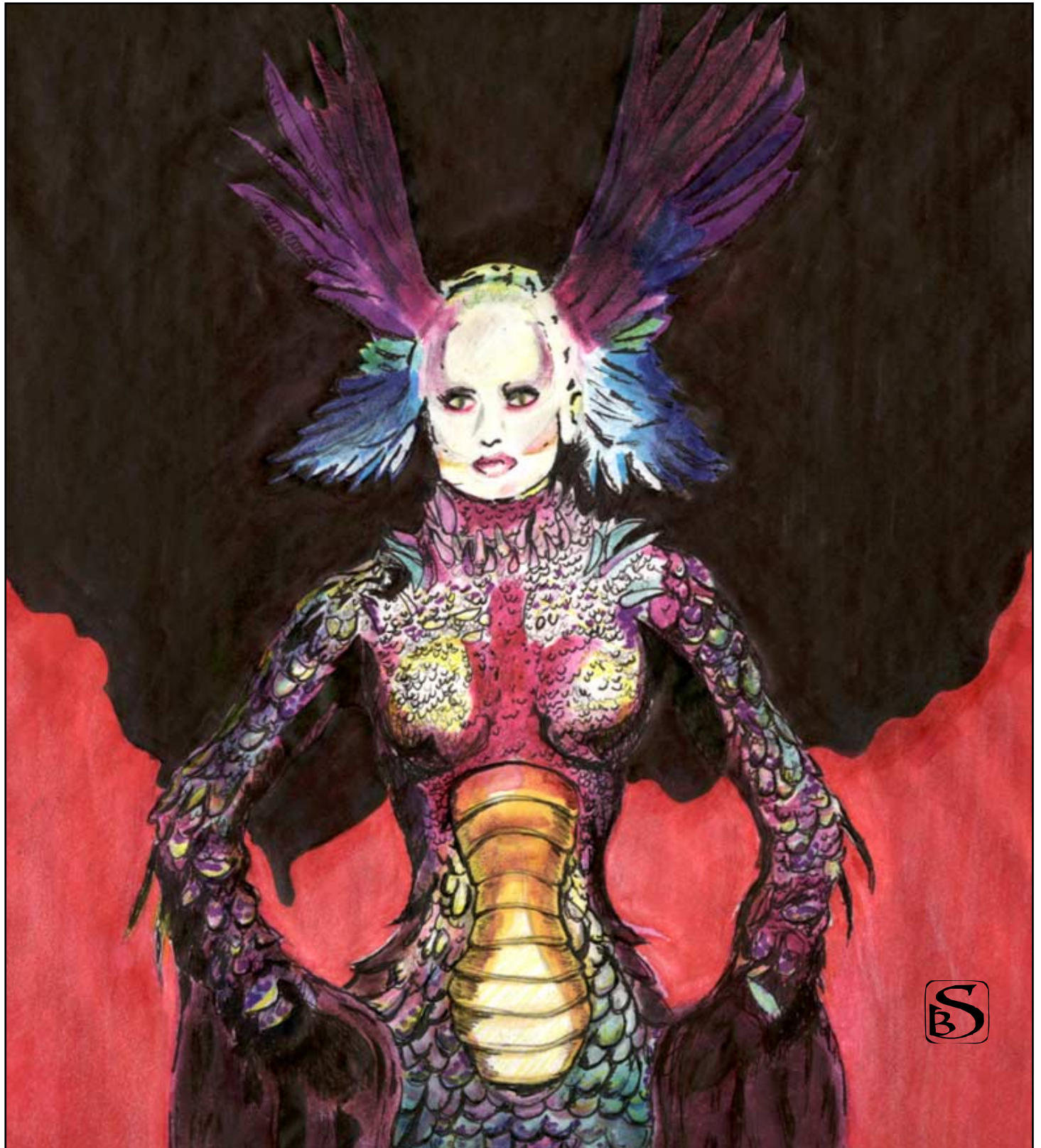


# Echoes of the hills

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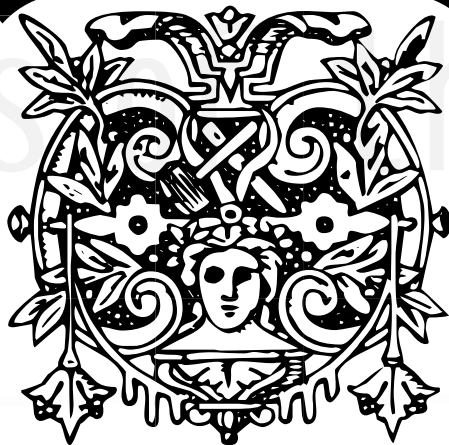
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Art by Sutra Bahuas  
Photos by Aylin Karyn  
Heraldry on page 4 by Sir Reyna

