

New Galendale Chronicle

The Solstice Moon, 1117

GRAVES DESECRATED AND SKULLS TAKEN

Reports say that a grave robber has hit our beloved town. Several graves were disturbed this past moon. Upon the morning of the 20th Day of the Elder's Moon, it was discovered that bones were removed from their resting places. Two of the graves disturbed were of Salim and Migazaki Daishi. Corporal William Sabreton was met by the local keeper of the grounds for the Dunford Bay region that morning and informed of the situation.

William and a few other townsfolk sat and looked over information that they hoped would be able to help discern where this criminal might strike next. It seemed a trail was discovered leading from all over the continent - from

the Twin Kingdoms to the Dwarves of the Dragonspine Mountains, even stretching all the way back to Al'Hazir and Sekhem. Whoever this culprit is, they have hit many other countries over the last several moons, even dating back to the Love Moon of this year, 1117.

The major concern regarding this development is the removal of the skulls from the desecrated graves with the rest of the bones left intact. The purpose behind these disturbances and thefts is being investigated. If any information regarding this topic comes to light, please inform Corporal Sabreton as soon as possible.

- Ulv Kuyama



Three Solinarian Soldiers Killed in Two Moons Causes Great Concern

Two bodies of Solinarian soldiers were found lying by a tree nearest the stairway into the Seroll & Dragon Inn on the morning of the 20th day of the Elder's Moon. Both were still dressed in their distinctive red and gold-edged tabards, laid face down in the dirt path. Tavern Mistress Cailllean Mac Aodha said that she did not see the two bodies upon arriving at the Seroll & Dragon early hours of Spirits Day mornings. She was accompanied by two tavern employees.

Despite all efforts of local citizens to help heal and/or revive the two Solinarian soldiers, their bodies were already cold and their spirits were gone. Clerics attempted to appeal to the spirits but were unsuccessful. No one in the Seroll & Dragon Inn claims to have heard any noise or sound made by the perpetrator of this act of violence.

Upon the dead bodies, each had a piece of parchment left in their pocket with a what appeared to be a hastily drawn symbol. Some townsfolk guessed it was a drawing of a leaf, others the fletching of an arrow. As I did not see them myself, I cannot say for certain.

This is the second consecutive moon that the body of a dead Solinarian soldier was found near New Calendale bearing these strange markings. In the Laughing Moon, Twin Kingdom soldiers arrested a woman after finding her over the dead body of a Solinarian soldier somewhere on the outskirts of New Calendale. The woman was dressed in mostly black, laughing hysterically almost maniacally, and smeared with blood as she was lead through town to the Guard House for questioning. A short while later, the woman was executed by members of the Twin Kingdom guard behind the Guard House. Despite the severity of these crimes, they were not addressed by local nobility at court during the Elder's Moon.

The second Tournament of Two Rulers is scheduled to take place this upcoming Solstice Moon. According to the word of travelers on the roads, a few moons ago, a Solinarian senator was making way for New Calendale to attend the prestigious event.

However, rumor has it that King Leopold, long may he reign, is considering canceling the tournament. It is unclear if this recent string of murders is the cause, or if he has some other reason. There has been no official announcement, as of the date of this publication, made on whether the

tournament will proceed as scheduled, rescheduled for a later date, or canceled.

