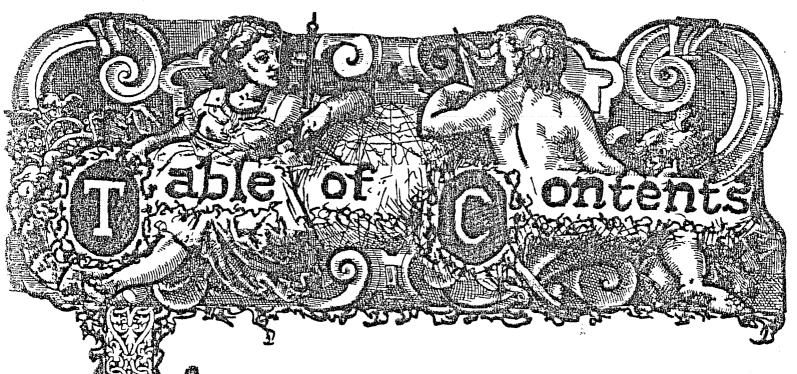
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## Coming Events

Annual Amtgard Camping Event: Burning Lands

### Lettour

From the new Monarch of the Emerald Hills

## Stories and Poems

Nothing Like Controversy: Queen Alessandra The Crystal Wizard: Queen Tawnee Darkfalcon A Legacy of Two Worlds: Prince Aramithris of Meadowlake The DarkWind of Chaos: Sir Delphos Darkheart The Bard: Laird Rhys ap Gordon

## Factual Writtings

Dressing a tent for a event, Beware of Hog , The plucked Phoenix: all by the talented Countess Gwynne of Tanlea
Period shoes : Joella Starwatcher

### Artist

Queen Alessandra Prince Gwindon Duchess Reyna Countess Gwynne Viscountess Joella



## Letter from the Queen



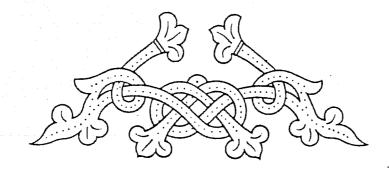
Greetings Unto the Populace of the Emerald Hills.

It's time for another coronation. I want to thank everybody for all the support this last 6 months which made everything worth while. Where things started out grim and shaky I see nothing but strength and determination. I'm eager for this next coming reign in which I plan on us accomplishing alot and I know I can depend on you all. I really appreciate the help you've given me when I've asked, and for doing it with enthusiasm. If you are not involved in helping with fund raisers or demo's please when you hear about them volunteer. You will be more than welcome I know some of us can be overbearing with our big mouths and attitudes, but once you start to get involved with us its alot of fun and people get a chance to know you. Mostly thank you all for putting up with my bitching and still supporting me afterwards. Mom's Rule!

Something that needs to be put in print is the political problems we have just been through. Sir Landolf (monarch) and Sir Taz (champion) were both voted out of their positions. Petitions were signed first. Nineteen signatures on Landolfs and thirteen on Taz. These were done by vie Copora, duties were gone over before the populace voted. Sir Landolf was voted out unanimously and Sir Taz all but two. Sir Taz accepted this and because of his job and mundame problems has not been able to fulfill his duties. Sir Landolf was not so gracious, he not only threw accusations but destroyed property of the Kingdom and Amtgard, which was the Crown it's telf and paperwork belonging to the organization. The Crown belongs to the Kingdom not to the Monarch, it's the Kingdom that allows the Monarch to rule not the Monarch allowing the Kingdom to exist. Hopefully we can learn a lesson from this and make sure we vote for responsible people who will fulfill their duties.

Thank you for a marvelous qualification. The best fighting Ive seen for a while, there wasn't a slow moment you could feel the energy. I was also impressed with the cultural events. Now that you have shown yourselves I expect to see alot more of your talents. A word to the wise. start your projects now for the next qualifications it will definitely relieve alot of stress and tension at the last minute. Since the original writing of this letter Arcaine, Landolf's brother, has returned the crown to us. It was folded up and thrown in the back of his truck. The maker of the Crown Rhys Ap Gordon hammered it out for us, Euchess Reyna put the jewels back on and it was returned to me. To these three words cannot express my gratitude. We will be holding a council in which Landolf will be asked to answer for his actions and also the accusations against him of telling mundanes that we are all a bunch of devil worshippers and drug dealers.

> Yours in service, Queen Alessandra Cheetarah Nightowl



Before this poem is read I would like to say this was written immediately after the last Barad - Duin Coronation Upon reading the letter from the Editor of the Talon II. I would like to say "SPEAK NOT OF WHAT YOU DO NOT KNOW OR UNDERSTAND".

# "Nothing like controversy to make the Blood flow"

We were small when we formed up Plagued with continual bad luck. But now we are a kingdom just begun Shame on those claiming the right to shun. Not only struggling within, but also without what a sin. They say he is of noble birth. Can he move heaven and earth? He passes judgment on us all Without the fact, will he fall? He's belted and titled, can't we learn from him. He wants to crush us before we begin. Such talent wasted on spite. Are these the correct actions of a knight? Oh such a talented man. To be able to keep up with us all; how grand! What a shame, we want to learn But when we've asked, we're only spurned. Knowledge is something to share. Not to be stored away on a shelve upstairs. Thats fine we'll carry on And maybe this will make us strong. Slap us in the face, we'll stand back up We love this game you can't take that from us. We'll revel with you thru the night We're the Rebels from the Emerald Hills, that's right!



