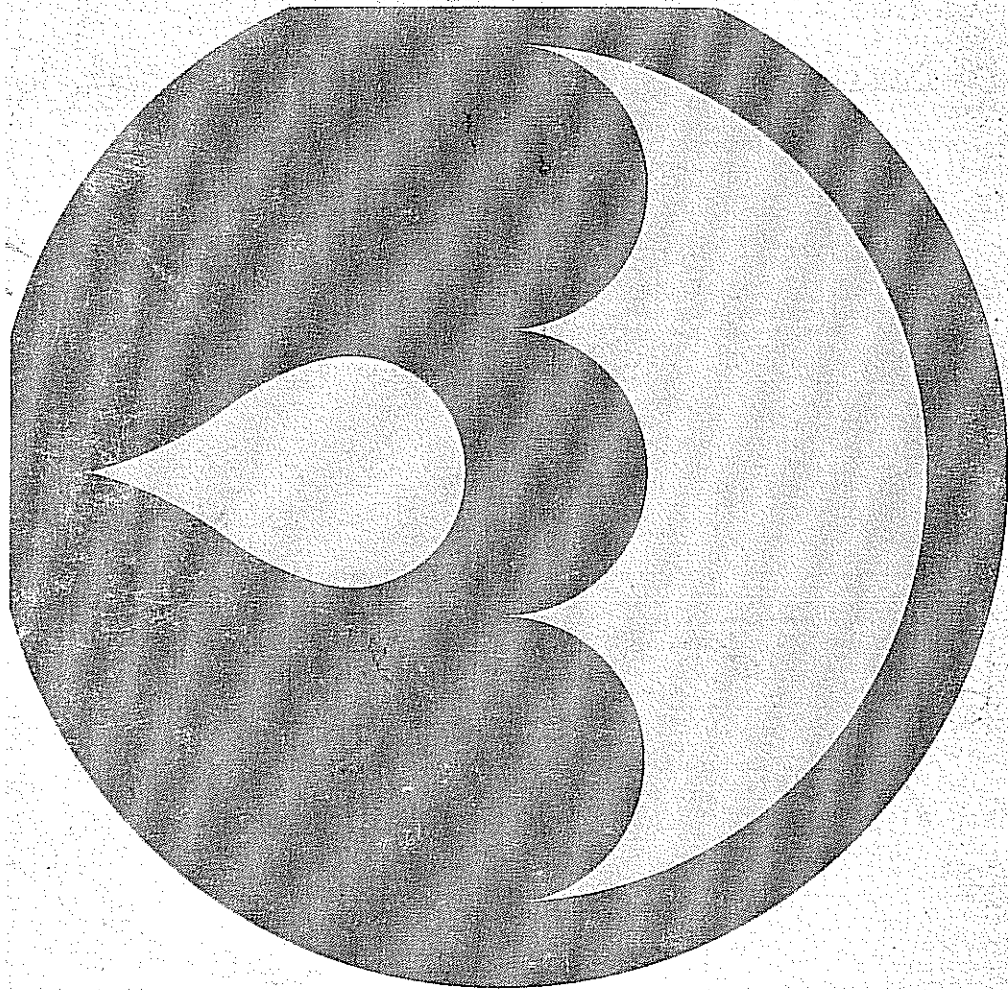


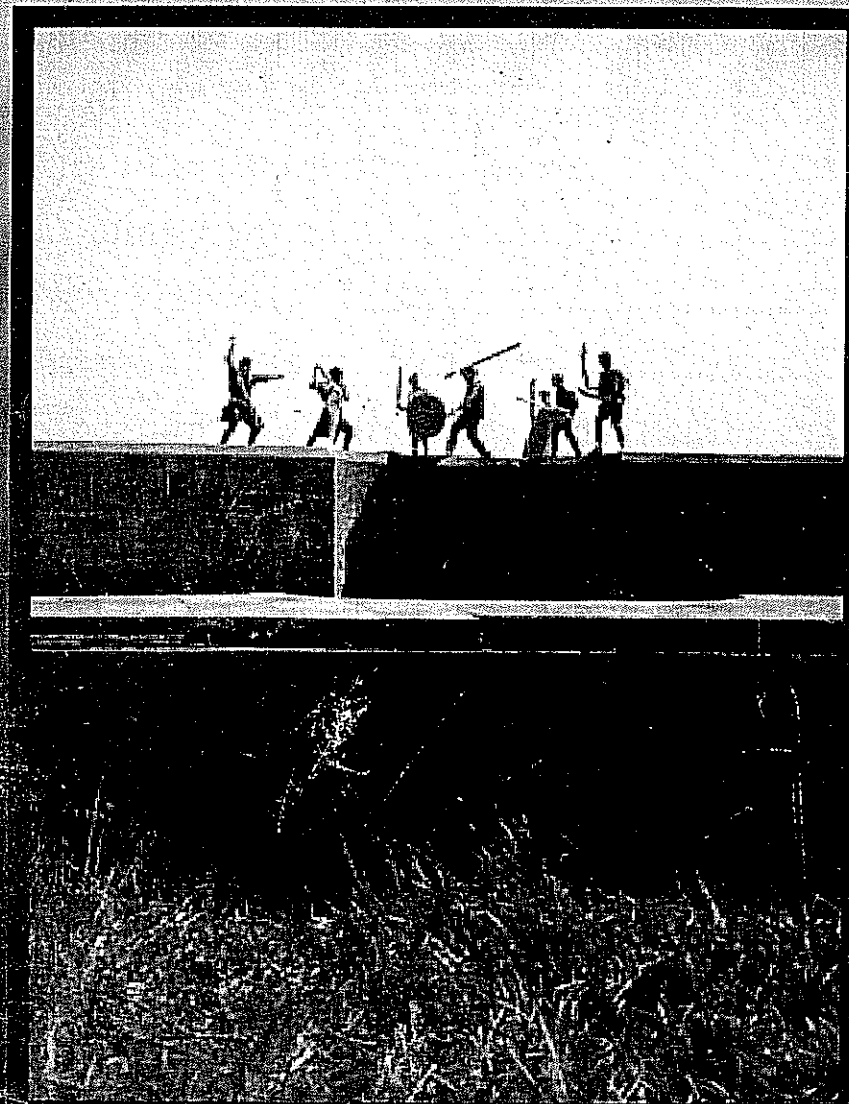
The Obelisk  
BARONY OF GRANYTE SPYRE  
c/o Kevin Raley  
8114 Braeburn Valley  
Houston, Tx 77074-4506



# The Obelisk

NEWSLETTER OF THE BARONY OF GRANYTE SPYRE

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VOLUME 1 Issue 5

# The Obelisk

Volume I Issue 5 March through May

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## From the Sage:

Here we are again with another installment of the Obelisk! The past few months have brought us a lot of surprises and disappointments but despite the distractions we have made it through another year! April is Granyte Spyre's second birthday (though Nomad, Q, & I would have to admit we waited alone in the rain a few months before we could drum up some new Amtgardians) and we are planning a spectacular midreign. We hope that everyone who can read these words will make an attempt to attend. It should be (weather permitting) an outstanding event!

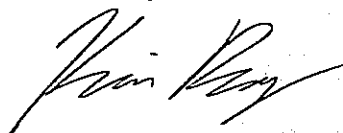
I would like to take a moment to thank all the Netgaders (Amtnetters, or whatever coined term you might use to designate the members of the Amtgard online group) who have added their valuable insight (and abundant opinions- hehe) as to how to improve this newsletter. I have tried to incorporate most of these suggestions and I hope the improvement is visible. I have decided to keep the Networking section as a permanent feature (at least until I am booted out of the position of being its publisher) as it has proven to be more well received than I had anticipated. I would also like to thank these selfsame individuals for their efforts on my behalf in advertising our humble Barony's efforts.

In our announcements section you will notice that our very own Nomad became a Knight of the Flame at the Midreign of King Guy of the Golden Plains, thus becoming the first Knight of our area. We are all proud of Sir Nomad and know he will do honor to his new station. Hopefully, more members of the area will follow his example and be likewise honored for their contributions.

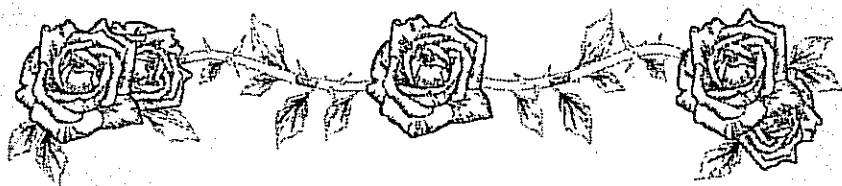
Also in this issue is our first attempt at indexing the known lands and a contact for each. Lady Sleet Gil-Shalos of the Borderlands and Lady Shanti Jorvik have been instrumental in the compilation of this list. It is still in its infancy so, as always, if you note any omissions or corrections, please make them known. Also in the works is a map of the U.S. Amtgard-style! Lord Squire Avery Kess of Irongate is currently working on this daunting project and we hope to bring you the fruits of his efforts in the pages of the Obelisk soon!

Well, this is all for my big yap; at least for the present. Hopefully I can keep the position of Scribe through the next election but only time will tell! If this is indeed my last issue then I can only bid farewell to all those that have read my words and helped so much. If not, then I shall see you all next issue!

