

# Echoes of the hills

Echoes of the hills | v.XXXVII i.2 | Sept 1. 2006 | Reign 37



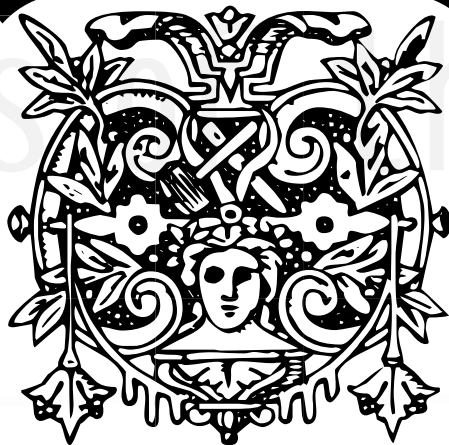
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Art by Sutra Bahuas  
Photos by  
Heraldry on page 4 by Sir Reyna





## 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

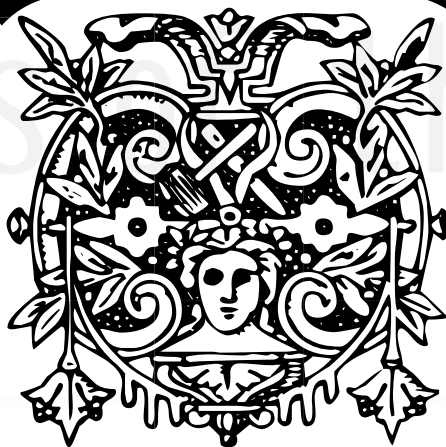
Sistar Tolken

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](mailto:rgk@tanglewoodforest.org)*

#### Amtgard-EH.com Contacts

##### Webmaster

[Webmaster@Amtgard-EH.com](mailto:Webmaster@Amtgard-EH.com)

##### Administrator

[admin@Amtgard-EH.com](mailto:admin@Amtgard-EH.com)

*Emerald Hills*



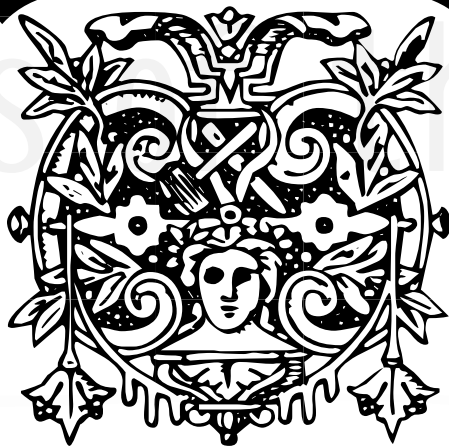
*Azure  
three hills in base vert  
A phoenix, Or*

*Treehills*



*gules and Vert,  
a chevron myony*





# Calendar of Events

## 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

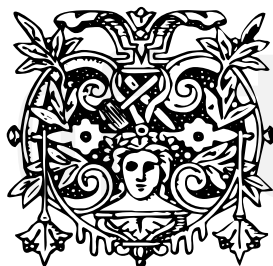
## November 2006

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!

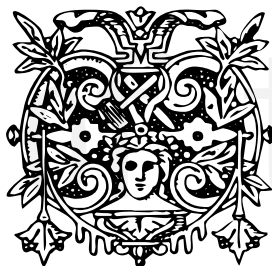


As always, have fun!  
Queen Reine Von Doom



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





## Message to the Populace



Greetings,



Well we are halfway there. So far this reign we have seen the CoM work in a capacity that we had only hoped it could for a decade. An amazing Olympiad hosted by our neighbors to the south, and an increase in the amount of RP going on. I would still like to see more Role Play and more people getting involved. This is the creative force behind the battlegames and event themes and quests. Take more than a passive role, be a driving force!



Mid Reign is going to be a great event. We have 24 hours of RP questing available. We have the first part of the Tri-Kingdom Dragonmaster. And, for those who want to "stick jock" :) we have the lit trench field, a Friday night tournament, juggling, and a gladiator pit. There is something for everyone at this event, so dive into the experience and give it a try. Hopefully we are taking a path that will lead to more involved and detail oriented events and quests.

As always, if you have any questions or comments, let me know.

In Service,  
Prince Regent Forest Evergreen





## BOD Meeting Minutes August 5, 2006

### In Attendance:

Kala Schmitto, Kevin Kidwell, Chris Koeberle, Andréa Jacobs, John Elder

### Guests:

Aaron Simpson, Jason Jacobs

### Absent:

Dorian Snider, Erin Daugherty

Meeting called to order at 11:12am at 301 Centennial Blvd Richardson, TX 75081.

### OLD BUSINESS

#### *Parks*

-Ironcloud will be notified that they are no longer a park of the Emerald Hills. Andréa Jacobs sent a registered letter to Bill Little July 14, 2006, which was returned "no such number" on July 18, 2006. A copy of the letter will be delivered to Steven Akins via registered mail.

-Cuiviedor Amarth will be notified that they are no longer a park of the Emerald Hills. Andréa Jacobs sent a registered letter to James Turrentine July 14, 2006. Confirmation of delivery has not been received.

-Kala Schmitto informed Mourningwood Glen that the BOD is not discussing pulling their contract.

-Amtgard members in Mabank, TX are requesting information about petitioning to become a park. Kala Schmitto repeatedly contacted the members via email and received no response.

#### *RGK*

-Andréa Jacobs will write a letter stating that we are a non-profit organization and provide it to John Culhane. Andréa Jacobs delivered the letter in person to John Culhane on July 11, 2006.

-Andréa Jacobs has prepared proposed revisions to the RGK charter currently a part of the corpora) and land grant rules. This will be discussed at the next RGK meeting on August 8, 2006 for submission to an Althing.

#### *Miscellaneous*

-Andréa Jacobs sent a certified letter to Steven Akins July 20, 2006 regarding his inquiry to the BOD.

-John Elder paid for the kingdom storage shed for fifteen months.

-John Elder informed the BOD that there will be significant changes in corporate tax structure in 2007 including the repeal of the franchise tax. Rita Daugherty will review the tax law changes. Tabled.

-Andréa Jacobs presented a revised SOP proposal. Approved 4-0.





## BOD Meeting Minutes August 5, 2006

### NEW BUSINESS

-Press at World Banner Wars.Kala Schmitto will inform Shalee Crowe that the BOD has no problems with the presence of press at World Banner Wars, and that Shalee Crowe needs to contact the autocrat.

-Finder's Keep Fundraising.Andréa Jacobs attempted to contact Shalee Crowe via phone before the meeting, and could not reach her.The BOD does not have enough information to comment on fundraising attempts by Finder's Keep.A tentative emergency BOD meeting will be scheduled for August 12, 2006 at the Midnight Sun.

