

# The Travance Chronicle

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MAY 1214

## A SONG OF HAPPINESS AND PAIN BY AMBASSADOR MEANDER CORRELIS

A Song of Happiness...

The wedding of Tobar Rasia and Ruindol Darkstar was set to be a spectacular affair. Around 40 people gathered, many bearing food and drink, to witness the union of gypsy and sylvani; we even had a jester who led us in song and dance and handed out flowers to all of the ladies. Once everyone had at last arrived, Carlos Magellan officiated the ceremony after Morwen gave away the bride and Carlos himself gave away the groom.

As an interesting touch for a wedding of two different cultures, Carlos asked each of them if there was a tradition of their people of which the other should be made aware. For the Romani, Tobar told us that their family, such as it was, should "never have roots so deep" that they wouldn't be able to pick up and leave in a bad situation. For the Seldrians, Ruindol told us how important it is for couples to communicate and solve their problems together. Carlos then wrapped a cord around their joined hands, symbolizing the joining of two lives.

...and a Song of Pain.

Suddenly, in the distance, we heard a deep voice in wordless song. The voice was powerful, commanding, and—wrong. As it grew louder, wedding guests started crying out in pain as the song tore at their latent magical protections. Tobar's efforts halted the additional effects of the song for but a few seconds, and then everyone in the clearing found themselves paralyzed. A drow stalked around inside our circle, holding us captive as most watched on in confusion. It was only then that the traitor in our midst revealed himself: Julius, our playful jester, joined the drow in song that protected him while keeping us immobile. These two are members of the Anathema of the Hollow Song, a group who wishes

to eradicate history by destroying written documents and killing bards, keepers of the oral tales. Their motives for this are unknown. But it is for this reason that Julius proceeded to torture and kill Calliope while we watched in horror, unable to do anything else.

The members of the Anathema of the Hollow Song have proven themselves to be enemies of not just bards, but to everyone. The echoes of their song sent ripples of pain throughout everyone present, and most were left unconscious and dying after the two of them left the area. Efforts are being made to research ways to stop the Hollow Song members. This research is being led by Tobar himself and assisted by Almat, so please see either of them if you have any ideas to contribute.

## SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR THE EXTENDED FEAST

### ASSEMBLED BY CROINAMARA ULL UIDHIR

*Breakfast with the Bishop* - At 10 am every morning Wednesday through Friday with pancakes, sausage or bacon depending on the butcher, and eggs. Those would like to come and enjoy a quiet, peaceful breakfast with Bishop Arabeth are more than welcome and are encouraged to bring something to share.

*Circus Shmirkus* - Thursday, 1 to 4 bells in the afternoon at the covered wagons

*Kaladonia Cook Out* - Thursday after 4 bells in the afternoon. All they ask is that you bring either something to cook and/or some wood for the fire.

*Pendarvin's Famous Forge Grill* - Friday, 2 bells in the afternoon. Please bring something to cook or drink, that can be shared with others. Gideon will personally provide coal for the fire.

*The Maiden's Choice Dance* - Friday at 6 bells in the evening at the Monastery.

*Church of Light Mass* - 1:30 in the afternoon Saturday, at the Monastery.

The *Drega Mire Dessert Contest* has been postponed. *Mage's Guild Meeting* - There will be no regular meeting this Feast. Masters of the Guild will meet on Saturday at 4 bells past noon.

## A LESSON ON HELPING OTHERS FROM A "TRUE" SPIRITUALIST

BY ALEXANDER WILHELM SILVERS IV

Have you ever thought you were better than everyone else, or that those mundane plebeians deserve to be crawling around in the dirt like the peons they are?

I have and I certainly do.

This is true spirituality: being in touch with your inner egoist.

Being the unenlightened masses you are, I know you are wondering how you can achieve such an incredible state of enlightenment, so I will generously share the secret.

When these mundane peasants come begging for assistance - like they no doubt will or currently are - as you dismiss their meaningless pleas in favor of the far more important task of reading this article, don't get angry at them and beat them. They aren't worth expending the effort on. You only have to remember that these dependents are a resource, one which elevates you to your comfortable chair and entertains you with their daily struggles.

