

# New Galendale Chronicle

The Elder's Moon, 1115

## TWIN KINGDOMS MOURNS DEATH OF QUEEN NEHEMIAH



*Nehemiah's personal guard and advisors pay their respects.*

### What We Do For Honor and Love

No doubt by the posting of this article, you my dear readers will have heard the same terrible news I did. That our beloved Queen Nehemia Varrow has passed on, giving her life even as she brought life into this world. Oddly fitting that she would die so her son could live; that was the very core of her character.

I grieve terribly at this, and it is only with great strength I do not fill this article with the pain filling me. Others better of prose than I will cover that. No - as an Argorian I look at all of death's facets and remember to look not just to the departed, but those left behind in their wake. I look at not how this affects me as a person but us as a people, and I am worried. I fear for all of us.

We find ourselves embroiled in a period of great upheaval, of terrible conflict, and the news of the Queen's passing can only make things worse. Vultures will gather to pick through the spoils, self-centered egotists will make grabs

for power and try to undercut their betters, and Solinaria will no doubt push to lash out even stronger now that we appear to be at our weakest. All this will be pushing us to the breaking point.

In such dark times, I turn to my friends, I beseech the gods and I ask myself, "What would Nehemiah want?"

You may not know this, dear readers, but I knew the queen; I fought at her side during the civil war, I watched her officiate court. So believe me when I say I KNOW she would want us to endure. I KNOW she would want us to smile. I KNOW she would want us to fight harder. I KNOW she would want us to support her husband and her son. I KNOW she would weep the bitterest of tears if her death leads to the fall of the nation she loved so dearly.

What would Nehemiah want?



She would want us to carry on all the proud traditions of the Twin Kingdoms. She would want us to be stronger in her absence, to pick up what she can no longer carry. To continue loving and defending this land. She loved this land, she loved her people. And Jeredith as my witness I KNOW she would not want us to fall apart at her death. So we must be strong, we must honor her life, her memory, her love. Do not listen to the vultures, do not support the opportunists, and do not slacken your resolve in the face of adversity.

Our enemies will accost us.

Fight them as Nehemiah would.

Disloyal servants will speak against the King and his court.

Support him as Nehemiah would.

Citizens displaced by war and broken by the Solinarian advance will beg you for aid.

Help them as Nehemiah would.

Love your neighbor, protect your land, stand loyal to the King and destroy our enemies just as Nehemiah would.

I grieve most terribly, but I will not let this pain break me. I will use it to transform myself, let it dissolve my uncertainties and enflame my compassion. Let this not be the turning point which sets the kingdom to fall into ruin. Let this be the rallying standard that unites us in one cause.

Now.

Always.

Forever!

FOR THE QUEEN! souls into eternity.

- Codiegr Stone

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## Knights of the Mane Resurface

This past Laughing Moon, New Calendargans were shocked to see the spirits of two men wearing the tabards of the Knights Of Mane making their way to Negoro's Realm. Word has it that when the townsfolk tried to speak with the spirits, they replied that they would only speak to "the one true king." They said nothing more and continued their journey to meet the God of Death.

After Queen Calithandra's murder by the hand of Baron Claudius, Duke Algetor Tallen declared himself the King of the Twin Kingdoms in 1107. He was associated with a man by the name of Captain Bennett, whose forecs had been left behind and presumed dead in the battles of the Goblinoid Wars. Captain Bennett's forecs originally wore the same tabards as the guards of the Twin Kingdoms. Some said that some of them wore the tabard colors reversed as an act of defiance towards the crown that they felt had abandoned them; instead of red on the left over the heart, they wore it on the right. "King" Tallen knighted a large number of Bennett's Men and those elite soldiers became known as the Knights of the Mane. He appointed Captain Bennett to a minor noble of some standing: "Lord" Bennett.

Algetor Tallen was captured after Princess Nehemiah's forecs won the civil war and she was crowned Queen.

Tallen was stripped of his nobility and sentenced to Final Death. He was publicly executed in Vondara a number of years ago. Bennett's whereabouts are currently unknown, though some speculate that he may be in the area once more since the Knights of the Mane have been seen.

To those that do not know, Knights of the Mane wore tabards of black and gold, reminiscent of a lion. Tallen's other men wore tabards of black and purple.

