



VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2
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Editor: Nithanalorn

COURT

Duke Ahrmaand
Ducal Consort Sylvaina
Chancellor Nithanalorn
Champion Sionnach
Herald Thariand

DUCAL GUARD

Captain Sudakahn

ARTS/SCIENCES

Clothiers : Sylvaina
Heraldry : Raven
Art : Nithanalorn

CLASS GUILDMASTERS

Assassins : Caduesan
Healers : Zorin
Magic-users : Nithanalorn
Warriors : Sinjen
Reeves : Derydlus
Barbarians : Rufus
Bards : Derydlus

Note: Club officers are subject to change,
particularly now with Ducal Qualifications
and Guild master elections in June.

From The Chancellor

Ducal Qualifications and the process of selecting our new ruler is now in the immediate future. I urge all the populace to enter as many events as possible. This not only shows your support for the club but also strengthens your abilities in the arts and sciences. We have made great strides as far as appearing in costume at the battle games. Many are already showing their prowess in construction of weapons and other battle field implements. These are superb examples of what we are striving for as far as bringing realism into the games. All of the above mentioned can and should be entered in the Qualifications.

With the increase of our population here at the keep of Barad-Duin it has been painfully obvious that the need for more leadership within the guilds is necessary. I urge the guildmasters to take charge of the guilds and enforce the rules set forth by our mother kingdom. I in no way wish to put restraints or to thwart anyone's freedom of creativity, but the rules set forth on each of the classes was done so that game balance remains balanced. There has not yet been an incident of gross twisting of the rules, and to prevent this from happening the populace needs people who know the ins and outs of their particular class.

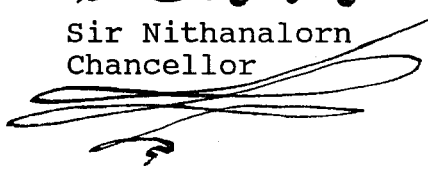
I have spoken with the group in Dallas and they are eager to meet our group and test our metal. We have tentatively set a date in July so that our two organizations can come together. They seem to be a little larger than our group here in Austin. Unfortunately this is all I can tell you of them at this point. As soon as I receive more information, I will surely forward it to you.

Enough of this politicking, Coronet Qualifications are upon us and the trip to the Burning Lands and the Outlandish event is all too near.

Yours in service,

Nithanalorn

Sir Nithanalorn
Chancellor



Further Information on Ducal Contest

All Ducal contestants are required to enter seven or more qualification events (not to include: Reeve's test, place encampment, or Corpora test). The results of these events will be figured into the Ducal competition as follows:

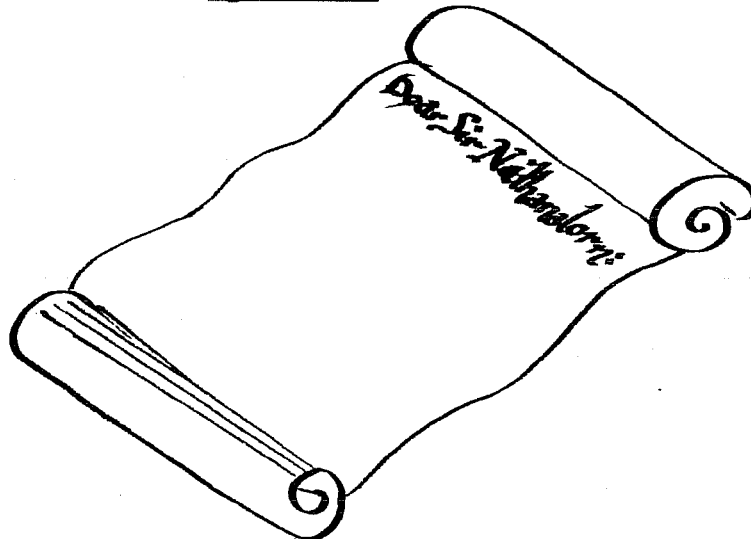
Points will be awarded on a scale of 1 to 5 for each competition entered.

