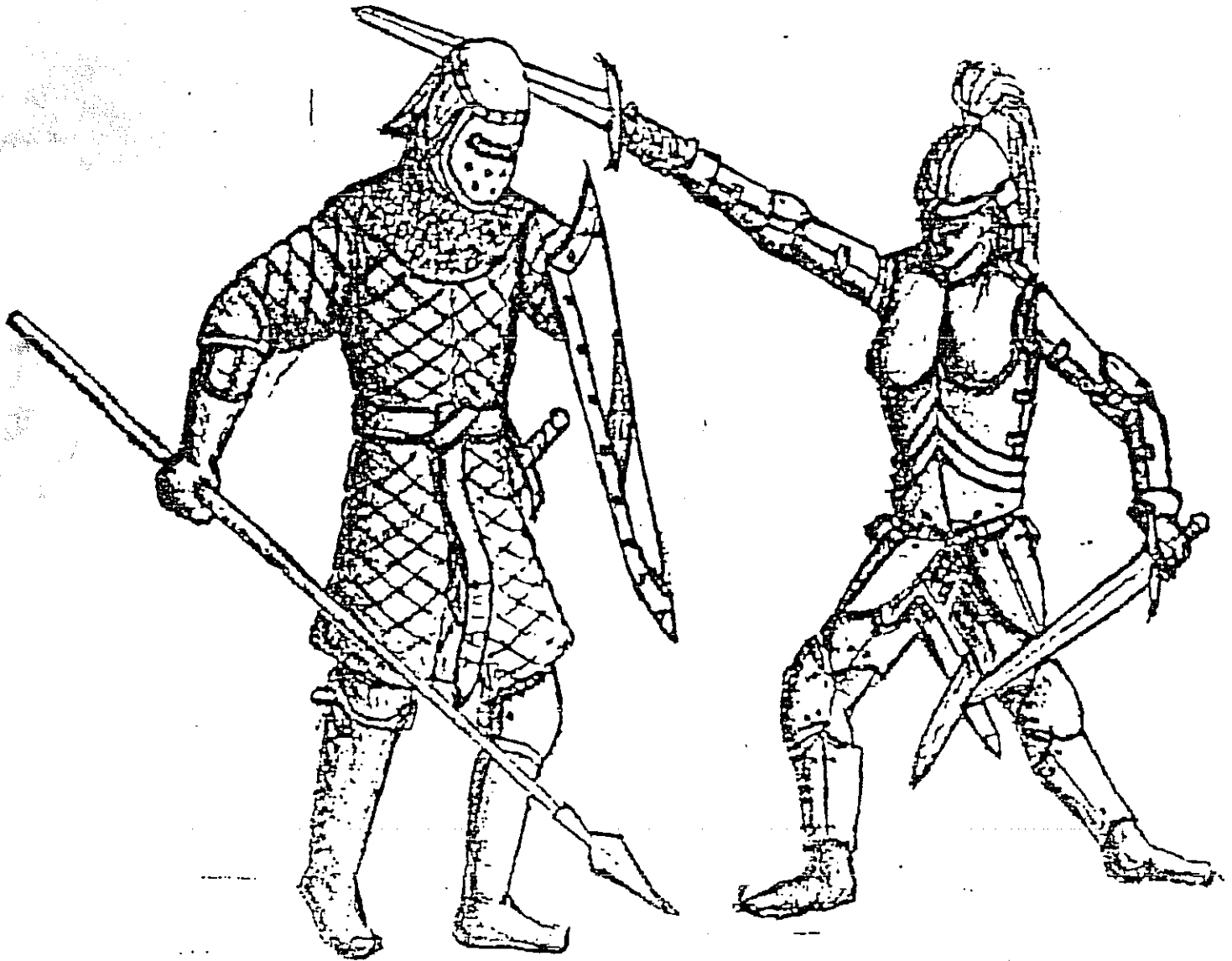
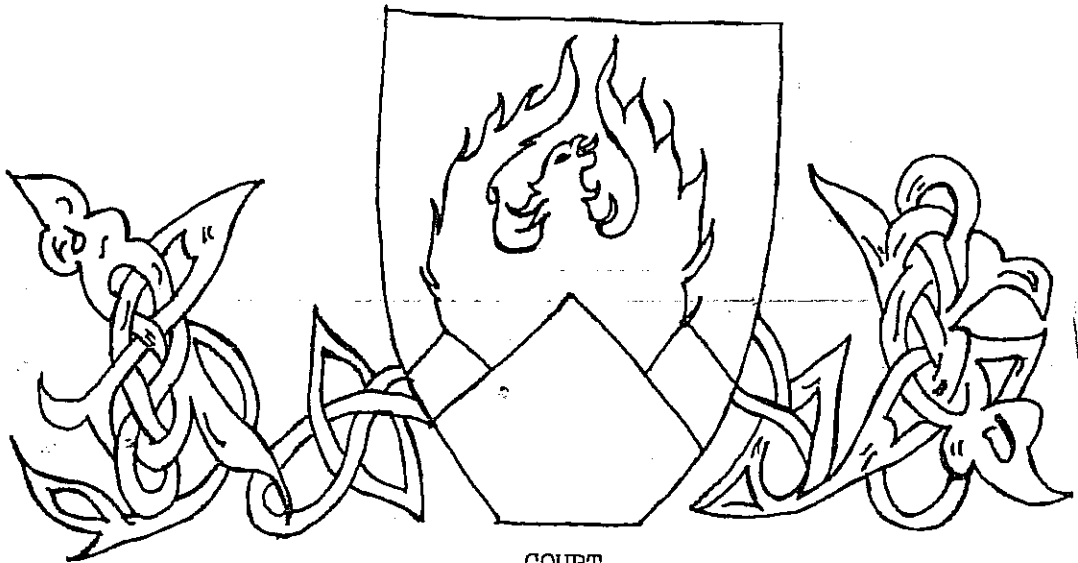


