

The

Star

Vol. 3

1993

THE STAR
Volume 3, 1993

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KNOW UNTO ALL WHOM THESE PRESENCE COME THAT THIS BE THE COURT OF
THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM

KING- Sir Michael Hammer of God	PRINCE OF THE HIGHLAND LAKES - Carnellian Talltree
PRINCE REGENT- Squire Mandrake Duabhar	REGENT OF THE HIGHLAND LAKES - Thax of Dragavon
PRIME MINISTER- Sir Zephram MacLaren	GENERAL MINISTER- not anymore!
CHAMPION- Sir Chad'do	Kingdom Herald- Duke Sir Pebyr ap Cucorin
Capt. of the Guard - Arthon of the Golden City	GM of Reeves- Dom Perimone
Royal Guards - Baron Malkion Squire Vlar Squire Vistar Lord Durin Sea Eagle Gernabwy the Parrot	Court Bard - Baron Sir Calvin MacDruin Court Jester - Maniacles GM of Smiths - Duke Sir Rufus Grimwulff GM of Engineers - Squire Graylin Silverstar
Tatsu Kokugawa Darkstar Maniacles	GM of Armorers - Squire Martel GM of Literature - Baron Sir Calvin MacDruin
Prince's Defender- Hulka of Allandar	GM of Garbers - Contessa Franchesca... GM of Art - Lord Master Nightlynx

FIGHTING CLASS GUILDMASTERS

ANTIPALADINS- Sir Imagg N'Feasant	MONSTERS- Thistlewy
ARCHERS- Lord Aillios	PALADINS- Sir Michael H.O. God
ASSASSINS- Darkstar	SCOUTS- Sir Chad'do
BARBARIANS- Lord Durin SeaEagle	WARRIORS- Squire Fnord Farthing
EARDS- Squire Mandrac	WIZARDS- Baronet Felonious (Sq.)
DRUIDS- Matthew LeGrey	KNIGHTS- Sir Chad'do ^{Sp-2}
HEALERS- Squire Balinor	CIRCLE OF STEEL-Golden Lions
MONKS- Lord Conor MacAidlan	

More names and addresses from around the Celestial Kingdom...

PRINCIPALITY OF THE...UM..UH..

Prince Carnellian Talltree
c/o Chris Glover
334 Hartwood Dr.
Austin, TX 78745
(512) 441-4476

Prin. Reg./Gen. Min. Thax
c/o Matthew Griffith
(relocated)
(512) 371-7735

DUCHY OF TORI-MAR

Duke Fnord Farthing (VI?)
c/o Kerry Havas
2607-B Reeves Circle
Austin, TX 78741
(512) 445-7392

DUCHY OF TURIS LUNAE

Duchess Averill
c/o April Bremner
115 NW Loop 410, Apt. 21E
San Antonio, TX 78216
(210) 342-1157

DUCHY OF TIRANA

Duke Britaine
(512) 447-3261
(Please do not leave
a message!)

BARONY OF BIFOST

Baron Imagg N'Feasant
c/o Jimmy Coogins
HCR 7, Box 456-A
Ingram, TX 78025

Phone c/o Theo Blackflame
(210) 896-2261

BARONY OF RAGNAROK

Baron Angrist
c/o Kelly T. Cochran
2504 Greenbrier Dr.
Killeen, TX 76543
(817) 690-1167

PRIORY (SHIRE) OF DRAGONROK

Father Dunbar of Dungleen
c/o Bart Starr
101 Glen Oak Ln.
Leander, TX 78641
(512) 259-5593

FREE BARONY OF MORDENGARD

Baroness Shadowcat
(Theresa Bodley)
Please contact through
Carl Bodley [(512) 255-8418]
or Chris Bodley [(409) 775-4813].

ROYALTY OF THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM

King Michael H.O. God
c/o Will Jordan
7810 Callahan, #2603
San Antonio, TX 78229
(210) 377-2251

P.M. Zephram MacLaren
c/o Curtis Wade
11909 Buckingham Rd.
Austin, TX 78759
(512) 918-0031

Prince Mandrac Duabhar
c/o Carlton Stewart
4550 Ave. A, #203
Austin, TX 78751
(512) 453-3189

TO THE POPULUS OF THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM

Greetings. I think it is important for me to write these letters for inclusion in the Star. This way you all can find out what is going on in the kingdom and more importantly just what your elected monarch is up to. By the time you read this letter you will know that there has been a great war between our kingdom and the Emerald Hills. With any luck you will also know that we won that war and can hold our heads up high. I know the organization of the war was somewhat less than perfect and for that I apologize. King Cabal and I only had a month to plan it and it was very difficult to plan around our individual kingdom's Schedules.

Included in this Star or given out at the same time as the Star should be a mid-reign flyer. If you don't have on shake down you local chancellor. At mid reign each of the Dukes will be holding his or her closing court and they should be giving out awards and recognizing their successors. This should make the kingdom court shorter so we can all get on to the reveling that we all love. Since this is the first time that the burden of awards has been this heavily on the dukes bear with us. If you get passes over for something you may deserve, get someone else to politely bring it to your local monarchs attention. (Squires, get your knight to do it, it works better).

Finally a word about the rules. Perimon has done signal service in trying to get a consistent set of clarifications into everyone's hands. However, relief is in sight. THE OFFICIAL 6TH EDITION RULES are in existence and should be available to every one by Christmas. I know these rules were done in the Burning Lands and that we had little or no say in them but I urge all of you to look at the rules as the godsend that they are. we are only awaiting news that they are official before beginning wide scale dissemination

Also for everyone who has not heard the Barony of Ragnarock (Killeen Tx.) is now back in the kingdom, and some of their people should be at both the war and mid-reign. Baron ^{August} ~~Amant~~ is in charge now supported by his regent Savah. He's got a real nifty barony up there and I encourage all of you to go visit if you get a chance.

