

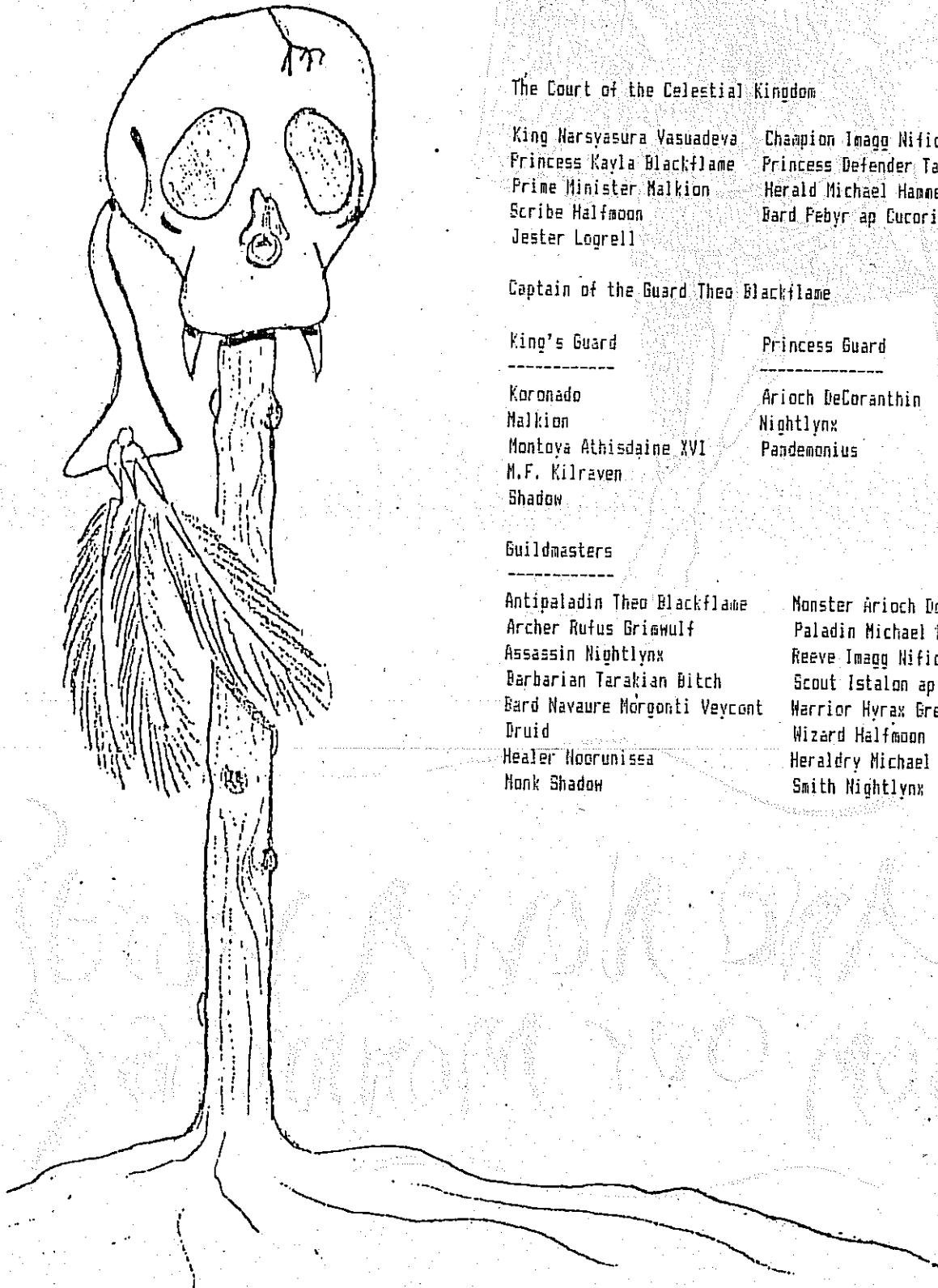
# The Star





## Table of Contents

page 1	Court Roster
	And Now A Word From Our Monarchs
page 3	Letter From Narsya
page 4	Letter From Kayla
page 5	Crown Qualifications
	Reflection and Revelry
page 9	About Sir Fred.....Duke Michael
page 12	The Minotaur of Salanac...Tokugawa Basha



