

Echoes of the hills



echoes of the hills | v. XXXVI 13 | May 6, 2006 | Régn 36

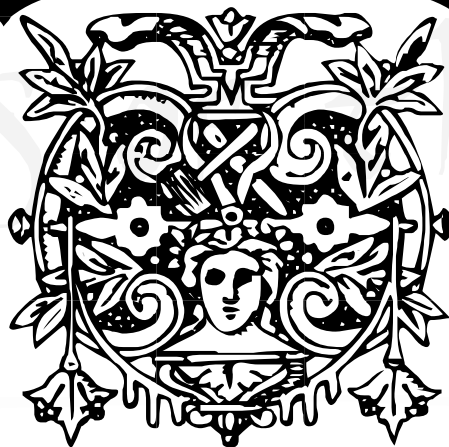


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The Monarchy of Reign XXXVI 2006

Monarch
Regent
Champion [Pro-Tem]
Prime Minister
Treasurer
GM of Reeves
7.0 Rules Committee
Representative

Clio Ninetails
Blaise DeMurray
Sutra Bahuas
Sir Morgan Ironwolf
Elder Vermillon
Rayel Greenholde

Sistar Tolken

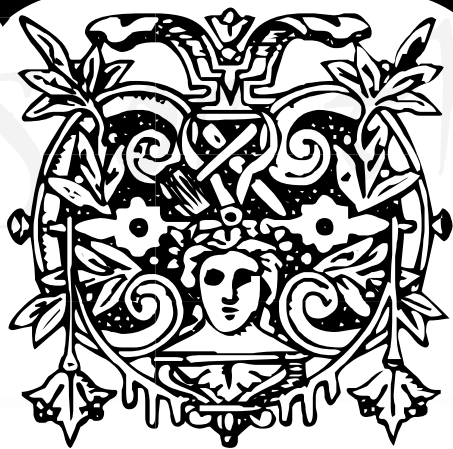
monarch@Amtgard-EH.com
Regent@Amtgard-EH.com
champion@amtgard-eh.com
pm@amtgard-eh.com
treasurer@amtgard-eh.com
gmr@amtgard-eh.com

kidwell@yahoo.com

The Class Guildmasters

Anti-Paladins
Archers
Assassins
Barbarians
Bards
Druids
Healers
Knights
Monks
Monsters
Paladins
Scouts
Warriors
Wizards

Delphos Darkheart
Dante
Delphos Darkheart
Kodiak
Larin Moonstar
Kodiak
Forest Evergreen
Delphos Darkheart
Gabriel
Elder Vermillon
Forest Evergreen
Kenta Redhawk
Draeven Somerstorm
Martello Entropy



The BOD	Mundane Name	Position	Term Expires
Clio Ninetails (Queen)	Samantha Caudill		JUN 2006
Elder Vermillion (TR)	John R. Elder	Treasurer	MAR 2007
Martello Entropy	Aaron Simpson	President	JUN 2006
Sistar Tolken	Kevin Kidwell		JUN 2006
Shef	Kevin Russell		JUN 2006
Dante	Dorian Snider		DEC 2006
Kodiak	Chris Koeberle		DEC 2006

The RGK	Term Expires
Ewen McFadden (Landlord, 972-686-7755)	N/A
Samantha Three Jugs(RGK Selected Seat)	N/A
Elder Vermillion Treasurer/EH BOD Rep/Secretary	BOD Rep
Clio Ninetails (Queen)	JUN 2006
Shamus Green	SEP 2006
Sir D'Okynn	MAR 2007
Sir Wolverine	MAR 2007

Email the RGK at rgk@tanglewoodforest.org

Emerald Hills



*Azure
three hills in base vert
A phoenix, Or*

Amtgard-EH.com Contacts Webmaster

Webmaster@Amtgard-EH.com

Administrator

admin@Amtgard-EH.com

Freehills



*Gules and Vert,
a chevron rayony*



Calendar of Events

May-06

6	Sat	Crown Quals	Tanglewood Park
7	Sun	Crown Quals	Finder's Keep
9	Tue	RGK Meeting	TBA
13	Sat	Crown Elections	All parks
14	Sun	Crown Elections	All parks
20-21	Sat-Sun	Work Weekend	Tanglewood Forest