YOURS

MICHAEL HAMMER OF GOD, REX CELESTIUM

FELICITATIONS UNTO THE POPULACE:

It seems traditional in times of late for Royal officers to deliver a farewell epistle underscoring the best and worst facets of their reigns. I, therefore, shall perpetuate the trend.

I shall start with the best. Since May, financial accountability has been established so that money no longer disappears inexplicably out of the Kingdom coffers, Baronies and Duchies have been officially delineated, newsletters have been made available to the contributing members (thanks in part to Duke Fnord) on a regular basis, and (due to the tireless efforts of the Chancellors and Seneschals of this Kingdom) weeks, awards, and membership statuses have been brought up-to-date for all groups except Bifost. Since May, the Barony of Tirana has become a Duchy to be reckoned with, Bifost & Ragnarok have become more involved in the goings-on of the Kingdom, and we have proven our significance to the other Kingdoms by our performance as a Kingdom at Olympiad IV and our presence at Clan. Our population is growing such that a new Barony may be forming from a shire in Round Rock (a suburb just North of Austin). The Prince of the (now unnamed) Principality has promised to start a shire in far North Austin (which may be rendered moot by the presence of the group in Round Rock) and a Saturday group. All of these events indicate growth, if a bit unbridled.

The worst aspects of my term ran as follows. The Kingdom has spread out so much that the task of the Royalty will soon be much harder; with the proliferation of 2-3 new groups in the Austin area, a Royal outside of the area will need to make that many more long-distance calls (our phone bills are already staggering) and will need to mail off that much more correspondence to organize events. I'm glad that I won't be in office to bear the brunt of this development.

In this vast Kingdom, I have witnessed a divestiture of culture/attitude as well. Our Southern groups (Turis Lunae & Bifost) have more of the organized and formidable fighting companies while Tirana and Tori-Mar possess greater prowess in the Arts & Sciences and (along with Ragnarok) have more players who stress roleplay. These two cultures have split to such an extent that my fellow Tori-Marians reported to me that members of Annihilus, upon their departure from the Weaponmaster Tourney, shouted "Austin sucks! Tori-Mar sucks!" from their car. Shadow (the Kingdom Champion) at the same event referred to the Principality as "that Principality thing" during a speech to the Populace. This split in perspectives along with the resurgence of Ragnarok and the explosive growth in Austin tells me that the time draws nigh for the Principality to become her own Kingdom alongside the Celestial Kingdom. The Celestial Kingdom can continue to exist on its own without the Principality (which has had the power, by Allthing, to become its own Kingdom since July 31) if Turis will but draw upon the vast population in the San Antonio area and bring in new members like Austin has. This split, by the way, will lend greater proportional voting power to the smaller groups in the area and increase the amount of "new blood" circulating into our higher offices.

If Royal status remains as expensive -and exhausting- as it has been and will become all-the-more without change, we will find our choices for Royal office more and more limited and our administration clumsy from the weight of responsibility.

In Hope of Recovering The Dream,

Zephram

Earl Sir Zephram MacLaren
Prime Minister of the Celestial Kingdom

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SEPTEMBER:	12	Weaponmaster Tourney (Austin)
	25-26	Emerald Hills Mid-Reign (Dallas)
OCTOBER:	10	Tourney of the Flatbird (a nobles' tourney)(Tori-Mar)
	24	Monster Bash and Costume Contest (Turis)
	31	Halloween, All Hallow's Eve, Samhain Tirana Qualifications (Tirana) (tentative) Turis Lunae Qualifications (Turis)
NOVEMBER:	6	Highland Lakes' day-trip to the Texas Renaissance Festival (Magnolia)
	7	Tori-Mar Qualifications (Tori-Mar)
	13-14	the Kingdom Celestial Kingdom Mid-Reign and Prime Minister Election (alt. site for Performance Contest)
December:	18	Rufus' and Kendra's Public Wedding
	19	Yule Revel (proposed - Highland Lakes) Kingdom Performance Contest
	25	Christmas (Everywhere)
January:	1	New Year's Day (Everywhere)
	9	Annihilus Quest (Bifost) for: Dagger o' Inf. Pent., Demon Blade, Dwarven Arm, & Odin's Hammer
	30	Crown Declarations due to local Monar: Tiger Clan Quest (Turis) for: Shield o' Refl., Sword o' Flame, Homestone, & Ring of Power
February:	6	Crown Declarations Due to King or P.M
	13	Crown Qualifications (Bifost)
	26-27	Coronation (Tori-Mar)

Thus shall end the Reign of H.M. King Michael and H.R.H. Prince Mandrak

Please Note: ArmadilloCon will be Nov. 5-7 at the Red Lion Inn,
Austin.



