

# New Calendale Chronicle

The Shield Moon, 1115

## CIVIL WAR OR POLITICAL ASSASSINATION?

Following the liberation of Dunford Bay by King Leopold, a number of Solinarian ships escaped justice and fled south. These ships are believed to have been under the command of Admiral Vance Markus, the ranking officer in the Imperial Fleet and older brother to Senator Orlus Markus.

Instead of returning home, these ships moored off the coast just south of Dunford Bay in close proximity to New Calendale. Just days ago, scouts following the ships returned with surprising news. A second Solinarian fleet, supported by privateers, attacked the anchored vessels.



Solinarians fought Solinarians. When the sounds of battle died down, three of Markus' ships were destroyed and the rest captured. Contradictory reports out of Lagrimoore suggest his involvement in strange happenings there as well.

Was Vance Markus executed for his failures in Dunford Bay? Or was he working against the Emperor?

Or is someone else? Is this the prologue to a civil war in the South?

All I know is that discord in any form in Solonaria will be good for the war effort. Let them kill each other. Of course, anyone with more knowledge of these events should contact the authorities.

- Lieutenant Roald Sampson

## Attack on Lagrimoore

It was a dark and ominous night when extra patrols were going around the area. I told my wife and child to get into the shelter I had hidden underneath the house. I went outside to see why the guards were on such of a high alert as they were. I asked, "What is going on out here? Are the Solinarians attacking the town proper again?" One guard shouted, "WE ARE TAKING BACK LAGRIMOORE!" I feared for the worst.

I know that Lagrimoore was taken by the Solinarian legions back before they even overtook New Calendale. It seemed like their legions were surrounding this town after all other towns were occupied by the Solinarians. So, it would seem foolish to me to conquer the town of Lagrimoore. However, I knew that if anyone could take the town back, it would be those from the town proper. I have seen them rally behind

a cause time and time again. I have also seen the best of them stand up to Solinarian legionnaires the likes of which destroyed my farm and the farms around the area. They were unsuccessful in that endeavor, but they have the courage and fortitude to follow their convictions to the ends of Aldraveth and beyond. When the patrols were coming back bruised and beat to a bloody pulp, I confronted one of them.

I invited him into my home and offered some water and tried to heal some of his wounds. Afterwards, I asked, "How did we fare? Were we successful?" The guard, out of breath and sweating, quietly said, "We were successful. It was much turbulence with fighting the outposts and the mages of substantial power. However, we were successful enough to defeat the Solinarian legions and rescue the prisoners. Slowly and steadily, we will win back this war. I am sorry, but I must excuse myself and return to my post. Thank you for the drink and the support." I showed him the door and led him on his way.

As I was listening to this soldier's stories and what had become of him, I could not feel an overwhelming sense of pride. It seems that fortune favors the brave, and this is awesome news when we take back our kingdom from those vultures that destroyed my home and my family's way of life.

- Sebastian Wolf

## A Weakening Of the Barriers

I have news terrifying and grave to relate to my dear readers, if you are faint of heart you may wish to skip this article but it is imperative you know of the newest dangers to assault our home.

We all understand that there are multiple realms, worlds different than our own such as the Elemental Plane of Fire or the Celestial Realm. In the times before history Viralse separated these realms, creating intangible walls between them so that the substance and creatures of one realm would not fall into another. However this barrier is not indestructible, there are areas where it is thinner and can be breached. Sometimes such breaches occur naturally due to the stresses exerted by the planes on one another; sometimes these breaches are made intentionally by other things or by mortals to create portals to faraway places. You may ask why I have spent ink educating us on these basic truths - it is so we all understand the import of what I'm going to say next.

**...the creatures continued to come through in wave after expanding wave, no doubt drawn by the opportunity to visit horrors upon the mortal plane.**

to be whole, it is why opening portals is so difficult; the barrier will naturally seal itself if the portal is not sustained through the use of great energy. Most times. This was different, this was not some simple tear but a breach, a gaping wound in reality. So grievous was this wound that its coming was felt by those uniquely sensitive to such energies.

As you may recall in the New Calendare Chronicles of The Shield, Harvest and Spirit Moons of 1113 the over-use of portals had caused grave issues before, and their use was to be tightly restricted in order to allow the fabric between realms to mend. Unfortunately, our enemies were under no such restrictions. Repeated incursions from aggressors, both from the outer planes and Solinaria, exacerbated the matter to the point that this latest portal did not seal naturally.

