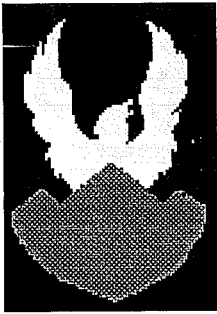


DEC 97

VOLUME XIX ISSUE #III

ECHOES OF THE HILLS





■ CORONATION EDITION ■

Echoes of the Hills

VOLUME XIX, ISSUE III, DECEMBER 1997

To the Populace of the Emerald Hills

By King Clu Da'Bard



When the staff decided to put together a newsletter in the week and a half before Coronation I said, "Uh... Sure!" And if you are holding this newsletter, you have to thank the insanity of Vykadin, Kodiak, Shaylen (formerly Selene), and Buzz for a big bulk of this coming together.

A lot of this edition has other people to thank. A trend in the Hills that goes as far back as when we were known as the "Freehills". We've always sung the good ole songs, but we've always had a knack for writing our own songs. Then in the old Freehills songbook we see songs written by Ray Aps Gordon, Landolf, and verses written by Delphos. Some of the People are still with us, some we may never see again, but as long as we sing their songs or tell their stories they will be with us. In time, we heard the songs of Sir Cabal, and listened to the impersonations of Forest. We beat the drums to set the rhythm at events, and Saturday nights at events

Coronation Allthing

By Duke Sir Dog Lord of Mirkwood

In order to resolve certain issues relating to the Corpora, and some possible breaks in tradition, I am calling an Allthing during the coronation of Clu. If possible, I will be holding it on Saturday fairly early as not to conflict with court. Items on the agenda are:

1. The revision of the position of Champion
2. Possible permanent rescheduling of Weapons Master

I like to continue the bardic tradition handed to us by Queen Reyna and Sir Alessandra.

Our culture is one thing that makes the Hills, as well as Amtgard, unique. The music drew me to return to the Hills time and time again even during some truly dismal times. But we've survived, and so has our love for culture.

I am proud to say this newsletter contains the winners of the various literature categories from the Crown Qualifications. Even if they leave us (which is prohibited.) their imagination and works are with us for as long as we read them.

Success!

King Clu Da'Bard



P.S. Throughout the past few months there has been a push to start writing down and recording our own mythology. After all, in a place like amtgard we have our own lion's share of legend material. If you would like to add submissions to the Hill's (As well as Amtgard's) collections of myth, talk to Darkangel.)

Any other possible topics anyone wishes to discuss, please inform me before the Allthing so you may be recognized.

If you don't care, don't come.

Duke Sir Dog Lord of Mirkwood



Weaponmaster/ Dragonmaster

By Lord Martello Entropy

Hi. Thanks for electing me Guildmaster of Reeves, I'm sure I'll just love the job. I'm writing this article is to announce an experiment. As GM of Reeves, I'm in charge of running Weaponmaster, which is supposed to be a week or two after Coronation. This would put it on the weekend before Christmas, which is a good time for getting a lot of people out. Also, we generally have Dragonmaster at the same time as Weaponmaster, and that would place it about a month after Crown Qualifications, which would be tiring on the artists, to say the least.

In considering all these unfortunate circumstances, I came upon an idea, which has been welcomed so far. I propose that we postpone Weaponmaster and Dragonmaster until two weekends before Midreign, which will put it at about the first weekend in March. Not only is that a better time of year to fight, but it spreads the major tournaments out during the year. The winner will still hold the title of Weaponmaster for six months, from Midreign to Midreign. Holding Dragonmaster then means we don't have to hold culturals at Midreign, which is always hard to organize, and who wants to pack all of their entries into the car for an event? With Weaponmaster and Dragonmaster right before Midreign, we'll have even more to celebrate at Midreign.

I'll be announcing this at court at Coronation, but I wanted to warn people of my plans. If you have any comments about this, let me know.

Cord Martello Entropy

New Guildmaster of Reeves
Kingdom of the Emerald Hills

Raven's Loft - Site Rules

- Put trash in trash cans or trash bags, not on the ground.
- Don't throw cigarette butts on the ground – keep them in your pocket or pouch.
- Keep fires in designated fire pits. Raven might allow fires in other places – check with him or Infinity before creating new fire pits.
- No Quiet Rule!

We Need Your Help

By Newsletter Staff



You might not have noticed, but the newsletter has undergone some changes. A standard layout. A stable staff. Articles addressing issues in areas not addressed by previous publications in this kingdom. We (the staff) are trying to make The Echoes of the Hills into more than something to start a fire with (no insult to past editors of the Echoes).

In many ways we are going to try to treat it as a regular newspaper, so that you, the populace, can treat it as a regular newspaper. So you can go to it for something edifying to read. So you can go to it for entertainment. So you can go to it to think. And so you can write to it to have your voice heard. When a newspaper prints something people do not agree with, people write into the paper with their opinions. We welcome your opinions. However we have to ask that you write them down. We will accept e-mail, letters to the PO box or even hand delivered submissions, but we must have things written down. We do not, I repeat DO NOT, want to para-phrase anyone and thereby possibly misrepresent them. Of course, anonymous submissions will be accepted, and printed as we see fit.

Even if you don't feel the need to write an entire article, letters to the editors are always welcomed, either via e-mail or at our P.O. Box. It's not journalism if it doesn't make someone angry, so please, let us respond to your vitriol in print.

Many thanks are due to BlackAngel and Kayrana who, with little or no prodding, submitted articles for this newsletter. With enough such submissions, we may never need to reprint an article again.

In the event you do feel the need to submit something or vent, there are two excellent methods.

First, write to our new e-mail address. If you have someone in particular in mind to view your wit, just put ATTN: <Their Name> in the subject. The address you've been waiting for is:

echoes@flail.com

Second, write to our P.O. Box:

**Emerald Hills
P.O. Box 741943
Dallas, TX 75374-1943**

Finally, be warned, the **deadline** for submissions for the next newsletter is **January 14, 1998**.

The Duellist

By Darkangel



The following won 2nd place in the Fictional Literature category in the November 1997 EH Crown Quads.

Smoke clung to the ceiling, softening the rough, firelit faces of the tavern-goers. Laughter, coarse, rough laughter rang out. The air smelled of beer, stew, and hay. Gentlemen did not frequent this bar, as a custom. This was a pleasant place to be, a place for sailors, ruffians, stevedores, gamblers, and pimps, a place to drink cheap liquor and eat mysterious, but filling, stew.

The gentleman who came in with his manservant caused a momentarily stir, but everyone went back to their private conversations and mugs. If a gentleman as that chose to be there, as surely as the sun rose he had his reasons. No one bothered him as he went to sit in the corner. A few leered at the man in livery who fetched a pitcher for him.

The gentleman looked around. Perhaps tonight he would find what he was looking for.

"Your beer, m'lord," said the manservant with distaste. He was a greying man, upright and with that rub of gentility only a lord's servant can achieve. He was not happy to be there. He set down the pitcher and stood.

"Sit down, Lorenzo," said the gentleman. He growled. "You look conspicuous."

"I feel conspicuous, m'lord," said the old servant, with a faint frown and an ethereal sarcasm. He sat.

The gentleman poured a mug and took a swallow. "Yagh," he choked. He shook his head, sighed, and downed the rest of the mug. "Beer for swine."

"Indeed," said Lorenzo. "Those being the usual patrons, of course, m'lord."

How does a gentleman hire a killer?

The door swung open. A dark shape glided in, a man in black robes and cape. The chill of winter seemed to emanate from his gaze, from the cold eyes showing through his black cloth mask. With a graceful flourish he swung his cape over his shoulder and hung it on the hat rack. He unfastened a neck chain and likewise removed his heavy black robes. He wore a black mask and hood that covered his face, a black shirt, black pants, black boots, even black gloves. Only his eyes

showed, wise, cunning, curious eyes. In his hands he held a long, heavy wooden club or staff. He strode towards a center table and sat, kicking his legs up and sighing as he looked around, soaking in the relaxing atmosphere. The barmaid wandered over.

