

THE  
RETURN OF

# The Dark Sidhe

NEVER  
SAY  
NEVER!



NO  
WAY



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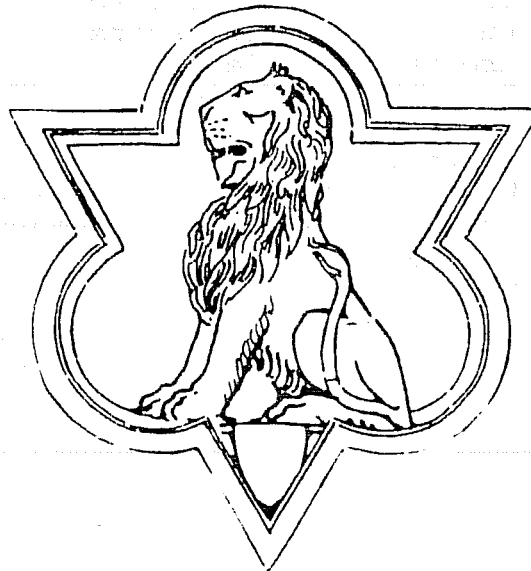
\* This was a totally unscheduled event, but since this is coronation week, there ought to be some kind of newsletter available. The Kingdom's letter was supposed to be done by our EX-king's concubine, who by the way still has the \$ 30 given to her for the creation of the newsletter. Hmm surprised, I'm not. - From one who knows -

Thank you all for the help in getting this 4th issue off the ground. You all know who you are and since this is an underground issue...NO NAMES in creation.

\* DARK TALK IS NOT IN THIS ISSUE DUE TO THE RUSH.

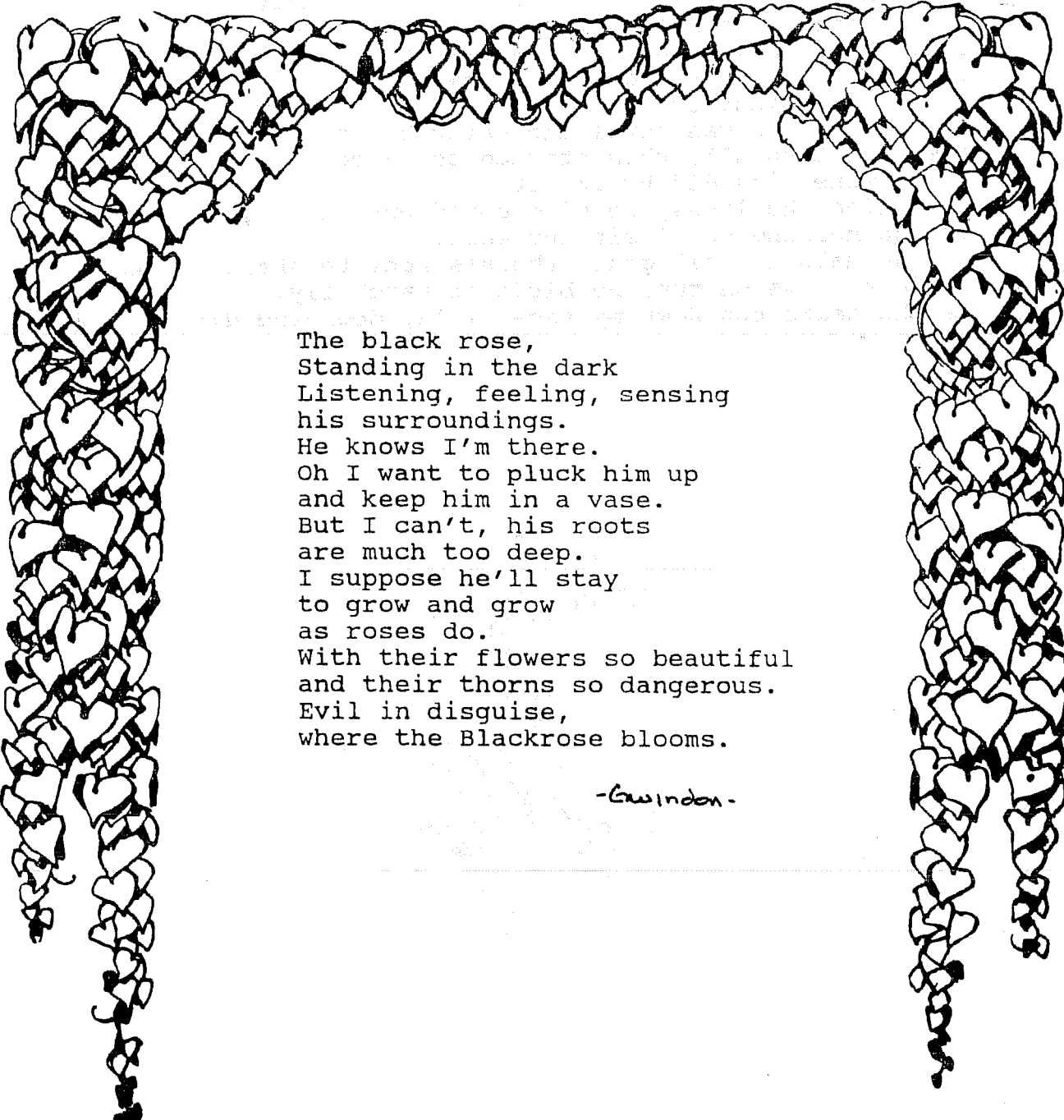
## One Morning

In the morning sun I sit and wait.  
The light envelopes me, flooding the gates.  
Animals of all kinds answer my call.  
I am their master, one and all.  
From the dawn of time I have been the one.  
I'll never leave until I am done.  
As the sun rises higher and travels the sky.  
The creatures around me all began to die.  
I sit and I weep, its not what I planned.  
Speaking to my subjects, I am told its because of man.  
What is this being, I don't recall its name.  
All my animals live in peace, can't he do the same.  
With the setting of the sun the land is empty.  
All my animals are gone, wiped out completely.  
This thing called man, will answer to me.  
I gather my energy and all my power.  
Before the night is through, all man will cower.  
My destruction was total man never had a chance.  
I slayed them all, then started to dance.  
In my wake fire did break out.  
Consuming the lands, nothing could put it out.  
In the morning sun I sit and wait.  
The animals are all gone, there's none to share my plate.  
No deer to watch run, no birds to watch fly.  
As the tears run down my face, I lay down and die.



