

echoes of the hills

## CLAN SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, JULY 25TH, NOON:

WARLORD'S BATTLE- (COOL IDEA, IM!) WARLORDS VERSUS THE WORLD IN AN intense NO-HOLDS-BARRED, NO MAGIC, ARMOR-CLANKING SLUGFEST. DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO MATCH UP WITH THE BEST FIGHTERS IN THE GAME? AS A WARLORD, MATCH YOUR SKILL AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS!

THURSDAY, JULY 25TH, 2PM:

WOMEN'S TOURNEY- KNIGHT OF THE SWORD, BOOTS, SPONSORS THE WOMEN'S TOURNEY WHICH BRINGS SOME OF THE BEST FEMALE FIGHTERS FROM ACROSS THE KINGDOMS TO ONE PLACE TO FIGHT IT OUT.

FRIDAY, JULY 26TH, NOON:

GOOD VERSUS EVIL BATTLEGAME- THE RETURN OF A CLASSIC. ARE YOU THE DEFENDER OF TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE DREAM? OR ARE YOU BENT ON CONQUEST AND THE RUTHLESS SUBJUGATION OF ALL TO YOUR WILL? (REMEMBER! JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE EVIL DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T HAVE DECORUM AND A SENSE OF STYLE, RIGHT IRONPAW? ;)) PICK YOUR SIDE AND FIGHT FOR LIGHT OR DARK IN THIS FULL CLASS BATTLEGAME.

FRIDAY BURNING LANDS COURT AT ABOUT DUSK  
STATIONARY BARDIC AT ARCHON'S SITE AFTER COURT

FRIDAY AT AROUND 11:00PM THERE WILL BE A 6.1 VIEWING AND DISCUSSION WITH A IRISH COFFEE PARTY IN ARCHON CAMP.

SATURDAY, JULY 27TH, NOON:

KNIGHT'S TOURNEY- AMTGARD'S PEERAGE ENGAGES IN A TOURNAMENT TO DECIDE WHO IS THE BEST OF THE BEST. BRING YOUR WEAPONS, YOUR SKILLS, AND YOUR HONOR!

SATURDAY, JULY 26TH, 2PM:

FOREST WAR- HE BROUGHT YOU FOREST WAR. HE BROUGHT YOU FOREST WAR II. HE BROUGHT YOU FOREST WAR III. HE BROUGHT YOU...WELL, YOU GET THE PICTURE! HE'S BACK WITH ANOTHER FUN, TRASH-TALKIN' SCENARIO THAT MIGHT JUST END UP WITH US LAUGHING WITH HIM ALL OVER AGAIN. DON'T MISS FOREST WAR VIII!

SATURDAY POSSIBLE BL-BOD MEETING AS REQUIRED TO TALK ABOUT FUTURE KINGDOM PROSPECTS. INTER KINGDOM COURT AT DUSK SITE NOT YET KNOWN PLEASE R.S.V.P. SO WE KNOW HOW MANY TO SIT AND SET UP A LIST AND SEATING ORDER. PLEASE NO KNIGHTINGS AT IK COURT IF YOU WISH YOU MAY ANNOUNCE THE NEW KNIGHTS IN COURT, BUT NO KNIGHTING THERE.

SATURDAY NIGHT TRAVELING BARDIC

AS FOR REEVES, IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO VOLUNTEER TO REEVE ANY OF THESE GAMES, LET ME KNOW. IN ORDER TO MAKE SURE WE ARE ON THE SAME PAGE, THERE WILL BE REEVES MEETINGS AT 11AM ON THURSDAY AND 1PM ON FRIDAY AT THE ARCHON CAMP. IF YOU DON'T COME TO THE REEVES MEETING YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO REEVE. SORRY, COORDINATION IS IMPORTANT.

# Tanglewood Forest

*. A Private Event Site and Recreational Area*

*Tanglewood Forest is a privately owned event site located near Corsicana, TX, dedicated to recreational camping and Live Action Role Playing Games*

*We welcome inquiries from other organizations looking to hold events here. Tanglewood Forest is the perfect place to host Paint Ball, S.C.A., and of course all Amtgard events.*

*Tanglewood Forest is leased by Amtgard, Kingdom of the Emerald Hills. Management is through the Royal Grounds Keepers, who may be contacted at [rgk@tanglewoodforest.org](mailto:rgk@tanglewoodforest.org), or contact Ewen McFadden/ David Hall at (972) 686-7755.*

