

# New Calendale Chronicle

The Thawing Moon, 1114

## One of New Calendale's Own Falls to the Dark Ones

A promising member of New Calendale's town guard was killed in the latest attacks of the Dark Lord's followers on The Scroll & Dragon Inn.

Baern Torrum, a "stout-hearted" Dwarf, was killed in The Sword Moon of 1113, when two Dark Ones and heretical followers of the Dark Lord assaulted the tavern. May Negoro fairly judge his soul.

"He was a dwarf with a fire in his heart that could humble people," said Raphael Espina de la Rosa.

Baern Torrum was sitting close to the fire in the Tavern when two Dark Ones burst through both the doors of the tavern trapping several townsfolk within. Witnesses said Torrum fell fighting for his life and those of his fellow townsfolk.

"He always wanted to do the right thing and has the sake and the safety of the town in his heart," said Rus lexbadger, who said he counted Baern among his friends.

lexbadger, a local shaman, awoke the morning after Baern's death claiming to have seen a vision of his spirit and found Baern's personal holy symbol in devotion to Gundar.

Baern first arrived in New Calendale during The Blood Moon of 1112 from the farway lands of Karaz Karak, the youngest of seven sons in his dwarven clan.

He had recently become probationary member of New Calendale's town guard, under the command of Judge Corporal Saringo, and a elerie petitioning the church of Gundar - the God of smithing, artisans and craftsmen.

The dwarf could frequently be found down at the Forge, hammering away at some piece of metal that he was



gradually shaping into armor or weaponry. He would gladly offer to repair the arms of townsfolk for a fair price or barter.

"He wanted nothing more than to create works of art through his smithing that would be remembered throughout the ages. He was loyal to his friends and someone that tried his best no matter what the endeavor was; no matter how impossible the challenge seemed," Espina de la Rosa said.

Baern was under the mentorship of Gundar elerie, Uwa Copperspanner, who was teaching him about the finer points of smithing and the church's structure. It was said that Baern was to be possible given a task to prove his faith and devotion to the church in the months ahead.

Many a townsfolk can testify that he was truly stubborn, as dwarves are said to be. Tavern Assistant Alexander Maylock said one of his fondest memories of Baern was as he stood guard in the tavern during Lord Samuel's wedding feast, where he stood duty for several bells while refusing to partake in any food or drink offered.

"He stood at the ready, just in case something happened. He was steadfast and loyal," Maylock said.



It's also noted that Bagrn Torrum carried the dwarf's long-held hate and distrust of 'green skins,' ores and goblins. In his final days in New Calendale, many remembered he attacked a new half-ore traveling into New Calendale.

"He was as stubborn as any Dwarf with a stomach for good strong ale and always ready to tell a good story. Although he is gone from this world, he will always be remembered fondly," Espina de la Rosa said.

A memorial for Bagrn Torrum will be held on the 15th day

of The Thawing Moon at the Forge, with the exact bell to be announced on The Scroll & Dragon's message board. Friends will gather for a round of drinks at the tavern afterwards.

On a personal note, Bagrn's half-hearted scowl at the first sign of trouble and his company on long patrols of New Calendale's outer lands will be sorely missed. To honor his fighting spirit, his regular column Arms & Armor will be continued in the next edition of The Chronicle.

- Valeria Trio

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## *Onyx's Observations*



In memory of Bagrn Torrum.

May you craft to your heart's content by Gundar's forge.  
Thank you for all you've done.

Your friend,  
~ Onyx



Student and Disciple of Arrawiel



## And the Clang of the Hammer goes on; A Memorial for Baern Torrum

Clang! Clang! Clang! Goes the hammer when it meets the forge.

Creating something grand, something never seen.  
To craft metal and iron and runes and prayer  
Something grand comes from this.

With Dwarven sweat and blood comes something new  
In Axe that spits fire can be done by his hand.  
Something to help reach the sky, he had plans for that  
Armor that hurts what attacks, he had thought of that  
A Pie that contains compounds for exploding, he thought of that first.

A Dwarf more interested in the ways of the forge than of  
Battle or Stone or Gem.

The fires of creation was in his heart, and the spark of  
genius in his mind.

No one truly knew what was in his head not even himself.  
He liked it that way kept things interesting.

