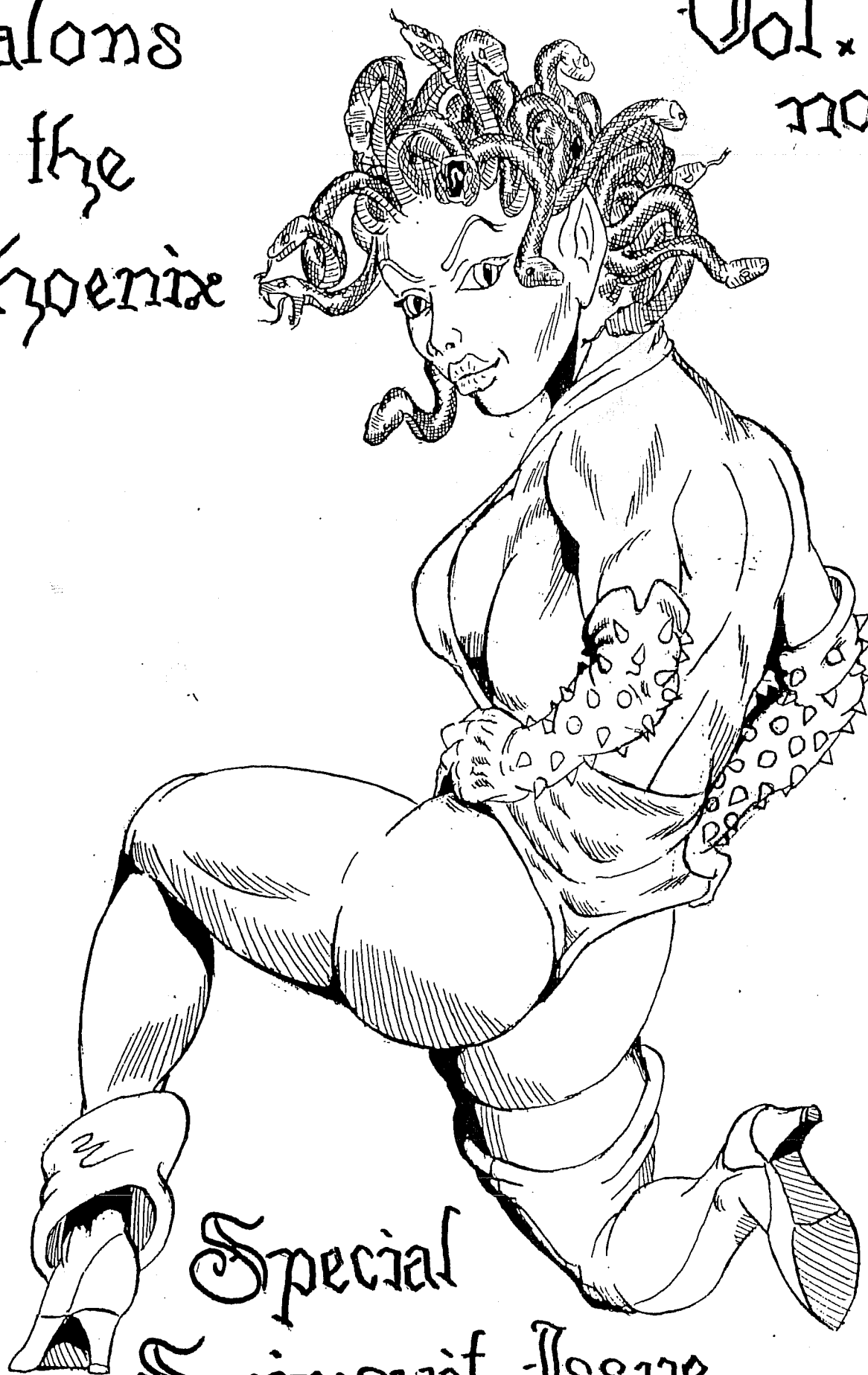


Talons
of the
Phoenix

Vol. II
no. 2



Special
Swimsuit Issue

Curt
Craddock

TALONS OF THE PHOENIX

Volume 2, number 2

Summer, 1993

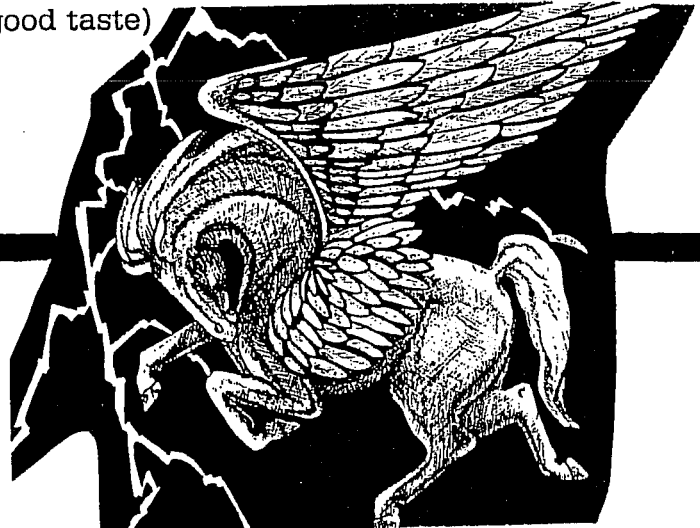
Tenth Year edition

Editor- Aramithris Typesetting- Gwynne, Aramithris Cover- Labrynthe
Calligraphy- M'Deth Interior Art- Gwynne, Labrynthe

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(*where not prohibited by good taste)



Talons of the Phoenix is the newsletter of the Amtgard Kingdoms. Opinions expressed herein are the authors' own and do not necessarily reflect official Amtgard policies. Master copies of Talons are distributed to the heads of the Amtgard kingdoms, who then may reproduce and distribute whole copies to the Amtgard populace. All work included herein is copyright, 1993 by the listed owning authors and artists. Submissions for the fall/winter issue of Talons should be made to Ivar. P.S.- you really didn't believe that there were any centerfold models in here, did you?

Flat Art Competition

♣ = Celestial Kingdom ♠ = Iron Mountains
♦ = Other ♠ = Burning Lands ♠ = Dragon Spine

Title	Artist	Score
Knight's Tree	♠Aramithris/Gwynne	5.0
Turkish Woman	♠Avril	4.8
"Amtgard" Cover	♠Labrynth	4.8
Man with Falcon	♠Avril	4.8
The Lovers	♠Gwynne	4.4
Cathedral	♠Moon Shadow	4.2
In The Garden	♠Moon Shadow	4.2
Dragon Rider	♠Moon Shadow	4.2
Fresh Out	♠Moon Shadow	4.2
Gypsy	♠Moon Shadow	4.2
Trojan Horse	♠Avril	4.0
The Necklace	♠Moon Shadow	4.0
The Sorceress	♠Andacar	4.0
Elf & Sword	♠Moon Shadow	3.8
Dragon Spine Pirate	♠Moon Shadow	3.8
Monsters	♠Gwynne	3.8
Queen of Swords	♠Andacar	3.8
Copper	♠Andacar	3.8
Bolt	♠Gwynne	3.8
Braun	♠Andacar	3.6
Horses	♠Avril	3.4
Demon & Child	♠Andacar	3.0
Scarecrow	♠Andacar	3.0
Dryad	♠Andacar	2.8

NOTE: Where there were multiple entries of the same print, only the highest scoring one is listed.



BANNERS (etc.)

Title	Artist	Score
Wedding Dress	♠* Ariona	5.0
Phoenix Banner	♠Gwynne	5.0
Phoenix Banner	♠Tawnee	4.8
Many Dragons Cloak	♠Gwynne	4.8
Phoenix Surcoat	♠* Ariona	3.8

3-D Art

Title	Artist	Score
Phoenix Belt	♠Ivar	4.4
Chain Mail Torque	♠Martel	4.4
Boar Belt	♠Ivar	4.0
Scepter	♠Tarl Maqtum	3.8
Shield	♠Phinwë Obsidian	3.8

"The Phoenix"

Title	Artist	Score
Phoenix Banner	♠Gwynne	5.0
Phoenix Banner	♠Tawnee	4.8
Phoenix Belt	♠Ivar	4.4
Phoenix Surcoat	♠Ariona	3.8

Comments: I note two things when listing the scorings, 1) the over all quality of all entries in all categories was very high—this is good (hell, it's wonderful), 2) competition was mainly between Burning Lands and Dragon Spine and this is not good. Much of this lack of quantity and diversity I must lay to the lack of dissemination of information and to the rather awkward timing of the Olympiad just 3 months prior to Clan. I have several thoughts on this—the first of which is "Why not have the Olympiad and Clan coincide?" sounds reasonable to me. Secondly, on the last of information question—we can solve that right now Here's my address:

Gwynne, 900-A Stockwell, El Paso, Tx 79902

Write to me now. Let me know if you'd like to enter a major cultural contribution at Gathering of the Clans XI. Tell me if you'd like to have more categories and what they are. Tell me what you would enter. I was jumped on severely by several irate garbers at Clan X—guess we need a garb category or two. Also, let me have your thoughts on holding the Olympiad concurrently with Clan.

My final comment is to thank all who participated in the arts competition, to congratulate every entrant on the high quality of their art and, most importantly, to encourage all of you talented and creative people to share your opinions and ideas with me as soon as possible while they are still fresh in your minds.