After reminding yourself of this you need only calmly remind them of their ignorance, and inform them that being the superior individual you are they should be risking their lives for you.

Through constant practice of this you can learn to understand your inner egoist and achieve true spiritual awareness as well.

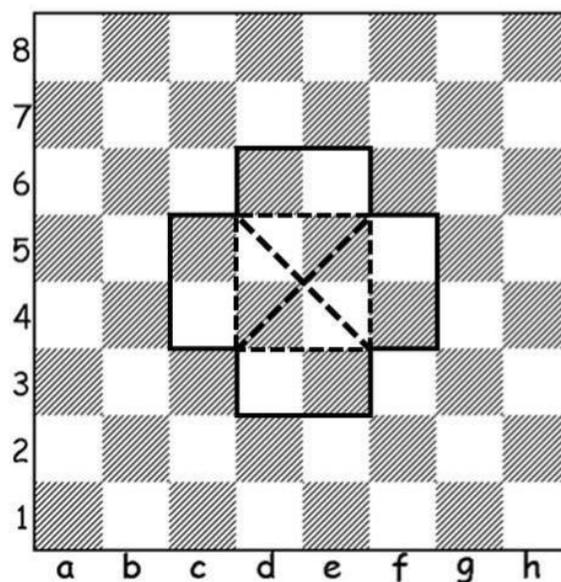
## CHESS & BATTLE PART 2: TERRAIN

BY MASTER EDWIN HAROLDSON

Knowledge of the terrain (and forces) on which the battle is to be contested is vital. In chess, both are known and are equal. However, due to the nature of the game, White, who moves first, has an advantage. This is called the initiative. In war, as in chess, the side

grasping the initiative or makes judicious use of terrain also has an edge. When forces of roughly equal strength contend, one commander usually seeks open ground to obviate the advantage mixed terrain confers on the leader more familiar with the area.

A pertinent question arises - how to conduct the battle? Inexperienced leaders usually begin with a vigorous flank attack, most often from the right, hoping to break through before the other side presses home its own flank attack. Those with a bit more understanding will pull back the flank being attacked (called refusing the flank) to buy time for their attack on the opposite wing. In chess, any player who opens with a hard flank attack against a competent opponent will lose.



The initial struggle in chess and war is to control the center, or certainly part of it. In chess, the fight usually concerns d4 - 5, and e4 - 5, with each side usually trying for an advanced square (see diagram). The struggle often spills over to e3, d3, e6, d6, c4 - 5, and f4 - 5. Ignoring where the pieces start, this comprises 3/8 of the board, and if one controls it the enemy's forces are divided in half.

Once some portion of the center is under control and one has the initiative, actions on the flank(s) may be undertaken with no adverse consequence. It is not necessary to occupy a square or territory in order to control it. If one has a bishop on a3, a rook on e1 and a knight on f4, the square e6 is firmly controlled. Like-

wise, archers and casters can interdict or control an area without being in or adjacent to it, and support melee units in it. Oft times it is sufficient merely to deny the foe its use.

Next month – tactics and strategy.

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Privet, citizens of Travance!

Have you ever wondered what the future may hold for you? Or perhaps you seek advice on matters of the heart? Better still, you may be seeking the comfort of a healing hand, or wish to know how much that lovely gem you found is worth? Look no further, for Yaya and Nadya have arrived! Bring your tired, needy bodies to our tent near The Bloody Stump and find what you seek.

Now offering:

- Healing Salves    -Entertainment
- Fortune-Telling    -Appraisals
- Love Advice    -And much, much more!

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## LORE OF THE NORTHMEN: SPIRITUALITY

BY GRIMKJELL EIRSON

Regarding the gods and the godi, what you southrons call priests. We have an intimate relationship with the spirits and the Light and dark. In the moments before dawn, in the twilight, we can hear their voices on the wind, in the ground, hissing across the snow, calling in the lapping water.