"And what will you be having?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"A leg of lamb and a bottle of your most expensive cheap rum," he purred. "And two loaves of bread. I'm expecting friends."

"And what is your name, lad?" she chirped.

He seemed to smile beneath that mask. "They call me Shadow-Caster."

She nodded. "Very well, Shadow-Caster. My name is Julia. I'll get that lovely repast for you, sir." She wandered back to the kitchen, here eyebrows raised, her mouth twisted in distress. She laughed weakly as she talked with the bartender.

She finally did return with his order. He smiled again, tossing her a few coins, and rolled up his mask over his mouth. He smiled like a goblin, his teeth white and seemingly too many for his mischievous smile. He tore into the leg of lamb happily, then sloshed down some rum and smiled. He threw back his head and laughed.

Some time later, the door came open again, silently. Without saying a word, an elf woman in a chainmail shirt strode over to the Shadow-Caster and sat. Even sitting, she radiated power, speed, and strength. She was taller than most of the men in the tavern, and her arms were strong like a soldier's. Her skin was tanned dark. She was one of the most frightening creatures most had seen. She wore the furs of beasts, and the look of one, as well.

The gentleman stared at her for some time. Finally, he nodded to his servant. Lorenzo sighed and stood, and walked over to the table. He smiled politely, and only so, and said, "May I sit?"

Shadow-Caster looked up in surprise. "I imagine so, unless you've arthritis."

The elf smiled. "Please, sit. Do not mind my associate."

"Employer," corrected Shadow-Caster.

"Associate," she repeated, grinning. She waved him to the seat across from her. As he sat, she fussed with the striped furs on her shoulders and waist.

Continued next page.

"I am Lorenzo, I serve my lord and master in yon corner," he pronounced.

"I'm Shadow-Caster, this is Jaguar," said Shadow-Caster. "Have some ale?"

Lorenzo shook his head.

Jaguar smiled. "What do you need, dear?" she said with a smile.

Lorenzo cleared his throat. "My master has been challenged to a duel. He wishes to hire a defender. He was curious to know if the lady would be pleased to serve so. He promises to pay well."

She looked at him, cocking her head to one side. "How does he know if I can fight?"

"You have the look of a soldier, lady," Lorenzo smiled. "In any case, he supposes that your skill is of less concern than your courage. If you fight and fall, it is only gold and honor for my lord. He is not a man of combat."

Jaguar looked across at him. "He has the look of a fat, lazy man who has more wealth than he deserves," she pronounced with a smile. "Why should I serve such a man, even for a moment, much less risk my life?"

Lorenzo reached to his belt and produced a leather pouch. He dropped it on the table with a thud. "Silver," he said.

Shadow-Caster lifted the pouch, hefted it, and set it down. "A nice purse indeed." He turned to Jaguar.

She laughed. "Of course not, Dark." She turned back to Lorenzo. "No, I'm afraid you'll not hire a thug of myself."

Lorenzo nodded. He turned to Shadow-Caster. "What about you?"

Shadow-Caster laughed. "I know of no duels fought with cudgels."

Lorenzo rolled his eyes. "Of course not. I would be curious to know if you would lend your wizardly talents, for a fee. You know," he insinuated darkly.

Jaguar looked at Shadow-Caster in alarm. Shadow-Caster simply shook his head slowly. "No, dear Lorenzo, I am no wizard," he said. "I am a priest."

Lorenzo blinked and looked nervous. "A priest? What sort of priest?"

Shadow-Caster seemed to smile. "No, fear not excommunication. I don't serve the sort of god that farmers and noblemen sacrifice tithe to. I serve the Lord of Night." He nodded. "A lesser-known god."

Lorenzo stared at Shadow-Caster. "Surely the dark gods have powers of some use?"

Jaguar tensed again.

Shadow-Caster laughed. "No, friend. My god is a god of dark places, of shadow, mysteries, courage, and luck. But he is not an evil god, nor is he easily bought with gold." He shook his head. "No, while I may be hired for the right price, it must be to the right man. Your cowardly lord will not find a defender at this table."

Lorenzo scowled. "How dare you . . ."

"On the other hand," interrupted Shadow-Caster, "I may have to take that back. We have a friend coming, who should arrive soon. He might very well be bought for your lord."

Jaguar nodded. "Actually, Shadow-Caster, now that you mention it, this sounds just like his cup of tea."

Lorenzo raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

The door flew open. A man in a black, silk blouse strode in. He smiled dashing, his eyes glittered with amusement. He wore black leather pants, tall velvet-cuffed boots, and a tall, beaten, black hat that contrasted to the rest of his clothing with its obvious age and use. He put his fists on his hips. "Fight to first touch for a pitcher of beer," he shouted. He smiled.

After a few seconds of silence, a man in the back stood. It was a grizzled man wearing a red kerchief on his head, with a long scar on his face. "I'll fight you," he growled.

The man in the black blouse smiled and strode out the door. His opponent followed, then most of the tavern.

The man in the black blouse held a sword-rapier in his right hand. It was a deadly-looking weapon, built like a rapier with a basket hilt and broad quillions, but with a light but strong blade, like a longsword's, coming to a deadly, narrow tip. In his left hand he held a heavy iron dagger with a broad guard and a ring on the hilt to protect his fingers.

His opponent held a long saber in his left hand, a short scimitar in his right.

"Begin," pronounced the barmaid.

They paced at each other, like scorpions, crouching low and circling left and right. Finally the man in the

Continued next page.

The Duellist, cont.

By Darkangel

black shirt hopped forward and brought the sword-rapier down, then backed up to parry, then swept the sword-rapier back and forth, forcing his opponent back.

The man in the red bandana stepped back, then jumped forward, bringing the saber across the sword-rapier and the scimitar straight down at the man in the black blouse's head. The man in the black blouse brought his dagger up and blocked it squarely, then jumped back, then crouched and shot his sword-rapier under his opponent's blade and nicked the stomach. His opponent's sabre cut his a moment later.

The man in the black blouse clutched his bleeding stomach and saluted. "This is one of the worst cuts I've ever taken to win a pitcher of beer. Nicely done."

His opponent shook his head. "Sorry, baby, but I'm afraid I won that one."

The man in the black blouse stared, then slowly twisted his mouth to one side. "I see. I happen to disagree."

The man in the red kerchief glowered. He crouched, looking very threatening. The man in the black blouse flashed a sardonic smile. "Well, then. How about we just fight it over?"

The man in the red kerchief frowned, but glanced at the crowd. "All right."

The stood apart and saluted.

"Begin," said the barmaid.

The paced at each other. The man in the black blouse smiled and kicked out his leg, waving it tauntingly at his opponent. His opponent swung, then followed up with his scimitar. The man in black back-pedaled, parried, and jumped back to evade the man in the red kerchief's flurry. Suddenly he brought his sword-rapier down on the sabre and pushed it to one side. As the man in the red kerchief brought his scimitar around, the man in the black blouse moved in so close their shoulders touched, then without warning spun almost completely around and brought his dagger across his opponent's neck.

The other man's head, still wearing the red kerchief, rolled across the ground and stopped at the entrance to the tavern.

"First touch, I win," said the man in the black blouse. He smiled and let out a sparkling laugh. He cheerfully wiped his bloodied blades on the dead man's back and sheathed them. He bent over and rooted through the dead man's pouch. As the crowd stared at him, he said, "What? I'm collecting my wins." He pulled a few small coins out of the man's purse, then tossed the pouch and its remaining coins onto the dead man's chest. He smiled and headed for the tavern doors, pausing only to drop his weapons beside the tavern bouncer.

