

S/MACK



THE AMTGARD TABLOID VOLUME II

 *LET'S GO TO THE CORSAIRCUS!!!!* 

FEATURING LIVE ACTS!! X-RATED COMEDY! TWO-HEADED FREAK SHOW!

SEE NOVELTIES SUCH AS THE RENOWNED TALDAK IN A BOX!
WATCH AS D'OKYN AMAZES YOU WITH FEATS FROM HIS
MAGGOTS!

BE MESMERIZED BY THE DRINKING FEATS OF CUISINART THE
BRAWLING CORSAIR!

COST OF ADMISSION WILL BE DETERMINED ON
AN INDIVIDUAL BASIS AT THE DOOR

DON'T MISS SURPRISE ACTS SUCH AS RIKASTA WORLDS UGLIEST
CORSAIR! GO TO THE CORSAIRCUS AT YOUR NEXT EVENT!

 BRING WOOD!!



Times do change in this land of ours
So many people have come and went
But still the dream lives on
And with the joining of hearts, its not over yet
Not long ago in days of past
Warriors and wizards of each would clash
Yet the dream prevailed and would not die
New friends were made, old fears subside
Now the time has come to test our faith
Some of our own have sealed their fate
A call to arms has swept the land
Come one come all a war has to be planned
Recently our scouts were sent out
Just to see what these few upstarts were about
What they found was their own reputations
Which had managed to clear the field, with only their clout
Our advance team was there, waiting to be met
Only the mighty Zeus barred our path, he was all they sent
Surprisingly the barbarian knew he was out classed
So without even putting up a fuss, we all sat back and laughed
If its war they want, its war they'll get
But they'll have to show up, or face the endless quips
Perhaps they thought it was wise, and who would have guessed
That they'd stay safe at home, and leave the victory to the best
BY: NEVRON

NEWS BRIEFS

- THE **GREEN DRAGONS** HAVE SET OUT TO REVITALIZE ATTENDANCE AT **TEAR GLEN**. MANY, IN THE POPULUS HAVE BEEN HEARD TO SAY THAT THEY WOULD ATTEND **TEAR GLEN** IF THE **GREEN DRAGONS** WEREN'T THERE. WHETHER THIS STEMS FROM A FEAR OF GETTING THEIR ASSES KICKED OR A FEAR OF FAT WOMEN, IS JUST UNKNOWN.
- HAVE YOU NOTICED THE WEIGHT GAIN GOING ON IN THE **CORSAIR** RANKS? BELLIES ARE A'GROWIN'! WE BELIEVE THIS TO BE A RESULT OF THEIR LOVE FOR FRIED FOOD AND OTHER PEOPLE'S BEER.
- JUST A REMINDER.. THE **SARACENS** STILL SUCK.
- *PLEASE HELP!!* **SABLE PRIDE** IS CURRENTLY SUFFERING FROM A KITTY LITTER SHORTAGE. DONATIONS OF NEW AND PARTIALLY USED "BIG BLACK CAT" LITTER CAN BE DUMPED AT **IRON CLOUD**.
- WHY DOES **SILVERSHADE** ALWAYS FALL ASLEEP IN THE **MITHRIL TALONS'** CAMP?
- ALL NODS (AND GRIMACES) GO OUT TO **RAIN** FOR HIS OUTSTANDING (OFCOURSE YOU'RE OUTSTANDING WHEN YOU CAN'T FEEL A DAMN THING) FIGHTING AT THE PAST **EMERALD HILLS QUALIFICATIONS**.



