

The Travance Chronicle

VOL. 4 NO. 7

"If it bleeds, it leads."

AUGUST 1215

LIZARDKIN ATTACK

During the month of July, a tribe of lizardkin and goblinoids set up a war camp along the outskirts of town, and made forays into the Proper. Though these squads were defeated, they left behind strange runes, which were eventually discovered to be favors of a sort. If one person collected all three, they were able to challenge the leader. Though these runes were collected by Lord Tartaros, and the leader challenged, it turned out that this was actually a front for something more sinister.

A blighted ooze had been growing and mutating beneath the lands. It had gained the ability to infect people, see through their eyes, and eventually control them. This is what it had done to the lizardkin army. A concerted force of Travancians was able to rout the army, though two of the three leaders escaped. It is unknown whether any of the ooze remains.

PRISON BURNS

Late Friday night, the Baronial jail was set fire to. The flames were of such a heat that even the stone melted. Only one cell remains intact - the infamous Cell Zero, from which it is said no one is able to escape. It is thought that this is related to the blighted ooze, but the Guard are still investigating. If you have any more information, please contact your local Guardsman.

Many guardsmen and prisoners lost their lives in the blaze. Funeral services were held the Tuesday following the Feast. Chaplain Brother Aldric of the Guard has organized a charity to for information on a charity to benefit the families of the deceased guardsmen. If anyone would like to donate, please contact him.

THE CREATION OF ARAWYN

AS RECORDED BY SIR DANIEL MCKRAEGAR

To many the creation of our world is a mystery. However this knowledge is not completely lost to us. These are by no means my words, but the knowledge that has been passed down since the dawn of time.

The Primarchs: The Primarch Dragons were

Eremeaus the World Shaper (Grey), who took the face of Arawyn and gave the earth and stone form, creating vast valleys and towering mountains. Then was Yorindell, Primarch of the Sky (Yellow), who controlled the four winds of Arawyn and called forth her mastery of lightning to cause relentless thunderstorms all about the world. The deepest craters of the earth were flooded with rain, forming the many lakes and oceans of the world.

From those very waters sprang forth Asinguard the Tempest (Blue), who could manipulate the oceans he claimed as his home. He swam through the waters, freezing them with an arctic chill and created mountainous glaciers across their surfaces. Deep within the bowels of Mount Vulcanus, Delfure the Burning (Red) made his way into the world. Delfure held influence over the powers of fire. He erupted from the mouth of the volcano and flew over the frozen oceans, breathing down upon them with his fiery breath. His mighty waves of flame scorched at the frozen waters, causing the ice to melt and release enormous clouds of ash and poison.

The Wardens: Three more were to come after Arawyn's shaping. From out of the poisonous clouds emerged Setharion the Emerald (Green), who inhaled all of the poisonous elements from them, making the air breathable so that other less powerful life forms could survive. Valestrezi the Amber (Orange) rose from the marshes and breathed life into the dirt and stone, bringing forth plant life that would live on for centuries to come. Finally, Terrestrasza the Amethyst (Purple) purified the oceans, so that all living creatures could use it to sustain themselves.

The New Born Planet: The seven dragon guardians eventually mated with each other to create others that were like themselves. Within a few short decades they numbered well into the hundreds. They controlled spheres of influence. The Blues held influence over water and ice. They had the power to control the very oceans and dwelled mainly in the arctic glaciers to the north. The Reds held influence over fire and heat. They had the power to activate volcanoes and control the flow of lava. The reds made their dwellings deep

within the recesses of volcanic mountains. The Yellows held influence over the air and lightning. They had the power to call forth tornadoes and hurricanes. They made their homes on the tops of dense magical clouds that drifted high in the air. The Greys, with their powers, controlled the earth itself. They founded lairs in the deserts and buried deep in the earth itself. The Emeralds held influence over poison gasses. They had the power to inhale poisonous clouds that drifted the early world and prevented lesser life forms from forming. They lived atop the largest mountain peaks, leveled with the clouds. The Ambers holding power to grow life from the planet made their homes in forests and jungles. And finally the Amethysts made their homes within the deepest oceans, keeping them pure for all life.