Shadow-Caster nudged the gentleman. "That's our friend."

"Of course he is," said Lorenzo.

The gentleman nodded, wiping his pale forehead. "He'll do."

The man in the black blouse nodded. "A pound of silver? Sure, I guess. Well, wait, do I have to fight another substitute?"

"Yes," said the gentleman.

The man in the black blouse shook his head. "Five pounds of silver."

"Outrageous," said the gentleman.

The man in the black blouse shrugged. "Oh, well. And I was so looking forward to risking my life for a pampered slug like you." He sighed, then giggled and smiled, taking a swallow of beer.

The gentleman frowned. "Oh, very well. Five pounds of silver it is." He nodded to Lorenzo. "See that his man is paid his due."

Lorenzo nodded. "Of course, m'lord."

The gentleman stared at the man in black's stomach.

"See something you like?" asked the man in black, raising his eyebrows.

"Weren't you wounded a while ago?" he demanded.

The man in black smiled. "Aw, Shadow-Caster fixed me up. Aren't friends wonderful?"

The duellist didn't usually fight to the death. But then again, he didn't usually owe nearly half a pound of silver to Shadow-Caster. Curse the man for finally learning to play cards. The duellist was wearing black, of course. He always did that. He and Shadow-Caster both. So did Jaguar, actually,

Continued next page.

now that he thought about it, if you didn't count the fur pelts and the chain mail. The tunic and tights were definitely . . .

Parry. Counter—no, he got outside reach, press the advantage.

Black. As were her undergarments.

His opponent was quite good. He parried again. He realized he was fighting too defensively. His opponent was very aggressive, and leaned forward heavily, for a fencer. He also vaguely noted that this was to the death, not first blood.

He caught the enemy's sword on his own, taking a severe gash as he ran up it and plunged his dagger into the enemy's lower throat. He ripped hard, then pushed his opponent away as he jumped back, taking a nick on his thigh. He watched his opponent stagger, then collapse choking, then become still and dead.

"Well done," said Lorenzo. He smiled.

The duellist nodded. "Of course." He sat, closing his eyes. He felt himself becoming cold as blood ran down his arm and leg. "Help me walk back to the tavern, if you would."

The opponent's second, an older gentleman said, "Well, I'd say honor has been satisfied. Good day to you, Lorenzo, and your master."

Lorenzo nodded, then helped the duellist to this feet. As they walked along, the duellist on his arm, he said, "I assume you'll want your wages now."

The duellist smiled. "Yeah, I'd like that."

Lorenzo drew a narrow dagger from inside his shirt. He aimed carefully and slipped it through the duellist's ribs and pierced his heart. The duellist gasped and turned his head.

The duellist looked down, then straight into Lorenzo's eyes. There was no fear, only annoyance. The duellist reached forward and clutched Lorenzo's throat hard, so hard Lorenzo panicked and tried to pull free his dagger, but then the duellist fell down, dead, sliding off of Lorenzo like a blood-covered sack of laundry.

Lorenzo nodded, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "Well, that's done." He shook his head and walked on his way.

"He was right," said Jaguar.

Shadow-Caster, also looking out the window, smiled. "Of course he was right. He always is." He shook his head. "Of course, he didn't figure the

servant had the guts to do it. Who would have figured?"

Jaguar sighed. "Well, it's not like this comes as much of a surprise." She shook her head.

"Well," said Shadow-Caster. "I guess we should go get him."

The gentleman sat up in the bath. "What in blazes was that?" He had heard things breaking, he was certain. Had the dogs gotten inside again? Blast it all.

A figure, in a black hat, wearing a black silk shirt, stepped through the doorway. He nodded coldly. One arm was behind his back.

The gentleman gasped and stared.

The duellist smiled. He pulled his hand from behind his back and tossed Lorenzo's severed head into the bathwater.

The gentleman screamed and jumped out of the water, grabbing a robe and wrapping it around himself. He backed away, while the duellist advanced like a predator. The gentleman grabbed a stool and swung it.

The duellist drew his sword and chopped the stool in half, then parried when the gentleman desperately swung the shattered remains. The duellist smiled as he drove the sword forward and punctured the gentleman's stomach. The gentleman screamed.

Shadow-Caster walked in and nodded. "Messy," he said.

The duellist sighed. "Damn. Not a killing wound. Could you heal him so I can try that again?"

Shadow-Caster covered his forehead. "Don't be crass." He shook his head and laughed. "Just kill the rotten fool."

Jaguar walked in and frowned. She sighed, drew a throwing axe from her belt, and threw it, sinking it deep into the gentleman's skull, who stopped screaming and sat dead and still. She glared at the duellist.

He grinned meekly. "Well, I wanted to enjoy this." He batted his eyelashes.

Shadow-Caster smiled. "You know, I could bring him back, and you could kill him again."

The duellist beamed.

Continued next page.

The Duellist, cont.

By Darkangel

Jaguar rolled her eyes. "You two are horrible." She looked around. "I'm going to go loot the jewelry closet."

Shadow-Caster nodded. "Good idea. We'll catch up with you in a while." He looked at the corpse and nodded. "Hm, I think I only have the endurance to do it once, so you'll have to make do with that."

The duellist shrugged. "Fair enough." He smiled. "You know, you're getting good at this."

Shadow-Caster laughed. "Well, with all the practice you give me, I had better, hadn't I?"

"What?" demanded the duellist indignantly. "Three times. Just three."

"Jaguar has never died," Shadow-Caster, grinning.

"She should try it sometimes," said the duellist, with a smile. "It's a unique experience."

"Indeed," nodded Shadow-Caster. "I imagine it would be."

BlackAngel's Poll

By (surprisingly) BlackAngel

Do you like Clu Da'Bard?

Yes: 85% No: 6% Indifferent: 9%

Do you like Clu's Hat?

Yes: 65% No: 29% Indifferent: 6%

Do you like Forest with or without facial hair?

With: 88% Without: 6% Indifferent: 6%

Do you like Tiny's Garb?

Yes: 3% No: 58%

Didn't care as long as he was wearing something: 38%

Do you know where Mystic Seas is located?

Yes: 50%

No (And those who thought they did, but were incorrect): 50%

The Forgotten

By Silver Shade

The following won 1st place in the Fictional Literature category in the November 1997 EH Crown Quails

Sitting within the campfires light
with my friends on a clear winters night
Telling wondrous stories
of other men's glories

When slowly and wordlessly I ponder
my thoughts dark and somber
For seldom is anything told
of lepers dying cold

Many are the tales of a skillful thief
that pilfers gems, gold and fief
Stories of assassins killing hated Kings
but nothing of the sorrow it brings

People sit in bars and raise their flagons
to men who slay dragons
But nothing of the cost
of beauty lost

People fighting for a simple place
usually men of a different race
Nothing of those back at home
children left alone

To those without any friends
carry on the tale that never ends
All this begotten
for the lost and lonely

The Forgotten



Untitled

By K'tai Bin R'al

The following won 3rd place in the Fictional Literature category at the November 1997 EH Crown Quails.

I bit my lower lip as I looked out over the trampled glade. The grass had been torn up and trampled down beneath the boots of the hundreds who had clashed here. Only an hour ago the air had thundered with shouts and ringing steel, but now it was almost totally silent. Even the birds that flew overhead made no noise, perhaps fearing attention.

I slowly picked my way down the hillside to do what I could. It wouldn't do any of them any good if I broke my neck slipping on the mud. A young standard-bearer noticed me and offered to help, but I waved him away.

