

The Travance Chronicle

VOL. 5 NO. 4

Too Much of a Good Thing

April 1216

Amanthyre Island

By Ilana Darkwood

Hello Travance!

Between the last two moons we all spent a vast majority of our times at sea traveling to the island of Amanthyre. However, for those who did not travel or those who are new to town (greetings to the Azrans) this is a brief recollection of the events that occurred on the island.

Before we even arrived, it was clear this island was teeming with positive energy. Those baptized to the light had their spirits uplifted while those baptized to the dark, some described, were left with a feeling of unease. The island did not appear much different, usual fauna and flora, except for the very clear fact everything was naturally infused with positive energy.

Wolves were the primary fauna, "Posi Wolves" as the majority of the town had nicknamed them. When confronted by individuals who were able to wield positive energy or symbols of light gods, they were less inclined to attack. If this is because the wolves were intelligent or because it was a natural reaction it is not clear, many visitors to the island attacked the wolves first and asked questions later.

There were natives to the island: Grenn and Skree. They spoke a language that not even the graces of Chronicler could decipher but, fortunately, allowed them to understand us. Grenn revealed that the natives knew of a prophecy foretelling of "strangers" that would come to the island and awaken the sleeper (Fiona). Several items had to be obtained and objectives had to be completed to disarm the enchantments placed on Fiona's tower to protect it from harm. Throughout the course of our venture we gathered and completed these steps.

Exploration on the isle was strictly prohibited, leaving Travancians and new blood alike distraught. Much of the island's wonders and knowledge was left undiscovered, but undamaged by those less delicate in the means of expedition and research.

Despite this fact, members and allies of the Light Church discovered the very first Gaian temple and a letter describing the ascension of the Goddess and I will leave it to her clergy to tell her story.

Not all uncovered on the island was harmless. One of the items to be collected by the prophecy was discovered to be part of a large pillar of Wyrd stone. Wyrd stone, for the uninformed, is green, crystalized energy that enhances arcane and psionic power. In small amounts it is not dangerous, but the more acquired, the more unstable the circumstances.

Squire Gregory of Ostcliff, a powerful psion, willingly interacted with the pillar and, by eyewitness accounts, was most likely vaporized by the reaction. Some claimed

his mind had merged with the pillar.

The final step of the prophecy brought heartache to Travance and the natives of Amanthyre. Grenn held secret this step of the prophecy until the very end: a native of the island had to sacrifice themselves to empower the ritual to enter Fiona's tower. While many would immediately ask "Why would a ritual to awaken the greatest force of good require a living sacrifice?" I believe that Grenn did not perish, but was converted into energy similar to the White Sorcerer's who watch over us within the Weave. However, he knew he could no longer stay with his friend, Skree, and asked that we return her to Travance with us.

Grenn's sacrifice was honored by the Baron at the meal before heading to Fiona's tower and he will be forever remembered by those of us who knew him.

The excursion into the tower itself was harrowing, the Guardian of Fiona and his charges not accepting us as "pure" and doing battle for some time. Fyodor was able to convince the Guardian to give pause long enough to accept our plea, granting Travance access to her chamber. The paladins were able to use a concoction distilled by the finest alchemists of Travance to awaken Fiona.

She thanked us for helping her and informed us we needed to return to Dysmere, Nullheim, the site of Balfurous' last battle and the resting place of the monolith that originally imprisoned the Null. We are to return it to Travance and there Fiona will help us with the next step to defeating our supposed fates.

Leaving the island was almost a dangerous endeavor, Captain Valo had been "invited" to the island and dared to attempt claiming the resources of the sacred land for his own personal use. He threatened the destruction of our ships to be answered with the destruction of his own by Captain Tempest. After a long battle, Valo's crew and Valo himself were subdued and captured, being promised the fate they have earned.

The trip home was not uneventful, the main fleet finding many stranded within the sea. Their story I am not completely clear on, but welcome to Travance the Azrans, the people of the island of Mercy. An Esper of Compassion that collected a handful of people throughout the centuries that was able to manifest a home for them. Tellegrim, the black dragon of Evernight, landed on the island after fleeing the Null and devoured the Esper's power to regain his own. Mercy was no longer able to manifest the island home and left the Azrans lost to sea.

