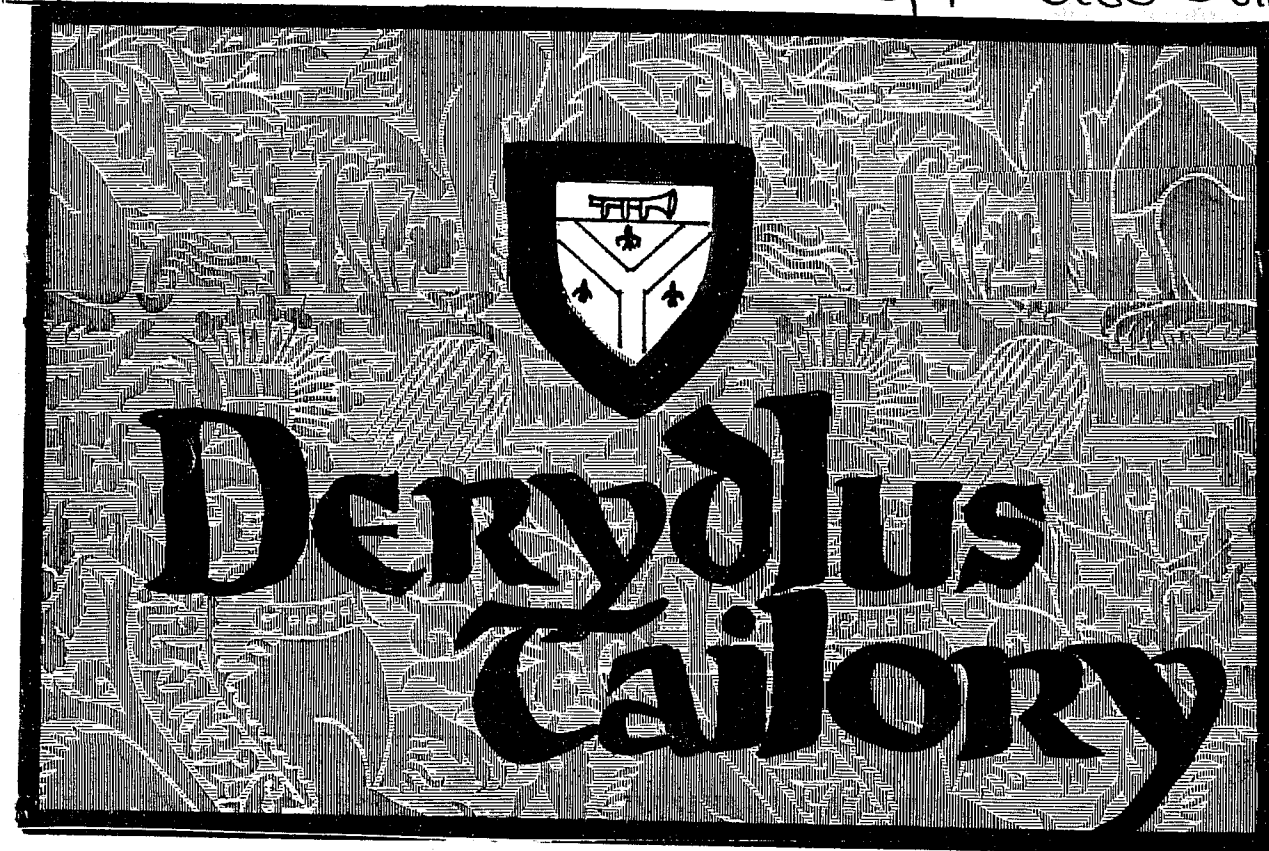


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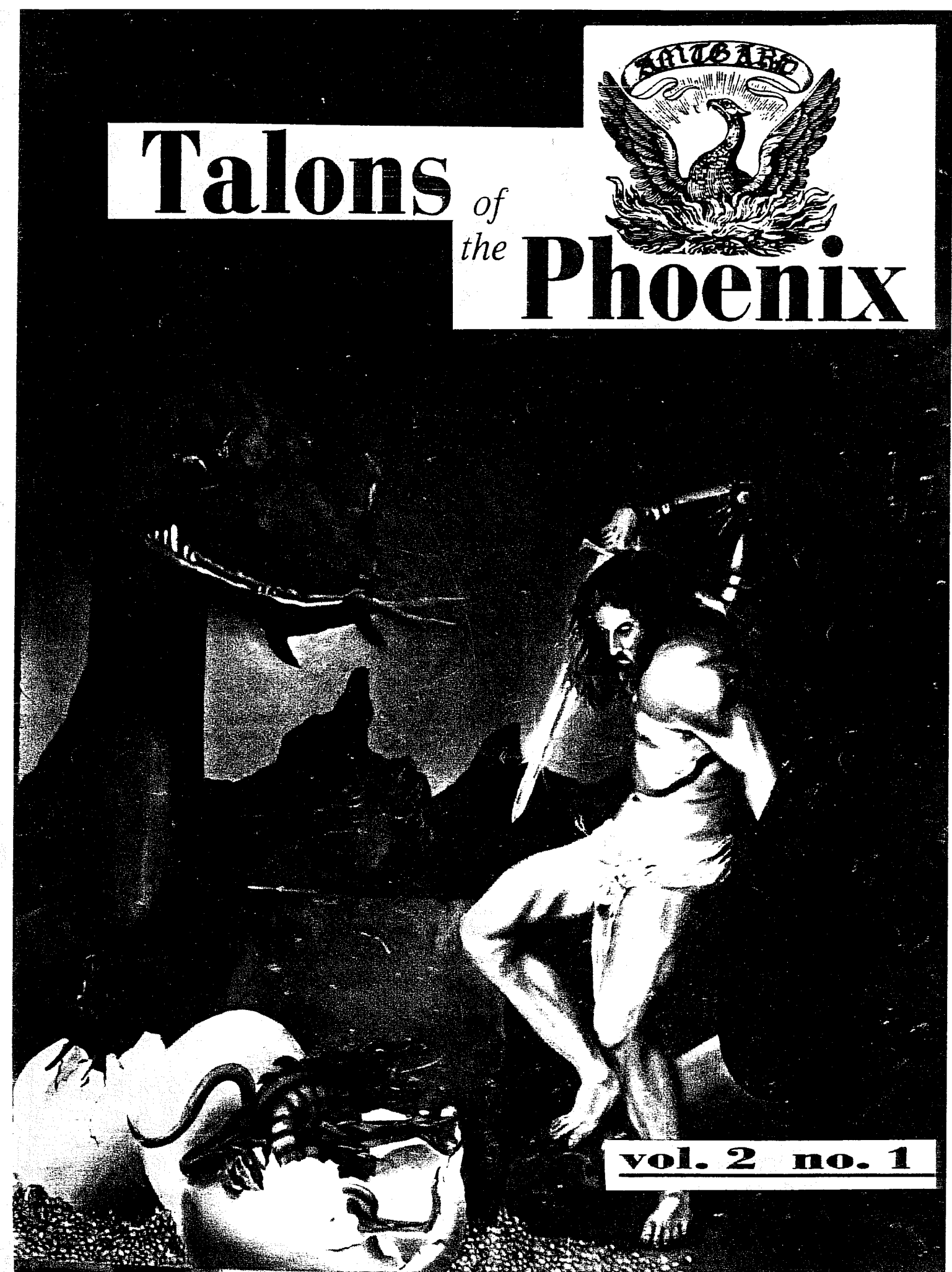
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# Talons of the Phoenix

vol. 2 no. 1



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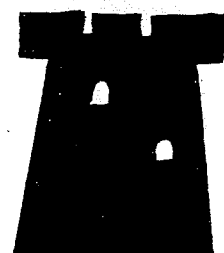
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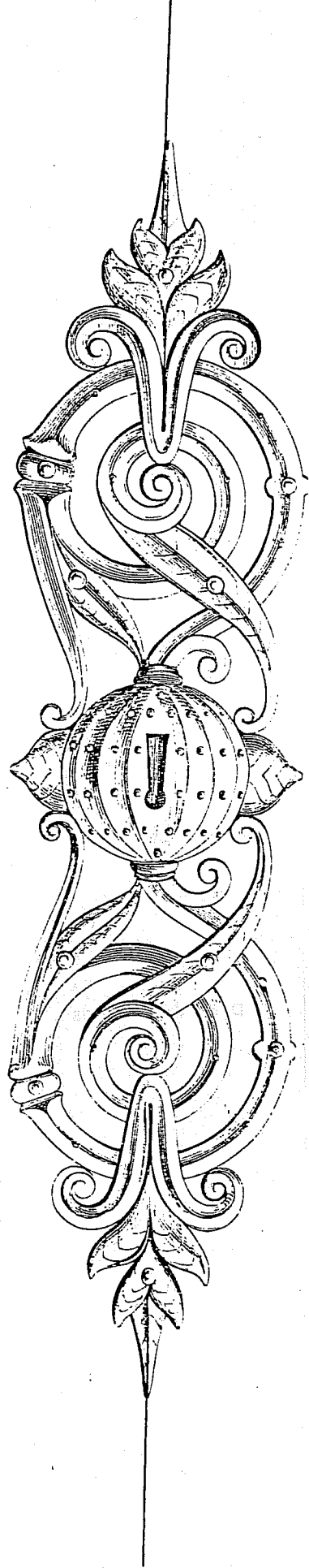
The Anti-Reeve  
committee

Dark Mage Tales  
Black

Elf Talke  
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Song of Thelem  
Gilbert du Quai

COVER ART: NITHANALORN



From the Editor:

It has come to my attention that there is a need for restraint in the area of orders and awards. Due to the position that we are all in, being newly formed groups, we must be careful not to be over zealous with the granting of titles and honors. This by no means is upbraiding the good people of that fair kingdom and you know of whom I speak, but is simply some advice. The people of Barad-Duin follow a system which allows a clear understanding of what is required to earn awards and honors. Our people attain status of nobility and receive awards through work which earns orders for themselves as well as providing benefits to the Duchy and to Amtgard. In order to be fair to all the populace, we attempt to have these honors reward work visible to everyone. Thus the awards are shown to be well-earned as well as deserved.

Greetings Populace of Barad-Duin. It has come to mind that our beloved Tower of Barad-Duin is in need of renovation. Not only because of some of the damage caused to it by the wars with Kryton, but more importantly because we the people must start anew. The black tower has stood for the longest time as a reminder of the evil that once ravaged our country. It is now time for those memories to be wiped clean so that our children may grow up without its dark shadow. The Duke has proposed that we wall the city state to help protect ourselves and to give peace of mind to the peasants who dwell in and around our Duchy.

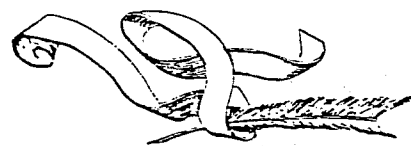
The system of which I speak is the Corpora of Amtgard. It specifically states what qualifies an individual for a certain award. It also states that *after these criteria have been met*, awards are to be determined at the discretion of the Monarch. I would caution those who desire an increase in the number of honors received by a person in order that that person be highly rewarded: This action will harm the recipient, since others holding the same title will not truly regard them and treat them as peers; Also, too many titles will lower the value of all titles. If diamonds were as plentiful as grains of sand, they would also be worth no more than grains of sand. The past is available to us, for us to reflect upon and learn from. Mistakes are not easily undone, but knowing what the mistakes have been can help us grow into a better understanding of ourselves and of our future.

Sir Nithanalorn, Baron Draconis  
Dignitatis



In order to accomplish this, granite must be brought in from our quarries in the west. At this same time, a veneer of granite could be added to the face of the keep. The expense would be minimal since the work would be done at the same time. I ask that you keep this in mind so that at the next Allthing we can vote on it.