### The Court of the Celestial Kingdom

King Marsyasura Vasuadeva	Champion Imagg Nificent
Princess Kayla Blackflame	Princess Defender Tarakian Bitch
Prime Minister Malkion	Herald Michael Hammer of God
Scribe Halfmoon	Bard Febyr ap Cucorin
Jester Logrell	

### Captain of the Guard Theo Blackflame

#### King's Guard

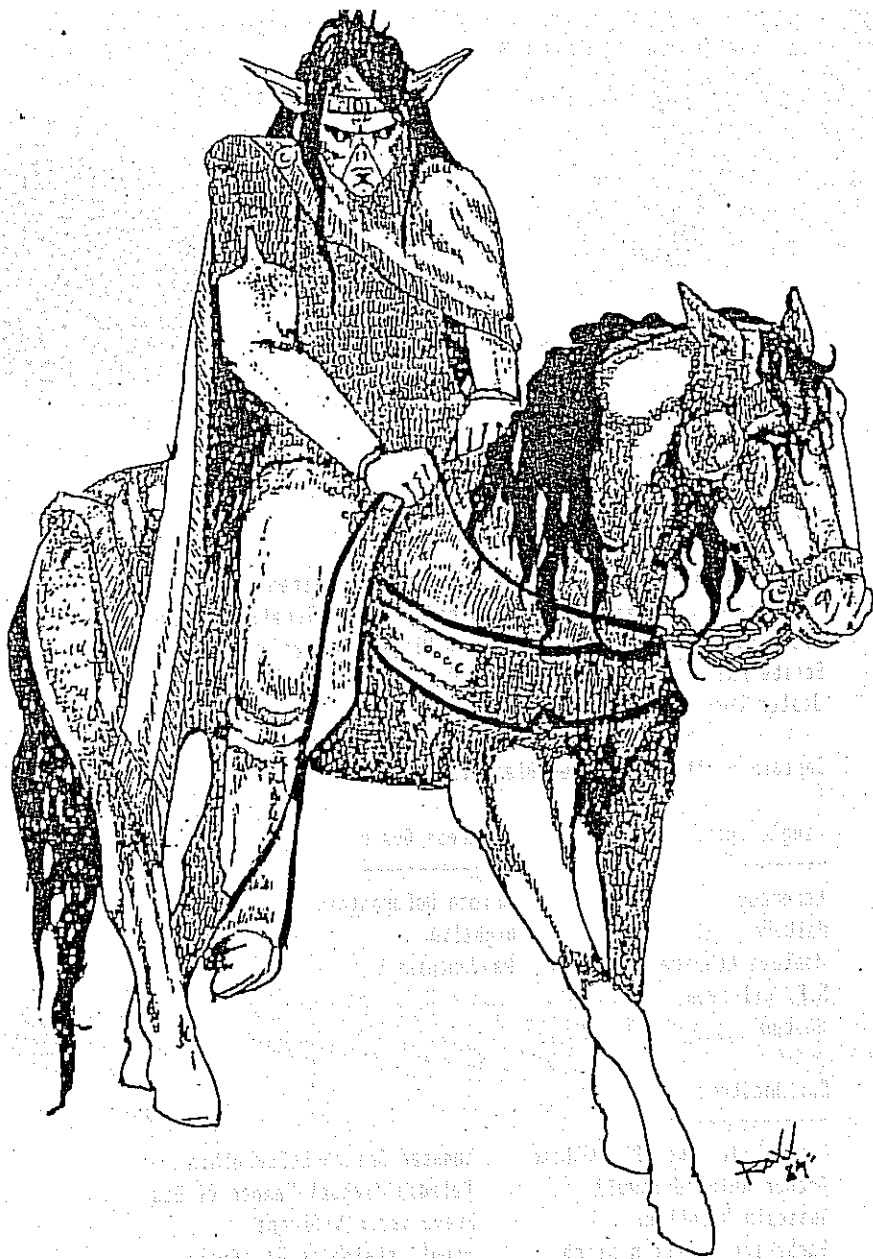
Koronado  
Malkion  
Montoya Athisdaine XVI  
M.F. Kilraven  
Shadow

