a rigorous written examination testing their knowledge of academia and magical theory. Subjects covered by the written examination may include: arcane magical studies, arcane rituals and magical practices, alchemical knowledge, knowledge on magical threats, worldly knowledge, knowledge of foreign languages, and skill in deciphering encryptions. Though the actual material on the examination is a closely guarded secret to preserve the integrity of the examination.

Two members of the New Calendale chapter of the Mage’s Guild undertook the entrance examination for the Emerald Scarves, Master Zodimar, and Vayne Mistral. The exam was conducted by a member of the Emerald Scarves who escorted the two aspirants to the local Mage’s Guild hall to be tested. This is the second time each of them has undertaken the written examination. We here at the New Calendale Chronicle wish them both well on their endeavors as they await the results of their examinations.

This particular exam however was not without its unusual dramas caused by the visiting of Nightmares upon the

town of New Calendale by the Lord of Nightmares. On the 14th day of the Spirit Moon, the Scroll and Dragon was visited by a nightmare impersonation, a poor facsimile of Grandmaster Everlorn Tavers of the Emerald Scarves. This nightmare imparted dire, but false news in regards to the Emerald Scarf Examinations. Both Master Zodimar and Vayne Mistral had been found guilty of cheating upon their previous written entrance exam! As such they would be prohibited from future examinations to enter the Emerald Scarves. After departing the town of New Calendale, the nightmare made its way to the nearby Mage’s Guild Hall where it began rearranging the Guild Hall until being properly dealt with and removed from the premise. When the official Emerald Scarf representative arrived on Sunday he proved the nightmares claims false before he conducted the written entrance examination.

Author’s Note: Cheating on the examinations for the Emerald Scarves is a serious offense, and those found guilty of doing so are banned from taking the examinations for no less than one year, and require the approval of a senior member of the Emerald Scarves whose tenure is no less than five years in order to be allowed to again take the exams.

- Vayne Mistral

Infernals’ Attack New Calendale to Celebrate Realms’ Night Victory

During the holiday of Realms Night, there is an understanding that Celestials and Infernals may not attack mortals for the duration of the contest. It is abundantly clear from this turn of events that such protection does not extend beyond Realms Night itself. It does not prevent Infernals from attacking New Calendale at will for lending support to the Celestials’ bid for power.

Infernals descended on New Calendale at 2 bells past high sun on Spirits Day of the Spirit Moon in 1116 to celebrate their victory this past Realms Night. Waves of Imps and Hate Demons were accompanied by a Bone Demon and what is rumored to have possibly been either a Greater Demon or Arch Demon marched into town, sweeping through the Scroll & Dragon tavern before making a stand on the grounds of the newly reconsecrated All-Faith Temple.

The Infernals came to boldly announce their victory on the Realms Night, a rivalized contest held every four years in which the mortal races compete in teams on behalf of either

the Celestial or Infernal realms, which decides which side becomes more powerful. The Infernals wanted to express their gratitude to New Calendale for its support by making sure the ground ran red with blood.

Fear washed over the fighters following the Infernalist words, allowing these creatures to quickly and hastily cut through rank and line dispatching many to Negoro’s realms. Those who survived the first wave regrouped, working in clustered groups to take on and surround the Infernal creatures.

After a lengthy battle and great deal of effort, coordination managed to first put down the Bone Demon before dispatching of the demon which had led their numbers here.

Perhaps closer and more thoughtful consideration should be given to both New Calendale’s, and the greater Dunsford Bay area’s, participation in any such future contest for the safety of its people.

- Beatrice Lain

Nightmares' Visit New Calendale

After William Sabreson, Alceia, and Valeria Trio left through the portal, The Lord of Nightmares stopped Onyx from leaving his Realm, stepping in front of her to block her from joining the others. He leaned in close to her with a mirthfully menacing tone. "What day is good for you?"

