

\$2.00

AMTIGARD NEWSLETTER



courtesy of the Wolfpack

Volume 1

April 9, 1994

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the first edition of the Wolfpack newsletter! Since we have merely begun our journey into the wonderful world of media, please show some leniency when criticizing the professionalism of this newsletter. This being my first time to prepare a document for distribution throughout the entire Kingdom of the Emerald Hills, I am bound to make mistakes which will surely not be overlooked.

Also, I would like to ask that this leniency also extend to the creators of the fabulous articles in this newsletter, and in all newsletters to come. It is difficult enough to simply get the articles, and I fear that some criticisms would lead to making this task even MORE difficult.

All articles in this newsletter will be non-biased (as far as we can identify). This is not a newsletter created for the use of "bashing" Amtgardians, companies, households, or any other parties. Although this newsletter is distributed by the Wolfpack company, we do not intend to show favoritism towards certain Amtgardians or certain companies. Still, there will more-than-likely be a "State Your Opinion" section in the future. This will be for suggestions to improve on gameplay.

As much as we try to show no bias in reporting, we can only print the letters which we receive and, being a newsletter created by the Wolfpack, we will probably receive more articles from part of the "pack" than we will from outside entities. So, please send in any articles (no matter how trivial they may seem) and I will be happy to print them.

Any contributor to this newsletter WILL have his/her name inserted in the newsletter for recognition. After all, we can't get contributors if we do not give something in return. Not only will you get full credit for any contribution (be it pictures, drawings, stories, suggestions, etc.) but you will also receive a free newsletter (provided that your contribution is worthy).

Thank you for your purchase of this newsletter, and I hope to see you on the field (preferably on my side).

- Shorn

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- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

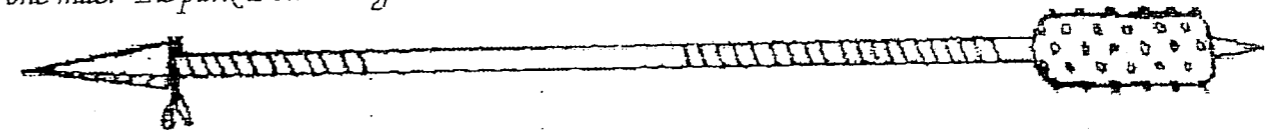
CONTRIBUTING PARKS

The Shire of Demon's Gorge

Monarch: Salizar **Champion:** Fytakin Zabarr **Regent:** Myadeeb Kisek
Prime Minister: Trebar Wandermore **Hours:** Wed. 5:30pm, Fri. 7:00pm, Sat. 12:30pm
Location: Cottonwood Park in Irving. From Loop 12 and Highway 183 go west (towards Fort Worth) on Highway 183. Exit at North Story Road and turn right (north) onto Story Road. Continue going up Story Road until the road splits (left side is Country Club Road and the right side is still Story Road), remain on the right side (on Story Road). Pass Northgate and go down the hill. The park is on your left. The group plays on the south side of the large pond.

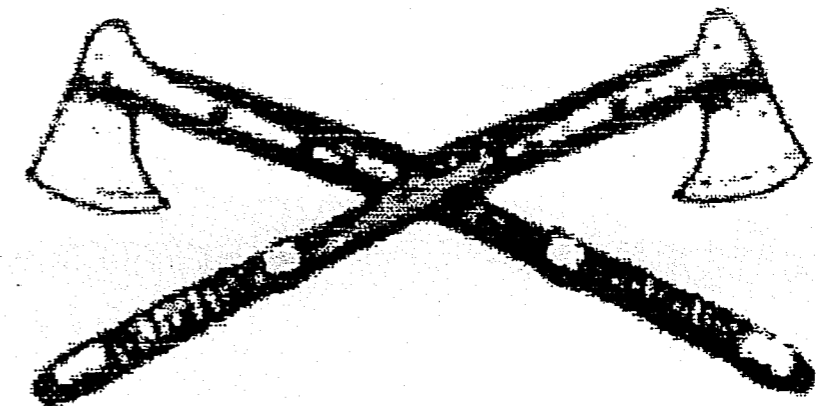
The Duchy of the Midnight Sun

Monarch: Morpheia Hexstar **Regent:** Michael Dunraven Esquire **Champion:** Sir Cearen Blagden **Prime Minister:** Lord Kalxen **Hours:** Sat. 1:00pm **Next Election:** July 16, 1994
Location: O'Banion Park in Garland. From downtown Dallas go east on Interstate 30. Turn north (left) onto Highway 635. Exit Gross Road and turn right onto Gross Road. Go up Gross Road until you reach O'Banion Road. Turn left onto O'Banion. Continue on O'Banion, past LaPrada almost one mile. The park is on the right.



UPCOMING EVENTS

- April 15-17, 1994 Duchy of the Midnight Sun Mid-Reign! Held at Lakeland Park on Lake Lavon. Special events will be held (see pg. 5).
- May 1, 1994 Wolfpack Tournament! Held in Denton. Prizes will be awarded for outstanding skill (see pg. 6).



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

WOLFPAK TOURNAMENT RESULTS

Held at the Shire of Demon's Gorge on April 2nd, 1994. Attending Wolfpack members were Landolf Röntgen, Dougan Spellwright, Faulkenwulf, Exzennon, Shorn, Alexander, and Tibbar. Emily stood as Innkeeper.

