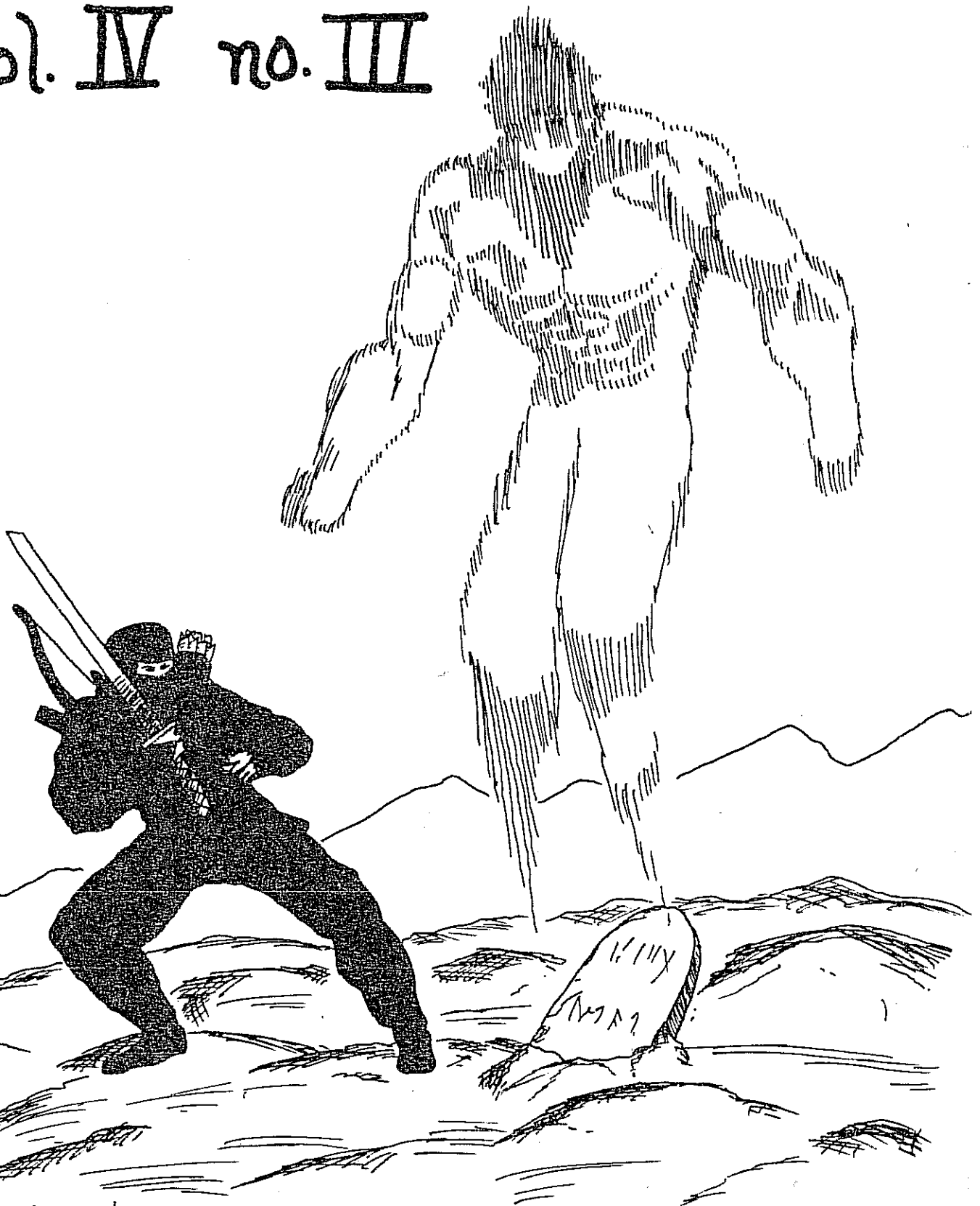
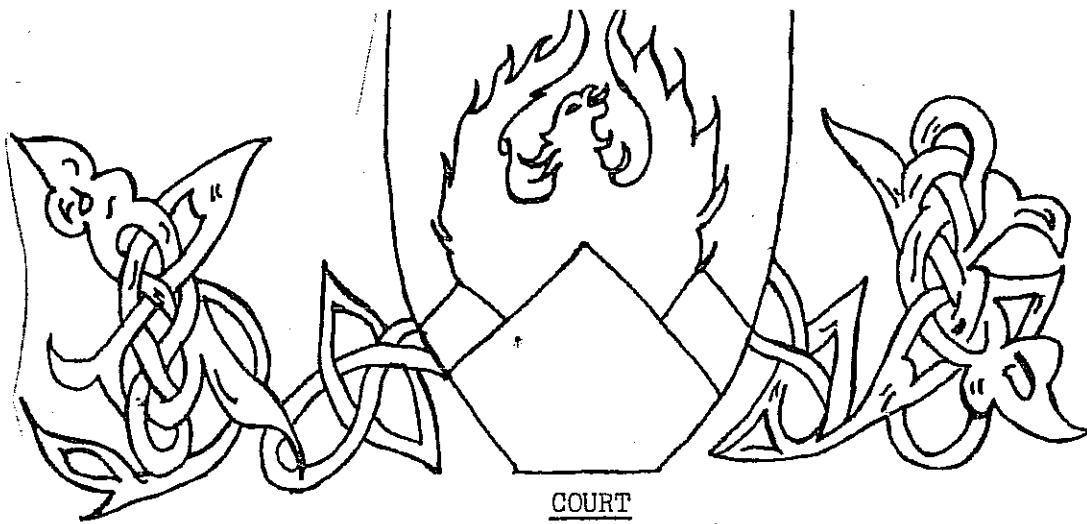


