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ECHOES OF THE HILLS





Echoes of the Hills



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Kingly Ramblings

By King Goodwyn Clu Da'Bard

To the Populace of the Emerald Hills,

Ever wonder what it is like to be king? It's amazing. Everyone advises you not to do it, but there comes a time when all falls into place, and you have to give it a try. As for me, I saw a six month block of time that seemed the best time for me to be king, and I gave it a shot. I'd like to thank all that gave me that chance.

I thought that after all my time in Amtgard that being king would be my "crowning achievement". But what it became was a new perspective. It's like being amongst a forest for years and then climbing to the top of a tree and seeing the entire valley. A lot of us see the friends around us and the strong characters of this game, but if you really want to see what happens, try a high office sometime.

If you do it right, you'll talk to people you would have never dreamed of talking to before. Some may talk to you only because you are king. For that I say, enjoy the insight they

offer while it lasts. However, with your overall view you'll find some truly great people. Suddenly an old jaded view of a game you've been a part of for so long will be replaced by a view of new purpose and new faces. From a top that lofty tree as king, you'll realize that the climb to the top was not the destination. Only a means to temporarily find your next destination.

So I've found where I need to be, and if you are curious what directions to take next yourself, how about a few suggestions...

I've been delighted to see our move to get new people in this game. Through my reign we have had some wonderful input from our new groups, like Crimson Cascades (who's offered help with the land), Cuiviedor Amarth (whose offered music and creativity), and Ironcloud (who ran the relics quest long before they joined). I remember some newbies from Shadow Haven who became the leaders for the new growing park in Arlington, Morningwood Glen. Never underestimate the worth of anyone. I've seen new people sprout into monarchs!

And many older groups like Midnight Sun, Eagleshire, and TearGlen have been kept alive by the newer people. Well done! Remember, though activities like fliers and conventions bring in people, the best way is through friends. The best way to keep a newbie once they get to a park is through connections and support. Hook them up with somebody who can explain things and keep them in touch with events. That's the way to keep anyone, new or old, in this club.

I encourage all parks to build and take pride in your parks! Decide when you want to show every week... whether it be two or three in the afternoon. Set a time. And no matter who you are, be there at that time. Nobles have a lot of work to do and granted, they need to be there, but they can't be nobles without a populace! You could be the eighth man needed for a battlegame. As a park, get together to have a all thing and decide when would be a good time to meet during these summer months, and then make sure all members and potential members know the time.

As an individual, develop a coat of arms or personal device. Though we all know one another fairly well, I've always found a device shows an inner element to a person. Along those same lines, each park needs a device as well. We've seen the banners of the Borderlands, Ironcloud, and Midnight Sun and I love it. The goal has been to create a large kingdom banner outlined with the devices of all the lands in the Emerald Hills. Get with your parks, create a device for the identity and pride of your park and for that of the kingdom!

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Kingly Ramblings, cont.

And if someone is so bold, get a park song or anthem. For the longest time the Emerald Hills has had "Come By the Hills" and "Fire in the Hills" in songbooks and bardics, and I've made that our anthem. We've heard company songs for the Green Dragons, Corsairs, Mithril Talons, and several for Sable Pride. But while our kingdom has a song, I would like to hear the songs of the lands within our kingdom.

Our event site is simply awesome. We are the first kingdom in all of Amtgard to have property. One thing you will not experience when you become king/queen is the joy of having to find an event site and calling countless parks and camping grounds. Such a shame. (grin) But bear in mind that it is our land. Every building we build, how it will be developed, it's all up to us.

Coming the Saturday after coronation will be the Elf/Dwarf war at Cuiviedor Amarth (Veterans park, Arlington). I encourage all to be there. To matter the fact, I continue to encourage that we make it a point to come together as a kingdom once a month... be it tourney's, quests, or "raids" on another park that everyone can join in on. Large events are good events, and it's just great to be able to go to one place and see everyone!

We've got a large kingdom, and we take full advantage of the 150 mile radius rule with parks, property, and the like. My hope for the future is that we reach out to the borders of our land, and bring the fun of Amtgard everywhere within it. Give people a fun escape or pastime on the weekend where they can learn to fight in medieval battles, build armor, hear and learn music, and have something to get involved with. It's so much fun to see the reaction of people at work when I tell them what I do on the weekend. Some would like to check it out soon.

I look forward to the upcoming reign with Corbin. The time is right, and I know he'll do well. For those new to the Hills, I welcome you and encourage you to jump in. For those that are old in the Hills, don't go anywhere... we're just getting started!

Rambling for the last time... maybe...

King Goodwyn Clu Da'Bard of the Emerald Hills



Outgoing Regent, Falamar LaCrane

To the populace of the Emerald Hills,

I am very proud to belong to a Kingdom such as this. Our people are skilled, intelligent and responsible. The people who work to keep this game running are often under appreciated and overlooked. They are the backbone of this Kingdom. So I raise my mug and drink a toast of thanks and gratitude to the keepers of the dream. Here's to you and the heart that you bring to this game. But, this is not the time to stop or even slow down. With the addition of the land we have more to do than ever before. We have the opportunity to build a dream. It will take a lot of time, money and effort to achieve our goals. I ask all to help in any way you can. Time, money, the donation of tools or supplies, the aid of ideals or the organizing of Fund Raising. All are needed, and will be greatly appreciated. I will be available most of the event to entertain questions, ideals or just plain conversation about the land. I hope to hear from you all.

At this event we will be passing on the crowns to two very capable people. Sir Corbin and Sir Leaf are bright, competent and determined to make the Emerald Hills the best it can be. And I am completely confident in their abilities to run this Kingdom well. I offer them my heart and my blade in their service as King and Prince Regent of this

great Kingdom. I would also like to give a special thanks to the man who is giving us the opportunity to fulfill our dream of Amtgard Land. Ewen McFadden. For the time and money that you have invested in this game; we all owe you a dept of gratitude far beyond what so will be willing to admit for a long time.

In closing, I would like to say that serving as your Prince Regent has been both exciting and fulfilling. The people of this Kingdom are as good as they come and I hope again someday to be, In Your Service. Long live the Emerald Hills.