Knights of the Mane and Bennett's Men do not represent the rightful nobility of the Twin Kingdoms in any way. They are to be considered traitors to the crown of King Leopold and the late Queen Nehemiah.

Extreme caution is advised if you must have any encounters with men or women wearing tabards in either of these color combinations. Sightings should be reported immediately to the town guard, Magistrate, or the nobility.

~ Algraa Qeranni

*Note: There may be some inaccuracies in this article since the events mentioned occurred approximately eight years ago.*



## *Onyx's Observations*



In loving memory of our benevolent Queen Nzhemiah.  
May Jeredith's light continue to shine upon your soul,  
a soul that was one of the kindest I have ever known.

~ Onyx 

Student and Disciple of Arawiel



## Troubling Wraith Sightings

Wraith attacks have increased over the past several weeks. They seem to be trailing a large contingent of ghouls that have taken to hunting in the woods at night.

Latest reports are mentioning three distinct types of wraiths stalking the night: Blue-Eyed, Red-Eyed, and most recently Green-Eyed. There are also unsubstantiated reports of these creatures exhibiting abilities heretofore unseen, although no witness accounts were exactly clear on what these might be.

The Twin Kingdom's Mages' Guild was unable to confirm these claims.

- Vorcl Valken



## Ubiquitous Undeath

Greetings readers, it brings me great pleasure to join my fellow authors in educating and informing you, the good people of New Calendale, of the goings on in the world around us.

As I am sure many of you have become aware of, our fair town has recently been faced with a surge of undead activity. Now, we as a community are no strangers to combating these unholy creatures of the night. During the Thawing Moon, we were faced with the threat of two wraiths, several armed skeletons, and just a hand full of ghouls. What we encountered during the Laughing Moon was, however, far more dire.

On the 24th night, The Scroll and Dragon was breached by a small host of skeletons. The aggressors were unlike their predecessors in that they wielded a weapon that I have not known their kind capable of wielding: magic. These "Skeleton Mages" wreaked great havoc before being subdued by the people of New Calendale.

The following night of the 25th, Magistrate Thorne received word from Lord Ashton Samuel's attendant that a large congregation of Ghouls were seen advancing towards New Calendale. A strategy of rotating patrols of conscripted citizens, lead by our town guard, was formulated by Magistrate Thorne working in conjunction with Judge Corporal Gabranth and Private William Saberson. Shortly after the second patrol left to make their round, the town was besieged by a total of six wraiths. Our company of townsfolk was unable to flee, as the woods were littered with ghouls, stalking our every move. While the spectral menaces did not all arrive in unison, it was indeed a struggle to fend them off. In the end, only four of the phantoms were destroyed, while the other two fled back into the night.

Later that night it was, again, skeletons that invaded. Roughly a dozen moved on the Scroll and Dragon; while, simultaneously, an astonishing onslaught of nearly forty relentlessly assaulted the All Faith Temple. Having so thoroughly honed their blades on the denizens of the night throughout the moon, our brave townsfolk made quick work of the shambling threat.

When the town of New Calendale banded together and combated the six aforementioned wraiths that laid ruin last moon, it appeared as though a great many casualties were suffered. If our town was not so blessed by Negoro, we would have been a much smaller community by sun up. While the town guard's organizing the people in preparation for undead incursion was a somewhat effective tactic, higher action will become necessary if their numbers continue to rise.

It is well known that the undead avoid large sources of light. If a small party of conscripts strategically stationed themselves at bonfires about town, the undead's movement would be significantly limited while our awareness would be heightened.

It's quite likely that our capable guardsmen will conceive of a more effective strategy, but the important thing to remember is that we must be prepared to be called to action at any time. Do not be prepared to combat the forces that threaten our town with strength alone, friends. Arm yourselves, and those around you, with sharp wit and clear thought. Often, it is the time taken to form a plan that determines the difference between failure and success.

- Jigen



## Ruminations of an Al'Haziran Scholar

### • Of Kindness and the Newborn Prince •

It seems that once again the gods lay upon us a series of trials and hardships to test our mettle. No doubt word has spread of Queen Nchemiah's death during childbirth. All at once one is flooded with countless conflicting emotions; the author could not help but see this conflict embodied in a friend of his as he stormed out the Scroll and Dragon upon hearing the news. I recall his rage, the same rage that no doubt the Solinarians felt when they endured the loss of their Emperor. Such fury was matched only by his frustration, in that there was none he could pour his anger upon. How many of us have endured similar devastation, only to be met with the same inner disturbance?