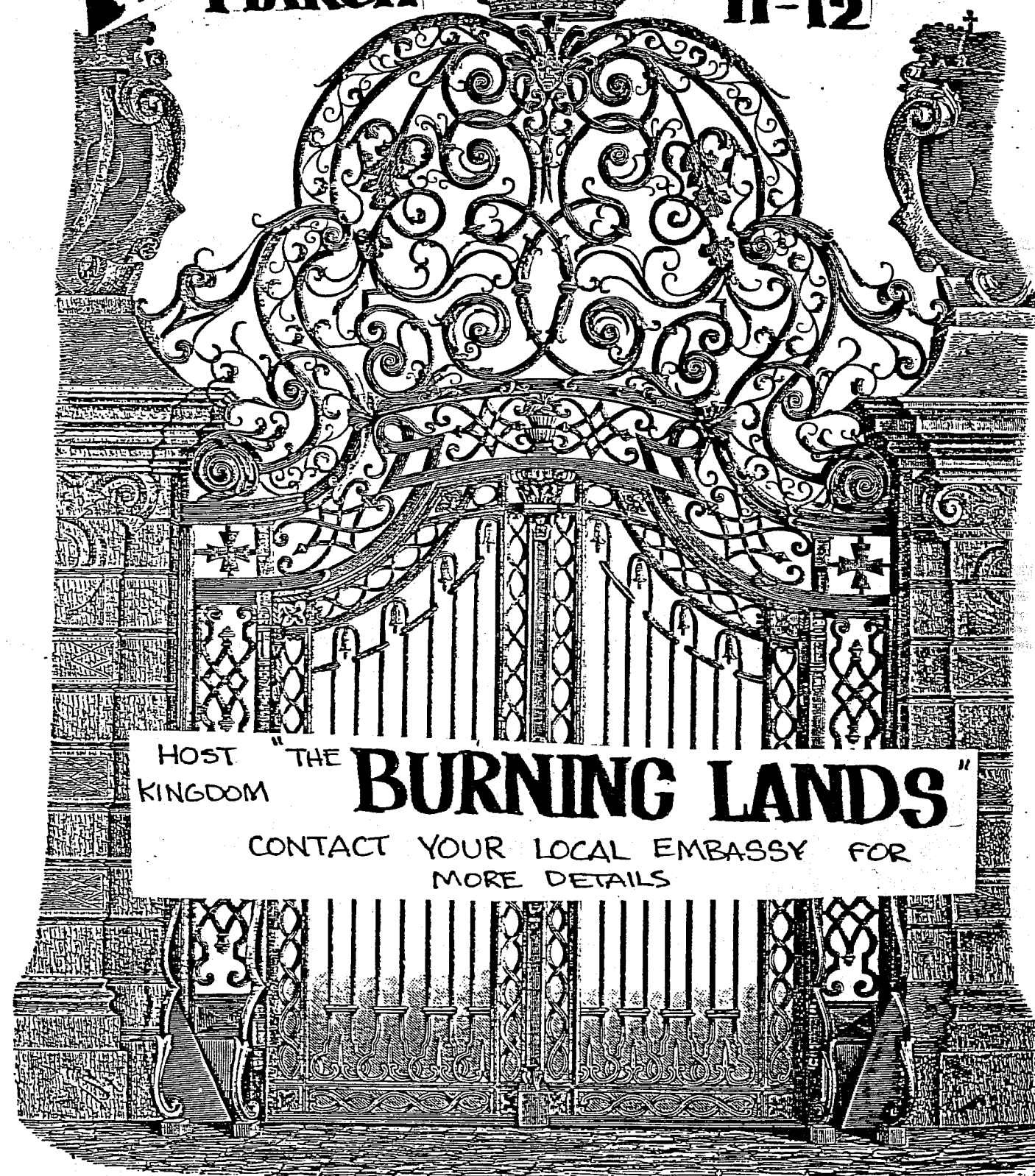
Lord Derydlus of the Grey Stone



18<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL

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## The Passing of an Age

by Thomas N. Bagwell  
aka Eltarandae Sorontor

A solitary figure rode through the darkness, eyes squinted against the blowing snow. Ice was beginning to form in his mustache and beard. He looked young for his 34 years, but he was the best swordsman in the Empire. Although he was still wearing his formal armor, and his horse was obviously a warhorse, he was not riding to battle.



So, this is what knighthood has come to mean. Sir Kevan thought as he rode over the crest of another hill. Investigating noise complaints. As Captain of the Palace Guard he could have delegated the job, but he had used it as an excuse to get away from the festivities for a breath of fresh air. Fresh, cold air, he corrected himself as his horse plowed through the snowdrift at the bottom of the hill. It's hard to maintain proper respect for nobility when too much festivity has made the term "noble" a contradiction. He had intended to send someone tomorrow, but tonight the walls of the spacious castle had been closing in on him.

Through a brief gap in the increasing snow, he saw a light ahead. Probably Teron's house, he thought, urging his horse on. Teron was a guest at the castle fairly often, and he and Sir Kevan had formed a friendship that puzzled the men in his command. It would be good to warm up a bit before starting back.

Back...yeah, you had to go way back to find a time when being a knight had really meant something. When being a knight meant being a hero. There hadn't been a real war for over a century, unless you were willing to take the journey across the Barren Sea, which meant a three month crossing when the weather was good. There hadn't been any dragons for two centuries, and the Battles of the Dark Lords were so long ago as to be more legend than fact. There weren't even any brigands about, although times had never been more prosperous. With the Elves in most forests of any size, and the Dwarves in the mountains controlling the passes, there were few places brigands could operate.

A house and stable loomed out of the frigid darkness. Definitely Teron's. The shepherders had been complaining about sounds at night scaring their sheep. Kevan grinned. This would probably be good. He wondered what the old wizard had been up to. He wasn't worried though, Teron was a good old man, if a bit cantankerous. Kevan suspected this was more because the wizard felt it was expected of him, than because he really was that way. Most wizards were good, anyway; they made sure of it themselves. An evil wizard is a slur on their reputation, and if there's one thing you don't mess with, it's a wizard's reputation.

Sir Kevan stabled his horse and started towards the house, pulling his cloak tighter about his shoulders. The wind was picking up. Wonderful. He raised his fist to knock on the door, then hesitated as a strange feeling came over him. He looked over his shoulder into the swirling darkness, but could see nothing unusual. He shrugged and pounded on the heavy wooden door. Kevan frowned as it swung silently open, no one visible. Typical, he thought as he noted that none of the swirling snow crossed the threshold.

He stepped in, removing his cloak as he looked around the room for Teron. A wooden table with two chairs sat over next to the window, dirty dishes stacked on it. A large padded chair sat next to the fireplace, a low table with scrolls and loose parchment scattered around it. He stood, letting the warmth sink in, when one of the doors in the opposite wall swung open, apparently inviting him in. Kevan started towards it, frowning at the room as he went. Teron was usually a very neat, orderly person. This place was a mess. Maybe the wizard was just involved in

something. Yeah, that was probably it. He loosened his sword as he stepped through the door.

A brazier of coals cast a warm red light on the room. As expected, it was the wizard's sanctum, full of tables, charts, and other strange devices Kevan couldn't recognize. His gaze went to the floor and froze, his blood turning to ice in his veins. He did, however, know enough to recognize something banned for centuries! The instant the summoning circle registered, he spun, his sword flying from its scabbard. It was half drawn when he felt something hit his chest and spread, icy fingers tightening into a grip he could not break. Encased in unbreakable ice, his eyes widened as Teron appeared in front of him.

The old man grinned, his normally benevolent demeanor contorted into something malicious and evil, his eyes blazing with an insane gleam.

"I knew you were coming," the wizard snarled, an odd accent making his words difficult to understand. "I hope you forgive the cold reception. I can't be interrupted at the moment. This old fool's body won't last much longer and I have work to do."

He turned and started adding more symbols and runes to the circle visible in the dim red glow. When he finished, he lit the black candles surrounding it and began chanting in a deep, guttural voice, in a language Kevan guessed had not been heard for generations. He struggled wildly, trying to get free, but the ice didn't even creak.

As Teron spoke, the air above the circle seemed to writhe in a disturbing fashion. Although nothing was visible, the space in the middle of the room seemed to "twist" and flow in on itself, until, after many minutes there was a sudden feeling of coalescence. Kevan felt his insides twist violently, as the room seemed to spin. Suddenly the very fabric of reality seemed to pull back into a tunnel, extending to

infinity, yet not passing the boundary of the circle, which was now radiating a deep bluish-purple light.

The old man, his face ghastly in the pervasive light, was laughing maniacally. He turned to face Kevan, an air of triumph about him, "I've succeeded! Not only did I achieve my greatest success, but I even had an audience for my success!" He leered at his prisoner, "Even if it was a captive audience."

He laughed again as he picked up a dagger. It was a ceremonial dagger, ornate and curved, but also very sharp. Teron thrust the blade deep into the glowing coals in the brazier, its warm light diminished and washed out in the soulless glow of the circle.

"We still have some time before the Masters arrive. I think I'll refresh my knowledge of human anatomy."

Kevan stopped struggling and stared at the wizard, who sneered at Kevan's, obvious question, "Of course I'm not human, you imbecile. It had to happen sooner or later. Even with so few of your pitiful kind performing summonings, there are always a few. Sooner or later one of them had to make a major mistake. One of them did. The fool was possessed immediately. He convinced another to try his 'new technique', and this time we were ready. We kept the gate open." The knife was glowing red at the tip. "I came across this one soon after I arrived," he said, tapping his chest. "He had more will than I had expected, but I had surprise...and superiority, of course," he added hastily. "He lived so near your insignificant King that I knew the Masters would enjoy this entrance to your world."

He looked into the eyes of the trapped knight, and grinned, "You poor fool. I see I must spell it out. Since dusk of this night all the gates were opened and the legions of Hell have been pouring through. The Demons and all we control are back! When the

Masters arrive we shall consolidate and in a span of weeks we will crush you underfoot!! We will.... AAAAGGHHH!!!

Sir Kevan started as the wizard's hand thrust into the red hot coals. The figure before him went rigid, every muscle clenched and teeth gritted. Sweat poured down the seamed face and Kevan smelled burning flesh. Finally the old man withdrew his hand from the fire. He wrapped it in a white cloth and looked up at Kevan, untold weariness in his eyes.

"That'll teach the bastard about surprise," he grinned weakly. The strange accent was gone. He waved his hand and Kevan found he could move again.

"What happened?" he asked, staring at the wizard, now obviously himself again.

Teron answered over his shoulder as he walked unsteadily to the wall and began a complicated series of gestures, "The stupid creature got itself so worked up it let its control slip. I managed to get control of my arm for just long enough to really distract it." A panel in the wall slid open and the wizard reached in and brought out a large, intricately carved staff. He moved painfully over to the still-glowing circle and began a series of chants and gestures that the knight knew better than to interrupt. A hideous scream reverberated from the circle as the glow finally began to fade.

Sir Kevan helped the wizard to a chair where he seemed to sag in exhaustion. Teron managed a faint grin as he looked up at him, "Caught them in transit. Bet they'll smart for awhile. Might even keep them out for a few months." His grin faded.

The old man turned, took a piece of parchment and a quill, and began writing. He spoke without looking up, "They will come back, though. You must get this message to the court wizard. He will explain to the King and Council."

Kevan objected, "But you must return with me! If what that thing said was true, there's no knowing what kind of creatures will soon be roaming these hills!"

Teron got to his feet and turned to look at him. "Terrible ones. Sooner than you think. They will have felt what happened here and come to investigate. My transport is no problem, however, as I have my own means. I am not going to the castle, though. I must convene the Wizard's Circle so we can prepare to face this onslaught." He lifted his staff and touched it to Kevan's forehead, speaking in the language of magic; several symbols glowed on the staff. "There. That should protect you from demons and their ilk long enough to get back. Now you must hurry. Many of them will congregate at this house and I want to leave them a present when I teleport."

Teron leaned his staff against a table, then grasped the knight's shoulders tightly, "Good luck, my friend. Be careful."

Sir Kevan returned the grip, "And you, my friend," he smiled, "We've beaten them before. We will again."

The knight turned and left the room, passing through the living area and on out into the darkness. It was very still and the snow had stopped. As he moved toward the stable he became aware of a circle of creatures forming at the edge of his vision. He heard them shuffling and growling, but they moved no nearer. They had not noticed the horse, standing stock still in the stable, his eyes wide with fear. Kevan soothed the animal as he saddled and mounted him. It took no urging to get the horse leaping forward, desperate to put distance between himself and the twisted, gibbering creatures.

A few started to follow, then turned back to the house, from which there now came a low hum. Kevan looked back, once the horse had calmed a bit, and was amazed to see the area surrounding the house swarming with creatures trying to claw their way in. He rode on.

He had traveled about two miles, when the snow around him was lit with a blinding flash. Kevan stopped and dismounted, looking back over the crest at the place where Teron's house had stood. A roiling column of flame and smoke twisted hundreds of feet into the air.

Suddenly he was knocked backwards as a deafening roar and blast of hot air hit him, bowling him and his horse over. They rolled to the bottom of the hill and lay there, trying to catch their breath as the unnatural wind howled by overhead. Finally it slowed and stopped. Kevan helped his horse up and climbed back up the hill. He stared at the dissipating column of smoke as it spread into the cold air; his respect for wizards climbed several notches. As he stood watching, he noticed that the clouds had cleared away, and the stars were shining down with a hard brilliance, as if they were watching the world with a new intensity. The world was still and quiet under the starlight, as though it were holding its breath.

As Kevan remounted, he heard a sound. He paused, listening...There it was again, like a distant rustle of leather. He looked up. Far overhead, at an immense height, a dark shape obscured the stars, moving towards the west. Again Kevan heard the rustle and flap of great wings, the sound traveling through the heavy silence enveloping the night.

The dragons had returned.

He started towards the castle. Dragons! He only hoped the good ones would return as well. Otherwise... Hooves beat against the snow as he rode onwards. This news should sober them up, he thought. A slight smile touched his lips as he pressed on towards the castle, its lights visible in the distance. A new determination was on his face as the snow flew beneath him.

The Age of Heroes had returned



### The Healer

by Adela du Foret

Few parties venture out on quest  
Without the gentle healer's aid.  
Where one is good, two oft' are best;  
Whate'er they be, or man or maid.

The healer's wisdom oft prevails  
Over diseased or undead foes:  
He speaks despite the Banshee's wails,  
"I banish thee," and off it goes.

When knights and warriors victim fall  
To flails, to arrows, or to swords,  
The healer and his art mend all  
With touch of hand and spoken words.

"Though healers fight, their greatest meed  
Is in the spells they speak to cure.  
Sometimes one will, in case of need,  
E'en treat the foe he did'st injure.