*Prince Regent Count Lord Squire Falamar LaCrane, Corsair
Royal Groundskeeper to the Emerald Hills*



Incoming Regent, Sir Lief

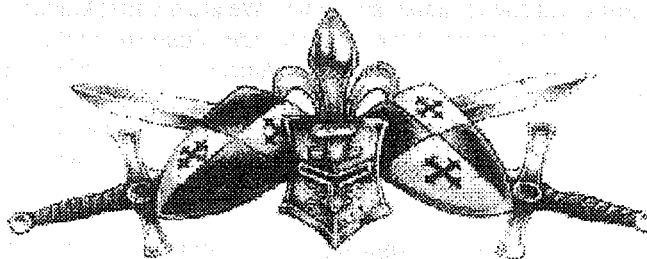
Hello, and thank you for electing me, I'm sure that this will be a very eventful reign. Not limited to but including: war, death, execution, dismemberment, organization, killing people with long pole arms, work, death, war, partying, drinking, did I mention death and war? And that is just the first month...

For this reign I will be working on everyone trying to get the land as much in order as possible. We will need everyone's help I don't care if you have done that kind of work before or not everyone who can come out to the land if only to carry water to the people who are working are greatly appreciated. Most of the Hills hasn't been out to the land, but after this first event maybe you will all realize the importance of the land after you have seen it. We will be offering not only battlegame credits but also travel credits to anyone who comes down for even a day. I cannot stress how much work needs to be done out there and once there if you use your imagination you will see how great it can be.



Well in the great tradition of the Emerald Hills we are once again going to war! The suCK and anyone who sides with them will fall to the Army OF the Emerald Hills. We plan to actually have battle plans laid out ahead of time and will be probably assigning generals soon and also deciding who certain fighting companies will be fighting with. We plan on making (NOT using kingdom funds) mass quantities of pole arms we will be getting the bamboo for said poles or free but we would appreciate donations for foam.

Your Regent,
Duke Sir Lief McPayne



Incoming Monarch, Sir Corbin

The Land
The Club
The Game

These are the three areas that Sir Lief and I will be focussing on this reign.

The Land is our future; it will become our identity. We have been blessed with a great opportunity the likes of which Amtgard has never seen. More importantly for the Emerald Hills, we have found a home for which we have searched ever since we left Eloweii. If you do not know what Eloweii was, ask someone.

The Club has gone through a revolution in the purist sense of the word. A changing of the guard, so to speak. Processes important to the administration of this club have gone to the wayside and they shall be brought back.

The Game itself has suffered from atrophy in the afore mentioned areas. Being homeless (not having a permanent event site) has truly tried the identity of this kingdom, her persona, if you will. We game, but why? Where is the joy? When was the last time you tested for a new level? We game, but where is the sense of accomplishment? Where do we go to find it?

The Land
The Club
The Game

Your Monarch,
Sir Corbin

Letters from the Populace

Unto All Knights

Good Sirs,

Being the upcoming Sheriff of Dragonstar Shire, I have been asked to write a letter to attempt to right a wrong.

Many have now heard of the grievous miscarriage committed here in our small shire. Of the wrongful knighting of one of our own (namely myself) by another whom we trusted.

Be it known that I wish to formally apologize to all Knights and gentles of all realms for this deed. On my Honor, which I hold dear, I shall not allow ignorance to thwart rightful deeds nor become excuses for wrongful ones again. Also the Belt given to me on my wrongful knighting was removed and stored carefully in a dream that I may one day be truly granted the honor of wearing it in pride, humility, and Service to the realm and the dream. It shall not be taken out again until my Liege or his representative (TRUE REP this time!) shall grant the Honor.

In Humility and Service,

Eizen

Post Scriptum: To all chroniclers, I would appreciate a copy of this to be posted in all newsletters to aid in informing those not able to read this from various lists, also copies forwarded to other Kingdom Lists would be appreciated

Again, I apologize, In Your Service

Corrections

The dates printed for Olympiad
in the May edition of
Echoes of the Hills
(October 16th, 17th & 18th)
are incorrect.

The correct dates are:
September 25th, 26th & 27th.

Call to Goblins

Goblin-kin of Amtgard,

Your mighty King calls upon you to gather at the upcoming battle between the Dwarves and Elves. Come forth and destroy those who laugh at you. The time has come to prove that you are not as weak as you look. Hear the proud words of your King:

"The time for war is upon us, let us strike now and once and for all show them that the goblin race is superior! If anyone has a problem with this I'll crush your head with my dirty boot!"

For more information about the war, visit:

<http://web2.airmail.net/argorn/amtgard/elfdwarf/index.htm>

To register on the Goblinoid Offensive Battle Legion Invading Nauseously, or G.O.B.L.I.N. Team, send email notification to:

TO: ganghiss@hotmail.com

SUBJECT: Goblin Invasion

In service of Squire Count Nerkum, The Goblin King (only because he does not have constant internet access).

P.S: To all members of House Squish, if you wish to attend for the purpose of riding the battle field of this parasitical invasion force, respond to the above notification address.

Amtgard Contact List

Greetings Amtgardians,

The Amtgard contact list is up and running at:

<http://members.aol.com/redbranch/contact/index.htm>

So far there are thirty names and email addresses listed. There is submission info on the site for those who want to be listed.

Happy Days,
Clenatch Woodwaite
Chancellor of Sachsenlein
Commander of Red Branch

Our Mission Statement

The Echoes of the Hills strives to be a legitimate publication seeking the advancement of Amtgard and the Emerald Hills through entertainment and information.

Newsletter Staff

Crown Qual Results

May 23-24, 1998

War Master Results

Single Short Sword

- 1st Lief
2nd Sponge
3rd Seldszar

Sword & Shield

- 1st Zig
2nd Seldszar
3rd Lief

Two-handed/Great Weapons

- 1st Myadeeb
2nd Sirrakis
3rd Seldszar

Open Weapon

- 1st Zig
2nd Lucrucous
3rd Rath

Mage Duel

- 1st Taldak
2nd Bacchus
3rd Sponge

Single Dagger

- 1st Lief
2nd Zig
3rd Lucrucous

Florentine

- 1st Myadeeb
2nd Tool
3rd Udo

Sword & Madu

- 1st Udo
2nd Lucrucous
3rd Talen

Hinged Weapon

- 1st Rath
2nd Talen
3rd Myadeeb

Polearm

- 1st Myadeeb
2nd Conochbar
3rd Nella

Exotic/Lotto Weapon

- 1st Myadeeb
2nd Logan
3rd Solithan

Two-man Teams

- 1st Logan/Lucrucous
2nd Talen/Myadeeb
3rd Crickett/Nella

Archery (Saturday)

- 1st Sparhawk
2nd Tyriss
3rd Myadeeb

Javelin (Saturday)

