

COURT

Baron Xyphus NightBlade
Prime Minister Dark Angel Revek
Consort Lady Angelica Harlo
Champion Zendathamus
Defender Sir Baronet Avatar Bloodaxe
Guildmaster of Reeves Baronet Avatar Bloodaxe
Captain of the Guard Zark Harlo
Scribe Lithonia Revek
Herald Lord Marcus Nightshade

Baron's Guard

Baronet Darelouth Harlo

Regent's Guard

Lord Scrap Darkstorm

GUILDMASTERS

Assassin :	Xyphus NightBlade	Monk :	Zark Harlo
Barbarian:	Arthur Brightblade	Monster:	Avatar Bloodaxe
Bard :	Zendathamus	Scout :	Arthur Brightblade
Druid :	Darelouth Harlo	Warrior:	Jaxom Farstar
Healer :	Angelica Harlo	Wizard :	Marcus Nightshade

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SHAZZAMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I would like to start by thanking everyone who voted for me and even those who didn't. You know who you are, and so do I!! This reign it would be nice to see alot of participation in events and also to see more tournies (yo, Zen), and a cultural event or two. (Editors note: Is this a hint Xyphus??!!)

I would like to apologize to squire Zark Harlo for not presenting him in court as the Captain of the Guard. (Sorry, you can't win Zark.)

Thanx to everyone who showed up at coronation and making it what it was. Even Cain and Hrog who provided the most obnoxious vivots I've ever heard. Thanx to the fireman who built our splendid weenie-roaster of a fire. (Editors note: To bad he forgot the marshmallows.) Yes Nevron, you.

I'll get back to you with more details as things develope. (Editors note: OK who has the pictures?)

Yours in service,
Baron Xyphus NightBlade

(New Editors Note: The other editor was shot by the new editor-me.)

Unto the populace of Darkenwood,
(Editors Note: My, how bland)

I would like to start by thanking those who voted for me
(Old Editors Note: Not again!!**\$%&#&%'*). (New Editors Note:
Who the %\$#& resurrected that old editor???) During my term as
Prime Minister of DarkenWood you should expect to see two things:
orderliness and newsletters. (Old Editor to New Editor: Then why
are we doing it?) Now that I have the records in my possession
they shall remain neat and orderly. I wish to thank the new
Baron, Xyphus NightBlade (New Editors Note: You're welcome), and
our new Consort, Lady Angelica Harlo for their offers to help me
with anything I need. I'll need all the help and cooperation I
can get.

As you well know, DarkenWood has never put out a newsletter.
I am now informing you to expect at least two during this reign.
I would also like to say that I would like to see more money in
the funds. Also I have another major point to make. I have
noticed that in court when attention has been called a few people
ignore this and disrespectfully carry on their own conversations.
I too have caught myself and have learned, but others continue.
This has to stop! Show some respect for your Crown and the others
around you who want to hear what is going on. If you need to talk
and it can't wait then talk somewhere else where you will not
disrupt others. Thank you for your cooperation. Vivot
DarkenWood. Vivot Amtgard.

