

Together they come  
to share of fray of  
festivity.


They endure trial  
of melee and missile.

When all have passed  
and ventured on they  
will eternally remain  
one.

For they are the elite;  
those of many weapon  
and garb, they are to  
be known as the force of  
Antgard.

KARMA

Marlin  
Racław



From Baron Marlin Razclaw  
To the Amtgard Populace

The SCA event "Grand Outlandish" was a great success. As the title baron is in front of my name, you may correctly guess that something went on at The Grand Outlandish behind the majority of the Mystic Valleys backs. I can assure you that the change is for the better. The reason for this change is really just being linked to the El Paso kingdom, Austin duchy, Dallas kingdom, and the Florida group that Ryah is trying to start. this link will be the cause of a monthly package of goodies, including the groups newsletters, gossip, and trials and errors. As usual to every good thing there is a catch. This catch happens to be that we, the populace of the Mystic Valley, must in turn compose a monthly newsletter to send out to the other groups. There will also be a monthly charge which shouldn't exceed fifty cents.

Since we are the first official Amtgard organization in the state of Colorado all groups after us will have to recognize us as the founders in the state.

I have the New Rule Book, Corpora, and Dor-Un-Avathar(monster book)on hand for a donation to the Amtgard treasury(which I might add is quite empty). I feel that the new rule book is more suited to our small group than the old. I haven't found a price yet but will tell you as soon as I do.

Because we are now a barony all knighthood titles are liquidated, which shouldn't bother anyone other than my Anti-Paladin self. Anyone without garb will now be considered a three life peasant.

I allowed King M'Deth and Aramithris to examine our self compiled rule book and they loved Gydion Caberstone's artwork. We WILL set up a demonstration date and place (preferably one that's easy to find) so we can set out fliers in opportune places to find new victi-ooop's-members. Don't discourage Gene Ellis and Phil Owens if they really are interested. I would like to hear their persona names and histories.

As baron I was granted the ability to give titles of Lord, Baronet, Champion, and Defender. The Lord and Baronet will help in compiling our newsletter. Any poetry, artwork, or letters will be greatly appreciated and possibly rewarded. As baron, I can also grant a person deserving of these orders a maximum of nine dragons, nine roses, nine owls, five warriors, five lions, and five griffins (note: this is not set in stone and may be changed). Orders may be given for input into the newsletter. I will also appoint or have a High Sheriff voted for to settle arguments on the battle field. I will try to find a first aid kit to have near the field of battle, just in case of Amtgard protesters.

I realize that this is a big change so if there are any questions please try to get in touch with me, which is usually easier said than done.

*Marlin Razclaw*

p.s. Shelia can move about after she has charged a lightningbolt, fireball, etc.



## THE GRAND OUTLANDISH

After setting up my tent in a simi-secluded area and meeting my neighbors, which happened to be royalty, I went down to the gypsies camp and watched some of the dancers. They were quite lovely! On the morning of the second day King M'Deth granted me the title of baron of the Mystic Valley. Aron, Rakasta, Nancy, Constansi, and I trekked over and down and under and up to finally make it to Delphos's encampment to wait for a meeting. At that meeting was the Austin duchy, started by Nithanalorn, the Dallas Kingdom started by Delphos, the El Paso Kingdom which started the whole thing, and the Highlands newly appointed Baron, me, and some other interested Amtgard people. It was the first meeting of all of the clans of Amtgard. Many gifts were given to King M'Deth and his lovely Queen. When the meeting was over it was time for flag battles. I did well in the battles but ate the dirt in a tournament with the captains of the other kingdoms. The Autocrat of the SCA came up to inform us we couldn't use flails, bows, and healers. We said "Yes Sir", but still used healers. later that eve both of my weapons broke(sword and flail)while dueling. Everyone pitched in for a barrel of beer for later at the entrance of the Golden lions encampment. The next day Armand and Naes taught Talinor and I to swashbuckle with sabers. It was a kick, and I fell in love with that style of fighting. Armand, his lady and I went to a truck stop to take showers. I was feeling pretty scragged, fagged, and shagged.

