

The Dark Side



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Thanks to all of us who spent many hours looking for each other and then
finally time actually working on this great fanzine. Vivat !!


And thanks for the art work...it will be used in this fanzine, unlike
some we know. <grin>

-one of the Co-Editors-

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF RECEIVING AWARDS

1. NEVER EVER EXPECT AN AWARD.
2. NEVER GO AROUND PROCLAIMING THAT YOU DESERVE SAID AWARD.
3. NEVER CRITICIZE ANOTHER'S AWARD OR QUESTION THEIR MERIT.
4. NEVER DO WORK FOR JUST AN AWARD, IF YOU ENJOY WHAT YOU'RE DOING, IT IN ITSELF IS A REWARD.
5. ALWAYS CONGRATULATE A RECIPIENT OF AN AWARD.
6. DO NOT BELITTLE AN AWARD! IT LOOKS TOO MUCH LIKE JEALOUSY.
7. PAPERWORK A KNIGHT DOES NOT MAKE!
8. BEING A SQUIRE DOES NOT INSURE KNIGHTHOOD!
9. DO NOT QUESTION THE MONARCH ON THEIR CHOICE AND/OR CREATION OF AWARDS, YOU MAY BE IN THEIR SHOES NEXT TIME, BUT YOU'RE NOT NOW.
10. APPRECIATE WHEN YOU ARE RECOGNIZED, HOPEFULLY EVERYONE WILL BE IN DUE TIME.






The Person in the Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle for self
And the world makes you King or Queen for a day.
Just go to a mirror and look at your self,
And see what "that" person has to say.

For it isn't your father, mother or friend
Who judgement upon you must pass;
The person whose verdict counts most in your life,
Is the one staring back from the glass.

That's the person to please--never mind the rest,
For he's with you clear up to the end.
And you've passed your most difficult test
If the person in the glass is your friend.

You may fool the whole world down the pathway of life,
And get pats on your back as you pass.
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears----
If you've cheated the person in the glass.



That Which is Evil and Kills

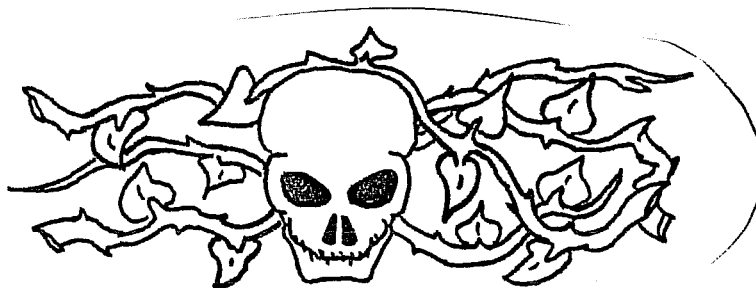
Its a very pleasant feeling for me to know I'm about to complete my job, to justify injustice done. Tonight is perfect, a crescent moon, a constant breeze, and even fog to boot. The funny thing is he's known about me for weeks now, but he's put me off. I even gave him the first move. Now its my turn. Soon she shall be avenged.

A dark alley. The wind wistling across my ears and my dark eyes piercing the darkness in search of my prey. Its a game I play with him before vengence is dealt. Without moving a single muscle and standing erect in a dim light I seek him out. I'm sure he sees me because I can feel his fear growing, the tension ever so confining, sealing his fate for me. The chills roll up and down my body as my internal powers explode into immeasurable amounts fed by his overwhelming fear. Then as if a bottle were to shatter and magnified 10 times, a tear drop falls to the pavement. I know where he is, its almost over. Reaching for my sword I find it warm to the touch as if it has been expecting this momment for quite some time now. A slight sliding noise is made as my finly forged blade feels the night air. Almost instantaneously the air seems to grow a bit cooler, maybe its my imagination or maybe not. He's seen my blade and it provokes him to move. His mistake. One step closer now and the voices inside my head are rumbling with words of death and destruction. They themselves are enough to kill, unfortunately his are a thousand times worse. Echoing voices of himself. He does not understand what is happening, he only knows fear. An intense fear, one I can sense as easily as I can see or feel. Another step, closer and closer I come, flowing

