

KING GIVES BIRTH!!

Family Fights Over Name!

Echoes of the Hills

Coronation Issue - Forest & KalXen

December 1996



Are the Hills... CLU-LESS!?



SHOCKING TRUTH!!

Could it be true?!
Why did he leave?!
Will he return?!

**MORE
DETIALS
INSIDE!!**

**"I'm a duct
tape junky!"**

Untold duct tape rituals

REVEALED!!



**Prime Minister
receives records**

**and
KILLS HIMSELF!**



Editor: Sir KalXen
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Echoes of the Hills
Kingdom of the
Emerald Hills
Dallas, Texas

King Forest and Regent KalXen

honor the crowning of
King Dog and Consort Wings

Champion
Defender
Captain of Guard
Guard

Archangel the Knig-it
Squeak! the Buxom
Dog for king!
Udo the Ignorant
Hrast the Undefinable
Tool the Fixer
Rogue the Omnipotent
Whisper the Quiet One
Wings .. Ooh Lah Lah
Taldak the Naughty Boy
Sy'lvas the Wise
Martello the Hairy

Prime Minister
GM of Reeves
Best Boy
Scribe
Pro-Tem Scribe
Herald
Pro-Tem Herald
Jester
Court Execurioner
Key Grip
GM of Art
GM of Garbers
GM of Literature
GM of Minstrels
GM of Theatre
GM of Heraldry
GM of Smiths

Martello the Hairy
Brenna the Missing
Rayel
Cabal the Missing
KalXen the Goofy
Cabal the Missing
No idea. We were drunk. He was loud. Nuff said.
Og the Brain Crusher
Og the Comedian
BlackAngel
Sythja the Adopted
Sasha the Seamstress
Infinity the Poet
Corbin the Dreamer
Squeak! the Buxom
Martello the Hippie
Archangel the Knig-it



PS: Read this First!

from the Old King

Greetings,

This is the last time I will be able to address you as Czar. Yes, my time as monarch is now at a close, and your new leader will soon assume the throne. Hopefully your new monarch will see fit not to execute people all the time (but it sure s fun!). I thank everyone who supported me and helped me out and during my reign. Being leader is not a easy job. There is one thing that I learned in trying to run this kingdom. It isn't how capable or knowledgeable you are (though that helps). Its how many people you can get to support you.

Therefore, to all those that I was able to help, thank you for the opportunity. To those who I did not get to interact with or do the things they wanted, I apologize. I have tried to be a good leader and I hope I am remembered for that.

Now, lets continue to grow and learn under our new leaders. As always, I will be around for anyone who needs me. Thanks again and rememeber, if you aren't having fun, you are doing it wrong.

Yours in Service,

Czar Forest Evergreen

PS: Don't you hate it when people tack these PS's on, like they couldn't have just put this information in the letter?

PPS: Anyone have some O.P.A. I can drink?

PPPS: Why are you still reading this, go fight or something, geez!

Don't Read This!
From the Old PuppetKing Master Regent

Think you are smart, eh? Reading a newsletter?! And you call yourself an Amtgardian?! I've been writing these newsletters for years (not as long as Ivar or Aramithris so I don't wanna hear it you mucketymucks) and it has come to my attention that this is the first time I have ever written what *I* wanted to in a newsletter. So, I'm gonna bust out wild with a few statements: Goodbye. Its been real.

With that aside, I plan on taking a cooling off period from things for a while, and return again to the dark side of the force. It seems that being in this dark kingdom has messed with my mind. Ever since the Interkingdom Scouts got their asses kicked (I helped leading them) at the last Clan, I have come to the conclusion that it is more fun to be evil.

Sir KalXen, no-longer-the-regent-type-person, Sage of the Emerald Hills, Dark Knight, and ex-parrot
kalxen@intex.net if ya need me.

WHOA!

from the New King

Woah, I'm King. Go figure.