We salute you Sir Nathanalorn your concepts are interesting to say the least

In darkness born lay the child, a silence, strange, steeped the heavy air. The woman hollowed, lay taut in the very stillness of that final victory, thrusting life from the jaws of death, only to fall herself into that consuming void. Unheeded by marble flesh, the babe did not stir when the silence shattered into ebon crystal shards.

Ash shrouded stalked the mage into the hovel, seeking the source of song. Eyes ice pale lay brief on a face yet writ with shock at Fate's last jest. But corpse song he did not seek, it's chorus was too common for savoring. There, wrapped in utter silence, sang that pure and painful note, which had drawn answering cry from his own lost soul as notes tortured from a lyre. Sustained concert unwilled by him, impossible to believe, to bear. Yet there, new and empty and near devoid of life, lay the source of song.

He raised the babe from Death's hard and loving embrace. Cradling her against his pale, flat breast, he bade milk to come. From that charnel house he strode, captivated, into the gathering mists of dawn.

The child grev. She bathed in clear, still pools of secret power, fed on the essence of dreams, drank of Life itself and danced with Death. A blossom of singular purity, she flowered in the private garden. The ash cloaked mage fed her the milk of his breast and the blood of his heart and denied her nothing but his seed. His soul still groaned with that single piercing note which bound him to her so that he could not bear to stand apart.

The sable flower blossomed, rich, vibrant, ready for harvest. Draped in gauze of ash, trembling, he knelt at her feet and offered her the one gift he had ever denied her. Rapacious in newfound lust, that gift she took and more. From the ash mage she drew the milk of his breast, the blood of his heart, the seed of his loins, the breath of his lungs, and the song of his soul, till nothing was left but a husk. In gluttonous langour she blinked at the hollow shell by her side. She brushed the parted lips with a kiss, and he fell to dust.



Ash smudged, void of warmth, she found the pool gone tepid and rank. Hungry she fed, thirsty she drank, but dreams and Life could not blunt her need. She called out to Death to come and dance again, but the song was consumed and Death had run off with the ash mage.

In darkness waited the woman, a silence, strange, steeped the heavy air. Questing, she sought another song, another piercing note to sustain her. A source to feed her hollow hunger.

Stormfalcon rose from his wife's bed, a compelling, agonizing resonance drawing him out into the snow. Piercing, steady, unrelenting, it drew him foundering across the ice to the forbidden keep. Her lips were warm when they embraced.

Death came again and danced for a while, for there was a new song at the keep. At last she could not bear to tantalize with tastes of promised repast and feasted till Death ran away with the wizard.

She became a great composer, each song but one note, each note the tune of a grand ball. A masqued ball, with but three guests; a wizard, a hunger, and Death. At the end of the ball, the masks were removed, the hunger was sated, the song died, and Death ran away with the wizard.

Death is a fickle lover. He will dance with you all evening and leave with someone else.

Passion's greed fed reason's storehouse. Consuming only the transitory nature of man, she stored the essence of his power till she was fat with magic. Knowledge could hone the fat to muscle, forge the power into Power. With such Power she could compose one single song of many notes which would go on and on and on. All the world would dance.

Seeking knowledge she went into the world. Weaving knowledge and power like crystal threads she composes. If you listen with your soul you can feel the beginnings to the song. Listen closely, and you too may dance with Death. Perhaps he may even leave with you.



"A Legacy of Two Worlds"

Part 1: Oblivion



She couldn't feel the pain anymore, an ominous occurence, but a mixed blessing in the mounting flurries that obscured a ruddy sunset. Through the haze of exhaustion, a deeper chill had begun to set. Orange knew that she must find shelter soon. The alternative was permanent solace in the arms of the Dark Mother, and Orange was not ready for that kind of peace. First were the immediate priorities. Lost and wounded in the semi-arctic reaches of the Karst, her odds of survival were slim. With her ambushers and pursuers still looking for her, the odds plunged to almost hopeless. And Mother, she was so tired. It would be so easy to rest for just a moment...just for a bit. The curtain of snowflakes eddied and whirled, and then the cloak of white below rose up to claim her.

It was the persistent itch, and the sense of something undone, that saved her. Runoff, melt from slush warmed by her diminishing breath, trickled down her face, into her nose...Orange sneezed, and awoke face down in the snow. Like mush her thoughts sluggishly congealed, and then came recollection and purpose— the enemy, and revenge. Briefly the image, unwanted, of her cousin slain, came to mind. Orange again saw the gloating faces, the mountain bandits covered in the gore of the caravan merchants, Lerrys calling, slowly running, then cruelly struck down. Lerrys— her wandering mind fixed on his happy face, a sunny visage claimed by this land of rock and ice. Lerrys, again his image, and the stain of tears on her cheeks, and rage. Anger, a smothering heat that washed away all weakness. "Cousin, you will be avenged." Orange staggered to her feet.