-Currently, waivers are required for all attendees at major events.Jason Jacobs suggests that until the information changes, new waivers are not required.If waivers are collected for all participants at World Banner Wars, new waivers will only be required once a year.Waivers should be collected at World Banner Wars for all participants due to the large number of out-of-kingdom participants.The BOD will take no action at this time.Passed 5-0.

-Storage and Longevity of Sign-in Sheets.Jason Jacobs would prefer not to archive sign-in sheets from 1988.It is unclear whether state law requires the maintenance of old sign-in sheets.Tabled.4-1. Because the Prime Minister's position requires keeping of the records and overseeing the updating of the ORK, should the PM have an automatic seat on the BOD?This would require a change to the Corpora via Althing.The BOD will make no recommendation on this topic.

-Should BOD members be subject to an attendance requirement similar to that of other "club officers" in the Corpora?BOD members may still be removed through the process for removal of club officers.There should not be an attendance requirement for BOD members.

-Registered vs. Certified Mail for official EH business.Contracts require registered mail.Certified mail is not insured, but has all the other features of registered mail.The BOD will no longer send mail via registered mail unless required by contract.Passed 5-0.

-Centaur's Glade - People are still signing in as belonging to this park.Has this park's contract been officially terminated?Centaur's Glade never had a contract.

-Andréa Jacobs delivered paperwork from the Texas Comptroller to John Elder.

### Next Meeting:

Saturday August 12, 2006 at 1:00pm at the Midnight Sun.

### Next Regular Meeting:

Saturday September 9, 2006 at 11:00am at 301 Centennial Blvd. Richardson TX 75081.

Minutes approved 5-0.

Meeting adjourned at 12:15pm.



Echoes of the hills

| v.XXXVll i2

| Sept 1, 2006

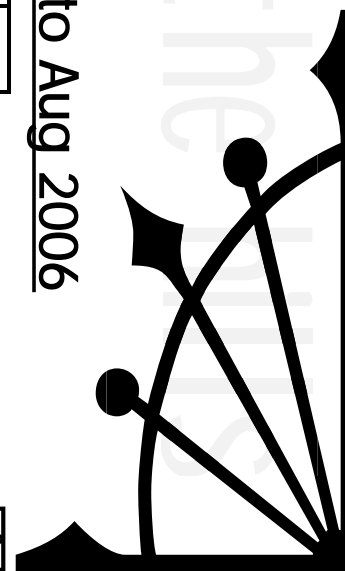
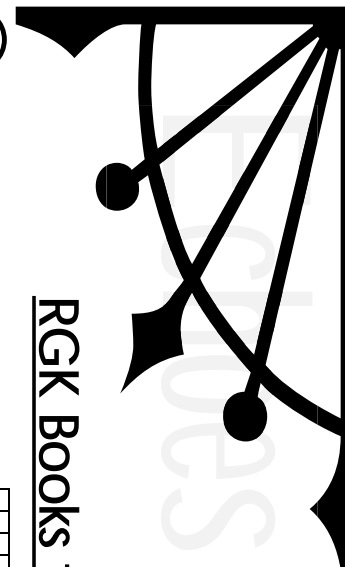
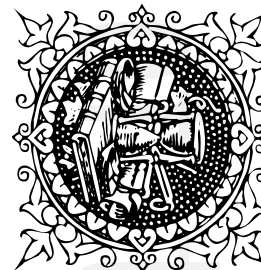
| Reign 37



### RGK Account Sept 2005-Aug 2006

	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec	Jan	Feb	Mar	April	May	June	July	Aug	Total	Mo. Avg
<b>Expenses</b>														
Water		30.37	65.64	43.76	33.22	30.00	29.37	30.00	29.00	30.00	30.00	30.00	381.36	31.78
Electric	29.72	13.12	38.09	88.74	36.34	32.93	11.15	48.87	24.86	29.49	45.00	98.83	497.14	41.43
Trash	50.00			15.00									65.00	5.42
Depend-A-Can				870.98		255.93	85.31			171.21		256.52	1,639.95	136.66
													0.00	0.00
<b>Maintenance</b>													0.00	0.00
Rentals				40.00									40.00	3.33
Tractor													0.00	0.00
Chainsaw													0.00	0.00
Electricity Project													0.00	0.00
General Repairs	138.00	44.95	206.24									386.48	775.67	64.64
													0.00	0.00
													0.00	0.00
<b>Capital Expenses</b>													0.00	0.00
Storage shed								337.50		337.50			675.00	56.25
													0.00	0.00
													4,074.12	<b>Total Expenses</b>
<b>Deposits</b>	437.41	537.50	2,112.50	527.50			195.00			717.50			4,527.41	<b>Total Deposits</b>
Starting Balance		MR	BW	Coronation			BdayBash			MR			453.29	<b>Bank Balance</b>