He had lied, of course, about already taking his day that year, a lie she knew better than to believe. And once the strange happenings began to occur, it only confirmed it. The first she had heard, it had begun that night, on Fiveday, the 14th of this past Spirit Moon, when Everlorn Taverns came to the Seroll and Dragon Tavern accusing Vayne Mistral and Zodimar of cheating on part of their Emerald Scarf exams and would be banned from further tests. This was found to be false several days later, much to their relief.

Other nightmares manifested physically upon our Realm throughout the next day and night. These incidents are not isolated to just the New Calendale area. I relate some of those that I was told occurred here.

Several years ago, a mummy named Mahotuk claimed that he was the rightful ruler of Sekhem. This caused great trouble for those in the New Calendale because he was found and awoken in the area here. He had wanted help to retake his throne and when the town would not interfere in the way he sought, he wreaked havoc, taking over the entire area for over a Moon with a powerful undead army. Ultimately, he was defeated. This ordeal caused great distress to local resident Master Cadrel Moonasethnos. Because of this, the Lord of Nightmares chose to bring forth Mahotuk and a force of undead this past Day of Nightmares to rile Cadrel. Cadrel fought against the Nightmare Mahotuk until it dissipated.

Various letters were delivered to a number of the townsfolk. Some of these letters seemed obviously false to those reading them while the validity of others was questionable which led to some distress for the recipients. It was later discovered that all of the letters contained falsehoods.

A group of Solinarians entered the town seeking Sebastian Wright. They were led to the Seroll and Dragon where

they then accused Sebastian of crimes against the empire. They demanded that Sebastian be turned over to them for custody. Unsure if this was a nightmare or not, Sebastian was prepared to go with them under Bailiff escort. It was luck that before the group left, Saringo approached and as Town Guard Corporal, he stopped Sebastian from being taken away. The commanding Solinarian attacked Sebastian and a one on one battle ensued. Since it was Sebastian's nightmare, only he could affect the commander. Those of the town present at the Tavern cheered Sebastian on as he fought and after a lengthy battle, Sebastian stood victorious.

A nightmare pixie soon showed to torment Nyxalura Everdark. Blu demanded that she turn over a mask that he sought. When Nyxie refused, a fight broke out between them. She fought through her own tears, swinging her sword at the pixie as he taunted her relentlessly. In the end, it was too much for her and she collapsed and gave the mask to Blu who triumphantly left the Tavern. The mask was found a little while later outside of the building.

Most of the town attended a feast at a bonfire on Spiritsday night to celebrate the Night of Stories. During their festivities, Valeria Trio received a visit from her husband. It was a nightmare version of the man and he tried to force her to come back to Solinaria with him. As it was her nightmare, only she could stand against him. Surrounded by the support of her friends, she stood her ground and overcame the nightmare.

The festivities continued with those gathered telling stories and celebrating with food and drink. A pair came to join them: Calondir Fatewhisperer of the Arrawigian Council walked with the Lord of Nightmares himself. There was tension in the air, but the Lord of Nightmares did not attack anyone that night as he had the last time he had taken his day. Instead, he contributed a story of his own to the Night of Stories. The pair left without incident to those at the fire. Others were not so lucky that night, however, as the Lord of Nightmares gifted their sleep that night with that of his namesake.

~ Alyraa Qeranni



The Chronicles of Creation



• Chapter 1: Viralze •

Those of a scholarly inclination, clerics of the lady of magic, and those who just want to throw in their two copper, all generally agree that Viralze is the eldest sister of the pantheon. There is some debate as to where the rest of the All Mother and All Father's children come in terms of their 'births' or however deities come into existence. None though challenge the fact that the mother of magic and knowledge was in fact the 'trial and error' child of the True Twenty Two.

While her gifts to the Realms is undeniably an important part of the weave of reality, surely one does not simply snap their fingers and say in a single sentence, "And now I shall create magic!" and voila, magic is born. The lady of Knowledge had to have come by the knowledge itself in her own way, of her own accord perhaps. It may be that in order to attain knowledge even a goddess, especially a first born goddess, must first be a student. Somewhere in the divine home was a laboratory, a library, a classroom - all types of places the newest godling must not only find out about, but also fill herself with the knowledge she would eventually come to know. On TOP of that was also the added stress of trying to help her parents coral the younger ones long enough to stop and listen to their lessons themselves. That may be the basis as to why Viralze is such a patient goddess. Being the eldest, she wound up with the onerous duty of also teaching her younger siblings.