Well now that I have **the power** I suppose I should start abusing it. No need to get too far into the reign before I start making up rules and becoming a general nuisance. Here we go.

1. This is no longer the Emerald Hills. We are now The HOLY Peoples Circumlunar Zaibatsu.
2. Our national language is now Swedish
3. All warriors are now named Beverly

Wait a minute, I play a warrior... nevermind

That's pretty good. Notice that I opened with a joke, true to form I will now proceed to the serious part of the letter.

To someone outside the kingdom who had not been exposed to my obviously superior being, I might seem like just another fanboy\stickjock. However, I contend that there is not a more qualified candidate out there. I am no mere stickjock, I am a STICK KING, and the platform I ran on shows it. I have two goals this reign. To make us the best fighting group in this game, and then evolve into pure energy and rule the universe as a living god. Since the second goal is only a matter of time anyway I will attempt to concentrate on the first goal.

In truth however, I am only as strong as my populace, and in the months ahead I am going to have to ask for a lot of strength from each and every one of you. In the next two months we are going to have to get prepared for spring war. A battle in which the smallest but oldest kingdoms will be pitted against the largest and youngest kingdoms. We may be outnumbered as many as three to one, and we may be up against the first organized army Amtgard has seen.

In response to this, working with our new champion Sir Squeak, I am initiating a series of goal oriented battlegames in order to train our populace in specific tactics to be used against large numbers. These games will be detailed later. I am also working on obtaining certain materials for the construction of weapons and shields that are more suitable for a large scale battle. I will also be asking all populace members to undertake certain tasks, on their own time, in order to strengthen our kingdom.

All I can say is that this opportunity to strengthen our kingdom is the greatest privilege anyone could be given, and I wish to thank all of you who voted for me.

Its miller time.

Ayatollah Dog

A Word of Advice

from the New Regent

You know, that is the LAST time I step out of a CiCi's to get a pack of cigarettes!!! Not more than ten minutes later, I come back and everyone is clapping as if I had just won the lottery! So, how did I react? Well, the logical thing to do was just take a bow and ask LATER what I had done!

"Congratulations, you are running for Regent with Dog!"

I'm doing what???!!?!?!!??

Well, two months later, here we are at Coronation, about a hundred dollars shorter (due to Qualies...), and about to sit at "The Big Bench" for a guaranteed exciting six months! I am not going to make any promises like "no new taxes" or anything but I will say that I plan on having a blast this reign. I think a lot of us have hit a slump lately and it's a little harder and harder to drag ourselves out of bed Sunday morning after drinking one too many Long Island Iced Teas on Saturday night!! But I am going to do everything in my power to make the game fun again: a small detail that we let slip through the cracks...

The way I view Amtgard is this:

#1. It's a game.

#2. When I get frustrated, mad, furious and want to rip to shreds my opponent because he or she shrugged off a shot....I see guideline #1 above.

So, anyways...let's hope for two things this Winter Coronation...

One, is quite simply that I make it to the event!!! I have had a horrible curse on me when it comes to December events. I, for some reason, haven't made one yet! Let's see... for Taldak's Coronation, I totaled my Acura and got 10 stitches in my face and for Squeak's Coronation, I was sorta stuck in a horrible pit called Lubbock taking final exams! But I have a good feeling about this one...First, I'm in town!! and Second, I know where I am going!! What could go wrong?? (Great, I just hexed myself...It's been nice knowing ya)

The second wish is that I hope we don't freeze our butts off this event. I heard about last year's event in Waco where 80% slept in their car, 15% slept in their car with someone else for warmth, and the rest stumbled around the campsite drunk and frostbitten (we're talking EXTREME intelligence here, Bob...)

One request, like always, is that if you decide to partake in consuming alcohol this event, assuming that you are of age, please be safe and don't get so intoxicated that we find you in the morning with your wrap pants at your ankles and cuddled up with a big brown bear in a poison ivy patch...You know, I ask for SO much...