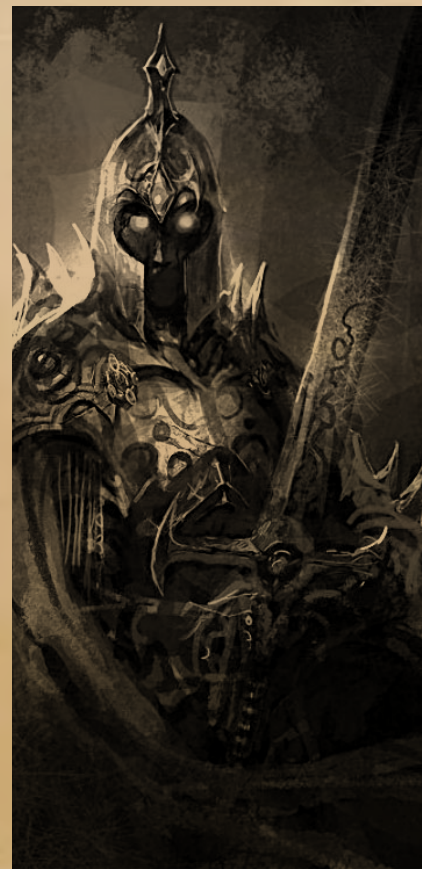
- Beatrice Iain

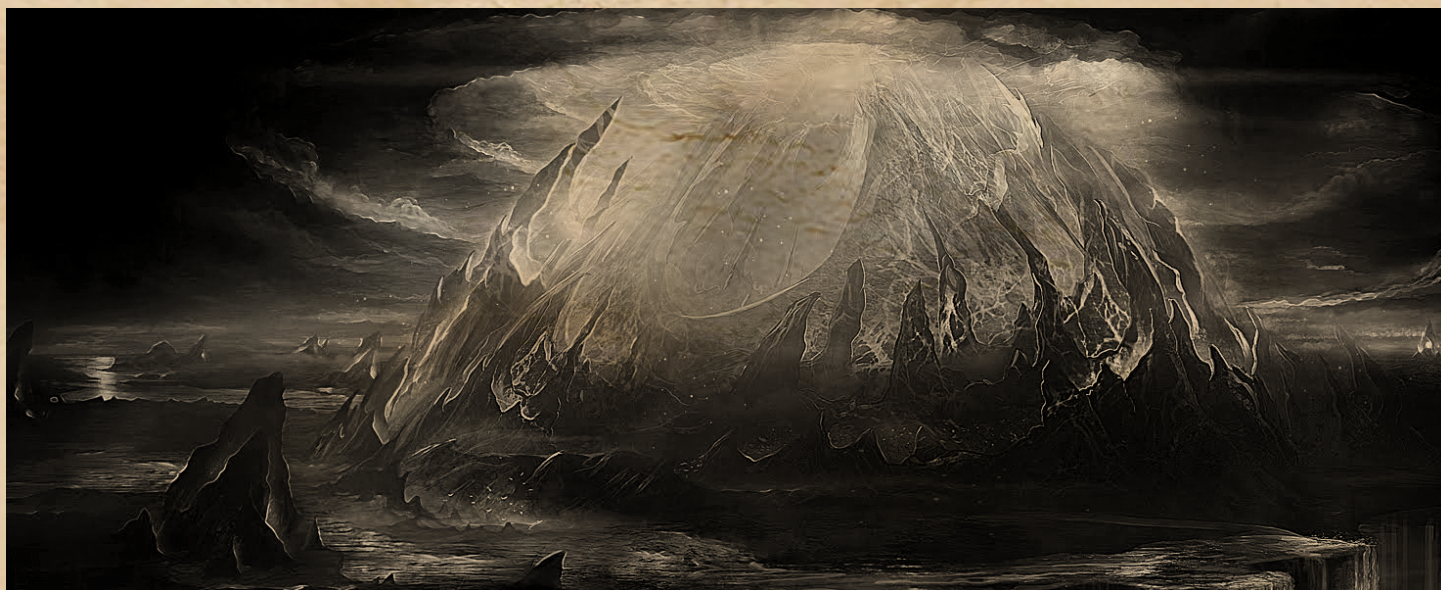
Death Knight Defeated

A powerful and intelligent undead known as a Death Knight, had been plaguing the New Calendale area for some time. A ghost of Ignate Burnside's past, the creature known as Strixx often came to town seeking him out and engaging townsfolk who tried to challenge him. Using a combination of extreme combat prowess, necromantic gifts, and power to command undead, even in daylight, the people of New Calendale were unable to subdue him despite their best efforts.