A newborn child carries no sin; however, the new young prince will carry the stigma of his mother's death, along with the heartache and chaos that will follow in Nchemiah's wake. How many will blame him in their moments of weakness, or fashion among themselves a culprit to lay their anger upon? That boy may be tormented by the guilt laid upon him by strangers, his only refuge that of the loving arms of his father, the king, a man we know so little about. Though I believe in the strength of mortal fortitude, I fear greatly for the future this young man will face in the years to come.

In the distance, I can only imagine what the young Emperor of Solinaria is going through, bearing a similar burden of loss. No doubt the power vacuum caused by the late Emperor's death (may he and the Queen rest in the embrace of the gods) has brought a number of senators and influential people who claim to know his heart and will. I can only hope that he is blessed by citizens who love him and will look out for him without hidden agendas. Otherwise, he, too, may fall victim to the blind rage and frustration that his subjects express, an act that transforms any ruler from benevolent to tyrannical. Let us pray that, should those two ever meet, that what they have in common will outweigh the heavy responsibilities they carry on their delicate shoulders.



In my time here, I have known a few of our fellow citizens who have grown up without family to turn to; it is, I believe, one of the reasons why that same number have found a home in New Calendal, among like company. I know not what advisors or other people of power will attempt to win this child's ear and trust because of the power he represents, but I do know that we citizens can see the young prince for what he really is – family. The boy will need to know the kindness and wisdom of his mother in a way that only those who have suffered such loss can share. In a world of politics and diplomacy, he will need people that he can trust to be honest with him without fear of ulterior motive. I cannot and do not speak for the nobility as if I know their mind; such matters are beyond my understanding, and I respect them as such. What matters is that the prince ought to grow up knowing that his citizens love him, and will never have to feel that he goes through this world alone.

**What matters is that the prince ought to grow up knowing that his citizens love him, and will never have to feel that he goes through this world alone.**

For now, let us honor the now resting Queen by celebrating this blessing of a child, along with making sure he has a loving and supportive kingdom to stand by him when he is ready to rule. Remember that as lofty as the position of king can be, its eventual holder endures the pain of loss with all of us, and will need us to remember the Queen and her message for him when trying times test his mettle. In doing this, may he become the king that we can all be as proud to swear fealty to as we were for the much loved Nchemiah.

Long live the Queen's Virtue! Long live the newborn prince!

~ Rishak Alim H'Gar



## Solinarian Legions' Trick Captures Twin Kingdoms' Noble

Solinarian legions deployed a cunning tactic to take New Calendale by surprise last moon at The Scroll & Dragon Inn. Their success was undeniable, managing to take captive a Twin Kingdom noble without a fight.

As dozens of heavily armed Solinarian soldiers poured through a portal into The Scroll & Dragon's back room around 1 bell on the last Sunday of The Laughing Moon, 1115. Knight Aridian Rainborne was immediately surrounded and taken captive, as he was sitting alone in the back room as townsfolk and peasant ran screaming from the incoming armies.

Sir Rainborne had arrived in New Calendale only moments earlier to give war orders: The townsfolk of New Calendale were to take up arms and march out to meet the incoming legions in the former temple field, along the path to Dunford Bay.

A young farm girl had come running full speed down the path moments earlier, clutching her hat, screaming the legions were marching. She ran up and down the main road out of town screaming for help, seemingly terrified the legions were coming and the farmers were ill prepared.

Some townsfolk began to gear up to help her, but questioned themselves on leaving New Calendale's central gathering spot - The Scroll & Dragon - to take to battle in the field. Why not take a more defensible stance on the tavern field and prepare to meet the legions head on? This and many other questions were quick voiced, giving way to doubt.

Rainborne stood by his noble's orders: March forth and meet the legions, before they take town.

As the townsfolk, fighters and healers alike, began to amass at the crossroads near the former temple field, not a single sign of the impending legion could be seen or heard. Scouts were sent down towards the maze, the former temple, and the waterfront to keep a vigilant watch.