A timeless land of sand and forest, ever stretching onward,  
ever reseding back. A lone rider approaches from afar. He rides  
a foul creature yet what beauty it holds. A steed from Hell with  
its fur as black as night and eyes as red as the blood that flows  
through the rivers occupied in his master's mind, a place he alone  
knows as Hell. Dressed in sleek armour of black and silver,  
through wich no flesh can be seen, a sword in its sheath and a  
sheild on his arm. He wears the skull and the rose as his mark.  
A symbol of death and decay, of hate and evil, yet one of love and  
hope. Onward he goes to find his destiny in what we call reality.  
A misson to be fufiled, another life to be lived. He is the  
preditor, a vengful sort, prefering the dark to the light.

- Gwindon -



The black rose,  
Standing in the dark  
Listening, feeling, sensing  
his surroundings.  
He knows I'm there.  
Oh I want to pluck him up  
and keep him in a vase.  
But I can't, his roots  
are much too deep.  
I suppose he'll stay  
to grow and grow  
as roses do.  
With their flowers so beautiful  
and their thorns so dangerous.  
Evil in disguise,  
where the Blackrose blooms.

-Gwindon-

## In Search of Darkness

Down in the depths of darkness the dark forces sat, looking over the future plans for apocalypse. There was, however, one tiny problem.

"You know we can't venture further than the gates of Hades. Past the gates we can't even stand the light of night" the high generals complained.

That was a problem, for they would be blinded by the brightness and not perform as well in battle.

After days; ages even, a voice ended the problem.

"Send forth my six best demons. Send the cleverest and the strongest forth to the worked above for the answer" bellowed the deep, thunderous voice of the Master of the dark, dismal demesnes.

Aexhorthall swiftly prepared his tools of mayhem. Insuring the sheen of his weapons, he then flew to his commander's pit.

"I am ready sir" he told him. He barely concealed the excitement in his voice. A mission for the imperialist Master himself.

"You know the problem. You are to venture to the worlds above for the solution." the commander ordered.

Flying for the pit, he soared upwards to exit his realm. Flying through the darkness Aexhorthall swept through the gate to exit on Earth's universe. Pleased to be in the universe of humans, who were so easy to influence, he made his way to Earth as swiftly as possible.

After a year on Earth Aexhorthall concluded that a country called The United States of America was the best place to search.

Reasoning out that Sol was the brightest object humans had to face, who was most advanced? Japanese were, but; besides the fact that they were generally boring they had no experience facing the star without protective atmosphere.

Glad to be away from a land where cars and trains were too easy to crush and burn, he blinked into existence in Arizona.

"Some parts of Hell don't even look this bad", he thought.

Sheathing his swords, Aexhorthall glided upwards to glimpse more of his surroundings.

Seeing miles of wasteland all around, Aexhorthall decides; why not? Sending snow from the atmosphere, he then drifts towards New Mexico.

At about that time, the space shuttle was landing in White Sands recognizing that it was a space craft, he rocketed towards it. Ripping through the cockpit he tore the head off the nearest human.

Back in the pit Aexhorthall presented his shaded helmet to the Master of Nether.

Not even being able to fit the thing on his head, he ordered the eternal suffering for Aexhorthall.

Skragg materialized in the same plane, a millennium before, outside a dum-colored brick family abode. Shouldering the flimsy oaken door and bar aside as he strode into the kitchen, he first

noticed a frantically barking canine. Pinning the family mongrel's jaw closed and the wall with a knife for the humor was worth more than the pittance of vitality the beast claimed. The memory of the dog suspended by his jaw, whimpering and no longer barking would elicit a chuckle for many ages.

Stretching his awareness, he found a more plentiful, more vital, life force almost immediately above him. A thrust of an open hand through the ceiling was rewarded with the rending of the life's flesh. Tasting the blood sent a wrenching, though not unpleasant, through his limbs. With a snarl he leapt to the level above, to see two humans, clutching at one another in abject terror. Humans.

The tastiest blood of all.

With a roar of delight he ripped the man and wife to bloodless gobbets of meat, strewn about the room.

Skragg had quite forgotten what he was about.

It was two days and three villages later that an engorged skragg was thrown into a deeper pit than was called for.

Doompterra was summoned. Listening to the details, she decided Earth was as good a place as any. She had to collect a debt anyway.

Debt paid off, the Faceless one as she was known here began her study.

Tired of pesky humans and their winning, she started a couple of wars and ruin of a tower to confuse some humans who thought they could build it to reach past the clouds and into other planes.

Moving to remote islands, she figured it out.

Teleporting home, she talked of the reptiles and amphibians she had studied and their protective flaps over their eyes.

Enraged by anyone thinking he would have to alter himself for a mere war with some other plane, he ordered her wings cut, and her brain snapped so she would wander like an idiot until she ceased to exist.