Jun-06

2-4	Fri-Sun	Wetlands Coronation	Kingdom of the Wetlands
9-11	Fri-Sun	Akon	www.a-kon.com
15-18	Thu-Sun	Rakis	Iron Mountains
23-25	Fri-Sun	EH Coronation XXXVII	Tanglewood Forest

July-06

19-23	Wed-Sun	Clan XXIV	
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Aug-06

17-20	Thurs-Sun	Piratical Sabbitcal	Giddings, TX
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Oct-06

12-15	Thurs-Sun	World Banner Wars VII	Tanglewood Forest
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Message to the Populace

"Dear Emerald Hills,

In addition to going renegade, I've been on a tour of lands to the south. [RP] As no clear heir to the Celestial Kingdom has stepped forward, I claimed those lands to the south in the name of the Emerald Hills until such a time that a true Heir can be found. [/RP]



-Queen Clio Ninetails



Public Notice

Tanglewood Royal Preserve

The park is to be used for special events like quals, weaponmaster, quests, etc.

Park Officers

Curator: Sir Nevron Dreadstar

How Do I Get There?

1. Take the Cedar Ridge exit off I-20.
2. Head south to Camp Wisdom Road.
3. Turn left at the light.
4. Turn right at the first street, which should be Steger Dr.
5. Follow that road into the park. Look for the basketball court and park as close to it as you can.
6. Tanglewood meets in the front part of the woods, to the west (right) of the playground.

Petitioning Parks

Principality of the Celestial Kingdom

Principality of the Celestial Kingdom (Austin, Kerrville, San Antonio, Bastrop, Lampasas, Victoria, Laredo) www.amtgard-ck.org

After a SNAFU involving only one high officer qualifying, Queen Clio claimed the CK in the name of the Emerald Hills until such a time that a true heir (fully qualified monarchy) comes forward, or until her reign is over.

Wyvern by Aylin Karyn





D Sharp

Seamus de Rhymer

The grey sea churned in the aftermath of the morning storm. Thick fog clung to the horizon like old, dusty curtains, dank and heavy. From the north, a chill wind blew bringing with it from the mist a great mast veering out from the darkness. All across the harbor a voice could be heard singing a song, dark and low like the cry of some mourning innocent. The fishermen all scanned from the docks into the sea, watching the emerging ship draw closer. As the ship became more visible, the men noticed a black and purple robed figure standing on the very front of the ship, looking back at them, moving his mouth along with that same darkly enchanting voice. Chills seemed to make their way down every man's spine, their own souls trapped in a solitary nightmare, each man caught in a trance of agonizing terror. It was all over before it even began, for everyone knows that with the north wind brings the Fallen. Legends run along the various coasts telling of a ship that ravages the seas with a crew donned in the shades of night and captained, it is said, by the devil himself. And this time, like so many other times before, another village had been taken, lost to the song that sang not for the Fallens' victory, but as a death march for the villagers impending doom. Nexus Crow, the now Dark bard of the Fallen, smiled from the confines of the ship, still singing his haunting tune and letting it resonate down into the village as his brothers headed ashore to claim their treasures. He could already smell the sweet scent of burning flesh mixing with the salty air. "A pity", he thought. "so much effort put into a song and not a single clap afterward." He chuckled to himself silently and returned to the cabin below. There would be plenty more songs to sing come the next dawn.

Call of the Dragon

Sir Delphos Darkheart

He awoke at dawn.

Sunfire light from the eastern horizon piercing his sensitive eyes. They burned with the dust from the road and all the incoming travelers. Burned so much that it kept one closed tight against the blinding rays and made him look much older than his many years.

The alabaster walls of the city reached high into the morning sky, as the iron gates opened for the first arriving wave of merchants, cooks, bar keeps, tavern wenches, street hawkers, craftsmen and entertainers. With them came the laborers, the vagabonds, the street rats and the gutter trash... the nimble fingered thieves, the fast talking swindlers, the dagger in your face pirates... they would all be among the crowd that now passed under the porticos as the City Rulers welcomed them in.

He had traveled from the far north, reaching the walls late the night before. His journey was one he had made many times, a "pilgrimage" one might say.

Others would call it foolish wanderlust, for the temptations of the city were costly indeed. This time was different. This time was more intense, the stakes were higher than ever.

