

# The Travance Chronicle

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*Learning From The Past*

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## A Recounting of Time: History, and the Rediscovery of the Two By Viscous

When recounting a series of events it is usually proper form to start from the beginning and work your way to the end. However, how does one retell a story whose midpoints happen before the events of the beginning and in which the participants learn an entirely new story as a part of their own? I find myself sitting with this very dilemma now as I attempt to compile my notes through interviews with the residents of Travance pertaining to the events that transpired over the course of one weekend in February of this year 1216.

Because of this, I find myself beginning my retelling of this story in the middle, which takes place long before the story even takes place. A confusing statement, but when dealing with time as a player, all events are relative to the perception of those experiencing them.

In order to understand what I am about to explain some background knowledge is needed. It has always been believed and told, through stories told by those who share the dragon's blood and scholars who write of history, that the world that we live on, Arawyn, was created by Dragons, astral beings of immeasurable power who could literally shape planets and who no longer live within our realm. It is also believed that life on this world was created through combined efforts of these beings and another race of astral beings known as the Fae. I am not denying either of these statements, and we will find later in this chain of events that these statements are indeed facts. Though they are important in the long run, within the context of this retelling they are of little consequence.

It was among these two races that one of the key players in this story lived. A race of indescribable astral beings called the Anistazi. (As all of my infor-

mation was retrieved verbally I can only take my best guess as to the true spelling of the race's name.) It was the Anistazi who had the idea to create a universe, an idea that the dragons decided to aid through their act of creating the planet, and they who watched as life grew, expanded, and even began to learn magic from the dragons and fae.

Now, an important thing to note is that while we on Arawyn see the concepts of good and evil as common knowledge that even children who are taught can understand, in the times of the beginning such concepts did not yet exist: or rather they were just beginning to form within humans, pushing them to act in ways that were, as far as the Anistazi saw, unusual and perhaps even unpredictable. These concepts of good and evil, continued to spread to the point where they even appeared to affect the Fae and Dragons who still remained.

Now, when faced with things that we do not understand it is quite common to initially react with fear. As such, the Anistazi, fearing what had began to infect their world they decided to erase it and all that existed on it, creating the "Nulls". In my attempts to interview people and find out more information, I found myself unable to find much on the true nature of these...things. Perhaps the best way to refer to them is simply as a force. An embodiment of nothingness, whose purpose is to undo all they come in contact with and reduce it to the same nonexistence that they seem to embody. (Conscious nothingness, a terrifying contradiction like that is enough to make one shudder.)

It was at this time that two children appeared. It is unclear as to whether they were born or simply emerged from the aether. What is clear is that there were two girls, Fiona and Miranda, each incredibly powerful and each being perhaps the embodiments of good and evil respectively. Through their power they were able to lock the nulls away, allowing respite from the world's unmaking.

However, history has shown us again and again when opposing forces exist it will inevitably result in war between the two, and there are no two forces as strongly opposed as those of good and evil. As the forces grew stronger, so too did the fighting which ascended to planes even higher than our planet.

At some point during this war, the two sisters were sealed away, Miranda by force and Fiona by choice. Even without the two the war continued on. It was by this point that the Anistazi, who had continued to watch, fear of the two forces turned to curiosity and interest. The Anistazi decided to observe this war until such a time as they deemed one side victorious over the other. At such time, their plan would continue and our universe would be erased to make room for a new one, one built with the power of the victor.

It is at that point where we find ourselves now. As I look around this world, all I see is the rapid death and disappearance of life around us as the Nulls have once again been released with what people believe to be the end of the Ascension War; though no one seems to be able to determine who the winner is. Things look bleak but at the same time, there are always those with the stubborn sense of determination to stop this from happening. In this instance, as in most, it is the heroes of Travance who seem to find themselves fighting against these Nulls and the impending end of the world.

However, this essay has gone on for long enough and as there are still many words to be said on the topic of Travance's battle for what appears to be all of our lives. I have chosen to break this down into two separate pieces. I look forward to starting the next essay in which we talk about the end of time, a man named Klarington Everest, and the confirmation of the history we have discussed today.

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Want to see your art or stories in the Chronicle? Have a poem or song ready to share with Arawyn?

Submit your writing, art, or advertisements to the Chronicle offices at Honor's Peak in Pendarvin!

Submissions can also be sent to the Editors.

Please include your name. Printing may be anonymous, but record-keeping is not.

Speak to Assistant Editor Thalia Burdorn for compensation for submissions.

## **One Hand Clapping: The Timeless Mirror** **By Imrahil**

Recently I have been reminded of a moment with my original Sifu. It was while we discussed a subject which I had developed a steadfast interpretation of and was vehement of that interpretation's veracity. Her demeanor was upsetting to me. She wore the suggestion of a smile as she flippantly dismissed my position. She brought her eyes to meet mine and bared a self-satisfied wide grin as she twisted the dagger of her insight. "Should you in your travels encounter one you are certain is the example, try to kill them."

