

Echoes of the hills

Echoes of the hills | v.XXXVII i.1 | Aug 1, 2006 | Reign 37



Index - Credits

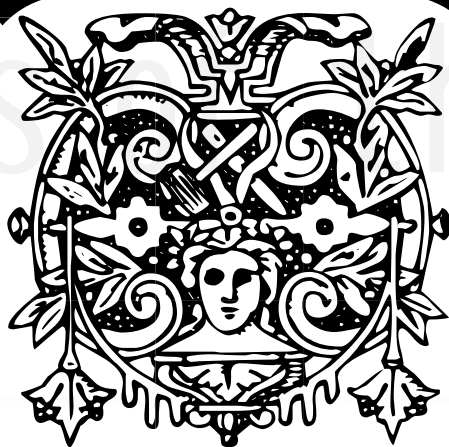
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Art by Sutra Bahuas and Alylin Karyn
Heraldry on page 4 by Sir Reyna





The Monarchy of Reign XXXVII

June to December 2006

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

Reine Von Doom
Sir Forest Evergreen
Everlast
Sir Morgan Ironwolf
Elder Vermillon
Sir Rath

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

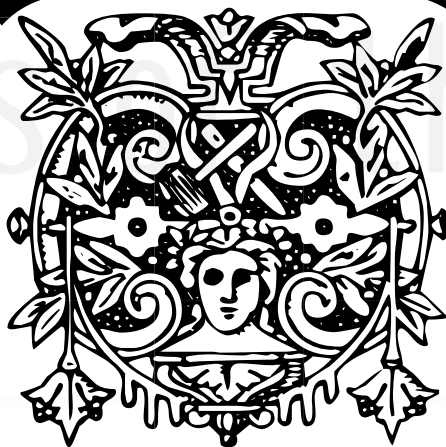
Sistar Tolken

kidwell@yahoo.com

The Class Guildmasters

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

Sir Nevron Dreadstar
Sistar Tolken
Sir Delphos Darkheart
KodiaK
Larin Moonstar
KodiaK
Typhus Deathcaller
Sir Nevron Dreadstar
Sirrakhis
Sir Larin
Sir Forest Evergreen
Kenta Redhawk
Elder Vermillon
Sir Martello Entropy



The BOD	Mundane Name	Position	Term Expires
Dreanya Jurista	Andréa Jacobs	President	JUNE 2007
Elder Vermillion	John R. Elder	Treasurer	MAR 2007
Sistar Tolken	Kevin Kidwell		JUNE 2007
Reine Von Doom	Kala Schmitto		DEC 2006
Dante Benedictus	Dorian Snider		DEC 2006
Kodiak	Chris Koeberle		DEC 2006
Faith Silverrose	Erin Daughtery		JUNE 2007

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
Reine Von Doom (Queen)	DEC 2006
Shamus Green	SEP 2006
Sir D'Okynn	MAR 2007
Sir Wolverine	MAR 2007

Email the RGK at rgk@tanglewoodforest.org

Amtgard-EH.com Contacts

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Webmaster@Amtgard-EH.com

Administrator

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Emerald Hills

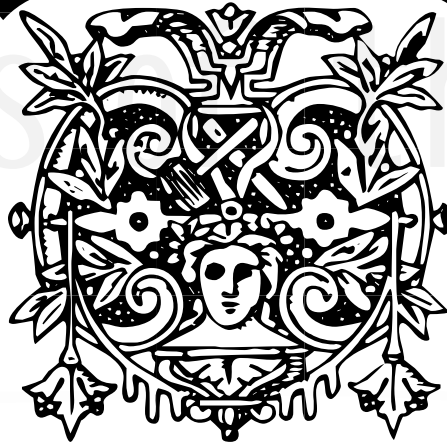


*Azure
three hills in base vert
A phoenix, Or*

Treehills



*gules and Vert,
a chevron myony*



Calendar of Events

August 2006

5	Sat	Crown Visit / Relic Tourney (Tanglewood Park)
6	Sun	Crown Visit Finder's Keep
12	Sat	Crown Visit / Roving Battlegame Midnight Sun
17-20	Thu-Sun	Piratical Sabbatical Giddings, TX

September 2006

1-3	Fri-Sun	EH MIDREIGN Tanglewood Forest
9	Sat	Althing Midnight Sun
10	Sun	Crown Visit / Roving Battlegame Finder's Keep
15-17	Fri-Sun	CK Midreign Giddings, TX
24	Sun	Crown Visit Eagleshire

October 2006

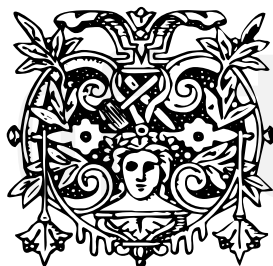
8	Sun	Crown Visit / Roving Battlegame Eagleshire
12-15	Thu-Sun	World Banner Wars VII Tanglewood Forest
22	Sun	Crown Visit Finder's Keep
28	Sat	MONSTER BASH / Crown Visit Midnight Sun

November 2006

3-5	Fri-Sun	CK Coronation Giddings, TX
12	Sun	Crown Visit / Roving Battlegame Eagleshire
18	Sat	EH Crown Quals / Althing Midnight Sun
19	Sun	EH Crown Quals / Althing Finder's Keep

December 2006

1-3	Fri-Sun	WL Coronation TBA
2-3	Sat-Sun	Crown Elections All Parks
15-17	Fri-Sun	EH Coronation Tanglewood Forest



Message to the Populace



Populace of the Emerald Hills:



It has been a whirlwind the past three months. The battlegames have been a huge success, the kids are loving the crafts, and Finder's Keep seems to be enjoying the Sword Boot Camp. I encourage everyone to participate, help, and most importantly have fun. I also want to thank EVERYONE who has helped make this reign a success so far. Without you guys, none of this would be possible.



This Mid-Reign marks the first installment of the Tri-Kingdom Dragonmaster. I hope this opportunity gives all the Artisans and others alike an idea of what other Kingdoms are doing and I hope it inspires them. I also wanted to thank the other Kingdoms for attending and please enjoy our home. I encourage everyone to visit the Wetlands and Celestial Kingdom events to see the next installment of the Tri-Kingdom Dragonmaster.

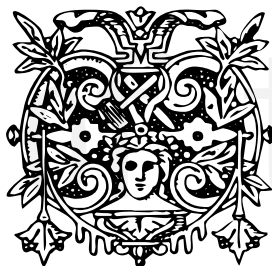


The next three months are packed with fun, adventure, and lots of role-play. There will be battlegames galore and let's not forget the EH's own Banner Wars XII, hosted by the Corsairs. Come out and play!

As always, have fun!
Queen Reine Von Doom

BTW- Mourningwood Glen is now meeting on Saturdays at 11:00, go see them and hit some people!





Message to the Populace

Greetings,

We have seen a lot of new faces so far this reign and that is exciting! The game needs new players and renewed energy and I think we are seeing that. Also, the role play had been evolving nicely, but I am still hoping that a few more people will get interested and write into it with us. Thanks to all those who have helped out over the past few months.

As a reminder, the Tri-Kingdom Dragonmaster tournament starts at MR and continues at the CK MR on the 15th-17th of September and finishes at the WL Coronation Dec 1st-3rd. This is a rare (possibly 1 time only) opportunity for the artisans of the Tri-Kingdom area to go head to head and see which Kingdom has the superior artisans. I look forward to the EH winning. :)

I am also still looking for people who want to host workshops, or people who want to participate in a specific workshop. Contact me and let me know your interest and we will set something up during a park visit. If you have any other questions, please let me know. And again, thank you to all those who have pitched in. The kingdom only prospers when we work together.

In Service,
Prince Regent Forest Evergreen





Kingdom Events

Tri-Kingdom Dragonmaster

Greetings,

Dragonmaster for this reign will be a Tri-Kingdom competition. The EH, CK, and WL will compete for the title of Tri-Kingdom Dragonmaster. Prizes will be awarded for over all best score and for the top finisher from each Kingdom. The details are as follows:

3.5 BTA system for points

-Part 1: EH Midreign Sept. 1-3rd TWF Bardic and Garb

-Part 2: CK Midreign Sept. 15-17th Giddings, TX. Writing and Cooking

-Part 3: WL Endreign Dec. 1-3rd (site TBD) Construction and Art

Rose entries will be accepted at any of the three locations.

In addition, after the judging is complete on each day, items will be grouped by entrant and people will have an opportunity to ask questions of the entrant about their items.

This is a great opportunity for the EH to show how well we can dominate not only on the battlefield, but in the Arts and Sciences as well. If there are any questions, let me know. I look forward to an amazing competition!

(Standard sub categories. I will post them soon for clarification)

Forest Evergreen

Since multiple threads and ideas have gone on lately, I am going to sum up where we are in the current role play based on what I can put together from all the information.