Echoes from the Hills

Vol. IV no. III



Author 1. 251 90'



COURT

King Nevron Dreadstar
Princess Selka Shadowcat
Prime Minister Aislinn
Champion Cain sin Khali
Princess's Defender Cynewulf Plague

ROYAL GUARD

Sem i Dore
Alessandra Nightowl
Gwindon Blackrose
Tyranny Bathory
Mosher
Dallen

Xenos Perversus
Lung
Garath Blackhawk
Taz Robear
Kurris

GUILDMASTERS

Anti-Paladin: Nevron
Archer: Beau
Assassin: Xyphus
Barbarian: Cain
Bard: Taldak
Druid: Plague
Healer: Tyranny

Magic-User: Garath
Monk: Shorn
Monster: Nevron
Paladin: Alessandra
Scout: Garath
Warrior: Xenos

ART & SCIENCES

Art:
Garber: Aislinn
Gladiator: Cain
Heraldry:
Literature: Gwindon

Minstrel: Alessandra
Reeve: Dallen
Sages:
Smith:
Theater:

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

March 17, 1990	Tourney for Dagger of Infinite Penetration
March 24, 1990	Second Anniversary of Emerald Hills
April 28, 29 1990	Burning Lands Coronation and Olympiad
May 5, 1990	Tourney for Ring of Power
May 19, 1990	Qualifications for Emerald Hills
May 26, 1990	G.M. Meeting
June 2, 1990	Emerald Hills Coronation (tentative)

We would like to thank those for their contributions to this newsletter. Copies of newsletters-- either past or present-- can be obtained from Prime Minister Aislinn. If anyone would like to submit artwork, poetry, cartoons, or stories to be printed in the newsletter, please contact Prime Minister Aislinn.



"A message from the barbarians, majesty. It says: 'We've got spirit, yes we do. We've got spirit, how 'bout you?' ..."