But we find our gods and our spirits in other places as well, not just in the in-between times of light and dark intermixing. For the men of the North, the gods are felt close by in every battle, for the Judge of Souls is ready to receive us, the Lady of Love reminds us why we fight, Gaia closes our wounds, and the Lord of Light compels us onward into the breach. With every stroke of an axe, every thrust of a spear, there is a form of communion and prayer in battle. Perhaps it is not so staid as the services we see here in Travance, but the red, white, green, gold, and black roads all intersect on the field of crows.

Every village has its godi, or shaman, to cast out the bad spirits, to read the wyrd of the newly born, and to advise the chief and the thane on how to proceed in all things. They vary from tribe to tribe, some carry staves covered in runes, some carrying bone rattles or wearing feathers from sacred birds. But they all are the guardians against the unknown, against the cold which bites into us as the fire gutters out.

The Godi represent wisdom to us, the received wisdom of the gods themselves, or Arawyn and the land, depending on their particular area of reverence and knowledge. A Thane may rule in war, a Skald's words are loudest during times of feasting or mourning, but a Godi's voice holds sway when the most important decisions are made. Questions of right or wrong, questions of the future, these are the questions which a chief will bring to the Godi. And they will receive answers, whether by vision, casting of stones, or another method of divining the will of the gods and spirits.

For each man of the north, faith and the spirits are a very intimate thing. It is said we are all marked by the spirits at our birth, and our fates or destinies are foretold. This is known as wyrd, and a man who follows his wyrd and doesn't struggle against it, but listens and obeys the spirits is honored. Sometimes the secrets the spirits whisper are dark, and they may turn a son or daughter of the North to darkness, but that is part of life, and part of wyrd. We do not begrudge them their decision, for it was fated, though we may face them on the crow's field with war ice in hand at some point.

We of the north perhaps do not bandy much about the nature of the divine, but that is because it is already so closely connected to us. I hope this writing has given you some insight into our ways of living in a world where the transcendent is so close, and so mysterious to us.

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I look into the eyes of the Future,  
They stare blanky back at me,  
Teasing, teasing, teasing,  
For no fast course exists to learn my fate.

-Rowan

## TALES OF GLORY: THE SEARCH FOR RALF

BY JACK DIMMS

It'd only been since last moon when I found myself coming through the focus again. It'd taken quite a while to come to grips with it, but I realize to an extent my thread could be a lot shorter than I thought. It all started at the near beginning of the April Baronial Feast. It was a fairly balmy month. The afternoons scorching by Northern standards, while the nights were closer to the summers with a bit of a nip in the air, but the wind was what made them feel like home. Jorik Wulfsbane had approached me with an offer to go after the criminal Ralf. Jorik and myself were joined by three others on this manhunt. Those three were Asalra the Dwarf, mighty, ready to drive her spear through the chest of anyone standing in front of her purpose. Illyrin, the elf. The man used two sabers, he was fast on his feet, even faster still with his blades. The last man to join us was a Ranger. I don't remember his name, but since he was a little on the aft end for most of our journey, I shall refer to him as the Ale Ranger.

The party had gotten word that the dastardly man had been meeting up with another one of those bounties near the cemetery. We headed out near the time of three bells, thirty minute ticks from the supposed meeting time. Jorik lead us in, ordering silence as we got ever closer to the meeting area. With every step the tension rose higher and higher. Upon entering the hallowed resting place, we checked the time. Luckily, we found ourselves early to the meeting. Jorik took the reigns on our mission, showing his previous experience within the one of the armies of Kornyre. He had sent Ale Ranger into the trees, for he was an archer; Illyrin and Asalra to the right flank; Jorik and myself at left. It wasn't until around five minute ticks before we started hearing voices on the approach from Winterdark. We believed our plan was sound, that this would be quick and our tactics perfect, but sadly we were mistaken.

