

CHOES FROM THE HILLS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE EMERALD HILLS

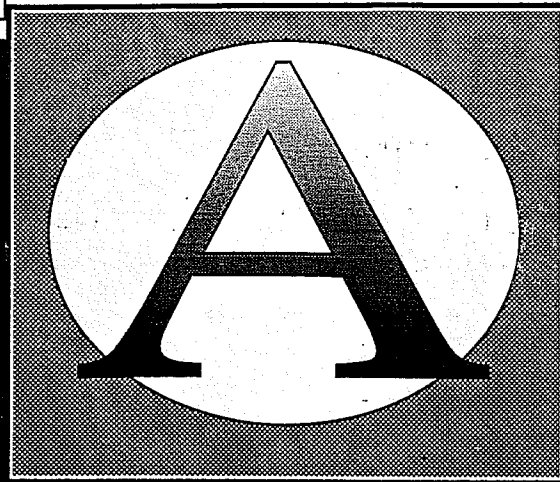


WELCOME

TO THE
EMERALD HILLS

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WORD FROM THE KING

Thanks so much to everyone who voted for, and supported me in my run for king. Hopefully I will live up to your hopes and expectations.

Please remember that I am still learning just what it means to be king, and will need all the help I can get. Personally, I do not view my position as that of a monarch, but as that of a president.

As a president it is my duty to do everything I can to represent my people, and help them out as best I can. I try to take this position very seriously and I hope to make the right decisions while in office.

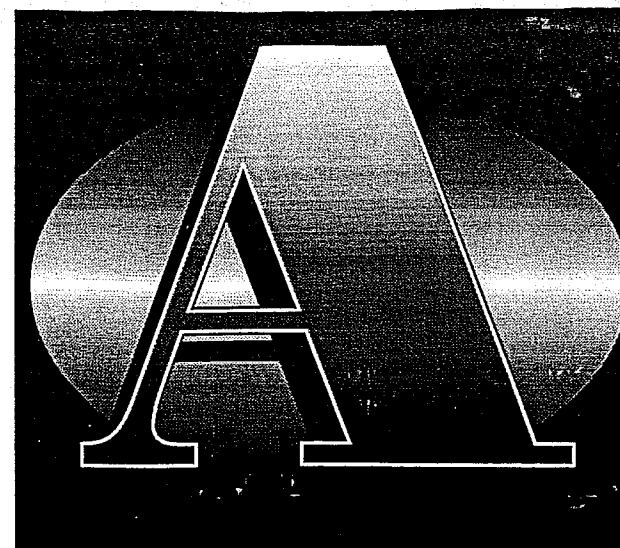
To this end I will pledge my time, my effort, and my life, to making this next six months the best that I can. For I believe that I rule the best kingdom in Amptgard...

YOURS TRULY...

CABAL NIGHTHAWK

KING OF

THE EMERALD HILLS



WORD FROM THE CONSORT

Thank you tremendously for voting me in as your Consort. It is a wonderful pleasure. I will do my best during the next six months to "be all that I can be" for this kingdom.

I would like for this term to be an eventful and fun one. I hope that we can pull the strength of all the groups together and be one massive force.

Hopefully then some other Kingdom will decide to go to war with us, and we can beat them into the ground!

In essence, we are all part of the same entity, and we need to ban together and start acting like one.

Thanx again! Feel free to call upon me for whatever questions or ideas you may have.

I may be a BITCH but I still have a job to do, and taking care of the Kingdom comes first.

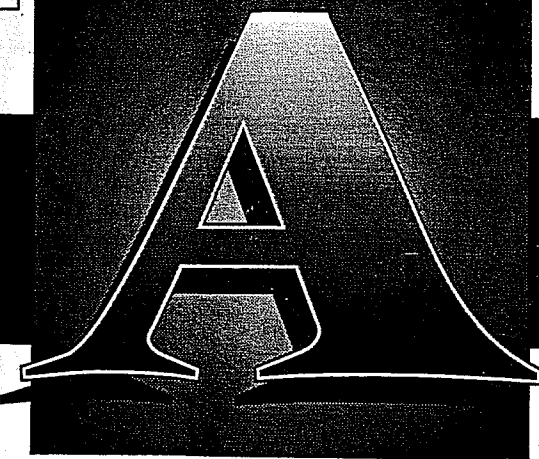
YOURS TRULY...

COUNTESS

TYRANNY BATHORY

REGENT OF

THE EMERALD HILLS



WORD FROM THE CHAMPION

Greetings to all in The Emerald Hills. If you have'nt heard yet, I am your champion. I hope everyone enjoyed coronation. Vicount Thorin and I worked hard in planning the event.

There were some difficulties though that we did not plan on, but will be planned for in future events, I'm sure.

I am currently working on a Champion's Handbook which is a book of different battle games, quests, and trench battles.

If you have any ideas please let me know. I have games and quests I will be doing each weekend. So if you're bored with those same old battle games, come to Tanglewood and enjoy a day of fun.

I will be doing weapon checks periodically, so make sure your weapons are safe.

And by the way...If any of you assassins are planning on killing the king you'd better think twice and have a damn good plan!

That's all for now.

YOUR LOYAL AND CRUEL CHAMPION
TUNEAR SEBETH

Please sent info. on quests and battle games to:

Tunear Sebeth
2023 Tennessee
Dallas TX. 75224

RULEBOOK REVISIONS 6TH EDITION (THRU 6/6/93

Following are all the revisions and clarifications compiled thus far in the project of updating the 5th edition handbook. Alterations are minimal, with all listings being additions to existing text, unless specified as changes, deletions, or in parentheses. As promised, this is basically just a cleaning up of the major 5th edition problems. I'm not interested in politics or vested interests, but I will listen to ideas on anything I have missed. Time is short, so get back to me.

Aramithris, Rex IV

Page 1- (cover) * Remove " The Burning Lands"

Page 2-

* add 1993 copyright and 6th edition handbook.

*eliminate all references to officers and guildmasters.

*add: Thanks and credit to all the following for their help in updating and clarifying for the 6th edition rulebook- Kingdom of Burning Lands Board of directors, Kingdom of the Iron Mountains rules committee; individuals- Astrean, Gilos, Gwynne, Ladyhawke, Moss, Rift, Talinor, Terarin, Thorn, and everyone else in the populace for their ideas and suggestions.

Page 3-

* (and on following pages) : omit all mention of the Burning Lands, and omit references of "Kingdom" officers.

* (and on all following pages) " change "Crown" to " Monarch".

* Dues are \$6 every 6 months payable to the prime minister of the group to which the member belongs.

* add: Further notes- There are other Amtgard publications of importance:

A. Corpora of Amtgard bylaws- group criteria, Amtgard government structure, awards and honors, etc. Important for all groups, essential for medium/ large groups.

