

# The Travance Chronicle

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## THE PRECIOUSNESS OF TIME

*BY SIR GIDEON WEAVERFORGER, ORANGE SORCERER*

Time is many things to many people. To young people, it is too long. To old people, it is too swift. It passes at different rates if you are bored, waiting, or under pressure. But there is one thing that all people, races, and beings share in common - they cannot recover what time has been spent.

As a Quinarian, I am gifted with a longer lifespan than most who walk this world. I have told my kinsmen "We are Elves, be patient." I have watched my human students race against an unseen clock to unlock the mysteries of the Arcane and the Forge, always scrambling to learn more, sooner.

But even I cannot ignore the fact that time spent is gone, never to be recovered. Gold can be earned, trust and reputation rebuilt. But an hour wasted is never to be regained.

Time is a cost - consider how you spend it. Sometimes, we have no choice - when waiting for a meal to cook, or a letter to arrive, we simply cannot make time pass faster or things happen sooner. Time spent working on a project cannot be recovered, and while you can melt down a sword to regain its steel, you cannot regain the time you put into it.

Consider this when you ask someone to do something - what is the cost, in time? More than gold, gems, or even knowledge, time is a precious resource, and the cost of wasting it can be steep.

## VIS-EXODUS

*LAST WORDS OF OPHELIA ESPEER*

Eleven Little Exodus portaled in a line  
Two died hand-in-hand and then there were nine.  
Nine Little Exodus at Travance's Gate  
One went on a journey, then there were eight.  
Eight Little Exodus were told they'd go to Heaven  
One felt the sickness first and then there were seven.  
Seven Little Exodus told of their conflicts  
One lay her head to rest and then there were six.  
Six Little Exodus hoping they could thrive

One Lisidarian fell and then there were five.  
Five Little Exodus: their blood upon the floor  
Eternal rest in the goblin's arms and then there were four.  
Four Little Exodus knew life could never be  
His Magitech failed at night and then there were three.  
Three Little Exodus stood in the morning dew  
The Captain fell upon his team and then there were two.  
Two Little Exodus knew nothing could be done  
The Quill never left the book until there was one.  
One Little Exodus cried out in the sun  
Her eyes rest upon the Grove and then there were none.

## CALISVORIN BATTLE REPORT

*BY AMBASSADOR MEANDER CORRELLIS*

I have received another report from Brother Seamus Aeislin of Clan MacInnes. As of this article's publication, Brother Seamus and the men fighting with him should have arrived at Chrimbrazen to reclaim yet another dwarven city. Further news will be published once it is received.

On their way to meet with King Valdan, the army was ambushed in the area near the fortress of Kasr Mivodri: the fight was long, and they sustained significant losses, but the area was thankfully purged of demonic forces. They then swept through the underground passages of Helm's Hall, clearing any lingering demons as they traveled. Once the Dark Dwarven siege was lifted this past month (thanks to the combined efforts of the dwarves from Calisvorin and the citizens of Travance), the army began to clear out the country in earnest, starting with any demonically-tainted Dark Dwarves they encountered. From Helm's Hall, the army moved to Nemkir, northeast of Chrimbrazen, which had fallen and been taken over by the demonic horde. Nemkir has since been retaken, though again, with more casualties, and Brother Seamus reports that the city is in a terrible state of disrepair.

Included below is a casualty report from Seamus, this time broken down by battle location. With time, I know our men shall eradicate this demon scourge from all of our lands, and I await the day when I will never

have to publish another casualty report.

Kasr Mivodri:

- Sigurd Halfdan, March 2nd, 1214
- Lachlann Marnach, March 2nd, 1214
- Orlin Stonebrow, March 2nd, 1214
- Paudrig MacAllister, March 2nd, 1214
- Torsten of the Veneir, March 2nd, 1214
- Keenan MacIntosh, March 2nd, 1214
- Olgrin Stonebrow, March 3rd, 1214
- Brion MacInnes, March 3rd, 1214

Outside Helm's Hall:

- Dougal Buchanan, March 12th, 1214
- Thorgrim Brightearth, March 12th, 1214

Nemkir:

- Balthor Ironeye, March 23rd, 1214
- Duncan MacInnes, March 23rd, 1214
- Rogeir Ormund, March 24th, 1214
- Burkjal of the Veneir, March 25th, 1214

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## THE WISDOM OF THE SEASONS: VERNAL EQUINOX

### BY HIEROPHANT TYPHON SCYLDINGA

Near the end of the month of March is the a holiday of celebrated by Druids all over the world: the Spring Equinox. It is a day of great importance for many reasons. It is celebrated as the first true day of spring. It is a celebration of rebirth as new life springs from the cold frozen winter. Many tribes in the North and some in the Jaxuarian lands make burnt offerings in hopes that the gods will look favorably upon them and grant them fertility, both of body and of soil.