This "sojourn" was heralded by the Goddess herself. With the dreams came the message. With the message came a call... With the call, there must be an answer. For it was the call of a Dragon...!!! And not just any Dragon... But an Ancient Dragon indeed. A mother Dragon... who had spawned an entire generation of her kind.

She had long since faded from the realms and her name was only spoken in hushed whispers from dark corners of obscurity. Her powers almost forgotten by those who witnessed the great birth and all but unknown to the younger scaled creatures of war.

But He knew her...The Dark Knight had answered her summons to the "Great Walled City" once before... long, long ago.



Who Are You?

Asked by Sir Forest Evergreen

Forest Evergreen:

I thought it might be helpful for role play for each of the people involved to establish their characters for everyone else to see so we can understand each other's motives a bit better.

Forest was kidnapped soon after birth and was raised as a nomad by gypsies. He eventually returned to the land of his birth and found that his mother (a druid) had died during child birth and his father had passed away of old age. Forest still uses his families abandoned home in the woods as his own.

He was later brought into the Green Dragons who became his surrogate family, all of the members being orphans or wayward spirits like himself.

He did discover that he had a sister (Wickett) and is protective of her as his only remaining family member. Forest is honorable, but cunning, and is just as likely to try to out think a problem as he is to just try to fight through it.

K'tai bin R'ai:

A summary follows; complete details can be found on my personal website:

<http://www.utdallas.edu/~katie/amtgard.html>

K'tai bin R'ai is the church's name for Maria Celeste D'Organza, daughter to a merchant-trader specializing in textiles. She attended the Bin R'ai's academy to learn basic literacy and mathematics until she was about fourteen, when her father decided it was time for her to get married. A few months before the wedding, the family was ambushed and both parents were killed (Maria only survived because she did a convincing possum act - a trick that continued to serve K'tai well in her early days). She took advantage of the situation to wriggle out of her engagement and continue her studies with the Bin R'ai, eventually being inducted as a Mage-Healer under the Order of the Open Heart.

Once her studies were to the point where only practical experience would instruct her further, the Bin R'ai found the one spot on earth most entirely unlike K'tai's personality (namely, the Emerald Hills) and sought out a suitable tutor and guardian, which turned out to be a wizard named Martello Entropy. Because of the oaths both of them swore to the Bin R'ai, K'tai is physically unable to disobey a direct order from Martello, though she has been able to creatively circumvent them in the past, and the control has gone away on a couple of different occasions - both involving one of the two losing their minds in various ways.

Note that really shouldn't be important but maybe is: K'tai and Martello are not married, and aren't even lovers. They live together, but their relationship is that of teacher/student, and of trusted brethren; nothing more. Please believe me when I say that this is for y'all's safety. ;)

Thangorn Waterwalker:

I posted my past before and I'm too tired to retype it all so I'll just summarize not like any one will read it. Thangorn grew up in a small town not far from Tanglewood forest. During the time Mc. Fadden was king the town was raided and destroyed. After the fighting was done Thangorn awoke in Midnight Sun. When Thangorn returned to the rubble which used to be his home he looked for the body of his father. Thangorn never found his father's corpse, assuming he is still alive Thangorn takes any lead he can find as to where his father may be. Not finding enough information caused Thangorn to try and forget the incident and now move on with his life.



Who Are You?

Asked by Sir Forest Evergreen

Fytakin Killzmany:

Fytakin came from a place called Demons Gorge. It was a dark desolate citadel full of criminals and skallywags. Well, as a kid Fytakin had it rough. his family had been murdered by the local magistrate who was severely corrupt. After spending most of his youth training to join the local Assassins guild he had gained somewhat of a name for himself for some pretty outlandish acts of piracy and mayhem. After some time he finally gets to put himself in a position to gain revenge for his family. But he knows once he pulls the job he can never return to this place. So before he sets his fiendish plan in motion he has to book passage to a town called Tanglewood and set himself up with the local Assassins guild so that he can be protected from the bounty-hunters that will be sure to follow. After all the preparations were in place Fytakin returns to the citadel to exact his revenge. It all went off so smoothly that he almost could not believe it. I mean no one had a clue as to who the assassin was. And with that Fytakin moved to his new home in Tanglewood. Well it took no time for him to hook into the wrong crowd. The thieves, Assassins, rogues they were all one guild here. And a genuine likeable bunch of folks. Once you got used to looking over your shoulder.