ALTERNATIVE NAMES FOR *FETAKIN*

FETA- CHEESE	FETAL- CHEESE
FOODLE- POOP	FIDDLE STICKS
FETA- SLEEZE	NA-PI-KIN
CHROMODOMAKIN	GOATS MILK
FAGGOT KING	FREAKY QUEEN
FETA FUCK	FAR FROM CLEAN
CHROMAG- AKIN	POTTYKIN
POOPAKIN	FRAIDAKIN
CRAP- AKIN	MAGGOT

**GROW AMAZING LIVE SARACENS
JUST ADD WATER AND YOU'VE GOT INSTANT PETS**

YOU'LL GASP IN AMAZEMENT WHEN YOU SEE THE ACTUAL BIRTH OF PUNY SARACENS, BROUGHT TO LIFE IN AN INSTANT FORMULA SO HIGHLY PERFECTED, THEY ARE GUARANTEED TO GROW. OVER A HALF MILLION PEOPLE OF ALL AGES HAVE TESTED IT... AND TO THEIR DELIGHT IT WORKED. NOW THESE LIVELY NEW MINI PESTS CAN BE YOURS.

**RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME A
SARACEN CIRCUS**

IMAGINE THE FUN OF OWNING A WHOLE TUMBLING, HAPPY TROUPE OF SARACENS THAT ARE MORE LAUGHS THAN A ZOO FULL OF CHATTERING, LEAPING JUNGLE MONKEYS! AND THEY ARE SO EAGER TO PLEASE, THEY EASILY LEARN TO OBEY YOUR COMMANDS. WE TEACH YOU HOW TO MAKE THEM APPEAR TO DANCE TO MUSIC, LOPP THE LOOP, RIDE ON EACH OTHER LIKE COWBOYS ON THEIR PONIES, SWIM IN NOVEL FORMATIONS LIKE TRAINED SEALS, AND MUCH, MUCH MORE! THEY NEVER STOP ENTERTAINING AND ALWAYS PUT IN ON A THRILLING "VARIETY SHOW" THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN ENJOY!

WATCH AN AMAZING MIRACLE!
YOUR SARACENS WILL ARRIVE SAFELY IN UNHEARD OF "TIME CAPSULE" EGGS THAT LIVE FOR TWENTY YEARS, YET , JUST ADD BOOZE, AND IN SECINDS THE LOOPIEST PESTS YOU HAVE EVER SEEN HATCH ALIVE AND START TO SWOON EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE JUST BABIES! BEST OF ALL, YOU GET BOTH SEXES, SO WHEN THEY ARE FULLY GROWN YOU CAN BREED MORE TO GIVE AS GIFTS OR EVEN SELL IF YOU WISH.

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!

NOTE: SARACENS ARE SO EASY TO HANDLE AND RAISE BY ANYONE, YOU GET A UNIQUE GUARANTEE GOOD

FOR A LIFETIME THAT INSURES YOUR FREE REPLACEMENT OF THESE PROFITABLE PESTS, FOREVER! FREE WITH EACH ORDER YOUR GET A MAGNIFICENT, FULLY ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, TRICKS, TRAINING AND AMAZING LIFE HISTORY OF SARACENS, A FIFTH OF CAPTAIN MORGANS, A FULL ONE YEAR SUPPLY OF SPECIAL SARACEN GROWTH FOOD TO FEED YOUR FANTASTIC PETS. REMEMBER, SARACENS ARE GUARATEED TO LIVE AND GROW OR YOUR MONEY BACK. TO ORDER RUSH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND ONLY ONE GOLD PIECE, PLUS ONE SILVER PIECE FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING. DO NOT WAIT! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL IF YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
SMACK T.A.T. DEPT. CHAFE
666 URDUMB LN.**

URAIIDIOT, PA

IT SOUNDS GREAT. PLEASE SEND ME MY SARACENS KIT(S) AND MY FREE SUPPLIES. I ENCLOSE ONE G.P. AND ONE S.P. FOR SHIPPING CHARGES FOR EACH KIT.

SEND _____ KIT(S) ___ CASH ___ CHECK
___ MONEY ORDER (NO C.O.D.S)

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____

PLEASE PRINT...

