

New Calendale Chronicle

The Elder's Moon, 1114

Sorceress and Her Beasts Will Trouble New Calendale No More

NEW CALENDALE - The mighty sorceress has been defeated!

First, news had spread that the beast has been defeated. Then it seemed that the sorceress herself had returned for her revenge with three new beast creations.

The sorceress was a mighty foe to be reckoned with. However, as the town of New Calendale is, we overcome every obstacle and soldier on. The sorceress had a whole slew of spells and skills that made the battle very difficult. Not to mention that she also had quite a bigger number of beasts to be accounted for. However, we have defeated her.

The battle was long and arduous. The beasts split up into different sections of the town assaulting all the townsfolk. They were very ferocious and mighty foes to be sure. Meanwhile, the sorceress appeared to be casting many spells that were rendering many of the townsfolk incapacitated for various moments at a time. When we lured her away from the beasts, we had the best opportunity to defeat her. And defeat her we did. After she was defeated, the beasts were defeated one by one. Once again, this town surpasses its own expectations and overcomes its own adversities.

The town of New Calendale, the town I have come to admire and thrive in, has faced many challenges in recent times. This is just another battle that we have come across that I personally admire the town for, and others should recognize that this town is a force to be reckoned with. Congratulations to New Calendale for another exceptional battle that we have conquered!

- Alexander Maylock



Mysterious Merchants' Arrive for Yearly Tour of New Calendale

This Laughing Moon the town of New Calendale was visited by the mysterious masked men known as the Merchants of the Mist. These mysterious figures are known for their skills at fortunetelling and have a selection of high quality merchandise, specifically high end magic items. These items tend to be so high end that if they were any higher we would be able to walk on the moon. From what I understand these figures make a regular appearance in town during the Laughing Moon each cycle.

In addition to a bevy of unidentifiable alchemical items, there were five magical items up for grabs this time. First, there was a Shamanic item in the form of a strange beast from the New Continent. Its abilities and the name of the creature it gets its form from is unknown. The item went to Rus lezbagger, who traded two silver and a horse-shaped magical necklace that protected from disease.

Second, there was an amulet called the Amulet of What Came Before, containing an unknown form of magic that has been forgotten from living memory. This item went to Y'noeh the Barbarian who told his deepest darkest secret in order to get it.

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Dr. Victor Hamilton! No, actually it went to Yun Asakura, but I had you going there didn't I? He paid some coin for it and may it serve him in good health.

Fifth and final item was possibly the most coveted. It was the Amulet of Roth the Invincible and after much debate and bartering the item went to Virika. Though there was a price

for it, four of the other people who were seeking the item got a rental agreement for the item for a single moon of their choice.

Now for the analytical part of this article (because let's face it the first part of this article was not the most mentally stimulating thing to read): who exactly are the Merchants of the Mist? They seem to be able to go wherever they please. They are able to get a hold of high end magic items with strange and historic natures. They are also able to give highly accurate fortunes from what I have heard. So who are they? My personal theory is that they are agents of the gods. Specifically the Fortuneteller is an agent for Arrawiel, and Virajar commands the Item-seller. It is the only theory that makes sense for how they can do what they do. So the question becomes why would agents of the Gods want to give out these items? Maybe there is a destiny to these items that needs to be fulfilled, or maybe the Gods feel that we need them here. Only time will tell. This has been Brandan Leachlan and good fortune to you all.

- Brandan Leachlan

The Battle Won, the War To Come

"The fire of Mhizrak burns within us. With our blades as Mhizrak's messengers we will strike strong and true. In the name of war, vengeance, and retribution. Failure is not an option."

-a Mhizrakian prayer by Ignatz Burnside

On the fifteenth night of the Laughing Moon, a large group of townsfolk stood awaiting possible death in the deep woods. First there was quiet, and then they slowly began to beat their shields.

There have been many battles in the deep woods as groups of brave townsfolk attempted to break through the three rings of undead that poisoned the forest. After an embarrassing failed attempt to defeat the second ring during the Thawing Moon, all seemed lost. One man still held on to the idea that victory was within reach. Ignatz Burnside, a dedicated cleric of Mhizrak known for his skill with a shield, formulated a plan to defeat the next ring of undead. He created a strategy that involved four separate groups. This strategy became more intricate as Ignatz mapped out the plan and moved people into specific positions based on their skills and the needs of the group.

