

New Calendale Chronicle

The Thawing Moon, 1115

SOLINARIA DECLARES WAR ON THE TWIN KINGDOMS

To Arms!

Times of grief and pain have come to New Calendale once more with events first set in motion in the Shield Moon finally coming to fruition. The War has begun.

Many of you, my dear readers, will remember the assassination of Emperor Orestes as reported in the New Calendale Chronicle of the Harvest Moon 1114. Unfortunately the conspirators of this vile treachery have succeeded in blaming the good folk of Calendale for this heinous act, and now our beloved kingdom finds itself engaged, already suffering the first attack of what will likely be a long and bloody campaign.

It began moons ago as the harvest was drawn in and we prepared for the onset of these cold and dark moons. First the sighting of the red and gold, the encroachment of Solinarian soldiers on our borders and finally scouts slipping through the Whispering Wood to probe our defenses. Though some were caught, enough made it home to signal the advance of the Solinarian vanguard. Our dear friends, the Wood Elves of the Whispering Wood suffered the first deadly clash. I did not bear witness to this first bloody incursion but I know our Wood Elf allies well and know they gave as bloody a return as they received stalling the Solinarian advance with lives and skill long enough to warn us of the approach.

With their march blunted and any element of surprise gone as smoke in the wind the oncoming army sent ahead messengers bearing the white flag, not for peace but to ask our capitulation. With a voice as clear as thunder and a resolve as firm as stone the emissary offered the good people of Calendale the chance to surrender without bloodshed or loss, offering to escort from the conflict those who would not take up blade against our nation's enemies. A noble offer from an honorable opponent.



However, we in Calendale know honor, too; we know the binding oaths of loyalty sworn upon our souls and to a man we would not relent. It mattered not that this war is not of our choosing, or that others would cast us as pawns in their games. We would hold true to the virtues espoused by our Queen and her nobility. We would stand, and we would fight.

The emissary departed without a single citizen at his side and we waited the inevitable push of the vanguard. To the rolling tramp of marching feet came the waves of crimson and gold, shields locked together, blades glistening in the light of Jeridith. No mercenaries skulking in the dark or braying horde of greenskins was this. These were soldiers, raised to war and filled with a valiant purpose. And we met them in kind.

Would that you could have seen the conflict but been spared its pain, my dear readers. The earth trembled, fire rained from the skies, Solinarian soldiers warded themselves in Mizhrak's finest regalia. Blades were beaten dull on shields and swords shattered like glass. And

through it all the people of Calendale held. Set ablaze, hewn by blade, hurled to the earth and bathed in ice we held. Wave after wave of fearless unrelenting soldiers cast themselves at us and like the Dragon Spine mountains we would not break.

Yes, there were losses; no victory comes without cost. But were you to see the field riven with blood, the bodies of our kingdoms' enemies returned to Jerdano as their souls made

the final journey to Nggoro you would know as they did. You would know that Calendale is not a land that can be conquered by fire and sword. Realizing victory was untenable when neither blade nor spell, when magics mortal and

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divine had failed to turn the tide in their favor they worked their strongest magics to rip open a portal and draw reinforcements from their base camp and ensnare the minds of our goodly townsfolk to take them prisoner.

Us the free people of the Twin Kingdoms imprisoned? Enslaved?

THIS WOULD NOT STAND!

Without fear or restraint the people of New Calendale rallied, they pushed, they battered aside the soldiers who thought they could hold our land and put them all to the sword. Unfortunately too many of our people were taken, imprisoned by the Solinarians and the portal closed before pursuit could be made. But the day was won; the town held this day as it will every other in the days to come. I grieve for our lost comrades, but I know the strength they showed on the fields of war will not quit them in the dark places they lie now and they know that we will not let their position remain.

To those of the kingdom, understand: we stand with you, we stand for you, we have ever been the guardians on your borders, the people that keep the dark things and the monsters at bay, and this test is no different.

To those of the Solinarian Empire, I entreat you: turn back now for you will never know victory here.