Alchemy





# The Monarchy of Reign XXXVII

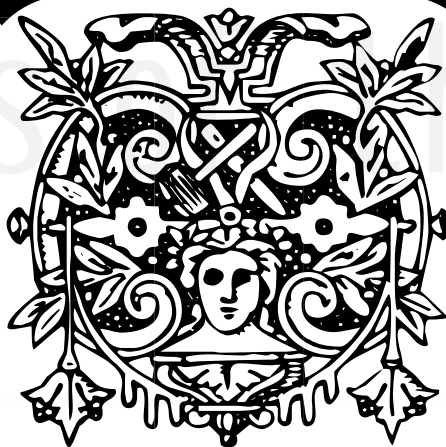
June to December 2006

Monarch	Reine Von Doom	monarch@Amtgard-EH.com
Regent	Sir Forest Evergreen	Regent@Amtgard-EH.com
Champion	Everlast	champion@amtgard-eh.com
Prime Minister	Sir Morgan Ironwolf	pm@amtgard-eh.com
Treasurer	Elder Vermillon	treasurer@amtgard-eh.com
GM of Reeves	Sir Rath	gmr@amtgard-eh.com
7.0 Rules Committee		
Representative	Sistar Tolken	kidwell@yahoo.com

## The Class Guildmasters

Anti-Paladins	Sir Nevron Dreadstar
Archers	Sistar Tolken
Assassins	Sir Delphos Darkheart
Barbarians	KodiaK
Bards	Sir Larin Moonstar
Druids	KodiaK
Healers	Typhus Deathcaller
Knights	Sir Nevron Dreadstar
Monks	Sirakhis
Monsters	Sir Larin
Paladins	Sir Forest Evergreen
Scouts	Kenta Redhawk
Warriors	Elder Vermillon
Wizards	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 2007
Whisper (Monarch Appointed)	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*

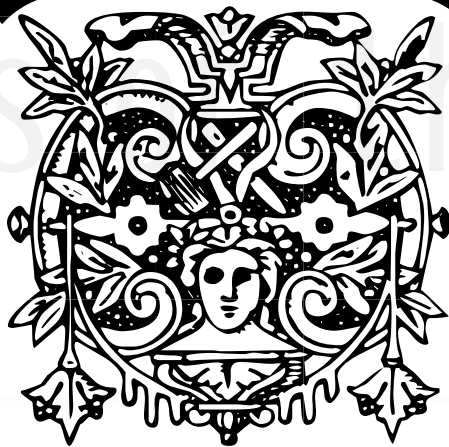


*Azure  
three hills in base vert  
A phoenix, Or*

*Treehills*



*gules and Vert,  
a chevron myony*



# Calendar of Events

## October 2006

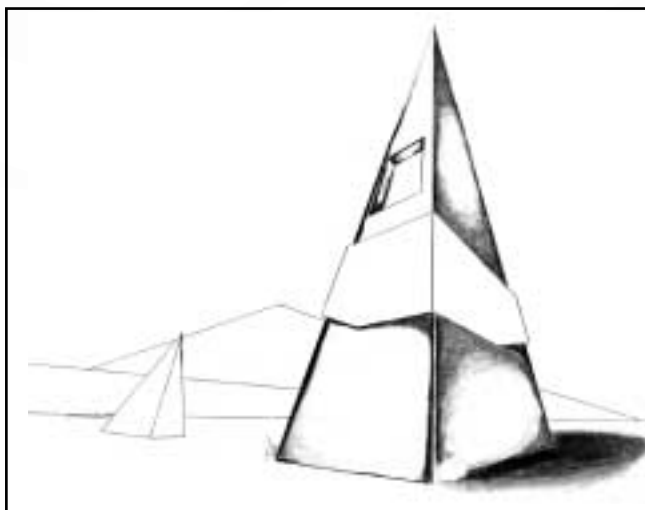
8	Sun	Crown Visit Eagleshire
12-15	Thu-Sun	World Banner Wars VII Tanglewood Forest
22	Sun	Crown Visit / Roving Battlegame Finder's Keep
28	Sat	MONSTER BASH / Crown Visit Midnight Sun

## 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 Alabama Coushatta Indian Reservation Camp Grounds
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,



I would like to thank everyone involved that has made this a terrific reign. Park numbers are up and people are having fun. I plan to continue the role-play and demos we started. If you are interested in helping please contact me or Regent Forest. We only have a couple of Roving Battlegames left and there are new forces that darken the Hills. The plot continues.....

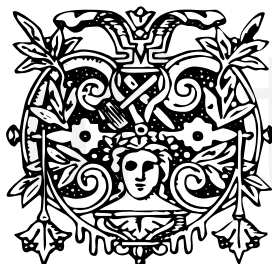


Also a big thanks to everyone that helped get the land ready for Banner Wars. We are a unique Kingdom with our own land it makes me happy that so many people take pride in Tanglewood. Thank you!

Enjoy Banner Wars. We have put together some unique tourneys, a grand war, and lots of miscellaneous fun for all. Not only as the Emerald Hills Monarch, but as a Corsair host I welcome you and hope that we all have fun at World Banner Wars VII.