"I'm going to find the survivors. I need you to mark the dead, just like I taught you. Okay?" I pulled a handful of white ribbons out of my satchel, counted them out, and pressed them into his hand. He nodded quietly, and I patted his shoulder as he hurried off. I slogged through the glade, gingerly stepping over the fallen bodies, headed for the woods on the other side. The mud sucked at my sandals, threatening to pull them off my feet, and broken branches swung wildly from their trees. Head low, I kept moving.

Just as we had planned, the survivors had all huddled in a cave tucked deep in the trees. I walked up to the mouth of the cave and waved urgently, and a stocky blond man walked up and mumbled softly, taking down the ward he had set.

"Thank you, sir," I managed to stammer as I hurried in. He did not answer, but knelt down and began to replace his ward – 'forcewall', he called it.

The old familiar reek of blood hit my nose suddenly, and I fought back a wave of nausea. The floor of the cave was padded with straw, and dozens of wounded fighters lay groaning. A few of them, not as seriously injured, moved about applying bandages and giving water.

"We've been trying to keep them patched up," the wizard said, "but there wasn't much we could do except wait for you."

No, of course there wasn't. I'm a Mage-Healer, able to turn the world's arcane energies toward restoring the body. Salves and surgery do the job, but my

spells can reattach a dismembered limb without any ill effects. And when an army is possessed of a Mage-Healer, suddenly that's the only acceptable way to treat any of their wounded.

I sighed and rolled up my sleeves. It was going to be a hell of an evening. I gave them all a once-over glance. One man, huge and dark-haired, was twitching and shaking where he lay on the straw. His leg was heavily bandaged, yet it seemed to do nothing to stop the blood.

Poison. I sighed again. Men like him – barbarians – seem to be able to fight despite grievous wounds, but it makes them that much harder to heal. I slipped into a half-trance as I recalled the words of the spells I had trained so long to learn. Cure any poisons, then heal the wounds, then send them off to camp where the other doctors waited with herbal tea, hot food, and a more comfortable place to sleep.

One by one I found them and fixed them, only half aware of my surroundings as I wove my magic. It was a mild surprise when I realized there was nobody left who needed me. Clumsily I stood up, dusting straw off my knees. Many of them had already left for the camp, but a few were poised at the cave mouth, waiting to escort me. They knew better than to let me walk alone if they could help it. The barbarian offered to carry me, but I wasn't tired. Healing their wounds had been the easy part. There would be much worse to follow tonight.

The sky was darkening as we trudged through the mud and slime, and the fires served as a beacon to the friendly camp. I tried to head straight to the hospital tent, but the lure of the stewpot made me sit down and eat something. It smelled delicious, and the meal did a lot to steady my nerves. I set the empty bowl on the bench and hurried to the tent. A few men with cuts and scrapes had been seen to by the doctors, and now were mostly using the cots to sit and chat. I could have healed them completely if I'd wanted to, but I chose to save my energy for later. I didn't want to belittle the work of my colleagues, and the wounds would probably heal by morning, leaving impressive-looking scars to brag about years from now.

One of the tent flaps opened, and the standard-bearer I'd met that morning stepped in, holding the flap open. Soldiers scrambled off the cots as eight bodies on litters were borne inside. One of my white ribbons dangled from each of their wrists, some of

Continued next page.

them tainted with blood. Each litter was carefully lain on a cot, and the standard-bearer gestured at them, half-bowing to me and trying in vain to say something coherent. I waved my hand toward the exit, and he and all the soldiers hastily left, bowing and muttering.

I sighed and shook my head. The other doctors understood enough of what I was doing to know I was just another human being, but most of the soldiers seemed to think I was a goddess, or an angel, or something silly like that. I hate being worshipped.

I looked at the dead men. Their faces and crests were ones even I recognized; mighty warriors who could break an enemy's ranks with just a battlecry, and powerful magicians who could slay from afar. The enemy had willingly sustained heavy casualties to make sure every last one of them lay dead on the field, believing that losing them would weaken our strength and morale enough to make us easy targets tomorrow. And they were right; I'd seen the despair and resignation in the faces of the men who bore the corpses in, and had no doubt the feeling had spread to the others. After all, if they could slaughter the best of us like so many pigs, what would become of us tomorrow?

The enemy had been right. They just hadn't planned on me.

"Get lots of water, and some stew from the pot," I called to the other doctors. "Clean clothes, if you can find them." They scattered as I took a deep breath, trying to find and focus my magic. One by one they returned, setting armfuls of food and clothes on the ground or other cots. A couple more breaths and everything would be ready.

"Okay," I said. "Let's do it."

As if in a dream, I walked over to the first of them. His body was cold, but the magic went down through my hands into his chest and filled it with a golden, glowing light that I knew only I could see. The words came of themselves, escaping my lips and fluttering like maple seeds onto his face. I knew it only took a few seconds, but it still seemed to be minutes before I felt his heart beat again. He stirred groggily, and I pulled my hands away. He would wake in a minute or two, and the others would bathe and feed him. Time for the next one.

A tug at my elbow. I blinked, coming up out of my trance as slowly and unwillingly as a bubble in honey. All eight of the men were sitting up, some of them yawning and stretching. I sat down on a cot next to some folded-up pants and yawned too. I'd

done everything I could. I couldn't resurrect everyone who had died, but these eight men would do us a lot of good tomorrow.

Tomorrow. I didn't even want to think about it. I pushed the stack of pants onto the floor and stretched out. Damn, but I was tired.

He That Crumbles

By Darkangel

The following won 3rd place in the Poetry category at the November 1997 EH Crown Quals.

I am not the venomous claw
nor the wintery cough
nor raging pride's crimson tongue
nor the firebird's falling feathers, touched with rot

I am not the king in the tower
prisoner of iron
prisoner of fire
prisoner in his own tower, chained to a runaway dream

I am not the fallen king
king of shadows
king of memories
king of spires that rise only in his dreams

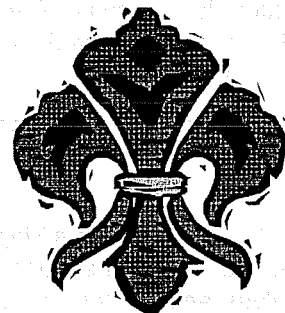
king of nothing

I am he that dances the changes, marks the time
I am he that rides our Our Lady Phoenix to the
next sunrise

I am he who flies, one sunrise to the next and
burns

I am not he who walks in fire and ashes.

I am he who rides the skies.



Mercenary Scum

Submitted By BlackAngel

I am not a soldier. Oh, you would probably say I was if you saw me, or maybe even if you talked to me. But I'm not. I'm a merc. I owe no loyalties. I don't fight wars for political gain. I fight for monetary gain, or sometimes, just for personal reasons. But I never fight for someone else's beliefs or religions. That sort of thing is best left up to the thinkers in this world. There are thinkers, which think of wonderfully new and violent reasons why so and so should die. Their job is to provide the why and who in war. They then tell their generals, who provide the where and when, who then tell their armies who provide the what. The what is what I do. Violence. It is a trade. It is a skill. I don't like violence, nor do I suggest it. You remember the old adage, those who live by the sword, die by the sword, right? Wrong. Those who don't live by the sword, die in even more horrible ways. However, since violence is my chosen profession, I like to be good at it. Damn good at it. That's how I make money.

Just what is a merc? Well, officially, it stands for mercenary. A sell-sword. A professional soldier. Those who fight for money. We mercs like to think that merc stands for merchant. You see, we are. We sell ourselves. We sell pieces of ourselves. Why check out the scar on my thigh, or about the one in my shoulder. Ouch. That one still gives me problems. But I am rambling now. I am starting to sound like an old veteran who's only role in life is to complain about everything.

