

The Travance Chronicle

VOL. 4 NO. 5

"If it bleeds, it leads."

MAY 1215

ABSOLUTION

BY NALICK UNDERHILL

There are men who believe firmly in public execution,
Who sit and ponder why their neighbors are jaded.
You grant the criminal a guillotine and yourself
absolution;
It should be no surprise when morality is faded.

THE COMFORT OF NUMBERS

BY DR. ROBERT TZAARETH

Justice is a facet of the social contract. It is punishment doled onto those who break the social contract. Justice is granted when Praxis deems it acceptable. If the united idea, the accepted thought, the Praxis, does not grant you your justice then you may try to claim it. By doing so you cause a ripple that reshapes the Praxis. Reshaping the Praxis has consequence.

Is it worth closure? That is your decision. Valos may understand, Galladel might not. Become justice - don the new Praxis, or let the past fester then heal. A binary choice.

End of discussion.

EXTENDED FEAST SCHEDULE

COMPILED BY CROINAMARA ULL UIDHIR

Wednesday, 8 Bells: Sweet Treats! at the Monastery
(unaffiliated to the church)

Thursday, 2 Bells: Drega`mire Games at the
Drega`mire foundation

Thursday, 4 Bells: Pit Fighting at the Bloody Stump

Thursday, 8 Bells: Song Circle at the Kaladonia firepit

Thursday, 8 Bells: Dueling Tournament and Baked
Goods at the Barracks

Friday, 11 Bells in the Morning: Brunch at Pendarvin

Friday, 2 Bells: Open grilling at Kaladonia

Saturday, 4 Bells: Mage`s Guild Meeting

Saturday, 4 Bells: Song Circle in the gully outside the
Dragon`s Claw

Breakfast served all mornings, 9-10 bells, at the
Dragon`s Claw

TRUE INJUSTICE

BY JACK DIMMS

Justice? What is true justice?

Is justice, just us decided on the fate of one man?

Though as I`ve seen in the town, the faces that stare,
Bared witness to the injustice without any care.

You`ve all seen me as the fool, ostracized for traditions,
beliefs.

Did it make you feel wonderful to beat the sense into
me?

Did it make you all smile, sleep better, feel free?

Of the pain deep in your heart from all the lies and de-
ceit.

I was an outlet for your outrage, your whipping boy for
too many days.

And now when I stand tall, make my own page, you
say

That the history I make will not dictate anything.

Anything I do is nothing compared to you.

For every time that I rise, you`ll seek a demise.

You want me under your boot, that`s what I`ve sur-
mised.

Summarized by the fact that I`m still despised.

Eyes, that have seen all too much blood.

Nights I`ve spent screaming looking for someone who
loves,

Me, for all that I am, someone to trust.

If you want justice then you`ll apologize for every time
that you`ve struck

Me down with blows, or me down with words.

Injustice is in your blood, tainted intentions that are
truly disturbed,

Perturbed the mentality still invades and occurs,

Hearts and minds of those who wish me to be under
the earth.

All Feast:

Purple Thistle Contest, see Dimetri Yhatzi

Fishing Contest, see Cyndra Stagsblood

Magic Hands Massage, see Sergei Petsho

VENGEANCE or WHAT I HAVE EXPERIENCED IN TRAVANCIAN JUSTICE BY A. GYPSY

One has only to look at finer details to notice cracks. I, for one, have seen many facades of this word: Justice. The action taken to correct a perceived wrong. But it is the perception that I seek to talk about here.

Take a Valosian. Justice is battle and bringing the light to darkened places. Sometimes it is just words at a bar to stir the mind. The accusations and splintering in the background of the light hidden just out of sight.

How about a ranger? A pack of wolves enter the town tethered to a man with a leash. The ranger intervenes and frees the wolves from bondage and treats the man with contempt. The wolves well-tended to and fed regularly by the man. Justice for Arawyn, Vengeance for its betrayer.

Insults lead to Justice. Insult a Celt and find yourself staring at the clan for your words. Take food from a hobbit, a terrible insult, leads to things missing from your pocket. Justice.

Merchants dead on the road. Justice.

Dark priests being spit on and shunned. Justice.

Dying enemy at your feet. Let him slowly pass away. He deserved it! Justice

Justice is just another word for Vengeance: a wrong perceived and corrected in a likewise fashion. Perhaps one day we will seek a path less trodden.

I think the mud is too thick.