Unto the populace,

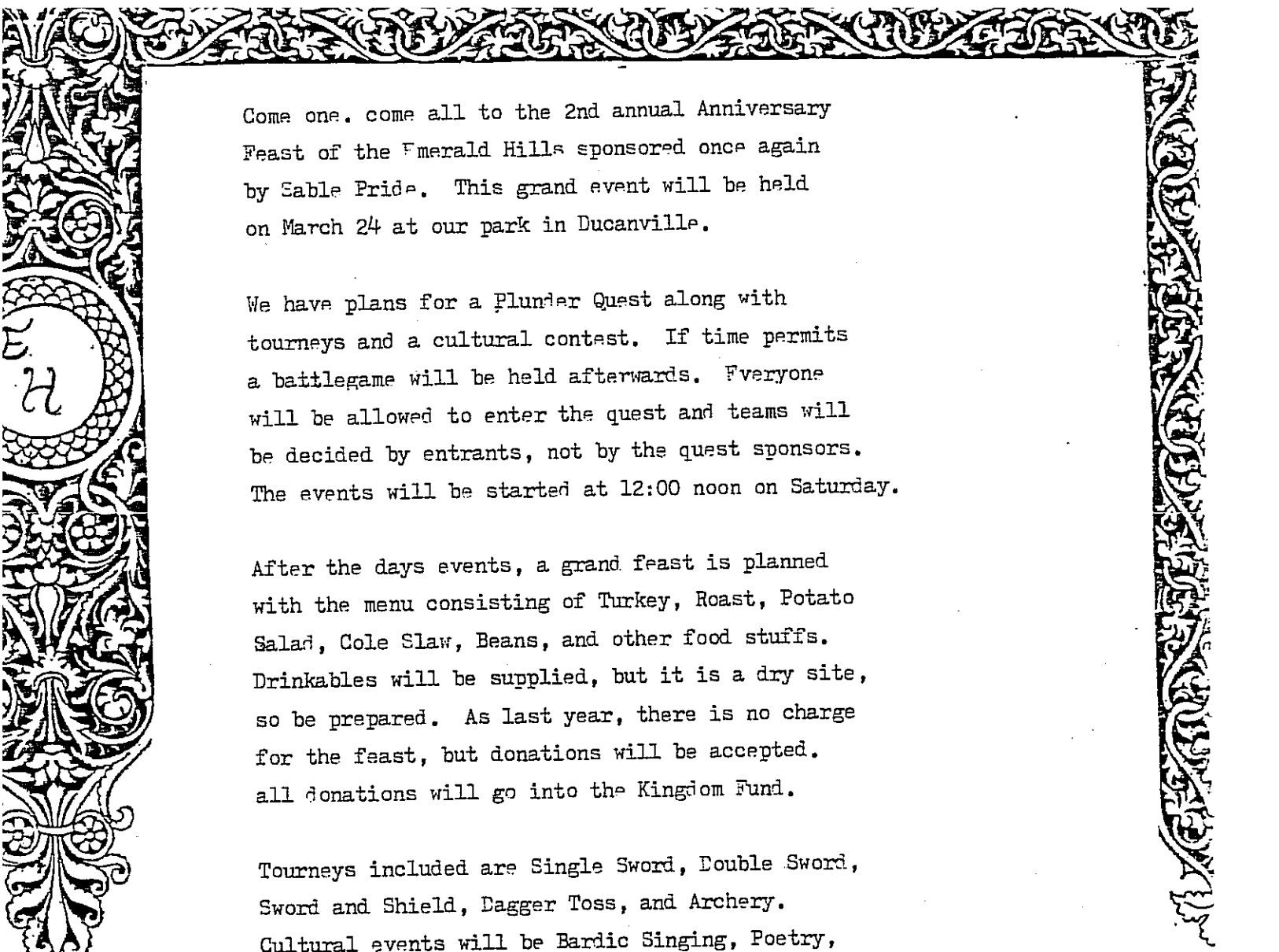
This is the first letter I have written in the capacity of Consort and unfortunately, it probably won't be the last.

Alas, I found myself complaining (it seems) and not about fighting, but about the arts. It was my pleasure to take responsibility for coordinating the Arts and Literature Guild and a few times I have asked the populace as a whole and members as individuals, to submit to me, their own unique artwork to publish in an Arts and Literature magazine. The idea originated with Count Gwindon while he was serving in the position of Consort. And now I completely understand his frustration at times during his reign. As I have said before, I have asked for material from several people and received so few pieces to work with that it would hardly make a flyer. I am very grateful to the few who helped and I hope they know who they are. I do.

If there are anymore who wish to give me, or loan me, artwork and/or literature, I will transcribe it with your permission and publish it in the newsletter and magazine.

Princess Consort Squire Lady Selka Shadowcat





Come one. come all to the 2nd annual Anniversary Feast of the Emerald Hills sponsored once again by Sable Pride. This grand event will be held on March 24 at our park in Ducanville.

We have plans for a Plunder Quest along with tourneys and a cultural contest. If time permits a battlegame will be held afterwards. Everyone will be allowed to enter the quest and teams will be decided by entrants, not by the quest sponsors. The events will be started at 12:00 noon on Saturday.

After the days events, a grand feast is planned with the menu consisting of Turkey, Roast, Potato Salad, Cole Slaw, Beans, and other food stuffs. Drinkables will be supplied, but it is a dry site, so be prepared. As last year, there is no charge for the feast, but donations will be accepted. all donations will go into the Kingdom Fund.