-FK attacked the EH caravan and the Assassin's Guild and Sable Pride assisted them.

-The Queen went into hiding and a golem construct of her was used as a decoy to fool the 'Sin Guild.

-Sutra sought to save the Queen, but found out it was only a construct. This action revealed him as a traitor to the 'Sin Guild and Delphos now wants him captured for questioning.

-The EH caravan is continuing to MS with the FK looters in pursuit.

-Typhus had raised the alters of 4 dark gods to tempt the magic casters of the realm with power in exchange for servitude (correct me on this if I am off base a bit)

-TuK! has stolen the Regent's crown that was inexplicably left unguarded during his royal visit to ES to see if the traitor Torian Kel had been arrested.

Anyone who wants to, please add to the role play. However if you want to make a major change or introduce a major plot twist, please talk to me in advance to make sure there will not be contradicting storylines.

I appreciate all the help. These RP ideas will work nicely in to the 24 hour RP event at MR.



World Banner Wars 7 Update Sir Kaz and Sir Falamar

Greetings all!

Some of you may have heard rumors that there was a change in the Autocrat seat for WBW – those rumors are true. Due to various circumstances D'Okynn has stepped down as Autocrat for WBW VII. After much bribery and consideration, I have offered to step up to fill this seat. To that end, there are no other changes expected at this time. Please feel free to contact me directly with any questions or concerns regarding this.

For any other questions or concerns please continue to contact the individual o'Crats and please do not hesitate to contact me directly should you have trouble reaching them. The official o'Crats are as follows:

Autocrat: Kaz DeKinky

War-o-Crat: Falamar LaCrane

A&S-o-Crat: Reine Von Doom

Pirate Games: Z & Thrasher

Gate-o-Crat: Forest Evergreen

Feast-o-Crat: Tuneal Sebeth

We have a portal set up for WBW VII located at <http://www.worldbannerwars.org>. This site is self contained and will hold ALL information regarding WBW VII (announcements, flyers, rules, etc...). It will also play host to a forum for discussion of WBW topics. I would encourage those of you that are interested to register and participate in any WBW related discussions here as I do not intend on spending my days monitoring individual kingdom forums and email lists.

Her Majesty, Reine Von Dooooooooom has graciously compiled all of the rules and the schedule of events into a flyer that I have made available as a PDF file in the Pirate Library at Corsairs.org (<http://www.corsairs.org/docs/WBW-VII-Flyer.pdf>). I would like to ask all park officials to download this flyer and pass this out to your parks. If anyone has trouble with this doc let me know and I will send the details to you directly via email.

Pre-registration WILL be available in a couple of weeks (once I get the bugs out of it) and will be available until October 3rd, at which time pre-registration will be closed.

That's about it for now.

In service,

~Sir Kaz

Some question have been answered on the WBW site. In the future If you have questions, requests or hate mail send it to me or the appropriate Crate as you would.

Sending nasty letters to the Queen will do you no good. Please ask any question you have in the War discussion section and I will do my best to answer you as quickly as possible.

Thank you

Falamar



Rise of the Queen

Various

Forest Evergreen:

Forest stood before the court to herald the evening's ceremonies. Queen Clio and Regent Blaise addressed their Kingdom and presented awards and honors to the populace for their actions during the war with Mallibus. As the court was drawing to a close, Forest was nowhere to be found. Before anyone could ask where the herald had gone, a small army came forward from the crowd. Then, from the back of the room, a voice rang out. "People of the Hills, this Kingdom has been without its true leader for too long. There is one who helped the rebellion to reinstate the crown when she found there was a conspiracy within the Republic to enslave its peoples. There is one who has earned your respect and trust, and who has not wavered in her devotion to the Hills. I present to you the true Queen of the Emerald Hills" Forest announced.

With that, a hoard of Corsairs appeared, almost out of thin air, and stood at the ready on the opposite side of the court. From their midst, Reine, former PM and Treasurer to the Crown stepped forward.

"Clio, you have served your Kingdom, but now, your place is as a delegate to the Celestial Kingdom." Reine informed the court.

Before anyone could move, the Demon Prince - Don Wolverine (in human form) appeared and held out his hand for the crown. Clio saw many of her own guard standing with Reine on one side and Forest on the other. She slowly handed the crown to Don Wolverine.

"People of the Hills. I give you a true leader. One who has watched and served from behind the throne. One who has protected you from the shadows. One who will lead you to greatness. I present to you Queen Reine" Don Wolverine proclaimed.

Reine stepped forward and Don Wolverine placed the crown on her head. Queen Reine then motioned to Forest and he stepped forward and Blaise took her own crown and presented it to him.

"My fellows of the Hills. I am here to lead you, and to serve you. Together, we will bring this Kingdom back into greatness. Follow me, and see what things we can accomplish." she cried.

The crowd cheered for their new Queen. They knew her well, and they loved her. Forest stepped back with a sigh. The time of war was passed. Now, as Prince, the time of the Arts, and of the Sciences, would flourish. He was at peace.

But Queen Reine, though she smiled outwardly, was not as complacent. She knew of more evil within the court. She knew of one who would seek to undermine her place as Monarch. And while she would love to route out the villain, she could not do so without proof, and this enemy had been very clever in covering its tracks. She knew it was going to take time. But she had a plan to deal with this traitor. All she had to do, was make the populace an offer they couldn't refuse...

Forest Evergreen

Forest sat back in his Royal chamber. Though the Castle had been his "home" many times, his gypsy heritage always made such places feel uneasy and too confining. Pushing aside his wanderlust, he returned to the task at hand. He had already made plans with the neighboring Kingdoms to hold a grand cultural competition. It would be a sure way for the artisans of the Hills to show their superior talents. As he finished the last announcement scroll, the door burst open.

"The damn fools" the Queen raged as she flopped down in a nearby chair. "They are still clinging to a belief that the damned Demon will return."



Rise of the Queen

Various

"Nice to see you as well.yes breakfast was nice and in fact i did finalize the arrangements for the tri-Kingdom Dragonmaster, thanks for asking." Forest replied to the interruption.

Reine sighed, "Since when do I waste time with niceties when there is work to be done?It seems that Baron Chaos has declared Finder's Keep a freehold and they are rebelling against us in order to continue serving Mallibus."

"A rebellion?How...unique." Forest chuckled."But seriously, don't they realize that Mallibus' power was destroyed?He is banished to the nether world."

"Barbarians have never been known for their sharp intellect." reine said dryly.

"So I must put aside my work towards the arts and return to a time of war.I will gather the army and..."Forest began.

"Wait" Reine interrupted."Who said you were leading the army?Everlast is the defender of the Realm.He will lead our troops to put down this remaining resistance.You can finish your work here, but be ready to leave soon.We will travel with the troops to personally oversee our victory, and to assure the survivors that Finder's Keep is still a part of our Kingdom."

With that, Queen Reine left and sent summons to Everlast to prepare for war.Forest turned back to his work, but the thoughts of battle remained in his head.He would not be able to focus on the task at hand while there was a war to prepare.He set aside the scroll, and grabbed his sword.

"Perhaps Everlast would like some assistance in preparing the men for battle..."

Typhus Deathcaller

Typhus sat in his ruined room at he temple. The ruin not from outside but from his fit of rage earlier. Finally composed he sat and thought to himself.

That fool of a barbarian how dare he even think that he can summon one as Mallibus. Regardless of the fact that the dark gods have placed him in the special prison reserved for those who fail at their appointed tasks. I cannot face him alone yet I am alone here for none speak out against his horde. The Healers Guild just forming and beginning to show it potential now must be called to battle. To heal those who plan to stop this fool and his horde (if horde is what you can call them).

He walks to his desk and begins to write,

Queen Reine Von Doom

For now you have my support in this matter, though it may not always appear so my support is there. I grow tired of those that think they understand the dark ways. This barbarian and his horde must be taken down.

In Service,
Typhus Deathcaller
Guildmaster of Healers
Kracker Baron

He finds one of his few remaining messenger (the ones he can trust) and sends him forth hoping this one does not die or get killed on the way.



Rise of the Queen

Various

Reine Von Doom

Queen Reine stood on the balcony at the top of her castle looking over the Emerald Hills. The warm breeze was comforting, but her thoughts are consumed with Finders Keep and the army that is marching from the West. She will not let her kingdom fall to ruin from this spell.

The Queen knew there were small fractions of people that were hiding in the deep woods that were not loyal to the Crown or any one else for that matter, but she had to focus on the ultimate goal, freeing the populace of Finder's Keep. "Damn that bull headed Barbarian. What is he thinking?"

Just then a messenger from the West entered surrounded by her Royal Guard. "A message for the Queen" he said as he shook as if something had been following him. The message from Typhus provided hope to Her Majesty, but others would need to know about this possible loyal fraction.