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

___ RUSH ORDERS ONE GOLD PIECE
EXTRA.



* AN ORDER MADE AND PAID FOR DOES NOT MEAN WE WILL SEND YOU ANYTHING.

Gripes of a Newbie

Well, after 9 months of playing Amtgard I finally found someone that actually had a waiver for me to sign. It wasn't as if I never said anything, or pretended like I had, but numerous members of our political hierarchy were unable to provide me with one whenever I asked. Not all of them are to blame of course, but shouldn't someone be keeping track of these things? Ironically enough it was an OLD knight that was finally able to supply me with one.

What I'm getting at here is this: Is this kingdom going to hell in a handbasket?!

I heard this was an ORGANIZED game with ROLE PLAYING. Maybe I was wrong. What else isn't being kept track of throughout the kingdom? What happened to the cultural events of reigns past or some kind of communication between kingdom parks like a newsletter. Does anyone know who all the current officers are? I went to CK last weekend and they gave me this really cool list of future events. How hard can it be to be organized if THEY can do it? Look, I'm only griping about this because I've heard all the campfire stories about the demos you used to do. The charity work, the quests, and the type of playing where a Monarch might declare war on the world and actually go out to do it (like Sir Aron). I don't expect every reign to be the same, hell, all I can go by is what I've heard and the little I've seen, but from what I've seen our kingdom is still better than any of the others around. There is a lot of work to be done in the kingdom, and our cultural side has been neglected. Are we content with this as our dream? Or are we just looking for some hack and smack?

Bliss Fulnite

*Upcoming Emerald Hills
Events*

*Sometime in January... Weaponmaster Journey to be held in
C.K.*

*Sometime in February... Quest for the Magic Relics to be held
in the Golden Plains*

*That's right folks, starting with the recent Qualies in the
Borderlands, we have decided to take this show on the road!*



BUY OUR SILENCE!

LIKE THE SMACK? DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR NAME IN HERE? THE COST OF MAINTAINING A LIFE OF PIRACY AND SMACKERY IS FAR HIGHER THAN THAT OF MOST FLURBISH MODES OF EXISTENCE. DUE TO THE COST OF PRINTING AND OUR OWN DESIRE NOT TO BE THROWN OUT ON THE STREETS BECAUSE OF OUR HABITS,(REALLY WE WOULD BE FAR MORE DANGEROUS ON THE STREETS), WE WILL NOW ACCEPT BRIBES FROM PARTIES THAT WISH TO KEEP A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF ANONYMITY. GOLD, FABRIC, WEAPONS, BOOZE, AND SLAVES CAN BE MAILED TO THE ADDRESS AT THE END OF THIS TABLOID, PLEASE PACKAGE SLAVES IN SUCH A MANNER AS THEY DO NOT BEGIN TO SMELL. WE WILL DECIDE, DUE TO THE WORTHINESS OF YOUR GIFT, ON THE LENGTH OF OUR SILENCE.

WHAT A DEAL! AREN'T WE COOL!??

SMACKTABLOID@YAHOO.COM



A STORY CONCERNING MOUSE

This humble writer would like to take a few moments to discuss the past happenings between Ominique, Wickett, and Mouse. Ominique and Wickett were among those victimized by Mouse the Nasty, in a way that can be laughed about now, but was infuriating then.

It all started at Mud-Reign when Ominique and Wickett saw a mutual friend, Spinthrift, and others being accosted by Mouse. Ominique and Wickett, being friends worth having, decided to help them all escape. They invited the group to walk with them. When Mouse mentioned that she would like to go along as well, Ominique turned around and told Mouse right to her face, "No, we don't want to walk with you!".

Well, instead of that stupid Mouse being thankful for Ominique's no hassle truth, she decided to rant and rave. Mouse even proceeded to call Ominique a, "fucking bitch", among other terrible things. That was just the beginning.

