

STAR



THORGARD
IN
SVARTA

STAR

Volume I, No. 4.

Editor-in-Chief - Master Pebyr ap Cucorin
Editor in Charge of Production - Bridgette, the Phantom Bard

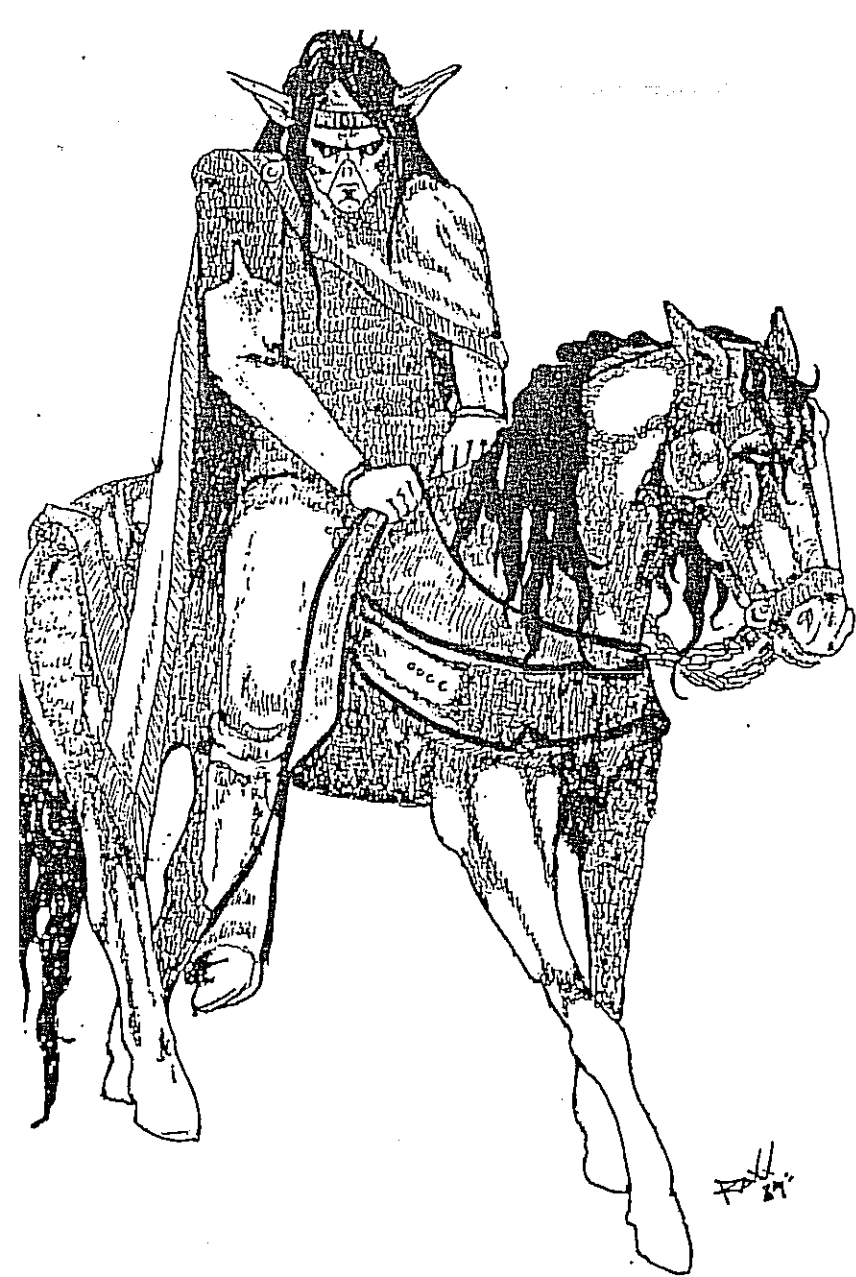
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Lettering by Bridgette, the Phantom Bard