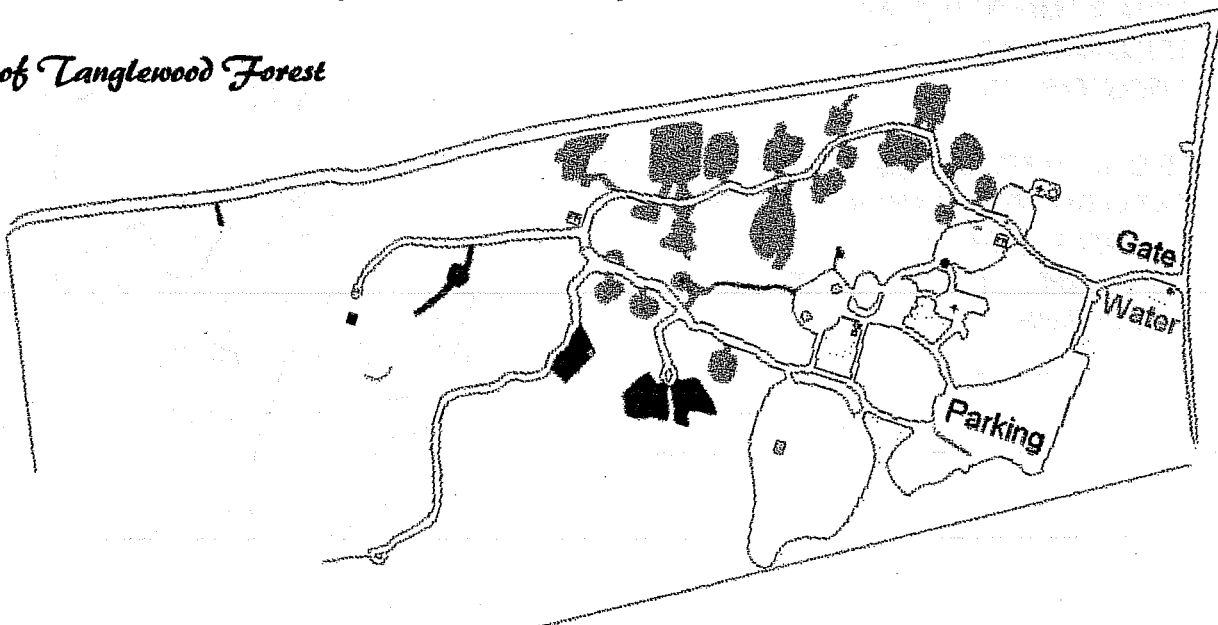
## *Why choose Tanglewood Forest?*

- *Heavily wooded area adds perfect element for fantasy role-play as well as being perfectly suited for Paint Ball action.*
- *24 hour lighted tournament/trench field with viewing area*
- *Large battlefield*
- *Court area and Feast preparation area*
- *Merchant's Row*
- *Ample parking*
- *Well cleared and maintained campsites*
- *Water available on site, just bring a container*
- *Army corps of Engineers park with public shower facilities only 5 miles away; \$3 or \$4 per car load*

*Think of Tanglewood Forest when planning your next event or gathering*

*Visit the Tanglewood Forest web page at [www.tanglewoodforest.org](http://www.tanglewoodforest.org)*

*Map of Tanglewood Forest*



**YOU'LL GASP IN AMAZEMENT WHEN YOU SEE THE ACTUAL BIRTH OF PUNY SARACENS, BROUGHT TO LIFE IN AN INSTANT FORMULA SO HIGHLY PERFECTED, THEY ARE GUARANTEED TO GROW. OVER A HALF MILLION PEOPLE OF ALL AGES HAVE TESTED IT... AND TO THEIR DELIGHT IT WORKED! NOW THESE LIVELY NEW MINI PESTS CAN BE YOURS!**


**RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME A SARACEN CIRCUS!**  
**IMAGINE THE FUN OF OWNING A WHOLE TUMBLING, HAPPY**  
**TROUPE OF SARACENS. THEY ARE SO EAGER TO PLEASE, THEY**  
**EASILY LEARN TO OBEY YOUR COMMANDS. WE TEACH YOU HOW TO**  
**MAKE THEM DANCE TO MUSIC, LOOP THE LOOP, AND MUCH, MUCH**  
**MORE!**

**WATCH AN AMAZING MIRACLE!**  
**YOUR SARACENS WILL ARRIVE SAFELY IN UNHEARD OF "TIME CAPSULE" EGGS THAT LIVE FOR TWENTY YEARS, YET, JUST ADD BOOZE AND IN SECONDS THE LOOPIEST PESTS YOU HAVE EVER SEEN HATCH ALIVE AND START TO SWOON EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE JUST BABIES! BEST OF ALL YOU GET BOTH SEXES, SO WHEN THEY ARE FULLY GROWN YOU CAN BREED MORE TO GIVE AS GIFTS OR EVEN SELL IF YOU WISH!**  
**GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!**

**NOTE. SARACENS ARE SO EASY TO HANDLE AND RAISE BY ANYONE.  
YOU GET A UNIQUE GUARANTEE GOOD FOR A LIFETIME THAT  
INSURES YOU FREE REPLACEMENT OF THESE PROFITABLE PESTS,  
FOREVER!**

**FREE WITH EACH ORDER YOU GET A MAGNIFICENT, FULLY ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, TRICKS, TRAINING, AND AMAZING LIFE HISTORY OF SARACENS, A FIFTH OF CAPTAIN MORGAN'S, AND A FULL ONE YEAR SUPPLY OF SPECIAL SARACEN GROWTH FOOD TO FEED YOUR FANTASTIC PESTS. REMEMBER, SARACENS ARE GUARANTEED TO MULTIPLY OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

**TO ORDER RUSH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND ONLY ONE GOLD PIECE, PLUS ONE SILVER PIECE FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING. DO NOT WAIT!!!!**

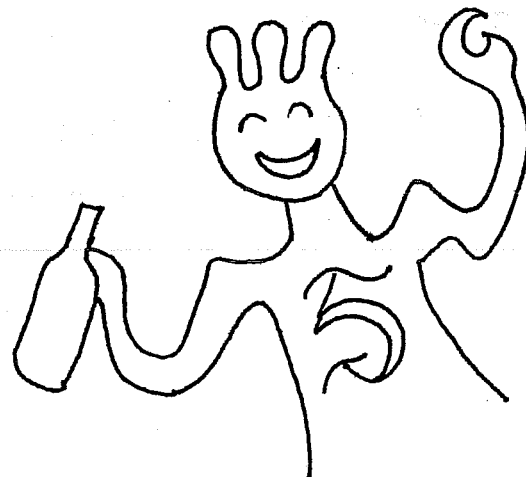


WITHIN SECONDS OF APPLYING YOU'LL FEEL YOUR  
IRON-HIDE ROT AWAY LEAVING YOU WITH ONLY THE  
TENDER PINK SKIN UNDERNEATH.  
EXPOSES NERVE ENDINGS ENABLING YOU TO FEEL  
MORE!