CHECKING ACCOUNT STATEMENT

ACCOUNT NUMBER: XXXXXXXXXX

ITEM COUNT: 6

M

AMTGARD THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM
11909 BUCKINGHAM RD
AUSTIN TX 78759STATEMENT DATE
FROM:

TO: 08/26/93

09/25/93

PAGE: 1

ENDING BALANCE PREVIOUS STATEMENT	DEPOSIT AMOUNT	CHECKS/WITHDRAWALS AMOUNT	INTEREST PAID	MONTHLY SERVICE CHARGE	ENDING BALANCE
323.75	140.35	85.45		5.00	373.65

DATE	CHECK NO.	DESCRIPTION	WITHDRAWALS	DEPOSITS	DAILY BALANCE
08/25/93		** BASIC CHECKING **			323.75
08/25/93		PREVIOUS BALANCE			323.75
08/25/93	0106	CHECK PAID	323.8		323.75
08/25/93		DEPOSIT - BALCONES WOODS		140.35	323.75
08/25/93	0103	CHECK PAID	6.50		323.75
08/25/93	0128	CHECK PAID	21.00		323.75
08/25/93	0128	CHECK PAID	19.97		323.75
08/25/93	0102	CHECK PAID	6.50		323.75
08/25/93	0130	CHECK PAID	18.00		323.75
08/25/93		MONTHLY SERVICE CHARGE	5.00		323.75
08/25/93		ENDING BALANCE			323.75

NUMBER OF DAYS THIS STATEMENT PERIOD = 31

QUESTIONS? CALL MONEYTALK FOR 24-HOUR ACCOUNT INFORMATION. IN FORT WORTH AND
ALLAS, 428-1254; IN HOUSTON AND AUSTIN, 442-1254; ELSEWHERE, 1-800-442-1254.

17 1993

...AND NOW FOR THE REST OF THE CHANGES RATIFIED BY THE ALLTHING OF JUNE 24, 11 ...

Fi

Proposal 1: Add Guildmaster(mistress) of Forst Aid, GM of the Hearth,
& GM of Children to the list of appointments.

Proposal 2: Periodic contributions of sustaining membership are as follows:
\$1 = 1 month, \$5 = 6 months, \$10 = 1 year,
\$200 = Lifetime (to be paid within the span of 1 year)

Proposal 3: The following rules on etiquette will be in effect at Court:
1) "Clear" will be yelled before live steel is drawn;
2) Peace ties will be enforced as per mundane law;
3) Only the King/Queen may ever draw live steel;
4) The Monarch may forbid the presence of padded weapons.

Proposal 4: Brass hats: A "Brass hat" refers to the crown, coronet, or fillet worn by a noble
1) The King/Queen & Royal Regent/Consort shall wear crowns
3" or larger in width, including points. No one may
equal or exceed this measure.
2) Coronets for Viscount and above will be no more than
2.5" wide, including points.
3) Nobles below Viscount and above Baron(ess) will have a
coronet equal to , but not exceeding, 1" in width.
4) A Baron(ess) or Baronet will have a coronet no more than 1" wide.
5) A Lord/Lady will have a fillet no more than 1/2" wide.
6) All other nobles' fillets will not have points and
will not exceed 3/8" in width.

Proposal 5: Allthings will be called at least 2 weeks in advance and all
contributing members will have reasonable opportunity to hear of it in advance.

Proposal 10: Change in Quorum for Allthing: In the event that each Barony does not have
5 contributing representatives and each Duchy does not have 10 contributing
representatives present at an Allthing, 2/3 of the Kingdom's contributing
membership will suffice for a quorum (provided that this proportion can be
verified before the start of Allthing).

Proposal 11: When a Kingdom contribution is rendered to a local (Ducal, Baronial,
Municipal) officer, 1/2 of the money is kept by the local group and
half is given to the Kingdom (Prime Minister); at both levels, however,
the membership is in effect for the full term (i.e., \$5 = 6 months).
In any event, that member is only entitled to The Star if Kingdom received
at least \$1.

di

NEW AWARDS

The Celestial Idiot: Given once per reign to the person that best exemplifies this award with a single act of
Supreme Stupidity. Favor is gold with a golden idiot on it.

Golden Boken: Recipient may receive this only once. It is hereby defined to be an award for an
outstanding new fighter that has been in Amtgard for 6 months or less. Black fav. w/Gold Boken.

Golden Arrow: One - time award for "beyond the" mastery of the bow. Black favor with gold arrow.

Golden Stag: One-time award for a supreme act of bravery in the spirit of the Dream. Black fav. w/gold stag.

Golden Dove: Unstackable, unlimited service award for menial jobs that no one was willing to do but that
you were willing to do just because it would be nice, not because you wanted to get an award.
Black favor with gold dove.

Golden Dragon: One-time award given for the best and bravest example of the attributes that represent the
Celestial Kingdom. Black favor with gold dragon.

Drofus: Unlimited and Wstackable, given for the human act of stupidity.

10 to be a Master Drofus and eligible for the Guild of Idiots.

All Kings/Queens are automatically eligible for the Guild.

The current King/Queen is automatically Guildmaster of Idiots.

Citation of Lancelot: Unlimited, unstackable, similar to the Dove, given for an act of chivalry in Battle or Tourney.

To Celestial Kingdom:

Please accept an official apology from the Barony of Ragnarok for any misunderstandings. Let it be known that Anam has quietly but officially resigned as the Baron of Ragnarok. Be assured that Anam's views were not shared by the populace. Our new Baron is Angrist. The mistakes that were made with the orders are being rectified immediately. Please be patient. We are working as quickly as we can to get all paperwork updated, corrected and sent to the Prime Minister of our Mother Kingdom. We are also endeavoring to put a stop to all false rumors concerning our Barony. Please note-there are not any Knights at Ragnarok nor any one claiming to be one. Further note: Let it be known that Foxtwythen has not been an active participating member of Ragnarok for several months. We are endeavoring from this day forth to be in better communication with Celestial Kingdom.

Again, please accept our apology.

The Barony of Ragnarok

Points of contact are as follows:

BARON-ANGRIST
a.k.a. Kelly T. Cochran
2504 Greenbrier Dr.
Killeen, Tx. 76543
(817) 690-1167

SENECHAL-MORETA
205 E. Cardinal Ln.
Harker Heights, Tx. 76543
(817) 699-1984 after 4:30 p.m.

