

The Star of the Celestial Kingdom

October 15, 2000



Lands of the Celestial Kingdom
Amtgard, Inc.

Cover photo of Brak and Griffon at Quest
By Don Diego Velazquez

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Court of the Celestial Kingdom



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Prime Minister: Duke Sir Father Thomas von Draken
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Champion: Duke Sir Belgarin

Monarch's Guard:
Squire Vigus (captain) Squire Colonel
Sir Emanon Squire Yammish
Squire Abaddon Squire FalQuinn

Ladies of War:
Squire Lukretia Kyrinn
Squire Spice Sindel
Squire Xenith Tribble
Wisper

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Herald: Duke Sir Father Thomas von Draken

Regent's Guard:
Squire Kansuke (defender) Brasil
Squire Bromhir Edingdale Thun

Court Jester: Sir Theo Blackflame
Court Muzger: Sir Zircon
Lady in Waiting: Page Emerald
Court Executioner: Sir Margul

Class Guildmasters

Reeves
Anti-Paladin
Archer
Assassin
Barbarian
Bard
Druid
Healer
Monk
Monster
Paladin
Scout
Warrior
Wizard

Squire Gavin Tress'alon
Sir Theo Blackflame
Squire Sludig
Sir Azkar
Squire Bromhir
Squire Vigus
Sir Yonnah
Squire Colonel
Sir Flynn Telemion
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Sir Tiberius
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Lands of the Celestial Kingdom



Duchy of Bifoot - Kerrville, TX
Duke: Sir Raven Dragonsdown
Regent: Kahn
Prime Minister: Brother Stephan

Champion: Raig
Contact: Sir Raven Raven_d11@hotmail.com



Barony of Drakenrog - Round Rock, TX
Baron: Baron Sir Flynn Lyton Telemion
Seneschal: Phil McCroteh
Champion: Squire Medryn Darkjester

Contact: Don Diego Velazquez misterbard@aol.com



The Shire of FireFall - Killeen, TX
Baron: Squire Wyldecatt
Regent: Page Pierce
Chancellor: Page Azris

Defender: Lord Ironblade
Contact: Squire Wyldecatt wyldecatt@hotmail.com



Barony of Griffon's Keep - Victoria, TX
Baroness: Sir Lucifer Bolt Tendragon
PM and Regent: Lady Diamond Toldidia
Champion: Newt

Contact: Lady Diamond Diamondwd@hotmail.com



Barony of Talonfield - Bastrop, TX
Baron: Baronet Lord Jericho Armagh
Seneschal: Seyer Cassi of Greenfire
Champion: Wolfbane of the Blood Angels

Contact: Squire Aylis lady_aylie@hotmail.com



Duchy of Tirana - Austin, TX
Baroness: Squire Aysa Barek
Seneschal: Baron Lord Sir Kaderian
Defender: Baron Lord Sir Phinnue

Contact: Sir Wilhelm wilhelm@oor.com



Duchy of Tori-Mar - Austin, TX
Duke: Nightshade Rosa Darkjester
Regent: Gideon Wildfire
Seneschal: Sir Calibus

Champion: KFM
Contact: Nightshade nightshadrose@hotmail.com



Duchy of Traitor's Gate - San Antonio, TX
Duke: Dugal McVey
Regent: Squire Lucretia
Chancellor: Kyrup

Champion: Thanes
Contact: Dugal chwhite@texas.net



Barony of Xanadu - Harker Heights, TX
Baron: Lord Jarg
Regent: Lord Freeman
Seneschal: Don Theolanthilis

Champion: DragonLady
Contact: Mistress Yonnah yonnah@mail.n-link.com

*Note: Barren Donga and Dun Nan Goll are currently inactive

Regent's Letter

Unto the populace,

It has been a very long six months, but my reign is finally at an end. I am proud to have served as regent, and I hope that not everybody hates me after pushing so many people to do so many things. In the end, I know that the plans I organized could never have happened without the support of people who genuinely wanted to help.

I did manage to fulfill all of my promises to the kingdom. I ran several arts and sciences tourneys, all with themes, all with placement prizes, and all with awards in court. Every land responded to my call for park symbols, and all of these symbols are now published on the Celestial Kingdom web page. I also managed to work closely with Vermillion to get the Celestial Kingdom web page updated and accessible.