B. The Amtgard contract- legal agreement that all groups must sign with the Amtgard, Kingdom of the Burning Lands Board of Directors. (Basically it ensures groups will abide by Amtgard rules and bylaws).

C. Other publication of note (but which are not mandatory) include Amtgard supplements (garb making, weapon construction, etc..) , various incarnations of monster handbook, newsletters, etc...

Page 4-

* update contents and arts credits when a final form is printed.

Page 5-

*" ... everyone must be medieval or ancient era and/ or swords and sorcery related. "

*" You may register the device with the guildmaster of heraldry and the prime minister,"

*" Special events- quests, feasts, demos, trips, revels, fairs, workshops, and other 'games' , etc..."

Page 6-

* remove "suggested maximum of 7" for assassin weapons.

Page 7-

*Antipaladins steal a life by stating " I take your life" and placing their hand over the dead person's heart.

*" one poisoned melee weapon once per game."

Page 8-

* Remove all references to separate variations of barbarian subclasses and combine all barbarian abilities, garb, etc. into one united class (keep the best abilities, i.e.- large shield, 2 pt. armor, etc.).

Page 9-

* add to fight after death: Note- physical and/ or dangerous contact is still not allowed. May not fight after death if killed by: siege weapons (or monsters' equivalent white weapons) , flamewall, firetrap, fireball, call lightning, and sphere of annihilation.

Page 10-

* Bard- note that the use of weapons will deduct from the available magic points.

* Druid- magical symbols and devices are encouraged.

* Healer- change "holy" to "magical".

* Paladin- " immunities extend to a 10 ft. radius for one life per game."

Page 11-

* Notes: 4) Are still affected by bardic visit and bardic voice (noncharm magics only).

Page 12-

* weapons: "4 ft. long sword" , " any melee axe".

* remove all references to weeks' experience.

* change "heal one person " to " one first aid bandage" , and change "heal" to "bandage."

* stun and fire arrow are reusable.

* delete guildmaster bonus? (any opinions of this?- Aramithris).

Page 13-

* delete druidic spells?

Page 14-

- * warrior garb: " no special garb is required, though a tunic or armor must be worn. Battlefield participants without garb can only play a first level warrior (the " peasant rule ").
- * change " harden shield" to " improve shield".

Page 16-

- * weapon types: add- 7) orange- single edged weapons with only one legal striking edge.
- * note: " yellow, red , orange , and white weapons must be marked..."
- * remove all references to tribal and nomadic barbarians.
- * 8)" spears are stabbing only melee weapons..."
- * " ... Markland, IFGS, and SCA weapons..."
- * " ... pvc tubing or fiberglass..."
- * change " core" to " base" .
- * " Weapon tips (points, guards, pommels, etc.)..."

Page 17-

- * " Example of sword construction (a basic design)".

Page 20-

- * only cuirbouilli, studs/ rings, and scales ma be added to other armor types to increase value, and they may never be added to metal armor.
- * note: armor value may never exceed 6 , and this includes the use of magical enchantments. Exception- some monsters.
- * examples of reductions in armor point value (these are cumulative)
: non-
authentic materials -1, poor workmanship -1, shoddy or artificial appearance -1, stacked armor: highest type.

Page 21-

- *" A person may only poison one of his edged weapons."
- *" The maximum limit for a bow's pull is 35 pounds with a 28" draw."
- *" Wooden arrows must be taped along the entire shaft."
- *" A longbow is any bow that is 5 1/2 ft. + high when strung."
- * Destroyed items: 2) "...fixed by a mend spell per point of repaired armor.

Non armor type enchantments may not be repaired."

Page 22-

- *" The top of the arrow must have a diameter that is larger than a persons eye socket."

Page 23-

- * remove references to peoples' names.

Page 25-

- *" Stabbing only weapons or stabbing with a slashing weapon may not be used to subdue someone."
- * Battlegame rules:
 - 1) Switching classes during a battlegame is not allowed unless specified by the scenario or by a reeve.
 - 5) There should only be 1 each: wizard, healer, druid, bard to every 10 people on a side.
 - 6) Players who break the rules may be removed from the game by a reeve.
 - 7) Players who frequently break the rules or abuse game etiquette may be removed from play for longer periods of time by the agreement of the monarch, prime minister, and guildmaster of reeves. If at a foreign event, removal may be made by the host monarch or by their own monarch.
- * Battlegame restrictions: 7) utilizing unsafe, illegal, or outlawed equipment.

Page 26-

* Game etiquette- 6) Do not use rule loopholes or gray areas to derive an advantage on the battlefield.

*" The phoenix is the symbol of Amtgard."

Page 27-

*" Happy magic casting!"

Page 28-

* The rules of magic:

1. "Magic must be said loudly and clearly enough..."
3. Note that wizard reanimate and lich are enchantments.
4. Thorn wall and silence also disappear when their caster dies. people with protection from magic or defend may not be resurrected. Reanimated people do not keep the enchantment they were wearing unless they can wear two enchantments at once.
7. Enchantments must be at least 1" wide and 12" long.
9. Extension is not used up unless the accompanying magic is fully cast.
10. Note: all magic using classes must have a list of which magics they have bought for that game.
11. Delete all references to healer and bard magic.
14. "... (defined as something that would do damage or inhibit the target so that it would take damage, i.e.- sleep, yield, stun, etc.) of any kind. Magic casters must specify which area (torso, arm, or leg) of invulnerability that they destroyed with their verbal magic. Wizard protection is a limited form of invulnerability.

Page 29-

21. also: barkskin.

26. Transformed, reincarnated, and diseased players no longer play by their class rules, but by the rules of the monster type that they became.

27. The rule book, in the case of contradictions, takes precedence over all supplements, manuals, and other rules editions or playtesting experiments.

Page 30-

*Magic clarifications:

2. also- enhancement, presence, visit, imbue, and mimic (all are neutrals) may not be dispelled. "... other classes' magic-like (but non-magical) abilities are also not allowed to be dispelled. Druid magics bought via bardic voice may be dispelled.

3. "Liches and wraiths are undead and magical..." Vampires are undead. (and, should they be diseased?- Aramithris).

8. "... to those of an iceball (or healer entangle)."

13. remove references to visit, transform, and reincarnation. Dispel magic will cancel all enchantments on the target.

14. "... killing grounds ..."

18. Failure to have a list of one's magics renders one incapable of casting magic (exception- some monsters). Failure to wear appropriate class garb also negates the ability to use magic.

19. Magical monster created by spells or enchantments may not be resurrected.

20. Magic may not be cast via a hand holding a weapon or shield.

page 31-

*Each Amtgard group may use its own relics, though these are not to be used in intergroup battlegames.