- 1st Sirrakis
2nd Oros/Myadeeb
3rd Seldszar

Throwing Dagger (Saturday)

- 1st Gator (Raymare)
2nd Taldak
3rd Myadeeb

Rock Toss

- 1st Martello
2nd Aessic/Lief
3rd Guppy/Sirrakis

Overall Placings

- 1st Myadeeb
2nd Lief
3rd Lucrucous/Zig

Crown Qual Results

May 23-24, 1998

Cultural Master Results

Art Category:

2-D Art

- | | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|------|
| 1 st Lucrucous | Pen Picture | 3.84 |
| 2 nd Rhiannon | Cauldron of Fire | 3.80 |
| 3 rd Lucrucous | Charcoal Picture | 3.74 |

3-D Art

- | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|------|
| 1 st Oros | Wooden Dagger | 3.28 |
| 2 nd Solithan | Miniature | 3.14 |

Photography

- | | | |
|----------------------|-----------|------|
| 1 st Lief | Cathedral | 3.88 |
|----------------------|-----------|------|

Favors

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|------|
| 1 st K'tai | Dreamkeeper | 3.74 |
| 2 nd Lief | Green & Black Paladin | 3.02 |
| 2 nd Aramance | House Filth Pig | 3.02 |

Banners

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|------|
| 1 st K'tai | Moonbeam Maiden | 2.76 |
| 2 nd Bacchus | Grapevine Banner | 2.74 |
| 3 rd Opinicus | Griffon Banner | 2.06 |

Literature Category

Poetry

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|------|
| 1 st Darkangel | Sonnet on a Mountain | 3.78 |
| 1 st Corbin | Whose Body... | 3.78 |
| 1 st Yoni | Mourning in the Shadows | 3.78 |

Factual Literature

- | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|------|
| 1 st Moogie | Women Warriors... | 3.76 |
| 2 nd K'tai | T-Shirt Court Garb | 3.42 |
| 3 rd Corbin | Asian vs. African Civil | 3.10 |

Fictional Literature

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|------|
| 1 st Corbin | Milestone | 3.86 |
| 2 nd Detalis | White Knight | 3.54 |
| 3 rd Raymare | Murphe's Laws | 3.46 |
| 3 rd Tana | Beauty & the Beast | 3.46 |

Persona

- | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|------|
| 1 st Aramance | Aramance | 3.80 |
| 2 nd Rayel | Amtgard Toy Catalog | 3.76 |
| 3 rd Kilbia Genta | Kilbia Genta | 3.58 |

Construction Category

Armor

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|------|
| 1 st Scytale | Scale Armband | 4.40 |
| 2 nd Raymare | Chainmail Shirt | 3.98 |
| 3 rd Lucrucous | Armor | 3.88 |

Weapon

1 st	Rath	Blue Flatblade	4.16
2 nd	Myadeeb	Green Sword	3.74
3 rd	Bacchus	Red Polearm	3.70

Shield

1 st	Bacchus	Green & Black	3.66
2 nd	Lief	Heater Shield w/Dragon	3.18
3 rd	Raymare	2 Small Shields	3.04

Passive

1 st	Oros	Crown w/Eagle	3.64
2 nd	Lucrucous	Spellbook	3.56
3 rd	Raymare	Black Weapon Holster	3.00

Garb Category**Court Garb**

1 st	Wickett	Red Dress	4.12
2 nd	Parrot	Blue Dress	3.84
3 rd	Parrot	Brown Dress	3.72

Fighting Garb

1 st	Wickett	Short Vest	4.24
2 nd	Bacchus	Morgorach Tabard	3.64
3 rd	Moogie	Maroon & Black Skirt	3.58

Monster Garb

1 st	Oros	Unicorn Tabard	3.18
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Accessories

1 st	Eclipse	Black & Red Hat	4.02
2 nd	Raymare	Knight of the Crown Belt	3.98
3 rd	Rayel	Sword Belt	3.36

Jewelry

1 st	Raymare	Knight Chain w/ Red	4.20
2 nd	Aramance	Moon Necklace	3.54
3 rd	Bacchus	Necklace	3.50

Cooking Category**Main Dish**

1 st	Oros	Venison w/ Mushrooms	4.80
2 nd	Myadeeb	Roasted Chicken	4.20
3 rd	Lief	Beef Stew	4.02

Dessert

1 st	Myadeeb	Apple Cobbler	4.16
2 nd	Lief	Raspberry Cheesecake	3.76
3 rd	Rayel	Steamed Apples	3.62

Performance Category**Singing**

1 st	Corbin	Long Black Veil	4.08
2 nd	K'tai	Crow on the Cradle	3.66
3 rd	Lief	The Restroom Door...	3.40

Instrumental

1 st	Corbin	Summer 16	4.30
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Stage

1 st	Lief	The Jabberwocky	3.36
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Storytelling

1 st	Corbin	Sam Clam, Harry Lobster	3.68
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Rose Category

1 st	Corbin	Lament of the Hills	4.32
2 nd	Raymare	4 Monks' Belts	4.04

Note that overall score is determined by adding the difference between each entry's score and 2.5, if positive, with a 0.5 point bonus for first place in a contested category. Note also that in the case of Rayel, his average for his top 10 entries was 3.00, which is all that is necessary to qualify.

Top Ten Overall:

1 st	Corbin	13.40
2 nd	Oros	9.50
3 rd	K'tai	9.12
4 th	Raymare	9.02
5 th	Myadeeb	8.82
6 th	Lief	8.28
7 th	Lucrucous	6.68
8 th	Bacchus	6.32
9 th	Rayel	6.14
10 th	Wickett	5.30

Due to the limited amount of space, we are unable to print individual results for all 137 entries. If you are interested to know how each of your entries scored, contact Shaylen at:

Shaylen@onramp.net

Thank you!