Mild and even tempered on the outside always willing to  
help and advise.

But inside lay a tempest made of all the ideas he had of  
things to build.

To him his friends were his greatest treasure, and one of the  
reasons he had plans for such marvels.  
For with them his friends would be safer.

So raise a parting glass of dwarven ale.  
With story and song send him off  
For he has gone to Gundar's realm  
and the clang of the hammer goes on.

This poem is in memory of Baern Torrum who died in the  
Sword Moon during an attack by the New Lord.

- Jonas Drake

## The Attack on Mages

When Deity's Eclipse had come to New Calendale early this  
year, I was very concerned, as I knew what would happen  
with the dedicated clerics as in the past. I have seen way too  
much in such a short time coming to this adventurous town.  
However, I was relieved to find out that none of the mages  
were experiencing any ill effects. I saw that the clerics would

only feel the fluctuations that we mages were feeling for the  
better part of 1113. However, as the Shield Moon commenced  
that was not the case.

Mages were experiencing major difficulties in their magical  
abilities and their control over them. As a fire mage of well  
repute, I can tell you that ever since the clerics performed  
the ritual on the Spirit Moon of 1112, slowly but surely, I  
started feeling my source of magic ebb and flow like an  
ocean tide. As I thought the worst was over, I learned that  
the Spirit Moon was only the calm before the storm. I turned  
into a scared person as I saw well-disputed masters and  
student mages alike lose control of their magical energies  
in short bursts of excessive power. Master Hamilton shook  
the ground where many were standing around him in a  
moment's notice. Master Cadrel and Thone both fell to  
causing unplanned lightning strikes without forewarning.  
While Skyla, Master Hamilton, and myself experienced  
huge explosions of fire from out of nowhere. These did not  
happen often, but once was enough to make the mages think  
twice about using their energies.

I have heard from many that this is a sign of what happened  
to Viralee during the Spirit Moon. There are many rumors I  
have heard that this huge fluctuation was a sign that Viralee  
has died, or something to that affect. I, for one, refuse  
to believe that. However, after the ritual that was done  
to commune with

Viralee during the  
Spirit Moon, many  
had their inclinations  
about the very  
idea of the death of  
another goddess  
since Attalia's fall.

Once was enough  
to make the  
mages think twice  
about using their  
energies.

Therefore, be  
forewarned. This is  
probably will not  
be the last time that  
something like this will happen. I intend to get to the bottom  
of these fluctuations, as will the Mage's Guild. That is all.

Written on the 5th day of the leg Moon

- Alexander Maglock



# Pest Control

I'm certain everybody has noticed by now that New Calendale has a pest problem. Those nasty little creatures running about, throwing rocks at our brownies, poisoning our things, squatting in our farmhouses, and generally just acting like irascible little nuisances. I'm speaking, of course, of kobolds.

So, I'm pleased to report that I've found a way to give the little wretches' life and death, a purpose. It turns out that if you work quickly and handle them properly, they can actually become a pretty delicious snack - so, in the spirit of public service, I decided I would use the opportunity they present to teach you all the basics of preparing perfectly smoked and seasoned kobold meat! What follows is my favorite experimental recipe for kobold jerky, starting from one freshly killed kobold.

Now, normally, it's ideal to slaughter an animal while it's relaxed and doesn't know what's coming. If panic, in those last moments, the meat may be flavored adversely or leave it too tense and tough. In my experience, though, kobolds are never particularly relaxed, so with the important exception of poisoning. You can pretty much kill a kobold however you like without affecting its meat too much. Try to leave them in one piece, and do keep it fairly quick, or they'll work themselves into this little frenzy that tends to turn their muscles into boot leather. I never hurt a kobold I'm planning to eat too much.

But, however you decide to slaughter your kobolds, once they're dead, you must get to work quickly! Kobold blood is definitely not good eats! It's also not really safe to eat, with all the poison they handle. You never know what you're going to get from a kobold who hasn't been properly exsanguinated. You need to drain as much blood out of the kobold as soon as you possibly can. Pick up your kobolds and run on down to the smokehouse. If you have too many to drag along, just get someone to help carry them in exchange for some of the finished product. Stone or myself will usually be happy to assist, if nothing too pressing is going on elsewhere.