Nulloid heard his instructions, and presented his solution at once. "It's obvious. Rip the Master's eyes out." Nulloid was made to tread in his own vomit for thirteen thousand years, and it is said his eyes graced the Master's ears even longer.

Zapping into a plane unknown to Vhisccioghus, he came upon a small mammal on a larger mammal. The larger one seemed to be having a seizure at his presence. Sending an energy blast, the mammals head exploded. The smaller mammal seemed to fall off, as the larger fell slowly.

"Chimgada Carbron !" yelled the small one.

Tiny thunderclaps sounded and Vhisccioghus felt his armor penetrated a few times. Striding forward, he seized its head. Pulling, the top half of it came off. But the mammal still moved ! How can it be ?

Examining he found it was a covering, with a hold in the middle for your head ! Tossing the puny mammal aside; it had gone limp. Anyway, he vanished to appear home again.

Presenting it to the Master, he bowed with a flourish.

"What awful taste ! " he screamed. Rendering it to pieces, he ordered Vhisccioghus to be lowered into molten iron one inch every 25 years.

Maerdepip flexed his pinions, filling them with the stuff of Void, and sought a different plane than his competitors, one he believed would hold the answer. Soaring in the arid desert air over barren mountains, the demon espied in the distance a curious thing: a stone spire, of smooth sides, stabbing the length of a gladiator field above the lifeless plain. Atop this granite needle sat a magician of primitive caliber, deep in thought or meditation. Into his face blazed the sun. As the demon soared closer, he saw the shaman's eyes were covered with an oddly shaped band of ebony, iron. Rending the protection as easily as the flesh of the shaman, he snatched the band from the corpse's pulped skull, still undamaged. Observing closer, he found the mage's soul somehow transferred to the cold metal band. Setting the band on his head he found that he could see clearly, but without the uncomfortable blaze of the sun. Not only was his vision protected, but his entire body felt as if he had entered a cool damp cavern.

The legions of Hell had the answer, Maerdepip knew. The greater demons agreed, and awarded the discoverer his reward, a promotion in rand.

It is said that now and then the generals (and occasionally the Master himself) will walk amongst the planes, and may even occasionally be seen at Ampgaurd.

By: Cynewulf Plage and Xenos Perversus

Times do change in this land of ours  
So many people have came and went  
But still the dream lives on  
And with the joining of the hearts, its nor over yet.

Not long ago in says of past  
Warriors and wizards of each would clash  
Yet the dream prevailed and would not die  
New friends were made, old fears subside.

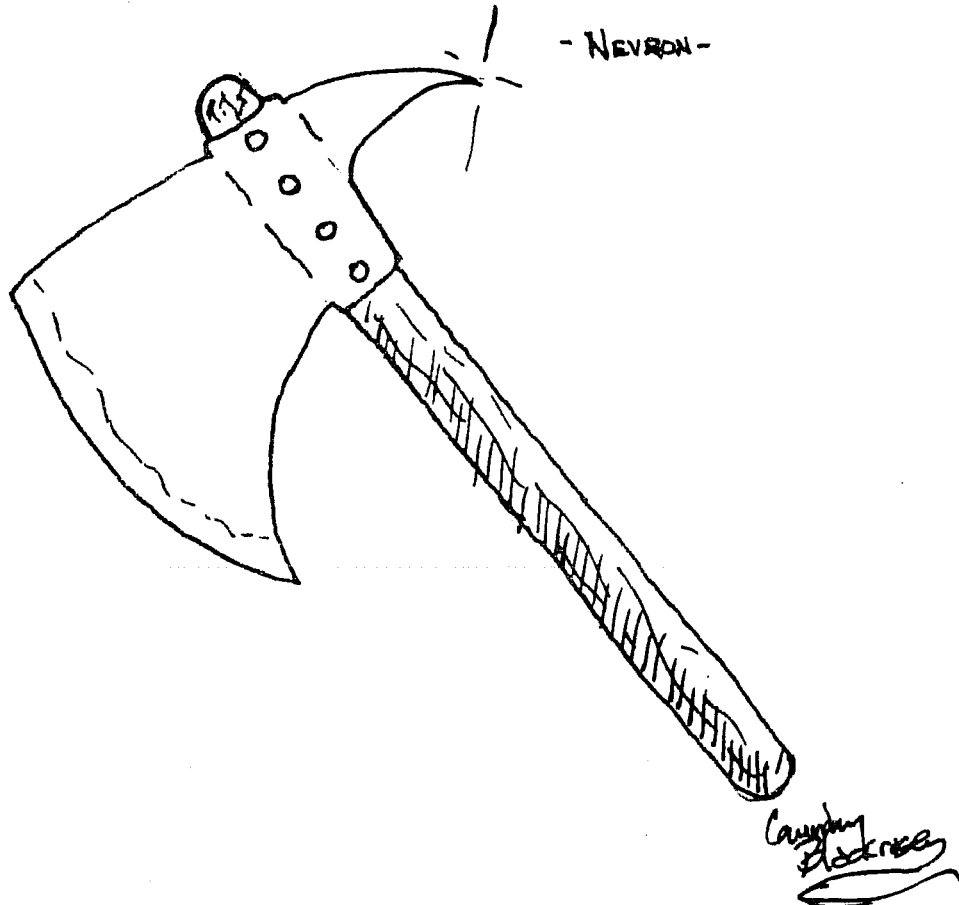
Now the time has come to test our faith  
Some of our own have sealed their fate  
A call to arms has swept the land  
Come one come all a war has to be planned.

Recently our scouts were sent out  
Just to see what these few upstarts were about  
What they found was their own reputations  
Which had managed to clear the feild, with only their clout.

