

# The Travance Chronicle

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*Everyday Heroes*

DECEMBER 1216

## Events of Last Feast

By Viceroy of Drega'mire Belegchand  
Dinephilin and Squire Ilana Darkwood

Last feast, there were two interweaving tales that unfolded. The first was on a political front, and the second an incursion from hostile demonic forces upon our Barony. To begin, in recent months the lands formerly under the rule of the now extinct Kingdom of Valeria have been claimed by the Nation of Tamaria. The new nation, which lies to the east of Travance, approached the Kingdom of Kormyre with a request to help "dispel negative perceptions" involving the Barony of Travance brought about since the destruction of the demons Xualla and Balfurous. The Kingdom agreed to allow the Nation of Tamaria's Council of Twelve to hold a "mock trial" to set the record straight, and sent Lady Anabel Sawyer to be the King's representative for the proceedings. Among the charges brought against the Barony were extensive time travel to gather artifacts from other timelines and siding with the Fey Corsair. In addition, they took special interest in the King's decision to allow those who walk darker paths in life to openly join Kormyrian society. After the mock trial concluded, the Tamarians saw fit to request that those who were responsible for the "sins" of Travance were to be turned over, in order to avoid war. They requested a meeting take place Saturday evening, after the Barony had concluded the Feast.

Concurrent to the political situation, on Friday evening three powerful demons, known as Boarzhu, Bahtzhu, and Aepzhu, were set upon Travance. The current Fire Lord of the Abyss sent the three Demonic Legionaries to look for a planar anchor, which belongs to the only demon that may currently be able to replace him on the elemental throne. While it was clear they were summoned using a series of skulls, it is still unclear as to who exactly summoned them. These powerful demons, along with lesser demons and possessed mortals, hampered the town throughout the night, with the lesser demons continuing into the following day. When Travance sent our envoy to decline the Tamarians of their terms, the demonic beings

launched an even stronger attack. In response, the Tamarian forces held off a large force of the lesser demons while the subjects of Travance beat back the three powerful ones. Based on recent murmurings, it appears that Boarzhu was able to escape the fight.

## Killer at Large By A. Sunchild

It is confirmed-- the Baronial Guard is on the trail of a mass murderer they have named the Shrike. I, your intrepid report, A. Jonathan Sunchild met earlier today with a Lieutenant of the Baronial Huard and have gotten you, my beautiful, handsome readers all the gory details as they happen.

The shrike is a male human of unknown origin who has created a carnivorous species plant using the corpses of his victims. The local druids are calling them Lanus. Sources say that natural fire, like a torch, keeps these voracious plants at bay. They are more active at night, so be sure to travel with torches if you have to travel at all, and be sure to get your children out of the woods before nightfall.

If you see the man pictured, do not approach him. If you see a man fitting this description or going by the last name Walder, contact your local Baronial Officials immediatly. Stay Safe Out There.



## **Beware!**

**By Anonymous**

There is a threat that lurks in the woods. They are called Lanius. The Lanius are a series of Carnivorous creatures that will not hesitate to consume and use your body. These creatures are very skillful predators that will take advantage of any wandering stranger. After they kill their prey, they then take control of their bodies and use some, if not all, the skills that person/creature had in life. Though the seasons are changing and the plants are hiding away for the winter, these Lanius are seemingly not affected by the cold and maintain their green color and leaves.

That said, the Guard and several other experts are on the case and are investigating ways of stopping the more dangerous Lanius and relocating the rest to a safer location. Please be vigilant and on your guard at all times when moving from location to location in the proper. Also, if you spot any strange plants or plant-like creatures please notify the closest guard member so that the creature can be contained and studied/relocated. Please do not fight the creature alone.

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## **What is the Cost of Freedom**

**By Edwin Haroldson**

In Travance all stations of life have greater freedoms than those living in other areas of Kormyre. There are many factors that go into this state of affairs, most of which are related to us being both in the Marches and in recently settled/conquered lands.

