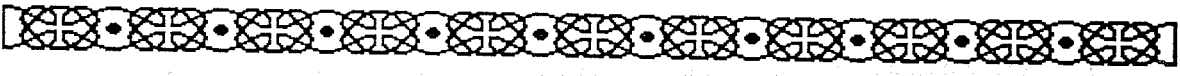




# Echoes From The Hills

*Volume XVIII, Issue 2*



## The King Speaks

All hail the glorious leader of the Peoples Corporate Circumlunar Zaibatsu!!

Ayatollah Dog wishes to thank his people for the opportunity to oppress them.

My friends I have just been told that my time of rule may be at an end. The forces of the evil pagan Sir Infinity are at the outskirts of the capital, and there is no stopping him once he crosses the Trinity river. To him I have only one message "RUN"!!! Run like Kmart mascara!! Once they have you, its all over! There is no dream that they cannot squash! Oh God The Horror!! The Horror!!

Onward and Upward my friends. The lands of the south are ours by right, let nothing stand in your way of our destiny. Our forces are poised to strike the Infidel and bring the joy of Allah to all the hearts and minds there.

On a lighter note, I would like to thank everyone who helped me out this reign. In particular I would like to thank the Mithril Talons, Rayalis, Sir Squeak, and the Betty Ford Clinic. Without whom I would have spent the entire reign in a self pitying drunken stupor. I hope the next king has as much loyalty and selflessness shown to him. I also hope you will all buy my memoirs which will be titled "The Prince" I will be using the pen name Niccolo Machiavelli and it will be released by Bantam publishing later this year.

Thank You All

Ayatollah Dog

## *Regent Wings says:*

*THANK GOD IT IS OVER!!!!!! If you want to get sick and tired of Amtgard, I have the perfect job for you. By the way, Forest, you have NO idea how gratifying it is to hand this damn job over to you!!!*

*So, anyway, let's recap what has happened in our reign:*

- 1. I lost three bros to the Real World...*
- 2. I waged war against CK & Wetlands in my drunk & stupor....BUT IT IS ALL FOREST'S FAULT! (I still think we could of kicked both of their asses. But I suppose I am biased and proud...)*
- 3. We held two Above Average cultural tourneys: one at Mid-reign and one at Qualies. (I was very impressed with the workmanship of the entries!)*
- 4. I have trademarked and copyrighted the statement, "Not my department...Check with Dog!"*

*But of course, I wish I could have done more. There were ideas of making an Emerald Hills Fine Arts Journal, which would hold art & literature pieces created by the populous. Unfortunately, we were unable to get our sh\*t together to coordinate and fund it. Maybe Forest can tackle this idea. If you think this would be interesting, please get on his ass! (Tell him Wings sent you!) I hate to say this, but I wanted more from the Guildmasters of Arts & Sciences. Those titles are more than a belt favor. If you should hold any type of guildmastership in the future, you owe it to the populous and yourself to uphold the respect and honor of it's meaning! Get out there and do something!*

*I want to thank Martello, Archangel, Corbin, Cuisinart, Forest, Zig, Rane, Reyalis, Rodan, Lecrucous, Laars, Roy, Wolverine, Tool, Nazgul, Og, Squeak, Dog, Falomar, Taladak, Lyf, Vykaden, Buzz, Blackangel, all of my bros, and everyone else for making this reign difficult & demanding, for making me laugh, for sticking pudding in my face (Lyf), for guarding my butt with style, for kicking ass on the field, for helping me out with cultural and judging, for being downright silly and being yourself...*

*Love you guys and gals, but jeez....You kids wear me out! I think I might have to fall victim of the post-Regent disease...You know, the one where you disappear for about a month or so after the reign (Although, Kalzen has been missing for about 6 months!)...But, I'll be back to kick all of your asses!*