ever so silently towards my prey. Pray, that's a good idea, not for me but for him, his time is up. My palms are sweating and the hilt is hot, but my blade is cold, cold biting steel. Again I move closer, this time his fear is too much and he breaks into a run. His actions make it more exciting, and increase my link to him. He cannot hide anymore. I know where he is going and how he will get there, no escape now. Too bad he did not see the 'dead end' sign. What an ironic sign. The wind picks up even more as I am once again not more than 10 feet from him. This time he is trapped and he's even considering fighting me. Good, this makes it even better. Through his mind fly ideas upon ideas as to how he can cheat death. But his fear clouds the stinging sensation in his legs. All he notices is the warm wetness of his lower thighs. His legs give out, from weariness or fear? He'll never know. He just knows pain, unlike anything he's ever felt. He knows why now, I've just told him. I'll let him suffer a bit and think about what he's done. Then my deal is complete, his sleep is eternal. He is no more.

Squire Master Gwindon Blackrose

-Guild Master of Assassins-



Like rain from a storm did death fall upon them
called had they been to meeting of freinds.
Traitors were these turned out and let loose
their enemies forth upon them to rend.

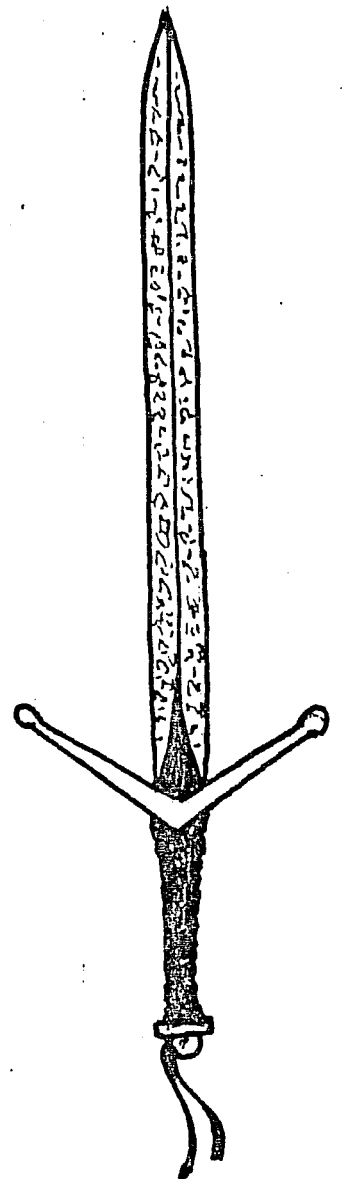
In darkness did i stumble upon them
and called up their wraiths to tell me their tale.
Much was my sorrow to hear of the telling
my rage grew in bounds no mortal could know.
I gathered my weapons and set out a hunting
their thrice damned souls I would send unto Hel.

Long was my journey till last did I find them
laughing in jest at the slaughter they'd done.
Swift as the falcon I set forth upon them
on my dark blade their bright blood did run.

I laughed in black joy at their plentiful slaughter
and fear did take root in the heart of my foe.
Quick did they fall in death by mine own hand
in vengeance I reaped the dark deed they sowed.

Fury is mine, as the reaver of souls
and damage against me i will not abide.
Mark ye well and do naught against me
for my vengeance is sure as the grey evening tide.

egzupzipl
#



Vampires

The leader dressed in black
far out in front he leads the attack
Dead ones follow as he draws near
He hungers as he tastes the fear
Deep rich laughter rolls from his mouth
You freeze, enveloped in doubt
Run and hide, there's no escape
They surround you, its too late
Did you make a sound
Is this what your bound
Promises fill your mind
As fear clenches your spine
Its over, your behind him
Impatient, eager to begin
Lusting for life
No questions "to live or die"
Worlds opening, this is escape
others sought, but were too late
Ecstasy beyond compare
Join us if you dare