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Personae	Mundane	Phone #	Co.	Barony
Adrianna	Adrianna Urdiales	521-9123		Turris
Alexis	Liz Samford	342-3951		Turris
Baron Ariocho	Kelley F. Wright	590-6542	D	Turris
Montoya Athisdaine XVI	Roy Crawford	-----		Margorach
Princess Avril	April Bremner	824-2564	B	Turris
Tokugawa Basha	Raye Carchia	512-834-9125		Margorach
Brother Barffe	Loren Schneider	536-1844		Turris
Bearcat	Alonzo Romo	520-1130		Turris
Sir Theo Blackflame	J. D. Wade	512-895-2516		Bifost
Cameron E. Blake	Eric D. Whitaker	637-1194		Turris
Jonathan Blaylock	Matthew Corley	520-1130	D	Turris
		(Emer Only)(341-4182)		
Bodon	Charles Turner	673-0444	B	Turris
Bridgette of Bards' Haven	Brenda Beschorner	822-5091		Turris
Bryanna	Samantha Hanson	822-1743		Turris
John Butane	John Stangel	732-4166		Turris
Blackthorn Caelich	Robert Michalee	680-8311	A	Turris
Lady Crystal	Georgina	512-367-4805		Bifost
Corwin	Jim McDonald	690-9134		Turris
Pebyr Ap Cucorin	David Seguin	646-6276	A	Turris
Damean	Paul Burton	822-1525		Turris
Preathos Damiar	Joseph R. Asselin Jr.	670-9050		Turris
Wolverine Darksword	John Martinez	-----		Margorach
Markis Zeek Deadstone	Matthew Short	-----		Margorach
Thomas Degathier	Thomas Alan Dykes	523-0464		Turris
Dragon	Ethan Ross McDonald	690-9134		Turris
Dravack	Topher Simmons	981-8532	D	Turris
Istallon ap Elendief	Anthony Alonzo	558-7859	A	Turris
Eric	Albert Griego	656-3869		Turris
Gorre	Shane Blancett	656-3869	BH	Turris
Curley Greenleaf	David Rivera	694-0245		Turris
Greydeath	Raymon John Nawara Jr.	735-1468		Turris
Wooter Greytower	Erica Cook	732-8429	D	Turris
Hyrax Greytower	Corey Miller	828-1981	A	Turris
Lord Rufus Grimwulf	Todd Barr	512-441-4735		Barad
Gulvius	Eric Dalessandro	817-532-2827		Margorach
Halfmoon	Bruce Tomlin	641-2064		Turris
Haniatis	John Gibbons	-----		Margorach
Tatsu Hayagin	Robert Kofoed	817-628-8553		Margorach
		817-286-9530		(Phone mail)
Baronet Torig Headbasher	William Myers	670-8483	BH	Turris
James of Normandy	Mojo Antoni	226-0169		Turris
Kenshirow	Buford Eudy	817-287-5524		
Kethan of Bards' Haven	Kethan Beschorner	822-5091		Turris
M. F. Kilraven	Kenneth Upper	512-367-4805	A	Bifost
Olan Kram	Mark Owings	817-634-0594		Margorach
Fozzy Kurgan	Dennis Fastzkie	817-554-6387		Margorach
Matthew Legray	Tom Welch	817-287-6614		Margorach
Logan	Nathan McDonald	690-9134		Turris
Logan (Syko)	Shea Trainer	512-259-3492		Barad
Logrell	Mark Baumgartner	-----	BH	Turris
Lopex	James Cosby	736-5188		Turris

Personae	Mundane	Phone #	Co.	Barony
Malchion	Sam Robinson	653-4362	A	Turris
Marshlon	Robert Mestepey	656-3869		Turris
Meecher Maker	Chris Love	735-7507	D	Turris
Melissande Aefen Steorra	Kathy Cohen	637-1194		Turris
Michael Hammer of God	Will Jordan	534-0049		Turris
Mordor	Melvin Snyder	817-287-3028		Margorach
Morgannaye	Christine Garza	661-8531		Turris
Natasha	Alexis Leather	-----		Margorach
Squire Imag Nificent	Jim	512-895-1651	A	Bifost
NightFox	Clay Dugger	344-2120	A	Turris
NightLynx	Ken Edelsteine	342-4036	A	Turris
Noorunisa	Sophia Brody	736-4789	D	Turris
Pandemonius	Mike Lane	520-5150	BH	Turris
Predator	Michael Lundell	377-0238		Turris
Rhyss Quadmonah	Robert Zook	657-2930	BH	Turris
Raven	John Savage IV	824-4323	D	Turris
Saim Thing	Miles H. McGinness	680-6474		Turris
Squire Shadow	Isaac Garcia	337-0828	A	Turris
Arthor Syrtis Shadowfane	Thane Mitchell	658-2440		Turris
Mooneye Shadowhand	Marty Hoff	512-326-8412		Turris
Shadowhawk	Henry Nhilmer	817-287-2262		Margorach
Skullbane	Jeremy Howell	214-339-8880		Margorach
Sterling/Yurishito Shinokai	Michael Heffner	817-628-8553		Margorach
Tabu	Frances Sims	817-286-9530		(Phone mail)
Tefna	Michael Braden	599-2180		Turris
Thandron	Anthony Osborn	817-532-4451		Margorach
Thanos	Chris Kanute	512-452-7228	B	Turris
Tristan	Sten Drescher	674-2918		Turris
Van	Malkto VanSkiver	533-9730		Turris
Elsmar Vassen	John Doherty	525-1988		Turris
Narsya Sura VasuaDeva	Conrad David	817-532-2827		Margorach
Vermithrax	Greg Newfeld	534-0049	BH	Turris
Warlock	Richard Sawyer	-----		Margorach
Wolf	Dean Flak	622-9782		Turris
Zircon	Scott Gleeson	-----	D	Turris
	Chandra Jones	828-6462		Turris
	James McKeon	590-6542	D	Turris
	Joey Rivera	822-4152		Turris
	Richard Urdiales	694-0245		Turris
	Richard Urdiales Jr.	521-9123		Turris
	Virgiania Urdiales	521-9123		Turris
	Catherine Zimmerman	345-2102		Turris



And Now A Word
From Our Monarchs

Unto my loyal subjects,

First I would like to thank everyone for such an outstanding attendance at the War. We had over fifty players on our side. Although we lost the War, we made a valiant effort and had a great time! There's always next year...

As you may know, Qualifications and Coronation are coming up. You may pre-pay \$12.00 to insure a reservation for Coronation. This will be a camping event for Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We need a couple of servers for the high tables, so any volunteers should make themselves known. An Allthing will be held a week before Qualifications to determine the mode of choosing a new king.

This will be my last letter to the populace. This being so, I would like to thank everyone for your support and for putting up with me!

