

New Calendale Chronicle

The Sword Moon, 1113

VIRALEE WOUNDED OR KILLED BY FOLLOWERS OF THE NEW LORD



NEW CALENDALÉ - On the 12th day of the Spirit Moon, a group of Viraleean eleries formed a circle with one in the middle of that circle and an enclosed fire. What had transpired was something of unknown origin, until they tried to commune with Viralee herself. The whole purpose was to find out who this unknown "New Lord" is. With everything in place, they started a prayer to commune with the Goddess of Knowledge. As the circle repeated what the elerie in the middle was saying, everything seemed like it was going well. The elerie in the center started to feel a presence after the prayer was done, and specifically said, "I am communicating with Viralee herself."

As this elerie was feeling the presence, he pulled out a very mysterious dagger and killed everyone in the circle. All Viraleean eleries fell on the ground, supposedly without a pulse. As the only elerie stood in the circle, he turned his blade to himself and started to tell a tale of what will arise as the night continued. As he started saying these

vicious words, Skyla started strutting around, wondering why this banter was coming out. She started to contemplate what possible reason Viraleean eleries, on the peak of the Dzigies' Eclipsé, would commune with their goddess when it is obvious that connection to any god or goddess on that night would prove insufficient. As the elerie finished, he killed himself. Xandis tried to subdue him, but his attacks did nothing, as the elerie seemed to be protected. The final elerie lost his life that night, and whatever information the Viraleean eleries tried to ascertain was proven to be all for naught.

Gathering what she could, Skyla sensed a great searing pain throughout her body. Where this pain was emanating from, I am not sure. From those that were there, they eased her suffering; Cadrel went through the same fate as he tried to discern what Skyla had uncovered. No one knows of Viralee's status at this moment in time.

- Alexander Maglock

To all the Clerics, followers of Viralee, and to the people of New Calendale

It is true that something has happened to our goddess. The first attack of the war on the gods by this false god has happened. He has dared to strike at Viralee. Of her fate I am not sure, but the pain I felt on the eclipse was so deep the scars may never heal.

What I know is this; we are Viraleans. She is our goddess of learning, knowledge, wisdom, languages, scholars, scribes, magic, and the occult which we have devoted our lives to. As eldest she has watched over the other gods, never taking sides. She has guarded her family for ages. Now this fraud strikes at them. No matter what, we cannot lose faith in her.

We are a people strong of mind. We must not let fear conquer us. As long as our memories of her exist, she lives. She lives in each and every one of us. She gave us the wisdom to control the power we have and the knowledge find ourselves. She has guided us every step of the way and no one can take that from us. No one can take her truly from us.

Once, long ago, the goddess Attalia was killed and at the end of the war, the All-Mother and All-Father restored her to immortal life. Do not fall to despair; do not fall to this pretender. Remember her strength and her power and she can never be lost. Our memories are our power. It is time for action. I make this call to all followers of Viralee. Let us all work together to push back this creature. We are the ones who can find the way. It is fear that would cause him to strike us first. Fear that we would find his weakness, fear that we will conquer him.

All mages, it is time to show the giver of your gift your thanks. The realms have been seeping into each other. Now he will use this to his advantage. To the rest of the people, stand against the heretics and show the true gods your loyalty. We must defend them to the death. Remember clerics, all the gods must stand together and be protected. We can no longer bicker and we cannot afford to fight each other or you risk them all.

And to you, you know who you are. You dare think yourself more powerful than the goddess? You dare attack our

goddess? Your thirst for knowledge is so strong you would destroy everything to possess it. Your words struck at me, and I know you meant to destroy me with them. No matter what I did, you had the ability to accomplish your goals. Your words were empty. You have all the knowledge but no wisdom and in the end you will fail. You only wished to hurt me and make me suffer, but I will continue to stand against you as I always have. You cannot break me; my faith is too strong. You promised to burn all I loved to ash. I will protect all that I love and they will protect themselves too. I

will protect this town. I will protect the gods. And though I know one day you might be the one to strike me down, you will only make the ones I love stronger. You only make us stronger. We are fighters but you wouldn't know anything about that would you? You have always hid and forced others to fight for you.

People of New Calendale, prepare yourselves. The time will come when your faith is tested. Stand strong and stand with the gods. We owe them everything. We are their creations and we must stand with them.

May the gods be with us, and blessings to Viralee,

- Skyla Corrin

Onyx's Observations

Dedicated Clerics Go Mad As Eclipse Comes Early to New Calendale

I was up in Town Proper on the 12th Day of the Spirit Moon, 1113, which began like any other normal day in New Calendale. There were the random attacks by creatures such as bugs and greenskins which were quickly put down by our Town Guard and residents. There was also the unexpected occurrence of the sighting of the Man In Black in broad daylight on the roof of the Scroll and Dragon. And the day continued on as it usually does.

The town was busy preparing for the nuptials of Lord Samuel to Princess Anindita; a joyous occasion amidst the increasingly unsettling events that have been taking place both in New Calendale and across Adraveth. I was very happy that the ceremony went as planned followed by a wonderful reception. Spirits were up and fun was plentiful.

As the reception wore on, near the end of the splendid feast and delicious cake, a horrible feeling washed over me as dusk began to settle in around the sixth bell. I suddenly found myself unable to feel my connection to Arrawiel and her power. Lily couldn't feel Ibewinn and Gabranth had lost touch with Negoro. It had begun. It had come early as it did in Vondara. The Deities' Eclipse was here.

The night was filled with feelings of emptiness and despondence for those of us dedicated. The town pulled together to support us, helping us not to lose faith. Friends gave us encouragement. Rafael in particular gave me a good talking to, reminding me that just because I could not feel Arrawiel did not mean that she had abandoned me.

I am not sure who it happened to first, but without provocation, one of the dedicated clerics suddenly lashed out and began to attack the townsfolk with powerful blows capable of felling most people. And it began to happen again and again. We quickly surmised that whatever was happening was only affecting those of us who were dedicated. Everyone was on edge because no one knew when one of us was going to go berserk. I think the most frightening was seeing Tridaine, the most peaceful man I know, a cleric of Attalia, start swinging his staff around with the intent to kill...