It wasn't until the 20th night of the Elder's Moon that the people of New Calendale were able to bring Strixx, who had by then been terrorizing the town for more than a cycle, to his knees. The battle commenced in the field behind the graveyard. Ignate and a few townsfolk engaged Strixx and seemingly endless waves of undead. During this time Xandis had run to the Seroll and Dragon to gather the rest of New Calendale's defenders. After all were gathered, in a show of power, a united New Calendale was able to beat back Strixx's forces enough to give Ignate time to destroy the Death Knight's phylactery. Previously immune to any effort to subdue him, the phylactery's absence left him vulnerable, and with concentrated effort the town was able to destroy this deadly threat. While many gave their lives to the defense of the town, Negoro saw fit to return them all to the land of the living.

- Rafael Espina
de la Rosa





Eye of the Storm

The gigantic Storm in the North has finally ended, dissipating as quickly as it formed. When the formerly thick clouds faded, those present in the area were shocked at what was left in its place. At the center of the former maelstrom, a huge city now stands. As this is a very recent development, not much is yet known about this city's mysterious appearance.

~ Sibiga Tzbrindril

Broken Blade and Bound Spirits

On the night of the eighth day of the Laughing Moon, a disturbing and frightening turn of events transpired within the town of New Calendal. Wailing, screaming, and crying could be heard from the field near the Temple of All-Faith, and the contorted glowing faces of numerous Husks could be seen. Members of the town, including the local tribe, arrived and began attempting to quell the creatures. Oddly, unlike previous encounters, the Husks could be harmed by any means, and by any person present wielding weapon or spell. As the town fought to contain the Husks, Rehan, a shaman of the tribe, suddenly called out that he found another Shaman performing a ritual within a circle, and was holding a massive sword.

While the town held the Husks at bay, Rehan and several others attempted to breach the protective circle surrounding the man with the sword. Recognizing the sword as something from the legends told of the Wendigo, a strange creature who has been stalking the woods surrounding New Calendal, Rehan attempted to speak to

the man. Despite the collective effort of the town and tribe, the man completed the ritual, then suddenly fell to the ground, dead. The sword shattered and faded from sight.

Later that same night, the Wendigo appeared in the woods near the town's guardhouse. Members of Battle Bound found the creature and, when it showed absolutely no sign of aggression, followed it through the woods back to the site of the battle with the Husks earlier in the night. Upon the arrival of Rehan, the creature began to speak, saying it can "sense them but cannot see them." The creature clashed with the townsfolk, taunting Rehan all the while.

If Rehan's assessment is true, the creature has merged with the man who performed the ritual earlier, becoming one entity. To what end remains to be seen.

As usual, my gentle readers, be safe in your travels.

- Algernon Corvis

The Chronicles of Creation



• Chapter 3: Drevvarria •

All of life on this plane has a connection to mortality, and while many of the gods and goddesses bestow gifts on their creations in order to make them capable of handling the difficulties of life, there is one goddess that seeks to test their strength directly. Strength, not only of the body but of the mind and even emotionally as well. Drevvarria, goddess of disease, pain, and the undead takes this task on with grim pleasure. A reminder to all races that we are only made stronger through enduring and overcoming all kinds of pain in a myriad of forms, some obvious and others less so. Legends of how her siblings passed her by when it came to creating a race and so she took from each of their creations to build her own children the undead. A reminder that hubris often comes with a great price. Still, there was a time before all this that she too was also a child. Was she a morbid little girl, poking at the remains of primordial creatures before they came to fruition? Or did she giggle with dark glee each time she found a new way make someone writhe in discomfort?

