

Echoes of the Hills

Newsletter of the Emerald Hills



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Echoes of the Hills | v.38.i.5 | May 12, 2007 | Reign 38

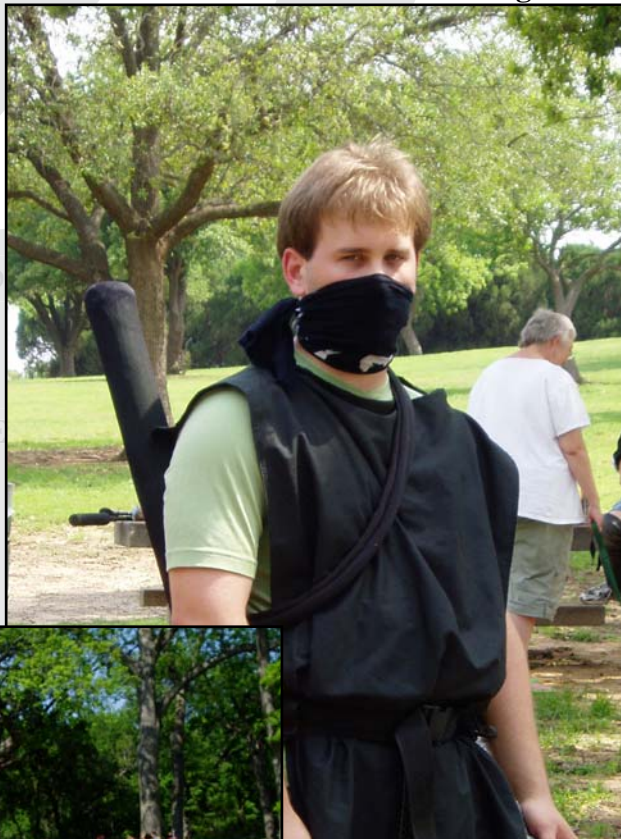
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*Cover by Sutra
Photos by Sutra and Kendra*

Waterfalls at Wichita Falls - Lucy Park



Torian at Eagleshire



**An exciting capture the flag game at
Midnight Sun.**

Layout/Design [Sutra Bahuas]

Officers for Reign 38

January to June 2007

Monarch	Sutra Bahuas	monarch@amtgard-EH.com
Regent	Nexus Crow	Regent@amtgard-EH.com
Champion	Blaise DeMurray	champion@amtgard-eh.com
Prime Minister	Lady Dreanya Jurista	pm@amtgard-eh.com
Treasurer	Elder Vermilon	treasurer@amtgard-eh.com
GM of Reeves		gmr@amtgard-eh.com
7.0 Rules Committee Representative	Sistar Tolken	kidwell@yahoo.com

The Class Guildmasters

Anti-Paladins	Sir Trinity	Archers	Sir Trinity
Assassins	Sir Delphos	Barbarians	Draeven
Bards	Sir Larin	Color	Tanara
Druids	Elder	Healers	Typhus
Knights	Sir Morgan	Monks	Sirrakhis
Monsters	Sir Delphos	Paladins	Sir Nevron
Scouts	Sir Sparhawk	Warriors	Tobias
Wizards	Sir Larin		

<i>The BOD</i>	<i>Mundane Name</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Term Expires</i>
Dreanya Jurista	Andréa Jacobs	President	JUNE 2007
Elder Vermilon	John R. Elder	Treasurer	MAR 2007
Sistar Tolken	Kevin Kidwell		JUNE 2007
Sutra Bahuas	Jorge Rodas		JUNE 2007
Rayel Greenholde	Michael Peavy		DEC 2007
Sir Morgan Ironwolf	Jason Jacobs		DEC 2007
Faith Silverose	Erin Daughtery		JUNE 2007

<i>The RGK</i>	<i>Term Expires</i>
Ewen McFadden (Landlord, 972-686-7755)	N/A
Samantha Three Jugs(RGK Selected Seat)	N/A
Elder Vermilon Treasurer/EH BOD Rep/Secretary	BOD Rep
Sutra Bahuas (Monarch)	JUNE 2007
Shamus Green	SEP 2007
Dame Faunna Demonspawn(Monarch Appointed)	MAR 2008
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