May the Gods and their parents bless thee and keep thee:

- Codiegr Stone

Trade Problems Expected Due to War; A Call to Crafters

War leads to a lot of problems, death and destruction being the big ones. But beyond that there is the issues of trade during war. Many of the travelling merchants whose goods have been a staple in our little town of New Calendale have started to flee to safer territory. With the Kingdom now on war footing even those merchants who are brave enough to travel into the area may have difficulty bringing large stores of material to us.

What does this mean for us? Are we somehow doomed now that the trade routes are beginning to slow down? No, don't be an idiot; we will survive as we always have and come out the better for it. How, you may ask? Simple - many in our fair town are skilled in the gathering of materials, using them to create something, or both. Now is an excellent time for those with these skills to start producing to fill the void that is soon to form.

This will have several effects on New Calendale. The first is that the economy is going to be converted to being based almost completely on locally manufactured goods. Second, this will give many a chance to spread their wings and try their hands at producing goods. Third, this give the local economy a much need kick in the rear so that it can blossom into something great.

I look forward to seeing the marketplace filled with local goods and seeing those same goods being shipped abroad. Imagine visiting Vondara and finding them serving a wine or ale made here in New Calendale, or finding some glass or metal craft made here in the markets of Al'Hariq. I can't wait to see these things done and the current situation, while it may be a pain initially, is not only something that we can adapt to, but will encourage many to start learning a craft. May your fortune be grand and may the craft of your hands be the better than the last.

- Branden Lachlan

Onyx's Observations

• Musings of War and Peace •

From the end of one war to the beginning of the next (the First and Second Goblinoid Wars, Civil War, Holy War, Fae War, Kavarek War, and now the Solinarian War) it seems that Calendalg is a place of constant strife. I do not believe I have seen peace reign for any long length of time since residing in both Old and New Calendalg.

Regardless of the deaths that inevitably come with war, there have been plenty joyous occasions throughout the conflicts. Where some lives end, others begin. Most recently, I am happy to announce to those who have yet to hear that our own Lord Ashton Samuel and Lady Anindita Samuel are the proud parents of newborn twins! Anindita gave birth over the winter to a son and a daughter, whose names have yet to be released to the general populace. In the upcoming Moons, we can expect more good news regarding new additions to our nobility as I also remind our readers that Queen Nephemiah and King Leopold are expecting as well.

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In light of this good news, I find myself contemplating what the future holds for the next generation; up until a few Moons ago, we did not even know if there would even be a next generation.


People dream of peace, but unfortunately fighting is a natural instinct. There will always be differences of opinions, different angles to view situations, and not all can

always be settled amicably. Sometimes, as in the case with Kavarek, we are left with no choice but to fight because it is our nature, our need, to survive and pass on what we know. And while we do not wish the next generation to suffer the same things that we did, we realize it is necessary at times. If our successors knew only peace then they would never develop the skills needed to resolve conflicts when they arise.

I find it interesting that wars create opportunities that can bring out both the best and worst in people. On one hand, you have those such as pirates and brigands who use it as an excuse to be more overt with their activities, selling their skill sets to whoever can compensate them more. On the other hand, you have those people who wish for peace who are courageously sacrificing themselves either overtly or covertly in an attempt to end the fighting with as little bloodshed as possible.

Those who sacrifice themselves in such a way help to offset the negative impacts that the wars can have on the minds of our successors. They help to ensure that our future children might not have to worry about growing up under the constant threat of ever-present danger. Instead of fear being their first inclination because they have grown used to the violence that seems to constantly plague our area, I pray that when differences arise they will instead be inspired to seek a more peaceful resolution whenever possible.

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawiel





Magistrate Ascendant

Congratulations are in order for our very own Magistrate; Thong Lighthart!

If you live in the region of New Calendale or read our Chronicle, you are already well aware of the accomplishments of our magistrate. But for you few unaware or new to our extended family, allow me to take you on a small walk down memory lane.

