



STAR

Volume III

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

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Well it is time for another exciting letter from the editor. As most of you may or may not know, I am the new Prime Minister. Here are a few items of interest.

- 1) There is a Kingdom Level Treasury. It is used for things like the site fee for the Mid reign and other nice things that make life easier for the Kingdom. Hopefully by next issue, I will have the money in its' own account.
- 2) Amtgard the Celestial Kingdom is now a registered as a Non-Profit Educational agency with the IRS. This helps us tremendously in Tax Situations.
- 3) One of my "jobs" is to provide a backup file of everyone's weeks and also a kingdom file of awards and Titles. Soon we will have copies of your character sheets for you to okay and have placed in the Kindom files. This way there will always be two copies of your records so if one set gets lost there is a backup.

My congratulations to everyone who won in all the elections at the Baronial Qualifications and I hope we will all strive during the next six months and beyond to make the Celestial Kingdom as great and wonderful as its citizens. I am going now since I have about one more hour to get ready for the Emerald Hills Coronation....

Master Pebyr Ap Cucorin

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#### A Brief Note from Bridgette

Yes, there really is another editor, contrary to popular belief! I just wanted everyone to know that I appreciate the response Master Pebyr and I have had to our request for things for the newsletter (this way, we don't have to make everything up ourselves - even bards need a break, you know!). We had so much to include this time that even Master Pebyr only gets limited space, but don't worry, we'll put the rest of his story in the next one! The non-fiction pieces can be on anything from garb to spell-casting, and the fiction can be.....well, our two prime examples in this issue should give you some idea of the non-boundaries on that! We also welcome any artwork you might have for us, as well as poetry. Any suggestions will be listened to...no promises on them being acted upon, however! (Don't worry, Your Majesty, we'll act on yours...we really do want to live!) And, as always, any corrections should be brought to my attention.

F. F. & F.

Bridgette, the Phantom Bard

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| Damean                    | Paul Burton            | 822-1525     |     | Turris |
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| Dragon                    | Ethan Ross McDonald    | 690-9134     |     | Turris |
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| Lopex                     | James Cosby            | 736-5188     |     | Turris |
| Malchion                  | Sam Robinson           | 653-4362     | A   | Turris |
| Marshlon                  | Robert Mestepey        | 565-3869     |     | Turris |
|                           | James McKeon           | 822-4152     |     | Turris |
| Meecher Maker             | Chris Love             | 735-7501     | D   | Turris |
| Melissande Aefen Steorra  | Kathy Cohen            | 637-1194     |     | Turris |
| Michael Hammer of God     | Will Jordan            | 534-0049     |     | Turris |
| Mooneye Shadowhand        | Marty Hoff             | 512-326-8412 |     | Turris |
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| Pebyr Ap Cucorin          | David Seguin           | 681-0739     | A   | Turris |
| Preathos Damiar           | Joseph R. Asselin Jr.  | 670-9050     |     | Turris |
| Predator                  | Michael Lundell        | 377-0238     |     | Turris |
| Raven                     | John Savage IV         | 824-4323     | D   | Turris |
| Rhyss Quadmonah           | Robert Zook            | 657-2930     | BH  | Turris |
|                           | Joey Rivera            | 694-0245     |     | Turris |
| Saim Thing                | Miles H. McGinness     | 680-6474     |     | Turris |

| Personae                 | Mundane              | Phone #      | Co. | Barony |
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| Arthor Syrtis Shadowfane | Thane Mitchell       | 658-2440     |     | Turris |
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| Thanos                   | Chris Kanute         | 674-2918     |     | Turris |
| Torig Headbasher         | William Meyers       | 670-8483     | BH  | Turris |
| Tristan                  | Sten Drescher        | 533-9730     |     | Turris |
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| Warlock                  | Richard Sawyer       | 622-9782     |     | Turris |
| Wolf                     | Dean Flak            |              | D   | Turris |
|                          | Catherine Zimmerman  | 345-2102     |     | Turris |
| Zircon                   | Scott Gleeson        | 828-6462     |     | Turris |

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**The New Baronial Officers are:**

Baron of Turris Lunae - Ariocho  
 Baronial Prime Minister - Hyrax Greytower  
 Baronial Defender - Narsya Sura VasuaDeva

**Baronial Guildmasters:**

Assassins : Squire Rhyss  
 Barbarians : Torig Headbasher  
 Bards : Baron Ariocho  
 Healers : Noorunisa  
 Paladins : Duke Sir Michael, Hammer Of God  
 Scouts : Amadeus  
 Warriors : Hyrax Greytower  
 Wizards : Narsya

**New Kingdom Level Officers:**

Prime Minister : Master Pebyr Ap Cucorin  
 Guildmaster of Reeves : Malchion



And Now A Word  
From Our Monarchs

Greetings, populace of Turris Lunae!! There are a few things I would like to make known to all of you, but first, a word of thanks to all of you who voted for me in the Baronial elections. As for all of you who were too spineless to vote for the right choice (me), I will attempt to prove to you anyway that I am worthy of the position.

Now, as for those few words....

1.) While speaking with Kingdom Prime Minister Pebyr Ap Cocurin (the good bard, boo-hiss), I have discovered that there are some guilds missing from our roster.

A.) Guild of Garbers: the only requirement for this guild so far will be that its members are responsible for assisting persons in attaining garb for Amtgard. Of course, the ability to sew would also be helpful.

B.) Guild of Monsters: you must have the garb to present yourself as a member of this guild. If you don't have garb, ask a member of the newly-founded Garbers' Guild to assist you. I am certain they will be happy to help you-if they have the time.

2.) For any other information on these guilds, or if you have a suggestion for a guild which does not already exist in Turris Lunae, please contact me. I am always willing to hear my people speak.

3.) What Lord Torig Headbasher said in the last newsletter still hold true about Battlegame Variants. Any ideas on this would be very welcome. As for payment, that can be discussed later.