After some time running with a couple of different crews on sea, Fytakin became a capable hand aboard deck of many types of ships. And that was when it happened. He was getting drunk one night with a couple of Corsair buddies of his and the next thing he knew he was shanghaied. So after a couple of profitable and notorious years running with the Corsairs he learned all there was to know about piracy. After some time he was able toacquire.....a ship of his own and has been busy building a loyal crew of scurvydogz and skallywags of his own in hopes to stamp out the tyranny and the corruption that plagues the kingdom of the Emerald Hills. This has proven itself to be quite the chore because as usual the corruption starts at the top.

Sutra Bahuas

Sutra is a lie.

He was born out of a miscegnated coupling of human and elf. A half-breed bent of fulfilling the destiny he was imparted with at the onset of his passive lunacy.

He fancies himself a harbinger of marvels yet to come. Some see him as a self-designated saviour of sorts.

Others have become annoyed by the random proclamations of indignant righteousness. Even more haven't the faintest inkling he exists. No matter.

In actuality Sutra, the name he is mostly known by, was not his birth name to begin with. He lived as mundane a life as any other small outcast mutt could live. Son of an alcoholic father and a hopeless optimist of a mother, he toiled as an apprentice to foremen on the local farms. Self-taught to read and write, he managed to realize his potential in the arts and sciences, all the whilst helping his mother with his two younger sisters. His eventual and sometimes un-healthy infatuation with a wealthy ranchers daughter, he was quickly replaced and threatened to leave his hometown. He had left more than home behind.

Supported by his mother's illusions of grandeur, he made his way into the thriving Duchy of the Midnight Sun. He had made his nest of repeated failures within the Duchy walls. Serving as a cook, assistant to smith and shoers; he diligently worked to earn enough wages to assist the remedial lectures offered by bored professors at the local academy.

There he meet a kindred spirit whose energy for life touched his own. He had never taken the initiative to ask her to join him on stroll or a cup of cacao. She was of higher borne rank; her white belt would forever separate them in more ways than he had the time to devise. She reminded him of the love he left behind almost



Who Are You?

Asked by Sir Forest Evergreen

8 years back. He would sneak a gift here and there for her, a quiet song played in the park or even a glass of water on hot days during classes. She left a year after he arrived never to be heard of again. It was rumored she had joined a crusade against some evil in distant lands. He would miss her gravely. After celebrating his year anniversary of being a meager citizen of the Duchy, Sutra joined the now expired military outpost known as Morgorach. Soon after, war and famine racked the Emerald Hills yet again and all men of able age were enlisted into the service of the crown.

Having been gone from the duchy for about a year and a half, Sutra returned with a different outlook on life and death. He managed to visit home again, visiting his families shrine and praying for the living. He has forgiven his father, acknowledged his mothers hopes had worked. He had even seen his sisters and their children. He left a redeemed man.

It had only recently been revealed to him that the Elven race has not been completely fabled which spoke of great cities and ancient culture. He had spent an eager year, scouring the lands of the Emerald Hills seeking a fraction of his heritage only to be left empty-handed and disillusioned, his call to names of Elven lore, unanswered. Yet, he has yet to give up on this hope. Hope, something his mother had taught him. A year later (present day) he has been under the tutelage of an ancient master, whose art has almost been forgotten. This is all that is known about the matter.

Good fortune has smiled upon him as he took for a wife, a noble and sincere wife, a fiery spirit he had meet earlier in his schooling days. Fate had reunited them and only last Fall, they pacted together. With every silver lining, one needs an overcast sky.

The new threat that has ensnared the kingdom in yet another chapter of plots and strife have allowed Sutra a more active and vocal role, due only to his untimely 'discovery' of the resurfacing of an unnamed cult bent on unleashing a fairy tale bogeyman upon the innocent.

Aside from the current impending doom, Sutra now serves as an amateur archivist and scribe, enlisted by the Royal Library and Academy.

Typhus Deathcaller:

Here goes for ease and the fact i like to do more with my persona and build on it at park and events the very brief history of Krak/Typhus Deathcaller.