Thong came to New Calendale a young and wide-eyed parishioner, looking to devote herself to the gods of good and be a wonderful aid to our township and her kingdom. Over the years she has pushed herself, dedicating to the Lady of Mercy Attalia, and bringing that kindness and heart to all her tasks and responsibilities. She served faithfully to our Kingdom through the Goblinoid war, the Talon conspiracy, and the most recent schism of Gods over a recovered artifact of Gorvaak. Through this all she held to her faith, caring for the wounded, and helping those in need.

It was because of both her kindness and her resolve that she was appointed the Magistrate of New Calendale under Baron Ravenholm. She has served, then, as liaison between we the goodly people and our nobility, taking decisive

action and never hiding from her duties. Recently she raised a temple to Attalia, the first such temple in these parts which acts not just as a place of worship, but one of rest and comfort for travelers and residents alike.

All this - her honorable service, her great dedication, her raising of a temple - would be enough to congratulate our young and beautiful magistrate, but these pale in comparison to her latest if not greatest achievement.

The Chronicle has received word that Ms. Lighthart is no longer simply walking the path of Attalia's grace. She has been declared a High Cleric of Attalia!

I can only imagine what great and good deeds our dear magistrate will perform now in her new role in practicing and spreading her faith, but I do know one of the first acts shall be a great feast of Celebration to be held in the Laughing Moon.

So let us welcome Thong Amira Lighthart both into our hearts and the hallowed station of High Cleric and let us join her in celebration and peace come the Laughing Moon.

- Codieir Stone

Ruminations of an Al'Haziran Scholar

• Of Reflections and Lessons Learned •

My Dear and Fellow Citizens,

The winter has been long and harsh, made bitter by the loss of our townspeople to the captivity of the Solinarian army. In one afternoon a teacher, an employer, a good friend, and many others I consider friends disappeared from me all at once. How is it that, even after what seemed to be our greatest triumph over a mighty evil, that we suffer pain and loss from mortal conflict so soon? It feels as if we have barely been given a chance to breathe before we have been plunged into the crucible of war. Even Lord Samuel had fallen from sight, a beacon of hope and virtue that has never failed to inspire, as he was held in the Empire's land for negotiations and questioning.

Though all conflicts bear with them the seeds of lessons to be learned, I pray that the gods have some mercy with the pace of our education. I find my mind wandering back to Onyx's words, "the gift of time is immeasurable"; as much as I am loathe to accept the means of this teaching, perhaps this is the work of the gods, emphasizing just how precious time spent can be, for as quickly as the gods returned, our mortal loved ones can as easily vanish. Life and time are as vital as they are fleeting, their value greater than any mortal wealth. To ignore their worth is to scorn the very gifts of the Gods and Great Spirit alike, inviting only ruin and regret to dwell in a withered heart.

However, I am but mortal, short of sight. The Eldest Goddess, in her wisdom and mercy, reminded me during the Thawing that life, like the cycles, are of many Moons and seasons; where wheat

may wither and bears slumber in winter, sprouts blossom and birds return north in spring. As warmth slowly begins to return to the land, so has word that our captive citizens have been slowly returning

to our beloved town. My heart leapt at the joy of answered prayers and in gratitude of wisdom shared as I set out to inquire of their health and state of being. However, try as I might, no proof has met my eyes in over two Moons. I pray that my return to New Calendale on the Thawing Moon will

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assuage my restlessness and bring me the answers I seek.

In my experience though, many things come in groups of three and lessons give rise to more questions. If there is a third lesson to be learned these past few moons, it would be that trials undertaken and lessons learned leave one forever changed, for journeys and conflicts force us to look at things and ourselves through lenses previously unnoticed. Though I will undoubtedly rejoice and look forward to seeing familiar faces again, I cannot help but wonder just how much being a captive of the Solinarian army has changed our fellow comrades. May the gods be merciful and understanding in our trials to come, as the drums of war sound in air thick with tension and uncertainty.