What came through the portal was a small group of imps, red skinned infernal creatures, the lowest rank in the Infernal armies. Crazy, evil, and destructive, they immediately attacked our beloved home and were put to the sword. However it was not one squad of imps, or two assaults of the creatures. As would a slowly building tide, the creatures continued to come through in wave after expanding wave, no doubt drawn by the opportunity to visit horrors upon the mortal plane. So we held them at bay.

For a time.

Hours passed, the moon left the sky as the sun ascended, and still the portal did not close, still did imps come through to rest on our blades. Then, as though waiting for just such a moment the portal flared and out passed horrors such that few of us had ever seen. In the early hours of Sunday morning Calendare's brave defenders were driven from the

On the Spiritsday night, the 11th day of the Blood Moon a portal opened in the Seroll and Dragon. While this of itself is not as uncommon as we would prefer it was the herald of something most dire. Most often when a portal opens it is a brief occurrence. The barrier between realms WANTS

Seroll and Dragon by creatures capable of instilling pain and horror in all that saw them, demons all but immune to physical assault and worst of all mortal allies. Thus it was that many of us awoke to the cries of battle and the horrors of the Infernal Realm.

The following hours were harrowing. Pushed to the edge of our ability, we fought and moved in small cells. Striking at the interlopers when we could and withdrawing when their numbers proved insurmountable. Battle swept from the shores, to the edge of the farmlands and through the Whispering Wood with little sign of stopping. It was only with the arrival of further aid from the Emerald Scarves that the matter could be contained.

Master Aurelian Noventhal arrived in New Calendale, no doubt drawn by the same disturbances felt by others. Master of several schools of magic and possessing a deep understanding of how portals are created and operate, Master Noventhal was able to seal the wound in reality with aid and support from the town's champions. With the flood of infernal creatures closed the balance of the assault at last tipped in our favor. This is not to say the conflict was by any means easy or an assured victory, but we were at last able to push back from the precipice. The next hour was grueling and took incredible feats of bravery, skill, and magic to end the incursion and destroy the remaining creatures. Unfortunately some of the beings and their Infernalist companions escaped justice and will no doubt be causing harm in the future.

Be warned and beware, this war is costing us more than land and people now. I pray for the sake of all we can end this conflict quickly before the price becomes too high for either nation to pay.

Be resolute. Be true. Be faithful.

- Codiegr Stone

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## Onyx's Observations

### • Fellowship In Calendale •

In Court this past Moon, the Nobles introduced us to a woman named Margaret. Margaret had come into Town Proper to represent the farmers and other craftsmen and craftswomen that supply New Calendale with the resources that sustain it.

Margaret said that while the Solinarians were occupying New Calendale, they helped themselves to whatever resources were available at the time. Crops, stored grains, dried meats, fresh meats, baked good, armor, weapons, tools, clothing – all these and more that were not carried to Blackwater Ridge were appropriated by the enemy occupants in our absence. Our townsfolk returned to find many of their belongings lost or stolen. Some even found that they had no homes to return to as the occupiers spitefully destroyed their buildings, burned their fields, and even killed their livestock.

Our nobility has asked that we do whatever possible to support our fellow citizens.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

If you are able, please gather what supplies you can to aid those who provide our food, our weapons, our shelter, our way of life. If you cannot afford to donate your goods, please consider lowering your prices so that they may be able to stretch what coin they have. If they are selling something to try and make ends meet, perhaps give them a little extra for if you can spare it.



Over the 11 years I have resided in the towns that bear the name Calendale, I have seen the townsfolk here gather together to face insurmountable odds. Watching people come together in a different way is no less satisfying. We rally together to help each other in order to keep this town alive and flourishing. Here we are and here we stand.

May Arrawigl bless your dreams,

~ Onyx TigerEye



Student and Disciple of Arrawigl



## Going Back to Normal

I feel like this moon has changed drastically. I have come from moving my family in and out of danger from the Solinarian legions to coming back to a home and farm that is not quite mine. Life on this farm and in this area has come to be known by my family as a constant struggle. My wife has told me on several occasions, why haven't we left this area? At this point, I disinclined to hear her pleas to move. At the point when my and my wife's spirits had broken, an angel of mercy came through.

A farmer by the name of Margaret from the New Calendalg town proper had told me that she attended the general meeting with nobles and such. I asked her, "What was it like? How are the nobles? Are they safe?"

Margaret did not say much. She said, "They seem to be a little uneasy from the war effort. However, the nobles told us that the people there could help us. Some people extended their hands out to me and gave me some supplies so that we could resupply and rebuild our homes and farms once more."