Krak was born during a time of war his parents were both slain and he was left for dead. A man found him and took him to the closest church where he was raised in the church. He became a monk of the Dominican order at the age of 18 and was taught the skills of a healer. Not being a great healer he was never truly asked to go to war and help and was usually assigned to scribing and copying the accounts of others monks that mad it back to the Monistary of Finders Keep. Just a few months ago he began to hear dark voices calling to him. They made promises of power and wealth, he fought these for quite sometime. A priest told him to attempt a cleansing right to rid him of these voices. He failed in the performance of the cleansing right and opened himself up to those voices instead of locking them out. He rose that night as Typhus Deathcaller. He still heals just not by the powers he once did.



Who Are You?

Asked by Sir Forest Evergreen

Diego:

No doubt, Forest. It seems everybody seems to come from a broken home, evil realm, or misbegotten parents.

My character history is more historically grounded, but then, I joined Amtgard after a brief stint in the SCA. Diego Velazquez was born of poor, but hardworking parents. They were honest and hardworking, but had little expectations of their son aside from continuing their work as vassals to the king. But Diego was a dreamer, and found his work too confining.

He loved to listen to the tales of El Cid, a popular legend in his home region of Spain. The more he read, the more he inadvertently educated himself, until he realized he was capable of aspiring to greater heights than his parents would have ever dared to dream of.

Diego became a bard, learning as much as he could from anyone he could. He relished the road, and travelled to many distant lands, including the domain of his hated enemy: the Saracens of Africa. The more he learned, the more he hoped to accomplish. He became apprenticed as a leatherworker, a bookbinder, a swordsmith, a scribe, and an artist. Eventually, his skill earned him the attention of Sir Syl'vas, a knight of the Golden Plains who eventually relocated to the Emerald Hills.

Yeah, there's more, but really, isn't that enough to at least get this RP headed in a more positive direction?

Don Diego Velazquez
Knight of the Serpent
The Sacred Order of the Righteous
Brotherhood of the Chosen,
Holy Warriors of Bob the Unforgiving





Going Home

Sutra Bahuas

Aisku - Mallabus Initiate who got arrowed while delivering a message from Sutra to Sir Forest

Alsike - Sheriff of a no name town who saw the first cases in populace disappearances and rumors of shadows in the forest. Son to Old Man Alchemist.

Old Man Alchemist - Once employed by the Crown as a royal alchemist, he returned home to see his son grow up. He is the one man who holds the recipe to Norven's Sight.

Female Cultist - A young woman who informed Sutra of the going on's in the cult. She is not was she appears to be.

Norven's Sight - An elixir fabled to allow the recipient to see into the Umbral Void.

Shadow Dragon - A powerful pet to the dark god Mallabus, who plans on establishing his will on the kingdom.

Mallabus - One of a million evil gods, attracted by the massacre at Queen Clio's coronation. It was the aura of four dark/dread lords that possibly summoned the dark god.

Resohp's Hour - The undetermined unleashing of the Shadow Dragon into our realm of reality. This is what the initiates will die for ensuring comes to pass.

Black Obelisk - Erected at an undetermined time, this structure once had 7 glyphs to protect this realm from the Umbra, it now only has one last glyph remaining and the cult is bent on dispelling it to allow their dark god over.

It'd grown quiet. The kingdom was at a solemn silence at the moment. Sutra was not aware of any internal strife at the moment. The powers that be appeared to have agreed on how to quell the resurgence of 'privateers' harassing the local sea merchants. He was certain that if they did not control the situation, things would resort to global war. And over what? Bragging rights over who held the strongest flag?

Sutra wearily shook his head. His brief visit with an elder was of much promise. He had learned much. History always fascinated the young man. Looking towards the western sun, Sutra was only a few hours ride from the newly reformed barony. He had left it a duchy; the once busy town was now a quite village. Rumors of how a welcome clan made their new home there had vividly circulated among the excited pilgrims heading south for the royal event.

The hoofed beat calmed him down a bit. It had been a couple months since he had the luxury of an equine companion. Its sleek arching neck reminded him of his uncle's horses. Sutra smiled. The rhythmic walk allowed him to review one of the last pages of a religious manual he had 'borrowed' from the 'holy' man. It contained interesting passages of blood and reckoning. It read like a twisted fairytale. How he liked a good story.

Mentally noting the latest developments, Sutra slid slightly to the left in the ill-adjusted saddle. He winched a bit but made due with what he had.