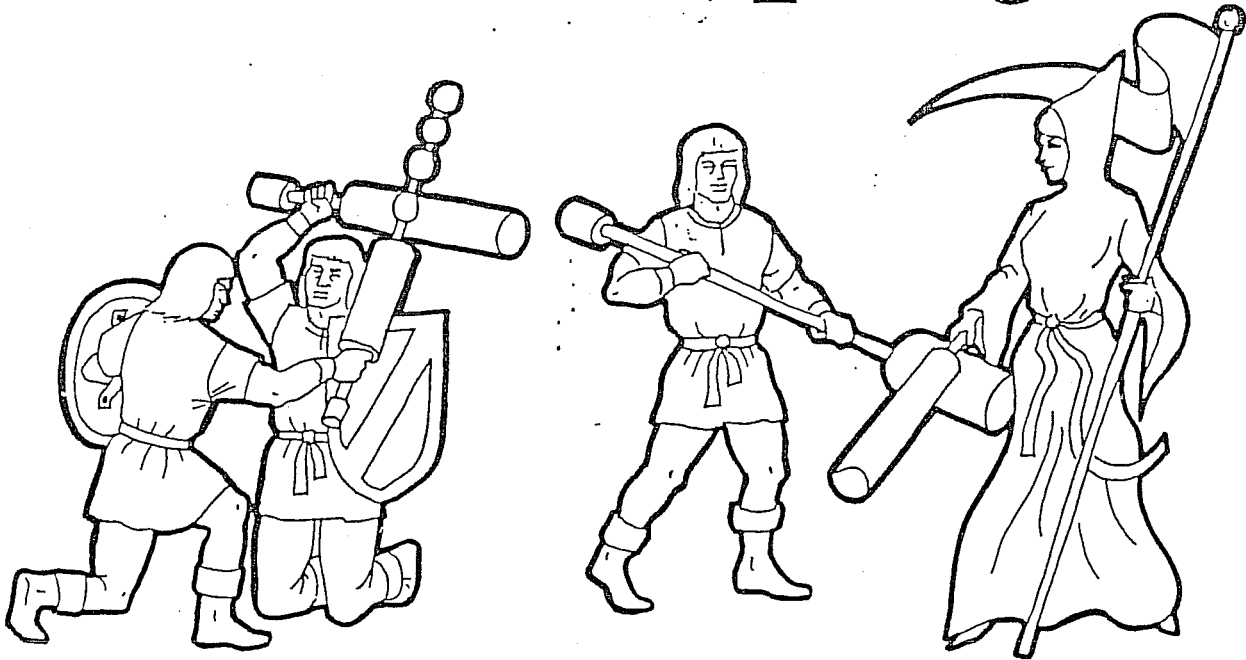
4.) Also, if any of you have heard news of adventures and quests which might interest our Barony, please feel free to present the ideas to me so that I might get our Great King Theo's permission to take up the quest. If you have difficulty finding me (I'm a very busy evil bard, you know!), any ideas or suggestions can be made to Baronial Prime Minister Hyrax.

Thank you for all of your attention on these important matters.

Again, thank you for your support.

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

# Arakis Campaign II



## The Duchy of the Iron Mountain

The Duchy of the Iron Mountains announces...

### THE SECOND ANNUAL ARAKIS CAMPAIGN

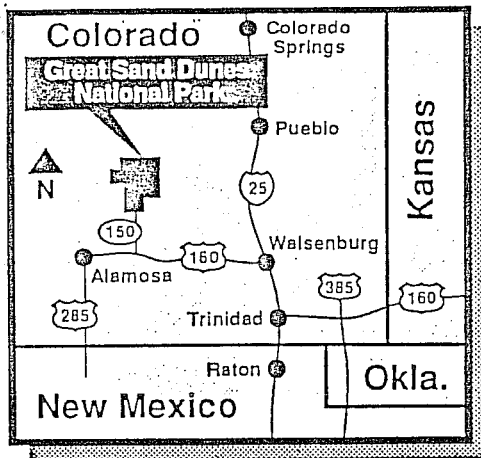
...to be held **July 5-7, 1991**, at the Great Sand Dunes National Monument near Alamosa, Colorado.

We have again reserved a campsite for 50 people, and will be providing a complete breakfast and a feast on Saturday, as well as beverages to accompany your lunch on Saturday.

We are currently planning two battle games--one Saturday morning and one following the feast, for the ever present zombies and vampires. There will also be a quest on Saturday afternoon and a "Blood of Heroes" tournament on Sunday morning.

The cost for the event, which includes meals and site fee is **\$12**, postmarked on or before **June 22**, **\$14** postmarked on or after **June 23rd**, or **\$16 at the event**. Tickets for the event will be mailed out upon receipt of payment. Please note there is also a **one-time** charge per vehicle of **\$3** (**\$1** for motorcycles) to enter the monument, payable at the gate.





## GREAT SAND DUNES NATIONAL MONUMENT

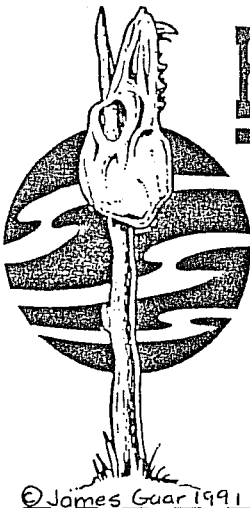
The 38,000-acre Great Sand Dunes National Monument is 34 miles northeast of Alamosa via US 160 and SR 150. Too heavy to rise with the winds that carry it westward across the flat semi-arid floor of the San Luis Valley, sand settles at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Range. The deposits that have accumulated over the course of 15,000 years have resulted in a 50-square-mile, stark yet ever-changing sandscape that forms a vaguely eerie foreground for the rugged mountains. Local legends aver that wagon trains have vanished among the dunes, some of which are 700 feet

high, and that strange creatures inhabit the area's inner reaches.

A visitor center with exhibits explaining the natural and human history of the region is open daily 8-8, Memorial Day-Labor Day; 8-5, rest of year. It is closed Jan. 1, Martin Luther King's birthday, Presidents Day, Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Phone (719) 378-2312. A self-guiding nature trail and camping and picnicking facilities are available. Naturalist-conducted walks and nightly amphitheater programs are held in summer. Allow 1 hour minimum. Admission is \$3 per car. See the appropriate CampBook.

### QUEST:

There will be a quest for magic items. Maximum number of people per team is six, with combined levels totaling no more than twenty.



## BLOOD OF HEROES

It has come to our attention that several Amtgard groups play "Blood of Heroes"--games based on the movie of the same name. There will be a tournament of such games on Sunday, with a maximum of two teams from any one area. If you play Blood of Heroes, make sure a copy of your rules are sent to Senator Rift Gorhan Tele (Keith Dirs). Tournament rules will be devised from any/all versions received. A copy of tournament rules will be mailed out in June.