Reeves Results

By KodiaK

The following is a list of people who have passed the Kingdom Reeve / Corpora test to qualify for Monarch, Regent & Champion:

Bacchus	Rayel
K'tai	Raymare
Myadeeb	Zoe
Oros	

Here are the new Reeves of the Emerald Hills:

Aessic	KodiaK	Raymare
BlackAngel	K'tai	Sponge
Clu Da Bard	Myadeeb	Talen
Bacchus	Oros	Terarin
Brennon	Scytale	Zig
Dog	Rayel	Zoe

Dragonmaster Results

2-D Art

1 st	Bloodmoon	Founding of Ironcloud	4.36
2 nd	Cinzia Quinn	Wolfeyes Crossstich	4.16
3 rd	Cinzia Quinn	Wolves Needlepoint	4.02

Poetry

1 st	Kayrana	Captain	3.60
2 nd	Murdoch	Waves	2.86

Factual

1 st	Tiggara	Hildigaard Von Bingen	3.74
2 nd	Murdoch	Monster Classes	3.42
3 rd	Kayrana	Yet Another Knighting...	3.54

Persona

1 st	Kayrana	Storm	3.42
2 nd	Bloodmoon	Bloodmoon	3.30

Armor

1 st	Lucrucious	Torso Armor	4.54
2 nd	Lucrucious	Bracers/Greaves	4.36
3 rd	Rayel	Scale Chest Piece	4.02

Weapon

1 st	Kayrana	Claw Shield	3.92
1 st	McFadden	Big Brown Shield	3.92
3 rd	Gwenllian	Brown Staff	3.74

Passive

1 st	Kayrana	Paladin Favor	4.04
2 nd	Terarin	Cthulhu Doll	3.98
3 rd	Lucrucious	Spellbook	3.46

Court Garb

1 st	Ominique	Overdress Blouse, Skirt	4.88
2 nd	Kayrana	Brown Dress	4.46
3 rd	Stormdancer	Bib	3.82

Fighting Garb

1 st	Kayrana	Velour Claw Tunic	4.70
2 nd	Ominique	Maggot Tabard	3.90
3 rd	Logan	Leather Mask	3.84

Cooking

1 st	Tiggara	Peanut Butter Pie	3.78
2 nd	Tiggara	Irish Stew	3.28

Singing

1 st	Murdoch	Eamon an Chunaic	4.44
2 nd	Tiggara	What if a Day	4.34
3 rd	Stormdancer	Spinning Wheel	4.30

Performance

1 st	Liao X'iao	5-Animal Staff Form	3.96
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Instrumental

1 st	Tiggara	All Through the Night	3.38
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Storytelling

1 st	Bloodmoon	3rd Celestial War	4.24
2 nd	Cinzia Quinn	Merry Men of Gotham	2.80

Rose

1 st	Kayrana	E H Battlefield Flag	3.96
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Overall score is determined by adding the difference between each entry's score and 2.5, if positive, with a 0.5 point bonus for first place in a contested category.

Top Ten Overall:

1 st	Kayrana	16.24
2 nd	Murdoch	7.56
3 rd	Tiggara	6.98
4 th	Stormdancer	6.52
5 th	Bloodmoon	6.28
6 th	Cinzia Quinn	5.74
7 th	Lucrucious	5.36
8 th	Rayel	4.88
9 th	Logan	4.38
10 th	Ominique	4.28

Thank You!

The XXI Crown Qualifications of the Emerald Hills was virtually unmarred by difficulties thanks to the sacrifices of those who judged, reeved, and generally made things happen over a span of two days. 137 cultural entries received scores from every judge. 16 war events were run with time left over to trench and eat dinner afterwards. None of this could have happened without the commitments made and carried through by these people.

Thank You!

Written Cultural Entries

Here are just a few of the written cultural entries that placed in the Top 3 of their categories.

Milestone

By Sir Corbin, 1st Place, Fictional Literature

Fifty days have I scraped along this tunnel. I know it has been fifty days because I am out of food. I would have delivered my payload and seen the blessed sun with food to spare, had it not been for bad luck. "Two months provisions for the sappers, they'll be in there a while." That's what the Old Man said. Heh, one meal a day, that is all I have allowed myself. And, since I can neither see the sun rise nor set, I must assume that one meal is one day. So I must change my meaning. Fifty meals have I scraped along this tunnel. I had a full canteen going into this expedition, now it is empty. I think, in the past, that I have gone more than fifty days on one canteen. Fifty days! I can only assume that the siege is over and that someone was victorious.

Heh.

Not me. Trapped, am I. Trapped under the ground. Entombed in the earth. I had nothing but a pick, a candle, and my *per diem* provisions. Oh, yes, I am an experienced miner. I have bored holes through rocks as dense as steel and have blasted them out of the way. I am no new mole. But even the most experienced digger cannot for see all perils. I call my bad luck "Sink Hole." Had we but the patience of water, the Old Man wouldn't have needed to send us sappers in at all. In perhaps two or three hundred years this subterranean trickle would have scuttled the north wall better than any of us ever could. But the Old Man couldn't have known that. And, if he did, he hasn't the patience of water.

Nor do I.

So here I scraped. My poor crushed and drowned comrades and I, eight in all, made great time burrowing straight into the slight rise on which the enemy built his castle. In the first week, we made great progress, maybe a quarter mile, with only that much more to go, spirits were high. But I should have known we were in trouble when the dampness turned to mud. Those that were not crushed by the collapsing rocks were drowned as the water seeped in around them. I was spared only because I was in the lead with the plum, testing the straightness of our course. I fell unconscious and awoke to find myself alone, entombed in an area barely big enough for me to stand and cold water up to my beard. I had no way of

knowing from which way I came or to which way I should go. Adrenaline coursed through me. I had to dig to free my self.

What would you do, eh?

After twenty or so meals (my subterranean clock) of frantic scraping with my pick, I forgot the mission, my salvation became my objective, Old Man be damned. After another twenty meals, my flint was dry enough to strike a spark. It hurt my eyes, the brightness and the image revealed. Dirt and rock on six sides, behind me a loose slope of scraped soil to my left, my right, beneath me and above, packed earth. I was in a moving tomb. The light depressed me as it lit my situation and I snuffed it out – one less sense to work against me – an after image of the dirt ceiling burned into my retinas. I kicked my self.

"Up." I said aloud, my voice startling me.

Digging up is a tricky affair. You must go at it gradually so you don't cause a cave-in and bury the expedition. I thought for a moment before I began, which way was back to the downward slope of the hill? Which way to the castle, our original destination? I had lost my plum in the Sink Hole cave-in so I'd have to fashion another. I tore off a strip of cloth from my tunic and felt around the floor for a decent sized rock. I tied one end of the strip to my pick and the other end to the rock. I had to strike my flint again for light so I could see which way to go. I lit my small candle. After allowing my eyes to adjust to the light, I saw it. There, ensconced in the dirt before me, a little off the floor, was the edge of a stone that had obviously been worked by human hands. Only about a cubit of the granite was exposed, but on one of the faces, a dirty, slightly worn glyph held my eyes. I forgot the plum and excitedly began scraping the dirt away – I could not yet dig myself out, but damnit this obelisk would be free.