Our advance team was there waiting to be met  
Only the mighty Zeus barred our path, he was all they sent  
Surprizingly the barbarian knew ~~he~~ was out classed  
So without even putting up a fuss, we all sat back and laughed

If its war they want, its war they'll get  
But they'll have to show up, or face the endless quips  
Perhaps they thought it was wise, and who would have guessed  
That they'd stay safe at home, and leave the victory to the best.

- NEVRON -



Caughy  
Flaxman



### Dawn for all Evil

Darkness falls across the land.  
Wind sweeps through trees and sand.  
Peaceful times have come and gone.  
This morning is different; evil's dawn.  
He comes through the gates of Hell  
eager to regain the place from where he fell.  
His minions swarm underfoot  
anxiously waiting to take root.

With sword and shield in hand  
Lucifer leads his vile band.  
Up to the gates on heaven  
to confront the Holy seven.  
The land burns where he steps  
though faith in God is still kept.  
Rivers turn red with boiling blood,  
soon to be a killing flood.

Men and women run aimlessly about  
while children cry over their doubts.  
A cry is carried on the dark winds  
through the forest and across the fens.  
The prince of darkness has come at last  
be warned ye light of heart, look to your past.  
Atop the churches the crucifix burns  
He will make man learn

By the battle of powers;  
of dark and light.  
Only one will prove ultimate, and right.  
Prey for your soul that it be the light.  
The stars fall through out the night  
while others explode in intense light.

Man stands below transfixed in a gaze  
Wondering if this is the end of his days.  
The world is burnt and black  
with raging red rivers, but water they lack.  
For days the war wages  
of conflicting ideas and rages.  
Of power is seems, the dark is stronger  
but loyalties exist no longer.  
By greed they are, again divided  
neither which, in heaven are invited.  
Back to Hell they fall in ruin and shame  
with only themselves to blame.

The winds die down  
again one can hear sound  
of nature and life  
now existing in less strife.  
Peace on earth and heaven  
While Hell shakes in war and sin.

## *The Unfortunate Incident*

*During the reign of our sovereign, King Ivan of the Wolf Pack, it came upon us a time of celebration for the third year of our glorious kingdom. In honor of this event, a special gathering of nobles and commoners took place in the Barony of Tanglewood. Visitors throughout the realm of Amtgard came to celebrate our kingdoms' anniversary. They came from as far away as the Celestial Kingdom and as near as the Duchy of the Golden Plains. All was in order for the exalted event until the Unfortunate Incident occurred.*

*Alas, Duke Sir Garath Blackhawk, Defender and myself were not present at the start of the peasant revolt began however, we were not far behind the instigators of the so called 'noble hunt'. The commoners had us outnumbered vastly and we could find no defendable ground. As Garath and I joined our fellow nobles, His Majesty, King Theo and Duke Sir Nevron Dreadstar came to the conclusion that the best defense was a good offense, thus we rallied our forces and attacked. It seemed at first that the plebeians would have us, but they underestimated the power of the nobility. It is worthy to note that we are unmatched in our chosen disciplines therefore one noble equals three lowly countrymen. Also, they lacked professionals in the mystical and combat arts while we had a Wizard of great renown, an Anti-paladin, and several warriors all of whom are unmatched in skill. Add to that a healer who is close enough to her chosen deity to keep them fresh and unwounded and the odds are more in favor of the nobility.*

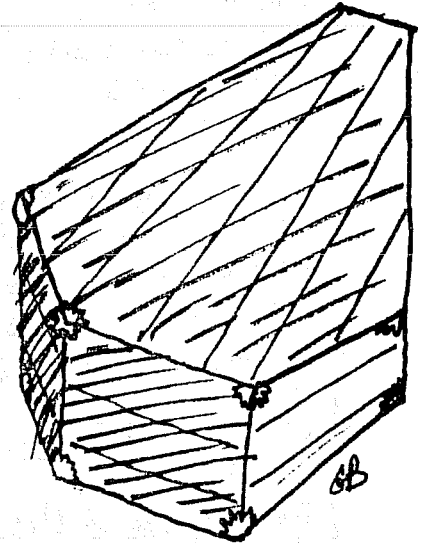
*The battle raged on for hours, each inch of ground was paid for in blood. Many a time I rushed to the aid of a fallen ally hoping it would be the last only to find myself rushing to the aid of someone else. I, myself, would have perished had not Sir Nevron the Nasty bent his code and used his power to restore a soul rather than steal one. Also, were we without the imposing power of master mage Sir Garath Blackhawk, I fear this tale would have a different ending*

*Fireballs flew, swords sparked and clashed, men screamed and women cried as death and destruction swept through the battlefield. After the dead drew their last breath and the badly wounded put out of their misery it was not the peasants but the nobles who stood alone upon the battlefield, victorious. Although, one would wonder why I and other nobility refer to this glorious battle as an Unfortunate Incident, but the explanation should be obvious. There were no peasants left after the killing ended therefore, we had expend our energies to replace them so that we could enjoy the power repressing the wretched and weak gave us. For without someone to step on what good is being noble?*

## Vampress

The sun goes down on our town,  
and the darkness creeps around.  
The clock strikes midnight  
and she awakes.  
Burning eyes, filled with hate  
feeding a thirst, she cannot sate.  
She walks the street  
searching for one to meet  
fire burns, she's filled with hate  
this lady is looking for a date.  
He is found, by her eyes he is bound.  
No man can resist her deadly kiss.  
She makes not a sound  
as she steals his soul,  
with teeth so sharp and heart so cold.  
Another sent to his bliss.  
Then the darkness wanes, as light will rule.  
She sneaks back to her crypt  
waiting for the dark of night  
slipping away into Hell  
to hide from the light,  
only to raise again at night.