Her words ring true. In the recollection of this memory, I can recall neither the subject nor the position I had taken. I recalled only that upon reflection, I had discovered the position was no longer one I truly supported. She was not being condescending. She only called me out to my being stubborn.

Many of the events of the past few months have given me pause to reflect. Some have reinforced previously tenuous understandings, while others have destroyed long-held pillars of belief. The truth of the wisdom bestowed by my first Sifu is this: Even the most firmly-held belief must be given reexamination. Belief must be tested with the same ferocity as a champion and for the same reason. The strong requires challenge for its own growth. The weak must be purged and replaced. Both serve the sangha.

In your travels, have you encountered one you are certain embodies the example?

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## **Learning from the Past** **By Grimkjell Eirson**

Learning from the past is difficult, though necessary in the northlands. We are people who are given to song and story, instead of pen and paper. All great deeds become Saga. Saga becomes myth. Eventually meaning is lost or changed as time grinds on through the ages. Our stories suit the lessons that a teller is teaching instead of their original meaning. But that is the nature of all things, and hardly unique to the North.

There is something to be said for the recurring stories, though. They are a tradition which has gone unbroken back to the first men to walk north into

the ice and the white. We have so recently witnessed the beginning of history that we can understand the mistakes that men and other beings have made. We can resolve to recognize our failings, and correct them.

And yet, if we are not careful the past can be a prison as well as a teacher. Old feuds and rivalries can mire us in endless wars or hate. We must be careful how we approach the past or the bitterness of wounds that should have long ago healed will leave us wounded and unable to make a proper decision.

But the past can be the key to our future victories. First age knowledge has empowered us to become more powerful and potent warriors and healers. It has also allowed us a chance to possibly escape the end which was presented to us in the shape of the Nulls.

The lessons we need to learn now are from the mistakes our fathers and mothers made. We have seen so much of the past of late, from before time itself to the fall of Flamestone. Enmity has ripped so many apart - elves and dwarves to gods and men. If we do not stand together now, we shall be annihilated. The lesson I say we should draw from the past now is the weakness that shall beset us if we turn on one another. The strength of working in harmony is manifest in our recent victories. Let us meditate on that as we visit this strange island.

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### **I Learned (Kind Of)** By Vanya

I learned the room in which you stand do not burn,  
I learned down dark alleys do not turn,  
I learned what's yours is not necessarily mine,  
unless I want to pay a hefty fine  
I learned that blades belong not on the ground  
For angry comrades to have found  
I learned in need Ilana do ask,  
and in her kindness then do bask,  
I learned to not stir George's ire  
for quickly your situation will be dire  
I learned that family does not need to be blood,  
for happiness to grow and bud,  
I learned for adventure, fun and bright  
that one should follow a Wren's flight  
And if we fly to our destination true  
To Travance we go, to a family anew.

### **A Flight Through Time** By Wren R.

They say don't worry about the past  
For you certainly can't go back.  
But that changes pretty fast  
When the borders of time come slack.

So two choices are left to you.  
The first fear, and endless guilt.  
The second, acceptance for all you do,  
The things you've ruined, and those you've built.

I used to cringe when thinking back  
On some of the things that I have done.  
But thinking about my life's track,  
It is a path I would gladly again run.

For every mistake, blunder, and woe  
I have gotten a bruise, earned a foe.  
Having had the bad from which to learn,  
I now towards good do forever yearn.

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### **A Paradox** By Squire Amalthea Laurent Belmont

And now, a cautionary tale about meddling with time. After all, we sometimes decide to learn from the past by observing it directly through powerful rites and rituals. When I studied in school, I learned that even an act as innocent as observation can change an event's outcome, so I give you this to ponder.

A hypothetical sorceress has mastered the orange and green strands, allowing her to travel all throughout time, in any place she desires. Her passions for adventure and music lead her to an idea: why not meet one of her heroes, a world-famous virtuoso composer?

She finds herself hundreds of years in the past, in a foreign nation, and with some searching, eventually finds the composer at a time when he hasn't even composed her favourite (and his most famous) masterpiece work.

Our sorceress panics, unsure if he'll ever pen the masterpiece. She can't bear the thought of a world without the music of her idol. Luckily, she brought a

copy of the sheet music for the masterpiece, for him to sign. She gives him the sheet music to copy down and publish himself. History continues with barely a feather ruffled.

The question is this. Who puts those notes and phrases together? Who really invented that great symphony? And what happens when someone with this power, whose intent is not so noble, decides to wander through time?

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

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## Newfound Strength By Wren R.

Often in my past I have felt weak and afraid. I have found my strength in Travance. I have found a town full of friendly, caring people who have shown me that everyone can be accepted. Many have quickly become my fierce friends; and countless others have lent me a hand when I needed it. We laugh and fight together and we watch out for each other, we care about each other. Together we are rebuilding our town, rebuilding our lives. These things are not just words on paper, or bricks in a wall; they are history we collect together, a future we write hand in hand, a place we can all call home. I am strong because the great people that surround me lend me their strength. I endeavor to repay that kindness by lending all the strength that I possess to those in need. I truly believe that together, we have the strength to do anything we put our minds to..

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