When she said this, I was overjoyed with such jubilation. With so much death and destruction around me, I did not think it would get any better. As Margaret distributed what goods she had, I got my hands on such things as plants and some money to buy some tools. As I told my wife about all the good tidings, she gave a sigh of relief.

"Oh, my gods. Elantrai must be shining upon us with all of the bad luck and misfortune we have been getting."

As I saw a tear roll down her face, I reminded her of the good people of New Calendalg, and how much we have gained such good tidings from them. "It is this reason we have to stay in the area. I know life has been a constant struggle, but I feel that life will be going back to normal soon enough," I told her.

As I started rebuilding my farm a little more with the supplies this good gracious lady has brought, I get this sense that we must build this farm and community back to the ways it used to be. If we are not going to

do this, then no one else will. We must put our good foot forward and start rebuilding our lives from the ground up. Now it is our time to forge our own empire, right in this New Calendalg area.

**"Some people extended their hands out to me and gave me some supplies so that we could resupply and rebuild our homes and farms once more."**

- Sebastian Wolf

# Ruminations of an Al-Haziran Scholar

## • Flight from the Demon's Den •

This day I relate to you a tale of Sunday morning, a morning that reminded me of some of the ghost and horror stories my aunts would tell me when I was young. Never had I thought I would have lived through one.

I woke from the forge, hungry and eager to make my daily constitutional. Moving steadily over to the guard house, I survey my surroundings. Everything looks relatively calm for a morning in New Calendae; people are walking about, discussion of whatever's going on with the war wafting its way about the light breeze, etc. Entering the guard house, I am greeted by a number of our citizens, busily trying to get ready for the day ahead. I enter the privy and get dressed for what could be no longer than five or so ticks. When I walked out, tightening my hand wraps, everyone was gone, the guard house eerily silent.

What could have caused such a panic? Did the Solinarians decide to march on the town early? Surely there would have been an announcement of some sort, the very least a call from our local erier. Yet there I stood, in the middle of a desolate barracks, dead silent. Sharpening my senses, I carefully walked over to the windows on my left. Nothing. I checked the windows to my right. Still nothing visible. I strained my ears, trying to pick out anything that resembled the sound of footsteps. Nothing that I could perceive. I started for the door, thinking that I could at least start getting over to the bar and see what the rush was about.

Then came the sound of the outside door, slowly swinging outward. My manners urged me to open the door, but my gut instinct screamed that I hold my habits in check and exercise caution. I crept over to the ice box, and waited.

The second door swung inward, barely even making a sound, and from the doorway emerged a face straight from the depths of hell's circles, dark red with bat-like ears and teeth like needles. As it stepped into the room, I felt the room grow cold, the reason quickly revealing itself in the form of massive, leathery wings. In its hands was a sword broader and heavier than any mortal could easily wield,

held upward, as if this demon were part of some royal guard.

It hissed, looking straight ahead, foam and steam billowing from its toothy maw, wings beating steadily. I offered a quick prayer, hoping desperately that the demon could not hear my heart slamming itself against my chest, a crazed, captive prisoner that frantically screamed for its jailer to turn it loose. Fear gripped my heels, but my training kept me alert; if I was to escape this alive, I would need all of my nerve and wits about me to do it.

I eyed this demon carefully from my corner, sweat beading upon my brow. It had yet to turn its head, and if it did, I prayed it was away from me, lest my fate be sealed. Apparently satisfied with its dominion over its new location, the demon relaxed its wings, folding themselves about its shoulders like a ragged cloak. One more step, I begged in my head, one more step into the room.

May no one ever say the gods do not listen, for the demon did just that. My patience paid off, and warmth returned to my legs. Summoning all my courage, I dashed feverishly between the demon and the doorway, thinking only that I must get out, I must escape. Flashes of my past mirrored the panic and urgency of this event; I pushed them out of my mind, demanding that my legs obey their master and deliver this body from the nightmare that stood next to me.

The last thing I saw of the demon was its head, slowly turning with what I could only guess was shock beginning to etch itself across its face. There was no time to savor such a moment, only the burning need to put as much distance between it and myself as humanly possible. I bolted out the door, and raced as far as my feet could carry me away from the nightmare that prayed was growing smaller and smaller behind me.

Yours most sincerely,  
~ Rishak Alim H'Gar



# Wraiths and Portals

Wraiths - a name that conjures up images of nightmares made real. When they show up, it is best to run and find a hopefully safe place to go to ground for a time. Quite frankly unless there are a group of mages capable of casting spells from multiple schools and fighters who can deal devastating amount of damage in a single blow, then finding a place to hide is your best way to survive.

