

# The Travance Chronicle

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*"If it bleeds, it leads."*

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## BLOODTIDE

BY KEA VY KENNYR'RENAITH MCKRAEGAR

It started with a heart.

I don't know how it felt when my heart was forged into Bloodtide, but I do remember how it felt when Terezi was pulling it out of my chest.

Each nerve; each vein; each artery. All still connected to me, then bit by bit severed.

I remember watching the battle that ensued afterward. People running and shouting, in a blue haze, like smoke, then striking their opponents; the smoky vision leaving wisping tendrils that connected to them with each hit.

I remember being beside Caldor as he prayed.

At first there was nothing tethering me to the ground as I walked, but then I felt a warmth tingling down from the top of my head down to my feet. Whether it was Arawyn, the gods, the dragons, or some other force that brought me back, I made the connection back to the ground, and the weight of my body against it. I was embraced by Caldor which strengthened our connection to one another. I felt every raindrop that hit my face, regaining my connection to Arawyn with each new step I took.

I remember the disconnect I felt from those who were upset about my decision.

The pointing fingers, disapproving looks, and angry remarks behind my back; I remember seeing and hearing about people coming up to my Knight and Lord, upset that they "... *let her do such a thing!*" I was upset that my intention – my initiative- to help was cast aside. Despite this, I felt I should continue to shoulder the burden since I already had. I transformed myself into an unfamiliar body just to do so.

I remember the words I heard when I first held Bloodtide last moon.

*"Ahh, it's you... you're back!"* was the uncomfortable whisper in my mind- a presence of someone or something too close for comfort. A feeling of dread as an ice-cold rush flows over your body. My heart, tied to this weapon, made the blade feel a sense of entitlement to my body, my soul. A connection from unfortunate events that took place.

I remember the disconnect I felt from those who I trusted most.

Anger through worry and fear cutting the strands used to hold us- both sides taking a turn to slice it away. As much as my bond to the chaotic energies that exist aid me in recognizing what is happening to me, my bonds to my loved ones were quivering and on edge. My goals to hold on to those bonds are parallel with my goal to set things right.

Now, there is a new connection- the path we all set before us for this recent turn of events.

This blade's purpose is to connect to Balfurous- Not to give him strength, but to take it away. It will be the one to pierce his heart and end his life once and for all.

With the heart I have in my chest, the soul that rests in this body, I ask all of you to put aside your differences once more and focus on the task at hand. While I plan to be the one to wield Bloodtide -to finish what I have started- I cannot defeat him alone.

May we connect together as a whole and do what needs to be done- for ourselves, our loved ones, our land, and our future. Together we can restore the balance.

## LORE OF THE NORTHMEN: CONNECTIONS

BY GRIMKJELL EIRSON

Loyalty, love, honor, friendship and duty. In the end, these are all that will bind us together when the storm comes again. As we march forth to stand against Balfurous, we should remember those we are bound to. We have all come to Travance for different reasons. To fulfill our wyrd, for family, for fame, for glory, for riches. But in the end, we stay because we are bound to one another.

This is a list of some of the foes Travance has faced, and bested, since I have first journeyed to the South from my home. A lich-king of the Lizardmen. The Shadow King. A would-be pretender to the throne of the Dwarves. Horuss of Evernight. Demons, Demonic Titans, Pesmerga, Julius of the Hollow Song, and Xualla himself. Any one of these is enough to strike

terror into an entire nation, and yet... Travance alone has sent all of them into ruin.

Perhaps Travance is the land of heroes, but I don't believe that is why we have prevailed. It was because our devotion to each other pushed us to undertake things no one else has, to try beyond all hope, to bring light into even the darkest reaches. There are no miracles to be found here, only men and women. We are families, lovers, friends, and foes, and we have lost those we loved, Lords and Ladies, common men. the Baroness herself. But still, we endure, both to honor their memory and the trust that they showed us. Perhaps we don't build statues in their name, but as long as there are songs to be sung, and a single person can remember, their names will be known, even into the halls of the Judge of Souls.