TOTALLY CONFIDENTIAL

**COMPLETELY AMTGARD LEGAL!**

CITY STATE





Greetings to all!

I've created a new ezboard Online Community called The Serpent's Den that will hopefully be used to communicate across Amtgard all of the tips and tricks of all things Cultural in the game.

This is a joint venture between Stormie and myself. We'll be using it as an online meeting place for discussing Cultural Events, entries, judging and anything else cultural.

The ezboard is very simple to use. When you go to The Serpent's Den, you first see the main ezboard screen, which will show you all the forums. Just click on one to join the discussion. If you want to post something, you can click on **NEW TOPIC** (which starts a new conversation), or click on one of the existing conversations (threads) and hit **ADD REPLY** to make your own comment about a particular topic.

If you need more help, there is a **[ HELP ]** link (upper right corner) that has a lot of useful information.

If you register, you get to have a lot of neat little personal options, like your own custom signature, your own little icon, your own personal home page link, and many other neat features. Remember, none of your information (email, etc) is ever given out without your permission.

Here is a link to The Serpents Den:

<http://pub5.ezboard.com/btheserpantsden>

we've already had an outstanding response to this!!

I'm eager to hear your comments and suggestions, hope to see you online!

In service,

Sir Raz DeKinky  
Captain by Tournament  
Corsairs of Asgard

## MY GAME, MY RULES

by Squire Darkangel bin R'al

"It's just a game."

I hate that phrase. It doesn't piss me off that you say it. Maybe you're new to the game, and you haven't come to understand. Maybe you're old to the game and jaded enough to tell yourself that. Maybe you're somewhere in between, and you haven't figured out yet how you feel about anything. Amtgard is not just a game. The people on the field are not game tokens, and at the end of the day, Amtgard doesn't go back into the box to be placed on the shelf. Amtgard is about real people doing really cool things. It's about pretend, too. But saying Amtgard is "just a game" is like saying a birthday cake is just dessert. Saying "it's just a game" is a way of selling apathy, cynicism, too-cool-ness, and lack of responsibility. If you think that because something is "just a game," that excuses you to be an unsocialized, juvenile jackass who ignores how your behavior affects others and that in your recreation you are somehow immune from judgment for being what you are, tell that to the ten-year-old kid who is crying after soccer because the other team cheated and the referee didn't care.

Amtgard is about a Dream. About a what? Not one dream, but a dream of dreams. It can be a perfect day at the park, with a sword in your hand and the wind blowing just right. It can be a bardic by firelight, both magical and tangible, indescribable and immediate. Drunkenness and debauchery can be a Dream for someone living an uncomfortably prosaic life. The recognition of your friends and associates for years of diligence and caring can be a Dream. Some Dream up quests, stories, wars, sagas, entire histories of elsewhere and elsewhere. There are places where Dreams like that can grow together, like a garden that appears at a crossroads on the full moon, offering possibilities for life to grow upwards and outwards, pushing with its tendrils to Be, to Make, and to Remember. There are places like that. Amtgard should be about places like that. Maybe it's not, maybe it won't be. But I believed it was, I believe it can be, I strive to make it so. And if I ever believed it couldn't be, I'd have to confess I didn't see the point. That's why I joined Amtgard, and that's why I stayed with it. Not just for a good time, but for a life of good times, good friends, and grand adventures, all fodder for stories to be told.

Amtgard is fun. What is fun? Excitement is fun. Joy is fun. Learning is fun. Pleasure is fun. I think we can agree that Amtgard has to be fun, or it fails as a past-time. Is it fun to argue over interpretations of rules? Is it fun to never know if there will be a feast or not, or even a site for an event? Is it fun for people to cheat their way into positions of authority? Those things suck. That's when you have to impose order. Imposing order means using authority, and there is only one kind of authority: the power gained through cooperation. So in imposing order, it has to be something we agree on, otherwise it's not fun. Amtgard is fundamentally democratic. Our government is democratic, and our society is self-selected. People are in Amtgard because they want to be, and they stop being in Amtgard if they don't want to be. Amtgard thus depends on harmonious government. We're a club. We may be "just a game," but mis-management will screw us up as badly as any other group. We'll get just as angry as anyone when people lie, cheat, dominate, obfuscate, waste, flaunt, or abuse. No one wants to be cheated out of a good time, or prevented from learning something new by hostile people. That's not fun. And if Amtgard stops being fun, it will vanish like that moonlit crossroads, and then Amtgard really will be a Dream... and only a Dream. Something that was fun, but was ruined or discarded or neglected, an orphaned and despised Dream.

People don't join Amtgard to be harassed, to be denigrated, to be maliciously manipulated, or to be built up for disappointment. When we let that happen, I think we've failed as human beings. That's a thing about real life. Everyone has different ideas about what is right or wrong. But cultures can flourish only when people adopt ethics that support cooperation. So while you and I may not agree on what is right and what is wrong, I think we can agree on what will help Amtgard or hurt it, if we can agree on what Amtgard is supposed to be. But can we do that?