Yours in Service,

Theo Rex

Greetings, populace of Turris Lunae,

Well, I am now into my second month of being your Baron and I hope that my performance as of now has been at least satisfactory. I would like it known that if anyone of you does have a problem with me, or any questions for me, please let me know so that I may do my best to put your minds at ease. If you do not already know it yet, the Crown Tourney will be taking place on August 17th here in Turris Lunae. I have not had any offers from anyone to either be a reeve or a judge in this tourney, so if you are interested, please let me know.

As of this writing, the following members of the Celestial Kingdom have declared to me that they will be running for the following positions:

1.) Narsya Sura VasuaDeva for position of King

2.) Baronet Torig Headbasher for position of King

Other than these two men, no one else has given a firm "want to run" for anything, so please let either myself or one of the other two barons (depending on which barony you are in) know of your interest.

Speaking as Baron, I would like to thank everyone from Turris Lunae who participated in the War against Emerald Hills. We had a very good turnout for this event and from what was said to me, the Dallas people were also surprised that we were able to muster that many bodies for an out-of-town tournament. Although we did not win, we at least showed them that we are a force to be reckoned with. So again, thank you...

For those of you who do not know about it yet, Warrior Practice is now worth 1/2 credit for those who go to it. Warrior Practice is held every Wednesday night at Lady Bird Johnson Park, starting at about 7 p.m. Anyone may attend, but the credit is only applied to the Warrior class, so it is possible to go up in two classes simultaneously (the class you sign in as on Sunday, and the Warrior class from Wednesday practice). If you have any questions about this, contact Prime Minister Hyrax Greytower who will be happy to answer them.

On my final note, I know it has been said before, but I am going to say it again: IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE PRINTED IN THE NEWSLETTER, PLEASE GIVE IT TO PRIME MINISTER PEBYR AP CUCORIN OR BRIDGETTE, THE PHANTOM BARD! I am sure they will do their best to see that it is placed within these pages.

Thank you,

Baron Arioch De Coranthin
Company Commander of the
Draconian Combine and Baronial
Guildmaster of Bards

Thought for the month:

What is any of this to us? Time is endless and ours.
Love and Death are only the games we play in it.

-Delirium's Mistress-

Kingdom Level Officers:

King - Theodrik the First
Princess Consort - Avril
Prime Minister - Master Pebyr Ap Cucorin
Kingdom Scribe - Bridgette of Bards' Haven
Guildmaster of Reeves - Malchion
Weapons Master - Squire Imag Nificent

Baronial Officers are:

Turris Lunae

Baron - Arioeh
Prime Minister - Hyrax Greytower
Defender - Narsya Sura VasuaDeva

Margorach

Baron - Montoya Athisdaine XVI
Prime Minister - Elsmar Vassen
Consort - Tokugawa Basha
Champion - Wolverine Darksword
Librarian/Archivist - Tokugawa Basha

MID-REIGN ORDERS

Order of the Dragon awarded to:

Baron Ariocho
Crystal
Pebyr Ap Cucorin
NightLynx (x2)

Order of the Griffon awarded to:

Pandemonius

Order of the Lion awarded to:

Bridgette, the Phantom Bard
Pebyr Ap Cucorin
Malchion
Rhys Tehom Quadmonah

Order of the Owl awarded to:

Hyrax Greytower
Halfmoon
Logrell

Order of the Rose awarded to:

Kayla Blackflame (x2)
Bodon
Crystal
Pebyr Ap Cucorin
Halfmoon (x2)
Torig Headbasher
NightLynx

Order of the Warrior awarded to:

Baron Ariocho
Princess Avril
Kayla Blackflame
Bodon
Hyrax' Greytower
Torig Headbasher
James of Normandy
M. F. Kilraven
Logrell
Malchion
Marshlon
Michael H. O. G.
Imag Nificent
Rhys Tehom Quadmonah
Shadow
Malice Taint
Thanos
Narsya Sura VasuaDeva
Zircon

Order of the Zodiac awarded to:

Meecher Maker

MID-REIGN ORDERS (Cont.)

Titles given:

Title of Baronet to: Torig Headbasher

Title of Lord to: Pebyr Ap Cucorin
Halfmoon
Malchion
Narsya Sura VasuaDeva

Title of Master Assassin: Malchion
NightLynx
Rhys Tehom Quadmonah

Title of Master Barbarian: Torig Headbasher
Pandemonius

Title of Master Healer: Michael H. O. G.

Title of Master Monk: Shadow
Narsya Sura VasuaDeva

Title of Master Warrior: Avril
Hyrax Greytower
M. F. Kilraven
Michael H. O. G.
Imag Nificent

Title of Master Wizard: Bodon
Halfmoon

Garbers' Credits given to: Bridgette, the Phantom Bard
Arioch & Kiera
Halfmoon
Kayla Blackflame
Meecher Maker
Noorunissa

RESPONSIBILITIES ON AND OFF THE FIELD

(ALSO TITLED DO AS I SAY , NOT AS I DO)

In the last year it has become more and more difficult for the common populace in our club to trust our elected and appointed officers. Some officers have assumed a position without knowing what all the responsibilities are. In most cases, all that is needed is for them to read the section in the Corpora that pertains to their position. It might be of help if a few questions were asked of those who were successful during their time in an office. Being successful means more than just surviving your six months in office.

