

The Travance Chronicle

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The adage “Words have Power” has always proven true and each story, no matter how fantastical, will somewhere have a small grain of truth hidden within them. In our lands, what once were thought to be merely nursery rhymes are coming alive. These tales told to children, whether they be as warnings or for amusement, have manifested themselves as phantasms and illusions and have walked our streets at night. Don't be mistaken--these are not creatures you would wish to trifle with alone. This edition of The Travance Chronicle will be exclusively publishing these nursery rhymes so that all subjects can have them on hand. So far banishing them and dispelling the creatures has worked but at times they vanish only to reappear elsewhere. The only consist way of getting rid of them effectively is to read the appropriate rhyme that coincides with the phantasm to it. How and who is summoning them is unknown so Sir Weaveforger asks that if possible when you encounter the creatures, grab a bard or scholar first to see if they might be able to garner any information about it with their lores. Otherwise, keep a copy on this on you at all times—you might never know when or where they might appear to you. Any with information regarding these creatures is asked to contact Tobar since he is compiling the information on them that we know so far. Safe journeys my friends.

Smiling Jack

Smiling Jack

Smiling Jack with the yellow cap,
Sneaks up on you. Tap Tap Tap.
Drops golden treasure at your feet.
Oh so shiny! Oh so sweet!
All that treasure, what a sight.
But don't forget, Smiling Jack's bite.
Touch that treasure at your feet,
And Smiling Jack. It's you he'll eat!

Known Facts: This phantasm appears as a smiling, silent young man, often in a yellow hat. He drops an illusory gold coin at your feet. If you attempt to pick it up, he devours you whole.

Little Polly Pox

Little Polly Pox loved tending to her flocks,
But they all got sick and died.
So she went into town and sat down by the well,
And cried and cried and cried.
The townfolks came round to see what was the matter,
And upon them her tears did go pitter patter.
They hugged her and told her that all would be well,
Little did they know of the fate that befell
All the others that Polly had found
Who all now lay dead buried deep in the ground.
You see it's her touch that lets the sickness begin,
The chills, the coughing, the wheezing.
Too late they found out the cause of their troubles
As they coughed and bled with their flesh covered in bubbles
And so the townfolk all lay dying and bleeding,
Since Little Polly's looks were oh so deceiving.

Sweet Mary

Sweet Mary, full of joy,
Fell in love with a dark haired boy,
This dark haired boy with a heart of ice,
To her he pretended to be nice.
He wooed her with his words of honey,
when all he wanted was her father's money.
Not a coin remained, he spent it all,
And Mary's tears became a waterfall.
He asked her to stop them spilling,
But soon their house with tears was filling.
He begged her to reverse her frown,
In a house full of tears, he was left to drown.
So now you know that greed's a sin,
But breaking a heart will drown all Arawyn.

Known Facts: Mary appears to be a beautiful young woman wailing uncontrollably.

Unconfirmed: We believe Mary will attack any dark-haired man she encounters. If her crying continues long enough, we believe her tears will be enough to drown anyone near her, similar to very strong water magic

The Broken King

King Gregory was fair and wise
A noble King of Kormyre
But his wife The Queen was cruel and cold
And against him she did conspire
With forces dark, and sorceries black
She placed a curse upon his throne
And when poor King Gregory, that morning sat
He was suddenly turned to stone
A passing priest did see this happen
And prayed for a resolution
When The Queen returned with mace in hand
The Stone King had his retribution
Where her weapon struck him hard
His arm fell to the ground
But the curse rebounded upon her as well
and their Knights two statues found
So beware The King dressed all in white
For he shall surely do you harm
As he walks through the lands of Old Kormyre
Searching for his missing arm.

Mixy and Moxxy

Mixy and Moxxy were two young boys,
Who thought hurting people was one of life's joys.
From lighting fires in Farmer John's barn,
To swapping out silks for old yellow yarn.
As they grew older, their crimes grew far worse.
Until they crossed a witch who laid down a curse
Of unparalleled cruelty and a razor sharp wit,
For their crimes, the punishment would now surely fit.
You see for every crime they tried to commit,
To that crime, they themselves would be forced to admit.
Angry Mixy and Moxxy tracked down that old witch,
And burned her to death in a tub full of pitch.
Her death curse she laid on them with her last breath,
All people will hate you from now until death.
No matter how innocent your words may appear,
Only hate and bile will all others hear.
So, young friend, let my words be understood,
Empty your hearts of hatred and strive to do good.

The Lord of Dreams

Tip toe, tip toe, and here he'll go,
into your house at night.
For he is the Lord of restless dreams,
Who will set your mind to right.
A little boy, did one eve past hatch a daring plan.
To catch a glimpse of the Lord of Sand,
And see him as he stands.
The boy slept with one eye open,
Hoping to test his luck.
But the lord was far too crafty,
And the orb he quickly plucked.
So do not seek the Lord of Dreams,
And heed this very rhyme.
Do not be that poor blind boy.
Who tried a second time.

Known Facts: Sometimes called the Lady of Dreams. This phantasm can put people to sleep.

Unconfirmed: It is believed the Lord/Lady of Dreams will try to blind anyone who resists it's attempts to put them to sleep.

Uzag the Hunter

In the darkness Uzag lumbers,
through the lands, because he hungers,
Scooping up children with his powerful hands,
to fill his stomach's endless demands.
His dogs of war, they howl so sad.
Hunting forever has driven them mad.
So when you're alone in that empty wood,
Baying of hounds spells no omen good.
You'll hear footfalls going snicker-snack,
As Uzag wants your bones to crack.

Known Facts: Uzag was a historical ogre warlord who trained a pack of wolves to hunt for him. This manifestation includes phantom wolves.

Unconfirmed: Historically, Uzag may have been a Druid. It is said he preferred to eat the flesh of human children.