Amtgard is not one dream, it's many dreams. Amtgard isn't something that belongs to one person, it's something shared by many people. So when you prevent someone else from living their Dream, you're making Amtgard less a place where Dreams flourish, and it may end up being just a place. Maybe your Dreams will be brushed aside, too. Then won't you feel like a asshole? So for Amtgard to work, for culture to work, for society to work, I think we need to agree that what is best, is what will allow each of us to pursue what we believe is best.

That said, the place where Amtgard lives is in your heart. That is the place you will find a magic crossroads, if you put it there. And Amtgard will live because people like you won't let people who don't love Amtgard bring you down. And Amtgard will die if you believe it no longer matters. You are Amtgard. You have a Dream, and your Dream will live only if you are there to carry it. It will die without you. It will live, if only in a flicker, as long you carry it.

Not everyone was meant to be an Amtgarder. But I think a greater share of those who were, started off as people who needed something to be. Something to be, that wouldn't make them less them. Some place fun. But someplace they could challenge and perfect themselves. Someplace, where it would matter how they thought things should be done. Someplace, where they could make things happen. Amtgard is sort of like a training camp for geeks. You start off an aimless, ill-fitting geek. With luck, you'll come out a highly motivated, well-liked geek with many strengths who really enjoys what life has to offer. Not everyone goes through such a radical transformation. Amtgard certainly owes a lot to its experienced, elder geeks, who joined Amtgard with experience already in hand, ready to lead the way for the rest of us.

I think that's why knighthood speaks to so many of us. It's a metaphor for the forging of the geek spirit. The knight-squire relationship is a metaphor for the establishment of friendship through respect, teaching, and familiarity. And one day, the squire hopes to become a knight, and

have a squire of their own. It's like the parent-child relationship, in that it's about love. But it's unlike it, in that it's not about dependence, it's about love freely given between friends. It's something chosen.

So why would someone choose Amtgard? Because it's "just a game" and if it doesn't go the way you like it to, you can toss the pieces back in the box and do something else? Or because it's a game, that possess a culture, that creates a society, that encompasses friendship? Because Amtgard is an organization devoted to fun, capable of establishing the order needed to protect it's unique brand of fun. Amtgard requires a culture willing to look forward, to see something more than your own win/loss ratio or your Awards or your opportunity to beat people on a weekly basis. It has to continue. Fun has to have a future. And Amtgard must be at least as attractive as real life: it must provide fun, relaxation, stimulation, justice, change, continuity.

That's why fair play means something. That's why awards and titles are important. That's why rules need to be clear and easily adhered to. That's why officers need to be responsible and people of influence need to be honest. Because if that isn't true, Amtgard stops being fun. That's why we create things, we invest them with meaning, we cherish them, we treat them with honor.

I've had too much fun to walk away without a fight. If you spoil my fun, I'll fight you in the mud, muck, and fire for a year if I have to, because I'll wager that year on the fun I've had so far and against the fun I plan to have for the many years after. I think I can win against someone who isn't fun and doesn't have fun. I have a reason to give my energy. I've been in Amtgard long enough to know what will last and what will fail, who can hurt me and who will only hurt themselves. I have every reason to fight tooth and nail for a club I love, to be ethical to my friends and enemies, to care about honor for the righteous and shame for the wicked, to encourage creativity, growth, and refinement, and to shine a light on anyone I can. If Amtgard benefits, I benefit. If Amtgard loses, I lose.

Is Amtgard just a game? Well, so is poker. Let's sit down and play sometime. For money. Now is it just a game?

Amtgard is fun, exercise, friendship, fantasy and medieval enthusiasm, pageantry, philosophy, art, revelry, and challenge. All those things are real. If I let Amtgard lose, I lose those things. I like those things. I like this game.

I love Amtgard. L. O. V. E. Love. Amtgard.

Is your job "just a job?" The kind where you don't care about how well you do, whether what you do matters, what other people think of you? I'd hate to have a job like that. It's joyless, and insofar as it's pointless, it's going to be unpleasant. Sure, you take home a nice paycheck. And Amtgard will most likely, be there week after week, for you to beat people at. But somebody has to run that company, and somebody has to run Amtgard, or there will be no paychecks, and there will be no Amtgard. Every person in that company has a job to do, and if you do it badly, the company suffers, and if it suffers enough, no more just-a-paychecks for you. People in Amtgard have roles. If all you want to do is beat people with foam, you need to do it well. That means practicing, not only for your own improvement but for safety. That means knowing and following the rules, and cooperating with the people who are generous enough with their time to attempt to enforce them. That means being nice and helpful to people who want to join. That means not driving off the people who do. Beating people with foam requires a lot of other things besides a killer pair of sunglasses and a sword. It takes Amtgard, and all the things that keep it running. Your super thrust is no good without someone to practice it on. If you're just a fighter, you need to give to the game you benefit from, not just enjoy the benefits of membership.

Of course, getting people to participate in combat requires a hook. Amtgard is not the only game out there. To get people to fight, it helps if they're interested in many things. So helping out on quests will raise the enthusiasm level of role-players, some of whom will fight, which improves the fighting. So really, it's in your best interest to help in any way you can with anyone related to Amtgard's well-being, in any sphere. Because every sphere is a recruiting pool for your own personal interest, and you need recruits to keep a club thriving. All of this is facilitated by people being friends. To be a friend, you should be nice, generous, honest, courteous, fun, helpful, reliable, loyal and a lot of other things.