CONSORT-SAVAH
205 E. Cardinal Ln.
Harker Heights, Tx. 76543
(817) 699-1984

Angrist Dragonslayer, Baron of
Ragnarok

Monta

Loval

FERE

Starlock Everblade

Fudd/Wazey

Ramheart

Chabreanhandyn

Corin

Chieplain

Katar

Longbow

Winnowill

CELESTIAL KINGDOM ADDRESS

Nov. 12-14, 1993
Camp Ben McCullough

The Duchy of Tirana is proud to present King Michael's and Prince Regent Mandrake's Midreign celebration. There will be juggling, gift making, belly dance teaching, wreath making, Ducal and Baronial Courts, and bookbinding! (We may even see the Principality hold court!) The feast promises to be the best ever! It will be like the old days of Rome when food was made to be eaten until there was none. Following is the Schedule of events:

Friday:

As soon as we get there: Site crew opens and begins prepping the site for early campers

Saturday:

11:30 Show up and sign in.
12:00 Beladl Dancing class with Contessa Franchesca and Baroness Vera
Battle games run by Principal Regent Thax and Lord Perimone
1:00 Wreath and gift making by Contessa Franchesca and Ducal Regent Tinuviel
2:00 Court Garbing by Ducal regent Tinuviel
Juggling Contest run by King Michael (Rules will be given at sign in)
3:00 Bookbinding with Prince Carnelian
4:00 Break for an hour
5:00 Coronations for the following Duchies: Tirana, Tori-Mar, and Turris Lunae
Each in their own camp sites
6:00 Feast at the Picnic tables followed by Kingdom Court at the Pavilion.
After that, Party!

Sunday:

10:00 Wake up and clean up
11:00 leave
12:00 Site crew leaves.

Feast will consist of: Slow cooked brisket (spiced and unspiced for those with restrictions), Ham with apple sauce on the side, Pears in wine sauce, Dates Alexander, Grapes to peel, Carrots and Greenbeans, various breads and butters, Hot Cider (sweetened and unsweetened), Chocolate (hey, its Period, OK!), and Cheese cake.. We know that there are those of you that cannot eat certain things so tell us what you need and we will see if it is financially possible for us to come up with something for you. We want everyone to enjoy themselves at this event and will work with anything being said this is the official Camp list of rules:

1. No Glass Containers. (Bring cloth covered containers of plastic or cloth covered cans of your favorite liquid)
 2. No off road vehicles.
 3. No Pet off leash.
 4. No firearms or pellet guns.
 5. No Fireworks. (The grass is very dry, there is no way to fight a grass fire)
 6. Please Drive on Roads.
 7. Please use trash cans. (We will be handing out trash bags)
- All Laws apply. Speed limit is 15 mph. To cover your containers of various libations make a cover of similar design to your weapon cover.

We need: Crock pots, servers, 6-10ft by whatever you got tarps with ropes and stakes, a step ladder, balloons and streamers, brooms, and clean up crew.

You bring:

- Good tent
- Warm bedding
- Lots of warm clothes (remember this is November)
- Gloves
- thermal undies
- heavy cloak, and rain gear
- extra fur or blanket to sit on at court (so you can huddle together to keep warm)
- Wooden feast gear so your food will not get cold fast (get it at Goodwill or Pier One Imports, they also have spoons, forks, knives)
- A good sized stein or drinking vessel that will keep your drink warm and not burn your hands
- Soap to wash your dishes, (there is a sink in the Kitchen)
- Bathing stuff, (there are showers and working toilets)
- Lights, lots of light sources!!!!!!
- And any personal stuff you need

We are going to use the tarps to enclose the pavilions in case there is a cold front and we need to eat there instead of the tables.
Feast is \$6.00, site is \$9.00 payable in cash, and cashiers checks made out to the Celestial Kingdom. Personal checks will be accepted on per person basis due to several of us consistently bouncing checks. If your's bounces you may be charged a fee and/or be turned into the Attorney General's office, yes it is that bad. Volunteers will get a \$1.00 discount on the feast.

Autocrat

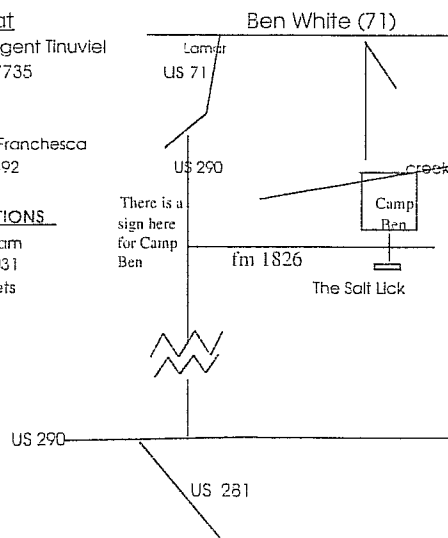
Ducal Regent Tinuviel
512-371-7735

Other

Contessa Franchesca
512-445-7392

RESERVATIONS

Earl Zephram
512-918-0031
special diets



Directions:

IH 35 From all points north take IH 35 south to Austin, take the Ben White exit to S. Lamar, go south. You will see a split of US 71 and US 290, take the 290 turn to the left until you see a sign on the right saying Camp Ben. This is fm 1826. YOU WILL TURN LEFT.

There will be a sign telling you how far you are from the camp. Amtgard signs will be on this road. The camp will be on the left.

From all points south take US 281 north to US 290 north. There will be a sign on the left saying Camp Ben on it, this is fm 1826.

YOU WILL TURN RIGHT. Follow the directions mentioned in the previous directions. Those traveling north on IH 35 take the Ben white exit and follow the directions for all points north.

map not to scale in any way shape or form

Amtgard takes Renfest!