PARASITE

Echoes from the Hills

Vol. III No. 3





COURT

Queen Alessandra Cheetarah Nightowl
 Prince Gwindon Blackrose
 Prime Minister Aislinn
 Champion Garath Blackhawk
 Court Mage Astor Lubec
 Royal Page Dread
 Herald Maiv

Queen's Guard

Captain Xenos Perversus
 Cain sin Khali
 Tyranny Bathory

Prince's Guard

Dallen
 Nevron Dreadstar
 Xyphus

Prince's Defender
 Cynewulf Plague

GUILDMASTERS

Anti-Paladin: Nevron
 Archer: Beau
 Assassin: Gwindon
 Barbarian: Cain
 Druid: Plague
 Healer: Tyranny

Magic-User: Garath
 Monk: Thoran
 Monster: Nevron
 Paladin: Alessandra
 Scout: Garath
 Warrior: Xenos

ART & SCIENCES

Carber: Aislinn
 Gladistor: Nevron
 Harper: Reyna
 Heraldry: Reyna

Reeve: Dallen
 Theater: Garath
 Weaponsmith: Cain

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DEATH OF A TROLL	Sir Nevron Dreadstar

We wish to express our undying gratitude to Maiv for her art work that she spent an entire evening drawing to fill in this newsletter. Thank you Maiv.

If anyone has artwork, poetry, stories, or songs that they want published in the Kingdom newsletter, please make all submissions to Aislinn or Maiv, the Prime Minister and the Scribe, respectively.

For copies of any previous newsletters, A History of Amtgard, or Amtgard Book II, contact Aislinn. For a small fee that is put in the kingdom funds, she will run you off a copy/copies.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

NOVEMBER 11, 1989	Coronation of the Barony of Iron Cloud
NOVEMBER 18 & 19, 1989	Emerald Hills Coronation
DECEMBER 2 & 3, 1989	Emerald Hills Coronation Camp Ellowi Cedar Hill, Tx.
MARCH 4, 1989	Golden Plains Coronation
MARCH 10 & 11, 1989	Interkingdom Olympiad II & Barad-Duin Coronation

Greetings from the Prime Minister:

First let me point out that the opinions in this letter are of my own and should not be construed as the ideas of others. Since taking over the office of Prime Minister, certain thoughts have come to light. These are mainly concerning elections. Not only Monarch elections but Prime Minister elections, Guildmaster elections, and any other elections that follow. If I understand the system, elections were created so the people could vote for the person who could best do the job, not the person who is most popular. The newly elected, in all idealism, should be the one who has the time, energy and inclination to carry out the duties of said position. Hopefully these ideas will be carried out in our organization. Not only are the electors responsible for these decisions, but also those running for office. For a person to run he/she must make sure that they have the time, energy and inclination to give the position 110% of his ability. Mundane problems will always be there, but hopefully the candidate can keep them out of the group. Now no one is saying that there will never be a problem that intrudes. All of us are smart enough to know that reality will always be pushing in. But Amtgard has it's own problems and needs no others. What I'm trying to say is when you vote, vote for who will best do the job. Think not only about friendships but also about the club, how this election will reflect in the future of the organization and the good of the organization.

Yours in Service

Austin

Prime Minister



SCHEDULE FOR QUALIFICATIONS

Due to circumstances beyond our control, Qualifications will be a 2 day event. Those participating in both days will receive a credit for each day. We apologize for the late notice and any inconvenience that this has caused anyone.

November 18, 1989 Lakeside Park Pavillion 12:00 noon

Beginning of Cultural Events

Weapon Construction
Shield Construction
Armor Construction
Fighting Garb
Court Garb
3-D Art
Flat Art
Cooking
Bardic Singing
Bardic Instrumental
Storytelling
Poetry
Literature
Rose
Chess

Battlegames will be played for those not involved in the Cultural Events. Those with projects must turn them in by 12:30 pm.

November 19, 1989 Lakeside Park 12:00 noon

Beginning of War Events

Single Sword
Double Sword
Sword & Shield
2-Man Teams
3-Man Teams
Archery
Dagger Toss
Weapons Scramble
Armrestling

A hot dog lunch will be provided on Sunday the 19th. Drinks and chips will not be provided so be prepared and feel free to contribute to the cause.

ONE MAN PRACTICING SPORTSMANSHIP IS BETTER THAN FIFTY PREACHING IT

Reyna's Camping Core

Vol. I

I'm sure by now many of you Ampgardians of the Emerald Hills have had some camping experience. This is meant to be an aid to those of you who have not spent many a wet cold night learning the hard way.