While waiting for them to get done with their shower I was almost attacked by this gruesome, three hundred pound, redneck trucker. Luckily I used my wit and got out of a situation where I would have been smashed into a meatball. After the fancy, couth mannerisms of medieval SCA, I was totally shocked at the uncouthness of Mundainia. The next day I spent looking for last minute deals in the market place. Packing up my tent, I managed to say good by to almost everyone. To everyone who reads this that I missed: by!

Your Baron,  
Marlin Razclaw

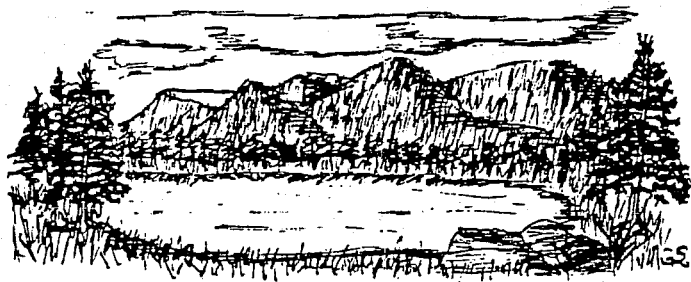
## School group marks equinox

Last week was the Autumnal Equinox. Amtgard celebrated in the medieval style by camping at Canero Creek. Mrs. Kent, a special education teacher at Monte Vista High School, sponsors Amtgard which is "a creative medieval anachronism for the purpose of fun and recreational enjoyment which encompasses characterization, drama, music, historical research, art, debate, and democratic protocol." At least that is what the explanation of Amtgard says. To sum it up for our minds - Amtgard is a club of high school students, not sponsored by the high school in which students pretend to be people, magicians, gnomes, etc., from medieval times. They try to talk, act, and think like the people who lived in the times of King Arthur. Each person in the club assumes a name and a character. Beau Hawkins is King Gydion Caberstone. Mrs. Kent is Prime Minister Morian Shi'Mera. Russ Martin is Prince Marlin Razclaw. Bobby Hawkins is Arcane Blackheart, an assassin. Alfred Shack is Cobras, a warrior. Richard Nixon is Ackalwrath Blackheart, an assassin. Joey Suazo is Thrak, a barbarian. Sarah Botke is Shella Advanson, a lady. Randy Franke is Drancar a Barbarian. Reeve Jason Arndt is a spectator. The weekend featured games and a feast on Saturday.

This is the article that was in the Monte Vista Journal by Mary Agnes Beals. Although there are some misspelled names she is forgiven. It is the only time that have made the papers. We should take front page next time, ha, ha.

Baron Marlin Razclaw

*Marlin Razclaw*



Be it known to all across the lands that those of true heart and free spirit shall meet at the falls of Bluff Springs for the Gathering. Upon the 22nd day of July travellers from near and far shall join under the banner of Amtgard to revel and battle in celebration of life. Many unknown experiences await you, on this the sixth Amtgard Camping Trip.

Be sure and bring some decent plunder for Saturday's Plunder Journey and a covered dish and \$1.50 for the Pot-Luck feast (meat provided by the Crown).