#### Princess Guard

Arioch DeCoranthin  
Nightlynx  
Pandemonius

#### Guildmasters

Antipaladin Theo Blackflame	Monster Arioch DeCoranthin
Archer Rufus Griswulf	Paladin Michael Hammer of God
Assassin Nightlynx	Reeve Imagg Nificent
Barbarian Tarakian Bitch	Scout Istalon ap Elendief
Bard Navaure Morgonti Veycont	Warrior Hyrax Greytower
Druid	Wizard Halfmoon
Healer Hoorunissa	Heraldry Michael
Monk Shadow	Smith Nightlynx



And Now A Word  
From Our Monarchs

Greetings unto the populace:

First, a belated thanks to those who voted for me nearly six months ago.

Second, I'd like to thank those of you who fought against Emerald Hills when they attacked Barad Duin and us. I hope to see us kick some righteous butt when they come down for war/coronation.

Last, I thank everyone for his or her support these past months, and I hope the next King fares as well.

Loyal in service,

Maharaja Narsyasura Vasuadeva

Unto The Populas of the Celestial Kingdom;

I want to start off,by thanking those of you,that voted for me to be your Princess Consort.I hope that you have enjoyed the job that i have done for the Kingdom.

I'd like to say good luck to the next crown contenders,wishing you all the best.

I'd also like to see more participation in the cultural events throughout the reigns and not just at crown qualifications.Some Baronies, for example,Bifost,need to work to include cultural events more than just fighting alone!Other Baronies already have strong cultural events established.I hope the next crown will work towards that goal as well as the Baronial members!

In closing,I like to thank everyone for having confidence in me to do the job required.I hope I have established more friends than I have lost!(ha! ha!)

Thanks A Million,  
Princess Consort

"Annihilus"

"Down with the Crown"!

"Infamous words from Theo" (ha! ha!)

Kayla Blackflame

## CROWN QUALIFICATIONS

Qualifications requirements for Consort and Champion are now identical to those for Monarch.

Declarations for Monarch, Consort and Champion are due to the Prime Minister by the first Sunday in February.

## ENTRIES

1. Any club member may enter an event or contest. You do not have to be a Crown candidate to enter Crown Qualifications. There is no number of entry requirements for those not running for Monarch, Consort or Champion. Those running for positions must enter the required minimum number (6) of separate categories.

2. A person may have several entries in any one category however the same entry may not be entered in more than one contest.

3. Entries must have been made solely by the person entering them (except for joint entries) and must have been created since the last Crown Qualifications.

A joint entry will count as only 1/2 a category for purposes of qualifying for Crown.

4. A prospective candidate must average at least 3.0 or greater on his/her 6 best categories (best score per category) in order to qualify for Crown.

## CROWN CONTESTANTS (including Consort and Champion)

1. All Crown Contestants must take and pass both the Reeve's and Copora test with at least a 75% or higher. Those failing to pass the tests can be allowed to take a second test. In no event may a Crown Contestant take any qualifying test more than twice in order to qualify for Crown.

2. Contestants must have been in the club for the last 6 months dating back to the prior Crown Qualifications.

3. Contestants for Monarch, Consort and Champion must enter a minimum of 6 cultural events.

4. Crown Contestants (including Champion) must declare for Crown in writing to the Prime Minister on or before the first Sunday in February.

## JUDGING

1. All events will be judged by a panel of no fewer than 5 nor more than 10 judges.

Scores will be added and averaged by the Autocrat or by a designated assistant.