Imagine being the eldest sister to the god of chaos and trying to teach him at a young age. It was either become a goddess of knowledge and teaching, or to become one of insanity. In the end though, and thankfully for the rest of the planes, knowledge and teaching won out in the end. In comparison, one must think that teaching the likes of Legendarr or Jeredith would be a joy. Instead, picture endless squabbles over, "He said this!" or, "She said that!" Or even the dreaded, "I'm telling Mom!" Patience indeed.

It can be understood why she seems somewhat aloof from her siblings; she enjoys the quiet time almost as much as her parents did. Her nose buried in books of lore that she was also somehow creating at the same time. Visits with the Spirit of the Owl and how he would become her symbol

and messenger between the Pantheon and the Great Spirit. Of course, this was after she taught Jerdano that not all creatures could look like the proud Platypus, though more on that story another time. Though it was a very near thing that the owl nearly wound up looking like a cross between a flying shark and something with feathers and wings, the reasoning being that Jerdano did not want a messenger to feel as if it should be in danger.

The creation of magics was something of an accident or rather how much was released. One day, (and the term of day is used very loosely as a day in divine terms might very well span centuries or longer) during a very sensitive experiment in young Viralze's life, she was carefully measuring out the amount of energy to divest into the

Planes. Which should have more, or less, or perhaps even none at all? The pros and cons of each decision, and each variable was backed by data she had compiled in formulas that would make a mortal's mind surely explode worse than a faulty Gnomish invention. It was near completion and her final thoughts were to be laid out to her parents.

Instead, picture endless squabbles over, "He said this!" or, "She said that!" Or even the dreaded, "I'm telling Mom!"

Left unguarded, a group of her younger siblings began 'playing' with her creation. Elantra laughed as she tossed the droves of calculations to the wind, carousing and throwing around the energies neatly compiled. Gorvaak came to mix all the vials to see what reactions they might have, clapping in glee as some exploded, caught fire, or froze anything that happened unexpectedly really. Finally along came Xalaron and took those energies and cast them into the winds. Needless to say, Viralze was less than pleased and very nearly became the goddess of Incensed Sisterly Rage. Though while the energies had escaped and she would not undo what had been wrought, she instead sought to see what the races would do with what they had been given in the grandest experiment of all: Creation.

- Rafael Espina de la Rosa

*** Editor's Note: Chronicles of Creation is a humorously speculative and lighthearted column of what the All Mother and All Father might have endured with their godling babies. ~ Onyx**

The Night of Stories

As the night descended upon New Calendale, the town gathered in front of the Mage's Guild for The Night of Stories, and a barbecue. The smell of food was in the air, and everyone left the tavern to attend this magnificent feast. As everyone gathered in the middle of the night, the feast was about to have a turn towards the strange.

The food was fit for a king. The various meats, chicken, and the cake were all fantastic. As the food was being eaten, strange creatures of hunger and thirst came and partook of the feast. I had a very eerie feeling every time they passed me. As they passed, it felt as if death itself wandered the forest that night. The cold presence that they brought had chilled and killed off what little foliage was left during the Spirit Moon. As these spirits lingered, more spirits seemed to flock to our bountiful feast. None as strange as the highly ornate man dressed as if he were a dream.

This highly ornate man was dressed in garbs that shone through the darkness of the night. However, what made him highly mysterious was the black mask accented with gold. With this man was another who dressed as if to hide his eyes from the glare of the glittering garb. His dark hood hid his eyes and the symbol on his chest shone with his intentions of why he was there. He was there to reveal certain people's paths and nightmares that have shaped those people on this Night of Stories. It seems that many stories were shared that night, but this one stood out the most of all.