Regards,  
Queen Reine Von Doom





### Message to the Populace

Greetings,

I would like to thank those people who have stepped up and participated this reign. It is always better for the game when more people get involved in what is going on. From RP, to feast, to gate people have jumped in and been willing to help and for that, Thank You!

For our travellers out there, Welcome to World Banner Wars. We hope you have an enjoyable event. If there are any concerns or problems at the event, please let me or another Security Member know ASAP. We want to ensure the safety and enjoyment of all the players.

The TKDM is winding down with only 2 categories left. - Construction and Art- This final part will be held at the WL coronation Dec. 1-3rd. Best of luck to those who enter. Also remember that CQ is not far off. Any items entered in CQ may still be entered in TKDM so don't fret trying to make duplicate entries. If you want to enter TKDM but can not make the WL event, contact me and we will arrange to transport your entries for you.

Lastly, I am now taking bid for end-reign Coronation. Our goal is to have feast sponsored privately or by donations. Let me know if you want to pitch in with your time or money.

In Service,





## 9-12-06 RGK meeting minutes

### In attendance:

John Elder, John Culhane, John Martinez, Jeff Wyatt, Kayla Shmitto, David Hall, Susan Tuscana

Called to order 7:50

- Kayla informed the RGK of her appointments to the RGK: John Culhane and Jeff Wyatt
- Reviewed bills from MR and wrote checks.
- Approved \$300 to finish Bardic Stage 7-0
- Casa de Three Jugs Land Grant Application Approved 7-0
- Pre BW work weekend projects:

### War:

- Field Set-up
- Mow Field
- Chop down dead hanging trees
- Place Trash Cans out

### Campsites:

- Push back brush
- Basic Clean
- Dig fire pits
- Clean out dead trees

### Bardic:

- Clean site of all nails/construction equipment
- Place Trash Can Out
- Firewood Stacked

### Feast Area:

- Mow/Weed Eat
- Dig out Fire pit

### Court Area:

- Place out all trash cans
- Cut back the brush

### Parking Lot:

- Mow it
- Tape it for parking correctly
- cut down and chop up dead trees
- CUT FIREWOOD!!!!!!

### Trench Field:

- Cut back brush
- Place out trash cans

### Misc:

- Clean up/set-up archery range
- Clean out camper parking- make signs for 20s & 30s

Next Work Weekend 9/15-9/16

Next RGK Meeting: 10/3 7:30pm

*Meeting closed 8:34*





### Thank You

I want to start this off by saying thank you to all that came out to the land last weekend (9.16.06) and helped prep for Banner Wars. You truly made a difference and the Kingdom appreciates your help.

#### Saturday:

Mourningwood Glen 11:00 <http://www.amtgard-eh.com/mwg/>

Midnight Sun 2:00 [http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park\\_midnight.html](http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_midnight.html)

#### Sunday:

Eagleshire 2:30-3ish [http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park\\_eagleshire.html](http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_eagleshire.html)

Finder's Keep 2:00 [http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park\\_finderskeep.html](http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_finderskeep.html)

Have a great weekend and see you at the park!!!!

*Queen Reine Von Doom*

### Underage Players

After a recent review of the waivers and event contracts on file with the Emerald Hills, I have noticed that some underage players do not have proper waivers on file. Also, underage players have been signing their own event contracts when arriving at the event.

At this next event, underage players will not be allowed entrance into the event unless (1) a valid waiver signed by their parent or legal guardian\*\*\* and (2) an event contract signed by their parent or legal guardian\*\*\* is presented to the EH at gate during sign-in. *A VALID WAIVER SIGNED BY THE PARENT/LEGAL GUARDIAN NEEDS TO BE BROUGHT WITH YOU AT GATE, EVEN IF YOU THINK YOUR LOCAL PM HAS A COPY OF YOUR WAIVER.*

\*\*\* Individuals who have waivers or event contracts signed by the "chaperone" that brought them who is not a parent or legal guardian will not be allowed entry into the event. A legal guardian must be appointed or approved by a court. For example, a camp counselor or school chaperone IS NOT a legal guardian for children under his or her supervision. A note or handshake from a parent IS NOT sufficient to establish legal guardianship.\*\*\*

I understand that the event is only a week away. The needed waiver and event contract are located at the following links:

#### Links for Waiver:

<http://www.amtgard-eh.com/library/waiver.pdf>

<http://www.amtgard-eh.com/library/waiver.html>

Link for Event Contract with Parent Signature Line:

<http://webpages.charter.net/jjacobs/Amtgard/eventcontract.doc>

It is not my intention to deny any player entry to the next event; however, without proper waivers and contracts, entry will not be allowed.

Players eighteen and over can sign waivers and event contracts at the time they sign-in.

*Any questions, please feel free to contact me privately at [sirmorgen@hotmail.com](mailto:sirmorgen@hotmail.com)*

*Grand Duke Sir Morgan Ironwolf - EHPM*



## Equinox Rising

Sutra Bahuas

The flash of lighting lit the black night as day. It was the constant drip on his forehead that woke him up. He shifted from underneath the stony overhang he couldn't manage remembering hiding under.