That's excellence. Knights weren't just soldiers: they were soldiers who carried themselves in a way they considered right, fighting for causes they considered right. At least, the good ones. The others were privileged thugs. Privilege depends on an underclass who provide the benefits of privilege. Thuggery provides the mechanism for extracting it. Privileged thugs can only exist in societies, but like a plague, can easily destroy their hosts. The smartest of the bad ones don't stick around long: they don't belong to society, they just steal from it and move on, like thieves in the night. The dumb ones are parasites, too short-sighted to understand not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Chivalry exists to defend us against those users and abusers. Chivalry has its institutions, but the spirit of chivalry is something that belongs to humanity. Us versus them, good versus evil, hope versus despair, right versus wrong, life, versus surrender. Chivalry is an expression of the life force. Chivalry is culture's way of battling privileged thugs.

So that's why I say, "It's not just a game. It's my game."

Recognize that joy is a fragile flower. Recognize that the most delicate things must sometimes be defended with the hardest steel.

Rather than say, "It's just a game," what would it be like if people said, "It's at least a game?" Rather than say what it's not, why not talk about what it could yet be? Two people and one checkerboard is a game. Ten thousand people arguing over who is out and who is in, who is right and who is wrong, that is a society. The force that provides the answers is our culture. Our culture, yours and mine.

# Kiss of the Flame

## Part One

Sweat rolled off her forehead, stinging chocolate colored eyes as she lifted a dirty sleeve and casually wiped it across her black smudged forehead. Purposefully, her gloved hand lowered to dip the glowing rod into the cooling waters again. The liquid hissed in protest, fumes and smoke wafting into the air like a wraith drifting up past her tilted head as she removed it and peered at it with a trained eye. Booted feet stepped back and spun, thrusting it back into the furnace. She moved to another of the unusual rods removing it from the fire's heated breath, staking to her large anvil, laying it down upon the surface, and tightening her grip as she took up her mallet again and began to pound away.

Clink...clink clink....clink....

The rhythm of her strokes reverberated through the air as she struck steadily at the red substance. Feminine muscles, finely honed by the work she does, bucked and bulged under her supple flesh with each stroke.

Clink...clink clink....Clink...clink clink

The sound of the hammer danced its way into the ears of passersby in the Shire she called home. Ebon locks, damp with her body's water, slid and hung limply over her shoulder as she slaved away on the very same sword that had been her project for nearly ten years now. The material had finally taken to the shape of a flat blade giving way under her continuous beatings.

Again the hammer rose, hurling downwards like an avenging angel striking the blade, whipping it into submission with each careful plummet of her mallet. Sighing heavily, she set the hammer to the side and picked up the blade, testing the balance and nodding to herself as she moved to dip it into the murky, blackened-water trough. Steam hissed and spit up at her, complaining, as the blade's intense heat once again broke into its liquid form. Lifting the blade she spun and jabbed it deeply into the heart of the burning coals. Leaving it be for now, she took up her small shovel and fed the hungry heat, stoking it to a higher existence. The heat, blazing now as volcano, threatened to burn her if she stood too close for long. Stepping back

from the hearth, she turned towards the stash of metals and woods she had assembled off to the side and began to pick through them carefully. Her slender, calloused, gloved hands took up a nicely shaped piece of what looked to be wood as she eyed it, assessing its strengths and weaknesses. She twirled it about, looking at every notch, every grain, before using her teeth to remove one of the blackened smith gloves. She lovingly ran her feminine fingers across the surface, whispering a prayer of thanks giving to Michael, the arch angel, and to the Lady Brigid, of Ireland, for helping her to choose the right piece for the pommel of this most unusual blade she was forging. The black ash would do nicely when encased with a strong metal to support the fine sword she was creating. The task had started two years prior when she had been given the strange red jewel-like substance from her Dwarven foster father. His words, to this day, still rang in her ears. "If in anyone can make this into a blade it would be ye chil'. We have kept this stuff safe and secret for centuries trying to find ways to make it forge and to no avail...mayhap you will do the vera thing that we could not being as ye are blessed by your god."

When it had been placed into her hands, she had gasped at the weight of it and thought it to be a ruby. "Surely this is the largest ruby I have seen. I know that you can forge a ruby why not this one?"

Squinting eyes peered up at her as he whispered. "Tis aint Ruby girl...it is what we call Red Aean, that there is harder than a diamond..and from what studies we done, damned near indestructible. Tis why we have tried to forge it, but the damned thing is unbendable, but, if ye can, then do so and give it to only one who is worthy of such a device.."

To be continued.....



# Little Red Healer Sash

By K'tai bin R'al

Once upon a time, in the modest duchy of Midnight Sun, there lived a cheerful little girl who was always called "Little Red Healer Sash". This was not her real name, of course. But her mother was a Healer, well-known in Midnight Sun, and she wore a red sash as the mark of her trade.

When the girl was very young, Mother made her a little red sash of her very own, and the little girl was so delighted that she was never seen without it. And soon all her neighbors simply called her "Little Red Healer Sash".

One morning, Mother received a letter from the Duke. The nearby shire of IronCloud had fallen victim to a mysterious illness, and several of its citizens were too weak to work or even walk. The sheriff of IronCloud hoped that Mother could make them all better.