The Queen called for her most trusted advisor to gather her armor and to finalize battleplans. After all ores and trolls have been known to occasionally cross the borders into Eagleshire, she must be prepared.

Sutra

Sutra stood on the dirt patch that remained untilled. His father was busy kicking a stubborn ox as it pulled languidly at an old tree stump.

He noticed the riders burst through a cloud of dust a mile up on the road towards the main square of town. Sutra leaned on his homemade pickaxe and waited. Soon the riders and horses reared to a stop. Excitement seemed to charge the young faces.

"Will you fight with us?" the group's leader spouted out manly.

"And for what exactly?" Sutra replied a little entertained by the emboldened young men.

"Where have you been the last month? The queen! The queen is mad and has declared war on innocents! We ride north to defend the oppressed. Will you ride with us?" The horse turned this way and that. It seemed as confused as the young man's logic.

Sutra's brow furrowed, a bead of sweat trickled past his eye. Stinging sweat in the eyes was never a favored reminder of life, but it was enough to break his calculation of the day and a half it would take to reach the Shire of the Eagle.

"The queen mad eh? Are you sure? Is it the barbarian and his folk you wish to protect?" Sutra grimaced a bit looking at the young man, the sun hanging like a halo behind him.

"Follow the main path North. Gather any able bodied fighter you can."

The look of disdain marked his face as he yelped riding off towards town. The others sheepishly followed. Sighing, Sutra hung his head and shook the dirt from his pants. Yawning, he speculated what other tales and stories were entertaining drunks and old wives throughout the lands.

The queen, mad? Surely the curse of the Mall'abus had been broken. It never had a chance to affect her. Even



Rise of the Queen

Various

the old barbarian must be cleansed by now. A shiver worked down his neck as he remembered his previous nightmare. Wererats on the march south.

Is it possible?

Thangorn Waterwalker

As I awake from a sleep in a deeply forested area ,the spell of Malabus now lifted, I still see images of the battle, one in particular stood out the most.

I'm running fast our general Wolvie behind me I look around see many whom are inept with blade and bow, behind us I hear Sir Wolvie shout an order and not a second later I hear the fury of blades crashing together. I feel empowered, angry, and in a flash of light i wake up and i feel blood running down my shoulder, hand, and leg, most of it not my own.

I get up and start walking all of a sudden realizing that ive lost my companions.



Archery Source - AD

If you need top notch arrows and quivers look no further. Moorcat is your one stop shop for great arrows and battle quivers.

<http://www.moorcat.com/amtgard/archery.htm>



Kingdom Gallery





Caravan of Shadows

Various

Sutra

Sutra stopped to breath for a while. He had realized how useful a steed would be the past few days. He was circumventing his home barony, a little to the west. He realized it better to avoid traveling through Midnight Sun. He was sure to get suckered into some sort of petty argument.

The half moon sat patiently in the midnight sky. A lone campfire shimmered in the distance. There he found the young scout Thangorn fast asleep. His bow and sword by his side. Sutra sat calmly on the log as he picked through the young man's rations.

A green apple lured him to eat. He nodded off for a moment.

[dream]

he saw himself stand on the edge of a river.

the air did not blow. the sky sat still.

he wadded into the water chest deep.

the current which was dead drew speed.

the clouds raced in the sky.

the wind whipped his hair into his face.

he realized the water turning black.

the darkness ebbing away from his body.

black as pitch.

thunderous strikes in the distance jolted him to wake.

[/dream]

Sutra quietly set a trap at the entrance of the young mans site, to be on the safe side. He wanted to see the young one alive and well when he returned to the barony. He had much to discuss.

The forest was quiet; the air was stifling, almost clinging to his lungs. It was hot, maybe 100 stones hot, hotter perhaps.

The royal caravan trudged through the dry path. Sutra inched forward aware of the crown on the head of a lithe woman. She sat surrounded by seemingly powerful guards. She appeared to be the...

'Your Majesty Von Doom!' a scout breathlessly spoke. She looked up; gray eyes glinted with calculated precision.

'The scouts have reported two contingent forces, all from the northern most keep!' He seemed out of breath.

'And what of the Baron?' she coolly asked.

'Aye, he leads them south. Less than half a mile away. We also have reports of the lands natives preparing for war. We have spoken to a messenger, they say they require tribute for passing through their lands or suffer their chieftains wrath.'

She had heard rumors about the nomadic peoples who lay between her palace and the barbarian's home-lands. The aggressive warlike peoples of the SitckitoJa had known these forests and plains for as long as the lands have been united under the one true banner.

'We will offer them a handsome fee if they agree to fight for us. Nothing more, or they risk high treason against



Caravan of Shadows

Various

their sovereign crown.'

The sounds of war cries could be heard almost a hundred feet ahead. The ambush was on. Enthralled in the speculation of bloodshed, the peoples of the Finders Keep fought with a new found vengeance. On a rolling hill not too far from the ambushing war party stood a mountain of a man covered in bits and pieces of crude armor. His red mane flowed in the hot breeze. His piercing eyes demanded respect. With a mouth wide enough to eat an entire army he bellowed out!

'Charge! The treasure is mine!' His faithful subjects paid no heed to his insatiable lust for power and blood. Sutra leapt from his hidden perch, knocking arrow after arrow, legging countless aggressors. His arrows found the sides and chests of many. The barbarian baron was surrounded by his most trusted as one after another Sutra's arrows were repelled by an amazon that was terrifying to behold. He was glad he had meet worthwhile opponents on the field this day.

As quickly as Sutra fired shoot after calculated shoot, the royal alarm was sounded and some of the best the kingdom had to offer quickly drew arms and returned the fervor the sea of angry faces had displayed. A leg here, a chest there, three times missing, Sutra rushed around in the melee, sometimes standing on the fray, at other times chasing after the thieving masses back to their camp. Sutra would surely make his forefathers proud today.

The natives appeared like coiled lighting. They struck at both sides without prejudice. Sutra suffered mortal wounds by them but was quickly revived by royal healers, hands and tunics bloodied by their previous works. The chieftain alone was capable of pushing either side out and away from his range. Many thought themselves safe, others found themselves gazing upon a feathered arrow protruding from their chest or arm. Sutra had heard of the chieftain, Sparring with Hawks, and respected his prowess with the bow. Sutra made a mental note to avoid this terror with all tangible might.

It was the shade of cold death that reminded him of something deeply familiar. The barbarian had managed to buy the help of the dark ones. OffThe Guild. Sutra fired arrow upon arrow at the masked ones, but hitting on mark was harder to commit to. Sutra fell to a knee, his spirit concerned, knowing something powerful approached him, within striking distance. The darkest shadow slipped by him, to his right. Two burning orbs, furnaces of hell itself seemed to peer at him. Sutra knew the possessor of the dark and heard his own name whispered...'Suuuttraaaa...'

Sutra stood to regain his composure and realized he had to fight harder if the royal caravan was to make it safe to the palace.

The battle raged on seemingly for days. It was less than an hour but hundreds had been slain. As both forces neared exhaustion, Sutra aimed and let loose an arrow at a tribal foe who had earlier wounded him. The shot glanced of the mans weapon as he kept walking, revealing an aura of power. A shaman no less Sutra realized.

The village holy man walked by as Sutra feigned interest. Almost instinctively Sutra focused all his energy into the bow and let loose one last shoot.

It hit true, under the shamans left ribs. He looked back almost in disbelief before lurching forward upon the



Caravan of Shadows

Various

ground, dead.

It was too late; Sutra heard the footsteps too late. He turned only to see a glimpse the overpowering stature of a dark knight, an Anti-Paladin. His searing white eyes squinted as he laid down his bloodied blades multiple times across Sutra's chest. Sir Trinity. Not Again.

Falling to his knees, Sutra could feel his life quickly depart. A smile was the last thing he could feel himself do as a smart arrow struck the dark knight of legend. Sutra knew his friend Tolken had made things right.

Darkness.

As the healers completed their chants, Sutra coughed up a handful of blood, the bandages tightly woven around his upper body. He was breathing again. Never liked coming back this way.

The caravan had been severely looted and damaged. Those who could gather damage and casualty tallies did.

Before Sutra could sit up and unroll his bandages, the frantic cry rang out through the main lines.

'The Queen! The Queen is gone!'

Forest Evergreen

Forest clutched the note as the caravan continued south. What foolishness! He read over it again, still amazed by the brazen declaration at the bottom.

Signed "The Guild".

Was the Assassin's guild now at open war with the Kingdom? No, that was ludicrous. In all these years if the assassin's guild felt it needed, they created a contract and "disposed" of unworthy leaders. Yet, they had not done so with Queen Reine. In fact, they were prospering as much as any under her rule. Their numbers (from the showing at the ambush) had grown and there was far more money in the Kingdom coffers than before to be paid out when they were "needed" by the monarchy.