Maybe we didn't wait long enough, maybe we could have scouted more thoroughly, but we made our move. Ralf and his band of bandits stood outside of the entrance of the cemetery. We could hear their voices

clearly as we stood lying in wait within the trees. Jorik had us move out, trying to get the drop on our enemies. We treaded with the greatest of silence as the party moved out of our hiding spots and out into the pale moonlight. In front of us stood Ralf squad of bandits. Gods it must have been almost forty men this murderer commanded, but I found them to be weak in their resolve to stay alive. Jorik's red blood ran with the heat of a roaring flame as he charged in, fighting with all of his might. Even I charged in head first as the passion for battle ran through my icy veins, my northern blood pumping with the fires of my desire to take this man down. Asalra found herself in our rear flanks with the Ale Ranger and Illyrin. We had the advantage of surprise, our might quickly running through the numbers we had been facing. That is when the tide of the battle changed for the inherently worst.

A mysterious thief had come from behind our flank and knocked Illyrin and the Ale Ranger unconscious, leaving us two men down. With no healers present, we needed to act fast, and Ralf had still not come out from his hiding. Heh, the coward. It makes my blood boil to know I was defeated not by the man in honorable combat, but by his cronies since he was too less of a man to come and face us himself. We continued to push through their ranks, but the bandit's skills had me at a loss. I found myself disarmed and backing away as Asalra and Jorik continued to fight. I had no more weapons to defend myself and Jorik's red blood had started to subside. Feeling useless, I made a dash for my blade, hoping as a last ditch effort to save my comrades. It all was for naught, though, as the last thing I remember was taking a strike from behind and falling to the cool grass. I laid there for quite sometime stuck within my own thoughts, angry at my own weakness. If I could speak I would have been cursing Ralf's name, telling my comrades to fight on, being there in spirit. Oddly enough it seems a spirit is what I became. The next thing I remembered was waking up at the Monastery, a group standing around me with looks of worry on their faces. When I heard what had happened in order to save me, my heart swelled with joy, my passion burning with a new righteous fury.

I don't know what became of Ralf, or his bandits, but I will make an oath on the words written on

this page. If I ever run into that man again, I will drive him into the ground, I will run through him with my mighty blade and drive him to his knees. If there is still a bounty on his head, then I will bring his head to those searching for it and use the gold to take my comrades out for a nice meal. Ralf has stolen my shield, and my electrum blade. He has shown cowardice in the face of true combat and I will not stand for it. This man is a stain upon my honor and the glory I will receive from defeating him will be grand. Though this was not a winning battle, the party I had been a part of were all strong warriors, their blood fueled by combat, their lungs craving the air that smells of combat. These men and women fought beside me bravely, and I thank them for joining me. Until my next tale, I bid you all farewell, and let your Glory shine bright within the afternoon sunshine.

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## **SURGEON'S DEMONSTRATION**

Dr. Illana Darkwood will be providing demonstrations of new wares and talents with the help of the Seneschal this upcoming feast during Pendarvin's brunch and market faire for demonstrations.

### **Items to be Showcased:**

*Syringes*- This contingency item can solve almost any problem. A syringe injects you with a potion of your choice, created to activate during specific situations.

*Surgical Bandages*- These bandages are treated with a variety of chemicals and herbs to help mend wounds efficiently. Taking anyone about a minute to bind the wounds properly, those without formal training can use them to heal a fourth of their allies wounds. Any physician can easily complete the work three times more effectively.

*Corpse Essence*- When used in the creation of healing alchemy, these essences cause the mixture to become extremely potent.

### **Skills to be Demonstrated**

Pending Availability of Volunteers or resources:

*Cosmetic Adjustments*

*Hypnosis*

*Anatomy Study*

## **ONE HAND CLAPPING: WHOLENESS BY IMRAHIL**

Within every being there is one desire that gives rise to all others. A thirst, a longing, a wistfulness, or any other, is derived from this one basal desire. The universal desire is to be whole. Some will attempt to fill this desire with that which will not sate. Fame, wealth, power. None of these will be met with anything other than a desire for more. Others train their body or mind in their quest for wholeness. Some train both, and find themselves closer to the coveted whole. Those that find this primal desire quenched go yet a step further by developing a harmony between mind, body and spirit.

The body is the tool. It is the means by which one transforms thought to action and the easiest aspect to discipline.

The mind is, to borrow a term from alchemy, the propellant. It is the aspect that transforms will to thought. To open one's mind is the goal of this discipline.

The most difficult aspect to discipline is the soul.