*Regent Wings*

# *Emerald Hills Crown Qualifications May 17-18, 1997*

## *Cultural Tourney*

### **Overall Cultural Winners:**

**1st: Infinity & McFadden (tie)**

**2nd: Darkangel**

**3rd: Forest**

#### **Fighting Garb:**

**1st: Infinity**

**2nd: McFadden**

**3rd: Tiny**

#### **Passive Construction:**

**1st: Infinity**

**2nd: McFadden**

**3rd: Wicket**

#### **Storytelling:**

**1st: Darkangel**

**2nd: Tiny**

**3rd: Forest**

#### **Armor Construction:**

**1st: McFadden**

**2nd: Scytale**

**3rd: Everlast**

#### **Weapon Construction:**

**1st: McFadden**

**2nd: Talon**

**3rd: Tristen**

#### **Singing:**

**1st: Darkangel**

**2nd: Forest**

**3rd: Murdoch &  
Nightshade\* (tie)**

#### **Shield Construction:**

**1st: McFadden**

**2nd: Infinity**

**3rd: Scytale & Tristen (tie)**

#### **2-D Art:**

**1st: Fytakin ("Composition...")**

**2nd: Fytakin ("Skitzo.")**

**3rd: Forest**

#### **Photography:**

**1st: Sponge**

**2nd: Scytale**

#### **3-D Art:**

**1st: Sponge**

**2nd: Fytakin**

**3rd: Tristen**

#### **Factual Writing:**

**1st: Sirrakhis**

**2nd: Darkangel**

**3rd: Infinity**

#### **Court Garb:**

**1st: Tiny**

#### **Fictional Writing:**

**1st: Darkangel ("The Hunter")**

**2nd: Forest**

**3rd: Darkangel ("The Tunnels")**

#### **Poetry:**

**1st: Infinity ("Torch..")**

**2nd: Forest & Tiny (tie)**

**3rd: Darkangel ("My Beloved")**

#### **The Rose:**

**1st: Tristen**

#### **Performance:**

**1st: Og**

**2nd: Forest**

**3rd: Tiny**

#### **Main Dish Cooking:**

**1st: Infinity**

**2nd: Darkangel**

**3rd: McFadden**

#### **Dessert Cooking:**

**1st: Infinity**

**2nd: McFadden**

**3rd: Tristen**

#### **Persona Literature:**

**1st: Hobbit**

**2nd: McFadden**

**3rd: Sponge**

**\*=("Johnny...")**

# **Emerald Hills Midreign March 1997**

## **Surprise Cultural Tourney! (Shhh.....)**

### **Passive Construction:**

1st: Kayla  
2nd: Sean Carlton  
3rd: Vuzlyn

### **Weapon Construction:**

1st: Vykadin  
2nd: Darkhorse  
3rd: Darkhorse

### **Armor Construction:**

1st: Sean Carlton  
2nd: Laars  
3rd: Og

### **2-d Art:**

1st: Fytakin (black/white)  
2nd: Fytakin (color)

### **Court Garb:**

1st: Storm  
2nd: Nightshade  
3rd: Laars

### **Fighting Garb:**

1st: Ominique  
2nd: Laars  
3rd: Logan

### **Awards received at Mid-Reign:**

Order of the Owl-Sean Carlton

Order of the Dragon-Kayla

Order of the Dragon-Ominique

Order of the Crimson-Rane, Forest, Rodan, Reyalis, and Zig (for judging)