I lost track of how many times my friends asked me throughout the night, "How are you feeling, Onyx?" or "Are you feeling all right?" It began to grate on me as the bells passed on, but I realized that my friends were not concerned just for their safety but also my own. This gave me something to focus on.

It was nearing midnight when I had just finished talking with some people on the steps of the tavern and entered in, intending to warm myself by the fire. I felt disoriented for a moment and had to close my eyes. When I opened them, it felt like molten lava was rushing through my veins instead of blood. I became angry, enraged, a haze tinting everything I saw in hues of red. Inexplicable power surged through me, filling me with unbelievable strength. And I was directed to use that power against everyone around me. I lashed out, cutting down Rizhak, then turned on Gabranth, Farooq, Rus, and anyone else there. My blows had more force behind them than I could normally consistently throw. All I remember was fiery hatred before being brought down by a circle of friends. Apparently they healed me too quickly, for I lashed out again as soon as I came to, nearly striking down the person to my left. I was struck into unconsciousness again and when next I woke, the rage



had gone and I was left once more with that awful feeling of emptiness from being detached from my goddess along with the guilt that I nearly killed some of my friends.

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• Reflections & Observations •

I have only been dedicated a short time, since the Thawing Moon of 1112. Prior to last Moon, I have only experienced the effects of Deities' Eclipse once before. It was nothing compared to what occurred this year.

I had known to expect the loss of power and the feelings that accompany it, but I believe that this time, it was something much more. The rage that overwhelmed me was unlike anything I have felt before. I have been angry, believe me, but this felt so foreign to me.

Even as I sit here writing this, I still have trouble making sense of it. It is my speculation that the "New Lord" took advantage of our separation from the True Gods to show us yet another thing he is capable of. Why wait till then? Does our strong faith protect us from his control? Maybe he wanted to show us the power he could bestow so we would then turn to him instead of back to our True Gods.

Also that night a dark laughter rang out through the Scroll and Dragon. A short time later, a booming voice was heard that affected all of us within earshot. We perceived everyone but that voice to be an enemy; the voice of the self-proclaimed 'New Lord' turned us all against each other. Everyone except the voice was an enemy to me. I had been talking to Victor just as the spell hit and the man I love was suddenly nothing to me but a danger, someone who would hurt me if given the chance. I lashed out only to have my blades strike stone. I entered a defensive stance, wary of

Xandis, Cadrel, and Kai. Despite my favorable feelings towards Xandis and Cadrel, I saw them both as enemies along with Kai. In that moment, I felt everyone was against me and I fought whoever got within range. The voice cast the spell several more times. Only when I had made my way out of the tavern, away from the multitude of enemies I could not take all at once, did the effect have a chance to wear off.

This spell was not like the rage but just as foreign. It is hard to describe but I will try. Whereas the tavern spell was more of a control influencing us from without, the rage was something that came from within. We could hear the voice in the tavern with our ears, but whatever incited the rage was like an unspoken voice that came from inside our heads. You could not hear it in words, but you could feel it in the intent. I would be lying if I said I was not afraid.

I call upon all those of faith, not just dedicated or undedicated clerics but also followers, to stand strong and have faith in these troubling times. Lift your hearts to the True twenty two. Let them hear our prayers and our devotion so that they may know we are here willing to stand for them. Let the shamans sing their songs to the Great Spirit and the spirits of their animals and ancestors. Let all those of faith come stand together against the one who would thrust us into darkness.

My Lady, Arrawiel,

When I lay my head down at night, I know that it is in your embrace that I find shelter. I thank you for the pleasant dreams with stories full of vivid details that captivate my imagination, filling me with intense emotions that touch my very soul. Help me to take my dreams to create new realities and hopes, and bring them to fruition. When I wake up screaming, my heart racing as I cower in terror, I know that whether or not I can see it clearly, there is a reason and a lesson. Give me the strength to overcome my fears and to endure the gifts of the Lord of Nightmares. Let your all-seeing sight guide me along my way and help me to be filled with the wisdom and insight that your visions grant. Teach me, comfort me, walk with me so that I may make you proud. I am your servant, I am your disciple, I am your child, I am yours.

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Ongx TigerEye



Student and Disciple of Arrawiel

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those of faith, not
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alias is perfectly acceptable; however I would prefer if you would disclose your actual identity so I have a name to focus on when I consult my cards. Your identity will be kept confidential if requested and I will shorten any published questions to reflect that.

A Prayer To the Spirits That Watch Over Us

To the Spirits of the Animals and Primal Forces, your lessons are forever taught and must continue to be learned. You are what guide us and aid us on the paths that is our lives. I hear your voices and honor you.

Spirits of our Ancestors, I listen to your wisdom and recall your deed. Through both I learn about our people's history. I learn lessons long since lost. I hear your voices and honor you.

To the Spirits that watch over me; Lizard, Spirit of Elusiveness, yours is the hardest lesson for me to learn. Teaching me to let go. To not dwell on past injury, or insult. To not hold onto things that have long since passed in usefulness. Turtle, Spirit of Love and Protection, Healing and Knowledge, you teach me to be mindful, and to think about my actions before I commit to them. Spirit of the Owl, Spirit of Wisdom, Vision, and Insight, through you I learn what cannot be learned through mortal means. However, you also teach me that sometimes one must go and do, go and experience in order to truly learn. I hear your voices and honor you.

Ongx's Observations is a staple column to offer advice, guidance, and observations as inspired by my goddess, Arrawiel. If you would like to submit your troubles, please send it to the New Calendae Chronicle or to me directly. You can include any information you wish along with your concerns. The more I have to understand the situation, the better. Signing it under an

Great Spirit, your voice I hear, your presence I feel above all. Your lessons have depth and meaning that would take lifetimes to truly understand. It is through you that the men and women of the North have thrived. It is through you we draw strength and wisdom. It is through you we learn and grow. It is through you that we have kept our traditions. I hear your voice strongest of all, and honor you.