This left only one answer in Forest's mind, there was a fracture in the guild. Some upstart must be trying to make his mark. Why else would he openly flaunt the involvement of such a secret society in a letter claiming responsibility for the Queen's abduction. What leverage did they have over Sir Delphos to make him openly attack the crown he claimed so loyally to serve.

There had to be answers. Answer's that forest intended to gather before they reached the Barony of Midnight Sun. He left instructions with Champion Everlast, and then gathering a few loyal guards, slipped away quietly in the night. He knew the dark paths, and where they could lead him. He never enjoyed his visits in the black corners of the kingdom, but when times became desperate, he knew the ends would justify the means.



Homecoming

Typhus Deathcaller

Typhus Deathcaller

After helping the caravan reach its final destination. The battle still lingering in his mind. He had turned against his baron to serve the crown. He risked his small temple in the north of the kingdom by remaining with the caravan to the end. Though most of its treasure had been looted. He left his horse at the local stable for a quick return was needed. He gathered what little energy he had left and in a small shimmer Typhus was gone.

A shimmer in the room and then a growing figure appears. Typhus is home and he is not happy. His servants are dead yet his temple still stands. His scream of rage can be heard from the darkest pits of Hell to the highest peaks in Heaven. "Vengeance will be mine!!"

He turns to his altar and kneels. Beginning the incantations hoping to see the recent past of this location. He sees swords but no person is wielding them could this be a trick or an unclear vision. His servants are killed mercilessly, even those that beg for release and offer their service to the Baron of Finders Keep. Their souls impossible to call forth.

He thinks to himself, "Traitor to a baron I may be, yet I am true to my kingdom and more importantly my gods." He readies himself for the forthcoming attempts on his life. Resting as he is able to gather his strength. Typhus, the dark cleric readies himself to fight alone in a hostile land.

Having finally composed himself enough to venture out of his Temple. Typhus went to a large gathering. He walked with confidence having secured some protection at great cost to himself. He walked literally unmolested amongst people that had caused so much damage to his plans and interests. The same ones that called him traitor on the field of battle. Acted as though he was not even there.

His lady had been revived after an attack at the crowning of the new Queen. The one responsible was in his sights and little did he know it. The order had not come from him, Typhus was sure of that, but his hand had laid the poison. With no effort at stealth or trickery Typhus boldly walked up to this assassin, one who made him shudder not. "Rage, how are you doing?", he said confidently with no waver in his voice. He laid his hand on Rage's shoulder and let the Death Magic flow through his palm. The withering affects took Rage instantly to the plane of the netherworld. There to meet Mallibus the one the red haired barbarian wished to raise. Typhus felt a sudden drop in his awareness and fumbled over the incantations to sever his spirit and leave him there. Yet he knew of no healers in the area that would help this damned soul return.

That done he now sets his sights on bringing his own guild together in unity of purpose. This is proving harder than he thought. He has now made many enemies he is aware of this.

Sutra

He reread the tattered parchment as he hid under the comfortable shade of his makeshift tarp. The rain pattered hard as he waited for it to cease.

The powers to the west had converged, he waited for word; anything positive that the gods would empower them with again. He waited for a change. He waited for the dark gift to double in his chest.

He held out his hand and gazed intently on the mark seared on his palm. Nothing. He could swear he could hear himself growl with displeasure.

He scanned the note again....

Dear Members of the Guild,

I am writing this in the dark of night. With only the moon for my candle. Here at Finders Keep all of my acolytes have been slain. This barbarian has gone too far. I ask that we take a vote on whether or not to withdraw our arts from them and his supporters. If we vote this way then all members of the assassins guild and Sable Pride as well as those who



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Typhus Deathcaller

fought for Finders Keep during the raid on the Kingdome caravan will be denied the heal arts we control. If we vote against this then each individual member of the guild may choose their own side with no repercussions from the guild. However we vote I will let the Queen know whether the guild takes her side or remains neutral.

In Service,
Typhus Deathcaller
Dark Cleric
Guildmaster of Healers
Kracker Baron

Sutra stepped into the desolate temple. The upturned altars and broken candles lay disheveled on the scorched floor.

Sacrilege, it hung heavy in the air. Sutra, though not obedient to the gods worshiped here had enough sense to know something sacred such as this should go unscathed in war. This was not the case.

He scanned the evidence and realized it to be the work of a senseless madman, young ones bent on proving their grit. He shook his head.

Not assassins though. Even the most uneducated layman could recognize the fact.

Sutra had been there, aiding the royal caravan by accident. He had met the master of the healing guild. Typhus. He had been privy to much about him but stood by his side nonetheless. He was as surprised to see the shades of death gather among the enchanted citizens of Finders Keep as Typhus himself.

There was always more to the story than meet the eye. Sutra only wondered when he would meet with his own guild master. Would he be reprimanded for being in the wrong place and at the wrong time? Will he be allowed to know the true intent of The Guild?

Perhaps this was a personal vendetta Typhus had against The Guild, gladly willing to drag the faithful down with him.

Sutra stood as he swept a handful of ash from the face of a beautiful statue of mother and son. He frowned as he began to question.

'Has Typhus told them it is he who started this personal war between the shadows? Is he truly loyal to the crown, or does he simply want the royal hammer to smash the dark ones for personal gain? With the queen missing, is she in danger or being protected?'

Sutra tried to quiet the roar of possibilities growing insistently demanding.

'Ssshhhh...'

Sutra smirked again as he turned away from an altar he had set back in place before heading back home. Time would tell.



Ambushed

Forest Evergreen

Forest Evergreen

The caravan had stopped for a rest in the heat of the day. The Queen and her Regent set up in a covered pavilion with guards set outside to keep a look out for any possible problems.

"We are close to Eagleshire you Highness. Surely they have received word and are sending extra help." Forest said, hoping to ease the Queen's mind.

"True, but there is no telling how long it may take, and we are vulnerable to..." the Queen began.

"Attack!" the guards shouted. "We are under attack! To your positions."

Forest sprang from his seat and grabbed a bow from the weapons stockpile. He was wary from the long travel and his tired state left his magic weakened. Nocking an arrow, he looked outside and saw what was to come.

Chaos and his followers from Finder's keep had been following the caravan and had taken the rest stop as an opportunity to attack. To make matters worse, and more confusing, it seemed a number of assassins had joined them or been hired by them to aid in the assault.

Much to Forest's surprise, General TuK! was also fighting with the crazed barbarian. What madness was this?! One of the Kingdom's generals who had led its armies into battle now fought against his own Queen?! Surely there was some foul magic at work.

Gratefully, Forest saw that the mysterious Sutra, and even Typhus the dark healer were standing by the Queen as she emerged in her battle armor.

"Your Majesty, this is no place for you. Please return to the safety of the pavilion." Forest pleaded with her.

"If these maniacs get through the defenses, there will be no safety. And do not forget your station! I am not a soft hand maiden. I am a warrior and will not sit idle and bite my nails in hopes of victory. I will lead to it!" Reine replied, unsheathing her sword and stepping forward to meet her foes.

Forest felt renewed. He yelled orders to the forces rallied around them. Yet inside he hoped that Everlast would return soon with the reinforcements from their home land of Eagleshire.

Yet, his renewed optimism did not last. Just as the forces began to engage, orcs and trolls sprang from the hillside and attacked as well. At first they seemed to attack at random. And at one point their chief even bartered for "shineys" to withdraw. But the peace did not last. These foul creatures seemed to understand what was in the chest that the caravan guarded and they began to ignore the marauders and attack the Kingdom's defenders exclusively in hopes of taking the treasure.

The battle went poorly. Multiple times, the attackers broke through the lines and sacked the caravan before they were repelled. Much gold was taken, and then, the biggest shock.

Hearing cries from behind the pavilion, Forest ran with his bow to see what had caused the alarm. Then he saw



Ambushed

Forest Evergreen

him. Black, cold, heartless, and grinning with the pleasure of seeing evil brought to others. Sir Delphos was crouched in striking position ready to slaughter some of the less experienced guardsmen. What trickery was this that the Guildmaster himself... a sworn loyalist to the Kingdom... would assault his own Queen. The guild and the monarchy had always had a strained, but lasting alliance. And this was no approved assassination. This was outright treason!

Forest aimed his bow at the assassin and snarled "Leave. NOW!"

Delphos met his gaze and slowly rose to his feet, backing slowly, his hand reaching for his throwing weapon. "I said GO!" Forest shouted. His heart told him to shoot the traitor, but in his head he could not be sure that some other force was not manipulating the Dark Knight, compelling him to such actions.