Garber Credits-Ominique, 2 for Laars, Logan, Nightshade, Storm, and Scytale

**More awards for this tourney might be given out at Coronation....**

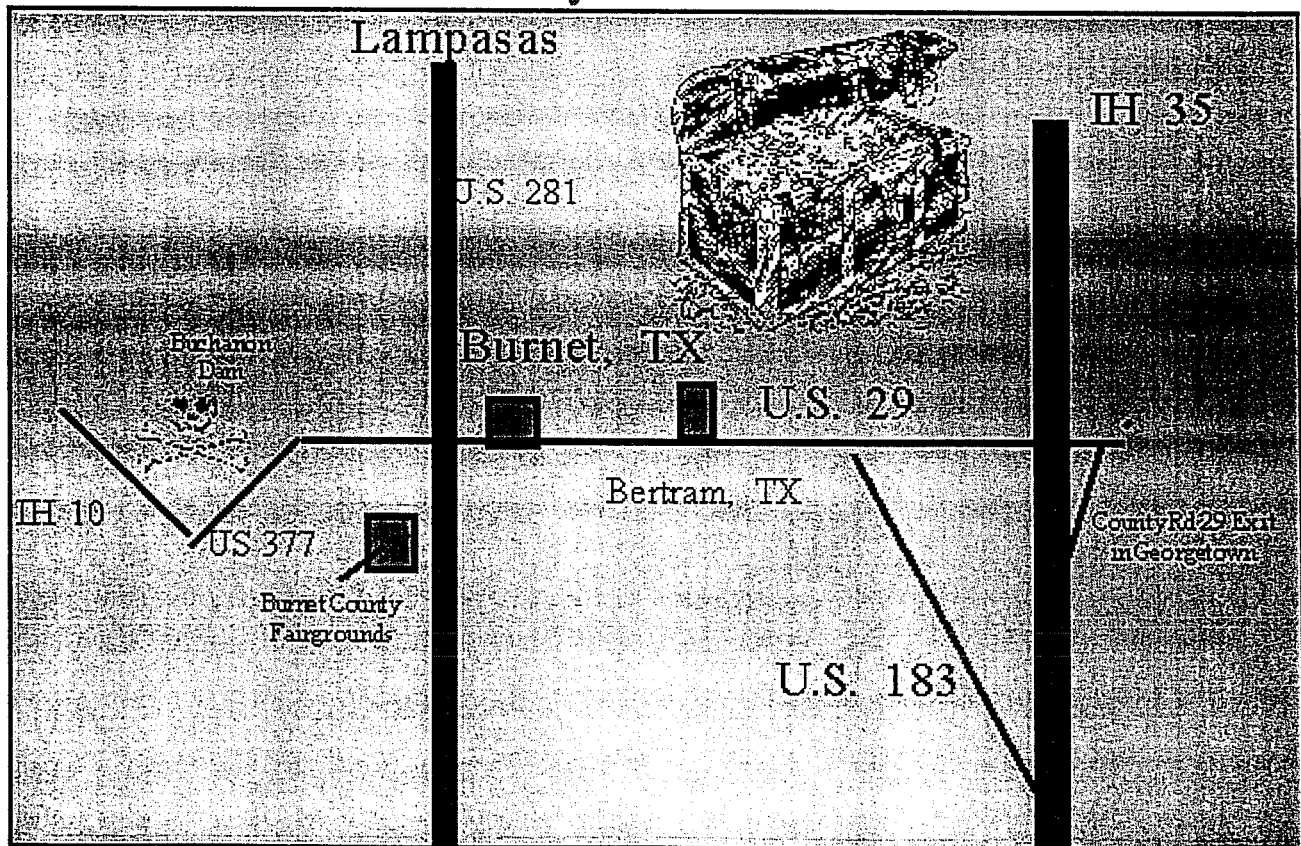
# Celestial Kingdom Midreign

Queen Teresa and Regent Bellock

~~June 13, 14, 15~~

*(at the Burnet County Fair Grounds)*

July 4, 5, 6



# Tunnel Trenches!

Created by: Tristen



This is Tristen's Rose Entry for this May's Crown Qualifications. Try it out at your park!

