

New Calendale Chronicle

The Harvest Moon, 1115

WAR BETWEEN TWIN KINGDOMS AND SOLINARIA IS OVER!



King Leopold Stands With New Calendale

Hail and well met, dear readers! Have you heard the news? Are you aware? Forgive me, please, my hand trembles with excitement as I pen this article. Surely you know, surely it is across the front page, THE WAR IS OVER!

The tales of this conflict will extend for generations. I will teach the children of those not yet born of the trials we endured and give first hand account to things both grand and dire. But all other accounts will pale in comparison to the one I set to paper now. To what I am about to impart to you, I met King Leopold.

Things looked grim for the peoples of New Calendale on the 2nd day of the Shield Moon, 1115. Though we only recently retook our home, thanks in no small part to the leadership of King Leopold and the tenacity with which the

Twin Kingdom's military fought, Solinaria seemed poised to wrest it from our control once more. All through the Blood Moon the peoples of New Calendale were set upon by action and circumstance enacted by the Solinarian war machine to cripple our power base and remove support. However the King and his counsel refused to yield ground and we turned back many bloody assaults on our selves, our possessions, and the local nobility. All this, however, looked to be coming to a head on the 2nd day of the Shield Moon and it looked like once more a brave and foolish few might have to act the vanguard so that the majority might survive.

That changed when King Leopold marched into our township with the Royal Guard following in his wake. Allow me, my dear readers, to give pause to the tale and share something else first. I am young, as my race counts such

things, but experienced in ways others will never be. I have met nobility from different nations, I lived alongside Queen Nehemiah, I conversed with Emperor Orastes and filled his belly with drink and meal, I served alongside some of the platoons that King Leopold lead in the retaking of Dunford bag and fought in his shadow, and saw him at a distance at the great Queen's funeral. This was not by any stretch of the imagination my first time meeting a person of such importance or a being of such power. Understand this when I say...

I was amazed.

He entered New Calendale, assembled the peoples of the town, and declared that this town, that our land, would not become the territory of another nation. It was not simply the conviction that touched me but the naked honesty of it. He spoke not as though it were a belief but that he were recounting a fact. His wife loved this town, she loved its people, and through her he had come to respect and understand us. For her he would not let this land be taken away. For love of the Queen and her people he declared that New Calendale would not fall. There in that moment I saw the man that my Queen loved; I understood why she shared the throne with him.

However, any man can use words, but King Leopold was a creature of action. And I saw that action in spades. First in reorganizing the distribution of the troops, dispatching his Royal Guard to the areas of greatest vulnerability while standing with us on soil made sacred by the gods and Queen Nehemiah's love. Then came the first assault, and it was not what you may think.

Ores! It is always ores. Greenskins charged from the edge of the Whispering Woods to take our blood and not one person in New Calendale hesitated to join the charge. Not one, and in that I include the King. Despite shouts of protest he leapt into the fray with barely any able to match his stride and set upon the interlopers like a lion upon new prey. I had fought in the King's wake before but this was the first moment I drew blood at his side. Honestly, it reminded me of those moons during the Treason of Tallen when I fought alongside the True Queen Nehemiah Varrow.

**His wife loved this town,
she loved its people,
and through her he had
come to respect and
understand us. For her
he would not let this
land be taken away.**

We dispatched them quickly but I did say it was the FIRST time I fought alongside the King. Next came the Solinarians, in number and strength, they thought to take from us what was ours and we met them in kind, cries of, "For the King!" and, "For the Queen!" spilling from our lips as we held the township against all aggressors. Ballads will be sung of the heroism that day and the accomplishments of the few against the many. With blade, spell, and determination we repulsed each charge until at last a portal was torn open in the heart of the Scroll and Dragon permitting the entry of the young Emperor, Lucius Junius Orastes, and his personal retinue.

We gathered, a wall of loyalty about our King, but the battle we expected did not come. What followed was much more satisfying. However those details are better covered by my fellow chronicler, Valeria Trio, in her article, "Futures Balanced on a Handshake." Know this now, we did not capitulate nor yield. We were steadfast and resolute and the war ended as it should have, with the Twin Kingdoms bowing to no one.