My duties aside, I also took on some other responsibilities. I have put out three Stars (including this one) in the last six months. I attended a few local arts and sciences tourneys as well as every kingdom level event. I even visited every park in the Celestial Kingdom at least once. And finally, I set up Kingdom Qualifications for next reign, and delegated the running of the event to very able officers. It's been a busy reign, but I've enjoyed it. The best part was seeing other people working along with me.

Talonfield managed to pull off one of the best run and best attended Collegiums I have ever been to. The ten year anniversary of the Celestial Kingdom at Midreign was tremendous! Dedicated people from Traitors' Gate ran a great kid's quest, and the A&S tourney showed a great deal of talent from the populace. Need I mention the fireworks? the role play at court? the excellent security? And Bresil was outstanding in his organization of Quest. The monsters were very prepared and well costumed. And our invasion of Ren Faire. . . well, the weather was about as dreary as can be (and I had a frenzied baby with me), but there was no shortage of Cker's at the event.

It's been fun, folks. I wish the best to my successor. I hope the initiatives I started live on well into the future. I hope I can walk away from my office with more successes than regrets. But most of all, I hope I continue to see the populace working towards the dream. Thanks for all your support.

Don Diego Velazquez

Candidates for the Crown

Monarch:	Aylia Clalibus
Regent:	Kyrinn
Champion:	Ernaken Belkev Clalibus Brak Tul Tokugawa

Kingdom Crown Qualifications are set for Sunday, Sept. 22 in Bifost.

Qualification requirements are as follows:

Monarch:	at least 5 culturals with a total average of 3.5, or enter 7 culturals with a total average of 3.0 Must enter at least 4 warskill events.
Regent:	at least 7 culturals with a total average of 3.5, or enter 9 culturals with a total average of 3.0 Must enter at least 4 warskill events.
Champion:	at least 3 culturals and have a total average of 3.5 or enter 5 culturals with a total average of 3.0 Must enter all warskill events.

All candidates must pass a reeve's test and a corpora test with a score no less than 70%.

In Service,
Lady Spice McGregor
Kingdom Scribe

Aylia's Address to the Populace

Greetings to all the Populace of the Celestial Kingdom,



I ask all of you respectively to take a moment and listen. Before I can truly ask anything of you, it is only fair that you get to know me.

I came into Amtgard a little over five years ago. I remember going to my first event not knowing anyone and feeling a little apprehensive of my surroundings. But instead of shying from the unknown, I put my hands to work and helped serve feast that night. The next weekend, a friend took me to Talonfield for the first time. The guys at the park gave me a rulebook and eventually placed a sword in my hands and I was thrust into battle. Within time, my hands learned Healer spells. That was it. I was in love with Amtgard.

But being part of the "game" always meant something more for me. And for this reason, I decided to put my hands to work in any way possible (serving feast, participating in clean up crews, cooking, setting up tables, driving people to events and even making garb for newbies, etc.) My hands have also worked in the offices of Seneschal (2 terms), Baroness (1 term), founding and leading the Circle of Greenfire and most recently as Grand Duchy Regent for the South and Secretary for the Board of Directors.

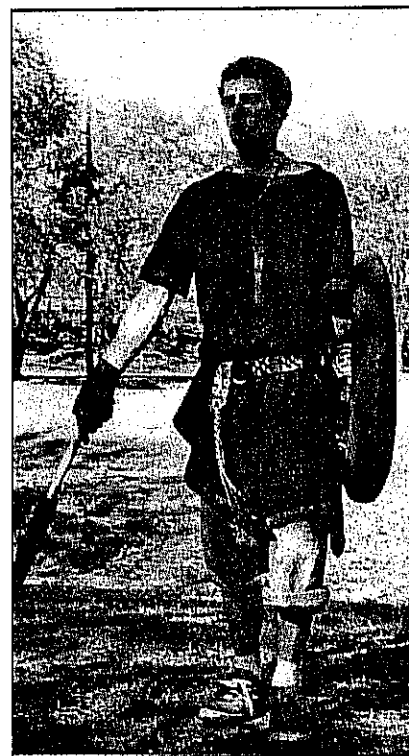
When I entered baronial and kingdom offices, I noticed that people always seemed to wonder what my motives were for putting my hands to work politically. Honestly, I do it selfishly. I do it for my love of the game. I do it because I enjoy being of service and available to the needs of the many. I do it because of the friends and people who have made me a part of their lives due to some foam and PVC. I do it because I like having fun on weekends. I have a great love for this kingdom, the ambience and the game. I would like to be a part of keeping the Dream and the Celestial Kingdom strong.