Reyna's favorite way of camping is to be made welcome at what ever event I find myself, with a room of my own and a shower and bed waiting. Baring that I've learned to be prepared for the worst.

A. Take too much: clothes, blankets etc. You can always put on layers of clothes if it gets too cold or take them off as it warms up. No matter how warm the days are, the night get cool. Even in the summer dawn patrol needed capes to keep the damp dew off. When making your sleeping area (for those of you who sleep) put your tent up first. Everything that gets damp as the evening dew falls will stay wet and cold. Very unpleasant to lay in. For the hardey souls who prefer to sleep out with no tent overhead, always put most of your covers under you instead of on top. The ground holds the cold (yes, even in summer) you'll be much more comfortable that way. A waterproof groundcover is worth the investment. Use it to cover blankets clothes etc. while at the event.

B. Prepare foods that are easy to fix. If cooking carry it already wrapped in foil. Or better yet simple feasting such as pre-cooked meats such as ham, turkey, summer sausage, cheese, and bread. With a little wine and apples it makes a classic quick meal.

C. Drink with wisdom: It's easy to forget to drink water at an event, summer or winter this is bad on you. Summer you risk becoming dehydrated. In winter alcohol is not meant to be an antifreeze for humans. It lowers you body temperature. So instead try hot cocoa or pre-packed hot spiced apple drink.

Happy Camping



Reyna's Camping Lore

vol. II

Now that you've got the basics down in camping it's time to think about what makes camping really nice. That is, what makes you look like you really know what your doing. There is nothing nicer than a campsite that has it altogether.

A. Tents in a circle facing inward with a clear marked entry way into the circle. Torches are a nice touch at the entry. That way theres no tripping over tent stake and ropes by drunken campers in the wee morning hours.

B. A fire pit in the center of your camping circle. It's nice if people rotate keeping watch over the fire. Make sure your circle is safely big enough if you have a fire pit in the center.

C. Mark between the tents with Banners. String them between tents or use tree limbs. Same reason as stated in last sentence of **A.** Beside it makes the area look really good.

D. Bring chairs or ground cover out to put down around fire and prepare to bard the night away.

Good barding

Amtgard Phone List

Aislinn	Susie Rich	214-263-8317
Alessandra	Dorothy Walden	214-298-5851
Arkainie	Shannon Jorgensen	214-775-5056
Arthur	Zain Williamson	214-339-1091
Astor Lubec	David Burris	214-298-7476
Beau	Robert Williamson	214-339-1091
Brand	Greg Hale	214-339-4028
Cain	Bill Schwartz	214-298-4484
Cutter	John McMillen	214-296-5910
Dallen	Shawn Walden	214-298-5851
Dougan	Bill Watson	214-223-3513
Dread	Joe Valeriano	214-780-1148
Garath	Chris Walden	214-298-5851
Gladimyr	Jeff Seward	214-298-2007
Glenn	Kevin Rose	817-265-3238
Gwindon	Byron Stoker	214-709-7726
Josepe'	Jason Howard	214-371-4740
Kaylyn	Rikk Eastman	817-265-3238
Lung	Mark Barnes	214-296-6388
Maglok	Richard Brough II	214-337-7697
Maiiv	Jen Johnson	214-223-7977
Mosher	Wayne Murphey	214-539-9391
Nevron	Mike Murphy	214-709-6905
Parasite	Vince Moore	214-780-1517
Plague	Jay Morren	214-296-7912
Selka	Sarah Rich	214-709-6905
Semaj	James Meador	214-255-8536
Shadow Wind	Robert Windham	214-339-7926
Shorn	James Watson	214-223-3513
Steppenwolfe	Brian McIntosh	214-298-9335
Strato	David Lusk	214-296-5008
Taldak	Sande Zander	214-780-1148
Tarl	David Thomas	214-306-9461
Thoran	Jessie Davila	214-339-1891
Xyphus	David Morrison	817-277-7051
Zimmiar	Mike Zimmermann	214-339-4028

Darkenwood

Darelouth	Tony Sherley	817-325-3914
Faltyre	Chad Tindel	817-599-6733
Marcus	Art Shires	817-325-3630
Zark	Jody Blaylock	817-325-9116

Golden Plains

Bloodstone	Robert Mott	806-354-8923
Desari	Raenel Scott	806-655-9461
Dustin	Clayton Harris	806-359-0068
Flynn	Jason Kemp	806-655-9461
Greywalker	Mark Stokes	806-655-3482
Hanson	Tim Jayroe	806-371-8815
Hogarth	Mike Tyler	806-371-8815

Ian
Isabo
Lyra
Maccalus
Merrily
Reinholt
Sean Stone
Sicarius

Raymond Jones
Paulette Jones
Linda Chelf
Jeff Patterson
Marie Harris
Clint Harris
Marty Giles
Ray Woodward