Seasoned as a warrior, Orange Culanga sa Alasia knew that the adrenalin would not last. At best, a few minutes of strength, a false dawn in this wilderness, and then fatigue and weakness, a certain demise in the deepening gloom. Also, there was the unresolved problem of the bandit scum close behind her. She could hear snatches of their grunted shouts as they followed the trail of crushed snow and blood. Her blood, she thought grimly, surveying the ruin of her useless left arm. No place to make a stand here, but if she could reach the pass, then only one could come for her at a time. Orange wiped at the tangled bronze mass that was her namesake, now plastered with wet to the back of her skull, and set a dogged pace for the summit. The smile she wore was the first to be seen in many hours, but there was no humor in the emerald ice of her angry eyes.

The Rift pass, at 18,000 feet, is not the highest pass in Jomadon, but it is one of the most difficult. For seven passes of the two moons it is closed in the embrace of winter, and even midway through the other six cycles, in the midst of the drought season, the passage is difficult at best. The ill-fated caravan in which Orange and Lerrys had hired on with as guards had departed in early Tiras, first of the fertile months, in hope of getting a jump on the merchant's competition. It had been an uneventful journey until the party entered the hostile climes of the Runestead wastes. There, within sight of the Rift pass, the caravan had suffered the dual catastrophes of a

freak storm and the ambush of a local band of brigands. Owing much misfortune to the latter, she cursed at her stupidity in underestimating the former. The wind had risen as the sun went down, and the resulting swirl of blinding powder hampered her efforts to assail the evershifting drifts. Increasingly opposed by the elements, and at the end of her strength, Orange knew what she must do. Finding a spot on the crumbly ledge only some five feet across, she turned and waited for her tormentors. Almost masked by the storm's crescendo of fury, the sound of their gabble fluctuated, the excited whine and snarl of beasts on the hunt.

So intent on the chase was he, that the first bandit to stumble upon Orange never saw her. Leaping from her crouch, she dispatched the luckless ruffian easily. He slid off her blade with a sigh. Orange had no time to savor her victory, her next two opponents stepping into view in unison. With a great cry, the two charged, a husky fellow with a great, bladed axe in the forefront. Ducking his clumsy attack, she lashed out with her right foot even as she turned to meet the advance of his partner. Staggered, the axemen lost his footing and tumbled over the precipice. The storm took him, his shrieks trailing him to the bottom. The second bandit, a thin, wiry man with a broken tooth, closed rapidly and grappled. His fingers grasped her useless left arm, and Orange screamed in agony. desperation she lashed at the leering face with the pommel of her sword, feeling bone and cartilage shatter. Broken tooth choked and collapsed. Then the rest were upon her, too many to count, and Orange had no time for thought. Slashing and parrying, all the while retreating, Orange remembered Broken tooth's prone body too late. Her ankle turned on the unconscious form, and flailing wildly, she went down. Shouts of triumph from the brigands, a blow to her midsection, and suddenly the earth was no longer under her feet. Orange's good hand automatically grasped the wrist of her closest assailant, yanking him off the edge with her. "So this is how it ends," she thought, "Dark Mother bless me, and receive your daughter in your warm embrace." And indeed, then there was darkness.

#### Part 2: Life

The mind is a funny thing. Numbed by stress and shock, the conscious mind pushes the negative events of the recent past into the background so that healing with catharsis might take place. Thus, there was no fear, no stress in her demeanor when Orange woke. her initial impressions were of a faint tinkling, perhaps wind chimes, and somewhere near, the faint chuckle of a brook rasping over waterworn stones. Her first sight on awakening was cause for wonderment. The room in which she was housed, if room it could be called, was a mixture of garden and bedroom. Sunlight dappled a stone floor, lightly screened from the elements above by a roof of hanging, white blossoms. Everything in the chamber seemed to be alive, even including the live vines that twined to form the hammock on which she lay. The overall effect was very tranquil, and Orange almost, but not quite forgot to look for her sword. It was, of course, not there. She sighed and lay back. It was not likely that any potential enemy would have been so thoughtful as to put her to bed. She could rest, and wait.

Encumbered by the bandages swathing her arm and waist, she soon

found her wait and see attitude to be a wise one. The hammock was comfortable, but the slightest movement caused a dull throbbing in her left bicep. Patience was not required however, for her unseen benefactor chose to make his appearance just as Orange was exploring the extent of her injuries. If her surroundings were cause for wonder, then she was stunned by his entrance. He was the most beautiful creature she had ever seen. A lithe torso tapered up to slender shoulders, these obscured under a cascade of fine, silken hair the color of winter frost. The pale eyes, too large for the face, were soft and expressive, and tinged with humor; And looking directly into her own. Startled by this frank perusal, Orange's uncertain smile was rewarded by his broad answering grin. Suddenly she laughed. Everything was going to be all right. Accepting the steaming wooden bowl he proffered, Orange got down to alleviating the gnawing emptiness in the center of her stomach.