- Rus lezbagger, Shaman of the Spirits

Words Have Power, None More So Than Names

Words are powerful, they give voice to thought and shape intent and action. Of all words, Names possess the most power, they give definition, shape, identity. We are in the midst of a battle the likes of which we have never faced. A test of strength, of resolve, and most importantly of faith. We have all grown lax however, for each time we mention the flea-ridden possum, our careless words and thoughts give shape to it defining it, invoke its identity as something worthy of consideration or elevate it to a level of prestige for which it is unworthy. To refer to this filth by way of its servants, we but add to the perception that its falsehood is legitimate. When a commoner masqueraded as one of the nobility in our own town, he was dragged down from his pedestal of lies and branded as a traitor. We can be expected to do no less in these current troubles.

We have grown lax in our words and thoughts. We speak of the Twenty-Two True Gods, and it is a nice rallying cry to gather round. However, there are only Twenty-Two Gods. We know their names, and can grasp at what they all embody. This filth, and pretender is not even worthy of being considered a false god, it is but a flea-ridden possum.

While not all of us have a special connection to the Gods, hear their whispers, or feel their power flow through us, all of us give thanks and praise to them, and our unwavering faith. If not for the Gods, all of them, in equal measure, Adraveth would not be the world that it is, we would not be the people that we are.

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We need to remember that all of them are responsible for shaping Adraveth, and us, and all of us benefit from the gifts they have given unto us. While others more learned may disagree with some of what we have to say, we here, now, and always, give thanks, praise, and faith, to all of the Gods and Goddesses, equally and without trying to elevate one above another.

To Viralee, Goddess of Learning, Knowledge, Wisdom, Languages, Scholars, Scribes, Magic, the Occult, Whose Pen and Parchment Emanate Insight. For the knowledge and wisdom you have given us and for your guidance. For the gifts of magic and the thirst for learning which you have woven into Adraveth and the people's who live there. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Arrawiel, Goddess of Vision, Prophecy, Divination, Dreams, Nightmares, Whose Wide Eyes Reveal Prophecy. For the visions of what may come. For the Dreamscape which you have created and where our weary mortal minds may rest, under your watchful eye. For the Dreams which give us hope, and ease the troubles of the day, and for your Nightmares which test our resolve, and help us confront our fears. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Attalia, Goddess of Healing, Compassion, Kindness, Selflessness, Whose Strong Hands Surge with Healing. For the gift of healing, the mending of injured and weary bodies. For showing us how to look beyond ourselves and our needs but to also consider the needs of others, to ease their burdens and show even a stranger some kindness. For your compassion, and sharing that gift with us. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Drevarria, Goddess of Pain, Suffering, Pestilence, Disease, Undeath, Patron of Liches and Necromancers, Whose Sword Deals the Most Agonizing Blows. For the gifts of pain which remind

us that we are alive, to teach us to find strength from opposition, not stagnation. For the gifts of plague, to remind us that misfortune can strike anyone, anywhere, anytime, and everyone must remain vigilant and overcome or be lost to weakness. For the gifts of undeath, giving power to those who can wield it, eternity to those who can bear it, and equality wrought from all races. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Elantrai, Goddess of Luck, Fortune, Chance, Long Shots, Wishes, Whose Cards Are Stacked with Optimism. For showing us that wishes do come true, and that there can be no reward without risk. For your gift in showing that even the longest of shots and most difficult of odds can be overcome and no cause is truly lost when all one needs is a bit of luck. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Ethali, God of Night, Darkness, Thieves, Deception, Lies, Murder, Whose Dagger is Masked So None Can See. For without the night, we know not what is day; for without the darkness, we know not which is light. We blanket ourselves in the dark night to hide from opposition and to keep our secrets safe, refuge from the many dangers of our world. For deception and lies, as without these things the truth would have no value. For theft and murder, for otherwise there is no difference between a warrior and a murderer, a collector and a thief. For without them we would not value the fleeting treasures of life and then even that which is most precious would have little worth. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Gorvaak, God of Evil, Chaos, Disorder, Tyranny, Fury, Destruction, Whose Axe Destroys and Rebuilds Great Cities. For the gifts of chaos and disorder which constantly challenge the works of mortals forever forcing us to improve and re-evaluate our works. For evil and tyranny, as without them we would have no conception of right and wrong. For fury and destruction as they clear away the failing ways of the old and allow for a new future to emerge from the ashes and wastes. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Gundar, God of Smithing, Artisans, Craftsmen, Invention, Whose Hammer and Anvil Hum With Progress. We give thanks for the spark of ingenuity and inventiveness you have gifted us with. The ability to see raw and unformed materials but to see the wonder of what art and items can be crafted from them. To take raw wood, stone, metal, or gem, and create something truly breathtaking. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Hafur, God of Ores, Gems, Lord of the Earth, the Dwarfen Lord, Whose Proud Hands Shaped Our Earth. For the very land upon which we walk, we give thanks to you. For the wealth of gems and ores held in earthly grasp, but showing that such treasures must be earned through hard work and labor, not freely given. For the blessings of strength and fortitude, and the lessons of greeting strangers with kindness. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Ibewinn, God of Wine, Exuberance, Drunkenness, Celebration, Whose Tankard Flows With Festivity. For being moved by the death of Attalia, and showing that even the Gods can grow and change, rather than being stuck within a given path of which they were born, we are thankful. For bringing the gifts of happiness and abandon, to light even the darkest hour and most dreary of night with good cheer and warmth. For your gifts which help us leave behind our woes and lighten the burden we each bear. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Jerdano, God of Nature, Flora and Fauna, the Natural Elements, Whose Heart Beats in Unison With All Creation. We give thanks for the gifts of Adraveth which you grant us, the sheltering shade of the trees and the cool wind

upon our face on a hot summer day. For the sustenance your children, the creatures of the wilds provide. For the lessons you give us that everything is connected and that through that interconnection all things are in Balance, a balance which must be maintained. That while