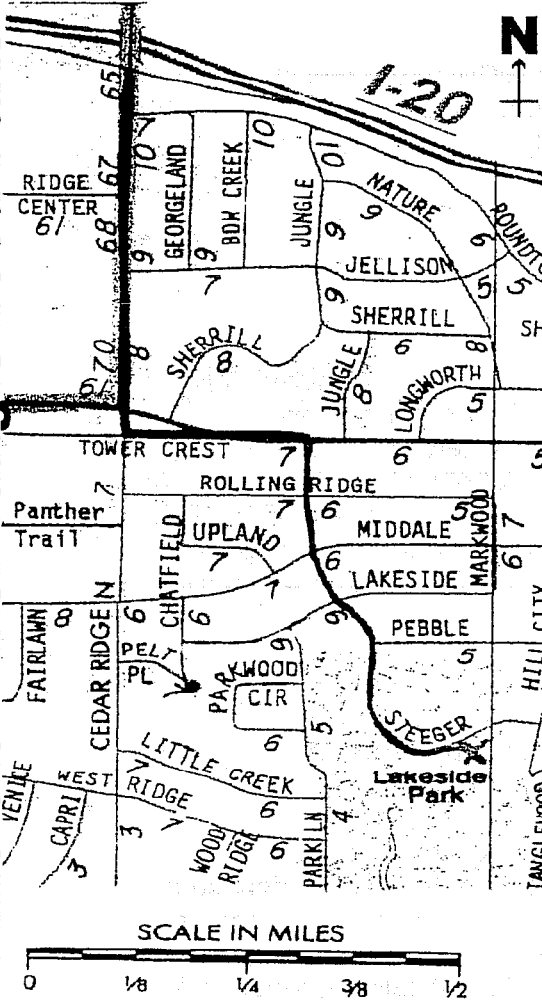
Here goes nothing,



Squire Wings

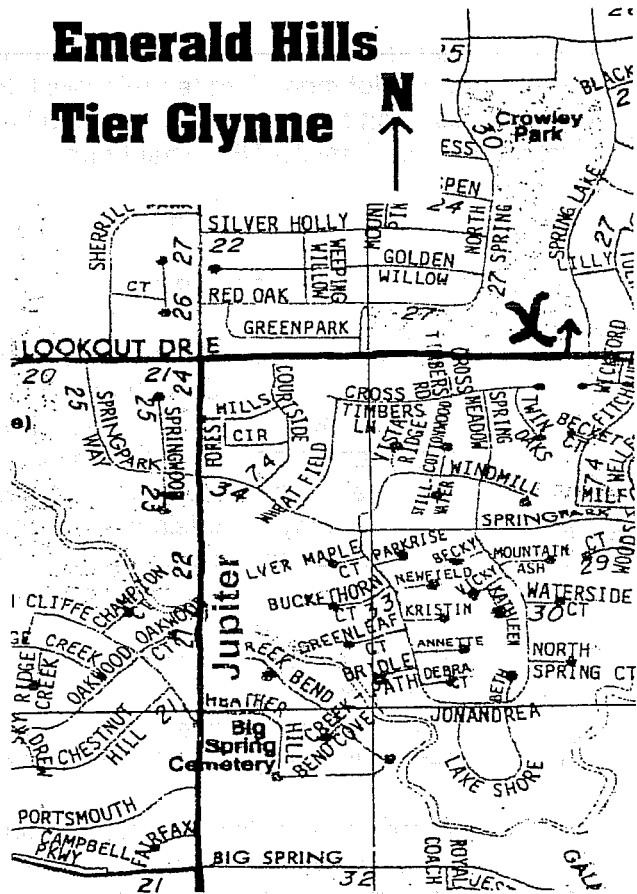
Parks of the Emerald Hills

Emerald Hills: Tanglewood Park



Cedar Ridge & Camp Wisdom W, Duncanville - Texas
Saturdays, 1 PM - Night

Emerald Hills Tier Glynne



Lookout & Jupiter, Richardson - Texas
Sundays, Noon - Night

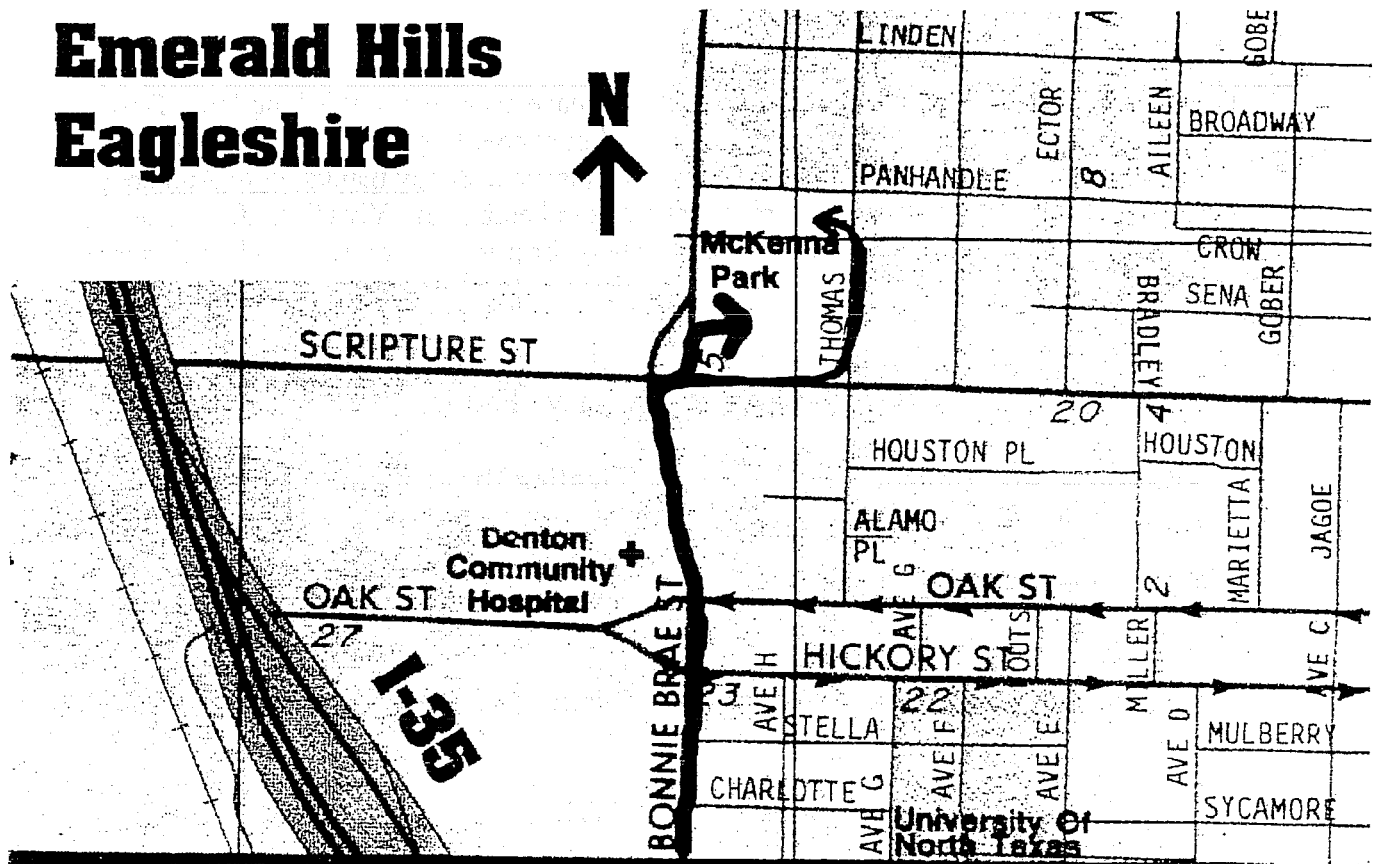
Emerald Hills Midnight Sun



Centerville & O'Banion, Garland - Texas
