

The Star of the Celestial Kingdom



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover	Art by Sir Nightlynx	
3	The Court of the Celestial Kingdom	
4	Board of Directors	
5	Celestial Ckingdom contact List	
8	editors Page	Wilhelm
9	Thank You	Wilhelm
10	Editorial	Grif
13	Midreign Arts & Science competition	Autocrats
14	Kingdom Qualification Flyer	Autocrats
15	Spring War Information	Autocrats
19	From the Net -request by Sir Ivar	
20	Fiction- A letter to the King	Stephen Taft
22	Fiction- Twas the Night before Coronation	Lowel
23	Fiction - The Lion and the Lemming	Unknown
27	Song- When Lightning Strikes	Sir Pebyr
29	Callendar of events	

THE COURT OF THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM

KING	MATTHEW LeGREY
REGENT	SIR ARION RENQUEST
CHAMPION	AZKAR RAINTREE
PRIME MINISTER	KADERIAN

THE ROYAL GUARD

CAPTAIN OF KINGS GUARD: AZKAR	REGENTS DEFENDER
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<u>KINGS GUARDS</u>	<u>REGENTS GUARDS</u>
FATHER THOMAS	
WILDCAT	
ADOL	
MASKAYLINA	
BARGA	

THE COURT

COURT HERALD	ARCHBISHOP DUNBAR
WEAPONMASTER	SIR ARTHON
SCRIBE	BARON FATHER MICHAN PHILLIT
COURT WIZARD	DUCHESS MORGANA

GUILDMASTERS

GARBERS	SIR SHANTI DAY
MINSTRELS	LADY PANDORA
REEVES	SIR NIGHTLYNX
SAGES	SIR RUFUS
SMITHS	ATHISDANE
HERALDRY	SQUIRE BELOCH
ANTIPALADINS	SIR NIGHTLYNX
PALADINS	SIR ZEPHRAM MACLAREN
ARCHERS	SQUIRE WILHELM
ASSASSINS	MUADIB
BARBARIANS	SQUIRE BELOCH
BARDS	GRENDALE
DRUIDS	CLALIBUS
HEALERS	SQUIRE BROGAN DULEAH
MONKS	SQUIRE AHZIR
MONSTERS	CLALIBUS
SCOUTS	STILGAR McCLAIN
WARRIORS	SIR ZEPHRAM MacLAREN
WIZARDS	DUCHESS MORGANA
CIRCLE OF STEEL	SQUIRE AHZIR

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

KING: THOMAS WELCH - MATTHEW LeGREY
PRIME MINISTER: WILLIAM WINNIE - ~~██████~~ KADERIAN
TREASURER: GARLAND GRIFFITH - GRIFF
CONVENER: WILLIAM JORDAN - SIR MICHAEL HAMMER OF GOD
SECRETARY: JOHN HERGRET - SIR SNAKEYES
MEMBER: JAMES GOOGINS - SIR IMAGG N'IFICIENT
MEMBER: CHRIS COLLINS - DARKSTAR

Celestial Kingdom Contact List

Monarch:
Matthew Legrey
Tom Welch
6600 Ed Bluestien # 602
Austin, TX 78727
(512) 928-4443

Regent:
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Marc Pickett

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6600 Blarwood
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Tori-Mar (Duchy)

Duke:
Kercie
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Chancellor
Warchylde
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(512) 208-5216

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Christy Nolen

Duchess:
Squire Neroc

Chancellor:
Modox

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Baron
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Kelly Cochran

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San Antino TX 78006

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Dragon's Haven (Duchy)

Regent
Squire WyldCatt

Defender
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Sheriff

Slayd
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Crossroads (Shire)

Sheriff:
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817-865-2902

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(818) 363-3455

Shire of Rogues' Haven

Sheriff:
Genocide
Domenic Poncin
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Panorama City, Ca. 91402
(818) 892-4571

Barony of Aradix

Chancellor:
Jobe Nurradson
Darrin O'Connor
8030 Hazeltine Ave.
Panorama City, Ca. 91402
(818) 787-0771

Greetings unto the citizens of the Celestial Kingdom

As the editorial staff for THE STAR we NEED STORIES, ARTICLES AND ARTWORK from all of you. The editorial policy is to print any article or story that is submitted unless it is considered obscene or is a direct attack against another Amtgardian. Satire if done properly is a different matter. The only editing that will be done without contacting the author is for grammar, spelling, and length, when the article will be broken into installments.