So it is at this time that I would like to offer my hands to be of service to you as Monarch. I, Lady Squire Aylia of Greenfire, do humbly announce my candidacy for Queen of the Celestial Kingdom.

And the First shall be Last,
Lady Squire Aylia Greenfire

Sir Clalibus' Address to the Populace

Sir Clalibus to all heroes, the sword bearers,



We delight to love after the law of Amtgard, which we seek to defend with our arms; and we are as much interested in the maintenance of morality as we can possibly can in war. For what profit is there in having removed the barbarians, unless we live according to law?

Certain servants, on our army's entry into statehood, have run away from their old masters and betaken themselves to new ones. Let them be restored to their rightful owners. Rights must not be confounded under the rule

of justice, nor ought the defender of liberty to favor recreant slaves.

Let other kings desire the Glory of battles won, of provinces taken, of ruins made; our purpose is, God helping us, so to rule that our subjects shall grieve that they did not earlier acquire the blessing of our dominion.

Sir Clalibus of Henceforth

Margul's Address to the Populace

I AM called Sir Master Warlord Marquis Baron and once, a long time ago, I was called Lord, but I am best know as Margul.



If I did half of the service and work that is implied with the above titles I would be qualified to be your monarch many times over. I am not going to give you reasons why I should be your next King, but rather why I shouldn't.

In the two years I have been in the CK, I have seen and heard a lot of empty promises. Empty might not be the best word. Most of the promises were given with the full intent that whatever it was would get done, but often Mundania rears its ugly head as is the case with me. The biggest thing I wanted to do was breathe new life into the local parks. I wanted to see old freinds enjoy new games and rehash old stories, maybe see the

pride in a newbie's face as he gets picked first for a battle game. These things don't just happen; it takes a lot of work and time. It takes calling people on the phone, e-mailing, driving 3 hours to a park just to be in a decent RP inspired battlegame, and I can't even drive to a park less than 10 miles away to play for 30 minutes.

I was asked to write a letter of intent as to what I am going to do as monarch. If you read the corpora, you know what I will do as monarch. Now if I was asked what I will do as an active member of the CK over the next six Months, the answer would be far more interesting. I am going to bring The Dark Carnival to the lands of the CK. What is the Dark Carnival you ask? All will be revealed in time my friends. For now, know that it will increase battle games at local parks, help bring attention to the hard work of many individuals and increase the general level of fun everywhere. It will also probably scare many of you. But it will not be brought to you by your monarch, for I cannot be the next monarch. My work will not allow it. I am greatly torn between my career and my life but right now I am at a turning point in my career that requires my full attention. I am sorry I cannot serve you at this time as monarch.

Margul

Kyrinn's Address to the Populace

Unto the Populace of the Celestial Kingdom,



Greetings, My name is Lady Squire Kyrinn Darkjester. Over the last two years I have served as Seneschal for the Barony of Drakenroc, Baroness of Drakenroc, and Regent of the Principality of Tir a Sol. At this point I have decided to run for kingdom Regent. I believe that this reign has the potential to be a great one, and that I will take part in making it great.

I believe very strongly in the Arts and Sciences and will promote them in as many ways as possible when I am elected. I will hold garbing and construction classes in each park area on a night separate from the day that park meets. I will be getting together with the local park officials to organize the dates for these A&S nights. I would like to bring new interests to people that may not have the tools or money to afford the A&S aspect of the game and show them that with the parks working together, it is possible for anyone to participate in the arts.

I also would like to set up an A&S e-mail list for those of us that would like to receive information on web-sites related to A&S and also as a resource for people to talk with each other to learn better, faster, and cheaper ways of creating works of art, be they of paper, fabric, or leather. With an e-mail list we could give those with less experience a tool to use to get in touch with people whom may have advice or the knowledge to help them. I hope that with this help we will see a rise in quality and numbers of entries in our A&S tournaments across the Kingdom.

These are a few of my ideas, the rest of which I will discuss with the new Monarch. Hope to see you all at Coronation!

With Hope in my Heart,
Lady Squire Kyrinn Darkjester
Regent of Tir a Sol

My First Quest



Part one...FUN with make-up

First thing I did once I got myself and the Vampire Bunny to the field was to help him get his "face" on and also attempted to help where I could... At that time the best I could do was put eyebrows on the vampire bunny and lend some black lipstick to a lil' goblin...I put in my customary red streak of hair and declared myself ready to get ready to start.