*The sword of flame is also itself impervious to healer entangle.

page 32-

*Magic classes (not wizard class).

*substitute 'the magic using classes of wizard, druid, healer, and bard' for 'wizard'.

*The magic classes are collectively referred to as magic users.

*delete references to flails.

*substitute 'magic user' level for 'wizard' level.

*delete all references to wizard level names.

*substitute for all magic user cost tables:

cost per 10 points of magic:

	Bard	Druid	Healer	Wizar
dagger	0	0	0	0
short (3 ft.)	3	2	3	2
long (4 ft.)	4	4	5	4
spear	-	4	-	3
staff	2	2	3	2
hinged	-	-	3	-
shield	3	4	3	-
bow	-	8	-	-

page 33-

*(and on all following pages) : change "battle" to "games".

*teleport is an enchantment (e).

*change honor duel cost 1? (any opinions?- Aramithis).

page 34-

*delete the section entitled: "wizard magic".

page 35-

*cancel- substitute 'magic' for 'spell'.

*enchant shield- L: sphere of annihilation will defeat this.

*honor duel- substitute 'base' for 'fort'. N: Monks above 2nd level are also immune.

*delete notes at bottom.

page36-

*circle of protection- T: fixed enchantment N: magic casters in these may cast verbal magics at others in circles of protection. Disappears when the caster dies.

*forcewall- T: fixed enchantment L: caster must remain within 100 ft. N: forcewalls block verbal magics. Disappears when the caster dies.

*hold person- n: monks above 2nd level are immune.

*mend- L: can't be used on heated or cursed weapons.

*messenger N: can't be dispelled.

*protection from flame- N: negates a fireball's negation of iceball and healer/druid entangle.

*delete notes at bottom.

page 37-

*antimagic- T: fixed enchantment N: dispel magic, if cast outside of this enchantment's radius, will dispel it. Disappears when the caster dies.

*dispel magic- N: will dispel all enchantments on the target. Is useable against most higher level magics. Will dispel protection from magic. L: does not affect- neutral magic, magic already completed, class abilities (see magic clarifications #13)

*mutual destruction- N: monks above 4th level are immune. Defend or protection from magic will not save a wizard from his own mutual destruction.

*projectile protection- L: ineffective against magic bolts.

*touch of death- E: enchantment is discharged once used.

*yield- N: monks above 2nd level are immune. Other magics still affect the victim.

*delete notes at bottom.

page 38-

*severe spirit- N: will kill a lich outright.

*curse- N: monks above 4th level are immune.

*doomsday- N: monks above 4th level are immune.

*protection from magic- L: does not stop flamewall or class magic-like abilities.

*reanimate- N: person does not retain enchantments carried when killed before (exceptions: 6th level scout, wizard stack).

*teleport- N: teleport destination should be told to a reeve or teammate.

page 39-

*sphere of annihilation- E: counts as one hit against invulnerability. N> protection from magic and defend stop this.

page 40-

*killing grounds- N: defend or protection from magic will not save a wizard from his own killing grounds. Is the only fixed enchantment that can be preplaced.

*stack- L: may not be combined with other classes' enchantments.

*transform- N: may be dispelled.

page 41-

*delete entire page.

page 42-

*delete additional magic points at 4th level.

*healer magic:

4th level	type	uses	cost	max.
enhancement	n	1/game	1	1
harden	E	1/game	1	4
touch of death	E	1/game	1	4
severe spirit	S	1/life	2	

page 43-

*heal- N: will alter the effects of druid flesh to stone to those of an iceball. Will not fix destroyed enchantments. Will heal one point of barbarian berserk armor on any one area of the body.

*lost- N: may not be dispelled.

*mend- E: damaged item or any one point of armor is repaired.

page 44-

*banish- M: include vampire. N: may not be dispelled.

*bless- E: ... immune to first hit... of any type. L: may not be stacked or simulcast. N: is not a form of armor.

*cure disease- E: include vampires. delete the word 'back'.

*entangle- N: as per iceball.

SUBMITTED FOR POPULACE APPROVAL
WE BRING YOU THREE DANGEROUS
MONSTERS FOR YOUR QUESTS

THE BEASTIARY

MONSTERS AND OTHER NASTIES SUBMITTED
FROM FAR AND NEAR



Elf

Armor: Up to three points.

Attacks: As archer.

Abilities: 1) Tracking (1/life) as per the Scout ability.
2) Immunity to Sleep and Charm spells.

Description: Elves are long-lived, virtually immortal beings, and were among the first of the created races. They are a beautiful race, lithe of form, and graceful of move. All have pointed ears and large, slanted eyes. Elves are attuned to nature, and have a high respect for it. As such, they will treat Druids and Scouts very well, until given a reason to treat them otherwise.

Lives: 3

Levels: 1st - +1 damage to all arrows.

One Stun arrow and one Flame arrow that are reusable.
2nd - Pass Without Trace once per game, as the Druid ability.

3rd - One Armor Piercing arrow (reusable)
Bladesharp twice per game.

4th - Arrow damage increases to +2.

5th - Five points Druid magic for levels 1-3.

Pass Without Trace becomes twice per game.

6th - Five points Druid magic for levels 4-6.

Bladesharp becomes once per life.



Ogre

Armor: 2 points initially, plus armor worn.

Attacks: Fists (two maces, usable as Red Weapons).

Abilities: 1) Has all the Barbarian immunities.
2) Scare (2/life) as the Troll.

3) Loves the taste of humans and elves, and will attack them on sight, over any other enemies.

Description: Ogre are huge, marauding brutes with the intelligence of a table leg. They are irrepressible bullies, but will not shy away from larger opponents. Ogres have an extreme distrust of magic, and will shy away from opponents that use it (evidence as to why the Ogre Mages so easily rule over these morons). Ogre skin color can be found in all the varieties found in humanity, but hair color is always dark, and can be green.

Lives: 3

Levels: 1st - As above.

2nd - One extra life (total of four)

3rd - +1 point of armor (total of three).

Ogre cont.

4th - As above.

5th - One extra life (total of five).

6th - May go berserk on last life (as Barbarian).

Daemon

Armor: 4 points.

Attacks: 2 Claws (short swords), considered magical.

Abilities: 1) All daemons have a natural Protection from Flame.
2) Regeneration: All limbs lost will grow back in a twenty count. Any armor lost will be regained in a sixty count, per point lost, per location. The daemon cannot regenerate from death.
3) Fear (2/life): The daemon says " I make thee afraid" twice. Any victim must remain at least twenty feet from daemon, and cannot attack him in any way for a 1000 count. This ability has a twenty foot range, and cannot be used on the same person twice.
4) Soul Steal: Similar to Anti-Paladin ability, gained at later levels.
5) Wizard Magic: Gained at a higher level, this is the ability to cast any Wizard spell. Note that they cannot cast enchantments or neutrals, and spells are limited to attack spells only.