The weeks passed swiftly, the wounds mending cleanly. For Orange, these were the most peaceful times of her life. Her friend and his people seemed to have no names, and for that matter, no language or speech of any sort. At least, no words were ever spoken in her presence, though when their eyes met, then Orange had the uncanny feeling that they communicated, and spoke with one another. Almost, when straining to hear, she could imagine a fragment of conversation, but it eluded her. And if she could not speak with them, then there was no lack of understanding or love. Frost's people (she had taken to calling him this in a whimsical moment, and he had not seemed to mind) were considerate and attentive, and in less than a ten-day she was up and about. Orange had many questions, and most of these seemed to answer themselves. One nagging uncertainty that had tugged at her attention was the circumstances of her miraculous escape and salvation from the bandits. Orange had remembered falling off an icy cliff, and had wakened safe and already healing, in her garden chamber. Where there had been ravening brigands, there was Frost's gentle tribe, where there had been wintery waste, there was the calm of this summer country.

Understanding came abruptly on the evening of her first day out of bed. Luxuriating in her regained freedom and mobility, Orange had shared a light meal of fruit with Frost, watching the sun set in a glory of golds and crimsons. With languid contentment she watched the first stars appear over the grassy gnoll they occupied. The darkness thickened, a faint blue orb lifting over the eastern horizon, and a second silver crescent joining it soon thereafter. Moments later a third moon, ochre in color, hove its sallow visage into view. A third moon-- something froze in Orange's veins. In the next half hour fear shifted to disbelief and finally to weary acceptance; Four more motes of light had risen to join their brothers and sisters in the early evening sky. Orange looked to Frost, who nodded sagely. She was a long way away from home. Utilizing the laborious process of sign language, it took the rest of the evening for Orange to extract from Frost the basic fundamentals of her situation: firstly, she was nowhere on Jomadon; Frost's people had somehow "removed" her when she fell from the cliff, thusly saving her life. Secondly, she could return, but only at the proper moment. Evidently movement between their worlds could only be accomplished in certain rare interludes. If she understood Frost correctly, the next possible passage would be in eight ten-days time. Orange resigned herself to a long stay.

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Life was not unpleasant among the grey folk (all of Frost's people had hair ranging from white or silver to silver gray) and Orange's impatience to return to her homeland was in large measure mitigated by her blossoming relationship with Frost. Attired in the calf-length tunic universal among her hosts, Orange merged into the mainstream of their lives. Frost showed her their ways of counting by the stars, their skills in conversing with the beasts of the earth, and eventually, their art and rituals of love and companionship. They made love under the seven roaming moons, slept with the stars as their canopy and cover, and woke in the mornings, drunk on each other and the power of the earth. Days blended and passed in a blur. Orange would later recall isolated incidents: her awe when he called the wolves and ran with them on their hidden trails; her yelp of surprise when in a flurry of passion, her probing hands found the tufted points of his ears under his silvery mane (he had laughed at her astonishment and interest); the lilting croon of the crop-singers as they brought the grain from seed to harvest in a single day. It was a good time, and like all times, perhaps especially so in this land of music and magic, it must pass.

Frost gave her no warning, perhaps to spare the pain, or perhaps it was the way of his people. One night, instead of retiring to the haven of their private little hillock, he took her to a clear pool of water that sprang forth in an isolated glade. Gesturing for silence, Orange watched the mirrored surface shimmer and waver, he pointed. it clearing to reveal a familiar vista, the forested ridges of Alasia. She turned and hugged him but briefly, for he was stern, and loving, and urgent. There was little time. She lept, feeling the kiss of the cool water soothe away her tears. Orange kicked and then broke the surface. It was midday, and the known environs of Lake Alasia were The hunting cry of a woodfalcon broke her reverie, and about her. Orange set out for the shore some hundred yards distant. Through the pain of loss, she felt another king of pain, a brief twinge, this followed by a sad smile. Frost she had left behind, but his gift had come with her between the worlds. Orange would bear her lover a child, a son she thought. Already she knew the name, one that would hasten his claim to his heritage. In the common tongue of the Southern Kingdoms it translated to "friend of the gray elves," but among Orange's people, the woodsmen of the Esperai, the word was "Aramithris". Aramithris, son of Orange and Frost. She liked the sound of that.

Orange smiled.



The Dark Wind of Chaos

by Sir Delphos Darkheart

The moon rides high in a starlit sky when pirates go a sailing over seas of sand . On shipboard they ride, with the wind on their side guided by the captain's hand.

The captain, he's a distant one a look of pain deep in his eye. His crew they are of loyal stock and for their ship they'll die.

The ship she is The DARKWIND and she rides the waves of stone. Her sails are made of dragon wings her hull and masts from bone.

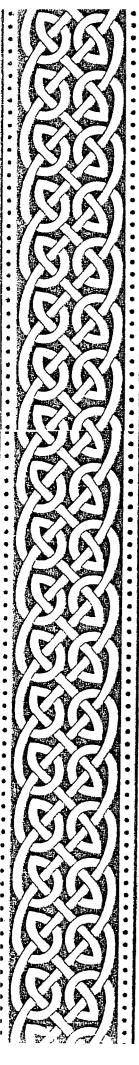
In search of treasure, of jewels and gold plunder from the merchant fleet. While the captain dreams of royalty the kiss from a princess sweet.

The crew they talk of ransom for the captive lives.

The pile of gold awaiting them the pleasure theywill buy.

To trade or rob with point of steel is why the pirates sail. To fill their hold with spices silk, rum and kegs of ale.