Suddenly, Dark Tigr stepped up from behind Delphos and thrust his sword into the man's back, leaving him for dead. Forest lowered the bow. Now he would not know what had caused the man to turn on his Kingdom.

Soon the battle was over. Everlast charged in from the east leading reinforcements from Eagleshire and driving back the men and monsters. As Forest and the others tended to the hurt, and sought healers to raise the dead, they took inventory of the damages. Over half the treasury was taken. And worse, as they went to count the number of fallen adversaries, the body of Delphos was nowhere to be found.

Forest went to report the news to the Queen when the worst news of all was announced.

"The Queen... The Queen is missing!"

Forest Evergreen

Days had passed and still there had been no word on where the Queen was or why the Guild had taken her. The only silver lining was word that reached Forest's ears about his home to the north. Baron Aylin was standing firmly beside the Monarchy and word was she had put forth a proclamation that Torian Kel, the champion of the northern holdings, was to be arrested on sight for his treason during the ambush.

Forest wrote a quick note and sent off a messenger bird to the Baron.

"I think I'd like a word with that upstart when he is caught. We ride north!"





The Plight of Queen Riene Von Doom

Sir Delphos Darkheart

Sir Delphos

The Queen awoke from a horrible dream. As she turned over to get comfortable again she realized her dream was true.....for she was not in her castle, her caravan was gone, and she was alone locked up in a small candle light room with a small plate of food. She could hear a group of men arguing, only partial information and voices, but there was one voice word that kept repeating assassinate, assassinate, assassinate. "Where am I?" she thought as she backed her self in a corner like a animal ready to attack whoever opened the door.

Just outside the thick stone door, several masked figures argued over the disposition of their captive. "I say assassinate the Bitch and be done with it" said one.

"No, the Master wants her alive" replied another.

"But our agents are being accosted by the Royal Guards and the Master Healer has declared Open War upon all of us" a third masked figure began, "shouldn't we just hand her over for ransom?"

All eyes turned to the outer door, as a fourth masked figure entered the small chamber just outside the Queen's cell.

This one was much larger than the other three and they seemed to hold him in some regard, for they immediately stood at attention when he entered the chamber. His dark eyes showed no emotion as he signaled the other three to stand away from the door.

Speaking not a word, he took a key from one of the Guards and placed it into the locked door of the cell which held the prisoner. Turning the key, he swiftly entered the small room, closing the door behind him.

Crouched in the corner, the Queen quickly sprang at her captor like a wild animal. She came at him all fists and nails, trying to rend the large man where he stood, but to no avail. His powerful hand caught her in mid air by the throat and threw into the stone wall. Before she could regain her stance and launch another attack, he kicked her with a heavy boot, knocking the wind from her lungs as she gasped for breath. Once again she tried to attack her captor, this time her efforts where answered by a hard backhand across her face sending her limp body sprawling to the hard stone floor.

Picking up the Queen with one arm, he throws her unconscious body over his shoulder, opens the cell door and walks out into the small chamber.

With a slight motion of his hand, he signals the other three Guards to open the outer door and leaves them all in silent wonder.



The Plight of Queen Riene Von Doom

Sir Delphos Darkheart

Sutra

he wound through he maze the dark ones call home.

he had grown accustomed to the labyrinth. it had come to him in nightmares. he was living it now. the pungent smell of mildew and rust was oddly appealing to him.

he found the sealed cell door locked. sutra reached out placing his hand over the lock. the clicking was almost silent, the mechanism giving way to the command of a master.

he found her laying in a pain induced cesspool.

he froze waiting for her to move. her raspy gasps had to be a good sign.

the extra weight was enough to keep him moving. the sloshing sound of water at his ankles made his anxious to find the passage quickly.

he placed the broken figure against a broken column as he turned peering deep into the darkness. no one had picked up on his presence. he was decent after all.

he pushed on the bolted grate left to rust in the elements. the moon hung high in the early morning hours. 2 am he thought to himself. the one he summoned tended to be better with time than himself.

she was a ghost of a figure since he last saw her. lifting her gently into the sweet summer air, he pushed forward into the night.

'I see you kept your word...' the whisper echoed in the forest clearing. the healer turned on his heel frantically wanting to appear calm and collected. he was failing miserably.

'suuu...utra...you're risking both our lives...' the healer swallowed hard. "Have you the queen!?" he shouted in a hushed whisper.

A shadow emerged from thin air, cloaked by the tree lines dark overcast. Sutra placed the shivering queen unto the dew laden earth. The sight sickened him. This was not right.

'I've given her a dose of antidote, lest she submit to some simple poison before you can...' sutra speaks as his eyes trace the healers frantic hands, removing the torn remnants of cloth heavy with blood and sweat, 'revive her...' sutra trailed off into silence as the healer squinted looking over her features.



The Plight of Queen Riene Von Doom

Sir Delphos Darkheart

The nervous man smeared a droplet of dried blood from her midriff, sniffing it, and eventually tasting it.

'You fool, what kind of tric...' The healers words were immediately cut off as a cool piece of metal slip under his chin. 'Shut up and fulfill your end of this bargain, or she will not die alone tonight.' Sutra sneered angrily.

'Sutra, surely you know as much as I do! This isn't the queen! Dammit, you bring me out to the middle of nowhere for this!' With a flash, the healer is gone. Damn teleporting healers. How they get along with wizards is beyond him.

Sutra mind races as he tries to piece together what just happened, when the sunken face of the queen peers up at him. Sutra focuses intently on the shivering figure as she goes completely limp. 'Reine! Your majesty Von Do...' The bright flash is almost blinding causing sutra to jerk his face back out of instinct to protect his sight. Cinder and dust envelopes him before he dares open his eyes again.

He looks at his empty arms, a swirl of black dust encompasses him as it ebbs into the air above him. 'What the hell....'

A doppelganger. A golem concocted by the prince regent, a master healer at that, in order to protect the queen from such events as this.

Sutra stood as he dusted himself off.

When would he learn.

The Elven nations have lain scattered and broken only to fade away into the past. I make this call to any persona who is elven or has elven ties to join me in this convocation.

I am Sutra Bahuas, Son to a human father and desert elf mother.

I seek to establish a new order for all sidhe and allies alike.

I make this call to all who are elven in heritage.

I make this call to all who are half elven in blood.

I make this call to all who are friendly to us.

The arrogant ways of old have died and a new age of existence is within our grasp.

The ancients say one must be of pure blood to be Finvarra.

I say that legacy of purity has failed us.

I declare myself as Finvarra to the nations and call upon my brethren to join in this milestone to make the Emerald Hills our home again.

Come brothers and sisters and make your stand. Let us take our promised future, today.

http://games.groups.yahoo.com/group/House_Quendelie/

Regards

S



Traitor in the Midst

Various

Sir Delphos

The moon had long since passed its zenith and was sinking quickly into the horizon. The darkness of night overtaking the waning reflected light of the eye of Luna. Silent as night itself, a small form moves through the underbrush.

It suddenly stops in its tracks directly in front of a deep gorge, its long fur covered tail swishing as if controlling itself. Sniffing the air for any sign of predators, the Child of Shadows effortlessly leaps the several yards separating her from the far side. With three more graceful bounds she reaches the rusted iron gates of the stronghold. In one swift motion her lithe form clears the top of the gates and lands soundlessly in the grass on the opposite side.

Feeling the stone wall with her slender clawed fingers, she finds the secret space between the stones and pushes slightly inward. A small passageway opens near the ground and she slips inside without a sound, her tail flicking with excitement as she enters her home.

In a large chamber, lit only by a single candle, the Grandmaster Assassin sits cross legged on a small rug. Surrounding him are four black cats, each sitting at the four corners of direction and element. A dark mist begins to coalesce around them all, slowly growing in size and becoming thicker by the moment.

Soon the mist is so thick that an onlooker, had one been in the room, could not have seen any of the beings within.

As the mist grows darker, a deep voice begins to chant words in an ancient tongue. Words long forgotten by most who walk the Realm and only spoken by the Old Ones who still remember their true Power. The voice continues for what seems to be an eternity, yet no time passes outside of the chamber itself. Then all goes Black...

Through the familiar catacombs the Child of Shadows makes her way to the Grandmaster's Chamber. She carries the bound scroll given to her by a Master she knows well. As her silent feet traverse the distance, she can feel the energy passing through the very stone walls themselves. But she is not afraid.

Before she can reach the heavy wooden door, it opens on its own accord and she enters the chamber of her Grandmaster, of her Father in Spirit and Soul.

"You bring news, my little one."

He speaks to her with a gentle kindness, seemingly out of character for one of his deadly nature.

"Yes Grandmaster", the soft voice almost a purr in itself,

"A message from Master Su..."

His deep voice interrupts her before she can finish the name.

"Yes my Child, I know who it is from."