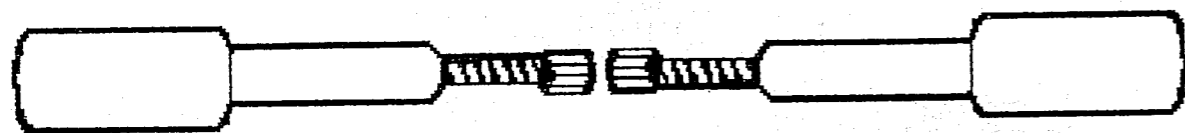
PLUNDER TOURNEY RESULTS

Placing	Name	Consecutive Wins	Good Calls
1st	Myadeeb	3	
2nd	Seldzar	2	
3rd	Moonstarr	2	
4th	Fytakin		
5th	Calibane		
6th	Shane		
7th	Valor		
8th	Trebar		
9th	Just John		3
10th	Josh		
11th	Nahum		
12th	Dilligaf		

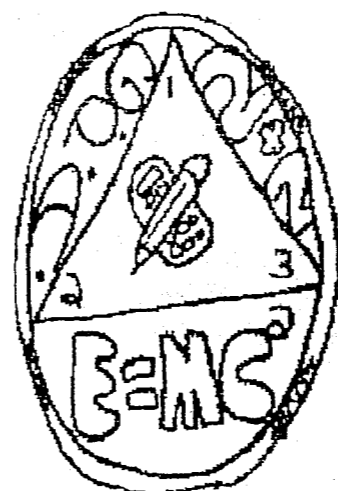
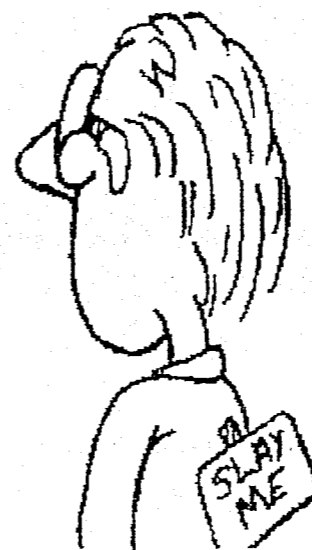
HERCULES CLUB TOURNEY RESULTS

Placing	Name	Consecutive Wins	Good Calls
1st	Alexzander	8	
2nd	Myadeeb	4	
3rd	Calibane	2	
4th	Just John	2	

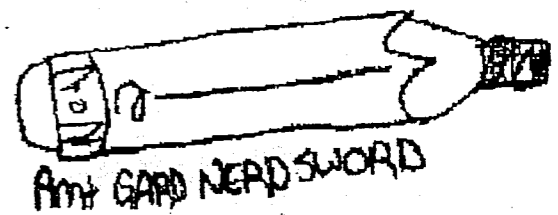
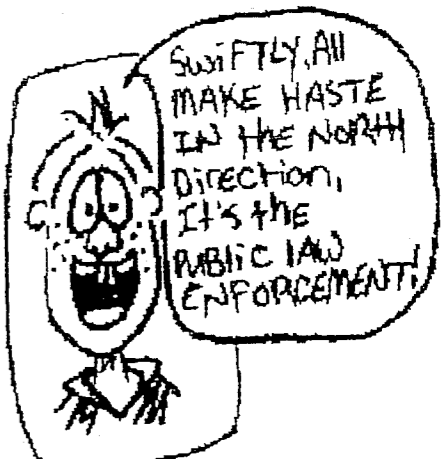
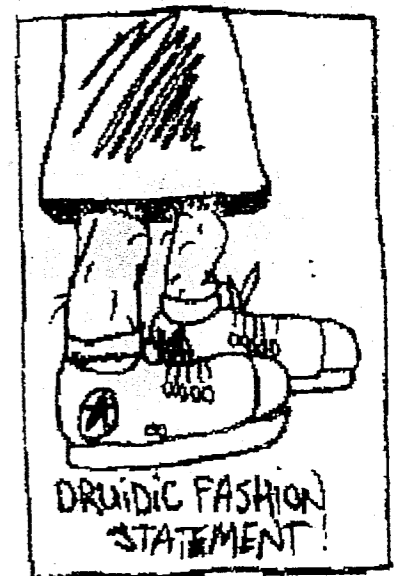
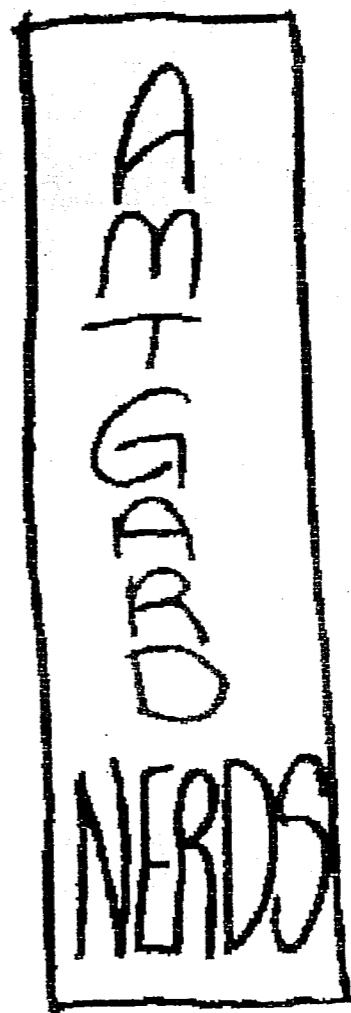
Notable events: Alexander won a total of eight consecutive duels making him eligible for a third order of the Warrior. Myadeeb also won a total of seven consecutive duels making him eligible for a third order of the Warrior. Just John called three shots that the Reeves did not notice (which should make him eligible for something).