Most humbly in your service,



a.k.a. Lord Defender Vaargard Malorius



## From the Baroness

Winter is drawing to a close and the first hints of Spring are in the air. Spring War is next week. Our Midreign has become a triple midreign with Stormwall and Spider Vale. This is turning out to be an exciting event. We have Quests and Battlegames planned, including a continuous weekend long roleplaying scenario for everyone whether you like to fight or not. Yes, even you who play "Color" can have fun too! We have reserved all of Fort Travis State Park on Point Bolivar. There are campsites, and six cabana's. If you want to reserve a cabana, you must call the Autocrat as soon as possible. I would like to apologize for the inconvenience that the Houston Livestock show and Rodeo has been by taking over Memorial Park for the next three weeks. I personally drove up there at noon on Saturday to check out the status of the park. I found it completely filled with the Trail rider's camps and the entrances blocked by the police. All this after the Houston Parks Information line assured me that the park would be open for the weekend of February 11th and only closed on the 18th. Some information line! I tried to call everyone I could with what change I had and I apologize for those I was unable to contact. I was particularly upset by this because of the Demo we had the week before with several new people promising to show up. Next year we will try to have an alternative site. Many of us remember the terrible parking problems and crime we experienced in Herman park, so I am not sure that would be a suitable alternative. As it was, many of us went to play at Stormwall in Galveston on Saturday so the day wasn't a total loss. We are going to sign and present our new Charter of the New Confederacy of the Wetlands at Spring War. All we need to do is convince everyone at Spring War that we deserve Kingdom status and we are in business. As it stands, the Confederacy will then have to chose a Legate to run it's armies.

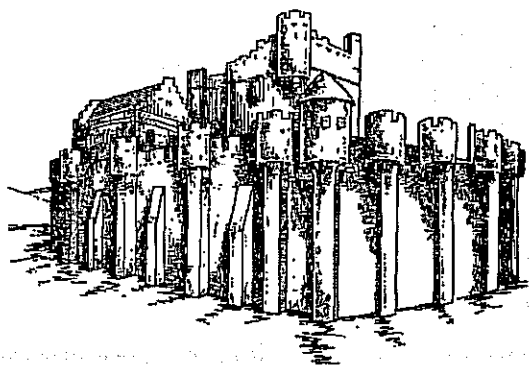
The current charter doesn't have the power of a Kingdom, but is the precursor of a new Kingdom of the Wetlands. The Legate will be chosen from the monarchs of the member chapters. The Legate's term will follow a six month cycle. I propose that we synchronize our reigns to make the Legates term end at our Coronations. I propose that our midreigns be in March and September, and our Coronations be held in June and December. This is now as it is in at least three of the proposed member chapters. I propose we make this Confederacy wide. This proposal can carry over to when we reach Kingdom status.

Which brings me to this: I propose a new method of government that has its roots in Fantasy. (Remember we are a Fantasy Role playing organization and not a society for compulsive authenticity.) In the Taltos series by Steven Brust, he has created an empire that cycles its power through all its great Houses. Each Great House holds power in turn, each with its head, not only being the head of its own House, but for a time, holding the office of Emperor. The Wetlands can break new ground and create a more equivocal method of government by adopting this system. This would be a first for any reenactment organization much less just Amtgard. This will eliminate some of the problems of member chapters being left

out of Kingdom affairs. It will also prevent the seat of power from being continually held by only a select few. The capital will cycle through the current members as it stands every two and a half years. This will also mean that each monarch will not only hold the title of Duke or Baron of his chapter, but also, every two and a half years, King of the Wetlands for the length of his reign. This would insure that no King could hold the office two reigns in a row. It will also insure that each and every chapter large enough to be called a Barony will at one time be the capital of the Kingdom and thus the seat of its power. This is only an idea. Since it has never been tried, I don't know just how stable it would turn out. Seeing that we are new and starting with a clean slate, we should be open to new and innovative ideas. If you want to become involved in this process, don't hesitate to speak up. In other affairs of the Barony, I am sure that most of you have learned of Nomad being Knighted at the Midreign of the Kingdom of the Golden Plains. We are all very happy for him, and I would like to encourage everyone to congratulate him if you see him. (You can't miss him, he is the only subject of Granyte Spyre with a white belt!) While I was there, I made it known our desire to have duchy status. I have also received from the King, another award to be presented to one of our subjects here in Granyte Spyre. I have also made it known to the King that we have others here in our fair Barony that are worthy of his recognition. These things are to be decided in the future at the Kingdom Proper Allthing of which I will have to keep you posted. As for other awards, remember all those Arts & Sciences forms I passed out? We will still be handing those out each weekend to those who have created something they would like to be recognized for. We will be making our judgments known at the Midreign. So please if you want to be recognized for your work, please find me or my Consort or the Vizier for a form.

Hope to see you all at the Midreign, until then ... Light Laughter

Lady Fionnghal Nic Phaidin Baroness of Granyte Spyre



## Coming Events

### Valley of the Silver Rains Crown Qualifications

February 18, 1995

Airport Park; Portland, Oregon

Events begin at 11:00 am. To get to Airport Park, go to McMinnville, OR. Head along Highway 18. About a mile southeast of McMinnville, you will see an airport (if you are coming from the East) or a National Guard Armory (if you are coming from the West). Turn at the sign for Airport Park. Follow the road until you reach a (crowded) sheltered parking lot and find a place to park. You're there!

Contact Grei at (503) 977-2571 for more details. Other events that will be occurring in VSR soon are Crown Elections on March 4th at a site to be announced later and the subsequent Coronation Feast to be held tentatively on March 11th also at a site to be announced later.

### Pegasus Valley Midreign

March 12, 1995

Albuquerque, New Mexico

There is currently little information as to the events and schedule for the midreign of Pegasus Valley. Events planned include an all-day schedule including a quest. Interested parties should contact Exedor Wayfel - (505) 262-9615

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# Spring War-The Great Jihad and Olympiad

February 17-20, 1995

President's Day Weekend Fri, Sat, Sun, Mon



The Saracens led by Sir Cabal will meet the Crusaders led by Baron Balinor, squire at the Burnet County Fair Grounds. The Current title of Olympian is being held by Lady Helexia Warchylde Grim. All Challengers are asked to enter this year's competition and best her work, (not an easy task). So come on you Knight's of the Serpent show us your stuff! Olympiad VI will be run by Baroness Vera, (210) 561-7776. Tashi-iak and Prince Regent Perimone are the Co-Autocrats. Sir Rufus, Rufus T. Barr (512) 707-2275, and Baroness Jade, Jesse Boyd (512) 442-2625 are the Co-Feastocrats. There will be a special menu for Diabetics, call ahead for special food arrangements. There is a \$7.00 all inclusive fee, (\$5.00 in advance), for the entire event regardless if you want to eat feast or not. Visiting Kingdom Monarchs, Kingdom Prime Ministers and Lifetime members will be admitted for free, let us know who you are now to place their reservations early or pay at the gate. We are asking for Waterbearers and First-aid volunteers as well as Non-combatant reeve volunteers for the WAR, Sir Proconsul Tiberius, Gary Augustein (512) 338-0883, will coordinate this. There will be a Ladies Tourney and a juggling tourney. Merchants interested in selling their wares need to contact Baroness Vera by Dec. 15th. The barn can be enclosed and heated up for camping but absolutely no fires or smoking inside the barn! We will provide buckets for disposal of your cigarette butts. Security will be run by Sir Pebyr. The autocrats reserve the right to throw off site immediately anyone caught breaking mundane laws. (I.E. underage drinking, disorderly conduct, under the influence of illegal substances, etc.) No Checks. The following schedule is tentative and will change.

## CO-AUTOCRAT

Squire Ta'shi-iak  
Brian Hart  
935 Utopia Lane  
San Antonio, TX 78223  
210-333-8809  
Leave a msg for Brian

## CO-AUTOCRAT (for reservations)

Prince Perimone  
Russel Richardson  
1306 Belmont Pkwy  
Austin, TX 78703  
512-482-0925

## SECURITY AND MERCHANTS

Duke Sir Pebyr  
David Seguin  
San Antonio, TX 78223  
210-561-7776

## SARACEN GENERAL

Duke Sir Cabal  
Dave Demarrs  
10805 N. Central #1255  
Dallas, TX 75231

## FEASTOCRAT

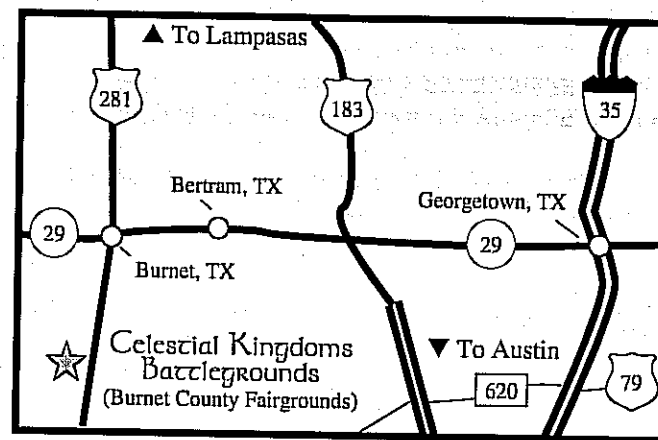
Duke Sir Rufus  
Rufus T. Barr  
1604B Ravey St  
Austin, TX 78703  
512-707-2275

## FIRST AID AND REEVES

Proconsul Sir Tiberius  
Gary Augustein  
Austin, TX 78703  
512-338-0883

Any questions can be directed to the above people..if you need to get in touch with someone else, let me know and I may have their address/number too.

Lady Shanti



Friday: Open gates. Ditch all night.