After the world was formed, the dragons called out to their ancient allies the Fey to come to their new world. The royal court accepted the offer to share the new world: something new always amused the fey into frenzy-like responses. The King's seven children came with their respective parties and founded seven great cities in this world, their names long forgotten.

The dragons lived harmoniously for a thousand years alongside the Fey, caring for each other and for the earth. They knew very little of anger and nothing of war. It is rumored that they could have lived this way forever, and they may have well done so, if not for the mysterious arrival of two dragons that would change their kind forever.

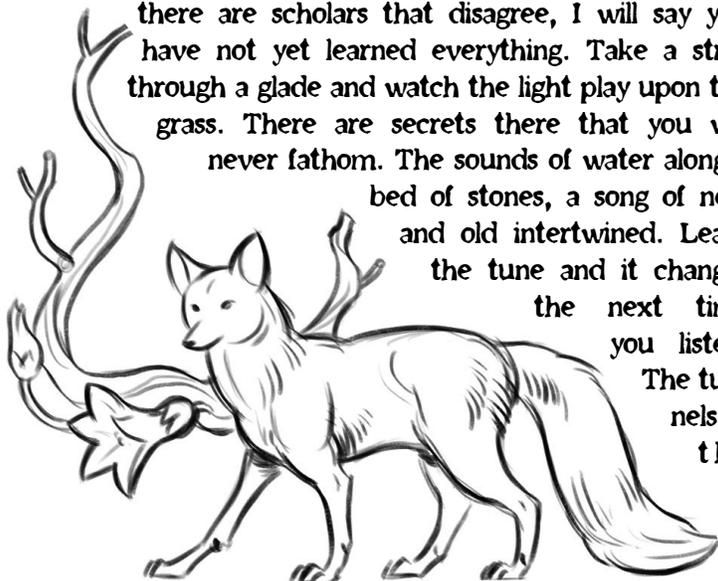
MYSTERY ABOUNDS!

BY A. GYPSY

I find that you all believe that mystery has faded from this world. I, for one, find that mystery finds us wanting more. If

there are scholars that disagree, I will say you have not yet learned everything. Take a stroll through a glade and watch the light play upon the grass. There are secrets there that you will never fathom. The sounds of water along a bed of stones, a song of new and old intertwined. Learn the tune and it changes the next time you listen.

The tunnels of the



earthen throes have once given me inspiration. Now, as I roam them, they speak to others in the hopes that they too will listen. Wonder, the great admiration of the marvels beyond the scope of the mystery's phenomenon. These are what I continue to find and entreat you reader to start your search soon... else the mystery you seek finds another.

LORE OF THE NORTHMEN: MYSTERY

BY GRIMKJELL EIRSON

To speak of mystery in the North is to speak of things long past, of that which has gone beyond even the reach of the skald's tongue and remembering. The Warrior of Legend is one such mystery. I had sought word of him for two years in order to find a weapon to defeat Balfurous. But even at the end of all our searching I was unable to trace him, find his lineage, or even his name. Only the name of the blade Ragnarok remains. This mystery haunts me. I would know the name, lineage, and face of this unsurpassed warrior, that I might further understand the nature of battle.

Some men consider their fates, destinies, or wyrds the greatest mysteries in their life. Prophecy is often obscured and veiled until after the actions described have been undertaken. A better question is what can make a destiny or wyrd change? Sometimes the entire world cannot change the way an event will play out, but sometimes, through sheer force of will alone, Travance has changed the course of prophecy. What allows us to re-weave and -warp these threads of fate in some cases but not in others? That seems to be the most worthy mystery to be solved regarding Fate.

Life itself may be viewed as a mystery. The answer to the questions posed by it are found only in the living. But if life is the answer, what was the question asked to provoke it? That strikes me as a mystery worth unraveling.