Anyway, once you're there, skin and flense the meat - make sure that there's not a trace of fat left in what you're using,

or everything the fat is connected to will probably spoil during the drying process - Filet it into pretty long and thin strips, then hang those out and just leave them there for a bit; I'd say about three hours. Right after is the best time to season them. Salt the meat pretty heavily at this point, to get an early start on drying them out. Then crush some pepper and garlic, as fine as you can get them, add a bit of paprika, and mix them all together with just enough brown sugar to make it stick. I usually just throw the meat into a bowl with all the spices when the meat is ready and toss them all around for a bit. Once all of the seasoning is worked in, hang them back up, get the smoke going and just... leave them there. Really, that's about all there is to it! You want a pretty slow fire to dry them out properly. I think hickory wood works best.



Past that, it's just a waiting game. Give them about three or four days like that to finish drying out. Any less and they won't be done. If you started doing this because you were particularly hungry, eat something else. It is quite a bit of prep time, all in all. But once you're done, you can keep them on hand for the next time your hungry, for pretty much as long as you like. Fully dried kobold meat should keep for at least two or three moons, although mine has never lasted that long.

And that's all! If you've done everything right, you should have your own supply of nice new snacks, for not much work at all. If you'd like to see what the result tastes like before you go to the trouble, though, feel free to find me and ask for a taste. It's worth noting about this recipe that I tend to season mine rather strongly - I've found that no matter how much you smoke out of it, plain kobold meat will always retain just a bit of an odd aftertaste. That could just be me, so if it turns out you like the flavor, feel free to change your version accordingly. I won't be offended. I promise. I'm excited to see what everyone comes up with, in fact.

This article is dedicated to the Druids of the Whispering Woods, for their assistance in the second Fae War, and to the hope that Jerdano appreciates my efforts to use everything I kill productively. It's the least I can do.

Happy hunting!

~Virika Yavari Ngehyeste



# Men in Black Followers of the New Lord?

Sunday afternoon of the Shield Moon 1113, the town of New Calendale was attacked by Heretics, who were dressed in the image of the infamous Man in Black and followers. They seemingly had the ability to revive themselves when they were killed. Can the Man in Black Movement be, in actuality, a method in which the Heretics are trying to worm their way into to be in the good graces of the citizens of the Twin Kingdoms? Can their supposed quest for justice be an illusion in which they hope to get people to trust and admire them, and then they will forcibly convert good people in their mindless drones?

In a letter posted on the Message Boards of New Calendale, one of the Men in Black said this:

"Another matter I would like to address is that of the heretics. I have over heard while dropping of care packages for the winter that citizens think we are some kind of "front" for the heretics. That we are trying to gain your trust only to convert you to their evil cause. Rest assured that is not the case and all of our order will fight against this force till our dying breath. Some of you may have heard of "men in black" heretics attacking New Calendale recently and it is true. In the days prior to the appearance of these men members of our order were attacked and then forcibly converted to follow this monster. We know who attacked our brothers and my only advice to you is to stop, give up your evil ways and turn the chalice in your possession over to the mages guild to be dealt with properly. Do you view MY order as such a threat that you would go as far as using such a heretical item to try and smear what we stand for by making people fear we are followers of such a monster? What would the gods think? What would YOUR gods think? What would Jerdano think? What would Mhizrak think? Your actions are unforgivable."

This sounds like someone who is trying to cover their own arse. No doubt they thought to kill or convert the townsfolk but failed and now try to portray it as a small number of them have been converted. Those who hide behind masks and yet claim justice as their message are not to be trusted because they circumvent the law of the land and thus are wild and uncontrollable.

Even if this is not the case they are still troublemakers and rabblers. In the same letter posted by one of the Men in Black said the following in response to Sirus of the

Whispering Wood's appointment to the Town Guard:

"In your case you have shown a willingness to change. To move forward beyond the deeds of evil you have committed in the past, and now wish to sow new seeds of good and hope. Additionally a member of our order will under no circumstances take the life of a guardsmen or similarly level of authority appointed by nobility unless they show sure signs of corruption with evil intent".

But likewise in this same set of messages an anonymous poster pointed out this Wood Elf's criminal record "An elf convicted of multiple murders during his time as a werewolf, an elf responsible for abandoning the best hope the far had at saving their race for the life of a satyr who was himself a traitor to his people. An elf who obstructed justice by withholding information from the Jerdithian Inquisition and who openly mocked the edict of Marquis Samuel".