### 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 opponents exposed flank. Success.

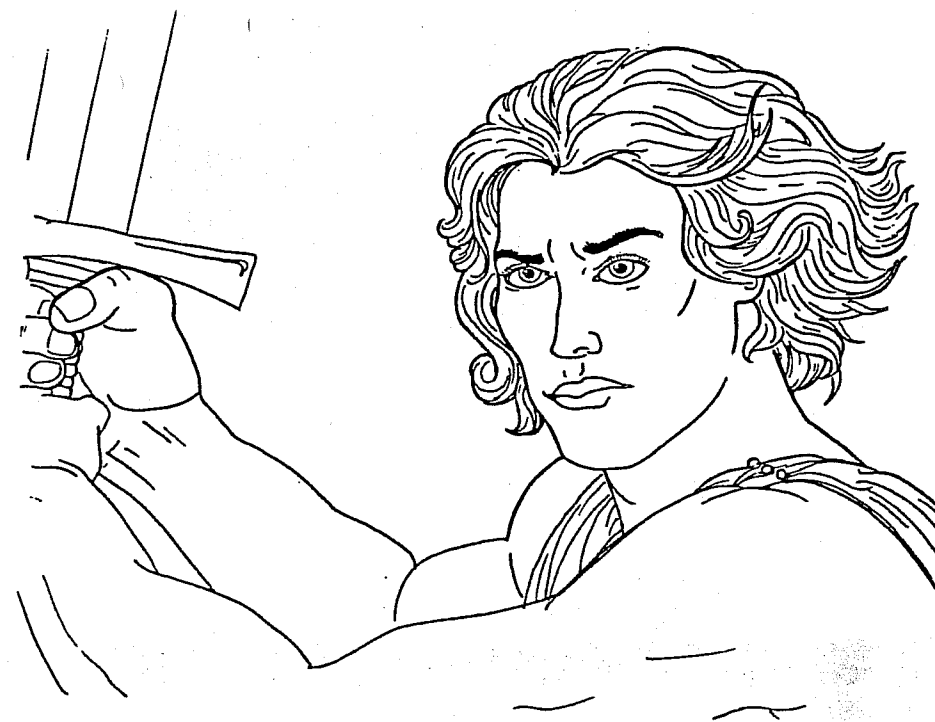
"Too soft," said the man with the gold and black headband.

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 interchange 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 and quickly say, "Ten-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 an 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 the anti-reeve's statement the reeve is so angry 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 range of the spell. 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 Note:

Some object that the anti-reeve spells are too powerful. Therefore, for the sake of game balance, the anti-reeve gets only 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. 

## *Good Fayre*

From Menage Thelemien, a household known for quality and craftsmanship, comes the finest line of baked goods in the Empire. The Barad-Duin Baker's Guild is already well known for such wonders as fruit glazed cheesecakes and the lemon creme-filled wedding cake for the nuptials of Grand Duke Sionnach.

*Such delicacies can be yours to enjoy at any Barad-Duin Court or interkingdom event.*

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## *I, TIBERIUS*

by Tiberius Augustus

I, Tiberius, Tribune and Epicurean, do hereby offer a short synopsis in explanation as to the events from which I have found myself in your fair lands. First, be it known that I have come from a civilization based on a Representative form of Democracy called "The Roman Republic". I was the first-born son of an upper-middle class merchant family, and thus provided the opportunity to advance in my skills and knowledge at the best schools in Rome - the Capital of the Republic. While there, I adopted the philosophy of Epicurus - the school of thought that holds that the goal of man should be a life of calm pleasure regulated by morality, temperance, serenity, honor, and cultural development. In other words, a person who is fond of luxury and sensuous pleasure, especially of fine foods and drinks.

After our teachers dismissed us into society. I accepted an Officer's commission as Centurion in the Cavalry of the famed Seventh Legion. During my first four years, the Legion saw action in Gaul, Britain, along the German frontier, and (for one short summer) in Hispania. At that time, a good friend and former classmate of mine, who was attached to the Military Headquarters in Rome, arranged for me to be assigned to the Command Cavalry Unit. It was in Dispatch and Special Services, during my sixth year in the Legions, that I was given the rank of Tribune, as a result of our Unit's part in successfully assisting in routing a Germanic thrust into Italy.

My next two years were spent in Civil Duties as a Magistrate "In the name of the People and Senate of Rome"

protecting the interests and rights of plebians against violation by the Patricians. This gave me a broad base of support among the Citizens and most of the Senate at the expense of some heavy-handed landowners and dishonest Merchants. I have also judged against acts done by arrogant officers who may think they are better than others simply because of their positions. Due to some powerful and honorable friends, my life has been spared on more than one occasion.


After a period of peace, war with Carthage resumed; and I was sent, this time by the Senate itself, to oversee Civil Justice and to aid in peaceful establishment of law after the eventual fall of Carthage. I arrived on the evening after the final battle, and found the city had indeed fallen to the three Legions sent to assault it.

To my utter grief, and that of my escort, we viewed devastation done in the name of revenge. The dead and dying were all around this once-proud city, and the pain of seeing this horror caused me to desire a change in my life. I prayed to the deities that, if it were possible, I would devote much of my remaining life to healing instead of destruction.

Possibly I may have been heard; as two weeks later, returning to Rome, the cohort I was with chanced upon a Mountain Pass hitherto unmarked and unknown on my maps. The Centurion agreed with me that this was worth investigating and led our patrol through the passage. After about two kilometers, we were surrounded by a green mist that made us all uneasy. When the fog lifted, we found ourselves coming into a valley of deep woods and fair meadows that could not possibly have been anywhere near the mountains where we had entered.

That night at camp, all those who slept shared the same dream: a shining man appeared who spoke and said, "Thou art no longer in the world from whence ye were born, but art now in the lands of Amtgard, where Magic and Dragons are real. Endeavor to persevere here, and may you live long and prosper." Much to my surprise, during the next few days we were attacked no less than three times by creatures with vile shapes (whom those who survived were to learn were called Orcs and Trolls) costing the lives of nearly three-fourths of our force. During the last attack, we were rescued by Fair Elves of the Woods, who caused those of us who remained to be welcomed in the new lands. I spent more than a year with them, learning the language and customs, as well as the Healing Magic which I practice. Asked by the elves to choose, some of us chose to remain with them, some to join neighboring human settlements, and others (like myself) to enlist and live in mixed groups with other wondrous races to serve such lands as the Grand Duchy of Barad Duin. I found myself enrolled in Company Black, where I am now Lieutenant.

Thus I, Tiberius, Roman Tribune and Epicurian, Healer, have found myself a newcomer to these Good Lands. In some ways this place resembles the Rome of my youth. As Rome, so Barad Duin is called "The Hub of Civilization."

Vivat Barad Duin! Vivat her Duke!  
Vivat Amtgard! 



# Tales of the Dark Mage:

## THE MEETING

The night was blacker than pitch; dark enough so as to suck all sound out of the chill night air. Suddenly, the sharp crack of a breaking twig startled the dark, imposing figure. Soon after, the hideous, raspy throated cackle of "Brainssss! Braaaaainssss!" began. The shadowy mage contorted his gnarled fingers into an arcane symbol and fiercely spoke the twisted syllables that would bend the power of the elements to his will. The lightnings then began to dance their crackling pirouettes among his fingertips. The unearthly glow illuminated both figures: Black, heir to the dark powers of the Old Ones, and the hideous, loathsome form of the zombie. With a flick of the wrist, the zombie was engulfed by the magiks. The stench of its charred, rotted flesh hung in the still air. Its shrill death wail cut through the darkness – drawing dozens of the shambling creatures towards the magus.

"I must attempt that which may be beyond my skills", the wizard thought to himself, "or all is lost!".

The dark mage hastily drew a silver dirk from a pocket in his robes. A swift stroke caused his own life's blood to flow. Once again, magical utterances wrested with reality. A pale blue nimbus slowly began to grow about the wizard. The sibilant ravings of the zombies increased in pitch as their quarry faded from their perception.

However, the magus began to falter as he released the last of his magiks – yet still the enchantment was incomplete. Knowing that his life depended on his success, he expelled each breath with another syllable of the charm. With the remainder of his strength, he hissed the final Word.

"It works!", Black thought in triumph. A dazzling brilliance exploded behind his eyes and he embraced the darkness that was unconsciousness.

It was perhaps a fortnight before a scouting party from the armies of Seregon discovered the comatose body of the mage. Strange it was too, for still was the mage surrounded by a faint blue nimbus. One of their number crouched down beside the robed body and spoke in the words of magik. After heaving a small sigh, the face of Elvish cast turned to his nearest companion.

"Do not worry, Sionnach, this one has no taint of Kryton.", spoke the elf of proud bearing. "Indeed, I can see that the Magik runs strong in this one. He could serve us well in rebuilding this land if he wished. Prepare a fire. We shall camp here this night."

"By thy command, Master Nithanalorn.", replied the wiry scout. Yet under his breath he added, "Though how any lone man not in league with Kryton's evil could survive these lands, I could not say."

Camp was made; and while the Elvish mage set about the task of rekindling consciousness in the catatonic husk, rumors circulated through the camp about the origin of the dark stranger.

For several hours Nithanalorn worked diligently – until finally, he steeped Athelas in boiling water and allowed the vapours to settle about the supine figure.

Black opened his eyes, sat up and spoke, "It is the dream!".

"I am no dream, young mage.", spoke the Elf, "But tell me more of this dream."

"Yes, perhaps by thy measure I am young, and yet I have beheld

things which none even thy age have witnessed.", Black cackled (almost hysterically). After a few moments, the mage's eyes unfocused and he fell back upon the rough cot.

"Awaken!", commanded Nithanalorn.

"I feel drained", muttered Black, "Excuse my digression, I shall do thy bidding. As have I gained the magik, also do I sometimes see visions of things which come to pass. I tell thee that I have seen thy face before. I know not thy name, but at least a portion of thy future has been revealed to me. In overthrowing Kryton, thou hast proven thy value to Seregon. I have seen that he shall reward thee well: thou wilt become chancellor of this new kingdom. Already thou hast found less and less time to study thy thaumaturgy as thou seekest to restore order in the wake of Kryton's chaos – and this before thee become embroiled in the demands of aiding thy liege in governing a kingdom. It would be a pity to allow thy knowledge to fade from the land. There must be a bond between us: ye must teach and I must learn!".

"It is possible that what thou sayeth be true. But, if so, why wouldst I have need or time for an apprentice?", asked Nithanalorn.

"That word is repugnant to me. I am learned enough as a mage in mine own right. It would be a sharing of knowledge between colleagues. Thou wilt find that very little of thy time is required to insure that thy knowledge is passed through the ages.", replied Black.

"Ah, of course. Yes, we musn't deprive the future of its just legacy. It is a rare privilege to meet a scholar devoted solely to learning for its own sake", smirked the Elf.

"Thy sarcasm is unwarranted. We both know that knowledge is power. I have sought thee out for many moons and many miles so that I might learn from thee and, I trust, that thou mayhaps learn from me. Thy knowledge should be shared – or would thee see thy years of work wasted?", spoke the dark mage.

"Wasted, no, nor neither misused. I have met thy ilk before, and as always, thou hast much to learn. In this case however, I shall teach and ye shall serve. It is also possible that thou shalt learn. Thou wilt aid me in rebuilding this kingdom.", said Nithanalorn.

"How shall I call thee since I know not thy name?", asked Black.

"Thou shalt call me master.", replied Nithanalorn.

"Certes, master. As tradition mandates, I have also brought thee this.", stated Black.

From a fold far within his robes, the agile fingers of the mage extracted a small, sable pouch. The pouch opened with a tiny pop when a single broken syllable was uttered over it. Black upended the minute sack into Nithanalorn's opened palm. A golden ring wrought in the shape of a dragon tumbled out.

"If I may say so", said Black, "it is enchanted in an ingenious manner: powerful, yet surprisingly subtle. I placed the enchantment myself and I am certain it shall serve its master exceedingly well. I wish thee to have it – take it as proof that I am what I say I am."

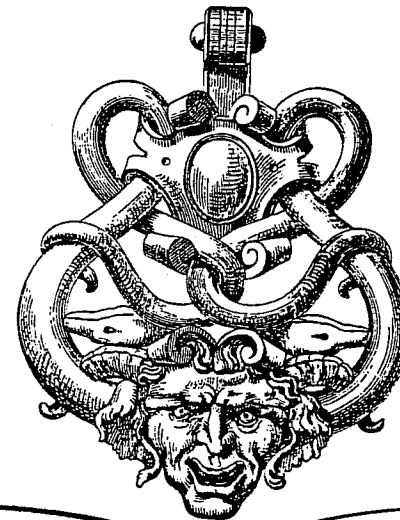
To which Nithanalorn replied, "The spell thou cast that brought thee to this state presented and decided thy case. The formalities are complete – now the work begins. I'm sure that this may be a waste of my breath, yet I tell thee this: the rumors have spread throughout the camp about thee. The tales have grown until thou are thought to be anything from an enemy soldier to Kryton himself. I would suggest, for the sake of practicality, that thou not mix freely among the populace. The people are wary of magic of any sort – after facing it for so long fighting Kryton. Thou must prove thy value to the kingdom and to myself. I also sense some, let us say, certain, um, philosophical differences between us. I know that thou art not an agent or creature of Kryton – so shall I give you the same chance as any other: thou wilt be judged by thy deeds alone. Anyway, I look forward to many interesting debates on ethics. I'm sure I needn't mention that many would not be as broad-minded as I,

but thy own counsel must serve thee in this".

"Many thanks for thy counsel, master", spoke Black, "I am pleased that I need not dissemble with thee. I shall serve thee well – and if it is thy wish to rebuild this kingdom, so be it. It is a ludicrous price to pay for thy knowledge".

And so the bargain was sealed.

