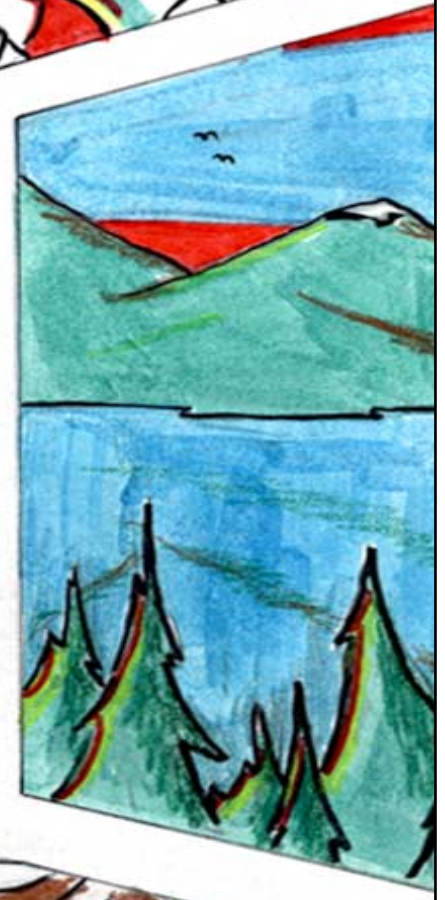


Echoes of the hills

Echoes of the hills | v.XXXVII i.4 | Nov 1. 2006 | Reign 37



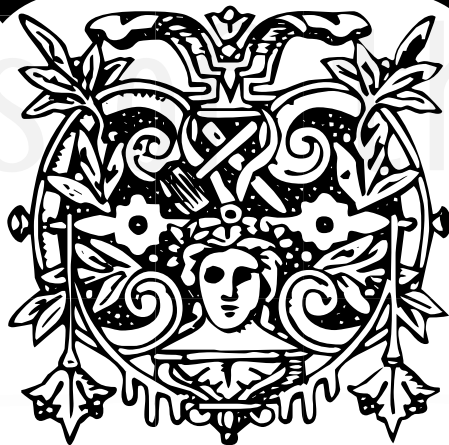
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Art by Sutra Bahuas
Photos by Sutra and Clio
Heraldry on page 4 by Sir Reyna





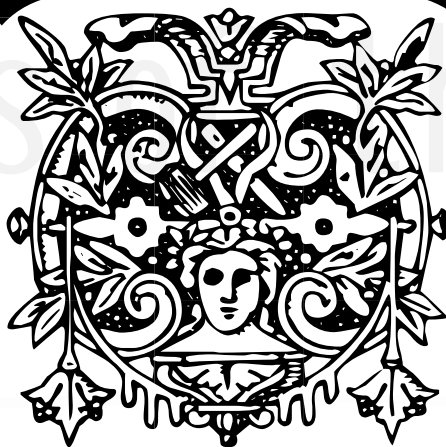
The Monarchy of Reign XXXVII

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	Sirrakhis
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

Amtgard-EH.com Contacts

Webmaster

Webmaster@Amtgard-EH.com

Administrator

admin@Amtgard-EH.com

Emerald Hills

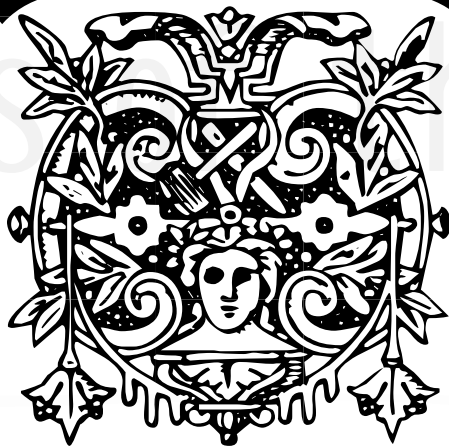


*Azure
three hills in base vert
A phoenix, Or*

Treehills



*gules and Vert,
a chevron myony*



Calendar of Events

November 2006

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

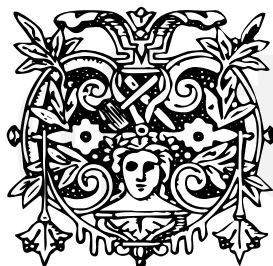
Declarations of Intent

I will be taking declarations of intent up to the end of the sunday edition of quals.

