

The Travance Chronicle

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Unbound By Fate

AUGUST 1216

Reyna's Journal

July 26, 1216

I don't know what I was thinking going to Travance. I was told that it would be a good place to go, and the ones who told me that were right. Sort of.

Within minutes of my arrival, the Inn was attacked by husks, and things went downhill from there. While I was able to sleep through most of the first night, I understand that husks attacked the Proper throughout the night. I saw and learned about things that I didn't believe possible, like how it's possible to die and come back to life or how healers can reattach severed limbs.

I spent most of Saturday sleeping, but I heard reports of demons and other nasty things in the areas around town. Rat people were wandering around looking for supplies for weapons to fight the Null, and I heard rumors of a mortal hunter showing up right before the battle with the final two Null began.

The Baron gave a very moving speech during the feast, and the time between the feast and the battle was filled with preparations and anticipation. Before the Null arrived, various priests of gods I am only sort of familiar with gave moving calls to battle. I fought behind the shield wall against the green Null with Father Donny, and our group managed to capture it.

Then the purple Null destroyed the monolith and everything went to hell. All five Null came at us at once, and the world around us started to fade to Void. People walked into it or just vanished, and I almost walked into the Void on several occasions myself. We discovered that we were able to take down the Null with the things that they had previously destroyed, and we managed to capture them again.

Everything started reappearing around us, and all those who had been voided reappeared alive.

The magic users took the trapped Null to Miranda's old prison to lock them away for good. While they were gone, the rest of us were attacked by two tentacle monsters sent by the Anastazi. A lot of us got eaten by the creatures, but when they were finally killed, we emerged from them.

Final death count: 0.

I can't believe that I was part of something as big as

saving the world. Nothing I've done so far could have prepared me for that, but needless to say I'm glad we won. The world is ours. It'll be interesting to see what comes next.

A Message from the Ancient Protectors of Arawyn

By Trisana Moss

Two moons ago, I met with a dryad who came from deep in the forest to give us a message. Though only I and two others could speak with him directly, his message was for everyone. His name was Duir, and he spoke of a danger that we all have created for ourselves.

His voice was deep as the ocean, and rough like the bark of the oak he was named for. A hulking figure, Duir was built more like a tree than the dryads we know. He had no discernible face, but his voice tumbled forth nonetheless. In his rough autumn tongue, he told us a story about his life. Duir is ancient, and spends most of his time in slumber. He says there are others like him, deep in slumber across Arawyn, hibernating amongst the groves of the land. Their dreams show them peeks into our waking world. Normally, they sleep peacefully, dreaming of the calm land. As of late, their dreams have turned to nightmares splattered with darkness and bloodshed. When I asked Duir what his nightmares were about, he briefly described the demon wars. A great red demon and a vast blue one. Blood in the soil, fire among the trees. And then, the deep nothingness, the one which we know as the Null. His nightmares are our warning; our wars and dissent are hurting Arawyn.

We do not only hurt Arawyn with war, he said. Even our grudges and day-to-day acts of discord rub off on the land and turn her spirits dark. "This will be your downfall," he said to me, and I swore to spread his words. To reverse the damage that we've done, we must seek to find peace within ourselves and within our lands. This is the task that I ask of you all. Whether you are a druid or not, it is all of our tasks to care for the land that we live in. I task you each to

spend time each day to rediscover your own peace, and spread it to everybody you hold dear. Challenge yourselves and those who you love to let go of their malice and grudges, and become one with the peace of the land. Your efforts will not be fruitless. Your efforts will give Arawyn strength, and help our dryad friends to sleep sound once again. You would make us all better people.

If you would like to hear more about what was said and heard in the woods when Duir came to speak, I am more than happy to speak of it in person. Caldor and Nesterin were there as well, and have sworn to spread Duir's tidings just as I have. Only those who could commune with him could hear him speak, so while others met him, only us three shared words with him on that day.

I bid you all to be merry and well, and celebrate, for a new day is upon us. The Null are gone from the land, and we can finally rest and rebuild our lives. Look at those beside you, those who stood with you as the world disappeared around you. Cherish them, and hold them dear. We need not resume the petty conflicts we engaged in before all of this began. Be well, Travance, and let us all work together to build better lives for ourselves.



The Baronial Guard's Monthly Advisory to the Populace **by Private Arradir Go-Dringol**

Honorable Populace of the Barony of Travance, the following article was written with the intent of furthering your knowledge on the criminal element at large and updates regarding matters of the Law.