The chronicler is regretful that it is not possible to expand further on the past of Black at this time, but the magus seemed distinctly unwilling to share more than minuscule pieces of his personal history (and I deem it unwise to press a recalcitrant wizard). Besides which, of late, he is nowhere to be found – some speak of travel to dark dimensions, yet I cannot say. Some say he calls Nithanalorn master no more. Nithanalorn has confided that the pact made originally is no longer binding – and by mutual consent. Many believe that much more is known by some in the House of the Star Questing Dragons, but they also keep their own counsel. Who is to say? Perhaps we, like Nithanalorn, must judge him by his deeds. (Though this could bode ill indeed, if the rumormongers be true: a deed most foul, to celebrate his return from the abyss...) ■





## DEAR DIARY...

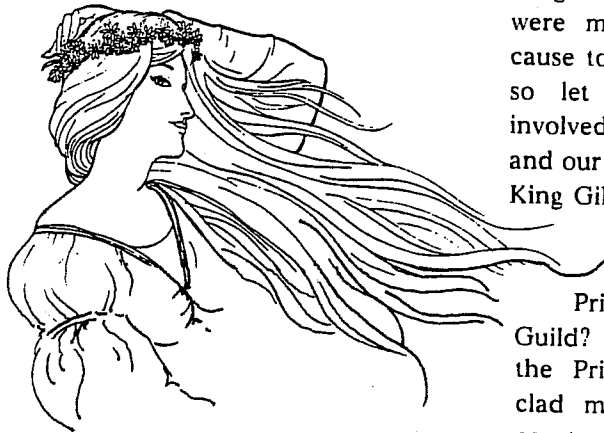
(excerpts from the diary of Adela  
du Foret de Plessis-Belliere)

Sept. 21, 1988. Abbot Gilbert du Quai of Barad-Duin and I set out across the barren wastelands of the Llano Estacado to the Kingdom of the Burning Lands. Despite minor difficulty with the carriage, we arrived safely at the castle of Duchess Tawnee. We spent several days visiting the marketplaces of the realm, buying some goods not available at home. We were guests of Dame Tawnee and Sir Gilos Dawnhope at a tavern where jesters performed. Ahira, weaponsmith to King M'Deth II. taught Gil a new method of swordcrafting, and they sparred to test the new weapons. Ahira made me a dagger of my own, which fits my hand and style exceptionally well.

On Saturday, we joined in weapon practice and battle games with the people of Burning Lands. I was pleased to enjoy a new level of competence as a healer, as well as the use of my new dagger. It was pleasing to test skills with new people, and to profit from the greater experience of the Knights and Masters. That evening we reveled with the people, including the Consort, Her Royal Highness Princess Abedon, at a place they call Pompeii. It was an area of sand and desert plants with sharp thorns and spines, but there was a chill in the air, a warm fire, and plenty of liquid refreshment. Best of all, there were many friendly people...great!

After a lazy Sunday, Gil and I went on Northward to visit other friends. In returning to Barad-Duin, we stopped by Burning Lands for another couple of days. While there, we extended our best offices to

mediate a potential quarrel between our realms.



October 21 thru 23. Gilbert du Quai, Dierdre, Vivaron, and I (all members of Menage Thelemien) were honored with the company of His Noble Grace Grand Duke Sionnach O Ros Sidh (Gesundheit!), and The Honorable Sir Nithanalorn, Chancellor of the Grand Duchy of Barad-Duin, as we all journeyed across the deserted wastes to the Burning Lands. We had been invited to the coronation feast for King Gilos Dawnhope and Princess Tawnee. We arrived in the dark hours before dawn, and left Sionnach and Nithanalorn at the home of Duchess Tawnee, before we went on to the domicile of Countess Gwynne.

Ducal Coronet Bewitched? There were those, during the reign of Ahrmaand Seregon who called his (then) Grace "the late duke," in reference to his frequent tardiness. There seems a chance that he was misjudged, as our current Duke was also delayed in arriving at the battle practice in Burning Lands. Perhaps Sir Nithanalorn could consult with mages in the Burning Lands to determine if this is inherent in our coronet and to deal with the problem...?


In truth, most of our group were delayed by a detailed search of their carriage as they returned from a journey outside the boundaries of the King's realm. The guards, I'm told, were most thorough; but found no cause to further detain the party, and so let them pass. Battle practice involved chasm and bridge warfare, and our people learned from observing King Gilos' more experienced folk.

Princess Tawnee to Form Slaver's Guild? Among the gifts presented to the Princess Consort was a scantily clad male slave. The ladies of the court oohed and aahed over this gift. I thought I heard a male voice mutter something about "wish I had his nerve." I wish you did, too, sir. We would all like to see more beauty displayed at Court.

Bride Price for Fatima? While we were in the Burning Lands, parties there inquired of Gilbert as to the possibility of a bride price for Fatima. The Abbott referred his questioners to our Chancellor, as the lady is his ward. Is there a distant chime of wedding bells? Will Abbott Gilbert get the chance to pronounce those classic words, "Mawiage. Mawiage is what bwings us...."? Read more in this location, later.

Death comes for the Archbishop? Amid poison and rumors of poison, word reached our party that a price in gold had been offered for the death of Gilbert du Quai, who had been recognized by King Gilos as High Abbot and Patriarch (not Archbishop, but we must have some license for poets here) of Barad-Duin. Was there objection to this, or did the Abbott have his miter on crooked? In any case, the healers who make up Gil's household rallied 'round to provide him with a blessing, a dagger, and a crowd. Gilbert hired a fourth assassin

to kill two of the three who had taken the job (he was successful in one attempt), and took on the third himself. The blessing turned aside the first blow, allowing our Abbott to strike in his own defense. The third assassin, distracted by a lady's charms, made no attempt to earn the price.

Gil and Adela, in behalf of Menage Thelemien, gave the King an orb and scepter, and the Princess a mage's staff with a crystal sphere on it. Duke Sionnach gave the Princess a faceted crystal on a chain to wear (Princess Consort Tawnee is known to be a friend of "the Crystal Wizard") and gave the King a decanter which matched the orb. In his thanks, the King referred to Barad-Duin as "the pub of civilization" 

## So Burns the Fire Sir Delphos Darkheart

So burns the fire in the land,  
Brought to life by dreamers hands.  
The king has come from the far away,  
With Duke and Lady and quite an array.  
To birth a kingdom, to knight a queen,  
Lady from the hills of Emerald Green.

So burns the fire in the heart,  
Kindled by embers of rebels spark.  
The unlocked chains, the broken spell,  
A kingdom now stands where thought rebels fell.  
No longer held by ancient thought,  
We rise victorious, a battle long fought.

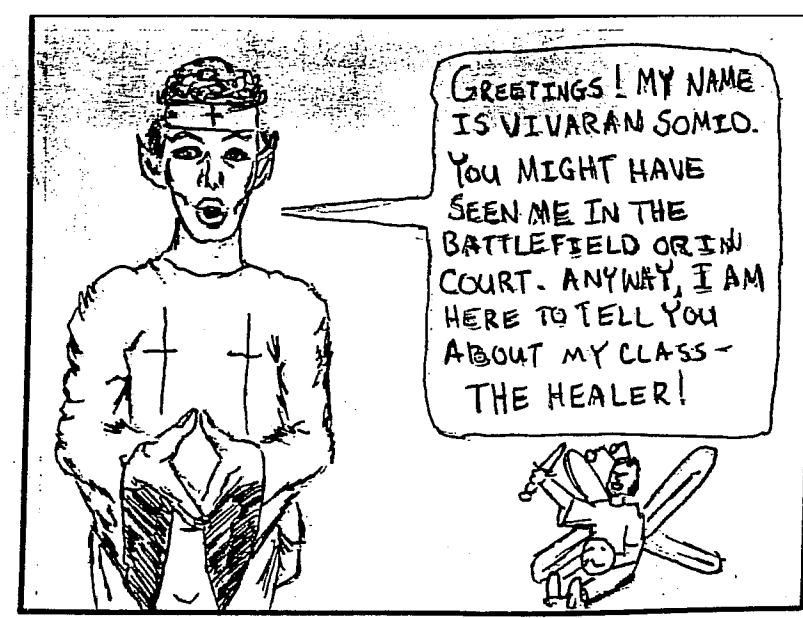
So burns the fire in the soul,  
Only in freedom can people be whole.  
Now we grow, a kingdom thrives,  
It's kept in our hearts, It's lived in our lives.  
For we are Amtgard: where freedom is seen,  
The kingdom in the hills of the Emerald Green



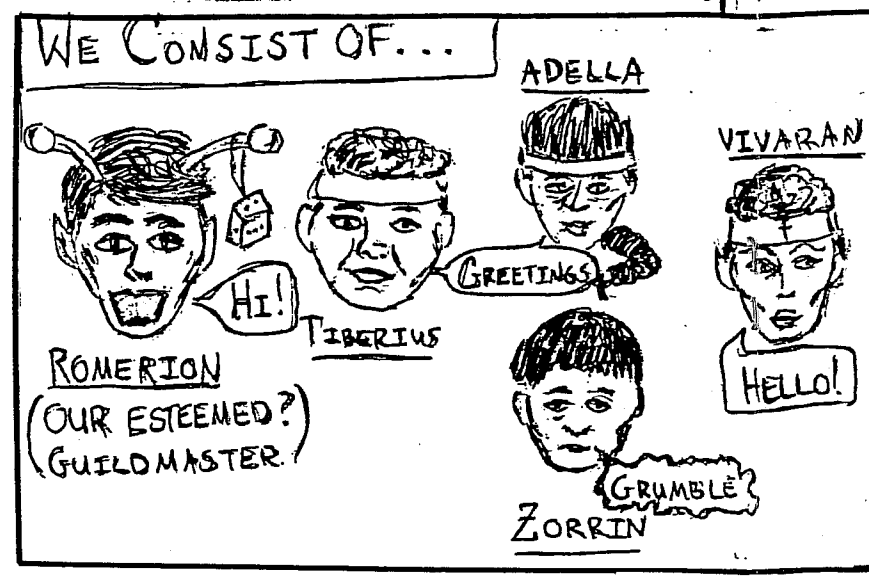
# coming soon!



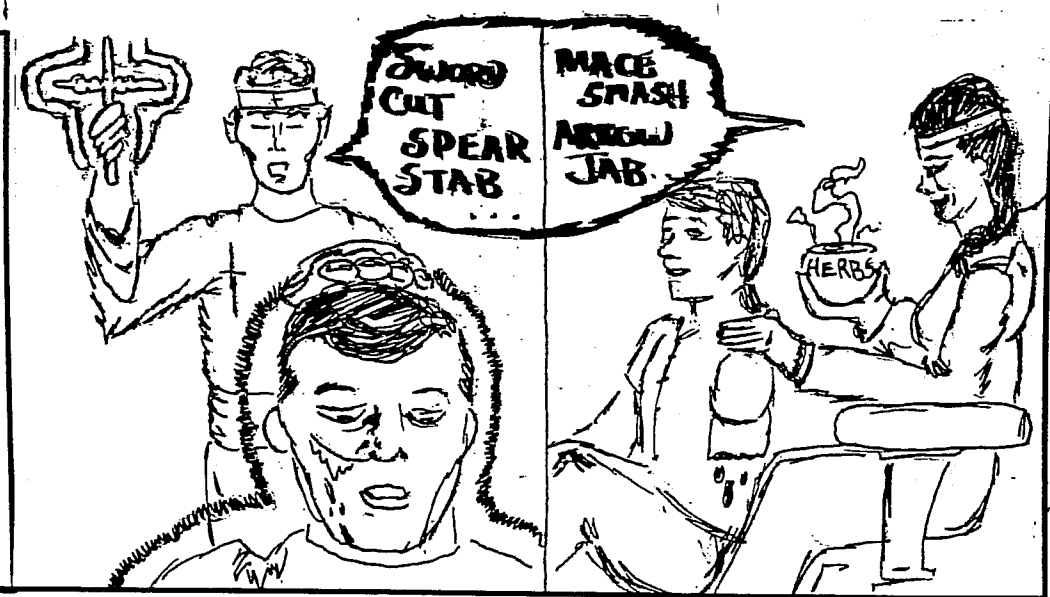
WARNING! THIS COMIC DOES, IN SOME WAY, RESEMBLE PEOPLE IN AMIGURU!!



SOME OF US HAVE BECOME GOOD FIGHTERS.