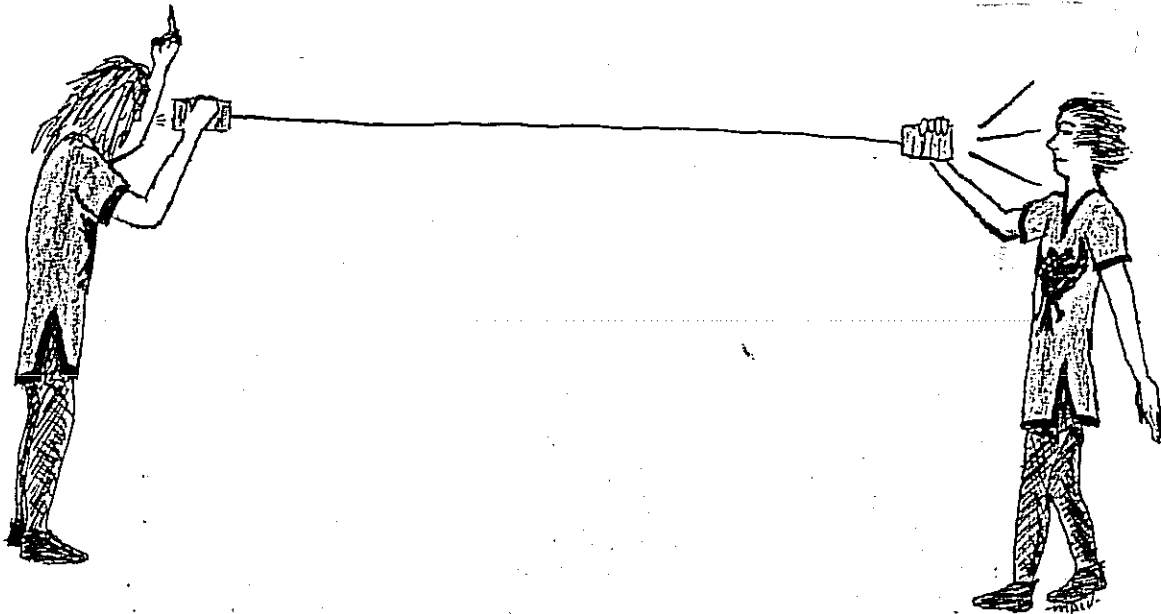
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Ironcloud

Arvid
Bloodmoon
Cedric
Christoph
C'Nedra
Elionwy
Gillian
Kathryne
Larsidon
Marco
Qinryhr
Qintahr
Quinn
Sirrakhis

Martin Krenzke
Malcolm Harris
Bill Hatcher
Chris High
Amy Gibson
Sharon Huston
Charlotte Huston
Katy Butler
Sam Butler
George Krenzke
Mary Butler
Sean Hansen
Brian Hamilton
Tony Hunt

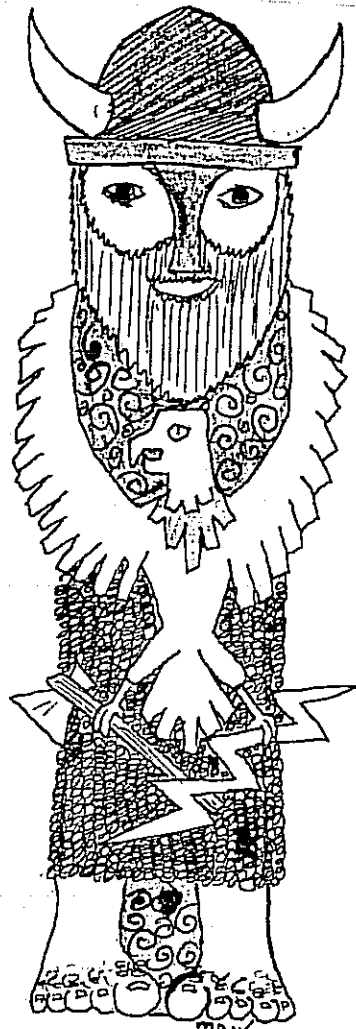
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214-264-4015
214-381-5611



AN AMTGARD HISTORY

Born a bastard child of a Nomadic Barbarian woman while at sea and left in the New World with Indian Tribes to learn their ways. My only claim to the past and my people were the weapons left to me and stories the old men of the Tribe told of fighting them. Taught of their ways and weapons plus the weapons left me, I grew to manhood. After 13 full seasons I went out into the world to seek my own kind or start my own tribe. During my journeys I saw many wonderful things. Some of this world, some shown me by the Indian Gods and Odin,