Artwork submitted should be ink or dark pencil on a white background, although if you are using a computer to do your artwork please submit it as a grayscale or black and white GIF, TIF, or JPEG file. Articles should be legibly written (as we have to re-type them) or on disk (most any word processor) in IBM format.

Submissions may be given to either Griff or myself in person or mailed in to the addresses listed below.
Mine:

Lord Squire Wilhelm Von Eisenwald
c/o Kenneth Keys
402 Arbor Lane
Austin, Texas, 78745
Email: wilhelm@onr.com

Or to the Official Kingdom Address

Amtgard, The Celestial Kingdom
4032 S. Lamar Blvd. #500-150
Austin, Texas 78704

The deadline for the next issue of the Star is 1 Feb 97

In Service to the Dream
Lord Squire Wilhelm Von Eisenwald, Editor
Griff, Assistant Editor

PS: Entries either on disk or E-Mailed will be greatly appreciated.

Thank You

We want to thank all of the citizens of Celestial Kingdom that participated at the Duchy of Tori-Mar tournament and the Shire of Tiranna's quest. Your donation of a non-perishable food item was greatly appreciated by agencies that received them.

We also wish to thank the citizens of the Duchy of Tori-Mar and the Shire of Tiranna for sponsoring these events. The food items from Tori-Mar's tournament went to the Blue Santa Program which helped brighten a needy family's Christmas. The food items from Tiranna went to the Capital Area Food Bank which supply food to needy families in the Central Texas area.

Editorial

Greetings: Fellow Amtgardians

The editors of the Star are very pleased to announce that the Kingdom is in remission from the dissension that has been plaguing our group of late. It appears that the proposals presented did not represent the feelings of the majority of the populace in the provinces identified with the movement to secede from the kingdom. For which we are grateful. However, Snake-eyes did present some thoughts which bear some consideration. I would like you forbearance as I present some of my ideas as to how they should be implemented within the framework of the current Corpora.

1. Any province or combinations of provinces can plan and conduct an event: quest, revel, invasion, tournament, etc.
2. Camp outs may be planned and conducted by any province or group of provinces. If the event sounds like fun it will be well attended.
3. Each province is now responsible for organizing and maintaining records of attendance, awards, dues and membership eligibility. This information is to be forwarded to the Prime Minister for posting in the Kingdom's records.
4. End the feuding. Yes, once an election has been held and the winner announced, it behooves all of us to support the elected officers and not subvert the Kingdom by inciting rebellion, or secession. In any other realm this conduct is tantamount to treason.
5. One of the things we all look forward to is the recognition from our peers for a job well done. Recognition must start from the provincial level. The King or Regent cannot be expected to know who are involved in all of the things that are going on within the Kingdom. The Provincial Leaders are responsible for insuring that particular efforts are recognized up to their maximum level to award, and presenting the King or Regent with your recommendations and requests for presentation of those awards above your capability.

6. Excuse my ignorance but what is meant by a "revel". If you want one, plan and announce it and we'll come as long as the activities planned are not against mundane law that we are all bound to live by. Drug use, underage drinking, rape, etc. are not activities which the local constabulary are likely to overlook easily.
7. We use Burnett County Fairground because of its exemplary facilities and reasonable cost. Anyone, company, household, or clan who submits a proposal to host or autocrat an event has the privilege/right to arrange for any site they may locate which can accommodate us, (200 to 500), with suitable amenities at a reasonable price.
8. The Celestial Kingdom is recognized as the premier Kingdom in all of Amtgard and is continuing to grow. Yes it is becoming extremely difficult to administer. However, the strength of the Kingdom lies in each of the individual provinces. The King, Regent and Prime Minister or others stand willing to assist in most any activity which any of the provinces may wish to sponsor and conduct.
9. Communication is a major problem, however most of us have telephones, and now many of us have or have access to E-Mail. Lacking all of the modern technology I have found that the US Postal Service is still functioning come rain or shine.
10. The Kingdom has no right to change the rules of the game, anyone who does is in violation of our contract with the originator's of the game. As for changes in the Corpora: It was written loosely to accommodate as many people as possible expecting everyone to live and work in the spirit of the game. Now, along comes someone or a group of someones who are insisting that the corpora must be exact and followed to the letter. This is a mythical and mystical Kingdom, what the King says goes until we get a new King who may wish to change it.
11. More Allthings, I think not. Most of us want to play and not get involved in the mind games that go on at an allthing. Hopefully, we can get something going here that can proceed with a minimum of Allthings. Quarterly, (4 Times per Year) should be more than sufficient.