Description: These foul and terrifying creatures hail from the nether reaches of the underworld, usually summoned by dark and forgotten necromantic rituals. They appear in many different forms, but all have the same purpose: to spread evil and corruption where ever they appear.

Vulnerabilities: A daemon may not be brought back to life by any means whatsoever. Also, a Dispel Magic will kill them. They cannot enter an area with an Anti- Magic enchantment cast on it.

Lives: 3

Levels: 1st- As above.

2nd- Claws become Red Weapons.

3rd- Soul Steal once per game.

4th- Soul Steal becomes twice per game.

Gains natural Protection from Death, as the Monk ability.

5th- Claws gain the flame effects of a Flameblade. Note that they still do only two points of damage.

6th- Five points of Wizard magic.

Gains natural Protection from Magic.



CARAVAN TO CLAN

As all of you know Gathering Of The Clans falls on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of July. Those of you who might join the rest of us hardcore Amtgardians in our caravan, know that our dates are July 19th-25th.

NOW THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE ABLE, LISTEN UP!

On the evening of July 18th we will be meeting at Tanglewood to begin our journey to Cloudcroft NM. Anyone interested, meet us at Tanglewood at 6:00pm on Sunday, July 18th for a short fighter practice. We will be leaving shortly after.

You must have your ride with you. If you don't call Sir Kaz or Count Tunear, we may be able to find you a ride. Call us if you are interested so we know who's going, and who's

SIR KAZ
DE KINLY!

HM# 941-7710
BP#836-7054

not.

COUNT TUNEAR
946-9721



THE SCRIBE'S TABLET

A collection of stories, poems, and art submitted by the populace. If you have any work to contribute, please contact your local monarch, or write me, Cabal at:
10805 North Central
Dallas TX. 75231 Apt. 1255

I don't care who you are, get that weapon off the field! What are you, a Newbee!!!



TURN THE PAGE

For so long I felt
I was nothing without you,
My life forever changed
My feeling always blue,

The pain that I felt
The consuming fire of rage,
I forgot how to live
And then I turned the page.

I realized I was good,
The agony you caused is past,
I don't need you to survive
For my heart will always last.

So I can thank you now
For the memories that we made,
You made me much stronger
And made me less afraid.

I can now live my life
With confidence fueled by love,
And now that your gone
I thank the stars above.

BY: AISLINN

MUTALATION

Poisoned Pain

Feathered Edge

Sword to blame

Distant Ledge

Coarse Evation

Mutilation

Primal Suffering

Averted Apathy

Avaricious Engulfing

Maligned Protrusions

Death Conclusions

Mutalation

BY:Infinity



ANCIENT SWORDS

The sword has been described as the most elegant of weapons. It's legendary grace and form has time and time again proven to be eternally lasting in our imaginations. Many early cultures, however, used many interesting weapons that pre-dates the use of the sword.

The earliest examples of sword-making date up to the records of the earliest cities, such as Jericho. In the bronze age, the sword was a long, dull piece of bronze or copper, that had been flattened to form a simple edge, that when used, would pummel an apponent more than cut him. The birth of the sword we know of today would have to wait until the advent of true steel.

Many cultures used weapons that were similar to the sword but did not achieve it's capabilities. The early Celts used a weapon called a "cat". This weapon consisted of a rounded end attached to a leather thong, and a flattened end with spikes. The weapon was spun above the head and was used to strike the head. While the "cat" was not the most elegant of weapons, it was effective due to it's thirty pound wieght.

In Central America the Inca, and Aztecs used a sword-like weapon called an Axtlatl. It was constructed from wood with sharp pieces of copper embedded in the sides. The weapon's handle was curved for throwing, and a trained warrior could hit a target accurately from ten yards.

The Chinese used several swords for combat. Most prominent among them was the "Willow Leaf" sword. Primarily used for slashing attacks, the "Willow Leaf" sword originated from upper Mongolia. The Mongels used several slashing weapons that were used mostly for the hit-and-run tactics the Mongels used so effectively. The other prominent sword used by the Chinese was the "Dragon", or "Strong Wind" sword. This long, thin sword was introduced somewhat later than the "Willow Leaf" sword. It was created after the Chinese came into contact with the Japanese, and they're famed "Katana" swords. The Chinese also had a myriad of lesser used weapons with blades and hooks for specialized combat, these included the "Mantis Blades" with hooks on the bottom, and the "Jo" sword, that consited of a short, thin blade, with a hook on one side.

by: CABAL

A FOOL'S DEATH

Thorn looked down into the valley. The sun hung overhead like a lantern hung from a tavern's edge. The wind had died down and he could hear his own thoughts again. In the distance huge purple mountains could be seen peeking out from a hidden recess behind large ominous clouds. The sunlight clinting upon them, like the gleaming steel of a sword. A sword much like the one he carried on his belt.

Thorn had walked most of the way up, after his steed had died from exhaustion. The trip up the mountain had been too much for the little pony, but Thorn was actually glad that he alone had made it this far. It would make his final revenge all the sweeter.

"Just a little further..." he told himself. "Just a few more steps and I will kill that old bitch!"

It had been perfect. First he had gained the confidence of the richest man in the Iron Mountains, Oberon. Then he had faked an assassination attempt, swinging in to rescue him at the last moment. Thorn smiled to himself at the thought of his fellow assassin, who had been his unwitting accomplice in this deed. Alas the dead do not speak...at least that was what Thorn had thought....

After gaining Oberon's trust, Thorn had dined in the old merchant's home, where he had met Regrain, Oberon's daughter. Thorn had bedded many women in his twenty-three years, but never had one been so beautiful, so willing, and oh, so able. Hours seemed like seconds in her arms, and in that black dark place that passed for Thorn's heart, he did not find love, but at least he found lust.

But much to Thorn's woe, Oberon was a religious man. Sworn to the Church of Usle The Kind, Oberon kept in his service a Nun of Usle. The old healer was named Yallara, and it was her connivances that kept Thorn from his rightful place as husband to Regrain.

Yallara had seemed to despise Thorn from the moment her eyes met his. She had warned of some impending doom that would fall on all who sat beside the young, dashinig, stranger. Thorn himself became worried that she would alert the others to his plan, But she had no proof of his intentions, and he could always kill her if she got to be a problem.

He was an assassin after all.....

Thorn had begun his life of death at an early age when on a bet, he killed the mother of one of his school-mates. His first kill had been easy. The old woman,(he never bothered to learn of her name,) had a habit of washing her laundry by a waterfall that lay just outside of the impoverished little town that he grew up in. It had been a simple little matter of pushing the fat old hag over the falls. It was a fool's death. Of course Thorn had been careful not to let anyone see his little job. When the woman's little, red haired girl had strayed too close, Thorn had thrown her over as well. Of course this was after he had had a little fun with her first.