.: Notices .:

- It is the MANDATORY duty of all Guardsmen and future recruits to report to the Baronial Barracks for the monthly meeting at noon on Saturday.
- In addition, Captain Oren Tenderson will be conducting interviews on Friday Evening through Saturday Morning of Guardsmen and recruits. Be sure to be in attendance if this affects you.
- All guardsmen are requested to be in attendance of the Trials occurring on the 13th at 2 and a half bells

past noon in the Barn.

.: Summons .:

By order of the Baronial Guard, the man going by the name of Radu Dragovic is to report to either the Magistrate or Captain Oren Tenderson regarding the standing charges of assault and attempted murder. Failure to willingly do so by the Closure of this Feast's Festivities without good reason will result in further charges. This is the FINAL Public Notice.

.: Law of the Month .:

None shall attempt to escape from lawful detainment or punishment.

Whosoever breaks with this law shall be punished according one tier of punishment above the law that the convicted conspired to break with.

.: Reminders .:

- Remember to travel in large and well-armed groups during the late hours of the day. All Town's members have the right to ask to be escorted by any Guardsmen on duty.
- Please report all suspicious activities to the Guard with as much information as possible so that due diligence can be performed during the investigation. Anonymity will be preserved to the fullest extent of the law.
- If you are interested in joining the Baronial Guard, please see a Guardsmen to inquire about the monthly meeting and training times.
- If you wish to aid the Guard but must honor your given word to your Lord and Lady, you may be deputized. Please speak to any of the Lieutenants regarding this if you plan on lending your hand regularly.

.: Public Trial .:

Under the orders of the Magistrate, the following subjects of the Barony are to be tried for their suspected crimes against the populace. These trials will begin on the 13th of August, 1216 at 2 and a half bells past noon within the confines of the Barn across from the Dragon's Claw Inn. Any who wish to attend and view the proceedings may do so in a respectful manner. His Excellency will be presiding over all cases.

Crone, Syllus - Black Sorcery, Assault

Dave "the Stray" - Murder

Himmlisch, Angeliana - Assault, Divine Mental Assault

Marblecarver, Dorn - High Treason

McKraegar, William "Billiamm" - Sedition

Tanwyn, Cade - Abuse of Nobility

Tanwyn, Calven - Theft

Outside Fate

By Grimkjell Eirson

And so we have stepped outside the bounds of Wyrd, of Fate. The Anastazi have looked over us, and we beat back their creatures that would have destroyed us. I will tell what part of the tale that I can, of the refusal of some part of Travance simply to use what had been put before us. For while we loved Fiona and Miranda, and revered them, we knew, in the end, that the people of the world must contain the Nulls by our own hand.

And so we did. Using the basis of a psion's work in creating a prison wrought in part from a soul, several members of town were able to create a prison for the Nulls with the willing help of Jack Thorn. It was a prison that would not be burst asunder by the purple null. Psions, Gothi, sorcerers, warriors, knaves, and even science were all utilized to create something that was the whole of Travance's struggle, of the world's struggle.

When hope failed, when we were dissipated and within the very bowels of the Null itself, even Fiona and Miranda knew not what to do. It was then the Null Prison succeeded, for the nulls were overloaded and struck down. We were then able to contain their defeated essence within the prison, which was spirited away to parts unknown to be protected and stowed forevermore. It has been sealed away with some part of Jack acting an Eternal watchman, which I, as a guardsman, approve of quite a bit.

It is interesting to note that we were given a glimpse of another possibility: of the Nulls becoming stronger and smarter, and achieving awareness as a man would understand it. They would have been our leaders. For good or for ill I do not know, but this possibility will forever haunt us, both as a fear and a wonder.

We paid a price to see this dawning of a day beyond the final one. A heavy price indeed, not only exacted from our friends but our historical foes as well. We face a new beginning. Perhaps we can reach out hands of peace and friendship to some of those we have viewed as foes. Perhaps we'll go back to war as usual, though with reduced numbers. For the moment, it is enough that we lived, and are triumphant.

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Questions, comments? Contact our offices in Honor's Peak

Monster of the Month: Sea Monsters

By W. Revlis, Quartermaster of the New Haven

Now pay attention right good lads and lasses and I'll tell you all about the beasties that swim or lurk in the good ol' Davey Jones's Locker. Them scaled and be-toothed horrors that lurk within the waters take many forms, from the down right nasty gits such as sea serpents, leviathans, and the kraken; to the real perty ones that'll eat your flesh or souls just as soon as look at ya such as them sirens.