His eyes stung, seemingly glued shut, wiping his forearm against his eyes he could make out the blurred shapes 2 ft in front of him.

Sutra kneeled for a moment to regain composure. The smell of the liquid smelled disturbingly familiar. Blinking hard he strained to see what it was. It had the distinct tinge of cooper to it.

Rubbing the viscous fluid between his fingers he frowned realizing it was blood.

He didn't remember stopping to rest or even sleeping.

Standing on the black earth he looked up to where the heavens were supposed to be. Where he last remembered the sun to be. Even this new darkness betrayed the moon.

The darkness gave way to some sort of ambient light, ungranted by the burning spheres above. Something else produced it. The clouds raced above faster than those in a wyvern's gale. The sky was no longer intangible, in turn; it seemed to be a pool of writhing blood. As far as the eye could see, this new place defied all things logical. His heart seemed to stop, for fear of living in this reality.

It was a nightmare. Wake up sutra, wake up.

The wailing split his ears. He realized he stood on a cliff, slowly and angrily he approached the lulling screams. Below him, for hundreds of leagues wide and hundreds of phantoms across, he could make out the pulsating earth. He stared at the vile image. Was it maggots? An infinite number of maggots, for what?

No, he focused and he could make out limbs. Human limbs. Arms and legs, heads and torsos. Not a graveyard for dismembered people, they were alive, in their entirety. Men and woman, children even.

They squirmed like trapped fish, screaming and biting, kicking and punching. Sutra realized he did not feel pity for the masses. He knew that without his newly lost compassion, he was what he had once tried to escape.

'....Bauhaus....'

The verbal hook plunged into his flesh, a familiar sensation he had forsaken eons before. He grit his teeth fully recognizing the owner of the voice. Slowly he peered further into the ocean of the damned.

There, on a dark throne sat the darkest of them all. The one with no name. The one before the creation. He could not put into words describing what horror sat on this throne. Sutra wanted to run yet found himself where he was supposed to be.

The figure, taller than any mountain he had ever imagined and deeper than the depths of the darkest seas, spoke again. If one could call it a mouth, it purged a cascade of filth and corruption that made the assassins mind reel.

He realized that those closest to the figure, sitting like sores at his feet filled their goblet with the repulsive bile. They drank deep. They lusted for their masters 'words'. He remembered.



## Equinox Rising

Sutra Bahuas

Within moments, the pale deathly figures pushing behind those who had their filled swooped down upon them and ripped them to pieces, consuming the flesh and breaking the bone. Sutra screamed in repulsion.

His voice did not carry further than his lips.

The cannibalistic minion soon picked up the empty ownerless cups and begged their master to speak again. To impart on them his loving wisdom of the ages.

It would never end, he couldn't remember the beginning, but it was indeed the cycle he had once witnessed.

'...Bauhaus...'

-----

"MY GOD!"

Sutra leapt out of the tree and fell 8 feet flat on his stomach. The feeling of forced exhalation was a blessing he realized.

Painfully shifting his weight to his left side, he rolled over. He could make out the late morning position of the sun.

Panting, he laid almost motionless for a moment before regrouping himself.

He had to be in Tanglewood Forest in 4 days.

That is when the moon would tell all.

--

The Baron had sold his soul to the queen. Her power seemed to aptly indulge even the most callous minded. He sneered as he patted the object, wrapped in a shawl a dear friend had gifted to him only months before.

Its darkness so complete, it kept light from reflecting, making its appearance seem almost invisible.

The 'borrowed' horse made its way through the familiar roads leading back home. Back to Midnight Sun.

-----

Hanging high in the midnight's sky, the full moon sat still for a moment. The cool breeze was relieving. His dry hands dipped into the cold spring water. Quickly, Sutra buried his face into the icy stream and bellowed out an indiscernible name. Without opening his eyes, he did it again. Water rushed in and out of his nose and mouth.

He felt alive.

[con't]





## Equinox Rising

Sutra Bahuas

He dipped further until his ears reported the surreal sound only water could produce.

The heartbeat echoed. It was not his own. Mother's heart sang rhythmically.

'...sutra...'

Eyes slowly opened as he recognized the familiar voice. It was not mothers, not his own. It belonged to a darker spirit still.

Before he could reply, the skeletal visage had materialized nose-to-nose, orbless eyes gazing back up at him.

Panic and despair were absent.

Slowly pulling his head out of the water, Sutra peeled wet hair from his eyes and sat patiently.

Pulling the large inanimate object from his pack, he produced a large and indulging sight.

The features were not of surprise or shock. The burrowed eyebrows expressed an incomplete anger. The snarl on the swollen lips could kill legions. Black flesh betrayed this mans once natural tone.

Sutra grinned.

'An offering to you Sir. May those who perished that day have their vengeance...'

He placed the head of the chaos baron on the surface of the waters and waited.

Slowly, the ghostly apparitions came. The faces did not break the waters glass serenity. And as quickly as they appeared, they were gone.

