

## SERBER WERLE

Yes and once again the Bad Asses
Inc. brings you yet another issue of
The Dark Sidhe. The name however has
been changed to protect the guilty.
The new name, The Dark Sidhe, leans
more towards the dark and mysterious
giving it a tinge elvishness. Minor
changes but sure to confuse some people
we know. This newest edition to the
Dark Sidhe will be known as the
Dark Talk. You readers may send your
submissions to: The Dark Sidhe
711 West Ridge
Duncanville, Tx
75116

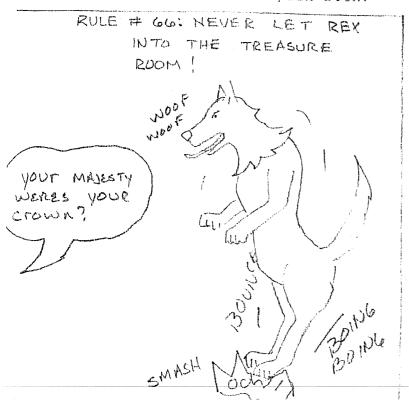
In this section we will discuss things. Which things, well that depends of YOU! Don't you feel special? Of course you do. Well Until the next issue, Good bye.

- ME-

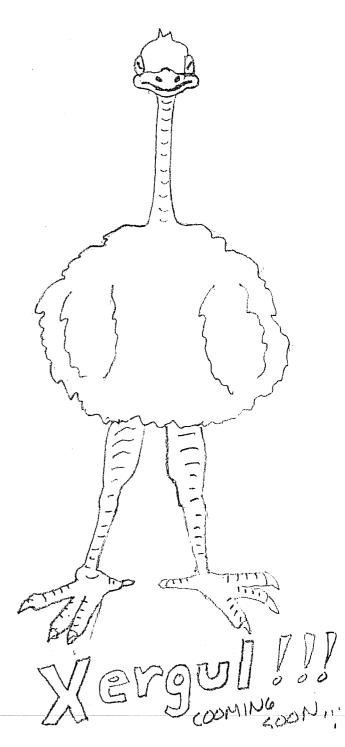
To the populus:

Blase

p.s. blah blah blah and oh yeah blah.



He's bad ...
He's cruel...
He's cruel...



'An Open Letter of Clarification

At the coronation of her Majesty Queen Alessandra of the Emerald Hills an apparently unintentional breach of conduct occured. In the position of her majesty's champion it fell under my responsibility to rectify as it concerned the usage of arms. It was duly approached, and the discussion came to how the different lands each had their own regulations concerning the carrying of arms. Thus the following brief record, as I understand it, of the way our kingdom bares its arms in court.

- Only guardsmen of the reigning nobility may carry ampgard weapons to court, including visiting reigning nobility.
- 2) Live steel shall be peace tied unless pledging/ presenting to the monarch.
- 3) NEVER shall a guardsman bare live steel in defense of his ward.

This basicly covers the usage of weapons at our court, we would be grateful if the other lands presented their rules of weapons ediquite for our use in their lands