Later that night, the whole group found themselves in the same campsite as Mouse. Some of them noticed that Mouse was playing with Spinthrift's hair, while he had a "Please help" look about him. Spinthrift's friends, knowing that he had a girlfriend, went to his aid. They quickly helped Spinthrift chase off Mouse, making her very angry. She decided to take her anger out on Ominique by pelting her with clods of dirt. She choose Ominique because she had pissed her off earlier.

Ominique's temper, understandably, flared. Lucky for Mouse, people were there to stop her antics, which saved her from Ominique's wrath. And guess what! That stupid cum receptacle had the audacity to feign dropping a glow stick and, while picking it up, she smacked Ominique on the leg with it!

All hell broke loose when, later, Mouse spotted Wickett and Scytale talking. She immediately went into hysterics. Lucky for Mouse again, people were there to shut her dumb ass up! Mouse was even stupid and drunk enough to be convinced that Ominique and Wickett were no longer around.

Actually they were still there. When the fog again cleared from Mouse's eyes, she saw them and thought that both of them were Wickett. In her stupid cum filled head, she believed that there were now two Wicketts! What a dumb, drunk, Ho!

It was all a big mess. Ominique now refers to Mouse as a, "Stupid, drunk-ass bitch.", Warblade called her "Evil demon spawn", but the funniest quote came from the receptacle herself. While hysterical, Mouse was heard wailing, "**The Wicketts stole my Scytale!**".

NEVRON'S SOAPBOX

UNTO THE POPULACE OF THE EMERALD HILLS,

WELL, IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED, AND HERE I THOUGHT I COULD SIT BACK AND NEVER HAVE TO SAY A THING AGAINST OUR BELOVED KINGDOM. JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS GETTING AWAY WITH JUST DOING A FEW GUEST APPEARANCES, THEY DRAG ME BACK INTO THIS SO CALLED GAME.

OVER THE PAST COUPLE OF YEARS, I HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND AS MUCH AS SOME PEOPLE WOULD LIKE, AND TO THOSE I DO APOLOGIZE. BUT TO THE REST OF YOU PEOPLE WHO BELIEVED THE LESS OF ME THE BETTER, I SAY TOUGH. AND FOR HOLDING MY TONGUE FOR LONGER THAN I THOUGHT I SHOULD, I HAVE DECIDED TO SPEAK, OUT IN THIS FORUM.

I HAVE A FEW GRIEVANCES WITH THE WAY OUR RECORDS ARE BEING RECORDED. FIRST AND FOREMOST IS THE PROBLEM WITH OUR CREDITS LISTS OR LACK THEREOF. CAN ANYONE REMEMBER WHEN THE LAST TIME A CREDIT LIST WAS PUT OUT? AND I DON'T MEAN THAT PIECE OF CRAP ON THE INTERNET! THAT LIST IS SO OUTDATED THAT IT'S MOLDY, AND WHERE AS SOME OF MY BITCHES. AND WHERE AS SOME OF MY BITCHES, I CAN'T QUITE PIN DOWN WHO TO BLAME. WITH THIS SUBJECT IT WAS PRETTY DARN EASY, BUT THE LIST OF NAMES IS SO LONG, I REFUSE TO WRITE THEM ALL HERE. BUT I CAN SAY THAT ANYONE WHO WAS ELECTED AS KINGDOM P>M> IN THE LAST 4 YEARS SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES! I REALLY HOPE NONE OF THOSE ELECTED SLACKERS RECEIVED ANYTHING MORE THAN A BOOT TO THE HEAD FOR THE PISS POOR JOB THEY DID WHILE IN OFFICE. THE #1 JOB OF THE P.M. IS TO RECORD THE CREDITS AND KEEP TRACK OF THOSE DUES PAID MEMBERS. WELL NEITHER OF THEM HAS BEEN DONE VERY WELL. WE HAVE DEVELOPED A HABIT OF ALLOWING THESE SLACKERS TO GET AWAY WITH NEXT TO NOTHING AND THEY SKATE THROUGH THEIR TERM, THEN ACT LIKE IT WAS HARD OR SOMETHING! DON'T TELL ME THE JOB HAS BECOME HARDER, CUZ THAT'S JUST A COP OUT!

WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF THE COMPUTER TO AMTGARD THE P.M. JOB SHOULD BE A SNAP. DIDN'T THE KINGDOM BUY A COMPUTER SOME YEARS BACK? WHATEVER HAPPENED TO IT? WHICH ONE OF THE PAST P.M.S HAS IT? I KNOW WHERE IT SHOULD BE. BUT WITHOUT EVEN TELLING THE POPULACE, IT WAS TAKEN FROM MY HOME AND HANDED TO A PAST P.M. WHO IN HIS OWN WORDS SAID, "GREAT! NOW I HAVE 4 OF THEM!" I TOOK SELKA AND I A FEW YEARS TO GET A COMPUTER OF OUR OWN, BUT BY THEN THE KINGDOM HAD SLIPPED. NOW TO EVEN THINK ABOUT UPDATING THE CREDITS LIST IS ENOUGH TO SCARE ANYONE. I THINK MOST OF THE PAST P.M.'S JUST DIDN'T TRY AND HOPED THAT THEY COULD JUST PASS THE BUCK TO THE NEXT POOR S&P WHO GOT STUCK WITH THE JOB. AS PROUD AS I AM TO SAY I AM A KNIGHT OF THE EMERALD HILLS, I'M ASHAMED TOO. THE KINGDOM HAS GROWN WEAK. AT LEAST ON PAPER IT HAS. SLACKERS RUN FOR OFFICE AND THEIR SLACKER FRIENDS VOTE THEM IN. IS THIS WHAT FUTURE AMTGARDIANS HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO? IT'S A SAD DAY INDEED WHEN THE FIRST BIT OF ADVICE I GIVE TO A NEWBIE IS FOR HE/SHE TO KEEP TRACK OF THEIR OWN CREDITS AND AWARDS. HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHAT THE KINGDOM HAS AND DOESN'T HAVE.

NEVRON

Smack: Man, this Knight's so old that we had to translate this submission from sanskrit. This one came in on stone tablets and it took a team of archaeologists equipped with gas-masks and hammers to do the deciphering, but we think the effort was well worth this highly intelligent commentary.

A Long Remark on Reeving Tourneys

Just the other day I was talking to a couple of friends about their day at Qualies in Iron Cloud. One subject mentioned by them really caught my attention. They said that a few people were seen blowing off shots during the tourney. Apparently the Reeves seemed to be the only ones who didn't notice or decided not to say anything.

This is something I have often heard over the years. It is true that Reeves often leave the shot calling to the combatants. Mind you that I am talking about Reeving during tournament fighting, not about Reeving a battle game. Allowing people to call their own shots in a perfect world would be great, but hey, I don't need to tell you where we really are.

I love to Reeve at tourneys, and I am usually one of the first to volunteer, but there is one thing I can't stand about Reeving. That's being teamed up with a weak Reeve.

What do I mean by a weak Reeve? The weak Reeve just stands there and doesn't say much more than "Lay on". When they do see someone get hit they usually say "Uh, do you think you felt anything there?", and that's only when they actually say something. If the person says, "No, I didn't feel anything.", then they leave it at that.

That is what disgusts me. When I Reeve a tourney I don't give a damn about what a tourney fighter says. I only care about what they do. And what happens to them. A fighter is not there to talk or give an opinion. They are there to fight.

When I Reeve a tourney, if I didn't see it, it didn't happen. If I see it, and you deny it, too bad. I certainly didn't ask ya'.

I'm just saying that I think it's a damn shame when a honorable fighter is face to face with an dishonorable fighter, and has no hope of getting any help from the Reeve. The Reeve says nothing. Eventually the honorable fighter considers changing their ways in order to be able to win once and a while. It should make you sick.