Saturday: 09:00-Charity Breakfast, Sign in for Juggling tourney 12:00-Entry of all cultural for Olympiad by 10am.  
10:00-Ladies Tourney sign in, (tentative). Weapon judging 1st. Garbing judging begins (find someone to model it).  
11:30-All Kingdom Monarchs and Emperors, all Kingdom and Empire Champions, and Autocrats meeting.  
12:00-Start checking weapons for wars. WAR!!!  
16:00-Start Juggling tournament. Finish judging Olympiad entries, (except cooking and bardic)  
18:00-Feast (olympiad cooking to be tasted here)  
21:00-Bardic competition. Tabulations of the Olympiad art & sciences scores will begin with announcements made at the Sunday night court.

Sunday: 09:00-Charity Breakfast  
11:00-Olympiad War events begin  
18:00-Court of the 2 Empires and 5 Kingdoms, each will have 10 minutes to run their courts.

Monday: Cool off your fires... spread the cold ashes, place rocks on the fence line, pick up your trash and dispose of it. Go home.

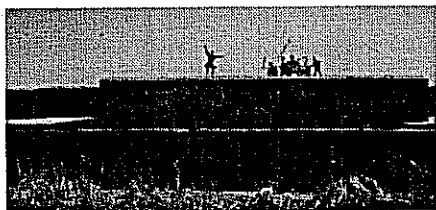
## Wetlands Triple-Midreign

March 17, 18, 19, 1995

Host: Shire of Stormwall- Ft. Travis State Park, Point Bolivar, TX



The Confederacy of the Wetlands is having a triple midreign celebrating the Monarchs of Granite Spyre, Spider Vale, and Stormwall. The event will be co-sponsored by other Wetlands chapters including Mordengaard and Darkmoor. There



will be several planned battlegames, a slave auction, a quest for the artifact Soulfinder, a feast, non-contact competitions, and a unique underground scenario! The site forbids glass bottles so plan your libations accordingly. Entry to the event will be \$5.00. Admission time

to the park are between 11 am and 6pm. Late arrivals will be admitted by the Troll Booth troll as they arrive. There will be open campsites available (some with grills) and a limited number of cabanas are available. Those wishing to reserve a cabana (maximum of eight people and unfurnished, \$15.00 per night) should contact the Galveston County Parks and Recreation Board at (409) 766-2411; ask for Theresa. Those wishing to stay in more "accommodating" surroundings may contact the Fisherman's Cove Motel (just across the highway) at (409) 684-8567. There is no additional fee for park admittance and there is a public beach (and good fishing) at the site.

### CO-AUTOCRAT

Lucas Wyngarde  
Eric Park  
515 1st St. #140  
Galveston, TX 77550  
409-762-6339

### CO-AUTOCRAT\* (for reservations)

Cynthia of Clan Ros  
Cynthia Ross  
515 1st St. #140  
Galveston, TX 77550  
409-762-6339

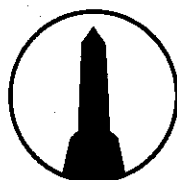
### FURTHER CONTACTS

Lord Defender Vaargard Malorius  
Kevin Raley  
8114 Braeburn Valley  
Houston, TX 77074-4506  
713-776-1620

(between 12 midnight & 4am or leave message)

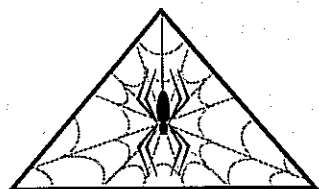
### FEASTOCRAT

Fionnghal Nic Phaiden  
Penelope McFadin  
PO Box 61814  
Houston, TX 77208-1814  
713-645-4888



### REEVES & FIRST AID

Lord Sir Nomad  
Robert Schoenberger  
401 Ripple Creek  
Houston, TX 77024  
713-464-5249



## Shogunate of Irongate Spring Coronation

March 31, April 1, 2, 1995

Lubbock, Texas

The Shogunate (Duchy) of Irongate cordially invites all Amtgardians and their guests to attend the coronation event, and the last court of Shogun Avery and Consort Xerryss. This is a non-camping event. Friday night will be a night of light fighting and perhaps some gaming (along with the obligatory reveling). Saturday will be dedicated to Champion Lancer Goldenbough's quest. There will be a feast Saturday evening around 7 pm and a Court. Sunday will feature a food drive tournament. The entry fee is one can of food per event. Battlegame days usually begin around 2 pm. There will be a raffle on Saturday night at the feast. Each ticket will cost \$2. (You need not be present to win).

Battlegames will be held at Klapp Park on University Avenue. The feast is being held at Casa Olé. There will be plenty of crash space available; however, please contact someone to make sure we can get everyone a place to sleep.

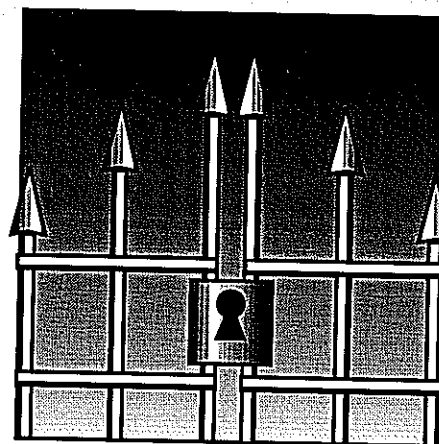
Additional Cost: The feast will cost about \$5.00 per person plus the cost of a drink. Some additional menu items are available for an extra charge. Contact Consort Xerryss Seelöwe (Kasey Cochran) at (806) 997-2097.

### CONTACT

Shogun Avery Kess  
John Turner  
(806) 742-7248  
Z4F32@ttacs1.ttu.edu

### QUEST

Champion Lancer Goldenbough  
Scott Beavers  
(806) 997-2097



Directions: Get to Lubbock and get on Loop 289. Get off on University Avenue. Head inside the Loop. From the south, Klapp Park will be on the right; from the north, on the left. It is at approximately University and 44th. We will be on the northeast side of the park around the pine trees. Park by the baseball field. (Helpful hint- bring eye protection of some sort. Dust storms are commonplace -ed.)



Clan!

July 21,22, 23 1995

El Paso, Texas - Kingdom of the Burning Lands

Battlegames to include;

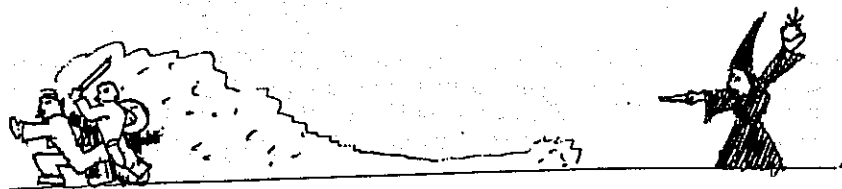
**KNIGHTS AND SQUIRES VS WORLD REVISITED - (SIMILAR TO 10TH YEAR, BUT WITH A LITTLE TWIST- YOU JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE) DARKLORD FOREST BATTLE** - for those of you who have never participated in a darklord battle, it is very similar to a zombie battle... with one exception, becoming a darklord minion is not curable! (YES THAT'S RIGHT, THE DARKLORDS ARE SUPPOSED TO WIN!!) There will be a prize donated to the last person to escape the Darklords. If the game ends (ie. we run out of time) before we can get down to one person, then the prize goes to...(drum roll please).....

**SON OF PLUNDER TOURNEY** - bring your plunder and sharpen your weapons, you're gonna need them

Clan fliers will be going out in the next two weeks, as well as distributed at War with more information. It will be held at the same location, Sleepygrass campground. There should be more information on site fees available within the week (just a note though, we are trying to keep the event cost low).

Also, I NEED REEVE VOLUNTEERS, PREFERRABLY AT LEAST ONE (TWO WOULD BE BETTER) FROM EACH KINGDOM. If interested, contact me. Also of note to the battlegames, there will be no MASS SPELLS allowed. More info on spell specifics also forthcoming. If you are interested in volunteering for anything, contact me or Caliban if possible.

Sir Talinor Darkwolf c/o  
Alfredo Enriquez  
915 - 779-0014  
7308 Parkland  
El Paso, TX 79925



## New Optional Classes

### Thief:

**Garb:** A dark colored tunic or tabard. The thief must carry a medium or large bag. Midnight blue is the guild color for denoting masterhood.

**Weapons:** Any single handed sword under 4 feet in length, or any single-handed club under 3 feet in length. Any hand held dagger and throwing daggers. The thieves bag may be filled with foam and used as a STUN weapon, but the bag itself must be held, it cannot be swung by the drawstring. The bag may be used to block and takes damage as a weapon.

**Armor:** Up to 2 points may be worn initially. The armor must be made of leather or cloth, but may include studs, rings, or scales.

**Shield:** None.

**Immunities:** Thieves are immune to all forms of HONOR DUEL. There is no honor among thieves.

Levels:

- 1st: Steal Object once per life.  
Hide in shadows once per life.
- 2nd: Find and Disarm Traps.  
Hindrance once per life.
- 3rd: Additional Steal Object per life (total of 2 per life).  
Escape once per battle.  
Climb Surfaces.
- 4th: Additional Hide in Shadows per life (total of 2 per life). Open Locks.
- 5th: Additional Hide in Shadows per life (total of 2 per life).  
May wear 3 points of Armor (restrictions still apply).  
Additional Escape per battle (total of 2 per battle).
- 6th: Cover Trail once per life.  
Additional Ability from lower level-  
(choice of Steal Object, Hide in Shadows, Hindrance, Escape).