- Sir Gwindon Blackrose -



Grackle Snipes, Grackle Snipes  
Coming up fast  
Better watch out  
They'll kick your ass

Hiding in the brush  
They'll make you shiver  
Then when you're near,  
They'll split our liver

So make note of little birds  
Don't take them for granted  
Because when they grow up  
You'll be six feet under, planted

Xyphus

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



His cart with his Nogard stuff...

Teleport  
Teleport  
Teleport...

I better bring  
my Chimney Sweep.

BAM

And God speak  
works once again.

DAMN  
THAT WAS  
FAST!

Yo, dude  
R U READY  
TODAY?

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

Hey Guy. How's  
it going?

Pretty  
Good  
Bi-Gar.  
NICE TO  
SEE YOU  
OUT HERE.

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

BUT  
I'll be All  
And count  
it as  
6.

THE REEVE  
METH STIFLES  
HISTUPIDITY.

NO MAN,  
THATS 2pts

WACK  
WACK

TO BE CONTINUED  
IN NEXT MONTH'S  
ISSUE OF

LAN d'Ork

Waterworker

"His emergence into  
the real world."

# Adventure #2 of the Lan d'Ork

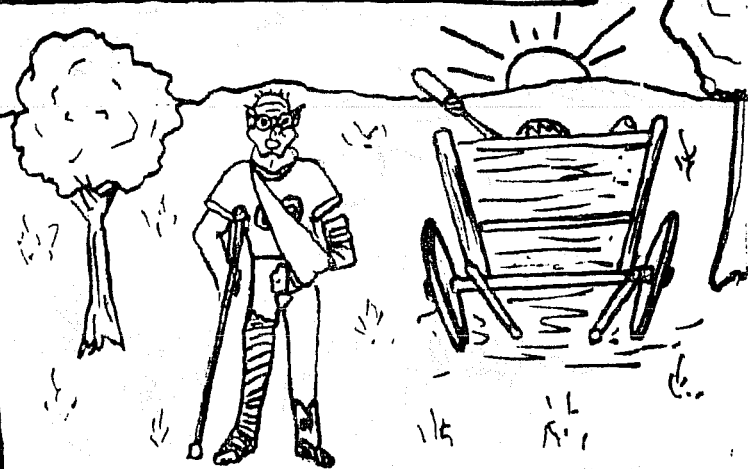
## Saga

by the bad  
Asses inc.



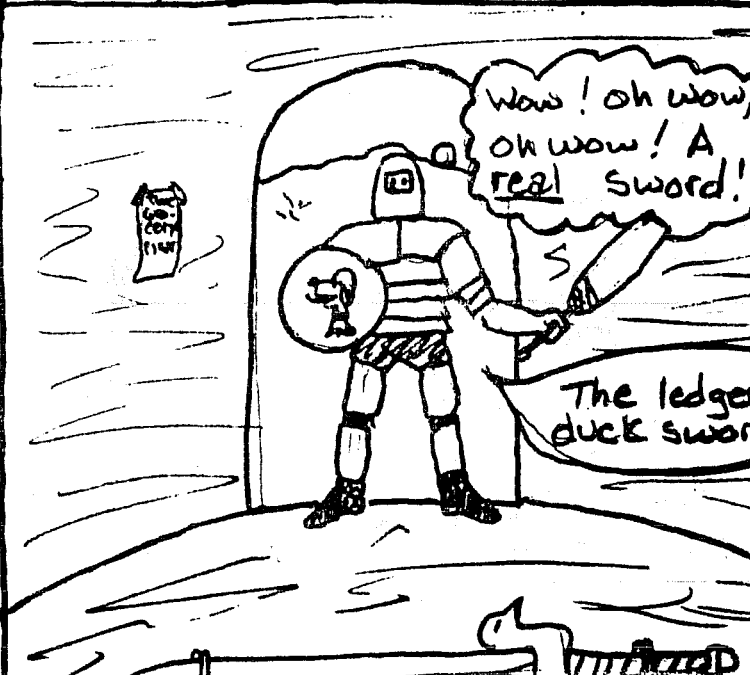
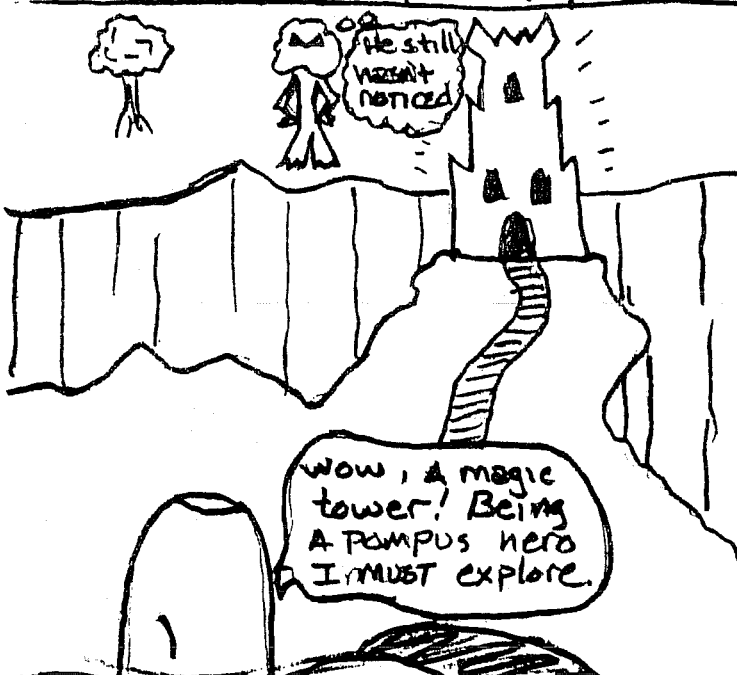
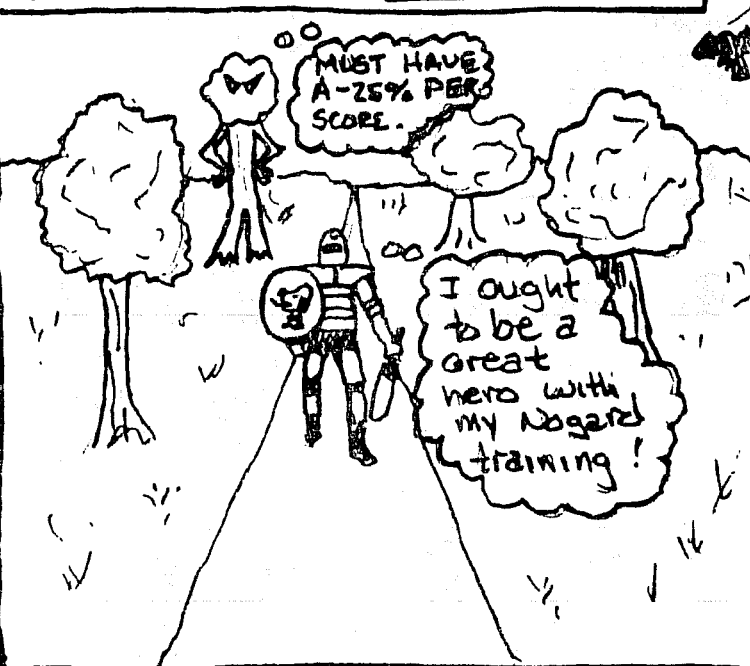
A tough day at Nogard  
and Lan d'Ork goes home  
a bruised and battered  
ork.