Part two...The search for a group

After the event got kicked out of the pavilion (someone had rented it out for a birthday party) I started trying to look for a group... Not much call for level one healers very often (to my frustration I learned Sunday after counting my credits I marked on my calendar that I could have played as a second level with those oh-so-precious brown entangle balls.) I wasn't having much luck and then I was requested to become a deep dwelling Dark Elf healer.

Part Three...The Fine art of Evil Healing

Carefully equiped with my relic to guard, (a nice crystal that allows the bearer to use the Anti-paladin Steal-life-spell once a game) a slight buffing by the GM of 2 extensions, my hair "hairspray" painted red (beyond my usual red streak), and a face full of wonderfully fun black facepaint patterns and sigils on my arms, I headed out into the brush with the 2 Dark elven archers.

Part Four....A bit of Mischief

The other Drow soon set upon working on our goal of picking off questors when we could and in general just making a teeny bit of havoc. I did the best I could to keep up. When first we attacked, I got confused on class abilities and such and got subdued for information. After that I once again had the fun of using a spell up by casting it on someone who is immune (and I didn't know it) and ended up getting killed and my relic taken.

Part Five....Necromancy is your friend

Later on Mandigore showed up and the REAL mischief started up. With a Dark Elf Necromancer it really heated our end of the battle up a bit! Nothing like calling a quest team member aside, watching the others touch of death and use the

reanimate type spell to subliminally make them our minions (Just role-playing in that statement, would sorta stink to be on the receiving end of that!). After all, we couldn't go fight the Titans when we had human slaves to do that for us! Hulking Titans! Serves them right for invading our lands!"

Part Six...An Ending

After we had a sufficient group of minions, Mandigore triggered the subliminal message he had impressed in their feeble human minds and sent them off after the Titans (or at least that's how it appeared to me). What a Glorious blood bath! I managed (I hope) to keep my Dark Elf compatriots fairly well healed and dealt out a few verbals while watching their backs! (Yeah, I should have let Sheckie *spelling anyone?* get Sludig for shooting him in the rear after his Visit ended but heh, I was in character!) Afterwards it was pretty much over. My only regret was that I could have been a bit more aggressive as I still had a life or 2 left over when everything was over...*looks shamed* oh well I'll be better prepared next time... All in all I had a BLAST my first time at a quest and playing a monster class. I'm already looking forward to the next quest...



Page Scarlet (Colonel's My Squirel)



DarkLord taking a breather

The Chronicle of Vampire Bunny

Hearing rumors of a vast supply of carrots, Vbunny quickly set out to a strange land called Traitors' Gate. Coming unto a clearing he saw groups of people preparing for something. He did not know who they were or what they were doing, but he knew there was not a carrot in sight. He passed these strange people and set out into the forest in search of his favorite treat.



Along the way he came unto an herb garden. Vbunny started munching on these strange herbs, but was quickly chased off by a dark elf female. He thought of just slaying the dark elf but the idea quickly left his mind as dark elf archers appeared next to her.

While hopping up a hill Vbunny spotted what looked like a giant people squashing everything in sight. "If there were carrots on top of the hill, it would be carrot juice by now", thought the Vbunny. Vbunny quickly retreated down the hill.

Just as he reached the bottom, he was suddenly surrounded by three giants. These giants were different though. These giants looked, and smelled, a lot nicer than the ones he encountered on top of the hill. Just as Vbunny was about to hop away, one of the giants started to dangle what looked like a carrot. Vbunny quickly responded to the tasty treat and followed these giants back to their dwelling.

While there he learned that these giants were sisters, and that they wanted something called a pet. Vbunny pondered at what a pet my be. But his curiosity soon disappeared as one of the giants gave him a huge basket of carrots. While munching on the last carrot, one of the giants mentioned something about taming and pointed toward the vampire bunny. He did not know what taming was, but knew that he did not want it. Vbunny quickly hopped out of the dwelling and back into the forest.

While in the forest, he encountered a man who looked like a mage. The mage started to say strange words and suddenly Vbunny was surrounded in a strange white mist. The mage looked into the mist to see if the spell had worked. Suddenly in the middle of the mist two red eyes glowed at him. Since his spell had not worked, the mage tried to run away. The mage was quickly chased down. "That is the last time he will make that mistake." Thought the Vbunny as he hopped away from the corpse.