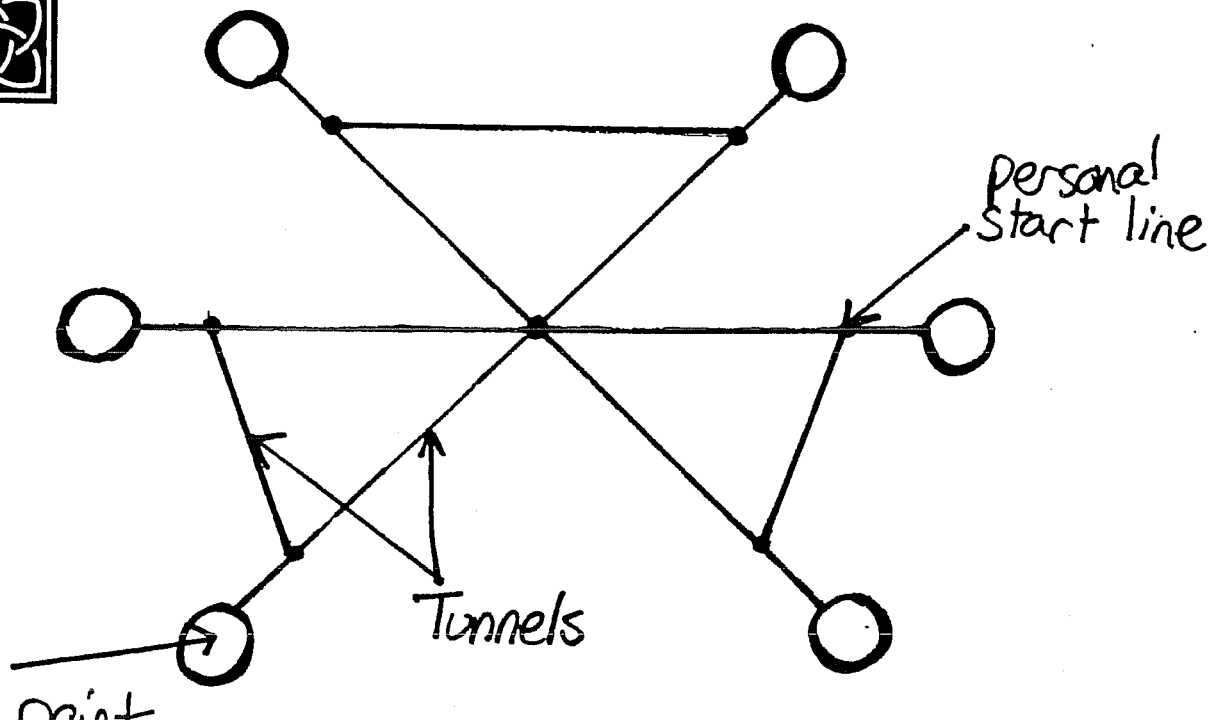
The field is marked off with twine or something of similar nature such as hay bales. Each team, composed of four-six persons, starts at one of the six outer points of the hexagon.

The goal of the game is to be the last team standing.

The tunnels should be small enough in width to allow no more than two people to stand side by side. After the team has crossed over their personal start line, they are open to attack from the back as well as the front. There is no safe place to hide and there is no nirvana in the tunnels.

Once a person dies, they must exit the tunnels immediately. Sorry, no magic can be used in these trenches!

As mentioned earlier, the winning team is the one who is left after the other five are defeated. Once the round is over, each team rotates clockwise to their new starting position on the hexagon.



# **A FEAR OF HEIGHTS AND ABANDONMENT**

**By: Tiny Der Uberhund**

I fear the ground will abandon me  
It may yet  
disappear  
evaporate  
up and quit  
leaving me to fall  
and fall  
and grasp at clouds  
finding only wisps of broken promises  
where once there was rock and earth and love  
the father of us all no longer here  
leaving me to learn to be the Earth  
myself