Before anyone should decide on throwing their hat into the political circle, you should have an idea of what you have to do as one of our club officers. One thing is for sure, if your intentions are to only better yourself then you are getting into the wrong circle. Amtgard needs our officers. What it does not need is another person who is looking for a quick or easy way to receive recognition or titles. Those who would run for one of our offices should not be concerned with what the rewards could be. Instead their thoughts should be on what they can do for the club while in office.

It all comes down to responsibilities. Every one of us has some form of duty to Amtgard. Even the lowest populace members has the responsibility to sign in legibly, mark a class, then going out on the field to play that class. As you position in Amtgard rises so will you duties. Guildmasters Still have it pretty easy. It is up to them to insure those who play in their class do so within the boundaries of the rules laid out so many years ago. This includes proper garb, weapon selection, and, when appropriate, the proper use of any available spells and spell components. It would not hurt any Guildmaster to take the time to watch his guild members during the course of one battlegame. This includes checking up on those who sign in as a class then spend their day sitting in Nirvana. It is hard to say which is worse, someone who repeatedly signs in as one of the fighting classes, gaining levels yet never steps on the field or a magic user who does the same. Then there are those who use the confusion on the field to purposely abuse a class. Let's face it, a warrior who abuses his class is far less damaging than a wizar who would do the same.

Moving up the ladder of precedence, the next stop is the Scribe. This office is usually filled by someone who can work closely with the Prime Minister. Of all the positions described in the Corpora, this is one of the two jobs that requires prior knowledge in secretarial work. Access to a tape recorder with lots of batteries would also be nice. This position is a good place to learn just how much paperwork is involved in the daily grind to keep the Amtgard wheels rolling. Just be careful not to get caught under that wheel.

Next in the climb to the top is the position of Guildmaster of Reeves. In the past this office has been over-looked or down right misused. The GM of Reeves needs to know not only the rules but also how they effect the various classes. Besides that, this office is there to aid the King and Champion to insure the populace keeps playing on the safe side of Amtgard. Just knowing your class is not enough for this position, you need a working knowledge of all the classes. Being in this office does not empower you with the means to change anything. On the contrary, it is your job to keep

the rules the same and to merely clarify on the many vague rules we have played by for so long. Our first GM of Reeves held the office for over three terms. In that time there were more tourneys held than ever before or since and he received little reeving help from the populace. Our last GM of Reeves didn't even bother to look up his job description in the Corpora so he didn't know what he was supposed to do. He didn't even know what it took to remove him from office. Too bad ignorance isn't painful.

Skipping on down to Champion, this position means more than having come in first in the Crown Tourney. You are the extra set of eyes and ears for the Crown. It is your job to insure the Kings' safety at all events. Unless it just can not be done, you should be the first person to the park and the last person to leave. You must coordinate the battle games for the massive hords and maintain a lost and found for the brainless masses who can not keep their ——— together. If the Champion suffers form the infamous Amtgard time, then the whole Kingdom will suffer. There is no room in this office for slackers. If you would rather sit back on Saturdays and have others do the organizing of teams, then this office is not for you.

The position of Princess/Prince Consort is one of the top three positions in the club. A lot of people have looked at this job and said th themselves, "Gee, I could do that.". Even though there are only eight lines to describe this job in the Corpora, it is one of the most under-rated positions in Amtgard. This poor person is in charge of almost all club activities off the field. It encompasses coordinating the Arts & Sciences Guilds and it does help if the person holding this post is at least interested in these areas.

Now on to the most overworked, underpaid, misconceived position in Amtgard, the Prime Minister. It has been said in the past that this office holds more true power than any other office, and without a good P.M., the whole of Amtgard structure would fall down around us. If you thought the Scribe's job was bad and filled with paterwork, take a good look at the P.M. job. Every day this person is doing something for Amtgard, whether it is making copies of newsletters, rulebooks, or sign-in sheets. Then there is the updating of the populace credits, dues list, donations to the club, plus a financial report. Then there are all the phone calls from people who want to know how many credits they have, are their dues paid up, or when was the last time they signed in as a certain class. The list goes on. In one Barony the P.M. took it upon herself to refuse to answer any Amtgard questions on any day other than an Amtgard day. This is not the best way to approach this office. Once again, if you like to leave all Amtgard problems at the park, then this is not the job for you.

Finally we come to the office of Monarch. This is the most sough after position in Amtgard, yet once you have obtained it, it loses some of the luster. It has been said that this office is nothing more than a figure head, and without his populace to back him, no Monarch could achieve anything. Besides being the elitimate ruler (even though this club is based on a democratic system), this office holds other advantages. It is a quick way, and mostly and easy way, to receive a knighthood, should you survive the six month term. You get to oversee all the other offices. It would

even be nice if you could make it to a few out of town events. You will probably end up spending some of your own money for the good of the club, but in the end, then the smoke clears, this is by far one of the more fun positions in Amtgard.

All of this may seem a bit too much for just a game, but when you take that step into politics, then this game begins to resemble a part-time (sometimes full-time) job. By offering your services to the club some sacrifices must be made, hopefully it won't be your sanity. Responsibility is a heavy responsibility.