I have heard it suggested being a guardsman is all about solving mysteries, but the truth is most of the mysteries confronting the guard are utterly prosaic: Who stole someone's sword from the inn? The answer can be found through careful examination of those who were within the Dragon's Claw at the time of the theft: Who is carrying a familiar-looking weapon that doesn't belong to them? While such mysteries of crime are ones that must be solved, they are generally less interesting than the great mysteries of legend and existence. In truth, being a guardsman is more about dutifully standing at the fore and defending your fellow subjects from those things which threaten us from

without and within.

I find that the deepest mystery for me is that which motivates the heart. What makes us love, hate, and feel jealousy? What drives some men to wrath, some men to kindness, and some to feeling nothing at all? I have thought long on the nature of our feelings and I cannot guess what will evoke feelings from people from one moment to the next. It appears that thoughts and examination cannot quantify feelings, as though they are opposed to the very process of rational consideration.

JOHANNA

BY NALICK UNDERHILL

As mysteries unspoken often hide inherent violence
I could either speak my truth or keep bleeding in
silence.

My father was never home before the sun went down.
He tended counter at a local boucherie in town.

He rose with the roses and roused himself at dawn,
And out of bed he'd come bounding with nary a yawn.
On mornings when I'd rise early enough, he would say,
"'Tis too early for you, son, too soon in the day."

He told me, "Lightning won't frighten as much as
thunder will,
But that voice of yours is something else, Nalick
Underhill."

The surname belonged to my mother and it was
adopted in marriage,

Not long before I writhed around in my baby carriage.
My mother was a tailor, she crocheted and she sewed.
Five years after my birth, she once again strode
Down to the doctor after the breaking of her water.

Soon after that day, she gave birth to a daughter.
Johanna had been born and for many years,
We had found but one way to dry up her tears:
Cradling her in my arms, it wouldn't take long,
Doing as my mother said, I sang a sweet song.
Many nights, Johanna would fall asleep just like this,
Just one of the many moments that I would grow to
miss.

Thanks to my mother and father, we were well-
clothed and well-fed

And due to their warm and loving nature, well-
groomed and well-bred

We'd explore and I found it hard to keep up with her
pace,

And she sang and performed with such poise and such
grace.

Her hair was longer and far redder than my own

And her locks were illuminated by the sun when it
shone.

I told her, "Jo, I swear, whenever the wind blows,
Your freckles dance on the bridge of your nose."

Jo only ever came up to just above my thigh.

Even so, I looked up to her and stared at the sky,
Thinking while watching the black sky turn blue,
Hoping that I'd be like her when I grew.

With the daring and whimsy to leap in a fountain,
Then dry off and sing at the foot of a mountain.

Running at full speed, yet pausing to reflect
On the wondrous landscapes through which we'd
trekked.

Then one day came that was the last time I would hold
her

And from that day forth, I swore I'd be bolder.

We ventured into the woods and set up a tent.

In the morning, she was gone, and I knew not where
she went.

"Where, oh where have you gone, my love?"

Stepping outside the tent, I noticed her glove,
Spattered with blood and lying on the ground.

Frantic and shocked, I looked all around
To see if more spilled and where it was trailing.

A few dozen yards away, it stopped, and I began
wailing.

I collapsed to the ground, shoved my face into my
hands,

Ran my fingers through my hair and tugged hard at
the strands.

Tears sprang from my eyes and nightmares wracked
my brain.

"How could I return home?" I asked. "How could I
explain?"

From day until night, I sauntered through the forest,
Chased and chastised, menaced by a chorus.

Voices from all sides, casting me with blame
They were right, I decided, and fought not the shame.

I accepted that what happened was indeed my fault,
Taking what those voices said with more than a grain
of salt.

After walking for forever, alone, scared, and adrift,
I had arrived on a road not far from The Rift.

A man in a passing caravan stopped and offered me a
ride.

I looked down and I mumbled, "It should have been
me," and sighed.

"Coming or staying?" he asked again. "Which will you
choose?"

I looked him in the eye and said, "What do I have to
lose?"

IT'S A SECRET TO EVERYONE

BY GUO CHENJING

What is a man?

A miserable little pile of secrets?

A riddle,

Wrapped in a mystery,

Wrapped in an enigma?