The first sound to be heard was the young girl's sobbing.

New Calendale quickly learned that they had been played for fools - it was a trap! The noble was alone, sitting at The Scroll & Dragon with the barkeeps, while the town's defenses were elsewhere. The young girl cried the Solinarians made her give false report, and ran off, yelling apologies for her actions.

By the time the town had rallied its defenses to the tavern, it was too late. A portal to the backroom of The Scroll & Dragon Inn had been opened, and Sir Rainborne alone surrounded by legionnaires.



The legion's initial offensive push emptied the tavern, sending townsfolk into the field before they were pushed back further - downhill into the former forge pit and backed up against the tree line that separates the tavern from the guard house.

All hope seemed lost as the Solinarian legion stood upon the tavern field, belittling all who would listen for killing their emperor.

But the town rallied and managed to drive the legions back, but not without losses. Several townsfolk were taken down on the battlefield, bodies littering the ground. Surely they are neither the first nor last casualties of this war.

In the aftermath of the battle, there was a rumor heard that some of the barkeeps originally keeping Sir Rainborne company in The Scroll & Dragon saw him taken captive, and made no effort to defend him with their life. Terrified and afraid of the Solinarian soldiers, they took refuge by hiding behind the bar - long enough to watch the knight be dragged away.

May the gods hope that Solinaria continues to abide by the Articles of War, treating Knight Rainborne fairly as a captive. He is not the first of Twin Kingdom nobles to be taken as a prisoner of war.



Marquis Ashton Samuel was taken captive for several moons when he sought to diplomatically prevent war by traveling to Solinaria City under white flag of peace immediately after the Emperor's death. Also, legionnaires attempted to ambush Baron Ravenholm on his way to hosting court in New Calendale during the Thawing Moon. Their efforts were thwarted by the Cirque du Elantrai, who ensured Ravenholm's safety.

- Beatrice Lain

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## Gambling Our Lives Away

What would you say if approached by a funny-looking man who claims to have found an underground temple of Elantrai filled with riches or certain death for anyone who enters? One such opportunity came across this author, and as a lay worshipper of Viralgæ there seemed no better praise than to record the events that transpired and share them with everyone.

The man, an Elantrai elerie by the name of Kier, played games of chance with us in the tavern. The prize: strangely cut stones that Kier said would allow us to gamble in the temple. Those who were fearless, greedy, faithful, curious, or, perhaps, simple of mind, won these games or followed as observers.

The directions we walked to get there felt random and aimless at times. I'm certain we circled back three times. At a crossroad Kier suggested we split up and let The Lady of Fortune guide us individually. No one was confident enough in their luck to take him up on his offer.

We followed Kier in spite of his curious suggestion until we stumbled upon a barn I had never seen before. Weeds were high all around and the boards were rotted and falling off the sides. We walked around.

**"How unlucky,"  
he remarked with  
little emotion.**

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The earth was sunken behind the dilapidated structure, exposing a stone wall with a rough, rectangular opening. A stale breeze blew from below. Kier stated that we

had arrived, and one by one we climbed into the darkness. The tunnel, wide enough for a single man and tall enough for a hobbit, felt constricting. A soft blue glow beckoned at the bottom.

I crawled out of the tight space into a small, crumbling room with no discernable exits. How anyone entered or exited that place while the temple was operational is still a mystery to me. An altar with a pair of dice was on one side; behind it was a tall jester, its face stuck in an unnatural grin. Its diamond markings and white paint seems to be a pattern of its skin rather than performer's paint. I could not look away from the grin for long no matter how I tried: it was both overwhelming friendly and powerfully sinister at the same time.

Kier was the last one to emerge from the tunnel. It immediately collapsed after, dust and rock spewing into the temple. "How unlucky," he remarked with little emotion. We turned to each other in shock.

The jester, also unaffected, asked for those who had an invitation to step forward. No one did right away, seeming hesitant of the creature's intentions. August broke the awkward silence by bravely stepping forward.

**We were being kept  
there by Elantrai's  
will; presumably we  
would not have to dig  
ourselves out.**

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He rolled the dice, and the jester appeared satisfied with the result. He handed a coin to August as a reward. August crumbled to the ground, unconscious. I could only imagine he passed out due to feeling such overwhelmingly good fortune.