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -



NERD SHIELD



- Moonstarr and Malachi



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

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MID-REIGN FEAST DUCHY OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

In the reign of Morphea Hexstar and Michael Dunraven Esquire. The event shall be held on the weekend of April 16th 1994 from Friday the 15th to Sunday the 17th at Lakeland Park on Lake Lavon, just north of Dallas.

Lord KalXen is leaving office, maybe...

The event shall include:

Friday: Party, party, party!!!!
Saturday: A quest for the Duchy relics, a cultural tourney, a feast and court.
Sunday: Juggling or a Pirate's Battle.

Fees: \$3.00 Site fee, no matter what.
\$5.00 Feast fee prepaid, \$7.00 on the day.

Directions:

From the north: Get to Denton then take Highway 380 east to highway 78, go south to the Lakeland park sign, turn right (RD550). Straight ahead 1 to 2 miles and you are there!

From the south: Get to Dallas then take I-30 east to the Beltline/Broadway exit. Turn left under bridge and to the next stoplight (Rowlett Road/190). Turn right, and keep going until you see a sign for highway 78 (approximately 15 miles). Turn right (north) on 78 to the Lakeland park sign (10 miles) and turn left (RD550). Straight ahead 1 to 2 miles and you are there!

From anywhere in DFW: Get to highway 78, follow it to the Lakeland park sign. Turn right onto RD550. Straight ahead 1 to 2 miles and you are there!

Contact: Sir Cearen Blagden
c/o Mark McGehee
2717 Meadow Park Drive
Garland, TX 75040
(214) 495-8249 after 4:30pm

Please send check or money order.

- Lord KalXen



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

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WOLF PACK TOURNAMENT

We at Wolfpack would like to hold a tournament for every park that receives this newsletter! This tournament will be held on Sunday, May 1, 1994 at the Denton park.

FABULOUS PRIZES INCLUDING A LIVE STEEL SWORD!!!

Yes, that's right! You could win a live steel sword plus many other fabulous prizes. In addition, the final ten participants will receive a certificate of merit for outstanding tournament skill! This certificate will list your placing in the tournament as well as the greatest number of wins you had in a row!

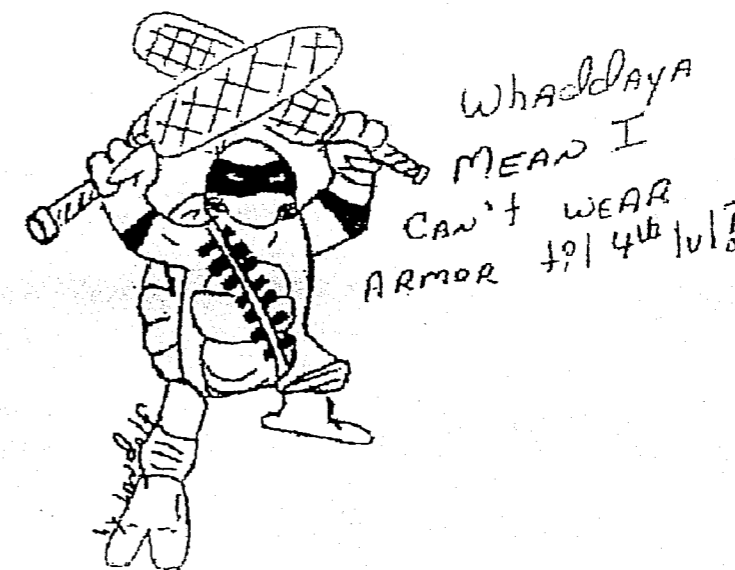
So plan now!

Only a \$2.00 entrance fee. This will be a double-elimination tournament so you don't have to worry about those simple once-in-a-lifetime mistakes!

What you could win: A live steel sword, pocket knife, leather wallet, and more! Each of the top ten participants will also receive a certificate of merit for their outstanding skill.

Fees: Only a \$2.00 entry fee!

-Storm



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

In the past we have had great fun with the Jugging game. Our wish is to familiarize the game with all Duchies, Baronies, Shires, etc. I would love to thank the creator of the Jugging game, but I have not been able to find out who that might be. However, we believe that Jugging was originally created by the Corsair company, although we cannot confirm this. The Corsairs are the ones who introduced the game to me, and everybody else I know. It is also believed that the game was originally devised in the Kingdom of the Burning Lands. But again, we are not sure.

Anyhow, here are the rules that we could put together. No doubt many groups utilize a variation of these rules, but it would be extremely difficult to print all variations, so here is the one we feel works the best. I hope you enjoy it!

- Shorn

"JUGGING"

COMPONENTS OF GAME: Ten foot or more strip of cloth tied into a circle, the Skull game piece (usually a spellball), base markers (some sort of dish or cup), an equal number of combat items (shields, swords, etc.).