Yours in service to Amtgard, Gwynne

BARDIC

☼ = Celestial Kingdom ☼ = Iron Mountains ♦ = Emerald Hills ♠ = Burning Lands ♦ = Dragon Spine

Title-Instrumental	Artist	Score
Instrumental (1st performance)	♠Dracos	4.5
Instrumental (2nd performance)	♠Dracos	4.45

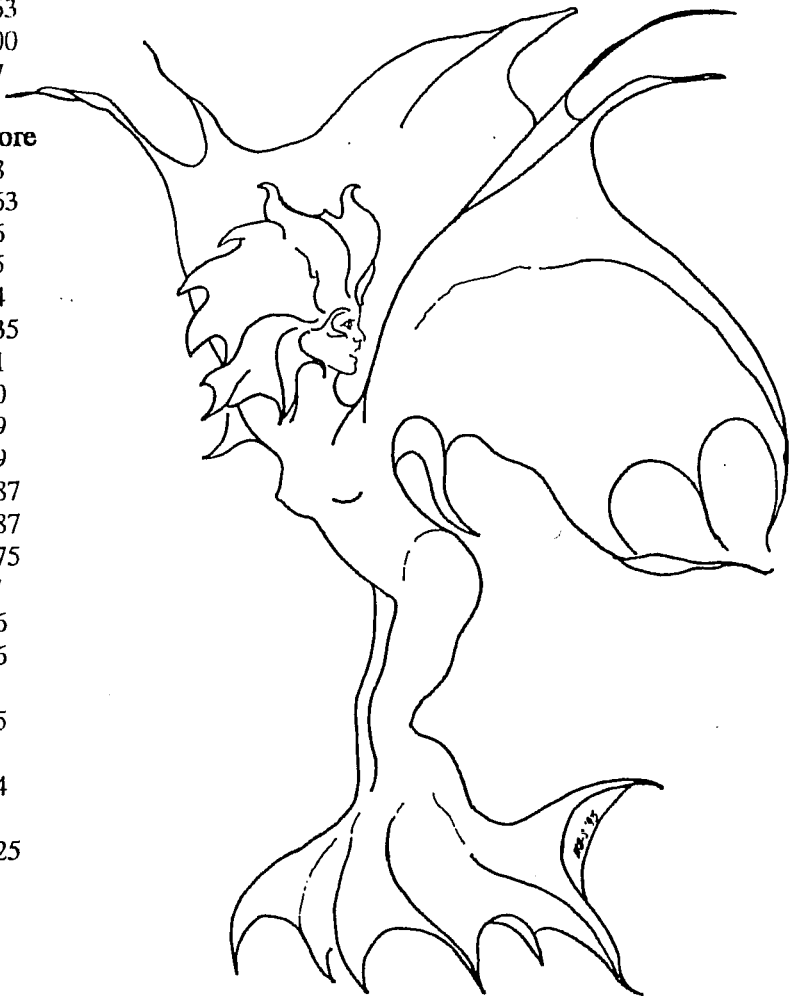
Title-Dance	Artist	Score
Belly Dancing	♠Kat	4.4
Belly Dancing	♦Alessandra	4.25

Title-Recitation	Artist	Score
Imperial Legion	☼Aillos	4.1
Scottish Humor	Michael David	3.9
Folk Tale	☼Mandrake	3.63
Borning	Axgar Erin	3.00
The Darkest Light	♦Scum	2.7

Title-Singing	Artist	Score
Chronicle	*♠Scarhart	4.8
What's Best in Life	*♠Scarhart	4.63
The Minstrel	*♠Scarhart	4.6
Eleanor Salem	♦Cabal	4.5
The King's Daughter	♦Alessandra	4.4
Sea of Time	♦Cabal	4.35
Song #1	♦Tarl Maqtom	4.1
Renfield, Dracula	♦Cabal	4.0
The Landlord's Daughter	☼Mandrake	3.9
Simple Repetition	☼Pebyr	3.9
Cold Iron	*♠Amaryah	3.87
Song	☼C. MacDuen	3.87
Golden Eyes	♦Alessandra	3.75
Song #2	♦Tarl MaqTom	3.7
Lullaby	♠Raen/Katala	3.6
Pretty Polly	♠Kayrana	3.6
Gypsy Rover	♠Gwynna & Harmonia	3.5
Three Jolly Coachmen	♠Kat & Tawnee	3.4
Original Song	♠Kat & Tawnee	3.25

*Currently residing in foreign lands.

NOTES: My overriding impression of the Bardic is "Wow!" Twenty-eight entries in itself is awesome; add to that the exceptional quality and you have a bardic that will go down in history. What is it going to be like next Clan when all of these talented artists have a full year to add to their repertoires and polish their talents even further?



AMTGARD'S 10th YEAR EVENT

by Aramithris

Overall Impressions

With 600 people participating anywhere from two days to a week, and even with the truncated list of events and lack of advertising, it soon became obvious that the sheer scope of things made it impossible for one to participate in everything. Also, in my own case, events, emergencies, and politics required me to spend most of 10th year as "the king", rather than Aramithris. Camped as we were at the head of the campsite (referred to as the autocamp, the aristocamp, camp ego, or camp hunk, depending on who you talked with), it was a long haul to many of the functions.

What I'm writing here is brief impressions, a couple of sentences each for various items of business that came up. There are also 60 listings (10% of the total, of various personalities with which I had significant dealings). Again, this mostly reflects the event that I personally experienced, but in the end, no analysis can be anything but subjective. Last, in the vein of my piece on "The Battle of Barad-Duin", there is a story on the knights and squires siege battle.

Specifics

*Attendance- as stated before, about 600 when including family members that came to watch, etc. Clan grows about 50% every year. The siege battle had about 300 participants.

*Board of Directors- will be getting together soon to sign the certificate granting kingdom status to the Mystic Seas. There have been some complaints, but the fact is that this body is the owner of the rulebook and the final determiner of groups' status.

*Business- very few formal meetings, but a lot of diplomacy accomplished. As Amtgard heads into what appears to be a very explosive growth phase, such roundtable discussions will probably become more common.

*Claw Legion- two new members, several old faces, and a couple of aspirants. It's been a long time since I saw 20 of us sitting around a campfire. I look forward to more such gatherings.

*Corpora- also being updated by Astrean and myself, especially to include smaller than kingdom sized groups. However, the rulebook comes first.

*Eleventh Year- gathering of the Clans XII plans are already underway. Gwynne is the autocrat. Ladyhawke has been asked to do the tavern, and Franchesca will head the Olympiad competitions there.

*Etiquette- smokebombs, screaming and stomping off the field, deliberate head shots, minority bashing, and partisan catcalls have no place at Amtgard. The guilty parties are best advised not to bring these back next year.

*Events- congratulations to the winners. Quality was high in the arts and bardic contests, though we could have used more entries. Special thanks to the Sable Pride for their work on the revel. Also, the merchants' row was very impressive.

*Gifts- obviously the host monarch usually receives a lot of loot, and I wish to thank everyone for their fine gifts. Especially impressive were the juggling plaques and event medallions from King Rift and the Iron Mountains.

*Incorporation- to clear up some confusion- Amtgard, Inc. is the Burning Lands B.O.D. There is no overall B.O.D. The contract allows maximum flexibility and independence by "franchising" out Amtgard groups and letting them go their own way. Years ago we discovered this worked better than a strong central B.O.D. such as in the SCA.

*Newsletters- plenty of 10th year commemorative editions were passed out at 10th year, and obviously this Talons of the Phoenix covers the aftermath. Interkingdom newsletter submissions for the next Talons of the Phoenix should go to Duke Ivar.

*Olympiad- There is a move to hold the next one in the Celestial Kingdom. However, the fact is that clan is where everyone shows up, and in fact, the Olympiad would have been held at clan this year except for some unfortunate squabbling and politics.

*Rulebook- just completed the second draft and it's going along fine, though some fine tuning may extend into the next reign. We could still use some more art.

*Worldcon- most of the Burning Lands court will be at the World SF and Fantasy convention in San Francisco on Sep. 2-6. Obviously we will be wearing our best garb, and will be passing out Amtgard fliers with all of the kingdoms' addresses listed.

Individuals

*Abedon- thanks for your tireless work around camp. The unfortunate fact is that kings, warlords, and autocrats are often hard pressed to take care of the necessities. Your presence was valued and appreciated.

*Ahira- a little droll on reporting the arts and bardic results, but a good job on organizing the last minute court.

*Aislinn- a classy lady whom I finally got to know better. A deep bow for clueing me into the Emerald Hills belt mug holders technology. And watch out, Wolfram- I think you now have competition in brewing mead.

*Alessandra- very nice to finally see her again, and my vote for first place if we had had a combined dance/singing (next year?) category. Alessandra- you did look kind of tired, and do you know what's good for that?- yes, that's right, a big steaming bowl of potato soup (inside joke).

*Andralaine- didn't get much credit for the event sign-in book and Andralaine's House of pleasure and pain, but people did notice (one of the jobs of a monarch).

*Aoleon and Lyonesse- will be happy to soon see you again, whether it be your trip down here to search for cheap border cloth, or us going up to Denver for Leviatar's birthday.

*Annihilus- on the negative side, never ever again will the actions of this past 10th year be tolerated here in the Burning Lands. On the positive side, kudos to the two young men who had the grace and the guts to apologize for the incident.

*Argon and Ghee- the war events (and especially the siege) went fairly well. One interesting fact was how the towers and fort augmented the missile and defensive capacity of the defenders, a true case of theory made clear by practice.

*Ariona (and Lloyd)- I wish Ariona could be out more often and more people could see the intricacy of her garb and/or taste her many cooking and brewing talents- a true Amtgarder in every sense of the word.

*Aron- so now the penultimate barbarian resides in the wastelands of Arizona... a true setting for someone whose first appearance so many years ago at Amtgard was listed as "the gunfighter syndrome."

*Assassins- believe it or not, their skulking does add an element to Amtgard. However, attacking noncombatants, physical contact with others, and other similar safety violations will result in more future exiles if necessary.

*Astrean- the only one of the five original people who signed up to help at the bardic/arts competition and who actually came through. The spirit of Amtgard lives on. Hey dude, get yourself a tent (despite the myth, women don't generally prefer the back seats of cars).

*Bolt- the excellent squire, but please, save some of the battlefield glory and bodacious babes for the rest of the populace.

*Cabal- an enormous talent, I can see that your new serpent belt is justified. I hope this event was a good start for your dealings between the Emerald Hills and the Burning Lands.

*Chanti- seemingly tireless in working both the tavern and the sign-in gate. Good work, even if you think I am a _____.

*Corsairs- as always, it's fun to spend one night partying up at Corsair Hill. Was it just me, or did the Emerald Hill's Corsairs seem more "civilized" (yes I know- a dirty word) while our own Burning Lands Corsairs seemed to be jaded and fading?

*Dameon- a very competent guardsman, especially the second half of the event. It was fun breaking the bank by betting all my script on you at the gladiatorial pit.

*Delian and Garlon- I still don't understand half the verses of your official 10th year song, but the levity and humor is always needed at events such as these.