A few examples will illustrate some of the freedoms to which I allude. Commoners are much more likely to both offer their opinions and to act upon them, sometimes even in contravention to an order expressed by a member of the nobility. For that matter, lesser nobility is not at all shy about ignoring orders from higher ranking nobility with which they disagree. The punishments associated with such behavior are rarely enforced, and even more rarely enforced with severe punishments.

This state of affairs is tolerated by the highest Nobility in Travance because it works – despite all odds, time and again the subjects pull together to defeat common foes. Nothing is rewarded or valued so much as success, particularly success on the battlefield.

The lack of orders being obeyed during combat seems a small cost if such disobediences end up more to the advantage of the Barony than not. Yet, this is not the cost to which I referred in the title.

The subjects of Travance also have the freedom to choose their trades and professions, without restrictions imposed by guilds and nobility, unlike the custom in most of the other Baronies of the Kingdom of Kormyre. Teachers of all disciplines abound and the wait to find an instructor for even obscure skills is seldom more than a few months. For those hard-to-find abilities, the wealth that abounds in the Barony is sufficient to attract those who can impart even skills rarely employed in other lands. The only downside, if such can be said, is that prices for various commodities vary a bit from the official price. This cost too, is not that to which was referenced in the title.

Living accommodations and where one lives is also largely unrestricted, unlike those lands of Kormyre on the other side of the rift. It is rare indeed for a Lord to naysay a subject's permission to reside in his land, even if said subject is not a direct vassal. Even less rare, indeed unheard of, is for a Lord not to allow a subject to move out of his land into that of another lord, or even to the Proper. The minor inconvenience is as nothing, and is not a serious matter, hence that cost too, is of no consequence.

With all that said, where one may fairly ask, can the cost of the freedoms enjoyed by the subjects of Travance be found, and who actually pays them? To answer the last part first, they are paid in a very uneven fashion, by both the highborn, those raised up high, and those most common. While there is no complete list of the payees, the real cost of these freedoms can be found in a walk through any of Travance's cemeteries, for that is where the price is accounted.

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**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!**

**Looking for authors of the following columns:**

**Events of Last Feast**

**Monster of the Month**

**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.**

## Monster of the Month: Demons

By Reyna

Given the recent demon activity in the Proper, it seems important that everyone knows what we're up against. Demons are Negative Energy Creatures that come from the Abyss. They're nasty fricking things and usually need to possess people to manifest in our world. Trust me, you don't want to run into a group of these things alone. They will seriously screw you up.

You all remember how we found a large horde of them last feast? Yeah, that's not the last we're going to see of them. Killing one sends it back to the Abyss, so it can just come back later.

Sounds pretty hopeless, right? Wrong. While it's a continuous fight, fighting them keeps loved ones safe and secure in this god-forsaken town we've all decided to defend.

But demons can be fought. Gold is a good weapon against them, and so is Positive Energy.

Although the best thing to use against them is anything based in the Divine. They are creatures from the Abyss; Divine will send them back there or sometimes can kill them outright.

Something else to note is that many demons have some sort of elemental base. Using their element against them will only make them stronger. Basically, don't use a meteoric fire weapon against a fire-based demon. If you're going to fight them with an elemental-based weapon, use their opposite. So in the case of a fire demon, use a weapon made from meteoric ice.

Remember that we can fight these things. I haven't been in Travance long, but from everything I've heard, the town has faced down some rather nasty demons and come out on top. Keep these things in mind, travel in groups, and always be watchful for any demon activity (or anything else that wants to kill you), and we'll get through this feast.

[OOG Note: The above article counts as the Monster Lore: Demon. If you have the prerequisite (i.e. a single build to spend), you may learn "Lore: Demon" on your card and spend your build accordingly. The teacher will be "Chronicle December 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.]



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

Change. For most people it causes them displeasure. But for me, He has changed me for the best. This strapping young lad's name is Kreylin. Ever since coming to Travance I have experienced a shift, both good and bad. This man has most certainly caused a good shift. Although, half the time he doesn't act like a man. more of a child. I digress...without this man in my life there would be many wounds left unhealed and adventures traveled alone. Without him, I would have had no one to stop me from going after

the Null by myself when I am only just a small elven healer. Without this man in my life, it wouldn't be as happy and full as it is now. Thank you Kreylin, for being an amazing Fiancé. I look forward to our amazing years together.