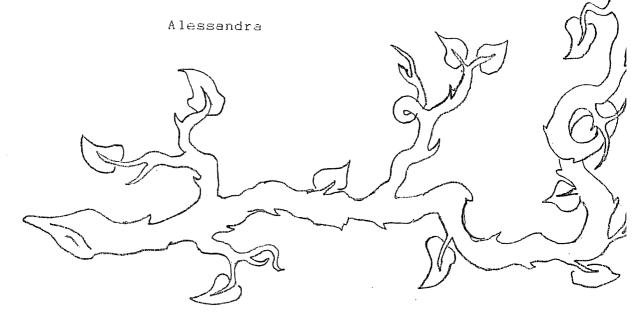
Garath Blackhawk

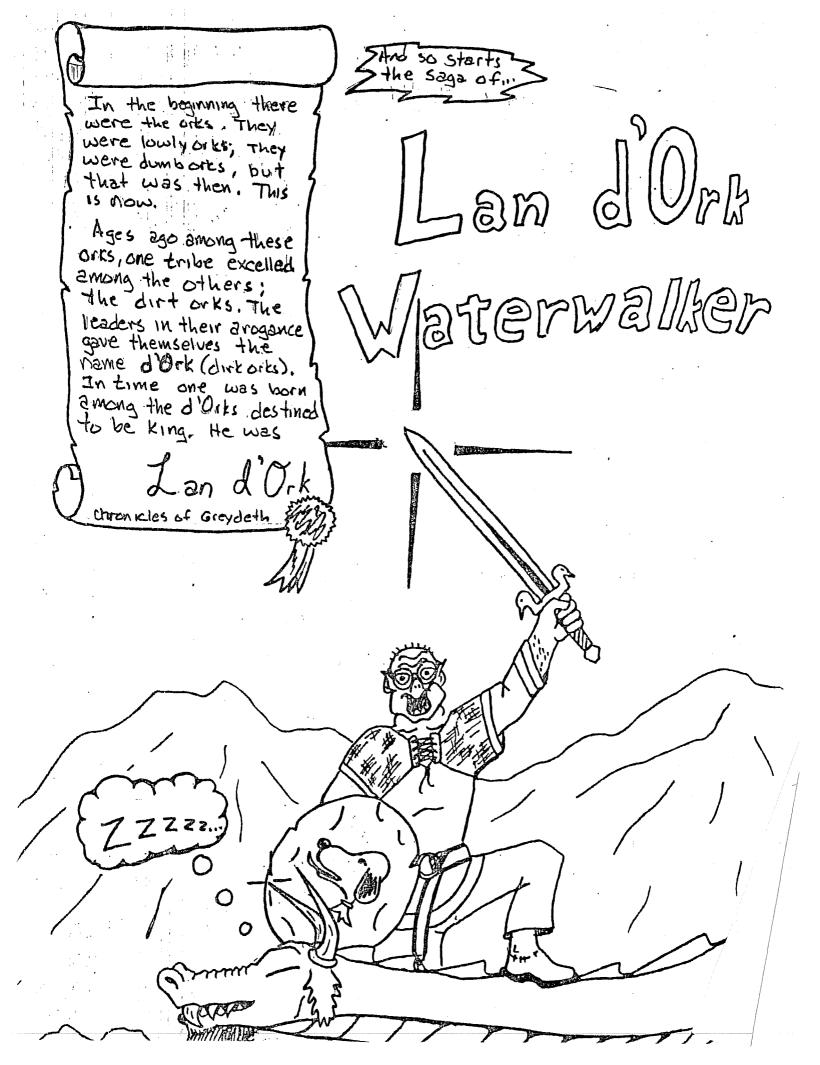




## Part One

She awoke to the moonlight on her face and the dark song piercing her heart. There was a need in it that she never experienced before. stood the bed sheets fell to the floor, her sleep must have been troubled, the small amount she had. The breeze coming through the window was cool but the moment chilled her to the bone. She climbed out the window as not to wake the others and headed for the woods at the back of the dwelling. The dew strewn grass clung to her feet and legs. Strange how in the dead of the night the world seems to stop moving. She contemplated the expression, the world did seem dead and cold at this moment. How many times had he calledto her just to allow her a fleeting glance. She could remeber the beginning when she would arrive at the ordained spot only to feel the essence of him. Tonight was different she could feel him there unyielding, ready to fulfil the prophecy. She had heard small pieces of the tales since she was a child and she knew not which to believe. Something about a blood price. Everyone was forbidden to speak of it around her. Her loving parents swore it would not come to pass. Some pact made in a time of need or a time of sharing. A wizard needing apprentice and mate? A vampire lord who marked her at birth to teach the mysteries and live them with her? A creature of pureness, so heavy for one, with her? There were other stories but they all centered around power, companionship, some kind of bonding where she would never return to herself again. Once one has tasted power one must have more, whether it be good or evil. She was almost there. She picked her way over the rocks following the stream until she reached the still pond. All was quiet, the moon light reflected off the water but that could not equal the glow of his alabaster skin. His hair gleamed like the ravens, his lips were as red as the ruby's mounted in the wall over the fireplace. He turned his gaze from the moon and down to her. Power blazed from his eyes and struck her to her very soul. Noise filled her head and stopped her ears. She fell to the ground before him. Thus begins the legend of Gabrielle and the other.



