

The Travance Chronicle

VOL. 4 NO. 9

"If it bleeds, it leads."

OCTOBER 1215

ILYRIA

BY SQUIRE AMALTHEA MERIL

And then she landed squarely in my arms.
Her body shiver'd with each labor'd breath.
She, whom I swore would never come to harm,
Was then only moments away from death.

I thought of all the lies that cross'd my lips,
Of how adventure was a grand affair,
Encouraging her to make such a trip,
Escaping boredom in exchange for fear.

It never was supposed to be that way.
I couldn't figure how it went awry,
And though I saved her, I knew she'd not stay,
So following that fight, we said goodbye.

First speaking just through letters, we'd unite
For just one time, that wicked autumn night.

FOR THE ESCALES

BY THE DAUGHTER

Father, I am troubled
For tonight I understand
Our family blood was always meant to decorate this
land You've suffered great injustice
So have thousands before you
I offer an apology, and one long overdue

I am sorry Father
I am sorry
Hear my song
And know I sing the truth
Although we were born of fright
I reach for kindness in your heart tonight

And if you can forgive, and if you can forgive
Love can truly live
And if you can forgive, and if you can forgive
Love can truly live

Father, we are angry
But I'll use my final breath
To tell you that I'm sorry
Let us end this dance of death
The endless font of agony
That to your heart I sent
Here I stand with my amends
This senseless death must end
I am sorry Father
I am sorry
Hear my song
And know I sing the truth
Although we were born of fright
I reach for kindness in your heart tonight

And if you can forgive, and if you can forgive
Love can truly live
And if you can forgive, and if you can forgive
Love can truly live
Love, Love can truly live

A GRIM TELLING

BY GUO CHENJING

The blood of the oath
Is thicker than the water of the womb
Father,
You have no such oath.
You are without honor.
And even the blood we share
Is thinner
Than that shed in covenant.

We can trace lineages all day.
He begat she begat ye begat
But to claim that we must answer to you
Simply as a matter of birth?
No, that isn't how it is.
My father is not a dragon.
My father is not even dragon-blooded.
My father is a businessman.
My father works the fields.

My father would attack the undead,
not hide amongst them.

You need to understand something:
You are a coincidence.
An accident of birth.
To be in servitude to you, just as a matter of blood?
Such foolishness is comparable
To asking a halfling to watch your food.

I hope you come to your senses,
but know you won't.
You think you're a hero. You could be one.
But you won't be.
And it's a shame.
We'd all love to be able to welcome you.
To joyfully reunite.
But your mind is too far gone.
Overcome with fear, overcome with hate.
And all the prayer and hopes
Won't penetrate the mithril permafrost around your
heart.

ONE-HUNDRED EIGHTY DAYS *BY NALICK UNDERHILL*

One-hundred eighty days
Have dulled the golden rays,
Sapped the color of the world that you made shine.

How I miss your tulips,
The forehead I've yet to kiss,
And the two hands that I've yet to hold in mine.

But perhaps you've found a man,
Far better than I am,
Whose mind is free of anxious imperfection:

With sharper wit and coin-filled purse,
And greater ability to converse.
Now, that is not a minuscule selection.

You are an angel without wings,
And I a bard who never sings:
Perhaps not what fate had in mind.

It's not what either of us had planned,
And I would surely understand,
If you'd decide to leave this all behind.

Mind, Body, Spirit and Emotion. These are the four aspects of a living being. Each of these four aspects must exist in balance for a person to realize their unique purpose. Each of these may be wounded separately and healed separately. When all of them are whole then your journey may continue. -Gunnar Gunnarson

LORE OF THE NORTHMEN: REUNION *BY GRIMKJELL EIRSON*

Reunion. It is a word with weight for the Northmen, for it is only in Eodra that we shall be re-united with our lost loved ones. I will seek out Little Bear there when my time at last comes.

Death is the great leveller. Some would term it the destroyer, but once judged by Galladel - as you southrons call the smilebrewer - we come to stand with those who have walked to the end of their roads before us. Whether it be a road of straw, the raven's road, or the road of seas come to an end, we shall all eventually join the ever sleep if mortal we be. I imagine that I shall see Sir Dimms and both Templars Nightwing amongst others once my own time comes.

In the North, people are few and we are necessarily close. Every time we see an old friend again it means much to us. When I saw Herrister, after some time away, my heart was gladdened though I scarce showed it. It is always thus when those who have been far away return. Perhaps the gesture is a nod, an embrace, or an exchange of food but it always means the same thing. You are welcomed back to the hearth side and into the protection of those you have left. You have not been forgotten because to a Northman forgetting is one of the greatest of all failings and the hardest to correct. When Seamus Aeslynn goes north to the Highlands for the winters I am pleased indeed to see him once more in the spring. When Kendrick walked these lands last moon though I saw him at a great distance, it did my heart good to know he as well had returned.

There are those I sincerely wish to re-unite with once more. While he was here but a short time, I grew to be very fond of Jonathan Travance. If dreams can be re-made I would see the Dream Knight once more, the one that would protect our hearts against the terror that we sometimes succumb to. I wish to see Jorik Wulfsbane once more and Augustus. And so I walk the roads of my life, the paths of swords and the road of red, in the hope that once more upon the field I shall

seem them.