### EVENT PREPAYMENT

Duchy of the Iron Mountains  
Arakis Campaign II

Great Sand Dunes National Monument  
July 5, 6, 7, 1991

Cost of Event      \$12 before June 22  
                             \$14 before event

Persons Attending:  
(Include Return Address)

Return to: Lady Madelaine, Ducal Consort  
c/o Anne Reynolds-Smith  
3275 34th St #78  
Boulder, CO 80301

Total Enclosed

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

Make Checks Payable To: Anne Reynolds-Smith

## DISCUSSIONS FROM THE FORGE

### Chain Mail

Chain mail in its various forms was probably the most common of armor types and, it is reasonable to assume this would be true in most fantasy realities as well. For this reason, I have chosen chain mail as the first topic of what I hope will be an interesting and helpful series of discussions on armor and its construction. The most common form of mail is the so called "International Mail" or four ring mail. In this type of mail, each ring has four rings passing through it (see fig. 1). This pattern allows the mail to lie relatively flat yet still remains flexible. This type of mail has appeared in the armouries of almost every armor using culture except perhaps the Chinese (although they did use chain mail 'liberated' from the Persians.) The Japanese only rarely used this form although it did exist. I know of two variations of this pattern that exist. The most common is eight ring mail which is simply the four ring mail with double rings. The other type, six ring mail, is far less common but still maintains the four ring pattern (I have seen this type but have yet to experiment with it.)

The oriental mails I feel are generally more exciting and for this reason more appropriate to the fantasy we are creating. They range from Middle Eastern four ring mail with its inter-linked plates (see fig. 2) to the unique forms used by the Japanese (see fig. 3).

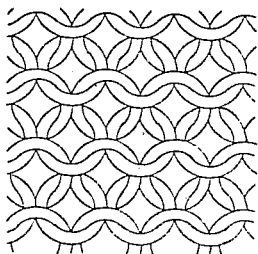


FIGURE 1

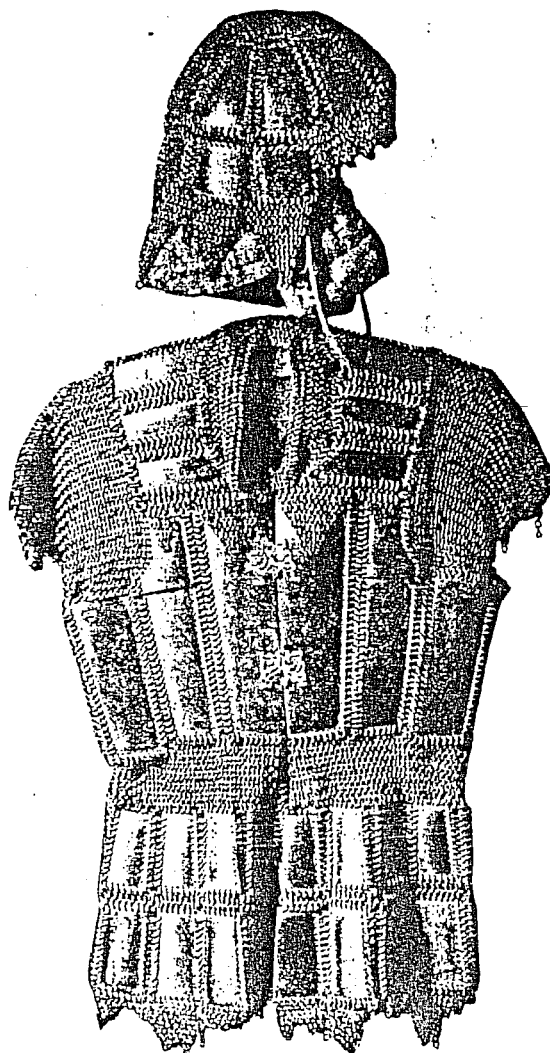
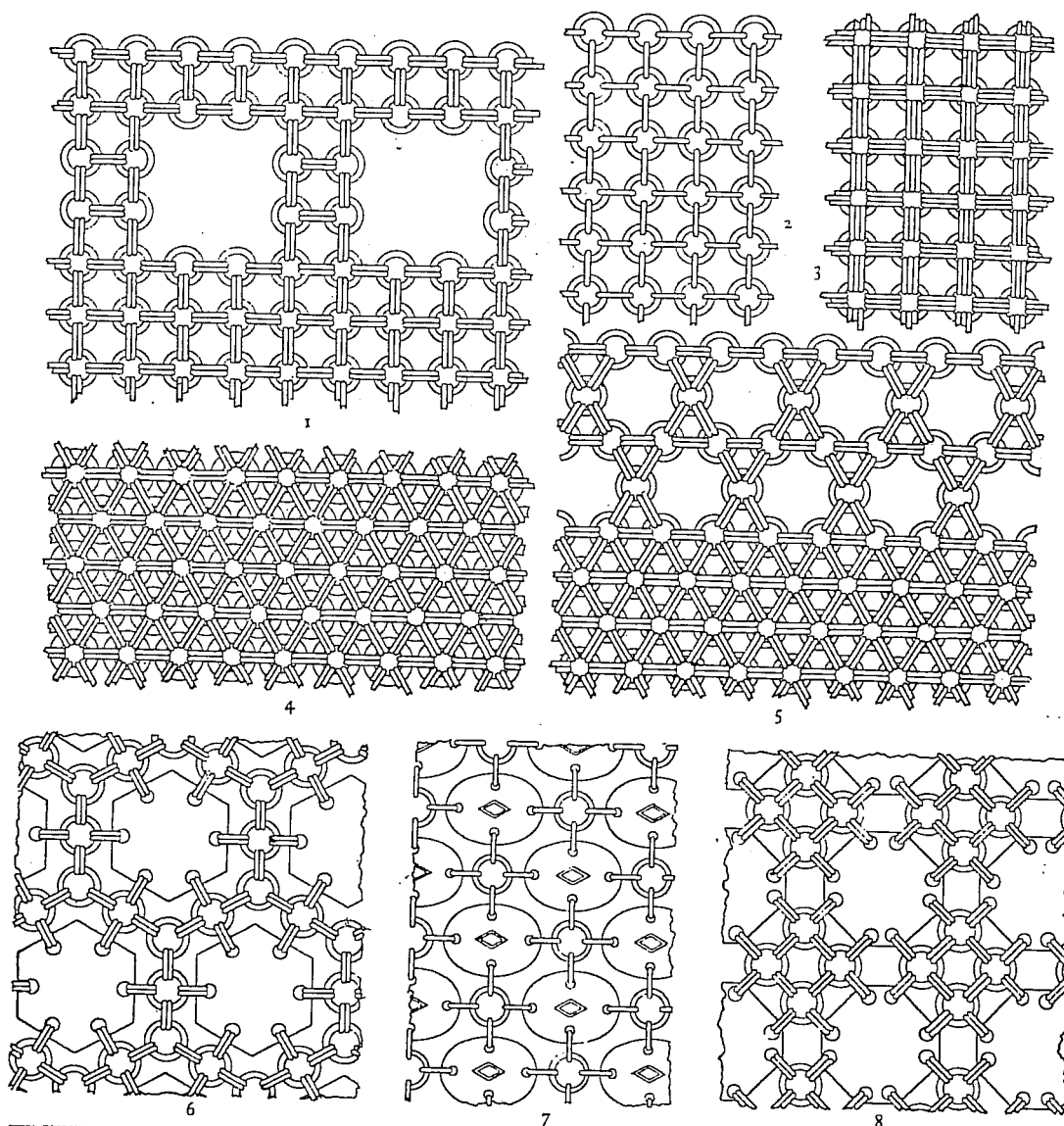