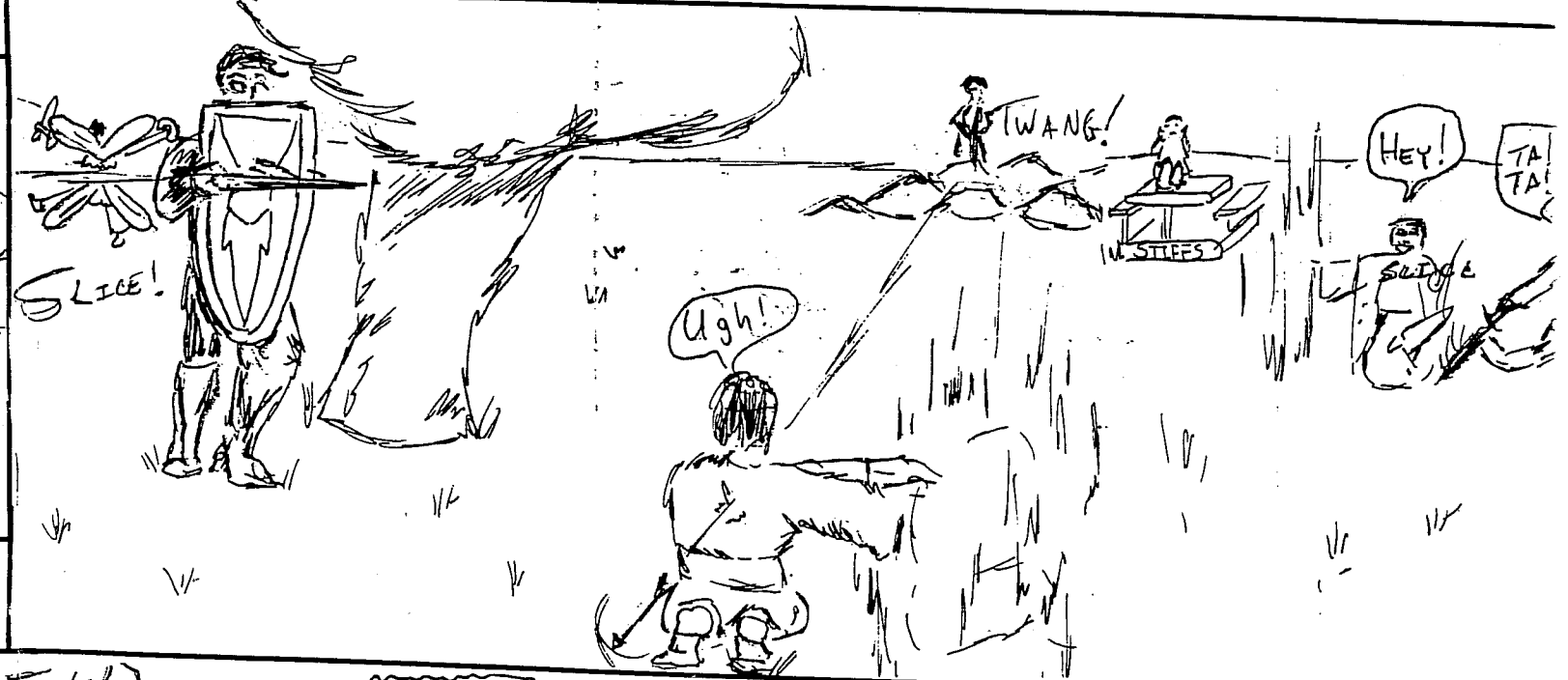
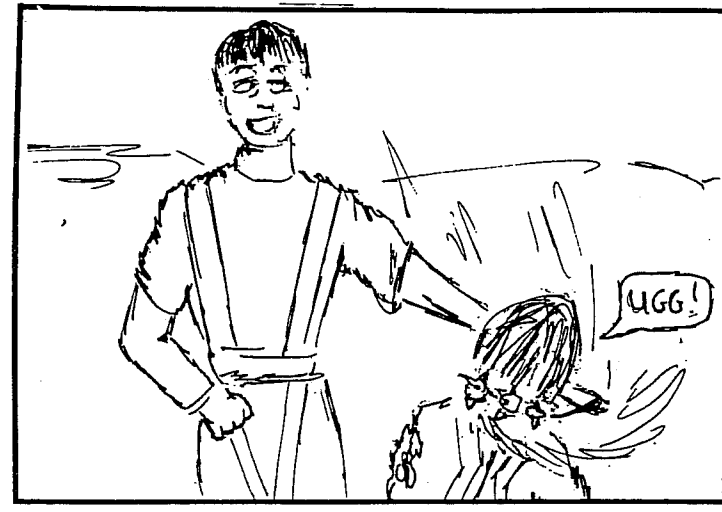


ALTHOUGH WE DO NOT POSSESS HUGE POWERS, OUR PROFESSION MAKES US USEFUL



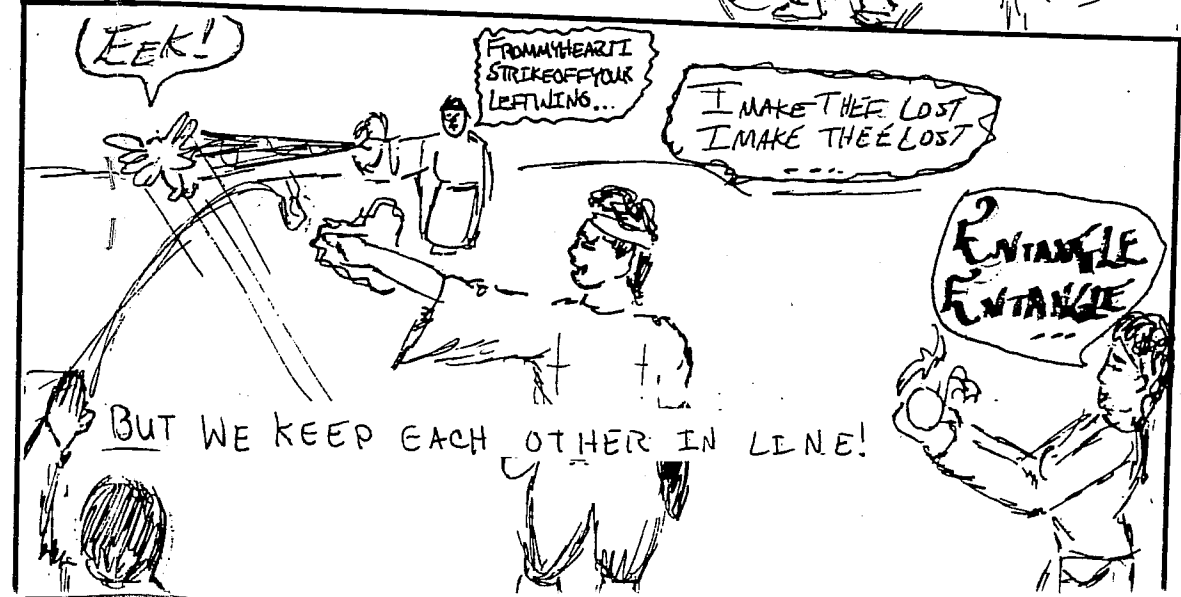
UNFORTUNATELY, WHEN WE HELP OUR TEAMMATES, PEOPLE DEVELOP THIS ANNOYING TENDENCY - ATTACK US.

AND THEN AGAIN, SOME OF US HAVEN'T.



# Elf Lake

WE ARE A FRIENDLY BUNCH ALTHOUGH CERTAIN MEMBERS CAN GET TOO FRIENDLY WITH THE OPPOSING SIDE...



MORAL:  
be nice to  
your  
HEALER!

Vivaran Kancel #604

# A Newly-formed WOODWORKER'S GUILD

offers :

Staffs      Tableware (plates, goblets)  
Walking Sticks      Flatware  
Buttons

Contact      Guildmaster Manrel  
1200 Broadmoor, #256  
(512) 454-3847

or other members :

Black Romerian Landsinger

## The Drow

by Romerian A. Landsinger

They come at nightfall – small shapes, garbed in black, laughing in high pitched tones. Seeking to take back the world that once was theirs (back in the time of Dragons). They are the elves of Darkness, the Drow, and their coming means death.

Deep in the caverns far below the daylight world, they plot evil, seeking to disrupt harmony – chaos is their meat and drink. Woe betide the wanderer who walks the forest at night unprotected. He will be expected and the Drow will have their sport. Lucky indeed is the human who is not found dead by morning.

Aeons ago was their reign, the period of Nightmares. When the Earth stood in shadow. It was then that the Drow frolicked and had no opposition. But the Great Spirit looked down upon the world and pitied its Darkness. So he created Light and hurled it upon the world.

And where the light struck, the fairies sprung forth – gay creatures of gossamer and sunshine. The fairies did battle with the elves of Darkness and they conquered the Drow; which banished the despair that blanketed the Earth.

The evil ones cursed the light as they were hurled screaming into the pits of Depth, but they found the Depth comforting. So they retreated, deeper and deeper, to places where Light died and was not revived.

The fairies, with the help of their Creator, made the world beautiful and happy and soon forgot the Drow. But the Drow did not forget. They called upon their Dark gods and remade

Night. A second Age of Dark began, and the fairies grew weaker as the Light was destroyed.

This Age was the Drow's time of revenge. For centuries after, man prayed for deliverance as the Drow conquered. This while the sprites stood by weeping, for it was all they could do.

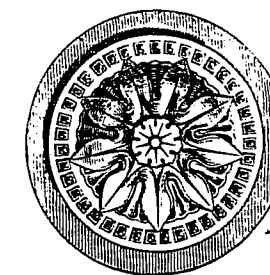
But the Great Spirit finally awoke and saw what had happened, and was displeased. Yet the One found the Dark gods more powerful than before, thus He could not completely bring back the Light. But he did bring back the Dawn.

And when Dawn broke upon the world, the Drow stood horrified as their Shadeland slowly melted away. Once again the Dark elves were forced back, shaking their fists at the sky in promised defiance.

Nowadays, though the day may belong to the Creator and his wonders, the night remains the Drow's to command. The Drow are planning their return swiftly. Year by year, they grow stronger. With every Dark they grow more confident in their evil power.

The time draws near where they shall overrun the Earth yet again. Where shall the fairies be then? Can we prevail without them? The fairies have left us, mocking our many mistakes – we drove them away. Assistance will not come from that quarter, nay, it is all up to us in the coming onslaught.

*The Age of New Darkness is nigh upon us; Grab your weapons, rise up against the Evil. It is time to put away your childhood toys. Your fears mean nothing against this Evil. It is time for action, time for battle.*



## *Blue Star Blazing*

by Thariand

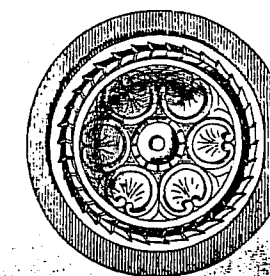
Horizon to horizon I wander,  
Many worlds I've seen.  
Enemies I've loved,  
Friends I've slain.  
The ageless, eternal wanderer  
Brilliant blue star blazing.

The glorious past I've seen.  
The past of many worlds.  
A remnant of the past,  
A pilgrim to the future.  
Across the seas of time  
Comes the blue star blazing.

Sorcerous duels/anger unleashed  
Vap'rous tendrils of destructive force,  
Reality altered to match imagination.  
Darkest nightmares conjured,  
Annihilation the only goal.  
Victoriously striding onward,  
Glorious blue star blazing.

Traveler without destination,  
Striving without a goal.  
Beset with foes,  
Bereft of friends,  
The wanderer wends his lonely way.

And still the blue star blazes.



A Beginner's Feast Manual  
(How to Maintain Your  
Dignity or at Least Your  
Sanity)

by Joella

First rule of thumb: don't even think about doing it by yourself. Get as many friends to help you with not only the cooking, but with reservations, setting up the feast hall and the clean up afterwards.

After many feasts, it is obvious that an indoor feast is the best option. Trying to see by motorcycle headlight because it is too windy for candles is ridiculous. Unless you have the ability to control the weather, forget an outdoor feast. Murphy's Law has struck at every outdoor feast. But even indoor feasts have their problems: open space. Most houses don't have enough room to seat at least 50 people. Crowded conditions are undesirable and outweigh the good factors of having a ready stove, refrigerator and oven - which many rental halls do not have. There is also the risk of damage to the house and its furnishings to consider. Even with careful consideration, something will be spilled or broken. It just happens.

Selecting a site is hard. Many places charge more than the club can afford at the time of this writing and we cannot rent them. Other halls are less expensive but lack vital equipment such as stoves, refrigerators and ovens. Ice chests, Coleman stoves and microwaves are viable solutions. If you use a Coleman stove, be sure that the area is well ventilated. Unfortunately, even such equipment doesn't serve its purpose as well as could be hoped for.

As stated before, get plenty of help. Don't wait for volunteers but ask around for it. Have at least three people who can be contacted for information about the feast. Have only one person in charge of collecting the money. That way, no one can say that they paid the other person and have confusion everywhere about the funds. Be sure to give out receipts, that way it will be easier to tally up the money earned. Also, save all receipts and write down what cost what so there are no discrepancies.

Let people know specifics about the even at least a month in advance. Set a cut off date for early payment for tickets. Then raise the price slightly for a second time period. Also, set up a limit of how many people will be let in at the door. Make it KNOWN and stick to this limit. If you don't keep to this limit, you run the risk of running out of food. This is not fair to those who paid in advance. During the feast, someone should be at the door to collect the latecomer's money and to watch for gate crashers. BIG people are perfect for this job. If the door can be locked, it helps the gatekeeper sit down and eat. Having more than one person as gatekeeper is also terrific.

No feast is a feast without contributions from everyone. Personal and company flags and banners help decorate the hall and candle illumination helps to create a beautiful setting. Having other people to help with the feast itself is important as well. Servers are a good idea but if you can't find enough, a buffet table can be used instead. Entertainment also helps to liven up a feast. It can be taped medieval music during the feast but after everyone has had a chance to eat, some live entertainment is really

special. With the other guilds helping, a program that is varied will be greatly appreciated by all.

Court is always held at formal feasts. It is a perfect chance to give out awards, titles and badges of office. A feeling of ceremony adds so much atmosphere and class to a feast.

Budgeting a feast is important. You can estimate about 50 people showing up and at least \$5 per person, you can spend about \$150 on food, thereby saving some of the money for the hall rental. For the 9th Crown Feast, the hall rental was \$50 which was initially loaned by the club. We spend \$162.49 on food. After the feast, we had collected about \$100 and were able to pay back the loan from the club plus the profit. With the food that we brought, we were able to feed around 72 people with some left over. Ariona and I went to bulk food stores and sales to get the food we needed. Here is what we bought and how much it cost:

15 whole chickens .....	\$33.51
24 pounds of beef .....	\$34.40
8 pounds of carrots .....	\$3.56
15 pounds of potatoes ....	\$2.28
15 onions .....	\$2.44
12 pounds of Colby cheese	\$21.32
5 pounds of mozzarella cheese ....	\$8.61
1 jar of beef stock .....	\$5.21
12 pounds of rice .....	\$3.88
12 pkgs. of onion soup mix .....	\$4.74
3 very large cans of green beans ...	\$8.34
3 bottles red wine vinegar .	\$3.33
7 pounds of butter .....	\$2.66
2 watermelons .....	\$3.98
1 pkg. of pudding mix ....	\$3.06
3 cans of pie filling .....	\$6.21

2 boxes of graham cracker crumbs .....	\$2.70
2 pkgs. of foil dessert cups .	\$0.86
1 small pumpkin .....	\$0.22
1 pkg. of small pie pans ...	\$2.68
100 rolls .....	\$5.90

We pulled the chicken into pieces and served them warm. With the meat, carrots, potatoes, beef stock and onions, we made a stew. The green beans were topped with a red wine vinaigrette. The rice was mixed with the onion soup mix to give the rice an interesting onion flavor. The bread and cheeses were placed on the tables ahead of the served food. Also, we had honey butter and garlic butter for the bread. The garlic butter had paprika in it to help distinguish it from the honey butter and to give it a more appealing appearance. Dessert was watermelon and dessert cups. The foil cups were lined with graham cracker crumbs and then had vanilla pudding and topped with fruit pie filling. All and all, it was pretty nice, however, there were complaints about cold food. With what we had to work with, it is understandable. Also, there will always be those who complain. You just have to learn to listen to the majority's opinion.