2. All judges must be club members and may not judge a contest or event in which they have an entry.

JUDGES MUST, AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE, BE IMPARTIAL IN THEIR SCORING.

## SCORING AND QUALIFYING

1. Contests/events will be scored on a scale from 1 (low) to 5 (high) by the panel of judges.

2. Orders for entries will be awarded as per the Copora of Kingdom laws.

3. Contestants passing the Reeve's and Copora test and entering the required minimum of 6 cultural contests, and achieving an average score of 3.0 or better (best scores in 6 separate categories) will qualify for Crown.

## PLACING

1. For purposes of interest, overall standings will be computed by the traditional system of 3 points for a first place, 2 points for a second place, and 1 point for a third. Multiple ties for a place, with full point value will be awarded. However, see number 2 below.

2. No more than 50% (rounding up) of the total entries of an event/contest may place except for entries which average score is 3.75 or higher.

3. Orders awarded for quality entries are based on the following criteria:

Events requiring intelligence and thought and service oriented - Order of the Rose;

Events utilizing artistic abilities - Order of the Dragon;

Categories/entries which are science oriented (not necessarily artistic although they could be artistic as a secondary consideration) - Order of the Owl;

Events requiring combat and fighting skills - Order of the Warrior.

All those qualifying for Crown receive the Order of the Hydra.

#### WAR EVENTS

1. These are official Crown Qualification events. Crown Contestants (except for Consort) must enter all of them.

2. War events are an acknowledgment that Amtgard is a fighting society and are provided for the interest and enjoyment of the populace. Even though some may have no particular interest in the cultural event portion of Crown Qualification they are encouraged to enter the war even portion.

3. Judges for all events are needed. Preferably judges for the war events should be members of the Reeve's Guild. Judges will be calling shots.

NOTE: All those interested in judging should contact the Autocrat prior to Crown Qualifications.

Format will be either round robin or double elimination. The winner of the tourney would be the new Champion. NOTE: The Champion is heir to the throne if for any reason the Monarch cannot complete his reign.

4. The Crown Tourney will be fought by the honor code of the Order of the Griffon. If, in the opinion of the majority of the Reeve's Guild who are present but not participants, any contestant consistently and deliberately violates the honor code during Crown Tourney they may eliminate the candidate from Crown Tourney.

#### THE CHOOSING OF A MONARCH

1. The Prime Minister will run an election the day of Crown Qualifications. The voting hours will be from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. at which time the polls will be closed. If anyone who is entitled to vote cannot be present to vote then he or she may get a signed and dated proxy (proxy must be specific not general) to the Prime Minister on or before the above mentioned date.

2. The Prime Minister is responsible for taking and tallying votes and proxies.

#### CULTURAL EVENTS

NOTE: Although events may be added or deleted, Crown contestant requirements for entering a minimum of 6 events will be based solely on the list represented below. Also note that the Monarch, Consort, and Prime Minister are together the final judges as to which category a specific entry is qualified for in case of disputes.

1. Art, Flat (2-D): Includes original sketches, drawings, paintings and any other art forms rendered on a flat medium.

2. Art - 3-D: Includes sculpture, jewelry, ceramics and other art forms done in three dimensions.

3. Composition: Five pages or less. Includes persons histories and short stories.

4. Factual/Informative Writing: Includes essays, how-to articles, historical research, etc. - 5 pages or less.

5. Poetry: Any poetry forms, free verse, song lyrics, etc.

6. Construction Armor: Legal Amtgard armor judged on basis on construction, effort, and appearance.

7. Construction, Weapon and Shield: Amtgard legal weapons and/or shields - judged on safety, quality of construction, originality and appearance.



6. Construction, passive: Includes items not otherwise listed such as helmets, metal weapons, furniture, chests, etc. Judged on quality of construction, appearance, originality.

9. Cooking, best tasting: Food or drink. Must be a dish that could have been made in a Medieval era society.

10. Garb, best fighting: Includes all garb made for use on the battlefield. Light armor may be worn but see separate armor construction category. Judged on quality of construction, originality and appearance.