A skeletal hand broke the silence. It gripped viscerally at the baron's tussled red hair. A death grip and a motionless moment spoke volumes between the dark squire and his master.

Slowly, the head began to submerge in the black swirling waters.

Sutra peered deep into the rippling reflection. Chin, nose, eyes, forehead and finally the top of the head were gone.

Squinting, he realized the glazed eyes on the head rolled back into the skull.

Sutra blinked.

The barons head, skull, faces were gone.

-----

Daybreak proved worthwhile as he made his way towards the Barony of Midnight Sun.





## Equinox Rising

Sutra Bahuas

He had risked much as he made sure to fulfill his Champion duty of protecting the Baroness.

No regrets.

Soon, he would enough to eat and stories to tell among familiar faces back at the pub.

He would not worry about the Royal Forces and their march upon Finders Keep. It was sure to be a skirmish, worthy of passing tales.

Soon.

S





# The Forgotten Lore

Sutra Bahuas

The child sits patiently in the dark corner of the monastery. His small hands tremble as he slides the crumbling pages with great care and earnest. His excited breath betrays all forms of fear.

The candle light flickers, startling him.

He reads.

## Deus Sanguinarius

Deus Sanguinarius  
untop the mountain of corpses.  
his brass throne sits.  
of victims and champions alike,  
blood spilled in his name  
any trace of alliance has none  
always the same.  
he breathes the violent  
sees the irrational  
hate fuels him  
brutal killings his wine  
pointless murders his bread

the mortal realm his feasting hall  
he waits in his domain  
the sea of fiery blood roars  
he grants false illusions of courage  
martial pride and vengeance drip  
like corrosive poison to the spirit  
honour can deceive the flesh  
pride blossoms to conceit  
conceit stagnates into tyranny  
this paths leads to the blood god  
be warned least you lose your way  
and find yourself at his beckoning call

The boy swallows hard as he presses on. He traces the ancient rune that forms the demons name. A mark. Turning the pages, past accounts of mad men burned at the stake, for heresies unspeakable, the reaches the next holy write describing a lesser name.

## Deus Putrificus

Death is mankind's constant  
decay closely follows, naturally  
Disease and deterioration his method  
his spirit stands in the way  
of progress and evolution  
guard the spirit against the desire  
of the decadence of disease  
of the certainty of decomposition  
Those follow him desire only to see  
all of any progress lay in scabrous ruin  
Disease and contagion is his vessel  
His body houses all forms of corruption

in his mouth is decay  
in his flesh is rebirth  
all in the forms repulsive to mortal minds  
Speak his name with desire  
and repulsive disease takes hold  
hideous deformations your only companion  
They will weep in denial  
to be released of their accepted gifts  
only to suffer to the death  
and eventual rebirth  
to be damned eternally

The small mind reels with visual flashes of weeping sores and unheard pleas of the pestilence cultists. Shivers run down his spine. Again, he flips past illustrations of the methods used to interrogate men and women long forgotten.

[cont]



# The Forgotten Lore

Sutra Bahuas

Principus Excelsis

In the heart of the corrupt  
the darkest of desires lay  
and here he finds  
his vehicle of expression  
stretching the limit and law  
those set to safeguard order and morality  
to exceed them and to wallow  
in the excess and violation of civility

hedonism and self-indulgence  
is his favorite task whispered  
finding the hearts of the willing  
decadent desires draw his vices close  
riots of colour, sound and sensation  
overwhelms the cultist  
driven to unimaginable lengths  
to feel the slightest fulfillment

Cold sweat drips from the side of his head as he gathers enough strength to read of the fourth unspoken name.

He quickly turns in his seat wanting to see the source of the motion he would swear on a thousand stars he was certain he saw.

Nothing.

Deus Cambiaris Maneras

The weaver of all things interlocked  
Actions, plots and subtle intrigue  
know his name  
his deceived puppet cultists  
like marionettes believe  
the pact a mutual one  
all in the guise of the gods true lust  
power at the altar of eternity  
even if his name reigned supreme  
change and turmoil would betray his reign

beware subtle manipulations  
avoid devious plays  
safeguard the desire of forbidden knowledge  
he is the lord of mutability and change  
majicks and sorcery his clenched fist  
in his dark womb births forth  
change and evolution ever present  
he promises eternal life  
an escape from obvious oblivion  
be warned....

The candlelight flickers out, leaving the young man in absolute darkness.

He can feel his skin crawl and can feel the pounding of his small heart, yearning to run. He listens intently. the raspy breathing is behind him now.

Eagerly the child counts to three, preparing for his familiar dash to the outside world.

one...

two...

three...

'...bahuas....'

"THREE!!!!"





## Dread Moon Rising

Sir Delphos Darkheart

The Eye of Luna rose bright and full and the first touch of Autumn made the air crisp and clear and cool for the first time since before the War had begun.

Soon the chill of Winter would be upon the lands and Death would have its way as it did every turn of the Realm.