Here are some other tips for a feast:

1. Allow a minimum of 1/2 a pound of protein per person, 2/3 of that in meat form. Most people will be hungry from fighting since most feasts are on an event day or from forgetting to eat lunch.
2. Limit the number of exotic foods at your first feast. Exotic covers something as ordinary as fish stuffed with fruit. One dish out of five is plenty. One can be a dessert. Another way is to present the familiar food with a different type of sauce.

3. Make sure everything is fresh or at least frozen. Try not to use premade pies and such as they don't taste as good. Try to find sale specials and friends with empty freezers so you can save cash.

4. Unless everyone is a vegetarian, keep the vegetable dishes to a minimum. It just wastes food. Halve the number of expected dinners and allot them a small portion of vegetables. Add maybe a little more to your tally.

5. A good way to add a different flavor to a dish is to put wine or beer in the sauce. Ham goes well in beer, white wine and apples and beef goes well in red wine as in a stew.

6. Chicken, port or ham are usually the cheapest meals to serve, usually in a stew form. Allow 1/3 of a pound of chicken per feaster and 1/4 pound of a denser meat. By this formula, you will need 13 pounds of chicken or ten of beef for a stew that serves 40 people.

7. Start the feast on time. If people are late, it's their own fault. Serve the food while it is the correct temperature, depending on the dish. Have starter foods such as breads, cheeses, maybe fruits and nuts (if you can afford them) on the tables to keep them occupied. Garlic and honey butter taste so much better than plain butter.

8. Start collecting needed materials other than food way ahead of time. Make sure that there will be plenty of chairs and tables. Tablecloths, candles, head table decorations and the like are useful in making the place look better. Make sure you have plenty of serving dishes and bowls, platters of cheese and baskets for bread and fruit. If you have to borrow

bowls and such, make a complete list of what was borrowed from who or have them mark their stuff with nail polish or plastic tape.

9. Some last minute articles that you might want to bring are: paper towels, salt and pepper, toilet paper, a few extra eating utensils for those who forget (make a list of who borrowed what), garbage bags, dish cloths and/or towels, and aspirin.

10. Have a committee other than yourself procure the tables and set them up in the hall. You can go and watch and give some creative ideas on decorating but don't kill yourself. If you try to do everything, you probably will be so frazzled that you might forget something important. Always have friends to help.

11. If it is possible (it wasn't for us), try to wash up dishes as you go along. This will save on later clean up and you can leave sooner. Maybe having basins of soapy water available for the feastgoers to wash their won dishes in as well would help them out and keep them out of your kitchen.

12. Being able to clean up the next day is fantastic. If some of the food is left out however, it might spoil (it sure did for us). It is easier to clean up in daylight and in mundane clothes. Make sure you have other people to help.

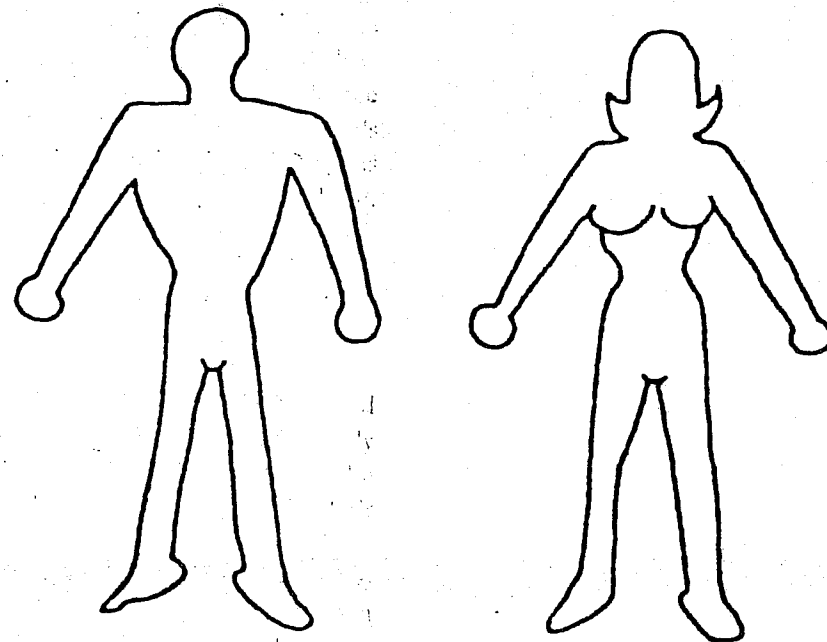
13. Give credit to those who helped you. They deserve recognition as much as you.



## Sewing 101

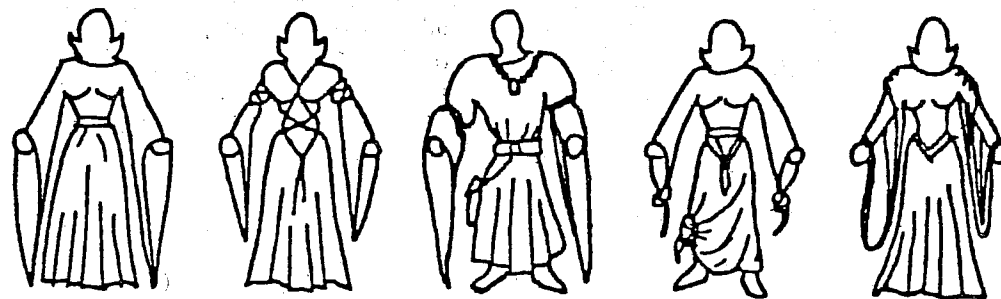
The Garber's Guild and newsletter have printed a number of excellent and informative articles on the making of garb, including grid patterns and sewing tips. These articles have no doubt proven vastly helpful to those who know how to use them. However, those club members who don't have any idea how to sew by a pattern still don't.

When I joined Amtgard, my only experience with sewing had been stitching together vinyl blaster holsters for science fiction conventions. I had never sat down at a sewing machine till I took sixteen yards of satin and turned it into a 16th century French court dress. This is what I call a trial by fire. I broke five needles, invented invective which would skin the ears off a tavern wench, and ended up hand sewing half of it. My relationship with the infernal monsters (aka sewing machines) has not been much improved, but my skills have. I taught myself, mostly, and so can you,, male or female. There's nothing about the masculine anatomy that makes it any more difficult to sew. For beginners, I suggest something less complex and materials less costly than those I learned my first lesson on. Following are a set of really simple patterns. These are admittedly much more easily sewn on the machine. But sewing machines are a relatively recent invention, and people have been wearing clothing for a long time. They can be sew by hand, and you'll get points for authenticity to boot.



But, before we get started on our projects, I'd like to introduce you to Fred and Ethel. They have generously agreed to be our models for this demonstration.

### The Ever Popular T-Tunic



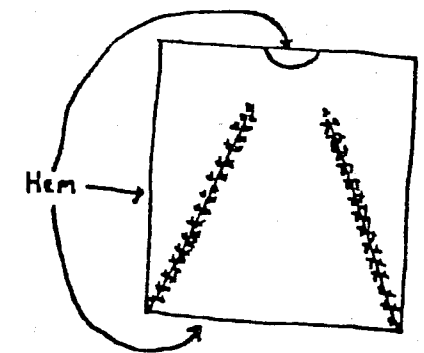
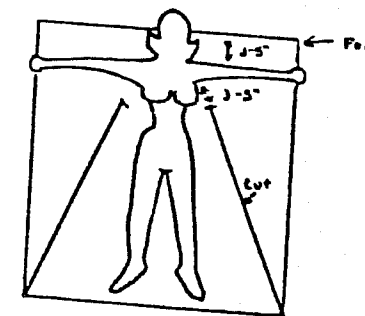
Believe it or not, all the pictures in the diagram are of the same tunic. Not just the same pattern, mind you. Fred and Ethel are wearing the exact same piece of garb in every picture (yeah, Fred's

a little weird, but he's getting help). This just goes to show you the versatility of the basic T-tunic. Here's how to make one:

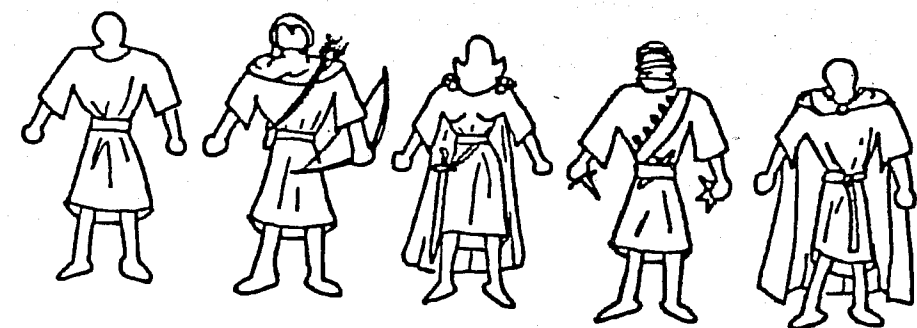
To start, you need 4 yards of 60 inch wide cloth, preferably something inexpensive with some stretch to it if you're a beginner. Fold the cloth lengthwise, so you have a somewhat rectangular shape of cloth two thicknesses deep, 60 inches wide by 2 yards long. Lie down on it, as Ethel is demonstrating. Place pins at an angle as shown 3-5 inches from your armpit. No, this isn't because your armpit is offensive, it's to allow for the depth of your body. If you are particularly "gifted", you should allow a little more. Remember, if it's too big, you fix it. If it's too small, you give it away and start over again. When lying down on the cloth, also allow a couple of inches at the top for your shoulders, more for men.

Draw or otherwise mark a line from the armpit pin to the corner of the cloth. Cutting through both layers, cut along the line. Cut a shallow scoop at the neckline for the head hole. Is your cloth inside out? Good. Dew along the "x's", going over the armpit region twice. Make small snips (don't cut your seam!) from the outside edge of the fabric to near the seam in this region. This allows you to raise your hand. Try it on, make sure it isn't somebody's Christmas present yet. Make sure you like the neckline, if you don't, then cut it out the way you want it to look. Unless you're a giant, it will be too long at this point (I use 3 yards of fabric, but too much is better

that too little). Just pin it at the right length and cut it off. Don't worry about cutting the ends off your seams, the hem will keep your ends together. Now, hem the neckline, sleeves and hem by folding under a small edge of the cloth and sewing it down. I always sew with the outside up, for two reasons. The bobbin (the bottom thread) messes up more often than the needle. And you can see what it's going to look like as you go. Trim off all those yicky threads, trim up the inside of the sleeves where the seam shows and...voila! You're ready for the Cinderella routine. Try different belts, knots, etc., to bring out the versatility of your new garb.

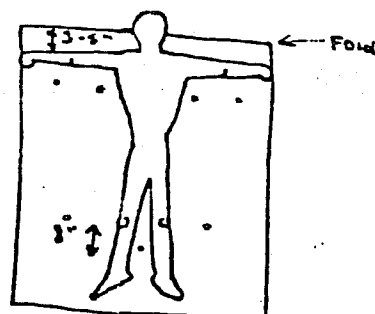


### The Riding Tunic

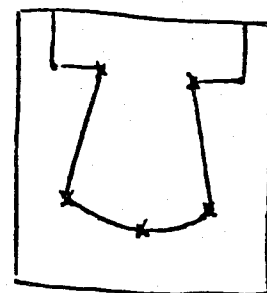




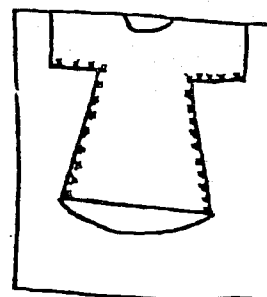
A variation on the same theme, more appropriate for fighting in (you trip over the sleeves of the other one). As you can see, Ethel likes wearing Fred's clothes as much as he like wearing hers. Hey, don't laugh, it doubles both their wardrobes. This pattern is not nearly as versatile as the basic one, but by using different accessories and types of fabrics, the pattern can be specialized.



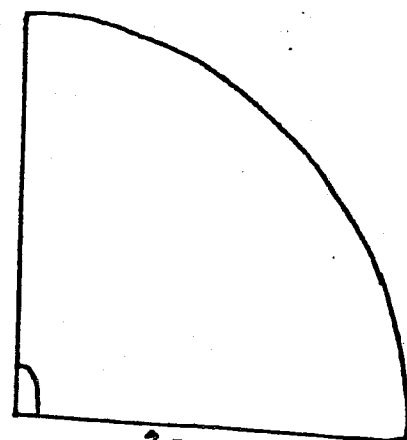
You'll need 3 yards of 45 inch wide or wider fabric. Fold as before, lie down on it as Fred is demonstrating. As before, mark the armpit and leave a shoulder allowance. This time, though, mark just past the elbow and about 8 inches below the knee as well. This will be the back hem. On a level just below the knee, mark spots almost as wide as the sleeves for the front hem (I know it's confusing, but look at the pretty pictures). Draw lines from pin to pin, with the bottom line curving, as in the middle diagram. Cut out this shape through both layers of cloth. Then, as in the diagram on the right, cutting through ONLY ONE LAYER of cloth, cut the front hem straight across. Cut out a shallow neckline. Follow all the rest of the T-Tunic instructions from "Is your cloth inside out?"