*Dragonspine- a thousand pardons for not making your dinner invitation, but a king must be at a million places at once. I'll probably run again, so perhaps you will allow me a raincheck.

*Dustin- probably the next monarch most enthusiastic about the rules update. Please don't forget to send me your ideas on the corpora.

*Families (of Talinor, Argon, Kayrana, etc.)- it's good to see Amtgard becoming more family oriented. I hope that you liked what you saw.

*Flynn- solid, stolid, and stoic, as always, but who was that look-a-like imposter who committed the assassination at court?

*Franchesca- the more I get to know her, the more I'm impressed. As stated earlier, this is our choice for Olympiad autocrat at Clan next year.

*Gilos and Vamir- "Hey boy, didn't yer papa tell ya not to rassle wi' tham bears?"

Seriously, hats off to a swell event, although both of you could have saved some wear and tear on us all by lightening up and having some fun.

*Golden Lions- impressive new tunics, headgear, and organization across the kingdoms. Glad to see that my own company is not the only one on the ascendant.

*Greywalker- sorry about the squire and court seating incidents. You deserve better. I'll hold you to your word on that discussion about "the twins". And, good that you finally got that "peon" belt off of Tarador.

*Grymlac and Tunear- congratulations on your tourney placing. Grymlac threw a couple of brilliant shots, and maybe this sounds arrogant, but Tunear is one of the few Corsairs who seems to be developing a Burning Lands sword and parry technique.

*Gwynne- all this whining from others who wanted more attention, and this individual works selflessly all weekend for no credit. That's why she has a white.

*Heimdale- hail and well met, old Duke. Watching this original Amtgarder revel in the event was one of the things that made 10th year worth it.

*HFS (and other groups)- didn't get to talk with them much, but I hope you enjoyed our hospitality and will be back for other events.

*Iron Mountains- I still think that this group is the one that best embraces the original concept of the "Amtgard dream". May we spend many more events sharing the hospitality of each others' camps... and may next year's Arrakis be a far different story from 1993. By the way, I thoroughly enjoyed your combo court overseeing ditch battles in that valley- it was splendidly barbaric.

*Ivar- nice that you could return from Turkey and Greece for 10th year, so you get the award for "farthest traveller". Hey, grow back the beard- don't you know that the Claw is a "mature" company?

*Kalem- credit here for stepping forward and guarding the king when the assassins made their ill-advised assault on the court.

*Kalibria, Kat, and Tawnee- I've done it before, so I empathize with you on the time, money, and energy consuming work feeding the populace. However, the tavern did add a lot of color to the event.

*Kayrana and Marleah- polite handclaps from off stage... the only two to unanimously make the Claw's "top 5 list". As with Delian and Garlon, your constant good attitudes help a lot.

*Ladyhawke- too much work, and too little time; hope you had fun. At least now you will have some ideas on how to prepare for next year's clan.

*Leviatar- high... er, yes- that's it, high marks, that's what I meant, from the power-, power- the powers that be (of course). I think it's time we held another kissing contest.

*Mystic Seas- congratulations and well met on your upcoming kingdom status. Sorry that you had to see some of the problems that you did, especially for such a long trip. If it's any consolation, you should have the certificates in hand before Worldcon.

*Naft- fellow warrior, it appears your knees and body are in as bad a shape as mine. It must have something to do with long, lanky limbs that can throw all angles of scorpions and wrap shots.

*Nashomi (and Fedora)- another original Duke who made it up to Sleepy Grass. Glad you were there, and wish you could have fought in the war. And yes, I'd be happy to use your desktop publishing and 500 fonts for the rulebook update.

*Nevron- very impressive and telling performance at court, especially in acknowledging the original Amtgarders. I thought that you were the tourney winner when it came to humour/honor/best death.

*Nikos- the role of champion is often overlooked these days. Thanks for looking after my health, but hey, 10th year only happens once, and I had to fight.

*Paloma- in my opinion, the best photographer Amtgard had ever had. We really enjoyed the 10th year photos, and wish you all success as you continue your higher education.

*Pebyr- like the old days, it was great to see you and Scarhart competing in the same bardic.

*The Populace- impressive opening to the siege battle, it reminded me of some of Caesar's writings when he first met in battle the Celtic armies of Britain.

*The Reeves- generally, despite some inexperience and the chaos, did a good job. However, the reeves' job is to enforce the rules, not change them (such as letting fireballs free entangled paladins). And one more thing, guys, when 200 people are having a great time on the field of battle, don't call "game over" because of an arbitrary time on your watch. You're supposed to help, not hinder.

*Rift- your metalworking (swords, favors, plaques) has added much to the prestige of Amtgard (note his ad elsewhere in this newsletter). Still, wouldn't it be fun to be just Rift and Aramithris (and Gilos), taking our party from one campfire to another? I'm looking forward to 11th year (Gathering of the Clans XII).

*The Royal Navy- your loyalty is deep, your backs are strong... but your plunder is weak, and that is wrong...

*Ryah (and Elycia)- yet more far wayfarers (both in time and space). Ryah, it's always great to sit and discuss the philosophy and psychology of Amtgard.

*Sable Pride- the heart and soul of the Emerald Hills. You are always welcome, and we invite you to again play a prominent role in next year's clan.

*Saracens- my vote for best camp. On Friday night the Burning Lands Saracen camp looked like it was in the middle of a medieval town- way cool.

*Sasha- tireless and giving. Thanks for the outstanding reeve and event favors- another true knight of Amtgard.

*Scarhart (and Katy)- what can I say?- the master bard of all of Amtgard for 10th year, and well deserved. P.S.- but tell Katy that some secrets must remain so, or else become the stuff of ballads.

*Selka- wish we could see more of her. Security and judging concerns made me miss the revel, and that did piss me off. Oh well, everyone told me it was great. Hope to see you again soon.

*Tarl- I like his music a lot, and will hold him on his promise to play my special request song at a later date.

*Thedro- reminds me of our own Corsairs of earlier days when they still had some hope in their eyes- very bittersweet, but life goes on.

*Valeria- didn't you know that all true Claw Legionnaires have to be injured? At the rate you're going, you ought to be a warlord within two years.

*Wolfram- true claw. You ought to camp with us more often. It's good to have true allies. As usual, your home brew was excellent. I'm looking forward to fighting together and winning Arrakis juggling again next year (great trophies, weren't they?).

*Zephyr- congratulations again on your white belt and triumph in the Olympiad.

*Zol- If they gave orders of the masque for events, he would be my choice- those berserk barbarian charges were great.

War Results
(an incomplete listing)

ARCHERY TOURNEY:

1st- Shendo	Burning Lands
2nd- Labrynthe	Dragonspine
3rd- Barton	Burning Lands

KONTESSA'S OPEN TOURNEY:

1st- Grymlac	7-1	Burning Lands
2nd- Tunear	6-2	Emerald Hills
3rd- Argon	5-2	Burning Lands
3rd- Aramithris	5-2	Burning Lands
Honor- Naes		Burning Lands

JUGGING (from Arrakis IV):

1st- Wandering Dicks (Claw Legion Interkingdom)
2nd- Dragonspine
3rd- Screaming Death Faeries (Iron Mountains)

Order Ideas

(subject to approval by the Monarchs of those from other lands)

- *Shendo- 2 warriors (to 2nd level) for 1st in archery and tourney fighting.
- *Barton- 1 warrior (to 1st level) for 3rd in archery tourney.
- *Grymlac- 1 griffon for 1st in prize tourney.
- *Tarador (DS)- 1 warrior for fighting in tourney.
- *Nevron (EH)- 1 griffon for honor in tourney.
- *Avril- 1 dragon for flat art placing.
- *Moonshadow (DS)- 1 dragon for flat art entries.
- *Alessandra (EH)- 1 dragon for dancing and singing entries.
- *Scarhart- 1 dragon for sweeping the bardic.
- *Ghee- 1 owl for the fortifications.
- *Gilos- 1 lion for autocrating.
- *Vamir- 1 lion for autocrating.
- *Gwynne- 1 dragon for winning art entries.
- *Argon- 1 rose for running the war events.
- *Ariona- 1 dragon for garb and art entries.
- *Bolt- 1 rose for overall event help.
- *Rift (IM)- 1 owl for event favors/medallions.
- *Sasha (GP)- 1 dragon for reeve/event favors.
- *Aislinn (EH)- 1 rose for the revel.
- *Selka (EH)- 1 rose for the revel.
- *Andacar (DS)- 1 rose for heraldry work.
- *Ivar- 1 owl for winning 3D art.
- *Martel (?)- 1 owl for 3D art entry.
- *Dameon- 1 lion for loyalty and service to the crown.
- *Kat- 1 dragon for winning dancing.
- *Dracos- 1 dragon for flute entries.
- *Zol (GP)- 1 warrior for berserk fighting.
- *Chanti- 1 rose for gate and tavern work.

A review of the Xth year celebration, or how I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb. The following is the exclusive intellectual property of Purple Duck Press and may only be copied, retransmitted or quoted if your willing to put up with the ridicule of your friends.

Tenth Year
or
The event that ate my brain, spare time, social life, and will to live,
but turned out pretty darn good.

Quote of the Event: "GNIWHCS" (pronounced: guish)
- Duke Delion and De lions.

Definition of the Quote of the Event: Exactly the opposite of Schwing.

My Favorite Quote of the Event: (on Sunday evening)
"Free at last, free at last, thank god almighty, free at last"
-Kontessa Vamir, Co-Autocrat

Short version:

4 Glow-in-the-Dark Iron Mountain Breasts, crazed Assassin fu, late-night bear wrassling fu, Knight gauntlet, gratuitous Corsair fishing trips, Aron's wandering sex show, extended hiking, hay hook fu, pit fight fu, King Rift's Van rolling competition, green glow bathrooms, Delion and the sailors xth year song, crispy werewolves, Skip "the cat's pajamas" Van Arsdale, Flat Dragonspine beer, more Tiki torches than ya could shake a stick at, Massed arrow fire fu, berserk Barbarian charges, Nude weddings, mass potato wrapping campsites, and Bardic from Hell.