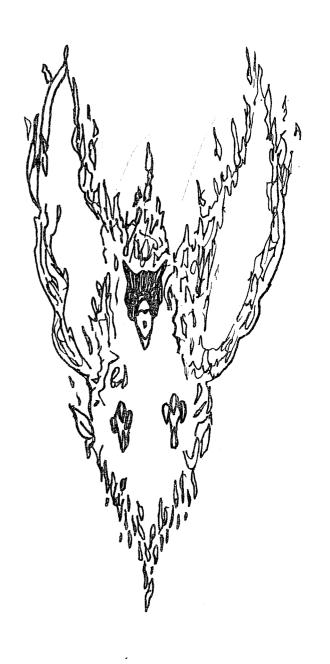




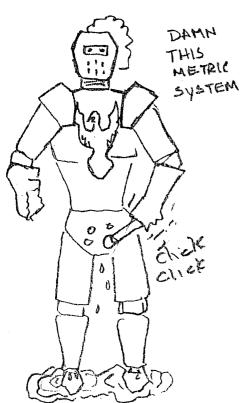




Far above the high cliffs a bird of prey soars on the wind. Eyes sweep the landscape below as the air currents sweep him along. Movement in a scattering of trees catch his eye. Swooping lower, the bird examines the movement. Far below, sensing danger, a wolf whines as he sniffs the air. Hungry for blood the aviator falls, losing altitude at a tremendous rate. He hits the ground far from the trees, and bounces twice. The wolf, hoping for a meal, tears from the trees towards the fowl. With a snapping of jaws he rushes. The bird takes flight with a flurry of wings, hovers for an instant above the startled wolf, and then rakes with rezor talons, shod in steel. Blood spurts from the wolf and sprays the avian. Yelping in pain, the wolf tucks his tail and begins to run. Ravenous, the predator prusues after the carnivore, beak streched for the canine's throat. A beat of wings, a snap of jaws, and the wolf collapses to the ground. The bird takes flight, his hunger abated, leaving the carcass for the vultures.











## The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands; Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred, lord Tennyson

## The Tyger

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright In the forest of the night, What immortal hand or eye Could frame thy fearful symmétry?

In what distant deeps or skies Burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And, when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? What dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears, And watered heaven with their tears, Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger, Tyger, burning bright In the forest of the night, What immortal hand or eye Dare frame thy fearful symmetry:

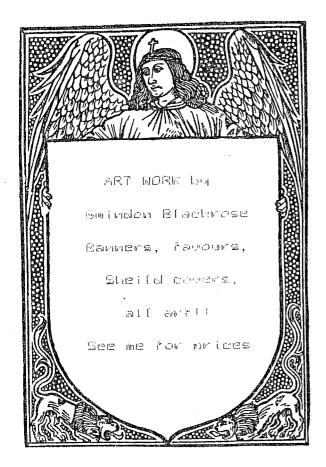
William Blake

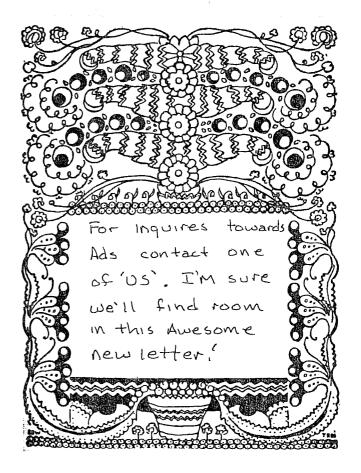




Weapons of War -by Garath Blackhawk-

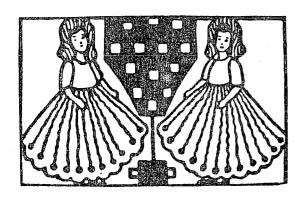
Weapons made by superior craftsmanship and materials





This is the ads page we put ads here in case you had'nt noticed. So can you for a special price of 19.95. No just kidding. We'll run any ad for a donation of 5 cents per issue put out. Thisdonation will go to the club and not us, unless we need to offset any printing bill, which is unlikely, due to free copying. But anyways its a good cause. (I hate 40 columns)

Us



Garb by Alessandra

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