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a deer may provide us with food, respect for the deer and its life must be shown in thanks for the gift of life it lost so that we could live. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Jeredith, Goddess of Day, Sun, Truth, Light, Whose Words Shine In Even the Darkest Places. For the gift of illumination. For the sun to banish the darkness of night, and to show us all that no matter how dark the night may grow a new dawn will come. For the gift of truth which provides certainty, no matter how painful it may be to learn and bear. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Leondarr, God of Justice, Law, Order, Balance, Defender of the Weak, Whose Scale Forever Seeks Balance. You who bear the weight of upholding the law and seeing justice done. You who show us to treat others fairly, to stand up for, defend, and aid even the weakest among us. You remind us that the law judges all equally in protection and judgement. For your sacrifice and gift, in your infinite wisdom, that sometimes the greater good and the balance must be put before even that which we consider Good. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Mhizrak, God of War, Vengeance, Retribution, Whose Sword Burns Bright With the Heat of Battle. It is only in Your name that we are able to defend our homes, bring honour to our names, and glory to our lands. It is through the clamour of battle that we find our hearts racing, our passion ignited, and our will to live stronger than ever before. It is by the bravery and courage that You deliver upon us that we are able to defend what is most precious to us: our land, our loved ones, and ourselves. It is by the rage You have set aflame within us that we find ourselves courageous enough to fight back against those who have wronged us. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Sindar, Goddess of Love, Peace, Beauty, Whose Eyes Shimmer Bright with Compassion. By Your grace and unyielding mercy we are able to see ourselves within others. It is only through Your eternal love and wisdom that we have learned to understand ideals that seem far from our own and through this we have gained friendship, lovers, and family. It is due to Your painter's brush that we find ourselves blessed to live in a world of colour, of magnificence, of beauty. It is Your heart that has imbued ours with the benevolence to lay down our weapons, to seek moments of peace and safety, and to think of others before ourselves. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Nsgoro, God of Death, Eternity, the Cycle of All, Whose Duties and Pleasures are Without Bound. As the final judge of when it is our time to pass beyond this mortal realm, you alone hold the divine mantle and title of Death. As Death it is your judgement that most directly shapes our humble mortal world and it is your judgement that aims to keep the precious cycle of life and death balanced for Eternity. As our world moves towards Eternity it is you who watches over the Cycle of All, you who cares for it and protects it. When someone tries to cheat the Cycle it is you who finds and punishes them, and when someone tries to protect the Cycle it is you who rewards them. It is through you that we know that someday it will be our turn in the Cycle of All to meet you one final time, and on that day we will greet you as Death. And we will know that it is through your Eternal

divine judgement that our lives will have meant something in this great Cycle of All. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Olzandra, Goddess of The Sea, Sailors, Creatures of the Sea, Giver of Life, Whose Vast Waters Guide Our Ships. To the sea from whence cometh a bounty of food, the swiftness of travel, and the trade of sailors. You wreck our ships and shores with storms if only to remind us that life is temperamental and unpredictable, and that we must always be wise and read the signs presented to us in the clouds and on the waves of times to come. You show us the sea, vast and insurmountable, to humble us, to remind us of how

small and insignificant we are as individuals no matter how mighty we become; the crossing of the great ocean symbolizes overcoming overwhelming odds using ingenuity, courage and teamwork. Perhaps most holy of all the gods' gifts, you grant the breath of life, that most precious and fragile spark to which we cling so desperately in dark times. So long as we have your blessing, no matter the dire straits we face in times to come, all is not lost. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Virajar, God of Merchants, Wealth, Commerce, Agriculture, Whose Coin Glistens With Sweat and Labor. Where Your Brothers and Sisters deliver unto us their blessings of dreams and fancies, great oceans and high ideals, You alone saw fit to provide humanity with common sense, rationality and utility. You high arbiter of the petty, defender of the common man, patron saint of the small deal, You uphold the tiny justices one coin, one cow, one grain of salt at a time. Where some may hold aloft the mighty dogmas presented by your brothers and sisters, you offer salvation to the simple, and give meaning to honest labor. We honor Your brothers and sisters by living gloriously; we honor You simply by getting by. We give thanks, praise and faith.

To the Gods and Goddesses from across the sea, and worshipped on a continent of which we have only recently learned the existence of, no less thankful are we for the gifts you have given us, even when we did not hear your Voices.



To Borain, God of Dreadnec, Envy, Spite, Whose Lustrous Gems Shine with Assurance of Self. It is only through Your eagerness that we find ourselves inspired to improve our position, to be self-assured enough to realize that we deserve the best and to strive towards it. By the biting truth You have revealed to us, we find ourselves at peace with and accepting of our selfish nature. By the graciousness of Your will, we have sought out and savored every moment of succulent meals, luxurious silks, lavish comforts, and the hard work it has taken to enjoy such extravagance. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Learyn, Goddess of the Arts, Creativity, Bards, and Performers, Whose Voice Sang the First Songs. So new to our hearts, and yet present for so long. For the music you've birthed into the world. For the dancing that leads lovers to find one another's arms. For the entertainment that brightens dark evenings around solemn hearths. For the arts that stir what lies sleeping deep within all of us, we give thanks. The lullabies that soothe restless children to sleep, the battle hymns that rouse our weary soldiers to arms, and the stories we tell of our history and deeds, they belong to you, and you in your kindness have given them to anyone who will voice them. Your gifts are shared among not only those who speak, play, dance, and sing, but those who watch and listen as well. For the ability to celebrate, commemorate, and create. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Razabaoth, Goddess of Fire, Conquest, and Cruelty, Whose Inferno Knows No Equal. For the fires that burn away impurities, for the fires that purge our souls of weakness and doubt, for the fires that compel us to struggle on with passion and vigor and power. For the cruelty that inspires us to ingenuity and perseverance, for the cruelty that shows us our true nature and true worth. For the conquest of foes both new and old, weak and powerful; for conquest wrought through faith and dedication. You have shown us truth we were too weak to handle, given us the tempering to bear it, and given us the might to bring your

message to all. You are the fire in our passion, our power, our life, and our victory. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To Xalaron, God of Sky, Wind, Heavenly Bodies, Whose Whispers Rattle Forests. Though we have only recently learned of you, for many we have always known you. Who could fail to gaze up, into the infinite sky, a world where only the birds may fly, and not wonder at something greater. You who fill the sails of ships, and turn the blades of the windmills. During the night, we gaze into the sky and bear witness to heavenly bodies of star, reminding us of the light of day. You remind us all, that no matter nation or race, we live under the same sky. We give thanks, praise, and faith.