## *Razor Flesh*

*By: Duke Sir Taldak D. Escariot*

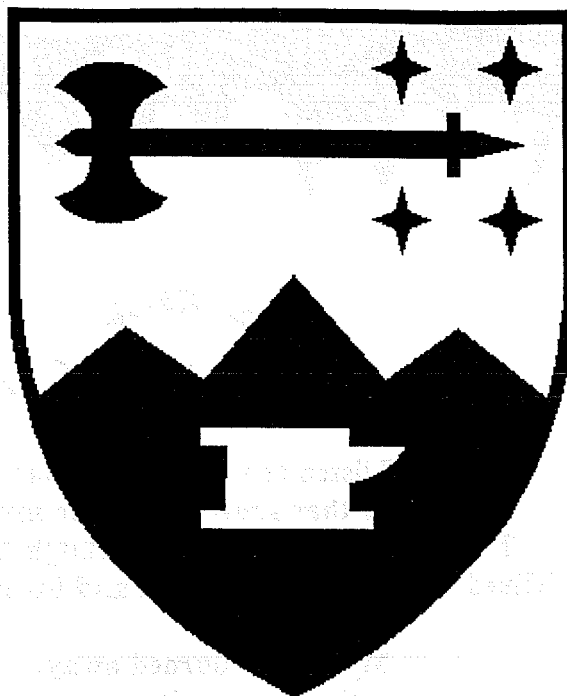
As I listen to the sky turn black  
Rusty nails they grow and pierce my back,  
The screams of death slice through the air,  
Mixed with the smell of death and burning hair.

My flesh is burned away,  
Emotions melt away,  
My mind it screams escape  
But these walls they shift and close I can't escape,  
At this final point I break away  
Drifting further within my misshapen mind.  
While my razor flesh is filled with pain  
I see her I touch, it peels away  
And with every step I take she falls away.

Now with every blast of heat I grin and laugh,  
With all the things and lives I took,  
My feeble mind shakes as I take a look,  
They stand before me with an open book.  
It's full of word and lies,  
That are set to trick my bleeding eyes.

Now I sit and watch the blackening sky  
As the retched ground plays with the tortured souls,  
with all this light of fire I finally see the light,  
It's only pain of reality that sets my strife.

g



# Rakis!

June 19,20,21,22

Hosted by the Kingdom of the Iron Mountains

*Golden Eagle Camping Ground in Colorado Springs CO.*

There will be: Juggling! Ditch Battling the IM way! An exhibition of Blood Bowl, IM's version of Amtgard legal football! And a nice meal and shorter than last year's court.

Questions? Need more information

Or airport pickups...

Email Kuno at [jim@usa.net](mailto:jim@usa.net)

Or call him at 800-ITS-ILLY

Or even page him at 800 PAGE MCI pin # 1939022

# *In These Emerald Hills*

*By: Darkangel*

We were all newbies once. Oh, so long ago for some of us, not so long ago for others, we each picked up a foam-padded weapon, and someone told us that head shots don't count. I don't even remember my first battlegame, only two years ago. I do remember sparring seven days a week, reading the rulebook over and over again, hearing names that to me might as well have been characters in a legend. For each of us, there was a time when we were still learning what it meant to be in Amtgard (not that we ever stop learning). This "childhood," when we learned how to fight and play, when we met the people that mean "Amtgard" to us, is forever a part of us.

For me, that took place in the Independent Duchy of the Midnight Sun. It's a dubious pedigree, I know, but one of which I am immeasurably proud. I did my Amtgard growing up in the Independent Duchy of the Midnight Sun, and I wear it like a badge. It was an excellent cradle. Nowhere else I've been has there been such a commitment to knowing and playing the rules. True, we might have played a few things differently than others did, but we definitely played by the book.

We were a tight group. There were arguments from time to time, especially between certain parties, but it didn't matter: we belonged. There weren't a lot of us. We used to go out to eat together and or go to a bar, the whole Duchy, together. We were family. Family stays together.

Duchy Mid-Reign Spring '94, I met the rest of Amtgard. I had been to one EH coronation court before that. It had not prepared me. It was a staggering experience. There were so many of you people! Paladins and Anti-Paladins cluttering up the field. Everyone and their kid sister was 6th level. Twenty-man trench.

I had a great time, even though I was handily devoured in combat. It took some time to pick them out, but there were quite a few newbies and IFGS visitors, too. It was, all in all, a great event. The kind you don't plan, it just happens. I met Cabal, Infinity, Sparrowhawk, and the Devil knows who else. Cabal took me aside and showed me just how much I didn't know about swordplay (Thanks, bro).

And then, naturally enough, the event ended, and we all went home. How can I describe what I felt? Enlightenment? Wonder? Jealousy? Mostly, I didn't want it to end. It was like a dream I didn't want to wake from.