Humbly yours,

Duke Viscount Baron Baronet
Sir Lord Nevron Dreadstar
Warlord

Amtgard Fantasy Armor Materials
 Rhys Tehom Quadmonah
 Sgt Stealth Squad - The Black Horde / Tiger's Clan
 Sentinel Of Discordia

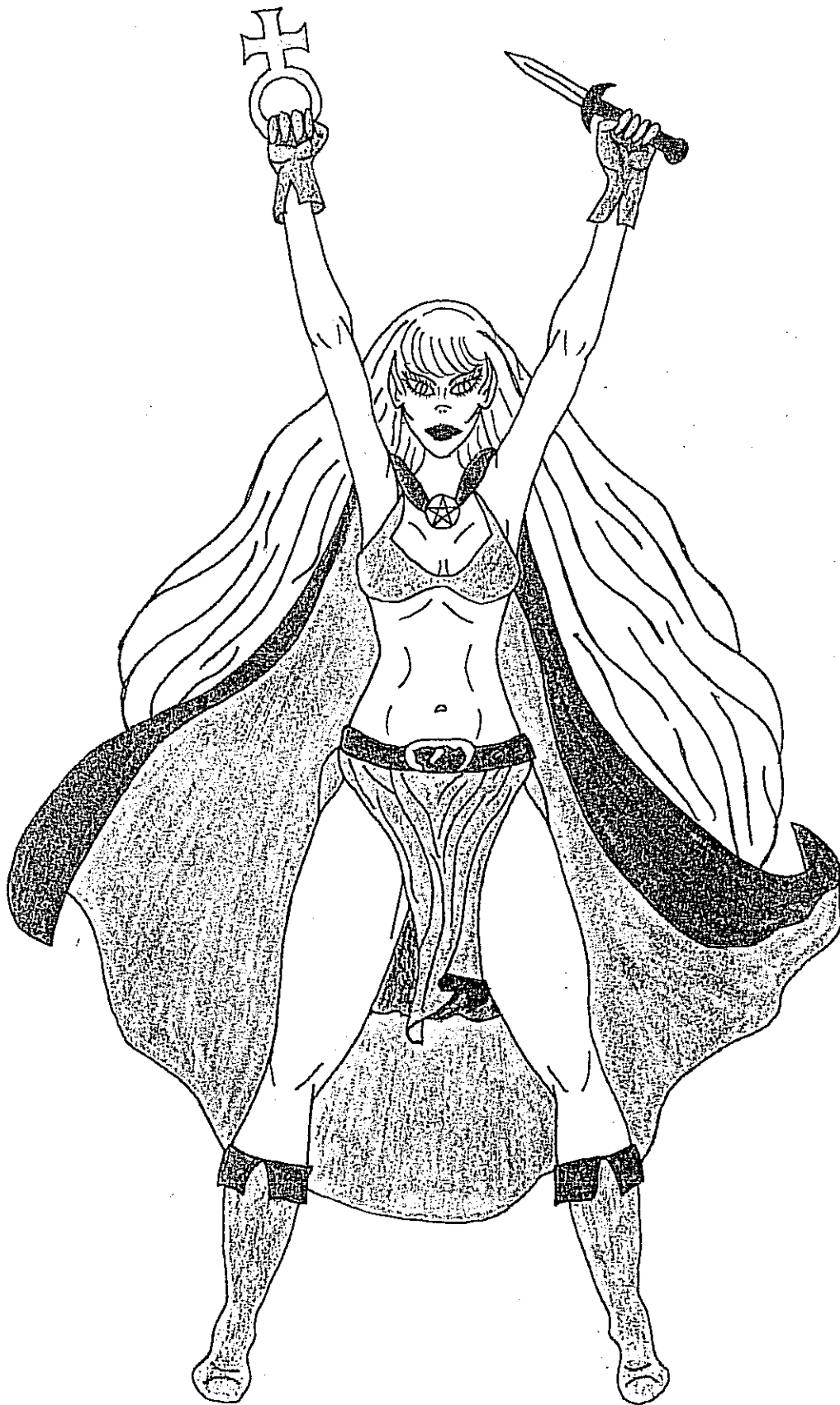
mundane name	Fantasy Name	Plate	Mesh	Segment	Stud	Flex
Kevlar (7 layers)	Spider Silk	-	-	-	-	2
Kevlar (Laminated)	Spider Silk	4	-	3	-	-
Bronze	Bronze	3	2	3	+1	-
Aluminum	Fixed					
	Quicksilver	4	2	3	+1	-
Steel	Steel	5	3	4	+1	-
Hardened Steel	Star Steel	6	4	5	+2	-
Titanium	Mithril	7	5	6	+2	-
Plexiglass	Laen	2	-	2	+1	-
Polycarbonate	GlassSteel	4	-	3	+1	-
Fiberglass	Giant Spider					
	Chitin	3	-	3	+1	-
Butcher Armor	Elven Mail	-	2	-	-	-
Vinyl (1/16th inch)	Nuaga Hide	-	-	2	-	1
Vinyl (1/8th inch+)	Nuaga Hide	-	-	3	-	2
Rubber (1/16th inch)	Troll Hide	-	-	2	-	1
Rubber (1/8th inch+)	Troll Hide	-	-	3	-	2
Soft Plastic	Giant Insect					
(1/16th inch)	Chitin	3	-	3	-	2
Soft Plastic	Giant Insect					
(1/8th inch+)	Chitin	4	-	4	-	3
High Impact Plastic	Giant Insect					
(1/16th inch)	Chitin	3	-	3	-	-
High Impact Plastic	Giant Insect					
(1/8th inch+)	Chitin	4	-	4	-	-



Reflection

&

Revelry



THE RAID
(Part III)

* * * * *

"Sinjen, I don't know what has become of him. I spoke with Ahrmaand and Thariand. Ahrmaand didn't remember him, but was curious that he should. I guess when his mind was destroyed and put back together, certain memories of his sojourn in hell were edited. Thariand however was an excellent source of information. He it was who explained that Fahrinaie was the chief torturer as well as a powerful lieutenant of Mephistopheles. We surmised that he supervised Ahrmaand's torture sessions and there found out about Barad-Duin. I must admit that he sounds like a thoroughly disreputable scumbag, but I can't help thinking that he really did want to live in Barad-Duin. Sinjen, if you see him, give him a chance and you may be surprised. He knows of our friendship and of you. In fact, I suspect that he knows everyone so well, that no one but you could suspect him. That is why I give you this information."