They fly the flag of Chaos known throughout the land. From the green hills to the riverside and across the seas of sand.



#### THE BARD

by RHYS ap GORDON 12/18/87 with inspiration from LORD ZARED LOCHWOOD

WE DID IN THE PAST COME STAND NEAR THE FIRE TO HEAR YOUR STORIES OF DAYS IN THE SHIRE FOR POETS CAN COME AND POETS CAN GO FEW LEAVE OUR PEOPLE IN WONDER TIL DAWN

BUT LATE BY THE HEARTH AMID THE WARM GLOW THE STORIES YOU US TOLD WERE FRESH AS THE SNOW FOR CHILDREN GROWN TIRED WITH LATENESS OF NIGHT TWAS MAGIC YOU WOVE WITH YOUR WORDS SO BRIGHT

SO LISTEN WE DID WITH IMPETUOUS GLEE HEARING THE WONDER OF TALES OF THE SEA THO TALES YOU DID SPIN TIL LATE IN THE NIGHT EVEN THE YOUNGEST CHILD'S EYES SHOWED DELIGHT

THAT SOUL-FIRES STILL BURN 'NEATH THE WINT'RY SNOW OF HAIR ON THE HEAD THAT CAN'T BEND A BOW AWAITING THE END OF YOUR TALES LATE AT NIGHT WE WONDERED ABOUT YOUR STRENGTH AND YOUR MIGHT

BUT LEAVING US MUSING, AS SUCH WAS YOUR WAY YOU CAME AND YOU MADE US BEG YOU TO STAY THE LADIES CAME TO YOU, OFFERING MUCH TIS SOME OF US HERE BUT OFFERED A GRUDGE

BUT FRIENDS YOU DID WIN, ERE YOU TOOK YOUR LEAVE AND LONG INTO NIGHT, SOME OF US NOW GRIEVE FOR WHILE YOU BEGUILED US AS SHORT WAS YOUR STAY WE WOULD NOT HAVE HAD IT BUT ONE OTHER WAY

AND THAT BEING SIMPLY THAT YOU COULD BE HERE AND NOW TELL YOUR STORIES THAT GREW TO US DEAR BUT SUCH IS THE LIFE OF A BARD NOWADAY THAT SOME WILL STOP BY, BUT NEVER LONG STAY

SO LIFT UP YOUR HORN TO THE BARD OF THE PAST AND MAKE HIM A PLACE AT THE TABLE'S REPAST AND WISH HIM NOW HURRY BACK TO HIS PLACE FOR MOST WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE HIS DEAR FACE

YOU KINDLED A GLOW IN OUR HEARTS SO CONTRARY BUT LATE IN THE NIGHT YOU MADE US ALL MERRY SO I DRINK NOW THIS TOAST FOR AN ABSENENT BROTHER OF SHIELD AND OF SWORD, UNLIKE ANY OTHER

TO OUR ABSENT BROTHERS!

Unless you want to go to the considerable time and trouble to actually make a medevial tent the best routs to take is to disguise your mundane tent. There are several ways this can be done, to wit:

1. You cover the entire tent with a very large cloth and either pretend it is a very large piece of cloth covering some indeterminate object or, if you have the panache to carry it off, declare that the large, black structure you are standing in front of is a bedouin's tent and "has anyone seen my camel?" Actually, this approach to tent hiding is not necessarily a bad one provided you can find a big hunk of black material and a camel saddle. (We're assuming a bedouin personna.)

Taking this idea one step further you could semi-tailor the big hunk of cloth to your tent, leave a person sized opening, sew a canopy right above the opening, prop it up with a couple of poles, guy the poles and have a reasonable looking dwelling place. NOTE: It is wise to tie down the bottom edge of this big hunk of stuff to your tent stakes so that the first good wind doesn't carry the entire thing two miles down wind.

I've never created this particular tent disguise but logic dictates the following approach:

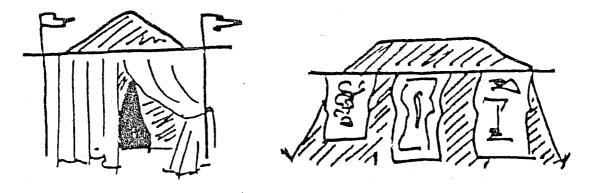
A. For an exterior or interior support tent (excluding dome tents):

Measure tent and supports (if exterior support), break out your high school geometry and make a copy of the tent only a couple of inches larger all the way around. Use a light weight material and add a square of fabric for a front awning.

Does this sound like a lot of work? You bet your donkey fellah! But .... it is an approach you can use if you want.

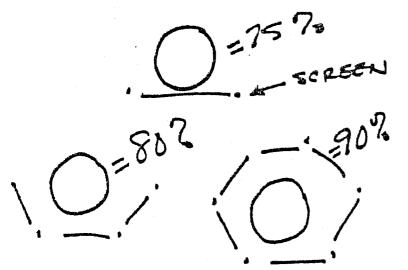
Personally, I'm of the "drape it with banners, put a screen in front of it" school of thought. I also practice saying, "mundame tent?"