The master of ceremony, Sebastian Wright, had told a story that captured the attention of most, including the highly ornate man and his dark-hooded friend. "It is with sad news that I must inform everyone that Gabranth is dead. My suspicions have been confirmed on this day." As I heard this, I picked up my things and started my trip back to my home on the other side of town. As one who did not share in this adventurous town's struggles, I felt uncomfortable staying there as if I was insulting the people of that town.

- Sebastian Wolf

Editor's Note: The masked figure described here is The Lord of Nightmares who gifted the gathering with a story regarding the Goddess Viralee. The hooded figure was Calondir Fatewhisperer of the Arrawielian Council. The feast was provided and prepared by New Calendale resident Gabriol, and the Night of Stories was hosted and overseen by local cleric of Viralee Sebastian Wright. ~Vayne

Restructuring of The Town Guard

If you have been paying attention to current events, then you know things have been awry, here in the good ol' Twin Kingdoms. The Usurper Charles Dalton made a mess of things, both on a local and a kingdom-wide scale, and I don't even want to know how badly our relations with other Kingdoms were affected by his reign. But that is for other minds to ponder.

Here in New Calendale things grew strange as changes were made among the local leadership. Magistrate Theone Lighthouse, and Judge Corporal Gabranth who oversaw command of the Guard in New Calendale were stripped of their honorable positions which they rightfully held. Magistrate Corporal Dilson was placed in charge of the Town Guard, the ranks of which was filled with those whom had supported the Usurper.

Once the tide had turned, the forces of the good and true King Leopold Damasque, reclaimed the throne and order was restored to a semblance of normalcy. A one man force of nature started to clean the proverbial house that is the Town Guard. So what living colossus was it that restored the Town Guard? Why none other than Sergeant Saringo who was able to take the time to answer a few questions.

Q1 When were you promoted to Sergeant?

A1 I was promoted to Sergeant the morning of the 16th of the Spirit Moon last year.

Q2 Further, when exactly did you return to duty and reinstated as head of the guard?

A2 I was never officially off the guard, just on a prolonged break.

Q3 Finally, do you have any comments on your restructuring of the New Calendale Town Guard?

A3 Regarding the restructuring of the guard, it is important to have guard who have the best interests of the town in mind. I'm sure whoever ends up becoming the corporal for the area is will have their hands full, but that's the nature of the job. You must have reliability, loyalty, and integrity.

It seems good changes are coming to the Town Guard at least. It is important that the Town Guard is comprised of a strong and capable crew in order to deal with unwanted elements. It is good that the dross has been removed. I wish the Sergeant good luck in restoring the guard, and with his new position.

- Brandan Lachlan

The Tale of Feuding Dragons

Long ago before the rise of the many races that occupy this world. When only the Elves and Argonians had some semblance of civilization, there were two dragons, Draig, a great red dragon, and Andion a great white dragon. Now the thing about dragons, at least as the stories tell it, they are remarkably covetous of what is theirs. Their treasure, territory, and servants, all were jealously guarded. So you can imagine the issue when these two dragons both simultaneously discovered a great land, unclaimed by anyone, and tried to make it theirs, at the same time. They decided to duel over it; they were dragons, not savages.

According to Draconic tradition, a duel would be made of three challenges- whoever won the best of the three would be the winner. They decided on a game of riddles, a game of strength, and a game of fire. It went that Andion who was the more cunning of the two, would win the game of riddles, as Draig could not best Andion's riddle. Though Draig was not without some merit of his own, for he was the stronger of the two of them and was able to outduel Andion in the feat of strength. Finally, came the final of the three challenges: that of fire. Now, a dragon's fire is a powerful thing. Some say it is more powerful than any fire a master fire mage can call forth. Thus the game of fire was always the most dangerous, and yet the most wondrous. A dragon can control its fire, by changing its color, shape, and other properties. Whoever could do the most astounding feat with their fire would win.