(Declarations so far)

Monarch: Sutra
Regent: Nexus Crow
Champion: Septumus, Nicodemus
GM of Reeves: Draeven, Tolken
Anti-Paladins:
Archers: Tolken
Assassins: Sir Delphos
Barbarians: Draeven
Bards: Sir Larin
Color: Tanara
Druids: Tolken, Elder
Healers: Draeven, Typhus
Knights: Sir Morgan
Monks: Sirrakhis
Monsters: Elder, Sir Larin, Sir Delphos
Paladins:
Scouts: Elder, Sir Sparhawk
Warriors: Tobias
Wizards: Sir Larin

Sir Morgan Ironwolf
EHPM



Message to the Populace



To the populace of the Emerald Hills:



Six months has come and gone and now a new reign is stepping up. Thank you to everyone who supported me and Forest through this reign. It's been fun and challenging as a first time Monarch. I hope that the role play we started continues and the Kingdom stays involved.



Congrats to Sutra and Nexus and I hope that the populace supports them through their reign.



See you on the trench!



Queen Reine Von Doom

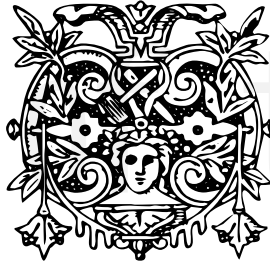


Greetings,



In Service,
Prince Regent Forest Evergreen





"Zero" Tolerance Policy

Queen Reine Von Doom

Populace of the Emerald Hills,

I would like to thank everyone that came out to the park and voted/voiced their opinion on the Anti-Violence Policy. The Kingdom has decided by a clear majority that they want a policy like this in place. However, the wording received a plurality, but not a clear majority.

Section 1

Yes-39

No- 9

Section 2

A As is- 19

B No- 13

C Needs Changes- 17

We have decided to reschedule the next Althing to be Dec 9/10. We will be voting on what policy the Emerald Hills would like to adopt. There will be 2 choices, the current wording and a new wording based on submissions from the Kingdom. The deadline for new policy suggestions and any other suggested Althing agenda items is Monday Nov 20th by midnight. The policies and the Althing agenda will be posted by Nov 24th leaving 2 weeks before the vote on Dec 9/10. All parks will submit their votes to the Kingdom PM by Tuesday Dec 11th midnight.

All suggestions for the policy and Althing agenda items need to be sent to kef0003@...

Regards,

Queen Reine Von Doom



Starry Night

Lord Protector Nicodemus d'Aravoth
Even in the cold
roses are blooming. The stars
are too bright to sleep.





The Keep Victorious

Mysteri

"Mysteri, Doladar has returned, you must tell of the battle."

"And which battle would you have me tell of Chaos?", the bard replied coldly. The barbarian glared at the bard with eyes full of blood lust and she stood looking back. "Tell her of the bravery of the Keep.", he growled.

"So you wish for me to tell of the most recent battle... here at Finders Keep." Mysteri's smile matching the barbarians scowl.

"Yes Mysteri, tell me of the battle," said Doladar, looked between Mysteri and Chaos not understanding everything that passed between them.

Mysteri took a moment to compose herself to remember what all had happened that day. The bard decided some of it she would forget to tell of, like passing the home stone to those in the school. Yes, there would have to be some careful editing on her part. She took time to look at where the school had stood not that long ago. How beautiful the metallic walls had been, and now only the open space was there. The Assassins monastery had resumed its place hiding in the shadows. She longed to see its walls again. With a sigh Mysteri began her story, ignoring the barbarian crunching on a leg bone.

"We had received word from our scouts that a small but powerful army was approaching Finders Keep, quickly the defenses of the old Keep were put in place." Mysteri stared at Chaos as she spoke these words, wondering if they had any affect on him. But alas, he was much too focused on his dinner, another of Typhus's messengers. Mysteri continued on with her story. "Then out of nowhere great silver walls started appearing in the distance. The walls looked like they were emerging from out of a mist, yet it was a sunny day. Several woman of the keep grab there children afraid of the witchcraft that must be here. Those brave enough reached for there weapons and approached slowly trying to remember how the assassins had moved so quietly and noticing that not one assassin stood with them. The gates opened slowly without making a sound and several masked figures stepped forward motioning to put aside our weapons. One stepped forward without a mask his face very

proud when he looked at the members of the keep. Kofka seemed glad to see that the people of this land had not forgotten the pride they had in there homes and still wished to protect them no matter the odds." Mysteri again stared coldly at the Barbarian wondering what his next plan would be and how many would die because of it. "I welcomed them home, telling them of the news the scouts had brought to us." Mysteri remembered it well and left the part out about giving Kofka a hug and passing him the homestone saying in a hushed tone 'do what you will with this' and walking away so that others could great those who had been away for so long. No she would have to leave that part out, for her own safety.