Mother was worried when she saw the letter. She wanted to go help the people in IronCloud, but she did not want to leave the people in Midnight Sun without a Healer if they got sick. So she sat down and wrote a letter to her friend Tigara Silverstar, a grumpy but good-natured elf who lived in the woods nearby.

Tigara was a Healer too, and while Mother knew Tigara would not want to go to IronCloud, she hoped that the elf would not mind staying in town for a while so that she could go.

When she was done writing the letter, she put it in an envelope, and put the envelope in a basket along with some beeswax and dried herbs, then called for her daughter.

"I need you to do Mother a very big favour," Mother said to Little Red Healer Sash. "I need you to take this basket, which has beeswax and herbs and a very important letter in it, and go to Tigara's house in the woods. Stay to the roads, and don't dawdle on the way. I want you to be home before dark. Okay?"

"Yes, Mother," said Little Red Healer Sash. She had been to Tigara's house many times, and knew the roads by heart. And Tigara often had fresh bread or cookies waiting for her, so she was eager for a chance to visit. She took the basket and set off at once.

But even though Little Red Healer Sash was a very good girl and minded her mother most of the time, it was so hard for her to stick to the road. There were flowers to pick, and squirrels to chase till they ran up a tree, and lovely purple berries that Mother could make into jam.

By the time Little Red Healer Sash remembered her errand, she was well off the road, so that she could not find it again. While the woods were not a frightening place to be, she knew she would be late finding Tigara's house, and Mother would give her a scolding and a spanking. Afraid and sad, she began crying.

It so happened that Nevron was in the woods that day, and he heard Little Red Healer Sash crying. He was very tempted to take his dagger and stab the little girl in the back - he'd had a bad day, and slaughtering innocents always made him feel better - but he knew the Justicars were sparring not far away, and if she screamed, they might hear her and come after him. So, he decided, he would have fun with her in another way.

"Well, now," he said quietly as he approached. "What seems to be the matter here?"

Little Red Healer Sash had heard many stories about Nevron and the evil he had done, but she did not recognize him, and thus did not know to be afraid. Sniffling, she told him about the errand she had been sent on, and how she had gotten lost.

"I'm taking a letter and some beeswax and herbs to Mother's friend Tigara. If I was on the road, I would know where to go, but now I'm so lost. And

now I will be late getting there and late getting home, and Mother will give me a spanking."

Nevron suddenly got an idea. He smiled and spoke warmly. "Why, now, you're not very far from the road at all. In fact, I was stopping by to see Tigara myself. Follow me and I'll show you where the road is." Little Red Healer Sash did not know any better, and followed him willingly. And true to his word, he led her to one of the many roads that ran through the woods. She was delighted, and hugged him around the knees.

"Thank you, sir. Now I can find Tigara's house!"

"You're welcome. In fact, let's have a race to see who will get there first. Since my legs are longer than yours, I'll give you a head start. You start running, and I'll count to ten before I start running. Okay?" "Okay!" And Little Red Healer Sash was off like a shot, her sash trailing behind her.

But Nevron did not count to ten. Instead, he Teleported instantly to Tigara's house and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" Tigara yelled angrily. She was busy making a new batch of salve, and did not like being disturbed.

"It's Little Red Healer Sash," Nevron called, straining his voice so it sounded like a little girl's.

The voice didn't sound quite right to Tigara. She began to prepare a Stun spell.

"The door's unlocked. Come in," she yelled when she was ready. Nevron burst in immediately, and was able to kill Tigara before she finished casting.

He barely had enough time to hide the body and disguise himself with one of her cloaks before there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" Nevron said, trying to sound like Tigara.

"It's Little Red Healer Sash! Mother has sent you a letter and some herbs and beeswax!" the voice came through the door.

"What a lovely surprise! The door's unlocked - come in!" Nevron said. Little Red Healer Sash opened the door and stepped inside. She looked at the pot on the stove, and stared nervously at the person wearing Tigara's cloak and putting herbs into the pot.

"Tigara, why are you wearing a cloak while making salve?"

"My dear, it is because I was so very cold this morning. I haven't warmed up yet."

"Tigara, why are you putting a poisonous herb like dragon's blood into a salve?"

"My dear, it is because this salve is for people I don't like very much."

"Tigara, when did you get all that blood on your athame?"

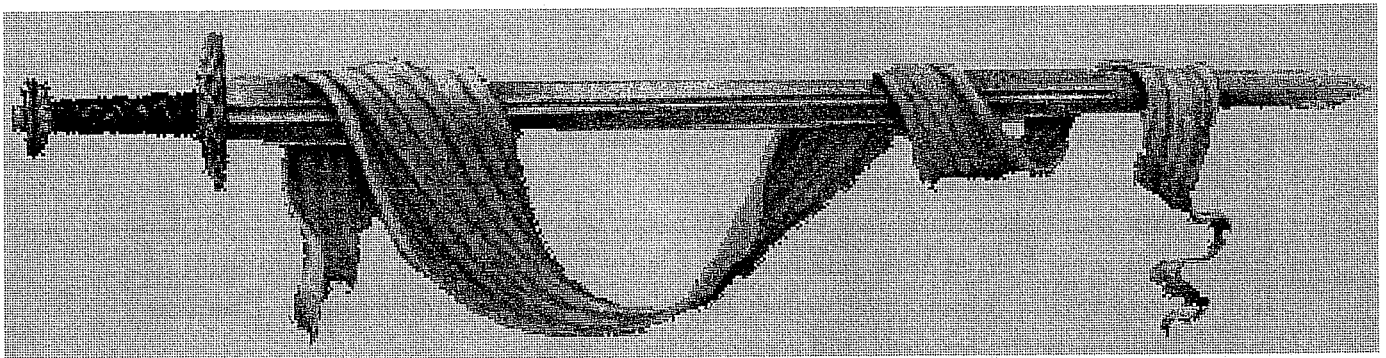
"My dear, it was the last time a little girl asked me too many questions!"