JUSTICE BY CHAPLAIN ALDRIC OF VALOS

When I finally came across the topic for the Chronicle this month, I was excited as this particular topic is the cornerstone of my faith. However, I also realize how divisive Travancians can get and am of no illusions how open minded this article will be received. So it will be brief and simple. Convoluted explanations only prove your vocabulary, after all. So I will spend time defining Justice, then explaining my view of it, then allow you all to get on to the gossip on the other pages.

Justice is the act of fairness in interactions, where no party feels disadvantaged in the exchange and ideally both benefit. Justice is present whenever merchants act honestly, and people treat each other with respect. Justice is also not something that resides in one act of kindness, but something that must continually be

practiced. For as some critics have pointed out during my sermons, it is not always apparent what is Justice to all parties. One strives to understand those who are involved and seek to redress wrongs one does as well as fine tune the transaction to better accommodate the needs and interpretations of all. It is a daily effort, and one I can admit, I must struggle with as well. It is that struggle, both the realization of wrongdoing, and penance for it, that defines a path towards Justice.

Sometimes erroneously a person will think Justice is the act of punishing someone for their transgressions. While common speech offers phrases such as, "Bring them to Justice." or "See Justice done.", it is important to note that oftimes such zeal is motivated by revenge, not Justice. True Justice is only for Galladel to decide in his Court. We left on Arawyn have only the guidance of Law and the ethics of Valos. A Valosian would desire to apprehend criminals, but out of a motivation of devotion to the ideal of Justice. Justice is never obtained solely at the tip of a weapon. The highest ideal of Justice is when a person is brought before the inequity of his own deeds, and repents, making as much good to the injured party as is possible, and penance for the measure he is unable to repay. Valosians therefore strive to see the repentance as motivation for confronting the misdeed. If a miscreant is unrepentant, his soul will be judged - it is not for a Valosian to decide. In extreme cases, however, a Valosian may ensure a Court appearance as dictated by the criminal's actions.

To sum this article up, Justice is simply respect given and received. The Golden Rule here applies. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Failure to respect others must be struggled with, overcome and a restitution made. As I am making that journey myself, I can empathize with others that find it hard to learn to respect others who stand for something you abhor, or whose actions transgress against us. There is no place within Justice for disrespect, pettiness or thoughts of revenge. Only honorable act and intent brings Justice to a situation. Every sunrise is a chance to assess your own path, and redirect it back towards Justice. Every day these steps carry you on a journey to Justice.

May Valos help you see that path, and guide your steps while on it.

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Questions? Comments? Angry accusations? Contact the Chronicle offices in Honor's Peak, Pendarvin!

JUST WHAT IS "JUSTICE"?

BY FAILA STEELSON

"Just what is "justice?" There are those, such as Valosians, who claim that law and justice are the same. Yet we have all seen times when the law is inflexible and harsh, and much tyranny has been perpetuated under the shield of calls for order. In many cases, justice is a byproduct of laws (intentional or no), and not the other way around.

Others argue that it is only the Gods and Goddesses who can ensure justice. Such "divine justice," can feel arbitrary, however - the Gods have their own motivations that are often beyond the ken of mortals and may have no care for our own small lives. As with the Gods, nobility have the power to exact justice. When this power is used wisely, we can believe our rulers distribute justice fairly. Yet when the whims of a ruler lead to capricious decisions, as we know can occur, we must concede that no one person or small group of people should be defining what is just - otherwise we risk tyranny.

Many will claim that revenge is an honorable form of justice. When one has lost a loved one even the most noble minded among us will find succor in retaliation. Few have not felt this impulse at some time or another. Vengeance, however, is a dangerous spiral into darkness. Retribution has no end. This path requires us to willingly commit our children and our children's children into unending conflict in order that we can feel some relief in the present.

At times within the past few years I have found that each of these models of justice has some appeal. Despite some recognition of their intent, none truly help me define justice.

What I do know, however, is what justice requires. Justice requires taking action to defend the defenseless, even when our acts are not popular. Justice requires speaking truth to represent the multitude, even when our words are dangerous. Justice requires thinking for ourselves so that we can hone the sharp edge of the powerful and separate justice from the law. I may not be able to define justice, but I do know what is required to ensure it exists.

LORE OF THE NORTHMEN: JUSTICE

BY GRIMKJELL EIRSON

In the North, justice is swift and can be quite brutal. A man who violates host or guest law is dealt with

harshly, though they are always given the chance to meet whatever fate awaits them with war-ice in hand. There are no executions in my tribe: we believe even if you violate our ways harshly, you should be given a fight, though it may not be in your favor.