Saturdays, Noon - Night

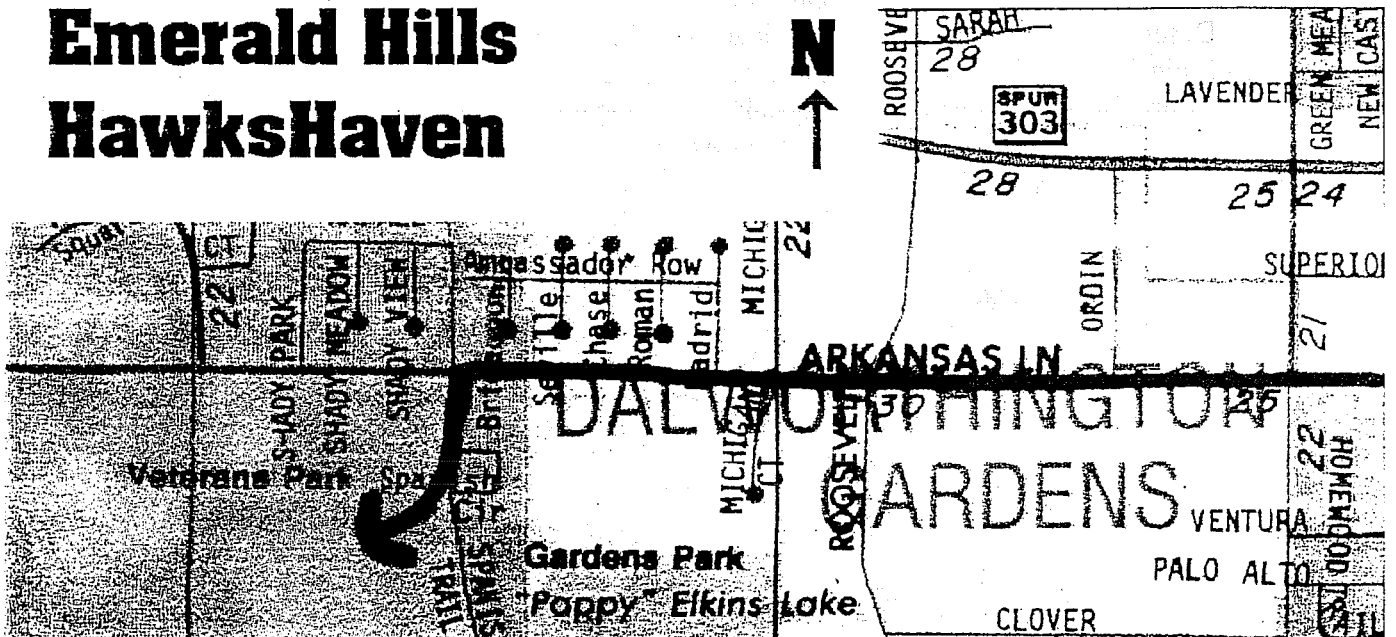
Parks of the Emerald Hills

Emerald Hills Eagleshire



Scripture + Bonnie Brae, Denton - Texas
Sundays, Noon - 6 PM

Emerald Hills HawksHaven



Arkansas + Spanish Trail, Arlington - Texas
Sundays, Noon - Night

Crown Qualifications Results

This crown qualifications had a few of the best entries I have ever seen in this kingdom. Despite the problems we had on Saturday (many people didn't know how to get to the park) and starting late on Sunday, everything went smoother than we had planned. Many thanks go to Archangel who constructed a computer database to record the cultural entires in. Vivat! Unfortunately, the invidividual results for the fighting events were not ready for print. If you would like information on these events, please find Archangel at the Coronation and he will be happy to tell you the results.