Semaj Dore



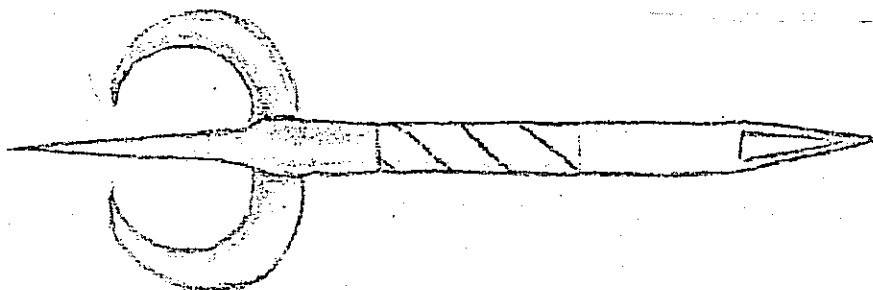
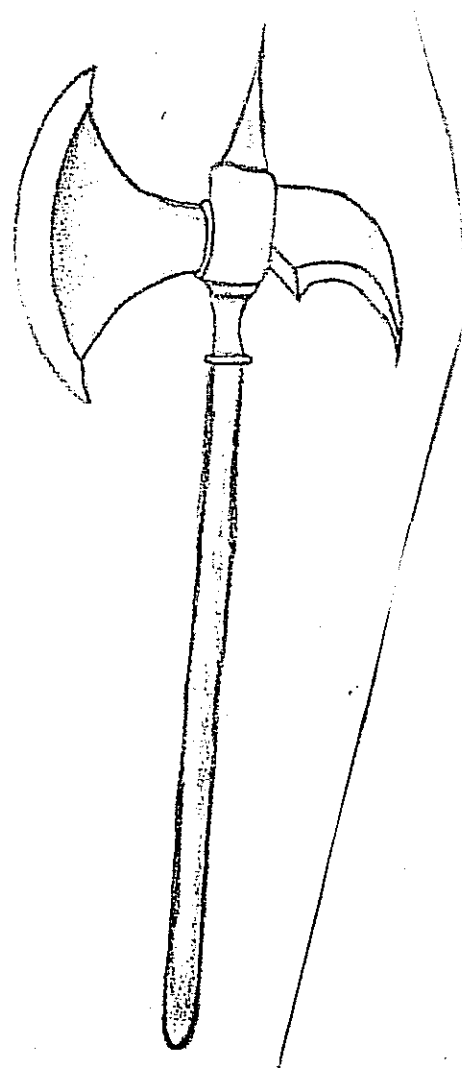
POPULACE CREDIT LIST

Cutter	14 Archer 14 Wizard 18 Scout 1 Reeve 2 Monster 3.75 Warrior
Taldak	2 Archer 3 Assassin 1 Bard 2 Scout 49.25 Warrior 1 Reeve 6 Monster
Stratos	5 Archer 7 Barbarian 4.25 Warrior
Beau	8 Archer
Gwindon	72 Assassin 6 Wizard 10.25 Warrior
Dread	1 Assassin 56 Healer 18.50 Warrior 1 Reeve 1 Monster
Xyphus	44 Assassin 5.25 Warrior
Arkainie	9 Assassin 23 Warrior 1 Reeve
Darelouth	13 Assassin
Axl	3 Assassin 2 Barbarian 4 Warrior
Dallen	7 Assassin 20.25 Warrior 18 Reeve
Kurrus	2 Assassin
Shadow Wind	3 Assassin .50 Warrior
Tarl	4 Assassin 23.75 Warrior
Cedric	1 Assassin
Nevron	29 Barbarian 41 Anti-Paladin 3 Monk 2 Scout 2 Reeve 15.50 Warrior
Semaj	12 Barbarian 2.25 Warrior
Cain	41 Barbarian 1 Reeve 3 Monster 8.75 Warrior
Avatar	20 Barbarian 1 Warrior 1 Monster
Lung	15 Barbarian 3.75 Warrior
Parasite	10 Barbarian 3 Warrior
C*Nedra	1 Barbarian
Marcus	3 Bard 6 Wizard 2 Warrior
Plague	55 Druid 2 Monk 17.25 Warrior 1 Reeve
Qintahr	1 Druid
Selka	45 Healer 8.50 Warrior 2 Reeve
Tyranny	40 Healer 6.50 Warrior
Dougan	1 Healer 17 Wizard .25 Warrior
Sorka	2 Healer
Zimmiar	5 Healer .50 Warrior
Garath	65 Wizard 14 Scout 15.75 Warrior 1 Reeve 1 Monster
Alessandra	13 Wizard 33 Paladin 4 Reeve 1 Monster 6.25 Warrior
Astor Lubec	26 Wizard 2.50 Warrior
Kaylyn	5 Wizard 1.75 Warrior
Phoenix	1 Wizard
Domir	1 Wizard 5 Scouts
Shorn	16 Monk 1 Scout
Thoran	8 Monk
White Lion	1 Monk
Glenn	5 Scout
Xenos	75.50 Warrior 11 Healer
Quinn	15.50 Warrior 1 Monster
Maglok	7 Warrior
Arthur	4 Warrior
Z Z Zilverado	2 Warrior
Mosher	4.25 Warrior
Piffle	1 Warrior
Arrvid	1 Warrior
Gillian	1 Warrior
Jandria	6 Reeve
Maiiv	6 Reeve .75 Warrior
Aislinn	21 Reeve

DUFS PAID MEMBERS

Exempt: Alessandra
Gwindon
Aislinn
Garath

Xenos	11-89
Selka	12-89
Dallen	6-90
Semaj	12-89
Parasite	1-90
Cydelle	2-90
Xyphus	8-90
Lung	2-90
Nevron	9-90
Maiiv	2-90
Arkainie	2-90
Shorn	2-90
Dougan	2-90
Brand	2-90
Kaylyn	2-90
Beau	2-90
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Thoran	2-90
Tyranny	2-90
Glenn	2-90
Plague	2-90
Zimmiar	2-90
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Cain	12-89
Shadow Wind	3-90
Mosher	3-90
Avatar	4-90
Darelouth	4-90
Sorka	4-90