12. A calendar of known events is included in each Star. You will notice that there is something going on somewhere each weekend. What consideration is given to nobles and the folks who are unable or don't desire to travel? Let's make sure that you have a good activity program planned for your home park that will attract new members there.
13. This is intended to be a family activity and organization, child care is a plus. Due to legal limitations and liabilities involved the Kingdom cannot provide child care. However, if some one or household, etc. desires to provide child care for a modest fee at any of our events please coordinate this with the autocrat and Prime Minister for a "Franchise".
14. Couldn't have said it better. We can do a lot of things in the Celestial Kingdom and have a lot of fun doing it if it is done within the spirit of the game.

Yours in service to the dream

Your Associate Editor
Grif

Celestial Kingdom Midreign
Arts and Sciences Competition
To include Garb Contest
11 Jan 97

Autocrat Squire Lowell (Jim Worcester) (819) 933-2834
Co Autocrat Sir Athisdane (Ray Crawford) (817) 628-7860

Categories

**Court Garb
**Armor
*Color Garb
*Needlepoint
2-D Art
Passive construction
Cooking

**Fighting Garb
*Accessories
*Goodwill
*Textile Craft
3-D Art
Active construction
Rose/Heraldry

Bardic***

Non-Fiction
Dancing

Fiction
Music
Non-Musical Performance

Note: Autocrats reserve the right to add or drop categories as needed.

- * Indicates Garb Contest Items
- ** Indicates Garb items for overall and for garb contest)
- *** Request performances between feast and court.

Modeling of Garb is Highly Recommended.

If you wish to entertain between Feast and Court please call Squire Lowell or Sir Athisdane. This will be after judging (an additional performance).

Kingdom Qualifications

When: 16 March 1997
Where Cedar Park, Tx.

Time: Sign in Begins at 11 AM
Sign in Closes at 1 PM (For all events)

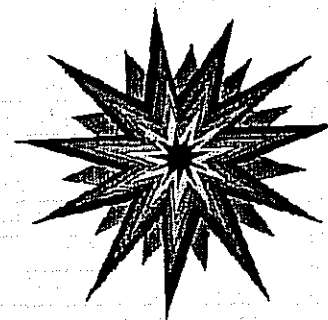
Written entents for King, Regent, and Defender must be turned in to the King, Prime Minister or Warchylde by the 17th of Feburary 1997

All written entries 7 copies must be turned by 17 Feburary 97 to Warchylde or mailed to:

Amtgard, The Celestial Kingdom
4032 S. Lamar Blvd. #500-150
Austin, Texas 78704
Postmarked no later than 18 Feb 97

If you would like to assist as a Judge in the cultural events or a Reeve in the war events please contact Warchylde at 208-5216 (pager)

More information including directions on how to get to the site will be included in the next Star.



Spring War IV



When - 13 through 17 Feb 97

Where - Burnett Fairgrounds

Cost - \$ 7.00

Further information contact
AutoCrats :

Squire Vera
1200 IH 10 W #512.
San Antonio, TX 78230
210-561-7776

&

Squire Ke-She
402 Arbor Lane
Austin, Tx 78745
512-447-7413

Email: wilhelm@onr.com

and more information on the following pages.

Estimated Time Table of Events

Date & Time	Event
Thursday 13 Feb Noon	Gates Open
Friday 14 Feb	
10 AM	Town Set-up
8 PM	Knights Meeting
10 PM	Women's Tourney
Saturday 15 Feb	
10 AM	Artisan Sign in
11 AM	Judging Begins
11 AM	Blue Green War
7 PM	Feast
8 PM	Court (15 Minutes for each Kingdom)
10 PM	Bardic
Midnight	Night Battle Games
Sunday 16 Feb	
Noon	Spring War Tourney This will be an order of the warrior tourney with 1-3 fighting 1-3rd warriors, 4-7 fighting 4-7th warriors, 8 + fighting 8+ warriors
2 PM	Monarch Meeting
Monday 17 Feb	
Noon	Anyone caught on site past this time may be volunteered to help in final clean up.