Event Awards To:

Best injury award: Clover (hairline fracture ankle dive with a sprain)

Hardest working King: Cabel (loaded hay while ordering his guards to rest as they had done enough)
Most appreciated case of Laryngitis: Argon (need more be said).

Best roleplaying in the role of a cathouse: Andralaine's House of Pleasure and Pain

Longest continuous liplock:(3 way tie) -Kalibria and that guy from Austin whose name escapes me at the moment
-Paloma and Istar (who can apparently breath through his ears)
-Bolt and a menagerie of babes

The He's killed more people than the Plague award: Aramithris (for Javelins like Zeus does lightning)

Best secret spell casting: Tawnee (for the crawl under the shield wall put up a forcewall trick)

Greatest Hubris Award: Gilos (for reviewing an event he co-sponsored)

Best timing on a phone call: The Mundane who called the mercantile to ask about the strange people at Sleepy Grass while the autocrats were getting feast stuff.

Top Five things we Did Not have at Tenth Year:

1. Corsair Knife fights
2. Rain
3. Pebyr sans Shirt
4. a Boring bardic
5. a shortage of Racoons

To close: I'm not mad, hah, ha, hee, hee, babble, giggle!

Yours not in an orange sauce,
ZEEE Canard Violet

LONG SAX

Blades of distinction

Makers of the finest custom and one
of a kind fantasy medieval Swords and Daggers

Christopher J. Powell

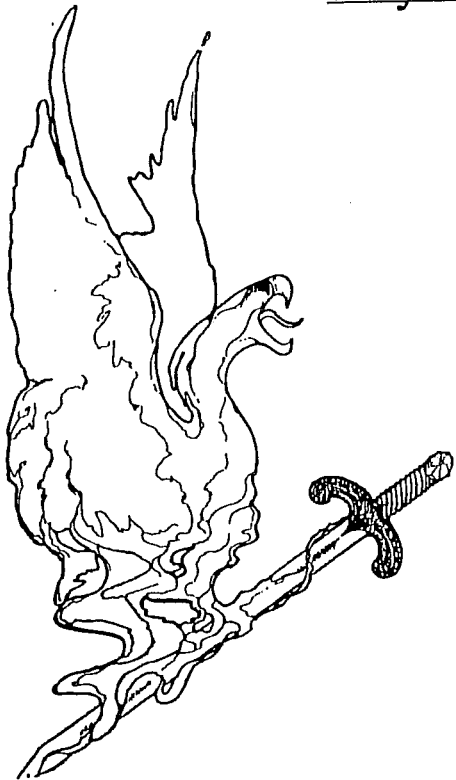
Keith J. Dirsä

303-388-5540

Disclaimer: Truth is a relative thing, but relatives are not necessarily truthful. You just sit there and thing about that until you think you can behave. - P. Duck

Gathering of the Clans, XII

July 21, 22, 23, & 24, 1994



Payment Schedule for Gathering of the Clans XII is:

\$4.00 per person if received before 12/31/93
\$5.00 per person if received before 04/16/94
\$7.00 per person if received before 07/16/94
\$10.00 at the gate.....

These event fees will help pay for pavilions, special props and constructions, equipment and transportation, mailings, advertisement, etc., etc. At event's end a financial statement will be published and distributed to all Kingdoms. *Remember, there is a separate camping fee payable to the Blake Company.* At 10th year it was \$6.00 per car per night— if you're smart and car-pool, this is negligible. Vans or the one truck plus one car combination are the most economically sound (4 people in the car and 2 in the truck plus all gear in the truck will equal \$2.00 per person per night). If you're real smart and pay the early-bird \$4.00 event fee and stay four days it would cost only \$12.00 per person for the entire event!

A more detailed mailing, listing the proposed events at GOTC #12 will be forthcoming, so we want to solicit your ideas and observations now— what events would you like to have and with which would your group like to be specifically involved? Right now our biggest lack is the dearth of addresses. If you want to get all the information, all the time, about Clan #12 please write or call and you *will* get all the mailings:

Countess Gwynne
900-A Stockwell Ln.
El Paso, Tx 79902
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Thus far we have come up with the following attractions for 12th year: 1) "The Pub" probably open from 6:00-8:00 for coffee and rolls, 8:00 - 10:30 for breakfast, 12:00 - 2:30 lunch. 2) Olympiad—Arts, Bardic and Tourneys probably held on Friday. 3) Merchant's Row with various specialty booths and someone came up with the idea of a "consignment" flea market. 4) Battlegames, Wars, Quests. 5) Plunder Tourney Sunday morning. 6) Pot-Luck Revel (main meat dish provided) with bonfire (Forest Service permitting), dancing girls, drums, dancing boys, (hopefully) no dancing bears. 7) A (short) full Kingdom, colorful (short) entertaining (short) and very (short) court - Probably held Saturday a.m. (short).

What would you like? Is there something you're really good at? Something you'd like to help run? We need input as a reasonably firm schedule needs to be done by January, 1994. Let me know what you liked at 10th year— as important, let me know what you *did not like* at 10th year. We are open to new ideas and will give consideration to all suggestions.

THE SIEGE OF SLEEPY GRASS

Introduction

Heavy is the crown on those whom serve the light, and when the hosts of Camelot retired to their keeps of stone, worn and weary, the first golden age of Amtgard passed into the night. And the era of darkness was upon the lands. Corsairs ran rampant in the east while the shattered remnants of Barad-Duin reformed and called themselves kings. Self appointed sages deemed themselves the keepers of the law, and the panhandle lords fell under the darkened sway. So deep was the dye that it even swept west, where those belted without honor dared to undermine the word of Burning Lands kings. The dream languished.

But fate was upon the land, and the celebration of an age hearkened the old warriors to a final muster. Tried and true, the loyal rallied as the trumpets blew their calling- where the clans would meet at tenth year. One by one the great dukes rose, seized their power and glory. First in the west the resurgence was felt. The kings of the Iron Mountains and the Burning Lands rallied their armies, concluded alliance, and struck back. The skirmishes were sharp and fierce, but the results ever the same. At Olympiad and Arrakis the usurpers were put to flight.

Direction and hope restored, the like minded moved in the eastern provinces, and even when defeated, dented the power of the darklings' might. And so it was that the old order challenged the usurpers, and in symbolic gesture, the chivalry of all the lands united for final battle. From the five kingdoms they came, proud Claw and fell Corsair... contingents of dark clad warriors rode down from the rainy forests of the Mystic Seas... from the swamplands of Georgia to the red rock deserts of Arizona... they came, both commoner and royal alike. They came, girded to do battle in the hills of Sleepy Grass, and determine in this decade the reach of royal might, and to see if peasant could indeed challenge with impunity the divine right of the old guard. The royals gathered their knights and squires and prepared to do battle.

Background

Many battles had been fought over the years, some of critical import, and all with the common thread of the rebels who would challenge royal domain. The Burning Lands-Emerald Hills war of year 06 was the first such serious encounter. A year later those two rivals joined by royal decree and put Pharaoh's forces to flight at the Battle of Barad-Duin. Several Corsair revolts were countered in the west, and when the Austinite heresy spread through central Texas, detachments of Burning Lands knights were dispatched to aid their Emerald Hills brothers in the border clashes. The first stage of these encounters ended with the pyrric western victory at the war of the kingdoms in year 09. Indecisive as this was, it laid the groundwork for the peasant revolt and resulting counter reformation that was to culminate in year 11 at the battlefield of Sleepy Grass.

Prelude and the Rival Armies

The peasant rebels were a mishmash of troops and fighting philosophies. Outclassed in experience and armaments, the peasant army, which was also referred to as the populace, had reasons to be hopeful of the outcome. Many of the eastern knights had no strong loyalty to the royal cause, and yet another Corsair revolt had paled the ardor many westerners might have felt for their brother knights in gray and black. Several squires had also been snubbed, further helping the peasant cause. And lastly, the forces that the populace could field amounted to the largest Amtgard army ever seen. Fully 45 Claw cohort equivalents comprised the peasant forces. These broke down as follows:

archers	20%
lower level adepts	20%
shieldmen militia	20%
peasant levies	20%
master magikers	10%
elite and veterans	10%

The morale deficiencies of the royal forces have already been listed, but the knights and their squires were not without their advantages. Vastly outnumbered, the royals had fortified the base of a hill, centering their defenses around a barred gate flanked by two crenellated towers. The royals had thoroughly prepared, arming their troops with the javelins, ballistas, and polearms necessary to repel an assault. Dense woods on either side would funnel the attacking peasants into a space where only a fraction of the attackers could assail the heights at any one time. The royal army numbered some 15 cohorts:

heavy polearms	20%
elite shieldmen	20%
cataphracts	20%
magickers	15%
skirmishers	15%
assorted levies	10%

Strategies and Opening Moves

The peasant army, sensing the superiority of their numbers, quickly acted to further shift the relative morale of the respective forces. Shieldmen deployed in front would screen the mass of rabble behind, which would rush forward when the royal defenses were breached. Behind these was a large force of archers to provide covering fire. The plan was simple, a slow advance utilizing antimagic to remove royal enchantments, and then wind magics to clear the walls. Once the gate was hacked down, the superior numbers of barbarians and berserkers would swarm into the keep and hack down the royal missile and ballista units.

The royal army had built their defense around holding the enemy at the walls. Polearms waited in the towers to strike at those approaching the gate, and a paladin was placed every 20 feet to allow their antimagic shells to cover the entire royal line. Behind the gate was a series of defensive magics, and behind these a reserve force of scouts and wizards set to entangle and shove assailants scaling the defenses. Despite the brash arrogance and contempt for the peasants shown by many knights, it was agreed to wait and wear down the enemy before ordering a countercharge.

Thus it was up to the peasants to seize the initiative, and this they did. In a magnificently barbaric spectacle, the populace shield wall advanced, singing and bashing their shields. Upon command, the peasant archers knelt and filled the sky with volley after volley of arrows. Such a display of effrontery was shocking to the proud royals as they ducked for cover. Dismay spread through their lines. Sensing this, the king of the Burning Lands and his squire leapt to the walls to exchange taunts with the advancing mob. Peasant morale surged even higher as the king went down, an arrow through his arm.