Along the way Vbunny encountered many groups of people in the forest who were asking strange questions about something called a relic. Vbunny even came upon groups who offered him carrots for information. Vbunny helped these groups as best he could.

While going deeper into the forest Vbunny could hear the sounds of battle. He spotted a clearing and saw what looked like skeletons and humans battling each other. Vbunny quickly set out the opposite direction. Vbunny seemed to be hopping in circles because he suddenly ran into the hill where he had seen giants squashing everything. But now he could hear the sounds of battle on top of the hill. He could hear the clinging of swords....he could see the flying of arrows ... and the sparks of magics being exchanged on top of the hill. This thing called a relic must be very important. "Maybe I should try to get this thing called a relic too", thought the Vbunny

Just as Vbunny was about to join the carnage a little girl appeared and started dangling a carrot. She gave him the carrot, gave him a kiss on the forehead and called him a cute bunny. Vbunny forgot about the battle and quickly started to follow the little girl. She led him back to the dwelling of the 3 giant sisters. The sisters seemed happy to see the Vbunny. "Well, it won't be too bad staying here for a while" thought the Vbunny as he napped on the lap of one of the sisters. "Just as long as the carrots don't run out."

Vampire Bunny

Tirana's Community Service

The Barony of Tirana meets at Kendra Page Park. Kendra Page Park is located in east Austin in a low income part of town. A few months ago, there wasn't much room to fight because much of the park was overgrown with vegetation and not very well maintained. The leaders of Tirana came up with a solution to their limited fighting space, and at the same time beautified a little known Austin park. This letter sums up the results of their labors.



Austin Parks and Recreation

MEMORANDUM

TO: William Winnie, Coordinator for Tirana
Kendra Page Adopt-A-Park Group

FROM: Joan Canning, Parks Grounds Supervisor
South District

DATE: Sep. 15, 00

REFERENCE: Acknowledgement

Winnie,

I behalf of the Parks and Recreation Department, I thank you and your group for contributing a total of 219 volunteer hours at Kendra Page Park. The cash value of this amounts to \$2174. You have been very helpful by cleaning up trash, painting, removing brush, and building a trail through the woods.

Especially, I would like to thank you for keeping watch over the park. Your monitoring resulted in the rescue of two dogs (on about August 15, 2000). Because they had been chained to the park's interior and left without water for several days, your intervention was helpful in rescuing the neglected animals, and probably resulted in their adoption. The dogs were clearly out of sight, and had you not been so familiar with the park, they probably would have not been seen by anyone else.

Thanks again for your valuable contributions! I congratulate you and Tirana on your success in completing more than a year of faithful service to the citizens of Austin and the Parks and Recreation Department.

I hope that you will continue this relationship with our department. Your participation makes a huge difference!

Thank you again for your assistance. You did a *great job!*

Joan Canning

Chronicles of Ahdri



Shrouded in darkness, a figure moves alone, swiftly weaving through an obstacle course of trees. With movements like a shadow in your mind, it seems only a figment of your imagination, swearing you saw the flickering night, but upon a second glance you come to realize you were mistaken. Speed and grace seem almost inhuman as it streaks towards its destination, midnight robes blending in and out of the darkness as it travels.

Black wool dances silently on the warm summer breeze, as the cloak is tossed about by invisible hands, only a glimpse of raven hued garb visible from under the wall of black. Airy fingers try desperately to pry away the great cowl crowning

the stranger's head, but failing miserably in the task as the hood sits undisturbed on its perch.

Ahdri ignores the efforts as much as possible, her mind set on other things, much more important things, as she watches the trees pass by with out a second glance. He was probably already at the meeting point, she knew, but she was late from another job which proved to be very profitable. She just hoped like hell he would understand, forgive and forget and offer her the job despite her tardiness. A vexed sigh rolls from her lips and is instantly forgotten, deep pools of gray scanning the distance for tavern they were to meet at.

She plays the instructions over and over in her mind as she hurries along her way. Second table to the left of the hearth; he would be waiting for her, the dockside tavern a little before midnight. Go to the bar, order a bottle of icewyne, then go to the table. . . . second table to the left of the hearth where he would be waiting. Set the bottle down and tell him how she would like a drink. Small dockside tavern Yes, she knew the instructions well enough, even if she was running late.