Nevron threw off the hood of the cloak and lunged at Little Red Healer Sash with his dagger. He would have gotten her, too, but he got all tangled up in the cloak. And as he struggled to get loose, a huge fireball shot through the open door and struck him dead.

Soon after, the Justicars themselves filed into the little house. They found that Little Red Healer Sash was all right, and after a little bit of looking, Rath was able to find and resurrect Tigara. So Tigara got the letter and the herbs and beeswax after all, and filled Little Red Healer Sash's basket with cookies and a pot of salve (real salve, not the stuff Nevron had tainted), and Brennon teleported Little Red Healer Sash back home to her Mother, and she was always very careful to be a good girl and mind her mother after that.

THE END

Bring your **B**anners.  
Bring your **A**rrogance.  
Bring your **B**eadliest.  
Cause you're gonna need 'em!



Are you **BAD** enough for  
**World Banner Wars III?**

Hosted by the Knights of the Emerald Hills  
October 10 - 13th, 2002  
Tanglewood Forest, Silver City, Texas

Champion shall hold the World Title, all banners and bragging rights!  
Come take the Title, if you can, if you're **BAD** enough,  
from last year's Winner, The Justicars.

Event fee is \$10.00 at the gate to include feast and all activities.

We've heard your talk, but talk is cheap.  
Do you have what it takes to be the best of the best?  
Then field a team and put your Banner up for grabs!

# If you wanna be **IBAD**, you gotta know the rules

The Battle for the Banners will take place on Saturday at 2 p.m. sharp.

Kingdom, Company and Household teams must be ready  
to defend their lives, their banners and their sacred honor.

This is a single elimination battlegame tournament so the final winner takes all.

## Participation Rules

- ◆ Each team must have at least 10 and no more than 18 people.
- ◆ No more than one of any given spellcasting class per team.
- ◆ Each person may only play on one team.
- ◆ Each team must contribute two Reeves to assist when their team is not on the field.
- ◆ Each team must field at least one banner. Game Banners must be a minimum of 2 feet x 3 feet with a 3 inch pole pocket on at least one side. Additionally, Banners must clearly bear the insignia and name of the Team.
- ◆ Banners become permanent bragging trophies for the winner (so don't bring your \$200 banner to this fight).

## Scenario Fighting Rules

- ◆ The Banner War is a one-life (last life) single elimination battlegame tournament. Only two teams compete at a time.
- ◆ Lives reset for each round.
- ◆ No mass spells (Sleep, Wind, Doomsday...).
- ◆ Banners won in early rounds can be lost in later rounds.
- ◆ No monsters (reincarnation, transform, lich...).

## How you know if you're so **IBAD** you've won

- ◆ You hold the opposing team's banner for 7 minutes or the opposing team has no remaining lives.

## Rules Rape

Check with Warcrat Sir Logan (Logan@Griffonss.com) before attempting your favorite rules rape (He can keep a secret, honest). We want the games to go as smoothly as possible. If you try something funny and don't check with the Warcrat beforehand, it's on your head. All EH (<http://www.amtgard-eh.com/library>) and IRCA (<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/IRCAList>) rulings will be in effect.

## Tournaments

'cause bein' **WAB** in war just isn't enough

*Should you, your Company or Household wish to host a tournament please contact Sir Infinity Nighthawk (infinity\_nighthawk@hotmail.com). Tournaments can be serious, goofy or just plain fun. Every tournament must have an outline and some type of prize.*

## Craft Workshops

from people who're not so **WAB** at doin' stuff

*Should you or your Company or Household wish to host a workshop please contact Sir Oreo (squireoreo@msn.com) with a proposal, and, no, that kind of proposal will get you nowhere, probably. These workshops should be free to the participants and should result in the participants having a craft item to take home.*

## Schedule of **WAB** ass events

### Thursday

Noon

Site Opens

### Friday

7:00 pm

Tournaments

11:00 pm

Tournaments end

11:30 pm

Anti-Bardic — bring your least Amtgard related songs and stories.

### Saturday

10:00 am

Tournaments  
Craft Workshops

Noon

Tournaments end

2:00 pm

Banner War

5:00 pm

Tournaments  
Workshops close

6:00 pm

Tournaments end

6:30 pm

Feast and the Courtless Court

8:00 pm

Craft Workshops

9:00 pm

Tournaments

11:00 pm

Tournaments end  
Workshops close

11:30 pm

Big **WAB** Bardic

### Sunday

1:00 pm

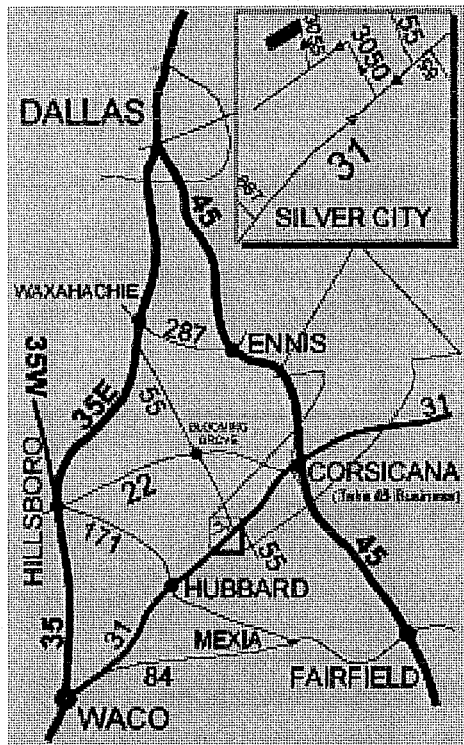
site closes,  
You'll find alot of your hosts  
and friends at the local  
Golden Corral