Drustan, a faithful of Elantrai, stepped forward next. He rolled with gusto, and the jester pleasantly informed him of his poor fortune. An apparition would appear to challenge him to the death, and it was the will of Elantrai's that no one be able to help.

My stomach sank. Did we come all the way into this temple, trapped by a rockslide, only to see a truly dedicated one get eviscerated by some beast of nightmares? An image shimmered, and I flinched reactively...

I opened my eyes: standing there was a wee kobold. It pathetically lobbed a rock at Drustan, who then summarily dispatched the small creature. I couldn't help but smile. Such a well-played trick on our assumptions!



Ulv next received a blessing, but then the group hesitated again. The jester stated that we would not be allowed to leave until all those with invitations rolled the dice. While this was clearly meant to force the group's hand, it also was a tremendous relief. We were being kept there by Elantrai's will; presumably we would not have to dig ourselves out.

Sirus stepped forward. He rolled twice but the jester was not impressed either time. The third roll was snake eyes.



In a normal game of dice this is the worst possible roll you can make - the losing roll. It seemed the rules were the same in Elantrai's game of riches or death...

An apparition of a man in a brown robe appeared. He chanted a powerful incantation, demanding the element of Earth to immediately destroy his opponent. Sirus refused, instead driving his branches through the wizard's ribcage with a sickening, wet crunch. The man fell backwards and shimmered out of existence before landing on the stone floor.

Farooq tried his luck and was burned by holy magic. Sareesh received a blessing. Aden was given a choice to drink from either a yellow or green vial. He chose the latter which ended with him gagging and retching.

And that accounted for all of the invitations. But, we were still trapped. It seemed that our hosts had other plans.

Rier pointed to Kaira. She wore the Lucky Lady's symbol. The jester, without pause, allowed her a chance to roll the dice. She rolled well - the jester announced that she won the top prize and gave her a coin and two vials.

Finally, one of observers would be allowed a chance. Lily, the tavern mistress, took the opportunity and threw the dice.

A deafening roar echoed in the small temple, followed by heavy footfalls. An ogre appeared and towered over her menacingly, each of its stinking breaths blowing her hair back. She spoke a quick prayer which disoriented and knocked down the beast. She hopped on its chest and beat it about the face mercilessly until it stopped moving. (Reader's note: do not challenge this woman to a bar fight - you WILL lose!)

The jester seemed satisfied that enough praise was given to Elantrai that day. It stated the cave-in was all an illusion, and that we were free to go. My hand moved to touch the fallen debris and it vanished. I quickly climbed out of the forgotten temple and into the daylight.

We pulled ourselves together and headed for the winding path back to town.

I was curious about the perspective of the faithful on the events that transpired. Petitioner Kaira said: "I always wanted to be a elerie of Elantrai. The events today fortified my decision to follow this path. I feel blessed."

Afterwards, I spoke to Drustan, who succinctly put it into context. "Praise Elantrai!" he said.

- Shago Book

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## Rash of Thefts in Dunford Bay Area

Over the past moon, dockside taverns and homes have been reporting an unusually high level of break-ins and thefts.

Victims have been reporting on odd things being taken, including a small hand-mirror, a set of marbles, and a small necklace worth only sentimental value to the owner.

Is this some sort of prank, or something more sinister at work?

- Neville Braedyn



# Into the Dark and Deep

Pull up a seat, dear reader. Dim the lights and make yourself something warming to drink, for I have a tale most chilling to relate.

As I have spoken often, the little township of New Calendale is a place of great variety, of wonder and excitement, of danger and hardship. On the edge of the Twin Kingdoms we are often the first to encounter new horrors, and new wonders. Always have we embraced this, being the champions against the outer darkness, the guardians at the gates, and the protectors of the weak. So it is not uncommon for those lacking martial to seek us out. So it is, so it was this past Laughing Moon.

**I have a tale most  
chilling to relate.**

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On the 24th day of the Laughing Moon, an elder human entered the Seroll and Dragon. He looked harried and distraught, so it was only moments before the good folk of New Calendale sought him out. He related a terrible story of his young daughter, who was taken from him and dragged into the darkness of one of the local caves. He knew not her fate, but he was desperate for aid. Immediately, several of New Calendale's young bloods stepped forward: Alden the Fearless, Sareesh Nazari Merchant of Wishes, Khalarinth the Devout, William of the North, and Bar the Ungielding.