Overall Winner: Ewen McFadden

Cultural Event Winners

1st Wings & Squeak(tie)
2nd McFadden
3rd Primero & Quisinart(tie)

Fighting Event Winners

1st Tool
2nd Mya'deeb & Rath (tie)
3rd Dog & McFadden (tie)

Event	1st	2nd	3rd
Passive Cons.	Wings	Nightshade	Primero
Weapon Cons.	Dog Rath	Primero	Sean Carrolton
Armor Cons.	McFadden	Whisper	Cuizinart
Shield Cons.	McFadden	Primero	Sean Carrolton
2D Art	Fytakin	Fytakin	Weasel
3D Art	Wings	Squeak	
Poetry	Sean Carrolton	Sean Carrolton Duncan	Wings
Desert	Squeak	Cuizinart	McFadden
Main Dish	McFadden	Primero	Cuizinart
Court Garb	Selene Leger	Squeak	Tigara
Fighting Garb	Wings	Selene Leger	Scytale Squeak
Rose	Corbin	Wings	Dog Squeak
Singing	Tigara	Martello	K'Tai
Storytelling	Cuizinart	Squeak	McFadden
Photography	K'Tai	Martello	Selene Leger

Pressure

*Lying on her back, ribs exposed,
There lies her beauty.
For all to see, for all to loathe
The cannibal that ripped her flesh wide,
And stole her young heart full of love.*

*He feels the sweat bead up on his forehead;
He senses the pressure by others.
He knows he must win,
And then he must flee.
For tomorrow will come.*

*Lying on her back, bodice torn wide to expose,
There lies her dignity.
For all to gossip, for all to loathe
The captain that severed into her untainted skin,
And made her one of his keep.*

*He feels the sweat bead up on his forehead;
He senses the pressure by others.
He knows he must win,
And then he must flee.
For tomorrow will come.*

*Lying on her back, chest cut and blood exposed,
There lies her pride.
For all to gasp, for all to loathe
The warrior that threw her to her back,
And killed her before she could arise.*

*He feels the sweat bead up on his forehead;
He senses the pressure by others.
He knows he must win,
And then he must flee.
For tomorrow will come,
And her Dragons will then kill me.*

CLU-Less

An old friend and kingdom idol departs with a few last words of hope for a kingdom.

To the good (?) people of the Emerald Hills,

For roughly six years I have travelled amongst you, told stories, hosted bardics, and captured you with my charming presence. Or was it you who had me charmed all along? Who else could have kept me around through the times of darkness and light that we've seen in the Emerald Hills? I've seen groups rise and fall only to bring birth to other groups here in our kingdom. After all, that seems the way it will go for the most part in this club until we are able to find a way to prevent the dying.

Or it is?

What? You may ask? Our departing bard has a last gem of knowledge (or just the ramblings of an ancient wandering Timelord) to tell us? My answer is, "But of course, my young friends."

I could tell you that the kingdom of the Emerald Hills needs to reach out into the community and build back up our image, but Sir Cabal has already told you that. I could say that we need to become more organized, and that couldn't hurt. No, let's deal with something that is much more basic. Our members. It's elementary my dear kingdom, if members are what keep us going, it's members that keep us from dying.

"Newbies" are perhaps the most important people in our kingdom, hands down. More important than that king, more important than knights, and more important than 6th level people with 3 masterhoods. "Newbies" is an old ancient word in Amtgard, one for which the meaning has been forgotten. Since some say I'm "older than the hills" I guess it must be true, for I remember the ancient translation.

"Newbie" translates to "future".