For our King and his nation!

- Codicex Stone

Futures Balanced on a Handshake

As King Leopold shook the hands of Solinarian Emperor, Lucius Junius Orastes, in greeting, rather than reaching for his sword, offered citizens of not one but two nations hope. Hope for a future of peace and a new beginning between the two nations.

Both countries stood poised and ready for war this Shield Moon. It is thanks to the actions, intelligence, and perhaps a little luck of Elantrai that the war is over, ended by a such a handshake, rather than sword's point.

Let's take a step back to this Sun's Day.

King Leopold arrived ready for war at the far western edges of the Twin Kingdoms on the second day of the Shield Moon 1115, flocked by powerful Royal Guard and tenacious Twin Kings military ready to take a stand against invading Solinarians.

New Calendale, a town beloved by late Queen Nehemiah -- so much so it was her refuge during the Civil War -- where she walked among its people. It would not, it would never

become territory of a foreign land, Leopold declared. This our home, New Calendale would be the place of the final stand. A plan to defend Breckenford scratched in favor of fighting on the wild outskirts of New Calendale.

King Leopold took counsel in the back room of the Seroll & Dragon Tavern. He sought information on the war's progress, behind the scenes from guardsmen and citizens alike when a portal did open. Emperor Lucius Junius Orstes, the late Emperor's son, stood with armed legionnaires and senators in tow, immediately ordering all weapons to be dropped.



We refused. As the King was prepared to fight, so was New Calendale, its citizens at arms ready to die for love of their Queen and King, even more enamored with him after their first sights of him on the battlefield. A King to fight with - and die for.

No one died. Not there, not in that moment.

The Emperor had called the faree for what it was, solemnly acknowledging that internal conflict of

Solinaria had spilled over the Twin Kingdoms borders. The young Emperor had learned his father's death was a set up. A play for political power.

Now two nations, moments ago ready for war, stand posed on the edge of peace bound by a single handshake between King Leopold and Emperor Orstes.

In the Twin Kingdoms, King Leopold and the young son of Queen Nzhemiah must grieve and come to terms with her tragic and unexpected death. The boy will be expected to lead a nation, a Kingdom forward one day. Leopold and he both have large shoes to fill as she was kind and beloved by her people.

In Solinaria, the young Emperor Orstes must grieve and come to terms with the tragic assassination of his father, the late Emperor Orstes. The boy, now ruler, is expected to lead a nation, an Empire forward from this day on. He has large shoes to fill as his father kindly led the south, beloved by his people, in a time of prosperity.

Queen Nzhemiah's only son will and must grow into a strong leader. He faces troubled times as the Twin Kingdom has again been betrayed by Knights of the Manx. These supporters of Tallen were openly spotted working with the Solinarians to aid the brief takeover of New Calendale. Who leads these men now and where are these traitors hiding now?

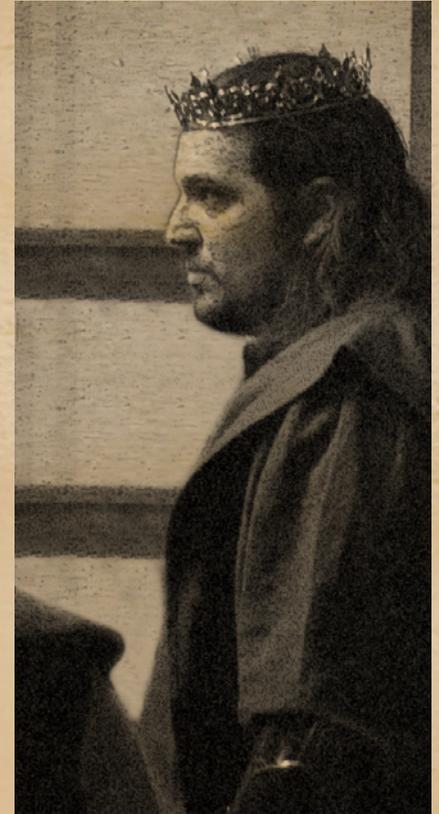
Emperor Orstes' son, newly crowned, must quickly grow into a strong leader. He faces troubled times betrayed by Senator Antonius. Once a supporter of the Empire, he secretly worked with the Order of Sicarus to plot the assassination of his father. Who leads this group of assassins, this ring of intrigue, and where are these traitors hiding now?