Even at twelve he had always had a thing for younger women.....

After this meger beginning Thorn had found that people would pay him for doing what just seemed to come natural. After leaving home,(his mother had finnaly kicked him out, and for what? Surely she hadn't grown attached to that bastard of a baby he had for a brother!) Thorn had made his way to the city of Hearn.

In Hearn he had found a rich baron who had need to remove a very troublesome suitor to his daughter. Thorn had presented himself before this baron, and announced that , for a price, he would remove this man from his life, if not from the world itself. The baron had agreed, and soon this young fool lay in a pool of his own juices.

The baron had made the mistake, however, of trying to cheat young Thorn of his earnings. When Thorn returned for his money, the baron complained that the fee had been too high, and set his men upon Thorn to end his employment on a terminal note. Thorn was anything, if prepared however, and had armed himself with poison swords for just such an emergency. After dispatching the baron's guards, Thorn set about new negotiations with the foolish nobleman.

The baron's house had made fine kindling in Thorn's fire, while his daughter earned Thorn a great deal of money at the Hoar's Auction. Of course this had been after a bit of fun....but Thorn had made sure not to leave any permanent bruises.....

The suspicions of the Nun Yallara a grown stronger every day, until one day, Thorn had returned to Oberon's home to find the old bat standing before Oberon, and Regrain with a large canvas sack laying on the floor before them. The room smelled tart, with a sickly-sweet odor. This was an odor that Thorn knew only too well, the smell of burnt flesh.

"What manner of business is this?" Thorn asked, innocently. "And what is this odorous surprise on the floor?"

Yallara had turned to him. Her face seemed deathly cold in the firelight, and the look of triumph on her face was unmistakable.

"Ah yes...our noble hero returns. Far be it for me to ruin your homecoming. But I have news of treacherous deeds befalling this house."

"And what deeds are these?" said Thorn, now truly surprised.

"Why a plot to win my fair mistress as a prize, along with her wealth. And even a plot to kill my lord Oberon!"

"And who do you claim responsible for this plot?" *How does she know this? I have betrayed nothing!* thought Thorn.

"Why not ask the very accomplice you used in your scheme?" Yallara said crypticly.

Yallara made a whistling noise through her teeth, and made symbols of magic with her fingers. Suddenly the canvas bag jerked open. Oberon and Regrain screamed and cowered in a corner of the room. Thorn made no move to flee, but placed his hand upon his sword. Thorn had learned not to show fear, even when faced with the most terrible odds. Even so, he could feel the slow dripping of urine running down the inside of his trousers.

The bag rustled, once, and then again. And out popped, like some demonic jack-in-the-box, a charred corpse, held erect by some invisible wire.

The blackend body moved jerkily, with a terrible creaking sound. It swung once around, turning to face every part of the room. Then it stopped upon seeing Thorn with its burned-out sockets. It seemed to scream then, and point a long, crooked finger at him.

"Why our friend seems to know you, Thorn?" Yallara said, visibly amused. "Why don't you say something to the good man, my dear assassin?"

Incredibly the corpse's mouth began to open and close with a creaking motion that sounded like rustling paper.

"I who have followed you so blindly. I who would kill this merchant for you, as you wished...I who fed and protected you when the guard wanted your head...you have done this to me Thorn...why Thorn?...why?"

Thorn stood dumbfounded. This was the voice of the assassin he had killed in order to gain Oberon's favor. Thorn had thought that if he burned the remains, no one would ever know what he did. After all the dead tell no tales...at least most dead.

"It seems that not only have you lied to us," Yallara began, "but you have killed even your own aid in your scheme!" Yallara's eyes blazed with a genuine hate, that Thorn found hard to understand.

Thorn seemed to relax, and bowed his head. "It seems you have me Nun of Ulse, so I will put myself to your tender mercies..."

This was of no threat to Thorn, the temple of Ulse was none to grant mercy to all offenders, even habitual killers like Thorn. He would surely go free.

Yallara's face twisted into a smile. Then with a movement as swift as lightning, she pulled out a long dagger and cut Thorn on the arm. Had it not been for Thorn's trained reflexes, this thrust might have been fatal. Thorn looked to Yallara with surprise.

"What manner of nun are you?" He shouted.

"A nun which will have your head!" She screamed, as she lunged with her dagger once again.

Thorn shoved his shoulder into the onrushing woman, and knocked her to the ground. He then vaulted over the table which lay between himself, and Oberon, and grabbed the old merchant in a choke hold, while holding a knife to his throat.

"Move again, and he dies!" Thorn said.

Yallara did as bidden, but the smile of glee did not leave her face.

"What is it you wish my dear assassin?"

"I wish a cask of gold, a good pony, and..." Thorn stopped to ponder, "a good stout ale, to slack my thirst."

"How do I know you will not kill my master?"

"You don't..." Thorn said, with a sense of finality.

Yallara did as instructed. Soon Thorn had a pony, a flask of ale, and a large cask of gold.

"Well, this is excellent!" said Thorn. "You see we can agree on some things, after all!"

"Yes, just as we can agree to hate an enemy..." Yallara said softly.

Thorn rode from the house, into the woods with all the speed the little horse could muster. It was five miles down the road when he stopped to count his earnings. But to Thorn's chagrin, the cask was empty.

"How can this be?" Thorn thought. Just then he remembered the talking corpse. If Yallara was a powerful enough healer to speak to the dead, she was certainly powerful enough to weave an illusion.

After a moment's thought Thorn opened the flask of wine, and poured it onto the ground. Instead of fine ale, his eyes beheld acid burning the ground where he poured. Thorn grew angry of this trickery. How dare she try to kill him! He who had killed so many fools before. Thorn then vowed that before the sun set, one more fool this day should die a fool's death.

Thorn had returned to Oberon's house to find Oberon prepared to greet Thorn. Oberon's men stood ready with swords and shields, and even Thorn would be hard pressed to face such odds.

"My quarrel is not with you, fat fool!" said Thorn. "I seek that bitch of a nun that you keep in your company!"

"Yallara left the house about the same time you left. She had said you would return, and when you did to inform you that she has taken refuge in the mountains above." Oberon pointed to the high cliffs above his manor.

"If that be the case, then this bitch will truly die as a fool!" Thorn said.

"Be careful, he who sees the world as foolish, is sometimes the greatest fool of all." Oberon said, with a small smile to his lips.

Thorn had turned and left without a word. His intensity was such that he did not notice Oberon and Regrain standing on the balcony laughing.

So now Thorn sat poised just outside a small stone temple. Yallara must surely be there, and he betted that she was probably praying to her goddess of mercy. Fortunately, Thorn did not believe in gods.