RULES OF PLAY: Set the strip of cloth in a circle in the middle of a large field (preferably with no trees and on even ground). Make sure the strip of cloth is laid in an even circle. Place the Skull game piece in the exact center of the circle. Set the base markers equal distances from the circle (usually 25 paces) and separated from each other. Each team has one base marker. All players take their positions. The game starts by the Reeve announcing aloud "ONE HUNDRED STONES ONE TIME...ONE".

The object of the game is for each team to get the Skull and place it in an opponent's base marker (inside the dish). The teams have exactly 100 count to do this (by the Reeve's count). Once the Reeve starts his count ("ONE HUNDRED STONES ONE TIME... ONE...TWO...THREE..."), the game is on. Nobody may start before the Reeve announces "ONE".

Before the Reeve begins the game, all players must be outside the circle. No player may cross the circle (even with their weapons) or attack another team until the first number of the count has begun ("ONE"). Only the Quick can touch the Skull. Only a Quick can kill another Quick. Other players can wound the Quick (even chop off all the Quick's limbs), but they may not kill the Quick. Hits to the torso of the Quick from a non-Quick do not count. Limb shots are treated normally. Quicks can attack and kill the opposing team members.

When a player is wounded he must check the Reeve's count. A Quick's limbs come back in a Reeve's ten count. If a Quick is killed by another Quick, he will also come back in a Reeve's ten count. Non-Quick team member's limbs come back in Reeve's twenty count. If a teammate is killed, he will also come back in a Reeve's twenty count. For instance, a Quick is hit in the arm by a teammate just as the Reeve



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

announces "TWENTY-FIVE". As soon as the Reeve announces "THIRTY-FIVE" then that Quick's limb is healed.

The Reeve counts until he reaches one-hundred, at which point that set is declared void if no team has won. All teams then get a sixty second rest until the Reeve begins the next set (at which point the process starts over again). If a team wins a set, there is also a forty-five second rest until the next set. This gives the teams time to rest (number one priority), switch Quicks, allow other teammates to fight with different weapons, etc.

Once a team wins three sets, that team is considered the Victor! That concludes the match. Between matches there is a ninety second rest. Then the Reeve starts the next set (and the next match).

Holds may be announced by the Reeve in the middle of a set. This stops the Reeve's count. At this point the hold must be resolved as quickly as possible so that the game may continue.

There are no classes in a Jugging game. Armor, spells, projectiles, etc. are not allowed.

GENERAL INFORMATION: Jugging is a game of speed, planning, vitality, and general mayhem. There can be any number of teams, but two is usually the best. First you must elect your team captains. You must decide who will choose first, second, and last. You may do this through the use of a tourney between team captains, or however you wish.

Then the team captains, in order, choose team members they wish to have on their team. After all teams are chosen and there is nobody left from the populous to choose from, the team captain designates who plays what position in the Jugging game.

There can be any number of positions to choose from. A position is designated by what that individual is using on the battlefield. The Reeve decides what weapons may be used. Whatever weapons the Reeve decides will be used on the battlefield, those are the only combinations. There is no "mixing and matching" of weapons among teammates. All teams must use the same weapon combinations. For instance, if there are three teams of five people each, the Reeve may specify that one person must use a single sword, one must use a sword and shield, one must use a polearm, and one must use a sword and flail. The remaining player is the Quick.

The Quick is the pivotal point of the game. He/she must fight with a single dagger and nothing else.

Usually a Jugging game is won through planning and team work. Historically, the team that plans the best plays the best. Between sets, it is generally a good idea to gather your team and plan for the next set.

This game is best played on a dirt field in the rain.



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

If we can, each time we introduce a new set of rules for a game, we will try to include a story about that game. I have written up one for this occasion, and will be looking for stories from other contributors in the future. If you have a battle-game story, please send it in! We will be more than happy to print it (even if we already have one).

Also, if we have already printed a set of rules for a game, you may still send in your story. For instance, if you have a good Jugging story, go ahead and send it in. We'll fit it into the next newsletter.

- Shorn

"COLLISION"

I could tell by the looks in their faces that this was going to be no easy Jugging. There we were preparing for the oncoming battle, standing a mere forty feet away from each other. We could see the stains on their tunics from the previous muddy battle. Ever single one of us knew that they had a plan, and it was a good one.

Our team captain called for the team to huddle about him. We all gathered around in a half-hearted fashion knowing that no amount of planning would cause us to avoid death. We had lost the last two jugs in a row, and moral wasn't anywhere near where it should be. There was no question as to whether we would die or not, it was merely a question of how soon.

"Come on, gather about" yelled the captain, quite a bit more enthusiastic than the rest of us. It was reassuring to hear the captain's enthusiasm.

He threw his only dagger down to the ground and kneeled next to it. "Gentlemen," he said, "we have this one!" Some doubtful looks forced him to continue. "This will be great! I need our shield man to my right. From the looks of it they will be heading that way, so I need our wall on that side. I need a florentine fighter on my left. Everybody else I need to split up behind me. Everybody that's behind me needs to have a clear idea as to which direction they will go. However, one of you will need to stay back behind me to keep their team from attacking from behind.

"When the start is called, I will NOT reach for the skull. They have a plan, and I'll bet it involves getting the skull first. So, as soon as their Quick reaches for that skull, I am going to kill him. The plan revolves around this. We need to make sure he dies, and we get the skull! Once I have the skull, our shield man and our florentine fighter will clear a hole down the middle (but lean towards the left since most of their team will be on the right). Just keep their team from getting around y...."