A person's past is very much a part of who they are and is something that should always be considered when dealing with them. This whole thing presents a three folded problem, first Sirus is a known criminal and they are saying they are not going to take any action, basically saying that while they want to root out corruption and evil in town but they are not willing to go after everyone only those not appointed to positions by nobility or the guard. Which are areas that can have a goodly amount of corruption. Second it shows that while they have some form of code of justice they are willing to circumvent the law and the justice of the nobility to perform it. Finally in a side note it shows that Judge Corporal Saringo may not be thinking clearly with this recent appointment to the guard.

- Jonas Drake





## The Quill & the Sword



### Blood is on the Snow

Blood is on the snow  
A stain melting through the white  
Pure and innocent, maybe  
Waiting for a fight

White was supposed to be safe  
Protection from the frenzy  
But it devours whatever it wants  
What was clean now is filthy

With such an ignorant strike  
Rending the wounded of its might  
Blood melts snow to water  
Water disappears from sight

Silent, no more words to say  
As the hunter slips away  
Leaving stains in his wake  
Leaving death on my face

- Clarissa Golan

### Blood is in the Water

Blood is in the water  
A hunter is in the bag  
He prowls the reddening waters  
Waiting for the strong to become the prey

Lulled by a false sense of safety  
Unaware of the feeding frenzy  
Sleeping wounds bleeding corruption  
Soon it will all be cleansed

With savage precision comes the strike  
Rending the wounded of its might  
The waters have now been cleansed  
The corrupted nowhere in sight

Silently the hunter slips away  
Prowling the waves in search of new prey  
Always ready to drag away  
Any corruption that fills the waves

~ Rafael Espina de la Rosa

## Two Townsfolk Afflicted After Drinking from The Dark Chalice

Two New Calendae townsfolk have found themselves in quite the conundrum after unwittingly drinking from The Dark Chalice during The Sword Moon.

Bartenders Clary Golan and Fredrick Futtock have been temporarily banned from serving patrons of The Scroll & Dragon Inn by tavern mistress Lily Goldsworth after they have been afflicted with a strange curse after drinking from The Dark Chalice.

Late one Fives Day night during The Sword Moon, a rowdy group of farmers came into New Calendae's tavern looking to trade in their hard-earned coppers for a few rounds of drinks. With a full staff of bartender ready at the taps, Lily, Clary, and Freddy were busy filling mugs with ale and giving praise to Ibewinn.

With good cheer all round, the farmers asked the bartenders

to join them in a few rounds of friendly drinking game - but their coin had been spent. One pulled out a large oversized black metal chalice - standing roughly a foot to two feet high - previously hidden beneath some cloak or bag, and asked that it be filled for those gathered to share.

It quickly dawned on a few townsfolk - including Dr. Victor Hamilton, Master Cadrel Amoonasethnos, Raphael Espina de la Rosa, and Rus lezbadger to name a few - that the large, oversized chalice looked like another they had seen during a recent battle against The Dark Ones. In fact, it matched one that had been used to turn Twin Kingdom citizens into heretical New Lord followers.

**Clary and Freddy  
drank from The  
Dark Chalice  
without hesitation...**

Clary and Freddy  
drank from The Dark  
Chalice without hesitation, not making any connections,



before several townsfolk rushed the bar fearful of where the drinking game could lead. Private William of the North rushed Lily, pushing her aside before she could drink from the vessel.

Shortly after the interruption, townsfolk wrestled the Dark Chalice away from the bar while others questioned the farmers. A female farmhand said the group had found the "large cup" in an abandoned building on the outskirts of town but didn't think anything of it.

As the farmers left, only steps outside the taverns doors, they turned and attacked those townsfolk's gathered by its steps - crying out in support of the New Lord.

In the bells that followed drinking from the Dark Chalice, both Clary and Freddy found themselves sensitive to the powerful touch of dedicated clerics to the 22 true gods and goddesses. Neither could stand their touch, writhing in pain when touched by a dedicated cleric, holy water and some suspect - any truly blessed item.