### Notes:

- 1) **STEAL OBJECT:** Range 20 feet, must say "I steal that (object)" x3. The object may be retrieved from the thief within a 100 count by making the thief return or drop the object. The thief may drop the object at any time during the initial 100 count by saying "I drop this (object)" x1. The owner of the object may then stop for a count of 5 to retrieve the object. If the object is not retrieved within the 100 count, the object and any enchantments are considered lost. The player must return to base for a 100 count to retrieve a new object. This ability only SIMULATES the theft, it does not allow the thief access to other peoples equipment. Once something has been "stolen", it is unusable unless it is retrieved from the thief by killing him or having him drop it, or a new object is gotten after a 100 count at the base. The player does NOT give the equipment to the thief. This ability does not work on Game Items, Garb, Armor, Enchanted Shields, or any item that is in use when the Thief Chant began. (Example, a warrior engaged in combat cannot have his sword stolen, but if the warrior is just standing around, sword in hand, it can be stolen. A wizard casting a spell cannot have his spellbook stolen, but it can be stolen if he is fighting using swords and not casting magic.)

- 2) **HIDE IN SHADOWS:** Thief must enter shadows, let go of their weapons, and say "Hide in shadows" x2. Letting go of the weapons means putting them down, placing them in belt rings, or having thongs tied around the pommels and the wrists. Under no circumstances may the thief carry the weapons in his hands or under his arms while hiding. The thief must also chant "Hiding.....Hiding.....Hiding" the entire time they are hidden. While hiding, the thief may move around freely as long as he stays in the shadows, continues chanting, and does not approach within 15 feet of an enemy that is NOT hidden or 20 feet of any base. Hidden includes: Hiding In Shadows, Commune, Phaseout, Teleport, inside a Plant Door, or Circle of Protection. If an enemy approaches within 15 feet of a hiding thief, the thief must either remain still or move away from them, without breaking any other restrictions. Any shadows that the thief is hiding in must be fairly large and completely stationary (one may not hide in the shadow of a large person, a tumbling tumbleweed, or a passing semi-truck). Thieves may not Hide In Shadows while carrying game items, or after a 100 count of stealing a special object, such as a spellbook or an enchanted item.
- 3) **FIND AND DISARM TRAPS:** The thief can determine the presence of any trap. The thief must say "Find traps" x5, and then call for a reeve to determine if there are any traps present. To disarm a trap, the thief must say "Disarm traps" x10. The trap is rendered nonfunctional. The thief may locate any traps, including magical traps, but may only disarm non-magical traps. The ability does not work against the Scout Entangle Trap.
- 4) **HINDRANCE:** To get away while being chased, the thief may say "Slip away" x3. This may be said while moving. This causes all pursuers to halt for a 10 count while they try to "figure out which way the thief went." Scouts of 4th level and above are immune to this ability.
- 5) **ESCAPE:** The thief may Escape after having been captured by saying "Slip these bonds" x10. The thief may then go on as normal. If the thief decides to feign being tied up, he may do so, and it is undetectable by anyone that is watching.
- 6) **CLIMB SURFACES:** Thieves may scale any wall, tree, cliff, etc., by saying "Climb walls" x10. The thief is considered to be at the top of the surface in question and may only attack and be attacked by ranged attacks while "on the surface." To climb down, the thief must again say "Climb walls" x10. This ability may be combined with Hide In Shadows.
- 7) **OPEN LOCKS:** The thief may open any locked chest, door, etc. by saying "Open locks" x20. He may then go through the door, take the contents of the chest, etc. He may relock the object by saying "Close locks" x20. This ability does not remove any traps associated with the lock.
- 8) **COVER TRAIL:** By saying "I cover my trail" x10, the thief becomes immune to tracking for a 300 count (5 minutes) and cannot be tracked after that time if they remain stationary. This ability may be combined with Hide In Shadows and Climb Surfaces.

The thief class was developed in Dragonspine by Sir Lord Alaeric Sigurdsson. It was approved by Amtgard, Inc. for play in Dragonspine only. The class may not be played in other lands unless it is played using these rules. The following restrictions are part of the condition to which Dragonspine agreed to in order to keep the class.

Dragonspine does not anticipate having to give up the class in the near future, so no one may change their thief credits for another class. If Dragonspine is forced to give up the class, credits will be dealt with at that time.

Under no circumstances is the class to be played at any Inter-Lands event, including those that are sponsored by Dragonspine. An InterLands event is any event where Amtgarders from more than one lands

is expected to attend, such as feasts, coronations, certain quests, and especially any Olympiad, War, or Gathering of Clans. When

attending any of these events, a person with thief credits may play assassin at a level equal to their thief class if they have at least 1 assassin credit for every 4 thief credits. They must also be able to prove to the Guildmasters of Thieves and Assassins that they know

how to use the abilities of that level of Assassin. Thieves may only make this exchange at Inter-Lands events and at no other times.





## • SOULBINDER •

This sword, unearthed in a crypt near the Barony of Granyte Spyre, is one of the most unpleasant artifacts unearthed to date. Soulfinder is a huge greatsword of unusual design and enchanted with powerful dark magics. The unwieldiness of this sword is compensated for by several unusual magical enhancements that make its bearer a fearsome foe in battle. The sword itself is over five feet long with a serrated double-edge and an unusual double crossguard. It is composed of an unknown alloy of black and reddish ores and inset into the first crossguard are 2 huge amethysts that radiate dark energies and a somber human skull adorns the pommel.

The powers of Soulfinder are as follows:

- 1) The sword is a permanently *hardened* and *bladesharpened* red weapon. Therefore, Soulfinder inflicts 2 points of damage to armor when wielded one-handed and 4 points when wielded two-handed. Soulfinder may NEVER be used to inflict subdual damage. These effects are magical and affects shields per the Wizard spells.
- 2) Anyone slain by the wielder of Soulfinder (*NOTE: the wielder must actually be wielding soulfinder; though a killing blow may be landed by another method--additional weapon, thrown weapon, spell ball, etc.*) will be completely under the control of its wielder for the duration of their next life. Soulfinder can only control as many "swordthalls" as its wielder has levels; i.e.- a 4th level wielder could control a maximum of 4 swordthalls at one time. The wielder cannot 'decline' to accept a defeated player as a swordthall, however he can command a swordthall to kill himself thus lessening the number of swordthalls in his command. A swordthall must obey any command (and intent thereof) of the wielder of Soulfinder. If a player does not wish to submit to the sword's power, the player may lose two lives rather than the usual one upon being slain by the sword. (In effect forfeiting the life he would have spent under the sword's control.) Any given player may only be affected by this power once per battle game. If Soulfinder's wielder is slain, any swordthalls are released from its influence and are still considered immune from this power for the remainder of the battlegame. Swordthalls can be identified by a purple headband.
- 3) Once per game, the wielder may *steal life* as per the Anti-Paladin ability by touching a dead body that has not been affected by power 2 by touching the body and stating "By Soulfinder's might I steal your life!"
- 4) The blade itself is evil and can NEVER be handled (or wielded) by

Healers, Druids, Or Paladins. If a Paladin, Druid or Healer touches Soulfinder of his own accord, he will lose use of the part of his body he touched the sword with (despite any protective measures that might be taken) as per an unobstructed hit by a weapon for a 500 count. Due to its relic status, the blade is forbidden to Barbarians, but they may handle it safely. The sword is intelligent and has some hidden powers of its own, including that it can compensate for any weakness in its bearer's ability to use it, therefore Soulfinder may be wielded by any nonmentioned class in spite of normal class weapon restrictions. (Though this may cause a dim view of the character to be taken by others of his class for his flagrant breach of tradition!) Magic using classes must pay 5 spell points to wield this weapon.

Soulfinder is a jealous and fickle blade and CANNOT be lent to another wielder under any circumstance. If the bearer ever willfully loans Soulfinder to another player, Soulfinder will teleport itself from the possession of the now ex-bearer to be the subject of a new quest for its ownership.

The origins of this weapon are lost to antiquity and historians find little mention of its existence in legends and lore. The sword is an intelligent object and, fortunately, a fickle one. After a period of only six months or so, Soulfinder will tire of its current 'host' and disappear, leaving to find a new wielder. It usually turns up leagues away from its last owner as the object of some hard-won quest. The sword has been known to fall back into the hands of a previous wielder, but this is an extremely rare occurrence as the sword will only take a previous wielder if no other is available. Soulfinder seems to enjoy corrupting people and will usually stay with a wielder just long enough for him (or her) to get used to its power and then move on, leaving the ex-wielder to face all his new "friends" without its assistance. The blade's purpose seems to be to spread chaos and misfortune and to seed discord. It is the warning of this chronicler to the good people of this land to 'lose' this weapon if it should come into your possession of destroy it if you can discover a means. Soulfinder was not put upon this earth for any good of man but for the dark purpose of bringing about his ruin!