These troubled times raise questions and doubts, challenges to both nations' rulers. Both must rise to the occasion for the sake of their people.

For now, the peace between both brokered by a single handshake.

We watch and wait, for further news to come and the actions of these new rulers.

- Valeria Trio



Strange Spirits In the Night

Recently, an odd occurrence happened near and in the town of New Calendale. Five members of the town, Kitara Darnish, Cleric of Jerdano, Private Barr, Private William Valerios, and two half-ores, one named "Blackmail" and the other Khalarinth, were hired to help a man clear something out of the basement of his home. What they found was not what anyone would have expected.

Believed to be a speter of some sort, this being began to call bouts of fire and bolts of lightning to strike at anyone who came close. None of their available magies or weapons could harm it, thus they retreated to Town Proper. The spirit followed them. Returning to town, they sought out anyone who could help them to deal with it. Townsfolk gathered and attempted to search for it, in the hopes of preventing the injury or death of hapless wanderers.

It found them first.

When it did not attack them outright, Khalarinth and Private Barr, both petitioning clerics, attempted to speak with the spirit through a spell. The entity simply blasted them with fire and lightning despite the pleas from either of them for answers.

With the gathered townsfolk were a pair of Shaman of the

Northern Tribes. One of them, Rus leebadger, stepped forward to speak to the spirit. Despite what he had seen it do to the two clerics. When he made contact with the spirit, it shuddered for a moment, but did not attack. Realizing that it was docile, he began to question it. Khalarinth tried to make contact as well while Rus was speaking and it, yet again, attacked him. However, it allowed the Shaman to continue his contact.

He followed it for some time, as the spirit wandered along The King's Highway. Questions and answers passed, quiet as a mouse between the two until, suddenly, the spirit dissipated. During the questioning, leebadger remained somewhat calm, only showing any real emotion when the throng of people behind him spoke so loudly that he could not hear the spirit over them. However, after the spirit dissipated the man stopped for a brief moment, turned, and pushed through the crowd that had been following. People began asking him what it was, who it was, but the Shaman refused to stop. The few who saw his face glimpsed a terrified expression. The other Shaman present, Rehan Standing Elk, followed him, attempting to stop him from leaving. Weak from the ordeal, he guided his compatriot to a nearby cabin.

What happened within, what was discussed, is currently unknown. What this means for the rest of the town is, also, unknown.

- Algernon Corvis

Ruminations of an Al'Haziran Scholar

• Of Traitors Routed, Strange Spirits, and Prayers Offered •

No doubt word and ink has spread of the recent apprehending of the culprit behind the late Emperor's assassination (may his soul rest among the pantheon); I will allow them the honor of elaborating on the matter. Though I cheer with the rest of my fellow citizens at the good news (and hopefully an end to the wrongful accusations and bloodshed between our peoples), I cannot help but feel that we have only scratched the surface of this deep-seated powder keg. Surely one of such stature as the discovered traitor has allies, let alone connections and cohorts abound – though we have dealt with the face, countless limbs may still be at work. I pray that such things be merely the musings of an overactive mind; otherwise, we may still have much to do. For what it's worth, I can only hope that the Twin Kingdoms and the Solinarian Empire now work as one,

rather than as heated adversary.

Strange things have been appearing in New Calendale. I caught a glimpse of something that I could not fully understand. At first glance, it looked like a malevolent ghost. Upon closer inspection, it was wreathed in flame and crackling lightning, some of which it hurled at anyone who came too close. It seethed with hatred, and none but a chosen few could make sense of what it was, let alone its purpose. From what little I gathered, it sounded as if a barker found this entity somewhere beneath his tavern, though the details are fuzzy. All I know is that it called forth very personal, dangerous memories, along with images of their corresponding dreams. I fear for what it is, along with what it could mean. If the shaman and tribesman care to

speak of it to others, I would highly recommend that they be consulted if the reader be curious, as they seemed to have the most recognizable understanding of what it may be, given their expressions when dealing with it.