At the end of the judging, points gained in the qualifying events and the points won in the single combat tournament and other war events will be tallied and averaged.

The persona with the highest point average will be winner of the Coronet and rule as Duke/Duchess for the next term.

We feel this method of determining who will hold the office is a much fairer evaluation of versatility in the arts, the sciences and warfare, rather than allowing our competition to be based only on one aspect.

Remember - those who wish to be acknowledged as a Ducal competitor must declare their intentions in **writing** to Chancellor Nithanalorn by June 3.



Populace Numerals

LISA ACTION	837-9527	MATTHEW HEALY	459-8295
KRIS ANDREWS	399-4500	JAMES KOCEN	338-1618
JEFF ASKEW	345-1382	SANDY MARSHALL	477-2548
TOM BAGWELL	837-1382	SCOTT MORIZOT	444-2571
TODD BARR	834-0445	GREG ROHDE	454-3847
TODD BUCHLE	335-7076	TONY SALES	444-2571
ELIZABETH CRAIG	836-5307	BRYCE STANDARD	1-629-3755
MARTY CHRISTENSEN	926-3818	DALE TAYLOR	459-8295
RICHARD FOX	472-5544	MICHELE WATSON	451-4976
AUSTIN GREER	345-2575	CHARLES WIGGINTON	477-2548
RILEY HARPOOL	447-3941	JAY YATES	441-6097
SPENCER HAWKINS	445-6514		

Calendar of Events

JUNE	4	Ducal tournament qualifications (10:00 a.m.)
	11	open
	18	Ducal coronation and feast (8:00 p.m.)
	25	Weapons master tournament
JULY	2	open
	9	Quest for the Shield of Absorption
	16	Allthing
	23	open
	30	open
AUGUST	6	Quest for Thor's hammer
	13	open
	20	Company competitions
	27	open coronation

Honors and Awards

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RECIPIENT</u>	<u>AWARD</u>	<u>REASON FOR AWARD</u>
4/2/88	Black	1 Dragon	staff
4/13/88	Zorin	1 Rose	development of persona
	Smooth Walker	1 Warrior	outstanding zombie warrior
4/16/88	Rufus	1 Rose	development of persona
4/23/88	Terras Ember	1 Warrior	winning the Sword of Frost
	Smooth Walker	1 Dragon	creating and
	Derydlus	1 Dragon	running the Quest for the Sword of Frost
5/14/88	Tenaide	1 Rose	development of persona

History Update

- 4/2/88 Nothing major happens. Zorin shows up with new weapon and promptly begins to beat upon people.
- 4/9/88 Rained out. I mean it really rainnnnnnnned!
- 4/13/88 Night battles with many new members in attendance. Zombies invaded the land and are confronted by our most ferocious warriors. (Akron last seen screaming in terror while running toward home.)
- 4/16/88 Great battle games. Zorin takes over as new guild-master of healers. Allthing discussion mostly on new rules and game etiquette. Rufus (in his scuba shoes) finds out the best way to keep from getting killed while you have the flag is to stand in the middle of the stream.
- 4/23/88 Quest for the Sword of Frost with excellent attendance of 25 people. Rufus appears in fantastic Barbarian armor and clothing.
- 4/30/88 Big influx of club donations and new members.
- 5/7/88 First archer was seen on the battlefield in great costume (Tenaide). The demo was cancelled because of the lack of communication with the festival manager.
- 5/14/88 Battle game and chasm battles. Duke Ahrmaand shows for a visit in his usual dark (vampire?? like) self.