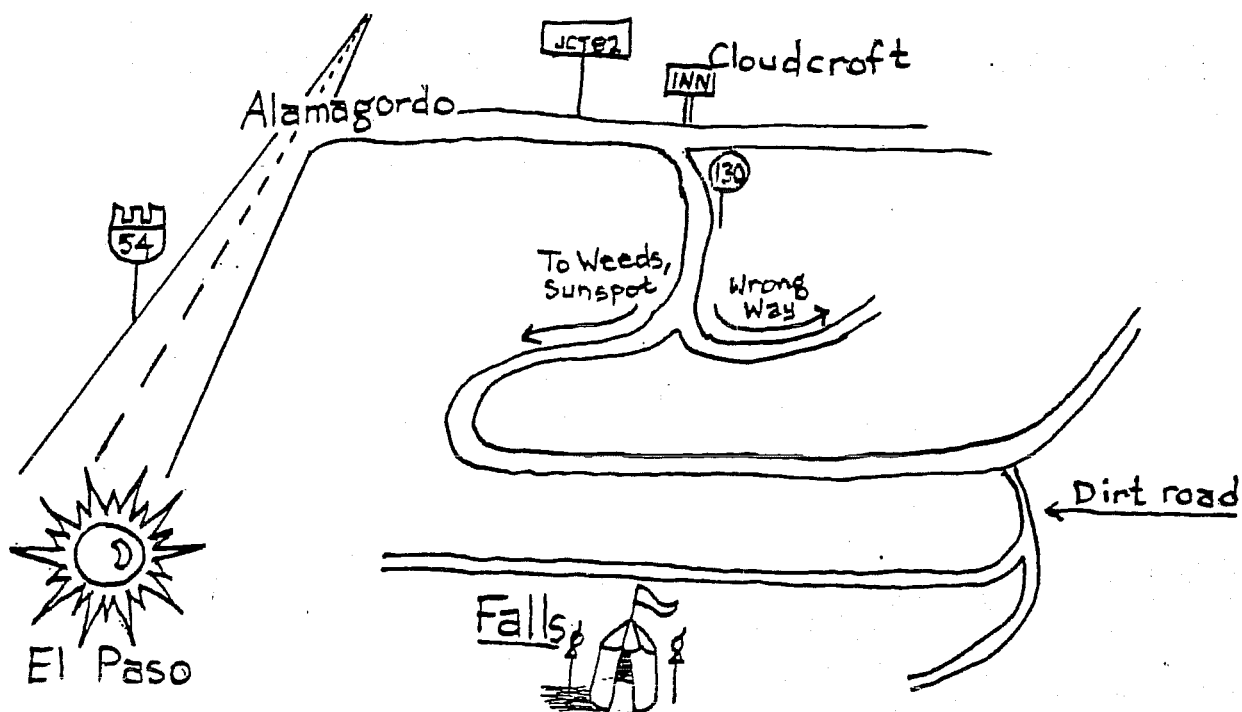
Day one: Encampments & pavilions set up, early arrivals revel.

Day two: battle-games, sword & shield Plunder Journey, Court, Pot-luck feast, night battles,

Day three: Alliance Battles, departure,

## How to get there!

From El Paso take Highway 54 to Alamagordo. Outside of Alamagordo turn right on junction 82 to Cloudcroft. At Cloudcroft take a right on 130 East across from the Cloudcroft Inn. Take 130 East to Weeds turn-off, take right fork. Take Weeds to Cox Canyon, You will pass Aspendale Baptist Camp, High Nogal Ranch and Ponderosa Pines Golf course. Take a right on the dirt road to Willis Canyon. Take the first right at the "Y" in the road, then it will be about 10 miles to Bluff Springs. The falls will be on the right and you're there.



## AMTGARD

Regular meetings and attendance by the dedicated and the brave.

We have joined on the battlefields of Carnero Creek at the humble home of the Prime Minister, Lady Morgan ShiMera and her warrior son, Critith Ungol. This gathering was celebrated with feasting on pork logs wrapped in wheat bread with condiments. Sweet sustenance provided with puffed sugarballs roasted over open fire. Beverages were cold and refreshing at the end of the sunny battleday.

A morn so cool and fresh with rain  
We dreamed of sun and skin of brown  
Our wishes met the sun god's kiss  
While battlements raged amok and this  
My Lord, was practice for us all  
For the coming week would enthrall  
The ranks of Amtgard takes a stand  
And choose a King for our land  
The Mystic Valley of the Highlands

Those in battle: May 16, 1987

|                      |              |
|----------------------|--------------|
| Shileia              | - Magic User |
| Kurgan               | - Healer     |
| Critith Ungol        | - Magic User |
| Drancar              | - Barbarian  |
| Cobras               | - Warrior    |
| Gydion Caberstone    | - Scout      |
| Acalwrath Blackheart | - Assassin   |
| Morgan ShiMera       | - Healer     |
| Arkane Blackheart    | - Assassin   |

The grand cart carried eight participants from the lower Mystic Valley of Monte Vista to the Carnero Creek region of the Mystic Valley of the Highlands. All had a boisterous time, with some moments of chivalry expressed when Arkane forded the dark waters to retrieve a lost lightning bolt for the lady, Shelia.