The money. That's what I'm here for. Granted, I probably won't be around long enough to spend it, but that's ok. It's also about freedom. Not freedom that you'd think of it as. Not the kind of freedom where you can walk down the street in the middle of the night and not have to worry about some tyrant having your head chopped off simply because he didn't like people out so late. But freedom to do what I want, for whomever I want. That is what is important. If I don't like the situation that I'm in, I can turn around and walk away. No regrets. I've done it a couple of times already.

Life as a soldier? Well, as I said before, I'm not a soldier, but I pretend to be one. And I get paid for it. However, a soldier's life isn't for everyone. First of all, there's the violence. I don't like violence. It's not a safe thing. I may be good with my sword, but there is always going to be someone better, or faster, or even just luckier than I am, and he's going to put a

quick end to my little franchise. But I practice it. I try to be the best that I can. Because, as long as I'm better, faster and luckier than the person I'm about to impale with my sword, then I'm ok. It's their fault for not practicing enough. Then comes the living conditions. Granted, they feed you well, but I'm only saying that because I'm not starving, nor am I out hunting for my food every night. I never really had the knack for farming, and I get seasick at the mere sight of a boat, so fishing is pretty much out. So I need someone to put food in front of me. Hell, I can barely even cook.

Sleep is a little known treasure to soldiers. Those who've been there know what I'm talking about. You learn to sleep when you can, and where you can. Even the cold floor of the forest is preferable to standing up, wide awake in the middle of the night, or even missing a parry because you're too tired. But we never seem to get enough sleep. Someone wants our unit over here, so we go there. Then, someone else decides that we would be much more useful over there so we go there. We never seem to be staying in one spot. And don't think that when we're at home, we get to sleep in. Hell no. There's posts to be guarded and alarms to respond to, and drills here and there. But hey, as long as they are paying me. I'm not gonna complain.

The best thing about being a merc is that you depend on yourself. You don't have to worry about your friends dying around you, because they aren't your friends. Oh sure, sometimes they can be your buddy, but you don't owe them anything. They aren't putting the coin in your purse, so after a while it doesn't bother you anymore. I haven't been awakened in the middle of the night from a nightmare, seeing my friends face on his severed head, for oh, about three weeks now.

Is being a merc an honorary job? Probably not, but someone has to do it. There is always someone wanting to kill someone else in this world, and they don't want to do it themselves, so they need soldiers. So they use the real soldiers. But they don't grow on trees. Kings tend to run out of those real fast. Especially if he's gotten himself in over his head. So they rely on us. They call us in to do the real dirty work, which usually means extra pay. Which is always fine by me. And here's another great part. Ever wonder what happens to surviving soldiers of a losing side in a war? Never something good. They usually get executed or imprisoned for their loyalties and they just can't be trusted.

Continued next page.

However, most mercs on a losing side, just get turned loose, or they take up employment with the victor as soon as possible. (Dead men don't pay real well.)

All in all, I like being a merc. I get to choose where I go, I get paid for it, and I don't have to stay if I don't like it. Nothing dishonorable about that, but honor never really has anything to do with it. I'm not a glory hound. I won't charge single-handedly into a horde of enemy soldiers just to say I died in battle. Nor am I so thick headed with silly concepts like honor. That will get you killed. I'm not saying honor is a bad thing, just that it's something that isn't going to stop a spear from giving you an extra orifice where there shouldn't be one. If the guy who's trying to kill me drops his sword, he'll probably get my sword quicker. Just right through his gut. I'm still trying to think of what I'm going to do with all this money I'm getting. Right now, I'll probably just spend on the local whores or maybe even a new sword or something. I don't know. It's just money. But it's MY money.

Untitled

By King Count Viscount Sir Warlord Infinity

Cold and crisp, cool and clear
Nature's talk is not severe.
Natrina Salven awake in her bed
Pondering the thoughts alive in her head.
Sounding like thunder stampeding too low
Breaking her thoughts, bringing fear from below
In came the soldiers with their crushing might
Natrina, a child, was too small to fight.
Gripping her arms with extreme brutal force
She was taken outside, a most gruesome course.
Face up on the ground, her mother and sire
With stakes through their hearts and bodies on fire.
Baron Vien strutted out of the Castle
Boasting that "these three weren't worth the hassle."
Seeing her chance the guards were distracted
Natrina thought fast and quickly reacted
Grabbing a sword, stabbing one in the back
Dirt in their eyes makes another see black

Egg Nog

By Shaylen

8 egg yolks
4 cups milk
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup heavy cream

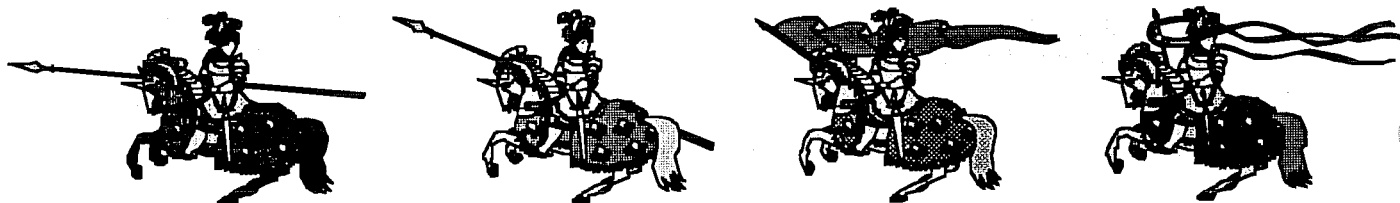
1/4 cup brandyr
1/3 cup rum
Nutmeg to taste

In a bowl, beat the egg yolks, adding sugar a little at a time. Slowly add milk which has been warmed to just under the boiling point. Return the entire mixture to a saucepan and continue to cook until it reaches 175 °F on a candy thermometer. Pour into a bowl and chill.

Whip heavy cream until it peaks. Fold this into the cool milk mixture until it is well incorporated, then put it into the freezer until it just begins to harden. Finally, add the brandy and rum, stirring well, and whip for another 30 seconds. Top with nutmeg.

If you prefer a non-alcoholic drink, you may substitute 1/2 cup of fruit juice for the rum and brandy. Pineapple is very refreshing, as is apple and orange. If you prefer a more classic warm egg nog, simply beat the eggs with the rest of the ingredients and warm them together over low flame. Serve with a cinnamon stick garnish.

She grabbed the crossbow off of his side
Pulling the trigger the arrow did glide.
Stripping a life with a pierce through the heart
She jumped on a horse for a quick depart.
Lord Crane reacted with a draw of his sword
He leapt on his horse, the baron yelled, "Lord
Stop my Lord Crane Don't go into the woods."
Before the dawn breaks, she'll come out with the goods.
Twenty-two hunters in the castle wait back
Right before the sun rises will be the attack.
We need to be careful, she is pretty fierce.
If you let down your guard, your neck she will pierce.
We'll chain her up well and sew her mouth shut
This little scrapper won't be able to fight.
They waited till morning and she never showed.
They finally decided it's time to go.
Natrina is young but she is very sharp.
She was trained for survival, instead of the harp.
She found a huge cave to live for a while
To study her book, that speaks of denial.



Yet Another Knighthood Article

What it Means to Knight a Topknot



Submitted By Countess Kayrana Lissa

Kodiak asked me to write an article on Topknot's knighting. I get the feeling EH is sort of preoccupied with knighthood; there seem to be a lot of articles about it. So here I am, contributing to the long list of knighthood articles. But, hey, Topknot is a very cool chick. I could give my own account, but really, it wouldn't be as interesting as hearing her own comments on the event. She was knighted on Saturday, November 22, at the Ratcliff campground after Sable, King of the Wetlands, was crowned for his second consecutive term.

I caught her on the Amtgard MUX December 2. I told her I was writing a commentary on her knighting and asked, "Do you have any comments on your knighting? How did you feel about it?"