FIGURE 2



**FIGURE 3** *Japanese Mail.* 1. Square pattern, links of two turns. 2. Square pattern, links of one turn. 3. Square pattern, links of three turns. 4. Hexagonal pattern, wide center links. 5. Hexagonal pattern, narrow center links. 6. Hexagonal plates connected by mail. 7. Elliptical plates connected by mail. 8. Octagonal plates connected by mail.

Construction of chain mail is a somewhat boring but arduous task. I personally prefer to make it in front of the television- T.V. being what it is, you only need to look up once every fifteen to twenty minutes to keep up with the action. I find the best type show to watch is the classic Japanese B pictures with the monsters. You only need to look up once every hour or so! I prefer 14 gauge galvanized steel wire to work with. It can be bought cheaply (1/4 mile for \$17) and it needs little maintenance. Other materials include aluminum, black steel and brass. To spool the wire, I use a variable speed drill, a 3/8" rod with a notch or hole drilled in one end, and a 'U' shaped frame with holes or slots to fit the rod in (see fig. 4). Another helpful tool is a friend to run the drill. The rod size can be different from the 3/8" I use but it is a good size to begin with as it makes easy to handle rings. What we are doing is making "springs" from the wire by wrapping them around the rod so the inner diameter is that of the rod so keep that in mind when you purchase the rod. Secure the rod in the drill as if it was a drill bit with the notched or drilled end of the rod at the far end of the rod. place the rod in the notches or holes in the "U" shaped frame and feed about 1/2" of the wire through the notch or hole in the end of the rod. Now you are

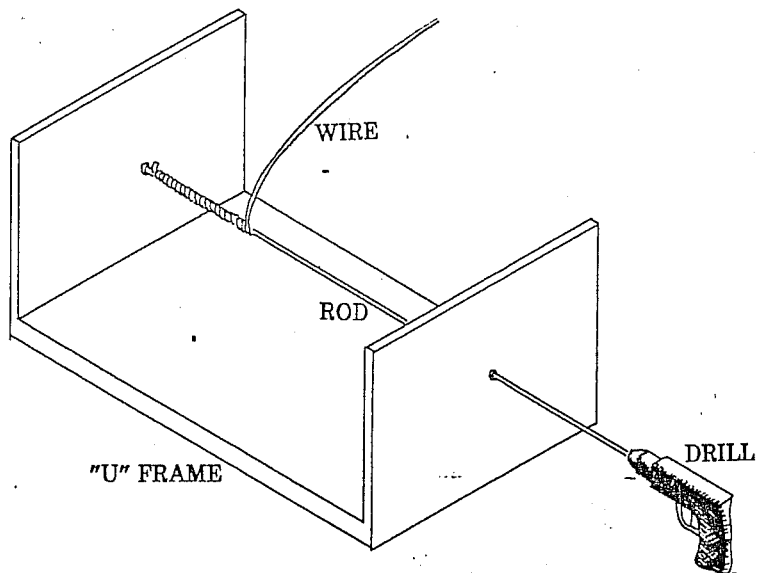


FIGURE 4

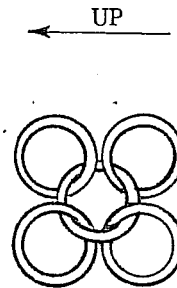


FIGURE 5

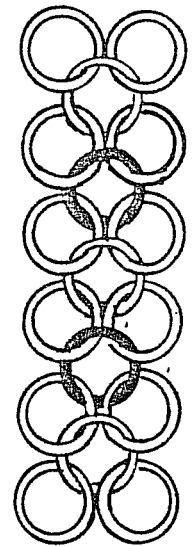


FIGURE 6

ready to begin. Wear gloves if you feel your fingers are not expendable. Run the drill slowly and feed the wire onto the rod trying to keep the wraps as close as possible to each other. The tighter the spring, the more uniform the rings. Once you have made your springs, it is time to clip off the rings. Don't skimp on tool quality here, cheap tools dull easily. This is the worst part of chain mail making - talk about a fast way to get sore hands! But, there may be a way around all this toil and pain! What if we could buy the rings already made? Then all we would have to do is put them together!!! Well, you can and they are not that much more than the wire itself depending on type and how much you buy and where (100' from Builder's Square for \$3). A man in Lawton Oklahoma makes Chain Mail for a living and sells the rings as follows:

|                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| Galvanized Steel..... | \$3 per pound   |
| Titanium Bronze.....  | \$15 per pound (\$10 per pound for orders over 10 pounds) |
| Aluminum.....         | \$15 per pound  |
| All others.....       | negotiable  |

He also sells a fantastic photo-illustrated how-to guide that shows how to make everything from a Hauberk to a chain mail bikini for just \$12.95! His address for this and the rings is:

Hug Your Mail  
 c/o Gypsy Teague  
 1612 S.E. Clover Lane  
 Lawton, Oklahoma 73501

Oh good, the show is back on, I hate those @!#\$%&! commercials. Now we are ready to put the rings together. I do not use needle nose pliers although I know many people who swear by them. I use normal pliers to work with but what you feel comfortable with is what you should use. Start with four closed rings and put them on one center ring and close it so that it looks like figure 5. This is a chainlet. Make a lot of these. Next, either connect these into chains (see fig. 6) which will later be connected to form a sheet (or just start putting the chainlets together to form a large sheet of mail fabric as I do). Note the direction of "UP" on the drawing. I find it

much easier to work with the mail as it is shown in the illustration but it is worn with the "UP" direction vertical. This direction does not allow the rings to catch a sword blade.