Things to Remember

ALL minors will be required to have a valid waiver for this event.
 Due to a high number of serious injuries involving polearms at Clan all pole arms brought on site must be exactly 15 feet long or shorter, have 6 inch diameter padded heads that are a foot long, and completely padded shafts. If you have hand guards they must also be padded.
 All fire pits must be naturalized before you leave your site, i.e. bring a bag of soil to fill in any pits you dig up.
 All minors under the influence of alcohol will be thrown off site, no second chances.
 All live steel weapons are to be peace tied.
 Any illegal substances or acts will result in immediate expulsion from the site.

Assistants to the Autocrats.

So far here are a listing of who is in charge of each event . If you want to toss your hat in and help make this the BEST Spring War. Please contact one of the Autocrats with your idea.

Event	Person in charge
Women's Tourney	Mogee
Feast Autocrat	Griff and Council
Battle Master (This person will be in charge of all non-war special battle games, including the Spring War Champion Tourney)	Clalibus of Henceforth & Mordaroch <i>morgaroch</i>
Zoo Keeper	House Polaris
Merchant Row Autocrat	Sir Horus and his Squires
Zoo Keeper (Autocrat Baby-sitter)	Kaderian
Security	Squire Arieħ Reinquest
Children's Activity Supervisors *** (Children's Quest)	Squire Akara Page Kidda
Clean-Up	Kadarien
A&S Master (In charge of the Artisin Tourney)	Squire-Beloch <i>ST</i>

Assistants to the Autocrats. (cont.)

Event	Person in charge
General of the Green Team*	Forest Evergreen
General of the Blue Team*	Morgan Iron Wolf
Battlefield GOD (Responsible for the gathering of all reeves and ensuring that they all agree on the same rules)	Sir Nightlynx
Potty Keeper (keeps toilet paper supplied and incense going if needed and works with clean up crew to keep bathrooms fresh.)	
Heralds (responsible for hourly updates to the populace)	
Last and Found (This will be a "persona" shop for Cossack's war booty Items unclaimed by noon on Sunday will be auctioned off)	Cossack's
First Aid	Sir Theresa
An event or something you see that need done? Contact the Autocrats.	Your Name Here

* Greens vs. Blues

This war borrows from the historical traditions of the Ancient Roman/Byzantine Chariot Race factions. The factionalism was so fanatical, that it jeopardized the Byzantine throne on more than one occasion.

The teams for the war will be decided at the gate randomly by people getting blue or green coins. Trading the coins is forbidden and will be severely punished. This is to be a completely random game scenario.

***Child care will be provided. On Saturday it will cost \$20.00 for an all day quest and then some that will run until the end of court. On Sunday it will be \$10.00. It will run from noon-5. Waivers will be required from all participants.

From the Net

Resent-Date: Sat, 4 Jan 1997 17:26:33 -0700
 X-Authentication-Warning: horus.anth.utep.edu: slist set sender to amtgard-l-request@horus.anth.utep.edu using -f
 Date: Sat, 4 Jan 1997 17:26:11 -0700 (MST)
 From: Sir Ivar Nefarious <ivar@horus.anth.utep.edu>
 To: amtgard-l@horus.anth.utep.edu
 Subject: New Rule Book
 Resent-Message-ID: <"IKE6Q3.0.sm6.cKlpo"@horus>
 Resent-From: amtgard-l@horus.anth.utep.edu
 X-Mailing-List: <amtgard-l@horus.anth.utep.edu> archive/latest/387
 X-Loop: amtgard-l@horus.anth.utep.edu
 Precedence: list
 Resent-Sender: amtgard-l-request@horus.anth.utep.edu
 X-UIDL: 852443049.061

AMTGARD

Handbook on the Rules of Play
 Version 6.1

ART NEEDED

The new Amtgard: Handbook on the Rules of Play is only a few months away! To make this rulebook stand high above the others, your art work is desperately needed.

What kind of art? All art must be lineart (only back and white, no shades of gray), no larger than 11"x17" in size, on the original media or a first generation photocopy, and have something to do with Amtgard or the fantasy genre.

What in particular? Anything Amtgard is needed but there are several pieces that are essential:

- Cover Art (If you are interested in this, contact me personally.)
- A representative of each class (Antipaladin, Archer, etc.)
- Women and minorities fighting
- Arcane looking symbols (not affiliated with a religion)
- Safe Amtgardian weapons
- Any and all Phoenixes
- Kingdom Heraldry

What isn't wanted: Copies of copyrighted materials, photographs, and poor quality photocopies.

Who is helping so far? Artists who have been published by TSR (D&D), who have cards in Magic: The Gathering and Shadow Fist card games, as well as Amtgardians all over the world are contributing. Everyone is welcome. Have your art along side professional artists.