Andion went first and created a wondrous display of rainbow-colored fire that seemed to dance. Draig was not the most subtle of dragons. His greatest asset was not skill or wit, but his strength. He lacked the sheer artistry

of Andion, when it came to his fire. If he could not beat his rival in quality, perhaps he could beat him in quantity. With a great breath, he let loose a brilliant golden fire, using every bit of energy he could call upon. But he lost control. So focused was he on trying to outduel his rival, everything else had faded from his mind. Thus the once fertile and bountiful land that they both sought after was set ablaze.

Now you can imagine the fury of Andion. For not only was he denied his prize, Draig had destroyed the land reducing its bounty to ash and scorching the soil so nothing would grow. Had he simply lost the challenge, then all he would have is a wounded pride. But he called on his fire once more and attacked Draig. This fight would go on for many years. So many, in fact, some strange creatures wandered into the area unknowingly and got caught up in the fight. They prayed to the gods for them to be saved. Two of the gods answered, Jeredith and Attalia. They heard the prayers of these creatures, these men, and acted to save them. Jeredith ended up binding Draig and Andion by using the sun itself as their prison and their flame to evermore keep it burning. Attalia would heal their world, and through her tears, which were caused by their suffering, she would restore some small parts of the land. With some of the land healed, this tribe of men would settle there and make it their home. This land would one day become known by the names of Sekhem and Al' Hazir.

- Brandon Lachlan

Editor's Note: To be clear, this piece is purely a work of fiction and should not be taken as fact. ~ Onyx



Passing of Sir William Samiel Sabreson Jr.

It is with mournful tidings that we report on the 14th day of the Spirit Moon in the year 1116, Sir William Samiel Sabreson Jr., knight of the Queen's Court, passed into the realm of Negoro. Prior to his knighthood, Sir Sabreson served the realm faithfully for thirty years in the Breckendorf Guard and rose to the rank of Sergeant during that time. Sir Sabreson also served in the Jeredithian Inquisition as a Paladin prior to his retirement from the Inquisition, and knighthood. Sir Sabreson was presumed dead after the fiery assault upon the wedding of his son, Quartermaster Private 1st Class William Samiel Sabreson the 3rd of the New Calendalę guard. William however never gave up hope for his Father, and sought the truth of what occurred. To this end he sought the aid of local cleric of Arrawiel, Onyx TigerEye. Through Arrawiel's guidance, it was discovered that even though his body had been lost, Sir Sabreson's mind was lost within the Realm of Nightmarę, a dark demesne ruled over by the Lord of Nightmaręs within Arrawiel's Dream Realm.

It was at this time that William Sabreson and Alceia, of the Cirque du Elantrai, sought the guidance and aid of Marquis Artēnian, whom is also a powerful cleric of Arrawiel. On the 14th day of the Spirit Moon, Marquis Artēnian had prepared the way into the Realm of Nightmaręs. A small force was gathered to strike into the heart of terror and rescue Sir Sabreson. For the daring effort to save his Father, William Sabreson was accompanied by Alceia of the Cirque du Elantrai, and two clerics of Arrawiel, Marquis Artēnian and Onyx TigerEye, along with Valeria Trio. The Realm of Nightmaręs is a place where the terror of the slumbering mind is given life of its own and feeds upon the fears of those who enter. What horrors were encountered, is best left to those who faced down that horror and overcame it.

In the end, our valiant rescuers were victorious, but the taste of victory was bittersweet. Sir Sabreson slumbered within the Nightmare Realm. From this, he was rescued, Father and Son were reunited for a heartfelt and tender moment, one in which they could say their final goodbyes. Sir Sabreson's mind could only hold out for several minutes and thereafter he passed into Negoro's Realm for his eternal rest. May he know peace in the afterlife. Over the winter moons, William Sabreson, accompanied by Alceia, traveled to Breckendorf for a family memorial service to mourn Sir Sabreson's passing.