The simplest shirt is basically a long rectangle of mail cloth with a hole in the middle and two smaller rectangles that go along the sides (see fig. 7). Sleeves, coifs, gauntlets, etc. are far too complicated for this introduction but I am planning to do a workshop on armor construction soon (hopefully to become a once a month thing) where these topics can be further explained. The best way to learn is to observe what others have done and to then make some yourself. Find someone who is making some and ask to help.

Finally, chain mail was frequently worn with other armor types, commonly being worn under plate mail and brigandine. So a suit of chain mail need not be put aside when you chose to upgrade to another armor type and can, instead, be integrated into it.

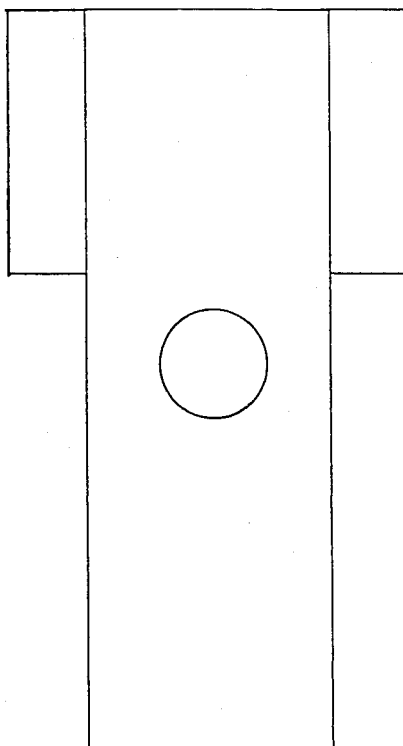


FIGURE 7



Reflection

&

Revelry

## BIRTH

by Michael Hammer of the Gods

"Before the people, before the animals, before the plants, before the seas and rivers, before even the rocks and mountains, only the gods existed. At that time only the five great gods existed: Aron the Mighty, Bellophon, Franci the All-Mother, and the twins, Allide and Rosk. The Gods were young then and they went about the world creating all that was needed and from world to world creating. Franci created the moon and stars, and Aron matched her passion by creating the sun and framing it in a blue sky. Bellophon saw the beauty of the heavens and gave it as a gift to the Mother God.

The twins danced through the new creations and where their feet touched the sea, islands rose up. Under Rosk's heavy tread great mountainous islands were thrust out of the sea and where Allide's lighter feet fell, yellow beaches appeared contrasting with the stark blue of the sea. Aron looked at the islands and liked what he saw. He reached up and took fire from the sun and touched the tops of Rosk's highest peaks with flame. The beauty and power of this was unsurpassed. Franci saw what he had done and her heart leapt. Filled with joy she reached down and pulled more islands out of the sea with both hands. She scooped the land out of the water and piled bigger and bigger islands.

Allide and Rosk laughed to see the most powerful of the gods on her knees in the water digging up mud. But it was friendly mockery. With a song on her lips Allide joined in the fun and between then the two women made huge islands with majestic mountains and valleys. With a sardonic laugh, Rosk began to cavort around the two, kicking the mountains down and stomping the land back into the sea. Now when his feet fell, great lakes and bays appeared. Even Aron, who was not so grim then as in later days, joined in the fun. Taking more sun-fire, he tipped all of the highest mountains with light and the flames flowed down the side of the peaks in orange-gold cascades.

Rosk felt himself tiring. There was no way he could keep up with the maniacal pace at which the two goddesses were heaping up land. He called out to Bellophon in a jesting tone, "Quick, do something or of your beautiful sea will be covered in mud and fire." Bellophon thought it wrong that Franci should thus mistreat his gift, especially since Aron's sky still stood in untouched blue splendor. Bellophon always was the most devious of the gods and he now hatched a plan, that would not only keep his gift from being all filled with silt, but would mar Aron's perfect sky and create another fire gift for Franci.

Thus Bellophon called on all his power to create more sea. This time he put it in the sky. White, gray and black clouds rolled even over the sun, the moon, and the stars. Torrents of rain swept down and lashed at the great mountains. On top of it all, great goutts of fire shot down toward the land and where they struck, the mud was hard and blackened. Bellophon strode to Franci and presented the All-Mother with his newest creations. Certainly, she was impressed, but she knew what was in his heart so she was cautious in her acceptance. Just then, a bolt of lightning shot down at Aron's head. Bellophon might have seen it, but he said nothing.

The bolt struck the mighty one on the tip-top of his head and his hair was burned off. Allide had never seen such a thing and she began to laugh at irreverence of it. Her brother also

was astounded, and a little shocked, because he would never have dared such a thing. Still, he appreciated the artistry of it and joined his twin in a happy giggle. Aron stood a second feeling his now bald head as the storm raged around them all. Then, this eyes narrowed and he scanned the faces of the other gods. As his gaze passed Allide and Rosk, they fell silent. Then his eyes fell on Bellophon and the sky darkened even more. The mightiest of the gods reached up and grabbed the sun itself, his own greatest creation and prepared to throw it at Bellophon. All was silent and the young world hung in the balance.

"Stop," called Franci, her voice probably the only force that could have held back Aron's wrath at that instant. In a moment, the mighty one's anger had subsided and he released his grip on the sun which bobbed back into the sky. the clouds blew away and as the sun touched their fleeing edges, they were colored with silver fire. Below, the gods were silent. Franci still knelt in the mud. She was soaked and her hair hung in limp wet lines down her face. Bellophon stood next to her, but his eyes were fixed on Aron and in the corners they showed fear. Allide was covered in mud from head to toe and the mud was even in her golden hair and on her face. Rosk was a stark contrast since he was clean except for his feet. His face slowly returned to its usual sardonic expression, but he bit his tongue to avoid an ironic remark.

With deliberate slowness, Aron forced down his anger. All was still quiet. Finally, Aron said, "We are here to create and we are doing the best job we can. Personal hostility will not help us get along here, so perhaps we can continue. In the future, maybe we can avoid clever pranks and jealousy." His voice rose the tiniest bit on the last word, clearly indicating that there would be hell to pay if things degenerated again. Slowly, the gods went back to their business, but there was something subdued in them. Bellophon looked at his feet as he dredged the course of mighty rivers with one heel. Franci deliberately lifted up small chunks of land and buried shiny metals and rocks; she was demure as fitted a humble but powerful goddess. Aron was still a bit upset and his ire showed itself in the geysers and mud pots he set boiling at his feet.

Allide was silent out of deference to the others, but her free spirit was ill contained and in minutes she was dancing silently across the new continents. As she spun and dipped, the air began to flow and the new wind made a slight sound as though to make up for her silence. Rosk was more cowed than any of them, probably because the gods rarely quarreled unless he was a direct participant. He occupied himself by creating mist, dew, fog, frost, and drizzle.