When it was time to go to battle, the townsfolk were ready. Everyone went into formation and marched into the forest. Moving slowly and quietly, Agnate led his troop through the darkness. When everyone was in formation, deep in the woods, it was time to call attention to the themselves. They began to drum their shields louder and louder. The deafening noise rose through the trees and out of the shadows came ngeromancers and dozens of undead. After a moment of taunting from the snarky ngeromancers, the battle began.

The front line of shields and warriors held their formation for as long as they could, but were effectively able to move and reform positions as the battle continued. The fighting was furious and fast as the undead advanced on the crowd of townsfolk. Skilled fighters cut down ghoul lords, reapers, and flayed ones. Spells flew through the air and swords flashed as they caught the light of the moon. When all was done that could be done, a retreat was called and the townsfolk made a safe exit through the forest and back to the town proper.

There were a handful of deaths and some injured, but the battle itself was considered to be very successful. Everyone gathered in the tavern to celebrate their success. Agnate marched through the front door, jumped onto a table, and raised his arms in the air. The cheers were deafening as the whole town celebrated this war leader. Then silence fell as Agnate slit his own throat and fell forward onto the table. The crowd ran forward to bless his spirit as the horrified townsfolk watched. Agnate walked back into town a while later, having had the favor of the gods. The whole town was reminded that the battle had been won, but this war was far from over.

Of the battle Agnate says that he is very proud of the group that he led into the dark forest. "I couldn't have asked for a better group of people. Everyone cooperated and listened to orders. Everyone was able to adapt to split-second formation changes and knew how to cover each other's backs." Anyone who fought alongside him is just as proud of Agnate and his successful battle strategy.

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But there is still more to come. There are still many undead and ngeromancers in the deep forest, including the ominous third ring of undead. This last ring is said to contain undead that no one has ever seen before and are thought to be extremely powerful. It will take all our strength and cooperation to defeat the last ring and reclaim our forest from the scourge of undead.

- Clarissa Golan

Onyx's Observations

The Lesson Of the Arc of Swords

This past moon I had just finished up quite a number of tarot readings in the bar of The Scroll & Dragon. As I was about to put my cards away, my friend, Rus lezbadger, had come into the room and was looking rather distraught. I beckoned him to next to me at the table. He was very anxious and upset because the False Lord's power was again interfering with his connection to the spirits.

Since Rus is a Shaman, neither of us are entirely sure if it is permissible for me to do an actual reading for him. So instead, I shuffled my cards, fanned them in my hands, and asked him to only draw a single card, just to see what advice it might offer to him. It turns out that single card's message was just what he needed to hear.

I told Rus I knew he could not read the words on the card but to tell me instead what he saw. He said he saw a woman with her head lifted up high. She seemed strong and sure of herself. He then chuckled softly and shook his head and said that he knew what I was going to say. I nodded, looked at Rus, and told him that it was the Arc of Swords which represented strength, power, focus, determination; it was everything he needed to focus on at that moment to help him overcome his feeling of despair.

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• Reflections & Observations •

The Arc of Swords represents what we all need to remember in our battle against the false god. Allow me to present a more in depth explanation and why I felt the need to share this story and its card in my column this Moon.




The traditional meaning of this card is "strength in adversity" - out of evil something good emerges. Because Swords relate to strife, conflict, and difficulty, this card suggests the beginning of a promising venture that develops out of adversity. From the inevitable and sometimes painful variations of life, something positive will emerge. My hope is that those of us who put our faith in the True 22 gods and goddesses will be able to put aside our differences and unite in a way that Adraveth has never seen before. It was only a few years ago that our churches were at each others' throats in a holy war that cost the lives of many faithful. Our faith is being tested again, this time by a dark entity that wishes to destroy us all. Let us turn this threat into something good.

You have the discipline and determination to overcome obstacles and difficulties. Great strength and force is at your disposal. You are able to focus your mind and concentrate your energies towards pursuing a goal. Your capacity for logic, balance, and order are needed. We must not throw ourselves blindly into battle against the False Lord's followers. We must be smart and we must not act

alone. This is a threat that affects everyone. Together we have the power to do something about it, or at least put forth the best chance we have to defeat this entity. We need to be smart. We need to plan. We need to analyze our strengths and find the best way to offset our weaknesses.