He takes the bound scroll from her small hand, opens it slowly and begins to read. The smile on his face



Traitor in the Midst

Various

almost unnoticeable in the feint light of the candle.

"You have done well, my initiate.You have done very well indeed."

"Go now and send in my Accolades."

He tenderly kisses her small clawed hand and touches her shoulder lightly.

"Thank You Grandmaster."

Kimori bows low, leaving Lord Delphos alone with his thoughts.

"Oh, young Master Assassin" he says to himself...

"you never cease to surprise me."

Dawn breaks, a bright orb of fire on the Eastern horizon, as three dark horsemen gallop across the rolling green hills.The heat of mid summer morning would soon be upon them and they raced to beat the direct rays of full sun.

Their mission had been given to them by the Grandmaster himself.

"Find the Trader and bring him to me at once."

Soon the Kingdom would know that the Guild had been tricked and the Golem had been destroyed.Perhaps now the persecution would cease...

Perhaps NOT...!!!

Time itself could only tell.

Sutra

The scrape of metal against the millstone reminds him of home. Of a father who spent his whole life wanting to provide something of a future for his children. It was his own past that haunted him. He drank, they say to forget.

Oh the ghosts that haunt us now.

Sutra sat on the edge of a river examining the blade of a dagger. His actions had spoken volumes and yet the consequences were unknown.

He peered past the shiny blade, reflecting the moonlight. It was his own-mirrored image in the mild current that caught his attention. Sutra recognized the familiar gleam in the eyes that peered back.

"...santos..."

The image blurred out, a ripple breaking his concentration. It was soon replaced by a faint cloud of blood before the water turned sanguine.



Traitor in the Midst

Various

Sutra turned his attention to the dark figure that lay on the back a few feet up stream from him. Stirring, the figure grunted again.

Sutra slide next to the faint breathing. A mask draped lazily across the figures pallid neck. He had never seen the young face before. Their brave claims of collecting the bounty on his head had been replaced with pitiful whimpering.

Sutra inhaled deeply as he calculated his next move. The Guild was sure to catch up with him soon. His human kindness had betrayed him the previous night.

Pressing his left palm to the figures defiant face, Sutra closed his eyes and bowed his head for a moment, praying to an unseen force he was well aware, present or not, would weigh his spirit someday. Until then.

The pop of snapping vertebrae was quick and merciful.

Sutra, without opening his eyes pushed the lifeless figure into the stream hoping it would carry the body a mile or two to throw his pursuers off, buying him time to visit the shire of Midnight Sun, possibly; one last time.

The cool water trickled between his hands, washing away the blood and sweat that had dried on his fingertips.

Standing to confront the night he had betrayed, Sutra set out to complete his tasks. With the newly acquired knowledge, he felt a little more at ease with what was to come.

Rage Bloodstorm

Rage flings the small table in his chamber across the room and watches it splinter against the wall. His eyes are glowing blood red with his anger. He has been betrayed by one of his closest friends.

A man he called brother and heard it in return.

"SUTRA!!!!!!!!!!", he roars at the top of his lungs.

The sound echoes through halls of the dark keep and rolls across the hills beyond. When the queen was found missing from the guilds 'care', Rage was angered. When he and Kimori investigated the room from which she disappeared, Kimori informed him that she could smell Sutra faintly. Rage recognized many of his brother's marks, such as the way the lock had been opened. As this settled into his mind, Rage began to boil with hatred. How could Sutra allow himself to do something like this.

Now Raged slammed around his room as Kimori watched carefully from the far corner. Rage's wings were spread fully and the fires of hell danced on their edges as well as in his eyes.

"He will pay for this!", Rage growled, his voice still booming through the stronghold. "I will have his head on a pike, but first he will suffer! He will endure pains that even the queens golem could not imagine! I will



Traitor in the Midst

Various

make him understand what he has done to his guild! More importantly he shall suffer for betraying our knight!"

Rage kicks the door of his chamber so hard that it flies off the wall and flips into the hall. Many of the initiates scatter from outside his room. Looks of on most of their faces.

"Betraying the guild is one thing! That I may have over looked in his case! However, turning his back on Sir Delphos and myself, this I cannot allow! I called him BROTHER!!! Well soon he shall know how Abel felt in the hands of Caine!"

Suddenly, Rage bolts from his room, grabbing the tools of his trade as he goes. He storms down the halls and heads for the stronghold's exit.

Let the hunt begin.

Kimori

Night had long receded as she stirred, and though no light dared penetrate the stone depths of the stronghold's vast catacombs she could feel dawn's unwelcomed embrace as it closed in upon them. It made her stomach lurch, even moreso than the hours past. Her world truly felt like it was falling apart.

Amethyst eyes dulled and grayed from exhaustion and sadness, she pressed her cheek against the cool stone wall and willed herself not to cry. What would her brothers think, if they found her tucked away within the darkness, sobbing like a child? She feared that would not bode well; one who faced death so often as she did should not weep, not for herself, nor her victims, for no man or woman and certainly not for a fool who had sealed his own fate, but as the warm, wet tears forced their way down her pale cheeks she could not withstand the despair that consumed her--Master Sutra was a traitor.

Clenching her eyes shut, she wrapped her arms around herself, the tears falling more freely still. The atrocities of the evening past came flooding back to her. Rage's brutal cries as the Queen's chamber was found empty; the gentle smell of her brother lingering in the air. She had been wrought with confusion, and heartbreak at the harsh words of her brethren, as one by one they prepared themselves to hunt and murder Master Sutra like a vile animal.

She was not prepared for this. A child, born and raised in bloodshed, she was still that--a mere child, who had poured her last hopes of existence into a family bound not with blood, but with souls as tainted and torn as hers. It had proven to be a false sanctuary. She had loved him so dearly, and he had betrayed not only her, but her brothers, and the Grandmaster himself. It felt as if he had driven a hot knife into her back with his bare hands, for she was surely writhing on the ground in agony. She felt no more hope.

Sinking onto the stone floor, she laid there, pressed against the wall, with no intention or will to move. She wasn't concerned anymore with what the others may think if they found her crumpled so pathetically beneath the pain of the betrayal. In fact, she didn't care about anything anymore, and as her eyelids fluttered closed, heavy with sorrow and the desire to sleep, a single word escaped her lips.

'...Sutra...'



Traitor in the Midst

Various

Delphos Darkheart

The new day brought no news of comfort to the House of Shadows.

The Traitor had not been found, or at least the Grandmaster's Accolades had not sent word of his capture or his death. The Dark Knight could not help but wonder, why his Squire had done such a thing.

The earlier explosion from the very volatile Initiate, was still echoing through his thoughts and through the dark hallways of the Stronghold itself. It was no wonder he was called "Rage Bloodstorm". The name fit him well.

It took all the Strength within the Demon of the Darkheart to stop his new Squire from tearing down the entire Keep, before he charged out into the bright daylight on the hunt for his traitorous brother.

The Guild was beginning to fall apart and Delphos could not seem to pull them all together. He had to get to the bottom of this deception.

Who had switched the Golem for the Queen?

Why had Sutra turned traitor?

What purpose could it serve...To betray his Guild for these empty headed Crowns?

He paced the halls, as he often did when he could not calm his troubled soul.

In his anger and deep in confused thought...he almost missed her...A soft form, lying in a dark corner shaking with sobs in her fitful sleep.

His Dark Heart stopped for a moments breath...The one creature who could make him feel something besides Hate, lying on the cold stone floor at his feet.

Slowly he knelt down and cradled her in his arms. She hissed and started to claw at him, but his low voiced calmed her and her sobbing stopped as she pressed her soft face against his chest and her tail wrapped around his arm.

"This is no place for you, My Child" he spoke tenderly to her.

Delphos carried His Child of Shadows into her small chamber and gently laid her down in her in her bed of fur and feathers, carefully placing a cover over her small form... as her tail swished twice with the slightest of pleasure.

"May the Darkness keep you safe, little one", he said... and quietly left the room.

With that, the Dark Knight quickly strode to his largest chamber, were he could pace the floors and think more rapid thoughts and let his own Demon Out.

This would be a long day indeed!!!



Traitor in the Midst

Various

Kofka

Kofka walked the practice yard of the hold clenching a worn peace of parchment in his fist. He observed the younglings practicing their fighting skills as he pondered the message that had come in the night.

Questions swirled around in his head as he thought about the recent events.

The question that rang the loudest bell in Kofkas' soul was 'Why Sutra WHY?'

Kofka stopped and showed youngling Squeek how to throw his dagger more accurately. Patting the small initiate on the head Kofka moved on, as his thoughts turned to his friend and brother Rage.

Rage Bloodstorm had a fire burning in him that was hot to start with; recent events must have turned that fire into an inferno. Kofka made a mental note to talk to Rage before setting out about subtlety and being calm in thought and action. When stalking a skilled foe a berserker mentality could get all the hunters killed.