Ahead a glimpse of light is caught within the twin smoky orbs hidden in the veil of shadow. "Finally", she mutters as she heads for the dim glow of lanterns. Her mind already begins to rest at ease. The dock approaches quickly as the woman moves from one shadow to the next, her eyes glancing about for any wanders that might be outside this night. But none were to be found, all seeking refuge from the heat of summer within the cool walls of the tavern. Smoke billows from the chimney of the tavern despite the heat, its gray silky strands slowly sifting into the heavens to disappear within the stars above.

Well this was it So with out further ado, she moves from the trees, soft leather boots falling silently upon the rotting planks of the dock. It seemed quite silly to place an establishment above the raging ocean below. But the tavern was busy enough, the noise from inside filtering out of the tall paned windows that overlooked the sea. Even with the waves lapping on the boards beneath her feet, Ahdri could not take her eyes off the great oak door just ahead, her mind still going over the rehearsed instructions of this meeting.

Grasping the brass handle upon the door she gives it a tug, hinges rusted from years above the sea moaning their complaints as the wooden slab slides open. One more sigh tumbles into the sticky air before the woman steps inside, not being able to help the disappointment of an entrance that was less than discreet.

The coolness hit her like a slap in the face, however, a pleasant change from the uncomfortable warmth she felt just moments before. As she strolls further into the tavern, she becomes more wary of her surroundings, her eyes scanning over the commons as she enters, studying each patron for a moment before moving on to the next.

It was the usual lot one would expect to find in a tavern: drunks with their mugs, barmaids with their trays, prostitutes, pimps, warriors looking for fights, along with a variety of strange

creatures from every part of the world imaginable. Dozens of employers just foaming at the mouth to find one of her . . . talents . . . But, the woman continues on through the fray, dodging and weaving past tables and people, eyes locked upon a long narrow counter just beyond the mass of flesh.

Squeezing past two men with weary worn faces, Ahdri steps up to the bar, her right hand lifting to catch the keeper's attention. A fat rather hideous man glances up from his task of wiping out a filthy cup with an even more filthy towel. With a guarded expression he begins to waddle towards her, eyes staring her up and then down, trying to penetrate the shadows that engulf her from head to toe. The tale tell markings of bartender came in the some what tightly tied apron about his middle, the once white cloth now yellow and stained from the man's dirtiness. She could not help turning her eyes from the man she utters her order softly, "Bottle of icewyn if you please . . ."

The keeper just stares at her for a long moment, his eyes leering down the length of her cloaked figure with the sounds of dulcet tones coming from the concealing hood. He obviously was not sure if she was male or female at first, but now that it is known the beginnings of a grin curve the corners of his mouth upward as he answers. "And, just how are you going to pay for this sweetheart?" His tone is lude and suggestive, two traits the assassin did not like. But, she is here for something more important than teaching this slob a lesson.

So with out another word she dips her fingers into a pouch hidden on her sword belt, lifting out a silver mark and tosses it on the bar. That should have been enough but . . . "I'm sorry my dear, but I don't deal with people I can't see . . ." The woman's eyes lift to find the keeper's grimy yellow teeth jutting from behind his dried and cracked lips, beady eyes playing upon the darkness within her hood as he played out the only ace in his hand.

"Is that so?" She replies, her eyes turning away from the horrid sight, trying very hard to keep her hands at her sides, when they so desperately wanted to reach for the tenders throat.

"Aye, that's the house rules I'm afraid . . ." He grinned out. Teeth clench together as she hears the man's tone, his meaning implied with each word.

"Very well . . ." She growls, not wanting to make a scene, the words coming out as a hiss over the grinding. Grasping the edge of her hood she pulls it back slightly, the glow of the lanterns stealing away the shadows from her face, revealing her visage under the dim light of the flickering wick above. Sunny wisps of hair freed from their wool prison cascade down the front of the midnight garment, the golden locks framing her features, so very delicate yet as hard as a rock. With thin brows pinning together in anger at the portly man Ahdri growls. "Now might I have my order sir?"

She demands rather than asks, her eyes moving away from his hideous face once more. A slimy whistle is produced from the keeper as he turns, getting the bottle from the shelves behind the bar and sliding it over the counter to the woman.

"Here you are lass . . . and you have yourself a -nice- day . . ." The words would turn a rodents stomach sick, and do no better for the woman's as she grabs the bottle with her right hand, pushing herself away from the bar to glance about the tavern.

Second table to the left of the hearth . . . she thinks to herself as she moves through the commons room, her body gracefully dodging those who stumble into her path. "Second table to the left . . ." She mutters softly, her words falling into the salty air of the tavern as she searches. Ah, there it was . . . but to her dismay there was not a soul occupying the round top.