The Equinoxes are called such because, at this point in the year, the day and night are equal in length. At the Vernal Equinox in spring the days are growing longer. At the Autumnal Equinox in Fall the days become short and the nights long. With more light comes more time to work. It becomes safer to work later and harder tending one's field.

The Vernal Equinox is also celebrated by some as the start of a new year. It is the beginning of a new cycle starting with birth in the spring, flourishing of summer, death in fall and dormancy in winter, leading finally back to rebirth in the next spring. Now is the time for planting for spring's seeds becomes autumn's harvest. Take to heart what seeds you plant in your life at this, the beginning of a new year, as what you sow now will be what you must survive on in the winter.

## LORE OF THE NORTHMEN: TIME

### BY PRIVATE GRIMKJELL ERISON

Time for the men of the north is a stream without end. We revere the past more than most since we rarely write it down. We instead rely on our skalds to remember it, chanting it back to us that we may know the glories past, while our people huddle around the fire during the coldest nights.

We live in the present, and while we aspire to glory in the future, the now is what is important to us. To the Southrons, this may seem as though we are short-sighted or or rude, but that is a... mistake. We know hunger enough to understand the next meal may be a long time in coming, so we eat everything now, and drink as much as we can to fortify us against the times of want.

We know time mostly as seasons, and light and darkness. Not bells or clockwork, such things seem... too complex to us. There is a time for wakefulness, a time for sleeping, a time for feasting, a time for hunting, and a time for war. In truth, as far as Travance goes, it seems always to be time for war, so it is good that there are so many strong Northerners here to lend help.

Time is a giver of gifts, and a thief as well. It steals sight and strength of arm from the old, but makes the young mighty and gifts them with children of their own. It is neither to be feared nor revered, simply to be accepted. The world moves on, and only the cold remains. Strength fails, glory fades, so we task our skalds with preserving what is important, so that we may learn from both our triumphs and our failures.

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## THE QUESTION OF INFINITY

### BY IMRAHIL

I have found it quite entertaining to ask some of Travance's academics to solve the relatively simple equation  $1/0$ . Some come to it quickly. More often the brow is long furrowed in contemplation and theoretical spit-balling. On the other hand, I have seen Kormyrian schoolchildren only just coming to an understanding of divisibility solve the problem instinctively. The reason is quite simple. It is a case in which the concepts are more important than the functions. The only possible answer to how many nothings can occupy a whole is infinity.

Infinity is an important concept to wrestle with for all. The word itself is an embodiment of the unknowable. For some, the answer is to struggle against the unknown. Best not to be caught at unawares in the

face of such an insidious foe. Others submit to the unknowable. Best not to be cowed by an inevitable end. In the humble opinion of this columnist, these approaches are ignorant of the underlying reality. The past is an illusion, the future a lie. Infinity is now. It is only in embracing the unknowable that one can be freed of its burdens. This stated, infinity and time are not the same. Time is a thing invented by men: something that can be converted into numerical representation. Infinity is an immeasurable force. Infinity is a dealer of wounds, and time a healer. Time goes forgotten, where infinity refuses to be ignored.

While it can be easy to accept the idea that each moment is eternal, it can be rather difficult to incorporate into prescience. To truly understand temporality, one must be able to place oneself outside it. Meditation is the pole with which one can overcome this hurdle to confer with the universal consciousness. Any who would wish to experience this method are encouraged to convene near the monastery at 10 bells the Sunday of feast weekend where I shall lead a clinic. I hope to see many of my fellow citizens there.

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### **THIS ONE TIME . . .** **BY SIR JACK CYPHER**

This one time.....

A man died from a minstrel's song. Physicians said he suffered from a bard attack.

A Jaxuarian asked me why I cut my claws off. I think he was being catty with me.

A Kormyrian said to a Hobbit: "If you were half the man I was....."

A Bedouin decided to open a Hot Spring. Water the chances?

A Dark Elf Physician made a House call.

A Barbarian ended up on the other side of The Rift. He took the wrong woad.

A Celt and a Khitanese tried to golf. They never got past the tea off.

I saw a Dwarf get a drink at the Dragon's Claw Inn. I thought they didn't serve miners.

An Ogre decided to write an advice column. It was very successful. This is not a joke.

A Londwyn threw a frozen biscuit at me. It was a scone of cold.

A Satyr threw a party and I went crazy from its Wine-ing.

We needed to uproot a Dryad from its home. It packed its trunk but it wouldn't leaf.

When working in a shop I saw a Quinarian hobbling

around. I suggested he try arcane.