Kofka absently reached out and blocked a sword thrust from youngling Jin. A smile crossed the teachers face that a student should be so bold. Jin truly was a child of the shadows. After assigning Jin extra kitchen duty for getting caught, Kofka moved on continuing to think puzzling thoughts.

The whole situation did not add up. There was no profit in Sutra actions that Kofka could see. Why would Sutra, a master of the guild, choose to walk the path of the traitor to the guild? What was there to gain by Sutras actions?

The situation did not add up in Kofkas particle mind. "Well, the only way to find out is to ask the man himself" muttered Kofka to himself. Kofka gathered the younglings and gave them instruction for the next week and orders to be general pains in the barbarian Chaos's smelly backside while he was away. Kofka gathered his weapons and gear and started for the gate.

Youngling Dark came running up "teacher where are you going, why are you leaving us?" Kofka turned and looked into the questioning eyes of the young one and said slowly "I'm going to seek the truth, more importantly I am going to kill a friend."

[to be continued]



Bloodlines III

Sutra Bahuas

I was slowly lulled back to consciousness. I could feel myself floating again. This time it was pretty real though. At least I think so. I can hear the muted sounds above me. I realized I was in the water. Never really a lover of open water. The dark tide always scared me as a child. My uncle had drowned when I was 8. I watched him slip beneath the glassy surface. Doesn't make for good dreams.

The water lapped at my tattered clothing. My hands lay laxly at my sides. I can feel my skin tingle under the sun. The current was calm and refreshing. I felt my whole self-move down the river.

Laughter, I could hear them shouting with reckless abandon.

I tried to turn unto my belly but only grew weary of my weak strokes. Water found it's way into my mouth and eyes, matted hair grew a chore to wipe away. It was easier to just let it take me. I turned on my back again and let myself float. The blue sky was painted with big white clouds. I sighed.

I knew I was close. I could hear her heartbeat beckon to me. I closed my eyes and turned again, in the water. The rocky submerged shelf sustained me for a while. The split in the water was different. I realized the current began to pull me down. It was trying to pull me underwater. I begin to panic.

Her hand reached out and touched my shoulder. I looked up and recognized her. She pulled me up unto the solid rock platform still covered by water. She smiled as she seemingly perched on the water itself. My head lay upon her right leg. My gaze focused from the passing hawks above, to the tree canopies, to her brilliant blue eyes.

She smiled.

'...you okay?...'

I replied with a passive smile and nodded.

'...so....when will you come back?...' her eyes seemed patiently inquisitive.

'how about...now?' I wearily replied. I could smell the flowers in her hair.

She lifted her gaze and smiled, looking past the playing mothers and children. Past the strong fathers and sons sitting waist deep in the invigorating water. She seemed to breath with the land.

The land breathed with her.

'I will come back...won't I?' I sheepishly stated.

She said nothing.

My eyes traced her soft lips, up to the canopy above her golden brown hair, to the clouds in the sky.

I was home.

S



Enraged Part 7-8

Rage Bloodstorm

Rage awakened in the gentle arms of one of the priestesses. Her smooth, dark skin and raven black hair comforted him. She smiled gently as he opened his eyes and caressed his forehead.

"Where am I?", Rage questioned with a weak raspy voice.

"Shhh. Save your energy. You are safe here in my care child of darkness." the priestess spoke. Her voice flowed a sweetly as the wind itself as she laid her calming hand on Rage's bare chest. Suddenly Rage realized that all of him was bare. This disturbed him greatly and he attempted to jump from the bed on which he laid. This not bother him because he was modest, but instead because he knew now that his wings were exposed. He wrapped them tightly around his body and covered them with his blanket. The priestess chuckled.

"What are you laughing at!" Rage demanded.

"You have no need to hide them from me." the priestess said softly.

Rage looked deeply into her eyes and for the first time noticed a shimmer of light. He did not know why but it was familiar to him. What happened next amazed and shocked Rage. The priestess noticed look of confusion on Rage's face and decided to enlighten him in the best way possible. She rose from her seat and slowly approached him. As she grew closer to him, she undid her cloak and let it fall to the floor revealing her bare, smooth curving body. More importantly it revealed her raven black, satin feathered wings. She unfurled them to show him all their glory.

"Who are you?" Rage stammered.

"I am Eliana Delaney. My friends call me Melons." for reasons made obvious to Rage the moment she dropped her cloak. "I was once a celestial servant of the light, but found myself drawn to the Dark Lord's cause. So before I could be cast out, I rebelled to the darkness. My time spent here darkened my wings and skin. Now I am a priestess for our cause to keep me safe from the light bringers."

Slowly Rage relaxed. She was much like him, celestial blood serving the darkness. He slowly let the blanket fall from his shoulders and spread his wings before her. He felt something for her he had never felt before. He was comfortable being completely seen by her. He gazed lovingly upon her body as she did his.

"It has been so long since I have been near anyone like myself." Eliana said sweetly as she floated closer to Rage.

"As it has been for me." he said with a shaky voice.

"Do not be afraid, I shall not try to tie you down. Your spirit is to free to claim."

"I do not fear you. I have just never...."

Eliana silenced Rage with her supple lips against his as the rest of her body slowly pressed into his own. The temperature in the room climbed as they wrapped their wings around each other and slid into the bed.

Rage slipped quietly from the bed and dressed himself. He had work to tend to at the royal court. As he went to the door, he heard a rustle in the bed behind him.

"Farewell dark child. Perhaps our paths shall entwine again someday" came Eliana's sweet voice.

"Indeed they may" Rage said as he passed through the door.

Rage walked through the evening with a new found vigor. His time in her arms had made him feel more alive than ever. A part of him wished he did not have to leave her, but he knew that his life was not one to involve her in. Now



Enraged Part 7-8

Rage Bloodstorm

was not the time to dwell on these things though. He had a job to complete.

Soon Rage entered the court square. He sat on the outer edge and observed his surroundings. Many familiar faces floated around and many royal guards as well. He spotted a tables were the inner most circle of his dark brotherhood was seated. Rage slid past the guards and made his way to the table. He was met well as he paid his respects to each of the masters in turn. Then he took his leave and began his hunt. Slipping through the crowd, he took note of each face and each possible exit should things go wrong. Then, he spotted his prey, a treacherous woman who had crossed the wrong line. For her trespass she had been made a target. Rage was being paid handsomely for her life, and tonight he shall deliver it.

He sat back and observed her for several minutes. He noticed several possible problems with his plan. First, he noticed that she kept a healer in her pocket. While that did not stop her from being slain, it did provide her quick revival. Secondly she stayed quite close to the monarchs table and therefore close to the guards. While this did make Rage slightly hesitant, it would not stop him. He knew that all that was required to fulfill his duties was timing and patience.

Using some of the coin he had acquired earlier, Rage paid a man to inform the guards that the healer was directly involved in the uprising against the kingdom. It worked out wonderfully. The royal guard did not hesitate. They went directly to her table and drug the healer away kicking and screaming of his innocence. That should keep him out of the way. Now to handle her. The time did soon provide itself. Feast was ready and the crowd lined up between her table and the monarch's. That handled the guards and soon she sat her plate on the table and went to get a drink. This was his chance, quickly he slid through the crowd and, as he passed by, dusted her plate with his own special spices.

With that done he left the crowd and continued to watch from the outside. Within moments she crumpled to the floor choking violently before she went completely limp. Her healer watched in horror from his cage as she passed away just out of his healing touch. Her body was quickly hauled away to continue the festivities. With no visible suspects her death was quickly written off to merely choking on her meal.

After the body was gone and the feast complete, the queen stepped up and began to honor her people. Many awards were given by the exiting queen and her regent. Then came a very honorable occasion. A woman whom had dedicated much of her life to the kingdom was given the grandest award. Before the court and all the people of this kingdom she was knighted as the sun sank in the sky.

The next series of events opened Rage's eyes to where the kingdom was falling in the hands of the light. One of his brethren, the grand master Sir Delphos Darkheart, stepped before the crowd. Clad fully in his dark armor he called forth to men from the crowd. They knelt before him just as the woman had knelt earlier. Suddenly the crowd of knights began to shuffle at their table. The dark knight, Sir Delphos, spoke many found words of the two dark figures knelt before him. Then, he drew his blade and dubbed them both knights of the kingdom by order of the queen. Suddenly the circle of knights sprang from their table shouting in outrage. They demanded this act be undone. Although it be well known that the monarch has full ability to knight whomever she deems fit, the circle proclaimed that she had no right without their approval. They continuously argued, seeming more like children throwing at fit, than the great leaders they are supposed to be.