11. Garb, best looking: Includes garb not for use on the battlefield, i.e., formal feast garb, etc. Judged on appearance, originality and quality of construction.

All garb entries may be worn by self or model.

12. Instrumental music - no vocal accompaniment.

13. Singing: With or without accompaniment. May be a rendition of a period piece or of an original composition written in a medieval style.

14. Recitation: Original or period poetry or stories.

There is a 5 minute time limit on instrumental music, singing and recitation.

15. The Rose: Banners, personal favors, belt sashes, etc. Judged on appearance, construction and originality. Items should be intended to benefit Amtgard. The definition of The Rose should be kept in mind when judging, i.e., "for service to the club".

16. Needlework: Category includes any fine hand work - crochet, knitting, embroidery, tatting, needlepoint, etc. Judged on quality of construction, artistic merit and originality.

NOTE: The Autocrat reserves the right to split categories should the number of entries require. An example would be as in the Weapon/Shield construction event; if the number of entries were exceptionally large the category could be split so that weapon entries and shield entries would be judged as two separate categories. Conversely, if there are too few entries to actually qualify as a contest the entries will be moved to another category if possible.





Reflection

&

Revelry

## About Sir Fred

This is the story of Sir Fredrick the Pale. These events happened during the age of romance, but since I am a horse not a bard and since I was there when it happened, I will proceed without the usual gloss such stories receive. Fred, I always thought of him as Fred, I mean how can you be formal about a man that sits on your back all day, was a young knight in the service of King Lot. King Lot was Arthur's uncle and has been made King of Norway by him. Fred's goal, like most young men his age was to receive enough notice that he could join that grand fraternity at the round table. First, of course, he had to receive the notice of his own master and get his spurs belt. This was trouble enough but I helped him through. Then it was time to go out and find adventures.

Back then it wasn't too hard to find good adventures. All you had to do was strap on armor, mount your trusty charge (me), and look about a little. The whole of Arthur's realms were filled with dragons, giants, monsters and evil barons. As for black knights you could barely turn around without catching one in the act of stealing a maiden, blocking a bridge, or locking up Arthur's boys. It was a good time to be a knight and not a bad time to be a knight's steed. I had two squires and two grooms to tend to my every whim. I ate hay or wheat or corn as my current preference ran. I was well stabled. So that if I had to lug around a man and a quarter ton of steel for two months a year. Those were the days... But I digress.

As I was saying, Fred and I set out to find adventure. Of course, we could have taken along a servant or two, or at least a squire but Fred was a bit of a free thinker. I'm sure I could have persuaded him but it's tough to be convincing in a mere whiny. Well we had adventures and we had some fun. Fred managed to get unhorsed a few times. Of course, I steered him clear of the really dangerous opponents. Once, we got locked up for a while in some evil lord's castle with a lot of others. However, we were soon freed. Our deliverer was one of the real big names, Bedivere I think it was. That was our first chance to see one of the round table types up close. He seemed tough enough but no taste in mounts. His horse was an evil tempered black brute... I'm getting off the track again.

Not long afterward, we were overnighing at a pleasant castle up near Marlisle. Usually, the nobility put us wanderers up, but without a lot of fanfare. I mean with every young man who could beg, borrow, or steal horse and armor on the roads you could go broke feeding them all well. But this time we got red carpet treatment. They even stabled me with a nice young filly. She was a palfrey though and not as spirited as one could hope. I could have told the boss that when some backcountry lord puts on a big spread it mean he has a bit job that needs doing. Well, if I had the power of speech I could have told him. Still, he wouldn't have cared. All he wanted was a chance to get his name in lights and he didn't realize that helping these hicks was a poor way to spread his fame across the land. Anyway to make a long story short, the local baron got us set up to rescue his daughter.