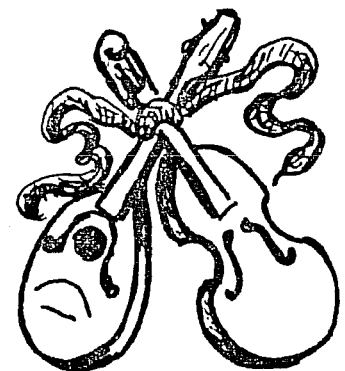
Alessandra



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CORSAIRS, CORSAIRS, CORSAIRS EVERY WHERE
WOLF PACK IN THE CORNER, CHEWING ON THEIR HAIR.
WIZARDS ON THE TABLE SMOKING ON HIS WAND.
PRINCESS ON HER SOAPBOX WAVING HER BATON.
"ORDER, ORDER" TO THE STINKING HOARD.
LET'S HAVE SOME NOISE BEFORE WE GET TOO BORED
CATS SITTING ALL TOGETHER, CALL THEM SABLE PRIDE
SEE THEM THERE A PREENING, ON THEIR PRETTY HIDE
ASSASSINS, ASSASSINS, SNEAKING ALL ABOUT,
LURKING IN THE CORNERS, TO TAKE THE ROYALTY OUT.
SEE THE MONARCH THERE UPON HIS THRONE,
IF HE'S NOT REAL CAREFUL, HE'LL GO DOWN ALONE.
CONCUBINES, CONCUBINES, LOUNGING BEHIND THE KING;
EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM IS UNDER SEVENTEEN!!
SLANDER, SLANDER, EVERY WORD OF IT
SUNG VERY OFTEN AS A BARDS' GREATEST HIT!!



And so starts
the Saga of...

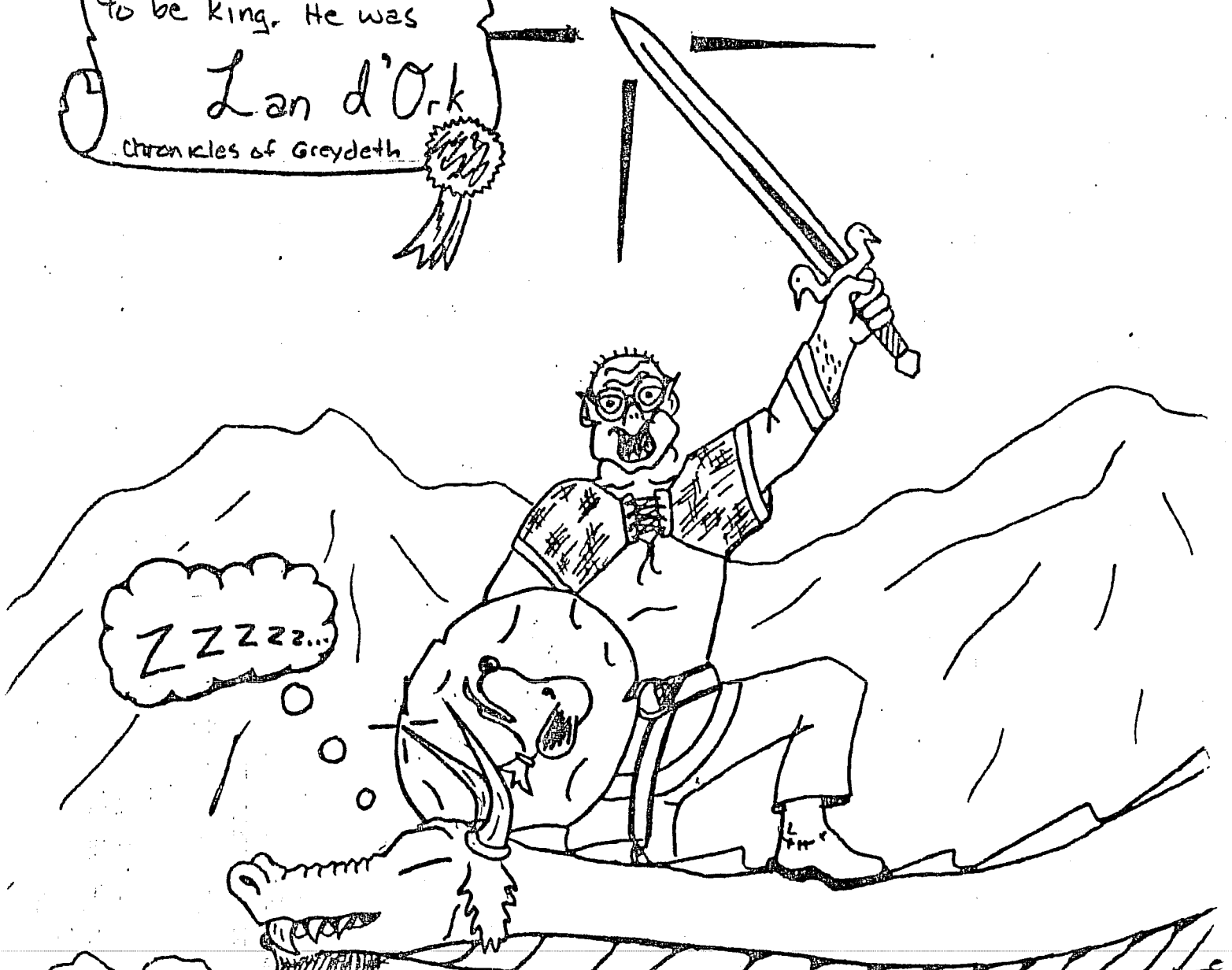
In the beginning there were the orks. They were lowly orks; they were dumb orks, but that was then. This is now.