Travance was unable to save many, but those they have now live among us, some knowing the world and others having never lived off that island. We welcome them and hope, if they have any questions, they do not have any trouble seeking answers. This writer in particular is more than happy to help.

Immoderation

By Lorelai Sihnon VonRitter

While rare for me to write so plainly, recent events (and the trip to the Isle of Amanthyre) have given me some insight, and incentive to share.

The topic that the staff of the Chronicle agreed upon for this month was like a blow to the skull. It left my ears ringing, in a sense. I could feel it resonate and knew it was something that may be overlooked, especially by many of my fellow Travancians. But the idea of ramifications from excess is something that I live with daily. Some may read that and think that I am secretly a drunkard, perhaps, though any that know me would see this idea as laughable. No, I speak here of positive energy.

Perhaps I always thought that this was common knowledge. Maybe I didn't want to bring my friends down, who weren't Witch Hunters. I may just never have thought to bring it up. The result is, no one seems aware of the effects of positive energy on those not born to channel it (like the dedicated healers of our town). When your body is not meant for the raw sensation of positive energy, it's like lightning throughout your nerves. That sense of peace and warmth that is perceived when someone channeling positive energy touches you, is but a minute portion of what the channeler feels. I cannot speak for healers, here, only for those of us without the innate makeup for such things.

When a Witch Hunter channels, to fight lycanthropes or undead or various other such beings, their bodies feel the energy like the shock of a sudden spark, throughout themselves. The nerves are as if a fire is engulfing them, and you think your legs will fall out from under you from the strain. Positive energy suffuses everything about you - this is why it is visible even to the naked eye when we channel - and fills every hidden place in your soul. We are all of us likely to make mistakes, and it can feel as if this energy seeks out these missteps and sears them away. A tidal wave of intensity that is drowned out only through practice and power of will, it does not abate, and we do not get used to it. We just learn to grit our teeth and fight past it.

Similarly, the positive energy that so filled the Isle of Amanthyre has been described as 'tainted', to which many raised objection. Speaking from a position of understanding, I can say this is the truth. The place felt so overwhelmed by positive energy that the creatures that lived there were literally made into something other than what they once were. The force of the energy there actively distorted anything that was not wholly like it, reforming animals and monsters into something close to itself. That is what it means to have too much of something, even something good.

The energy that you so indulge in, when a Witch Hunter reaches out to give you a burst of confidence or soothe your temper, is not what it seems to be. It is, of course, a good - nay, great - thing, but we are spoiled in our ignorance of its intensity. The sensation that most have is jokingly referred to as 'posi puppies', because of the similarity to a simple joy, like a happy, cute young animal. There is, of course, a place for that, because positive energy is a part of all living things, and so helps us each to feel more suffused by life.

As Witch Hunters channel this pure energy, something strange occurs. Perhaps due to our very natures as people, with flaws and errors, the energy chips away at that which makes us less close to its true essence. Or it

may be that it is simply too much for our bodies to handle. The result is, over time, our emotions dull. The jokes you hear about brooding Witch Hunters are based in a fair amount of truth. Knowing you should be angry, or happy, and instead the emotion slips out of your grasp, like sand between your fingers - it can be disconcerting. We are all prepared - as much as we can be - for this eventuality. But the truth is nothing truly readies a person to feel less...like a person. I'm not saying that we are by any means abominations or monsters. Just that the sensation of rage slipping away, or joy fading too quickly, is the price paid for such talents as ours.

This is not meant to make you doubt in Witch Hunters, or feel badly if they try to cheer you up with positive energy. This is done out of care, and concern. If we are to be denied the strength of emotions we once knew, then at the very least we can inspire the best of those feelings in others. Our choices and our paths are made and walked knowing of this sacrifice. I ask only that people take to heart the lesson that sometimes, something good can be in excess.

Surfeit of Good

By Tobias Armitage

As a doctor, I find the topic of this month's Chronicle a unique combination of amusing and frustrating. As some of you know personally from my specific form of highly attentive bedside manner, and others might know from reputation, I am extremely concerned with the ongoing health of Travancians and dismayed by the methods they often use to tend to their own health. Some stubbornly insist they are fine, or medicate the symptoms with potentially lethal amounts of alcohol. Others who are gifted with supernatural abilities insist on relying only on their own hands, or on a particular method of mystical bodily repair to the exclusion of all others.