He crept up to the small stone wall that separated the building from the countryside, and vaulted it without a sound. Slowly he crawled on his belly up to the temple. Not a bit unlike the serpent he was.

Thorn burst into the window of the temple. It was then he stopped abruptly. He had expected to see the large white and yellow tapestries, and symbols of the goddess Usle. Instead he saw huge red and black sculptures depicting all manners of murder, and killing. Seated on a small altar sat Yallara, but instead of seeming old, she seemed quite young, beautiful, and shapely. And instead of the gray robes he had seen her in before, she now wore a silk robe, of the deepest black, with red trim. Her cleavage could be plainly seen with striking results.

"Welcome Thorn." Yallara said, her voice rich and sultry.

"I don't understand...this is not a temple of Usle..."

"No, it is not. This is a temple to Gorgon, goddess of assassins..."

With that Yallara tripped the lever which collapsed the floor beneath Thorn. He fell below, but caught himself on the edge. Yallara walked up to the edge and hung herself over Thorn.

"You see my dear Thorn, Oberon is not just a merchant, he is the primary front for the assassin's guild in Hearn. He launders our money. As for Regrain, she's one of my prize pupils. I taught her all those wonderful tricks that kept your loins so occupied. In truth, she has no relation to Oberon at all..."

Thorn's hands were becoming numb. He looked down and saw the bodies of other unfortunate houseguests, impaled on long spikes.

"Why did you do this? I'm an assassin, just like you..." Thorn said.

"Ahh...but unlike you I do not indiscriminately slay everything in my path like some rampant animal. I chose only the richest, and most deserving of death. I view it as a public service, a service that has served me well in the past."

"I still don't understand....why all this trouble...just for me..."

"My dear Thorn, you never did bother to find the name of the old woman you killed in our home town. Nor did you ever check to see if the little red-haired girl you raped had indeed drowned. This is very sloppy..."

Yallara pulled a long, ornately shaped knife from her long red hair.

"And Gorgon has no mercy for sloppy assassins, or those that die the fool's death..."

And with that Yallara comely chopped off Thorn's fingers.

BY:

CABAL

REVENGE

by Sir Nevron

It was raining. Raining now for the last five days. The rain had started on the second day of the hunt, and the Hunter had given up on his dogs. The ground was so wet that even the strong scent of the trolls could not be found. But there are other ways to track a troll and the Hunter was skilled in all of them. During the last four days the Hunter had used all his skills to keep up with the trolls. He knew by now that the trolls were on to him. They had started to do some basic evasive actions, yet their efforts would be for naught. Being the semi-intelligent creatures that they are, trolls could perform a few simple maneuvers that were considered standard for their race. Yet, being a highly trained and veteran tracker, the Hunter had the advantage. By the morning of the sixth day, the Hunter had caught sight of his prey.

There were five of them. Five of the biggest, nastiest and ugliest creatures ever to set foot on this world. There were a lot of undesirable creatures in this world, and the Hunter had tracked all of them. Some for money, some for sport, but this time it was for revenge. For it was these same five trolls that had attacked a farmhouse and taken apart everything and everyone caught inside. All except for a young girl. She was only five years old, and the trolls had been dragging her along with them. She was too frightened to walk, so the trolls took turns in carrying the young, tender meal. Besides being a prize to be given to the mighty Troll King, she was also the Hunter's niece. The farmhouse had belonged to his brother.

By the afternoon of the sixth day the rain had slowed to a constant drizzle. The trolls had taken up their flight home again, and even with the child to slow them down, they were still making good time. At the pace that they were going, they would reach the mountains of their homelands by morning. Once in the mountains the Hunter would lose much of his advantage. Not much, but enough to make a difference when dealing with a pack of trolls.

Now that the Hunter had caught up with his prey, it only took him a few moments to spot his niece. She was fairing pretty well, considering her plight. If only he could somehow signal her. Let that scared little girl know that help was near, but the risk was too great. Instead, he decided to eliminate some of her captors. Besides, sooner or later the trolls would detect the Hunter or his dogs, and then they could use the young human to make a deal or flat out attack the Hunter. The idea of facing five trolls at once, even with his dogs, really didn't sit well

with the Hunter. Besides, he wanted the trolls to experience the fear of being defenseless. Let them know how it felt to never see your enemy and be powerless to stop the unseen attacks. But first, he wanted to let the trolls know he was close, too close for their own good. That's where his dogs would come into play.

With the trolls on the move the Hunter took up a similar pace behind them. Careful to stay out of sight, the Hunter was still able to see that besides carrying the girl, the trolls also were in possession of a few weapons. Something very rare for the trolls in the lower ranks. Still, only two of the creatures carried swords and one other was dragging a club. The troll taking up the rear was unarmed, and after awhile it began to lag behind. The creature was being hard pressed to keep up with the pace of the leader. Soon it was barely keeping the next troll in sight. That was when the Hunter sent in his dogs. There were four of them, and besides being trained to track, they were also attack dogs. Each was the size of a small cow and their breed was developed to hunt and kill the various creatures of the underworld. Once set loose upon their prey, the dogs wasted no time in shortening the distance between themselves and the rear troll. The first of the dogs reached the troll and getting the jump on the unaware creature, the dog leaped upon the back of his victim. Even though the troll was bigger than its attacker, the weight of the huge canine running at top speed drove the beast to the ground. The other three dogs were upon the stunned troll before it could recover, and it only took the killers a moment or two to tear the troll limb from limb.

As the nearest troll came running back with club raised to aid its comrade, it was suddenly turned back by a wall of fire that mysteriously appeared before it. Within seconds the fire had spread to the now dead troll, and with the rest of its fire wary friends watching, the dead troll was consumed by the fire. Leaving nothing except a pool of smoking, foul smelling, blackish liquid. Slowly the fire burned out and the four trolls left started out again. This time they weren't going as quickly as before, and the lead troll had decided to carry the girl himself.

The trolls hadn't traveled another hour before the Hunter struck again. This time he struck the leader. The creature never saw the speedy approach of the arrow. Nor did its three comrades. But, the sight of the flaming arrow piercing the back of their leader caused them all to freeze in their tracks. Their leader's screams of pain and agony sounded throughout the surrounding woods. In its feeble attempt to remove the arrow from its back, the troll let go of the little girl. Almost instantly another arrow struck the troll, this time it hit the troll square in the chest. The oil soaked rag attached to the shaft splashed oil all

over the upper half of the troll. Ignited by the still burning arrow in the trolls back, the oil quickly burned and the troll was soon engulfed in flames. The fire consumed the creature as its buddies stood by and watched. When the show was over, all that was left was the smoky black stuff, the smell and the sword that the troll was carrying. The little girl was no where to be seen.