I have hated more men in this town than I ever slew in the lands of ice and swords. And yet...I will still reach out to save their lives in the end against the foes we face because we have been bound together by this place. The Black and the Yellow, the flag under which we all fight. It means many things to many people. For some, it is a place where they are free to live as they would not be able to elsewhere. For others, it is a place they are bound by duty to defend. But we all feel cord that binds our fate to this place, pulling at our very souls.

In the time left before we march against Balfurous, consider for a moment whom you're loyal to, whom you are bound to. Not what, but who? The people who haunt your mind, whom you'd follow into the abyss, for whom you'd face your death at the claws of a dire wolf, or stand against a horde of undead? These are all things that the subjects of Travance have done since I have come here.

I end this writing with a truth. I am connected to all of you. Not out of honor or duty, though they are why I serve you all, but because in this place I have shared these moments of triumph and despair with you all. I made an oath once to someone I cared deeply about, before we marched against Xualla. I said, "Until the end." I will keep this oath. It is not yet the end for us, for Travance. Endure, fight on, and win.

Travance Hjolda!

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*Too busy adventuring to stay up-to-date on the goings-on of the Feast? Attend the Mass to Chronicler, held open to the public at the Monastery directly following the Feast!*

## **SOULS CONNECTED**

*BY HAZEL STORM*

This strong bond that cannot be severed  
As the two souls are entwined  
This strong connection so hard to find  
A love so strong it shan't be shattered  
As their hearts are so full of wonder and grace

Though this connection is very rare do not lose hope  
for it can be there.

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## **SURVEYING FOR FUN AND PROFIT**

*BY AMIZAR WUZWHIR*

Whether you are a smith or an alchemist, when the time comes to gather the ingredients for your next project, why not consider working with a scholar who knows how to survey for materials? From Tamaril Hide up to Fire Drake Scales, a surveyor can get you just what you need!

There are several scholars who know surveying, so you have your choice. Please keep in mind that only subjects who possess the ability to work with the material can actually acquire it. For example, you must have the ability to work with Wytchwood in order to harvest Wytchwood with the help of a surveyor.

Here is a list of the materials a surveyor can help you find, and their approximate amounts:

4 units of copper, silver, gold, or Tamaril hide:

20 elemental or alchemical essences:

2 units of electrum, crystal, or ironwood:

1 unit of meteoric ore, mithril, wytchwood, or fire drake scales:

or 2 lesser weave, divine, or druidic essences.

As of now, no greater essence deposits have been discovered through surveying.

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## **RAINBOW CONNECTIONS**

*BY SWYFT*

Did you know that rainbows are really reflections of light?

Their colors are always connected  
and together they always shine bright!

Is it so silly? To like such a beautiful thing?  
It's of utmost importance that you not forget  
That the colors all have their meanings!

Each rainbow's colors are always the same, did you know?  
And there are these rules in which way the colors should go.

Red, first and foremost!  
It's the color of blood, like our life force.  
And it connects us to Arawyn's physical plane.  
It's the primal vitality that we maintain!

Then there's orange, a color so simple and happy to show  
That it represents pleasure and feeling alive  
And the joy which within it can glow!

But then there's yellow.  
Bold and strong, like Valos!  
Shining with confidence just like the sun,  
Youthful and bold and just looking for fun!

Green is the color of life and compassion abound!  
It connects to our heart, unconditional love  
to bring healing and peace to the world all around!

Next up, it's light blue.  
It's a color that helps us express ourselves, too.  
Sweet and serene, and a bridge that provides  
For our words to escape us and then come to life!

Indigo blue is intuitive, guidance inside!  
It's the clearing of senses and paying attention  
To that which you see without sight.

At last there's violet.  
Your spiritual pilot!  
Divinity glowing with radiant light  
Just waiting and watching until you take flight!