- ① When little birds are busy with their song
- ② Who sleep with open eyes the whole night long
- ③ Life stirs their hearts and tingles in them so,
- ④ Then off as pilgrims people long to go,
- ⑤ And palmers to set out for distant strands
- ⑥ And foreign shrines renowned in many lands.
- ⑦ And specially in Texas people ride
- ⑧ To the Renaissance Festival from every countryside
- ⑨ To enjoy there the music, mirth and merriment
- ⑩ And return home knowing their money's been well spent.

Chaucer?

The Principality of the Highland Lakes announces its first annual trip to the nineteenth annual Texas Renaissance Festival! Come join our pilgrimage to the yearly celebration of darker ages.

Pilgrims must acquire their own tickets. Admission at the gate is \$12.95 per adult, \$6.95 per child (5 - 12) after a long wait in line, or tickets may be purchased in advance at HEB while they last.

Our journey begins the morning of Saturday, the sixth day of November, in the Dutchy of Tori-Mar. We travel south, stopping in Tirana and from there to our destination, Renfest. We return home late that evening, in time to compete in the qualifications tournament of Tori-Mar on Sunday.

Seats are limited by vehicles so reserve yours fast or volunteer your vessel to the voyage. Regent Thax can be reached at 371-7735 or leave a message.

Unto the Peoples of Turris Lunae

Ducal Tourney will be held Nov. 7 in Olmos Park. The Schedule is:

11:30am Sign in
12:00pm Begin War Events
2:00pm Begin cultural Events

Reeve & Corpora Tests will given though out the day.
Voting will occur after all events.

The events are as follows:

War Events

1. Single Sword
2. Sword & Shield
3. Double Dagger
4. 2-man Teams
5. Dual Swords
6. Archery

A seventh event of free style
will be held if needed.

Cultural Events

1. Garb
2. Weapon Construction
3. 2-D Art
4. Cooking
5. Bardic
6. Writing

Qualification for Duke/Duchess:

1. Pass Reeve and Corpora Test
2. Enter 2 Cultural Event
3. Enter All War Events, Place in a War Event

Ducal Regent:

1. Pass Reeve and Corpora Test
2. Enter 2 War Event
3. Enter All Cultural Events. Place in a Cultural Event

Ducal Defender:

1. Pass Reeve and Corpora Test
2. Enter Weapon Construction
3. Enter All War Events and do the best over all .

Ducal Chancellor:

1. Pass Reeve and Corpora Test

Lastly, all those who wish to run for an office must inform Duchess Averil on or before October 27. Voting for Duke/Duchess, Chancellor, Regant will be done after all the events are completed. All newly elected officials will step up at Kingdom Mid-Reign.

Good Luck!

Attention:

Citizens of Turris Lunae!

Hordes of monsters have been spotted moving toward our fair Duchy. Duchess Averil has ordered the citizens evacuate lands to the list of safe shelters listed at the end of this notice. The shelters will close at dawn on the Sunday, 24th day of October. For the protection of those already inside, the shelters will not open for anyone! By noon of that day these contemptuous beasts will infest the Duchy of Turris Lunae. Woe to those who have not taken refuge by then.

Also, the Duchess seek any information on the monsters obtained before October 17. Information on any new creatures should be quickly sent to the duchess. Please send this new information by September 26, so the shelters can construct necessary defenses against these monsters.

Duchess Averil

To the monster it may concern,

Once again, I am holding my semi-annual meeting of the bestiary in *Turris Lunae* on the 24th day of October. This time, the Duchess has graciously clear the land of humans and there ilk. So, we will be using the Unfinished Castle (Olmos Park) and the surrounding area (Olmos Park) to hold our convention.

This year activities include contest of the beastie and games of battle. At the contest of the beastie, prizes for the finest looking, the most unique (for new creatures), and best told tale. For the "most unique", I require your abilities and description to be scribed using the format of the *Dor-Un-Avathar*.

The time schedule is as follows:

12:00 pm Registration

1:00 pm The search for the finest looking beastie

2:00 pm Games of Battle

5:00 pm (or Sunset) Meet at Mr. Gatti's for telling of tales and awarding of the prizes.

Note: You must RSVP with your name and race by the 17th of October. New monsters must RSVP with your name, race, abilities and description by the 26th of September. Any monster not in the official *Dor-Un-Avathar* is counted as a new monster. Monster I consider to vile/too powerful cannot attend and will be banish or kill on sight.


The Mythical Golden Dragon, Jr.

They Duchy of Tori Mar

Qualifications

November 7, 1993 PEASE PARK, AUSTIN, TX 1:30pm

Elections for Duke, Ducal Regent and Chancellor

Qualification Requirements

Duke

Overall score of 20 points

Minimum of 10 points in cultural events

Passing (70) score on Corpora test

Ducal Regent

Overall Score of 15 points

Passing (70) score on Corpora test

Minimum of 10 points in cultural events

Chancellor

Passing (70) score on Corpora test

Defender

Beat everyone else's ass on the list field

The Guildmaster of Reeves may choose to administer a Reeves test at this event for those who wish to take one.

The Point System

Culturals

The average scores for each cultural event are added together to form the Total Cultural Score. In the event any one person enters two different items in a single event, the HIGHEST score will be used plus a 25% bonus for going to the trouble of entering two items in the first place. There will be a total of five (5) cultural events.

Fighting events

There are a total of five (5) fighting events. One point will be awarded for each victory in an event. (Example: in Single Sword you kill two people, advancing to the third round, you get two points). All these points will be added to create the Total Fighting Score. The Total Cultural Score and the Total Fighting Score will be added to form the Overall Score.

Cultural Events

Garbing

Fighting or Court

Cooking

2-D Art

3-D Art

Weapons Making

Weapon, Armor, Shield, etc.