Mysteri remembered another sight one that chilled her to the bone, bones yes she remembered..."Then a figure stepped forward that looked familiar at first glance and yet you hoped not to look upon it again, All in black with razor sharp weapons and not one expression on his face..." Here she paused for dramatic flare, might as well give them there moneys worth after all "For he had no face with which to wear an expression" Someone in her audience shuddered yes they two remembered what had been seen. "Bleach white bone and hallow spaces there was no doubt who this was, And Rage was never far away, this had to be the death knight Sir Delphos." Mysteri was surprised when Chaos reacted to the name, he almost seemed worried and he reached for his weapon, did he still have fear in him...maybe. Then it was gone replaced by that same blood-thirst as he hacked at another piece of meat. Mysteri would have to pray latter asking for clarification on what she had just witnessed did some part of the Barbarians still live underneath that blood thirst and how could she reach him if he did?

"The bell at the walls of the Keep sounded this time mothers did not wait as they scoop up small children and ran for the secret locations known only to those of Finders Keep. I am here kinda reading a book to

While Chaos was getting his warriors ready the gate was closed with the assassins inside. "She had to hold back a laugh remembering how many of the keep had also stepped behind those well fortified walls and



The Keep Victorious

Mysteri

how few followed the barbarian into his cave. Mysteri took a moment to remember all the running the hurried voices and the looks that passed between those who had fought at Midnight Sun. She remembered secreting herself away in the woods near the keep close enough that she could watch the battle but far enough that no one would notice her not where she hid. A place carefully concealed one she had found that day after telling the keep of Midnight Sun. No it was still to soon after that battle for her to fight....

" As the queen small army came into view it was apparent that they were confused by the silver walls that stood before them, something they had clearly not expected. before they had time to form a new battle strategy arrows fell upon them from both the walls and the caves." Mysteri remembered how long it had taken to cut holes into the cave walls for just that purpose surprise attacks as attackers came to close to the keep." The queens army had to pull back and regroup they had not expected this kind of a fight and there numbers showed it. They had thought to take Finders Keep with little resistance but this thought had failed them. It was to late to realize that though they now had to push forward and try to take the keep. At first they stayed just out of range of the arrows attempting to find a weakness, finding none they decided to try and take the walled school first thinking it the easiest target.time and time again they shot arrows or tried to attack the walls to no avail. It was obvious that the only weakness to the walls were the doors so they focused there attack there but as fast as they were able to do damage to the gate it was repaired." Mysteri had seen the gleam in Kofkas eye when she had given him the home-stone and now she knew why someone had stood there near the doors healing them with the magic of the stone. She had to suppress a small laugh at Kofkas cleverness. " Soon the army realized that they would not be able to attack there target so easily so now they tried to take the caves. Chaos had been ready for them though and had archers standing by. Again the army could not do much damage. When they were able to get into the caves the well trained fighters, who had spent much time in the caves, pushed them back out. Those that were not killed upon entering the cave

found the mischievous fairies that live there, or were trapped within the walls as was the Chaos's plan. Then to keep the army from withdrawing a raiding party with the death Knight Sir Delphos was sent from the school to aid those in the caves by pinning the army between those who fought in the caves and those that fought in the school.

" A group of the Queens army had escaped and regrouped. The assassins called to there friends to rejoin them in the safety of the walls while the army hatched another plan. Sir Delphos stood guarding the gate from the outside casting spells on any who tried to enter. It almost seem that he dared them to attack his well fortified gates again. This time Regent Sir Forest sent a berserk barbarian to attack the gate one of the fighters was angered by this and needed to kill this intruder so much that he tore through the gate forcing the barbarian to go. A chase followed but was soon called back as the opening had to be protected. Sir Forest did not waste time though, he wished take advantage of the confusion inside the walls. One of his men cast a spell on a new fighter making him want to kill those guarding the gateway, but the spell was soon recognized and the man was killed for the safety of all in the walls. While this had occurred the barbarian was able to be teleported into the walls themselves." Mysteri and at the same time the army charged at the gate trying to take the school. The barbarian was soon killed by the mass number of those inside the school. The first person through the schools gates was met by a battering ram, a strategy never to have been suspected. Soon the others who came trickling through the gates were killed as well in a great show of spirit and determination on behalf of all who stood within the walls." Mysteri allowed her words to sit upon her listeners for a moment gaging there reaction to all she had told.

" Much blood was spilled on the grounds of Finders Keep but little of it was from our side. Mysteri took time to bow deeply to her audience some even tossed her a coin or to for her story. She then left the area and waited knowing Doladar would want to hear what could not be told with all around....



Dark Hearts Hell

Sir Delphos Darkheart

The white hot furnace scorched him to his very soul.
How long had he been in this place of Fire, he did not know.
All he could remember was his last breath on that Fateful Day.
The rest was only a dream to him now... or was it a Nightmare?
Who could say...? Only the translucent images remained...
Dancing just outside his consciousness, beyond reach, beyond reason.
Nothing in his universe was tangible enough to grasp...
Only the Searing of his flesh...The Boiling of his blood...
The black cinder of what remained of his already Dark Heart.

