

The Travance Chronicle

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CHANGE AND CHAOS

BY A VAIDEN TUDDLESWORTH

I would like to preface this with: Chaos is something that means something different to everyone. If you ask a fellow Chaos Warrior what chaos is they may not have the exact same answer as I do. This is the nature of Chaos.

With Arawyn seemingly thrown into chaos many neglect to see what this state of the world can bring for the future. Chaos is integral for change to happen. For most of you, you only see chaos in its destructive form. You see it as what killed so many of Arawyn. You see it as something that cannot be controlled, and sometimes that is correct: sometimes, nothing can stop chaos. Yet, to have the order that so many of you desire, you need chaos and the disorder it causes. There are aspects of chaos that many don't realize or acknowledge because they are afraid to.

Chaos allows for the world to progress. It creates a setting in which change can occur. A society that has become complacent and settles for total order cannot make positive (or negative) strides. We have seen what happens when people become sick of the complacency and embrace chaos to try and create a change. For example, those townspeople last summer rebelled because they felt they were not being treated fairly. Chaos reminds us that we have free will and can help create the future we want to see.

Chaos is unique in that it is not only a natural force that occurs all around us, but it is also a tool. It is something that happens whether we like it or not, and it is something that many people use or misuse to create the outcome that they want to see. It does not only destroy life but also allows for those who would not normally survive to thrive. It not only helps new leaders usurp the old but also reminds current leaders that their complacency or abuse of power will inevitably lead to a revolution of the people who want change.

What I ask of each of you is to realize that though this world has almost ended, it did not. With our survival has come a time of change: a time in which

some will feel uncomfortable because their precious sense of order has seemingly been eliminated. Right now is when people like you and I are able to affect how this new age develops and who it will serve - if it will serve anyone - until once again chaos causes the upheaval needed for new change to occur.

WHY LIGHT?

BY MOTHER LENORE RIVERS

In these times of change, many have come forward to openly explain their beliefs for the first time, as is now their right. I do not detract from them. I write to add to this conversation the voice of my religion, and my gods, who have been all too often misunderstood.

The gods of Light do not belong only to their clergy. If you have ever felt the need to stand up for those less fortunate, then you have something in common with the gods of Light. If you believe in love, if you would give all life the chance to prosper, then you have much in common with the gods of Light. If you have stood between the creatures of the night and those you hold most dear, then you have already done their work.

Valos is the god of justice and the ruler of the Light. To truly follow his path requires not only the will to fight, but the clarity to see what is right, and the humility to acknowledge one's own limitations. It is through his guidance that we are able to work and live in harmony with those around us, and that order prevails in place of fear and chaos.

Next we come to Andorra, the wife of Valos. Through Andorra, we learn the courage necessary to love others without reservation. Without the love for others that is her gift, we forget what it is we fight for. When we forget her mercy, we become what we fight against.

Gaia is the goddess of life. It is from her that we learn that all life is sacred, from the highest king to the most humble seed. From an acorn may spring an oak, but only if it is given the chance to grow.

As death follows life, Galladel follows Gaia. Galladel is the eternal Judge of Souls. We shall each of us be welcomed by his embrace when our time to pass from this

world is upon us. It is from Galladel that we gain the grace to accept what we cannot change, accept the mystery of those things which mortals may never know, and most importantly, we gain the strength to say farewell.

This is my faith. We are not perfect. Yet we strive always to stand in the Light.

CHALLENGES OF LOVE

BY MOTHER REMI SYLVAINÉ

Have you ever wondered if you might be falling in love? Have you ever been unsure how to approach someone you care deeply for? Have you ever thought that you were lonely, or wished for a companion? Have you ever worried that life in Travance is short—much too short to ever find love or raise a family?

Well, I've got news for you. Most of you have thought at least one, if not all of those things.

And so have I.

So let's address these concerns. If you've wondered whether or not you're falling in love, let me be honest. You probably are. But there are certain signs that are unmistakable. For example: Does this person's happiness make your own happiness seem brighter? Do you feel that your life would somehow be incomplete without them? Would you put yourself in danger to ensure that this person was not harmed? If you answered yes to any of these questions, you are feeling what is known as love. Now, love is not necessarily romantic. Although many people believe that romantic love is the most important kind of love, I would disagree. All manner of love is equal in the eyes of Andorra, whether it be for your parent, your child, your lover, or your friend.