Fighting Events

Single Sword (under 4 ft)

Florentine (Two swords or Sword & Flail)

Sword & Board (Medium or small shields)

Freestyle (no throwing weapons)

Quarterstaff (or polearm depending on weapon availability)

DECLARATIONS should be delivered in writing to
DUKE FNORD FARTHING by November 1

Sucking up to the new Duke will begin as soon as we figure out who it will be. Winners of this event will either be given an Order of the Toady or will be ignored contemptuously depending on the mood of the new Monarch.

What Shall We Do With the Seaborne Druid?

by Lord Shelton Greenfire

Baron Sir Calvin Mac Druen had always loved sunrises. But sunrises over the ocean were special beyond compare.

As the sun rose over the waves, it transformed both sea and sky into a single, shimmering plane of golden light. Nothing broke the stillness save the movement of the water. The panorama was painfully bright, but Calvin was nevertheless transfixed; blindness was a small price to pay for a glimpse of such beauty. For a brief moment, all that existed were him, the sun, and the sea.

The moment was abruptly shattered by the sound of a high-pitched bell which smashed through Calvin's meditation like a hammer through a mirror. Shortly thereafter, voices were heard, shouting a variety of curses in several different languages.

"First watch to the poopdeck!" A gravelled voice cried. "That means now, you arsing bastards!"

The colorful order was repeated several times before Calvin heard men scramble topside and bustle about, preparing for morning duties.

Calvin kept his eyes on the horizon, savoring the view as if he were seeing it for the last time. Considering his current occupation, that was all too real a possibility—the lifespan of a pirate tended to be curiously short.

Aboard the privateer Lorn Lady, life slowly returned from the realm of Morpheus, breathless with anticipation at the thought of another twelve hours of mayhem and destruction.

Calvin was not a buccaneer by nature, he had just chanced to fall in love with one. In the process, he had also managed to wind up in her employ and was presently involved in helping to rape the Irish Sea for all it was worth.

Her name was Sara Catherine Killigrue, and she was by far the most intriguing woman Calvin had ever met. Against standard naval tradition and convention, she was the Lorn Lady's captain, but even more surprising was the fiercely loyal crew beneath her. She was dubbed "The Pirate Queen," an appellation she earned well, for she pursued her career with all the love of a banker for gold.

How Calvin had fallen into her favor was something he had as of yet not puzzled out; however, he certainly was not one to complain, for as a member of her crew, he

had seen more adventure in the last two months than in all of his 468 years combined. The attentions of the lady herself made any risk well worth it. If nothing else, she kept him alive.

For the crew of the Lorn Lady was not overly fond of Calvin. Though he had proven himself to be an adequate sailor, some of his shipmates regarded him as a "dirtsucking dandy" who had no business being on a pirate ship—forgetting that their own captain was a landed Duchess back in England, thus even more noble than he. And then there was the problem with magic. Being highly skilled in the druidic arts, Calvin used his Power for tasks both practical and piratical. Unfortunately, superstition ran high on the ship, and on several occasions only Killigrue's intervention had saved him from being tossed overboard as a snack for the eels.

Calvin had managed to make a few friends on board, and these had managed to convince the majority of the crew that he was not one of the Devil's secret agents incognito. But there were still incidents from time to time.

Life as a pirate was a rough and somewhat paranoid existence, yet Calvin wouldn't have traded it for a mountain of gold.

Later that day, Calvin stood in the Lorn Lady's chart room, watching while Killigrue and her first mate, Darion Fenn, put the finishing touches on the latest itinerary of plunder and pillage. Though he had nothing to contribute in the way of strategy or tactics, Calvin's precognitive knowledge of weather patterns was invaluable to the captain. The last thing her ship needed while looting a British merchant vessel was to be caught in an unexpected typhoon.

"...So once we scuttle the Sigourney," Darion was saying, "we make a port of call in Knocknagow, drop off the shipment, and then towards the Atlantic like a pigeon unto Hell."

Killigrue nodded her approval. "Sounds good. What do you think, Calvin?"

Calvin agreed that the whole scheme sounded good, but there was one major error which he had spotted. "With all due respect, this is not going to work."

"Really?" Darion sneered. "And just what does His Excellency find flawed?"

The first mate was one of those who considered Calvin as useless on the ocean as soap in the desert.

Calvin ignored Darion's sarcasm, which he knew to be baited. "The tactics of your plan are just fine, Fenn, so pipe down. But if you attack the Sigourney on the day you intend to, you're going to find yourself attacking empty air.

"Your plan according, the assault will be launched just as the target leaves Morecambe Bay. However, if my calculations are correct, one mother of a westerly wind is going to be blowing into the bay that day, and the day after, and more than likely the day after that. The only boats leaving Lancaster Harbor are going to be rowboats. Certainly not the *Sigourney*."

Killigrue thought a moment. "And your suggestion?"

"We anchor just outside the bay, wait for the wind to shift, and pray it doesn't shift to the south. Then—"

Calvin was interrupted by a frantic pounding at the door.

"This better be good!" The captain shouted. "Enter!"

A short, stocky man rushed into the room and hurriedly bowed. "Sorry to disturb ye, Yer Majesty, but the crow's nest just spotted three ships east of starboard, bearing down at full speed. Sigmund figures they'll be here within the hour."

"Did Sig spot any flag?"

"Not that he could see, Yer Majesty."

"Lovely," she muttered. "Well, you know what to do, Sven. So get the crew off their buttocks and snap to it. We'll be up shortly."

Sven bowed and scampered from the room, bellowing commands as he rushed down the corridor.

"Another time, gentlemen," Killigrue said. She left the room, with Darion right behind her.