(Nested like a chicken

Within a duck

Within a turkey –

A dish most fowl)

And one who hides their truth –

What, then, are they?

Aside from ill-intentioned

Deceivers, obfuscators, inveigles,

Are they anything?

Or ought they to be taken at face value?

What goal would a patron of a lemonade stand have

If they were out to demand grapes?

The answer to all of these questions is simple.

I have been told the two secrets of success.

One, never tell everything you know.

The duck is a very connected spirit. Ducks are comfortable on the land, in the water and in the air. Ducks eat grass, fish and bugs. If a duck comes to you in your dreams or in your journeying then the spirits are telling you to get more connected to the world.
- Gunnar Gunnarson

BEDTIME STORIES: THE HOUSE WITH COLORED WALLS

BY CROINAMARA ULL UIDHIR

Once upon a time, there was a boy and a girl who drew. They sat together with scrolls of paper and colored every inch. They wove their stories into art, they crossed each other's paths, they scribbled and they giggled and they never stopped to ask who the other really was or what the drawings meant, they were caught up in the love of filling in the blanks. One day, they left the page behind, they colored up the walls. They left murals where they once had walked and pictures lined every stair and hall. One day the two parted ways.

One day, she wrote him letters. And he never wrote her back.

Once upon a time, there was a girl who wrote letters. She wrote them for a boy she thought she used to know. Every day she would carry a little book and

every day she would write in it. It was filled with things she thought, and things she thought that he should like to know.

She wrote of things that happened and things she wished would happen. She wrote of the things in her daydreams and night dreams and of things she feared in both. She wrote of things done by people she loved, and by people who loved her back. And she wrote of him, how he was, she wondered, and what his words would say. Each day she wrote him her world in words, page by page, line by line, to fold and be sealed and be sent and be given.

Once upon a time, there was a boy who could not read. Everyday, he received a letter. And how he hated letters.

He sealed and nailed the mailbox shut. He threw it far away. He gated up his yard and planted hedges to keep it blocked. He locked the lock - it was a large brass lock - and darkened all his blinds. Surely, ever so surely, he thought, the mail won't come this time, but, like clockwork, there it came. With a knock and a whistle it would slide under the door, and to the fading of footsteps, he would stare. He knew those lines, those curves, those marks, he recognized their shape. He knew who sent these awful things. He hated her - hated her - for sending all these words, but he would pick it up and turn it over and feel the weight of pages. He'd open it. He'd stare at it. He'd hold it in his hands. Within the lines he'd find some images, he'd make up what they meant, pretending he could know the words like pictures he wished she'd sent.

One day they met again. At the house with colored walls. She asked him why he had been so silent, did he ever read her letters. And he said, he never read them, not a word on all her pages. But he carried them, unfolded each, and showed her what he had done.

Each page was filled with images, on the front and back he drew of things he thought and things he thought that she should like to know. It was full of things he drew that happened and things he wished would happen. He drew of things in his daydreams and night dreams and of things he feared in both. He drew things done by people he loved and by people who loved him back.

And he drew of her, how was she, he wondered, and what her own drawings would say. Each day he drew her his world in these images of thought, traced and sketched, lines over lines, to be unfolded, and unsealed, and be seen, and be given.

Once upon a time, in a house with colored walls, a

girl who wrote letters read aloud to a boy who could not read, and he would scrawl a vine of images along her winding prose. They worked together to share their stories, her words and his drawings each. It is said those words would show you thoughts if you could hear the drawings speak in the house with colored walls.

WHAT THE DUCK SAID!

BY A. GYPSY

"Quack," said the duck.

"QUACK!" I replied. "Quiet Us Another Curious Knock. Quince Upon Arthur's Confounded Knick-knack. Queen Under Alice's Clean Klaus. Quote United Apple Clever Kids. Quick Untethered Air Circulation Kills."

The duck replied, "Sigh."

Editor-in-Chief: Lois Maxwell
Assistant Editor: Thalia Burdorn
Assistant Editor: Lorelei Sihnon
Art provided by Ketryn Shiverthorn

Submissions? Questions? Complaints? Send a letter to our offices in Honor's Peak!