The graves near the River Midnight had since been emptied of the corpses and the darkness which had lingered for several days after the "Massacre" was now nowhere to be seen. Yet if one would stop for a moment and gaze into the River, a faint presence could be felt, like a malignancy festering in the water itself. The wind even echoed the soft sounds of moaning, like the dying breath of some distant animal. The woods themselves seemed alive with an unnatural spirit and those who had to travel under the canopy of its leaf shedding trees would hurry through the darkest areas, as if being perused by an unseen force.

At night, the feeling of Dread was almost overwhelming and those who had to travel the roads through the forest would wait on the edge until the light of the morning sun broke through the sky and none dared venture in past late afternoon, least they be caught in full Darkness.

The Kingdom Army had gathered south in the Great Forest of Tanglewood only days before and the Crowned Heads had offered bribes of Gold and Sanctuary to the Baron Chaos if he promised to turn over the Guild of Shadows to the Kingdom Guards. This he contemplated for a short time, yet his decision was cut short by the sharp edge of Lord Sutra's blade. His headless body falling to the ground as the Master Assassin held the Barbarians head for all to see.

Rumors spread of a Wraith Like Form roaming the Woods near the docks along the Great River and several Assassins had been spotted during the Festivities. Some claimed to have killed not only the Wraith, but also at least two or three of the Guild. Yet none had been brought before the Royalty for either questioning or punishment and no evidence of the presence of a Wraith was ever confirmed.

Far to the West, the Keep of the Shadows prepared for the Invasion they knew would come. The party of Warriors who had traveled with the Baron returned to the Keep with his body and when news of his death reached the members of the Guild, there was a small sign of reprieve within the ranks of the Shadows.

Though they still looked upon Lord Sutra as a Renegade, his name was whispered with reverence for his deed and perhaps, in time, he would come back to them as a Brother once again.

Chancellor Rage Bloodstorm had no love for the Kingdom and little respect for their Noble



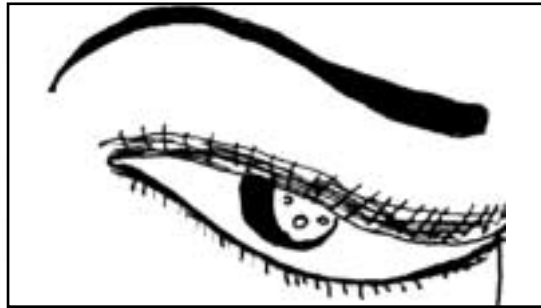


## Dread Moon Rising

Sir Delphos Darkheart

Knights, who had shown the full extent of their Honor during the Massacre at the Midnight Sun. The Half Demon now anxiously awaited his opportunity to repay them in kind. The killing of his Rebel Knight would soon be avenged.

Though Rage knew death for the Darkheart meant only his transformation into something more powerful than a mere Mortal and that the rumors of a Wraith in Tanglewood were only the beginnings of what was to become of his Grandmaster.



### 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

S

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



## The Queen's Return

Reine VonDoom

As Queen Reine was escorted by the Royal Guard into her castle after returning from a celebration in the Golden Plains area she noticed there were too many troops patrolling and it was eerily quiet. "I know my troops went to the North to encounter that Barbarian, but there are way to many still here for a powerful force to have left. " she thought. Reine went to her desk to see what news there was and a piece of sealed parchment lay at her desk. She opened it and read.....

*Queen Reine,  
There has been a heightened alert since the Barbarian Chaos has taken over the outpost near Tanglewood. We thought to keep the inner Kingdom safe we would leave a large force here and take a small force with us to Finder's Keep. Hopefully we shall return shortly with good news.  
Prince Regent Forest Evergreen*

Just then a messenger escorted by the guard entered her chamber. The messenger said that the news from the North was that small EH force had been beaten back and that Rage still had control on the Keep and Chaos had been forced into the caves. Uggghhhh, nonsense she thought. When the Prince Regent returns we start making plans.

### **Forest Evergreen:**

Forest and his guard had travelled 2 days north at a steady pace, scouting as they went. No more ambushes! Finally, they arrived at Finder's Keep. The rumors were true. Rage and the assassins had taken over while chaos had been at the Midreign celebration.

It was at MR that Sutra had beheaded the barbarian, and only by the grace of a loyal healer was he alive today. But the encounter had taught him nothing as far as forest could tell. He still sought to attack the Royal Caravan for any money he could find. He truly was mad with greed.

They had not expected much resistance since the keep was in turmoil, so most of the guard had stayed behind in case there was an assault on the Kingdom while they were away. They had greatly underestimated their opponents. As they crested the hill to see the keep, arrows began flying at them. The Keep was ready for a siege and was not going to wait for the assault to get close.

As the Royal Army closed the distance, there was a new assault from the caves nearby. Chaos and his few remaining followers spewed forth and attacked from the side. They were quickly beaten back, but only after some damage was done. Quickly Forest clasped his powerful artifact in hand and began to raise his fallen comrades. He would not give in so easily.