To discipline one's spirit is a unique task for each fragment of the universal consciousness. Where my training is to seek this understanding through introspection, a hunter may find it through an encounter with an incredible beast, or a scholar through an obscure revelation. At the same time, each may find themselves unaware and miss a clue of great import. The commonality in the successful discipline of the soul is mindfulness, for the mindful eye remains open even when closed. It is this ability to see things for what they are that allows one to cultivate propriety of thought. It is the propriety of thought that allows one to engage propriety of action. Lastly, it is the propriety of action that allows one to truly become part of a community - closer to the universal consciousness - and free themselves of want.

To each seeker: May each time our paths cross be enjoyed, and may your path be long and prosperous.

## **ORDER RESTORED TO HELLOCK'S KEEP**

*BY T. HEWITT EVERETT KIDD*

Sir Jack Cypher stepped forward to confront the mob of escaped prisoners who, along with an assortment of malcontents, maybe 40 in all, had assembled at the center square of Hellock's Keep. The four guardsmen, all that still answered his call, made a very thin line at his back. As he prepared to issue his command that the mob surrender, he noticed their eyes focusing behind and above where he stood.

He risked a glance over his shoulder and saw an old man on a pale horse slowly riding toward the square. The man wore blue over white; the shield hung on his saddle had the heraldic display of a clenched fist in a sunburst on a field of blue. Two swords hung from his hips. Cypher allowed himself a broad smile, the first to cross his face in over two weeks. The rider nodded to Cypher as he dismounted with an agility that belied his years. Unfolding a parchment he started reading in a loud, clear voice: "By order of Sir Cypher, First Knight of Ostcliff, you are commanded to lay down your arms and surrender. Those of you who have not shed blood or escaped from prison will be fined. The remainder will be dealt with as per the law." He drew his swords and added, "Any not immediately complying will surely die this day." The escapees, knowing that surrender meant execution, did nothing. He drew abreast of the guardsmen, indicated two of them, and said, "With your permission, Sir Jack, these two will accept any surrenders and assure that those who fall will not get up." Stepping to the fore he advanced to a point around ten feet from the front of the mob. Without stopping he called, "Time's up."

From the tips of his swords a flood of water gushed forth, carrying away five of the mob – only two got up. Before the stunned mob could react, he was among them, swords flashing in the early morning sun. Four strokes in a heartbeat and two more fell, another four strokes and two more fell stunned. Another tsunami issued from his weapons and cut a swath through those unfortunate enough to be in his path. Maybe five seconds had passed and fully one third of their number had fallen. The shocked mob broke and turned to run in panic. The old man moved like the wind from be-

hind them, and once again stood in front of the mob. Parrying those attacks not stopped by his armor, the old warrior cut down men like a sharp scythe harvesting ripe grain.

Lightning and fire flashed from his eyes and swords, and unerringly struck those he believed to be the ringleaders. When the mindless survivors again turned to run, they were confronted by Sir Cypher and his guardsmen, who brought the mob to a halt. Another torrent of water washed away four more, while six more fell to his swords which struck from their rear. The few survivors dropped their weapons and fell to their knees in surrender. The entire fight, if one could call a slaughter a fight, took about half a minute.

Two truths emerged this day. The first was that Sir Cypher was willing and ready to die to restore order to Ostcliff's capital. The second was that Death indeed rides a pale horse.

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## **THE WISDOM OF THE SEASONS: SPRINGTIDE**

*BY HEIROPHANT TYPHON SCYLDINGA*

The month of May brings us Springtide, a celebration of the transition from spring's birth to summer's bounty. While Springtide is typically celebrated by Gaians, it remains an important holiday for druids as it marks the changing of the seasons from Spring to Summer. Springtide is often celebrated with ripe summer fruits and good food. The celebrations often take place around a Maypole, which is a traditional amusement activity during which children circle the Maypole with strips of colored cloth that are tied to the very top. The circling creates a bright spiral of colors woven around the pole. Take time this Springtide to enjoy the vivid beauty nature has to offer in the wild outdoors.