Tourneys included are Single Sword, Double Sword, Sword and Shield, Dagger Toss, and Archery. Cultural events will be Bardic Singing, Poetry, Flat Art, Bardic Instrumental, and Storytelling. Prizes will be given to the overall winners in the war-events and cultural events. If need be, an overall winner combining the two will be awarded.

There will be a Court after the Feast to announce all winners and hand out prizes. Bring your best court garb and make this Anniversary even better than the first. If anyone has questions, please call Prime Minister Aislinn at 214-263-8117.

COME REVEL WITH US

THE MOST POWERFUL FIGHTER

The warrior looked at his opponent's headband, confused. Gold with a thick black stripe. He didn't recall that headband from the rules. Had he recognized the class of his opponent, his heart would have known fear. His opponent belonged to the most powerful class on the battlefield. He was an Anti-Reeve.

But our hero had considerable skill with the blade, and faced his foe bravely. A feint for the forearm, a feint for the leg, a quick shot brought straight down on the shoulder. Success.

"Neck shot," said the man with the gold-and-black headband.

Our hero concentrated. A feint for the leg, a twist of the blade and the shot landed squarely into his opponent's heart. Success.

"Chin shot," said the man with the gold-and-black headband.

Our champion focused all his attention. Feint for the arm, feint again for the same arm, a flick of the wrist and the blade slapped into his opponent's exposed flank. Success.

"Too soft," said the man with the gold-and-black headband.

An arm shot and a leg shot. "Glancing."

Into the chest. "Glanced off my weapon."

A shot landed on each arm. "Still too light."

Our hero amassed his strength, focused his aim, and placed the most forceful shot he could manage into his opponent's ribs. The slap was heard all the way across the battlefield. Our hero smiled. Not even this man could argue a glancing blow.

"Reeve! REEVE!" the man screamed. "He hit me too hard. He's fighting unsafely. I want him OFF THE FIELD."

Our bewildered hero wandered into nirvana and sat himself down.

In the distance, he heard his opponent still speaking to the reeve. "We need to do something about that man. Did you see how many head shots he threw?"

ANTI-REEVE

Natural abilities:

Body control: gives the player the ability to inter-change body parts during melee. Chest shots count as head or arm shots, arm shots count as hand shots, pelvis shots count as leg shots, etc.

Second level: Immunity to weapons.

Anti-Reeve spells:

Armor amnesia: Restores wearer's armor to full points between opponents.

Mend weapon: pick up heated or destroyed weapon, quickly say "Twenty-thirty-forty-fifty-sixty-seventy-eighty-ninety-hundred-good-enough."

Resurrect: Go to nirvana when dead, count to fifty or drink glass of water. Announce loudly, "I guess I've been here long enough," scowl darkly at nirvana reeve and return to base.

Dispel reeve: When a reeve comes upon an anti-reeve trespassing the rules, anti-reeve may assume air of innocence and/or wounded dignity as if it is an offense for a reeve to be examining his actions. Causes reeves of limited experience to slink away.

Summon reeve: Shout loudly, "Reeve!" Usually used in conjunction with the spell "Charm reeve".

Charm reeve: Anti-reeve states argument in such an indignant way that, by the end of anti-reeve's statement, the reeve is so angry that he no longer waits to hear both sides. Note: when "Charm reeve" is cast, the spell "Bewilder opponent" is automatically in effect.

Bewilder opponent: Cast automatically when "Charm reeve" is cast. Makes the anti-reeve's opponent so bewildered and angry that he can no longer state his case coherently. As per the "confusion" spell, this spell causes barbarians to go berserk and attack opponent.

Warp ground: When used by a magic-user, this shortens the distance between spellcaster and target to within the spell's range. When used by a target of magic, this extends the distance between the target and the spellcaster to one foot beyond the spell's range.

Bladesharp/bludgeon: Swing any weapon with maximum force. Does normal damage for game purposes but may take an opponent off the field for a few minutes. Works best with unapproved or rejected weapons.

Relic of the anti-reeve:

Shield of invulnerability: The bearer takes no damage from any shots, whether they land on him or not, because he carries this shield. The assumption is, when you carry this shield, all blows glance off the shield. Note: any shield in the hand of an anti-reeve is a shield of invulnerability. Most common relic in Amtgard.

General notes:

Some object that the anti-reeve spells are too powerful. Therefore, for the sake of game balance, the anti-reeve only gets one spell point per battle game. The spells listed above are cost zero, use unlimited. If you see any anti-reeve spells in use on the battlefield, please notify a reeve so that we may keep track of the spell points used.