Sinjen pondered this long into the night for Pebyr talked like one that expected to die and welcomed it. He knew that Pebyr had had problems in the Burning-Lands but the only impression he had got was that it was female related. Why anyone could let women get to them like that was beyond him. But then he remembered one with eyes of steel and how low that had brought him, and it was easier to empathize. So with half forgotten pain searing an empty heart he went to sleep for the night, leaving Sparhawk and Aurendir having a quietly animated discussion.

"Okay, Sparhawk, try and remember, will you? It's rape the women and pillage the cattle. The women of the Burning Lands are too fine to ignore like that. They might kill you just for the hell of it if you do.", Aurendir said remembering a few, including one who had written him only recently. "Running deer, I'm not as stupid as my brother YOU, he would rape the cattle and forget to use protection. I would remember to do so. I don't want what happend to Daddy on Accident to happen to me.", Sparhawk said punching Aurendir playfully in the jaw. "Who? Oh, you mean DOA, yeah that was a real hassle for him wasn't it?", Aurendir said, rubbing a sore jaw, and at last understanding why Barbarians were all so bullish, "But try to remember. Not the cattle but the women, and try a little foreplay this time? Alloran has been complaining of headaches from being hit on the head and dragged into the bushes.", Aurendir laughed. "But Aurendir, I thought that was foreplay?", Sparhawk softly replied, looking completely confused.

"Gods above Sparhawk, you're hopeless. On another subject, are we lost yet? It's not that I don't trust Pebyr's sense of direction, but I don't. He's a bard not a scout. I only know that we aren't traveling in circles and are traveling in a generally westward

direction. Beyond that I don't know for sure, since I haven't travelled these roads near as often as he has." Aurendir said. "We're traveling well and fast. I think that we are going the right way. Morale's good and Mandrac hasn't sang the song about bricks yet. What more could you ask for? There are even edible weeds as well as plenty of strange plants growing about with many spiked leaves. I caught some of the men smoking it the other day. It smelled like medicine herbs.", sparhawk said.

"Uh oh, I better tell Sinjen that we might expect an attack by corsairs. That sounds like Indian Hemp. With that stuff around they might be able to survive without food out here. Of course nobody knows for sure just what they live off of anyway. But if they do attack, we could be in for trouble. They are some of the toughest fighters around and could give the lot of us alot of trouble if they surprised us.", Aurendir.

Sinjen took the warning seriously, as the Corsairs were reknowned fighters. Every night heavy guards were placed about the camp perimeters. He also had a small fort of dirt and stone built nightly. Enough to give some sort of defensible shelter, if they were, gods forbid, attacked. As they travelled, Aurendir and led a party of scouts, to give whatever warning that was possible. Sinjen made it a point to serve on guard duty every night. He felt that he couldn't ask of the others what he wasn't prepared to do himself.

The next week went by uneventfully, since not much really goes on in the middle of the desert. And a week later as they were sitting around the fire telling stories and singing songs, someone, probably Arthon, asked Mandrac if he would sing a song. "oh no.", Sinjen moaned, "He's gonna sing the Brick song again. I just know it!". Sure enough Mandrac got up and in his best voice, began singing the "Brick" song. Completely oblivious to the fact that everyone was also reciting one of the best known songs in Barad-Duin. But that night the gods must have smiled kindly on them, because just as Mandrac began, A resounding cry of "CORSAIRS!!!", echoed through the night and the infamous Corsairs of the Burning Lands launched a vicious attack against the horrified force. Luckily the corsairs's mission was a simple hit and run raid, not an all out attack. They were to hit hard and fast, taking as many prisoners as possible.

If possible they were to capture Pebyr, as he was suspected as being their main contact with the partisans, as well as one of their guides. He never had a chance. He was woken up out of a sound sleep, by Sir Hellspawn, who said, "Sorry poohbooh, but we got orders", and subdued him. With Grimlock's help he carried him back to their horses. The rest of the corsairs soon followed, after first pausing for a few random acts of destruction.

"Everybody, to me! To me! Damn where is Pebyr when I need his voice. Mandrac, use that voice to rally the troops.", Sinjen shouted, grabbing Mandrac by the tunic and forcing him to listen.

Mandrak nodded his understanding and, grabbing the banner, he waved it high in the air and crying out at the top of lungs, "To arms! To arms! Rally to the flag of Barad-Duin". It took little time to gather the troops after this, but by that time the Corsairs had retreated into the night. Leaving only dead corpses and burning supply wagons.