Lord Defender Vaargard Malorius

Sage of Granyte Spyre

## Sir Jetara's Scenarios

### Possible Battlegames:

- A. **Standard Two Team Capture the flag:** winner has both flags at end of battlegame or is the team that held them the longest. Teams can be divided in many fashions:
- Teams are picked by two team "captains".
  - Knights vs Squires.** (Or for Smaller lands Squires VS Pages.) All the knights go on one team and the Squires go on the other. The "Guildmaster of Knights" and "Guildmaster of Squires" become the two captains and select the rest of the populace just like I. above.
  - Monarchy vs Peasants.** The Monarchy gather as one team (depending on skills of monarchy and numbers they may be allowed their Pages and Squires for those without they can claim one bodyguard) and the remaining populace does its best to crush them.
- B. **Multiple battle teams** (three or more).
- Standard capture the flag.** This is not bad, as long as the picking is rotated amongst the captains.
  - Capture the flag,** but they must be captured in a particular order. This makes teams think a little different about their methods of combat. They must protect from only one team at the beginning, but as time goes on, they have to protect from more and more teams as the flags are captured. Also, having someone steal flags can change the entire battle configuration. Once again, it is important to rotate selections amongst the captains.
  - One treasure,** whichever team holds the treasure at the end of the time limit, wins the game. Treasure can be anything, even a person who allows themselves to be treated as a hostage. However, hostages can not run at any time as they are reluctant to be of any help they will only walk and people who carry them can only walk (even if they physically carry them - it is advisable to only allow walking as running is asking for an accident.) Hostages cannot attempt to escape and must be cooperative with their captors.
- C. **Circle of Steel.** This is an interesting option to company battles. The teams begin with the different companies. The remaining populace are added to the companies in the following manner. The company with the smallest number picks people from the populace until its numbers match the next biggest company. Then the two companies rotate until they both reach the size of the next biggest company, and so on. If there is enough of a populace, it tends to even out the teams. The weakest company picking the strongest from the populace and so on. It also takes away some of the rivalry because the companies are only the foundations of the teams, not the teams themselves.
- D. **Good vs Evil.** A small neutral party is run by the reeves. The neutral party is dispensed by the reeve to keep the battle as even as possible. Using the neutral members to fill in holes while dead from the other two teams are counting in Nirvana.

### E. **Monster Battles.**

- Standard Capture the Flag** with monsters making up one of the teams.
    - The monsters can be good monsters attacking an evil team of humans.
    - The monsters can be evil monsters attacking a good team of humans.
    - Evil Monsters can attack Good Monsters (with applicable help from equally aligned humans intermixed)
  - A Monster Hunt.** Each monster is worth so many points, the person who deals the final blow gathers full point values. Reeve is responsible for keeping score. Winner is one person or team that collects the highest total. Same monster can be killed multiple times, or a limit can be set per monster. (Just like modern fishing or hunting) It is an interesting twist to allow a Unicorn on the field as part of the monsters so that it can heal the wounded. Of course, the Unicorn is worth negative points.
  - Monster Mutual Destruction.** The populace does its best to completely "shatter" (this means to kill out or use up all the lives) the monsters and the monsters do their best to "shatter" the populace. (Note: this gets very ugly if the monsters are not created with balance in mind - they will either easily crush the populace or the populace will quickly crush the monsters. Both of them are not very fun for the losing team.)
- F. **Castle Sieges.** Castles can be created in a number of manners. There can actually be a physical place to hold such as a Bridge or a Gazebo, or the castle can be laid out on the ground using construction ribbon or rope (construction ribbon can be found for about \$1.50 a roll at any hardware store) with nails pushed through the ribbon into the ground. Walls and moats are considered indestructible and immune to magic.
- Single castle with moat.**
    - Inside of castle can be ruling monarchy and their guard. This usually also includes the court Jester. This can be played two ways. One is to allow only pages and the court jester to roam free from the castle. The other is to allow full roam capabilities of everyone within the castle.
    - Inside of castle can be one team that is outnumbered two to one. This allows the defensive nature of the castle to be used.
  - Duel or multiple castles.**
    - Each team is given a castle and its a usual capture the flag battle.
    - Dead team members can only come alive if they have a castle to come alive in. (This game is not recommended because it leaves a lot of people sitting around in Nirvana until they can recapture the flags.)
    - Dead team members come alive as part of the castle defenders that currently control the flag. (This quickly unbalances the teams when flags are captured. Also not recommended for smooth game playing.)

## Announcements

### Amtgard Backbone on FIDonet

Lady Sleet Gil-Shalos of the Borderlands has recently made quite an effort to make Amtgard news and discussion more available to the general populace and has recently managed to get a FIDonet backbone added for the Amtgard, Inc. message base. For those of you whom are unfamiliar with the FIDonet, it is a publicly accessible network that can be accessed FREE on many FIDonet supporting BBSes. If you currently have access to such a BBS then ask them to carry the backbone and you too can join in the online Amtgard debates without having to pay for AOL or without a University online account. We will be bringing you modem line numbers for local BBSes that support the Amtgard backbone as soon as we locate them.

Any inquiries for information or support should be directed to:

Judy Brink  
3401 Speight  
Waco, TX 76711

(817) 752-5868  
brinkj@baylor.edu

### New Battlegrounds For Stormwall

The battlegrounds for the Shire of Stormwall have moved to a new location on the Bolivar Peninsula of Galveston Island. For more details, see the newest entry under New Chapters.

### Knighthood For Nomad



At the Midreign of King Sir Guy of the Golden Plains, Lord Nomad of Granyte Spyre was titled as Lord Sir Nomad, Knight of the Flame. For those that are unfamiliar with the aspects of knighthood, the Order of the Flame is granted to those few Amtbeings who have shown an outstanding loyalty to Amtgard and have displayed outstanding attitude and service to the club. Nomad who has attained masterhood of the Rose, and was the sole reason that the Order of the Dead, in which he recently also gained masterhood in, was created has been a constant reminder to all of us of what a positive attitude, good sportsmanship, good role-playing, and hearty enthusiasm can do for a group and we are sure that he will do himself and his Kingdom proud in his newest role as Protector of the Realm. Congratulations Nomad on an honor well deserved!

## Editorial

### Tales from Topknot

Ah, where to begin? I have been implored by our faithful scribe, Lord Vaargard Malorius, to give a brief description of Tori Mar's Mid-Reign festivities as attended by the Baronial Regent, Q Manley Mann, & myself. This event took place on the weekend of December 17th & 18th at Camp Finlaysen, just south of Fort Hood.

In a nutshell, I'd have to say that the event was cold. Mind-numbingly cold. So cold, in fact, that we woke up to discover that ice had taken up residence on the windshield of Q's car. All that barbarian fur garb sure came in handy! We arrived evening-time on Saturday just in time to attend Court. Q & I missed the feast but had our own snacks. Also, a fine T-bone steak was donated to yours truly in exchange for some spiffy conversation. Afterwards, there was much ditching & building of fires & drinking of hot apple cider. This being a dry site, everyone was remarkably sedate. Of course, it could have been the weather, too. \*grin\* Sunday was mostly spent socializing & packing up our gear.

So that was Mid-Reign. Cold & wet but lots of fun. This being my first event, I wasn't sure what to expect but I had a very good time. I'll be counting the days until February 17th!

In other news (and I know he will cringe upon hearing this), congratulations, Sir Nomad!! We're not worthy! We're not worthy! (much bowing and scraping) There is none higher! \*grin\* Seriously, though, you deserve it, dear! Also, many cheers and hearty slaps on the back to our esteemed Lord Defender Vaargard Malorius, who received an Order of the Dragon for his impeccable work on our newsletter. Keep up the good work, Kevin!

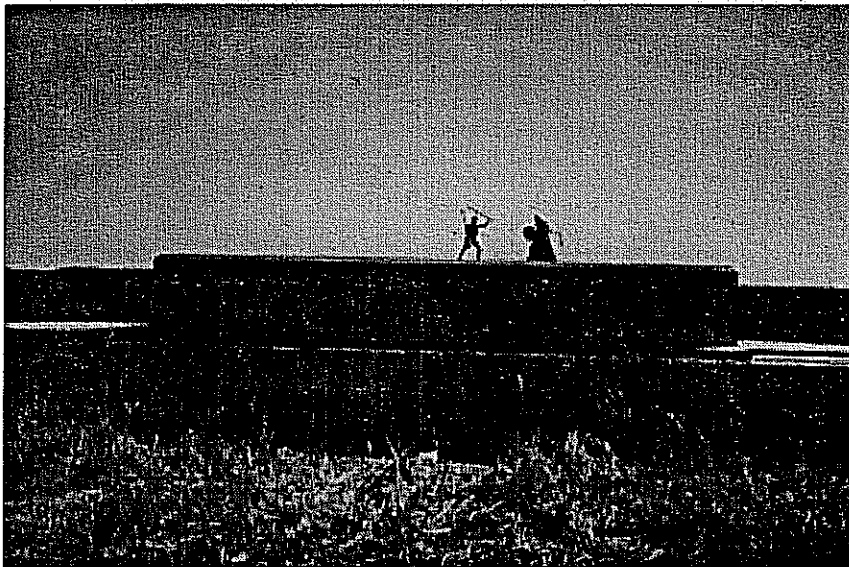
On Sunday, January 22, Todd and myself visited Mordengaard at Texas A&M to take part in their quest and go out to eat pizza with the guys afterwards. It had been a while since Todd visited them and it was my first time to go to Mordengaard and the quest was a good excuse. Like most of Texas lately, the grounds were rather damp. Well, drenched would be more appropriate. The general consensus seemed to be "If you're going to land in the mud, save the weapons!" Predictably, there was much falling and rolling in the mud, much to the chagrin of the Double Dave's Pizzaworks employees, I'm sure. We were not a pretty sight by the end of the day. The quest was skewed due to a critical typo and basically dissolved into a monstrous ditch battle, the high point of which was Woody (or Keneda, as he is better known) landing full on his back in 6 inches of mud and water! Nobody ditches like Mordengaard! They meet twice a week and it shows. "Fast and furious" doesn't even begin to describe them. All in all, it was a most enjoyable weekend. The Mordengaarders who had visited us in the two weeks prior to the quest had a good time at Granyte Spyre and have promised me that they will return. I would like to return to Mordengaard and they have told me that they would love more visitors. If you wish to go, please get together with Todd or myself and maybe we can arrange a carpool. As my poor car is not up to limping the 2-hour distance, I would gladly pay gas money in exchange for a ride. They meet on Sundays at 1:00 p.m. at Bee Creek Park. The people that I talked to while I was up there seemed rather enthusiastic about the possibility of the Wetlands Mutual Defense League. The more support we can get, the better.