The remaining three trolls wasted no time on thoughts of trying to recapture the little one. As good as her flesh may taste, it wasn't worth getting burned over. So, as quick as the flames died out, the remaining three trolls took off. Their pace was much quicker now, for they wanted nothing more than to create as much space between themselves and the little one. But the Hunter was still after them, and all too soon he struck again. This time it was up close and personal.

Stepping out in front of the trailing troll, most would think that appearing from out of nowhere with a sword drawn would be enough to catch the attention of the fleeing troll. The fact that the sword was engulfed in flames of red and purple, dancing up and down the length of the long sword, only reinforced the attention of the troll. Quickly, before the surprised troll could react, the Hunter delivered a few well executed blows that left the troll suffering from multiple wounds and burning in three different places. The sword's flame burned through the troll like no natural fire. Within seconds the disabled creature was gone. Nothing but the thin wisp of smoke rising from the forest and that unmistakable smell of burned troll to show the troll's fate. The other two trolls never even slowed down, in fact they broke out in a run.

As the Hunter turned toward his now running targets, he pulled a dirk from his belt and throwing caution to the wind, he sprinted after his fleeing prey. It took a bit, but soon he was close enough to see the fear in the trolls' eyes as they threw hurried looks over their shoulders at the thing that had slain their partners. The Hunter could have caught them at any time, but he chose to chase them for awhile, thereby causing even more fear in these creatures. With the dogs nipping at their heels and a half-crazed human brandishing a sword of fire, the trolls ran themselves into the ground. As the first one fell the dogs were upon it. The troll never had a chance nor the strength to use its club as it was torn to shreds by the dogs. The Hunter continued on after the lone troll.

Realizing that running was only going to delay the inevitable,

the troll suddenly came to a stop and turned to face its hunter. Its action caught the Hunter by surprise, as the troll's sword almost caught the Hunter in the gut. But, the human reacted and as such, only suffered a nasty cut to his left leg as he skillfully avoided his death. The troll followed with a highly over-advertised blow aimed to split the Hunter from his head down. Even in his wounded condition, the Hunter easily avoided the troll's sword and still had time to deliver a vicious kick to the troll's knee. This creature was going to suffer some pain and as the troll's knee was forced to bend in a most unnatural direction, the pain began.

The Hunter held back for a second as the creature roared in pain, but still it stood. It limped noticeably as it rushed forward to face the Hunter, sword raised again, ready to remove the human's head. Bringing his own sword up to meet the troll's weapon, the Hunter was a bit surprised at the strength of the troll. He was even more surprised as both suddenly found themselves unarmed, as their weapons were forced from their grips. The troll's sword had broken, while the Hunter's sword was knocked twenty feet away.

Reacting first, the Hunter plunged his dirk into the troll's chest. The creature roared in pain and lashed out with its claw, ripping the Hunter across the face. Without even showing any signs of pain, the Hunter drove the dirk even deeper into the troll, who returned the favor by grasping the Hunter by the throat, then proceeded to lift the human off the ground, choking the very life from the Hunter.

Lifting the human to its eye level, the troll still had enough strength to laugh in the face of its opponent. The troll then tried to bite at the face of the Hunter, but the human dodged the troll's gaping mouth and delivered a kick to the dirk that was still stuck in the troll's chest. Even with another wave of pain shooting through its body, the troll refused to let go. The Hunter could feel himself slipping into unconsciousness and in an act of sheer desperation, he bit into the troll's nose. The creature bellowed in pain, for a troll's nose is very sensitive. It yanked its head back trying to remove the human from its nose. Its success was limited and costly. The grip of the Hunter was so good, the troll's nose was removed. Once again the troll was in pain, and this time it did let go of the Hunter. Throwing the human away like a rag doll, the troll roared in pain as it tried to locate its nose on the forest floor.

Soaring some twenty feet from the now enraged troll, the Hunter's landing was none too gentle, and he found himself gagging on the

chunk of troll flesh that was once the creature's nose. Swallowing it was the natural reaction and once the nasty taste had passed, the Hunter had to do something, for the troll had given up looking for its nose and was now coming toward him. The Hunter had broken his sword arm, and his ankle was also injured during the fall. The troll was slowly making its way over to the fallen hunter. Even with its own life seeping from its body, the creature still found the strength to give an evil sneer at the soon-to-be dead human. The troll was holding its broken sword out to his side, barely keeping its fragmented tip up. The creature slowly began to bring the weapon around preparing to remove its world of one more puny human. But, it had forgotten about the dogs, who just happened to choose this moment to come to the aid of their master.

The first dog on the scene leaped at the troll and with one powerful snap, removed the troll's sword hand, rendering the creature somewhat unarmed. The creature's roar of pain could be heard for miles. But it was nothing when compared to the barks and growls of the dogs, as they proceeded to work as the highly trained attack animals that they were. In seconds nothing was left of the troll except the many pieces that were scattered all about.

It took the Hunter a few minutes to gather up all that was the trolls, then using the power of his magical sword, he burned the creatures like all the rest. Then he found a suitable stick and fashioned himself a cane. He saw to his arm as best he could, then set out to backtrack to his niece. With the help of his trusty dogs he located the girl, and then they both proceeded to return to the nearest town.

That night they filled up on wild hare and stream trout that was skillfully obtained by the Hunter. Soon the girl was asleep among the dogs. But, the Hunter couldn't sleep. He was experiencing stomach pains. By the wee hours of the morning the Hunter's gut was hurting so much that it was causing him to cry out in pain. His stomach had grown twice its normal size and at times, it seemed that something was alive inside him.

By sunrise the Hunter couldn't rise from the ground. Blood could be seen in his mouth and his gut was stretched to inhuman proportions. He instructed his niece to leave him and return with his dogs. She didn't want to, but after awhile she did, leaving the Hunter to his fate. Within the hour the Hunter's pain increased as a gaping wound appeared in his stomach. The opening got bigger and soon it reached from his waist to just under his throat. The pain was tremendous, it even increased more as a slimey, green clawed hand appeared from within the Hunter. The Hunter's screams filled the air, but they were soon

muffled as another clawed hand emerged from within and instantly grasped the Hunter's throat. The last thing the Hunter saw was a blood covered head of a troll wiggling its way out of his chest, the Hunter's insides hanging from the troll's mouth.

Within a few more minutes nothing was left of the Hunter. But the troll was still around, licking itself clean, rejoicing in its rebirth, and its own form of revenge.



10 YEAR

GET READY FOR THE CLAN OF YOUR LIFE!

JULY 22-25 SLEEPY GRASS CAMPGROUND

CLOUDCROFT-NEW MEXICO

COST: in advance, \$10.00 at the gate
Parking is %5.00 per night per car

Please make all checks payable to "Amtgard: Tenth Year"
No advance payment can be accepted on parking.