I must confess, I really have written this for all the weak Reeves out there. There is no excuse for a person to be able to blow anything off when they have two Reeves standing on either side of them. If you don't agree, that's O.K., you're wrong.

Due to our recognition of all the younger members of our Amtgard family, we would like to take the time to instruct in the who's who and what's what of Amtgard terminology. Here is a brief list that we have compiled in the hopes to further the learning and understanding of the flurb classes. Please feel free to remit contributions to the Amtgard Tabloid for future compilations.

University of Smack

Amtgard- proper noun- a live action fantasy game on the U.S. governments lists of militias and cult groups. Exmp. We are using Amtgard as battle training so we can one day storm the capital with foam and pbc.

Clobed orange- noun- an orange studded with clobes used to seal kisses on an almost acceptable occasion, mating device. Exmp. I once found in Mouse's tent a horde of clobed oranges.

Corsairs- proper noun- One of the oldest companies, you can tell by the creaking of their bones, they are dedicated to lives of piracy and debauchery, also a vicious night creature known to horde shiny objects and waylay the unsuspecting. Exmp. As per Sir Delphos on how to handle a Corsair, "Drink this, smoke this, steal this, go away".

Flurb- noun- social weakling, brown noser, intolerable dork. Exmp. All the people in the Wetlands are flurbs.

Gak- verb- the sound made by an unfortunate recipient of a hard jab causing a gak sound to issue from the victim. Exmp. Falomar gakked me with a polearm.

Green Dragons- proper noun- battle company dedicated to subversion through ritual intoxication and fat women. Exmp. Mama Shroom is a Green Dragon.

Manermona- noun- a head wrap as dubbed by Sir Zyx Blackraven. Exmp. You think she's nice but Ominique stole Z's manermona.

Mithril Talons- proper noun- battle company? Their camp is usually furthest from the hubbub run by a militant feminist that usually offers good food. Exmp. I'm afraid to fall asleep at the Mithril Talons camp.

Nighthawks- proper noun- battle company formed by Sir G, a prissy, whiny band of well known fighters and Knights. Exmp. When you mess with the Nighthawks don't ruffle their feathers while you're getting your ass kicked, there's no sound more shrill than the one made by an enraged peacock with muck on his garb!

Sable Pride- proper noun- battle company. We think that Sable Pride has some kind of weird spell on them that keeps us from thinking of smack, we at least *know* that Archangel has something *weird* going for him.

Saracens- proper noun- battle company formed by many tribes all under one main head, a heard of cattle roaming the Arabic deserts. Exmp. I once made hamburger out of a heard of Saracens.

Note: G refers to Cabal i.e. Sir Thunderdick. For reference go back to the first issue of the tabloid where we agreed not to mention G's name in exchange for carte blanche on the rest of the Nighthawks.

THE AMTGARD TABLOID

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OUR GUARANTEE**

If anything we, here at the Tabloid publish angers or pisses you off, don't come after us with the intent of inflicting bodily harm. Just put your vengeance on paper, and send it to the address above.

We guarantee that we will publish it unchanged, unedited, just the way you write it!

WE GUARANTEE IT!

Even if the hostilities are directed towards us, here at the tabloid. After all, we aren't the only ones with the right to talk shit. You too have that right

Your contributions are welcome, even begged for. Snail mail is still effective, and thirty two cents is all a stamp cost, so please bitch at someone today!!!



By the way... just in case there are any awards you think you should have received, or may have received but weren't there to accept.... On the following page is a blank order signed and ready for you to fill in with whatever accolades you feel you deserve!

**Until next time...
PISS OFF!**

To all Nobles and Gentles
into whom these presents come
that We, the Crown, have Judged that
has shown exceptional ability in
and is here by awarded the order of

So given by our hand on this day
LORN IRONWOLF VI · I · IXI REX
P.C. TYRANNY BATHORZ

AMIX · VII

Notar. Widen. Oks