"How about the fact that Rogan, Vaargard's significant other, who isn't even in Amtgard and doesn't enjoy it, was moved enough by the grandeur and style of the ceremony that she was in tears. Besides the fact that she's my best friend, the ceremony was so well done that she was an emotional wreck. As for how I feel about it, I'm honored beyond words. I never expected it, as most of the people watching my face can attest. I can only hope they never regret their decision."

Crinos was knighted first and all the Knights of Amtgard present were called up already. They called up Topknot and Vaargard pulled out a brass circlet. I knew she served in several offices and I commented to her, "I swear it looked for all the world like they were going to give you some kind of nobility title."

She readily agreed, "That's what I thought! I thought I was getting some kind of title and was wondering what I'd done to deserve it."

I think people's accomplishments stand for themselves. People who deserve respect get it and people who don't, don't — title, knighthood or otherwise. But when someone gets an award for something odd, I have to question the precedent. Topknot spent several terms as Prime Minister. It sort of tells me that she took the job that needed to be done, not the one with all the glory. So I asked her, "Do you think it was a good idea to knight you for service numerous terms as Prime Minister?"

"Well, after I gave it some thought, it goes beyond just being Prime Minister for years and years. By our Corpora, Crown belts are also awarded for exceptional statesmanship." She further commented, "I've been affectionately referred to as the Wetlands Ambassador of Goodwill because of my willingness to travel great distances and at great personal expense to be at an event where I'll know maybe one person. Just to spread the goodwill of the Wetlands and to meet people, even get to know other kingdoms and their populace, etc."

I asked her what she thought of Crinos' knighting.

"I thought it was well deserved. He's been a great contributor in the realm of A and S, including the science of war." But adds, "I personally don't care for the buffet line but that's his call." (Crinos requested a buffet line in the style of a traditional Burning Lands knighting.)

We started comparing knightings and discussed knowing about it so all the people you want to be there, can. She commented, "My only regret is that my knight, Ivar, JW [Aramithris], and a few others weren't there, but I'm glad I didn't know about it in advance."

The knighting tradition in the Wetlands is to pass a cup and toast the new knight. I asked her how she felt about it, and if she remembers what everyone said.

"I was fine until I saw Rogan. Cabal's toast almost put me under, though and Vaar's was more than touching. Truth be told, I felt closer to Vaar than my own Knight this past year after Horus moved to San Antonio. We lost touch for the most part. I remember a few words here and there. I remember Vaar's toast. But I was in such shock, I remember virtually none of it. I wish someone had videotaped it. I remember Cabal saying something about how I was one of the few people who believed in him when he moved to Houston. I remember Vaar saying that he hoped he could live up to my example. I remember Leif making a toast that made me laugh that I wish I could remember. I don't remember Squeak's, yours, Crinos', or Pebyr's though. I don't remember Ches' either; I feel so bad about that too. But I was in such shock and my heart was pounding, my head was spinning, and I was trying not to cry."

New Overall Scoring Method

By KodiaK

Cultural tournaments, though not beloved by all, are an indestructible eventuality of Amtgard. It would seem odd to have regular tournaments and not, in some fashion, declare a winner. Unfortunately, the two main methods of deciding a winner are each at least mildly offensive. The method generally used in the Emerald Hills in the past - awarding 3 points for capturing first place, 2 for second, and 1 for third - seems to harshly punish the fourth-best. The more popular method of using simple mean score is only acceptable when all contestants enter roughly the same number of pieces. It is simple to design hypothetical tournaments where each of these systems produce a tragic outcome.

In the Emerald Hills, therefore, it seems obvious a new system is necessary. This new system must strive to serve two goals. First, it must attempt to reward the 'best' contestant with first place. Second, it must be designed to encourage more entries in traditionally weak Emerald Hills cultural tourneys.

To serve the first goal, our new system must attempt to reward every exceptional piece. It is a matter of taste whether to punish pathetic entries. It is also a matter of taste whether to reward multiple entries in a single category at all. It is obvious, however, that entries in distinct categories should reflect more favourably than entries in a single category. There is certainly no need to prod people into injecting PVC into Funoodle on the judging table itself, simply to deepen their categories. Thus, though this goal is most difficult to serve, it is also not necessarily of great importance.

Fortunately, if we reward every exceptional piece, we will also fulfill the second goal. As long as anyone who wishes to be declared master of all things cultural has nothing to fear in swamping the judges except the beleaguered cries of the judges to end the torture, cultural entries cannot but increase. (Note, however, that we must therefore enable the judges to somehow abate the flood of entries from a single person in a single category, perhaps by enforcing a generally accepted limit of three.)

In designing our ideal system, we must pay careful attention to the use of the word 'exceptional.' It would be deplorable to see a cultural tourney won by the lord of the mediocre who happens to have several times as many entries as a journeyman of

many fields. An entry that appears to have taken neither time nor effort should not be rewarded. Even a slightly above average entry should do little to compete with one that significantly advances its discipline. Behold, then, the proposed system.

An entry which is average or worse is not rewarded at all. An entry which is above average is rewarded in proportion to its distance from average. As a mild concession to category depth, a first place entry in a contested category receives a mild reward.

In general, cultural entries are scored from 1 to 5 or from 0 to 5. Regardless, to qualify, one must average 3.0. We can assume, then, that a 3.0 must represent something somewhat above average. Thus, as long as we inform our judges that a 2.5 represents an entry that is absolutely average. It is uninspired; it fails to advance the form; but at the same time it does not bring shame on its owner or its category. For determining overall score, we give this entry no points.

Beyond this, we award points linearly by simply subtracting 2.5 from the entry's score. A 5.0, perfection in its field, is worth 2.5 points. A 4.5, magnificent but not a masterpiece, is worth 2.0 points. A 3.0, a healthy foundation for an attempt to qualify, is worth but 0.5 points.

A danger is apparent already - a true masterpiece is scored the same as 5 healthy contributions. The only guard against this is reminding judges that a 5.0 represents a masterpiece and not merely something the judge might like to steal and hang on his wall. Also remember that under the 3-2-1 system, no number of 3.0 entries could hope to dwarf a 5.0.

Finally, the mild bonus for first place. Obviously, this is not meant to enable a 5.0 entry to obscure a 4.9 effort. Instead, it is candy for the 3.5 that discovers itself at the head of a category. Arbitrarily, we assign 0.5 as this bonus.

In review:

Entries which score 2.5 or less receive no points.

Entries which score above 2.5 receive the difference between their score and 2.5.

Entries which place first in a contested category receive an additional 0.5 points.

These points are summed for each competitor. The competitor with the highest sum is the winner.

All that remains now is for this new system, the "Better than Average" scoring system, to conquer the universe.

Burning Lands Crown Quals Standards

These are the rules for Crown Qualifications from the Lands that Burn. As a number of people are perennially confused by the list of categories associated with every Emerald Hills qualification, it might be worth considering moving uniformly to this list of categories. As an added bonus, we would then get to abscond with the descriptions for each entry.

Written Entries:

Consist of 1) **Poetry**, 2) **Factual** and 3) **Composition**. We'll need one copy of your literary genius for each of the five judges, so kindly provide five (5) copies of each submission. Typeset copies are preferred but if you want to scribble your deathless prose on the back of an old envelope, and you think the judges can read it, by all means feel free to do so. Influencing the judges by double spacing and a non-justified right margin is heartily encouraged.

Flat Art:

Just what it sounds like... any art on a flat surface. This includes calligraphy, scrolls, photography and computer generated art as well as the more traditional mediums.

Three Dimensional Art:

Sculpture, string art, ceramics, wire, wood carving, bas relief, soft sculpture... just about anything that is designed to be viewed from at least three sides. Note: We don't care how cute they are, you can't enter your kids in this category (nor in active construction).

Court Garb:

Any garb that fits the expression, "Well, I certainly couldn't wear this in a ditch battle."