RGK Books for Sept 2005 to Aug 2006





## Kingdom Books for Sept 2005 to Aug 2006

Date	Ck #	User	Item	Amount	Deposit	Balance
			<b>Starting Balance Reign XXXV- Monarch Elder Vermillion</b>			<b>\$5,020.63</b>
June	1326	Reine	U-Haul Storage	\$149.50		\$4,871.13
June	1327	Reine	Rulebooks/Flyers	\$420.01		\$4,451.12
June		Deposit	Reine Deposit- Coronation		\$1,080.00	\$5,531.12
June		Transfer	Reine Transfer to RGK- 2 events	\$1,186.50		\$4,344.62
June	1152	Reine	Coronation Feast	\$306.13		\$4,038.49
July	1338	Elder	Fabric	\$140.13		\$3,898.36
July	1340	Elder	Feast Midreign XXXIV	\$107.00		\$3,791.36
July	1339	Elder	Gravel- McFadden	\$900.00		\$2,891.36
July	1329	Reine	Office Supplies for PM Split	\$27.21		\$2,864.15
Aug		Debit	Elder Gravel- McFadden	\$1,100.00		\$1,764.15
Aug	1343	Elder	Newsletters	\$11.90		\$1,752.25
Aug	1153	Reine	Veggie Feast Coronation	\$31.18		\$1,721.07
Sept	1344	Elder	Fabric	\$80.86		\$1,640.21
Sept		Deposit	Elder Deposit- overpaid MR Feast XXXIV		\$80.00	\$1,720.21
Sept	1346	Elder	Event Schedules	\$11.67		\$1,708.54
Sept		Deposit	Elder Deposit- Mid-Reign		\$1,075.00	\$2,783.54
Sept	1328	Reine	Coronation Favor Supplies	\$8.66		\$2,774.88
Sept	1345	Elder	Coporas/Midreigns Reports	\$171.04		\$2,603.84
Sept	1154	Reine	Mid-Reign Feast	\$436.82		\$2,167.02
Oct		Debit	Reine Debit to RGK- Midreign	\$537.50		\$1,629.52
Oct		Deposit	Reine Deposit- BW		\$4,225.00	\$5,854.52
Oct		Deposit	Reine Deposit- Red Cross Auction \$\$\$		\$283.00	\$6,137.52
Oct	1155	Reine	Shamus- Oil for Shower H2O BW	\$71.88		\$6,065.64
Oct	1156	Reine	Banner War	\$3,000.00		\$3,065.64
Oct		Transfer	Elder Transfer to RGK- BW	\$2,112.50		\$953.14
		Check not written	Red Cross- \$283.00, ck not written			\$953.14
Oct	1347	Elder	Supplies	\$22.52		\$930.62
Dec		Debit	Elder Gate Start Up *added to event deposit*	\$150.00		\$780.62
			<b>Starting Balance Reign XXXVI- Monarch Clio Ninetails</b>			<b>\$780.62</b>
Dec			Reine Donations		\$415.00	\$1,195.62
Dec		Deposit	Reine Deposit- Coronation XXXVI		\$1,205.00	\$2,400.62
Dec		Transfer	Reine Transfer to RGK- Coronation	\$527.50		\$1,873.12
Feb		Deposit	Clio Misc dues/donations		\$20.00	\$1,893.12
Feb		Deposit	Clio Misc dues/donations		\$39.00	\$1,932.12
Mar		Debit	Clio Gate Start Up *added to event deposit*	\$40.00		\$1,892.12
Mar		Deposit	Reine Deposit - B-day Bash		\$390.00	\$2,282.12
Mar		Deposit	Reine Dollar Tourney \$\$\$		\$20.00	\$2,302.12
Mar		Deposit	Reine Auction Items- Tolken		\$100.00	\$2,402.12
Mar		Transfer	Reine Transfer to RGK- B-day Bash	\$195.00		\$2,207.12
Mar		Deposit	Reine Dollar Tourney \$\$\$		\$33.00	\$2,240.12
April		Deposit	Elder Deposit- Mid-Reign		\$1,046.00	\$3,286.12
April		Deposit	Elder Misc dues/donations		\$6.00	\$3,292.12
May		Withdrawal	Elder Startup for gate *note* this not redeposited	\$150.00		\$3,142.12
May	1121	Clio	Deposit for coronation Favors	\$175.00		\$2,967.12
May	1122	Elder	misc Lawyer Fees	\$225.00		\$2,742.12
June	1123	Elder	Taxes	\$905.00		\$1,837.12
June	1124	Clio	Balance for coronation Favors	\$189.50		\$1,647.62
			<b>Starting Balance Reign XXXVII- Monarch Reine</b>			<b>\$1,647.62</b>
July	1125	Elder	Uhaul 1 month plus late fee	\$29.95		\$1,617.67
July		Deposit	Elder Deposit- Coronation		\$677.50	\$2,295.17
July		Deposit	Elder Misc dues/donations		\$20.00	\$2,315.17
July		Debit	Elder Uhaul 15 months plus late fee	\$239.20		\$2,075.97
			Current Balance			\$2,075.97
			Expected Expenditures below			\$2,075.97
		Debit	?? Red Cross	\$283.00		\$1,792.97



## The Hunt

Various

Rage reached the gate of the stronghold. In his haste he almost did not notice the masked figure leaning against the nearby tree.

"Off in such a rush", the figure announced.

"Out of my way Kofka!" Rage demanded. "I haven't the time for your riddled teachings now!"

"Be calm my pupil", Kofka said calmly, "I am not her to stop or train you. That is not my purpose tonight brother. I am coming with you. You are one of my most promising students and I would be honored to join you on your hunt."

"You may join me but the traitors head is mine, his soul is the Grand Master's."

"That is not a problem. I just wish to see you in action initiate." Kofka eased his students mind. He had a knack for controlling the rage inside of Rage. The reason for this was unknown but he possessed a talent for calming inner demons.

Rage agreed with a nod to have Kofka's company, and the two of them treaded off into the woods. Kofka new that he had to go with his student to keep him from losing control against Master Sutra. That could be a fatal error for his pupil. He would allow his student to feel his independence, but would gently guide him.

"Where shall we go first?" Kofka inquired.

"Master Sutra would be good at covering his trail, and by now any trail would be fading."

"So what do you propose my brother?"

"We need a seer and I can only think of one that I trust."

"Indeed," Kofka nodded quite proud of how intelligently his student was going about his first hunt.

With that the two made haste through the forest towards the of the dark visionary, Nexus Crow. Perhaps he could provide them with a clue to the where abouts of Master Sutra.

Many days had passed since the Traitor had taken to the Winds. The Guild was beset by turmoil as the Accolades and Appendices had all been sent out to scour the lands for words of his whereabouts.

Rage had nearly torn down the walls of the Shadow Keep in his anger. It was all The Grandmaster could do, just to keep him from destroying an entire wing of the underground structure. Demon had faced Half Demon and fortunately Hell itself had intervened, saving the Keep from being completely demolished. If not for his bond with Kofka and the calming effect he could exert upon his Brother... no telling what may have become of the young Squire.

As he sat in deep thought, the Grandmaster had begun to understand the deep ties between the two and though Kofka was still an Accolade within the Guild, Delphos knew he had reached the pinnacle of his learning and should be elevated to the Rank of Master Assassin. Yet such ceremonies would have to wait until the Traitor was caught and his motives understood by all.

The entire situation was quite perplexing to even the Grandmaster himself, whose years within the Realm had shown him much. Why the deception? Surely Master Sutra, his Loyal Squire, would come to him with any thoughts of leaving the Guild.

Already, hints and rumors abounded in all parts of the Kingdom. News from all corners of the Realm had begun





## The Hunt

Various

to filter in from covert agents, planted within the Baronies and small villages throughout the Hills. A dead body found in the River Midnight. Another Golem in place of the Kingdom's Champion. Yet no word of the Queen's whereabouts or condition, only a lone voice overheard in the woods along the roads to the Midnight Sun.

Even now, the Caravan made its way to the Barony, where it would be met by the Prime Minister, his Guards... and perhaps Lord Sutra himself. For he had been seen riding in the company of Sir Morgan, along the high roads to the Barony. Sir Morgan, astride his monstrous steed, dwarfing the smaller quarter horse which carried Sutra, accompanied by several well armed Guards, had been spotted by a member of the Guild. But the Grandmaster had given the spy specific orders not to engage such a large party. The Guild would have to wait until their numbers were large enough to fight such a Battle.

The time for Death would come soon enough, for the Rebel Forces of Finder's Keep, having proclaimed themselves a Freehold, would also be marching upon the Lands of the Midnight Sun.

When the two great armies clashed... that would be the time to strike...!!!

Having met with his dear friend, the Druid of the Dark Horned Owl, the thoughts of the Grandmaster had been somewhat calmed. His "Merlin" had given him great insight into the hearts of Mankind on many occasions and this time was no exception.

The days grew shorter and the time would soon come when both armies would meet on the shore of the River Midnight.