Yours in service,
Prime Minister Dark Angel Revek

POPULACE CREDIT LIST

Angelica	18 Assassin	36 Healer	1 monk	4.5 Warrior
Areil	10 Healer	1 Reeve	5 Wizard	
Arthur	2 Barbarian	1 Scout	18 Warrior	
Avatar	6 Assassin	73 Barbarian	1 Healer	3 Monster
	24.5 Warrior			
Axl	4 Assassin	31.5 Warrior	2 Barbarian	
Carra	1 Wizard			
Charles Hare	4 Warrior			
Dar	2 Barbarian	2 Wizard		
Darelouth	64 Assassin	34 Druid		
Dark Angel	1 Barbarian	14 Healer		
Dennise	1 Assassin			
Devastater	1 Warrior			
Dezaira	2 Wizard			
Dracona	5 Healer			
Elena	1 Reeve	2 Warrior		
Gavin Darkbow	1 Archer			
Grey Wolf	9 Warrior			
Grim Death	2 Archer			
Hagar	44 Scout	6.75 Warrior		
Heaven	2.25 Warrior			
James	2 Warrior			
Jaxom	27.25 Warrior	Wizard 1		
John Henery	3 Warrior			
Kowen	1 Warrior			
Larry Lang	3 Warrior			
Lithonia	21 Healer			
Maliki	2 Barbarian	1.25 Warrior		
Malon	2 Druid	1 Warrior	1 Wizard	
Marcus	6 Bard	52 Wizard		
Morduk	11 Archer			
Orin	1 Reeve	2 Scout	1 Warrior	
Patric	2 Barbarian	1.25 Warrior		
Patty	1 Warrior			
Priest	6 Druid	1 Scout	2.25 Warrior	21 Wizard
Rayton	1 Wizard			
Sarana	6 Barbarian	2.25 Warrior		
Sasquatch	18.25 Warrior			
Scarp	1 Barbarian			
Scrap	57 Barbarian			
Ser-mayne	2 Barbarian			
Shardak	3 Wizard			
Skitz	12 Warrior			
Spirit	2 Assassin			
Spirit Harlo	2 Archer			
Storm Chancer	2 Warrior			
Stryder	9 Scout			
Taramis	5 Assassin	1 Healer		
Tornlock	3 Druid			
Varana	5 Warrior			
Viper	30 Assassin	4 Bard		
Xyphus	76 Assassin	17 Druid	9 Warrior	
Zark	1 Assassin	7 Healer	29 Monk	26.75 Warrior
Zendathamus	62 Bard	6 Wizard		
Zeus	15 Barbarian			
Zolan	2 Barbarian			

AUGGH!

(or DarkenWood coronation V)

Friday, everything started out fine. The food was being prepared; people were preparing for the coronation. Then, disaster struck! Upon arrival at Lake Mineral Wells Park, we were informed that reservations were required to gain admittance, something we were not told when we called for information. After a heated debate with the Park Rangers, we were forced to move the coronation to a new site. Meanwhile, the Baron elect, Xyphus NightBlade, while borrowing Zendathamus' car drove it into a ditch and rolled it over. Tornlocks' car also threw a rod on the way to the new site. Needless to say, things were not going well. Later that night many Amtguardians showed up at Marcus' ranch, the new coronation site, and proceeded to party. Much, much later the party broke up and everyone went home to sleep.

Saturday, after being awoken at an UNGODLY hour we found a beautiful day emerging from the freezing chill of Friday. We waited a long time before the first battlegame. It took quite awhile before anyone got close to Marcus' defend spell; meanwhile, he obliterated people right and left with spellballs of every color imaginable. The game broke up after about an hour. Many Amtguardians started arriving about this time. There was a short trench battle while we waited for the king to arrive. Duke Sir Nevron, Cain, and Hrog drove up to participate in our reveling. Court finally started at 8:45 and during the first few minutes Cain and Hrog unsuccessfully tried to assassinate the Prince but couldn't get through the eight stoneskin before being annihilated themselves. Court proceeded rather quickly afterwards with much harrassment from the dead assassins. Many awards, quite a few from months before, were given by the royalty. The new Baron Xyphus NightBlade was coronated and called forth his consort and champion, Lady Angelica Harlo and Zendathamus. Court ended and the reveling began.

Sunday many of us were priviledged to wake up at a decent hour today, about 2:00 PM. A battlegame then ensued with two mages on one team things became somewhat hectic. After the brief encounters, darkness fell and the battlegame ended. Everyone started preparing to return home, and soon the coronation was over. There was still much stew left, so I believe no one is going to starve for the next few weeks. All said, it was one heck of a weekend.

Forward, HO!