The glum mood did not persist too long. Soon the gods came together and began a frenzy of creation. Nonetheless, something had been lost. Where earlier the creation of a new world had had the emotional feel of a family picnic, it was all business now. The gods began to methodically create their greatest production of all, Life. Aron slapped the sea and where his hand touched, tiny plants, too small to see, appeared. Franci blew upon the land and a springy green carpet of grass was made. Bellophon reached down and grabbed a little of each and combined them into sea weed. Regaining a little of his rebellious spirit, Rosk created a plant totally unlike the ones made by Aron and Franci. He felt in need of a friend and an existing one at that, so he named the plant "Fun Gus." Allide chose instead to use what was



at hand. She pulled on a blade of grass and it got longer. Soon, she had shaped it into a beautiful fern.

"Wait! That ugly thing is taller than Gus," Rosk cried and he laid both his hands on top of his mushroom and it grew larger. Allide continued to channel her power into the fern so that it too would grow. Soon the giant toadstool would have made a seat for an elephant-sized toad. The shadow of the fern would cover a whole kingdom. The fungus swayed in but Rosk held it with both arms and it did not fall. The fern was spidery thin but somehow its tiny stalk held it up. "Faster!" Rosk screamed at his baby, "It would be unbearable if my sister should have a taller creation!" The leaves of the fern reached halfway across the world, but still it grew taller. Suddenly, both plants touched the sun at almost the same instant. Both caught fire and died.

"You killed my lovely fern!" Allide screeched and she leaped on her brother. The force of the attack threw him to the ground, but even prostrate he was hardly helpless.

"Well, you killed Gus!" he said and smacked Allide in the mouth. She retaliated by jabbing at his solar plexus. Rosk doubled up in pain, but he was still game. He twisted and rolled his sister off. They were both on the ground punching, kicking, biting, scratching, and pulling hair as viciously as possible. Finally, the other three had enough and pulled them apart, but not before some blood and tears were shed. "I want you to go create on opposite sides of the planet," Franci said, "and I don't want to hear anything else about it."

Obviously, the gods were not in the best of spirits. Still, they managed to finish their job. When they had finished, they had a world filled with natural beauty. They had created over ten thousand species of plants in just one day. They had made a world of great natural beauty. Finally, they got together and examined what they had. Unsurprisingly, they were proud of their work.

"A job very well done," said Aron. "Probably our best piece of work," the All-Mother agreed. "This calls for a celebration!" proclaimed Rosk. His sister giggled as he pulled a bottle of Ambrosia out of his pants.

"Where did you get that?" asked Franci, with just a bit of sternness in her voice.

"Who cares! We all deserve a little," Bellophon said, "Pass the jug."

So right then, on the new world, the gods had a little party. They settled down in the center of a large grassy plain on the largest of their continents. Aron put a little fire from one of his mountains in the center. They ate the foods that grew in the new world and drank from Rosk's Ambrosia. The songs they sang were ancient, even in those days. Bellophon produced a flute whose sound was as smooth as any tone heard by man, and played it with feeling. Then restless Allide stood up and began to dance. To say she was a divine dancer would be a careless understatement. Her fellow immortals were entranced. Franci curled into the crook of Aron's arm and put her head in his lap. Rosk was lost in a mist of sweet music and Ambrosia. As always when she danced, Allide was oblivious to anything but the music and the moves.

The jug went 'round and 'round and finally came to rest, bone dry, at Rosk's feet. Only the performers, Bellophon and Allide had drunk less than their full measure. Finally, the dance ended. Franci stood up to give the light-footed one a hug.

Rosk clapped, stomped, and gave out cat calls. Bellophon was silent and looked rather wistfully at the empty Ambrosia jug.

"You wouldn't have another of those," he asked hopefully after Rosk had calmed and stopped thrashing.

"Sorry, man, I'm fresh out," laughed the other. "Perhaps Aron has some. He's not as uptight as you think."

Rosk beamed at his own jape. All eyes turned to Aron to see how he would take this. He was gone. "Fool's walked off into the night," Rosk said, "we'll not see him again soon."

Franci's face was a mask. Only Allide, who was a little more sensitive to the All-Mother's mood noticed the tear at the side of her face.

"Go after him," whispered the dancer. "Just go after him."

"No!" hissed back the fierce reply. "If he feels that way, let him go. He can't bother me that way!" Allide wanted to say more, but Franci's face forbade discussion.

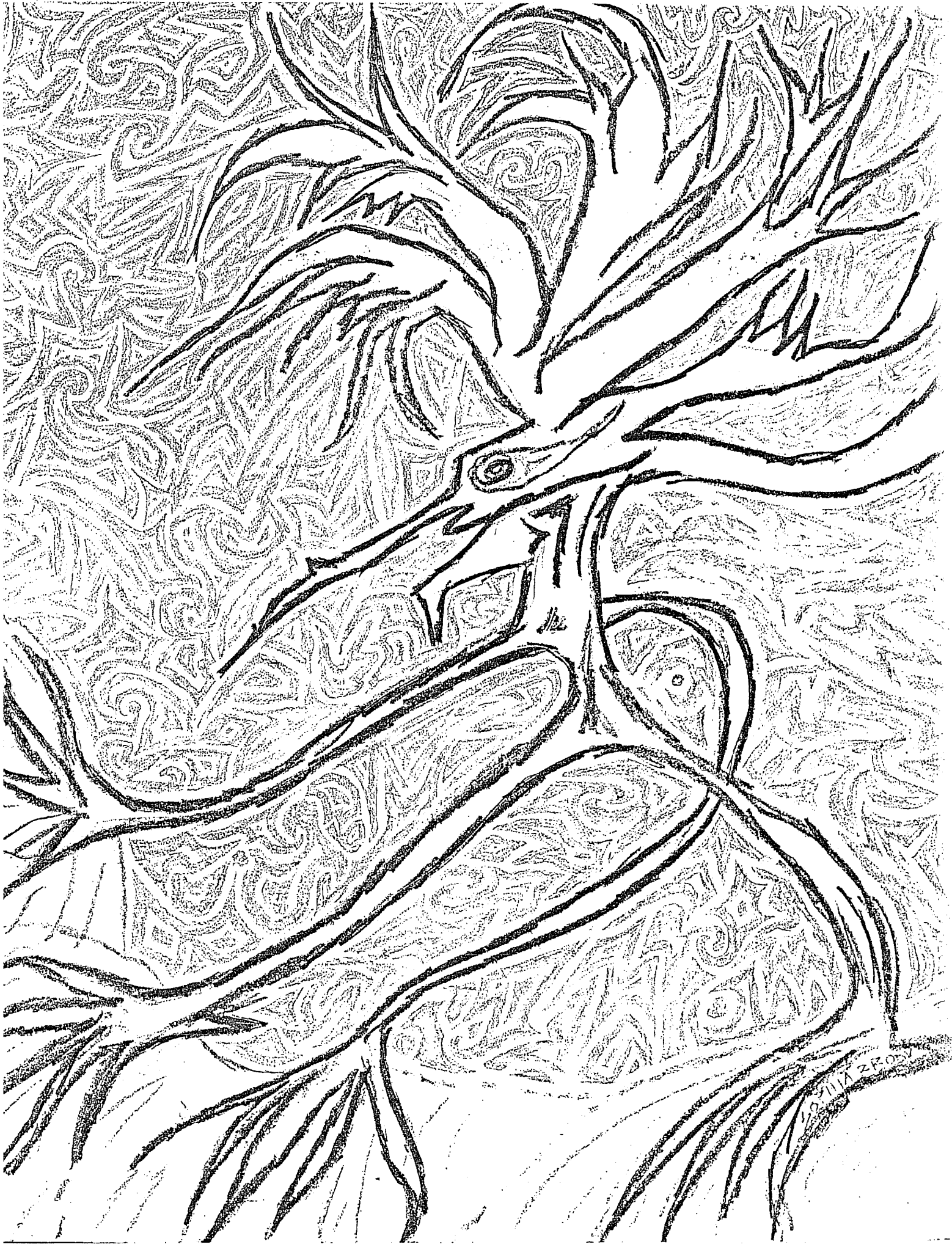
"What are you two whispering about?" Rosk yelled in his best overdrawn solicitous voice. "Please let us in on it. We're dying to know."