Sea Serpents are these big, ole, nasty, scaly sum-mabiches that basically look like a snake just grew way too darn big and got real ornery. They swim around under the waves just a' waitin' to gobble up any unfortunate sailors that happen to fall in. Leviathans are huge, spiky.....hmmm what's a good way to put it?.....ok lookie here, Leviathans are GIANT ANGRY MURDER FISH THAT ONLY EXIST TO KILL YOU AND EAT YOU REAL GOOD. You can tell you be lookin' at a Leviathan if it looks a bit like, well, a GIANT MURDER FISH, and it wants to eat you.

But both those beasties ain't nothin but minnows when you's goes and compares em' to the real biggie of the sea. And that big bad mamajama goes by the title of THE KRAKEN. What's the Kraken you ask, Is it really that bad you ask, Can it be that scary you ask? YOU'RE FRICKEN RIGHT IT'S THAT BAD. The Kraken is, in my humble opinion, the culmination of doom, hate, rage, and horror all wrapped up in a terrifying scaly body that some cosmic arsehole decided to give suckered tentacles to and then top it all off with super sharp murder talons. If that ain't enough to make you want to stay on dry land, let's add the fact that it's HUGE, and I mean HUGE. I mean like eat your boat for breakfast huge, I mean like "I barely noticed I killed you all" huge. It comes up from beneath you, wraps it massive, crushing tentacles around your boat. Then you get to hear what I can only imagine as the sound of pure terror as it rips your boat in half and pulls it to the bottom of the sea, all the while ripping apart your crew with its talons and finally gobbling everything up in it colossal beaked mouth, that just so happens to be filled with even more razor sharp teeth.

But don't you worry lads and lasses there are some real perty things that you may meet when out upon that big blue sea. I mean, they're gonna try to kill you dead as a doorknob too, but at least they'll do it with a smile. One of these is the Sirens. Sirens are creatures that usually appear as beautiful women who sun them-



selves on rocks sticking out the waves and sing real perty songs. Sounds nice right? **WRONG, SO WRONG, DEAD ON A CORAL REEF WRONG.** What these nasty gits do is enchant you with them perty sounds, and perty sights, and entice you to sail into rocky areas or coral reefs where you can cause your ship to sink, after which they pull you from the water, maybe toy with you for a bit, and then eat you - sometimes while you're still alive. I've heard some gruesome tales.....

I hope this here little yarn I've spun helps you know what you're lookin' at on the open waters, and just maybe helps you, well, not die out there. Good Sailing!

[OOG Note: The above article counts as the Monster Lore: Sea Monsters. If you have the prerequisites (a single build to spend and the ability to learn Monster Lore), you may learn "Lore: Sea Monsters" on your card and spend you build accordingly. The teacher will be "Chronicle August 16". If you see a paper copy of this Chronicle at any time, including at the Scholar's Table, you may choose to learn this lore.]

Book Drive for the Finemann Library & Relique

The Proud Settlement of Stonefall will be opening a public Library and Relique to aid in the spread and retention of all knowledge. In order to prepare for the grand opening, Lois Maxwell and myself are humbly requesting that any donations of texts regarding ANY/ ALL subject matters or historical/religious relics be presented to one of us to be added to the collection. The donation may be made privately or you may ask to be added to the Wall of Benefactors, where your name and a small quote will be inscribed into stone to be preserved for the ages. Other forms of compensation may also be discussed on a case by case basis.



To Soar Datu Guo Chenjing

Once, we Blooded were chained
The links were made of stones
The woods made up our cell
And we were kept tethered.

Those chains are gone.

The winds are beneath us, and howl at our back.
The fire burns in our hearts, not lapping us mockingly.
The earth no longer restrains us, but cushions us when we fall.

The rains refresh us, where the ice once encased us.
We are bid not to stay as we were,
But to become something greater.

Years have passed since we had to sit with cups.
Years have passed since the Legion began and the Sith fell.

Now a new dawn rises - and we are not what we were.

Honor your forebears.
But greet the new day.
We are bid to become something greater:
We are bid
To Soar.

MEASURE Edwin Haroldson

Our macro system of measurement is a mishmash of terms. We are all familiar with the common units, inches feet, yards and miles. There are 12 inches per foot, 3 feet per yard, and 1760 yards or 5280 feet per mile. Less known by most are more obscure units of measurement, namely rods, chains, and furlongs. A rod is 5.5 yards, with four rods making a chain (22 yards) and ten chains making up a furlong. Coincidentally, a furlong is the length and breadth of the area a team of oxen could plow in a day. Just to make things a bit more confusing, an intermediate unit of measure between the inch and the rod is the link, with 100 of them being found in a chain. Needless to say, there is no reason between the relationship of these units of measuring lengths.