Kingdom Calendar

May 2007

- 4-6 - Fri-Sun: Celestial Kingdom - Endreign/Coronation @ Giddings, TX
12 - Sat: EH Crown Quals @ Midnight Sun
13 - Sun: EH Crown Quals [Mother's Day] @ Eagleshire
18-20 - Fri-Sun: Kingdom of the Wetlands - Endreign/Coronation - Wetlands
20 - Sun: Kingdom Visit/Battlegame #4 @ Finders Keep
26-27 - Sat-Sun: Kingdom Mega Work Weekend @ Tanglewood Forest
[Memorial Day Weekend]

June 2007

- 9-10 - Sat-Sun: Crown Elections @ All Parks
17 - Sun: [Father's Day]
29-1 - Fri-Sun: EH End Reign/Coronation @ Tanglewood Forest

**Grand Inquisitor Sutra Bahuas
ready for battle at Finders Keep.**



Monarch's Corner

Hail Emerald Hills,

What can I say. The second half of April gave me the opportunity to visit all the kingdom's parks in a span of two weekends! I had a blast visiting with fine folk at Mourningwood Geln, Eagleshire, Finder's Keep and Midnight Sun!

I have had the pleasure to see many new faces joining the dreaming at these fine parks and many old and familiar faces coming back out of the woodwork, enjoying the sun and fun. Keep up the great work folks. You make this kingdom proud with your dedication!

Congrats go out to both Mourningwood Glenn and Eagleshire for pulling your numbers up and keeping em coming back for more!

Remember, we still have fun and involving events till endreign so keep the spirit strong and the mind clear!

Look for the demo at the Gamer's Guild Pirate-Jedi-Scoundrel event, plan to come out and help during the Kingdom Mega Work Weekend, and make a trip up to Finder's Keep for the last leg of the monarchy visit and RP themed battlegames to a park! (check the calendar for info)

And don't forget endreign this June 29th to July 1st 38

Regards all and see you soon!
Grand Inquisitor Sutra Bahuas
Monarch of the Emerald Hills

Greetings Populace,

Message to be added soon!

until next time,
Prince Regent, Squire Nexus Crow
The MAD Hatter, Spring Reign, 07'

Announcements

Topic: Updated Emerald Hills Website

Sutra

Check it out! www.amtgard-eh.com. I will be working on helping keep it updated. See any errors or have a suggestion, please let me know!

Topic: Reminder from the GMR

Tolken

In order to gain credit in a class you must play that class in a battlegame, and to play that class you must have the appropriate garb.

If you do not have garb, you can only play peasant and only get warrior credit.

Topic: EH Olympiad 2008 Bids and Committee

Sutra

In order to avoid any last minute rush, I am requesting bids for Olympiad 2008. Deadlines will be determined and announced. Want to be part of the committee, just get in touch with Elder or Sir Morgan.

Topic: Zero Tolerance Policy in Effect

Sutra

Just wanted to remind everyone of the Zero Tolerance Policy, approved back in Dec. 06. will be in effect.

It will be enforced.

Topic: Guild/House 'Repa Physica' Induction

Sutra

Attention Kingdom of the Emerald Hills!
I will be starting a Physical Representation Guild/Household know as "Repa Physica", who will be in charge in maintaining the reps and follow up with the winners, the only thing we ask of you, the recipient of said relic's; is that you guys take care of em. If they tear/break due to user wear and tear, that on your honor; you would repair/replace them. That way we can ensure that we always have a working phys rep to be handed down and kept track of.

If you can make a great sword or shield, can sew a mean cover or tabard, link up a crazy 8-1; join us, we need your talents in making sure that the Emerald Hills has the best looking relics in the

game! PM me to join up, I want to get an inventory of what does and does not have a phys rep, so let's get this party started!

If anyone out there has a relic they kept and would like to donate them to this cause, please do, you're help in this would also be invaluable!

Thanks for your help and cooperation in this exciting project and hope to see you soon!

Midreign Relics awarded at Midreign 38:

Shield of Reflection - Thordor of MS (**Phys Reped**)

DIP - Hvem of FK (Phys Reped) (**Phys Reped**)

Ring o Power - Madrox of FK (**Phys Reped**)

Bow o Malice- Azmodious of MWG

Heimdale's Horn - TBD

Coronation Relics awarded at Coronation 38:

Sword of Flames: Lord Gott of FK

Home Stone: Esquire Rage Bloodstorm of FK

Mythril Chain: Jade/Tobias of FK (**Phys Reped**)

Gauntlets of Ogre Power: Madrox of FK (**Phys Reped**)

Orb of Healing: Lord Shamus the Green (**Phys Reped**)

Thanks!