Ryke, the elderly man who came to us for help, was both thankful and amazed. Before him stood warriors and mages, merchants and elgries, a half-ore and a dwarf, all ready to do their civic duty to help the kingdom, because no one in Calendale would violate the oath of citizenship. Thanks and praise falling from his lips, Ryke led the assembled through the darkness to the cave in question. Thanking them once more he bade them enter, and without hesitation our intrepid young heroes made their way into the narrow and twisting passages. I know not how long they crawled through the darkness, dealing with shifting rubble falling from overhead and dangerous terrain underfoot. They pushed further into the darkness and then when the caves began to open they saw a figure.

This was not the young woman they had been told to expect, however, but something most dire. A man, pale of hue and almost transparent, a ghost had manifested before our brave warriors. However, before they could call out, the

figure lifted a finger and bade the explorers be quiet. Any normal man may have fled in terror at such a ghastly sight, but not the people of New Calendale. He drifted forward and introduced himself as Jacob; he came not to attack or harm others but to offer a warning. He too had followed Ryke to this cave to save his daughter, only to be ambushed by some horrible creature and killed, led into a trap by a horrible man for the act of trying to do good.

The wise thing, perhaps, would have been to turn back immediately, to flee the cave before whatever horror killed Jacob found them. Not so for the folk of New Calendale. They were incensed at such a dark act, grieved for Jacob's death and admired his heroism at trying to save the life of a child on his own. They pushed deeper and soon found the monsters.

I do not believe words can accurately describe the creature in question. As related to me it was a huge, many-limbed beast, with eyes that glowed with great malevolence and body coated in a foul smelling slime. Immediately, the brave heroes attacked and the beast met them in kind. They lashed out with blades, striking at it with enough force to fell trees and it responded with rage, lashing out with enough force to break boulders. The sound of blade on chitin must have been staggering in those tight confines, hammer and blade against mandible and claw.

Perhaps understanding enough to know the strength of the warriors it faced the beast lashed out, first destroying Alden's sword, then hurling poisons at our daring heroes. Bar, Khalarinth and William of the North all succumbed to the creature's foul tactics, leaving nothing but a disarmed Alden and Sareesh to see it through. Undaunted, Sareesh cast his greatest magies, summoning fire such that would

leave a man a smoking ruin, but through the blaze came the beast leaving Sareesh but one option - to put down his spell book and raise his fists!

**The wise thing,  
perhaps, would  
have been  
to turn back  
immediately...**

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Using skills taught to him by our own Xandis, champion of Aldraveth, Sareesh was able to fend off the creature's attacks with his own hands and meet it in

kind. Not to be outdone by his merchant companion, Alden rejoined the fray, using the blade of William of the North to hack into the beast's rear quarter and shatter limb and bone with every strike. Together the two beat the beast into a corner and at last left it a broken ruin.



## Body Found in Woods' Small Distance from The Scroll & Dragon

A woman's body was found stabbed to death, and tied up in the woods a short walk from The Scroll & Dragon Spiritsday morning, 25th day of the Laughing Moon, 1115. Guards have managed to identify the body as Magdalegna Tromsford, a farmer's daughter who ran away from home two weeks previous.

"It was always her dream to follow in the footsteps of those irresponsible, dangerous, gods-damned adventurers! Look where it got her!" Her father Thomas told The Chronicle angrily.

The seemingly romantic and exciting life of the adventurer has led many astray. Do not let your children fall prey to similar fates. The Town Guard currently has no lead or witness in her murder, your own children could be next.

- Evelyn Laibbrook



With all quiet and their energies spent, the town folk were able to hear Ryke coming into the cave, no doubt looking to confirm the death he had orchestrated and loot from the dead. But I can tell you this, dear reader - he did not loot the dead, but instead joined them.

His murderer dead and the architect of his death slain Jacob was at last able to move. The townsfolk recovered what remained of Jacob's body and pulled his remains from the cave. No one so good should be left to moulder in the dark. They put his remains to rest before returning to New Calendale, morose but triumphant.