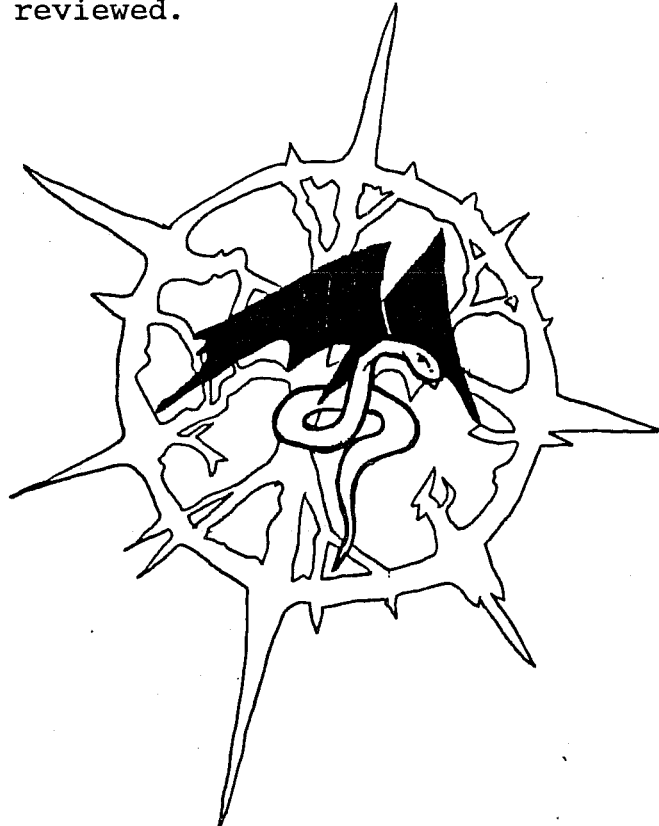
Landings

(N.B. the following is up to May 14, 1988)

Lisa Action	Terras Ember	5 weeks	Warrior
Kris Andrews	Sionnach o'Ros Sidh	7 weeks	Scout
Jeff Askew	Arioch Montaskew	5 weeks	Warrior
Tom Bagwell	Artra Konig	1 week 1 week 4 weeks	Scout Druid Warrior
Todd Barr	Rufus	7 weeks	Barbarian
Aaron Barrios	Ahrmaand Seregon	4 weeks	Monster
Brad Binder	Olric	4 weeks	Warrior
Todd Buchle	Sinjen	7 weeks	Warrior
Linda Cass		2 weeks	Warrior
Marty Christensen	Black	5 weeks	Magic-user
Elizabeth Craig	Sylaina Greenwood	9 weeks	Barbarian
Richard Fox	Sir Nithanalorn	6 weeks 5 weeks	Magic-user Warrior
Austin Greer	Aurendir	4 weeks 1 week	Warrior Magic-user
Riley Harpool	Sudakahn	7 weeks	Assassin
Spencer Hawkins	Naka-Toshi	7 weeks	Assassin
Matthew Healy	Viper	4 weeks	Barbarian
Lisa Jenkins	Katrina	3 weeks	Scout
James Kochen	Romerian	9 weeks	Healer
Sandy Marshall	Smooth Walker	4 weeks	Assassin
Scott Morizot	Thariand	7 weeks	Magic-user
Chris Nicholas		4 weeks	Warrior

Greg Rohde	Manrel the Alchemist	3 weeks	Warrior
Tony Sales	Caduesan	8 weeks	Assassin
Bryce Standard	Amros	4 weeks 1 week	Warrior Archer
Ryan Straton		1 week	Warrior
Sean Summers		1 week	Warrior
Dale Taylor		3 weeks	Warrior
Bill Warren		1 week	Warrior
Michele Watson	Tenaide Saelithe Cu Chaiké	4 weeks	Archer
Odis White	Zorin	7 weeks	Healer
Charles Wigginton	Aeschelus Derydlus	4 weeks 1 week	Warrior Reeve
Jay Yates	Kubishi	4 weeks	Assassin
Timothy Zimmerman	Arkon	5 weeks 1 week	Barbarian Archer

If there are any whom dispute the above, please contact Chancellor Nithanalorn so that your records can be reviewed.



DIΨER

The History of Barad-Duin

Lo, tales I will tell of those dark days when the evil enguled our land and the sorcerer Krytton rode at the crest of its destructive wave.

Already have ye heard of the evil beginnings of his twisted mind and the years of the moon that threw our people almost into nothingness; but here now the thoughts and deeds of those who dwelled in the forests to the south and of the spark of light that began the era of might.