Well, having run out of things to say, I shall cease my mindless rantings. Don't forget! Spring War and our own Mid-Reign are coming up soon so start saving your money, arranging rides, and what-not so that any problems that may occur will be taken care of well in advance. Granyte Spyre needs to be well-represented at Spring War so let's make our Baroness proud!

Topknot the Furry



"Q Manley Mann parries the dread artifact Soulbinder."



"Gideon Goldmoon of Stormwall defends 'the Crypt' at Stormwall from the invading Vaargard who was dead set at cleansing it of evil."

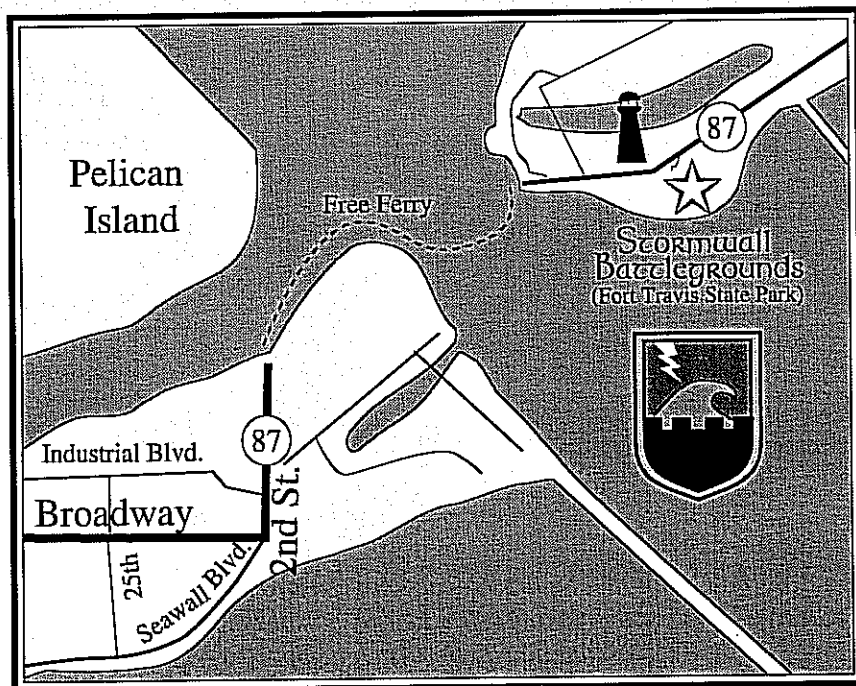


"Baron Crinos and Squire Zol made the trek from Mordengard to Granyte Spyre. After making a few new friends they acted out the adage 'familiarity breeds contempt'."

## New Chapters and New Locations

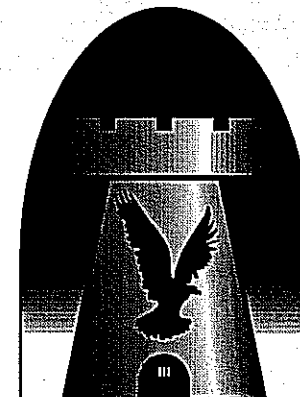
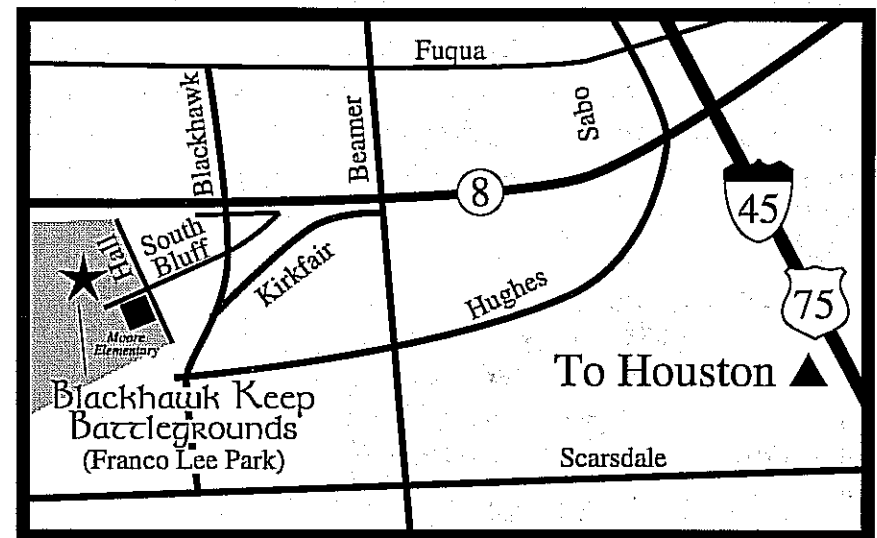
### Stormwall

The Shire of Stormwall has relocated to a new (and very impressive) site. The new location is Fort Travis State Park on the Bolivar Peninsula on Galveston Island. It is a beautiful site with open fields, underground bunkers and passages, free-standing grills, and the Gulf of Mexico crashes upon its rocky shore. The Shire of Stormwall meets on Saturdays at 12 noon at the seawall at the rear of Fort Travis State Park. The park is located on the Bolivar peninsula slightly northeast of Galveston Island. The site may be reached by a free ferry (24 hours) from Galveston. For further details please contact Eric (Lucas Wyngarde) or Cynthia (Cynthya of Clan Ros) at (409) 762-6339. This is truly a most impressive meeting site and the people are great! Please come out and welcome one of our newest chapters!



### Blackhawk Keep

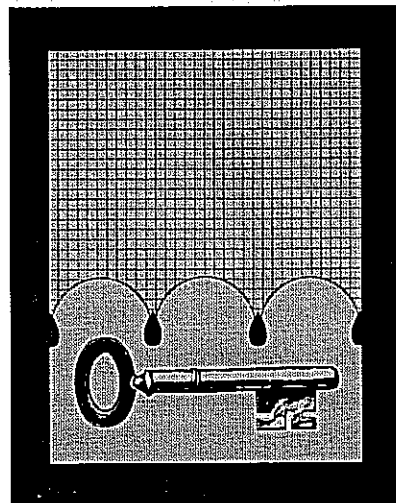
Blackhawk is one of newest chapters. The shire of Blackhawk meets on Sundays at 12 noon at Franco Lee Park in Pearland, Texas (South Houston). The park is located just south of the Beltway 8, west of Blackhawk road. Go south on Blackhawk. Turn right on South Bluff and another right on Hall Road. The group meets to the left of the first entrance off of Hall Road. Any questions should be directed to Aaron (Tristan Mallory) at (713) 531-6528. Please call before 9 pm.



## Guild of the Coliseum

There is a new guild that is growing very quickly and will have its first organized meeting at Spring War. The guild is known as the Coliseum and the only requirements for membership are to be a member of the Amtgard online message service. Anyone who has access to an internet mailing address can get involved in this exciting way to interact with Amtgard members everywhere! If you wish to get involved with the Amtgard online messaging system just send an e-mail message titled "subscribe" (no body text is necessary) to [amtgard-d-request@freedom.nmsu.edu](mailto:amtgard-d-request@freedom.nmsu.edu) and you will begin receiving the message base directly to your e-mail account. You can send messages directly to the service (with or without being a subscriber) by sending your message(s) to [amtgard-l@freedom.nmsu.edu](mailto:amtgard-l@freedom.nmsu.edu) normally. It takes about three days to make the rounds, but your message will be seen by representatives of most existing kingdoms and many smaller and/or independent chapters.

At spring War we will be unveiling our new belt favors and banner. The sigil of a gladiator (as Coliseum members are currently known) is a grey field with a net over it. Most will be slightly varied from this design due to the large number of different garbers collaborating on the project but all should incorporate the net on a solid color field. The members of this guild are all good helpful people and have access to near-instantaneous information exchange between chapters. If you have a message that needs to get out, then it is these people you need to get the information to. It is due to the excellence of this communication network that newsletters such as this one are created. The more of us who are communicating, the better the information network. So get to your computer and join us "in the net"!





## Story Time with the Sage

'Twas a most humid and blisteringly hot day that the two adventurers found themselves marching side by side through what could loosely be termed a forest, for it lacked the undergrowth one would expect from such a body of foliage and the trees, if one could call such poor arboreal examples such, were spaced too far apart to offer any respite from the midday sun. The two companions had met just recently in a tavern of some renown where food and drink could be had for a mere pittance and whose servants bore the most remarkable golden arches to be found in the land. Over a cup of watered down beverage the two exchanged tales of valor and discussed the lack of adventure they had found after traveling so far south of the charted lands.

Lord Nomad, a monk of some renown, had departed his home kingdom in search of adventure and to visit his ancestral homelands, which he missed dearly. He had come to the conclusion that there were adventures to be had in the sweltering heat of the Wetlands if only he just had the right companions to help him find them. Even his name, chosen in the vows of Brotherhood to his order, reflected his need to travel. His search began in the supply houses of the realm. He posted his name and a plea for comrades to quest with him in the dark corners of the public message boards but, much to his disappointment, not one would heed his call to arms. Perhaps it was fear or perhaps it was Lord Nomad's inability to write legibly, but no one, man nor beast, would come to his aid. Lord Nomad had no knowledge of the word defeat however, and he continued to doggedly pursue his goal. Message after message the diligent monk would hang and day after day he would journey to the mail post at the end of his land to find it bare of replies.