The Dark Chalice that entered the bar was quickly whisked away by townsfolk seeking to keep it out of the hands of New Lord followers. In the confusion that followed, it was not clear who took possession of it, or where the cursed vessel is being stored.

Master Cadrel Amoonasethnos, master of the New Calendale chapter of the Mage's guild, made a public request that those in possession of the Dark Chalice give it over to him so that it may be given to the Emerald Searves for a closer examination of its powers. For those who may hold issues with Cadrel, the closest member of the Emerald Searves is Master Aurelian Noventhal.

- Valeria Trio



## With All These Infernals, Where Is Erian?

Imps and other infernal creatures continue to plague our world. This is not a new occurrence. However, the infamous infernalist Erian Semiquaver is still at large and has not been seen for some or heard from in some time. What is this man planning? We know that he seeks to destroy the kingdom, but we are left wondering what nefarious schemes he's concocting while being absent from the world.

Where will he strike next? His attacks seem to come at random. Leaving only death and destruction in his wake. With the weakening of the Veil, will Erian try to take advantage of it and bring even more powerful beings through? Time will tell. Only one thing seems certain: This man will continue to be a plague upon the kingdom and its people until he is stopped.

- Algernon Corvis

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## Beware, the Dark is Coming

I look at my home my haven  
What I see is dark and dreary.  
Tired now the Hero's once so strong  
Faith begins to crumble and fall.  
Those who enforce justice  
Enforce nothing at all.  
Something lurks just out of sight  
The looming horror of the shade  
Draws closer and closer  
The gentle darkness tries to seduce  
All those who have light in their heart.  
Will this town stand or fall  
Will there be anything left of us.  
Shadows and silence calls to all  
In our sleep and when we wake.  
With sword and bow and spell and prayer  
We must stand and fight.  
For should we fail  
The world falls and so does all of everything.  
So hear the beating of the drum in your heart  
And Prepare for war for it is coming  
From the North and the South and from the Shadow.  
Beware Beware for the Dark Rider is now on his path  
And he is heading for us.

- Jonas Drake





## The Punishment of the Branded One

During the Harvest Moon of 1113, the front page article detailed the actions of the Half-Elf who only goes by the name "Kai". The end results of which was that she be branded a traitor by the Honorable Baron Ravenholm. For those not clear on what this means, the individual who bears the traitors brand is stripped of citizenship, social standing, and any position which they may have held prior to being branded. They are now anathema in the Twin Kingdoms. This is one of the biggest punishments that can be given and is rightfully something no wants to happen to them.

But what happens when someone still continues to break the law of land? Fivesday night of the Sword Moon 1113, Lieutenant Albrecht of the Twin Kingdoms Military arrived in town to review the Guard and to add another layer of punishment on the branded one. Apparently, the branded one had committed numerous crimes since being branded. In their great wisdom, the Nobility have decided to confine the branded one into a specific area of the town through the use of a pair of enchanted restraints which were then placed on the branded one's belt. Only one person in town, Judge Corporal Sarinco, can let the branded one out of its confinement.

Furthermore, in an obvious attempt to try and gain some favor to save its hide; the branded one wrote the following:

*"List of all my crimes up to this point; since I have join you fellow townsfolk in New Calendale proper. Some of you may know them while other will be hearing this for the first time. I will accept any punishment you have for me Judge Corporal Sarinco. Seeing as I am confessing to two new charges. One from the prior moon.*

*-Murder of an innocent highlander passing thru.*

*-Murder of Barren and Ingrid.*

*-Casting without a license.*

*-Conspiracy and overall spying on other townsfolk.*

*-Theft of Theone Holy Water, around 15 vials, prior to the abomination battle. As well as leaving a note praising this false monster.*

*I am not proud of what I have done, nor am I at all pleased with how I have strayed from 22 true gods and goddesses even for a moment. I have been deep thought these two past moon, and I only now realize the travesties I have committed. I will not tell another false apology. This is my one true statement of forgiveness. Growing up in Al'Hazir it was be killed or kill others, and I kept this with me. I will not blame my upbringing for what I have done. I had plenty of friends and a great teacher who showed me a different path, but I denied it.*