Life itself had been replaced with pure Hatred and Raw Power.
He could feel the strength of his body...
Yet no muscles remained upon his bones.
He could see clearly, the tormented souls surrounding him...
Yet no eyes lived within his blackened Skull.

He felt no Remorse... No Fear, no Sorrow and no Regret.
He felt only the need to bring more Souls to this place...
to experience Anguish beyond physical pain and suffering.

He was no Prisoner... he was no Captive... he was where he belonged.
He served his Master with delight and pleasure...
Reveling in the Torture of the wicked who were brought here.
Their Souls cried out for Justice and that is what they received in fullness.

Soon he would return to the world of the Living...
Once again gathering others who deserved this Fate and more.

How long had he been in this Hell...???

He did Not Know... He did Not Care.

EH Galleries On-Line

Aylin and Sutra's Online Photo Gallery

Visit the public photo amtgard photo albums of Aylin:

http://photos.yahoo.com/aylin_karyn

Visit the public photo amtgard photo albums of Sutra:

<http://photos.yahoo.com/jrodas00>





Something Within the Kingdom

Various

Reine Von Doom:

The past couple of weeks had been quiet in the Emerald Hills. The children played, merchants sold their goods, and life was generally peaceful. Queen Reine knew she had some unfinished business in the Northern lands, but decided to wait until a time like now to approach Rage Bloodstorm. It's just a mess up there with Rage in control of the Keep and Chaos in the caves Queen Reine thought. We need something to unite the Kingdom. As she turned to her desk to begin her new plans voices filled her castle. Dark incoherent words and loose sentences warning her something was manifesting in the Emerald Hills.

The Queen summoned Regent Forest and Champion Everlast to discuss what she had heard and where the voices could be coming from and why. Queen Reine remembered there used to be some sacred alters that Typhus had put up around the Kingdom. She thought they were destroyed by Chaos, but something about it didn't seem right. A messenger was sent to Finder's Keep to see if they had encountered any of these voices or any new entities to the land. After all if the Keep was attacked then it wouldn't be long before the Barony of Eagleshire would feel its wrath as well.

Forest Evergreen:

Forest left the meeting with Queen Reine feeling uneasy. Up until now the threat had been visible, tangible, and in the open. Now, the possible threat was incorporeal. And that complicated things.

There was only one course of action that made sense, find the man who had the first visions. The one who had raised the Alters. The one who had summoned the Dark Gods.

Forest walked quickly to Everlast's chambers.

"Arrange a scouting party. I want Typhus brought in, unharmed."

Tobias Djevelet:

Meanwhile, just outside Finder's Keep, the entities that occupied the land were holding war games to hone

their skills and strategies. A vicious and steady trade of blows were dealt between Tobias and Mickel's teams repeatedly clashed. All was going well....

....until they showed up....

Three men whom no one had ever seen; an archer, a barbarian and a wizard, came onto the field and began attacking indiscriminately whoever was near them. Their bodies had strange markings that glowed with some sort of seemingly unholy magic.

The two teams after realizing that their wargames could not continue until these three were vanquished, sought an alliance and joined forces against the malevolent trio. They fought for what seemed to be hours and the strangers seemed to be holding their own against the population.

"RROOOAAAARRRRRR!" Tobias screamed as he managed to flank and take two of them, leaving the last for the others to clean up.

Seeing that they three were making their retreat Tobias made his way towards the shade and cleaned the vile smelling blood from his halberd and wondered where these men came from and why they just decided to attack whilst outnumbered and obviously outskilled.

"War games are over for today," shouted Tobias, "We've fought long and hard and sent the intruders tuck-tailed. Go home, and may the great mother keep the wolves in the hills and women in our beds!"

Typhus Deathcaller:

Typhus sits alone in his temple looking through the minds eye at those that were sent forth. His vision blurs for a split second as the forces of the Keep show some unity. The three he has sent are not mere men but servants of the Dark Gods themselves. He laughs to himself as he watches the residents of the Keep cheer thinking they have sent these men running. They failed to listen to the cry of the leader "Blood for the Blood God!!!!!" He is pleased that the entities he sent forth have gathered much for the Blood God. He



Something Within the Kingdom

Various

know that he cannot bide his time much longer. The Kingdom is reuniting and this is causing some disturbing fluxes in his power. His visions have grown more twisted in the past few months though less frequent. He knows that he can use the power of the Altars to empower men, but who and when.

He is interrupted in his thoughts as more visions enter his head and things become more clear to him. He know when but still not who.

An acolyte knocks softly on the dare knowing his master has grown impatient as of late. Though he does not specifically serve any of the Dark Gods. The fact that the Blood God is in power right now has affected him. Typhus yells "What is it fool can you not see I am busy!?"

"Yes master I can, but..."

"But what you insolent fool spit it out or pay with your blood."