But to get to the main point of this article. On Spiritsday night, several adventures went off on a mission to aid the war effort. After all we must all do what we can to protect our beloved Twin Kingdoms. When they reached the point where they could open a portal to reach their destination, they had a surprise as the gateway opened and one of their numbers was the first to go in and scout the area. The surprise was, of course, wraiths. There was one of each known type present, and they had captured the adventurer who went through the portal. After some quick thinking and spell casting, the group was able to save their comrade, and swiftly get themselves back to New Calandale Proper.

Once in town, the rest of the residents rallied when the frontrunner of the returning group yelled what horror was hot on their trail. Thankfully, by the grace of the Gods, all the necessary people were in town to successfully eliminate the wraiths. To the best of my knowledge all the wraiths were eliminated.

Wraiths are creatures of the nether; thus they are attracted, much like a moth to a flame, to anything that interacts with the Nether. This means portals are the flame that brings the wraith's moth. Not saying that you should avoid using portals if it is needed, but have a care how often you use portals. The more portals used in a general area the more likely that these things show up. Further from what I have been told they can commandeer portals to come to them, not where you wanted to go.

The last of the things I wanted to broach as a reminder is that wraiths now have the ability to disintegrate bodies of those they have drained dry. So the tactic of beat the person who is being fed on and heal them after the Wraith is gone but before they have completely bled out, will no longer be a strategy worth considering.

Good Venture, and may the Twenty Two bless and guide you.

- Branden Lachlan

If you have any interest in reading more about Wraiths, contact The New Calandale Chronicle's Chronicler (Archivist) Stone and ask to read one of the following issues:

*Shield Moon 1115 - Mistral's Magical Musings: "Wraiths"*  
*Harvest Moon 1115 - Mistral's Magical Musings: "II. Wraith Concerns"*

*Harvest Moon 1115 - Onyx's Observations: "How the Wraiths Came to Our Plane"*

*Blood Moon 1115 - Onyx's Observations: "As We Grow, So Do Our Enemies"*

## Goodbye Almondine

If you are a regular reader of the New Calendale Chronicle, you are aware of my series, "Welcome To New Calendale" where I display some of the best and the brightest to enter our township. I must now apologize for not keeping up with these articles and only being able to introduce this woman far too late. I had the great pleasure of meeting Almondine and I regret that you will not.

Almondine came to New Calendale several moons prior, slipping ashore one bright Sunday morning in, I believe the Blood moon. She immediately struck us all as a curious creature, timid and brazen; inquisitive and restrained. I confess I did not pay much attention to the young woman until she drew her bow in the defense of the town and added her arrows to the strike of blades as we faced down a Hate Demon. And that was Almondine in a nutshell. Where in one moment she might be timidly conversing with others and in the next standing on the line of battle to defend others and prove her worth.

Over the War For Life, where we stood against Ravarek and his machinations to destroy all the world, she remained a moment of light, a dazzling smile and a can-do attitude that was endearing and humbling. I do not think she understood odds, that she truly understood what it meant to be out numbered or overwhelmed. To Almondine it just meant she had to fight harder, that challenge was bigger, that the success would be greater. I stood at her side on the field of battle many a time and each time was thankful that she had crossed the seas to become a citizen of the Twin Kingdoms, thankful that she made New Calendale her home.

Almondine was truly blossoming here, coming into her own as a warrior, as woman of faith, as a citizen, but like the candle that burns brightest...

On the 12th day of the Blood moon in The Year Of Justice, 1115, Almondine met her end while standing against demons and infernals in defense of her town, in defense of us.

I am sorry Almondine. Sorry I was not there to protect you, sorry I could not have protected your spirit, sorry I will not see who you will become.

Thank you Almondine; you made New Calendale brighter for your presence and it is made worse by your passing. Goodbye and Gods bless thee and keep thee.

- Codiegr Stone



# A Wanderer's Reveries

Ulv Shadow-Walker

## Dream

Shattered shapes of twisting hate  
To blessed bliss unto we wait  
Together wrought the timing light  
Until great dream turns into fright

Sinking silky motion wave  
The sight of shadows dance the grave  
Of morning's glistening bladed woe  
All must wake for none to know.

Savor in the kited call  
Beyond the ventured, aged wall  
Of thoughts betwixt the mind's new eye  
Until you call to us goodbye.

Mark your make and toiled dread  
Before we sing of ancient dread  
From sights unto future's unknown  
Before the night of peace be gone.

We are between the new and old  
The dreams danced forth as tales were told  
Of things to be and things once were,  
To see who we'll become, and who we are.

## Escape

You've wandered in  
You look around  
The ceiling falls  
Right to the ground.