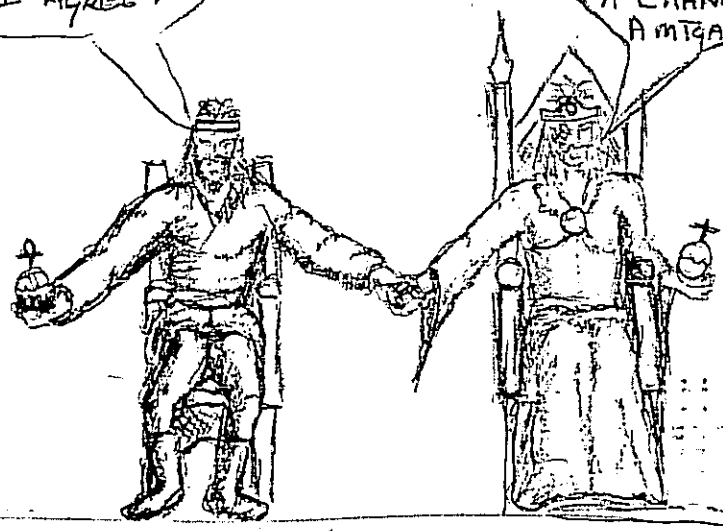


ARTWORK BY TAZ

A DAY IN THE AMTGARD DYNASTY

YES, I AGREE.

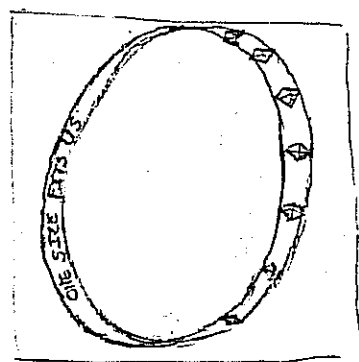
WELL I
THINK ITS TIME FOR
A CHANGE IN
AMTGARD



POOF!

QUITE RIGHT HERES
YOUR CROWN,

AH THATS MUCH BETTER,
BUT WE FORGOT SOMETHING



THE DEATH OF A TROLL

With the setting of the sun the villagers started rounding up their children. Livestock was brought in from the lush, green fields and secured inside the many barns that spotted the countryside. Windows were barred and the doors were all bolted. Chimneys started to spew out more smoke as the house fires were stoked up in preparation of the nights' activities. As the sun slowly disappeared behind the mountains and the shadows grew longer and darker, the people of the village sat behind their locked doors close to the warm fires, yet they still feared the shadows. But it was more than just the shadows that the town folk feared. They feared the beings of the night, the creatures that thrived on hunting man and his offspring. Creatures that killed humans and their kin for fun or for food. This was to be another night of jumping at the creaks from the wooden planks, a night full of shabby excuses told to the young and old, a night filled with the silent tears that would be shed in memory of the last fool-hardy victims of the stalking creatures, torn limb from limb, their very flesh eaten from their bones. Even the marrow was sucked from the gnawed remains found. Sometimes you could not find a trace of a victim, for that was the way of the trolls.

With the coming of darkness, the creatures began to move. First they stretched their long limbs, scratching and belching as they did so. Rag was the first to pass gas, and was soon followed by Rocky, who's' little addition to the already putrid, moldy smell of the caves' stale and fetid air supply ran all three of the trolls out of the small cave and into the fresh air outside. Amidst all the back pounding and head slapping, Popper - who was the leader of this terrible threesome and by far the meanest, nastiest troll that either Rag or Rocky had ever had the fortune to be associated with - notices a glow in the distance, a campfire glow.

After instructing his two less attentive students to be still, Popper pointed out the early munch and crunch that was stupidly camped so near the temporary home of the ever hungry trolls. Quickly Rag and Rocky went to the far side of the hill that hid their small cave and checked on last nights pickings, just to give them that feeling of power and to increase their strength. The troll brothers crashed into the partially concealed cave on the far side as if to startle the captives within.

Inside the cave were the bodies of four young males, all in their early adult years, but none were ever to see old age. All four bodies had had their head squashed like a blister on the bottom of ones' foot - a sure sign of Poppers' handy work - with their brains sucked out and eaten raw. Rag and Rocky knelt down and started twisting the fingers from the lifeless humans and popped them into each others gaping maws. The sounds of a bone snapping, lip smacking feast emitted from the cave, followed by even more belching and farting.

After a while the two brothers emerged from the food cave licking their fingers and picking their teeth with their long claws, removing the bits of bone and tendon that still stuck to their fangs. Popper informed them that tonight the three of them would feast like kings and drink like fish. The camp of their desire held five grown humans - three males and two fat, juicy females - and three little ones, fat, plump, and tender, and there was one for each of them.

For their thirst there was a wagon filled with kegs that smelled of fine human liquid.

But the troll brothers never heard a word Popper said after the phrase "little ones", for neither Rag nor Rocky had ever dined on the little ones. This was a meal that would be served to the cheiftain, not to the troops, but Popper said what the big oaf didn't know wouldn't hurt him, and the brothers agreed, for that was the way of the trolls.