If you know any thing about this kind of story then you won't be surprised to hear that his daughter was young and beautiful. Also you will have guessed that she was carted off by some black knight of an ex-suitor. Obviously, Fred jumped at the chance to help. I mean, in spite of a desire for self grandizement he really was a nice person. Besides, he hadn't yet got a lady to dedicate all his successes to, and back then, that was a done deal and the next morning I got saddled up and Fred put on all his armor and we went to rescue the maiden. I don't like to complain but Fred's greaves really chaffed and his spurs were worse. Usually, he didn't wear such crap, just plain mail, but it was quest time, so there you have it. Again, I'm digressing.

It was a mere day's journey to the cave where this half-baked Don Juan had hidden the girl. When we got there the black knight was waiting mounted and ready. Without even a how do you do those two charged at us. I wish I had

been more forthright about it now but when Fred hit me with those spurs I always seemed to charge. Anyway, I just had time to move a little to the side and make sure that Fred's lance didn't miss altogether before we were upon them. Both men kept their seats and I quickly wheeled for another pass. My opponent was a bay, strong but a little slower than me and dumb enough to let the black knight make some of the decisions. On the next charge I took advantage of this and ran real close to him. He panicked and side stepped so fast that the black rider came off even though Fred's lance barely hit one corner of his shield. Score one for the good guys.

Romance writers tend to gloss over just what happens when a knight falls off a horse going thirty miles per hour. Suffice it to say the black knight didn't get up. Being filled with the typical notions of honor Fred avoided doing the obvious thing to him and went to check the cave. A minute later he came back and tried to load me into the cave. "Get a life buddy" was my reaction. I don't like going into holes in the ground. Fred then pulled a little trick on me. He put a bag on my head. Well, I got hot for a second or two, believe me, but why kick Fred's brains out when he was the only one likely to take the bag off. Finally, he started leading me forward, very slowly. He was taking me into the hole. To make sure the black knight didn't steal me, he later said. Not like that guy was getting up real soon. Still, why sit outside when Fred was the only was to get that bag off. Besides the big bay might just decide to take a little revenge on me. That act of quietly nuzzling his master didn't fool me.

Of our time underground, I know little and remember less. Rather sensibly I have tried to block it out. We found the damsel and hauled her to sunlight and it took at least three hours. That's what it seemed like anyway. Soon as we were out Fred removed the bag. He wasn't cruel after all, just misguided. Well the black knight and the big bay had scarpered and we took off toward daddy's castle. Fred walked and I got to carry the woman. I mean Fred lived by gallantry, sure enough.

Well, at that pace it took all day and we still weren't back. The trip was pretty quiet too. Instead of falling in love and talking mush like a maiden and her knightly rescuer should those two barely said three words. At nightfall, though, things heated up. The woman didn't want to stop and Fred couldn't navigate in the dark. I could have taken them back but did they ask me. Finally, Fred got his way because there was nothing he could do. By the time we stopped it was too dark to start a fire. The damsel didn't get off my back. I know compared to Fred and all that steel she weighed nothing but a guy kind of expects a little freedom at night. Fred offered her his bedroll but she said she would rather stay on my back safe from the dangers of the night. Fred just handed her a blanket, blissfully unaware that he was a danger of the night.

That was a pretty uncomfortable group of hours. The lady huddled on my back, which was uncomfortable for both of us. Fred leaned against his sword trying to keep an eye out for those elusive dangers of the night. Fred tried to engage the maiden in conversation but she was pretty close lipped. I figure she had a pretty tough time of it with the black knight. When dawn finally came we were three miserable individuals. We got underway as soon as we could and I moved pretty fast. I wanted to get this weight off my back. Fred was hard put to keep up. Of course he had been up and in armor all night. We reached the castle and there was much gladness and gratitude. Well we went on and had some more adventures, which Fred dedicated to his new lady love. Pretty sad how they barely spoke three words to each other. Well I'd like to tell you more but here comes my groom with the meal.



Druid

The Minotaur of Salanac by Tokugawa Basha

Valazar looked into the dark, musty entrance in the side of the tallest mountain in Salanac, then to his well-known halfling guide. The low clearance portal did not seem like a place the Princess Sharness would enter under her own accord.