" FIREBALL, FIREBALL, FIREBALL "

POPULACE DUES LIST

Exempt: Nevron
Selka
Aislinn

Xyphus	Through	8-90
Shadow Wind		3-90
Mosher		3-90
Avatar		4-90
Darelouth		4-90
Sorka		4-90
Dallen		6-90
Xenos		5-90
Maiv		8-91
Mary Brooks		6-90
Mavon		6-90
Palladius		7-90
Parasite		8-90
Dread		3-90
Taldak		3-90
Garath		3-90
Tyranny		8-90
Naft		8-90
Semaj		8-90
Tarl		4-90
Gedric		6-90

THE TYRANT KING

In the hills and lands that ever shine green
The mercy we see is sparse,
For the Tyrant we know is called the King
And his emotions will often run harsh.

His Kingdom and Holds he never will fail
Though there's some who will always throw rocks,
Far and near they will hear the tale
Of how soon they will meet the block.

Other lands they call him cruel
He's always in a Barbaric state,
For the people's that he lead and rule
He's the man they love to hate.

Assassin's bid a price in his head
And Archer's make ready to aim,
Though many vie to make the King dead
The end result is always the same.

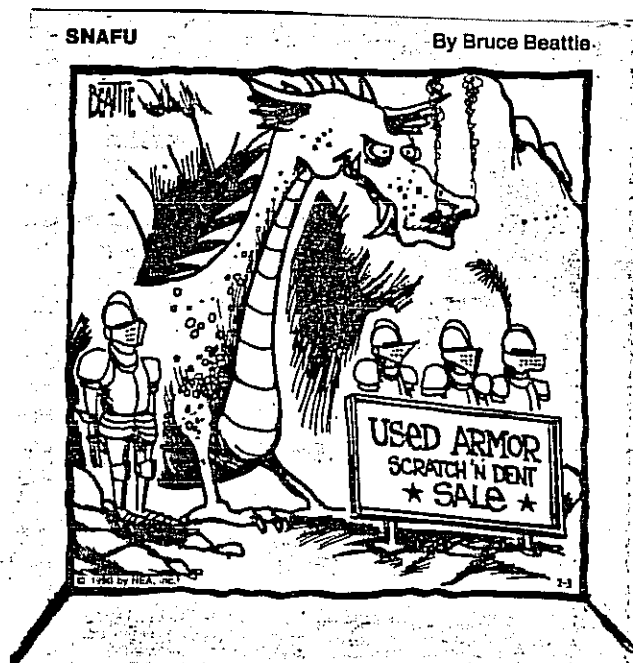
His raids are known both far and wide
And credit he duly will take,
It will take the source of sword and knife
To bring the masses to break.

Although it's all been said and done
Here is the tale of the Tyrant King,
Through all that has been lost or won
He rides the night on his bird with black wings.

Aislinn

POPULACE CREDIT LIST
(as of 3-11-90)

Cutter	15 arc, 19 mage, 19 scout, 3.75 war, 1 reeve, 2 monster
Taldak	2 arc, 3 assassin, 2 barb, 10 bard, 2 scout, 55.25 war, 1 reeve, 6 monster
Stratos	16 arc, 7 barb, 4.25 war
Gwindon	72 assassin, 14 mage, 10.50 war
Septu	1 assassin, 3 druid, 30 war
Dread	3 assassin, 73.50 hea, 20 war, 1 reeve, 1 monster
Xyphus	62 assassin, 7.25 war
Darelouth	19 assassin
Dallen	13 assassin, 28.25 war, 19 reeve
Kurru	4 assassin
Tarl	18.50 assassin, 24.25 war
Cedric	1 assassin
Sleth	3 assassin
Garath	1 assassin, 65 mage, 28 scout, 16.25 war, 2 reeve, 1 monster
Nevron	30 barb, 62 A-P, 3 monk, 2 scout, 2 reeve, 5 monster, 18.25 war
Taz	36 barb, 9 hea, 4 Pal, 1 reeve
Semaj	23 barb, 5.50 war
Cain	60 barb, 15.50 war, 1 reeve, 3 monster
Avater	27 barb, 1 war, 1 monster
Lung	35 barb, 7.25 war
Parasite	15 barb, 4.50 war
Plague	5 barb, 68 druid, 2 monk, 19.50 war, 1 reeve, 1 monster
Shorn	1 druid, 29 monk, 1 scout
Selka	61.50 hea, 3 reeve, 12 war
Tyranny	55 hea, 7.25 war
Dougan	1 hea, 31 mage
Xenos	27 hea, 83.50 war, 1 monster
Sorka	5 hea
Alessandra	13 mage, 36 Pal, 5 reeve, 1 monster 6.75 war
Astor Luëc	33 mage, 6.25 war
Domir	6 mage, 5 scout
Arak	35 war
Mosher	19.25 war, 1 monster
Xavier	7 war
Palladius	7 war
Naft	4 war
Maiv	10 reeve
Aislinn	26 reeve