Now is it to tell that so wide were the lands that surrounded the keep of Krytton, that he found it no easy thing to govern all the comings and goings of the people who dwelled there, as he had purposed at the first. Many who lived furthest from his grasp began to loath yielding up their toil as tribute. An eager and hot mood for freedom began to stir anew in their hearts. In secret they spoke to one another, and this was their thought.

"Lo, all the world is grown green by our toils alone., and the flowers and animals grow freely while we cannot, for Krytton hates us without ceasing, and he holds the world without and many and wild are his allies there"- and herein in their hearts the bitterness of those last evil days fell into slumber, and awoke a spirit so fiery it was very great and very terrible to see.

In those days however the art of warfare had to be learned for they were unwitting in such things. Under the leadership of Ahrmaand the peoples took to raiding and finally capturing many of the far outlying garrisons of the mages armies. Great indeed were the loses of the freedom fighters, but their hour of want was most dire, so great to was their learning of war.

So it came to the evil keep that there was in the south an uprising of such force and speed that Krytton was taken by surprise, albeit an uneasyness arose in his heart. Many days he pondered what and when would be his next move until at last he let loose his his unholy plan. Deep in his mighty keep with pillars of the mightiest basalt blackened by his malice, mystic words began to flow out in to the outer dark of night. Great is the remorse and sorrow of the peoples in this hour, for out of the black stones dragons appeared, so filled with hatred and evil that shadowy smoke poured constantly from their jaws. Quickly and silently they flew southward into the camps of Ahrmaand and his followers.

Magic,! So long ago it seemed that Ahrmaand had painfully forgotten it. Never, until now had the bands of freedom come across its trail, and never will they forget it. For in that battle the forces of good were utterly driven back and scattered.

To be continued ~

Quest for the Sword of Frost

The Quest begins in an all too ordinary way on an all too ordinary day. The travellers were sitting around at the Nirvana Tavern drinking, talking, and slipping into ennui. There was absolutely nothing to do. Here they were some score of bold and adventurous travellers and all of them were stranded in some seedy little inn waiting for something to happen.

Something did. Little did they know that on this very day they were about to depart on an adventure that would end with one of them basking in glory, and all the other met with their own tragic demise.

Gagool was a hunchback, and was reviled by the town as a crazy and disgusting specimen of depravity. So, when he came into the Nirvana Tavern, he was almost cast out into the streets 'ere he told them of his charge, which was to deliver a message to these very travellers; to tell them that they were being summoned by another man who was considered far crazier than Gagool. This was blind Phineous who lived outside of town in a straw hut that smelled of the strange powders and stranger liquids bubbling in his pot. Phineous was eccentric, to say the least. He had earned a reputation as the local loony by forecasting doom to all who came near enough to his hovel to hear him speak; which he did at the same time that he cackled his laughter in strange, twisted glee. Phineous told them stories of the Sword of Frost, and enticed them with stories of power and danger. How could they refuse to go? Whereupon, he commenced to give them directions to the South Lands, where dwell the savages, where they could learn more of this Frost Brand. Then he gave them a box rusted shut, and gave them hints that it would save their lives if they ever got in "over their heads."

The journey to the South Lands was slow and arduous but, eventually, they came to a natural bridge that spanned the width of the Great River, which was over a mile wide. Here they met Brand, the River Ward, who challenged them to honorable combat, one on one with even odds, before they could cross the Great River. But at this juncture, because of their great haste, the travellers set forth a mighty warrior, armored and fierce, who stepped forward and cruelly slew the chivalrous fool.

Crossing the Great River, the travellers entered the South Lands where dwell savages; so very soon, they found themselves in the hands of these savages who were going to slay them all until they mentioned The Test, which Phineous had mentioned. When they made mention of The Test, the

savages took all of the travellers to their king, Marcus. Marcus blathered on about some history to them all, then sent them off to take The Test, which is to slay the Guardians of the Tomb of Holy Oompa. These Guardians are golems that challenge them when they try to enter the Tomb. The travellers pay no heed and find themselves battling the golems, which they take care of rapidly. Entering the tomb, they find a chest in the back, but no coffin or anything of that nature. Opening the chest, they activate a trap and are all locked inside the vault as water begins to pour in. They took what was in the chest and discover that it is a scroll that is written in braille. They must go back to Phineous. On the way out of the Savage Lands, they are attacked and suffer the first casualties of the Quest. Four people die bravely in the ensuing battle.