Four hours the Royal forces searched the caves while beating back forward assault units from the Keep. Each time forest relied again on the power of the Relic to bring back his armies. Each time the power of the Relic faded slightly.

Finally, Chaos and his forces were routed and they fled to the woods. Now the time came to assault the Keep itself. Tarkas rushed the doors in a berserk fury breaking through them before the Keep's forces could slash him down. Again, Forest relied on the waning power of the Relic to bring back his fallen friend.

Tarkas had blood in his eyes, in his mouth, and in his sight. He was frenzied and ready to kill. Forest prepared for the assault. With his magic, he teleported the berzerker into the Keep. Cries went up and the forces inside went into a panic. As they did, Sir Brennon led the charge into the doors and began to hack and slash through the defenses inside. It looked as if the small band from the Kingdom could win the day.



## The Queen's Return

Reine VonDoom

Again, they had miscalculated.

A tree, thrown by 3 enraged barbarians crushed Sir Brennon, leaving him lying dead amongst a ring of fallen foes. Most of both forces lay dead or wounded inside, but the Guild had too many reserves. Forest turned to stun a nearby enemy, and all went black.

When the breath again filled his lungs, Forest was outside the Keep. Sir Rath, Paladin of the Kingdom, had managed to fight in and retrieve the bodies of his fallen allies. But the Keep still belonged to the Guild. Forest used his own power to raise the remaining force, but halted them as they prepared to advance.

"The day is lost. We underestimated our foes. We need to return to the kingdom and re-group. Only one time today could we breach the Keep's gate, and even then we could match the sheer numbers inside," he announced. "Let the Guild at chaos battle as they will. We will return to ask the will of the Queen. If she wants the Keep, then we will bring a larger force."

With that, he had the standard bearer raise a flag of defeat. Cheers rang out from the Keep and the Royal army turned and rode slowly home.

Forest knew the spirit of those at the Keep was strong. He admired them for that. Now if only he could discover what drove them to hate the Kingdom, perhaps he could save the lands without any more fighting. And how powerful the kingdom could be if they could fix the rift....only time would tell.

### Declarations of Intent

I will be taking declarations of intent up to the end of the Sunday edition of Quails.

*(Declarations so far)*

Monarch: Sutra

Regent: Nexus Crow

Champion:

GM of Reeves: Draeven

Barbarians: Draeven

Bards: Sir Larin

Color: Tanara

Healers: Draeven, Typhus

Knights: Sir Morgan

Monks: Sirakhis

Monsters: Elder, Sir Larin

Scouts: Elder

Warriors: Tobias

Wizards: Sir Larin

Thank you

*Sir Morgan Ironwolf*

*EHPM*



## Back at Midnight Sun

Sutra Bahuas

Sutra slouched over the wooden tabletop. He focused intently. The little contraption was a new device by a local 'gineer. It was about four fingers tall and proved handy.

He tilted it towards his cupped right hand, balancing the metallic tip with his left index finger.

'Almost...got it...ha!'

The bemused figure carefully backed away from the gadget as it was seemingly balanced impossibly.

'So that's the new salt shaker one of them brains at the local academies make?'

'Yeah...came in this morning. So...'

The trampling footsteps rushing into the small uneventful keep knocked the balanced shaker, a grimace forming on Sutra's face.

'20 minutes! Gone!'

The young messenger stammered and bellowed out his message.

'The Royal Armies!!! They've been defeated! Finders Keep still stands!'

A crowd began to file into the cramped space. This was not his first stop.

Murmurs began to circulate among the concerned faces.

'They need healers, any one willing to go South.'

'They were waiting for the Royal Armies...and won?'

'The Crown Armies defeated? How?'

There were more questions than answers.

'Settle down, settle down.' A thunderous voice spoke out. Regent Thangorn stepped into the dingy bar. He had grown, again. Sutra leaned back in the wooden wall and watched as the crowd simmered down into a quite roar.

'I will speak with the Baroness and we will find out what we can about these supposed events. Pointing to the frantic messenger, the barkeep handed him a mug of courage before being led out to the Royal quarters for questioning.

The small crowd streamed out anxiously wondering if the Queen and Prince Regent had escaped unharmed.





## Back at Midnight Sun

Sutra Bahuas

Sutra was a bit intrigued wondering how the battle waged had unraveled.

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A couple of days had come and gone. The messenger had been treated well while his questioning was quick and painless, he had gone

It seemed the rebels of the newly titled 'Shadow Keep', fought with a youthful fervor, many had not seen in a long time.

He chewed on the grassy stub before spiting it back out on the cooling earth.

A shady figure approached him and stood a few paces away, motionless.

'Well?'

The figure nodded and came into whispering distance.

'The forces of the northern freeholds have begun talks of an attempt on a royal coupe. Word has it they want to make a second push south. To Eagleshire....without the barbarian.'

Sutra's eyes snapped at the mention of a previous target.

'So, they march without their appointed leader? Tell me, who runs the keep now?'

'There is talk that it has become a sort of commune...among them are members of th...'