"Sparhawk, give me a report. Aurendir, you and Dracnar check to see, if they are still in the surrounding area. I don't want to get caught with our pants down again.", Sinjen shouted furiously. Sparhawk ran up to Sinjen saying, "Sinjen, we lost few people, thanks chiefly to the fact that most people couldn't sleep during the "Brick" song. It may sound weird, but we were helped by that song. A lot of people retreated to their campsites and were their weapons were. That lessened the effect of the surprise. But there is some bad news, Sinjen. They got Pebyr."

"Shit, this means they know we're here. I hope Pebyr can keep from telling them the whole plan. They obviously know we're here. They must be using spells to keep track of us. Maybe they don't know the plan. Gods above, I hope Pebyr can last. It's bad enough that they captured our main contact, but he was our guide too. I hope you know the trails well enough to get us there Sparhawk. At least I know the leaders of the underground almost as well as Pebyr. We might still be able to pull this off", Sinjen said, "Now post additional guards, and tell everyone to grab what sleep they can. We ride on in the morning".

A week later around dusk Aurendir came riding up to Sinjen, informing him of a strange rider approaching their position on an obvious intercept course. "I don't know who he is, but he appears to be alone. He rides a large black stallion and is dressed in black and red. Also he is wearing a hooded cloak and we don't know who he is. He didn't see us, I am sure of that".

"Let's make camp and let him come to us. But when he gets here, surround the camp, so he can't get away.", Sinjen said. Aurendir rode off to carry out the orders.

Two hours later as they were eating their meager rations, Arthon ran up to Sinjen, informing him of the presence in the vicinity of the stranger. "He's all dusty, like he's been on the trail a while. And he looks like he may be injured. He still has the cloak on, so we don't know who he is".

Arthon left the fire, just as a shadowy figure loomed up out of the darkness. A muffled voice quietly spoke out of the inner reaches of the huge cloak, "Sinjen, can you help me get off of this damn horse. I barely escaped from the Corsairs with my life. I don't want to break my neck falling off this horse". Sinjen hesitated a moment, and leaped to the horse as the figure fell. He and Sparhawk eased Pebyr down to the ground. He had many injuries, including an arrow in his arm and numerous sword cuts on his arms and legs. He looked like he had been through hell. "What

happened, we thought you had been captured by the corsairs", Sinjen said.

"Yes, but I managed to escape. I was tortured to get information and was lucky to get out alive. While killing the archmage interrogating me I did manage to steal his staff. It is very powerful, but I don't know how to use it yet. Let me show it to you". When Pebyr pulled the staff off the horse, Sinjen's blood went cold as ice. It was the staff of Fahrinaie, Pebyr had told him about. The same Fahrinaie that was the first lieutenant of Mephistopheles. He hoped very much that his service to the lord of flies was over, for the person before him pretending to be Pebyr could be none other than Fahrinaie himself. Remembering Pebyr's admonition to give Fahrinaie a chance, Sinjen said nothing. He realized of course that Fahrinaie would not be an ally of the Burning Lands, and therefore not an immediate enemy. He might even be able to help. Also there was a good chance that he would know the trails and contacts as well as Pebyr.

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For the next two weeks the raiding party saw no evidence of intelligence life in the desolate lands around the Kingdom of the Burning Lands. As they neared the great caravan route known as the "Gateway to the West", at a point approximately 5 days travel from the valley of "Oakdale", Sinjen ordered the supply train to set up camp in a hidden arroyo next to a large mesa. He left a small defensive force to guard and had every man carry light provisions for a two week journey. Sinjen had planned a smaller diversionary raid to "Borrow" supplies, in order to bleed off forces from the defense of "Oakdale" and supplement their meager supplies.

He figured that it would do well not to count on surprise, since the ambush indicated that at least Aramithris knew of the existence of a raiding party. In fact Sinjen was counting on this. Aramithris had only one major failing as a commander. Though a damn good in the field, he tended to underestimate his opponents. Usually this was no problem, since his troops were good enough to steamroll their way over most opponents. But this time it would cost him, on that Sinjen was determined.

Sinjen sent the diversionary force to attack the bastion of power, "Castle Memoria", with orders to make the attack convincing but to quickly withdraw down the gateway road liberating necessary stores and provisions for the journey home. Sinjen led his personal troops down the "Montana" roadway, which led to the valley of "Oakdale". They were guided by Fahrinaie, who was still pretending to be Pebyr. Sinjen hoped Pebyr was alright, because he had not showed up. He had to admit that he wouldn't have know if Pebyr himself had not told him. But was that Pebyr he had talked to? God only knows, he thought to himself. They were capable of being so much alike it was almost impossible to tell them apart.

In the distance it was possible to see the Vast Bastions of Aramithris base of power. Sinjen sent Aurendir and the other scouts to investigate the position. He also posted picketts to screen the force from the surrounding countryside. He wanted them to believe that the main attack was on Castle Memoria.

As they reached the castle, Aurendir rode up with a burning lander in tow. He said, "This guy wants to see Pebyr, says he is with the Underground". Sinjen called "Pebyr" forward to talk to him. He hoped that Fahrinaie would indeed be able to convince the man that he was "Pebyr". He needn't have worried, since Fahrinaie was able to easily convince him of his false identity. The Burning Lander said to Sinjen, "If you will follow me I will show you a less traveled way around the ambush". Sinjen had the raiding party follow the Burning Lander off "Montana" road onto a smaller road. This road wound across the land following the path of least resistance. It was an excellent road for concealment and for the setting of an ambush. He certainly hoped that there were none ahead. As they neared the castle, he sent Dracnar to sneak ahead and see if there were troops around the castle. After a half hour, he returned telling of troops but not that many of the frontline troops. Sinjen guessed that they were either at Castle Memoria or at the Ambush on Montana Road.