I know you may have heard all this before. But as a dedicated elerie, I feel that I have been charged to remind and encourage the denizens of Adraveth to remain faithful to our True gods and goddesses. I worry every time I see new converts to the False Lord; I wonder if those souls can be saved or if they are lost to us. As many of you readers know, two of our own townsfolk drank from a chalice that converts people to the False Lord. Will we be able to save them in time?

May Arrawiel bless your dreams.

~ Ongx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel



Notes From Oblivion

Narrative Time

Nothing in all the realms is truly static or eternal, and that is beautiful.

A few of you came to me over the last days asking what I had been thinking in "selling my soul" to the Merchants of the Mist. My soul is not on the market and never will be. It feels absurd that I should even have to humor that claim, but I heard it enough last Sunday that I do. What I did sell was my claim to the birthright of my people, our potential to live forever. And what about it? Stories end. Those of you who know me must know perfectly well that with the kind of life I live, and the speed at which I live it, the odds that I will ever decide I am too old for this sort of thing, settle down, and live to a ripe old age are essentially nonexistent. More broadly, though, I hope most of you already know that the fact that life ends in no way invalidates anything one made of it. If anything, it is an effective call to make everything you can of the time you have, and I would have expected all of you to understand this better than I do. You've been living with it much longer than I.

In Faerie proper, my kin and I had no use for the construct people here call "time." I was only dimly aware of things like the day or my age, which I stopped properly counting a few

centuries ago when I realized that it simply did not mean much of anything about me. I frequently wonder why natives of this world think so much about the timing of things: since I came here, everything I've experienced has supported my idea that the kind of time which passes in days and years is not nearly so important as what my kith and I call narrative time, time as measured in the events and accomplishments and developments of one's life. To illustrate, in the year and some that I have lived in this place, I have accomplished and become more than I did in a thousand and some of childhood - and make no mistake, while I am probably chronologically older than any of you, I was a child until the War came.

My friend Rafagi said to some newcomers who arrived during the Thawing Moon that for all the brutal violence and constant danger they would encounter while living in this town, if they endured it, they would learn ten times faster than they would in any other place. He is quite right. Narrative time in New Calendae moves faster than it tends to in the rest of the world. That is why I am here. That, I think, is why we are all still here, whatever anyone might say about spontaneous mass insanity or crippling masochism binding us to this town. In the kind of time that matters, everybody reading this has the potential to live more than long enough to exhaust everything they might ever want to do with themselves. Will they, in practice? That depends on you, reader. Lots of people do die terribly here.

I do not know what the knowledge that you will inevitably die and decompose means to those who are born with it. I have never asked, although I would be interested to hear what some of you think. For me, it is simply an affirmation of things I have already devoted my life to, and a push to work

harder at making sure every single surviving Fae has the strength and awareness to protect themselves and rip our enemies to shreds. I will not always be here to do it for them. If bringing that reality a little closer gives me more of the strength I need to play my role properly, I regret nothing. Nor should any of you regret the finite nature of your lives. Life begins when you realize that there's more to it than just living, perpetuating your existence

Life begins when you realize that there's more to it than just living, perpetuating your existence with no concern for what it means or accomplishes.

with no concern for what it means or accomplishes. Remember that well, or you are apt to waste the entire experience.

So, my deepest apologies if all this was not quite as practical or galvanizing or even really enjoyable as some of my previous writings. Permit me this little bit of self-indulgent navelgazing, dear readers, and I am certain I will be back in form by the Solstice Moon. I think most of you will like what is coming next.

~Virika Yavari Ngehyste

Shards of a Realm for Sale?

Recently, the town of New Calendae has been visited by a group of mystical beings known as "The Merchants of the Mist." The Merchants appeared from nowhere one night during the Laughing Moon, sold many powerful potions and artifacts and then departed as suddenly as they appeared.

Among the artifacts that were sold last moon was an unobtrusive looking rock. This flat, smooth pebble appeared to be nothing more than a river stone at first glance. However, if the merchant is to be believed this stone's origin is much more worrying. The merchant claims that this stone is a shard of the realm of Zanzir. Zanzir is the plane created by the Elementals, the Dao, Djinn, Efreet, Marid, and Qorrash where they could all reside. Recently, however, this realm has collapsed.

A shard of the realm had fallen into the Merchants' hands and a buyer has claimed this rare find. The Merchants claim that the shard grants the bearer the ability to call on the elemental forces of Earth, Air, Water, and Fire. This shard also grants the bearer the ability to turn elemental forces cast at her away from herself and at another target.