Travance is often waiting for a reunion with those who were far gone. Though it is little known, even the bogeyman that Bolton Dumourne has become was trying simply to reunite with a woman. Others try to find what they lost here as well and we should reach out to all souls. Their grief and loss may drive them into a darkness that cannot be escaped. Always ask other subjects "What are seeking, and who are you seeking?" For if you ask these things you may well gain great insight into the mind of another and perhaps, with kindness, and understanding of them as well.

And to you all, both near and far, I shall say farewell as Northmen do, Northmen who believe it will be a long time until our paths cross once more. To you I say, "Until next winter."

THE BEST I CAN DO

BY ANONYMOUS

To those that read this, there is much on my mind. While I'd rather not identify myself for personal reasons, I felt that there were things that I could share to complement this month's theme which were important to hear.

In about a month, after the Winterdark Ball, I plan to return back to the city of Alieander, not only for the annual reunion of merchants but to celebrate the wedding of my brother. When I will return I do not know, it may be sometime in the spring but I cannot say for certain when or if I will.

As I make preparations for that day, I am left with much uncertainty, not only for the future of the guild, but also with myself and my experiences both past and present. For me there is no problem in returning; it has been an annual tradition for our merchant guilds here. I for one have always had good relations with my brother, the family, and the guilds as a whole. It is just that I have always lived with regret when it comes to reunions. I suppose it is because while most people claim that a reunion is one of time and happiness, for me a reunion holds much animosity and discomfort. How that is has to do with me, for I have had a lot of people come and go, and it just seems so difficult to interact with someone that may have diverged so radically from what you would expect. How do you, after so long, talk to someone who has become so different?

Perhaps it is because I never was able to accept certain things in my past, both from the far and from

the near. There are individuals that I have always felt I have disgraced, both long ago and in recent memory. Long before I came to the barony of Travance, there were things that I had done that have left me with emotional scars that I have long wanted to forget, but felt a sense that I could not forget them. Coming here and setting up a new life here out in the "frontier" allowed me to get some peace, but over the past few months I have found I am back to where I started. I am only a slightly more ahead, but it is more than what I expected. It is a good thing.

There are times in which I want to meet these people again and hope to mend fences. I have always felt that I would fix these fences just by speaking to them, but I could never do it. The guilt I have always felt was so intense that it has left me too timid to even say hello. I know we are all the same in the end, but I could never face that. I have a lot of thoughts on this. There are some that would say that it is because as I look at someone, they hate me outright for my actions, but no. I think perhaps it is because all I hear when people talk are the subtle nuances that most people can't tell: the yelling, the screaming, the crying... I cannot read beyond that and that is why they all hate me. No one is entirely certain of that unless one asks, but it's not the case with me. Truthfully, I thought maybe in coming here to the Barony that I would have a chance encounter that would allow me to move on from this and there was. But I was not there, they showed up and I have left myself with a lot of regrettable doubts. At the same time though, perhaps the door was opened or the path was cleared and I just don't know it yet.

Deep inside, I still feel plagued by my own past and I want to move on. I wonder if anyone feels the same way, but hide it for some reason or another. To them, I won't inquire. It is not my nature. I just wanted to open my heart as it were. As for me, as I keep having these doubts, I don't know if I can confront them. As I head back though, I may be forced to confront myself and all that has happened. I know that some of the more joyful amongst us would take this on the positive end of things, but deep down inside, especially since the high mark of the summer, it feels like is too late now, and it will never be. The best I could do is just manage and work with what I have, and maybe fix what can be fixed.

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Questions, comments? Contact our offices in Honor's Peak.

MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION

BY GUO CHENJING

There, she sat.
Remembering who she was
Who she loved
Where she'd been
She was without the pain
Which she knew in life.
But she was without
Those that she gave her life to
And would have given her life for
Her spirit, protective, but curious,
Stirred anxiously
Wondering how they fared
With a deep sigh, she wished only to not see them.
Ever.

There, he walked.
Remembering who he was
Who he loved
Where he'd been
He was without the pain
Which he knew in life.
But he was without
The drive, the purpose
That he strove towards at all times.
To be the finest buccaneer in the empire.
His ship was wreckage,
His crew gone too.
He stirred anxiously
Wondering if he'd see her.
With a deep gasp, they met eyes.

Yiping began to cry.
Fong began to cry.
Sorrow and joy.
Guilt and relief.
With her arms outstretched,
She embraced her son.
With his arms outstretched,
He embraced his mother.
The air met the sea
The sea met the air
The dragon and the pirate.
Reunited.

TO HIS GHOST

BY ANONYMOUS

I should not want to see you again.

Yet, I cannot deny the little flutter in my heart
when your name is mentioned. I think it's called hope.

Did you know that you still haunt me nightly? So
many dreams, so many nightmares - but I relish each
of them. You are terrible, and I am worse. You stoked
the fires in me I didn't even know I had, and now I am
burning down the world.

If I could see you again, I'm not sure what I would
do. I can try and tell myself you're at peace now, and if
I saw you again it would mean the world has been
cruel to you again, and I am part of that cruelty. I may
set you aflame for all you've done, and then weep into
the ashes.

It all tastes like ashes now. Breakfast is ruined now
that you're not that one baking it.

Whatever else I might do if we reunite, I will say
this: I will call her back to you, so at least there will be
one happy reunion.