I spent a good five meals clearing that thing out of the earth. I cleared enough space around and above it for me to sit against a wall with my legs out stretched. I recognized the markings on the stone as Roman numerals. Maybe, centuries ago, whole armies marched along a road that was not yet covered by fathoms of dirt. The Romans laid these milestones to further demonstrate their dominance over the land. Funny that the land should swallow it up like this. I sat like that for a long time in the dim light of my candle, looking at the standing stone I had freed.

Continued on next page

Milestone, cont.

"Free." I laughed out loud. "You are no more free than I am, my friend. Prisoners of the Earth are we." That was when I reached into my pouch for a meal of jerky and found none. I shook my canteen and heard the last few swallows of water splash back and forth in their own dark container. I thought on my predicament and noticed the candle light flickering. I was getting sleepy. I brushed the small loose pebbles from an area at the foot of the stone and tilled the dirt a bit to make it soft. I drank the last of my water and lay down in the turned soil with my head just touching the coolness of the shaped stone. I felt a connection to my surroundings, my body fit well in the dirt and my head exchanged the concession of being earth-bound with the mile stone.

My candle flickered out and all became darkness.

Kilbia Genta

By Kilbia Genta, 3rd Place Persona

Hi. I'm Kilbia. Kilbia Genta. No, we probably haven't met. I try and stay out of sight; it's something you learn quickly when you grow up underground, especially when you don't look like the other kids.

Mom's a wood elf, so I know I'm not full drow. I might be half-drow, but I don't know. Mom doesn't like to talk about her life before she was kidnapped and brought underground, and flat-out refuses to talk about how she got me. It made her cry the first couple of times I asked, so I stopped. But I look like a total opposite of the drow I grew up with; they've all got black skin and white hair, and I have pale skin and black hair. Well, it's black except for this one white lock next to my left ear. It's how I got my name, actually - Kilbia Genta roughly translates to "moonbeam".

Mom says it's that lock of hair that saved my life. See, apparently my mom was pregnant when they captured her, and my particular settlement had planned to feed me to their guardian spider the instant I was born. But as the midwife was cleaning me off, she noticed that wisp of hair, and being superstitious, took it as a sign of my being accepted by their Goddess as one of their own. So I was allowed to live, and was granted a lot more freedom than my mom, whom they kept around as a slave and wet nurse.

Acceptance and freedom didn't amount to much during my time there, though. I was still a freak, and drow just aren't very good at tolerating freaks. I was teased mercilessly by the other children until I either cried or punched someone, and nearly every rule of courtesy known to the drow had an invisible "unless you're dealing with Kilbia" appended

Mourning in the Shadows

By Yoni Hamagid, 1st Place Poetry

Ashes rise from the dying fire.
Embers glow deep in the pit.
Hushed whispers keep
the last tatters of retreating night,
wisps of mist, a cloak of grey,
wrapped around them.
Dawn breaks into camp,
a stealthy thief stealing tranquility.
Sun peeks over the flat horizon.
The camp stirs, unsettled
in the new day's gloomy light.
Morning is the enemy,
the end of peace,
the end of night's quiet blanket.
The light creeps in
every corner, revealing
that which night obscured.
Good night to night.
Rest in peace.
We will see you tonight.

to it. I was held to standards of courtesy and behaviour not even laxly enforced upon the drow children, and the adults in my settlement seemed to actively find excuses to berate or outright punish me.

I had hoped to apprentice to the calligrapher when I came of age, but they knew my eyes would tolerate a forge's light better than any of theirs, and I was sent to learn from the weaponsmith. I was expected to do far more work and far less talking back than any of the other apprentices, but I was used to it by now. The forge was located near a surface opening next to a stream, and I was permanently assigned the task of getting water for tempering the metal because I could stand the sunlight. Hauling buckets of water helped me build up some muscles, which wasn't a bad thing at all, and it got me away from the smoke of the forge-fires and into the fresh air.

It bewildered me the first time I went to the stream. The area was wooded, and light filtered through the trees, painting a dazzling picture of green light and shadow. The air was filled with buzzing and chirping, but the swift-flowing stream was deep and silent, and so clear that every once in a while I could see little creatures swimming back and forth in it. It was completely entrancing, and if I hadn't been so harshly disciplined for the past twelve years, I probably would have stood there gaping like a fool for about half an hour. I filled up my buckets and headed back, nearly spilling it all as a small green creature jumped out of one of the buckets.

Continued on next page

Kilbia Genta, cont.

The image of the woods and the stream refused to leave my mind. It was so lovely and peaceful, and a perfect safe haven from a harsh life. I began to spend more and more time at the forge so I would have an excuse to visit the surface. I was always careful not to go too often or take too much time, lest my master figure out my motivations and put me to some other chore. I couldn't bring Mom with me, but I told her all about it. The stories made her happy, at least as much as she could be. She said it was my wood-elf nature waking up that made me go there so much.

Eventually my fumbling attempts at weaponry began to please my master, and I was made journeyman on my seventeenth birthday. I spent my money on engraver's tools and spent my free time sitting by the stream trying to figure out how to use them. I would more or less doodle on a knife or dagger, and melt it back down if I wasn't happy with the results.

I especially enjoyed engraving runes that I copied from pictures, as it was sort of like calligraphy on metal. Those especially pleased my master, and he began teaching me some forge-magic to empower those runes. I learned how to properly carve runes of power and defense, and where on the blade to place them. I've forgotten a lot of that knowledge by now, but my master still has a few blades in his collection that I carved for him. At least, the last I heard of him.

You see, it was inevitable from the instant the sunlight hit me. I had to escape to the surface world. I didn't know where I would go, or if I would ever make any friends after having lived with the drow for so long, but it didn't matter. Every gurgle from the stream, every bird's chirp, every insect's buzzing seemed to call me away into a life that was mine, more than my underground existence would ever be.

I tried so hard to be careful. I began to work even more diligently for my master so he wouldn't suspect my desires. One by one I cached my few personal belongings into the bushes next to the stream. I didn't even tell my mom, for fear the drow would torture her into betraying me. But my one downfall was my plan to escape at dawn so I would have more time to flee before the others could begin searching for me. I began working at odd times, trying to synchronize my body to the day/night schedule of the outside world. For all my diligence, it was enough to rouse my master's suspicion, and even though he was not there when I finally decided to cross the stream and never come back, his son saw me retrieve my possessions from the bushes, and ran to stop me, dagger in hand.