Regarding Zanzir, what does this mean? We know that the realm has collapsed but how many shards scattered to the realms? If Zanzir itself has shattered instead of ceasing to be could it be rebuilt if all the shards were brought back together? Is it possible that we may begin to see more of these shards within our own realm? Only time and a watchful eye will tell.

- Algernon Corvis

Welcome to New Calendale

Hello dear readers and friends, I hope you found last moon's edition of this column as insightful and helpful to read as I did to create it. Once again, I was able to sit down with a few of our newcomers and those not long part of our little township to get to know them and discuss a little about their past and hopes for the future.

The first newcomer I had a chat with was a young zhyon kelonian named Crysis Amenti. Our new friend had quite the harrowing and colorful tale to impart to us. Hailing from the town of Sinai just west of Solnaria city, Crysis found her home destroyed by what she called sailors of a foreign land. Crestfallen, but not defeated, she set out into the world not seeking vengeance, oddly, but understanding. She regaled me then, of her tales of briefly joining with a traveling caravan and making her way north of her homeland, meeting interesting and entertaining people both in the circus and about it. Alas such a life was not to be hers, and she told me she was drawn north.

"I felt drawn to New Calendale, perhaps by fate or destiny. At first I was concerned at the danger, but I realized it [New Calendale] can handle itself and there is a lot to learn."

That is when I realized Crysis is not just a proficient archer but a burgeoning fire mage. She explained that it is the fire magic coursing through her that helps keep her calm, providing an outlet for her frustrations, especially in perfecting her archery skills. "You'd be surprised how difficult it is to use a bow with claws," she explained to me over a broad smile. Most of all, however Crysis explained how she felt incredibly grateful to all the help she received in our township, both in tutelage and hospitality; and she looks forward to being a citizen of our town, not just on word, but in deed, and I look forward to seeing it.

The second young woman I had the pleasure of speaking with was Elira. A few of you already know our charming new water mage as she has been with us for a couple moons now. I unfortunately was only able to talk to her very briefly before our interview this Laughing Moon. Before reaching New Calendale, Elira left her adoptive home needing to find support and understanding for her growing magical energy.

She explained that she found her time in the wood and the wilds quite peaceful though she kept away from people in general being wary of strangers; as any lone traveler should be.

I asked her, then, why Calendale? What sets us apart and made us different than the others she crossed paths with before? "I was looking for a place I could settle...it's been a nice warm welcome here." She admitted that after time away from towns and such, it was good to be with people again. Speaking of people, I asked her about her interactions with our branch of the Mage's Guild, and she explained she had a very good relationship with her teacher Zodimar and said quite plainly "I like Master Cadrel."

When not building her magical ability, Elira quite enjoys being by the waterfront and near the ocean and taking the time to intelligently think things through and work out complex problems. I'm glad Elira has found a home and welcoming family with us here in New Calendale and look forward to seeing what insights she brings to us all.

Once again, I was able to sit down with a few of our newcomers and those not long part of our little township to get to know them and discuss a little about their past and hopes for the future.

The last young man I sat with comes all the way from the warm arid lands of Al'Hazir: Sargesh Nazari. Sargesh told me how traveling such a great distance was quite exciting for him. Being the fifth born son he had not done any traveling beyond his home, so when his father set him out into the world to expand the Three Wishes Bazaar it was quite the experience. Traveling through Al'Hazir, to the Jeters ziggurat

into Szekem, and Agoria, our young traveler saw many things both tempting like the magical palace of Aszi and the creepy creatures in the swamps of Agoria, until finally reaching the "amazing and very busy city of Vondara." Where he experienced snow for the first time and found it quite the shocking wake up call, an experience I can well agree with.

Looking to establish his own business he originally planned to set up in Vondara, but found the city there quite difficult for a starting merchant to set up in and was advised to try his hand in New Calendale, a place with a great deal of potential growth and untapped markets. Sargesh admits that when he first arrived the town looked very quiet, and

he wasn't sure if the potential he needed was actually here, until he came to Lord Samuel's tavern. "I saw people of all different races enjoying one another's company. Things quickly changed and I began to see the potential of this wonderful town. However, I learned quickly as well that this venture is high risk high reward..." Sarsh speaks of course of the dangers living in a frontier town brings. But speaking to people about the amazing things that have and do happen here made him excited to set up shop here and make his father proud.