Left and right  
The journey's tight  
To go we must  
To end this fight.

Beyond the battle  
Through the mist  
The exit calls  
To us who sit

In waiting for the time to jump  
Into the fray without a stop  
We cannot cease, we cannot hide  
'Til this new path makes us divide

Faster and faster  
Farther within  
Deeper we run  
The more he grins

Until at last  
We find the light,  
Our end in sight,  
No more to fight.





# Enigmas of the Moon

## Solutions for the Blood Moon - Theme: Welcome Home, New Calendale

### Scrambles

- 1) tɛliPɔɔtɪmɪTɪo (3 words, 5 / 4 / 4 letters)  
• Totem Pole Hill
- 2) rɛnɪggTɛutɪg (2 words, 7 / 4 letters)  
• Hugging Tree
- 3) uhRɪw'osgagɪɛ (2 words, 6 / 7 letters)  
• Rogue's Highway
- 4) gɛɪoWsnɪWɪpohds (2 words, 10 / 5 letters)  
• Whispering Woods
- 5) aɒlɒnrɔrgɪdɛnɪs (3 words, 6 / 3 / 6 letters)  
• Scroll And Dragon
- 6) ɒdɜuhGɪsua (1 word)  
• Guardhouse
- 7) adɜɛvrGɪa (1 word)  
• Graveyard
- 8) ɛlatɪaOɛɪɪpmɪf (3 words, 6 / 2 / 7 letters)  
• Temple Of Attalia
- 9) dnɔwruGɪa (2 words, 4 / 5 letters)  
• Town Guard
- 10) apɪnvaGɪaGssɪ (2 words, 5 / 8 letters)  
• Gypsy Caravans

### Anagrams

- 11) Tall maple thief. T \_ \_ F \_ \_ \_ T \_ \_ \_ \_  
(3 words, 3 / 5 / 6 letters)  
• All Faith Temple
- 12) Sad sober game. M \_ \_ \_ \_ B \_ \_ \_  
(2 words, 7 / 5 letters)  
• Message Board
- 13) Bad foundry. D \_ \_ \_ \_ B \_ \_  
(2 words, 7 / 3 letters)  
• Dunford Bay
- 14) Fog, ether. T \_ \_ F \_ \_ \_  
(2 words, 3 / 5 letters)  
• The Forge
- 15) Elf admired. D \_ \_ \_ F \_ \_ \_  
(2 words, 5 / 5 letters)  
• Dream Field

Winner for the Blood Moon is team Alceia & Etzli with a total of 15 / 15 correct answers!

Alceia & Etzli receive the full prize of 3 silver plus the 4 copper from the jackpot for a total of 3.4 silver.

0 copper for the unsolved answers has been added to the jackpot.

The leftover money from partial prize winners is added to the pot every Moon.

If all Enigmas are answered correctly, you will win it all!



# Enigmas of the Moon

Theme: Larigmoore

## Scrambles

- 1) tPɛrsai (1 word, 7 letters)
- 2) gɪɡulnmɔ̃s (1 word, 9 letters)
- 3) adSisɛɛ (1 word, 7 letters)
- 4) IsorSai (1 word, 7 letters)
- 5) dSaaɛTsɛrr (2 words, 3 / 7 letters)
- 6) rraobfi (1 word)
- 7) nTɛCdrɛɛtaOfr (3 words, 6 / 2 / 5 letters)
- 8) ahWfr (1 word)
- 9) ɛɛlvsaVssNal (2 words, 5 / 7 letters)
- 10) alorCoHdg (2 words, 5 / 4 letters)

Example:

adɛvɛrGra (1 word)  
aDlonrorgAdenIs (3 words, 6 / 3 / 6 letters)

Answer: Graveyard  
Answer: Scroll And Dragon

## Anagrams

- 11) Dark Covɛtɛd Sins. D \_\_\_\_\_ T \_\_\_\_\_  
(2 words, 8 / 7 letters)
- 12) Tɛn charms. M \_\_\_\_\_  
(1 word, 9 letters)
- 13) And not erab. C \_\_\_\_\_  
(1 word, 10 letters)
- 14) Shy rapids. S \_\_\_\_\_  
(1 word, 9 letters)
- 15) It dooms micɛ. C \_\_\_\_\_  
(1 word, 11 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:

Sad sober gamɛ. M \_\_\_\_\_ B \_\_\_\_\_  
(2 words, 7 / 5 letters)

Answer: Message Board

16) Choose any 5 numbers from 1 - 20 and list them in any order you wish.

• • • • •

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