Yours most sincerely,

~ Rizhak Alim H'Gar

Town Guard in Shambles' after Solinarian Invasion

On Sunday of The Spirit Moon 1114, the Solinarians came in force to try and take our beloved town from us. Thanks to the brave men and women who took a stand against these invaders, they were unsuccessful. It was not without price, though, for many of our fine town members were taken. Among them were three members of the New Calendale Guard, consisting of the recently promoted Judge Corporal Gabranth, Quartermaster Private William Samuel Saberson the Third, and Private Gunnar Ivarsson. Furthermore, Saringo is no longer an active member of the Guard and Valaria Trio has chosen to step down from the Guard for private reasons. This all equals trouble.

Why is this trouble you may ask? It is trouble because the guard has been gutted most severely. With the loss of five members, there are only a few members left to enforce law and order in our fair town. At last count there are only 4 members of the Guard (Weis, William of the North, Bar, and Sirius) remaining plus one probationary member (Xelos). Two of those members (William of the North and Bar) have not been seen in recent months, no doubt on a long term patrol to try and protect our beloved Twin Kingdom's borders. That means that the guard has been put into a dangerously weakened state.

I ask that all able-bodied and willing members of town work to support the Town Guard and do their best to patch up the dam. If you are willing I ask you to join the Guard to fill

its badly depleted ranks. I also call on organizations like Battle Bound, The Lunar Crusade and Shadow's Edge to work with the Guard in order to ensure the protection of the denizens of New Calandale from lawlessness and Solinarian Invaders. May Leondarr watch over and protect us during this dark time. May Jeredith's light guide us safely through the dangers that lay before us.

- Brandan Lachlan

Addendum: After writing this article during the Sword Moon one of the members of the Guard who was taken by the Solinarian Invaders, Private Gunnar Ivarsson, has been tentatively confirmed in town. This is due to a note appearing on the message board bearing his name during the Love Moon. Hopefully this is the missing Guardsman and that this means that the other Guards are making their way to town, after being taken as prisoners.

A Wanderer's Reveries

Ulv Shadow-Walker

Light

Blazing bright
Infinite light
Hope is strong
No one is wrong
We all ignite
Souls burned from fright

Shadows tremble
Beyond the ended night
Light, twisted, burns tonight

Blazing night
Exploding bright
Everyone's gone
No more dawn
We must ignite
No more can have fright

Shadows tremble
Beyond the ended light
Fright is twisted, grieving rite

Tonight it falls
Tonight begins
Tonight we all forgive our sins
Tonight we have changed our skins
Tonight we live without them in

For shadow life
For love can go
No more can forever know

Today has time
Today is right
Today...

Let us end this fight.

Shatter

Break!
Crack!
Snap!
Broken!

Taken shaken
Breaking tearing
Has it ended?
Will it start?

Oh, I know!
Take his heart!

Snap!
Stretch!
Scar!
Flake!

Did we do too much?
But he didn't break?
Will it snag? Maybe so.

Oh, I know!
We'll terrorize his soul!

Breaking, battering,
Bending, crashing,
Melting, shaking,
Bleeding, shattering!

Splinter, shatter,
Shatter, broken,
Don't stop now
We barely know him!



Enigmas of the Moon

- 1) The hungry dog howls
For crust of bread
His cry goes unheard
It's far overhead
- 2) Two horses, swiftest traveling,
Harnessed in a pair, and
Grazing ever in places
Distant from them.
- 3) I am, in truth, a yellow fork
From tables in the sky
By inadvertent fingers dropped
The awful cutlery.
Of mansions never quite disclosed
And never quite concealed,
The apparatus of the dark
To ignorance revealed.
- 4) This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the body falls home.

- Jonas Drake

Please send us your guesses for this Moon with your name on a piece of paper one of two ways:

1. Hand deliver personally to Onyx TigerEye (Senior Editor of the New Calendalé Chronicle)
2. Send by courier to "New Calendalé Chronicle"

*First person to get them all correct 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) "Which way to your village?" 2) A Key 3) Potato 4) Morning Dew 5) Time

• Congratulations to Blackmail for getting 3/5 correct! Please send your guesses for this Moon! •