To the All-Mother and All-Father, the Progenitors of All. Without you we would have nothing. No sky or earth. No light or dark. No good or evil. No gods. We would be nothing. It is through your will that the twenty-two gods we now worship came to be. It was you who maintained that perfect balance between them. It was you who made them in such a way as to provide meaning and worth to our lives. It was you who, in your boundless love for your children, allowed them to guide your communal creation. While you stand at the edge of time, we still can feel your presence not only through the rare moments when you speak directly to us but

also continuously through the works of your children. It is through them and their investment in our world that we can see your investment and care for them. For all of that you have done for both your children and us, we can never be grateful enough. And yet as the parents of all we know you already understand. And for all of this we give you our unending thanks, praise, and faith.

~Vayne Mistral

I but post this on behalf of the entire Circus, the Cirque du Clantrai, whom have all contributed in the writing of this document, the thoughts and feelings that have gone into it.



Lord Samuel's Wedding an Occasion of Happiness Amidst the Darkness

New Calendalg- The buzz of the wedding of Princess Anindita of the Manasarwati to Marquis Ashton Samuel of the Twin Kingdoms reached ears far and wide. The guest list was filled with dignitaries of various lands including the father, grandmother, and brother of Princess Anindita. The ceremony was lead by elerie of Arrawigl, and friend of the Marquis, Onyx TigerEye. Ms. TigerEye performed a ceremony well received by the couple as it incorporated traditions of both the Highlands and the Manasarwati. The pews were filled with nobleman and commoner alike, a testament to the good will of the Marquis and in no small part showing why he is well liked amongst the people he does business with.

Princess Anindita was clothed in the traditional wedding garb of her home country, a lovely two piece dress of white and gold with a gold cloth head wrap. Marquis Samuel dressed in the finery of his ancestral home in the Highlands, choosing to wear a kilt in the colors of his house and a black and red velvet doublet trimmed in gold over a white shirt.

After the couple exchanged their vows and were lead to the head table, the reception and dinner soon followed. With the guidance of the Seroll and Dragon's Mistress, Lily Goldsworthy, and the help of her staff, the reception was a

splendid gathering of performers from New Calendalg. Each one drew people to the dance floor to revel in the joining of the new happy couple. Even Princess Anindita joined in on the dancing, coaxing New Calendalg resident, Mr. Kitty, into sharing a dance with her, much to the joy of the guests around her.

Many toasts were raised in honor of the newlyweds, wishing them both longevity and happiness in the years to come. The gifts for them flowed nearly as freely as the drinks and food offered throughout the evening. The main course consisted of a delicious Shepherd's Pie as well as a dish common to the Manasarwati known as chicken tika masala, a dish of cut chicken with a wonderful spiced flavor to it over a bed of white rice. While new to many palates there, it was without a doubt well received by everyone who tried it.

As the evening wore on, it soon became time for the new couple to be on their way, with promises made by the Marquis to show his lovely new bride the wonders of Vondara before going on to enjoy their honeymoon abroad in Adraveth. With many fond farewells and good-natured jokes aimed at the pair, they took their leave of New Calendalg going on to enjoy the beginning of their lives together in our lovely crown city.

~ Rafael Espina de la Rosa





The Quill & the Sword



Colored

Everywhere I go, I hear your whispers, I hear your lies
I hear your truths, my ears burn, with what you see in your eyes.

"Common little elf with the little swirl of gold
Holding humans hands so willing and so bold
They'll cut your throats in the night, laugh as they do
So be careful who you teach your magic to."

"Red on your heart and blue on your right.
This is more important than keeping criminals in sight.
Make sure to harass townsfolk, they're all guilty I'm sure.
Make sure everyone's watching, as they writhe in pain on the floor."

"Dirty little elf, your markings so dark
Clinging to the woods, hearts against the bark
Uncultured swing, you think yourself so wise
Your filthy hands on those trees won't protect their demise"

"Shiny little gypsy, well you have colors galore!
So beautiful and treacherous, but what is in your core?
Beneath red, blue, green, yellow - this color attack.
Is a heart that is dripping hateful poison black."

"Arrogant little elf, grey as boring as your heart
So fun to rant and lecture so all may know you're smart
Keep your nose stuck in that book, with your dull ideas
You wouldn't want to see what you should truly fear."

Silly little man, dressed all in black
Spout your words with the wisdom that you lack.
Murder men before our eyes, yet we all shrug and sigh
What are we to do? He has such a good disguise.

- Clarissa Golan

Prism

The wonders I've come across all the things that I've seen,
Creatures great, creatures small; all beings in between.
We speak different tongues, see life in different ways.
Yet once all is said and done, we do as our gods say.

Crimson of our hearts with swaths of sapphire blue,
Our home and our honor we give unto you.
Forged with unity, tempered with peace,
A brush stroke of a grand masterpiece.

Glittering diamonds frozen in time,
Great Shamans teaching how life intertwines.
Ancestors of old still running through our veins;
Whispering to all of us that this world is one domain.

Deep dark azure with secrets lost in the depths,
Connecting us all despite dangerous breadths.
Through blissful calm and raging storm,
Explorers banding together, whether fresh faced or old and worn.

Emerald canopies full of vigor and life,
Showing us all that despite through our struggles the strong will rise.
Hard learned lessons and painful gains,
All life is interconnected, in the end we are all the same.

See now these creatures of blackest pitch,
They who seek to spread ruin with lies that bewitch.
Let them come and learn that it is they that will fail,
Have them taste our blades and our faith and let them see we
conquer all travails.