"ONE HUNDRED STONES ONE TIME..." shouted the Reeve. Our Quick jumped to his feet and ran to the circle, dragging our shield man on the way. Everybody quickly fell into position around him.

"ONE..." yelled the Reeve! The opposing team sure did have a plan, and they were obviously enthusiastic about it. Their Quick reached for the skull with blinding speed, but our Quick had him anticipated. Before their Quick even started reaching for the skull, our Quick was swinging at him. As soon as their Quick grabbed the skull, our Quick had a dagger in his back. Most of their team didn't even noticed what had happened!



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

Apparently they hadn't expected any flaws in their plan because the entire team started heading to our right, even though their Quick was dead and we had the skull. Our shield man to the Quick's right pounced on their team. It was a bad mistake and skill with the sword wasn't enough to get him out of it. He was taken down in a pile of enemy blades. Now we had nobody to guard the right side! Our Quick was exposed to their whole team, and he knew it!

Our Quick made a desperate attempt to scramble to his feet, and failed. The ground was so mud-covered that all footing was questionable. Finally, after a good one to two seconds of trying to get to his feet, he decided to simply roll. He dropped to the ground and rolled his body to our left, past the florentine fighter who had to step over him.

Their team just realized what had happened. Up to this point it was very clear that they hadn't realized their plan wasn't working quite right. Our whole team converged on the circle where the Quick was merely a moment before. This kept our Quick safe, from that side.

Once behind our fighters, our Quick leaped to his feet (something he had wished he could have done at the circle). It was only then that he realized that his entire team was on one side, and there were two of the opposing team on his side. One had a single sword, one had a polearm. Our Quick had a dagger.

The two advanced from the left side, while the rest of their team advanced from the right. It looked as if they had us dead to rights. Our Captain, however, wasn't willing to settle it at that. He charged the two members of the other team, I followed him as quickly as possible with my single sword hoping that I would at least be able to let him get away by throwing my life in the enemy's path.

Our Quick ran full force at these two opponents who were completely willing to take him on. At about ten feet from them, he stopped and turned, heading for their base. At least that was the idea. As soon as he tried to stop, his feet lost footing in the mud and he fell on his backside, sliding right into the two opponents.

The single-sword fighter jumped over my Quick. The polearm fighter collapsed to the ground. Both turned to pounce on the vulnerable Quick who was still sliding on the mud. The polearm man started his thrust, the single-sword lashed out.

"POP!" my sword rebounded off the back of my single-sworded opponent stopping his blow short of my Quick. The polearm man, surprised by my appearance, missed his thrust! Attempting to stop, I too fell to the ground and slid past the polearm man right into my Quick, knocking him a bit as he tried to get up again.

My Quick ignored my entrance and pushed on me to help himself gain momentum, for the opponent's flag had nothing between it and us, but if he waited too long, the opposing team would be on him. They were now finished with the rest of our team which was left sitting in the mud waiting for their count.

Our Quick made a dash for it, pushing his body forwards with every ounce of strength that remained in his legs. Their team mimicked his dash by racing after him in a very similar fashion.

It was close. Nearly fifteen feet from their base it looked as if they had him for sure. Their Quick was back on his feet and running full force in an intercept course for our Quick. As soon as our Quick got within fifteen feet, he dropped to his knees, pulled his dagger up to his chest, and slid towards their base. Swords came from all over hitting my Quick mostly in the legs. All blows to his arms, he blocked with the single dagger. He ignored all other swings knowing that they wouldn't make a difference.



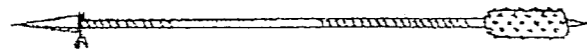
- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

Five feet from the base came the opponent Quick. He had also dropped to his knees and was sliding in the direction of the base. The two Quicks collided in a flurry of dagger swings! The momentum from the collision was almost enough to throw our Quick off course enough so that he couldn't place the skull at the base. But it wasn't. Our Quick sailed past the base, extended his arm out, and slammed the skull onto the base marker! The two Quicks then slid an additional five feet before stopping.

The field was dead quiet as everybody began to realize that yes, he had gotten the skull on the base marker. Then two hysterical laughing voices washed over the field as the two Quicks helped one another up and congratulated each other on a great game. We had won, finally, and everybody had played their part.

We all helped each other up, congratulated one another on a great game, and shared some wonderful moments of the battle. We joked around a bit about some swings, some follies, and some general mayhem, until the Reeve interrupted with a yell, "ONE HUNDRED STONES ONE TIME..."

-Shorn



"INTO THE SEA GOD'S DEN"

Into the dark and briny spray
the Kingdom's ships are hurled
and curse you now the bloody day
war banners were unfurled.

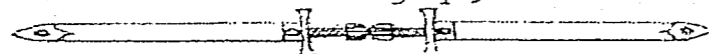
For now to war we go and die
our youth be bloody spent
for levy of the spear and axe
we shall be torn and rent.

The King doth cry about insult
now bears the land we leave
and 'midst loud and long tumult
the ladies cry and grieve.

For in the darkness of the sleep
that death will bring for some
so far below the briny deep
our souls have yet to come.

We do but what our King calls now
to slave and war with men
to follow to rest our given vow
into the sea of God's den.