I tried to get a reading from a Gypsy. But it just wasn't in the cards.

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### **A WARRIOR'S DILEMMA** **BY AMBASSADOR MEANDER CORRELIS**

Many in Travance have traveled far  
To seek the concentrated knowledge here.  
Perhaps a warrior following the star  
Of strength to fight for those he holds most dear.

As autumn rolls in from the summer's ease,  
He learns the skills of use in home's defense;  
As orange leaves make way for barren trees,  
He learns the ways of love and makes new friends.

By now, he's left his family for so long,  
His heart is torn where once his heart was sure.  
He's found a place he feels he can belong;  
Is parting ways a thing he can endure?

And so, he finds his goal has gone astray,  
When love is reason both to go, and stay.

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### **AN INTRODUCTION TO ALCHEMY: PART TWO**

**BY RUDOLF VON KREUTZDORF**

Last month, you read about many of the amazing creations available to alchemists today. In this installment, you will read about many of the remaining recipes available in the hermetic arts of alchemy.

You read about some of the aggressive options available in alchemy, including the *Fire Bomb*. Well, if that fire damage is not enough to dissuade it from still trying to eat you? Try Itching Powder and make a dash for the Inn while they scratch themselves into oblivion for the next minute.

Need to keep a box or door closed? *Alchemical Adhesive* is the way to go. Be careful not to use it with exposed skin: whatever you put together stays together for the next six hours! Need to get into that box really quickly or perhaps you need to get through that door? Use *Oil of Slipperiness* to instantly remove any stickiness that remains in your way. You can also put it on the ground and watch your enemies fall over again and again.

Are you sick and tired of getting disarmed in combat? If you use *Powder of Gripping*, you can keep your weapon in your hand with confidence and show your

enemy the error of its ways.

If you aren't inflicting enough fire damage against your enemies, graduate to the next level with an *Explosive Bomb* and send even some of the heartiest creatures to their just reward.

Want to be a true hero of Travance, but you're just not feeling it? Chug down a *Potion of True Heroism* and gain the strength and confidence necessary to get the job done. For the next five minutes, you'll be stronger, fearless, and remain loyal to your allies!

Did your weapon get shattered? Is your shield a useless pile of splinters? Use *Paste of Mending* and within five minutes, your weapon or shield will be as good as new!

Did an ally or friend get turned to stone? Just apply the *Salve of Stone to Flesh* and within moments, they are back to normal!

Surprise your enemies with the *Oil of Searing Heat*! Apply it to your armor and any enemy that tries to grab you for the next hour is in for a fiery surprise. Apply it your weapon and swing with the fiery vengeance of the efreeti of old for the next five minutes!

For the ultimate expression of alchemical harm, nothing less than the *Acid Bomb* will do. Capable of inflicting grievous bodily harm on your foes or melting their weapons and armor into useless slag within minutes, this alchemical bomb is the king's carriage of alchemical carnage.

Need to spy for the Barony? Just need 30 minutes where the wife can't find you? Need to get out of somewhere fast and the door is guarded? Just drink the wondrous *Potion of Invisibility* and all of your problems just disappear, just like you.

I hope these brief introductions to some of the wonders of alchemy have met with your approval. Feel free to seek out the many alchemists in Travance and experience these potions, salves, gels, and bombs for yourself! If you have any questions concerning alchemy, please feel free to write to the *Chronicle* or speak to me personally at the next Baronial Feast.

## A TIME FOR HEROES

BY JACK DIMMS

An effect, a cause  
A curse but still some applaud  
As we move through time and heroes turn to falls  
The fallen hero cries true  
The villain vanquished  
The hero rests in eternity as the town cries in anguish  
But in that anguish you must understand the language  
The language of time and all those who languish  
But do not lament for time comes for us all  
And with every sunrise the sunset comes to call  
Light will shine down and darkness will be hidden  
Yet Darkness will be a tide that will always be ridden  
We can never be rid of time  
We can only make our lives great within  
The span we have been given, but even still that final  
bell rings  
It rings true as the hero cried out  
But everything has a time, even your childhood house  
Homes are shattered, lives are turned to ash  
But you must keep treading, learning from the past  
For if you do not your future will have you downtrod-  
den and cast  
Into the darkest lowest point of your soul  
Your fate will be woven, strings pulled and taught  
If you do not learn from your past then only darkness  
you'll have wrought  
Reap the benefits of glory, but do not bask for too long  
For even glory can burn you, it can even burn angels  
and gods  
So craft your stories, make your tale great  
So that once you meet your fate there will be no de-  
bate  
They will sing of you, ask for your strength and valor  
And as they enter battle you will smile from your seat  
in the after

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