My personal tent is a large exterior support Winnebago (que mundane with a vengence!). When I get through draping and hiding it tends to look somewhat like the illustrations below:



Not perfect but not bad. The easiest, simplest approach to hiding

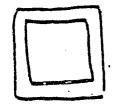
any tent is to throw a screen in front of it. This works equally well for the ubiquitous dome tent. You can do one dome plus one screen and take 75% of the curse of mundanity off your tent. See top view below.



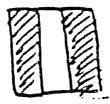
You can work your way up to the ninety percentile level by adding more screens.

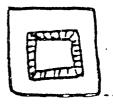
Ninety percent is as good as you're going to get without constructing an actual medevial tent.

Do decorate your screen curtains (always make them in pairs for ease of ingress and egress to your tent). If you have the time you can do any of the following.











Don't forget, you can rob mom's material stash and sew 2 or 3 strips of same weight but different color material together to make your curtains. Or,.... liberate old and solid color sheets (white or yellowed used-to-be-white are fine) and decorate at will.

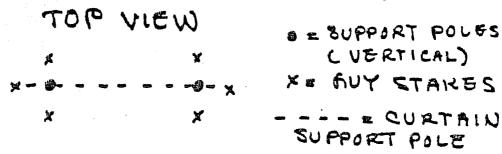
Sew a tunnel in the top of your curtain the width of your curtain pole X 2.

The three plus poles you'll need to support this stuff can be any one of several materials:

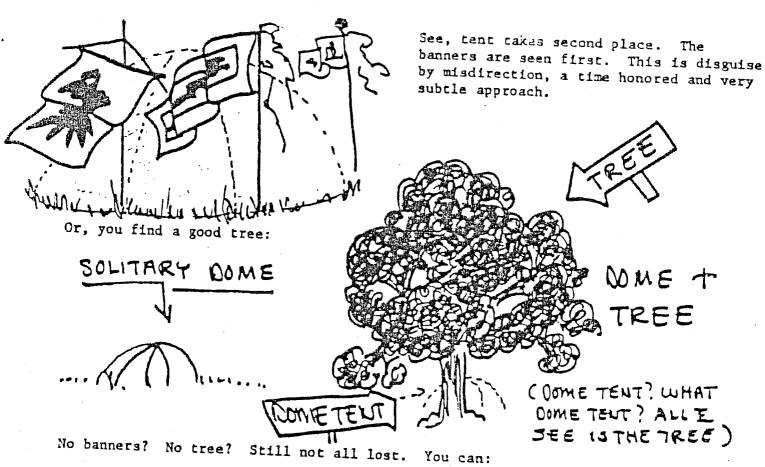
- 1. Industrial PVC
- 2. Bamboo
- 3. k rebar
- 4. 3/4 to 1" dowling
- 5. Reasonably straight branches lopped of your non-bearing mulberry tree. (Probably the best material of all authentic and free!)

Remember, if your poles are to be 6' above ground level you will need at least 7 to 7½' poles so you can hammer part way into the turf. If you want banners flying bravely from the top end make your poles 8 to 9' in length and be prepared to guy them very securely. We're talking lots of nylon rope, good, stout stakes, and white guy flags.

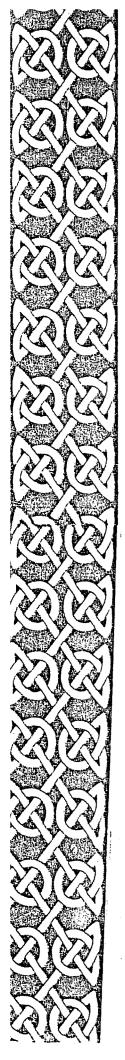
Illustration of basic screen and guy placement pattern below:



Can't do any of the above. Not all is lost. Erect banners in front of or all around the tent.



- 1. Hide behind a larger tent. Ah, Ha. The traffic cop/billboard approach.
- 2. Borrow your sister's India bedspread (large, cheap and light weight) and drape the dammed thing completely over your dome tent. Please fasten it
- 3. Bring a 2-man, \$9.95 pup tent. Steal your sister's bedspread again and have very small but very intimate parties (party of 2 of course).
- 4. Don't bring a tent! Sleep in the back of your Datsun pickup and make arrangements with a friend to use his tent to host visitors.
- 5. You're stoney broke, have a 3 man dome tent, no wherewithall for any of the above and just barely enough for trip, site fee, food and ten bucks emergency funds and are afraid you won't "fit in". Solution: Come anyway. We'll sympathize - most of us have done "stoney broke" before and, after all, you care enough to show up and that makes you welcome.

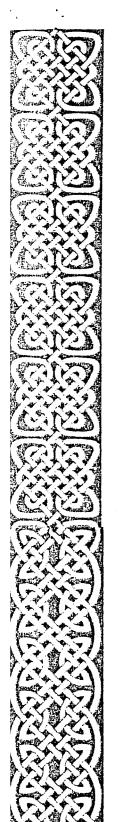


One day a few months ago when there was too much brass in the sky by day and too little silver by night a circumstance arose in my household requiring the services of a watch creature that is, a watch creature or creatures other than the two who were employed at the time of the circumstance. To express the situation more clearly let me state that two cats do not constitute sufficient deterrent force to forcible entry by person or persons unknown bent on illegal acquisition of another's possessions. "Ah, ha", said spouse and self, "let us bar the barn door after the departure of the horse" and busied ourselves investigating outre, electronic, and expensive security systems. This line of research proved to be less than satisfying. If you had a suitable and effective system installed not only did it cost enough to throw a good twelve Amtgard feasts but it would be so complicated that electronic system morons like myself would either A), set it off inadvertently and embarrass self and piss off police department at least three times a week or B). effectively lock myself out of my own house because I didn't push, dial, and rotate in the proper sequence.