The Course of the Battle

Sadly for the peasants, they were unable to sustain their success. Timid rather than bold in their approach, the populace army slowly flowed and pooled at the base of the royal walls. A lively exchange of magic and missile fire ensued, and two things became readily apparent. One was that most of the magic canceled, and what did work was ineffective in the dust and noise of battle. Secondly was the inequality of the missile fire. Peasant archers, improperly placed in the center, could not reach the shielded knights. Not so the other way- the peasant shield wall soon dissolved in the confusion, leaving a packed mass of humanity milling in front of the royal lines. The javeliners in the towers were having a field day, and populace losses began to mount. Things were looking quite rosy for the royals.

But not all was as it seemed. The milling levies finally hacked through the gate and eventually canceled the royal magics. This shrieking hoard then forced its way forward, there to be brought to a temporary halt by a force of Corsair polearms. Stability had also settled on the royal east flank, where a force of Dragonspine and Celestial Kingdom guardsmen faced off an attacking wave of Saracens. Things were going much more poorly on the right, where populace magic had destroyed much of the ramparts protecting the Burning Lands guardsmen and Claw Legionnaires stationed there.

However, the royal lines held, and the battle became a contest of attrition. Breaking discipline, several knights and squires leapt the walls and attacked, by their very audacity driving back the peasants a step, but most of these foolhardy souls did not make it back to their own lines. Similarly, the royals concentrated ever more missile fire from the towers. Casualties and royal haughtiness began to

tell on the peasant forces. They wavered, and the central body of royal pikemen began to advance.

Oddly enough, it was the most disciplined body of royal troops that proved to be the wild card. Seeing the peasants' weakness, a cohort of Claw Legionnaires abandoned their positions and swept far right, outmaneuvering a crumbling peasant left flank. The Corsairs in the center surged forward. The peasants fell back. However, the stalemated royal left flank stayed locked, and as the flanking Claws circled ever farther afield, the pikemen found themselves thinly spread against a sagging but still huge opponent.

It was at this moment that the peasants released their reserve of shieldmen. The royal center collapsed within moments, only barely finding safety behind their friendly walls. The royal right, anchored at the base of the fort, still held their side of the field, but the knights and squires were basically back to square one. And so the battle raged, peasant advances stymied by stout walls and suppressive missile fire, royal attacks stopped and overwhelmed by superior populace numbers enveloping their flanks. For two hours this ebb and flow, charge and countercharge, raged.

Endgame

Though the battle was anyone's to win (or lose) at this point, the length of the struggle had been favoring the royal cause. Peasant advances had caused some precipitous knight/squire retreats, but there had always been the friendly confines of the fort to supply succor. The peasant levies, on the other hand, had suffered grievous losses in the fierce hand to hand combat, especially among their best melee troops. As such, their protective lines that screened the vulnerable magickers and archers from the bloodthirsty knights grew ever thinner. Successive royal advances grew ever more bold, while populace counterthrusts grew ever weaker.

At this late juncture the peasants delivered their last master stroke. As stated, royal advances on the center and right had grown more aggressive, further and further they roamed from their fort. However, the Saracens against the royal left had never retreated. At a prearranged signal they began a general advance—their goal to create a breach for the last fresh force of peasants, these being two cohorts of berserk barbarians.

The berserkers charged, and with a clap the two forces came together. One group of barbarians had the misfortune of encountering the king of the Iron Mountains and his guardsmen, who hacked the barbarians down to a man. But, the other group broke through. On they ran, through a skeleton royal rearguard, through a hail of missile fire, and with arrows and javelins protruding from their shaggy forms, these barbarians swarmed through the undefended gates of the royal castle. The remaining peasant forces, seeing this sight, took heart and launched a

last ditch attack against the royal center. This attack failed, but it succeeded in pinning down any potential help for the beleaguered defenders in the fort.

And things had gone poorly in the castle for the royals. Streaming red and clouds of invective, the berserkers overran one tower and circled the other. Harried royal javeliners ran low on weapons, and the ballista was destroyed, its crew butchered. The barbarian, and peasant, moment of glory, was at hand. But it was not to be. Scattered elements of the royal right, on seeing the situation, had come pelting back at full speed. Even as they slaughtered the last vestiges of resistance, the doomed berserkers were cut apart by newly arriving royal units of Sable Pride, Claw, and guardsmen. The remainder of the peasant army lost heart and took flight. Within moments it was over. It had not been easy, but the royal victory had been complete.

Aftermath

So ended the largest and possibly the most important battle thus far fought in the annals of the six kingdoms. On tactical conclusions, little can be said, save that better leadership for the peasants might have doomed the royal cause. But of course, that is what peasant revolts are all about, defying the knights and kings. So there is irony here, doubly so, for the haven that sheltered the royal army was built by a lord who was neither knight nor squire.

Strategic conclusions are more numerous albeit more murky. The old dukes who championed the forces of light surely were pleased by this statement of royal superiority, but what can be said of their allies, the newer and legion satraps, earls, and knights who thirst for the crown of Imperial dominion? Was victory over the populace enough to assuage their hunger for glory, or will the nouveau nobles again turn their aggressions against those who built and sustained the dream. The seasoned warriors of a decade of such struggles know the reality, and in sad cliché, it is true that time will surely tell.

As set down by my hand,
in this, the 11th year of Amtgard-
Aramithris, company scribe- Claw Legion



THE LITTLE DEMONS

by Nevron

The journey was to take over a year. Across mile after mile of uninhabited territory. Across every form of terrain known to mankind. Mountains, forest, swamps, oceans, rivers and finally into the most dreaded part of the trip. Into the hottest wasteland of the known world. Into the most feared desert of them all, into the Great Waste. The required trip there could kill most men. Some have tried to cross the Great Waste, but none have ever returned with proof. But the promise of so much treasure blinded even the most experienced questers. The promise of tons of gold and mountains of silver kept a steady flow of adventurers entering the waste. Many returned broken, in both mind and body. You needed great resources to plan a trip to the Great Waste. Even more if you planned to enter. This is where Kevlar came in.

Kevlar was an experienced questor with many, many quests to tell of. Kevlar had done it all. Slayed many terrible dragons, saved more fair maidens than he could ever remember, or even cared to. He had slain powerful wizards, and racked up so much treasure, he had to have a special vault built just to hold it all. Yes, body. Kevlar was a warrior's warrior. Scars could be seen all over his body. Scars that told their own stories. Stories of pain and agony, tales of death and destruction. But, none were to be the story told here today. For this was the story of how those stylish pieces of eyewear known throughout the lands as "Phazors", came into existence.

You see, it all came out one day while Kevlar was visiting his personal Alchemist in the depths of Kev's mighty castle. It would take the unknowing over an hour of walking to find the chemist's chamber. Down many dark passages and winding stairways, with one wrong turn costing the unescorted their very life. Few knew of the secret passage that lead to a powerful device from another dimension. Al, the Alchemist, called the thing a lifesaver. For without the little room that traveled up and down, to and from Al's laboratory to the upper chambers, the aging chemist would surely have felt the cold grip of death by now.

On this particular day Kev was once again seeking Al's advice, on his newest quest into the Great Waste. Kev was wondering if the old coot had anything special that would make his trek into the "Waste" easier. Like maybe a bag of never ending water. He'd even settle for a potion or two of some rare magic that would protect his skin from the hot sun and the heated winds that raced across the sand dunes. But, the chemist had nothing of the kind.

Al could give him some age old advice on traveling through the "Waste". Advice that any book, in any library, could give. Kev started to walk around the lab like he was seeing it all for the first time. Making small talk, asking Al about his work and asking if there was something the scientist needed.

Suddenly Al jumped up and squealing like a stuck pig, he dashed across the room. Wildly Al threw open a closet door, which immediately slammed itself shut before Al could get inside. The chemist laughed out loud as he opened the door for the second time. The door opened to a small closet that was filled to the point of not being able to hold anything else. Inside were many different bags of various colors and sizes, piles of scrolls, a whole roll of unused parchment and one medium size chest of iron.

Al grabbed the chest and tried to drag it from the closet. His show of strength was over in the first act as Kev stepped in, and in one great heave, lifted the chest clear of the closet and placed the heavy chest atop one of the solid marble tables in the lab. Once perched on the table Kev noticed a small key hole. A silver key hole at that. Meanwhile, Al was frantically trying to open the chest, totally oblivious to the lock.

"Do you by chance have the key?" asked Kev.

"Key...what...Blast it, where is that stupid key?" shouted Al when he became aware of this minor oversight on his behalf. Like a madman Al searched his ring of keys. The ring had more keys than one man should ever own. After what seemed an eternity, Al smiled a smile fit for the fabled Cheshire cat and held in his hand a small silver key.

"This should do it," he said as he placed the key into the lock. After much delay, due mostly to Al's old age, there was this god awful snap, and Al found himself holding the smaller half of the now broken key. Swearing like no sane man ever could, Al beat on the chest with his frail fist in a feeble attempt to force the chest open.

"Stand back," was all Kev said as he pulled out the small dirk he kept in his belt. After checking on Al's position and turning his own face away, Kev jabbed the steel blade into the lock. With the strength of sheer determination, he snapped the lock, allowing Kev to open the lid and exposing the contents to him. But, Al slammed the lid shut, nearly taking Kev's hands off. Cursing himself for ever hitting this flake, Kev counted his fingers, thanking that even in his middle age his ample dexterity was still ample enough. Pushing his boss aside, Al began to rummage through the chest.

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

"There you are my little pretties," said Al from deep inside the two foot tall chest. "Now, if you would be so kind as to help me out of here."

Stepping back up to the chest Kev grabbed the old man's ankles. Slowly he lifted the light-witted, half-weight old coot out of the black hole that filled the inside of the chest. As Al's head cleared the darkness of the chest, he had another of those famous grins across his face. Carefully Kev set the old man down, then stepped back to see what wonderful item Al had brought up from the depths of the chest. Was it a magical sword, maybe a suit of armor that would protect him from the sun or better yet, a portable oasis.

To Kevlar's dismay the only thing Al seemed to be holding was a pair of eyeglasses. A strange pair of specs at that. They weren't the kind of glasses you'd find in town nor anywhere else Kev had ever been before. Big things these were, with deep black lens and thick black frames. The whole design was as foreign to Kev as the strange light-weight material they were made of. Their general appearance was menacing, and when Al placed them on his face, a strange sound was heard, as they seemed to suck themselves onto the chemist's face. With the dark lens in place, Kev couldn't see Al's eyes, yet the chemist walked about the chamber as though his vision was as good as new.