Contact Ivar at:

Mark Willis
 2415 McKinley #2 (915)747-6586 office
 El Paso, TX 79930 ivar@horus.anth.utep.edu

A Letter to the King
By Stephen L Taft

To: His Majesty King Falik III

From: Bjorn Notwbie - Court Alchemist

My greatest leige

As we all know, you daughter -- the Beloved Princess Dits-- had taken on a most morose temperament as of lately on this -- her thirteen year. No longer did the tinkering echoes of her laughter flutter forth from the windows of this beautiful castle. I, myself, had spent many an hour concocting an astounding variety of contrivances -- all of which should have ousted those melancholy demons which had possessed her. But alas, it seemed to no avail. The royal magician and even Squirtz -- the court jester -- shared my puzzlement when they, too, presented their vain attempts to break her from her doldrums. It wasn't until this very time yesterday, when the Princess's maid, Whimsy, suggested a pet, that Dits broke from her spell. I saw the lovely girl burst forth from her room and rush past me with such an eagerness that startled me. It wasn't until later that I heard that she had run to you chamber to present a request, and that you had accepted. The Princess would have a pet. The abrupt change in your daughter's mood affected the castle quickly --spurring forth many festivities and much rejoicing. I, too, joined in rejoicing, for I knew that it must have been one of my potions that finally lifted the Princess's gloominess. But my jollity was short-lived. I soon heard that for a pet, Dits had chosen a dragon! Could this be true? The King had allowed his only daughter to receive into our kingdom a pet dragon? Your majesty I implore you, this is a mistake. A pet should be cute and tiny. A pet should be kind and harmless. A pet should be dumb and malleable. A dragon is no pet. A dragon is ... well ... a dragon.

Think, my leige, of the joy that radiates from the face of a little girl when she is presented with a kitten. Such a frail and adorable gift reaches into the heart of a lass and pulls forth the protective maternal instincts any proper girl has. A dragon is more likely to just pull out the girl's heart. Have you every seen a baby dragon, your majesty? It claws from its shell at the size of a small dog -- covered with such a noxious fluids as to make one vomit. If one does not remove the little beast from its nest, it will soon devour its brethren to eliminate competition. This is not cute. What man would find beauty in a scaly, smelly, cannibalistic creature such as this?

But of course, you highness, you don't regard dragon as being harmless. Evan a puppy must learn not to bite the hand that feeds it.

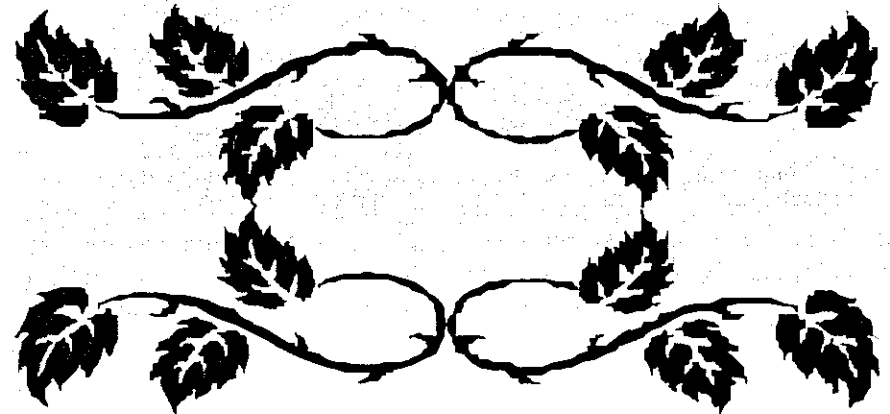
the Princess will assuredly run of hands and perhaps other extremities before the dragon will learn this. A puppy will kindly nuzzle up towards a child's face to give and receive attention and affection. A dragon will only do the same to get it teeth closer to the child's throat. One might as well present a lad with a guillotine as a plaything.

Even a pony would be a pleasant pet. A horse, my leige, is easily trained to obey the commands of its rider. Its intelligence is enough to learn, but not too much individual thought. A dragon becomes wise at an alarming rate, and tends to covet its freedom more than its owner's company. No country has yet successfully train such a beast -- they are far too cunning and ferocious for man to master. Please be reasonable, your highness. Is it not best to break a stallion than breaking your only daughter?