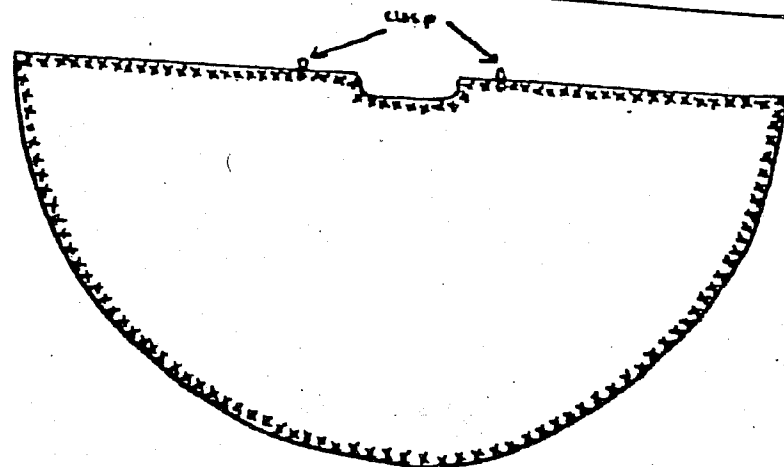
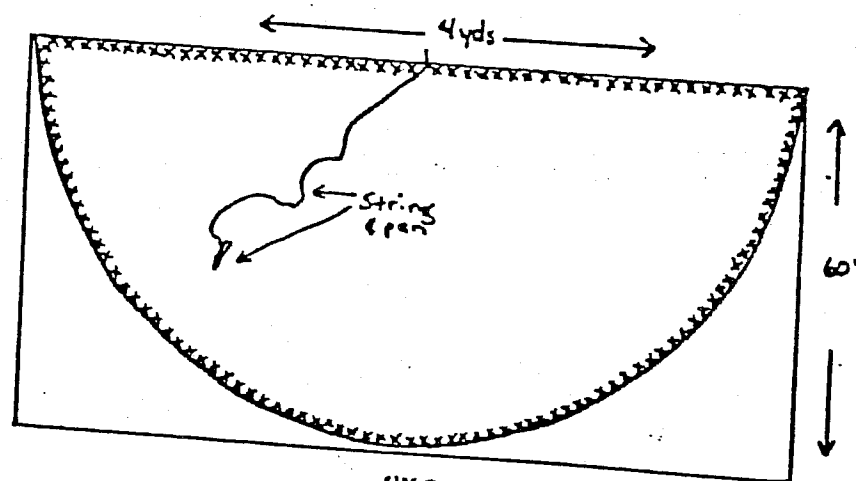
Draw  
Then  
Cut  
out



### The Half-Circle Cloak



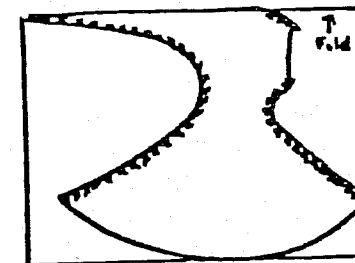
Cloak folded in half



If you've ever been on a camping event, you know that it may be 112 degrees during the daytime, but it will be 12 degrees that night. This is what cloaks were invented for. I have heard the rumor that they were invented for the sole purpose of inviting fair members of the other sex to "share body heat" as it were. This is an exaggeration. Just try getting someone to share a cloak with you when it's 112 degrees outside.

The hardest thing about making this cloak is finding enough space to lay out the fabric. You'll need 4 yards each of your outer fabric and your liner. The outer fabric should be a dense, tough material like corduroy. The liner should be something soft and warm like flannel or velour. Lay the outer fabric with good side facing up. Lay the liner on top of it with the good side facing down. Your fabric should now be "in side out". Measure the length from your shoulder to the floor. Add 5-8 inches, cut a string to that length. If the answer is greater than 60 inches, use 60 inches. The cloak will not reach to the floor on you. Tie a felt tipped pen or a piece of chalk to one end. Lay the pen on one corner of the fabric, then stretch out the string along the long side of the cloth until it is taut, and pin it there. Keeping the string taut, draw a semi-circle, as if you were using a compass (kind of an arcane ritual, eh? What do you expect from the guildmaster of Wizards?). Cut along the line. Don't worry if you don't use all the fabric, people come in all sizes. Sew all the way around the

edges (trust me, I know what I'm doing). Fold cloak in half so you have a semi-triangular shape. Cut an oblong quarter circle from the pointy corner. This quarter circle (soon to be your neckline) should only be about 3 inches by 5 inches (you can always make it bigger). Now, reach through the neck hole and gently turn your cloak right side out. Make sure to get the corners. Test the neckline to see if it fits, if not, adjust it. Carefully tuck the edges inside the neckline and pin. Sew shut, using a decorative stitch if available. Continue around the entire cloak, pulling the edges out so that they lay flat as you go. Take care to keep the weight of the cloth from bending your needle. This is a heavy cloak, so you'll want a strong clasp or frog. Set them about 4 inches below the actual neckline or they'll strangle you. Metal clasps should be set with cloth or leather tongues. You may wish to Scotchguard the outside of the cloak to protect against inclement weather.



This brings me to an important point. When you get a piece of garb which fits and looks good, use it for a pattern to make more. I've never made a riding tunic "from scratch". Aredhel was once kind enough to lend me one made for him by an SCA personage. I used it to cut out Gilos' brown and black one, which won Best Fighting Garb contest at Crown Qualifications. I used that one to make my grey one. The grey one has been used as a pattern for the black ones for my entire company, and a dozen or more for other club members. All from borrowing one piece to use as a base pattern.

Don't be disappointed if your first few efforts don't come out looking as you'd planned. I've been doing this steadily for six years, now, and only about half of my projects come out as planned. What matters is that it comes out looking good. Often accidents turn into serendipity, making the finished product look better than it would have if you had not messed up. Fabric can be had for \$.59 to \$1.25 per yard downtown in an astonishing variety of colors, weights and textures. Don't be shy. The absolute worst that could happen is that you'll end up with some new dishrags and the same old garb you've got now.

On that note, we'll offer Fred and Ethel our thanks for their time and co-operation. I don't think high heels are "period", Fred.

### Hoods

Best made of scrap cloth, at least until you have a working model, hoods are easy to make and add a lot to your garb. They are a simple method of making warm winter head gear, and really make an archer or scout costume. Not including the hems, they take about fifteen minutes from scissors to mirror. The only disadvantage is that sizing them is a drag. Its really easier to simply make a few out of scrap fabric (a yard or a yard and a half will do) until you get one that fits. Then keep it and use it for patterns.

## A Day at Amtgard by Sir Nevron Dreadstar

For most of us, the day will start early. There's something about Saturdays that can bring even the worst morning person out of some much needed sleep. First, you have to find your garb. For those of us who feel that the better your garb looks, the more others will notice you, this search for just the right look can be as frustrating as finding that one spot that could slay your armored enemy.

With luck, and most of us need all we can get, you'll make it out to the park before before all the parking spots are taken. Once there, it's time to pray for some pack animals or some helpful fellow Amtgardians who will always ask if they can carry anything. WARNING: Never give your drinkables to a Corsair.

When you finally reach the area where we all congregate, commonly called Nirvana, you will have many things to do. First and foremost, you must sign in - marking the class you want to get credit in that week, which in itself will probably be the single most important thing you could do that day. It has been noted in more than one kingdom that although people may sign in, if their name is unreadable they most likely won't get any credit for that week. Even those barely brained barbarians can learn to scratch a legible name when it comes time to receive a week's credit. So the rest of ya should have no problem.

Next on the list of things to do is to have a weapons check. Even if the reigning champion happens to overlook that brand new custom sword or your new Q-Tip arrows, that's no reason to assume these new loves of

your life will be safe for all concerned. By all means, show your stuff off. Rant and rave about your up and coming smith skills. And if that fails, just walk up to the champ and whack him on the back, arms, legs or anywhere else he'll let ya. Remember, we all want to have fun and unsafe weapons aren't fun.

So now comes the time we all love, for the games have begun. Usually, the day will start with an officer hunt. Simply played, if you're an officer of a company, then you will be the hunted. If you're just a lowly enlisted puke, then you will be one of the hunters. One life is all anybody gets for these hunts and most will end quickly. Soon enough, everyone will find themselves back at Nirvana and the search for two battlegame captains begins.

The battlegames are foremost - the only things that count. When the teams are evenly matched, the games could last over two hours. If not, then in just a few battles, the game could be over and a new game will be started. There are two basic battlegames: mobile flags and stationary flags. Mobile flag games seem to last longer and put everyone's patience on the line. Stationary flag battles are the meat and potatoes of Amtgard. At no other time will a group of fellow warriors, mages and those sneaky assassins group up to overcome an opponents' base camp to slay, roust and generally wipe out any enemy seen to be weak before them. There is usually a clear winner in these games and anywhere between one or two good battlegames can be played on any fair weather day.

After the sun has taken its toll and everyone has been beat on by most everyone else, the night will slowly engulf the park and all will suddenly

feel their second wind and the call of night battles will echo through the park. Soon, little groups of three to five members will team up and slowly disappear into the darkening woods. Just to throw a flare into the night battles, someone will be called upon to become a zombie and soon the woods are filled with the all too familiar call of the undead "Brains!". There are many scenarios that can be used for Amtgard. All of us have our own favorites and most can be played either on Saturday or during fighter practice on Wednesday. These include trench wars, breach wall battles, company battles, class battles, monster battles and last but not least, the royal guard vs. the world battles.


Once everyone is burned out from swinging swords and axes all day and into the night, the call for revel will be heard. The search for a local dwelling that can withstand the masses is a never ending quest and few people have ever opened their homes and hearths for the group. This is a give and take situation, while those same few kind hearted folk will usually always have the heart to give more than others. Yet this is a small problem and over the passage of time it will work itself out.

During the revel all wounds will be healed. People who just a few short hours before were prepared to rip the foam off their weapons and go at it with bare core will suddenly find themselves sitting next to each other and singing with the rest of the bards and want-to-be bards. They say music can soothe the savage beast. Nowhere else is that saying more true than at a revel after the battlegames. As long as the revels will continue the many people who come together as one will continue and Amtgard will continue.

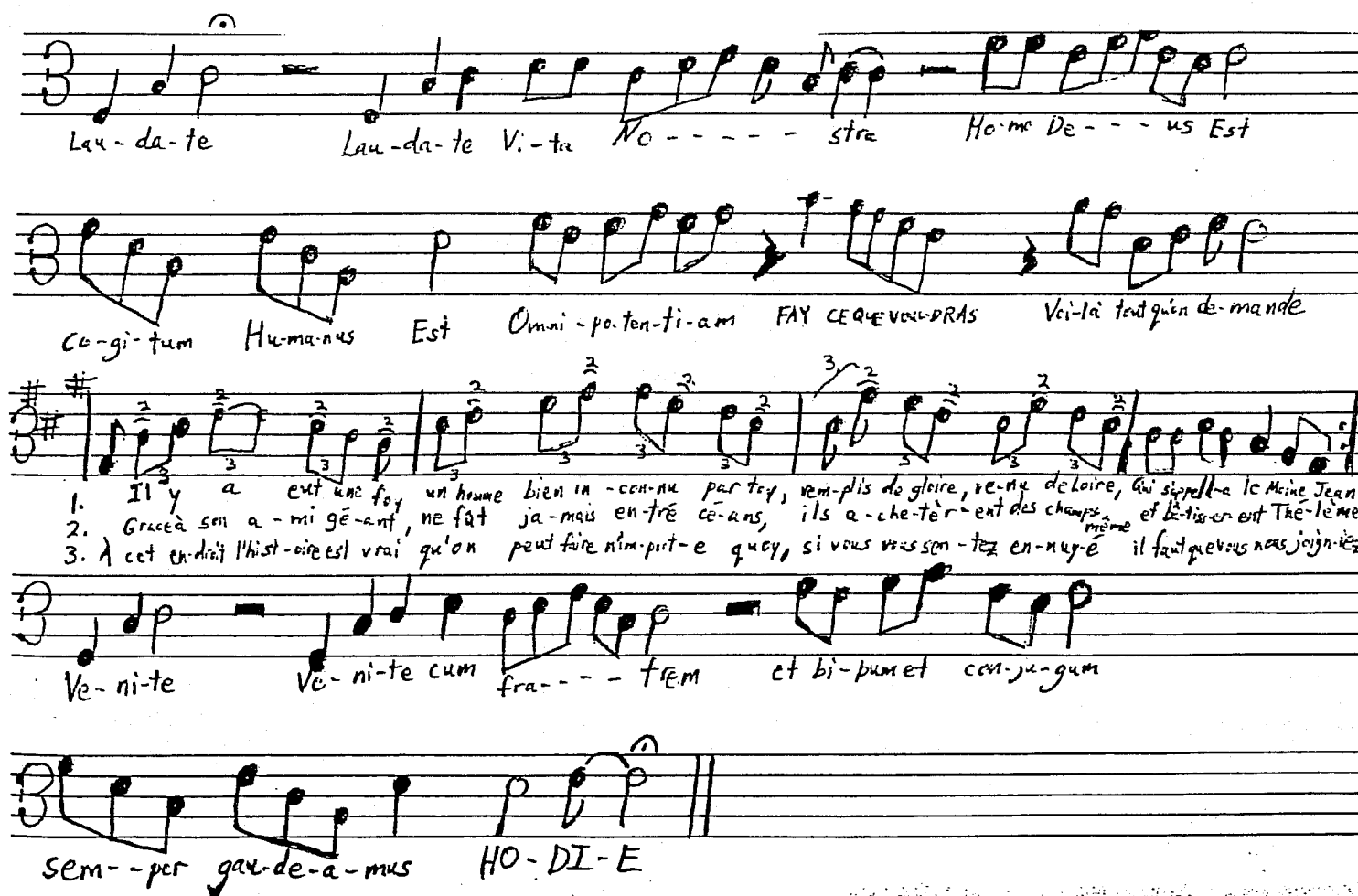
Long live the revels and the bards who make them so enjoyable for us all.