Phineous reads the scroll and cackles out that they must go to the Bear and Wizard's Tower to find out where the Frost Brand lies. Going into the Tundra they come across the tower and are attacked by bears, which they slay. Enraged that the party has slain his familiars, the wizard comes out and casts his magic at them (obviously in an attempt to terrify them, since he missed every time). He is frozen and injured and begs for his life. He tells them that they must go through the Forest of Despair and then into the icy wastelands where the Frost Giant lives in his ice cave. It is the giant who possesses the Sword of Frost. In thanks for this information, the party, calloused by the deaths of their compatriots at the claws of the bears, chooses to slay the wizard. Their attempt is foiled, however, by none other than Phineous, who claims that their weapons are too weak to slay a being such as he and then sends them on their way.

On they travel, until they reach the Forest of Despair. Inside they hear strange noises and see flitting shapes between the trees. The forest gets darker and darker as the daylight wanes and still the party presses on, so that they might not be caught in this hideous place at night. But they are not on the side of fate this night. This night they are attacked by scores of dread beings who do not die and who chase them mercilessly throughout the night. By the time the party leaves the Forest in the morning, there are but four lone survivors of this deadly Quest, out of more than twenty. But these four do not lose hope or give up their ideals in this hour. No, indeed, they cling even more fervently to the iron will of courage and press on into the north so that they might fight their greatest adversary, the Frost Giant, who wields the legendary Sword of Frost.

At last, these four brave souls stagger their way into the realm of the Giant; after suffering countless perils, extremes of weather, and nameless horrors, they finally reach their destination: The Ice Caves of the Frost Giant.

As they near the caves, the Giant and his minions emerge, as if they are expected, and go to meet the four brave souls in the field of battle. First the minions, ice bears and an evil wizard, fight the group, and kill two more of the party before dying or running away. So at last there are but two people, one injured, who come to face the Giant and his Sword.

The battle is long, arduous, and cruel. Back and forth they fight, sending blow after grievous blow to one another. The Frost Giant holds his own in the onslaught, and deals out the deadly thrusts with equal ferocity. But finally, in the end, the party holds out. Working in unison, the last two members of the travellers' group descend on the Giant, and the battle grows to a heated pitch. In feverish despair the Giant hurls out and slays one last traveller but, in doing so, opens himself up for the fatal blow. Seeing her last comrade fall, the Elf Terras Ember swings her weapon and sends it crashing into the Frost Giant's spine, severing his soul from his body with the finality of nightfall.

And so, after months of travel, after scores of battles, after the deaths of all her compatriots, Terras Ember is the sole inheritor of that dread weapon known as the Sword of Frost. And the travails that she and her brave companions experienced will be written up in all the history books of the world and learned by the scholars of the world, and the legend passed down through all the ages that this world shall know.

Thus ends the legend of Terras Ember
and the Quest for the Sword of Frost.

as recorded by the bard Derydlus

Derydlus

Bhi Ros Bhrea Ann

'see rose vreak ahnu' --
'There was a handsome rose there'

'Twas long ago, laddies and lasses, in Ireland
Green, where I wandered the years of my youth.
Bhi ros bhrea ann, by a magical grove, in a
Circle of stones, and I tell you the truth
When I tell you the story of faraway Ulster
And how in a battle a warrior fell
To an enemy's thundering chariot charge
And died on a hill overlooking the dell.
The essence of might was the blood of the soldier
The essence of dignity, gallant and true; for
His equal a swordsman the Ulsternen wanted
And three score and seven that morning he slew.
Alas, for the warrior fallen by numbers and
Left to the care of the hawks and the crows.
The blood of my father flowed down like a rambling
River and rained on the rose.