-Rhys ap Iorddan



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

"THE WARRIOR'S PRAYER"

It was my twentieth year in a wretched life as a poor woodsman. Out on a hunt for food on a cold winters day, as I was every day. But as I walked through the enchanted forest I heard a chuckle that boomed like thunder. And then all of a sudden it was as quiet as death.

As I proceeded to where I thought I heard the laugh I heard the sounds of horses and men at arms. I felt compelled to walk on and see the place of these sounds. When the forest did clear I was standing on a hill and when I looked on, my heart leapt out of my chest. As I dove for the cover of some nearby trees I saw a small group of men in armor just before me!

After they left I continued to look on and before me in the distance was a great plain. And all I could see was the mounted guards who had just left. As I ventured closer to get a better look at the plain I couldn't believe my eyes. Upon this great plain stood the armies of the world standing, waiting. I thought to myself, "For whom or what are they waiting?"

Then, suddenly, the sky grew as dark as night and a gust of wind came up from the north. There appeared a hideous black dragon! With a flash of blinding white light the great dragon turned into a lone rider on a huge black steed holding a sword of steel. From the south came a giant griffin and landed right beside the lone rider like an old friend. There was a puff of black smoke that eventually just turned into a knee-level fog that covered the entire plain. Now stood a second black steed with a rider bearing a battle-axe. The eastern sky blew up a huge dark black storm. Then from the belly of this hatred emitted a giant red phoenix who also landed beside the riders. The great beast growled a simply evil cry causing it to burst into flames.

When the flames died stood yet another black beast of steed mounted by a fiendish rider holding a spiked club and finally from the west the ground began to shake as a fire-breathing giant walked up to the riders side, engulfing any bush or tree on the plain. And when he was finished he began to glow red. The red glow of molten steel then suddenly exploded leaving the remains of the final black steed. Upon him was a rider holding a great hammer of war.

Then all of a sudden the soldiers of death appeared on the ridge with the four riders followed by an army of immortals. Granted they were few in number but the look in their eyes told all who beheld them that they would leave this day in victory or in death. Then there was a horrid silence that crossed the plain. My heart began to pound like a drum of war. The only sounds were the storm building up and the intense forest fire burning all in its way. The rains came and the four winds blew with such anger that I held fast to a tree but still the flames raged on.

Then lightning struck the field and in that instant I watched the four riders raise their weapons into the air without warning screaming their war cries! They led their army down to the battle field. They rode with such vigor and courage that they met the armies of the world with a bold mighty clash. They fought so hard that I could feel the ground shake as if it was a great volcano building up right beneath my very spot. I felt invigorated as the battle raged on. The earth drank much blood that day. Each of the four riders were in themselves a whirlwind of doom and destruction.

Then the wind and rain ceased. The sun cut through the evil storm clouds as the sky began to clear and the fires died out! When the smoke did clear many thousands were left dead and mangled. There was much blood and gore. There bodies lay broken and scattered across the battlefield like brown

* A rewrite of Manowar's "Warrior's Prayer".



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

leaves blown by the wind. And I saw the four ride to the top of the ridge while below them stood the soldiers of death as they assembled all those who would now swear allegiance to them. Then the mass began to silence and the four began to speak the words of the warrior's prayer:

"Gods of war I call you
my sword is by my side.
I seek a life of honor
free from all false pride.
I will crack the whip
with a bold, mighty hail.
Cover me with death
if I should ever fail.
Glory, majesty, unity!
HAIL! HAIL!! HAIL!!!"

And as I stood and looked on I heard the armies of the world hail them without end! And their voices of victory carried out long and far throughout the land. For I myself was found screaming the hail in their presence.

- Fytakin Zabarr
Champion



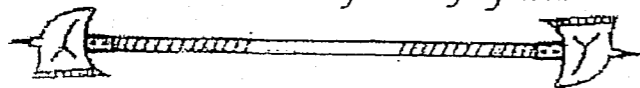
THE BLOOD OF YOUTH

To bear the spear, and string the bow
to draw the sword, and call the crow
for in this misty blood red glow
death will now reap what young men sow.

From deep within the wooded glade
midst battle's din of axe and glaive,
the young fall pierced by arrow shaft
their spears clutched by the bloody haft.

And men die young for 'tis the way
of boastful youth, to war and pay
their price in blood on nature's ground
for hasty words must pay in pounds.

- Rhys ap Iorwedd
Thjorston Greybeard



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

BRING ME A STAR

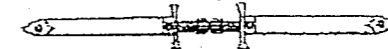
Bring me a star that's fallen from the sky,
To lay in my lady's hand.
Stay time in its flight,
Keep tomorrow from this night.
But time it does fly, and stars do not fall.

If I had a song I'd sing it for her,
To tell all the love that I bear.
I wish I ribbons of crimson and gold
To bind in her bonny bright hair.

But I am poor man, no ribbons have I,
Nor gold nor songs I can sing.
Tomorrow she weds at her father's command
And I have not even a gift I may bring.

So give me a star that's fallen from the sky
To lay in my lady's hand.
Stay time in its flight,
Keep tomorrow from this night.
But time it does fly, and stars do not fall.

- Cynthia McQuillin, from the Neverending Songbook



"RULES REVISITED"

The Archer's Arrow of Penetration states that it destroys a shield. Does it also destroy the arm when it destroys the shield? If so, if the shield is hit from behind is the arm still destroyed?