Alas, I would speak at greater length, but recent events have left me spent, my mind swimming with questions and unsettling thoughts. May the reader bear with a humble scribe this moon, and pray for the safety of the town, along with gentle hymns for the many souls who have passed this world by war's bloody hand. May they find peace wherever they may be, their memory a lesson to us all to seek understanding where suspicion and betrayal dwell, be it imagined or real.

Eldrest Lady and her brethren guide you, reader.

Yours most sincerely,
~ Rizhak Alim H'Gar

Onyx's Observations

• Lessons of the Two of Swords •

Now that the war between us and our southern neighbors has ceased, we can all breathe a little easier. As I reflect on the closing of this most recent war, one card keeps appearing in my mind's eye, the Two of Swords.

The Two of Swords is a card of complexity, sometimes meaning a stalemate in a conflict or at other times, a friendship or a union. A tense situation or an impasse is at play, yet it is also a card of peace and compromise.

"A woman stands blindfolded, grasping a sword in either hand. Behind her, the sun beams out from behind the clouds that partially obscure it. The woman weighs two ideas, having blindfolded herself so that she can more readily determine the subtle differences between them without distraction."

The Swords represent barriers, whether they consist of those we put up between each other or those that we create with ourselves. When two parties are set in their positions, cut off from each other, there is a stalemate. To break it, the "opponents" must come out from behind their Swords and listen to each other. Barriers are not the answer. We must stay open if we are to find peace and wholeness.

"The Two of Swords tells us that we are at a turning point. It is a generally favorable card, indicating friendship and union. An alliance with a comrade in arms to achieve a mutual goal; or, at the least, the recognition that there is a mutual goal to be attained. There is the effort to reconcile differences by reaching a settlement or agreement."

Now that the conflict has been recognized and the conspiracy behind it have been weighed and brought to light, we are finally able to come to an agreement of peace. Care must still be taken because of the nature of Swords but the stalemate, the fighting, has come to an end so that progress can be made towards something positive. It indicates that a painful and difficult situation is being reconciled. Friendships are rebuilt, old wounds are healed.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The young Emperor Orestes has uncovered the truth of the conspiracy within his own borders and made the difficult decision to admit fault in that this war should have never spilled across the border into the Twin Kingdoms. Our noble King Leopold has made the difficult decision to hear the Emperor's words and accept his apology thus ending the fighting on our side.

King Leopold told us the disheartening news that the missions we undertook to save Marigmoore had failed. The Solinarians invaded, laying waste to this important center of trade for the Twin Kingdoms. Not just soldiers, but many innocent residents were killed, their homes leveled, shops destroyed, and boats sunk into the dark depths of the waters that were formerly the center of life to the city. Entire ways of life were brought to ruin with deadly efficiency while ashes



from the city fell around the surrounding countryside around those who were able to flee in search of safer areas.

Emperor Orstzes has promised to assist in making reparations for the damage done to Larigmoore. It is my hope that the aid Solinaria provides will help Larigmoore swiftly recover to its former glory. It is the first step towards a new peace between our lands.

There are still more decisions to be made and consequences that must be dealt with as a result of both

past and future choices. There will still be lives lost as it will take time for word to reach those battalions on the outer edges of the war. In spite of this, we are on the path to healing our wounds and rebuilding, both within and without.

May Arrawiel bless your dreams,

~ Ongx TigerEye



Student and Disciple of Arrawiel

Horror On the Farmstead

The Smith family was found brutally murdered on their farmstead the morning of the 2nd day of the Shield Moon, 1115. They were found by a nearby neighboring family who had visited to borrow farming tools. The farmstead was located closely to New Calendale town proper. Guardsmen are asking any individuals with information to come forward.