THE LITTLE DEMONS

The journey was to take over twelve months. Across mile after mile of uninhabited territory. Across every form of terrain known to mankind, mountains, forest, swamps, oceans, rivers, and finally into the dreaded part of the trip. The hot wastelands of the most feared desert in any known world. The trip alone could kill you without even entering the vast drylands known as The Great Waste. But the promise of so much treasure blinded even the most experienced questors. This is where Kevlar came in.

Kevlar was an experienced questor, with many quests to tell of. He had done it all. Slayed many ferocious dragons, saved even more fair maidens than he could remember, or even cared to. He had slain powerful wizards, and racked up so much treasure, he had to have a special vault built to hold it all.

Yes, Kevlar was a warriors warrior. Scars could be seen all over his body. Scars that told their own story. Stories of much pain and agony. Stories of death and destruction, but none were to be the story being told today. For this is the story of how these sometimes rare, usually useful, yet always stylish pieces of eyeware known throughout the lands as Phazors came into being.

You see, it all came out one day when Kevlar was visiting his personal alchemist in the depths of Kev's mighty castle. It would take the unknowing some 20 minutes to reach the chemist's chamber, for few knew of the secret passage that lead to a powerful device that came from another time. Al the alchemist called the thing a lifesaver, for without the little room that traveled up and down, to and from Al's laboratory to Kevlar's chambers, Al would have surely felt the cold grip of death in his chest during his many trips to speak to Kev or just to visit the outside world.

On this particular day Kev was again seeking Al's advice on his newest quest into the Great Waste. Kev was wondering if the old coot had anything special that would aid him in his trek into the waste. Like maybe a bag of never-ending water. He'd settle for a potion or two of some rare magic that would protect his skin from the sun's heat or the hot winds that raced across the sand dunes. But alas the chemist had nothing of the kind. All Al could give him was some sound advice in traveling through the waste. Advice that any book in any library could give. Kev started to walk about the lab, seemingly like he was seeing it all for the first time. Making small talk, asking Al about his work and asking if there was anything the scientist needed.

Suddenly Al jumped up and yelled like a stuck pig. He dashed to a door in his chamber and wildly opened it, causing the door to slam itself shut before Al could get inside. Al let out a laugh so loud that it echoed off the chamber walls and caused Kev to cover his own ears for fear of losing his hearing and quite possibly his mind. Al's laugh reminded Kev of a crazed wizard who was the main character in one of Kev's many stories of his many quests. After regaining his composure, Al opened the door which led to a small storeroom. Inside were many wooden chests of different sizes, piles of scrolls, a whole roll of unused parchment and one medium size chest of metal. Al grabbed up the chest and with enough effort to cause the elder to break out in a sweat, drug the chest out into the bigger room and motioned Kev to help him place the chest up on the table.

Once perched on the table, Kev noticed there was a key hole, a small key hole at that. All the while poor Al was trying to open the chest, oblivious to the lock.

"Do you have the key?" asked Kev.

"Key? Blast it, where is that stupid key?" shouted Al when he became aware of this minor oversight on his part.

Frantically Al searched his personal key ring that held more keys than one man should ever own. After what seemed to be an eternity, Al smiled a smile to fit the fabled Cheshire Cat and held in his hand a small silver key.

"This should do it." he said as he placed the key into the lock on the chest. After much delay, due to Al's age plus the age of the lock, there was this god awful snap as the little key broke off in the lock. Swearing like no sane man ever could, Al beat on the chest with his frail fist in a frantic act to force open the chest.

"Stand back" was all Kev said as he pulled out the small dagger he kept in his boot. After checking on Al's position, and turning his own face away, he jabbed the steel blade into the lock and with the strength of sheer determination Kev snapped the lock, allowing him to open the chest and exposing the contents to him. Al slammed the lid shut, nearly taking Kev's hands off, but Kev was a bit too quick and escaped with nary a scratch. Counting his fingers, Kev swore to himself, and the alchemist began rumaging through the contents.