I never was good at fighting. I sparred a little with the other apprentices, "testing out" their first attempts at blades, but never enough to be skilled. The weaponsmith's son was one of the best around, and if I faced him in a direct fight, I was as good as dead, and death wasn't the kind of freedom I was looking for this morning. It would be an impressive trick to fight him and survive.

Just the kind of trick I had up my sleeve.

I had learned one last rune from my master before I left, and had carved it into a throwing knife, thinking I could use it as a template to carve it onto future weapons. Without even thinking, I slipped the dagger into my hand and flung it at the boy. The rune of Accuracy gleamed subtly in the dawnlight, and the knife buried itself in the boy's throat.

For a second I was seized with the desire to retrieve the knife, but I knew I had to run, and now. I began sloshing across the stream, but I slipped on a rock and fell in with a loud splash. The stream carried me along for awhile, and I figured it was as good an escape route as any, as long as I could keep my head above the water. Then I heard a low rumbling, and found out the reason the stream moved so quickly here: I was about to tumble down a waterfall! I probably didn't fall as far as it felt, but I hit my head on something not long after I landed, and was woozy and sick to my stomach for a while after that. The water moved slower beneath the fall, and I was able to make it to shore somehow.

Still slightly dazed from whatever hit me, I dragged myself out of the water and began walking next to it. If my settlement found streams useful, surely the cities on the surface would too.

I was right, of course, but I didn't find that out till later. I hadn't walked very far before I got very dizzy and fell down.

It was dark when I woke up, and I sat up in a panic, afraid they'd caught me and dragged me back underground. Then a strange face peeked in through a square doorway and asked me questions in a language I couldn't understand. Seeing my totally blank expression, the face vanished, and shortly after returned, bringing another with it.

The second man was tall and well-dressed, with long dark hair not unlike mine. The first one, whom I was able to see better now, was shorter, but also with the long dark hair. He was dressed in garishly mismatched pants and a tunic.

The tall man knew my language, and introduced himself as Tangelo, and the other as Tarasque, his apprentice. He said that Tarasque had found me lying unconscious by the riverbed, and had chosen to bring me back here and care for me until I woke up. Tangelo's tone of voice implied he would not have done the same, and I felt the urge to leap out of bed and punch him in the face. I also felt far too tired and

Continued on page 12

Woman Warriors In Antiquity

By Moogie, 1st Place Factual Literature

History overflows with the stories of heroes and warriors. They entertain and inspire us. As Amtgardians, we dream of being like them. Although most of the great fighters in history and legend are men, there are also many women warriors whose stories are no less inspiring. This is a brief overview of some of the women warriors of the past.

Probably the best known women warriors are from the stories of the Greeks: the Amazons. A warlike tribe of women, the Amazons appear many times in Greek legends, battling Heracles, sacking Athens, fighting with Penthesilea at the Trojan War. Their images are found often in Greek art. They are often represented fighting fiercely, sometimes with one breast bared, usually on horseback. Their city was rumored to be on the River Thermodon, on the edge of the Greek world. They are usually seen as a representation of the uncivilized world to the Greeks, although recent archeological discoveries have offered evidence of the existence of an Amazon-like tribe with warrior women in the Sarmation region, west of the Greek world.

The Celtic tribes of Britain were often led by great queens, who were also warriors. One the most famous revolts against the Roman occupation of Britain was led by a Celtic queen called Boudica, queen of the Iceni. In the first century A.D., after the death of her husband, Prasutagus, the Romans plundered her lands, flogging the queen and raping her two daughters. In revenge, Boudica led the Iceni and neighboring tribes in a revolt, sacking and burning Roman towns. The Celtic warriors first looted and burned the Roman town of Camulodunum, then turned towards Londinium and Verulamium, which they also burned. The revolt was put down at last by the Roman forces, but not before they had taken great losses at the hands of the Celtic tribes, led by their warrior queen.

Another British warrior queen ruled later, in Anglo-Saxon Britain, in the early tenth century. A daughter of Alfred the Great, King of Wessex, Aethelflaed was married to Aethelred, King of Mercia. Mercia and Wessex were adjoining Saxon kingdoms at a time when the Saxons in Britain were threatened by Danish invaders. After Alfred's death in 899 A.D., Aethelflaed's brother Edward succeeded to the kingship in Wessex. In 911 A.D., Aethelred died, and Aethelflaed became queen of the Mercians. Coordinating their efforts, the sister and brother began a new strategy against the Danes, building a chain of fortifications across southern and midland Britain. In 916 A.D., the Welsh raided, and in a counter-attack, Aethelflaed captured a Welsh king's wife and 33 members of his court, leading to the Welsh king's submission to her authority. The next year Danish war-bands raided Mercia, and Aethelflaed and

Edward planned a coordinated attack into Danish territory. Edward led an attack on Danish forts and forced their submission in Northampton and Huntingdon. In East Anglia, and Essex, the Danish army swore allegiance to Edward. Meanwhile, Aethelflaed led her army against Derby, taking it without a siege. She then moved on to Leicester and York, getting pledges of loyalty from both. As she moved her troops toward the remaining Danish forts, she became sick and died, in 918 A.D., at the height of her success. Edward took control of her armies and conquered the last of the Danes. Aethelflaed's strategy and military support made the final victory for the Saxons possible. She was described by the historian William of Malmesbury, "This spirited heroine assisted her brother greatly with her advice, was of equal service in building cities, and whether through fortune or her own efforts, was a woman who protected men at home and intimidated them abroad."

In feudal Japan in the 12th century, the society of the samurai was at its height. Though samurai society was dominated by men, women of samurai clans were trained in martial arts, especially in the use of the naginata. Heroic samurai women appear in epics of the period; chief among these is Tomoe Gozen. Tomoe Gozen was the wife of Minamoto Yoshinaka, a samurai at war with Minamoto Yoshitsune. At the fighting at the River Uji, she supported him in battle. When it was obvious that they were defeated, Yoshinaka and his few remaining warriors made a desperate charge against Yoshitsune's samurai. Tomoe Gozen insisted on remaining to face defeat with her husband, saying, "I want to fight the last glorious fight in front of you." The 'Heike Monogatari' records that, facing a powerful enemy, she "flung herself upon Onda, and, grappling with him, dragged him from his horse... and cut off his head." She told her husband that she would hold off the enemy long enough for him to commit *seppuku*, the samurai's ritual suicide in defeat, but he was struck by an arrow. Tomoe Gozen's fate after the battle is not known, but it is thought that she retired to a Buddhist convent.