The internal dialogue was what kept him from being lulled to sleep. '...all the material components for this 'Norven's Sight' are herbal...five of seven plants of the 'ismi' class...there is only the old alchemist to the west who can procure such an elixir.' Sutra placed his fingers between the crisp material of the journal and skipped ahead a few pages. 'The glyphs on the obelisk are what maintain the gateway sealed...have managed to break six of the seven seals...can be restored by those who know the marks by heart...must destroy the obelisk.' Backtracking to the first page of the manual, the first page left untorn Sutra squinted to read the shaky handwriting. 'Norven's sight, once ingested will grant it's recipient the ability to peer into the umbra...never experienced this myself but I have felt their presence...at all cost, find the old man and kill him...'

Clasping the book shut, Sutra slipped it under his brown tunic. The sun had begun to set. He had about half an hour's worth of dawn. Digging into the steed's side he set off on a full gallop back home.



Battle in the Woods

Sir Forest Evergreen

Forest had heard that Sutra was often seen near Midnight Sun. Gathering his companions, he headed out to find him. Forest had been involved in dealings with the Dark Lords of this Kingdom. He knew how secretive they were, and how hard they could be to find. He did not assume finding one of their squires would be much easier.

They were about halfway to Midnight Sun when they saw a man on horseback bearing a Kingdom Banner. They slowed and awaited his approach.

"Make way" the man shouted, then he paused. He saw a device of Eagleshire on the saddlebags.

"I am seeking Sir Forest Evergreen, Duke of Eagleshire. I have an important message," he said.

"I am Duke Forest" Forest replied.

The man dismounted and kneeled. "A message for you, your Grace."

Forest commanded the man to stand. Being raised by gypsies, he had always felt awkward about titles and such. The man handed him the message. Forest noted it was smeared with blood, and a bit of the wording had been ruined, but enough of the message was clear.

"It is time to go to the capitol," Forest stated. "We have business with Regent Blaise."

With that they set off...

Forest and his companions rode quickly back to the capitol city. It was the first time he had been back since the rebellion had started a year ago. It was an odd feeling, to be in a place that was like a home to him, but still feel unsafe.

The gate guards allowed him to pass and soon the horses were stabled and messengers had been sent to the Regent.

Though time was pressing, Forest waited patiently for his audience with Blaise. She had information about what was going on and he needed something to work with. Hacking and slashing had its place, but he wasn't going to be able to help the Kingdom unless he knew what he was up against.

Finally, the doors to the regent's private chambers opened and a royal guard came out.

"Sir Forest, Duke of Eagleshire, Regent Blaise awaits you inside. Your companions must wait here. She will see you and you alone," the guard announced.

Forest nodded to his companions and went inside. "Your Highness, I need a word with you about matters of Kingdom safety."

Blaise turned to face him, "I am glad you finally arrived..."

Midnight Sun has a new group email list thru Yahoo Groups
I encourage all MS members to join for updates on local happenings.

<http://games.groups.yahoo.com/group/MidnightSun-EH/>

Duchess Faith Silverose



My Pirates Tale

Fenris Blackwood

Her time had come and passed in her old life, a messenger, a killer a quiet companion. All that was now gone...ripped away in actuality one of the most embarrassing moments of her life.

It was suppose to be a quiet night at a small tavern, have a few drinks before she had to return to the Queen of the Unseelie Court in the morning with news that the deed was done. But the drink, and weariness of the trip had started to get the better of her, and when a few unsavory fellows appeared in purple at the taverns door. Her best instincts to hide, or fit in a little better with the local crowd didn't register. Soon seeing as how she was the only interesting face in the tavern, the pirates sat down and bought her a drink. Even after my drunken insistence that I really should be leaving, another drink was placed in front of me then another. Till I really couldn't say what happened that night in the tavern.

I awoke with a chilling start, feeling a swaying below me like hammock resting in the tall trees on a windy day. Those thoughts made me drift back to my forest home, cloudy hangover induced memories that soon made me come to realize I was not in fact in the forest at all, oh there was a hammock and wood surrounding me. But no such luck seeing a bit of green foliage in sight. The wooden walls of the pirate ships lower crew quarters had become my prison.