Can the Assassin's throwing dagger be poisoned?

Can the Barbarian's "Heal Self" heal his berserk armor?

Can the Heal spell be recited in place of the 100 count for a Barbarian's "Heal Self"?

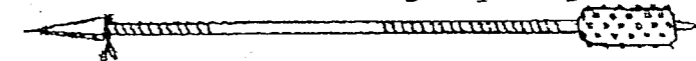
What will stop a Barbarian's "Fight After Death"?

If a Monk carries a 4' longsword, can he also carry other weapons? Can he use them?

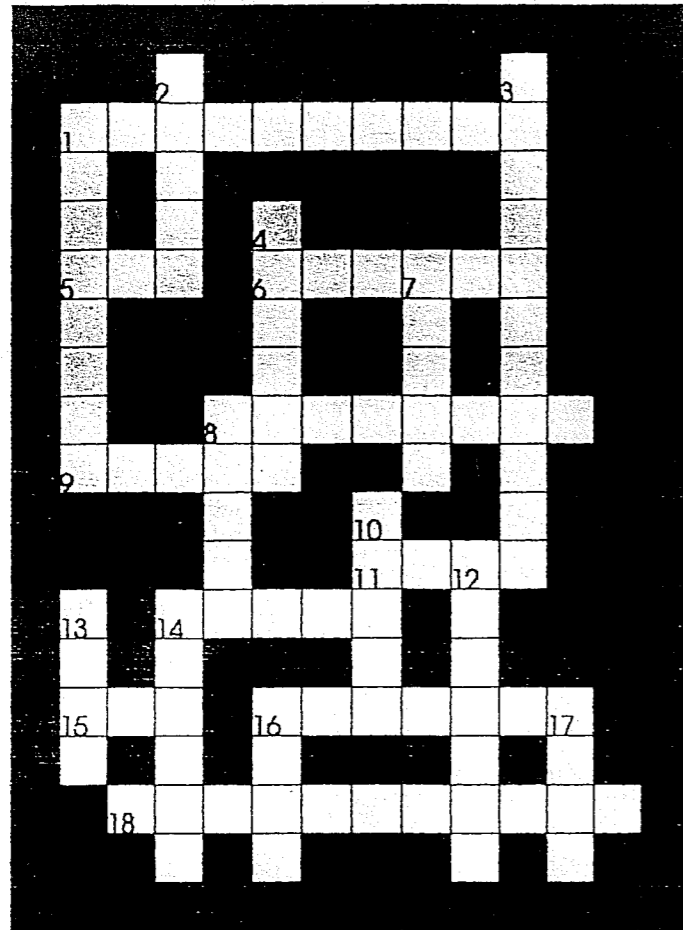
How does a Paladin charge his "Extend Immunities" ability? Does equipment in the area of effect also gain this protection? How long does it last?

Can a Monk block Siege Weapons using his "Block Projectiles" abilities?

- Dougan Spellwright



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -



ACROSS

- 1. Missile.
- 5. Knight's Honorific.
- 6. Describes a battle.
- 8. Time for decisions.
- 9. Blue weapon.
- 11. Circle component.
- 14. _____ of bees.
- 15. An Amtgardian team.
- 16. Emotion Control can do this.
- 18. 2 point armor.

DOWN

- 1. Your Amtgard characters.
- 2. Recommended, not required.
- 3. Druidic monster machine.
- 4. Heater _____.
- 7. Long's opposite, reversed.
- 8. Minimum 2 point projectile.
- 10. Stops swords not spells.
- 12. Amtgard symbol.
- 13. Amtgard.
- 14. Knockout blow.
- 16. Music man.
- 17. Torso shot.



FREEHILLS FOLLIES

*We're the rebels from the freehills, check us out and see
why steppes folk just ignore us and we're hated by effsea!*

*(chorus) We're rebels from the freehills, wherever we may be
we'll sneak around...
we'll bring you to your knees!*

*Our haldar he is silly, this much we can't dispute
he wants to put the dancers in a house of ill repute!*

(chorus)

*Our hospit'ler is girlish, he plays with all those clothes.
He went to fighter practice wearing a wig and hose!*

(chorus)

*Our exchequer is stingy, his office is a must.
He looks on all our money with eyes of greed and lust!*

(chorus)

*Our Knight's Marshall is lazy, his life he wants to keep.
'We take him to the tourneys, but all he does is sleep!*

(chorus)

*Our minister of children is really not so keen.
She gets around those kiddies, and acts just like a queen!*

(chorus)

*Our minister of science is the artsy-fartsy type.
'We ask him for a project, but all he does is gripe!*

(chorus)

*Our Chirurgeon is a butcher, he thinks we feel no pain.
If you seek out treatment, you really are insane!*

(chorus)

*Our fighters are all wimpy, they drink and wench for fun.
But when it comes to combat, they'd really rather run!*

(chorus)

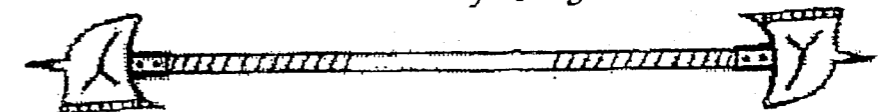
*Our minstrel is a drunken fool, she really is a lush.
'Whenever she starts wailing, we wish that she'd just hush!*