The hopelessness of his search was beginning to show on the monk's usually carefree attitudes. As he began his daily trip to the mail post, expecting another day of disappointment, his eye caught a fluttering motion. A message perhaps? Nomad trotted carefully up to the post, not knowing what to expect. Perhaps it was just another note from the tithe collector demanding his due but no, this message was written in a strange script and was sealed with the strange emblem of a white rose. The message read "Dear Lord Nomad, I have heard of your quest and I would be most honored if you would allow me to join your search for adventure. I too am far from my home and am in sore need of a good adventure to wrest free the weariness that has set into my bones. If you would be so inclined, I will be traveling by your home in the near future and will be stopping at the Tavern of the Golden Arches for rest and supplies. If you could meet me there, we could discuss our traveling arrangements. Most humbly in your service- Lord Defender Vaargard Malorius." A cheerful grin spread across Nomad's face. The search was on!

Lord Vaargard was a tall warrior who was strong of arm and possessed of a most unnerving ability to comment inanely on any given subject. His vociferousness was only matched by his honest desire to root out evil and oppression

and stop it in its tracks. Nomad was wary of the warrior's claims but instantly liked the big man. His experienced sword arm and incessant banter would complement the monk's own hard won skills and, even if adventure was not to be found, Lord Nomad would hardly lack for conversation! Lord Vaargard had left his Command of the Order of the White Rose to travel south in search of adventure and profit. Like his new companion, he was surprised to find that the Wetlands held no challenges for a seasoned adventurer. The lands were barren and the unbearable humidity made travel during daylight hours uncomfortable, if not unbearable. Even the unnatural beasts common to the lands of the north would not show their heads in the frightful glare of the hazy Wetlands sun. It was by chance that Vaargard had seen Lord Nomad's plea on a magical fountain that dispensed beverage for mere coins! The message had fallen to the floor. Vaargard, who was in a similar search for adventure, had noticed the strange arcane symbols on the parchment. Vaargard, whose own skills with the pen were famously suspect, quickly deciphered the cryptic handwriting and set out immediately to contact this kindred spirit.

Such pleasant remembrances were far behind the two companions as they walked side by side through the dusty, humid wastes. The only challenge the two faced was who could spin the biggest yarn or who could walk the longest without rest, but the two were evenly matched. The only opponent the two faced was boredom. Never in their born days had the two found opponents so hard to come by! After what had seemed like months (because it had been months) the two came upon an object most peculiar. "What do you suppose it is?" questioned Vaargard. Nomad who was better heeled than the warrior had seen similar objects in his past. They were unusual this far south but it was immediately obvious to the well traveled monk what the object was. "It is an obelisk" he replied, "A spire of stone created by someone to mark the passage of some event or to mark the resting place of great warriors." Vaargard whistled quietly to himself while he studied the massive monument. It was taller than the surrounding trees and tapered from a base as wide as two wagons placed end to end to a pyramidal point no bigger than a keg of ale. The craftsmanship was obvious and the sides were as smooth as the surface of a pond in the still of night. The whole cairn showed not even the tiniest mark of the craftsman's tools on its unmarred dusky-reddish granite surface. "I wonder who would build such a monument so far from traveled roads? Perhaps it is cursed?" Nomad had no answer for the warrior. The two looked worriedly about for any signs of impending doom. Ever in a contest to prove themselves the better of his companion, the pair quickly put aside such fears and began to make camp.

"Would that such a mighty cairn were erected 'ere I fall!" proclaimed the vocal warrior. Nomad only nodded in contemplation as he surveyed the surrounding area. "It is a sign," he said. "We will wait here for others to join us in our quest. It is indeed most fortuitous that such a permanent structure exists out here in the Wetlands. It is here, in the shadow of this ancient cairn, that we shall make a name for ourselves." Vaargard could only scratch his head in wonder. He, like most of his ilk, held monks in awe as their calm, religious exterior often hid a skill at arms and powers of the mind that few could match. But even his respect of his friend could not stay his wagging tongue. "The hell you say! Better to walk naked into

the den of a hungry troll than to linger here and burn to death 'neath that hellish sun!" But Nomad was not to be swayed. "I hear the sounds of waterfowl near, and the scent of water fills my lungs. There, near the great gnarled tree, is sign of wild game. Perhaps we are not so far from sustenance as you believe." Vaargard, not to be shown up by his smaller friend, put his own considerable skills of perception to use and concentrated on his surroundings. After a protracted pause, Nomad smirked to himself. There was no way that the warrior, untrained as he was in the ways of nature, would notice something that the monk's skills, gained after years of tutelage under master monks, would have missed. "Ah-Hah!" Vaargard exclaimed. Nomad looked warily at his big friend. "Have you discovered something that I may have missed?" he asked sarcastically. "No" the warrior replied "but I do remember the name of that wench we met at the Tavern of the Golden arches!" Nomad just glared at the big warrior and mumbled several expletives under his breath.

The days passed and the two companions took to sparring to pass the time. While Lord Nomad was quite confident he could fell the great warrior with a single, well placed blow of his trained hand, he had seen how much damage his companion could deliver with Thorn, the huge flail that never left the warrior's side and had no desire to test the mettle of his companion in true combat. The two had taken to using mock weapons in their exercise. Determined to persevere where others had failed, and neither willing to admit defeat, the two waited long weeks, sitting through foul rain and stinging dust storms and debating the wisdom of this land as a choice of residence. While they had engaged each other in heated discussions in the course of their travels, they had never come to blows. Neither doubted the prowess of the other and both had come a long ways to reach the point at which they now stood.

One day, without distinction from the hot, rainy days that preceded it, the pair went off on their usual mission to provide meat for their table and to attempt to stay the clutching talons of monotony. The two parted with their usual banter. "Vaargard, head in the direction of the sounds of the waterfowl. I will head in the opposite direction. We must scout the area to insure our sleep will be undisturbed this night and we shall meet back here come nightfall. Yell if you should find something. Be careful my friend." The big warrior chuckled. "Watch your own hide monk!" he yelled "I shall return before thee and with a goose for our fire to boot!"

When Nomad returned to the Spire that evening, he found that his companion had indeed returned first, but not alone. A scowling barbarian had joined him and between the two they were finishing the last of a delicious smelling roast duck. Nomad, as of yet unnoticed, watched the two from the shadows. They appeared to know each other and the duck was rapidly disappearing down their hungry gullets. Nomad cautiously stepped heavily upon a twig thus making his presence known. The barbarian whirled suddenly and without pause, hurled a heavy axe towards the unexpected sound. Against any ordinary man the blow might have connected, and perhaps even slain him outright, but Nomad was a monk trained in the ways of deflecting thrown weapons and he easily batted aside the clumsy axe. Vaargard squinted into the darkness. "Come out of hiding fool monk! This is a

member of my order whom I had thought lost! You have nothing to fear from him!" He grinned to his fur-clad companion. "Nor I assure you good Lothar, need you fear my esteemed traveling companion, Lord Nomad. Nomad, this is Lothar of the hill people though I will be a harpy's hind side if you could find hill or people in the godforsaken place!" The barbarian grunted his greeting and went to retrieve his weapon. Nomad turned and whispered to his warrior friend. "Has he all his faculties? He appears very agitated and his manners are indeed in need of improvement to say the least!" The warriors laugh filled the quiet night air. "His manners are not what a sheltered monk might be used to, my friend, but a better companion in adventure you will not find! Lothar once slew a hill giant single handedly with those axes of his and he was in a good mood then! Even the mighty tremble when Lothar loses his temper! Not even I would willingly face an enraged barbarian if another course were available!" Nomad turned and watched the stout barbarian with new respect as he returned to the light of the fire. He was indeed impressed by the feats of this one even if he did bring with him a stench even a rotting zombie would be hard pressed to match! Undoubtedly, anyone going up against this barbarian were in for a bitter fight and the darting eyes Lothar possessed only made him seem more anxious for battle. Nomad counted no less than ten weapons on the wild fighter and those were only the ones he could see! After the initial excitement of the meeting, the three sat together at the fire and enjoyed each other's company well into the night.

With the rise of the sun, the three companions awoke to begin making more permanent dwellings for themselves. Lothar, ever at home in the wilds, quickly and efficiently made several sturdy lodges in which the adventurers could rest. Vaargard and Nomad could only watch in appreciation as their new homes were being built. Nomad had to admit to himself that he had perhaps misjudged the wild eyed barbarian. Vaargard just smiled and Nomad knew he had been caught, as his expression plainly displayed his admission of respect for the feisty barbarian; and by the warrior no less!

The nearby lake provided adequate food and water for the companions but the days rolled on without any hint of adventure. Vaargard and Lothar had taken to sparring matches which often turned violent when the big barbarian would lose his temper. Nomad, always the exemplary monk, spent his time pondering the ways of adventure and fashioning swords for the day that he knew would come soon, when others would come to learn or to fight. The land was not ideal but the three became accustomed to the heat, never-ending rain, and loneliness of the area around the Granite Spire, which Lothar, in his own blunt fashion, had deemed the granite monolith. The weeks stretched into months and the party was still much as it was when they had first laid eyes on the Granite Spire. Nomad, ever the cheerful reeve, divided his time between meditation and mediation as the toll of the loneliness began to tell upon the two fighters. The three became used to their uneventful routine but Nomad and Lothar could not help but notice when Vaargard began to spend more and more time locked in his lodge, doing only the spirits knew what.