Here at the New Calendalę Chronicle, our condolences go out to William Sabreson and the entire Sabreson family for their loss. Sir William Samiel Sabreson Jr. is survived by his son William Sabreson the 3rd of New Calendalę, and by his brother Robert Sabreson, and Robert's family, who run the family business in Breckendorf, Sabreson's Smiths, founded by William Samiel Sabreson Sr..

- Vayne Mistral

Rumor Has It...



- Still much contention between the Church of Leondarr and Church of Jeredith after attempted overthrow led by the now condemned Jeredithian Inquisition.
- Twin Kingdoms predicts new era of economic growth as King Leopold passes new laws to make it easier to establish guilds.
- With the thawing moon approaching, there has been a noticeable increase in the presence of Fay skirmishes as their conflict continues to take place within the Twin Kingdoms.
- Mary Beth Charity slipped on a patch of ice and fell down a flight of stairs in front of the local marketplace. During her fall, she managed to knock into a scholar transporting a beautiful ceramic figurine said to be crafted from before the unification. The scholar dropped the satchel carrying the figurine and it was destroyed beyond all repair. Mary Beth was unharmed.
- Local guard still searching for the person who committed those horrible murders at a local homestead. Did you hear they found those bodies headless?
- There have been sightings of men and women preaching the faith of Erathal to all those who will listen within the city walls of Vondara and nearby towns. Despite some opposition from the nearby populace, they don't seem to carry weapons.
- The King hasn't been seen in public since he was attacked. I know someone who's a cousin to one of his attendants. They said he's completely crippled. He can't even walk! Not even the best of the Italians can do anything.

• Lonnie Lester returns to New Calendale a hero after being presumed dead. After his commanding officer was killed and his fellow soldiers routed, Lonnie stumbled across a group of green militamen (some barely 15 years old). He quickly took charge of them and lead them to defend a hideout housing 50 women and children from an attack by the Jeredithian Inquisition. Lonnie's quick thinking and bravery saved all of their lives. Lonnie is to receive a Shield of the Twin Kingdoms in recognition for his heroism.

• Prized trading vessel of the Twin Kingdoms, The Avalon, has completed a record setting journey to the Island of Ippon, completing the journey in only seven weeks time.

• Incidents of odd vandalism have been occurring lately. Chair legs are being rigged to fall apart with any weight upon them, oil is being left upon floors for people to slip upon. There have even been incidents where annoying, but ultimately non-fatal, traps have been set in individuals' houses.

• Former Arehduke found dead after the palace was retaken from the forces of the Inquisition. New Arehduke rumored to be named soon.

• Duncaster's reconstruction begins after being cleared of goblinoid infestation. After a small amount of conflict over arza rights, Twin Kingdoms soldiers have begun assisting in the reconstruction.

• The Church of Viralze has closed its doors on scholars constantly asking for any inquiry on this new god, Erathal. The High Librarian, Dencil Flora, has issued a formal statement declaring that the church's stance on this being shall be made as soon as the situation comes further into focus.

• Oddly enough, similar to the situation with Sigmund nearly a decade ago, there have been no orders from the nobility to attack or harm these scattered individuals who claim to worship Erathal.

• Several Agorian shopkeepers and other business owners have had their homes broken into several times over the past few moons. In nearly all cases, they were robbed and vandalized, but nobody was injured.


• The Lawbound, from The Krev Collective, apprehended a fugitive from their country who had escaped to the New Calendale area. They have also been instrumental in assisting the local nobility in apprehending other fugitives

from the law. It is believed they will soon be in talks with the king himself about expanding operations in the country.

Editors' Notes

The New Calendale Chronicle has promoted another one of our writers to the position of editor - Vayne Mistral. Vayne has contributed many pages of writing to the Chronicle over the years and now lends his talent to helping read over and edit our submissions.

Any issues regarding editing may now be brought to Vayne as well as to myself, Victor, Ulv, Jigen, 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.

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel
Senior Editor, New Calendale Chronicle

~ Victor Hamilton
Editor in Chief, New Calendale Chronicle

~ Jigen, Ulv, Vayne Mistral, & Rizhak Alim H'Gar
Editors, New Calendale Chronicle