Calvin paused to collect his thoughts, closed his eyes, and suddenly vanished in a flash of blue light.

He reappeared upon the main deck, standing at the center of buzzing activity as the crew prepared the *Lady* for battle. Killigrue appeared through a hatchway, gave Calvin a quick wink, then strode hurriedly towards the aft section of the vessel.

Not knowing what else to do, Calvin followed her. Once aft, Killigrue pulled a small brass telescope from her coat and trained it upon the horizon. With unaided vision, Calvin could barely make out the approaching vessels.

"Looks to be a frigate," Killigrue said, "flanked by two destroyers. Whoever it is, they're out for blood."

Elody lovely, thought Calvin. "Any ideas as to whom?"

The captain shrugged. "Considering just how many people we've crossed in the last month alone, it could be damn near anybody."

"So what can we do?"

"Not a lot. They're much faster than we are, so flight is pretty much out of the question. We're outgunned as well, which means that if they're not out to give quarter, we're done for."

"You're not advocating surrender, m'lady?" Calvin knew all too well that the Pirate Queen was not one to wave the white flag willingly.

Killigrue regarded Calvin with a wicked grin. "Of course not, stupid. I'm just answering your question. If you have any suggestions, dear, I'm listening."

As a matter of fact, I have several, thought Calvin. *Whether or not you like them, my dear Killigrue, is another matter entirely.*

"If I thought you'd consent to it, I would teleport you, Darion, and myself right out of here. We're about three hundred miles from the Irish coastline—just within range."

Killigrue became livid. "And leave my crew? My ship? Of all the—"

Calvin laid a hand upon her lips. "Remember, my lady, I said 'if I thought you'd consent.' Merely a suggestion, which is what you asked for."

The fierce light vanished from Killigrue's eyes. "True, true. But can you come up with anything better?"

"Certainly. I can try and sink them."

"And wind up sunk ourselves. The frigate alone has cannons with range that far exceeds anything we've got. Even the destroyers could pin us before we them."

"You didn't listen, love. I said I could try and sink them."

Killigrue gaped in astonishment. "My dear Calvin, have you gone mad? How can one elf—even with your Power—hope to scuttle three entire vessels?"

"Well, I never said I was going to do it alone now, did I? I have an idea."

The captain was silent for several moments, deep in thought.

"Very well," she said, "I won't pretend to understand, and personally I think you're crazy. If you should get yourself killed..."

"...then you'll hunt down my soul and imprison it in a bottle. Understood, love. Now, here's what I need you to do..."

Fifteen minutes later, Calvin dove into the icy waters of the Irish Sea and made his way towards the approaching enemy, having assumed the form of a giant shark. As he swam, he broadcast a telepathic call to the deep below.

Halfway to the destination, the call was finally answered. Out of the darkness glided a powerfully muscled, human in form save for a massive tail in place of legs. The merman bore a silvered trident, and atop his brow was a coral crown.

A voice rang in Calvin's mind, deep and vaguely menacing. *I am Shiolagh, duke of the merfolk who inhabit these waters. You've got balls summoning me, druid. Only priests of the Llyr have that right.*

If I don't have the right, Calvin challenged, then why did you answer?

Your persistence was astonishing. Why have you called?

I need help. My ship is in peril, and we need escape.

Shiolagh seemed to laugh. *Your peril comes from the trio of vessels approaching yonder, does it not?*

Calvin nodded.

Running from law?

We're not sure. We think they may be out for revenge. You see, we're-- Pirates. The merman grinned. *I guessed as much. Not only have you balls, druid, but a decided lack of brains as well. What care we for mortal affairs? Have you anything to trade for our labor?*

Calvin had anticipated such a question, and was ready. *Simple. The three ships--you get them and everything on board. All we're concerned about is getting out of here in one piece.*

How do you mean, 'we get the three ships'?

Uh-oh. *Just that. After you've sunk them--*

SUNK THEM? Proteus' scrotum, druid, you ask much of us. I was under the impression you merely required safe flight.

Yes. Your grace, but we also don't want them finding us later on. They could be anybody.

Silence lapsed. *Very well,* came the eventual reply. *But further sacrifice is required. Come the next full moon, you must make a blood sacrifice to the Llyr.*

Dung! Blood sacrifices to the God of the Sea meant sailor's blood. Someone on the *Lady* would have to lose his life. Killigrue would be furious, but Calvin had no time to haggle. Maybe a captured prisoner would do...

Agreed. Your Grace.

Very well. What would you have us do?

Calvin explained his plan quickly, mindful of the approaching vessels. Shiolagh sped off into the deep just as the barnacled hull of the frigate loomed out of the murk.

Calvin swam up beside it, then changed his form into that of a seal. He placed a flipper upon the planks, then released the Power, channeling it into the wood.

The hull shrieked in agonized protest as Power warped it, causing it to buckle, bend, and split. Holes appeared, through which water exultantly rushed, widening the

breach as it cascaded through. Calvin moved up the ship's length, until the bottom of the hull was peppered like a giant sponge.

Merfolk suddenly appeared, bearing great hammers. They set to work completing the sabotage which Calvin had started. He waved to them cheerily, then set off towards the nearest destroyer.

Once again, he swam up beside the hull and released the Power. But this time, he did not warp wood, but merged with it as if he were part of the ship itself. Flowing through the hull, he set off in search of the powder room.

Travel through the dead wood was arduous yet manageable, and Calvin reached his objective with little difficulty. He emerged from the wall into the powder room and assumed his standard elfen form.

Huge kegs were stacked everywhere, and a sign upon a wall read, "WARNING! VOLATILE CHEMICALS--DO NOT BRING WATER INTO THESE CONFINES. IN EVENT OF LEAK, SEAL DOORS AND PRAY TO GOD!" Calvin smiled as he read the warning. This was going to be easier than he had first thought.