I beg of you, my lord, please consider my words carefully. Although the Princess's joy is of the utmost importance to us all, must it come at such and expense? Dragons are not pretty, or small, or loving. They are not safe or dense. They are not even proven controllable. The only possible result from the acquisition of a dragon whelp for Dits is disaster. I can only hope that, you majesty, that I have successfully swayed your allowances for a pet to some to some creature suited for the role.

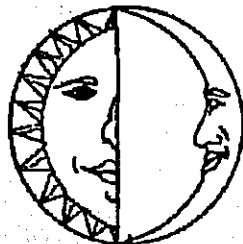
Your Loyal Servan

Bjorn Notwbie
Court Alchemist



TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CORONATION

And all, through the camp
Not a warrior was stirring
Not even the champ.
The belts were all hung
By the fires with care
With visions of a new king
They hoped would be fare.



When all of the sudden
With howls and great scratchin'
the camp was awakened
To see what had happened
The king, had been taken
When he was rudely awakened.

The dawn was long
And the air seemed thin
When out of the fog
Stumbled one of the king's men.
Grief stricken he told of the frightful
night
They'd been through a gauntlet
Only wolves could devise.

When all of the sudden
With howls and great scratchin'
the camp was awakened
To see what had happened
The king, had been taken
When he was rudely awakened.

The day dragged on
With no clue as to where.
The kings and their men
Were held in despair.
Then all of the sudden..
When things were most dim

By something godawful
Something like wolfen.
The champ called the guard
But they had all disappeared.
Not one of them left standin'
Then the wolves reappeared.

The sun had fallen
They all, witnessed him.
The new king arrived on a steed
Tall, and strong as steel
With four horsemen
On war horses
In leather and steel
Accompanied with guards
By the dozens..
That wore black and red
And looked half wolf half human

The pages and squires
Rekindled the fires
In hopes they would find their sire.
The old king was gone. So was the
new
The knights and the ladies wondered.
Just what they would do.

Cheers and greetings all around.
New days dawning.
All, had been found.
He stood tall and laughed
As he approached the head table
Knowing, his own coronation
Would surely be fabled.

The Lion and the Lemming

In a land long gone into time, a sheltered young lion longed to learn about the world beyond the sunset. With his father lost before his birth, the lion-child was guarded and cared for by his mother; as her only son she vowed that nothing would ever harm him. He had learned all the basic things that young lions should know, but always had the feeling that something was missing; something that was just beyond the horizon. His youthful heart strained against the protectiveness of his loving mother, while his common sense told him he was too young to strike out for "The Great Something." His friends were content to play and romp across the plains, to splash in the stream, to wrestle and chase all the other animals until they were too tired to do anything else but sleep. His name was Bantu, the Lonesome One.

Then came a magical day when the sun blazed down upon the plains like golden liquid fire. Everything in the lions' world seemed more alive, more energized, more expectant. It was if the whole world was waiting for the "The Great Something!"

The lion's mother, whose name was Matra, looked up suddenly from her drowsing slumber; something was coming, moving fast across the grasslands! She felt it before any of the others could hear it, a tiny vibration in the pads of her paws, an almost inaudible rumbling that tickled the tips of her sensitive ears. Her first instinct was to find Bantu and get him to the protection of the nearby forest. She roared her best "Junior, you-get-over-here-right-now" roar and waited for his reply. No answer. She roared again; still no reply. Matra began to worry. She ran to the waterhole where Bantu spent a lot of his time playing with the other adolescent lions, checked the forest edge, and even stole close to the encampment of humans next to a nearby stream; her son was nowhere to be seen.

Bantu had taken advantages of the electric feel of the day and was exploring farther from the pride than he had ever wandered before. His nerves were tingling, his active senses even more alert than usual; his powerful legs ate up the glowing grasslands in leaping bounds. Bantu's mother and friends were long forgotten.

Then Bantu reached the crest of the highest ridge of the plains, and stopped so suddenly the he skidded partway down the slope. What he saw before him unlike anything hi sheltered life has shown him. As far as he could see, the ground was covered by a mass of seething, rushing motion. The black tide stretched from horizon to horizon, the dust cloud surrounding it nearly blocked out the sun and a rumbling roar shook the ground beneath Bantu's feet. He realized with a shock this was "The Great Something" he had always dreamed of! He also became achingly aware of just how far he was from home. Bantu crept

into a small stand of tall grass and watched, transfixed by the spectacle. For what seemed forever, the flood of life thundered between the horizons. The onrushing silence awakened Bantu, who had fallen into an exhausted sleep. He crept slowly down across the torn-up plains to a muddy waterhole and drank thirstily.