"Scouts of the Kingdom have been seen in the Keep. There bear writs of passage signed by Prince Regent Forest and the Kingdom's Champion Everlast. They are looking for you, saying that Forest wishes to speak with you and no harm will come to you."

"Go forth and tell them I remain hidden in my temple if they wish to speak to me then have them travel to the Keep. I will gladly meet them there."

Typhus sits down to further ponder this situation. He knows that the Altars are not hidden and surely they have all been found. "I wonder if those fools tried to destroy them. My temple is still hidden that much I know for sure." These things must wait though he finds it hard he follows the teachings of The Lord of Change. Subtlety in all things this is how chaos is truly spread.

Riding North

Sir Forest Evergreen

The Royal Caravan once again was headed northward. Forest sat up front with one of the drivers, letting the rain wash some of the dirt from his weary face. Too long had it been since The Emerald Hills had seen peace

inside its borders. Finder's keep had been an enigma for months. Forest wasn't sure what had caused, or what would fix, the problem. If only they would be willing to open talks. If only they could see that it was Chaos' greed that fueled this hatred between them. Perhaps this time, a diplomatic answer could be found...perhaps...

That would only solve half the problem. The Guild, for reasons known only to itself, had declared open war on the Kingdom. Aiding the assault on the Royal Caravan, attempting to kidnap the Queen, and even taking over the keep at Finder's Keep! Yet, through all of it, they continue to claim persecution and self defense. It didn't make sense. To top it off, the leader of the Guild, the one whom Forest had been able to work deals with in the past, seemed to have fueled this rebellion. And now he was gone. Left dead at Midnight Sun by the hands of the Royal Army he had been sent back from the hell fires as a wraith, but since, had grown in power and was now a walking force of evil, a Dreadknight.

Somehow, the key to all this madness must rest with Sutra. He was loyal to the Kingdom above all else, but still understood the mentality of The Guild. The only path to reuniting the Kingdom was through him. Forest leaned back and continued to feel the rain on his face. Perhaps it could wash away his concerns along with the dirt.



Blood Lines

Frostt

The hooded man quietly stalked his prey, a mission not for profit or fame, nor for sport but for something entirely different. His target was not whom he was stalking, though someone far more important to him. The figure in front of him was merely an unknowing guide to where the hooded man needed to go. As he silently followed he began to think about the information he had gathered. Stories and legends about the sinister rants and ravages of those who were of half blood. Though they were not of the halflings such as the half-elves, or dwarves and such. No, half blood that was far more foul, and yet almost pure. Tainted blood of the half-demon.

The stories only spoke of one of such a creature. They seemed to have forgotten that for every one of something, there's usually a second. The other parts of the legends and stories spoke of where one might find this half-blood. Within the woods upon the land that has been found, and kept. The building nothing more than a crypt of the once holy building it was before, and shadows that danced and moved about, swallowing the unfortunate saps who managed to get too close. The hooded man merely smiled at these stories, for he could sense the underlying truth within them. Those who told of this merely thought them stories and leg-

ends, they merely lacked the intelligence to know where and what to look for.

Soon the stalked shadow arrived to their destination, and the hooded man now only had one silent debate. Should he continue to follow his prey into the building, or should he "cordially" introduce himself? Though he was rather positive he'd be able to come in undetected, he was always partial to making big statements. As the doors to the building opened he stopped, having decided to make a big impression. Slowly he removed his hood, his short dark brown hair streak with blonde shifting slightly before being brushed down. The hooded man stood merely 5'11" with Hazel colored eyes and light brown skin. An enigma of sorts, his face and eyes belied his nature. Unlike his older brother, he was the more calculative of the two, though his patience had its limits.

After all, he did share the same blood as the other. The man stood there at the doors looking about, catching the movements all around him. They knew he was here, and he smiled as he cleared his throat. With a booming voice, of which almost belittled his size he yelled "From the Darkest pits of Hell I call to my brother of the half blood! I call the Out from hiding by one name alone! I call out RAGE!"

Thanks from TMP

A big thank you to all of our Merchants Post first time sponsors!

Thanks go to:

UPS/Septumus

Grendel the Jimmystabber

Sirrakhis/House Larethian

Redhawk Radio/Danger Zone

Obie and the Principality of Midgard

Sutric Boutique

Earth and Heart

...and every runner who helped get them distributed to the 400+ that were in record attendance!

All donations are being forwarded to the EH kingdom treasury, all thanks to the support from our first time sponsors! As an added last minute bonus, I have decided to throw all printed ad's into the next Echoes of the Hills 37.4 for no charge as a thank you for your monetary support!