Of all the siblings, one must be able to imagine a child that never really quite fit in with them, her only true friend among them being her twin Attalia, who still loved her sister despite all her oddities. You can picture Drevvarria dashing through the celestial halls, squealing with glee as one of her siblings chased after her, cursing her for placing a pin beneath their chair, or making a pain rash appear on them or one of their creations. Was this a time the All Mother and All Father rebuked their child? After all, antagonizing a brother or sister is often a quick way to earn the ire of one's parents. How many times can a person recall being threatened with all sorts of punishments for picking on a sibling, from the mild to the severe? It might even stand to reason that these were the first kinds of pains Drevvarria remembered and so attribute them to a child being raised. So much of childhood is filled with lessons only truly learned by experiencing pain - tripping and skinning a knee after being told not to run around so much. How many times were we told not to get too close to the fire? A warning every parent utters, only for the real lesson to sink in AFTER we are burned.

Perhaps it was a bit of jealousy that touched Drevvarria as she watched her siblings creating all manner of life and

creatures. Even the most base of creations were a mystery to her, a secret none of the others wished to share. In her stubbornness to not be excluded, she began making them ill, marking the beginning of which creations would truly pass the test of time. Which were strong enough to survive and pass on their line, and which would wither away, forgotten by time with only dust to mark their passing? It might have started out as a joke for her; guess which one can be strong enough and you get to keep it.

As for the undead, as a child one might be able to compare them to the first imaginary friends. Here all the popular children are making headway into their own schoolings, finding out which of the bits fit into what pieces and how they all begin making the cosmic clock begin to turn. Even with prodding from Attalia, teasing from Ethali, and maybe disapproving looks from Viralee, Drevvarria was more content to spend time with her imaginary friends, creations that she knew would not disapprove of her in any way.

Many may have viewed her as weak, sickly, and frail, taking pity on her or perhaps looking on her with apprehension. The lonely child, despite being surrounded by family. Yet it was in this almost self imposed isolation that she gained strength. And in time she became the mother of pain and undead that we see around us now. Although her teaching may be extreme to some today, one must empathize and understand that every story has a beginning. Pain is something that we all learn from a young age. Sickness is something every race deals with, from a humble field mouse to the eldest children of Adraveth, the Algorians. Those unable to survive the lessons die off, letting the strong thrive and pass on their knowledge and strength. Everyone learns from a cautionary tale, though no one truly understands its meaning until they themselves are a part of the dance macabre of pain so often laid throughout our lives.

- Rafael Espina de la Rosa

*** Editor's Note: *Chronicles of Creation* is a humorously speculative and lighthearted column of what the All Mother and All Father might have endured with their godling babies. ~ Onyx**

Ruminations of an Al'Haziran Scholar

• Of A Woman, Her Child, and the Aftermath of a War •

It has been too long since last I've written, reader. Much of my time has been spent in either study, meditation, or working with the hustle and bustle that is our fair little town. Alas, I return to you not with lighthearted banter, but with grief that I must put to paper for both the sake of another and my own sanity.

Carolyn Bartlett, a local resident of New Calendalg, has recently suffered the loss of her son, Jack, at the hands of malevolent sorcery. Having been turned into an animated scarecrow by a neighboring farmer with a grudge, Jack (or what little was left him) had to be put down, along with a number of others who shared a similar fate. It was horrifically difficult to watch, let alone be a part of the skirmish that took place. I, among various other townsfolk, wracked our brains to come up with some way to save Ms. Bartlett's son, beating back other foul creations all the while. Death, unfortunately, became the only pertinent option, if only to prevent more lives from being lost and staining what shards of Jack still remained in that horrid husk, warping and distorting with every word exchanged.

Brother Sebastian Wright, a dedicated holy man, and I did our best to console Carolyn after the ordeal. Making matters worse, it so happened that she was recently made a widow; her husband, Andrew Bartlett, served in the Solinarian

military and was among the many who did not return home from the Battle of Larigmoore. Having no immediate family to return to, Master Cadrel Moonasethnos, a Scarlet Scarf and cleric of Leondarr, volunteered to help gather her belongings and find her shelter.

Carolyn made great efforts to share details about her son, that he may be remembered. Jack was an avid reader and writer, something that Carolyn was quite proud of, given that she is unable to read herself. "He would spend hours cooped up in the house," she recalled, "and he loved playing ball. I encouraged it because it was the only way I could get him to go outside." It was that very ball she pulled out of the scarecrow's chest, the very same figure that begged those around it to kill him.