These women warriors are just a few of the examples of fighting women who have enriched our history and legend and captured our imaginations. There are many more remaining to be discovered, each bringing her own unique insight on war, warriors, and women. Though men have primarily been the fighters in our history, many women through the ages have taken up the sword, for defense, for power and for glory. Their stories are with us in epics, legends and history books.

Sonnet on a Mountain

By Darkangel

A thousand years show, weathered in his face.
Rough-shaped and great the lordly mountain stands.
His infant stones attend their lord's commands.
And grey and darkly rushing, clouds above him race.
The valley, deep and verdant, is his throne;
The sky and sun, soft blue and gold, his gown;
The sun-lit cap of snow and ice, his crown.
Past mem'ry, are the ages carved in stone.
In valleys, wise and old, mankind stands small,
His years but days, to monarchs long-forgot,
Who ever stand when man, b time, does not.
The mountains stand, though kingdoms rise and fall.
Beneath the mountain's shadow, princes walk.
But they are dust. And king? The princely rock.

Whose Body It Is Under the Blanket

By Sir Corbin

Whose body is it under that blanket?
I caught a curl of flesh as I whipped by
Driving home (I'd hear it later, on the news).
Whose body is that under the blanket?
At six o'clock, the well-groomed people said:
MILITARY ACTION, A VIABLE OPTION
HIGH WATERS AND TORNADOS CLAIM TWENTY
HOLIDAY FATALITIES UP FROM LAST YEAR
But whose body is that under the blanket?
That woman they put to death, what's her name?
Not even a fifteen-minute stay in my brain.
They found out who the unknown soldier is
And normally, you see, I wouldn't even care,
But that could be my body under there.

Kilbia Genta, cont.

weak to do it, so I simply thanked Tarasque for his hospitality. Tangelo mumbled a translation, and Tarasque smiled and nodded at me.

Feeling better, but ill at ease in this strange place, I asked Tangelo where the nearest town was. He simply pointed out the window, where I saw lights burning and dancing not far away. Suppressing once again the urge to punch him, I simply got out of bed, gathered my things, and showed myself out. Tarasque sort of waved at me.

The city gate wasn't far away, and the guards didn't seem to care a whit about security, simply nodding at me and waving me through. I looked back, and could see no trace of the house I'd left. It was strange, but that was lost in the excitement of being in such a big city.

And besides, I wasn't terribly sure I liked those two anyway.

Anyway. Here I am. I am sorry to ramble so, but it has been a hell of a day. So tell me something about yourself...

Venison Marinade Recipe

By Oros and Aramance

1 cup dry red wine
1/4 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup olive oil (any kind)
2 or 3 sprigs of rosemary
1 sprig parsley
1 sprig thyme
2 bay leaves
1 to 2 crushed garlic cloves
pinch of nutmeg
1 tbsp. of sugar
1 tsp. of salt
dash of hot pepper sauce

Makes about 2 cups of marinade.

Marinate meat for 24 hours - covered and refrigerated. Drain off marinade and bake around 350 °F until venison is done ~ about 3 hours. You will need a half cup of marinade for every pound of meat. If you don't have a sprig of thyme use best judgement with dried thyme from a bottle.

This marinade could also be used with lamb or beef.

Pizza Quest Results

By Darkangel

As you lay deep in sleep, a shadow slips into your dreams. The shadow's eyes blaze with fire. You hear a voice, soft and threatening, that murmurs this:

"You have failed, heroes. Alas, alas. But we shall play again soon, yes? I must confess, I am impressed. You play well, for all your naivete. Yes, I look forward to playing again, soon. You would like that, wouldn't you? No? ... You don't want to play Tarasque's little game? Ah, but I fear you have no choice, mausen. I grow bored! We will play again, make no mistake of that.

"Well, I must go for now. The Master calls me. Eh? What's that? Of course not, Master! I was just polishing the crystal ball, you don't think I was ..."