Find the first EH Merchants Post here:

<http://www.amtgard-eh.com/gallery/Archives/EmeraldHills/TheMerchantsPost/>

Regards all!
Sutra the Red



The Calling One

Sutra Bahuas

he settled in for the evening. the full moon provided ample lighting without the need for a fire. it had been a couple days now since his trek lead him north, again. he had taken the same three paths past the eagles peak and into the harsher north lands.

he figured it was time to find a fourth. the passage was rough and untraveled, but he managed to amuse himself this time.

an occasional game with the native goblins, Sutra made sure not to be jaded by the same old request, over and over again.

scout here and go there. find this out for us. it had turned into a gruesome cycle he had planned to break.

he was loyal to the crowns and the lands he had grown accustomed to calling home. the recent months had proven that much of what he had taken for granted was shifting away like etchings on wave wet sand.

his heart would be concerned if he had a little...

'...santos...'

Sutra peered up into the night sky. a blazing star streaked against the black void the heavens produced. it had grown darker of late.

as if the gods had hidden their favor from the kingdom. from the peoples. from him.

he could sense his 'brother' in the umbra. he could feel the intense fascination his broken half experienced since the light one began his personal 'witch' hunt in the lands.

leaning against moss covered stones, the dark shadow slept once more. his dream had become portents of the things of now and of the things yet to be. he had seen and heard much. he measured that knowing too much may prove his undoing.

the creaky restraints had ripped the soft flesh from his wrists. he angrily roared like a captive beast. he could see the shimmering jewels mounted on the gilded

crown. the mocking laughter would drive any man mad. it was a barter. as if his blood was worth the dreams of the fedayin.

'so then...do we have a deal?'

a dark shadow danced before Sutra's blood shot eyes. 'no.'

'Tu'x ka binex?'

the whisper startled the slumbering 'scout'. his eyelids shifted open. his body remained motionless. his dealings with witchery and illusions had steeled his resolve not to break.

'Kin bin tin nah....' he replied.

the childish giggle, slowly silenced by a sigh intrigued him.

it was a tongue he had no knowledge of, but it emanated from the depths of his spirit. a spirit he had thought was long forgotten.

He sat up with a pair of daggers at the ready and focused into the midnight darkness.

Again, he was alone.

He replayed the question in his mind as he prepared the fried boars flesh in a makeshift metal skillet.

'Where are you going?'

'I'm going home.'

He tasted the salty blade and thought.

Sutra thought.

The thunderous roar of the miniscule water drop stirred the angry barbarian from his already troubled sleep. Matted red hair clung languidly to the dried spittle the exiled baron had drooled moments before.



The Calling One

Sutra Bahuas

His right hand, calloused and swollen, shot to his face. It greedily pressed against his tired skin.

A roared sigh escaped his cracked lips.

'...Baron Chaos...'

It was the familiar tone that angered the large man. The tale-tell sound of creaking cartilage and sinew warned the hidden voice to eagerly advise against the collected thoughts of an angry barbarian.

'...don't...it will only make the poison work faster...'

Baron Chaos stopped as he squinted into the darkness.

Sutra could only wonder what thoughts were possibly running through the man's newly acquired head. He must have been thinking how in the realms had he managed to sneak into his domicile. Had he killed the scant loyalists Chaos had appointed to guard his sleep? Was it possible that they had simply let him in without incident?

'...Now, without saying a word...just listen.'

'...it's not too late Chaos. You CAN change the course of history here and now...'

Sucking in air, Chaos sat up motionless, straining, listening to the whispered advice.

'...50 seconds...that's what you have left...now, where was I?'

Chaos eyes could kill an orc. Sutra continued.

'The army marches north again. They will not allow themselves to suffer yet a third defeat at the hands of their most remote holding. A holding that was supposed to be...loyal.'

Sutra smirked.

'Yet it turn's out, that the very leader the people of the keep have elected, is more of a tyrant than they ever pictured the Queen to be.'

The barbarians massive maw creaked open to declare

some sort of self importance, Sutra was sure of it. 'Chaos...you have 15 seconds left before that poison takes it's toll on you...stop wasting time.'

The sound of a flicked vial rang through the stifled dark air.

'...Make what you have left...count...'

the shattering of glass broke the momentary silence.

Chaos braced himself for the muscle spasms that typically accompanied an assassins poison. Perhaps he would be able to call for a healer in time.

Eyes wincing closed he waited with baited breath.

3. 2. 1....Nothing.

Sutra tucked the sanguine tinted sackcloth underneath his chin as he leaned into the cold northern winds. He would wait for the royal armies and report as he had done in the previous conflicts.

Would Chaos heed his words and realize what had to be done to salvage both the kingdom and his people. The sound of singing in a lone tavern could be heard.

"Mysteri", Sutra thought to himself. Now there's a voice he hadn't heard in a while.

His mind thought of a still breathing Chaos, an amused grin contorted his expression.

Making his way to the tavern, he prepared for another night in repose before they kingdoms armies came calling.

Mysteri:
Mysteri was just finishing the song she had been singing when she felt him enter the tavern.