"Don't worry. We were just talking girl-stuff," the All-Mother said, her sarcasm exceeding Rosk's. "Perhaps another song," she said as she settled down between the two men and put an arm around each. Rosk began a drunken off-color song about two flowers and a reflecting pool. Franci leaned more heavily on Bellophon and began to stroke his leg gently. Allide had sat down across the fire with her legs drawn up against her chest and her head down. Bellophon was a little daring and bent to draw his lips through Franci's hair. She, however, turned to face him and caught him in a full kiss.

Allide looked up and saw this. She instantly believed it was a tragedy. It saddened her to know that Mighty Aron was weak and therefore could not be here with Franci. She was sure that the All-Mother and he were destined for one another. Certainly, Franci preferred his bluff fortitude to Bellophon's wheedling cunning. At least, she usually did. This was all wrong. Allide wanted to cry. Still, Aron hurt Franci by walking off at that moment and this was her way of fighting back. Allide wanted to scream, to stop all this before it got out of hand, but the words stuck in her throat. She sobbed silently, and then leaped up and ran off.

None of the others saw her go and Rosk continued to demonstrate his proficiency with bawdy tunes. Much later, when he finally finished the last one he could remember, he turned to the others to accept his accolades. "Whoa, do it, baby!" he whooped when he saw them. "Obviously the two of you need to be aloooone!" he leered as he stumbled off into the darkness.

There, for the first time, two of the creator gods engaged in the greatest act of creation on a brand new world. From this act of Franci and Bellophon, spontaneous creations sprang forth by the thousand. These were unlike anything ever made before. They could move by themselves; they could make sounds of their own. They could walk, fly, or swim on their own. The creations grew bigger and more complex as the copulation of the gods reached a fever pitch, as each animal sprang forth from either the god or the goddess, but not both. Only in the final completion of their coupling did a creature spring forth from both of them, and they were the greatest creations ever. It was two humans...



THE RAID  
(Part II)

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Pebyr had indeed found an underground in the Burning Lands which was organized by hardy souls, desiring to bring the world of Amtgard, back to it's former greatness. The war of secession, as it was called in the Burning Lands, had awakened them to the need. Their name was the Household of the Burning Lands, and they were dedicated to a new order and a cessation of hostilities with Barad-Duin. Thereafter, if Barad-Duin still wanted to secede, then so be it. They would not interfere.

However they were indeed mistaken if they truly believed that Aramithris knew nothing. His sources of information were indeed as vast as his other resources. But in his arrogance he assumed that they could not assail his position. For how could the world of Amtgard function without him. It was indeed he that was there in the beginning. So would he be there through all the ages.

His genius was politics, and he was adept at keeping his enemies from banding together, by playing them off of each other. It is too damn easy to convince yourself that nothing can be done. Therefore his job was made all the more easier by the lack of widespread as well as organized opposition. Also, though he was an altogether lousy diplomat, giving credit where credit was due, he was indeed a damn good king.

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Planning was difficult, involving as it did, the logistical considerations of supplying a sizable force in the desolate lands between Barad-Duin and the Kingdom of the Burning Lands. It would be virtually impossible to live off the land since even dirt had trouble surviving out there. There was no way they were going to be forced to fight badly supplied and armed. Not this time! The services of Sparhawk the honorable, the only vegetarian barbarian known to exist, were therefore sought after and obtained. Though his views were thought odd, no one doubted his honor or his abilities. It was said that he could track his way through the most desolate of wilderness country, and survive where any other could starve. Other than Pebyr, no one knew the desolate areas to the west as well as he.

Arhmaand and Sinjen were extremely careful in choosing the rest of the raiding party. They could not choose anyone too highly placed in the Barad-Duin hierarchy. The participants in the raid were only too aware that there would be no rescue if the raid failed. Chancellor Sparhawk was enough of a risk. But his was a purely civilian office in a nation engaged in total war. No nobility or highly placed military official could be chosen.

Tiberius and Romerion were in charge of the hospital administration

for the war effort and were too badly needed elsewhere. So with Guildmistress Alloran in charge, a small troop of healers, including DOA and Dargoth were sent on the raid.

Master Wizard Aurendir of the Scout's guild was sent as well as Pebyr. Of late the wizards guild found many of it's members gaining experience in other disciplines. This enabled both Pebyr and Aurendir to of increased value in this raid, as they were both Archmages and highly experienced in other disciplines. Nobody even dreamed of daring to forget Arthon, since it was assumed that he would simply ride after them if they dared leave him behind.

Mandrac, Pebyr and Amber Lee represented the Bard's guild and were responsible for keeping up the morale of the company. Or at least they were supposed to try. Dracnar, Matthieu and Deja Vu would simply kill a lot of people, which was something these individuals were depressingly good at. These were only a few of the many people sent on this raid.