"I know there in here somewhere" mumbled Al as bits and pieces of the inside of the chest came flying out past Al's head that was slowly disappearing inside the chest. In a matter of moments Al had all but climbed inside the chest that from the outside seemed barely big enough to fit all the stuff that was being strewn about the chamber. Finally it appeared that Al had struck bottom with nothing but his two feet hanging out.

"There you are my little pretties" said Al from deep inside the two foot tall chest, "now if you could give me a hand Kevlar, I can get out of this dreadful place."

Kev stepped back up to the chest and grasped the old man by the ankles. Slowly he lifted the lightweight, half-witted old coot out of the black hole whence he came, he had another of those famous grins stuck on his face. Carefully Kev set the old man down then stepped back to see what wonderful item Al had brought out with him from the depths of the magical chest. Was it a magical sword, maybe a suit of armor that would protect him from the heat of the sun, or better yet a portable oasis. To Kevlar's dismay, the only thing Al seemed to be holding was a pair of eyeglasses. A strange pair of specs at that. They weren't the kind of glasses you'd find in town nor anywhere else Kev had ever been before. Big things these were, with deep black lens and heavy black frames made of some strange light weight material that was totally unknown to Kev. Their general appearance was menacing, and when Al placed them on his face a strange sound was heard as they seemed to suck themselves on to the chemist's face. With the dark lens in place, Kev couldn't see Al's eyes but the chemist walked around the chamber as though his vision was as good as new.

"Yes, I believe that these will do you just fine" stated Al as he paraded around the lab.

"Have you gone completely out of your mind?" asked Kev, "what good are those...those things on your face?"

"Well, for one. They are perfect protection against the bright sun, plus they have many other uses." replied Al. "Here, try um on before you turn them down."

Now Kevlar had had Al on his payroll for an awful long time now. So when the alchemist said to try something out, Kev knew better than to turn him down. With no sign of any second thoughts Kev took the specs from Al and allowed them to place themselves on his face. As funny as that sounded, it was as if the glasses slid right on his face. Again that strange sucking sound was heard and Kevlar felt the frames form a tight seal around his eyes, allowing no outside light to penetrate. At first Kev felt blinded, for the dark lens made him see nothing but blackness, then after a few moments, visions of the lab started to filter through the darkness and finally Kev could see in the dimly lit room as though he was standing in normal daylight. The floor was no longer a white mist that clung inches above the stone floor. For the first time in many years Kev could actually see the stone pattern of the chamber floor. The roof which was always hidden by a sheer wall of blackness was revealed to be a mere 15' above his head. For years Kev had thought the ceiling rose up some 50 or 60 feet. There also seemed to be more doors in the lab now. Doors that until just moments ago were unseen by Kevlar's eyes. What strange powers these glasses had.

Al crossed the room towards one of the newest doors and opened the thing to reveal a wine rack built inside the small closet. Pulling out a dusty old unmarked bottle, Al went over to his desk and produced two goblets.

"The first thing you will notice" started Al as he filled up both goblets, "is that the wearer can see as clear as day even in the darkest of night. Plus while underground where there is no light, he can see as if standing outside in a moonlight night."

"By now you've also noticed that the glasses cause the wearer to see through all illusions and will aid you in finding secret passages."

Handing a goblet to Kev, Al sat down behind his desk and continued in his description of the magical specks.

"After a while the specks will start doing other things too, but that won't be till you've owned them for a while. I've never worn them for more than a few hours, so I'm not exactly sure what all they can do. My research into their past has taken up a lot of my time and still I'm sure there are things that the specks can do that have yet to be uncovered."

Reaching across the desk, Al grabbed the wine bottle again and topped off his glass. Motioning to Kevlar who turned down the refill, Al continued with his story.

"I saw my first pair of these specks which are known to be the well-informed as Phazors in the ruined city of Catoria. They were in the possession of my first employer, a great and powerful wizard who taught me the minor powers of these Phazors. Some of which you're experiencing right now. Others will crop up from time to time. After a while you should be able to control the powers but it takes weeks of constant use. So far none have yet to suffer any ill effects, other than a strong dislike of bright lights. Especially the flashing kind. But the benefits will outweigh the bleaker effects every time."