*All I can ask is for forgiveness and to change my ways. I cannot help the first women that I murdered, because, sadly, I do not even know her name or pay homage to her and give her a proper funeral. If you would allow me Barren and Ingrid, I took your life once. I would like to protect that precious life I took in the future. I know you won't trust me right away or ever for that matter. But please allow me to protect you from harm. I would like to overshadow your game festivities as well, and make sure you can play in peace.*

**"All I can ask is for forgiveness and to change my ways."**

*Master Cadrel I have no other words other then I am sorry. You showed me another path, but I turned a deaf ear and followed my old habits in order to, what I thought, survive. I may not be your student but I will always consider you my teacher, not just in Air magic.*

*Theone, I was not just wrong, what I did was fatal to the survival of the town. Regardless of bring them to the fight against the Dark ones, I shouldn't have stolen your stuff in the first place. I will accept any punishment you have for me.*



*If you would allow me I would like to work off what I have stolen and pay you back. And although you are a human, I would like you to teach me the ideas of Attalia. My mother, an extraordinary human, used to tell me that if I was ever in trouble an Attalian would know the right path to take.*

*Judge Corporal Serinao, I am sorry for taking you for a fool, I am the fool who thought I could try and commit crimes against nobility and other townsfolk.*

*To nobility, I can never be forgiven for what I have done, all I can say is that I am truly and deeply sorry, and will never commit such acts again.*

***“Yes I have lied,  
but everyone has...”***

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*I have strengthen my body and magic coming to New Calendae, but my mental stability fell short. From this point onwards I will concentrate on my true faith of Xalaron, the protector of the last pure domain on Adraveth, and strength my mind as to not fall to evil ever again. And I will protect this town that protected me, although I failed to protect its townsfolk.*

*Now many of you will not believe that I have truly change. All I ask is that you let me prove to you thru my actions. To those not brave enough to sigh your names questioning my intentions or just simply insulting me: I say go ahead. I*

*am not an Ethalian nor have I ever been. I have praised him like anyone in moments that I needed him, like many others have, like praising Elantrai while playing games, or praising Ibwinn for a great Ale. Yes I have lied, but everyone has, mine just hurt others like an Ethalian dogs. There was never a reason for me to lie. I was in a peaceful town that turned chaotic with some of my lies. I pray to Jeredith to help me to fix my vixen tongue, as well as all the true 22 gods and goddesses to help guide me on the right path. Yes I am a traitor, but that does not mean I cannot change.*

*Judge Corporal Serinao as soon as I reach the town proper I will report to you, for my punishment”.*

*Why it thought that this was a good idea is beyond understanding.*

Furthermore, during Court on Spiritsday, the Honorable Baron Ravenholm announced that the branded one is under a suspended sentence. Meaning, the individual in questions gets a few more Moons of life, while the Nobility await the arrival of several exotic and expensive Arcane Materials needed to enact the branded ones final punishment. The Baron did warn that should the branded one step out of line one more time he would take a very large bag of gold and give it to the Mages Guild to expedite the delivery of the aforementioned Arcane Materials.

*- Jonas Drake*





## Enigmas of the Moon

1) A hundred brothers lie next to each other;  
Each white and fine - they've only one spine.  
I am the tongue that lies between two.  
Remove me to gather their wisdom to you.

2) I am the black child of a white father;  
A wingless bird, flying even to the clouds of heaven.  
I give birth to tears of mourning in pupils that meet me,  
and at once on my birth I am dissolved into air.

3) My first displays the wealth and pomp of kings,  
Lords of the earth! their luxury and ease.  
Another view of man, my second brings,  
Behold him there, the monarch of the seas!  
But ah! united what reverse we have!  
Man's boasted power and freedom, all are flown:  
Lord of the earth and sea, he bends a slave,  
And woman, lovely woman, reigns alone.  
Thy ready wit the word will soon supply,  
May its approval beam in that soft eye!

4) I know a thousand faces and count the tallied heads.  
Feasting bright upon the eyes of the many who have died.  
Wielding well a mighty power who hath but humble stature.  
Masses fall upon their knees to scarce behold my only side!

- 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 Sword Moon's Enigmas:*

*1) Bird 2) Grudge 3) Thunder & Lightning 4) Rainstorm 5) Your Shadow*

*• Congratulations to Valeria Triol for answering all the Sword moon's riddles correctly! •*

*• Please send us your guesses for this Moon! •*