**-Emelia Heist**

P.S. Stop trying to use your healing salves on me, save them for the battlefield.

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## **The Ladies of the Night**

**By A. Gypsy**

Fearless the ladies are in soothing those aches from Battle  
Long hot baths and warm towels  
Rooms adorned with candles  
Soothing music from the back  
Wonderful the ladies are in listening to your pains  
Sitting behind always weary forms  
Long caresses and whispered secrets  
Hot breath distilled into sweet thoughts  
Amazing the ladies are at making dreams come true  
On a bed filled with rose petals  
or divan perfumed with lavender and vanilla  
or by fire with furs and blankets  
The Ladies are heroes of the lost and alone.  
The Ladies are heroes to the long, dusty traveler.  
The ladies are Heroes for the lustful student.  
So, honor thee your ladies of the night for their service is both invaluable and pleasurable.  
(Honor them with sweet words if you are so bold.)

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## **Yet The Hammer Strikes Again**

**By Mantel Warrane**

The Sun rose silently over the crest of the city walls. He peeked his daily watchful eyes down onto His people, His quest under the world complete at last. Another night had passed, and our Lord Valos returned to our lands to remind His children that the night had not yet snuffed out the day, and that Good still rose again strong this day, in the ever continuing struggle between Good and Evil.

But this morning came without the crow of the punctual rooster, calling the farmer and his wife to work. Nor the faint howl of the dove, stirring the lovers from their rest. Nor came the bell's dull eight tolls. Nor its intended nine thereafter, nor any more that day. For no sound of chimes or gentle bird could ever hope to rouse His children this day. The farmer and his wife did not rise from their beds, for they had never returned to them the night before.

The Sun rose solemnly over His lands, and looked down upon Mordavia. Most of the citizens of the city lay alone, long bled dry, in the streets. Their tears had long before, that night, soaked into the frozen soil. The rest wandered aimlessly, called by some cursed power into the distance. And our Father pulled his cloak over his eyes. The clouds rolled in from the horizons, as He fell towards the edge of the world again. He had hoped to stifle His tears, and hide them from the empty, upturned eyes of His fallen sons and daughters. But yet he could not: The Sun wept that day from beyond the cover of His clouds. For the sole power in this world that could raise these husks of His children was the alien will to destroy all that ever was.

The Sun rose again every day, hoping to see His children return home. But nay, they could not, for the Heroes of Travance fled, too, from their homes. Those who had survived that cold night had fled to the four corners of the land, and stayed there, writhing in fear, broken by their grief. But our world was not yet ended. In this fact, the Sun took solace. For he yet had a world to rise to again in the morning. And in spite of all of the pain and suffering He has witnessed in the past fifteen score days, our faithful Sun has risen again every day until this day.

Today, the Sun rises later in the day. For He has grown weak in relief, that His children yet rise in the morning. This day, He takes a longer repose. The world grows cold in His absence, as it always has. From his cloak, a faint white dust has begun to fall, throughout the Barony. But we, His children, forgive Him, for He is as relieved as we are to wake in the morn.

This day, it is not the morning dove, the crowing cockerel, nor the church's bell that rouses the city. It is instead the now familiar sound of hammer striking nail ringing through the streets of Mordavia. The children of the Sun now wake long before He rises in the morn. Fathers mount ladders, hammer in hand, as mothers kiss their children awake, and begin preparing their meal. Babes in newly-erected homes weep, yet not knowing the hope brought forth with every diligent pound of the hammer. The new watchtower keeps Mordavia safe in the Sun's stead, each night. And Valos sleeps well, knowing that his brother-in-arms Brazen will take care of his children through the night.

The tool of Brazen calls the people of Mordavia home. Ye who have fled to the corners of the world, take heart for your city yet lives! Come home, be merry! Bring home your tired bodies, your yet healing souls, and rejoice! For the Sun rises again for this Yuletide—the first since the Anastazi failed to enforce their orientation of our demise! Since we, in strength and unity, responded to their decree with a resounding no! For we are the children of the Sun, and we will rise yet again tomorrow!

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