'SUTRA, Champion Sutra!?' The great voice bellowed, breaking the still air. Regent Thangorn called anxiously from the town centre, less than a hundred feet from the dark one's borrowed quarters.

'Sutra...don't you hear me? I have some interesting news I need you to confirm.'

The baronial champion stood alone as he peered back at the young regent.

'What...you coming or not?' The large young man shuffled back into the great hall, disappearing into the administrative building.

With a sigh, he would have to only guess at what the dark ones where up to in the north.

Within moments, the dark shade of a man entered the hall eager to leave the quite walls of Midnight Sun.

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## Tobias the Goblin Hunter

Tobias D

Tobias was born in a fire, the same place where 6 months prior a raiding party of bugbear and goblin had ravaged this elven village. Raping, pillaging and burning what they wished, Tobias's mother was a victim. Sylvan and once fair skinned, she was raped and bereft of her left hand.

This day was seemingly fateful. the raiding party had returned, but this time, finding nothing to take they burned everything out of spit and rage. Tobias's mother was in birth, but this was abnormal. She knew she was pregnant, but this was way too soon to be going into labor. her only thoughts were of the Bugbear who had made it's way with her six months ago. totally against nature the seed took hold and created this abomination. He looked like a young orc... but his hide was thicker and a light brown color like that of those large goblinoids tho terrorized and enslaved goblinkind.

Hating what she had berthed, and yet protecting it by sheer motherly nature she hid tobias in the trees just outside the village and disappeared, dead or shamed, she never saw her child after that.

Tobias was found days later, almost dead. Crying and sick, he lay in those brambles where he was stumbled upon by a traveling band of norsemen who immediately recognized his physical traits, but could not let the starving child die where it lay. They took him with them, albeit treated like a slave and a weapon they fed, clothed, and taught him only the bare basics of civility, the sword, and reading and writing. Tobias was a troubled child, wondering why he was so different from the other children: the children who would throw rocks at him and torment him, yet would cry and have the elders beat him when he retaliated.

When Tobias was fifteen years of age a self-righteous son of a knight felt it was his duty to rid the realm of all heathen and monstrous kind and attacked Tobias. This was not pretty by any means. The boy came at tobias with the sword and tobias took the blade trough the the left forearm. Tobias was blind with pain induced rage and lashed out, shattering the boy's jaw beyond repair and taking the sword from the boy, he removed the steel blade from his arm, all whilst howling in pain. and that is when the older men of the village came running to see Tobias standing over a seemingly dead human, sword in hand, and wounded.

They understood what had happened and why it happened. So for the sake of the safety of the village and tobias himself he was banished immediately, never to return north lest the boy's family be permitted to come upon him and take his life.

Tobias kept that sword.....

The only work tobias could get was ridding villages of bands of goblin. and wherever there were people, there would invariably be goblin, and where either were goblin, there was work, and work meant food. so tobias traveled wherever the wind took him. He traveled far and wide razing any goblin encampment he found and being paid shoddily for his work, but he survived. and to this day he has slain goblin in the name of work, but now holds a vendetta against those would not have him be one of them.



## Forum Changes

Sirrakhis

Over the next weeks I will be slowly modifying the Emerald Hills forum. These modifications are be done to meet out a few goals for the EH online presence, such as:

- \*Streamlined Navigation
- \*Schema consistent with the rest of Amtgard-EH.com
- \*Streamlined Administration
- \*Security Updates
- \*Viable Content Upload/Link

As you can already see, I dropped a basic ToC(table of contents) on the left, this will be modified in the future to include many other areas of necessary content.

I am currently testing skins for Amtgard-EH.com at eagleshire.com, so if you want to see what the new site will look like color-wise or have input, I would ask that you go there, check it out, and give me some feedback in the EH forum found at [www.amtgard-eh.com/forums](http://www.amtgard-eh.com/forums)

Please also use this link/thread to communicate any ideas and/or suggestions you may have for the Kingdoms forum.

Thanks for the bandwidth!

### Weaponmaster Results

<u>Event</u>	<u>1st</u>	<u>2nd</u>	<u>3rd</u>
Single Long Sword	Brennon	Kerb	Logan
Sword and Shield	Brennon	Tugan	Kerb
Florentine Swords	Brennon	Markosias	Ice
Single Dagger	Logan	Brennon	Ice
C. Spell Ball Duels	Markosias	Hades	Brennon
Single Short Sword	Brennon	Kerb	Wolvie
O. Sword and shield	Kerb	Brennon	Tugan
Open Weapon	Auromax	Brennon	Kerb
Pole and Dagger	Brennon	Kerb	Wolvie
Weapon Scramble	Brennon	Scytale	Kerb
Target Spell Ball Toss	Wolvie	Nettle	Rayel

### Rankings Tally Total

Weaponmaster Brennon 25

Kerb12 | Markosis 5 | Wolvie 5 | Logan 4 | Auromax 3 | Logan 3 | Hades 2 | Ice 2 | Scytale

2

Nettle 1 | Rayel 1

23



## Kingdom Gallery