Kevlar got up from his seat and headed towards a mirror on a nearby wall. As watched his single-minded, well paying employer approach the mirror to look upon his reflection. The warrior's reaction was typical, in that viewing yourself while wearing these glasses usually brought on the same type of reaction from most of its possessors. One of pure horror.

When Kev looked into the mirror he was stricken with a grip of terror so real that for a moment he was lost for words. All he could get out was something that sounded like a scream, or was it a cry of sheer pain? There before him in his reflection, sitting atop his head was the ugliest looking demon that Kevlar had ever seen. But it didn't stay there. The beast on his head had already begun to join itself with Kevlar's skull. Baking away from the mirror, with no care for his own well-being, Kev stumbled into a small table and slammed against a wall before he could find the strength to remove the beast from his head. Drawing sword, Kevlar spun around ready to deliver a death blow to the creature from hell, but all he saw before him were the black lens specks. No beast from the depths, no monster to slay. Just those cursed glasses.

"What type of foul magic is this?" swore Kev when once again words would come to his mouth. He turned towards Al with a look that could have killed. Sword held outward at the winpu chemist, Kev demanded an explanation.

"There is one particular effect that haunts these items, Then again it's not entirely an effect, no, that just doesn't explain it. What it is is more like a curse of sorts, only no really ill effects will be felt by you. You see the demon you saw in the mirror is the reason for all the strange powers that the Phazors are known for."

Rising from behind his desk, Al walked over to where the dark glasses were sitting, and after getting Kev's permission Al picked up the glasses and stuck them in his belt.

"You see, in this world, the demon is stuck in this form. It comes from a place far different than our world. And while it's in our time of existence, it's only powers are the ones it can give to its possessor.

"What are you talking about?" asked Kev, who had bet to put away the sword in his hand.

"Look, it's real simple. The creatures are transformed into this ridiculous shape when they arrived on our world." Al went back to his chair, placed the Phazors in his desk and started to refill his goblet.

"But, how do they get here?" pushed Kev as his burning desire to understand these strange pieces of eyewear caused him to ask more of the alchemist.

"That's a good question" continued Al, seated once again behind his desk. "My first employer told me that a being from another world brought one of the little demons to this world. Once here the demon's form was suddenly changed to that of a dark pair of specks. Try as it could, the visiting being could not effect the strange transformation that had overtaken it's companions. In the long run the being decided he could do nothing more for the demon so he departed this world and left the demon here to live the rest of it's existence as an inanimate object."

"That still doesn't explain why the thing attaches itself to you," complained Kev. He was still getting shivers whenever he thought of his reflection in the mirror.

"I told you, the longer you wear the specks, the more of the demons powers you will possess."

"And this demon won't suck my soul or any of my friends souls, will it?"

"Nah, that not how it works."

"So, what does it cost?"

"Well, nothing really, You see, It, the demon, has found it's little nitch in our life, and since back in it's home plane, the creature is just a peon compared to the other creatures that inhabit it's home lands, the demon seeks not to return to it's home, but instead wants to stay here and be of use to our kind."

"That may be all well and true," stated Kevlar as he approached the dark specks once again. "but why did you have those things locked up?"

"They are meant for those such as yourself," answered Al, adding, "I had forgotten I even had them til this quest to the Great Waste came up." The last time Al had even used the black specks was many years ago, before he had even met Kevlar.

"And you still say that these...these Phazors as you call them, will actually aid me in my quest into the waste?"

"I'd venture so far as to say they could aid you well before you even reach the waste lands."

"Then it's decided. I'll use these Phazors during my quest, and I'll return to you so you can write down my tales of conquest."

"Fantastic" replied Al in a gesture of real pleasure. "There is one other thing I should tell you about the Phazors before you go."

"Yea, and what's that?" asked Kev as he slipped the Phazors back on.

"Well, my first employer did mention something about a major drawback to the Phazors. It had something to do with a bunch of these ancient beings coming around every now and then to find their stranded companions, as they put it. While according to the demons side of the story, these beings just want to enslave him again. And the demon has been known to use its possessor to escape from these beings."

"Use em? Just what do you mean by that?"

"The demon has hidden powers. Powers that when used skillfully can slay men, many men. Even it's own possessor."

"Sounds good to me," replied Kevlar from over his departing shoulder. "Wish me luck, Al" was all he said, then Kevlar was off. Off to begin his newest quest with his newest treasure. A pair of Phazors.