Fighting Garb:

Any garb that fits the expression, "Well, I certainly wouldn't wear this to court."

Garb Accessories:

Accessories to enhance garb, i.e., belts, hats, sashes, favors, pouches, foot gear, gloves, bracers, hoods, garlands, jewelry, stomachers, etc., etc., etc. Note: Primary garb items such as tunics, dresses, capes, etc. are not applicable to this category.

Active Construction:

Construction in which moving parts are integral to its primary function, i.e., a catapult, a bow, a water clock, a functional compass...By pushing' the definition, you could even enter a hinged, lidded chest as the lid moves and is necessary to the function of the chest or even a chess board with chess pieces, all of course provided you made them totally from scratch.

Passive Construction:

A three dimensional functional object such as a table, chair, chess board, candle holder, lantern, wine box, serving tray, feast gear... knock yourself out!

Banners & Favors:

Any banners, be they personal device, company device, kingdom/group device or just plain cool to look at. Likewise with favors.

Bardic:

Will consist of singing, instrumental, dance and oratory. There is a possibility that all bardic forms will be judged as one category depending on the number of entrants.

Needlework:

Any hand needlework to include embroidery, quilting, macrame, tatting, weaving, knitting, crochet, needlepoint, rug hooking, cut-work, etc. Should be Amtgard related in theme and original designs will be given preference.

Jewelry:

Any Amtgard/Period/Fantasy related hand assembled or crafted jewelry. This category could be deemed to include crowns, coronets and the like.

Main Dish (Cooking):

Includes any main dish or side dish to exclude desserts. Preserved foods such as jerky, home canned foods or dried foods also fit in this category as do marinades, dressings, oils and vinegars.

Desserts:

Something sweet that you do not have room for after a really big meal.

Vintners:

Any fermented, macerated or steeped alcoholic beverage: ale, beer, cordials, mead or wine. Mixed drinks are not considered as a valid entry, so even if you make a marvelous Bloody Mary it's not an eligible vintners entry.

Swords (Amtgard Legal Weapon):

Just what it sounds like and minus points for unsafe entries.

Shields (Amtgard Legal):

Ditto the above.

Other Weapons (Amtgard Legal):

Any weapon that does not fit under the Sword or Shield categories. Would include, amongst others, flails, maces, throwing knives, axes, pole arms, spell balls, etc.

Armor (Amtgard Legal):

Any armor, any material and must be rated by point by the entrant.

The Rose:

Anything at all made for the benefit of, and always available for the use of the Kingdom of the Burning Lands or for the betterment of International Amtgard. Items for the exclusive use or enhancement of an individual, household or company do not qualify for The Rose.

The Owl:

Any Amtgard publication which has at least kingdom circulation via printed or electronic media. Company and household publications do not qualify for The Owl unless they are provided and circulated to the main membership at a cost not to exceed actual production expense.

Did Someone say Raid?

By Shaylen

Word is out that Borderlands is planning a Raid on the Midnight Sun. Sources say it could happen as soon as January 10th, 1998. Aessic was overheard saying, "As we stand, Midnight Sun has about 20 regular participants. If we can outnumber them, they will fail, no matter what your skill level."

Let's show them who wears the lacy knickers in this Kingdom. Come join us, Saturday, January 10, at the new Midnight Sun location, Ranch 111, to kick some Borderland butt.



Borderlands Crown Qualifications

by Countess Kayrana Lissa

Borderlands Crown Quals will be held on Sunday, January 4th. Unther is running Crown Quals. For more information, you can contact Unther through Sven at: sven002@aol.com.

Midnight Sun Moves

By Shaylen

Members of the Midnight Sun recently voted on the relocation of their Duchy. Majority vote was for Ranch 111. If you haven't had the opportunity to check out the new location - you must do so. The new park has a huge playing field, cool trees, ample parking, an immense pavilion with plenty of picnic tables, 2 giant barbeque grills, a water fountain *and* Bathrooms!

So grab the map (it's a little further along in the newsletter), hop in your car, and come visit us at our new location!

CK Information

By Mamabear

CK's Midreign will be January 16-18th. The CK website for Midreign is: <http://member.aol.com/taznip/ck.htm>

CK's Coronation will be on April 24-26th. The CK website for Coronation is: <http://lonestar.texas.net/~pubear/>

Both events will be held at Burnet County Fairgrounds. For further CK event information, contact Mamabear at pubear@texas.net.

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ECHOES OF THE HILLS
VOLUME XIX, ISSUE III, December 1997

Newsletter Coordinator: Clu da Bard
Editor: Shaylen
Layout/Design: Bealzabuzz
Cover Artwork: Vykadin
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Submissions and suggestions should be sent to Emerald Hills, P.O. Box 741943, Dallas TX 75374-1943.

Echoes of the Hills e-mail address: echoes@flail.com

■

Calendar of Events:

December:

- 13 Mystic Seas Coronation
- 13-14 Gates of Solaris / Bifost Coronation
- 21 Non-Food Drive Tourney - Eagleshire

January:

- 4 Borderlands Crown Quals
- 10 DS Midreign
- 10 Borderlands Raid on Midnight Sun
- 10 EH B.O.D. Meeting
- 10 IM Coronation
- 10 Wetlands Relic Quest
- 12 Tori Mar Coronation
- 14 Deadline for Newsletter Submissions
- 16-18 CK Midreign
- 17 Winter War I (Silverwater)
- 17 DS Weaponmaster

February:

- 6-7 Xanadu Coronation
- 14-18 Spring War
- 21-22 GP Crown Quals

March:

- 6-8 WL Midreign
- 6-8 GP Coronation
- 15 GP Quest
- 15 CK Quest
- 22 GP Weaponmaster

April:

- 5 CK Quals (Xanadu)
- 24-26 CK Coronation
- 24-26 El Paso Quadricentennial Renfaire

May:

- 9 WL Crown Quals
- 23-25 GP Midreign
- 23-25 Wetlands Midreign

June:

- 26-28 Arakis IX

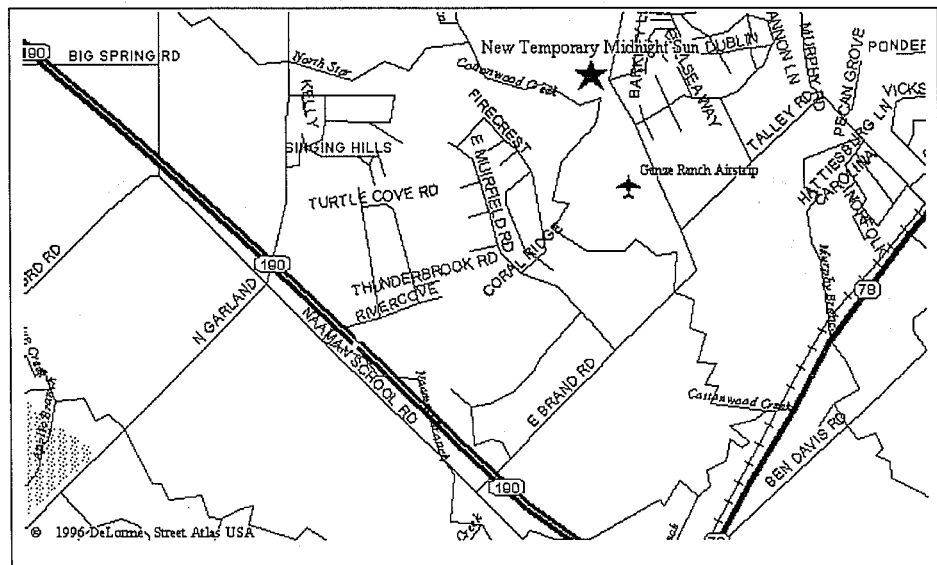
July:

- 15-19 Clan XVI

Midnight Sun Directions:

The Duchy of the Midnight Sun is now meeting at Ranch 111 in Northwest Garland near Naaman Forest High School.