As a guard, and as a man of honor and blades, I have given the nature of justice a great deal of thought. Often we consider justice only through the view of punishment and correction of those who have stepped outside what is the law and what is right. And sometimes what we call justice is simply murder in a fancier cloak. Justice is not punishment: it is action taken to correct an evil or unrighteous act, be that ending the actions of an evil actor or simply making the results of the action good through right action. This can be a form of retribution and in so doing justice can be found, but I consider this the lesser sort of justice. While it is necessary to maintain a society and world that works, where men and women can act according to virtue and not baser desires, and in so doing be well-treated, the second kind of justice is needed, and indeed is far more important in some ways.

The second and greater form of justice is the justice of the land. It suggests a system of function and law where people are rewarded for virtuous action, and if they choose otherwise they are corrected and stopped. It is a place where people have dignity, and are treated with respect, and honesty. A place where the torch of knowledge illuminates the darkness of forgetfulness and ignorance. A just land is where none starve for want where others grow fat, and where care and consideration are given to all, no matter what their afflictions. A just land does not turn its back to the suffering of those who live within it, those who serve it, but rather eases their burden, and treats their wounds of body, mind, and soul, so that the subjects might serve again as best they can. A just land treats men and women as worthy of respect, even if it must sacrifice some of them in battle for the survival of all. When I march for Travance, when I fight, and bleed, and when I command others, wielding them as a sword against the encroaching darkness that so often threatens to swallow us, this is the Travance and Kormyre I aspire to live in. Perhaps this just land is not there yet, but with sincere effort and considered action I believe it will get there, as long as we examine ourselves, our motives, and act with the good of all in our hearts and minds.

An argument can be made that the justice of retribution is equal to the justice of the land, but any fool with a sword can destroy evil. It takes someone

with a properly trained mind and heart to spread good and virtue in his wake instead of simply blood on the crow's road, for the justice of the blade is easily enough wrought. We have many who can and will enforce it, myself amongst us. The justice of the land, of the people and the rulers can be harder to maintain, and even harder to create. All I can ask, in my position as a guard and as the final sanction for our foes, is that we work towards the justice of the land, with the thought of a better tomorrow in our hearts. A safe world, a safe Travance, is desirable, but a just world would make the gods smile. Everyone deserves to see such a place, if our will, hearts, and minds can make it. It is a task that no sword arm alone can manage. So gird yourselves, Travance, but not with war-ice and not by strapping on the hero's shirt, or taking in hand a shield, instead, consider how to create the greater justice in our hearts and actions.

EYE FOR AN EYE

BY RAYFIN EHL'

They say an Eye for an Eye
But that leaves the whole world blind,
And the grieving may cry
"A Life for a Life" but you will find
The world swiftly becomes an empty place,
Lawmakers and courts may say stick to the plan
But you may see that this is not the best case,
For if Justice was solely decided by man
Anger could lead to vengeance instead,
And a just man could rarely be met
As rage and grief can take a hold of the head,
and in the end we may all learn to fret
for if we all lose our eyes
We may lose sight of what is fair,
Then lies become truth, and truth becomes lies,
So be patient and have a care,
Think with your head and your heart,
and think not of the outcome you desire
But look to what is fair as a start,
So that the end of your judgment is not dire,
And should you ever falter or lose your way
Rush not to judgment, pause,
And a quiet prayer to Valos say
That he may hear your cause
And help guide your heart and head
So that true justice may spread.

TO HEREAFTER GONE

BY ANONYMOUS

You killed them both.

I saw how the first death - achieved by trickery, no proof, no blood on your hands directly, oh no - I saw how it created the second. I saw the broken pieces it left behind. I saw the struggle to reclaim what was lost but could never be recovered.

When the tool you made with the first death was warped beyond using, you let the second death happen.

I let it happen.

We both failed them.

One day, there will be justice. I know what you did, and one day I'll find the proof. When that day comes, I'll accept my fate alongside yours with joy.

For is it not true justice to joyfully trade yourself so that something horrible might yet be set right?

BEDTIME STORIES: THE WALL

BY CROINAMARA ULL UIDHIR

Once upon a time there was a wall who thought it was holding up the ceiling.

It was strong and capable. It worked very hard.

But one day someone put a hammer through it, and nothing fell.

The wall, it would appear, was a divider, and not load bearing.

And so the house and the ceiling held without it.

But the wall did not say "I am so sad, for I have done nothing"

No, instead, the wall sighed, and said

"It is safe. At last, I may rest."

The end.

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