However it is not just his father that he honors but his mother as well; a Viralzan librarian who has mastered four schools of magic. Sarsh was quite proud of his mother and looks forward to not just following in her foot steps, but outdoing her. "I am also a practitioner of the Arcane arts, currently a student of fire, however I have the ambition to learn all the magics from across the world as they are all precious gifts from the goddess Viralze." He was quick to join our branch of the Mage's Guild, and institution not unlike the Elfin Elf of his home and pursues not just the growth of his business and arcane might, but to make both the Twin Kingdoms and Al'Hazir proud to obtain dual citizenship.

Sarsh Nazari is a man with no lack of ambition, all but bursting with energy, and I look forward to seeing his Three Wishes Bazaar flourish and prosper.

Next I would like not to talk of a new comer, but an old friend. In the Harvest Moon of 1113, I printed an article about my good friend Ribz and his decision to leave our home and wander the lands for a time. It fills me with great cheer to relate his return to us and reunion with his family. He was greatly missed in his time away and to have him with us here in times of such turmoil is a great boon to our town and the Twin Kingdoms. It was only a short time before he resumed helping the Guard sniff out poisons as well as spreading his shamanic healing and empowering abilities to newcomers and veterans alike. And he did not hesitate to join us on the front line against not just those things that would wander into our town and do harm, but on the front line against the legions of undead amassing in the Darkwood that would overrun not just New Calendale but all the kingdom if allowed to grow unchecked.

Welcome back Ribz, you were greatly missed, and you will always be loved.

In closing, I would like to say again, whether you read this article or not, get to know our newcomers, those here and any I missed, you never know who might have an interesting story or a useful skill. Our society grows by working together and connecting with each other. Don't short change yourself or each other by neglecting to get to know somebody new.

-Codiegr "Stone"

Flow

And so the devastation tide shall ebb
And flow across the land.
Forever will the statues watch
Where armies once did stand.

We glimpse at the nightmare lashing out
And dance the night away.
But only when the land's reborn
Will we forgive this day.

Tonight the light doth bend and quake
When the lands tremble in their wake.
Then freedom skies do soar and dive
To sink the meanness thoughts aside.

The thunder drums through the deep
And shudders calamity in their sleep.
Sun seeing shameless bleeding forts
Upon unending dreading sorts.

Shaking free the bonds of pain
To feel the lifeless joy again.
No one dare bring out the shade
For none feel part the fallen jade.

Splinter light and dark aside
You cannot be swept from your stride.
Slipping through the cracking gates
Of time to be in darkest hate.

And so the devastation tide shall ebb
And flow across the land.
Forever will the statues watch
Where armies once did stand.

- Ulv Shadow-Walker



The Quill

An Ode To The Flaming Sword

In formation, out of sight,
Heavy breathing in the night.
Fighters here and healers there,
Death assured but no one cared.
Friends and foes, side by side,
Following our leader's stride.
Man with shield, and sword in flame,
Not many will forget his name.
Standing silent, ready to meet
Then the shields, they slowly beat.
We are here, we are strong,
Come undead, this won't take long.
These woods are ours, this land is too,
Now come and see what we can do.
And for those men who controlled that spawn?
We'll cause them the greatest harm.
Our fighters strike straight and true,
And pretty soon they'll get what's due.
Yells and screams filled that night,
Spells and swords shining bright,
And we were stronger than we've ever been
Stand together and we will win.

- Clarissa Golan



What Does It Mean To Be an Adventurer?

It seems to me that the New Calendare population is divided into two sections. There are the farmers who reside within the area and then there are the Adventurers. What had me interested is the term Adventurer; what exactly does it mean? Is it to be a Mercenary, a Traveler, a Seeker of Fortune, or Thrill Seeker? Is it one or all of these things?

From where I sit I think it has more to do with our very nature. Every one of us has something that had us leave our previous lives and end up in New Calendare. We are all cut from very different cloth than the farmers that reside in within the area. No offense to the farmers, we need them but they can't exactly kill a murder of Ores. A handful of Adventurers could easily stomp those same Ores into dust. In turn they may get stomped into dust by something bigger. Is that not the cycle of life anyway?

Though it is interesting that when polled about what an Adventurer is, there were many different answers. Everyone's favorite Pixie, Virika, said "An adventurer is a person who wanders the world and murders things for their stuff, and who is not Saringo." Not sure what she has against the Judge Corporal, but it is one take on the concept.