This was phosphorous based gunpowder. A single drop of water would be enough to cause a rather sizeable explosion. Calvin, however, had something even bigger in mind.

He grabbed the nearest barrel, teleporting it away with a whirring flash of blue light. Using his will as a guide, Calvin sent it to the point where he had first entered the hull. A dull roar was heard, and the ship lurched with the force of the blast. Shouts of surprise echoed through the corridors.

Calvin quickly moved to the next barrel and repeated the procedure, with similar results. He had just finished off a third barrel when a crewman, little more than a boy, dashed into the room. Calvin and the boy stared at each other in mute shock, then the boy turned to run. Calvin shot out his hand and channeled a bolt of Power which sent the boy sprawling unconscious to the floor.

Figured I've done enough damage. Time to fly.

He flowed back into the wall and made his way towards the water. Back in the sea, he shot to the surface, gulped deep the cold November air, and looked about him.

The destroyer he had just visited was taking in water at a furious rate, and it dipped sadly upon its side. The frigate was foundering almost as quickly. The second destroyer was held fast by a gargantuan tangle of seaweed, through which mermen swarmed making quick work of its hull.

Yet the pandemonium was not complete. From the south, a gigantic sea serpent bore down upon the stuck destroyer. The vessel discharged a volley of cannon fire, but the

shot simply bounced off the creature's scaly hide. The serpent opened its great mouth and unleashed a tremendous gout of flame. The destroyer reeled, and numerous holes appeared along its length.

Holes? Calvin's mind raced in bewilderment. *The ship does not burn? Wait a minute...*

The serpent roared again, leaving the destroyer crippled. Apparently satisfied with its work, the serpent turned around and began to swim away. Calvin called out, and the serpent abruptly changed course towards him.

Thought as much.

As the beast approached, its visage slowly melted away, revealing the *Lorn Lady* in all her aged splendor. A towrope was thrown down to Calvin, and he scrambled up the side of the ship. He reached the deck, sinking to his knees as he was engulfed by the oblivion of exhaustion.

He awoke many hours later in the captain's room, cocooned in white linen sheets. Killigrue sat at its foot, eyeing him worriedly. Seeing her lover awaken, the captain smiled and reached over to touse his hair.

"Are we feeling better?" she said.

"Much, thank you." Actually, Calvin still felt tremendously weak. Having expended so much Power under so much pressure, he would be bed-ridden for at least another day. But it had been worth it.

Killigrue pressed an object into his hands—a bleached white conch shell.

"One of the merfolk gave it to me," she said. "Told me to give it to you 'as a reminder.'"

Calvin sighed. Of course they would not forget. A deal was a deal, after all. He looked over at his love and tried to return her smile. Telling her about the sacrifice would not be easy.

Well, if it came down to it, he'd sacrifice himself. The merfolk had been beyond helpful, what with their illusions and all. They deserved what they got.

For the moment, it did not matter.

THE KNIGHT

Another day of battle has dawned:
While I walk an ever-changing Land.

Arrows fly and pierce my skin.
Thunderbolt and lightning sound;
Showing enemies all around;
Former allies among their midst.

Their swords may be sharp;
But my armor is thick;
My sabres quick;
Their thrusts are useless;
So long as I retain a silent riposte.

Those who would dominate me,
Find their pride shortened.
Those who would wound me,
Find their weapons sundered.
Those who would enchant me,
Find their spells broken.

-Thrythlin Hardwulf

ode to a troll

From the darkness is where it came.
Now it's time to make its name.
In the shadows is its place,
To surprise his food and fill his plate.
He comes from behind and grabs your neck.
Then he'll swing you all around just for heck.

Twisting your arms behind your back,
Waiting 'till he hears that funny snap,
You feel like dying, you want to forget this place.
That's when he'll spin ya' around and slap your face.
Holding you away at arm's length, spit in your eyes,
Then laugh so hard he may begin to cry.

That's when he'll grab one leg and remove it from the hip,
And you'll want to die right there, get it over quick.
He carries a bag so he can take some home,
But before he serves you up, he'll beat you on a stone.
So beware, all you little twits.
His name means death and he carries a big stick.

-Nevron

OAKEN THOUGHTS

The time will come.
The grass will grow.
The seasons turn.
And I will know.

The mist will rise.
In autumn rain.
The birds will fly.
And I remain.

In winter snow.
My secrets keep.
The world is white.
And I will sleep.

Spring will come.
The leaves remake.
The birds return.
And I will wake.

Long warm days.
The summer brings.
The birds will nest.
The children sing.

The seasons pass.
surrounding me.
The wheel turns.
And I will be.

Maniacles

FEEL THE WORLD

Feel the angels softly cry,
time goes slipping slowly by.
Feel the children trapped alone,
sifting through dreams of home.
Feel the silence of the land,
ocean wave upon the sand.
Feel the forest's open glades,
as a child where you laid.
Feel the life that you hold,
let a story now be told.
Feel the air and wind,
let your wounds now slowly mend.
Feel the world all around,
don't listen feel the sound.

-Dirk Thunderblade

THE TRUTH ABOUT MAN

Man is the worst of beasts.
The name does surely fit.
We kill our world, we kill our kind
We do not care a bit.
We set fire to our neighbors,
With lust we shoot them down.
Within the hearts of man,
The most horrid beast is found.
Without a drop of pity,
Without a bit remorse,
We keep destruction going,
Without a change of course.
Because of greed,
We pump poisons through our air.
To every other living being,
This action is not fair.
Killing other creatures,
For profit and for game.
Maybe the animals,
Are more than humans tame.

-Dirk Thunderblade