- Vorcl Valken

The Danger of Explosive Compounds

Once in a while a situation occurs that is strange, even by the standards of New Calendale. We who choose to make our lives in New Calendale see and experience odd things on a mostly regular basis whether it is something big like an Elder God showing up and wanting to reduce all of creation to ash or the consequences of drinking an unknown potion. But of all the occurrences of oddity that have happened here in New Calendale, this one dances around the line between horror and humor. A house blew up.

Yes, I did write that a house blew up, but like with anything that happens in town, there is more to the story. Spiritsday the first of the Shield Moon, an expert alchemist named Ziggy came to town to recruit people to aid in a project. He had been commissioned to remove a dilapidated old building so that the land it was on could be used to create a new orphanage for children who had lost their parents in the war with Solinaria. But like I said earlier, a house blew up, so something went wrong.

From what I have been told, the crew that Ziggy put together went about setting up their explosive compounds and then started to activate them. Then a man named Barry was blown out of the exploding building and was bleeding out on the ground. Thankfully, Ulv was able to heal the man and it was then the truth was learned. As it turns out the building they demolished was not the one they were supposed to blow up. Apparently

there was an error somewhere in the paperwork or the address of the building was misread. Suffice to say, Barry was out one domicile.

One of the members of the crew who was a part of this was Judge Stone. As anyone who has lived in this town will tell you, Judge Stone is a good and fair man and is not a malicious person. When the dust was settled and he had a chance to meet with his fellow Judge Private Jigen along with Bailiff Private Barr, a steep fine was placed on the heads of those who were part of the destruction of Barry's home. The total fine is twelve crowns, a not so small amount of coin. Hopefully this fine will be enough to mend the mental wounds Barry now has to deal with, thanks to the loss of his home.

- Brandon Lachlan





In Memory of Garthos, the Dragon-kin

It is with a heavy heart that I bring bittersweet glad tidings, for our friend, our brother, Garthos has passed from Adraveth. Many of you know Garthos as a friend, and for those of you who did not have the opportunity to know him, I am sorry, for rarely will you meet such a wise, compassionate, and noble soul.

New Calendale first came to know Garthos in the Elder Moon of 1112, the Year of Exploration. The Cirque du Elantraï had undertaken a mission to explore a chain of recently discovered islands (many in New Calendale participated in missions to explore these islands at that time), when they discovered a red-winged creature deep in slumber within the depths of a cave. By investigating the creature's cave, they found a name - Garthos - and by speaking it, the Dragon-kin was awakened. Garthos told us of a race of Dragon-kin, made in the image of the dragons that they served, and of his own master, a majestic red dragon gifted with the powers of pre-science. Garthos had been placed in a magical slumber by his draconic master, removed from time as the millenniums passed. Now awoken in an unfamiliar land, and an unfamiliar time, Garthos also suffered the loss of many of his memories, and much of his magical prowess. He joined the Cirque in returning to New Calendale that night.

Despite the many tribulations Garthos had to overcome, living out of place and out of time, and suffering from amnesia, the strength and good-nature of his spirit was readily apparent to all who came to know him. Garthos possessed a gentle, compassionate soul to those he called

friend. He was always ready to share in laughter, or offer words of wisdom. He was fiercely protective of friends and family, and of New Calendale which came to be his home, and only wanted to protect those around him. Still, his early days in New Calendale were not without incident - some feared him, or mistook Garthos for being an Infernal. Others sought to possess him. In one incident Garthos was ambushed on his way to Marquis Orsiv Istivan's estate. Captured, he was forced to fight in the pits of a fighting arena before the people of New Calendale rallied and rescued him from his captors.

None of Garthos' detractors were worse than the Crimson Moon, identified by the red crescent moon tattoos that each member bore. The Crimson Moon masqueraded as a mercenary company, but the truth was far more ugly. The Crimson Moon is a fanatically insane cult of dragonslayers, who passes down their legacy from father to son. Over the past three years, the Crimson Moon has used fear tactics in an attempt to press regular people into their ranks. They have sent squads of men to assassinate and collect the heads of known friends and allies of Garthos, and they have orchestrated ambushes in the attempt to kill those people of New Calendale assisting Garthos in his quest to rediscover his past.