"Well there's no sense wasting any time, so we might as well attack now", Sinjen thought to himself. He signalled the troops to attack and prayed to all the gods in the heavens that it wasn't a trap they were charging into. If it were, they were going to make their deaths memorable ones.

They were met by scattered flights of arrows that quickly picked up in volume. Sinjen was able to adjust his lines accordingly, realizing that it wasn't a trap. But neither was it going to be a cake walk either. Just as he reached the wall and vaulted off his horse to scale the ladders, he noticed a horrible shimmer in the air as their appeared interspersed throughout his party, the ugliest most malevolent creatures that he had seen since his journey into hell after Ahrmaand. "Bone devils? What the hell are they doing here?", he frantically thought to himself, "Gods, I hope their on our side". Fahrinaie galloped up to him, shouting "Sinjen, don't worry they are with me. Come Pebyr is in this Castle, and is in danger of his life".

Fahrinaie grabbed Sinjen by the hand and shouted some words in a toungue that, as hardened as he was to such things, made Sinjen shudder in a primeaval instinct of fear. If anything convinced him of Fahrinaie's identity, it was that. That was the spell that Mephistopheles himself used to teleport them out of his castle. Thariand himself would later tell Sinjen of the truth to that. Only devils of a sufficient rank can cast the spells of the highest order of magnitude such as the one Fahrinaie himself now spoke.

After a brief instance of disorientation and the sensation of traveling vasts reaches of time and space, Sinjen and Fahrinaie

appeared in the dungeons under the castle outside a particular doorway accompanied by a Bone Devil. Fahrinaie commanded the Bone Devil to rip the door off the hinges and to guard the stairs against interruption. Quickly they rushed into the cell as Fahrinaie's staff lit up with a cold light that reminded Sinjen of a light used to illuminate graveyards. He spied a figure huddling in the corner away from the light of Fahrinaie's staff, and Pebyr spoke in tortured whisper, "Who is it? Can't you leave me alone, haven't you done enough already. I hate this lousy world. Leave me to die, I don't want to live. Not like this anyway. Not like this!".

"Hush Pebyr, it's me and Fahrinaie. We've come to rescue you. Can you stand? We'll get you back to the healers. They should be able to make you feel better". Pebyr slowly and painstakingly made it to his feet aided in large part by the wall, Sinjen and Fahrinaie. They slowly walked him to the doorway of the cell. Fahrinaie then called the Bone Devil to him and muttered another spell of teleportation. "I don't care how many times I hear that language. It will always affect me. At least I can learn to control my reactions", Sinjen thought to himself.

By the time they made it to the healers, Pebyr was out cold. Sinjen left him and Fahrinaie and joined the battle. It was rapidly over, since the burning landers were not prepared to fight 3 battalions of Bone Devils as well as Sinjen's troops. Many were the people who blessed Alloran and the healers that day, for without their gallant efforts all would have been in vain. For it took 30 minutes and thirty deaths to break down the door.

Sinjen and Fahrinaie raced into the keep and up the stairs fighting for almost every foot, until they finally reached the door leading to Aramithris's inner sanctum. He commanded two bone devils to break down the door and enter. They were commanded to kill no one, or Fahrinaie would make them suffer for it. It was an unusual sight, thought Sinjen, to see 8 foot tall Bone Devil's shudder in fear. The door splintered under their massive bodies, as they charged into the room beyond, closely followed by Sinjen and Fahrinaie.

Aramithris stood in the room beyond standing with his back to a window. He stood tall in the room, and Sinjen could easily understand how he could singlehandedly wield so much power. He had the kind of presence a man could die for. But not this one, Sinjen thought to himself. He has wielded too much power for too long, and it would have to end now. Fahrinaie wasted no time and Iceballed Aramithris. This was the only thing he had that could effect a paladin as mighty as Aramithris. He quickly teleported them down to Aurendir and Alloran. Together the three were able to bind Aramithris with spells and ropes. Upon seeing Aramithris in the hands of the Barad-Duiners, the remaining Burning Landers stopped fighting, realizing the reasons were now no more. Their path out of the Burning Lands would be hard fought, but the task was done. All that remained was to heal the wounded and the dead

and fight their way back home past the troops that had not heard of the wars end. Thankfully there would be guides out of the Kingdom as well as there were into it.

The man who had led the party to the castle appeared at moment, on a balcony of the keep and shouted to all those burning landers who could hear his voice, "The Tyranny is over, power is returned to the people. When the danger of Tyranny is past, Aramithris can be allowed to contribute again to the world. But remember, so much power should not rest in one pair of hands for too long. The Tyranny has ended. May it never rise again."

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The trip back to Barad-Duin was long and difficult. Sparhawk's mission was a qualified success. Though it had achieved it's purpose of drawing off troops, he had not been able to liberate as much supplies as he had hoped for. But only one dark cloud hung over the party. Try as they might, Pebyr remained as if sunk under a dark cloud of doom. No songs were sung by him on the road home, and "Fahrinaie," said Sinjen, "Only time will tell if any songs will be sung by him again..."