



Amizar Wuzwhir, Editor

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Generosity

by Bat Cooper

Generosity is a great virtue and one that is even more beneficial than you might think. To be generous means to be generous not only with one's money, but also one's time, attention, and effort. This means that generosity is not only the domain of the wealthy and the great. Generosity isn't just giving someone a sword or helping fix their armor for free. It is taking the time to teach a newcomer how to dodge a blow, allowing someone to vent when they are overwhelmed by anger, or even something as small as helping someone up when they are trying to go to Feast. Some might say that generosity only benefits those that are on the receiving end, but that is not the case at all.

One of the largely unrealized challenges we all face is attachment. Attachment to money, fame, that shield which can make you turn into a fire-breathing giant, and scores of other things. When you have too much attachment to something, it is easily possible to be worried about it and also to be unhappy when you lose it. Generosity is the most powerful antidote for the poison of attachment. Through generosity comes an ease of attitude and a feeling of relaxation. Give it a try sometime.

Hope Springs from the Ashes

by Meander Correlis

Ashes dust the ground like fallen snow
Beneath the skeletons that still remain
Of charred and broken businesses and homes
Awaiting love to fix them up again.
A peaceful people lived their peaceful lives
Before the drums of war beat tunes of dread
And savage beasts, with claws as sharp as knives
Rent the peaceful people, now peaceful and dead.
But though the demon blood leaves lingering wounds
And burned out fires leave embers in their wake,
Let Arawyn compose new marching tunes
That we shall play for all good people's sake.
Thus shall all races walk with hand in hand
As we stand tall to mend our broken land.

Sphere of the New Dawn

by Mo'ra GraLucia

Two moons before the saying of Xualla I had the privilege of speaking to two travelers that were making their way across the Proper. They spoke to me of a brotherhood, the Sphere of the New Dawn, and that a new era was coming to our world. I must admit that while I respected and understood their words I had not the foresight to really think them relevant until now. I think that their message, while naive, is one created through the desire to bring peace to the people of this world. Their goals are simple: survive, preserve their beliefs and work together for a new future.

Their brotherhood accepts all faiths and peoples to reach the goal of a communal society born only of the desire to live in a cohabiting existence. It is a lofty and impossible goal indeed, but one that should be admired. Here we stand, victors of the Chaos War. Only through pooled resources were we able to push back the onslaught of the Abyss. Only through a miracle and the sacrifice of a great man were we given the chance to stand toe-to-toe with a self-proclaimed God. Yet now, after the embers have cooled, we once again begin our bickering. Shall we return to our borders and cocoon ourselves in the segregation that brings us familiarity and comfort?

This is a New Age and forewarning to those who refuse to adapt. Even the dark Prince Xualla could not find a way to destroy our world, yet I am sure with all our hate we could find a way to finish the job.

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Meander's Corner

by Ambassador Meander Correlis

World news mixed with little editorials. Just to keep things interesting.

I'm sure the people of Travance have been curious about the unusually large influx of Londwyn refugees. I will report that just before the battle with Xualla here in Travance, a gnomish gate, located in Crownhurst, was repaired by none other than Ostcliff's Sir Jack Cypher and the newly instated Professor Arthur Goggins, along with the aid of Nigel Whitworth and myself. Upon completion of the gate, newly appointed Marshall Herrister Reynolds, Travance's own magistrate, led the defense of the gate while refugees were ushered out of the warzone and straight across the continent in a brilliant showing of gnomish technology. The gate is still fully operational, allowing Londwyn to more easily send supplies to not just our neighbors, but our cross-continent allies, including Kormyre.

As my byline shows, Queen Regent Catherine has appointed me to be Londwyn's ambassador to Kormyre, a position that has been vacant for some time. As ambassador, I am proud to serve my Queen Regent's and country's interests here in Kormyre, interests of which I think the citizens and heroes of Travance will appreciate. Londwyn has come out of this war remarkably well, thanks in part to building design and location as well as to the ingenuity and tactics of our citizens. Many others, most especially our immediate neighbors Quinaria and Selendrias, have taken severe blows both to land and population. It is Queen Regent Catherine's wish that our differences of the past be put aside, and supplies are being sent to both lands as we speak, as well as by gate to Kormyre. Everyone has their prejudices. I have always been sad that these prejudices have applied to not only individuals, but to governments, and seemingly races as a whole. Now, I am happy to say that while we live in a world where, though personal feelings of prejudice likely still exist, as societies we have realized that this sort of hatred and bigotry is only a hindrance to our mutual prosperity, and mutual survival. Though we have seen much destruction in the last few months, at least some enlightenment has come from the ashes of ignorance.

Listening to the Dearly Departed

by Amier Wuzwhir

We think that they are dead. How convenient of us to place them somewhere else than where we are now. Where are those people that we have known and loved, those who've had a profound influence in our lives? For some, the dead continue to live within us. I know people who firmly believe that departed loved ones are enjoying paradise but I believe folks that we have known and loved are still here. Many times I have heard from people who have gone.

I'll be teaching a lesson and I'll hear a deceased friend tell me that I've hit the mark. My uncle, struck down and crippled at a young age but who lived into his 80's, continues to inform me about personal perseverance and strength.

We place these people and many more to rest during our funeral rituals. We plan elaborate or simple services to commemorate their lives. Guests attend either out of blood, guilt, acquaintance or friendship to express a type of sorrow that they think I have.

I have sorrow, but it is not the kind that absence produces. It is a kind of sorrow of looking over my shoulder and hearing that the message from deceased loved ones has been received but can no longer be shared except with a knowing smile from me.

I pray that our former Chronicle staff and others lost in the great battle can rest in peace. Their wise words will be missed.