The previous night did in deed flash before my eyes as I managed to land on all fours from the hammock overhead. Quickly surveying the room, hearing no voices, foot steps or even snores I dared stand and look for some form of a weapon. I cursed myself for being so stupid for getting so intoxicated in the presence of strangers. I knew better than that, i had been taught better than that. Maybe my work was getting the better of me, could to many horrors be inflicted upon my senses without break or pause for rest make me wish the relaxing release of intoxication to cleanse my soul ?

But I digress. A sword, a knife, hell give me a rock at that moment and i would at least not feel so vulnerable. How many of them are above deck ? How was I to escape ? Before these thoughts had time to settle into the formation of a cohesive plan foot steps rang out just outside the door. Still across the room without a weapon in sight I grabbed the nearest rum bottle and held it posed for strike, just in time for a womanly figure to come through the door. But she came in sword at the ready, defensively standing, just out of my reach. I suppose i could of thrown the bottle but she spoke before I had a chance.


"My name is Panthra, you are aboard a pirate ship in the middle of the ocean and at this moment I'm giving you a choice." She said, sword still pointing in my general direction. I raised a brow and canted my head, not dropping the empty rum bottle. "fine, I'm listening." She set about to tell me the rules, obviously trying to make friendly with me, but I was still a prisoner, and a cat in a corner still has claws. When she was done, and I had managed to set her into a false sense of security enough to drop her weapon down a few inches I sprang. I managed through some small stroke of luck to best her at the hap hazard combat and knock her unconcious. Taking her sword and without waiting for the chance they heard the scuffle, I ran, to the only place I could think, upstairs into my waiting captors. The sword play was brief, not even the Captain at the time got involved. His second, one I in time grew to know as Fytakin bested me easily in the fight disarming me and backing me against the edge of the railing. "I think this swab has a little to much fire and brains to be Panthra's swab. Ill take her and train her."

So that was how I came to the Kingdom of Emerald Hills. I grew to be friends with my captors but never completely fell under the spell of being a pirate. We soon parted ways and still retaining my friendship with them set about to write my own tale in the woods of Tanglewood Forest, and in my new Kingdom of Emerald Hills.



Official World Banner Wars VII Reeve Hand Signals Visual Guide provided by TED4EH



 <p>Excessive role-play of a plane during Neuron Rex's reign, punishable by rehearsed humor at your expense.</p>	 <p>Who thinks your opinion's poo?</p>	 <p>Forum Topic: Fytakin Sucks</p>	 <p>I know 7.0</p>
 <p>T'is for 'Tard'!</p>	 <p>No fondling the cute Corsair chick.</p>	 <p>Insufficient fluffing of the Ego.</p>	 <p>Quote me something new, ya spanner.</p>
 <p>No public rolling allowed</p>	 <p>Stick on Stick love only</p>	 <p>Burning trolls up ahead.</p>	 <p>Filming of gratuitous smack now allowed</p>
 <p>Fight the New Age</p>	 <p>Blatant rules rape - You suck!</p>	 <p>Nice to meet you McSluffsabich</p>	 <p>No cradle robbing.</p>
 <p>TED4EH ist wunderbar.</p>	 <p>I got your red 'X' right here.</p>	 <p>Entering Annihalus Camp.</p>	 <p>Illegal core to crotch</p>



The "New" Age III

NOTE

These posts will be narrative accounts of events which have actually occurred. Some aspects of Fantasy have been incorporated into the story, however they are within the parameters set by Amtgard Rules of Play. These "narratives" will be presented from my perspective and should not be viewed as "Power Play", as the situations presented can be duly accounted for. I invite anyone with personal knowledge of a given story to offer another narrative with a different perspective. By presenting Role-play in such a way, my intentions are to:

- 1) Entertain
- 2) Provoke Thought
- 3) Inform
- 4) Set up a given scenario for "field play" and lastly...To present given situational occurrences in a nonconfrontational format. That's long hand for... "bitch about stuff without the politics"

I hope everyone enjoys reading them as much as I enjoy writing them.

Delphos

The Dark Knight's thoughts returned to the present...

The fire in the hearth had died down and he could feel the cold air seeping into the room. The large black cat at his side complained slightly as Delphos got up from his chair to put more wood on the fire. The scent of the fresh cut pine reminded him of the resent past...

The mountains and the circle of crowns were long behind him now. The journey back to his Manor on the banks of the River Midnight, had given him time to consider all that had happened. Now, finally back in his Den, with the company of his "children", the Dark Knight might at last be able to understand how to regain his powers.