So I'm employe you, invest in your "future". Give "newbies" every advantage they need to develop and grow in this club so that they can rise and take the reigns when you can no longer attend Amtgard as often. Tell them to sign in, tell them there is a rulebook (and corpora & monster manual). Tell them the excitement of what it takes to become a knight, and how they can someday be a king! Damn it! I wish someone cared enough to let me know of these things when I joined. You may not realize it, but people first starting out really have no way of knowing about rulebooks and the way the game works unless you fill them in.

When you face them on the battlefield, clean their clock! Show them how it's done. But don't stop there. Find SOMETHING they did right and compliment them on it afterwards, and maybe give them a few pointers on what to try next time. Encourage!! Instruct!! Develop!!

In the past some have found it seemingly fun to appear as gods on the battlefield (in comparison to "Newbies" as least). In sadistic humor you show off great abilities, demonstrating how easily their new enthusiasm can be crushed. If encouragement followed those actions, maybe that would be alright, but it is usually followed with a spirit of saying "and don't come back!"

But that's alright too, that is, if you like fighting on a empty battlefield.

The second type of member is just as important. They are the members who have been around for a while. Probably if your reading this, you are a member who has been around for a while, since "newbies" aren't informed that newsletters exist. (grin) There's one thing I've learned through the time I've been in Amtgard. You see, it's true that you should never expect awards. The one things that kept me going for so long was my love to become a bard, and when that challenge had passed, it was many of you who kept me around. Love for the game and for those around them keep them around. But every one of us wants to be recognized for hard work exhibited to our kingdom. And noble efforts should be rewarded, for such efforts keep things running, and we certainly want to encourage more, now don't we?

So, if you know of someone who deserves their masterhood in a class, don't gripe about it, but suggest it to the guildmaster of that class. If someone has done a great job, let the person who did the great job know how you feel, and then without that person knowing, tell the king or someone who has the authority to give out awards all about that great deed. Having been in various positions of power before, you would be SURPRISED how many great deeds go unnoticed, and then you sit there like an idiot hoping you give proper due credit when you're signing awards.

Finally, as for the royalty in Amtgard... the king/queen, regent, knights, guildmasters, and so forth. Remember, this is a game, and that these people are people after all. A king who is worth anything in Amtgard will hear you out and work with you even if he or she doesn't particularly like you (as long as you yourself are reasonable). Without a populace, a king has no kingdom.

In the end, it all boils down to "build up each other." Build up a "newbie" and you build a "future". Build up rest of the populace, and you build up a force of knights to defend the realm and represent the kingdom. Build up your king and royalty, and build up a kingdom!

Fare thee well my friends! If you wish, you might find me in the far future as Goodwyn Clu da Bard serves aboard the USS JOSHUA (only 1,376 years older...) or you could simply write me and tell me how things are going at: Greg.Goodwin@Chrysalis.Org

You now have the mortar to cement together a great kingdom...
Now build each other up!!

Yours bardically,

Goodwyn Clu da Bard M.H.

@>-->-----

*Goodbye Clu.. We will miss you!
The Management*

On The Road To Dublin

David May/Sean Carlton

October 1996

On the road to Dublin towne I came upon a man
Dirty beard, missing teeth, and rusty sword in hand
He bade me welcome, set a spell and rest your weary legs
The road to Dublin towne is long ; I'm walkin' it for days

I tarried for an hour or two ,we spoke of many things
He told me of the girl he loved that later shared his name
He told me of the son he lost to the great English war
He told me of his homeland and his journey to its shores

He told me how he got his scars at Falkirk and Bunder
And said if swords were plowshares how different life would be
He said his eyes were failing him, his strength was almost gone
But if it were to be again he'd change no thing not one

'Twas not more than an hour or two I spoke with the old man
And when we parted company I barely took his hand
The things we spoke of on that day I thought had slipped my mind
But now in past reflection 'twas more than killing time

Now my eyes are failing me, my strength is all but gone
Looking back on what I've learned and where it all came from
If I had to do it over, to live my life again
I would change but one small thing
This time I'd learn his name

On the road to Dublin towne I came upon a man