Several days of deep thought produced a 40 watt idea to wit, "lets get a dog"! Folks have you ever decided to get a dog for security reasons? We rapidly found out our options were A). Something big and bloodthirsty and the risk of the damned thing eating the neighbor's kids (I wouldn't necessarily mind but figure neighbors would be bound to notice and take exception.), B). Some small and bloodthirsty which is too ridiculous to even consider (I can see the warning signs now, "Beware, man-eating chihuahua on guard"), or C). A Siberian tiger (dock it's tail, dye it black and brown and call it a doberman with a thyroid Actually of the three I liked the idea of the tiger best but understand the cost of maintaining enough cat litter will beggar a middle income family and besides it is illegal to own one unless you are a zoo. Lifestyle to the contrary we do not technically qualify as a zoo. Back to drawing board.

Several more days of deep thought ensue. Surfacing out of a deep brown study of security systems came a 60 watt idea; "why does it have to be a dog?" Surely there is an animal that is suitable, safe, reliable, and legal to possess. Armed with inspiration and enthusiasm I plunged into research. Obviously African elephants, killer shrews, and great white sharks while aesthetically and spiritually satisfying were really out of the question. But I actually found the ideal animal. Allow me to expand and brag on success. This animal is:

- 1. Omniverous, eats anything and everything including the neighbor's rotten kids if you so wish. No expensive Alpo bills.
- 2. More intelligent and trainable than a dog. Anyone who has tried to train some canine moron to fetch, sit, and stay will appreciate this characteristic. An additional reason to own one of these remarkable creatures is their innate characteristic of trainable



belligerence; sufficiently motivated one of these animals is capable of driving off entire packs of dogs, bringing down and devouring adult wild range cattle, and eating trespassers from the shoelaces up and leave no tell-tale signs save for indigestible polyester clothing (pure cotton no problem).

- 3. Comes in a variety of sizes and weights ranging from a low of 150 lbs to a high of over 600 lbs. Now, I will admit the 150 low and 600 high is a tad on the generous side but, consider, a 150 pound dog is not unheard of and I figure you could use the 600 pound variety as alternate transportation if pressed.
- 4. Also available in a wide range of attractive colors and patterns everything from pure white, through a pleasing pinto, to a true sable black with a couple of wild or feral patterns available at some extra cost and research.
- 5. Available locally at little expense and if number owned is two or less completely legal within city limits.

and the best for last.....

- 6. If, in the event you purchase one of these marvelous animals and for whatever reason decide it is just not for you....they are prime feast fare!
- I, of course, am completely converted. We are, even as you read this short testimonial preparing suitable living quarters, buying a harness and leash, selecting a personalized bowl, and having warning signs made up to post around the property....





A new feature for the Tales from the Burning Lands. Yes folks, what you have all been asking for ... a scandle rag ... yellow journalism at its best. Welcome, gentle readers to .......

### THE PLUCKED PHOENIX

The first expose is regarding the blatant use of an illegal elbow. I know you have wondered, as have I, just how Aramithris can stand in front of you and kill you from behind with a short sword. The shameful secret is revealed in all its sordid details below.

Taking heed of many battle field rumors this investigative reporter followed up with some first hand observation and incredibly the tales were true! Aramithris was seen by me personally to fouly dispatch no less than 13 warriors of note plus 2 innocent mundanes, 1 german shepherd, and a palm tree all from behind while standing in front of them! The palm tree incident was especially grisly (ruptured nuts all over the ground) so we'll omit the details in consideration of basic good taste. We will note however the mundanes and the german shepherd have formed a new Amtgard Company (The Far Hydrant) and are bent on revenge. More on this later. With my fine eye for detail and total recall I began to suspect the awful truth - an illegal elbow in action.

Seeking the roots of this travesty of physiology I approached Countess Gwynne (reportedly a direct female progenitor of the miscreant) as I suspected the worst. Yes,

folks, it is true. We have a clear-cut case of genetic cheating at Amtgard. The Countess protested that her elbow was not more than 20 degrees off the horizontal when extended. The woman lies! I've checked out her archer's arm-guard. She has to be doing a good 30 degrees at least.

Backed by a sturdy crew consisting of Otter, Shylarra, and Xevious all armed to the teeth with wine coolers, seduction perfume, and protractors we cornered Aramithris in his manse and by dint of persuasion, libation, and seduction managed to line up the protractor with his right arm. The results were as your newshound had privately predicted. Not 40, not 50, but a full 60 degrees off the horizontal!

This reporter has no choice. In the interest of mediocrity, conformity, and hallowed hypocrisy we demand the right elbow of Aramithris be banned from the field of play.

In the next issue we will explore such burning issues as "Is it true that Talinor has had the length of his legs augmented by surgery?", and "Tawnee, a Suspect - Wizard Crib Notes Engraved on the Forearm", and finally the tragic tale of "Ahira - A Case Study of \*Cercopidae Infection".