During the heresy of Kavarek, which threatened the Twenty-Two True Gods and existence itself, the Crimson Moon insisted that Garthos was a still greater threat. All this pales before their cruellest act. Utilizing ancient ritual magies, the Crimson Moon corrupted relics from Garthos'



past, implanting false memories within the crystal artifacts. Driven to rediscover the memories he had lost and the home he missed, Garthos, and those helping him, were lured into a most malicious trap. Believing to have discovered a crystal which possessed more of his lost memories, Garthos was captured, mind, body, and soul within the crystal. There was no way to free Garthos from this crystal prison without destroying his soul. The Cirque du Elantrai was able to secure the crystal which housed Garthos with the assistance of a scholar who had been hired by the Crimson Moon - when the man discovered the true nature of the Crimson Moon, he turned against them at great risk to himself.*

This past Blood Moon, the Cireus was contacted by this scholar, who had discovered the location of the Patriarchs, twin brothers who led the Crimson Moon. These Patriarchs maintained the ritual magics which kept Garthos, and all of his people imprisoned by the Crimson Moon over the millennium, trapped within crystal prisons. Only through the death of these patriarchs could Garthos and the dragon-kin know peace. While there was no hope of restoring them to bodies or true life, by destroying this ritual the dragon-kin would be freed, able to move on to the next plane of existence and know peace in the afterlife. It was with heavy hearts, but even greater conviction that the Cireus, along with Saringo, Zodimar, Ritara, and Farooq, traveled to the location where these Patriarchs were to be found.

Upon arriving at the location that night, a Patriarch and the Crimson Moon were in the process of completing a ritual utilizing ancient magics and human sacrifice, in their belief that this ritual would prevent the dragons from returning to Adravth. After a truly fearsome battle, the Crimson Moon were defeated and this first Patriarch killed. The man they intended to sacrifice, Mister William Travers, a scholar in the employ of Marquis Isstivan, was rescued. The Crimson Moon made a second attempt on Mister Travers life within the Seroll and Dragon that night. The next day, Mister Travers returned to the Seroll and Dragon having spent the night retracing his steps and discovering the location he had been held prior to the sacrifice. The Cirque du Elantrai rallied, and accompanied by Onyx, Farooq, and Cravander, launched an attack upon the surviving Patriarch. After fearsome fighting and much trial and tribulation the Patriarch was defeated.

As the Patriarch fell and the ritual ended, Garthos' voice resounded throughout the chamber. In those moments Garthos thanked us all, for he and his people had been freed from their imprisonment. His people had been given justice and now could know peace. Tears were shed, but Garthos told us not to be sad, for this is not goodbye, but merely farewell until next we meet.

It is these final words that I would share with you, the people of New Calendale. Over the past three eyles many of us came to know and love Garthos, he was a friend, a stalwart companion in battle, and he was family. To all of those who assisted Garthos in his quest to rediscover his

past and the home he had lost, to all of those who aided in the battles against the Crimson Moon, and ultimately helped free Garthos and the dragon-kin that they might know peace, you have his, and the Cirque du Elantrai's, thanks. Only through cooperation were we all able to aid Garthos during his time with us in New Calendale. Garthos' noble spirit was an inspiration to us. He was our friend, a stalwart companion at our side in battle. For some he was more than that, he was our

Family, he was our brother. We mourn Garthos' passing, but rejoice that he and his entire people are truly in a better place. Do not dwell on sad thoughts, but remember Garthos as he was noble and kind, keep alight the memories of the good and happy times we were able to share with Garthos, and let his life inspire us all as we move forward in our own lives. Remember, while Garthos may be gone, this is not goodbye, it is merely farewell until next our paths cross with his, in this life or the next.

*For his own safety from potential retribution, I have chosen to keep this man's name anonymous.

~ Vayne Mistral
Cirque du Elantrai

Garthos possessed a gentle, compassionate soul to those he called friend. He was always ready to share in laughter, or offer words of wisdom.