From HWY 75 (Central) take 190 East. After the light for Garland Rd, 190 will branch. Take the right branch to the stop sign and turn left onto Brand Rd. Take Brand Rd. 1 mile North to Ranch 111, which will be on the left.



Non-Food Drive Journey

Sunday, December 21st
at the
Duchy of Eagleshire

Combat suffering and other mighty opponents at the Emerald Hills' Non-Food Tournament.

This winter, you'll be bombarded with people asking you to donate old clothes so the less fortunate can stay warm, donate food so they have something to eat, and donate toys so their children have something to look forward to during the Holidays.

Now, we're asking you to donate some little things that these drives will miss. Things like deodorant, toilet paper and toothpaste. In return, we offer you the opportunity to beat the everliving snot out of your fellow Amtgardians, and maybe win something cool.

Entry Fee: One non-food item; see the list below. One item will be sufficient to get you into all three fighting events.

Events: Single Sword, Open Class and Sword & Shield

Prizes For: Prizes will be awarded to both the overall winner of the tournament, and to the individual making the largest donation. The *Most Generous Donor* will be the eventual recipient of a black, hooded wool cloak. (We have to make sure it fits, after all.) The overall tournament winner will win....something. Don't know what, but it will be something. Promise.

Suggested Donations:

Paper Products

Paper towels
Toilet tissue
Disposable plates
Disposable cups
Plastic knives, forks & spoons
Facial tissue

Kitchen Supplies

Plastic re-sealable bags
Plastic wrap
New dishcloths and dishtowels
New potholders
Aluminum foil
Aluminum foil
SOS pads

Personal Items

Baby shampoo
Shaving soap and lotion
Deodorant
Toothpaste
Emery boards

Sponsored By: K'tai bin R'al and Eagleshire
Benefiting the Ronald McDonald House.

OLIMPIAD '98

Hosted by: Wetlands and Emerald Hills

Topknot and Kayrana are co-autocrats for the next Olimpiad. The tentative place and time for the Wetlands Coronation is October 16 - 18th, 1998.

They are planning on having all of the Cultural events judged on Saturday the 17th. Archery and possibly Great Weapon will be held later on Friday the 16th. The remaining fighting events will be held on Saturday.

Cultural Categories:

Art: 3D, Flat, Needlework, Jewelry and Photography
Writing: Factual, Fictional, Poetry and Publications
Construction: Passive, Active, Armor, Weapon (including Madu's), Shield, Banner and Favor
Garb: Fighting, Court, Garb Accessories and Monster
Bardic: Singing, Oratory, Instrumental and Dance

Fighting:

- Single Sword (3 ft. or less)
- Sword and Shield
- Flail and Shield
- Open Weapon/Free-style
- Florentine (swords 3 ft. or less)
- Great Weapon (long swords, poles, etc.)
- Archery

Likely, the Tournaments will be double elimination the first round and single thereafter. They are still working on scoring systems for the Cultural events.

Reeves for fighting competitions are still needed! Those willing to Reeve should contact Kayrana at: esthers@ccwf.cc.utexas.edu

Countess Kayrana Lissa of Borderlands. EH
Knight of the Serpent



1st Annual Green Dragon Dollar Tournament

Single Elimination

Fighting Events:

- Single Sword
- Sword and Board
- Florentine
- Sword and Madu
- Polearm
- Open Class

Saturday, February 15th, 1998
at Spring War '98
Location: Burnet County
Fairgrounds

One Time \$1 Entry Fee

PRIZES AWARDED TO OVERALL PLACE WINNERS!

For more information, please contact Wings at:
<mary_baird@interep.com>

ECHOES FROM THE HILLS

Greetings to all nobles and gents. Welcome to **Coronation XIX**. This will begin the reign of Count Viscount Sir Warlord Infinity and Herzog Baron Lord Forest Evergreen. We will do our best to make this a fun summer reign, and to keep you informed. This flyer is to inform everyone of the activities, tournaments, and elections for this event and the month of June.

Does everyone like this site? Well I do too! Let's take care of it by obeying a few simple rules. Everyone's actions make an influence:

- *Do not go in the Cemetery.
- *Put cigarette butts in your pocket, not on the ground; not even in the parking lot.
- *Stay out of the structures even if you know who owns it. You don't!
- *Fires in pits only!
- *Do not bother the mundane race fans in the parking lot.
- *Anyone that enters the site must pay full \$10.00 (only once).
- *For your safety lock up your cars and all valuables at all times.

If this is your first Amtgard event, or if you brought a friend, be sure to get a waiver from the front gate and either return it to the gateguards or the Prime Minister, Lord Martello Entropy.

The kingdom treasury needs a boost. Anyone interested in paying your dues this weekend? The amount is only \$5.00 for six months. Additional donations are encouraged. Paying your dues entitles you to: a subscription to the newsletter, ability to serve in club offices, and to vote in club elections. A \$100.00 donation will pay your dues for life.

Anyone interested in taking a Reeves test may do so this weekend. Anyone may take the test! The Prime Minister will be giving the Reeves test this weekend. Martello will also be holding Guildmaster of Reeves elections. Any Reeves that want to run must see Martello before 2:00 pm on Saturday. No exceptions! All members of the Reeves guild (i.e. people that pass or have passed the Reeves test in the last six months) will be able to vote on the Guildmaster of Reeves after 3:00 pm on Saturday until feast. Submit all votes to Martello.

Count Squire Udo will be holding class Guildmaster elections. Anyone interested in running must pass a test on their class, and should see Udo before 2:00 pm on Saturday. Voting will be held after 3:00 pm on Saturday until feast. Every one that has played a class in the last six months is encouraged to vote for guildmasters of those classes.

Quest! Duchess Baroness Countess Sir Lord Squeak! will be running a quest on Saturday at 1:00 pm. Anyone that wants to play a monster contact Squeak! ASAP. Anyone can play a monster. No previous experience necessary.

Count Squire Falamar will be holding a Heavy Hitters Tournament on Saturday when the quest is over. The tournament will consist of one open-class round-robin event. In order to compete in this tournament you **MUST** fall into one of the following categories:

- *Past Kingdom Weaponsmaster
- *Completed a full term as Kingdom Champion
- *Warlord
- *Knight of the Sword

Baron Lord Ewen McFadden will be running a Dollar Tournament simultaneously or directly after the Heavy Hitters Tournament. See him for details.

A nobility meeting will be held after the Dollar Tournament in the area where court is held. All nobles should plan to attend.

Immediately following the nobility meeting will be a kingdom Knights meeting, at the same place.

Feast will begin around 7:00 pm unless other activities carry on too long.

The Kingdom Weaponsmaster Tourney will be held at ShadowHaven, in Coppell, on Saturday June 28th, and Eagleshire on Sunday the 29th. A new twist will be held this time: Forest will also be holding a Dragonmaster Tournament which will consist of all normal qualifications cultural events. Winners will be granted the appropriate titles for the next six months.

Board of Directors elections will be the same days as Weaponsmaster, June 28-29.

EVENTS:

- *Celestial Kingdoms Midreign: June 13, 14, 15
- *Arakis: Colorado, June 19, 20, 21, 22
- *Weaponsmaster/Dragonmaster: ShadowHaven/Eagleshire, June 28, 29
- *B.O.D. Elections: June 28, 29
- *Gathering of the Clans XV: Cloudcroft, NM, July 17, 18, 19, 20

Anyone interested in registering company, household, or personal heraldic symbols and colours, please submit them to the Guildmaster of Heraldry, Forest Evergreen. Call (817) 382-2499.