(chorus)

*The wild scots all are crazy, this much we know is true.
Some say their backs are yellow, but we know 'Wode is blue!*

(chorus)

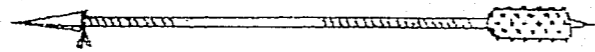
- Landolf Röntgen



THE GOBLINS
(Hey, Hey, We're the Monkeys)

Here we come, rampaging down the street.
Get the holiest looks from
the Paladins we meet.
Hey, hey we're the goblins
people say we stink up the town
but we're too busy slay'n
to gobble anybody down.
We're just try'n to be dirty.
Come and watch us eat and slay.
We're the dark generation
so all you monks better pray.
Hey, hey we're the goblins
sorry we can't stick around
but we're too busy slay'n
and eat'n the bodies found!!

- Moonstarr



UNNAMED

Between the dream and fantasy
Where is the line
The one that shows the difference
In the playgrounds of the mind

Who's to say life isn't real
Not fantasy or dream
That time is the water
And we're swimming upstream

So how can one tell
If the fantasy is real
The dream has come true
Or just a moment in the river to steal

And which one are you
Fantasy or dream
Or by chance are you real
Just caught up in time
With the fast racing stream.

- Delphos Le Fonce' De Coeur



"THE FIRST EMERALD HILLS BATTLE GAME"
(a legend begins)

3/26/88

MUNDANE NAME	PERSONA NAME	CLASS
James Connolly	Rakasta	Healer
Clayton Harris	Sven	Monk
Clint Harris	Frederick	Scout
Doug Jorgensen	Alexzander	Barbarian
Lance Jorgensen	Landolf	Barbarian
Shannon Jorgensen	Johann	Warrior
Bryan Keith	Bryan	Warrior
Mike Murphy	Neuron	Barbarian
Harry Plumbley	Arn the sly	Warrior
Renee Spahr	Reyna	Healer
Byron Stoker	Gwindon	Assassin
Joel Tomlinson	Delphos	Assassin
Chris Walden	Gwaehir	Reeve

Thirteen brave players take the field for two flag battles. Two companies took the field...The Wolf Pack and The Sable Pride...and non-aligned players divided evenly. Captain Landolf of the Wolf Pack chooses a base near Nirvana while Captain Neuron of the Sable Pride chooses an island base in the woods.

Landolf chooses to leave his base nearly undefended for the first battle game and sends his team out to capture the enemy flag while he stands nearly alone on the defense. Neuron chooses to send out several small hunting parties and moderately defend his base.

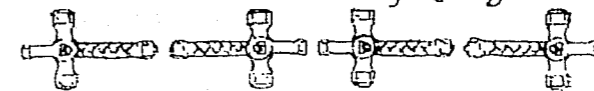
The Wolf Pack quickly swarms over the defending team and returns to their base just in time to save the their own barely defended flag. Though he tries, Nev never seems to rally his team enough to retrieve his flag.

In the second game though, Neuron develops a new strategy...forget the opponents flag and eliminate the opposing team. Each time the Wolves foraged out to raid, they were quickly pounced on by the Pride. Landolf soon realized that he didn't have enough teammates to defend his flag, and with night approaching, yielded the field so that the revelry could begin...

Final score:

- Wolfpack-1
- Sable Pride-1
- Emerald Hills-VICTORIOUS!!!!

- Landolf Roentgen



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -

SPECIAL THANKS

Shorn - all editing, Cover, Introduction, Wolfpack Journey, Juggling, "Collision"

*Fytakin Zabarr, Champion and Guildmaster of Warriors and Bards to the Shire of Demon's Gorge -
"The Warrior's Prayer"*

Dougan Spellwright - Juggling, "The Blood of Youth", "Bring me a Star", "Rules Revisited", Crossword

MoonStarr, Guildmaster of Assassins to the Shire of Demon's Gorge - Comic, The Goblins

Malachi - Comic

Lord KalXen, Prime Minister to the Duchy of the Midnight Sun - Mid-Reign Feast

Sir Cearen Blagden, Champion pro tem to the Duchy of the Midnight Sun - Mid-Reign Feast

Landolf Röntgen - "The First Emerald Hills Battle Game"

Delphos Le Fonce' De Coeur - Unnamed poem

The Artwork shown in this newsletter (used as separators between stories) has been partly drawn by Shorn, partly drawn by Landolf Röntgen, and partly discovered by Landolf Röntgen. Most of the original artists are unknown. The drawing on page 17 was taken from the cover page on the first newsletter for the Kingdom of the Emerald Hills, and it belongs to Reyna.

For questions, comments, contributions of any form, copies of old newsletters, individual articles, or anything else you can think of, call James Watson or Bill Watson at (214) 223-3513. If neither of us are home, feel free to leave a message. If your park is not listed in the Contributing Parks listing (pg. 2) then please leave the name of your park, the name of your group, its location, and (if you know) its current officers and the date of its next elections. In the future we will (hopefully) have a P.O.Box for you to send contributions to, but until then, please call.

Also, many Amtgardians have Personas with names that are difficult to spell. If you wish your name to be spelled correctly in this newsletter, spell it out for us! In addition, leave the names of all titles you currently hold and in what land you hold them (so you may receive the credit that you are due).

- Shorn



- Courtesy of the Wolfpack -