My contact with other groups was rather limited for some time after. We had a lot of post-event visitors, but they eventually went home or went back to doing what they do. I went to an event in Waco and had a great time. And it was quiet for a while.

Then came Spring War II, and I found Heaven.

The first night, I ran into Cabal, and was flattered that he recognized me. I avoided ooze, and instead concentrated on meeting as many people as possible. I went to bed. I started trenching early the next morning with some guys. By noon, it had turned into what had to have been a sixty-plus-man trench battle. My tiny little company, Crawling Chaos, was the first soldiers on the field at Spring War II. We fought for the Saracens. It was a great war. Some time in all that I reeved for the Women's tourney and met some more people I now know.

And then came court. Our Duchess, Morpheia Hekstar, in a fit of heroic pride, gave a spectacularly undiplomatic speech. It was delicious and painful to watch. And as I watched, I realized something; I belonged to the Midnight Sun, and I belonged to Amtgard. Some people say "politics" the way others say "urinary infection." I could not care less about politics in general. What I saw was insanity. Didn't anyone remember it was a game? I had a good laugh at the expense of both the Olde Guard of the Duchy and the main of Amtgard. For me, it has never been politics, so much as clashing personalities. And clash they did. Fierce

rebellion versus monolithic tradition. Passionate pride versus compromise. Us versus them, them versus them, us versus us.

I had a talk with Cabal about the whole thing. Then I talked to Nevron. Then I talked to a lot of people. And I swore a little vow to myself. I vowed that I would be back for Spring War III. I went home content, though I realized then that something big would have to happen for things to be set right.

Before I knew it, the barn was ablaze. We kept hearing threats of excommunication. Finally, we heard some support from faraway lands, and plots were hatched. In the end, it all crumbled. Our Duke, Cearan 'Doc' Blagden threatened revolution and rebellion. The phrase Independent Kingdom of the Midnight Sun entered the vocabulary.

In the beginning, I was one of the most enthusiastic rebels. But Cabal was King, and I knew he had our interests at heart. By and by, I realized that I had little quarrel with the Emerald Hills. And we were awful small to be a kingdom all by ourselves. It was a time of big decisions, for myself and the whole Duchy.

And I turned to myself and said, "You know, if it doesn't work out, we can always jump ship later."

And we put our heads together, and in the end, the loyalists took the election, though not by much of a margin. And we became the (Non-independent) Duchy of the Midnight Sun, Emerald Hills.

The trouble was far from over at that point. The expatriated Duchy Olde Guard caused more headaches than I can think about, and our own determined but inexperienced leadership ran into serious difficulties. As pro-tem Regent, I found myself caught in the crossfire of an ugly, ugly personality war. It seemed like there were no friends, only allies. I resigned in despair. I would try again when times were better, I resolved.

Time cures many ills. Months passed. Membership at the park rebounded. Tempers cooled, hands were shaken, life got better. When the time came, I ran for Duke. I lost. Oh, well.

When I saw Squeak! crowned Monarch, I knew something good had happened. It's hard to describe exactly, but there was a sweetness in being there, something about the whole thing that felt like homecoming. For the first time, I watched my monarch take the throne. At her court, for the first time, I saw someone get knighted in my kingdom.

My kingdom.

Do you know the excruciating joy of being able to say that? Can you imagine what it's like? Try to imagine, just for a moment, the shiver I feel whenever I write "Darkangel, Duchy of the Midnight Sun, Kingdom of the Emerald Hills." The Emerald Hills, my Emerald Hills.

I remember Cabal's incredibly long speech welcoming us into the Hills. I think he understands what I mean when I say it's good to be home.

The Emerald Hills have, indeed, made us feel welcome. We're still ironing out a few things, but it is quite apparent that we belong. Our Duchy recently voted to make our elections coincide with the rest of Emerald Hills'; the next Emerald Hills Coronation will be our coronation as well.

Perhaps I'll decide to run for King one of these years. Perhaps. Not this time. But maybe one of these times.