That young man held so much promise; years of potential deeds and memories, all ripped away in one bloodstained night. I must say, reader, that this has not been easy to write; I have spent a multitude of nights poring through my head, trying to see if there was something I missed, something we hadn't tried, something more we could have done to save this poor boy, to ease this poor woman's suffering. For all my prayers and sleepless nights, this is the only thing I could muster, and even this I find pitiful recompense for such a gentle and sweet woman.



To whoever is currently caring for Mrs. Bartlett, I humbly ask that you take the time to read this article to her, along with any and all of her son's writings when she is comfortable and willing. Carolyn has suffered enough at the hands of a harsh and cruel world, and deserves some means of remembering happier, simpler times.

To Carolyn, I would have her know that she does not walk this road alone; I, too, have lost family and to this day have never fully gotten over it. Should you ever return here, know that I, too, would like to read a copy of Jack's stories, that I may commit it to memory and share with the world. Adraveth deserves to know the words of its children, and I promise to ensure that his memory endures. Consider this the least I can offer you, from one battered soul to another.



Carolyn Bartlett represents one of the countless citizens of the Twin Kingdoms who have endured tragedy at the hands of the foolish and the headstrong. Her, along with so many other widows and orphans, are helpless victims in the aftermath of the Solinarian War. Though we have shed blood and made peace, it is those like her who are still paying the soul-wracking and emotional cost of that war. Something tells me that we have not heard the last of the Larigmoore survivors, each dealing with their loss as best they can, with neither proper explanation nor closure. In light of Carolyn's ordeal, I pose a message for the

readers out there. Kindness and a friendly ear go a long way when it comes to your fellow neighbor. There are many times where we feel powerless to help, when there is nothing that can be done to stop the maddening chaos and despair that beats down our doors and ravages what's left of our bright spirits. One may not always be able to stop the war; however, one can always listen to a neighbor in need. In your travels, remember to take the time to help and listen to your fellow man. You may never know just how much of a difference that small act can make. For some, that makes all the difference.

May the gods' graces be with you all, and keep you safe in your travels.

Yours most sincerely,
~ Rizhak Alim Al'Gar

In Memoriam; A Tribute to the Memory of Baron Orsiv Istivan

In the Love Moon of 1117, the New Calendale Chronicle published an obituary for Baron Orsiv Istivan, mourning his passing, and celebrating the new beginning of the Dunford Bay area under Baron Alberic Fontaine. Baron Istivan devoted his life in service to the Twin Kingdoms and his memory and years of service should be remembered and honored.

Lord Istivan was born on the first day of the Shield Moon and passed into Negoro's Realm on the 17th day of the Harvest Moon, shortly after turning fifty three years of age. Lord Istivan moved to New Calendale in 1106, having sold his manor and lands in Breckendorf. Prior to 1106, the Istivan Estate in Breckendorf was the home to all of the prior generations of the Istivan family.

The Istivan family can trace its lineage back to the founding of the Twin Kingdoms and has a long standing tradition of military service to the Twin Kingdoms. It is traditional for members of the Istivan family to begin receiving training in military tactics at the age of four. Lord Andrik Istivan, father to Lord Orsiv Istivan, served in the First Goblinoid War, and gave his life in service to the Twin Kingdoms. In the year 1070, Lord Andrik valiantly died in battle against the goblinoid threat. Lord Orsiv Istivan was only six years of age at the passing of his father.

When Lord Orsiv Istivan was twenty-five years of age, he followed in his father's footsteps, and familial tradition

of military service to the Twin Kingdoms. In 1089, Lord Istivan served as a commander in the Second Goblinoid War. Lord Istivan and his forces served in nearly every major engagement throughout the Second Goblinoid War, and were recognized for the ferocity with which they fought against the goblinoid threat. In the year 1091, the Second Goblinoid War was ended and numerous reports credit this victory to the military genius of Lord Istivan, whom was twenty-seven years old at the time.