The apparition disappears, and dreams come again to rescue you from the night's disturbance. You awake troubled. What is the villainous Tangelo planning next? And, gods above, where did Tarasque find those pants?

~~~~~  
Thanks to everyone who participated in the Pizza Quest (with Extra Cheese). I had a great time, and I hope you're all having a good laugh now that those %\$^# pizza boxes are gone. Let's see.

What went wrong? Well, obviously, Tangelo and his minions fought the questors to a standstill. If we had it to do over again, I guess we could have made it a little wimpier. However, I suspect that next time around, our junior questors won't be had quite so easily. It's hard to anticipate exactly how strong to make the monsters. Talon, for instance, wasn't supposed to kill entire teams by himself.

What went right? Plenty of role-playing. People not taking a quest too seriously for a change. No Reeves granting the monsters unlimited lives. The rules being made pretty clear, and being followed pretty darn well.

Okay, how about a rundown on the monster roster? No Dragons, Dread Knights, Extra-Planar Entities. Here's what we had:

Tangelo, Wizard (6th) - played by Martello  
Tarasque Demonical, Wizard (1st) - played by kitten (me)  
the Mad Scientist, Healer (6th) - played by BlackAngel  
Hoss, the Centaur (6th) - played by Bacchus  
the Manticore (6th) - played by Gator  
the Troll (6th) - played by Talon  
the Gremlin (6th) - played by Rayel  
the Orc (6th) - played by Downen  
the Hill Giant - played by Thoron

Tangelo, the Mad Scientist, and Hoss were deployed in Tangelo's castle, the Manticore, Troll, Giant, and Gremlin deployed to guard the ways onto the island, and myself and the Orc wandering.

There were three teams of 5 questors. Each team was allowed one spell-caster. In retrospect, we probably should have allowed two.

Congratulations to Lief, et al, who were declared the winners of the quest. Once again, thanks to everybody who participated. Think of it this way - the quest at Coronation should be a cinch compared to this one. You guys are gonna be pros.

Not bad for 25 pizza boxes, 25 cloth pizzas, one piece of rope, 25 gold coins, a checkbook, a stop-watch, three spell-casters, and six monsters.

Emerald Hills kicks ass.

## Dollar Tournney Results

By Martello Entropy

### Shortsword

- 1<sup>st</sup> Sparhawk
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Leif
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Mayhem

### Sword and Shield

- 1<sup>st</sup> Leif
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Sparhawk
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Infinity

### Florentine

- 1<sup>st</sup> Sparhawk
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Balisk
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Scytale

### Open Class

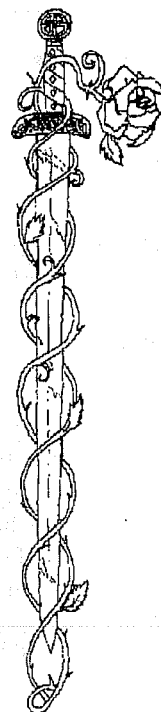
- 1<sup>st</sup> Infinity
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Balisk
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Sparhawk

### 3-man Team

- 1<sup>st</sup> Infinity, Balisk, Taldak
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Leif, Talon, Lucas
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Mayhem, Tessamin, Guppie

### Overall Results:

- 1<sup>st</sup> Sparhawk
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Lief
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Balisk
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Infinity



## B.O.D. Minutes

### I. Commenced at 7:10 p.m.

A B.O.D. meeting of the Kingdom of the Emerald Hills was called to order by Chris Koeberle on Saturday, May 23<sup>rd</sup> at 7:10 p.m. at the Midnight Sun. In attendance were Chris Koeberle, Noelle Leger, Katie Sehorn, Greg Goodwin, David Gurney, and Esther Strohmeyer. Absent was John DeLozier.

### II. Insurance for the Land

David Gurney reported that he had spoken with several companies about some form of renter's insurance for use with the land near Corsicana, and that there were no known options. He will contact the J.C.'s as a possible lead on more information.

### III. Emerald Hills Corpora, Burning Lands Newsletter

Esther Strohmeyer distributed copies of an incomplete Emerald Hills Corpora and a Burning Lands Newsletter to all members.

### IV. Review of most recent Minutes

The minutes of the most recent meeting of the B.O.D. were reviewed and approved.

### V. Lease

#### V. A. Lease Changes presented

Chris Koeberle reported that he had e-mailed the proposed changes to the lease to David Hall, but had received no response.

#### V. B. Re-send Changes

Chris Koeberle said he would verify the e-mail address and re-send the changes.

### VI. Park Contracts with Burning Lands

Greg Goodwin reported that he had spoken with J.W. Donnelly about the status of the Emerald Hills parks and their potential need to have a contract with the Burning Lands.

#### VI. A. No Contract Necessary

It was presented by Greg Goodwin that no contract would be necessary between any park recognised by the Emerald Hills as a member park and the Burning Lands.

#### VI. B. Written Agreement

It was suggested that a written agreement to that effect would be preferable. It was generally agreed that Greg Goodwin should contact the Burning Lands Board of Directors requesting such a written agreement.

### VII. Bank Account

Katie Sehorn presented her findings with regard to a kingdom bank account.

#### VII. A. Bank One

Katie Sehorn reported that Bank One was the most attractive choice, as the person she spoke with seemed familiar with the sort of account that would be necessary.

#### VII. A. 1. \$25 Minimum Opening Balance

#### VII. A. 2. \$3 Monthly Service Charge

#### VII. A. 3. ATM & Check Transactions Only

#### VII. A. 4. No Monthly Minimum

#### VII. B. Quarterly Account Statement

It was proposed and generally approved that the financial transactions of the Emerald Hills would be made available on a quarterly basis. Implementing this was left to the next B.O.D.

### VIII. Important Documents for new B.O.D. Members

The creation of a master set of important documents for new B.O.D. members was generally approved.

### IX. Bank Accounts

A brief discussion of bank accounts took place. It was generally agreed that bank accounts were acceptable methods for storing kingdom funds.

### X. Royal Groundskeepers

Recommendations to the Royal Groundskeepers from the B.O.D.

#### X. A. Expenditure Reports

It was suggested and generally approved that quarterly or semi-yearly statements of expenses incurred by the Royal Groundskeepers be reported to the B.O.D.

#### X. B. Liaison

Katie was generally approved as the liaison between the B.O.D. and the Royal Groundskeepers.



## Elves vs. Dwarves War

By Detalis Ard

Members of all the Clans and People,

A few weeks ago, we sent out a call to arms, wishing to know whom of ye were not of weak heart, and where ready to go to war for ye people. Since then, we have heard an overwhelming turnout of the elven people readied to go to war, and the time has now come.

JUNE 20<sup>th</sup>, starting at 10:30a.m., War starts at 1:00 p.m. CST. The Shire of Cuiviedor Amarth welcomes all to the 1<sup>st</sup> Elf vs. Dwarf War, hosted at Veteran's Park in Arlington, TX. This will be an ALL MONSTER battle featuring Elven Warriors, Archers, Scouts, and High Mages... and Dwarven Warriors, Battlepriests, Artillerists, and the dreaded Berserkers!

Pre-Registration and Race/Class Abilities can be found at:  
<http://web2.airmail.net/argorn/amtgard/elfdwarf/index.htm>

If you want to be assured the Race and Class you desire, Please PRE-REGISTER. There will also be Pre-Registration at the Emerald Hills Crown Qualifications. So, Dwarves, don't just sit there, watching your forge sit idle, it's time for WAR!

The Shire of Cuiviedor Amarth is located in the Midcities Region of Dallas/Fort Worth just off of I-20 in Arlington, TX.

If you have any questions, comments, or wish to lead one of these armies, e-mail us at :[cuiviedor.amarth@airmail.net](mailto:cuiviedor.amarth@airmail.net)

**Detalis Ard**

Chancellor, Shire of Cuiviedor Amarth  
Kingdom of Emerald Hills



Hosted by Squeak and Sirrakhis

## Hear Ye, Hear Ye, Hear Ye

Your presence is hereby requested to  
attend forthwith and with great joy  
To

## The Emerald Hills Smiths Workshop

Every Tuesday Evening

Located at

**Sirrakhis' Castle**  
**10807 North Central Expwy.**  
**#3251**

### What's Happening:

We are going to be making weapons and armor and garb, and anything else we can fit under my humble abode.

### Directions:

From 635 and IH75, go south on 75. Exit Royal Lane. Go Through the intersection and pass the first apartment complex. My apartment complex is the next one (Foxmoor Apartments). Take the third entrance into the apartments (no gate) and park right away. My building number is 10807, and my apartment is on the third floor, number 3251, in the first breezeway.

### In Addition:

Bring your mead and bring a willingness to get stuffed! All nights are considered to be pot luck, so bring something, and we'll all have a blast while contributing, teaching and learning. I might even let you sing if you don't make my ears wince!

**For more information, contact Sirrakhis at:**

214-363-9440 (home)

214-769-6441 (cell phone)