A sound caught Bantu's attention the edge of the boggy pond he spotted a tiny animal half buried in the mire. The creature looked so bedraggled that Bantu momentarily forgot that he was supposed to consume such things and trotted over to investigate instead. The Little guy was terrified at the sight of such a huge predator and was trying to dig himself even deeper into the ooze. Bantu said "Don't worry, little fella, I'm not here for dinner! I've never seen anyone like you before; what kind of person are you?" The little animal figured that it was a good idea to be friendly to any lion that wanted to chat instead of eat, so he introduced himself as he dug out of the slime. "My name is Iggy," he said, "and I'm a lemming."

Bantu's puzzled expression made it clear that more details were required. By this time Iggy had succeeded in dragging himself out of the muck and had shaken off most of the mud. He sat on a tuft of grass and told Bantu "We lemmings are a great and powerful race! As you have seen, there are zillions of us and we shake the whole Earth when we travel!" The young lion was quite impressed! He was still awestruck by the spectacle of the lemmings thundering by and believed Iggy immediately. "Where are you going?" asked Bantu. Iggy looked blankly back at Bantu; "Along, of course!" answered Iggy. The puzzled expression was back. "Along with everyone else!" "Why?" "Because that's what we do!" said Iggy, getting puzzled himself by now. No one had ever asked him these kind of questions and he had never thought about these things before.

Bantu decided that this was his chance to find "The Great Something" and asked Iggy if he could join his great and powerful race and go "Along" with him. After all, if everybody was doing it, it must be the right thing to do! Iggy agreed and the unlikely pair trotted off across the plains, following the muddy track left by the lemmings.

Back at the lions' home, Matra was frantically organizing a search party. A group of the fastest and strongest had gathered, and they ran across the grasslands in the direction of the rumbling Matra had sensed earlier. Following Bantu's scent their mighty legs covered the distance quickly. They reached the muddy waterhole after sunset, and were stunned by the devastated earth, as far as the eye could see. They also were dismayed that they had lost Bantu's Scent. Matra asked the lion with the best eyes to check the area again for lion tracks, the one with the sharpest nose to scan for Bantu's scent again, and consulted with the oldest lions, trying to find one that had experienced a similar situation. Under her leadership, a single lion footprint was soon located. The scent specialist quickly verified that this was Bantu's track, leading off along the trampled path.

Her instincts shouted for her to race alone the track and get Bantu as soon as possible, but she wanted to know what she was getting into. The eldest lion spoke up "I have seen this pattern before. In my youth I lived beside the distant

ocean. at the end of every rainy season, a great migration took place. The earth was covered by countless numbers of small ones, stretching from sun to moon. For day and nights unending, these creatures raced to the sea. They paid no heed to me or my fellow hunters, did not tend their sick or injured: their only concern was to complete their journey." The old lion fell silent. Matra as with growing apprehension, "What awaited them at journey's end?" After a moment, he replied "Their death."

The Lions were horrified. They were no strangers to death, knowing the harsh realities of life. It just made no sense to make such a migration with nothing to gain! The old lion continued "These creatures are tiny and live in the darkness of the earth until the rains end and they begin their final journey. When they reach the ocean, the leading ones leap off a high cliff without slowing. The ones behind follow, and all leap in their turn. None survive. I do not know why, only that it is the same each year. They are known as lemmings."

Without further hesitation, all the lions leapt back to the trail and ran harder than they had ever run before! Matra led the pride's charge across the plains, the trackers working to keep the tracks and scent of Bantu under control. Soon the smell of the salty ocean reached the group. Matra roared in worry and lengthened her stride so that she thought her heart would burst! Would they reach her son in time?

Meanwhile, Bantu and Iggy had caught up with the rest of the lemmings. The young lion was drinking in the sight of so many animals together, and the scent of the sea was strange addition to the experience. All the lemmings were rushing toward the water without stopping; Bantu began to be afraid. When he reached the edge of the plains, he looked down the cliffs at the sight of the magnificent blue-ocean. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen! This had to be "The Great Something!"