Shhh.  
I'm hid.

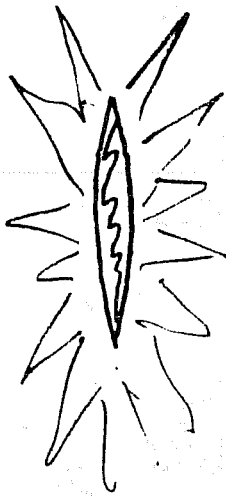


That night Lan d'Ork had a brain  
storm. He decided to do some  
real adventuring in the real  
world. (That's cell-ed.)

So off into the real world...



Meanwhile, up on a something war  
was happening... Yes its a reality warp.



SAY  
Greymane  
This does  
not look  
like old  
Timiro  
To me



He, He guys,  
Might be gold  
up here!

SAY BUT  
MOVE OVER  
SO I CAN  
LOOK.

say re  
warp?  
mean  
mysti  
Porte



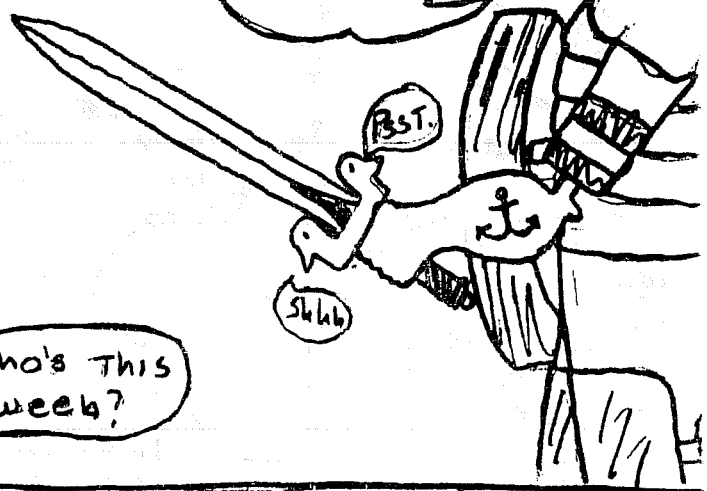
Greymane, I wish  
you'd learn to  
make These Things  
bigger!



oh quite  
complaining  
you lug,  
not that  
is

Who's This  
dweeb?

Hold it guys!  
where do you  
Think you're  
going?



BST.

Shhh

Hey, I got it!  
we're in the  
wrong adventure  
This one is for  
Basic characters



oh  
Great now  
he tells me

HUH?  
I didn't  
Get it.



Soon to be  
seen...the  
Alchemist  
Tyrone!  
Shi-it

Join us next month  
for Part 3 of the  
Lan d'Ork Saga

Can you guess the  
word of the day?

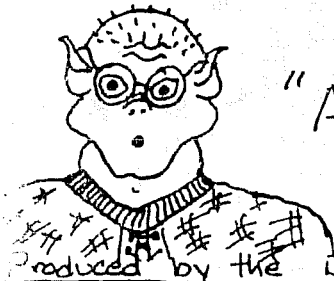
Maybe  
one day I'll  
not remember



# Part 3 of the Lan d'Ork

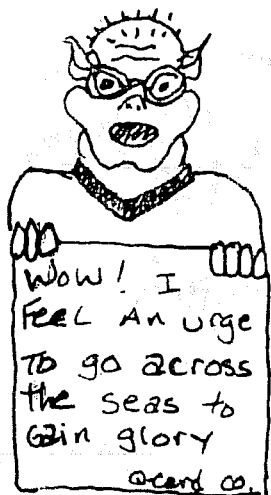
## Saga.

"Across the  
Seas"



Produced by the Bad Asses inc.

And Back across the seas Lan d'Ork  
Felt an urge. Not that kind. Those  
are fulfilled by his concubines.