Long live the Duchy of the Midnight Sun, long live the Emerald Hills, long live Amtgard. Good health and fortune to you all, my friends.

At Your Service Always,

Darkangel

# **Mid-Reign Quest for the Relics Results!**

**Mithril Talons- Shield of Reflection**

**Logan- Homestone**

**Logan- Orb of Healing**

**Laars, Rane, Squawk-Ring of Power**

**The Corsairs-Odin's Hammer**

# *The Contest*

## *By: Forest Evergreen*

"It isn't fair father!" Cassandra shouted from behind her closed door. "I should be able to enter the contest too."

"My dear," her father comforted "you know that women aren't allowed to compete in the games. There is nothing I can do."

Silence was her reply. She was a wonderful girl, full of spirit. That spirit, however, also prompted her to be very stubborn. When Cassandra had heard that the town was hosting events for to find the greatest warrior in the area, naturally she wanted to compete. After all, she had been hunting with her father, had learned to fight, throw hatchets, all the things that a boy was raised to learn. Her parents had no boys, so Cassandra had learned the best of both worlds. She could sew, mend, and cook as well as her mother, but she was a tom boy at heart.

She sat in silence in her room, wondering. How could she sit on the sidelines and cheer for the local boys. She was as good as they were. Damn these stupid rules. There had to be a way for her to compete. Now all she needed to do was find it. She stayed awake half the night pondering her situation.

In the morning, the whole town was gathered at the market square. Large men boasted their abilities and crowded the tables to sign in for the events. Cassandra waited her turn, trying not to laugh. All these braggarts, they would not be so proud if they knew that a woman was about to compete with them. She made her way to the table and grabbed for a pen.

"And just what do ya think yer doin' lassie?" the old man at the table asked. "This ain't a quilt makin' contest."

The others laughed at Cassandra, but she only smiled and said "I beg your pardon sir, I am signing in for my cousin who is running a little late this morning."

"Well, what's his name." the old man queried.

"It's....Casey. Casey O'Donnel." she said matter of factly. "He'll be here shortly."

"Fine, tell him that from now on, he'll have to do things for himself, or did he ask ya to joust for him as well?" the old man retorted.

Again the crowd roared with laughter, but Cassandra just kept smiling. These fools would see, and then she would be laughing. She stole herself away to the stables, and pulled some clothing from her bag. Some dirt on her face, loose clothes, there that should do it. Luckily, she had not fully developed her feminine figure, and could easily pass for a boy, with a little help. She grabbed a small mirror from her bag and looked herself over.

"Not bad Casey, not bad at all." she thought smugly.

She looked down at her clothes, perfect. She looked just like a boy. Well, not quite. She grabbed her blouse from the bag and ripped a large piece of cloth off of it. She then rolled it up and pushed it into her pants.

"That's better." she giggled. "Now I have more to brag about than half the men out here."

With that, she pulled her hat low on her head and walked back out into the market. The events were starting and she wasn't about to be late after all this work! Archery was

first. This was good, she had been hunting many times, and was a good shot at a moving target, so a stationary one should be easy.

"O'Donnel yer up boy." cried the weapons master. "Third target."

Cassandra grabbed her bow and went to her designated spot.

"Relax Casey." she thought to herself. "Just fire and walk away."

She was still nervous. What if someone started looking for her. What if her father recognized the bow. No, there were tons of people, and he wasn't looking to find her. Everything would be fine.

"We haven't got all day boy." the weapons mater bellowed. "Fire or withdraw. We do have other events."

Cassandra knocked the first arrow and drew back. Fsssswack. A nice shot. Slightly left of the center, but worth points none the less. She fired her second and third arrows. Fsssswack. Fsssswack. Both were within inches of the center. She was sure to rank high in this event.

She bowed to the crowd and walked back to the competitors area. Patiently she waited for the results. After the last competitors arrows had been measured from the center, the results were posted. Fifth place, not bad, not bad at all.

"Guess there's more to me than quilt making huh." she mocked as she walked to the event area.