The Grandmaster Assassin readied himself for this conflict.

His Guild would stand together and fight alongside the Rebels, as they had done in the previous battle. Not for Gold, nor Riches, nor Fame, but for freedom.

For the Guild felt the connection with the Rebels of Finder's Keep, much the same as the Grandmaster had felt the ties to his own past and that of the Hills, in the centuries before the great changes had swept through the Realm.

The young outlying Barony was much like his Hills of Old and he would gladly die to uphold their rights of Freedom.

This, however was only second on his troubled mind...

His heart had been wounded by the actions of his trusted Squire. Lord Master Sutra must answer for his actions, for they were those of a Traitor.

The Guild would never accept such Actions... and neither would Sir Delphos.

To be continued...



Various

Sutra had left the safe harbor of his most recent home, Midnight Sun. He marched towards the royal grounds, the castle, to find shelter from the coming storm.

He had left everything he had known to defend the crown of the lands.

He thought they would understand. Apparently his code of ethics, honour and morals were not the same as the ways of those he called brothers.

He was certain even they youngest among the guild would be misled, persuaded to believe he was wrong for wanting to save the queen any further suffering.

He remembered the screams, pleas for mercy. It was too much for him to bear. He had to take the risk of returning her to the safety and watchful eye of her most trusted guardian, Champion Everlast and Prince Regent Sir Forest.

And it all came crumbling down. His own good spirit had betrayed him. Sutra gripped at his left breast wishing he could rip his tale tells heart out.

"...Damn you Santos..." he angrily muttered.

The queen was possibly never in captivity at all. It would explain the lax patrol that fateful day of the ambush. As he thought it out, it began to make more sense. They had prepared for such a thing.

Sutra shook his head in respectful reverence for Sir Forest, recognizing the man's ability to be tricky.

-----  
Sutra strode through the great cities market place, passing by yelling street merchants as they bellowed out great discounts on their wares. He passed beggars and gamblers hiding by the veneer of the beautiful courts and paved roads.

It took him almost 15 minutes to reach the palace gates before being stopped by a heavily armed guard. 'Aye, papers.' demanded the burly guard. His smooth face betrayed his overly eager eyes.

Sutra produced his kingdom papers. The look on the mans face was worth the trip alone.

'Now...before you go on making a scene...' Sutra calmly stated, '...I need an audience with Champion Everlast. Regent Forest is better.' Sutra waited.

The guard had already signaled, before long, having his men surround a seemingly harmless vagrant.

'Yeah...right. Let's go have a talk with the Champion shall we?' Sutra was surprised and relieved at the same time at the apparent ease of being able to walk up and not be killed on sight.

-----  
'So what exactly is it you want me to believe your purpose is Sutra?' the mountain of a man asked from behind the massive desk.



## Sanctuary

Various

"Well..." Sutra stepped forward, the distinct sound of hands gripping on weapons and clanging of armor echoed in the hall as the posted guards prepared for any sort of roguish majicks. "...I have intel as to where the Baron Chaos is heading to next. I have communiqué between him and pertinent sources in the Guild. I have what Sir Forest's spies have died to secure."

Sutra cleared his mind as he produced a green apple from his coat pocket. He could sense just how twitchy the youngest of guards had become.

He waited as Champion Everlast contemplated the dark ones declarations. Sutra squinted recognizing familiar faces; of those he had fought along side to help protect the queen. He sutra nodded. The guards cautiously nodded back.

'Fine.' Everlast signed a parchment with the assassin's terms and conditions, sealing it and handing it to the captain. ' Make sure this get's to Sir Forest. I will await his orders on the matters.'

'In the mean time, Sutra, you get to experience one of our luxurious palace cells. Granted the prince even requiring your services....' The champion coolly stated, examining for any sign of fear.

'Actually, I was hoping I could wait in the courtyard. The suns out and I'd hate missing watching the pretty courtesans milling about. I think you can agree...?'

-----

Sutra leaned on the granite bench under a tremendous pecan tree. Every beautiful woman in town seemed to pass by either too busy to notice the man who seemingly sat out of place or were indulging in talks of petty things of good matchings and beauty tips.

He waited as he sent a young boy to fetch him a mango or two, noticing his personal guards, standing no less than 20 ft away, grew anxious; probably angry they had the duty of watching a hapless man in a courtyard in the middle of the day.

Sutra only winked and made gestures to the young guards, getting them to notice a particular girl here and there.

He laughed to notice that young men weren't as tightly wound as their superiors.

He could only wait.

**Forest Evergreen:**

Morgan sat in his Royal chamber awaiting the Queen's safe return when his personal messenger entered.

"Sir, the assassin Sutra is here.He claims to have news for Sir Forest."

"Well, Sir Forest will be back soon, he can wait until then."

"But Sir, there is a message for you from Sir Forest.he says to make haste for The Barony of Midnight Sun.He will meet you there...and to bring a personal guard."

Morgan did not like the implication of such a message."Where is Sutra?"

"In the courtyard.Champion Everlast has guards there watching him."

"Everlast, but he....he did right.I will speak to Everlast and then we will go, tell my guard to make ready."



## Sanctuary

Various

With that Morgan went to the Champions official office. Everlast sat behind the desk reading various paperwork.

"Champion Everlast, I have news about the assassin that came here today." Morgan said as he approached.

"What news?" Everlast questioned, pushing the papers quickly into the desk.

Morgan rounded the desk and leaned close to Everlast's ear "He will live out this day, while you will not."

With that Morgan stabbed Everlast in the back with the dagger he had hidden in his cloak. Everlast screamed and lurched from the chair, the other guards quickly drew their swords and advanced on the Prime Minister.

"Wait! Morgan shouted. Look at your Champion now." he cried.

Suddenly there was a flash, and the figure that had been Everlast dissolved into ash and smoke.

"It was a doppelganger. I have known for some time that Everlast and Forest had secretly departed to track the Queen. Someone took advantage of that secret and planted a spy." Morgan informed them as he pulled out the paperwork the golum had been reading.

"Royal tax reports? A list of guardsmen? And what's this?" he asked pulling forth a partially used piece of parchment. The parchment contained the signature of both the Queen and regent written multiple times. Almost as if someone were practicing the writing.

"We ride to Midnight Sun, and quickly. Sutra rides with us, unbound and with his weapons returned. We must rely on faith at this point." With that they ran through the courtyard, and one of the guards threw Sutra's weapons to him as they headed to the stables.

"Come with us, we will talk on the way. but we ride swiftly." Morgan shouted.

Sutra puzzled at the situation for only a moment before running to take the horse offered him. It would be an interesting ride...

### **Sutrasx:**

Sutra anxiously paced around the main fountain he had become well acquainted with in the past hour. Luckily the sky was overcast, the recent sun had sent the temperature soaring and the will to live plummeting among many of the peasant workers among the lands.