Once you have recognized that the feelings you feel are, in fact, love, the next question is, what should you do about it? Perhaps it is best to ask a question in response: If someone were to love you, what would you have them do about it? Often the answer is to be honest, humble, and sincere in your approach and, if necessary, also in your departure. If you are rejected, it is best to respect the wishes of the person for whom you have feelings—for love does not press until the answer changes. Love has no desire to force its will on a person for whom true and sincere affection is felt.

The next concern we have is loneliness, or the desire for a companion. This is a natural thing that most people in this world, regardless of race or position, desire at some point in their lives. If you want to attract a lifelong partner, be the kind of person that you would



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like to be with. For example: do you want to be with someone who's honest? Loyal? Forgiving? Well, be those things, and you'll find that someone will come along who's looking for exactly who you are.

Finally, if your last concern is that life in Travance is too short for love, let me release your mind from the chains of fear that bind it. I do not promise you that you will not experience pain. I do not promise you that your heart will not suffer. But I do promise you that the days you will make in your memory with that person will give you more hope, and peace, and strength, and courage, than you ever thought possible.

Love doesn't take a miracle. But it does take hard work and patience. Are you tough enough to handle it?



COMPASSION IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY

BY AMBASSADOR MEANDER CORRELIS

A widowed mother bends her knee in prayer:
A father hunts and seeks for work to feed
The children that rely on him for care:
The families left marred by demon greed.

But then we see a healer cure disease,
Dragoons give food enough to feed a crowd,
And Priests and priestesses soothe man's unease
In trying times that aim to leave men bowed.

When winter's snows enshroud the ground in white
And cold seeps in and hope for life seems lost,
Think of the evergreen, which stands upright
Against the permeating touch of frost.

For every day, we work toward the year
When we can say goodbye to strife and fear.

LORE OF THE NORTHMEN: SKALDS

BY PRIVATE GRIMKJELL EIRSON

Skalds, and their place in the tribes of the North:

In the tribes of the North, and specifically the Hergen clan, which is my blood, there are three positions of great respect within the tribe, aside from the Chief. There is the Thane, who covers all military matters; there is the Godi, who speaks with the gods and the earth, depending if he is a priest or a Shaman; and there is the Skald, who adjudicates matters of truth. Truth and honor are serious matters for the men of the North, for we often become boastful when we are in our cups about our battle-skill or skill as lovers, and it is the Skald who weighs the truth of tales and follows the battle and makes the true account. Many Skalds are also huscarls in their own right, and take up spear, axe or sword and wade into battle so they can capture the most glorious tales. As for how they deal with tales of the truths of love, they are the ones who write the great poems and sagas of what men and women do for one another, and sing or speak them for the others to know and remember.

We rarely write things down, we men of the north; we consider this a civilized and weak custom of the southrons, for it makes us forget things we should know with both our minds and heart. I myself have only learned to write whilst drunk. And so, the Skalds are the guardians of memory, and their tale-telling is not exaggerated as a Gypsy's tale might be, nor is it as matter of fact as a report given by a Jarl to his King. Rather, we use kennings and poetry to express truth as fully as we can, while painting pictures with words, igniting the heart-fires as thoroughly as mead or love can. To be a truly great warrior, it is believed amongst

some tribes of the north that a man must be a poet and have strength in both word and sword-arm, for the a well-used word means a blade may never need be wet on the crow's field.

The final duty of the Skald, as guardian of memory, is to make an account of all the good and evil that a man does before his thread runs out and how his thread is cut. When a powerful warrior, chief, wise man, or other important person dies, a Skald will supervise the entire village in the telling of stories about their life, battles, struggles, loves, and death. Thus, we remember and mourn, even as we beat drums, and cover ourselves in ash from the fires we light to guide them to the afterlife. A skald will hear every tale told by members of the tribe, improve and guide those who are poor storytellers, and tell his own accounts of the dead, so that a proper sending off can happen. This ritual is the most sacred duty of a Skald, and someone who interrupts a Skald while he is doing this will often be put to death by the Jarl, Thane, or his huscarls.