Anyone familiar with rhetoric can see the foundation for a cautionary comment built and ready for further construction. Furthermore, those paying attention are already, most likely, wrinkling their noses in disgust.

"Doctor-" This hypothetical Travancian might protest, "surely you can see these heroes looking hale and hearty despite repeatedly and persistently going to the brink of death? What ulterior motive could you have for putting doubt into their mind? Good health is good health, no matter the form."

It is to this that I direct your attention to our recent expedition to Amanthyre. Amanthyre was literally suffused entirely with positive energy- a force beneficial to life. But the overwhelming amount of it on the island began to saturate the bodies of the creatures there, and even within a short time, some of us. There were even signs of creatures being functionally 'healed to death', overwhelmed by an excessive concentration of these positive energies to the point where their bodies could not contain the power. If this doesn't encourage you to diversify your perspective on even the best methods of maintaining your health, then I don't know what will.

So in this theme I ask you to look again at your

health - both physical, mental, and perhaps even spiritual - and reach out to the ready community of health practitioners here in the Proper. You may discover something you thought was permanent was merely a victim of a single approach.

The Isle of Amanthyre (or what happens when too much good occurs) by A. Gypsy

Upon exiting the boats and setting up the housing whilst we searched, I was struck by the beauty of the island that hasn't been touched in years. Trees with leaves so large. Vines as thick as tree roots. Then, my cousin is reported stolen. Enter the Cave People - Skree and Grenn. Lizard lady and Furball walking. Rescue cousin... "You offered gold to people who live in a cave?" "...back to the people.

Now when I say divine is gift, I really mean it is scourge that needs to end. Everything that breathed on that island was infused with divine goodness to a sick degree. The animals and plants in some case were twisted versions of themselves. I watched as people killed these beings to "release" them. I guess there are more horrible ways to go.

We need to find the caretaker and the items needed to prove that we should wake her. A piece of a massive crazy stone, a decanter of a liquid...each place being worse than the next. Then, Grenn cuts his throat and dies. A gem appears. Much sadness over the man who was the keeper the whole time. Bury him under a tree and hope for a safe passing.

Find the tower, find the tower, find the tower....oh you mean this tower that has fallen over. Oh and the guardian is there with an army of light. Fight commences until Guardian is dead. Hooray! Now let's dig out Fiona! Yay, paladins! Yay, allies! When can I go home please?

Then, as we are getting ready to go, Cap't Valo shows up to ruin our day. But then his ship explodes and Cap't Tempest and her crew appears. Fighting commences here and there, crew versus crew versus town, gunshots and sword ringing! Valo hits the mud in a mess of fighting all over the battlefield. Now, we can save our foolish friend from a life of servitude.

I don't want to go back...unless something good is there to get!

Life is Hard By Gunnar Gunnarson, Medicine Man

Life is hard. People strive to make life easier for themselves and for their children. They invent tools to make life easier and as long as the tool is used with respect for the hard way then it is good. Good living is easy living but easy living breeds complacency and lethargy. When reliance on any tool supplants knowledge of

how to do a task without the tool then you are in danger and if the tool breaks then you are lost. However if you temper your reliance on your tools with practice of the hard way then you can strike a balance between living well and living wisely.

Too Much of a Good Thing By Grimkjell Eirson

Regarding too much of a good thing, there are many ways you can encounter this in Travance. Too much drink can make a man puking and ill instead of joyful and given to songs of bards. Too much courage can make a man unwilling to step back from a fight that will mean the death not just of him, but those he stands with.

Balance must be found, even in joy. Discipline yourself, or you may lose yourself.

Too much compassion may make you blind to the wrongs someone has committed, and as such, unable to act when the time is right.

Too much zeal can make you act without considering consequences, or the nature of a situation beyond the how things look when you first set eyes on it. This quite often leads to folly.

And finally, too much of Aella's cooking can make a man unwilling to move or fight for a good few hours afterwards, so never eat all of it and leave more for me.

The Honey Pot By Amalthea Merrill

Upon a table sits a honey jar
Which some poor fellow had forgot to close
Its sweet essence carries fairly far
Until smelled by a hungry little nose
A fly goes by, and calls out to its friends "Sweet honey!
We will have ourselves a feast!"
And so all the swarm lands on the jar's end
Not knowing that soon they will be deceased
They dive right in, and eat and eat and eat
But then their doomed predicament is clear
For they now notice only just too late
That they are stuck, and won't fly out of here.
"Poor flies," the honey's owner does proclaim
"Who had brief pleasure at such cost of pain."