Freddy Futtoek gave a good hobbitesque answer by saying "an adventurer is someone who lives life one town at a time." Sounds like it would be a nonstop party if that were the case.

Rafael Espina de la Rosa responded by giving one of the more lengthy answers; "The term 'Adventurer' is one that varies in definition depending on the person you ask. To some, it is something little better than a highwayman looking to get coin as quick as possible. To others it is someone who looks to find trouble because the mundane life of a farmer does not appeal to them.

For me, I suppose the term means much more. I never wanted glory and riches, or to rid the world of Ores. All I wanted was a peaceful life, but fate or the Gods intervened for me. For me being an Adventurer is being someone who makes a difference. Nobility rules us from on high, burdened with their responsibilities. The armies must protect the realm and the great citizenry. We are the ones who take it upon ourselves to make a difference, shape the world for good or for ill. In any manner we wish. If it were not for the people of New Calendal, Vondara may very well have stayed in Talen's hands and our Queen, long may she reign, may never have regained the capital.

To sum it up: for me, an adventurer is someone who wants to change the world around them. In whatever way they can manage, for good or ill."

Alexander Maglock responded by saying "The term Adventurer is, in retrospect, different to different people. Let me tell you my view on it.

I believe that this term means an individual of any race, creed, color, or birth of origin, rises up to the challenges that they face every day. They face these challenges to survive in the world of Adrevath. You have to be cunning, smart, and versatile. Now, there will be times when certain folk will not think anything of you, since they have not seen what you can do. However, you must not let this deter you from doing what it is what you would like. For example, some in this town think I am weak when it comes to fighting off certain enemies. For a time, I would believe them. However, now I am persevering through this mental and physical barrier that others think and must rise to the occasion.

Personally, that is what I think an Adventurer is in our town. This term does not have to necessarily be limited to physical prowess or being a fighter."

Finally, Rus leebadger responded by saying, "I honestly hadn't thought about it. But, I would have to say that the word, to me, describes a person who does things that bards would tell tales and sing songs about. I've been in this town for... *sighs* has it been three egeles already? And I've seen people do things that you would only ever hear about in those tales..."

So now that the data has been compiled, what is the final answer for this query of ours? The answer is that an Adventurer is someone who is capable of great things and of transcending normal mortal ability, and using this to shape the course of the world. So Adventurers of New Calendal I bid you goodbye and leave these parting words, May you find the path to where you wish is to go and may it be safe and smooth.

- Brandon Lachlan

Bazaar To Be Held On The Blood Moon

Have you tried to sell your possessions with no success? Do you wish you could sell your wares and goods in a proper setting? Please trust me when I say that I have been there. However, do not despair. There will be a bazaar held during the Blood Moon by all those who would like to sell their wares.

The Blood Moon bazaar will possibly hold everything that you could need to cook that special meal that you have been craving for so long. Moreover, you could also buy those gold and silver shards that have caught your gaze so that it can be forged into weapons or jewelry for that special someone. Who knows? You might just find what you are looking for and more in the bazaar.

All the merchants and possibly anyone else who want to sell their wares will be there. Will you?

- Alexander Maglock

**Every one of us
has something
that had us leave
our previous lives
and end up in New
Calendal.**

Light

Is this truly our soul to be?
Is life begone from liberty?
Have diamonds embraced our hearts today?
In hopes our light does not fade away?

But only pain upon us dwell.
From upon this pinnae we fell.
Sinking in to raging thought.
Only since our time forgot.

Diamonds teaching into night
Seeking out the fading light.
Shining out beyond the veil
Out to see what shadows hailed.

Reaching deeper, piercing cold.
From nights which seem so old.
Flames do flicker from within
Blazing bright out here again.

Take this hold and grip the night
Light beckons hope and ceases fright
Peaceful chambers in our minds
Let us leave the past behind.

Is this truly our soul to be?!
To dance each night in revelry!
To sing a song full of delight
About that peaceful evening light!