We are as varied as a prism twisting in the light.
Together as one with single purpose we stand and fight.
Dark One's host we look to you and say,
Beware the prism's light it will soon burn you away.

~ Rafael Espina de la Rosa



Arms, Armor, & Fighting: Hammer Versus Mace

One of the oldest urges anyone has when it comes to people who annoy you is to club them over the head with a blunt instrument. We don't really like to talk about this, of course, but when the artificial social restraints are stripped away; there really is no more manly way to defeat an opponent, than by mashing him into fertilizer on the battlefield. That's why the mace and war-hammer are considered weapons for the strongest and most capable of warriors. Yes, I am a bit biased, so let us now return to the realm of melee combat and exam the War-hammer and the Mace. Yes, there is a difference between the two of them. Over the course of the article, hopefully, I can spread knowledge about these weapons. Also keep in mind that I in no way think badly against either the article on which is the most efficient. If you prefer the opposite of what the end result is at the end of the article that is your prerogative, though I will admit that the War-hammer is my preferred weapon.

The War-hammer is a versatile, close contact weapon. The war-hammer weapon could be mounted on either a long shaft or a short shaft. A blow could apply tremendous force. The hammer struck with force could apply significant injury to a warrior in armor. This weapon was primarily used for bludgeoning an opponent, and the hammer was particularly effective against opponents wearing plate armor and reducing the effectiveness of the shield. The materials required to make this weapon are usually, Iron, Steel, and, occasionally, Bronze is used.

Maces and War-hammers evolved and gained popularity over time, particularly when chainmail, ringmail, and scale armor were invented. These types of armor made it difficult to kill an opponent with slashing weapons. The mace, however, could pulverize body parts without having to penetrate the armor. And pulverize they did. Maces and War-hammers became extremely popular weapons, and are responsible for uncountable deaths, injuries, and accidental self-bonking on the head (the last which really didn't do too much damage, but were likely a source of humiliation and jokes at the campfire after the battle).

Maces started life, as clubs made from particularly big, heavy sticks. The big-stick arms race eventually led to big sticks with heavy balls of wood or rock affixed to the end. The next evolution was "heavy wood balls with knobby protrusions". The knobby protrusions hurt a lot more than smooth wood, and caused more damage. Eventually, with the advent of bronze and iron, metal maces came into

fashion. These of course were much more lethal, although not as popular as swords and spears. It wasn't until the aforementioned popularity of metallic armor that the Maces and War-hammers truly enjoyed a robust popularity. Maces and hammers are also quite a bit cheaper to make, on average, than swords, so lower class warriors and some po' folk in general could afford them. Flanged maces (maces with angular metal edges and points protruding from the head) were popularized when thick, nearly impenetrable plate armor was

rendering both swords and maces less effective. The flanges were capable of focusing an enormous amount of power into a very small point. This allowed the mace to penetrate the armor in the manner of can-openers. An alternate version of a flanged mace was the spiked mace, which was basically a standard ball-headed mace with iron spikes lodged into it. The spikes were less effective against heavy armor, but really, really hurt if they hit lightly armored or, heaven forbid, unarmored opponents (or gerbils). Also keep in mind that a cut from a sword is just a flesh wound a light injury from a War-hammer could involve fractured or broken bones and a flanged mace could do both.

Both of these are fine weapons that can deal some serious damage. While I prefer a War-hammer a good Mace could be just as good.

- Bagin Torrum

Arms, Armor, and Fighting is a staple column of the New Calendae Chronicle focusing on different types of weapons, armor and fighting styles and tactics. If there are any specific questions about any of the above topics feel free to send a courier, and the author will do his best to answer them.

Count Thynne Reported Slain During Harvest Moon Wedding

On Spiritsday the 14th of this past Harvest Moon New Calendale's Seroll and Dragon became the scene of an awful and brazen slaying. Accounts state that the bloodshed erupted shortly following the wedding vows of local resident Private William Saberson III and Thia Freylor of Brookmerr. According to guardsmen, near the end of the ceremony several of those gathered for the nuptials drew forth blades and began to slaughter others around them.

The bodies of several wedding guests were found outside the southern road into town leading authorities to believe that those who took part in the attack were professional sell swords and impostors.

The Chronicle regrettably reports that among those lost was Count Aleot Thynne of the County of Eldershire. Due to the surprise nature of the attack many others are believed to have died, notable amongst them Sir Symon Lynox of Vondara as well as the bride herself, Thia Freylor.

The Inquisition is currently asking any and all with knowledge of this attack to come forward.

-Elijah Jennings

"Dark Lord" Converts Slaughtered

In the afternoon hours of Sunday the 15th Day of the Spirit Moon, and following a terrifying Deity's Eclipse, there was another attack of followers of the heretic "New Lord".

There were several townsfolk being held against their will by many dark winged servants of the heretic lord, yelling for help. Unfortunately, before an adequate force could be mustered to rescue these townsfolk, the dark beings forced their captives to drink from a large chalice filled with an unknown liquid. Upon drinking from this chalice, the once-loyal townsfolk turned to the side of this New Lord, and took up arms against their kinsmen.

It was at this time that the citizenry of New Calendale, true to their oaths, joined the field. Most of the townsfolk engaged these heretic converts, while the more battle-hardened veterans squared off against the dark beings.

Once the new converts were struck down, the dark beings returned the spirits to the bodies of the slain, and they rejoined the fight. It is unclear at this time whether this magic was necromantic or infernal in nature, or the result of true resurrection. It was clear that simply ending the lives of the enemy was not going to prevail, as wave after wave of raised followers joined their dark masters in crashing against the citizens of New Calendale.

Ultimately, with the help of local fire mage Alexander Mayloek incinerating the fallen corpses of the enemy, the entire town was able to bring their strength to bear against the dark beings. Newcomer and veteran alike, the forces of New Calendale tore apart the dark ones, and incinerated their cursed corpses, putting an end to their presence in the area.

One question remains in all of this, Was this conversion of once loyal citizens the result of imbibing the liquid within the chalice, or magic of the chalice itself?