Even some thoughts are too complicated

Well hey! I'm a  
Warlock so I'll  
Just teleport there



Note: First he was  
a warrior then he  
went into magic  
hence: War Lock

In Another land Far, Far Away when  
The sands burn, It was about to  
happen again. A new King was to  
be chosen.



# BLAM

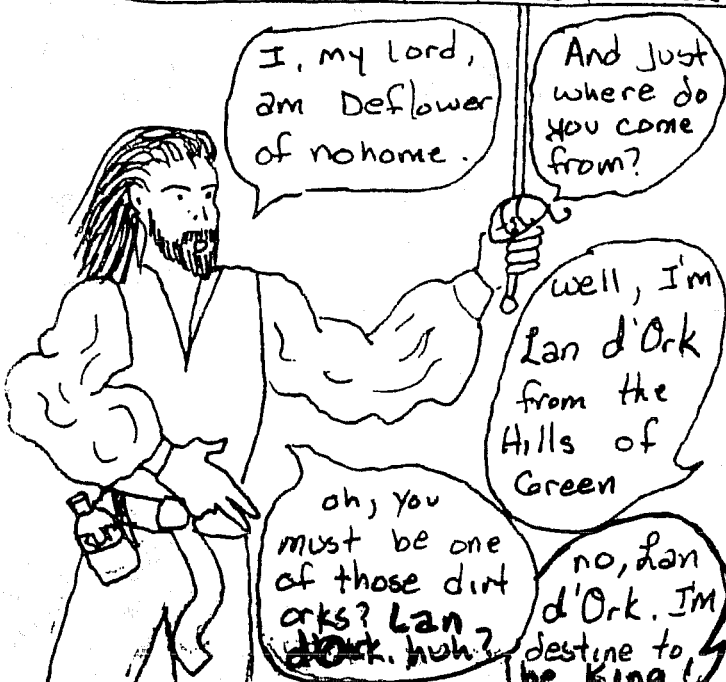
Whoa, and I  
Thought Penny  
Roxie was Good!



ooops I forgot I'm  
only 2nd Lv. But lower  
level wizards should be able  
to cast higher level magic  
so they can compete better

Hmm, I wonder where  
I am?

My lord, You  
are in the sands  
that burn



well, I'm  
Lan d'Ork  
from the  
Hills of  
Green

oh, you  
must be one  
of those dirt  
orks? Lan  
d'Ork. huh?

no, Lan  
d'Ork. I'm  
destine to  
be King!

Well let me introduce you to our Royalty



'sature is  
your greatest  
complement"

"Mc'DETH"  
Mirrors  
are wonder-  
ful inventio

"Jesus Krist"  
(wow)

So which one  
is your KING?

when I fight  
I "thrust rather  
than swing".

"Nany Porn"  
A bit  
masculan  
isn't it?  
yash

"Ronee"

ALL of them



Well who are these guys over here?



These are the buckaneers

These guys are not intrested in anything but Partying. They never bring food to events and never participate in cultural events.

Revolutionary  
calling...



"Chess Pawn"

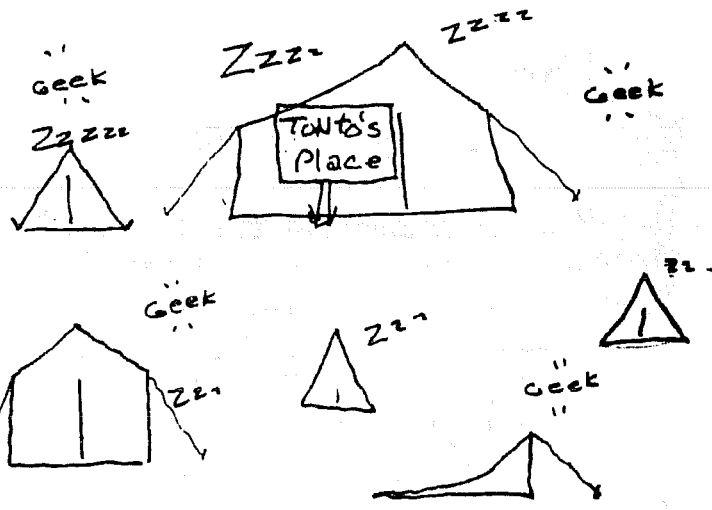


"Corn"



"Kyaks"

of the land. Tomorrow the New KING was to be chosen.



But not every one slept...  
Wide awake was blah company

And through the night they slept  
Morning came And the new KING,  
dope Queen was chosen.

So whose gonna be KING  
This time,  
Jesus  
Krist?

Well I don't know.  
How about  
you meakias?

No Parties  
After  
10 pm

Well lets  
Just spin the  
septer and do  
it by "votes."  
You know like  
last time.

Well  
okay, but whose  
gonna spin? How  
about the knight  
in the mirror?

And so it was done...

I, Ronce, have  
been 'voted' in by  
the populas as Queen



What?  
I didn't vote  
for you  
No more  
dues for  
me

Maybe  
she could  
show me  
how to become  
a king in my  
lands

Queen Ronce could you please  
tell me how to become a  
KING?

May I borrow  
your septer?

What and risk  
Some one other  
than a blah co.  
member becoming  
a KING? NEVER!

Well I know of  
only 2 ways...  
1) by use of the  
septer of kings  
2) by use of a  
race of creators  
known as the  
Xprouxhee



And so Lan d'Orks mind race  
with a plan to become KING  
of the dirt orks.



Zzzz

Join us next  
month for part  
4 of the...

Lan d'Ork Saga  
"To Find a Xprouxhee"

This has been brought to you  
by the Bad Asses Inc.