S

Topic: Attention EH Photo/Videographers - Urgent

Sutra

For anyone who has taken a picture or video of Amtgarding events or people, please please take this into consideration.

I am looking to produce a DVD compilation of every single video and picture I can get my hands on. This is where you come in.

If you've taken a picture or video at your local park, kingdom level event, or anything Amtgard related, I need you to donate a cd/DVD/digital media/email/etc. so I can make this the mother of all archive pic/vid cd's! And the best part is, it's slated to be a gift to you* the kingdom at Endreign/Coronation.

Announcements

Remember the past two volumes of archive cd's, the one's with all those cool scanned past issues of Tales of the Burning Lands, Dark Sides, Echoes of the Hills, and a kagillion other old publications? We'll this one is gonna be huge!

Donate your copied materials to this project and not only are you guaranteed a copy, you'll have your name on the cd label (letting the whole EH know you care and were a part of this historic project)!

Again, I can't stress enough how much I need your help with this, it's an ambitious project and I want you to be part of history in the making!

I will be visiting each park one more time between now and Endreign and I hope I can count on you to help make this project a success!

Again, any video from a knighting to the final rounds of Banner Wars 3, to pics from Weaponmaster 15 to Midreign 38; get in and be remembered!

Shoot me an email and let me know, and I'll meet up with you to pick up the materials!

Thanks again and regards!

Sutra

***Dues paid kingdom members only. Get dues paid!**

Topic: Kingdom Roleplay List Sutra

Remember, there is a kingdom role play list that is open to any and all who want to get involved in the roleplay in order to sort and make sense out of all the madness that is:

The Misadventures of M'Alice and future RP themes up and coming court's will bring.

<http://games.groups.yahoo.com/group/ehroleplayers/>

Tell em Sutra sent ya!

S

Topic: Redhawk Radio Sir Larin

Thursday nights from 7-9pm CST on www.redhawkradio.net Radio Free Amtgard is on the air.

Topic: Althing Agenda Item Submissions Call Sutra

The next kingdom althing is scheduled for the last weekend of May, so get your agenda items submitted by the 11th of May no later than midnight Friday.

The Althing is scheduled for May 26-27th.

Regards,

S

Topic: Reign 39 Declarations Lady Dreanya Jurista

Kingdom Monarch: Sir Trinity Skythasis
Kingdom Regent: Lady Tangeena Skythasis
Kingdom Champion: Sir Morgan Ironwolf
GMR: Gabriel and Sir Larin Moonstar

(3) Board of Director seats:

Corporate Business = Mundane Names
.....Jeremy Stevens (Typhus Deathcaller)
.....Andréa Jacobs (Lady Dreanya Jurista)
.....Kevin Kidwell (Sistar Tolken)
.....Lee Varelman (Kofka)
.....Haven Riney (Sir Larin Moonstar)

(2) RGK seats: (Open from Prior Election)

RGK Seat 1
[Ends September 2007: Currently held by Shamus the Green]:
.....NONE
RGK Seat 2
[Ends March 2008: Currently held by Faunna Demonspawn]:
.....Sir Gavvin Quinn

Announcements

Topic: Reign 39 Declarations (con't)

Lady Dreanya Jurista

Guildmaster of ~

Anti-Paladin:

Archer: Sutra Bahuas

Assassin: Sir Delphos Darkheart

Barbarian: Draeven Somerstorm

Bard: Sir Larin Moonstar

Color: Sirrakhis Larethian

..... Dame Tanara StormCaller

Druid: Elder Vermilion

..... Sir Forest Evergreen

Healer: Typhus Deathcaller

..... Draeven Somerstorm

Knights: Sir Morgan Ironwolf

Monk: Sirrakhis Larethian

..... Tobias Larethian

Monster: Elder Vermilion

..... Sir Delphos Darkheart

Paladin: Sir Gavvin Quinn

..... Sir Larin Moonstar

Scout: Elder Vermilion

Warrior: Lord Gott Des Krieges

..... Tobias Larethian

Wizard: Sir Larin Moonstar

Topic: Sutra's Park visits for April

Sutra

April 21st,

Visited MWG incognito. Showed up and was shown both the good and not so friendly aspects of being introduced to a park as a newbie.