The mysterious chalice was removed from the area, presumably to be destroyed.



Public Murder on Roof of Scroll and Dragon

On the 12th day of the Spirit Moon, the patrons of the Scroll and Dragon were milling around outside, taking a moment to enjoy the day after a particularly nasty encounter with a horde of goblinoids. There were suddenly calls of surprise as some townsfolk pointed skyward towards a strange sight.

A man, dressed all in black, his face partially covered, was standing on the roof of the tavern. His cape billowed in the wind as he raised his voice to the townsfolk. He warned the townsfolk that there were evil folk who resided within the town and that they must be disposed of. Some folk tried to call out to him that he was wrong and that he should bring up these issues with the town guard, but in a blink of an eye, he was gone. The town buzzed with the shock of seeing this man, who until now had kept to the shadows, on the roof of their precious tavern.

Not too long afterwards, the man returned to his post on the roof. This time he was dragging a man in a blue shirt, with a bag over his head. The Man In Black announced that this man was a merchant who had many dishonest dealings, and who should be killed for his wickedness. He poured a bag of coins and gems onto the ground below him, saying that this was the blood money of this merchant. Many townsfolk quickly snatched up the wealth before looking back up at the poor merchant who was being forced to kneel. Some yelled up at the man again, begging him to stop, to let justice be done by the right authorities. But this Man In Black was deaf to their cries as he took out a sword and stabbed the merchant in the chest. He left the body on the roof of the tavern, declared that justice had been done, and disappeared just as quickly as he had come.

The identity of the deceased merchant is unknown, just as is the identity of the man in black himself. If there is anyone who knows more about this man who has taken the law into his own hands and is killing citizens of our fair land, please bring that information to the town guard.

- Clarissa Golan



A Glimpse Into a Dying Realm

This past moon, during the unexpected Eclipse, New Calendale was visited by Jerzon, Harlequin of Clantrai, Knight of House Quainluminlain. With him, he brought stark and disturbing news. The Fae Realm is being destroyed by the Dark Fae. Sir Jerzon informed the town that the Dark Fae have completely taken over the Realm of the Fae. He said that he barely escaped from the Realm, and that many other Light Fae were still trapped within. The Pixie Knight stated that the Dark Fae are not tending the Realm as his people had in the past; they were simply destroying it, turning it into a wasteland. The Light Fae that have been trapped in the Realm are being tortured and, according to him, being twisted into something horrifying. Sir Jerzon reported that there are hardly any Pixies left and, other than those who escaped the Realm, no Satyrs remaining.

Sir Jerzon lamented that his people had handled the situation wrong from the start. He said that they should have wiped out the Dark Fae instead of letting them build in power. The Fae regretted their treatment of the Trolls who were the soldiers and bodyguards, at the time, of the Light Fae. The fate of his people appears uncertain..

- Algernon Corvis

Catty's Corner



Hello hello hello my little dumplings! Did you miss me? Don't answer that, I know you did! Life was just so busy for me so I missed an installment. Do you forgive me? Of course you do! Well, welcome back loves, to this moon's installment of "Catty's Corner." As always, I am your host, Cat, and I am back, giving you the word straight, and slinging the dirt on the dirt.

So after trying to "catch up" with Saringo I feel alas that chase is done. It seems our poor resident lizard lawman has no time for anything in his life but work. It really is a pity. Some very interesting allegations against him though. I do hope he is not part of the corruption in this town that would just kill me! Still, apparently he failed to respond to nobles in distress when our Lord Samuel and his then wife to be Anindita were threatened several moons ago. Now he was seen openly cavorting with Jellal and was even overheard telling the guards they are not to trust anything they do not hear from him. Furthermore, he has told them they are not to discuss amongst themselves anything he tells them. Could Saringo be an Ethalian? Wouldn't that be a hoot! Or, maybe he is simply scheming for a way to carve out his own little kingdom? Then again he has been spending quite a lot of time with Theone lately, and the Ethalian rumors about her have circulated for years. I don't know what to make of all this my darlings, but I will be watching!

Don't worry yourselves over poor Catty though, I have my eyes on some of the other strapping lads this town has to offer. Speaking of which, have you laid eyes on Aiden? Between the way he swings his... sword, and the rumor he is fearless, he certainly has gotten my attention. He would have to be fearless to be involved with me, that's for sure! Meanwhile we had so many hunky newcomers! First we have tall dark and oh so handsome Corvus. Not only is he dreamy, but I hear he is hilarious. We all know the funny guy gets the girl right? I also have my eye fixed on Delano. Who is he? Where is he from? TELL ME MORE!

It is so good to know that despite the impending cold and snow love still burns brightly in this town. Find yourself someone to cuddle through the winter with while you still can! Time is running out! It seems some of our residents have been wasting no time. Rafael has been seen

canoodling with Berrymelon, but it's unclear at this time if that is just an "arrangement." Sirius has also been seen courting tavern mistress Lily. Sweetie, let me give you some advice, he will never buy the keg if you give him the drinks for free. Then we have Artemis and Rizhak... don't they make

a cute couple? Victor Hamilton of course still has his side romance with everyone's favorite bard Clary. Victor, be a man and just let Onyx down easy! She knows what you are up to and she can probably kill you as you sleep. Last but certainly not least, Valeria and Rus lezbagger? Who saw that one coming? Certainly not me, and I have an eye for these things. I suppose we will get the answer to the age old question "Can a Solinarian and a

Barbarian find true love in this mixed up world of ours? I will watch with anticipation!

In other oddities, rumor has it that Blackmail, the half ore fighter, was able to speak this moon? I thought she was a mute? Still multiple reports have come in saying not only can she speak, but people gathered around to hear just what she would say. I am sure that was fun!

In other news, after what this author heard was years of being away, Valaska the Amazon returned to town. Not only did she return, but she had some very harsh words for Skyla! Apparently, Valaska is trying to rally the amazon women to have greater respect for themselves and assume their rightful place above all these foolish men. Here, here sister! Rumor has it, Valaska killed her former husband for his questionable activities, and encouraged Skyla to do the same to Jellal. Whether he is guilty or not, I must admit, Skyla could certainly have her pick of the men in town without much effort. Not to mention with his constant defiance of noble orders, Jellal may not be long for this world anyway. Just something to think about dearie; you should certainly have a backup plan!