"Are you sure the Princess went this way, Cyntha?" the muscular Captain of the Royal Guard asked the halfling. The halfling, Cyntha, squinted up at the tall man clad in the studded black leather uniform Valazar wore when not in battle.

"I saw her go toward the entrance, then disappear. Where else could she have gone?"

Valazar merely smirked and retrieved a torch from his saddle bag. The adventurous young Princess got into more trouble than any mercenary of his acquaintance.

"Where do these caves lead, Cyntha?" he asked, stooping to enter.

"Dunno. No one has ever survived exploring them," the halfling said grimly, but flashed a smile to soften the meaning of what he had just said.

"Then you best get that toothpick you call a sword and come along," Valazar retorted.

"Huh? Are you crazy? I'm not going in there."

"Yes, I am crazy, and you are going in there. I need your sense of direction, keen hearing and eyesight. Get your things and let us go," he ordered.

The halfling mumbled to himself as he set himself to the task. He also placed several items in his pack he thought they might need, then went back to where Valazar stood waiting for him.

"Who will watch the horses then?" Cyntha said, making one last attempt at staying behind.

"They will keep themselves. I know mine will not allow anyone else near him," Valazar responded.

Cyntha looked glumly at the cave entrance, then followed Valazar into the gray haziness that was only slightly cut by the glow of Valazar's torch. Green-grey algae clung to the rocky walls and made the way slippery, but neither man fell as they descended deeper into the mountain. Cyntha twitched his nose.

"Smells awful. Is there no air down here? Plant decay - maybe even dead animals, too. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe the Princess didn't go this way. Surely her royal highness wouldn't expose herself to such elements unbecoming her station. They say such caves lead to the pits of demon and fire."

"Cyntha, you are babbling," Valazar commented. Cyntha became quiet, but glared at the space between Valazar's shoulders instead of making an angry remark.

"Look at the slime on the ground. Someone has gone through here recently. Look," Valazar said, pointing to spots on the ground that were disturbed by someone slipping slightly and skidding a few inches. The Princess was very sure footed and was wearing boots, if Valazar recalled correctly. He wondered how she, or what, caused her to slip.

"Was anyone seen with her or following her?" Valazar asked Cyntha.

"I didn't see anyone outside. Why? Do you think someone, something, may be inside here with us?" he gulped.

"Anything is possible, Cyntha," Valazar commented, "do not go coward on me now."

His words got the desired result. Cyntha looked offended now, instead of afraid.

"We halfling are not cowards...just cautious," Cyntha retorted, making Valazar smile. The smile was lost, however, when the two heard a woman's bloodcurdling scream.

Valazar ran forward, not having to tell Cyntha to follow. The halfling already had his small sword out.

They ended up in a huge crystal cavern, in which light filtered down from an

opening somewhere above, by bouncing from one crystalline structure to the next. The room had books of all types, large cushions that served as bedding was off to one side of the cavern. Tapestries hung over bare rock, made of embroidery and other embellishments. It would have been a beautiful room had it not been for the monstrosity standing in the middle of the room with the Princess being carried over one massive, fur covered shoulder.

Cyntha recovered from his shock of seeing his first minotaur, and jumped forward, "unhand Princess Sharess this instant!" he yelled.

Valazar grabbed Cyntha by the halfling's shirt collar and pulled him back. When Valazar had the halfling safely behind him, he addressed the half man, half beast.

"Great Minotaur, we ask that you release the Princess to my care; that we may return her to her home," Valazar stated.

"This is now her home," the minotaur's baritone voice growled in the standard dialect of the area.

"A woman such as this, cannot live in a place such as this," Valazar continued.

"And why not? I have food and drink for the tender human body. I have books and refinements found in the culture centers of the world. She lacks nothing."

This minotaur was not the typical minotaur Valazar was used to dealing with. Apparently this one relied on his human mind, not just his beastly nature.

"She lacks her family, friends..." Valazar countered, "and...and she lacks me, her lifemate."

Cyntha almost interjected at the boldface lie, but was kicked by Valazar.