He sat again on the granite bench enjoying the occasional spray of water, reminding him of his coastal hometown.

A guardsman quickly sprinted up to him, blocking the visage of a group of nubile young women who played in an opposite fountain. He was beginning to like the exotic brunne with copper flesh.

'Dammit boy, you're about as tactful as a drunk monk at Sunday Mass!'

The young guard slung familiar weapons Sutra had recently allowed the men to safeguard.

'Sutra, you ride with Sir Morgan to Midnight Sun.' He said as he pointed to the stables.





## Sanctuary

Various

Sutra could make out the familiar man who was mounted on an impressive steed. Though he had seen him a few times before, he could understand why he had been elected as the kingdoms Prime Minister.

Regal was an understatement.

"Come with us, we will talk on the way. but we ride swiftly." Morgan shouted.

Walking passed the playful nymph's, doused in cool water, Sutra nodded in appreciation for the warm hospitality.

'Ladies...' he nodded. The image of their smiling faces would last him the trip home.

Exiting the courtyard the guardsman and the brooding Sutra saluted the prime minister.

Nimbly sliding unto the saddle, the newly deemed traitor stated.

'Once we get within 5 miles of the Barony, I will make my own way into town...I'd hate to attract too much...attention to you Sir.'

Spurring the borrowed horse Sutra made way to the Barony, with the royal escort in tow.

Images on angry masked faces were eagerly suppressed. He was prepared to prove his worth, even if it meant his death.

### **Forest Evergreen:**

It was not feasible to ride from eagleshire to Midnight Sun without resting.not if one wanted to be in any shape to fight what may lie ahead.So even though he desperately wanted to press on, Forest had agreed with Everlast to make camp for the night.The two companions sat at the fire, their grim faces shown in the flickering light.

"I hate being out of touch like this.We need more information."Forest snarled as he threw down his empty bowl.  
"We will have some soon."Everlast replied, smiling for the first time that night.

"How?"Forest questioned."We are in the middle of nowhere.We have no messengers to send, and no one but the Royal Court knew we had gone off on this journey."

"Do not think you were the only one who sent a message back to the Kingdom.Before Sir Morgan's messenger left, I placed with him official orders bearing my mark.If he reached the castle when expected, then a dozen trained scouts have been gathering information for 2 days now and will be meeting with us by sunset tomorrow with information."Everlast stated calmly, finishing his dinner.

Forest began to smile "You are truly amazing my friend.I was in such a rush to get to Midnight Sun, I never thought to send word back for riders."

"You think highly of the Queen, and you have taken her safe return as a personal quest.That may have clouded your planning.But I am here for that.I have led armies as well as fought in them.I know the importance of gathering information, even from 'dark sources' when it is needed.My Knight taught me that."



## Sanctuary

Various

Forest felt a bit more at ease. He still was unsure of the Queen's safety, but at least he had the comfort of knowing that by tomorrow, he may have a better idea of what was going on in the Kingdom around him. With that, he fell quickly asleep as Everlast stood to take up the watch.

Sutra:

"Damn it! Aim smaller you dolt!"

"If you want dinner, then maybe you should be the one with the..."

The two mercs stood tall waiting for a follow up to the sound of snapping twigs.

Raspy breathing seems to echo around them both...

SLAP!

"What the hell was tha..."

"Shhh! Dinner may be coming to us, and you'll have us starve with your broken lungs!?"

Elric rubbed the back of his head, the throbbing was annoying, but subdued by the sheer anger he felt for his companion, Mateus. A blade to his back would be nice.

Silence.

A shadow disrupts the monotonous forest line.

Both men spring to their weapons, unsheathing angry blades waiting for the worst. The figure solidifies, a feminine walk betrays the cloaked figure.

The decrepit men eye each other anxiously, thoughts running wild through their minds.

She comes into full view in the full moon light. A black corset hugs her shape, a cloak hiding her face, sanguine lips shimmer in the pale light.

"Well, well, well..." Elric mutters as he traces around to the left, behind the figure "Looks like we got ourselves something better than din din, won't you say...Mateus?"

"Aye, now let's see that pretty little face of yours child..." Mateus' hand extends to grip the velvet fabric, a slight tremble reminds him of the 'good ol' days.

The sounds of thudding flesh on earth is familiar to the men. A wriggling hand with splayed fingers lays on the forest floor.

The scream would have raised the dead. Only Mateus was not able to produce anything more than a terrified grunt. The taste of metal assaulted his hard palette. It was merciful until she twisted the blade loose. That's when he experienced pain.

Eyes as wide as the full moon above, Elric's grip tightened and loosened as the last thing he could feel was the warm spatter of blood drenched his filthy vest. His hands struggled to keep in the hot blood spewing from his throat, only he failed. Miserably.



## Sanctuary

Various

She stood among the littered campsite. It was a good fire they made. Would stay lit for a few more hours.

Good, she thought to herself.

'We need to talk...'

-----

Sutra shifted in his half awakened meditation.

He could feel her. She walked among them and he could sense her closer than ever. His heart leapt at the realization that she had come. Had she come to find him?

He left Sir Morgan's campsite, heading towards the whisper that beckoned to him.

It had been three years since she last came. Since he was last overtaken by a lost god. Three years since his original betrayal.

S

[con't]

### Sutric Boutique - AD

<http://www.cafepress.com/savethefunk>

Where's the one place both flubs and stickjocks have anything in common?

The House of Sutric Haute Fashion - naturally!

Jaa! Now you can dress the part in mundane scenarios with ease and style. I'll be posting a link to my 'Sutric Boutique' page where you'll find great threads at an extremely affordable price!

Watch out for the infamous Flurb shirt, the stick jock barcode of madness, and many more trendy and sarcastically amusing prints/designs.

Want your own design and shirts printed for an unbeatable price? Look no further! Bring your ideas and sketches and let Sutra offer you a professional solution at competitive prices! Minimum ordering requirements apply.

Example:

I can get you white (darker shirt colors affect pricing) 50/50 blended Hanes or Jerzies with one color front/two color back for \$10 a piece (standard sizes) and a \$15 color/frame charge. Real cheap, but great quality compared to national screen printers, conveniently local and can, in most cases, be hand delivered.

Regards

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<http://www.cafepress.com/savethefunk>



## Hidden in the Dark Woods

Various

**Mtxyl:**

A tree in the dark woods emanated a muffled voice to the wind, as if someone was speaking from inside it. "Everything is going to plan. The guards drawn off chasing the assassins holding the fake Queen, while my men have the real Queen. The caravan draws near and soon it will be mine as well, I will be holding all of the cards." Soft laughter fills the grove.