Speaking of Jellal, I don't know if he is an Ethalian or not, but he certainly is not very bright. As I hear it told, he stands off to the side shouting things like "Jellal is entering the tavern" trying to get others attacked accidentally at night. This past moon he even tried to get our own dear Baron killed in this manner! Who knows what Ravenholm

will do when he finds this out. In addition, Jellal openly defied Lord Samuel by coming into the tavern from which he is banned AND then proceeded to rob it. Rumor has it, this was done in front of Victor Hamilton, Saringo, Xandis and Cadrel AND was facilitated by Rath and Sirius. If I were any of these people I would start getting my apologies together. Lord Samuel may seem like a pussycat, but when those claws come out heads have been known to roll!

On that note, what a beautiful wedding we were able to witness. Everyone looked fine and the bride was so beautiful I nearly forgot how uptight and scheming she is rumored to be. Still, they do seem very happy with each other. Whatever makes them happy I suppose. Also, to borrow from a toast Lord Samuel made, a union between the "two greatest merchant houses in the world" can't possibly be a bad thing. Can it? I suppose when the snows melt we will welcome back Lady Anindita Samuel as one of our very own beloved nobles. With the addition of Lord Samuel's two nieces that will make three ladies Samuel. Does it strike anyone else as odd that after years of being on the periphery, suddenly the Samuel's outnumber the rest of the nobility in this area?

Anyway, at the wedding, the townsfolk were treated not only to a free feast, entertainment and a pass on taxes for the moon, they were able to rub elbows with some unexpected guests. Not only did some of Anindita's family make it to the joyous occasion, but the guest list was a who's who of prominent people. In attendance was King Finvarra of the Whispering Woods, the Sultan of Al'Hazir (next in line for the Grand Sultanship as I understand it) and esteemed guests from Solinaria, Ippon and even the new contingent. Rumor has it that the Sultan left with several women including a Solinarian Contessa AND New Calendale's very own Algeia. She always seemed quiet, but she certainly knows how to land a wealthy man!

Now I am not the type that would make scurrilous or harsh comments in the wake of tragedy...ok, yes I am...did you hear what happened to poor Private William? On his wedding day, assassins had infiltrated the wedding party and murdered nearly everyone, his dear bride included. Well William, it may seem soon, but now that you are single look me up would you? I am sure I can provide you some comfort.

Meanwhile, New Calendale has birthed our very own vigilante, the infamous "Man in Black." At first sticking to the woods, he seems to have made his way to town last moon, conducting two public executions of criminals! Rumor had it, it was Xandis, but since he was present when this occurred that seems unlikely unless he has a bevy of accomplices.

On the note of sudden returns, this very moon two Fae, long absent from town, made their way here. Pritze, the happy go lucky Brownie tavern worker arrived with a vengeance, while Sir Jerzon Quainluminain, Pixie knight arrived a beaten person. I don't know much about fae politics, but it appears the war for them has been going less than spectacularly. Jerzon's visit culminated in a bludgeoning of Sirius in the tavern and a small barroom brawl. Who knows what will come of that.

**Find yourself
someone to cuddle
with; you can
always trade up
come the thaw.**

Now, you all know I try to keep it light. Major world events just is not my thing, but I absolutely MUST mention the events of last Spiritsday evening. Some Viralezzans came to town to perform some ritual to commune with Viralee. It seems, the priests were tricked and the head of ceremonies was actually scheming to get Viralee out of the picture and assume her place. So much talk of god blades and her death. Well, I did some checking. Apparently as scholars have told us, a "god forged blade" cannot even be wielded by mortal hands, so that strange piece of magic we witnessed was some other strange type of enchantment. That said, clearly *something* has happened to the goddess of magic. Is she dead? Imprisoned? Who can say, but I know I am worried.

Well dearies, a mixed bag of happiness and tragedy this moon. I do hope you will all stay safe, I know I plan to! It looks like we have one last moon to make good on those pre-winter promises to ourselves. Find yourself someone to cuddle with; you can always trade up come the thaw.

Well my little darlings, once again I bid you well and I know you will anxiously await my next installment!

And remember that Catty's corner is where life is cruel, and so am I.

~ Cat



Enigmas of the Moon

1) It sat upon a willow tree,
And sang softly unto me.
Easing my pain and sorrow with its song,
I wished to fly but tarried along.
And in my suffering,
The willow was like a cool clear spring.
What was it that helped me so?
To spend my time in my woe.

2) They can be harbored, but few hold water,
You can nurse them, but only by holding them against someone else,
You can carry them, but not with your arms,
You can bury them, but not in the earth.

3) I awoke with start.
Hearing its voice in the dark.
And shook more so from within,
Than that which came upon the wind.
Then, with a flare and a flash.
I hid my head and awaited the crash.
What is it that shook my body so?
And made me hide away down low?

4) I heard of an invading, vanquishing army
sweeping across the land, liquid-quick;
conquering everything, quelling resistance.
With it came darkness, dimming the light.
Humans hid in their houses, while outside
spears pierced, shattering stone walls.
Uncountable soldiers smashed into the ground,
but each elicited life as he died;
when the army had vanished, advancing northward;
the land was green and growing, refreshed.

5) There's someone that I'm always near,
Yet in the dark I disappear.
To this one only I am loyal,
Though in his wake I'm doomed to toil.
He feels me not (we always touch);
If I were lost, he'd not lose much.
And now I come to my surprise,
For you are he - but who am I?

- Jonas Drake

*The first person that can manage to solve all these riddles and send a couriered letter
with the answers to the New Calendale Chronicle will receive a prize.
There may even be a little something for the person who comes the closest!*

Answers for the Spirit Moon's Enigmas:
1) Lead 2) Lightning 3) War 4) Sword

• There was no winner last Moon. Please send us your guesses for this Moon! •