Well he can stick to the shadows that is for sure but...
Mysteris mind wondered as she collected the coin that people handed to her after her performance. " And now my friends I must take a break for a moment but I leave



The Calling One

Sutra Bahuas

you in good hands." She motions for Flames to take the stage in her place. " now I expect you to treat him with the same kindness you have shown me." Flames looks startled for a bit but he does take the stage with requests coming from all around him for different songs.

Mysteri looks about her taking stock of who is still in the tavern and and motions to one person to walk with her if he chose. She sent a very quiet message one that no one in the room would be able to hear but him.....Sutra...not safe meet me.... you know where."



Hardbound Echoes of the Hills Collectors Ed.

Hear ye Hear ye!

Sutra here wanting to offer the populace a chance to really share in the same exciting spirit of salvaging the past that courses through my veins!

For the first time ever, I would like to offer a hard-bound collectors edition of a years worth of newsletters, to be presented professionally and perhaps even in time for Christmas!

The first edition will be a compilation of this years release of the Echoes of the Hills newsletters, volumes 36 and 37. Volume 36 contains 4 entertaining and colorful issues, packed with informative event results and imaginative role-play brought to you by an eclectic host of tale-crafters. Volume 37, which is still in progress is slated to also be 4 issues, though I personally will strive to make it a 5 issue reign!

The entirety of this compilation will be printed in the full size 8.5" x 11" format, the way it was meant to be viewed. Four color process and on presentation quality paper makes this a can't miss opportunity!

This collectors book will be an extremely limited run and will be offered at a worthwhile \$50 donation to the kingdom coffers. That's right, for a donation to the kingdom's purse, you will secure a never before seen hard-bound collectors edition of this years newsletters for you and your future Amtgard generations to enjoy.

That's not all. For every book sold, a limited DVD edition of the Amtgard archives Volume II will be included for free! See the history that is both the kingdoms of the Emerald Hills, CK and beyond; readily available archives at your fingertips.

To see the binding process and quality materials being used for this project, please check out the link:
<http://www.unibind.com/Basic/binding/steelbinding/steelbook.html>

Please reply to this post or privately if you would like to reserve a copy today. Payment will be collected prior to the release, and is guaranteed to be hand delivered to you on or before the Christmas week.

I will be making a paypal page with payment options available this week and I will post the link shortly.

If this project goes over well, we are looking into making previous yearly volumes available for purchase as well. So if you'd like to see a year of newsletters in print, please leave a comment and we will work with you on your personalized collectors edition.

Thanks again and hope to hear from you soon!

Sutra the Red
EH's Master Archivist



Tides of Change

Various

sutrasx:

He had managed to arrive at the keep ahead the main imperial force.

The stories of the keep walls had been all but hearsay before today. The sun clung to the ice cold blue sky, a chill carried on the unwarmed breeze.

Young men could be seen outside the stone walls strapping on home made armor and hand me down weapons. The leadership had recently shifted. He could make out the dark ones who strode among their brethren with relaxed anxiousness.

Sutra shifted on his right leg. The broken ankle caused flesh and blood to reel with every step. Making sure to keep as much pressure off his left foot, he calculated his painless descent into the small valley. He had come with a rekindled intention, not with blood lust, but something else.

He made his way to the middle of the battlefield before he was cautiously recognized. A small band of men , armed and prepared, eyed him with distrust, as they neared the motionless man.

Sutra's hair wavered in the icy breeze as he waited patiently. He laxly called out as he raised his right arm.

'I seek the masters of the Shadow Keep. I wish to speak with...'

'Aye, we are here brother...'

The familiar faces that were unseen by the small band of men, seemed to materialize before their very eyes. Some of the young ones shifted uncomfortably, not having grown accustomed to teleporting bodies yet. Especially those of the shadow kind.

'Brother Kofka...Brother Rage....' Sutra modestly nod-

ded. 'I wish a moment of your time gentlemen.'

The three men were left alone in the grassy stretch of land. It had been too long since Sutra had seen these men, the mark of the ferocious lion, emblazoned proudly upon their chests.

A young girl made her way through the royal camps. The queen had come with her contingent. The numbers seemed to be the same as before. The men did not laugh out arrogantly, no sign of haughtiness could be found in their eyes. They had heard the tales of the respectable defense the upstart freehold had procured weeks before.

A tree of a man paced forth from the grandest impromptu structure there was. The royal standard flapped angrily above all others at the apex of the structure.

'Sir Forest...a messenger for the queen.' spoke a large man, his shaven head showing the duress of the high sun and cool weather.

Queen Reine scanned the message again. It was a familiar scrawl, the penmanship was nothing impressive, but it was laced with emotion none the less.

The words replayed in her head as she formed the words on her lips.