In the mood for something relaxing, yet invigorating? Join us at the Londwyn Tea Tent, located behind the Pen-darvin Statehouse!

Day or night, we'll have at least TEN varieties of teas on hand that we would be happy to brew for you!

Feel free to bring your own cup, though we'll try to provide for those that lack one.

Donations accepted, whether of snacks, company, or more tea.

## **CLOVE'S SPIRITUALITY**

You must have something in your life that does not depend upon anybody else.

If you would have your happiness secure, the root of it must be within yourself.

This is not a doctrine of selfishness, but of self defense.

Much of our happiness is necessarily bound up with other people; it is the result of our relationships. Companionship is that which tempers laughter, play, and work, and is the essence itself of love.

Very many of us never get beyond this range of joy, incapable of any pleasure that is not communal. We shudder at solitude. We flee ourselves as the price of boredom.

But those who would be secure against the shocks of existence, who would feel that they are rooted enough to withstand the blasts of time and circumstance, must discover themselves.

They must have some resource that the world cannot touch.

Some find this in their work. Some discover it in their imagination and creativity. Some find it in religion, if they know to use it as a guide and nothing more.

One thing is sure. The strong soul, the well poised life which no untoward event can thrust into panic, is that one who has learned that the deepest supplies upon which the soul feeds, the most inexhaustible and wholesome supplies, are those that lie within themselves.

In the scorn of the world, in isolation, contempt, and hunger, those who have learned this lesson can turn to the fate with a smile and say, "I have meat to eat that you don't know of."

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## **TRANSCENDENCE**

**BY SIR JACK CYPHER**

Often we find that when spirituality is discussed it seems to have ties to either something religious or supernatural in nature. However, there is another underlying meaning of spirituality: holding an ideal or a thought or a concept sacred. When you have that fire inside of your heart and mind, you can transcend your own limitations.

Of all the things to hold sacred, I believe patriotism to be chief among them. Every battle we fight, every dark denizen we combat, we fight for Arawyn, yes. But we also do this for Kormyre and Travance. We are the point of the sword, the first to go in, and the last to come out. It is up to us to make sure we do not falter, nor fall. For all the dangers we have seen and survived in Travance, more often than not you will find that She saves lives.

At the lowest point of many people's lives, myself included, they somehow find their way to Travance. She fills them with glorious burning purpose, an inner force that cannot be explained with simple words. But it's something I believe every Travancian knows to be true even if they don't care to admit it. We are at the eye of the storm in this world of destruction and creation of chaos and order. Find that which gives you cause to continue - that ideal that makes you force yourself to continue long after your body has given up, be it love or war or food or music. Grab hold tightly of it and don't let go, for therein lies your salvation.

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## **BLOOD & BEER**

**BY LOIS MAXWELL**

The dawn creeped over the craggy vistas of Honor's Peak. It slunk through the cracks in the wall around the city and tip-toed down the roads. It tarried around a corner, and with a resigned sigh of a breeze, finally reached its destination. Lying there in the road were fallen Northmen and dwarves alike. Broken glass was strewn everywhere, and splinters of broken wood were embedded in structures as far away as the other side of the street. No one seemed to dare step onto this street - no one but the dawn.

As the morning passed over those on the ground, they turned their faces away from the waking light and groaned. From somewhere close by, the sound of a smithy coming to life echoed: one of the dwarves roused himself enough to shout at the source to, "Quit that infernal racket before I shove me axe where the sun don't shine." The infernal racket knew full well no one was going to move from their makeshift beds for several hours, and continued anyway.

This was not the scene of some terrible clash

of good and evil, nor had Pendarvin's minotaur made a surprise appearance. This was the aftermath of the opening night of the "Blood & Beer" tavern, and it had been a resounding success (though not resounding too loudly this morning). The "Blood & Beer" is the new venture owned by Billiamm McKraegar, self-proclaimed "most charming man in Travance". At Billiamm's warning, I'd procured a small supply of invisibility potions for the evening, and settled into a small corner behind the bar to watch the... festivities.