Squire Zendathamus

Champion of DarkenWood

DARKENWOOD QUALIFICATIONS V

Single Sword

Zark Harlo	1st
Darelouth Harlo	2nd
Jaxom Farstar	3rd

Double Sword

Zark Harlo	1st
Darelouth Harlo	2nd
Avatar Bloodaxe	3rd

Sword and Shield

Zark Harlo	1st
Darelouth Harlo	2nd
Avatar Bloodaxe	3rd

Pole Arm

Darelouth Harlo	1st
Zark Harlo	2nd
Xyphus NightBlade	3rd

Weapons Scramble

Arthur Darkstorm	1st
Darelouth Harlo	2nd
Xyphus NightBlade	3rd

Dagger Toss

Zendathamus	1st
Dark Angel Revek	2nd
Avatar/Xyphus	3rd

<u>Name</u>	<u>Points</u>
Zark Harlo	13
Darelouth Harlo	15
Jaxom Farstar	2
Avatar Bloodaxe	2
Xyphus NightBlade	5
Arthur Darkstorm	3
Dark Angel Revek	2
Zendathamus	9
Areil Van Hellsing	1

FIRST : Darelouth Harlo
SECOND: Zark Harlo
THIRD : Zendathamus

<u>Reeves Test</u>	<u>Score</u>
Scrap Darkstorm	85
Darelouth Harlo	90
Marcus Nightshade	90
Zark Harlo	90

LORE OF THE HARLO'S

This is what is known to mankind. Darelouth and his younger brother Zark Harlo were put into exile for ruthless assassinations of their own dark-elven kind. Being as their family was scattered by an angry mob, Darelouth, the eldest of the family had taken to finding a home in which he and his family could thrive and prosper.

Along his journey he met a distant cousin by the name of Xyphus NightBlade. Xyphus had found a haven in a land called DarkenWood, where he was both Sherrif and Guildmaster of Assassins.

Darelouth in keeping with family tradition went along with the guild of assassins. Zark, who had not the bloodlust of Darelouth decided to try his hand at the art of war. Being superior as all Harlos' are, he soon found himself in the position of the Guildmaster of Warriors in DarkenWood.

The shire soon grew and Xyphus went to seek his fortune in the Kingdom of the Emerald Hills.

Being the superior assassin that he is, Darelouth became the new Guildmaster of Assassins in DarkenWood, and with his political knowledge he soon became the new Baron of the ever-flourishing new Barony. The old Baron was a human barbarian by the name of Avatar Bloodaxe sharing the same bloodthirsty nature of Darelouth. Avatar soon won Darelouths' respect and a strong friendship grew.

At that time Zark had become the Champion of the Barony and Darelouth managed to locate one of their younger brothers Drake Harlo who, sticking with family traditions joined Darelouths' guild of assassins.

Many wars were fought and the Harlos' were victorious in most.

Drake decided he would seek his fortune and other family members in far away lands. Farewells were exchanged as he left the Haven of DarkenWood.

Soon afterward, other relatives began arriving; two cousins: a sister and a brother; Hagar and T'mir Harlo. T'mir followed family tradition and joined the assassins guild. Hagar on the other hand had a fondness for the forest. With his natural inclinations and Harlo ambition he soon found himself as Ranger Lord of DarkenWood.

Darelouth and Hagar started a campaign that won recognition from the Crown by Queen Alessandra Cheetarah Nightowl. Darelouth was awarded an order of the warrior of the second degree and Hagar received an order of the first.

As the court let out, Darelouth and Avatar went walking through a mystical forest and both were confronted by a majestic Black Hawk flying by a silver moon. The Hawk approached them and spoke these words, "You have been found worthy to follow my minions and myself to the victory of battle." As Avatar was put in awe he joined the Hawk immediatly. While considering the possibilities of such a union, he wandered farther down the path. Once again he was confronted, this time by a flaming black, two-headed Pheonix. The mystical bird spoke to him these words, "Only you have been found worthy to follow my minions and myself in the fight to victory." Darelouth then made his decision and approaching the pheonix said these words, "You are the one who I am destined to follow." With these words Darelouth had fallen into the footsteps of the Corsairs.

As time past, Zark decided to journey to far away lands.

Darelouth, tired of the politics won the privilege of becoming the Champion of DarkenWood.

Taking the warrior woman Remear for his wife, he was soon blessed with a child. Their child they named Darius who grew up to be an assassin like his father.