Of all the things that must happen during a day at Amtgard, by far the hardest for us all are the goodbyes. Unlike those times when you may say farewell to the Mundanes, which seem quick enough, Amtgard farewells are anything but short. In fact, just telling someone that you are making your departure will cause them and everyone around to suddenly remember that they had something

vital to tell you, or they may feel the need to consult with you on battlefield tactics, and you will find yourself forgetting about that long ride home. Don't worry, for the best way to overcome these extended farewells is to state your intentions early and plan to speak to everyone at least twice. Then, if you're lucky, you'll get out only two or three hours later than you planned.

Keeping all this in mind, you can see that there is more to Amtgard than just bashing each other's heads. And even if (for some strange reason) all the battlegames were called off, like in the even of heavy rains or some other form of inclement weather, it is very possible that the people of Amtgard would still get together for the revels and such. For after all, Amtgard is filled with many good hearted people and we don't have to kill one another to enjoy this thing we call Amtgard. I hope. 

## Cantico Thelemice Le Chanson de Thélème The Song of Thélème -par Gilbert du Quai



Lau-da-te Lau-da-te Vi-ta No - - - - - stra Ho-mo De - - - us Est

Co-gi-tum Hu-man-us Est Omni-po-ten-ti-am FAY CE QUE VOUS PRAS Voi-là tout qu'on de-mande

1. Il y a eut une foy, un homme bien in-cen-nu par toy, rem-plis de gloire, re-ny de laire, qui s'appel-la le Meine Jean.  
2. Grâce à son a-mi gé-ant, ne fat ja-mais en-tré ce-ans, ils a-che-tè-r-ent des champs, et le-tis-sen-ent The-le-me.  
3. A cet en-droit l'hist-oire est vrai qu'on peut faire n'im-por-t-e quey, si vous vus sen-tez en-nuy-é il faut que vous nous joign-iez.

Ve-ni-te Ve-ni-te cum fra - - - - - trem et bi-bum et con-jun-gum

sem-per gau-de-a-mus HO-DI-E

## Some Examples of New World Plants and Old World Medicine

by Gilbert du Quai

Many of the drugs that were used in the Middle Ages were composed of dried plant components (leaves, seeds, etc.). In fact, the word "drug" is derived from the French word "drogue" which meant "dried substance" during that era. A given drug was often administered in the form of an infusion. To make an infusion, a substance was steeped (much like tea) in a solvent (usually water, but sometimes wine or another liquid) to make it more absorbable in the body.

Two plants often found in an apothecary shoppe were belladonna and digitalis. Like many drugs, these could also be used as poisons if given in sufficient amounts. As New World equivalents to these Old World remedies/weapons, an apothecary of Barad-Duin could employ local plants such as nightshade and jimsonweed to replace belladonna and milkweed to replace digitalis as their effects are quite similar to their Old World counterparts.

Of nightshade and jimsonweed, the latter is more similar to belladonna. It could be used to cure muscle twitches, ulcers, and loose bowels. Jimsonweed (which is also found in the Old World, but would be much more popular in Barad-Duin due to the absence of indigenous belladonna) is also capable of affecting many other parts of the body as well: it raises body heat; dilates the pupils of the eyes (up to the point of blinding the ingester); causes intense thirst; dries the mouth, eyes and throat (much like another local

plant that is somewhat more popular); produces rash and reddens the skin; causes the heart to beat quickly but weakly; causes weakness and convulsive thrashing; and causes confusion, delirium, hallucinations and even madness. On a parallel note, belladonna was the personal drug of choice of many witches as it "augmented their powers" and even gave some the "ability" to fly. Due to its similarity to belladonna, Barad-Duin apothecaries could sell jimsonweed (or even nightshade) as a preventative measure against lycanthropy.

Nightshade (not to be confused with the Old World pseudonym for belladonna, deadly nightshade), like jimsonweed, also relieves muscle spasms but is far too irritating to the throat, gut and bowels to be of any use there except as a purgative. In fact, due to its propensity to be regurgitated, an overwhelming dose of it has to be given in order to poison. Its similar effects to belladonna and jimsonweed are: muscle weakness; restless, thrashing movements; pupil dilations; a fast, weak heartbeat; and impaired memory, reason and sensation/perception. Nightshade is different from the other two drugs in that it, besides irritating the digestive tract, causes the mouth to water copiously. These differences could be caused by other substances (besides those whose effects are sought) in the plants themselves.

The drug in milkweed is closely related to that in digitalis. It stabilizes, slows, and strengthens the heart (unless given in excessive quantities). This makes it useful in steadying a fast, erratic heart (see jimsonweed and nightshade). It can however, cause nausea, headaches, weakness, listlessness and

visual hallucinations. In honest fact, a woman being carted through the city while under the influence of this drug repeatedly asked her driver why they were riding in the jungle.

As these substances can all be dangerous or deadly when taken too heavily, it is important to list a few home remedies in case too much of any of them are accidentally (or perhaps by design) ingested. In any case, induce vomiting if signs of poisoning occur after having taken any of these drugs. Jimsonweed poisoning is alleviated by taking ground charcoal as well as cold baths (to calm the fever this drug causes). For nightshade poisoning, fresh milk or cooking oil (olive oil, etc.) will help reduce absorption of the toxins as will spring (mineral) water. The best home cure for milkweed poisoning (after voiding the stomach) is relaxation and avoidance of salt for an extended period of time.

These are but three examples of New World equivalents to established Old World plants/drugs/toxins. In many cases, the same plants can be found on both sides of the Great Ocean. Much of the time, two different plants which grow in different realms can have similar effects. In either case, what we see is the diversity and innovation with which nature protects her flora from the unwary. 🗡️



## The Wizard's Survival Guide

by Thariand, Adept of the Blue  
Star

I would like to take this opportunity to share with all new magelings a few tidbits of wisdom. It is my hope that they will aid you as you navigate that arduous path to success as a master of the arcane arts. (The experienced ones perusing this essay are encouraged to nod sagely and chuckle knowingly as they read). If you carefully study and adhere to the tenets of this guide, you will find yourself greatly aided in the pursuit of that greatest battlefield asset---LIFE! Be assured that if you can achieve longevity, success cannot be far behind.

### RULE NUMBER ONE:

If you find yourself in the unfortunate predicament of standing alone with leering opponents bearing down upon you---RUN! If they give chase, run like hell! I know this may appear cowardly and offend your delicate sensibilities, but recall that you are a member of that elite group supposedly relying upon wit and intelligence. If you feel yourself unable to follow this primary rule, you may be better suited in the role of the idiot...ahem, brave, valiant warrior. (If your instinct is to charge screaming and yelling, you must be a throwback to your barbaric ancestors. I am surprised to discover you have the ability to read this treatise.)

It is also important not to run about aimlessly. Whilst your fleet feet float o'er the ground (poetic, no?), search for a group of friendly cannon fod--um... brave, valiant warriors. These fine gentlefolk will fend off your

pursuers, mindlessly sacrificing their lives to allow you to merrily continue spellcasting.

Please note that if you should find yourself stranded in the face of the enemy simply because your "friendly forces" scattered in all directions, abandoning you to your fate, you have several additional alternatives:

1. Immediately surrender. Let them fight without you spellcasting for awhile.

2. Surrender and switch sides on the condition they assign one or two of the burly types to do nothing but protect little ol' you. This should drive your point home.

3. Run back to your "friends" recalling that you can easily cancel your own enchantments. Try to pick inopportune and amusing moments to do so.

If all the above fail to convince them of the importance of protecting their wizard, bribe a barbarian to bash a few heads. Barbarians enjoy doing this! As your compatriots obviously have thick skulls, this shouldn't harm them and may even dislodge some sense. If nothing else, both you and the barbarian should derive some satisfaction from the act.

### RULE NUMBER TWO:

Find a shieldman to stand in front of you. Locate one of these big, brainless types with a BIG shield, the bigger the better (the shield, that is), and convince him to protect you. Bribe him with an enchantment or two, if necessary, but get that shield in front of you.

During the course of battle, do everything you can to keep that

shieldman alive. Remember that he may be the only thing standing between you and those savage monsters thirsting for your blood. If he should perish or (heaven forbid!) wander off, refer quickly to rule number one.

### RULE NUMBER THREE:

Be wary of the furtive assassin. Know who and where they are at all times. These sneaky denizens of the nether reaches have questionable relations with their--um, have a nasty habit of appearing when and where you least expect them. They also throw things back at you. This is not nice. Dodging is an excellent skill to acquire.

Assassins are not entirely without their uses, though. They can be hired to take care of that pesky soul who seems to have bloodletting on his little mind, your blood to be exact. Unfortunately, this is a double-edged sword, since the person they are most often hired to exterminate is that sweet, innocent, little spellcasting mage.

### RULE NUMBER FOUR:

Archers. They shoot farther than you can throw. You are their favorite target. Dodging is good. A big shield is better. The advantages of assassins become obvious. 'Nuff said.

### RULE NUMBER FIVE:

Know thy spells. Know them backwards. Know them inside out and upside down. Cast them in a loud, forceful voice. A squeaky stuttering attempt at spellcasting is likely to slay your foe with laughter. You are an extremely powerful force on the battlefield. Make them respect you.

Always remember that the average warrior understands little of what a wizard can do and is intimidated by

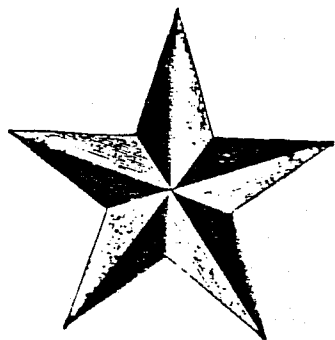
their power. Use this to your advantage. Try pointing at a likely target and commandingly spouting such nonsense as:

"From my heart I strike off your nosehairs." or "I curse you with eternal jock itch." This has been known as the "magic duck". Try it. It can have surprising results.

FINAL RULE:

Return other mage's spell components. This is not the altruistic crap it appears. Leave such nonsense to the paladins. The truth is you will find them willing to return the favor. Try extending this favor even to the detestable archer. They will probably appreciate it. Whatever you do, never slay the generous soul returning those desperately needed items lest you find other unwilling to risk it.

If you faithfully adhere to these few simple rules, you will achieve greater battlefield longevity and smooth advancement in the mysterious profession of wizard. Dominate the field. Strike terror into your foe. Make certain that the knees shaking are not your own. We were all bumbling initiates once and it soon passes. Act confident even when you have no idea what you're doing and you will be respected. Your predecessors have earned you that brief respite. Maintain the image of the wizard class and, above all, HAPPY SPELLCASTING!



*The Bard*

by Lynn Fletcher

I love to hear tales of faraway lands  
Where things are strange and exciting  
Of times long ago and ages past  
That all seem most inviting.

A cliff, a brook, a cave are lit  
With the stranger beauty of an ancient dawn  
When passes a man with eyes of grey  
Versed in the lore of times long-gone.

He lifts his voice until I hear  
A tune long-forgot with enchanted ear  
Singing the tale of a magic lantern  
Crafted of long-wrought pride and care  
And the hundred treacheries done for the taking  
Of the light no traitor could ever bear,  
For everything the lamp ever shined on  
Was seen by all as in truth it appears.

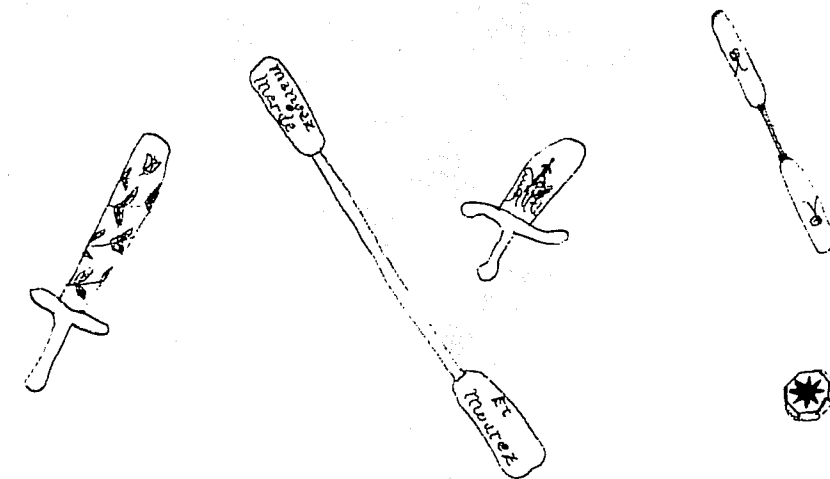
His grey eyes fixed on the rising sun,  
The man walked on until at last  
I heard him no more, though still in my heart  
I held to the wonder of the tale he had told  
Of a lamp with no power that I could see  
As I turned to leave that vanished land  
The song lingered still in the air.  
Another place, a time long-past.  
And I was almost there.

## AMTGARD WEAPONS



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