**Sutrasx:**

\*whispers lace the woods. some think these places are friendly to all. nay, these woods have seen and heard of plots and ploys made by men and orc alike. it know's never to have trusted in the traitorous winged shadows\*

\*how some would be so obvious to let lose their thin veils of 'secrecy' is beyond comprehension.\*

\*soon the farce would be unmasked, only to reveal 'la doble cara del pollo negro'\*

\*the truth ebbed back to a friend with haste\*

**Reine Von Doom:**

The Queen had been sitting in the corner of the small cramped room for what seemed like weeks. Over time the voices had disappeared and now daylight was slowly creeping into her room.

As the Queen thought about the beautiful hills that were outside her castle window at home the locked door flew open and a very tall and broad-shouldered man peered in. "The Master says to gather your belongings, it's time to go". He seemed like a very gentle fellow for she had been imagining horrid things from the voices she had heard. He turns and mumbles as he walks out the door "for some reason your worth more alive then dead." The Queen gathered what few belongings she had. She double laced her boots just in-case an opportune moment to escape presented itself. Being mindful she walked into the den outside the room she had been locked away in. If the walls could talk, then these walls could speak volumes. The filth and dampness covered the walls while blood was everywhere. Sweat and rum filled the air. As the men passed by the Queen to ready the caravan she could sense their anger, disparage, and readiness. These men were not gentle, nor did they care about who they had, they were obviously working for someone more powerful.

"Prepare to make haste for Midnight Sun. The Master will be waiting for her." The Queen could sense the powerful magic that protected these men. Hopefully Price Regent Forest and Champion Everlast were onto this trick.

**Mtxyl:**

A hooded figure strode quickly through the dark woods to secret grove. He wasted no time to be recognized and whispered to the trees:

"There is a large force converging on the treasury caravan, bearing the symbol of the Kingdom. They will intercept it before it enters the woods, before it reaches our ambush. And I am afraid it may discover the party conveying the Queen as well."

The Grove whispers back:

"This is surprising. They moved much faster than I anticipated. However, this is not my final defeat merely a setback, and I am very patient.

Tell our men hiding in ambush to withdraw, and tell our men guarding the queen to leave her to the mercenaries. That's the thing about mercenaries, if they die I don't have to pay them.

We may still be able to salvage some usefulness out of this day. If the kingdom has sent out a call for all its loyal citizens to muster, then by all means let us put in an appearance.





## Riding Into the Sun

Sir Forest Evergreen

### Forest Evergreen:

Everlast and Forest rode south at their fastest pace and met up with the caravan that night. Soon two scouts entered the camp. One reports that the assassins' guild is in a state of turmoil over the one known as Sutra. The other scout reports that rumors have reported the vague description of a mercenary company that may be behind the abduction of the Queen. In the morning, the Caravan continued its ride south. Heat shimmers in waves from an earth left cracked and barren by the recent and unnatural drought. The horses, oxen, men, and women that comprise the Royal Caravan trudge through the dust and dead, dry grass with barely enough cognizance of thought to put one foot in front of the other. No-one speaks. Opening your mouth is merely an invitation for an arid sirocco to steal what moisture is left in your body.

Forest knows that this isn't right, that this should be the kingdoms rainy season instead of a season of flame. From his position at the head of the caravan he raises a hand, palm facing forwards, to signal a stop. He turns to the big man beside him mounted on a charcoal gray stallion of enormous proportions; "Everlast, let's stop here. Have the quartermaster set up camp in the shade of those trees and we can rest through the hottest part of the day." Everlast replies in a voice surprisingly light for one so large "Sounds good. The forward scouts should report back soon. I'll let you know if they report anything interesting."

As if summoned by the mention of his existence a lone figure bursts around a copse of trees to the north, his horse kicking up large clumps of dead grass and earth with every stride. The scout spots Forest and Everlast and turns towards them, crossing the remaining distance as though trying to outrace the burning wind. "My lord Forest," the scout begins, wheezing and out of breath. "We have been outflanked! Chaos as his allies are somehow in front of us."

Everlast looks at Forest, who nods slightly. Everlast turns and runs back towards the middle of the caravan, his voice ringing out "All guards make ready and form into units. Weapons to the ready, shields out! Archers string and take points facing north. Healers prepare to receive wounded!"

Forest turns to face the scout, still fighting for breath in the smoking hot air "Drink some water and rest. Return to the line and make ready for combat as soon as possible." "Yes Lord Regent, but that isn't all. I also saw another caravan coming in from the North East, and they match the description of the mercenary company our informant said abducted the Queen." Forest's eyes widened and a look of surprise was evident on his face. "That is the first good news I've had all week. Maybe we take care of both our problems at once."

### Forest Evergreen:

The caravan made it's way to the Barony. Forest halted them on the edge of its borders and had the troops make ready to fight. He knew that there was a good chance that the attackers were lying in wait as they had done at Eagleshire.

Scouting parties were sent out and quickly found a small caravan carrying precious cargo...the



## Riding Into the Sun

Sir Forest Evergreen

Queen! The Royal army attacked and quickly overpowered the mercenaries, bringing the Queen back to safety. But there was more work ahead of them. The remnants of the Finder's Keep brigands and the assassin's guild had massed a small strike force and were seen prowling in the woods near a small clearing.

Forest wasted no time extracting his revenge. He ordered a full assault on the enemy. They pressed the traitors back and cut them down with a ferocity unseen in many ages. The return of the Queen had inspired the troops. Yet the victory was not complete.

Chaos was not among them. He had sent his people to do his dirty work for him, but knowing the fury of the Royal army, he had retreated home.

Forest refused to accept this as a complete victory as long as Chaos stood against the Crown. If he would not face the Royal army at Midnight Sun, the the Royal army would go to him! But first, the people would want a celebration for the return of the Queen.

"Make ready to ride to the Castle. When the Queen is well. We will hold a celebration in her honor." The crowd cheered and the caravan made preparations to return to the capital.

"And when the celebration is over, we will take our vengeance upon Finder's Keep." Forest whispered to himself.





## Hate Rites

Sutra Bahuas

### Sutrasx:

'...I have come to collect what is owed to me...Sutra...'

Her luminous eyes penetrated his spirit. She could read the notes of panic, if his fear were a song.

'...they have moved...your sound advice discarded like a burned out torch...'

The chiding laughter angered him more.

'...no little one...I am not your enemy...soon...'

Sutra woke up to the sound of the morning cadence of the mighty militant hammer of the kingdom. He had camped 5 miles from the barony, being the closest to home since a week.

He rushed to prepare for the march, making sure he would loosely follow the royal army to confront the marauders.

Standing at the pinnacle of the tallest cliff found in the surrounding area, he could easily make out at least a thousand foot soldiers. He could see the official mark of the strongest military unit known throughout the kingdom. The pyramin brotherhood had come to the kingdom's aid.

Banners and standards of lands outside their own, from a kingdom unknown to him had apparently shown their support to the sovereign crown in this dire time of need.

The encampment bearing the tallest and most luxurious pavilion must have housed at least 10 of the finest knights and the Prince Regent himself. Sutra kneeled marking the territory on his makeshift map. He had heard talk of a nearby mercenary camp. Some were brave enough to swear to have seen the queen herself.