The Second Goblinoid War took its toll upon the Istivan family and many of the immediate family, including his uncles and cousins had passed away while Lord Istivan was serving in the war. Many of the losses were due to his family's tradition of military service, and lives given in defense of the kingdom against the goblinoid threat. Others were due to illness, including the passing of Lady Vera Istivan, Lord Istivan's mother. Lady Vera passed a few weeks prior to Lord Istivan returning home from the war. By the end of the Second Goblinoid War, Lord Orsiv Istivan was the last of the Istivan line.

Lord Orsiv Istivan married the Lady Melani Dravenson, first daughter of Count Dravenson in the year 1094. In the year 1096, they were blessed with a child, the beautiful Lady Isabella Istivan. Unfortunately due to complications with the pregnancy, the Lady Isabella would be the only child born of Lord Orsiv and Lady Melani. In the year 1103, the Third Goblinoid War threatened the Twin Kingdoms. Lord Istivan departed to serve in the war in defense of the Twin Kingdoms. Tragedy struck while he was away and the Lady Melani Istivan passed into Negoro's Realm.

In 1106, having sold his estate in Breckenford, Lord Istivan moved to the New Calendale area where he resided until his passing. In the year 1116, by order of Duke Alexavier Ravenholm, Lord Istivan was raised to the rank of Baron for the barony of Dunford Bay, a position he held for less than a year. Lord Orsiv Istivan was known as a lord of the people and the commonfolk. One who always had the good of the people at heart and always did as much as he could to aid them, in addition to his distinguished military record and selfless service to the Twin Kingdoms. May his legacy, and that of the Istivan family, endure and be remembered. Lord Istivan is survived by his daughter, Lady Isabella Istivan, now twenty-one years of age. Lady Istivan holds the title and lands of Lord Istivan until such a time as a new heir is named.

- Vayne Mistral

Infernals in the Sun

It was a relatively pleasant day a bell or two after High Sun on Sunday, the twenty first day of the Elder's Moon. People were going about their business, trading, crafting goods, and enjoying the warmth of the sun, when all of a sudden the sound of hideous laughter pierced the air. A scourge of Imps, two Pit Lords, a Succubus, and one unknown infernal, assaulted the Scroll and Dragon Tavern. The residents of New Calendale readied their steel and spell and engaged in battle against the Infernal horde. The fight was challenging but thanks to their prior experience against Infernals, the townsfolk were able to emerge from the battle victorious.

When fighting infernals there are several things to note, that will make the fight easier or improve your chances of survival. Succubi are skilled in magic, primarily the manipulation of the mind, with spells like Charm and Dominate. Furthermore a Succubus has the ability to draw large amounts of people towards itself, and presumably other more martially capable Infernals. Having some magical or alchemical protection to against mind-altering abilities is advisable. Imps are the foot soldiers of the infernal forces, they are not very intelligent, have no sense of self preservation, and are at their most dangerous in large numbers. When fighting Imps don't get caught alone, and if you're not strong in magic or martial combat, run. Otherwise, if you are skilled at combat you should have little trouble as long as you're not alone. Pit Lords are troublesome to say the least, as they are strong in both martial and magical combat. Their magic allows them to inflict a great deal of damage and allows them to effect the mind. To deal with them requires several people working in coordination, in order to debilitate them enough that they can be dispatched with haste.

As a general tip when dealing with martial combatants, disarming or destroying their weapons, and breaking their limbs, are highly effective strategies. Note this is a general tip and as such there are exceptions. Such as skeletons whose bones are resistant to being broken, and weapons forged with magic, which cannot be broken or disarmed. Another useful tip especially if you are still in the bottom tier of your training, whether martial or magical, is to take their feet out from under them. A simple trick but one well worth knowing.

Hopefully you will find this useful. May the blessing of the twenty three shine on you and keep you safe.

- Brandon Lachlan