Still hoping he was here she moves to the small bit of furniture, placing the bottle on its top and moving to one of the small chairs by it side. Gathering up the sides of her cloak, Ahdri drifts gracefully into the seat, not even a squeak emitting as she settles down on the hard surface. No, there was no man here, but a small piece of parchment adorned the top, slid under the candle holder that gave off its light to those who needed its aid. Glancing about Ahdri removes the paper, unfolding it to read the words scribbled there.

It gave a name only with an amount below. This was her next duty she knew, but where was

the client. "Never mind that . . ." She utters softly, her eyes drifting from the paper as she gently returns it to its original form, slipping it into the folds of her cloak to hide with the rest of her. Duke Manoro was to be next, and as the name echoed in her thoughts she began plotting a way to dispose of the unwanted pest. It might sound cruel, but that was her job, her life, her only reason for existing, so of course she took pride in his death.

Each "job" was different than the others, each having a grandiose ending as to pay homage to the deceased. Pondering silently, fingers slide up the bottle long clear neck, lifting the cork from its perch and setting it beside the small candle. Dark gems drift to the flames of the nearby hearth as she ponders the demise of the Duke, her mind tumbling over a million different execution techniques.

Lifting the glass bottle to her lips, she pours some of the sweet liquor into her mouth, letting it coat her throat with its burning sensations. The bottle drops to the table once more, her gray eyes resting upon the dancing flames as they tumble over one another in their violent cycle of torment.

For a moment her thoughts drift away from the Duke, rolling over the existence of the flames as they lick the stone, black marks streaking up the hard forms, making them flawed. Perhaps she was like that stone, flawed, blackened. . . but only on the outside. Shaking her head she tries to remove the thoughts, her mind returning to the task at hand.

"No time for such nonsense." She mutters as she turns her eyes from the fire back to the bottle, the thoughts driven back to the dark recesses of her mind. The Duke was the only thing that mattered at the moment. His death was the only thought that needed to be pondered. And, as she stood to leave, the woman glanced one last time into the flames before heading towards the door. . . Yes . . . this one would be great.



FEAST!

"FEAST!" should bring a thrill of excitement to the populous instead of, as I have heard, "I would pay to be able not to go". This should not be! Feast was all the areas of entertainment of the period wrapped into one. Some would go on for three days.

Sumptuous, spectacular, noble, magnificent and historic were these feasts. Laws were passed (Sumptuary Laws) to prevent the lower classes from bankrupting themselves trying to copy nobles feasting revels. Have we lost our ability to celebrate? Are we so bereft of imagination, or are we just trying to get that Rose with the least amount of effort?

We must let our creative abilities burst forth at feast not just at A&S exhibits. All our talents should be on display at feast, song, dance, mock battles, joke telling, story telling, and MUSIC. Learn what went on at feast. It is incredible what they were capable of.

"Sir Gawain and the Green Knight" by Chaucer is a beginning. The Green Knight challenged Lancelot to mutual beheadings with Lancelot to go first! Feasts were not orgies of gluttony they were contests of etiquette. Paramount Pictures did us all a disservice with its portrayal of King Henry VIII. Turkey legs indeed!! Prodigious books on etiquette were written and followed that described which finger each certain food should be picked up with.

Lavers of rosewater were passed around to wash your hands with in between courses. Great VARIETY of foods were passed by noble servitors. When feast lasted for six hours you did not eat everything! Discretion and choice were the rules of the day.

The titles of the food servers were not merely ceremonial. Noble youths were sent to court to learn to serve well in a noble household. It was superb means for second sons to hear the politics of the table, meeting and serving the great.

Each such domestic station had its title and its tools. One of the most exalted positions was the Carver's. A son might so serve his father (as did Chaucer's Knight's), the most trusted squire so cater to the lord his employer. A prodigious number of rules and technical terms pertain to carving, preparing, and presenting fowl, flesh, and fish.

The Panter, guardian of the lord's bread (from the French word pain), ceremoniously rolled the portpayne, the special cloth for carrying bread. He used three knives at his own breadboard: a chaffer for large loaves, a parer, and a trencher knife for smoothing the edges of the specially sliced bread that served as platters.

The Butler supervised butts of wine and ale, with responsibility for checking and cleaning all cellar casks, funnels, and spigots as well as for avoiding spoilage and pilfering.