Darelouth and Remear had a pleasant life together until she fell out of grace with her husband. He had no choice then but to have her executed by means of assassination. Darelouth was so frustrated at this that he handed over the title of Champion to a cold-blooded warrior by the name of Axl Darkstorm. Zark, hearing of his brothers plight retired to DarkenWood to comfort Darelouth, bringing the youngest brother of the family, Viper Harlo, with him.

Darelouth was overjoyed and celebrated for several days. Viper, a true Harlo, followed the family tradition of assassins. Darelouth saw in Viper the makings of an excellent assassin.

It was at this time that T'mir decided to retire from the family business.

As Darius grew, Darelouth could see alot of himself in his son. When he was old enough, Darius left DarkenWood for the spoils of war to be gained in other lands. The young boy so impressed the Crown that he was awarded an order of the warrior to the first degree by Queen Alessandra. Darelouth was so overjoyed that he went on an adventure to find something special, which he did. He found his younger sister, Sorka Harlo.

Sorka was the rebellious sort and did not wish to follow family tradition. Instead, she found that she had a knack for the healing arts. The family welcomed her with open arms.

Together, the Harlos' have proven to be a superior fighting force. Following is the Lineage up to date:

Darelouth Harlo.....	eldest of family
Zark Harlo.....	second eldest
Drake Harlo.....	third eldest
Hagar Harlo.....	eldest cousin
T'mir Harlo.....	younger sister of Hagar
Ramear Harlo.....	deceased wife of Darelouth
Darius Harlo.....	son of Darelouth
Viper Harlo.....	fourth eldest
Sorka Harlo.....	sister of Darelouth
Xyphus NightBlade.....	first cousin of Darelouth

A SHORT STORY

There once was a gnome. His name is unknown. Fore he was a little short. People picked on him in court. One day he brought a flail. Then attacked with a yell. He destroyed everyone in sight. Wow, that was an awsome sight. Be warned you who are tall! Don't pick on someone who is small.

Dark Angel Revek

SHADOW CALLS

Life is but a deadly game,
spun from the strands of chaos.
In this world all is the same;
we stand here, yet remain lost.

Night is darkness of the mind;
sleep the kiss of death.
Never stop to glance behind,
or fear the Cold Lords' icy breath.

Soon to sleep forever more
beneath the cold damp earth.
Cursed by those who have gone before
the mother of our birth.

I feel your fear, I bring forth fright,
pestilence and decay.
I am the darkness born of night,
arisen once more to slay.

Zerdathamus

OUT

No one in their right
mind can find me.
I found someone
insane to hide me.

Depressed, lonely,
out of luck;
you can't find me
if you look.

I'm a little here,
a little there.
Here and there
more than anywhere.

You'll be lucky
if you find me.
Out in the world
is where I'll be.

Zark Harlo

IN DARKNESS AROUND

I stalk the night in search for prey, to quench my thirst for blood. A creature of the night, I seek my next victim. The moon is full and shadows dance in its silvery rays. I detect my next victim now and move in for the kill. As I close in on my prey I notice this one is different from the rest, yet somehow the same. A magnificent creature with hazel eyes and shoulder length golden-blond hair. She stops for a brief moment but then continues on. Did she notice? Does it really matter now? It won't make any difference in a few moments. The seconds seem like years. I lay in wait, wanting to strike, but something holds me back. I cringe as the hunger pangs in my stomach cry out for blood, making me weak. Only inches away from me I see her true beauty. I try again to hold back, but an overwhelming urge drives me on. I spring from the shadows and grab her piercing my ever-sharp fangs into her soft, delicate skin. She tries to scream but is too petrified with fear. After a minute she sinks into my arms and I gently lay her on the cold, hard cobblestones. I look into her eyes and see her life and soul fading into darkness. Such innocence. I feel a tear running down my left cheek and look up at the night sky, the moon burning an eerie irredescent light. A scream bursts from my lungs and I curse the day I was born. When does this darkness ever end?

Baronet Xyphus NightBlade

ONCE UPON A HOLD

Once upon a hold, I heard a story. The story is old. It was about a great battle-filled day, where many, many dead men did lay. Many a time you heard them yell "Hold!" And only because one man had grown bold. "Lay on!" they say once more, before this game becomes a bore. "Hold!" was called again and again. Some said they wished they had paper and pen. So when the hold was called they could sit and write about their life's story all night. "Lay on!" once again, for it begins to grow cold. Just remember this poem- Once Upon A Hold.