It's no secret that there is an easy way for us to be  
All together, just like the rainbow, and shining in our unity!  
Each one of us,  
is just like each color  
And when we're together, there's naught that can stop us  
Because we're a force of love and light's greatest natural beauty!

Long for the freedom of the sea?  
Wish to make a difference?



# Join the fleet!

contact Lord Admiral Sylus for more information!

## ONE HAND CLAPPING: THE UNSEEN MEASURE BY IMRAHIL

Many of us struggle to understand just who the person we call our self is. Like a plant in your home, it is difficult to see growth in oneself. There exists a measure of who one is that some never discover. It's concept is, to look within, one has only to look out.

One's sangha can act as a looking glass. Do they recoil, or open up in your presence? Do they clutch their purses tighter? Are you asked for aid, asked if you require it, or left to your own devices? Are you often trusted with secrets? It can at times be as simple as the difference between a smile and a leer. These are but a few examples of how those that surround you can inform you of their feelings with little more than gesture. To clearly see and interpret such things in great detail can take a lifetime to hone, yet the basics are simple.

If one sows harmony, that harmony reverberates.

If one sows discord, it is greeted with ever more discord.

With this in mind, keenly observe those who surround you. While they may not know your every secret, they know your essence. The sangha knows the way you will be written in histories.

## INTERTWINING THREADS

BY JACK DIMMS

My friends I sit at my writing table with many thoughts on this last year.

The year I spent walking through the Phokus, filled with fear.

Unsure of where my place was after all that had happened.

Watching conflict after conflict ruining ties previously established.

But within that short span of time I decided to change. To become the man I am now, a force for the future of Travance.

And it is not alone that I did all of this, so I take this time now to give respect to who it should be given. Verril, your will to see me live has given me a new chance at becoming great.

Wulfgar, you are the father I wish I had when I was young and needed a direction to finding my place. Yaya and Morwenne, you are the mother and sister I've never had.

Edwin you are more than a mentor, but more like a grandad.

All of my friends from Nalick to Victor, Squire Demontfort, Hengis, Alander you helped me along my path of decisions.

Akira my love, my soul burns with passion at your very image.

Lois without you I would not be able to envision.

It is all of you that made me, changed me, turned me into something I thought I could never become.

Without you I would be less than some treacherous scum.

So my friends as we wade into the battle set to unfold. Know my heart is with you all and connected we are all one powerful soul.

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## TIES

BY MEANDER CORRELLIS

In one short year, our lives have seen much change, New friendships forged and new relations made, And some have broken far beyond the range Where simple words can mend the strands that frayed.

We're drawn to those with whom we empathize;  
We cling to those who we aspire to be,  
Then watch them crumble right before our eyes  
To dust that's flung far from the path we see.

But still we must continue on, although  
We lose the water cupped within each hand.  
The sunlight thread that set our hearts aglow  
Has darkened down to one forsaken strand.

Yet still that strand is strong enough to hold  
The lines with which you carefully shaped my soul.

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## CONNECTIONS PUZZLE

BY GWYNEDD

Directions: draw a line from the left column, to a connection in the center, then on to the right column forming a three-part connection.

Blade		Liddius	
Jonas Kane	Married to	Lady Kleiden du Tenkukai Laurent-Belmont	Editor-in-Chief: Amizar Wuzwhir
Sir Rudolph Von Kreutzdorf	Uncle of	Gaia	Assistant Editor: Lois Maxwell
Pesmerga	Lover of	Aneliana Himmlisch	Assistant Editor: Lorelai Sihnon
Caldor	Owner of	Dragon's Claw Inn	The Chronicle is looking for reporters! Want to write, but unsure what to write about? Contact the <i>Chronicle</i> offices in Pendarvin for more information!
Lord Gideon Weaverforger	Nemesis of	Sir Slack McDermitt	
Al-Amar	Priest of	Cigars	
Jack Dimms	Rival of	Kwildar	
	Squire to		