You may set down your drink now; my tale is done. Take this as a lesson twice over, that always there will be those looking to take advantage of kindness and always we of New Calendale will fight for the just cause.

In closing, I will relate what was related to me by the returning adventurers. Great thanks at the intervention of Jacob, and a deep and sincere wish that if any who knew him. If they are reading this, they may come to town or contact any who endured this ordeal to learn the location of Jacob's remains and either visit the site or take the remains to see to a proper memorial.

Good day, my dear readers. I hope you have found this tale both chilling and informative.

- Codiegr Stone

## Editors' Notes

As mentioned last Moon, the "Enigmas of the Moon" has been redone.

Instead of being comprised of just riddles, you will find a mixture of word games which relate to a chosen theme for the Moon. The types of word games may change from Moon to Moon, but we hope that it is something that our readers will enjoy while having a drink or relaxing with friends at the Scroll and Dragon.


This Moon's theme is "Waging War," inspired by the current political situation affecting our kingdom.

Remember, this is a contest with a prize!

Good luck everyone!

We value your feedback. If you should happen to have an idea for a theme or some more games, please let us know!

Victor Hamilton  
Editor in Chief, New Calendale Chronicle

~ Onyx TigerEye 

Student and Disciple of Arrawig  
Senior Editor, New Calendale Chronicle

~ Rizhak Alim H'Gar  
Editor, New Calendale Chronicle



# A Wanderer's Reveries

Ulv Shadow-Walker

## Dawn Storm

Dawn rises  
Storms quell  
Fate decided  
All is well

Dawn sleeps  
Storms rage  
Home beckons  
Fall to hell

Dawn mourns  
Storms cheer  
He left her out  
She now has fear

Dawn sings  
Storms dance  
She broke free  
He had no chance

Dawn dreams  
Storms fly  
Hope trudges  
Wishes die

Dawn wakes  
Storms die  
Hearts harden  
Now say goodbye.

## Evening Blossoms

Evening breaks unto the tide  
Flowers blossom to sing  
All of them are here to bide  
The mourning of the spring.

Dance for joy  
The flowers do  
In breezes from  
The flowers' bloom.

Evening breaks unto the tide  
Flowers blossom to sing  
All of them are here to bide  
The mourning of the spring.

Agas wait at magic's hand  
To sing unto the storm  
Dawn has restless voices now  
To awaken upon the morn.

Evening breaks unto the tide  
Flowers blossom to sing  
All of them are here to bide  
The mourning of the spring

Evening blossoms here,  
To mourn the loss of spring.







# Enigmas of the Moon

## Theme: Waging War

### Scrambles

- 1) oFnitlsnser (2 words, 5 / 5 letters)
- 2) naodreCmm (1 word)
- 3) rhaiMkz (1 word)
- 4) tlnCofie (1 word)
- 5) erttgaSy (1 word)
- 6) yezarneMr (1 word)
- 7) lqddoBohs (1 word)
- 8) ymEzilsnqn (2 words, 5 / 5 letters)
- 9) dSlhlWlae (2 words, 6 / 4 letters)
- 10) roPsisern (1 word)

Example:

rosidSlz (1 word)  
toznmTnCdam (2 words, 7 / 4 letters)

Answer: Soldiers  
Answer: Command Tent

### Anagrams

- 11) Fabled title. B \_\_\_\_\_  
(1 word, 11 letters)
- 12) Bard earns trade. S \_\_\_\_\_ B \_\_\_\_\_  
(2 words, 8 / 6 letters)
- 13) A friend's toil. F \_\_\_\_\_ R \_\_\_\_\_  
(2 words, 5 / 7 letters)
- 14) One aig, I grin. l \_\_\_\_\_  
(1 word, 11 letters)
- 15) An elite nut. l \_\_\_\_\_  
(1 word, 10 letters)

**Note:** These are **NOT** clues. They are merely silly phrases to unscramble that have no relation to the solutions. Think of them as harder Scrambles. They **DO** relate to the **Theme** of the Moon.

Example:

A rigid pantry. R \_\_\_\_\_ P \_\_\_\_\_  
(2 words, 7 / 5 letters)

Answer: Raiding Party

**Submit your answers on a separate piece of parchment. Don't spoil the fun!**

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 Calendae Chronicle)
2. Send by courier to "New Calendae Chronicle"