Upon first glance, the tavern looks like many other taverns across Travance (the Travancian penchant for decorating with barrels was certainly evident). It mostly operates like a normal tavern, as well, but for one exception: any patron can challenge another to a bare-knuckle brawl, and the loser must pay the winner's tab. In addition, the tavern also sports a fine stock of imbibements, including Master Edwin Haroldson's "Haroldson's Reserve" and Templar Rayven Nightwing's "Blackbird Ale".

At first the crowd was pleasant enough, and contained both residents of Honor's Peak and some of the Travancian adventurers who called Pendarvin home. A jovial atmosphere reigned. No one seemed to know what the correct protocol was for challenging another. That quickly changed when a Northman in the corner screamed something about rocks not being real nature and flung an empty mug at Alander Claver.

Readers, I can only describe what happened next as bedlam. The entire tavern suddenly erupted into a brawl. Alander launched himself across the table at the unfortunate Northman. A stray barrel (I now know why there were so many barrels) crashed into the dwarven healer Thalia and knocked her clean across the floor and into Ox. Ox, who was busy smashing some heads together, turned to the source of the braided projectile and assumed Sister Danae had flung Thalia as a weapon. The two crashed together in the center of the tavern, wielding table legs as maces, and were quickly lost from my sight in the crush of bodies.

Near the bar proper, the Nightwings were settling some sort of marital strife. I couldn't make out what they were saying, but it ended with Rayven dumping a mug full of ale over Leandra. In response, Leandra reached behind her and grabbed the nearest barstool. She began swinging it wildly at Rayven, who backed up hurriedly right into Burkhart. Burkhart was doing his best to shield Thalia with the

top of a barrel, and all three tumbled down behind the bar, and almost right into yours truly.

I was about to take that as my cue to flee the premises when I heard a familiar roar. Billiamm himself had come wading into the fray, knocking down anyone who stood in his way. He jumped on top of the bar and bellowed, "If any of ye can best me, ye'll have free drinks the rest o' tha week!"

Unfortunately for Billiamm, Sir Slack McDermmitt chose that moment to enter the bar.

Readers, have you ever heard the question of what happens when an unstoppable force meets an immovable object? I know a part of the answer now: no one else is left standing. Billiamm is unpredictable fury, but Sir McDermmitt will just not. Fall. Down. Dwarves, Northmen, and Adventurers alike were tossed into the walls and through the windows by the power of these two men. This includes me. I woke some time later and met with Thalia. We did our best to patch up the most egregious wounds of the patrons and then left for some proper sleep.

And who won the fight? I'm not sure anyone can be called a winner with that much property damage, but it is certainly a testament to dwarven construction that most of the building was still standing. All I know is that I've heard tell that Sir McDermmitt drank free at the "Blood & Beer" for the rest of the week. Whether it was because he won the duel or Billiamm just wanted to keep repair costs down, who can say?



**REQUEST FOR FORGIVENESS  
A CHURCH OF LIGHT CHANT  
BY BROTHER BAT COOPER**

O Valos, Lord of Justice and Light  
Have Mercy on Us

O Gaia, Goddess of Life  
Have Mercy on Us

O Andorra, Giver of Love  
Have Mercy on Us

O Galladel, Judge of All  
Have Mercy on us

Remember not, oh Gods of Light, our offenses, nor the offenses of our forefathers: neither reward us according to our sins. Spare us, Gods of Light, spare your people whom you have redeemed with your precious gifts, and by your Mercy preserve us, forever.  
Spare us, Gods of Light

From all evil and wickedness: from sin: from the crafts and assaults of the dark ones: and from everlasting damnation: please deliver us.

From all blindness of heart: from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy: from envy, hatred, and malice: and from all want of charity,  
Gods of Light deliver us.

From all inordinate and sinful affections: and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the Dark,  
Gods of Light deliver us.

From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism: from hardness of heart, and contempt of your commandments,  
Gods of Light deliver us.

From lightning and tempest: from earthquake, fire, and flood: from plague, pestilence, and famine,  
Gods of Light deliver us.

From all oppression, conspiracy, and rebellion: from violence, battle, and murder: and from dying suddenly and unprepared,  
Gods of Light deliver us.

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation:  
Gods of Light deliver us.