COMBAT EVENTS

NON-COMBAT EVENTS

Grand Melee Ditch Battle

Thieves Quarter Live Role-Playing Game

The Old Coots VS. Whippersnappers War

Court of Five Kingdoms

Castle Siege \ Assault

Amtgard Drum and Dance Revel

Kontessa Vampir's Prize Tourney

Merchant's Row

Knife & Axe Throwing

Arts Competition and Auction

Iron Mountains Quest

Horseback Riding

Werewolf Hunt

Bardic Competition and Auction

Schedule

THURSDAY

- dawn - volunteers arrive to set up
- noon - site opens
- afternoon - Horseback riding at local stables
- Tavern open
- Axe and knife throwing competition
- Arts competition opens

FRIDAY

- morning - Thieves Quarter game begins
- afternoon - Quest sponsored by Iron Mountains
- evening - various night scenario battlegames
- *A werewolf hunt*

SATURDAY *The Day of Three Wars*

- morning - individual courts -
- art judging
- Noon - The Grand Melee Ditch Battle (No armor, magic or classes)
- 2 ish - Whippersnappers vs. Old Coots (full class battlegame)
- 4 ish - Siege (catapults and magic against a hay bale castle, full class battlegame)
- 5 ish - Bardic begins
- 7 ish - Amtgard Revel, Drum and Dance contest begins, (don't forget your drum)

SUNDAY

- 10 ish - Court of Five Kingdoms
- noon - Kontessa Vamir's Prize Tournament
- Thieves Quarter game ends
- 1 ish - Art Auction
- Thieves Quarter auction
- Town closes
- 3 ish - Nervous Breakdown (autocrats only)
- Site breakdown and cleanup

AMTGARD 10TH YEAR ARTS & BARDIC COMPETITION

July 22 through July 25 at Sleepy Grass campground. Cloudcroft, NM (rsvp). Art categories are Flat Art (anything that can be hung on a cardboard display--all mediums judged equally). 3-D Art (everything that sits on a table to include crowns, sculpture helms, etc., etc., etc.,). and Banners (self explanatory but will also include garb/garb accessories which have devices or symbols as an integral part of their design.) Grand prize competition--anything scoring 33.0 or more in any category with a Phoenix Theme.

Preregistration date is 7/17 to Countess Gwynne, 900-A Stockwell Ln., El Paso, TX 79902 /915-544-0191. Later entries subject to review as display room will be limited--judging starts 7/22. BARDIC Saturday afternoon (7/24). Heralds will announce at the event. Note: There will be a 5 minute time limit per performance unless the audience and judges agree otherwise.

"YOUR CHOICE' ART AUCTION--90% TO ARTIST, 10% TO EXECUTER

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KING'S CORNER

One final word before I go. This particular section of the newsletter is set aside for people to send in complaints, suggestions, or praise as to my job, Amtgard's condition, or the future of the game we all know and love.

To all the new groups...Welcome! This is Amtgard. It is to me more than a club where your fantasies become reality, It is a chance for people like ourselves to experience a little adventure in our lives.

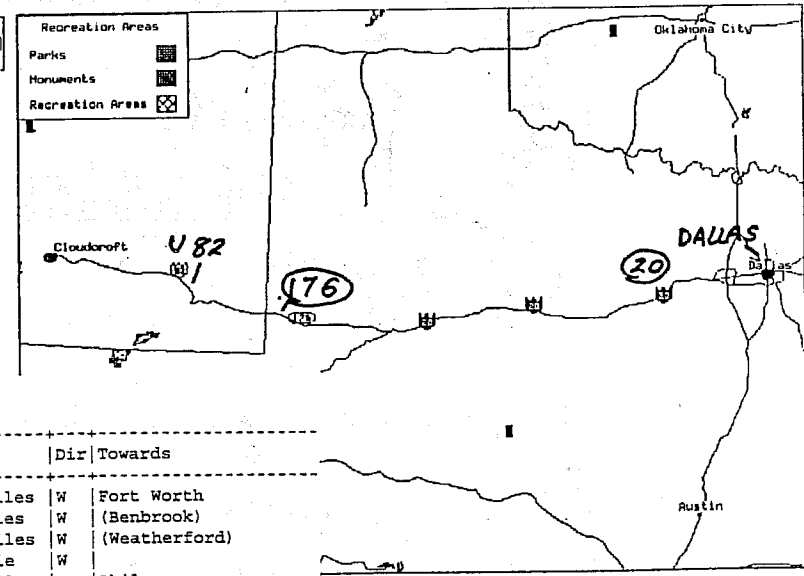
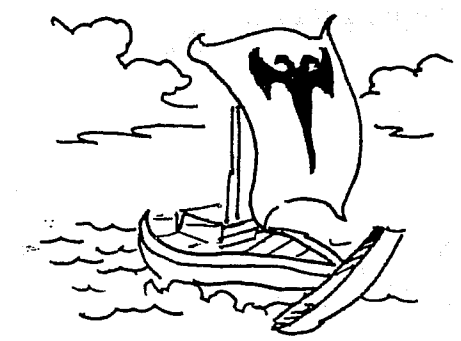
It's also a great excuse to party!

I have been in this game for over three years now, and I have grown to love this club as much as my own family. Hopefully we can all learn to get along and know each other. For that is the only way we will grow.

THE ROAD TO CLAN!

No matter when you are leaving, you'll need a good map.
While this one is not the greatest, hopefully it will help you
on your way.

YOURS TRULY...
CABAL NIGHTHAWK



Time 8 hrs 35 min. Distance 589 miles.

Time	Road	For	Dir	Towards
00:00	DEPART Dallas (Texas) on t	I30	38 miles	W Fort Worth
00:44	At White Settlement stay o	I30	4 miles	W (Benbrook)
00:47	At Benbrook turn off onto	I20	56 miles	W (Weatherford)
01:35	Turn off onto	I80	1 mile	W
01:36	Turn off onto	I20	19 miles	W Abilene
01:52	At Ranger stay on the	I20	43 miles	W Abilene
02:29	At Baird stay on the	I20	131 miles	W Abilene
04:21	Turn off onto	S176	63 miles	W (Andrews)
05:15	Go onto	S115	2 miles	W (Andrews)
05:17	At Andrews stay on the	S115	2 miles	S (Kermit)
05:18	Turn right onto	S176	76 miles	W (Carlsbad)
06:23	Turn left onto	U180	18 miles	W (Carlsbad)
06:38	Turn right onto	S360	28 miles	NE
07:02	Go onto	U82	15 miles	NW (Artesia)
07:15	At Artesia stay on the	U82	94 miles	W (Cloudcroft)
08:35	ARRIVE Cloudcroft (New Mex)			