When it comes to micro measurement, such is not the case. The lowly inch can be consistently divided by half, down to $1/64$ of an inch. What these divisions have in common is their absolute rationality: that is, they can be expressed as a ratio. Unlike the macro measurements, every fraction of an inch, from $1/2$, $1/4$, $1/8$, $1/16$, $1/32$, and $1/64$ (and multiples of each denominator) are rational, and can be derived without aid of quill and paper. This property of the inch makes it ideal as the basis for cabinet work, fine tooling, and the like.

One would think that after coming up with such a splendid system, particularly after blundering around with large measures, our ancestors would have rested in contentment, but such was not to be the case. Having devised a means to measure and make exquisite works, they needed a way to secure them, so they invented a system of screw sizes that fairly begs rationality. Screws are expressed in three measurements: size, number of threads per inch, and overall length. The overall length is simple and is easily understood, while the number of threads per inch seems to have been arbitrarily chosen, with such numbers as 40, 32, 24, 20, 18, 16, 14, 12, 11, 10, and 9 all being employed, plus others for "square" threads.

This leaves us with the size of the screw. If someone set out to create a system with rationality, but no obvious method, this is the result. Screw sizes, as a generality, have their size expressed as a number. Common numbers are 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12, although for fine clockwork and other rare Londwyn devices, smaller sized screws are commonly used. What the number represents is a base size of which .060 of an inch was arbitrarily picked, plus .013 of an inch for each

number. Thus an 8-32 x2 UNF screw describes a screw .164 of an inch in diameter with 32 turns per inch that is two inches long. The UNF stands for "unified national (Kormyrian) fine" and is another thing altogether.

But wait – it gets better. Depending on the type of material to be fastened, the hole drilled should be of a certain size, which would provide a certain percentage of thread. The percentage of thread is determined by taking the root diameter of the screw and adding the diameter of the thread to it. That number yields 100%, which is almost always more than is required. By drilling a larger hole, the percentage of thread is reduced. For soft materials, like pine wood, brass, and some aluminum, one can have a larger percentage of thread without fear of breaking the tap (the technical term given to the tool that will put the thread into the material). Harder materials, such as normal carbon steel, require a lesser percentage of thread, while very hard or abrasive materials require an even lesser percentage of thread to properly fasten the materials.

Given all the varieties of screws, materials and their corresponding percentages of thread, it is obvious that a wide variety of drill sizes are required to cover all the options. Yet as was laid out above, fractional drill sizes only provide increments of .015625 of an inch. Naturally, the bright minds that brought us the thread size number system took care of this need, by devising the number and letter drill size system. There are 80 drill number sizes, from #1 (.228) to #80 (.0135). Not content with those choices, the letter sizes cover from .234 (A) to .413 (Z).

Simple, eh. Now how do we measure such small increments in size?

"Life", or "A letter to the Heroes of Travance" **Father Leias Kline**

To the Heroes of Travance,

I have only known you all for a short time, and in that time I have seen a people who have a greater drive to fight and strive in the face of those who would see them laid low than any people I have met before. My exposure to the world at large and even people in such numbers has been somewhat limited in my life to this point, and I hope I have caused no offense by hiding behind my cowl and shovel in the face of people such as you all.

You see, I have never met a people so full of vitality, and that is why I wish to give you all some advice. I know this may come as a surprise as you receive it from the quill of a devout follower of Galladel, but I want all to embrace life. The battles I have seen you wage, the ones I have only begun to now take part in myself, make the other conflicts of this world seem small in comparison, but I want you all to cherish the fact that you are here to read this.

For the glory I have seen in you all, I have also seen how death walks freely, and claims so many of the people of this land. Men, women and children all come to a time when the sands run out for them, and it seems in Travance those sands sometimes run quicker. I pray you all never have to experience the pain I saw in a man's heart two moons back, the cry of anguish as he called out for his son while some mad cultists laughed in his face. I pray this is a pain you never have to face, but I also caution you to not take your own lives so lightly either. Remember as you go into battle that there is someone out there who holds you dearly in their own heart, and how completely it would shatter if you were lost.

Death comes for us all, and in that end we can only hope for the care and good grace of the Reaper, and that our works are judged as our soul moves on. But don't be in a rush to reach that point. Cherish your life. Live it to the most you can. And bring as much light to the lives of others in every moment you can. Galladel is patient, and would much rather us come to him with souls filled to the brim with joy and experience than cut short at the edge of a sword.

I shall pray for you all.

Want to see your art or stories in the Chronicle? Have a poem or song ready to share with Arawyn?

Submit your writing, art, or advertisements to the Chronicle offices at Honor's Peak in Pendarvin!

Submissions can also be sent to the Editors. Please include your name. Printing may be anonymous, but record-keeping is not.

Speak to Assistant Editor Thalia Burdorn for compensation for submissions.