As the moon crossed the dark sky the unwary campers settled in for the night. None of the travelers seemed too worried about stories they were told while filling the supply wagon at the local village. The men scoffed at the locals as they were warned against stopping along the road to the next town. The women faked a faint or two at the mere mention of nearby trolls and the children, who had never even heard of anything like trolls, didn't know what to think. Only the youngest of them showed any sign of true fear, but with the hugs and love from its' mother the child soon forgot it's fears and resumed playing with the others.

Shortly after the sun disappeared the travelers heard a most un-nerving noise, something like a mad, deranged person laughing or maybe it was some half-crazed wild animal calling out in the night to warn passers of its' presence. Whatever it was the travelers didn't like it and the men of the group felt it was necessary to keep the fire lit and have one of them on guard all night. Unfortunately the area around them was sparse of any amount of dry firewood and by late that night almost all of the wood they collected was gone, and as the fires' light slowly crept away, the shadows moved in to take their rightful place within the hearts and minds of the men. By midwatch the guard was just as skittish as the horses tied to the trees nearby, and by the second hour into the early morning the horses were constantly acting up and needed a human to constantly reassure them. Soon all the men in the camp were awake and one of them was carrying a sword.

Popper led the way down the hill, followed by Rocky who was carrying a huge leg bone in his hand. The rear was taken by Rags who also carried a bone and a large sack. The three trolls walked in silence. Poppers' rules for the hunt were very strict and more than once he had to stop the march in order to cuff the two younger trolls aside the head. Being as big as they are, trolls find it quite difficult to sneak up on anything, but Popper was well schooled in the arts of sneaking and he had taken part in many raids upon the humans. He was more than willing to share his knowledge on the race, for that was the way of the trolls.

By the time the moon disappeared leaving the dark to once again rule the night, the fire was all but out. Human eyes lost in the war for vision, while the trolls eyes were working better than ever, and once Popper was sure that his understudies were in position, he started his normal routine. First he wanted to scare the horses for without them the humans would have been stew by now, but the domestic beasts of burden could sense the approach of most creatures of the night. Popper knew to wait until the shadows were at their darkest, then he started to move in.

Closer and closer he sneaked, up to the rear of the horses. He was only twenty-five away when the human chose to stand with the horses, for they were

getting too nervous and were threatening to break the line holding them. Within minutes, all three males in the camp were up and moving about. Two of them paced through the camp from one side to the other. The third stayed with the horses. Popper was only eighteen feet away now, about five good strides for a troll, then, SPLAT! Still he waited, for Popper saw the one thing that would stall this troll, steel... a sword of steel! Popper had faced steel before and had felt its bite a few times. So he waited, for that was the way of the trolls.

The humans began to get worried, for the blackness of the night kept getting darker. The lesser bugs and noisy creatures had stopped chirping and, other than an occasional snap of a limb and the stamping of the horses hooves, the night was silent. Suddenly one of the humans yelled to the others and started to run over to the wagon. Climbing atop the supplies inside, the human seemed to be looking for something, but Popper didn't wait to see if it was what he thought it was. The troll rose from the shadows and, with a might roar, stormed the human with the horses.

Taking the advantage of surprise, the troll took the scared stiff human by the head and popped the skull like a ripe melon. The horses needed no encouragement and were off and running even before the freshly killed human body could slump to the ground. The other two humans stood and stared as the lone troll rose to its full height of nine feet and some odd inches and returned their gaze from its own black lifeless eyes. The human with the sword was the first to recover from the shock and reacted accordingly. Stepping before the troll, he blocked the its way into the camp. Poppers eyes seemed to brighten up as he took a step toward the armed human.

Rag and Rocky sat in their corners of the camp, unseen by the humans but well within the range of their own vision. They sat hiding in the shadows until their leg muscles grew tired, yet they knew what would happen if they were detected. At the best, Popper would slap them around for scaring away dinner, at the worst, one or both of them could get hurt in the upcoming struggle. The human carrying the steel passed within six feet of Rag twice, and when the other human ran for the wagon he passed right Rocky who was hiding on the opposite side. Still, neither brother moved, they just waited. Then they heard the sound of Poppers' war cry. After a few quick glances at each other the two younger trolls moved in to aid in catching the nights' dinner.

In the next few moments a lot of things happened. First and foremost, Rocky, who was by far one of the biggest and strongest trolls this of the Great Mountains, took hold of the wagon and, in one mighty show of strength, tipped the fully packed wagon completely over, spilling the humans and its contents all over the ground. One of the kegs broke, splashing the wagon, the humans, and Rag with the aromatic contents. The sound of women and children screaming pierced the night, as did screams of pain. Pain from the bite of cold steel, pain that Popper knew only too well.

The armed human had stood his ground and when Popper tried to rip his head off, he in return removed Poppers' arm. The trolls' screams of pain would have taken the life away from any lesser man, but the sword-swinging human was not affected and in his next move Poppers' left leg was nearly sliced in two. As the once mighty creature fell to one knee, the skilled warrior layed into him

once more, plunging the blade deep within the trolls' chest and removing any life that was left in Popper.