# Land'Ork Saga

## - Part 4 -



"TO FIND A XPROUXHEE"

\* Brought to you BY THE BADASSES INC

Morning came to the Lands that Burn with blazing fierceness.



I wonder why I'm so HOT? Maybe its just my Good Looks.

Thanx Ronce, for the Portal and for the Super secret info. (wink, wink)



SHAZAM



No problem, Lan d'Orkie see you Again.

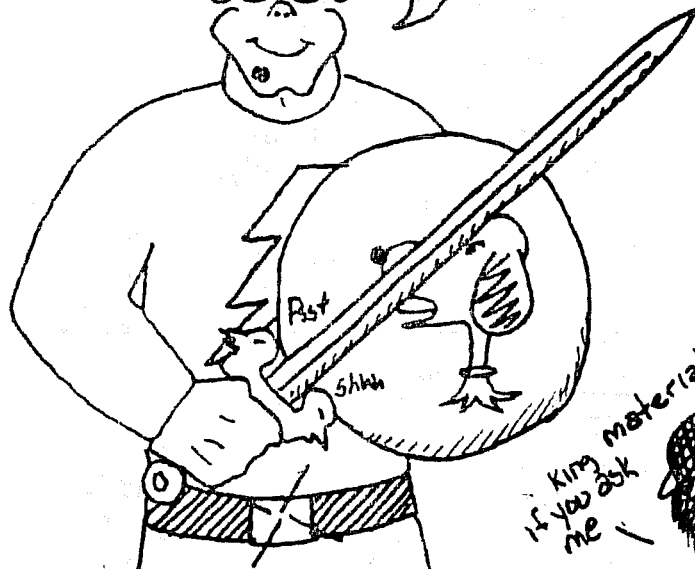
HALT!



stop before the Most evil, Vile, Cruel, Rotten,

TODAY WAS THE DAY THAT Lan d'Ork would RETURN TO HIS OWN LANDS, THE GREEN MOUNDS, AGAIN.

Gee with my Magical duck sword and sheild I feel just like a Hero!



king material if you ask me

AND HOME AGAIN...

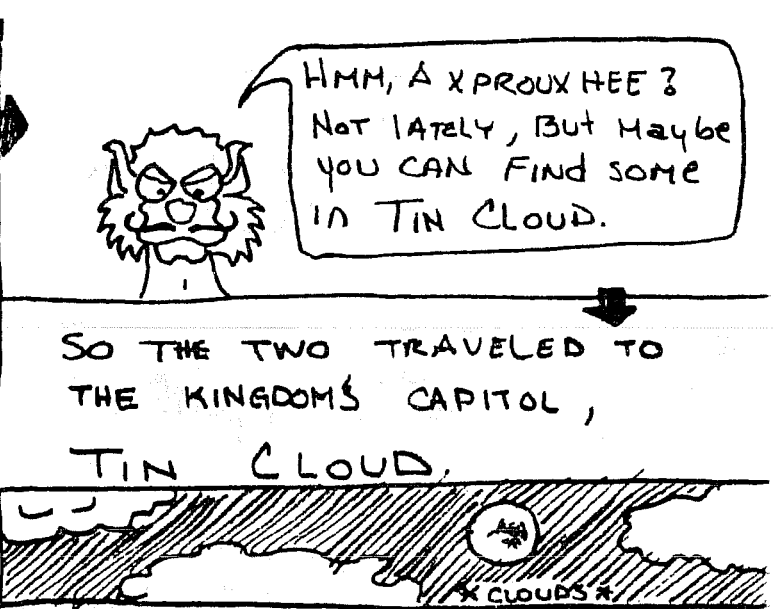
Ahh, its good to be home Again.



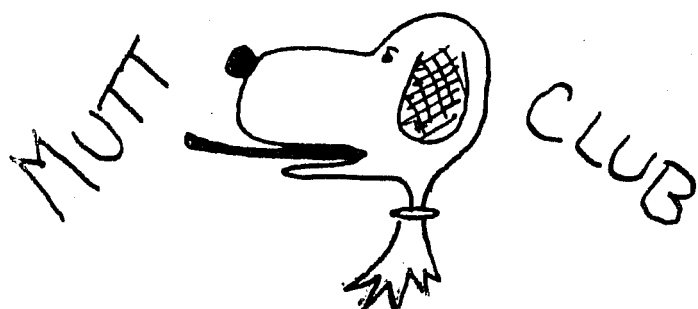
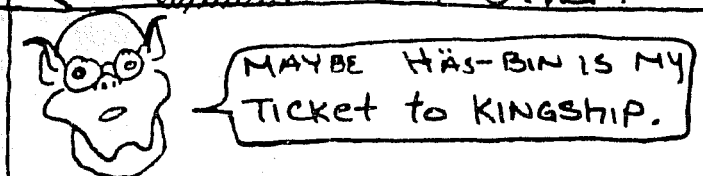
Note these ARE GREEN

CONTINUATION OF TITLE

... Bad guy, Defiler of the alabaster sheep, Conquistador of the prarie, Devourer of brownies, Bully of the Newbe Isle, Raper of Rocks, Burner of (beef) <sup>EC</sup> Not bullion, Squelcher of wet boots, And Hacker of Pine cones!



SO THE TWO d'Orks became FAST FRIENDS AND TOGETHER THEY FORMED THE MUTT CLUB. WHICH BECAME A SYMBOL OF... WELL YOU KNOW.



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\* DID YOU GUESS the word of the day?  
look real close.  
<MUTT>

# COMIX ...

JOCKIE \*

LIGHTNING BOLT.  
-LIGHTNING BOLT.  
-LIGHTNING BOLT.



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DOES THIS  
BELONG TO  
YOU?