"Next event, single combat." came the arena master's voice. "Fights are for first wound only."

"First wound." Cassandra shuddered. "I thought they would use practice weapons."

She was nervous. All she brought was a rapier, and her fathers practice sword, a weighted bamboo stick. After a moment her resolve stiffened.

"I came her to compete, and that's what I'll do. Real weapons or not."

She drew the rapier and practiced a few moves. Yes, she knew just what to do.

Her first competitor was a large man, wielding a broad sword. "You call that a weapon? Go get yerself a sword before ya get hurt." He taunted.

Cassandra saluted with her weapon and took her stance. The man simply smiled and flexed his large muscles. The weapon master shouted and the fight was on. The man lunged at Cassandra and she jumped to the side, barely dodging his attack. He turned and lunged again, but Cassandra was ready. She side stepped and brought her rapier down on his arm.

"Hold." the weapon master cried. "First wound made."

"What wound?" the man demanded. "He barely grazed me. Look."

He held up his arm as if to prove his point, but as he did, he saw the red spot on his sleeve. "Why the little bugger did cut me. Damn it all."

He stormed away. Cassandra knew she had a chance, first wound was much easier than a true win. All she needed was speed and some good dodging. She continued to advance up to the final round, out maneuvering all of her opponents. This was fun, and would have been even more so if they had only known she was a woman. Her last opponent stepped into the ring. He was a huge man, with a claymore. He smiled at Cassandra and raised the weapon. This would not be easy. Swish... She was so busy looking at that large sword, she hadn't heard the weapon master's yell. She moved just in

time to avoid being slashed through the leg. The man continued his aggressive attack, lunging in. He was making it easy. She side stepped and brought her sword down. It was too late when she realized his ploy. He must have watched her earlier fights. As she brought down her sword, he spun and smashed it, knocking it from her hand, then slashed down at her chest. Cassandra shrieked with pain and stumbled backwards.

When she regained her composure, she noticed that the crowd was silent. Everyone stood staring at her. Strange expressions on their faces.

"I'm ok." she mumbled. "The blow surprised me that's all."

"You're surprised," the large man said. "Not so much as we are. What is yer name."

"Casey O'Donnel" Cassandra replied. Why were they acting so strangely?

"Cassandra? Is that you girl?" her father's voice came from the crowd. "Blazes girl are ya trying to get yerself killed?"

"Papa?" she cried in amazement. "How did you know it was me?"

"Cover yerself girl" he snapped. "I'll not have ya flashing the whole town."

She looked down and there was her answer. The blow had torn through her shirt and ripped a hole large enough to expose one of her breasts. She quickly covered up and looked around nervously.

"What is this?" one of the competitors yelled. "Women aren't allowed to fight in this. What are you trying to pull?"

"Yeah, what sort of joke is this! Lettin' a woman win so you can make an ass out of us?" another shouted.

"Just a minute!" the weapon master snapped. "This is an honest contest. Now if she beat some of ya then too bad, but young woman, I'll not have ya ruining my contest. Now off with ya."

Cassandra lowered her head and walked into the crowd. Her father ran up and grabbed her.

"What in blazes do ya think..." he started, lifting her head. Then he saw her eyes, and knew why she had done it. "Never mind, ya did well. I'm proud of ya."

As they started to walk home, a call came from the sign in table, "I guess there's more to ya than quilt making lass. A lot more."

Cassandra smiled, she may not have won, but she had by no means lost. She wasn't better than all the men, but she wasn't worse than all of them either. She had proven her point.



# Gathering of the Clans XV!!

July 17-20

Sleepygrass Campgrounds,  
Cloudcroft, New Mexico

Clan Fee will be \$2 per person  
Camping fee will be \$3 per person per day to the Blake  
Company, they will not be accpeting checks this year

(More Information to Come)  
*Questions should be directed to*

*Savaen-Clan Autocrat*

Elizabeth Phillips

600 Gregory Ave.

El Paso, Texas 79902

(915)533-4692

email: [clan-15@amtgard.com](mailto:clan-15@amtgard.com)



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