### The **WAB** News: Disclaimer

Schedule and rules still tentative as of press time. While the overall schedule and rules have been determined (i.e. we promise not to start on Wednesday), the autocrats reserve the right to change details to suit need, convenience and whim.

For definitive and timely information,  
visit the World Banner Wars III website at  
<http://www.worldbannerwars.com/>

# If you're gonna be **IBAD** enough to show up, you better know how to get there.



## From the Dallas area:

Take I45 South to I45 Corsicana Business Exit.

At Hwy 31, veer to the right of the I45 Business overpass and turn

Right on Hwy 31. Take Hwy 31 10 miles beyond Corsicana.

Right on FM 3050 (there will be orange signs at that intersection and 1 mile prior).

Take FM 3050 to first Right on FM 3055 (marked by an orange sign).

Continue until you see our friendly gate duty volunteers.

## From the Austin Area:

Take I-35 North to Hwy. 31 in Waco

Take Hwy. 31 East to FM 3050.

Left onto FM 3050 (there will be orange signs at that intersection and 1 mile prior)

Then take the first Right on FM 3055 (marked by an orange sign).

Continue until you see our friendly gate duty volunteers.

(In general, if you're coming from somewhere other than Dallas or Austin, get to Dallas or Austin and then follow these directions. If you're having trouble finding Dallas or Austin, we suggest [www.expdiametermaps.com](http://www.expdiametermaps.com))

## Tanglewood Forest Outdoor Recreation Facility features:

- ◆ 24 hour lighted trench field for your fighting pleasure.
- ◆ Large battlefield
- ◆ Merchant's Row (if you would like to sell wares, contact Sir Eclipse Blackfire [eclipse@midnightsun.org](mailto:eclipse@midnightsun.org))
- ◆ Ample parking
- ◆ Well cleared and maintained campsites
- ◆ Water available on site, just bring a container.
- ◆ Army Corps of Engineers park with public shower facilities only 5 miles away; \$3 or \$4 per car load.

For general information please contact event coordinator Sir Eclipse Blackfire at [eclipse@midnightsun.org](mailto:eclipse@midnightsun.org)

To volunteer for gate duty please contact Sir Forest Evergreen at [forest.evergreen@attbi.com](mailto:forest.evergreen@attbi.com)

For information about or to volunteer for feast please contact Dame Selka Shadowcat at [selka@perversus.net](mailto:selka@perversus.net)

For information about or to volunteer for security please contact Sir Tunear Subeth at [tunear@corsairs.org](mailto:tunear@corsairs.org)

Or visit the Banner Wars website at <http://www.worldbannerwars.com/>

# CREDITS and THANKS

Cover .....	Art and design by Constanzie
1 <sup>st</sup> page .....	Clan Schedule taken from the Amtgard List
2 <sup>nd</sup> page .....	Tanglewood Forest (advertisement) compiled by Constanzie
3 <sup>rd</sup> page.....	Sea Saracens (funny advertisement) by Constanzie
4 <sup>th</sup> page.....	Serpent's Den (advertisement) submitted by Sir Raz deKinky
5 <sup>th</sup> & 6 <sup>th</sup> pages.....	My Game My Rules (opinion) by Darkangel
7 <sup>th</sup> page .....	Kiss of the Flame Part One (fiction) by Xyalanai
8 <sup>th</sup> & 9 <sup>th</sup> pages.....	Little Red Healer's Sash (fiction) by K'tai Bin R'al
10 <sup>th</sup> - 13 <sup>th</sup> pages..	Banner Wars Brochure by Yoni

The Scribe would like to thank everyone who answered her pushy requests for contributions to this effort.

# CONTENTS

Cover .....	1
1 <sup>st</sup> page .....	1
2 <sup>nd</sup> page .....	1
3 <sup>rd</sup> page .....	1
4 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
5 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
6 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
7 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
8 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
9 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
10 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
11 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
12 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
13 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
14 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
15 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
16 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
17 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
18 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
19 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
20 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
21 <sup>st</sup> page .....	1
22 <sup>nd</sup> page .....	1
23 <sup>rd</sup> page .....	1
24 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
25 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
26 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
27 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
28 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
29 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
30 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
31 <sup>st</sup> page .....	1
32 <sup>nd</sup> page .....	1
33 <sup>rd</sup> page .....	1
34 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
35 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
36 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
37 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
38 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
39 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
40 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
41 <sup>st</sup> page .....	1
42 <sup>nd</sup> page .....	1
43 <sup>rd</sup> page .....	1
44 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
45 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
46 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
47 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
48 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
49 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1
50 <sup>th</sup> page .....	1

The following would like to thank you for your interest in this project and for your contribution to the cause.