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

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

"Well for one, they are perfect protection against the bright desert sun, plus they have many other uses. Here, try 'em on, before you turn them down."

Now Kevlar had had Al on his payroll for an awful long time. So, when the Alchemist said to try something out, Kev knew better than to turn him down. So with no hesitation or second thoughts, Kev took the specs from Al and allowed them to place themselves on Kev's face. As funny as that sounds, it's still the best way to describe what happened. It was as if the glasses climbed right

on his face. Again that strange sucking sound was heard and Kevlar felt the frames form a tight seal around his eyes. With no outside light to penetrate, Kev first thought he was blinded. The dark glasses made him see nothing but blackness, then after a few moments, visions of the lab started to filter through the darkness, until finally Kev could see in the dimly lit room as though he was standing in normal daylight. The floor was no longer a white mist that clung inches above the stone floor. For the first time ever, Kev could see the multi-color stone floor of the lab. The ceiling, which had always been hidden by a wall of darkness, was revealed to be a mere 15' above Kev's head. For years he had thought the ceiling rose far beyond. There also seemed to be more doors in the lab now. Doors that until just moments ago, were unseen by Kev's eyes. What strange powers these glasses had.

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

"The first thing you'll notice," started Al as he filled up both goblets, "is that the wearer can see as clear as day even in the darkest night. Plus, while underground where there is no light, they'll let you see as if you were standing outside on a moonlit night."

"By now you've also noticed that the glasses allow the wearer to see through all illusions and will aid you in finding secret passages." Handing a goblet to Kev, Al sat down behind his desk and continued his description of the magical specs.

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

Reaching across the desk Al grabbed the wine bottle and topped off his glass. Kev turned down the refill, so Al continued with his story.

"I saw my first pair of these specs, which are known by those who would know as 'Phazors', in the ancient city of Catoria. They were in the possession of my first employer, a great and powerful wizard. He taught me the minor powers of these phazors. Some of which you are experiencing right now. Other will crop up from time to time. After awhile, you should be able to control the powers, but it takes weeks of constant use. So far, none have

yet to suffer any ill effects, other than a strong dislike of bright lights. Especially when it's the colors of blue and red. But, the benefits will outweigh the bleaker effects everytime."

Kevlar got up from his seat and headed towards a mirror on a nearby wall. Al watched his single-minded, well-paying employer approach the mirror to look upon his reflection. The warrior's reaction was of the typical sort. In that viewing yourself while wearing these glasses usually brought on the same type of reaction from most first-time wearers. One of pure horror. When Kev looked into the mirror, he was lost for words. Stricken with a grip of terror so real that the only sounds he could make sound similar to a scream, but perhaps it was a cry of pain.

There before him in his reflection sitting atop his head was the ugliest looking demon that Kev had ever seen. But, it didn't stop there. The beast on his head had already begun to join itself with Kevlar's skull. Backing away from the mirror, Kev could muster up the strength to remove the beast from his head. Drawing his sword Kev spun around ready to deliver a death blow to the creature from hell. But, all he saw before him were the black lens specs. No beast from the depth of hell, no monster to slay. Just those cursed glasses.

"What type of foul magic is this?" swore Kev when he could form words. He turned towards Al with a look that could kill. Sword held outward at the wimpy chemist, Kev demanded an explanation.

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

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

"You see, in this world the demon is stuck in this form. It comes from a place far different than our world, and while it is in our time and space, its powers can be used by the possessor."

"What are you talking about?" asked Kev, who had yet to put away his sword.

"Look, it's real simple. The creature is transformed into this form when they arrive on our world." Al went back to his chair, placed the phazors on his desk, and started to refill his goblet.

"So, how do they get here?"

"That's a good question," continued Al when he was once again seated behind his desk. "My first employer told me something about another being from another world brought some of these creatures with it to our world. Once here, the demons form was suddenly changed to that which you see here. Try as it might, the visiting being could not reverse the strange transformation that had overcome its companion. In the long run the being decided it couldn't do anything more for the creatures, so it departed our world and left the creatures here to live the rest of their existence as a manmade object."

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

"I told you, the longer you wear the specs, the more of the demon's powers you will possess."

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

"Na, that's not how it works."

"So, what does it cost?"

"Well, nothing really. You see, the demon has found its little niche in our lifestyles. And since back on its home plane, the creature is just peon when compared to some of the other creatures that inhabit its homelands. The demon seeks not to return to its home, but instead, wants to stay here and be of use to our kind."

"That may be all well and true," started Kevlar as he approached the dark specs once again. "But, why did you have these things locked up?"

"They are meant for those such as yourself," answered Al, adding, "I had forgotten I even had them until this guest to the Great Waste came up."

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

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

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

"Fantastic," replied Al. "But, there is one thing I should warn you about before you leave."

"Yea...and what's that?" asked Key as he slipped the phazors back on.

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

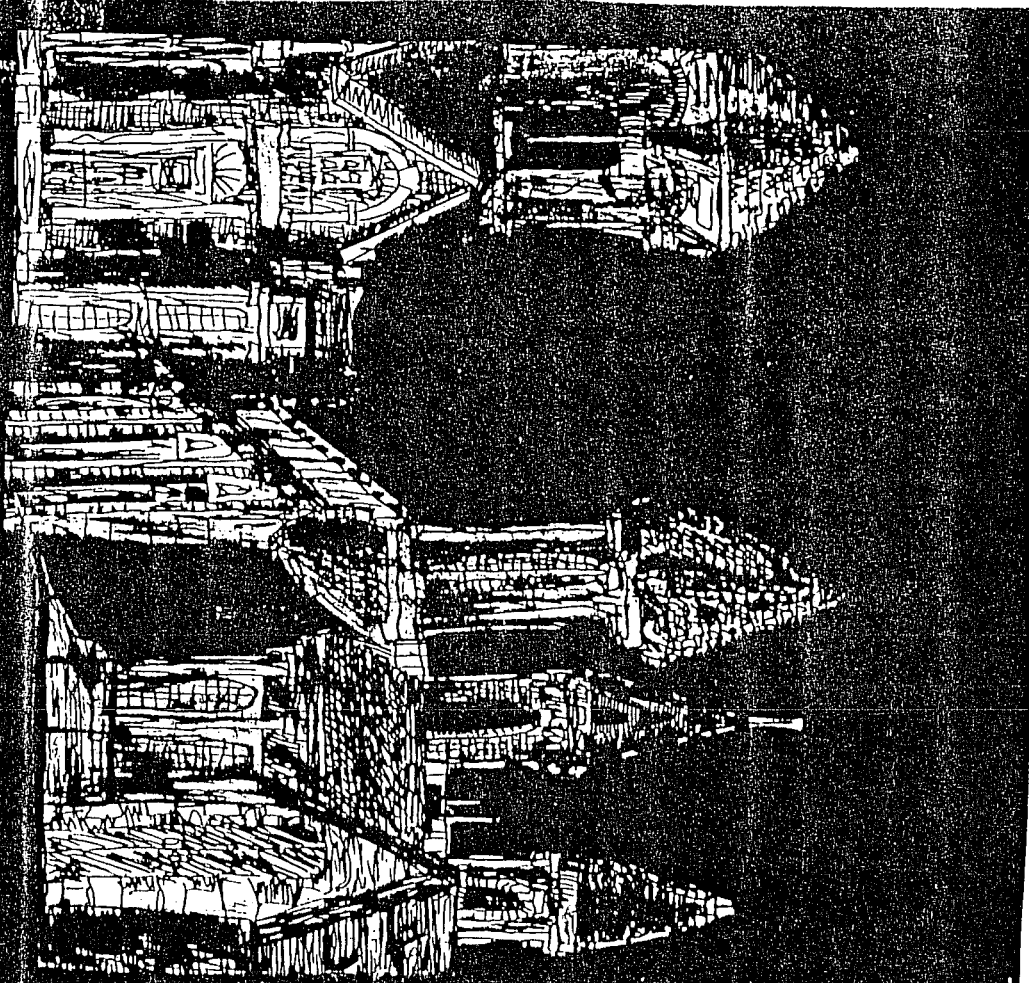
"Use 'um? Just what do you mean by that?"

"The demon has many hidden powers. Powers that when used skillfully, can slay men, many men. Even its possessor."

"Sounds good to me," replied Kevlar from over his departing shoulder. "Wish me luck, Al," was all he said.

The Kevlar was off. Off to begin his newest adventure with his newest treasure. A pair of phazors.

The End?



Olympiad IV: Results

At last, at last, the much awaited report on the final results of the Olympiad. I confess to waiting till the day after my final exams to start this account, and it will doubtless take several days to complete between other responsibilities. I thank you all for your patience, and offer realm wide apologies to any who found me somewhat terse when calling for results. The past six weeks have been more than hectic, and meeting the responsibilities of work, school, family and Amtgard has not been easy. The goddess put me in this place to accomplish certain tasks, and right now I am so far behind I will never die. So much for excuses, on to results. I won't be using titles or honorifics in the following data, because I don't know everyone's, and I don't want to use some and not others. Please forgive the informality.

A total of 29 categories of competition were held. Of these, the nineteen Arts and Sciences categories were all judged between 11:00am and 2:30pm. The judges and contestants adhered heroically to a gruelling schedule to meet this deadline. The four War categories were completed by around 3:30pm, and the Performance category was judged during that timeless period of post-feast reveling. Let it suffice to say that most of our judges hold major titles and offices, and constitute probably the best qualified panel of judges assembled for an arts and sciences event.