Ages ago among these orks, one tribe excelled among the others; the dirt orks. The leaders in their arrogance gave themselves the name d'Ork (dirt orks). In time one was born among the d'Orks destined to be king. He was

Lan d'Ork

Chronicles of Greydeth

Lan d'Ork Waterwalker



Saturday morning, Lan d'Ork fills his cart with his Nogard stuff...



And God speak works once again.

BAM



And as usual Bi-gar the barbarian meets Lan d'Ork by his wagon.



Hey Guys Check it out! 26 pts of Armor. Count it up!



HE REEVE CBETH STIFLES IS STUPIDITY.

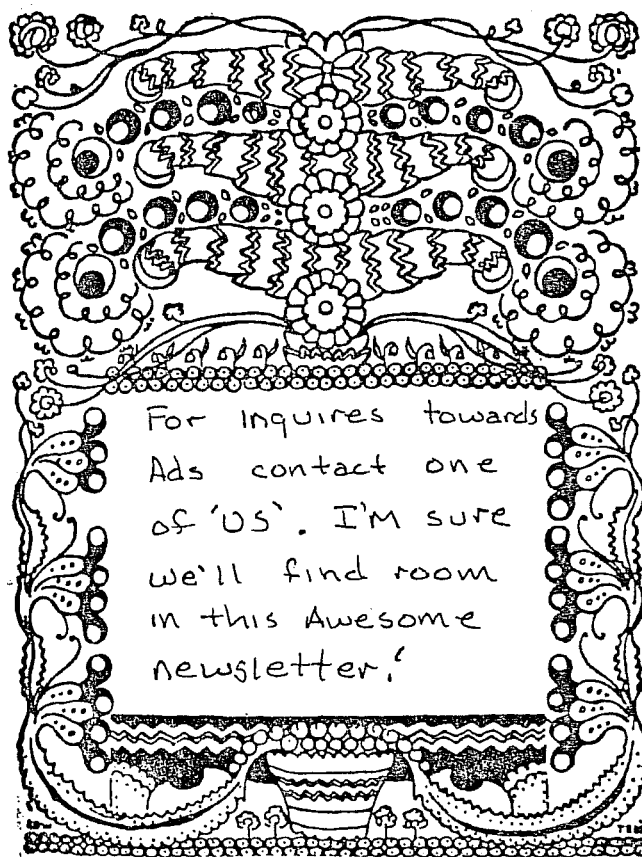
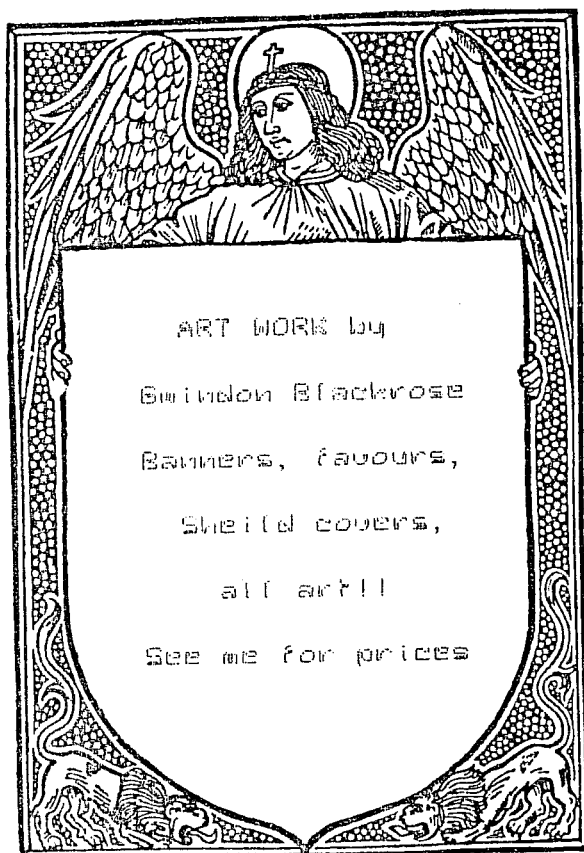