The hot summer day quickly became overcast as the army marched to meet their hidden enemy. Messages were excitedly relayed by scouts having found the Barons small contingent in a clearing by the River Midnight.

Sutra strode among the ranks of eager men, feeling many of them distrustfully turning their backs away from him as he made his way through the small makeshift military stronghold.

'Sir Forest...it's been confirmed that their is a caravan carrying the Queen, we await your instructions.' The familiar scout spoke. Sir Forest stood among the company of some of the most renowned knights in all the realms.

Sutra stood back as he strained to hear any information about the Baron's whereabouts. The Guild would definitely be with him and his army. He knew why the Guilds grandmaster fought. They were his own volition, unbribed and purchased by worldly riches.

Almost immediately, the order to confront the caravan was given. The knights, armor laden kneeled before masters of majicks, energies crackling in the air. Protections against almost every feasible attack were placed on the mightiest warriors. Sutra shook his head as he walked on by knowing fully well of the



## Hate Rites

Sutra Bahuas

massacre to come.

The micro legion prepared to march, the lone assassin paced behind Sir Morgan, the very same knight he had been entrusted to have ride with him. The mountainous knight continually peered over his shoulder. Old habits seemed to never die. Sutra only smirked.

He would prove his worth today, he mentally repeated to himself.

The battle had spanned over an hour. The master assassin stalked his targets as carefully as possible, knowing fully well, many of the masters had come from out of the shadows to fight along their brothers.

He had seen the young excited faces of the initiates. Faces streaked away, managing to escape his grasp. Others, would remain in his memory for ever, as he executed the quickest, least painful death possible. He still considered them his brethren.

'The Queen! We have our Queen!' the cheers raced back and forth among the lines, emboldening their resolved to push with all the armies might. Sir Forest did not relent and delivered the last crushing blow to the small and outnumbered enemy.

The carnage was exact.

The royal armies had regained their queen. They killed Lady Doladar. They decimated the ranks of the Guild.

The barbarian, it turns out was not with his renegade forces at all. His brave men and women fought with courage, but without their familiar blood crazed leader at the front, they fell one by one.

The battle lasted less than an hour. Soon, the storm would follow.

The evenings revelries were uncontested in drink and merriment. Men laughed and sang of the kingdoms strength and valor. Sutra stood in the fringes, beyond the campfires tale tell luminance.

'They say Chaos was so afraid of losing face that he sent his bravers... ('and dumbest' a shallow voice echoed in the background)...right! Bravest and dumbest to die this day! They had such good intel...they even knew he wasn't going to be at the battle!'

The men applauded the man provoked by liquid courage.

'And the assassins! They're all dead!' The cheers were almost deafening. Sutra stood with his arms crossed as he heard the remarks. Of all the dark warriors wearing masks that day, he, was the last one standing.

His dark spirit cried out in angry supplication to a deaf goddess in the void.

The 'traitor' turned on his heel, to prepare for his last act in these lands until the next full moon.





## Hate Rites

Sutra Bahuas

The shallow graves we're as best hidden as a master assassin could hide them.

12 unmarked graves, creating a circle, a sunburst in his imagination. He laid the last stone upon the soft, recently roiled earth. The forest canopy cast deep shadows here.

He sat in the middle of the serene circle, a solitary torch lit. The incense burned almost bitterly this hot and humid early morning. He sat in meditation.

Sutra could see their faces, as unique as the other and called out to each and every single name he remembered.

Silently, the voices replied.

-----  
The morning air reeked of death. The slain had been left to rot in the elements. Carrion birds made their beds here now. He griped his head scarf tighter against his nose, the stench of rotting corpses was burning him to his core. Sutra kicked at a black bird here and there but to no avail, he left the killings fields intact.

He had visions before the rising of the sun. He saw an enraged barbarian punishing the remaining survivors for having failed him. Baron Chaos had lost much face now.

Sutra prepared for his journey north. A single blade for a single man.

The Royal Caravan had been gone for a few hours, having left a little after day break, stragglers and the mercenaries that had provided support looted the dead.

'Nothing...is sacred...it seems...' Sutra muttered to himself.

Quickly, he left the barony of the Midnight Sun behind.

S





## The Lost Battle

Mysteri

"Doladar I wish for you to take a force to the Midnight Sun and show the Queen what we are made of" Chaos was storming through the barony clearly frustrated. "Will you not come with us, I was hoping to have yet another tale to add to my collection of your might." Mysteri always approached a subject carefully with this barbarian.

Had he gone mad was he not thirsty for blood. this was indeed unusual for any barbarian but especial so for chaos." No I will not be going there you are only a ploy I wish you to draw them back to Finders Keep so we can show them all of our might." Chaos stopped for a moment and looked the Squire and her page over for a long time. Mysteri held her breath for he often became most enraged when he was so lost, but what had him so perplexed, and would she ever know?"

Mysteri I will wish to hear your tale of my brave warriors battle tomorrow. Until then I have plans to make give your selves time to get back to the rest of us as we shall see all turn red with there blood." The most blood curdling laugh emitted from this once calm barbarian, as he ran off to give others orders. "Squire Lady Doladar what has come over him. He used to enjoy the hunt but now it is as if he is bent on revenge but for what?" "I don't know Mysteri, but I fear we will soon find out".

She waited to hear the sounds of an advancing army. Chaos had been clear in his instructions, protect Squire Lady Doladar, gain him more gold, and above all lore them back to Finders Keep. So those few who had been allowed to come and fight for the barons cause stood proud for the honor of there baron. Mysteri wanted to laugh at that Chaos was loosing his mind, but she would continue to fight with her squire as long as Doladar stood with Chaos so to would Mysteri.

The assassins also stood with members of Finders Keep, but it was clear to Mysteri that they had there own desires from this battle. As quiet as death a shadow walked past Mysteri to deliver his message to Sir Delphos. Within a heartbeat not one assassin could be seen. The meager band from Finders Keep looked about before snapping into formation. The sins disappearance could only mean one thing....

The Royal guard rounded the bend in the road, looking well pleased with themselves about something. They started to form up, but before they had completed, a barrage of arrows and throwing dagger's materialized from all side of the path. No effect could be seen, somehow they had know that the sins would be here.

Could it have been Sutra who had been seen fighting for the Queen in the place where the eagles fly.

There was no time to wonder Mysteri stepped forward and was throwing spells at any who came within range but again no use. In that moment she saw how this would end. Grabbing Squire Lady Doladars hand she pulled her away into the wood where perhaps they would be safe. Mysteri had never been in these woods before and quickly became lost almost stumbling into the last column of the royal army. Doladar tried to signal to those who fought with them but the battle was to great. Mysteri Had to hold her Squire down to keep her from being slaughtered with there companions. They watched as the body's



## The Lost Battle

Mysteri

were scavenged and vowed that they would bring there companions back. At that moment a Knight stumbled upon there hiding place. Squire lady Doladar was being hunted the army had discovered that Chaos had not been with them.