- Ulv Shadow-Walker



The Games

The Games Tournament is coming to Adravath! Luckily our very own New Calendale has a team entered this cycle that is sponsored by Master Dr. Victor Hamilton. The representatives chosen by Master Hamilton to represent our town are Agnate, Zodimar, Onyx, Theone, and Xandis, with Lily and Aiden as alternates. Fortunately I was able to sit down with Aiden and Xandis, captain of the team. I have been told the game consists of three rounds. Xandis stated that the first round "is a five vs five combat. And the second round is usually a team game; last cycle was capture the flag." When I asked Xandis and Aiden if there were any fierce competitors to look out for they both mentioned someone named Lucian. "Lucian's team is probably our biggest rival and very powerful. They hail from Solinaria and are sponsored by Lucian, one of the men responsible for New Calendale still being on the map."

Aiden stated that two losses in any of the rounds qualifies for loss of the Games as a whole. I asked how New Calendale has fared in past Games. Aiden was not sure, but Xandis confirmed that although New Calendale has not gone further than the second round that this cycle would be different and that he would "never go into something he planned on losing." "My team, while strong, hasn't participated in the past but I'm confident we can come out on top." Aiden's final words to his team are, "Good Luck!"

Personal feelings aside, I have heard rumors that the prize is very a worthy reward to the Champions of The Games. Then again seeing as the price to enter the competition has reached five gold per team, I would hope so. Regardless, the teams to look out for this year are definitely New Calendale and the Solinarian Team, led by Lucian. And of course, remember to bet on your home team of New Calendale. I will be holding a betting pool up until the day of the competition that is yet to be announced. Good Luck in the upcoming Games, teams!

- Drustan Eibhear

Catty's Corner



And as the snow and ice gives way to rain, I bring you another installment. So cuddle up around the fire kiddies and let's dish the gossip! As always, I am your host, Cat, and I am back, giving you the word straight, and slinging the dirt on the dirt.

So where shall we start? Well we can now officially say that Clary and Victor Hamilton are as done as granny's mid-winter roast. Good for you Clary! Clearly, the infamous cheapskate Victor Hamilton was simply leading you on. I have no doubt you can find better; maybe not richer, but better. We haven't seen Diglon around, but with your

rumored talents I bet you will have your veritable pick of the town. Personally I think you should find the man with the most attention and then steal him away. He must have something the other ladies want. We can compare notes later.

This is not the first time our Lord of the people has been witnessed canoodling with commoners.

It does seem however that Victor Hamilton's little love games have blown up in his face faster than a gnomish alchemical experiment. While he was busy playing the field, Onyx may have finally gotten sick of it. Remember how Lord Samuel was not around for some time? Well last moon as if on cue, he waltzes into the tavern with his pretty niece in tow. Lord Samuel mentioned off handedly that his wife was "ill" and then was seen spending some quality time with Onyx. Were they hugging in the shadows? Now I am not one to start rumors... ok yes I am... but it seemed all too convenient. This is not the first time our Lord of the people has been witnessed canoodling with commoners. And if Onyx was looking for wealth she certainly traded up from Victor Hamilton! Just be careful Onyx dear. Wives can bring on so many complications.

It still seems though that Lord Samuel keeps a *very* close eye on his niece Lydia. Apparently he has not been pleased by some of the attention she has received. He mentioned a few "boys" who had been after her in general terms. The worrisome part was when he mentioned flylas by name. Apparently, some townsfolk saw fit to report on the young

man's intentions and Samuel looked very... unhappy. Let this be a lesson to those who would court outside their station!

Meanwhile, it seems things are going strong between ruggedly handsome Sirus and everyone's favorite barmaid Lily! Their romance seems to endure while others fall to the wayside. It kind of makes you sick doesn't it? No but seriously, it is so nice to see that in this little town of ours love can truly exist. And finally we get the answer to the age old question of "Can an elf and a hobbit find enough common ground to be a successful couple?" I know some are likely curious about how... things... *work* between them given the obvious height difference. Lily give us a hint will you love?

Speaking of news from around the tavern, is it ever a good idea to become... involved... with one's co-workers? While I am not one who should judge, I will anyway. Alexander Maglock seems to have taken a true shine to the Pixie Hazel. Is love blossoming behind the bar? Is it just a relationship of convenience? Has the hunk finally found a fiery lass to suit his own nature? Time can only tell.

It also seems that the "scholars" spend a good deal of their time discussing academia over ale. Ohran, "Berry Melon" (what *IS* her real name? Does anyone know?), and Branden can all be found there often. The question becomes "What are they working on other than a substantial bar tab?" All in the name of learning I suppose!