After long days of work, Vaargard emerged from his cabin with a sheaf of scrolls. He had indeed been busy! The scrolls were of as fine a workmanship as

Nomad had ever lain eyes on and what's more, they were even easy to read! Nomad stuck his head into Vaargard's cabin looking for an obvious place where the warrior might have dug up the scrolls. "Where did these come from?" Nomad asked suspiciously. "I made them by my own hand monk!" Vaargard replied with a grin. "Not possible", said Nomad as we looked under Vaargard's sleeping pallet for a hidden scribe. "Fret not loyal monk" said Vaargard. "With these fine scrolls, surely we can make our presence known. Mayhap we will even gain the attention of one of the kingdoms nearby. And," Vaargard lowered his voice, and looked about conspiratorially "Mayhap we will even lure a challenge or two!" Nomad just shook his head sadly. "Just like a warrior!" he exclaimed, "Always trying to get into fights rather than avoid them!" Vaargard and Nomad just smiled. "Stay here monk! Keep Lothar entertained while I journey to post of our good fortune! Fear not for my absence, I shall return safely." With that said, he picked up his armor and huge shield and strode off into the forest.

Vaargard was gone for two weeks but Lothar and Nomad waited patiently, honing their skills and practicing their crafts. A small clan of wanderers had joined the community and had already begun making permanent residences themselves. On the first night of the full moon, Lothar heard something in the forest. His keen eyes spotted the approaching form long before the man became recognizable by the White Rose on his shield. The two embraced warmly and went to find Nomad to tell of Vaargard's return.

"The journey was long, but all the scrolls have been hung in prominent display. It is only a matter of time now! Not one week behind me is a group of fine adventurers! A novice healer, Dr. Phlogiston by name, a Scout called Valeran Holt. A man whose calling was not divulged, but whose demeanor cried out Assassin was also with them. He walked into a tree and then tripped and fell over his own feet! What sport! Harfmann he calls himself but Harfmann the Unsteady says I! Another of the troupe carried odd weapons, Jerold Brimfire he was called and a monk by trade unless I miss my guess. Last, but not least, a skilled fighter called Ryer accompanies them."

"Your news is well received friend Vaargard!" Nomad clasped forearms in a warriors greeting with his friend, "but your words travel faster than your clumsy feet! A week ago, four adventurers followed your signs and came to join us! A mighty barbarian was leading the group. He calls himself Ryac. He brought with him a lovely woman warrior by the name of Char of Arc, his young brother who will answer only to 'peasant' and another fledgling warrior who has yet to reveal hi calling or name! It is indeed a wondrous thing my friend!" Vaargard looked about him at the small town that was springing up around him and the adventurers who would make this humid, sun-baked land their home. "Indeed it is Lord Nomad, but with such a town comes the responsibility of defending it! In my travels, I encountered not one Minotaur but two! And to be found only two days travel to the east if I recall my way!" Nomad and Lothar exchanged a knowing look. "More like a few hours walk if you keep to the same direction!" Vaargard snarled but was too caught up to take issue with his friends. "And the best news yet! I learned that this land is haunted by the undead!" The look that Nomad and Lothar exchanged

this time was one of concern, for where Vaargard cheerfully sought out such monsters, they were less inclined to risk their lives against creatures that would normally avoid the communities of man. But undead were a different story entirely. The undead were without reason nor direction. Even worse, such creatures were unnatural and could only be brought to their hideous unlife by the powers of a great evil. They knew that time was on the side of the undead and, sooner or later, they would have to fight to keep their homes safe.

Vaargard beamed happily at them and threw his arms around their shoulders and hugged them to his sides. "Surely we will be sorely pressed to defend ourselves! The bards will surely sing of our exploits! Especially of the day that we rid... rid... hummm." Vaargard stopped and leaned against the monolith in the center of the budding town in deep thought. Nomad and Lothar looked to each other and shrugged. Nomad turned to Vaargard and put it plainly so even the warrior would understand. "What is it now Vaar?" Vaargard looked up and said "What is it called?". Lothar, always quick to answer, said "Granite Spire." Nomad, frustrated by the intellectual complexities of his companions, wheeled on Lothar and said "I think he means the town, barbarian." Lothar, indignant that Nomad would question him, crossed his mighty arms and spoke stubbornly again. "Granite Spire."

A gleam came into Vaargard's eyes, a look that was quickly reflected in Nomad's own. "Be it known to all, far and wide, that here lies Granyte Spyre! Let no man, woman, nor beast pass without sharing our good fortune and beware any who would attempt to take by force that which we have built!" The adventurers who were gathering in the clearing watched in silence as the cheerful Nomad delivered his speech. A heartfelt "Huzzah!" arose from the group. The three friends smiled to one another and turned to help build the growing legend of Granyte Spyre.

*This is a fictionalized account of the humble beginnings of the Barony of Granyte Spyre. The events are true as are the time periods involved and the persons and places mentioned. Extreme liberties were taken with the dialog, appearances and actions of the principal characters involved, though the core personality of each was held somewhat intact. We were out there a good three months, Nomad and I, before we finally started to get some interest and a good month after that before we had enough people to justify a sign-in sheet. (Which we still have, in a place of honor above the Lodge Hall mantle.) This August will be Granyte Spyre's second year as an official chapter of Amtgard and we are hoping to have quite a turn out for our coronation.*

*If you wish to meet the heroes of this story, hear more about the experiences of our group, or perhaps forge a legend in your own right; we would like to extend a heartfelt welcome and an invitation for you to attend our weekly meetings. The Barony of Granyte Spyre meets each Saturday, weather permitting, at Memorial Park in Houston, Texas. The park is located on the east side of US 610 South at the Woodway/Memorial exit, just minutes from I-10 and I-45. If you have any questions or concerns, please contact Kevin Raley at (713) 776-1620 (preferably between midnight and 2am). We hope to see you soon!*

# Networking & Addresses

I would first like to note that this list is constantly undergoing revision as more and more of us find access to the internet. In an effort to be as concise as possible, I have dropped all title of honor and nobility, **not** as a slight towards those whom so richly deserve their titles but in the interest of keeping this list maintainable as I have very little means of keeping track of the progression in honors that all the members of this list are constantly undergoing. I have also included the addresses of peers in Finland and Portugal. Please drop them a line and introduce yourselves! I sincerely apologize to those whose titles I had to drop. Entries that are marked by an asterisk are reportedly inactive or rarely accessed so use them accordingly.

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Vizier: Travis

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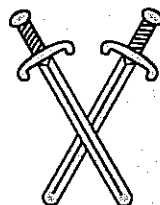
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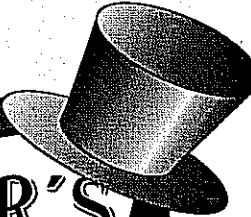
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**Baronial Regent** (and Editor)- Lothar  
(P. Todd Richardson)

**Vizier** - Lord Coren Longfellow  
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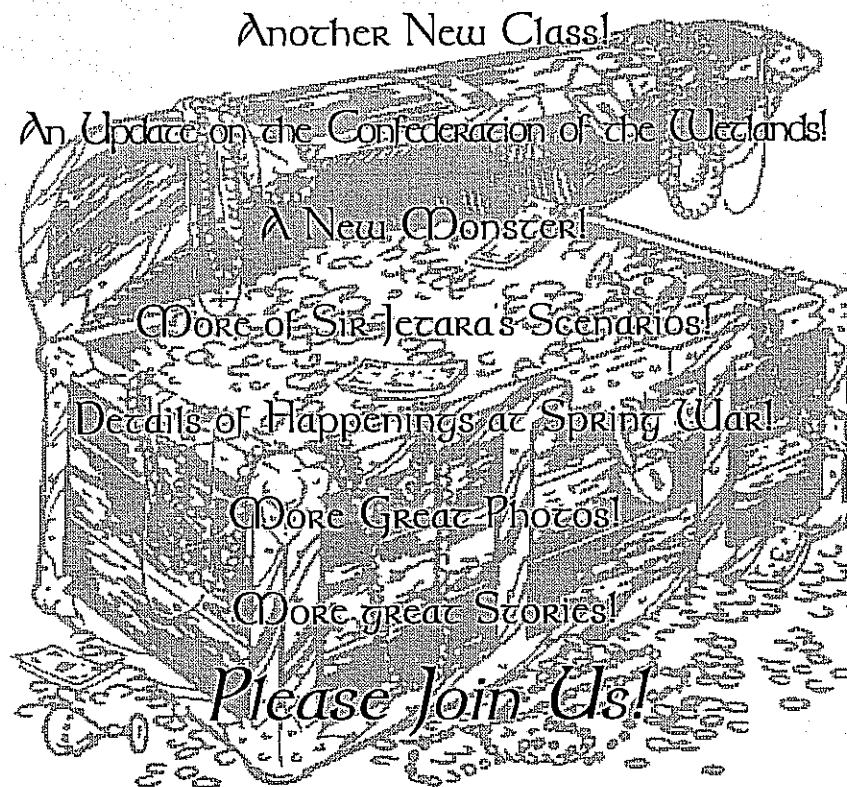
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## Next Issue

## Notes



## Special Thanks

I would like to take a moment to express a bit of gratitude to those that keep me supplied with information and graphics above and beyond the call of Amtgard. It is these people, and not myself, who truly make these newsletters great!

*Joseph Guinn*

*J. Henry*

*A.J. Vanek*

*Penelope McFadin*

*Robert Schoenberger*

*Desktop Service Bureau, Inc.*

*P. Todd Richardson*

*Wendy Tindle*

*Shanti Day*

*Judy Brink*

All the great people in the Coliseum who provide me with miscellaneous filler and details and all the other Amtbeings I missed that make publishing this newsletter possible deserve a heartfelt thank you. I could not do it without you.