"Doladar Run" Mysteri shouted hoping to buy her Squire time to escape back to the keep. It was not to be a sword soon found its mark deep in Mysteris chest and upon falling to the ground her last vision was of Doladar fighting for her life.

\*\*\*\*\*

The sun had fallen and not a sound was heard but Mysteri kept silent fearing to even move as her enemy's might be near but she had to find her Squire perhaps there was still time. Mysteri found the body and held the stone to Squire Lady Doladars heart hoping, soon her eyes opened she was also prepared to fight if as enemy still lingered.

"What of the others, Mysteri"

"I have seen no one only body's"

"will the stone aid them"

"I believe so"

"Than please do all that you can"

"Of course Squire Lady Doladar"

Mysteri held her head low ashamed of her in ability to keep her beloved Squire alive.

The beaten group joined together afraid of the anger that was sure to befall them when they arrived home. All knew a great price would have to be paid for there failure this day.

## At Home Away from Battles

Typhus Deathcaller

Typhus unable to travel due to his misplanning, stayed at his small mobile temple. He watched the battle as best he could through his own sleep visions. He could tell only that the people from his land had lost. He knew the Barbarians rage would be great, and he laughed to himself. "He calls me a coward yet sends others to fight for him while he stays behind safe." Typhus looks up at the moon this night and knows that battles shall rage here soon. He knows he can not stay truly neutral. He goes to one of the four altars. He knows what must be done, but how.

## Congrats

Congratulations to Kofka/Lee and his fair lady Amalthea/Kim as they come together in the bonds of marriage. They were wed yesterday.

I wish them both the best there is to be found.  
Rage Bloodstorm



## Shallow Grave

Septumus Dlo

Septumus lay for a moment after having dug himself out of the shallow grave, trying to regather what had happened. He pulled himself up slowly, he always hated the first movements after reawakening and having to rid himself of the stiffness. Septumus looks around and sees four other graves beside his own that had been dug out of, but the others were empty. A voice inside of his head makes him freeze.

The single sentence seems to have great impact.

"Him..."

Septumus stretches, every bone in his body popping. He looks down and checks himself. Odd, while he was a corpse he hadn't even been robbed. Someone even took the time to remove the arrows from his body. Everything he owned was accounted for, something was different here. Septumus picked up his gear and started off towards one of his old camps. He had since moved from Midnight Sun but he hoped everything would still be in tact, the hunger was overwhelming.

Revenge was a second priority until he could prepare for what he was expecting to encounter.

## September Althing 9/9 MS & 9/10 ES

Populace of the Emerald Hills,

The next Althing will be held Saturday September 9th at Midnight Sun and Sunday September 10th at Eagleshire. If you would like to submit an item to be on the Althing agenda please privately e-mail me at [reine@corsairs.org](mailto:reine@corsairs.org) by 8/24. I will confirm I received your request.

Althing agenda will be posted on 8/25.

Thanks,  
Queen Reine Von Doom

## TK Dragonmaster

Just a reminder that the first part of Tri-Kingdom Dragonmaster will be hosted at the EH Midreign on Sept. 1st-3rd. Bardic and Garb are the areas we will be judging at the event.

Categories are: Dancing, Oratory, Instrumental, Singing, Court Garb, Fighting Garb, Monster Garb, Garb Accessory, and Belt Favor

In addition, Rose entries may be submitted at the event.

You may enter up to 3 items in each category, but only your top 2 will count towards your score. Scoring will be on the "Better than Average" 3.5 system.

Best of luck to everyone.  
-Forest



## The Visit

Seamus the Rhymer

He landed in a glade outside of the dark hold. The owl looked from side to side and hooted darkly, its eyes narrowing as it looked towards the gate. Two young assassin guards stood in front of the doors dressed in thick black leather armor. The owl watched complacently as the young men started to doze off into the earliness of the morning. The owl began to advance, walking slowly up the gates.

The men did not seem to notice it moving awkwardly close to them, something that was surely uncommon for any regular owl. Soon, the owl was no more than a few feet from them. The first guard dozed off completely into sleep, and the second was beginning to do the same. From their slumber a large hoot was issued. They woke to a start only to be greeted by a shadowy mass that seemed to be taking form.

They staggered back, in a confusion as where the owl had stood, a now black robed man stood. He smiled and stepped forward, a dagger piercing his heart and an arrow zooming past his ear.

"That was a pure waste of such weapons..id advise you to go retrieve them....as such, i am sure your master would wonder why you chose to let such trivial things as sleep jeopardize the safety of this place"

The mans said, laughing a little as he plucked the dagger from his chest The men stood in his way as he tried to press forward through the doors. "We cannot permit you to enter this place" said the first guard who had pelted him with the dagger previously.

"Ah yes, well then you must tell him that i seek his company...i am sure that one of you could go....no need to worry..i cannot harm either of you" The hooded man said as he handed the second guard a small slip of paper. The piece of parchment was without words, but had a richly decorated coat of arms. The crest was separated into 4 fields, each the color of a different element. In the middle was a large silver tree with no leaves, its branches reaching out in all directions.

"I will wait here until you return my good sir," he smiled again from under his hood. the guard eyed him suspiciously but soon disappeared behind one of the heavy ebony doors. The first guard looked at him, never removing his gaze from the strange man. He seemed familiar, but under the cloak, he was unsure.

The man removed his hood and a black mask in the form of an owls face

"So you're, Dark, is it?"







## The Burden of the Crown

TBC - 1978

The battlefield is silent, the shadows growing long  
Though I may view the sunset I'll not live to see the dawn  
The trees have ceased to rustle the birds no longer sing  
All nature seems to wonder at the passing of a King.

And now you stand before me, your father's flesh and blood  
Begotten of my sinews on the woman that I loved  
So difficult the birthing the mother died that day  
And now you stand before me to bear my crown away.

The hour is fast approaching when you come into your own  
When you take the ring and scepter, and sit upon the throne  
Before that final hour when we each must meet our fate  
Pray gaze upon the royal crown and marvel at its weight.

This cap of burnished metal is the symbol of a land  
Supporting all we cherish, the dreams for which we stand  
The weight, you'll find, is nothing if you hold it in your palm  
The burden of the crown begins the day you put it on.

See how the jewels sparkle as you gaze at it again  
Each facet is a subject whose rights you must defend  
Every point of light a burden you must shoulder with your own  
And mighty is the burden of the man upon the throne

The day is nearly ended, my limbs are growing cold  
I can feel the angels waiting to receive my passing soul  
Keep well for me my kingdom when my memory is dead  
And forgive me for the burden I place upon your head.



## 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: Tunear 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



## Kingdom Gallery