On the subject of scholars, *WTF!* is going on with Stone! His facial coloring seems mismatched, his voice is changing....Is this Argorian coming of age? Is he becoming a man? Are those patches of multicolored skin *everywhere*? Let's have a look dear, I have experience in these matters and I can make you a man. I know I am terrible, and I am ok with this.

Let's have a look dear, I have experience in these matters and I can make you a man.

Your darling Cat did take notice of some newcomers again last moon. One, a young Kelonian named Crysis was simply adorable. A budding fire mage and an archer, she seems to have already worked her way into the hearts of the townspeople. Meanwhile along came the exotic and finely dressed Sareesh. He is an Al'Hazirin who claims to be a merchant. He may not be a sultan but he certainly had a very large... satchel.

Also, I need to ask, how have some people escaped my notice! Elira... where did you come from dear? Not a newcomer but so very charming if a little quiet. Welcome to our town dear, we do hope you enjoy it here. The one that REALLY stood out however was Grigori! How did I never see that shining armor? How did I miss such a strapping and handsome hero? Well no matter, now that I know who you are I will be watching with *great* interest. Save some of your energy for me will you?

In my ongoing efforts to spin truly important events into something I actually am interested in, I could not help but comment on Agnat! From what I heard, he led the efforts against the undead in the Dark Forest yet again. It was said he was rather heroic and inspirational. A real "man's man," he motivated frightened townsfolk into a fore to be reckoned with. So he is handsome *AND* heroic! If he were rich I would be pounding on his door. You thought I was going to say something else? Minds out of the gutter people, there is only room for one of us there!

On the subject of manly men, did you all hear about the revelation made by l'Nauch last moon?? Apparently he lied about his test of manhood to his tribe. Not only did he not defeat the beast he was sent to fight, but the pretty young grey elf named Setja actually saved him from said beast! It goes to show you that behind every successful man is a strong woman. Way to go girl! Maybe you can help him attain manhood in some *other* way?

I will tell you who has no problem with his manly reputation, Saringo. Even though he was unavailable for this

disappointed author, our local lizard lawman never fails to disappoint with his cold logic and commitment to justice. Last moon he fined one of the Merchants of the Mist! Who does that? Who has the stones to levy a fine on a being of immense power from another plane? Well, Saringo that's who! I do have to wonder if there is any way to shake his resolve? I know I will keep trying!

Speaking of the Merchants of the Mist, what are they? Why do they always show up on the Laughing Moon every year? Where are they from? Does anyone really know? I know some people liken them to infernals, but I have to wonder if anyone in this town really listens sometimes. When that celestial was walking about town last cycle he pretty clearly said they were not infernals or celestials but rather

"something else." One of the god's original creations predating even his race. Mature, powerful, and bearing gifts? I definitely want to know more about these masked men! Did anyone think to ask if they were available?

Last but certainly not least did anyone hear that howling last moon late on Spiritsday? Some people were saying it was werewolves. I

really hope not! They frighten the heck out of me! Others said it was simply those beast men that accompanied the sorceress who was killed last moon when she invaded the town. I don't know what the howling was for sure, but be careful loves. If something happens to you who will read my column?

And with that my little lambs, I must be going. The weather is getting warmer and it is time for me to find some... company for the fun to come. Does anyone know where Grigori or Agnat stay?

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

~ Cat

**Way to go girl!
Maybe you can
help him attain
manhood in some
other way?**



Enigmas of the Moon

1) My first is in blood and also in battle,
My second is in acorn, oak, and apple,
My third and fourth are both the same,
In the center of sorrow and twice in refrain,
My fifth starts eternity ending here,
My last is the first of last, Oh dear!

2) One of one. Eight of two. One of three. Three of four.
One of five. Six of six. Two of seven. Four of eight.

There is a Warrior,
Where is a sword?
Peace did he bring,
The fighting Lord.
Shed for him is my fifth tear.
Find it the title here,
Written in but a single word,
An eye is an eye, until it is heard.

3) Grows from the ground, bushes and grass,
Leaves of yellow, red and brown,
Unruly plants, get the axe,
Trim the hedge back down.

4) I have one, you have one. If you remove the first letter, a bit remains.
If you remove the second, bit still remains.
After much trying, you might be able to remove the third one also, but it remains.
What 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 Laughing Moon's Enigmas:

1) Sand (a grain of) 2) Your breath 3) A pin and needle 4) Letter 'V' 5) Glass

• Congratulations to Ohran for getting everything correct!!! •

• Please send us your guesses for this Moon! •