LISTENING TO THE TREES: THE WISDOM OF THE SEASONS

BY HIEROPHANT TYPHON SCYDINGA

The changing of the seasons is an important part of Druidics. In times gone by it was even the responsibility of Druids to perform rituals to change the seasons. As such, various points in the year have become important to Druids across Arawyn and are celebrated in different ways.

The first week of February holds special meaning to Druids in the North where it is celebrated as the first stirrings of spring. And while it might seem odd to

SMALL PEOPLE, BIG PROBLEMS



by: Arden Ull Vidhir

think of spring at such a chilly time, this is nonetheless when many Druids mark the beginning of the season. This time of year is acknowledged by cleaning and getting one's home in order, setting things where they were before they were packed away from the cold of Winter.

As we move forward with rebuilding from the devastation of the Chaos War, know that nature is also rebuilding and that one day the rubble will be cleared. We will be stronger for having survived through our darkest days. We have many brighter days before us.

MEANDER'S CORNER

BY AMBASSADOR MEANDER CORRELLIS

After the climactic battle against Xualla, the thought hanging largely in everyone's minds was getting information about home. My good friend Thalia Burdorn, now one of the bartenders for the Dragon's Claw Inn, made two journeys to Calisvorin over the past couple of months. She provided aid where she could while she was there and brought back valuable information on the state of the capital. Thalia reports that King Baldrik Ironheart was tragically slain in battle, and his son, the new King Valdan, has taken the throne. He and his brother, Prince Thenar, along with the remaining advisors to the throne, are hard at work getting the country back in order. Some cities had to be abandoned and are still being cleared of demons, and refugee camps house those who had to flee their homes. Production in the mines was drawn to a standstill when demons blockaded the entrances, but people are hard at work to clear them and rescue anyone still trapped within.

In a smart diplomatic move, King Valdan has made an offer to Count Sebastian Everest of Winterdark to send Dwarven craftsmen to help with rebuilding in exchange for supplies. Lord Azmar, one of King Valdan's advisors, has been heading this front. One noble in Travance has already responded, Lord Blackthorne, who will be sending a shipment of food to Calisvorin within the month as a gesture of goodwill. Separately, Seamus Aeilin of Clan MacInnes is leading a small army on a campaign to wipe out demons in the Highlands, Calisvorin, and Asgaard. I plan to establish communication with the unit and hope to have details on their progress in our next issue.

On a more local note, I was gratified to see the number of people doing what they could to help any refugees who came to the proper this weekend, donating food for them and their families, stopping the

spread of disease, and even offering work so mothers and fathers could have coin to feed their children themselves. This spirit of compassion and giving is why I consider Travance just as much a home as my home country of Londwyn—for "home is where the heart is", and Travance has enough heart for all of us.

THE CHANGING TIDES

BY JACK DIMMS

Tides come in all different forms and ways

From the tides of battle to the tides of waves

And as you watch these tides you will watch them change

Into a beautiful moon or a sunset on the perfect day

The tides are always changing, always crashing from here to far

From down in Travance to the wars up north

But there is one thing that will never change that will never grow stale

That as they change you can always enjoy the change with a few friends and a lot of ale.

WORD CHANGE PUZZLES

BY AMIZAR WUZWHIR

Change ONE letter at each step to make a new word. Repeat until you reach the last word.

- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. TREE | 1. BELT | 1. CHILI |
| 2. _____ | 2. _____ | 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ | 3. _____ | 3. _____ |
| 4. FLED | 4. MUST | 4. _____ |
| | | 5. STALL |
| 1. CORK | 1. WOOD | |
| 2. _____ | 2. _____ | 1. ROUGH |
| 3. _____ | 3. _____ | 2. _____ |
| 4. MARE | 4. _____ | 3. _____ |
| | 5. SAND | 4. _____ |
| | | 5. POACH |

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