Bhi ros bhrea ann, as I told you before, of the
Rose in the magical circle of stones --
A place where the fairies and leprechauns meet
To abound in their aerial dances and eat
Of the nectar and elven ambrosia they carry
Away from invisible homes.
Alone in the center the ros bhrea stood as a
Monument marking the merriment donned
By the Little Folk after the snow turned to green
In the vale of the battlefield, after the Queen
Of the Mayday declared that the Springtime at last was
Unfolded and Beltaine was dawned.

Alone stood the rose, as a symbol, though silent, of
Joy and of gaiety bounded by none; and
Upon it appeared little droplets of crimson
That wound from the wounds of the mightiest one
Who had perished through glory in battle that day.
And the blood and the rose in a magical way
Through an alchemy older than anything written
Created a miracle under the moon --
In hours before the arousing of morn, the
Enchantments of yore were beginning to bloom
And when later the sunrise awakened the petals, a
Child asleep on the rose, I was born.

A wandering will-o'-the-wisp was the first to
Discover the babe in the redflower crib.
The gnomes and the leprechauns quickly appeared
And the Elders of Elvendom, stroking their beards
With their willow-root fingers, announced to the fairies
Assembled that all were to give
Of their time and their love to the baby of ros sidh, whom
Gods of the Earth had delighted in making,
The art of the sword, and the craft of the spell,
And the rhyming of lore, and the chiming of bells
In the petals of buttercups far in the fields, and
The secrets of elf undertakings,
And every trick in the leprechauns' hat was I
Taught by the fairies who called me their own.
Alive in the kingdom of glamor and gold
I grew to the singing of ballads untold
To the ears of the mortals beyond all magic
That flourished 'round Oberon's throne.
Alone would I sit while above and about me
The brownies and pixies in their song
Emblazoned before me in poetry tales
Of champions of yore who unfurled their sails
To the winds of enchantment that sped them to glorious
War that is due of the strong
And the blades of enchanted rapiers and the spears of
The heroes that conquered the Isle of Man
And the giants who prowl in the gullies below
And the dragons afoul with their fires aglow
In their bellies, asleep in the pools of the stygian
Pits which bespeckle that land.
Clutharachan heroes, Old Puck and Cluddonn and the
Other adventurers championed their lord
In the songs of the elves. In a magical bliss, in
Ethereal revelry lost did I listen
And glistening brighter and brighter inside me
My father's intrepid blood roared
For the lure of the road and its perils and treasures
Beyond the luxuriant, leprechauns' dell.
So girded and avid and armed with a blade,
In a golden and lavish, enchanted parade
I, a nameless, young elf with an eyeful of tears,
To the sidh o' an ros said farewell.

'Twas wondrous a place, all the lands that unravelled
Around all the lanes through the Island of Eyre.
A gallant and innocent image was I as my
Footsteps uncoiled the roads and the fire
Inside my blood pulled me on like the banshee
Of legend awail with concerns of the dead.
Adventure I saw, in the glory of battle
In love and in conquest I knew lay ahead.
A name for myself was the treasure I sought
And I found it at last when we fought to his ruin
The sorcerer over the tumbling sea
Who had conquered the hillsides around Barad-Duin.
"And who," asked my comrades-at-arms, "is this elf
With a quickness and cunning befitting a fox?"
The tongue of the Ulstermen came to my mind
And in Gaelic I echoed them: "Ta me Sionnach
O' Ros Sidh," I added, acknowledging fondly
The flower that nourished my youth like a mother.
In Amtgard, beyond my old circle of stones,
Companions I found were as sister and brother
To one who had grown with ethereal elves
And was now, among mortals, abundantly shown
That even in colorful fantasies never
Again need adventures' dreams be alone.

And that is the story, my brethren in fancy,
Of just how came Sionnach O' Ros Sidh to be.
The origins, tragic or magic, of others
In future, like mine, I hope greatly to see;
For we each have a spirit that cries for adventure
And out of this we to each other belong
In a circle of souls, 'round a fire of gold,
And deserve to ensorcel our stories in song.

The Ballad of Sionnach O' Ros Sidh
(Fox of the Fairy Rose)

As told
by
himself