"This one is yours? I was not informed that she had taken a mate. I investigated much to find one such as she...if your words are true, warrior, I will have to challenge you for her hand. To the death, of course," the minotaur responded.

The minotaur gently laid the Princess on the cushions, then turned to face Valazar.

"You could find another, Minotaur, as equally as fine, maybe even willing."

"No. She is the one desired. Our offspring will be strong, even though she would not survive to see it," he told Valazar. No woman had survived birthing such a miscreation.

"If you want her, you will have to take her," the minotaur stated, picking up a large two handed battle ax. He swung it down at Valazar.

Valazar almost received a glancing blow, miscalculating the speed and ease the minotaur had with such a heavy weapon. Cyntha moved in the foreground of the two combatants, heading for the Princess.

Valazar swung at the minotaur, with his sword, but the minotaur parried with the ax handle and hit Valazar with the butt end of the ax. Valazar stumbled backward at the force of the blow to the head, and almost fell to the ground. Cyntha intercepted him and helped steady Valazar, then dragged the both of them out of the way of another swing of the ax.

Valazar regained his bearings and stepped on the ax handle near the ax head. He swung his sword, hitting the minotaur in his exposed, lowered shoulder. The minotaur growled and swatted Valazar away as he tried to free his ax from the cavern's yielding floor. Valazar took advantage of his preoccupation, and slashed down at the beast's back.

Angered, the minotaur turned sharply, lowered it's massive, horned head, and charged at Valazar. Cyntha saw Valazar barely escape being skewered by the deadly horns at each pass, and watched as Valazar stabbed at the beast to no avail. Cyntha grabbed his own sword and scrambled up one of the bookcase, where he could cut down one of the tapestries.

"Valazar!" Cyntha yelled. Valazar noted what Cyntha had planned and had the minotaur chase after him in order to get him near the bookcase on which Cyntha was perched. When the minotaur was close enough, Cyntha threw the tapestry over the minotaur's head. It howled in rage and began to shake its head, which knocked over Valazar in the process.



The Princess in the meantime, recovered her senses, picked up a spear that was leaning on a nearby cavern wall, and joined the melee. She stabbed the minotaur right in its lower back and hip bone. When the minotaur felt this new pain, it spun to one side, the spear shaft swinging with him, which knocked both the Princess and Cynthia several feet.

Valazar jumped forward and with a final coupe de grace, the creature laid dead. Cynthia and the Princess got off the ground and walked over to Valazar.

"Well...", Valazar commented wearily, "it appears that the Princess has some fighting abilities we were unaware of. My thanks, my Lady, on a battle well done."

"It is I who should thank you, Captain, for finding me," the young woman responded, pulling her black, tight curly hair back into hair fasteners.

"Then if you will follow us, my Lady, we shall leave this place," Valazar responded. She nodded and followed him back to the surface, Cynthia way ahead of them. Before they reached the surface, however, Sharess turn to Valazar.

"So, when do I become yours?" she whispered.

Valazar flinched, "I thought you fainted."

"Captain Valazar, there are yet many abilities you are not aware I possess," she responded with a wink and entered the sunlight. Valazar smiled to himself and followed behind her.





# CORONATION SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

FEBRUARY 29th (SATURDAY):

11:00am--BATTLEGAMES AT LOIS ST. PARK

5:00pm----BREAK----

7:30pm--REGISTRATION FOR CORONATION AT THE Y.O.RANCH HILTON

8:30pm----FEAST!!!!!!

9:30pm--BARDIC EVENT

11:00pm--KING'S COURT

1:00am-----REVEL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MARCH 1st (SUNDAY)

1:00pm--BATTLEGAMES AT LOIS ST. PARK

25000 77 JUL0302 001740540

(XEROX) HAS VARIOUS

XP049-128-21015A 23,9K95177204-6500,11

YASSI - 10000000

## INTRODUCTION

THE 1990s - 2000s

TREC 2004-tp3c.1

[illegible]

(140002) 221 0100

1999.12.20(日) 239497145-2900-1