TO BE CONTINUED
IN NEXT MONTH'S
ISSUE OF
LAN d'Ork
WaterWalker
"His emergence into
the real world." 10

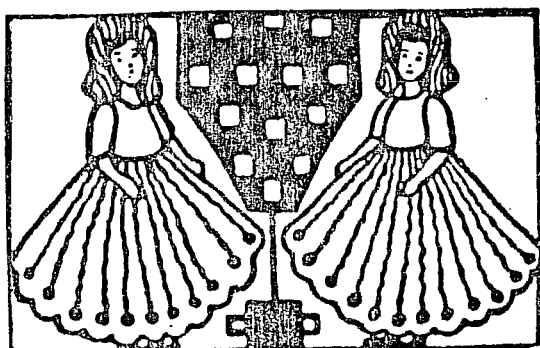


Weapons of War
-by Garath Blackhawk-

Weapons made by
superior craftsmanship
and materials



TO ALL READERS:
This News letter will
be put out for little
or no cost depending
on where it is produced.
However, any and all
monetary contributions
will be accepted. Help
us make this the best
Newsletter in our Kingdom.



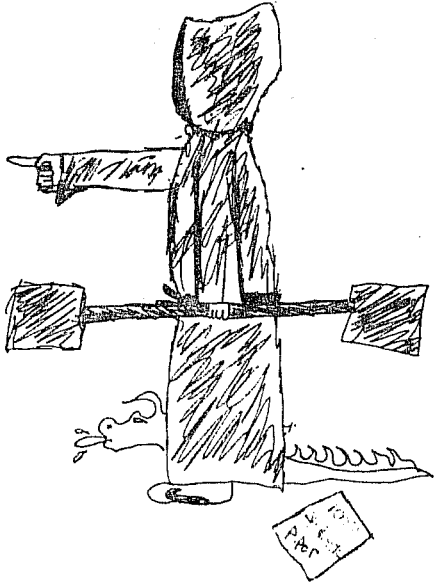
Garb by Alessandra

Tunics/Tabbards	\$10.00
Shirts	\$15.00
Pants	\$10.00
Cloaks	\$40.00
Robes	\$20.00