The court Steward, who supervised the food service, and Chamberlain tasted or instructed others in the delicate craft. Other gentlemen of the household included the Sewer, charged with arranging dishes before and after they reached the table; the Almoner, guardian of the Alms Dish in which first crusts cut from bread as well as left-over foods were placed for distribution to the poor; the Surveyor, who controlled the surveying board to which the Cook directed the bringing of individual serving platters; the Marshalls, Squires, Ushers, and Sergeants-at-Arms, who carried the platters and tureens to the noble feasters.

Dressed in the costume of the noble house, these members of the catering staff augmented feast ceremony by their patterned routines for service and by the ritual genuflections and choreography of their movements." (Fabulous Feasts by Madeleine Pelner Cosman)

There is much to learn but the richness and excitement of feasts is what we are missing in our period re-enactment. We are just not having enough fun!!

the MOST humble servant,
Brother Stephon



Crown Qualifications Hosted by The Duchy of Bifost

Come and join us in the beautiful hills of Bifost for the biannual event of Crown Quails. We promise that you will be charmed and facenated by the challenge of competition. The fabulous food, prepared by our own personal chef, and the fun battle games

Event Date: Oct, 22, 2000

Place: Bifost, Kerrville, Texas

Time: 12:00-6:00, All sign ins end @ 2:00

Autocrat: Duke Sir Raven Dragonsdawn

Coautocrat and Feasto'crat: Brother Stephon

Arts and Sciences: Don Diego and Khan

Warocrat: Ralg

War Tourney Events

Single sword
Florintine

Sword and shield
Throwing Dagger or Bow

Polearm
Open

Arts and Sciences Categories

2-D art
court weapon
active construction
factual writing
fighting garb
court accessory

3-D art
shield construction
passive construction
armor construction
court garb
bardic

fighting weapon
rose entries
fictional writing
cooking
fighting accessory

Feast

Appetizers: brochettes of marinated venison
luce wafers (a cheese and fish fritter)
Sausages
hot soft pretzels with a black pepper/parmesan dip
cold fruits

Desserts: funnel cake
various types of beignets and other delectables

Refreshments: With a keg of cold Sangria to cut the traveling dust

Donations for feast will be accepted

Directions : (from San Antonio) take I10 W to Hwy 16, and go left, past the hospital and over the bridge. Take the 1st right and then another right at the light.

CK Nu BOSS PaRTY!!!!

(CK CORONATION)

Wear: Wear? We Like 'em BIRFDAY Soots!

(WHERE: BURNET COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS)

WeN: No MeMBuR 3, 4, 5.....No MeMBuR? He NoT HeRe!

(When: November 3,4,5)

Gate: WoT Gate?

(Gate Open Late Thursday)

FuD: BuRD, PiG

GReeN STuF.

(Feast: Cornish Hen

A La Orange,

Roast Pork, Mixed

Veggies)

Feast planned
For 7pm

Gate Fee:

5+Thumb

(GATE FEE: \$10)

BATTLEGAME:

STONEY REVENGE!

KIDS QWES:

eaT KIDD'S?

(There Will Be A Kid's Quest)

(TOURNEY TIME PERMITTING) (POSSIBLE MIDNIGHT JUGGING)

Note: Feast will be served in the style of a 12th century English/Norman household. No such thing as buffet. Each Duchy, Barony, Shire, Company, Household, or Knight will be responsible for having a person or persons of good repute to serve their table.

Calendar of Upcoming Events

October:

14-15: Kingdom Voting in the Celestial Kingdom (proxy)

Contact: Father Tom DarklordFT@aol.com

21-22: Celestial Kingdom Crown quals/elections at Bifost (Asian/Far East theme)

Contact: Sir Raven Dragonsdawn Raven_d11@hotmail.com

28: Wetlands Nighthunter

Contact: Fionghal fionghal@chaosbutterfly.com

29: Wetlands Invasion of Texas Renaissance Festival

November:

3-5: Celestial Kingdom Coronation at Burnett County Fairgrounds

Contact: Don Diego misterbard@aol.com

12: Ducal Coronation at Traitor's Gate

Contact: Dugal chwhite@texas.net

18: Wetlands Crown Qualifications

Contact: Daxon DAXON_Goldmoon@Hotmail.com

18-19: EH Crown Qualifications

December:

2-4: Wetlands Kingdom Coronation

2-3: Kingdom Voting in the Emerald Hills (proxy)

15-17: Emerald Hills Kingdom Coronation



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