A Wanderer's Reveries

Ulv Shadow-Walker

Happiness

Joyous jubilee
For dawn's new
Lasting light

Peaceful gracious
Memory of things we
Feared at night

The dawn has
Brought new days
To shine upon

The blur of joy
Has wrapped within
Our souls now unfurled

Now we shall be
Born anew to
Rest on haven's step

For we shall rest
And shine again
For brethren in
Our arms

Sadness

Sorrow leaped from
Up above as
Wailing hearts cry out

We seek to find
Comfort from the
Darkness all around

Holding tight to
Hope and fright
Erupts from within

So much lost
With so much pain
And many fallen foes

So much forgotten
Now it's lost
Below the tears of time

Perhaps one day
To those now go
Then we shall meet again





Enigmas of the Moon

Solutions for the Shield Moon - Theme: Harigmoore

Scrambles

- 1) tPersai (1 word, 7 letters)
• **Pirates**
- 2) gfgulnmgš (1 word, 9 letters)
• **Smuggling**
- 3) adšisꝛ (1 word, 7 letters)
• **šzasidꝛ**
- 4) Isoršai (1 word, 7 letters)
• **Sailors**
- 5) dšaaꝛTšerr (2 words, 3 / 7 letters)
• **šza Tradꝛs**
- 6) rraobfl (1 word)
• **Harbor**
- 7) nTꝛCdrꝛetaOfꝛ (3 words, 6 / 2 / 5 letters)
• **Cꝛntꝛ Of Tradꝛ**
- 8) ahWfꝛ (1 word)
• **Wharf**
- 9) ꝛꝛlvsavššnal (2 words, 5 / 7 letters)
• **Naval Vꝛssꝛls**
- 10) alorCofldg (2 words, 5 / 4 letters)
• **Cargo fld**

Anagrams

- 11) Dark Covꝛtꝛd šins. D _____ T _____
(2 words, 8 / 7 letters)
• **Docksidꝛ Tavꝛns**
- 12) Tꝛn charms. M _____
(1 word, 9 letters)
• **Mꝛchants**
- 13) And not erab. C _____
(1 word, 10 letters)
• **Contraband**
- 14) šhy rapids. š _____
(1 word, 9 letters)
• **Shipyards**
- 15) It dooms mieꝛ. C _____
(1 word, 11 letters)
• **Commoditizꝛ**

There was no winner for the Shield Moon.

š silver for the unsolvꝛd answers has bꝛn added to the jackpot.

The leftover money from partial prizꝛ winners is added to the pot evꝛy Moon.

If all Enigmas are answerꝛd corꝛꝛtly, you will win it all!



Enigmas of the Moon

Theme: Peace Between Twin Kingdoms and Solitaria

Scrambles

- 1) lldKopngizo (2 words, 4 / 7 letters)
- 2) aemrhtttf (1 word, 9 letters)
- 3) hdsenakaf (1 word, 9 letters)
- 4) gngertfmg (1 word, 9 letters)
- 5) udaziRlFmzsntizi (2 words, 8 / 8 letters)
- 6) rsizopmCmo (1 word, 10 letters)
- 7) zoipasarnR (1 word, 11 letters)
- 8) eTeru (1 word, 5 letters)
- 9) InileAza (1 word, 8 letters)
- 10) NnznngiBzws (2 words, 5 / 10 letters)

Example:

adgvrGra (1 word)
 aDlonrorgAdenlS (5 words, 6 / 3 / 6 letters)

Answer: Graveyard
 Answer: Scroll And Dragon

Anagrams

- 11) A birch novel. O _____ B _____
(2 words, 5 / 6 letters)
- 12) Echoing mom. C _____ H _____
(2 words, 6 / 4 letters)
- 13) See more reports. E _____ O _____
(2 words, 7 / 7 letters)
- 14) Age, pet crate. P _____ T _____
(2 words, 5 / 6 letters)
- 15) Implications are told.
D _____ R _____
(2 words, 10 / 9 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 game. 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 Calendar Chronicle)
2. Send by courier to "New Calendar Chronicle"