\*Check the definition in your Funk & Wagnal

\*\*Gwynne @, 1988, Amtgard, Kingdom of the Burning Lands

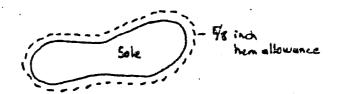




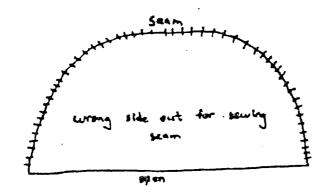
The pattern for the soles of the shoe are taken from the size of shoe inserts you wear. Dr Scholl's is a good example. Lay the soles on the cloth and add about 5/8 of an inch to the diameter when you draw them on the cloth.

Remember to flip the sole pattern over so you have a right and a left foot.

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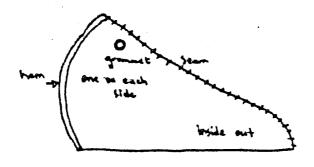


Cut four of the back pattern. Sew two together with the front side of the cloth facing inward. Only sew the top of the cloth together so you can turn them right side out.



You can sew a ways on the bottom but this not necessary as the bottom will be sealed when you attach to to the sole.

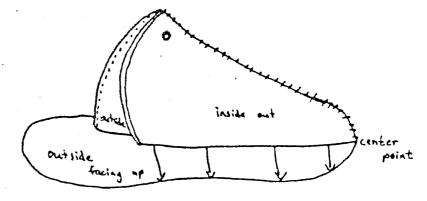
Hext sew the two sides of the top together. You may want to put gronmets on either side of the seam. After trial and error, we found that the grommets when laced kept the top from sliding around.



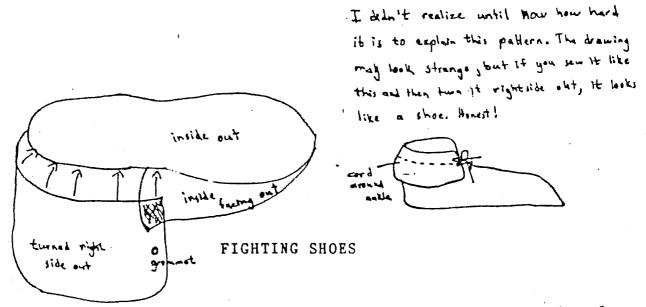
Turn the tops inside out and pin to the soles so that the right side of both pieces are facing each other. Sew them

together, making sure that the center of the top was even with the center of the sole. You might want to sew around them twice to give more strength to the seam.

Make sure the top reaches more than halfway down the sole: at least past the instep



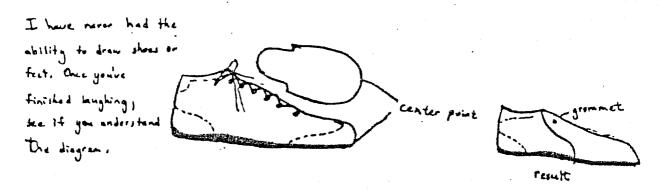
Turn the back so it is right side out. Find the center of the back and match it with the center of the sole back. Pin them to each other so that the line to be sewn is on the inside of the sole. After you get this attached, turn everything right side out. Put two grommets on either side of the back part for lacing. For the lacing itself, run the string through the grommets on the top first and then lace them through the grommets on the back pieces. Then once they are on your feet, wrap the cord once around your ankles and then tie them off. This added measure will help keep them on your feet. Put the insoles in the shoe as well as the can protect your feet a little better. These are obviously indoor or non-fighting shoes.



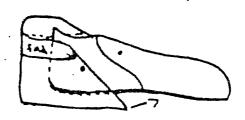
This pattern would be handy if you wanted to cover a pair of tennis shoe for fighting. You will need a strong needle and some thread for this pattern though and some hand sewing as well.

The top part of the shoe should be made to fit from your toe up to where the tongue of your shoe ends. You may have to alter the pattern a little. The top will either need to be hemmed the

entire way around or be of a material, like leather so it won't ravel. Attach the top to the shoe so that the center of each are matching. You may want to put grommets in the top to secure them when you tie it off as in the other shoe.



Cut four of the back piece and sew two of them together as in the Wedding Shoe. Since the bottom won't be sewn onto a sole, you can sew them together more at the bottom, just be sure to leave enough room for you to turn it rightside out. Attach the back to the shoe and place two grommets in it as well. The top part of the back can be folded down so if you want, you can use a different color of cloth to line the back with and thus look sharper. This shoe cover leaves enough space so you can tie you shoe underneath and be protected from the ground under your feet.



With both shoe pattern, make a paper pattern and be sure that they will fit your feet. Some adjustments may need to be made. If you run into any problems, I'll be glad to help.



This lavores of the contributors.



This is an appeal to Amtgardians everywhere. We are on a Quest for knowledge of the origins of a certain type of dark glasses ( see pic.) known as phasers, or phaser shields depending on your location. If you have a story to tell of their origin please submit it to: Dorothy Walden

711 Westridge Duncanville, Tx. 75116