Despite what Ahrmaand said publicly, privately he believed that entirely too much rested on this raid. For a continued war would so deplete Barad-Duin resources, that even an eventual victory would be disastrous to the duchy. Besides there would indeed simply be another war, as Pebyr had said. As they rode away from the city walls, he thought, "Fortune go with you, my friends. All our hopes for peace go with you".

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Squire Sinjen tried unsuccessfully to ease his sore back, trying to settle himself comfortably in a saddle stained from days of sweat and grime. This raid into enemy territory had so far gone very well. In fact too well for his tastes. They had encountered no one in the desolate territories between the Burning Lands and Barad-Duin. Since they were sneaking, this was good since it indicated that they hadn't been spotted yet. It could also mean that they were so hopelessly lost the gods were laughing hysterically at their plight. Sinjen had never been that good with maps so they were depending on the Bard Pebyr's knowledge of these trails, to guide them. As far as he was concerned, just point and get out of the way.

"Pebyr, are you dead or just hard of hearing? Come on up here.", Sinjen yelled. As Pebyr rode up, he said, "Are you sure this is the right road. It's so empty out here, I can't see any landmarks".

Pebyr replied, "Don't worry Sinjen, I have been this way so often I know it like the back of my hand. See over there is a landmark used by the indians. I believe the name is Squaw's tit. The name is unusual, but it appears to be rather descriptive don't you think?".

Sinjen cut him off saying, "Should we expect an ambush. I know

it's hard to believe anybody could live out here, but still anything could happen", Sinjen said. "I doubt it. I don't think anybody suspected me as being a spy, except for Sir Delphos. But you know him, he was born suspicious", Peby said, "Besides, like you said, how could anybody be able to sneak up on us here. Their wagon train alone would kick up a dust cloud visible for a hundred miles. No, even if they did attack us, it would be virtually impossible to surprise us. Sinjen replied, "Still a fast lightly equipped group could. But they couldn't carry the supplies necessary for survival that way."

As the days went by, Sinjen and Pebyr traded stories of their past. Pebyr told of the horrible world he had lived in where magic didn't exist. There he taught something called a Kom-pu-tar to do tricks, and tried to write what music he could. "It was a relief to find this world. I have seen many strange things here, but without a doubt, the strangest person I ever came across was my doppelganger or twin, as you would say.", Pebyr said. "You mean there's another of you out there?", laughed Sinjen, "I thought one was bad enough." "No seriously, listen closely for someday you might run into him and think it was me. He's alright, but considering who he is, he also might be a hell of a lot of trouble.", Pebyr said. "So who is he and where does he come from.", sinjen said.

"His name is Fahrinaie, and he is the chief torturer and lieutenant of Mephistopheles, the prince of lies. In some realms he has been called the Prince of Lies himself. Only Mephistopheles has a greater reputation for betrayal. So you might see why he could be a problem. You see Sinjen, one night as I was eating at my campfire, a cloaked figure dressed all in black and red rode up out of the darkness. I knew something was wrong, because his mount was a black stallion with strange eyes that fluctuated colors throughout the spectrum, including I would assume the infrared and ultraviolet, since they would go blank at times, indicating a nonvisible color. I thought that it could be a Nightmare, but decided to say nothing.", Pebyr said ...

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"Well hello there sir and what can I do for you? Could I offer you the hospitality of my camp?", Pebyr said. "Thank you, good Bard.", spoke the cloaked figure, "I think I'll do just that, since you are the person I was looking for. You are Pebyr ap Cucorin of Barad-Duin, are you not?". "That I am, though you have the advantage of me, since I know not of you.", Pebyr replied. "My name is Fahrinaie and I will refrain from telling of my origin for now. Rest assured that I bear no personal animosity towards you or anyone else in Barad-Duin, though I don't expect Ahrmaand to have much love for me, if he remembers me at all. Pray tell me of Barad-Duin. Is it as powerful as I have heard."

"Well to be honest, we do not field the most powerful military force, but what we lack in ferocity and numbers, we more than make up for in the science of war. We are skilled in the sciences and

in the magical arts. In fact our artisans are even now developing new weapons. And due to our many battles with magical beings, we can be said to have developed considerable skills in combating these beings. Our most noted adversary now is Mephistopheles. Perhaps you might know of him?", Pebyr spoke suspecting the worst. "Know of him? Pebyr I work for the bastard.", Fahrinaie said. With that he pulled the hood of his cloak down and revealed his face. Pebyr was so stunned that he spilled his drink, committing grave alcohol abuse, for Fahrinaie was his exact double. Except for his preference for red and black, he was literally Pebyr's twin in all respects.

"Don't be afraid Pebyr, for we are indeed mirror images of each other and I would wound myself as soon as hurt you. I have been trying for some time to get out of Mephistopheles's employ, but I can't simply quit, since I know too much about him for him to just let me go. He has already sent Baesil to kill me, when he decided I was getting too powerful for his well being. After I killed Basil, I ripped his heart out and used it for my staff.", Fahrinaie said, indicating his ebony staff. On top of the wood, was a Black stone, with silver wire running from the stone into the wood of the staff. The stone as well as the staff gave off an aura of intense evil, as did Fahrinaie, pebyr suddenly realized. Though seemingly intent on defecting, it would do to remember that he was a devil of importance in Hell.

"The only thing that has kept me alive is that I'm too powerful for him to easily dispose of and I have been very careful not to give obvious offense. Now I want out, for soon it will be him or me, and I am not powerful enough to fight him yet. Also hell stinks and I am not as thrilled with the idea of ruling as I once was. Right now I need a safe haven, where I can increase my power and perhaps work with others of like temperament. I understand Thariand the blue-star mage and Qadaf the necromancer dwell there. They would be the most inclined and therefore the most capable of helping me.".

"I don't know about those things, but could the Duke trust such a powerful former enemy as yourself. You could do so much damage, if you were to betray us.", Pebyr said. "I don't know how he could trust me, since he would surely hear something about my past. I do not have a good history of such things. A long time ago, I betrayed someone very important and thus earned the title of Tizril, the Betrayer. Second only to Mephistopheles, I was considered the most treacherous being in the Nine Hells. My word is worthless, but I give it anyway. As long as I am in Barad-Duin and am treated honorably, I will respond in kind.", Fahrinaie replied, "I will try and think of something as proof, though it may be some time. This will be the last communication for some time Pebyr. Take care, for we have much to discuss.", Fahrinaie said.

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