"Give me a duchy, and I will give you a kingdom. - S"

She peered out into the desolate fields through her tent's opening, making out the figures of three men clad in black.



Tides of Change

Various

She would meet them with her Regent in attendance. Perhaps today, the blood shed would indeed be avoided.

Perhaps today, she would have peace.

Nexus Crow:

The moon did not rise that night, but hung just out of sight, hiding behind the black horizon. No light shone through the small cracks of the shadow keep nor did any sound dare creep along its mossy passages. Only one small flame traveled through its vastness. A lantern light, held high as its master allowed it to guide him down the twisting maze was all that pierced the ever growing pitch of the gloomy sanctuary. The light flickered on, leading its master to the large oaken door at the end of a small passage. The man reached out a pale hand and grasped at the handle, opening the door and flooding the keep with a brilliant white light. He entered, and with him, the light faded, again the keep silent and still.

"Nexus...." a voice emanated from the far end of the room, beckoning him to come closer. Nexus moved towards the voice and found himself staring into the small well he had so many times consulted. From the center, the water took the shape of a small woman, rising from the pool in a splash of grace and splendor. A smile came over his face, a renewed vigor brightened his eye. It had been so many years...

"My lady.....with what do I owe this honor?"...

A Walk By the Bay in Iskenderun, Turkey

Lord Protector Nicodemus d'Aravoth

I walked across
the blue-water bay
past the white-bottomed boats,
where the sunken, burned
sunlight dances the water
like gold coins,

gold coins that
rest on my eyes

waiters wash the stone patios,
white tables, and
white chairs
trying to wash away the blood
of centuries long past

the waiters stand waiting
for one-dollar tips,
selling three-dollar coffee
while sweet honey baklava
bakes in wet summer air

then the sun swings
behind the masts in the harbor
and the ships turn black with shadow,
and everything is as it was before,
as it has been since Alexander.

Warcry

Lord Protector Nicodemus d'Aravoth

Don't change tack and
Don't ever hold back

And shake the ground
with the sound
of your drums!



Duchy

Mysteri

As the queens caravan arrived they hoisted a white flag of truce. The queen and Sir Forest rode a the front to show that they meant no ill will. Sutra had spent some time talking with Mysteri the night before... they had spoken long about what was to be discussed today. Now Mysteri wanted to see if any good could come of it. So much planning had gone into today surely they could be persuaded...surely.

Chaos was displeased at being left out, but all knew that his greed would kill any deal on this day. Mysteri looked around her, at all the people who were ready to fight. At their gleaming armor and their sharpened swords. They were a sight to behold until you looked deeper, the fight had aged them all a great deal. Lines ran deep and she wondered if any of them knew how to laugh any more. It had been so long.

Rage and Kofka approached the keep. Their confident stride almost seemed pleased. Hope sprang into Mysteris heart and for a moment she could scarcely breath. When they entered the school of assassins, Rage turned to his brothers and sisters, and to all who had been willing to follow him against the will of the baron Chaos. "It is done friends."

Then he strode away. Few noticed the exhaustion that caused him to slow his pace and fewer noticed the great joy in his face. Cheers went up all over the keep. Women and children who had been sent away for fear of the battle were now sent for and fires were being lit. The keeps gates were opened to allow the Queen to enter.

"We greet you Duchy of Finders Keep" The Queen began to say, when everyone started to cheer again. It was deafening and Mysteri was caught up in all the excitement trying to find out what had happened. What had been done and said and from the back of the Queens army a cry goes up "we are under attack!" All look at the other at first before we realize who had come "

And on the horizon, four great forces rallied, each army reeking of evil power. There among one of the forces stood Typhus. He didn't look so proud anymore. A collar and chains were clearly visible around his neck. It seemed that his slave like devotion to his four altars proved to be too much. Mysteri could only keep a look of angry disgust knowing the traitorous dark healer had brought a new doom upon his very own homelands.

Scouts soon reported the news of the army and that with the combined efforts of the keep and the Queens Army we should be able to do well. Family's were forced to hide in less than adequate areas. Anyone who could shoot a bow was called upon and again the home stone was needed as weapons were falling all around them. Mysteri's voice was failing as she called upon the magic within the stone to aid in their battle and between calling upon the stone she had been spell casting herself.

The walls were being attacked from all around. No one could figure out what to do. A breach, someone had teleported into the keep itself, attacking with forces unknown. All around more death and screams of pain. The gates fell but still the keep and the Queens army took to the fight with renewed spirit. They had to survive. The Queen fought with grace and fought well. The members of the guild did all in their power to push back the dark legions and their demi-god generals. The enemy was retreating....but for how long??

Still, the people of Finders Keep had to be ready to fight, would it never end? Mysteri looked to see who was well and who needed a healer and the queen could be seen among those aiding.

At least there was peace between the keep and the kingdom.





Kingdom Gallery