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 for the Chronicle to the Editors or our offices in Honor's Peak. Please include your name. Printing may be anonymous, but record-keeping is not.

Speak to Assistant Editor Thalia Burdorn for compensation for submissions.

Attention Travance

Saturday of the feast - 1 bell in the afternoon

In or near the Dragon's Claw Inn.

In honor of St. Astrid's Day, and with the blessing of Baron Victor Sylus, the Baronial Guard has decided to throw a Bachelor/Bachelorette Auction of some of our members!

The following is a roster of who is up for the choosing, so look well and get your funds ready!

Knight Captain Magnus, Vice-Captain Oren,
Lieutenant Grinkjell, Sergeant Erik, Sergeant Imrahil,
Corporal Kardin, Corporal Cyrik, Private Arradir,
Private Ebony, Chief Medic Tobias,
Magnus' guest Karkat Vantas
And finally, as a special addition:
Sorceress Clytie of the Onyx Guard

Now that you know who is involved, here are the rules:
If you could not be there to bid, and you win, you shall be sent a missive as soon as is feasible!

Secondly, if you decide to bid, be aware that the utmost respect shall be shown to both you and your choice. There shall be a dinner, prepared by Mistress Aella, for yourself and your date. The dinner shall be free of charge and will likely take place in June, when the weather is nicer. That being said, you may bid for almost any reason including getting a lesson! And get a dinner on top of that!

Thirdly, this date does not mean you own this person. You may not order that person to do anything they, themselves, do not freely wish to do. This is a celebration of friendship and hope.

Lastly, please have fun! Bid for your friends! For your loved ones! All proceeds will be going to the Guard and to the Barony. All funds gained through this shall be carefully kept track of- if you want to know where your money went, simply ask and you shall be given proof.

My Sister's Keeper

by Nalick Underhill

Years have passed since I last saw Jo,
Since I were young and watched her grow,
Saw her cheeks aflame and eyes aglow,
When the sun ran high and time ran slow.
What I lost, may you never know.
I am her keeper, heart and soul.
I have no blood to call my own,
For I have died so long ago.

LIGHT MASS SCHEDULE

The Church of Light will be offering a number of masses this moon, at the below locations and times.

One need not be baptized or a follower of the light to attend. All who are willing to be respectful to the Lords of Light and the others in attendance are welcome to attend.

All light clergy are welcome to speak at mass. If time permits, others will be allowed to speak as well, so long as they remain on topic and respectful.

Friday

12:00 am **Midnight Mass of Gaia** - Location: Kaladonia Altar Space. Officiant: Gothi Caldor Topic: The Cycle of Life - We are Still Here.

Saturday

3:00 PM **Bar Mass** - Location: Bar in the Dragon's Claw. Officiant: Templar Aldric Topic: TBD - Questions are Invited

5:00 PM **Mass of Light** - Location: Church Annex. Officiant: Mother Maralas, Father Nalick, Mother Angeliana and others. Topic: Love - in Honor of St. Astrid's Day

Post Feast Mass of Valos Location: Barracks. Officiant: Chaplin Aldric Topic: TBD

Other Masses of Light may be added depending on need and availability.

Respect during St. Astrid's Day By Mistress Mordra GraLucia of Enax

Travance is a very flavorful place. I ask people to be courteous to those that do not partake in the celebration of St. Astrid, born Astrid Amelia Coopersmith. When attempting to spread your cheer remember that not all will reciprocate. Do not assume your attentions will be returned or even acknowledged. Do not expect a joyful reaction and be offended when you are met with coolness. For those that partake in the activities I advise responsibility and mindfulness. Feast times tend to attract trouble. Dereliction of duty is not to be forgiven.

I would advise those that do not celebrate this holiday to bolster their fortitude.

Editor-in-Chief: Lorelai Sihnon VonRitter

Assistant Editor: Thalia Burdorn

Assistant Editor: Dennis Brand

Editors Emeritus: Amizar Wuzwhir, Seneschal Lois Maxwell
Questions, comments? Contact our offices in Honor's Peak.