## AMTGARD CROWN TOURNAMENT

Merry month of May Day 21 Year 1987

ATTENDANCE GRANDE

Critith Ungol  
Arkane Blackheart  
Kurgan the Healer  
Leah Starrider  
Black Knight  
Sheliea  
Drancar the Destroyer  
Cobras the Stud  
Morgan ShiMera  
Gydion Caberstone

COLD HARSH WINDS BLEW COLD AND COLDER  
MARKING THE DAY OF THE BRAVE AND BOLDER.

WE BRACED THE WINDS, COLD TEARS OF DUST ESCAPED.  
THE CROWDS GATHERED. THE CROWDS GAPPED.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT WERE COBRAS AND GYDION:  
TENSION AND DARE, FIGHTING SO FAIR,  
COBRAS AGGRESSOR GAINED ADVANTAGE  
GYDION STUMBLED, THE WIND IN HIS HAIR.  
THE SPEAR STRUCK BONE AND COBRAS STOOD ALONE.

ARKANE THE ASSASSIN AND CRITITH THE WARRIOR  
MAGIC USER AND HOODED ABUSER.  
CRITITH STRUCK FIRST AND ARKANE FLED  
HOPING FOR LIFE AND NOT AS THE LOSER.  
CRITITH WON THIS ONE, ARKANE WAS THE SORRIER.

THEN KURGAN FACED STARRIDER, A FORMIDABLE FOE,  
STRIKING OUT WITH PASSION, ALL ELSE IN FOG,  
FALLING A TUMBLE THE RESULTS A JUMBLE  
WHEELS OF FATE CAUGHT SHORT IN THE COG,  
KURGAN VICTORIOUS, YET ONLY THEY KNOW.

FORENOON DREW TO A CLOSE, THE BATTLES REINED  
FOES CHIVALROUS IN BATTLES WON AND LOST  
BLACK KNIGHT, SHELIA, DRANCAR THE DESTROYER,  
SHIMERA, ALL IN CONTEST, ALL PAID THE COST.  
GYDION CAME CHAMPION WITH KURGAN VICTORIOUS, THE KING.

#### THE CARNERO QUEST AUTUMNAL EQUINOX

September 25/26/1987

Flames glow orange casting spectors amid the trees, night grows colder as the tents brace the breeze. Together this eve Razclaw, Cobras, Shilea, and Thrak plan for the morrow the day of attack.

ShiMera dwells inside her warm, warm abode considering bardic hymns to lighten her load. Foods for the tasting, a celebration and quest give appetites a wasting.

Cold dawn comes with frost glistening on the tents, ready for battles, quests, cajoling well-meant. The sun burns warms into the breath of the beast Razclaw becomes vampire while the fear does increase.

Questing for a chalice hidden among the gold and brown, Thrak and ShiMera insist it be found while Shelia and Cobras stealthily creep in hopes it be they who discover and keep.

The vampire strikes the fear of undead and unrest as the teams live and die for the right of the quest. The chalice is hidden too well I must say, so the vampire turns neutral and calls it a day.

The chariots arrive as the sun takes a turn in the sky, In



come the king Gydion and the assassins so sly. Let the feasting begin and hail to our king another quest has begun and the ground starts to sing.

Day is finished and dusk appears slow we take friendship so warmly and cherish the glow. The Equinox is over and winter's solstice comes next. We are comforted by knowing we still have our Gydion rex.

Morgan ShiMera  
(Chief bard of the Mystic Valley)

note: When I, Marlin Razclaw, found the chest in which our histories were kept, most of the text was rotted away and was far beyond the point of restoration. This is what I saved and recopied within my personal library. (Translation: the computer that I was working with fried the data disk and there was no back up disk to save me.)



My Special thanks go to the Guildmaster of Barbarians in the Mystic Valley of the Highhands, Karm. Karm was the only person who beside Morgan and myself who inputted into the newsletter. Thanks for the poem on the cover.

Marlin Razclaw