Rage saw that as long as the light held the power, this kingdom was doomed to lose it's old code. The code of chivalry, honor, respect and loyalty. The knights that currently lead this land are but ego driven children loyal only to themselves. If this was allowed to stay than this land is surely doomed. So this was the point when Rage decided that he must help bring back the old code and save this once dark and glorious kingdom. Even if it cost



COM Meeting Results

Quick Reference Guide

1. Require monarch and PM permission to summon monsters in the same way monarch and PM permission is required to play monsters. (BL)

Pass 8-0

6. Peasant class: Add to limitations: Peasant may not wear enchantments. (WL)

Pass 8-0

7. Shield size: Remove #8 under shields "Round shields may not be wider than three feet." (BS)

Pass 7-1: RW against

8. Flails: Require that flail shafts be padded at least half (50%) of their total length. (BS)

Pass 8-0

9. Shield padding: Reduce padding requirement on shield rims from 1.5" to 1.0". (BS)

Pass 8-0

10. Daggers: Allow daggers to do 1 point to Armor, even when slashing. (BS)

Pass 8-0

13. Weapon section: Move all of the requirements for weapons to the Weapons section of the rulebook, including this section that is under Weapon Construction (page 8). (BS)

MOD: Add note "See equipment construction section for more information"

Pass 8-0

27. Earthbind spell: Pg 22 Earthbind Change "E: Victim cannot move until each of his legs are struck ten times with a slashing or bludgeoning weapon. . Anyone attempting to free the victim must state .free this leg. while doing so or the hits strike the player as normal." To "E: Victim cannot move legs until each of his legs are touched 10 times with a slashing or bludgeoning weapon by anyone attempting to free the victim and must state "Free this leg x10" while doing so. Two legs cannot be freed by the same person at the same time. Strikes to a leg from players not attempting to free the victim count as normal hits to the leg." (EH)

MOD: Add the word "feet" after "cannot move"

Pass 8-0

33. Monk: Pg 18 Monk 1st level Change "Heal (m) (1/life, Self only)" To "Heal (ex) (1/life, Self only)" (EH)

Pass 8-0

37. healer: Pg 33 Druid's Spell List Change Petrify to a cost of 1 point. (EH)

Pass 6-2: BL, RW against

39. healer: Pg 33 Druid's Spell List Change Regeneration 1/game to 1/life. (EH)

Pass 7-1: WL against

40. healer: Pg 33 Druid's Spell List Change Call Lightning to a cost of 1 point. (EH)

Pass 7-1: RW hates druids

44. Rule revisions: Install revisions into the rulebook. (BL)

MOD: This actually means "Install the rules revision PROCESS that we use into the rulebook"

Pass 8-0

45. Throwing daggers: reducing the size requirement to a two inch diameter. Again this starts to eliminate the "noodle" standard of measuring thing. Not all noodle is created equal! (BL)

Grouped with #59

46. Throwing daggers: should they have cores? This should be the monarchs' decision since that are ALL reeves qualified. (BL)

MOD: The vote before the CoM ended up being "should we adopt the phrase 'non-rigid' into the projectile rules"

Pass 8-0

47. Streamers for spell balls: three inch minimum and six inch maximum would be kosher. (BL)

MOD: "Streamers may be no longer than 12 inches"

Pass 8-0

48. Invulnerability: what takes it away? Terarin composed this list (see below) and it works. It clears up a lot on confusion and is a very nice reference. I know it needs tweaking with the shift from 6.1 playtest to 7th ed rules of play. That minor tweaking could be done by either Garik, Terarin or myself.

MOD: "Add an enumerated, living list of what removes points of Invulnerability as an appendix to the rulebook to supplant the wording already in place."

Pass 8-0

49. Missile block: Change "from striking the blocker" to "from striking any legal target". This clarifies that if the pro-



COM Meeting Results

Quick Reference Guide

jectile goes on to hit another person the hit still counts.
(IM)
Pass 8-0

51. Arrows: Page 4, Combat Note 7, change "Projectiles" to "Projectiles and arrows" (RW)
MOD: All the "projectiles are not arrows" business is lumped together and fixed as a layout change to the weapons section of the rulebook. This will break up the larger "Projectiles" category into a few separate sub-headings including "Arrows", "Throwing Weapons", "Javelins", and "Rocks". Classes that currently use Javelins will not have them removed as a result of this change.
Pass 8-0

52. Arrows: Page 46, Magic Projectile, change Material to "Projectile or Arrow, enchantment cloth", edit rest of entry to read "Projectile or Arrow" (RW)
Grouped with #51

53. Arrows: Page 48, Protection from Projectiles, change "Protects from all non-magic projectiles" to "Protects from all non-magic projectiles and arrows" (RW)
Grouped with #51

57. Spell ball components: Pg 8, Remove: "Magic components used in combat (magical balls, etc) must also be padded and be at least 2.5 inches in diameter." (DS)
Spell ball components: Pg 9, Add at end of projectile section: "Magic components thrown in combat (magical balls, etc) must follow the same safety rules as projectiles but must remain spherical." (DS)
Pass 7-0-1: RW abstain

58. Javelins: Pg 9, Change from: "Javelins must strike point first to count as a hit, but must have courtesy padding along their entire length."
Change to: "Javelins must strike point first to count as a hit and cannot be used to slash. A javelin must be legal for melee and have padding along the entire shaft." (DS)
Pass 8-0

59. Projectiles: Pg 9, Change from: "All projectiles must be at least 2.5" in diameter."
Change to: "Tips of all projectile weapons must not be able to fit through a 2.25" ring." (DS)
Pass 8-0

60. Weapon covers: Pg 8, Remove: "Weapons must be covered in a durable, opaque cloth."

Pg 4, Add to end of Strike-Legal: "This area must be covered with a durable, opaque cloth." (DS)
Pass 8-0

61. Bounces: Change from: "A projectile, arrow, or magic ball hitting the ground before it hits its target."
Change to: "A projectile, arrow, or magic ball hitting the ground, tree, or other static object before it hits its target." (DS)
MOD: "A projectile, arrow, or magic ball hitting the ground, a tree, or other static terrain before it hits its target"
Pass 8-0

67. Daggers: Pg 6 Change Dagger: A slashing or piercing weapon up to 18 inches long. At least twelve inches of its total length must be strike-legal. To Dagger: A slashing or piercing weapon up to 18 inches long. At least ten inches of its total length must be strike-legal. (EH)
Pass 8-0

69. Reversible spell balls: One of the RW wizards made up a batch of spell balls that can be inverted, effectively allowing him to carry more choices of spell balls within the allowable maximum. So long as no more than 1 spell ball can be a black one, does anyone see a conflict with the rules? I think not, but I promised to air the question. (RW)
MOD: "Allow reversible spellballs for non-restricted spellballs"
Pass 7-1: WL against

Dor Un Avathar

After much debate it was decided that more time was needed to do a head-to-head comparison of Raphaels and Lukes Dors. Observation and comparison will occur until November 1st, at which point an online vote will be held to determine which book to move forward with. At that point any desired changes or corrections will be made to the selected document and it will be officially adopted. Once adopted the book will fall under the same operational procedures as the Rulebook with the Dor being open for revision on odd numbered years and the Rulebook being open for revision on even numbered years.

Faded

Sutra Bahuas

she stood barefoot on the famished earth. the cracks ran deep into mother. she cried for rain. nothing. the sun punished the earth unceasingly. he could smell the very heat emanating from the parched land. the dark whispers danced on the strong winds scarring the wastelands. coiling, they found her alone. she opened her eyes. a vast engulfing emptiness seemed to lull him into a rhythmic stupor. he pulled back and away, the painful tinge of memory flooded his mind. her dry lips parted. a sighed question flowed forth.

'...where...are...the...free...hills...' the clouds began to give way, the pale yellow sky churned into a violent gray sea of angry storms. falling to hands and knees, the weight of the world began to press hard. the sound of cracking and whinnying joints and sinew was deafening. squinting angry tear stained eyes he could make out the four figures. they spoke to each other in riddles. all calling the other 'sister'. the black obelisk was birthed from mother. they called to it. sang and praised its harbringers return with defiant hope. there glowed the last glyph he had seen in previous visions. defiant and bright white it shone. like a beacon. demanding to be heard it called out to

the four corners of the world beyond. it called to the heroes of myth and lore. to

those champions of the light. it called. she turned and faced the pitiful man who lay at the foot of the black statue. the name brought him back to life, the one she spoke. '...sutra...' he could only moan in desperate shame. she smiled. her eyes a dark everest green. peace. she whispered once more. '...brother...' sutra startled from the all too real dream sat up in his rickety straw bed, the itch from the straw and bed bugs went unnoticed. channels of dirty sweat rolled down his chest and back. "i want it to end" he angrily repeated and slowly gave into slumber again.