Dark Angel Revek

THE WIZARD

There once was a wizard, not Merlin, but Marcus. He's more awesome than the gladiator Spartacus. Sixth level mage, that is for sure. He is evil throughout, simple and pure. He will kill anyone, even his own team. For when his eyes start to glow beware that gleam. He has weapons, and many, many a spell. Don't tick him off though, you may end up in Hell! With him I now claim to be a friend, but if I make him mad it is the end.

Dark Angel Revek

THE CLASS MANAGERIE

Bubbling cauldron, over which mages toil. And in whose dark blackness their enemies boil. There is not one sight more scary to see than one big, black spell ball flying at me.

Slicing and dicing the warrior's sword. Armor he's wearing, it's own gleaming hord. And when he's fighting out on the feild, all of his enemies had better yeild.

Walking through woods is a druid's own way. Watching the dryads who come out to play. But don't let him fool you, he's not easy prey. Unless you like fingers of deathin your way.

Tracking his enemies is what the scout's for. Then he can kill them with bow, shaild, and sword. He never gets lost; he knows his own trail. In fighting their enemies, scouts rarely fail.

Barbarian swordsman, berserking he slays. Fighting his battles like a child at play. You just can't stop him; most magics don't work. But most don't like him. He's just a jerk.

Healers do healing; that is their way. But don't you believe that they can not slay. Mace in the right hand, sheild in the left, they can do damage, and heal it the best.

The stealthy assassin is stalking the land. You might like his kind, but don't shake his hand. He throws his daggers right on the dot. Out on the battlefeild he's hardest to spot.

The solemn, old monk is the scourge of the land. He can kill dragons with the palm of his hand. Fighting against magic he's always immune. Except when a singer starts singing a tune.

The archer fights with a bow in his hand; shooting his arrows all over the land. Death from above. This bowman can send straight shafts of death; your flesh they can rend.

Paladins fight for what's right and good. Sheilding all others where evil's withstood. Healing the injured and raising the dead. The class that comes next they have learned to dread.

Anti-paladin's honor is not quite the same. They take your soul to eternal flame. Death-dealing touches they hold in their gloves. Often their evil slays their true love.

And last, but not least, the bard with his songs; enchanting all others back where they belong. Some don't like him, but others respect. Without the bard this piece would be wrecked.

Arthur Darkstorm

MY KING, MY FRIEND

Like battlefeild hatred
contained in a sack
death crows unsated
with torturous wrack

Army all fallen
dark raven's scar
battlefeild calling
berserk rages roar

Into the battle
I've started to slay
enemies rattle
their swords giving way

Alone I fight
tearing through flesh
slaying all night
no stopping for breath

Finally sighted
the lines at an end
the dead-white corpse blighted
my king, my friend

Agony's cry
escapes from my lips
all enemies die
like rats in sunken ships

The battle is won
but at what cost
the kingdom is saved
but the king has been lost.

Arthur Darkstorm

VIPER

Fast as a lightning bolt
with a strike of Death,
slithering through the undergrowth
looking for a nest.
Catching a scent
of a swallow in the brush,
sliding through the undergrowth
getting ready for the rush.
Ready to strike
with head held high,
the bird turns
and meets eye to eye.
With loss of hope,
staring at death,
the bird knows it's time to rest.

Viper Harlo

LATE ONE NIGHT

The night air was getting nippy
the birds had stopped their chirping
the mages started studying
and the barbarians started burping

~~It was~~ a dark night that night
and the moon was not to be seen
there was no one around to see me
it was then I saw my dream

Her hair was long and golden
and green eyes that burned like fire
it was her I wanted to meet
to take home and for life, retire

"Good evening my fair lady,"
I said with a wishful smile
she kicked me in the groin
and sent me flyin' back a-mile

After a moment I recovered
expecting sympathy
then I realized a crowd
staring and laughing at me

My ego hurt, my head still spinning
I got up and tried to see
where that wicked wench had gone
and find out why she kicked me

I'm not one to give up easy
but I was so confused
it was then I noticed
she had stolen my boots

What a night that night!!