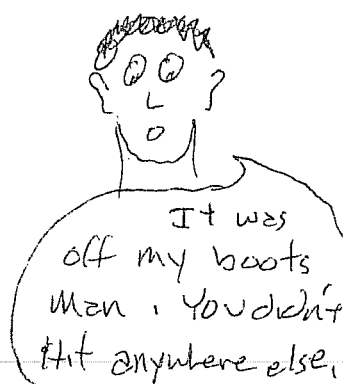
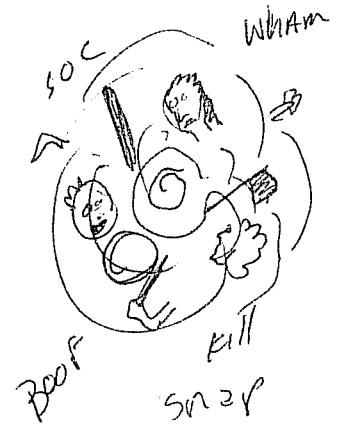
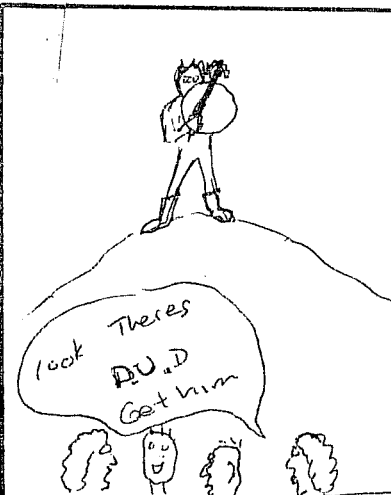
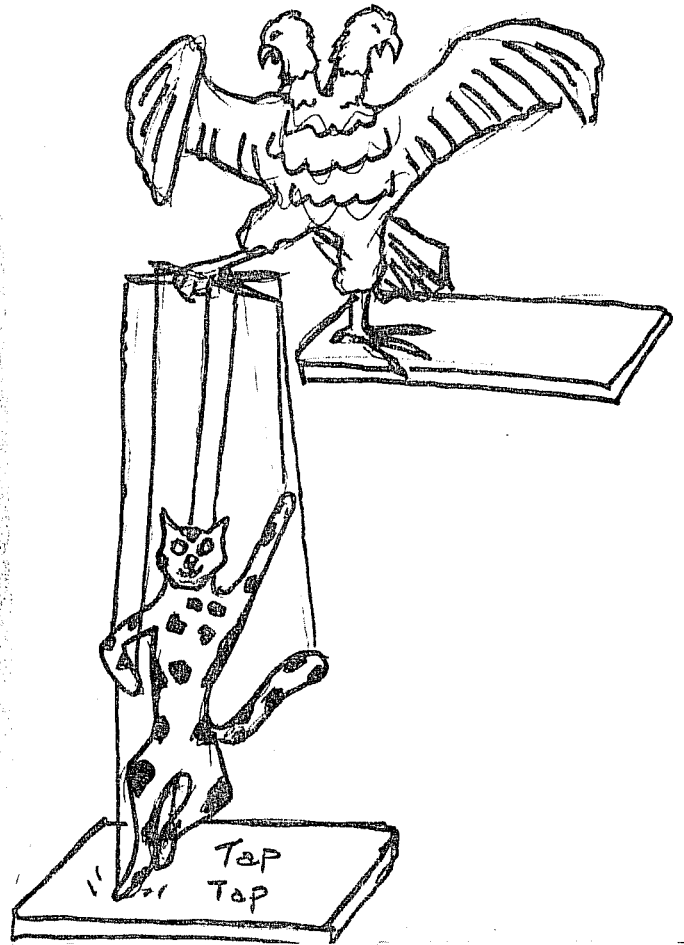
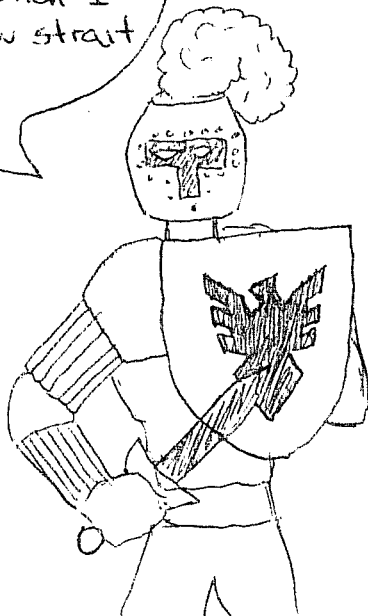
COMIX

USE 100% SPELLWRITE
PAPER. I DO.

Hugon Misspell



Yea I'm a knight,
but only when I
look at you strait
ON.



CORSAIRS, CORSAIRS, CORSAIRS EVERY WHERE
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