Although the crown heads of all the known kingdoms had agreed to "look into the matter", it seemed the situation was only worsening. Either his perceptions had been altered, or the laws of physics and nature itself had changed.

From his bag of battle gear, Delphos pulled out one of his throwing dagger's and to his astonishment, it was nearly twice it's normal size.

The Master Assassin tossed the huge piece of metal at a nearby wall... the dagger fell far short of it's mark, landing on the floor with a heavy thud.

"This can't be happening!" yelled the Dark Knight.

Even stranger than the alterations of his reality, was the fact that so few he questioned noticed a difference at all. Those that could see the changes, could do nothing about them.

Within this twisted world, the once great kingdom of the Emerald Hills had fractured. The forces of "The Republic" had all but crushed any resistance to this new direction. Any talk of insurrection was quickly meet with an absolute answer...

"Conform or Die" was the Law of the Land.

Unknown to the Consol, pockets of resistance still existed in the outposts to the North. It started with low whispered rumors...rumblings of an organized front. Someone on the inside was truly against this "New" Republic and the word was passed in quiet corners and dark back streets... Rebellion was in the Air!!



The "New" Age III

Although the Senate was considered to be in control, the power plays between the Republican officers made for much dissension among the Nobles. From the inception of the New Republic, the "Kingdom" General had announced that he would play no part in this internal strife, for his job was to protect the land from outside threats and to lead the armies of the Emerald Hills in all campaigns into outlying Kingdoms.

His opinions and intentions made clear, Sir Zigfull had taken his leave from the cities and strongholds of the Emerald Hills and began his sojourn across the borderlands. Accompanied by an small group of elite fighters, the young Warlord patrolled lands in the farthest known outposts and would only stop in larger settlements for provisions and news from the Consols.

It was during one such stop that Sir Zig would have another path laid out before him...

"Sir, the Commander is here with the report..." said a muffled voice.

It was the second time the man behind the desk had heard the call from the soldier outside the tent. Slowly he raised his head and replied wearily...

"let him in"

Watching the man enter, he waited until his commander had taken a seat in the only other chair in the tent.

"Well?" asked the General

"All patrols are in." responded the commander.

"Good. Check on the preparations for tomorrow's raids, then turn in.

Good work!"

"Yes Sir, and if I may... you should take that advise as well."

"Noted. Dismissed!"

Leaning back in his chair, he watched his squire leave with pride. After the tent flap had closed, he starred back at the maps on the table.

Everything was in place for the mornings battle and there was nothing left to do but wait. Still, something made Zig feel uneasy and he could not quite put his thumb on the problem.

"He's right, I need some sleep" sighed the exhausted Warlord.

Rising out of his chair, he retired through the door behind his desk into his sleeping area. Lying down on a small pallet, the battle weary Knight slowly drifted into sleep... and into a dream.

Opening his eyes and slowly surveying the area, he thought...'I've been here before'. For the life of him, he couldn't remember where 'here' was, but the voice coming from the darkness, he knew well... It was the Bitch.

"All your efforts to keep the kingdom safe will come for not, if you only look outward for threats to your security." said the voice.

"What do you mean?", exclaimed the beleaguered Knight.

But only silence answered his question, then, with an icy shiver, he jolted awake. Standing to dress, he bellowed to a soldier...

"Wake my Squire and send him to me Immediately!"

Hurriedly donning his combat gear and so intent on his task, the General rushed out of his tent, nearly running his Squire down on his way.



The "New" Age III

"Good, You're here," said the General as he past.

"Take command of the campaign from here on out... I'm leaving!"

The commander trotted alongside the tall Warlord at double step trying to keep up.

"Where are you heading Sir? Shall I send someone for your horse?" he asked.

"No. Where I go, I need to be fast and I have quicker ways to get there.", the Dark Knight explained, as he pulled a small ring out of his pocket.

Seeing the ring in his Knights hand, TuK knew instantly and nodded, saying...

"Yes Sir! Safe journey."

"Nodding back to his commander, Zig closed his eyes and muttered a few quiet magic words. When he opened his eyes, he gazed upon a thing he had not seen in a long time. After almost six months away, the General of the Emerald Hills had come home!

TO BE CONTINUED





Kingdom Gallery



Echoes of the hills
presented by the Kingdom Gallery