First, I must thank all those hearty volunteers who helped me run this event. Argon and the many reeves who aided him did an excellent job of running the War Section. Mandrake organized and scored the Strategic Gaming category with great acumen. Kathon administered and scored the Corpora and Heraldry tests with skill. I further want to thank the ex-Rex, Terarin, and our Prime Minister, Ladyhawke, for their support, especially in the area of funding the awards. (This is starting to sound like an Oscars speech, isn't it?) The cost of the materials and awards for the Olympiad was \$120, somewhat over half of which was recovered in fees. Property, like the pegboards and ropes, reverted to ownership of the Burning Lands. I hope someone offers such neat victory goodies for an Olympiad in which I am competing. (And now for the shameless plug...) Lastly, I'd like to thank those masterful maidens, those debutantes of the delicious, those virtuosos of victuals, that's right, the ladies of the Saucy Wench Tavern (best eatery in Amtgard) for feeding me during the event.

Next, I want to thank the judges who took time out from the Crown event to judge the work of the artisans. Our judges were reasonably well distributed from among the kingdoms present. Judging Art, Science and Performance were Levlatar of the Iron Mountains, Dustin of the Golden Plains, Delee of the Golden Plains, and Ka'ibria of the Burning Lands. Weelock of Dragonspine judged Art and Science, but she had a hot date with a man in a technicolor dreamcoat that evening, so Pebyr of the Celestial Kingdom judged the Performance. In the interests of saving time, literature both Scientific and Artistic was judged by a separate panel of judges composed of Magdalena of the Iron Mountains, Ladyhawke of the Burning Lands, Calamthe of the Golden Plains, Astrean of the Burning Lands, and Sasha of the Golden Plains. Most of the Celestial Kingdom attendees either competed or were too exhausted by the drive to judge, so there was not much representation of that kingdom among the judges.

To our regret, the Emerald Hills was not able to send any representatives to the Olympiad. The grapevine has told me this was due to a death in the family of one of their principal citizens.

We grieve for your sorrow. While Celestial Kingdom and the Burning Lands dominated the entries, four kingdoms and several duchies/baronies competed. There were a total of 262 entries in this Olympiad. I am not possessed of the time it would require to determine how many different people entered this event. However, awards were made to 35 different individuals from all four kingdoms represented. It is this group of people, the entrants, whom I must truly thank. You struggled past inimical weather and scheduling conditions to shine as only Olympians can. I congratulate you all.

Kingdom names will be abbreviated as follow:

BL- Burning Lands
CK- Celestial Kingdom
GP- Golden Plains
IM- Iron Mountains

Section Winners

Winners for each Section: Art, Performance, Science, and War were scored using the traditional Crown Qualifications method. 1st, 2nd and 3rd place winners were determined within each Category in each Section. Ties eliminated the placings immediately below them. Scores lower than 3.0 were not awarded placings. Then each contestant was awarded 3pts for each 1st place, 2pts for each 2nd place and 1pt for each 3rd place in all the Categories in a given Section. Following are the 1st, 2nd and 3rd place winners in each Section:

Art Section:

1st place	Ivar/BL	15pts
2nd place tie	Morag/CK	10pts
2nd place tie	Andralaine/BL	10pts

Performance Section:

1st place	Morag/CK	8pts
2nd place	Zephram/CK	6pts
3rd place	Katarina/CK	5pts

Science Section:

1st Place	Morag/CK	6pts
2nd place tie	Wulfgar/BL	5pts
2nd place tie	Zephram/CK	5pts

War Section:

1st place tie	Gilos/BL	7pts
1st place tie	M'Deth/BL	7pts
3rd place	Wolfram/IM	5pts

Competing for Title of "Olympian"

In order to compete for the title of Olympian, a contestant was required to enter at least two categories in each Section: Art, Performance, Science and War. The contestant's entries in each Section were reviewed, and the best score in two Categories were added to determine the overall winner for this competition, the Olympian. As you can see, this contest was indeed fierce, with only a .2 difference between first and second place! Again, my thanks to these six hardy artisans who competed on all fields of honor.

Aggregate Score:	Entrant/Affiliation:	Art Categories:	Performance:	Science Categories:	War Categories:
29.7	Zephram/CK	4.4 Feast Garb 3.7 The Rose	4.5 Singing 4.5 Theatre	4.6 Corpora Test 3.6 Strat. Games	3.4 Single Sword 1.0 MU & Shield
29.5	Ivar/BL	5.0 Flat Art 4.4 The Rose	2.0 Oratory 3.6 Singing	5.0 Armor 3.5 Heraldry Test	3.0 Sword & Shield 3.0 MU & Shield
27.5	Morag/CK	4.4 Garb Access 4.8 Feast Garb	4.5 Oratory 3.8 Dance	4.0 Passive Const. 4.0 Factual Writ.	1.0 Teams of 2 1.0 Single Sword
26.7	Wulfgar/BL	4.3 Cooking 3.4 Garb Access	3.9 Instrument 2.9 Singing	4.6 Active Const. 4.4 Passive Const.	2.2 Single Sword 1.0 Sword & Shield
23.9	Vamir/BL	3.6 Feast Garb 3.8 The Rose	3.1 Oratory 3.5 Singing	4.1 Corpora Test 3.8 Factual Writ.	1.0 Single Sword 1.0 Sword & Shield
23.2	Melinda/CK	3.4 Flat Art 4.0 The Rose	3.3 Oratory 4.2 Singing	4.6 Passive Const. 1.7 Weapon Constr.	1.0 Single Sword 1.0 Sword & Shield

Following is a list of all the entries and scores received. Entries which placed will appear in the order of placement at the top, but entries which did not place will appear in the order logged into the entry book. Spellings and item descriptions will be as read from the book. If you don't like the way your name is spelled, write more clearly next time.

Art Section:

Composition:

3.4- 1st	Vamir/BL	The Break In
3.0- 2nd	Zephram/CK	Escape Witch Burning

Cooking:

4.6- 1st	Ladyhawke/BL	Peach '93
4.3- 2nd	Wulfgar/BL	Ribs
4.2- 3rd	Wulfgar/BL	Chocolate Liquour
3.0	Morag/CK	Scottish Shortbread
3.5	Vamir/BL	Cookies
3.8	Ladyhawke/BL	Strawberry '93
3.6	Wulfgar/BL	Mai Wein
3.0	Morag/CK	Prince Charles Pears
4.0	Vera/CK	Banana Butter
2.8	Vera/CK	Sweetbread

Feast Garb:

4.8- 1st	Katarina/CK	Black Doublet
4.8- 1st	Morag/CK	Italian Dress
4.4- 3rd	Zephram/CK	Teal Tunic
4.4- 3rd	Francesca/CK	Blue Dress
4.4- 3rd	Katarina/CK	Gold Doublet
3.6	Vamir/BL	White Dress
3.6	Andralaine/BL	Dark Sun Rising
3.6	Francesca/CK	White Dress
3.2	Francesca/CK	Man's Coat & Pants
4.2	Thax/Toranna	Coat Hardie
3.8	Ivar/BL	Black & Red
3.4	Parrot/CK	Blue Dress
4.2	Morag/CK	Celtic Dress
4.3	Katarina/CK	Man's Jerkin & Pants

Fighting Garb:

4.0- 1st	Ivar/BL	Tabard & Belt
3.6- 2nd	Morag/CK	Horseman's Tunic & Hood
3.4- 3rd	Andralaine/BL	Healer's Garb
3.3	Vamir/BL	Scarlet Doublet
3.0	Francesca/CK	Tabard
3.2	Arkane/BL	Female Barbarian

Flat Art:

5.0- 1st	Ivar/BL	Kidney Belt
4.0- 2nd	Francesca/CK	Painting
4.0- 2nd	Ivar/BL	Medallion
3.4	Zephram/CK	Allthing Scroll
3.4	Melinda/CK	Household Plaque
3.0	Morag/CK	Celtic Scroll
3.6	Zivarom/CK	Calligraphy
3.0	Vamir/BL	Gee Your Hair Smells Good
3.3	Vamir/BL	Scowl
3.4	Vamir/BL	Red Hands

Garb Accessories:

4.4- 1st	Morag/CK	Kinsale Cloak
4.4- 1st	Katarina/CK	Hats
4.0- 3rd	Ivar/BL	Necklace
4.0- 3rd	Louise/CK	Chromatic Snood
4.0- 3rd	Ivar/BL	Necklace #2
4.0- 3rd	Katarina/CK	Parrelet & Ruff

3.4	Wulfgar/BL	Belt
2.5	Riñ/IM	Belt
3.8	Riñ/IM	Knight's Shot Glass
3.6	Vamir/BL	Pouch
3.4	Francesca/CK	Shoes
2.4	Francesca/CK	Favors
3.5	Vamir/BL	Coronet
3.0	Andralaine/BL	Squire Belt
3.2	Tana/BL	Turquoise Headdress
3.2	Ivar/BL	Necklace #3

Needlework:

4.0- 1st	Andralaine/BL	Sweater
4.0- 1st	Andralaine/BL	Renaissance Lady
3.0- 3rd	Francesca/CK	Cross Stitch

Place Encampment:

3.4- 1st	Francesca/CK	Chair
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Poetry:

3.4- 1st	Vamir/BL	Loyalty
3.4- 1st	Vamir/BL	Response
3.4- 1st	Andralaine/BL	Belt of Pride
3.1	Connor/CK	Wasting My Time

The Rose:

4.4- 1st	Ivar/BL	Celtic Armour
4.2- 2nd	Ivar/BL	Knight's Belt
4.0- 3rd	Melinda/CK	Household Banner/Shield

3.7	Zephram/CK	Award Favors
3.8	Vamir/BL	Banner
3.0	Vamir/BL	Banner
2.4	Carnellian/Torona	Personal Banner
2.8	Deathstalker/BL	Amtgard Coin Game
3.4	Morag/CK	Knight's Belt

Three Dimensional Art:

4.9- 1st	Chris/IM	The Sisters
4.4- 2nd	Chris/IM	The Dagger
4.4- 2nd	Morag/CK	Trims
2.8	Zephram/CK	Filigreed Chess Board
3.5	Lyrec/CK	Wand
3.0	Turis Newbie/CK	Venetian Glass
4.2	Chris/IM	Serpent
3.6	Vamir/BL	Roo
3.0	Ladyhawke/BL	Dragon
2.8	Thax & Carnellian	Nine Man's Morris
4.0	Ivar/BL	Bracelet

Performance Section:

Dance:

3.8- 1st	Katarina & Morag
3.4- 2nd	Katarina & Morag

Jester:

4.0- 1st	Delion/BL	Me, Just Me
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Musical Instrument:

3.9- 1st	Wulfgar/BL	Drum
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Oratory:

4.5- 1st	Morag/CK	Missive to William
4.0- 2nd	Kayranna/BL	Man in the Glass
3.6- 3rd	Andralaine/BL	Embarassed
3.3	Melinda/CK	Odyssey
3.1	Vamir/BL	Song of a Forgotten God
2.0	Ivar/BL	he, he, he

Singing:

4.5- 1st	Zephram/CK	Una Furtiva Lagrima
4.5- 1st	Vasa & Guy/GP	Spanish Noble
4.3- 3rd	Kayranna/BL	Pretty Polly
3.0	Melinda/CK	Liturgy
3.9	Katarina/CK	
3.6	Morag/CK	Close Call
4.2	Katarina & Morag	Bonny Susy Clellan
2.9	Wulfgar/BL	
2.5	Vamir/BL	A Song About Weeds
3.3	Vamir/BL	Little Worm
3.4	Ivar/BL	Nipple
3.5	Kat & Vamir/BL	Kerowen
3.8	Kayranna/BL	Wishing You Were Here Again
4.0	Delion/BL	Storybook Love
2.5	Quinn/BL	Glory of Love
4.2	Melinda/CK	Kerowen

Theatre:

4.5- 1st	Zephram/CK	Excerpt Jesus Christ Superstar
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Science Section:

Active Construction:

4.6- 1st	Wulfgar/BL	Cart
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Armor Construction:

5.0- 1st	Ivar/BL	Loricosa Armour
4.5- 2nd	Terarin/BL	Green Armour
4.2- 3rd	Rift/IM	Coif
3.8	Wulfgar/BL	Breast Plate
3.0	Wulfgar/BL	Collar
2.2	Francesca/CK	Arm Guard
2.6	Francesca/CK	Kidney Belt
3.6	Francesca/CK	Armour
3.7	Ivar/BL	Shoulders

Corpora/Heraldry Test:

4.6- 1st	Zephram/CK	90 on corpora test
4.2- 2nd	Abedon/BL	80 on corpora test
4.1- 3rd	Vamir/BL	77.5 on corpora test
3.9	Wulfgar/BL	72 on heraldry test
3.2	Rift/IM	55 on heraldry test
3.5	Ivar/BL	62 on heraldry test

Factual Writing:

4.0- 1st	Morag/CK	How Sir Sparky Got His Name
3.8- 2nd	Vamir/BL	Help Pack It
3.5- 3rd	Morag/CK	Preventing Hyperthermia
3.2	Zephram/CK	How to Autocrat Crown Quails
2.9	Vamir/CK	Playing Amtgard without Fighting
3.2	Francesca/CK	How to Make a Cloak

Passive Construction:

4.6- 1st	Melinda/CK	Feast Gear
4.4- 2nd	Wulfgar/BL	Helmet
4.0- 3rd	Morag/CK	Spinning
4.0- 3rd	Morag/CK	Inkle Weaving
3.8	Vamir/BL	Box
3.6	Andralaine/BL	Homemade Paper
3.4	Andralaine/BL	Perfume
3.4	Francesca/CK	Flute
3.2	Ladyhawke/BL	Helmet
3.0	Dethstalker/BL	Castle
3.8	Wulfgar/BL	Helmet #2
3.3	Ivar/BL	Knife
3.8	Vamir/BL	Knight's Chain

Weapon Construction:

3.8- 1st	Ladyhawke/BL	Dragon Shield
3.2- 2nd	Fnord/Tori-mar	Sword
1.7	Melinda/CK	Javelin

Camping Goods: (no winner)

2.8	Vamir & Aramithris	Potpourri
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Strategic Gaming: (only scored if 3+ games played)

5.0- 1st	Mad Hatter/GP	6w/6g
3.6- 2nd	Zephram/CK	2w/3g
2.3	Andralaine/BL	1w/3g
2.3	Fnord/Tori-mar	1w/3g
1.0	Quinn/BL	0w/4g

War Section:

Single Sword:

5.0- 1st	M'Deth/BL	w/1
3.9- 2nd	Gilos/BL	6/0
3.9- 2nd	Wolfram/IM	5/2
1.0	Daimos/BL	0/1
1.0	Vamir/BL	0/1
1.0	Teredor/BL	0/1
3.4	Shokia/BL	3/2
1.0	Naes/BL	0/1
1.0	Pax/BL	0/1
3.7	Lief/IM	4/2
2.3	Arkane/BL	1/2
1.0	Eran/CK	0/1
1.0	Calliope/BL	0/1
1.0	Eric/GP	0/1
1.0	Mad Hatter/GP	0/1
1.0	Kurse/BL	0/1
3.4	Zephram/CK	3/5
1.0	Morag/CK	0/1
1.0	Melinda/CK	0/1
3.0	Fnord/CK	4/2
1.0	Zendrak/GP	0/1
3.4	Greywalker/DrSp	3/2
3.4	Jetara/DrSp	3/2
3.0	Whitewolf/DrSp	2/2
2.2	Wulfgar/BL	1/2
3.0	Rift/IM	2/2
2.2	Damzan/BL	1/2
2.2	Terarin/BL	1/2
1.0	Nanoc/BL	0/1
3.0	Zucharin/BL	2/2
3.7	Ahira/BL	4/2
1.0	Quinn/BL	0/1
1.0	Ivar/BL	0/1
3.7	Delion/BL	4/2
1.0	Nikos/BL	0/1
3.4	Dethstalker/BL	3/2
1.0	Raphael/BL	0/1

Two Person Teams:

5.0- 1st	Damzen & M'Deth/BL	w/1
5.0- 1st	Kurse & Nanoc/BL	3/0
5.0- 1st	Gilos & Paloma/BL	3/0
1.0	Morag & Katarina/CK	0/1
1.0	Melinda & Fnord/CK	0/1
1.0	Zendrak & Euric/GP	0/1
1.0	Eric & Guy/GP & BL	0/1
3.0	Greywalker & Jetara/DrSp	1/1
3.7	Whitewolf & Teredor/DrSp	2/1
1.0	Ivar & Vamir/BL	0/1
1.0	Daimos & Otter/BL	0/1
1.0	Hatter & Gunthar/GP	0/1
3.7	Ahira & Nikos/BL	2/1
3.7	Rift & Wolfram/IM	2/1
1.0	Argon & Naes/BL	0/1
3.0	Bolt & Terarin/BL	1/1
1.0	Raphael & Dethstalker/BL	0/1

<u>Sword and Shield;</u>		<u>w/l</u>
5.0- 1st	Wolfram/IM	6/0
4.3- 2nd	Gilow/BL	5/1
4.2- 3rd	M'Deth/BL	4/1
4.2- 3rd	Arkane/BL	4/1

1.0	Francesca/CK	0/1
1.0	Raphael/BL	0/1
3.0	Paloma/BL	1/1
4.0	Dethstalker/BL	3/1
3.0	Ivar/BL	1/1
1.0	Delion/BL	0/1
3.0	Nacs/PL	1/1
1.0	Melinda/CK	0/1
1.0	Katarina/CK	0/1
1.0	Fnord/CK	0/1
1.0	Guy/GP	0/1
1.0	Zendrak/GP	0/1
3.0	Greywalker/DrSp	1/1
3.6	Jetara/DrSp	2/1
3.0	Bolt/BL	1/1
3.6	Whitewolf/DrSp	2/1
1.0	Tarador/DrSp	0/1
1.0	Wulfgar/BL	0/1
1.0	Vamir/BL	0/1
1.0	Erze/GP	0/1
1.0	Daimos/BL	0/1
3.0	Danzan/BL	1/1
3.0	Otter/BL	1/1
1.0	Quinn/BL	0/1
1.0	Hatter/GP	0/1
1.0	Terarin/BL	0/1
3.0	Kurse/BL	0/1
3.6	Nanoc/BL	2/1
1.0	Zucharin/BL	0/1
3.6	Ahira/BL	2/1
1.0	Nikos/BL	0/1

<u>Magic User and Shield</u>		<u>w/l</u>
5.0- 1st	Nikos & Ahira/BL	3/0
3.7- 2nd	Weelock & Teredor/DrSp	2/1
3.7- 2nd	Raphael & Dethstalker/BL	2/1

1.0	Zephram & Fnord/CK	0/1
1.0	Melinda & Katarina/CK	0/1
1.0	Greywalker & Jetara/DrSp	0/1
1.0	Erze & Cox/GP	0/1
1.0	Hatter & Cromwell/GP	0/1
1.0	Deimos & Damien/BL	0/1
1.0	Leif & Wolfram/IM	0/1



So there it is, in somewhat less than a nutshell. On to next year. If this event is to survive, we must come up with a way to determine which group is to host it. I haven't gotten any feedback on my suggestion, I don't know if people liked it or not. I suggest the monarchs talk this over at the next big event, probably Arakis. Better yet, I suggest the consorts take this problem off their hands. They have plenty to keep them busy, and the arts have traditionally been the province of consorts. I look forward to competing in other lands, and hope I someday get the chance.

*ANTHE
DARKFALCON*

Amtgard, Inc.

Welcome to Amtgard and the world of medieval and fantasy live action role playing. Ever want to slay a dragon with your wizard magics, or lead a party of barbarians against a fortified wall? If so, then Amtgard is for you. Amtgard's weapons are safe, padded replicas of the real thing, and the rules offer a wide variety of roles from assassin to warrior.

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TO ALL THAT READ THIS, "a large" group
let it be known that
hight The Mystic Seas

is a member in good standing of Amtgard, Kingdom of the Burning Lands, a non-profit medieval and fantasy society founded in El Paso, Texas in 2/83. Furthermore, this certificate lists the major awards and honors that the aforementioned has accumulated through 12/88 by his/her service to the kingdom and the crown:

and as a group in good standing of
Amtgard, Inc., is granted independence:

as

"The Kingdom of the Mystic Seas"

on this date:

as signed by our hands

Aramithris, REX IV - Monarch, BOD

Princess Kat - Consort

Ady Lady Hauke - BOD, Prime Minister

Shendo Zen - BOD

- BOD

AMTGARD

as compiled from the
Royal archives--
Aramithris, chronicler