Shalzad Maldrid

CRY OF BATTLE

The cry of battle
Bodies on the field
Hear my heart rattle
Sword striking shield
Blood flowing red
Chilled to the core
All my foes are dead
living no more
Tis the same old story
Born to die, never yield
Come back in glory
or come back on your shield

Avatar Bloodaxe

FLIGHT OF THE PIXIES

Early one morning with pixies about
the leprechaun people they started to shout
"Hey all you pixies, come look and come see"
so all the pixies flew to the tree

Now the leprechaun people were a furious lot
a pixie had dropped all her dust in their pot
so early that morning when brewing the tea
their cook had gone floating out over the sea

Now the leprechaun people had revenge on their minds
and they had uncovered one of their great finds
a catapult loaded with nests of bees
and this they launched up into the trees

Now the bees were not happy with their rapid flight
and they all came out buzzing to fight
and what they saw closest you will soon see
was not leprechauns but a flight of pixies

Now the bees, they attacked with a horrible buzz
and the pixies, they fled not all because
as the bees searched the air looking for things to slay
only a few of the pixies had gotten away

Now on the green isle there was a terrible war
killing pixies and leprechauns in their tiny scores
and there is no telling how the whole thing would be
if a lazy young pixie hadn't wanted some tea.

Arthur Darkstorm

NEW SPELLS:

First level wizard:

Painball:

- T: Spell M: Golf ball of any color
I: Say "#%\$& Jerk", throw ball as hard as possible
E: No real game effects, but many cause someone to leave the feild due to injuries.
N: Do not use in front of witnesses, works on anyone.

First level healer:

Heal Land Dragon:

- T: Spell M: Wrecked land dragon
I: Touch land dragon and say once-
"Stones and holes and telephone poles,
let the auto mechanic descend on thou.
Stones and holes and telephone poles,
let the auto mechanic stop they leaking fluids.
Stones and holes and telephone poles,
let the auto mechanic mend thy broken glass.
Stones and holes and telephone poles,
let the auto mechanic repair thy dents.
Stones and holes and telephone poles,
let the auto mechanic restore thy paint.
Stones and holes and telephone poles,
the auto mechanic hath healed thou."
E: None, unless a real mechanic does the spell.

Fifth level druid:

Dispel Magic:

- T: Spell M: None R: 50 ft.
I: Point at person and slur 3x, "I dispell that magic"
E: Same as wizard dispel magic
N: Use only on those unfamiliar with druid magic. Not recommended for use around reeves.

These spells use no points and can be used an unlimited number of times. (or at least until you get caught) It should be noted that these spells are not really for use on the battlefeild and that if I get hit with a golf ball I'll come out the next weekend with my new spells: Live Steel and .357 Magnum.

FINANCIAL REPORT

<u>DATE</u>	<u>INCOMING</u>	<u>EXPENDITURES</u>	<u>TOTAL</u>
10-14-89	20.00 TOURNEY		20.00
11-25-89	14.00 DUES		34.00
12-02-89		20.00 CORONATION	14.00
11-25-90	33.00 DUES		47.00
12-01-90	3.43 DONATIONS		50.43
12-01-90		3.74 FEAST	46.69
12-08-90		46.41 CORONATION	.28

COMING EVENTS

March 17	DarkenWood Weaponsmaster	Here
May 18 & 19	DarkenWood Qualifications VI	Here
June 1 & 2	DarkenWood Coronation (tentative)	Here

Poems, artwork, stories, persona histories and such are very much welcome to be submitted towards the newsletter. Please don't do artwork on notebook paper because it looks bad with lines running through the drawings. Please submit all entries to the Prime Minister.

Also, if you would like to donate a prize and run a tourney talk with the Champion and let him know at least two weeks in advance so he can have time to announce it and let most everybody know. There is no artwork in this letter because of the rush to get this done, but next time there will be. Thanx again. Special thanx to the editors, Baron Xyphus NightBlade and Champion Zendathamus.

The Editors