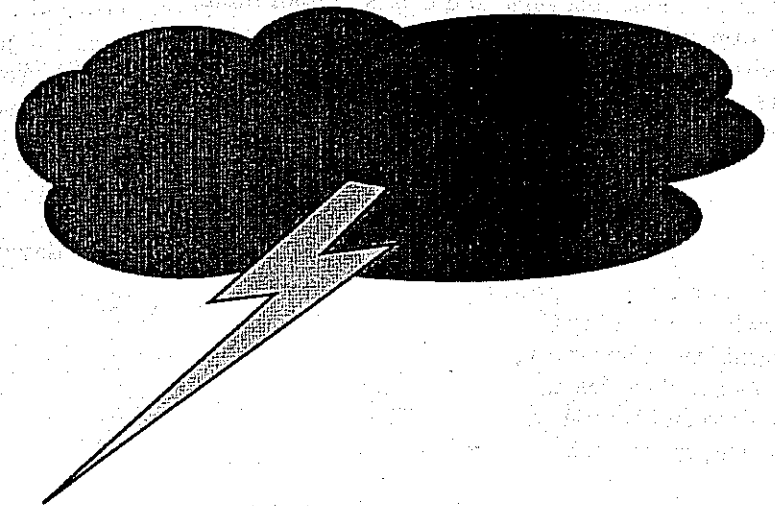
The only problem was that the lemmings were tumbling off the edge of the cliff. Stunned, Bantu turned to find Iggy. The little lemming was hurrying to join his comrades forgetting Bantu entirely. The confused lion caught up to Iggy at the very edge of the cliff, and stopped him. "What is happening, Iggy? Why are all the others jumping into the ocean? I don't understand!" Iggy replied, "Because that's what we do!" and started to go around his friend. "Where are you going?" cried Bantu. "Along." was the answer, and then Iggy was gone.

Bantu stood at the precipice for a long time, watching the dawn brightening the sky. It must be the way! It must! Bantu stepped to the edge and poised for a mighty leap, over, OVER, ALONG! When a mighty roaring made him leap around to face Matra and the rest of the pride, charging toward him. He greeted his mother and his friends sadly. After assuring herself that her son was all right, she asked him why he had left the pride. "To find 'The Great Something'" was his answer. "And what did you find?" she asked gently. "I found a friend, but he was only interested in doing what everybody else was doing, even if that meant he would die! All of them are gone, mother! Why?"

Matra said "Because it is their nature. They do not strive to be the best at anything, the best tracker, the best runner, only to blindly follow the rest of their kind and be exactly like every other lemming." Bantu looked around at the lions he had known all his life; the old and young, the sharp-eyed and keen-nosed ones, the great hunters and best playmates; all of these risked themselves for him and had used their individual skills as a team to reach a goal unreachable by a single lion.

"Mother, if it is all the same to you" he said, "I'd rather be a lion!"

And Thee?



When Lightning Strikes
Words and Music by
David Seguin

A shattered chord on a broken night,
A mother lies dying as a young child dies,
The sweet song of steel screaming on the wind,
All the women are wailing to the nights bitter end,

Horsemen riding in from the hills,
Dust in the air as your blood starts to chill,
Lightning bolts crackle with mem'ries of these,
Legends foretelling the slayers of beasts,

Chorus: There's a storm cloud coming gonna light up the night,
There's a storm cloud coming it's a horrible sight,
Bringing fire and steel from the heart of the night,
You better take cover when lightning strikes,
When lightning strikes, When lightning strikes...

I wouldn't lie and claim we all were saints,
Ours hands are just as bloody as those of the slain,
Don't be afraid,
There are no beasts in our eyes,
Only a soul in a hero's disguise,

When the blood lust sings in the back of your mind,
 All humanity's lost,
 The thin veneer of a lie,
 It's so hard to consider our mission of hope,
 Passions tied down by a hanging man's rope,

Repeat chorus:

(Guess) they thought they'd escaped when we found them at dawn,
 Swords flash like lightning,
 A righting of wrongs,
 Magnificence burns bright,
 A raven's dark feast,
 Sir Theo and company,
 The slayer of beasts,

Heed now my warning harbingers of the beast,
 Beware of storm clouds,
 Lighting the sky to the east,
 Know we will find you afore you get far,
 Annihilus descends,
 An avenging bright star,

Repeat chorus:

Celestial Kingdom Calendar of Events

Date	Event	Place
January 97		
10-13	Kingdom Mid-Reign Arts and Science Competition	Burnett
19	Duchy of Tori-Mar Coronation	TBA
February		
2	Kingdom Quest	TBA
13-17	SPRING WAR	Burnett
March		
16	Kingdom Qualification / Elections and GM Elections	Cedar Park
28-30	Kingdom Coronation	Burnett
April		
13	Weaponsmaster	TBA