When Rocky had realized what he had done, he started to move towards his brother in hopes of telling him to stay back while he took care of the oil soaked human. In his haste Rocky never saw the sparks coming from the humans' hands, nor did he notice the oil soaked ground that he was standing on, but he did notice Poppers' death cries and only then did he realize that all was not going well.

Rags' only job for tonights' little adventure was to round up the little ones and stuff them in the sack he was carrying, but when he was suddenly covered from the waist down with some oily substance he knew that tonight was not going to be a good night. Keeping his thoughts on his job, Rags spotted a little one standing all alone, crying for its mother. Turning quickly Rag took one step and slipped in the now slick grass, landing flat on his back. The troll started to laugh, which meant he never Poppers' death cries, so he kept trying to get up but could not seem to catch his footing in the slick undergrowth.

The human on the wagon had just found the bag he was looking for when Popper made his appearance. Seeing his friends' head smashed to smithereens, the young man momentarily forgot his reason for being at the wagon. Then when the wagon was over-turned he found himself thrown through the air and almost rendered unconscious from the force of landing atop a full keg of oil. The keg broke and soaked everything around it with the pungent liquid. Not even caring that he himself could be harmed by his actions, the human struck the flint that he had quickly removed from the bag he still had in his grasp. It took two or three strikes before the oil caught and in a second the whole area was a blaze of fire. The wagon burned, the supplies burned, but most importantly the troll near the wagon caught fire.

As the flames surrounded Rags, the troll screamed a scream of pure fear. He had been touched by the licking flames before, when he was younger, and all the familiar sights and smells of that dreadful day came rushing back. Rocky heard his brother cry for help and ran even faster to help his kin, but a thick wall of fire grew up before him, blocking his rescue attempt. Rocky could hear his brothers' screams but could not see him through the growing flames. Even though his fear of going through the rest of his life without Rags was too big for him to imagine, his inbred fear of fire was not. There was nothing Rocky could do for Rags, as there was nothing Rags could do for Rocky, who, in his total disregard for his own safety, had forgotten totally about the human with the sword. He was quickly reminded when the flash of steel came into view and he realized something was approaching him from behind.

Turning quickly, Rocky saw the armed human standing before him, sword at the ready, thick greenish blood oozing from the blade. Over the humans' head Rocky could see the now lifeless body of Popper and a new fear registered in his mind, the fear of death. Still holding the huge bone, Rocky took a quick glance back at the smoldering remains of his brother and he felt the pain of his total loss, the deep feeling of anger and, even more, the deep subconscious emotion of revenge.

The armed human took a quick look at the fire that blocked the trolls' escape. The flames were spreading and within moments the entire area would be engulfed in the searing heat. Realizing that two other kegs of oil were yet to be ignited and were sitting directly within the fires' path, the warrior felt that if he could just hold off this last troll, who was standing on the oil-soaked ground right next to an unbroken oil keg, he might still be alive to tell this tale tomorrow.

Rocky switched his boney club from his left hand to his right and swung it a few times to keep the human away from him for a bit. He needed to think. Popper was dead, his own brother was barbecuing behind him, and the heat from the approaching fire was beginning to blister his backside. Although he was darn near twice the size of the puny human before him, Rocky knew that in close combat the human still had the advantage as long as he held the sword in his hand. After all, the human did succeed in slaying Popper, and Popper had a hell of a lot more experience in dealing with armed humans. This was to be Rockys' first time, and, he hoped, not his last.

When the fire flared up, the oil soaked human ran away from the flames in hopes of getting clear of the fire and to remove the clothes that would ignite if brought too close to the flames. A slight smile came to his lips as he heard the screams coming from the roasting troll, then the smell of his burning flesh came to him quickly causing his stomach to turn over, and in seconds the human was spilling his guts out, for the stench of burning trolls is not an appetizing aroma, for that is the way of the trolls.

Rocky suddenly found himself wishing that none of tonights' events had ever happened and he thought about those care-free days gone by that were filled with memories of he and his brother spending their time smashing goblins for fun. He was brought back to the present when the second keg of oil exploded, causing the ground to shake and sending bits of fire everywhere, but mostly causing the armed human to lose his footing and fall backward to the ground.

Rocky reacted quickly. Rushing up on the stunned human, he delivered a massive blow to the human with his club and then started to kick and claw at the wounded man. Finally, after a series of blows to the humans' chest, the sword dropped from his grasp and fell harmlessly to the ground. Rocky never noticed this though, and continued to pound away at the pile of human mush that was beginning to resemble some form of waste product. Still Rocky struck at the now dead human, delivering blow after blow with his mighty club, all the while oblivious to the timely return of the fire starting human.

After stripping down to just his trousers, the human returned in time to observe two things. One, the big troll was making mincemeat of his friend, and two,, the first troll was beginning to move again, even with one arm gone and a mortal wound to its' chest. Noting that time was of the essence here, the human slipped over to the last remaining keg of oil and opened the pour spout, then, with one mighty kick, he sent the keg down to the last standing troll, who was caught totally off guard and knocked to the ground by the heavy keg. Striking the flint again, the human sent a trail of fire after the keg which continued past the stunned troll and on to the regenerating troll who was rising.

The keg exploded with such force as to cause all those in the area to fall helplessly to the ground, and, like the second keg, sent bits of fire in every