We had a deep woods battlegame that was a blast. The opposing teams captain selected tried and true battlegame vets. Our team leader, Asmodius, selected young guns with heart and spirit. We lost, but it was a blast regardless of the outcome. Huzzah to Mourning Wood for reminding me of the true spirit of the phoenix!

I then followed it up with a 'visit' to my home park,

Midnight Sun; where we had a great couple games of capture the flag.

April 22nd,

The next day, I managed to trek up to Finder's Keep with an old friend, Akriel. There we had an awesome game that Shamus engineered. A stone golem and a couple neutrals made the 'capture and hold the keep treasure' for 3 minutes.

April 29th

I managed to visit Easgleshire today, and got to see some ol' friendly faces and watched a pretty good game of Hold the Base. Also got to watch a pair from UNT taping the day's events for a project. We may actually get a new EH demo/promo tape out of ES? Let us know guys!

Visit the picture gallery and see pics from the past two weekends, archiving my visits to all the kingdom parks.

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

Keep those numbers and good work up and happy amtgarding!

Topic: Jedi's, Pirates and Scoundrels - May 24th Sutra

Jedi's, Pirates and Scoundrels - Oh My!

The Gamer's Guild would like to invite you to a Very Special Party on Thursday May the 24th

We are celebrating the 30th Anniversary of Star Wars, The Release of Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's end and the 1 year anniversary of Gamer's Guild. That's right we will be one year old!

We are Located at 4444 Gus Thomasson in Mesquite.

The festivities start at 5pm

Contact us at 972-682-5400 for more details.

<http://www.gamersguildtx.com>

<http://www.myspace.com/gamersguildtx>

Announcements

There will be refreshments, door prizes, Magic the Gathering Tournament, Yu-Gi-Oh Tournament, Talk like a Pirate Contests, Trivia Contests Costume Contests and many other activities.

We carry everything you need for all your collectable card and miniatures games and all the books and supplies for all your role-playing needs.

Come on down and enjoy the FIRST anniversary of the GAMER'S GUILD!

Topic: The Guilds of Old - Reborn Sutra

Hail Emerald Hills!

Let it be known that the movement to rekindle interests in the 'lost' aspects of A+S has begun.

In the form of the Colleges of the Arts and Sciences, the Regent has the option to choose the guildmasters of said fields of expertise.

The Guilds of the Academy of Arts:

-Art: Responsible for the application and education of the traditional arts. Providing art appreciation in all forms. Also works with the kingdom Scribe, PM, and the Sage's Guild to help provide art for the kingdom newsletter.

-Garbers: Responsible for the education of period garbing, sewing, and design through workshops. Works closely with the kingdom Regent in helping provide workshops, demos, and loaner garb for newbies, helping spark in them the desire to fabricate their own garb.

-Literature: Responsible for providing a compilation of literary works, pulling from written entries entered in Dragonmasters/Crown Qualls, etc.; complementing the written work with art as well. Works closely with the Guildmaster of Art.

-Minstrels: Responsible for promoting the musical aspect of the dreaming. Organize bardic practices, aid in providing sheet music, lyrics, or musicians. Works closely with the Regent and GM of Theater.

-Theatre: Responsible for organizing and promoting the theater arts. Help organize small plays for bardic and/or court/feast settings. Works closely with kingdom Regent and GM of Minstrels.

The Guilds of the Academy of Science:

-Heraldry: Responsible for the collection and education of personal and company/household heraldry using historical techniques.

-Sages: Responsible for collection and dissemination of information and legend lore. Works closely with the Guildmaster of Literature and the Prime Minister on production of Newsletters and other material to inform, educate and entertain.

-Engineers: Responsible for construction of Siege Engines, Castle Walls and Fortifications, as well as other machines used in large scale warfare. Works closely with the Champion in organizing battlegame scenarios to incorporate the use of such machines and fortifications.

-Gladiators: Responsible for organizing fighter practices and trench battles prior to a normal battlegame, as well as workshops for different fighting styles. Works closely with the Champion in seating fighters for major kingdom level tournaments, thus creating a fair and competitive list of combatants.

-Smiths: Responsible for construction of weapons and armor for kingdom use. Works closely with the Champion, Regent and Monarch in organization of weapons and armor workshops to educate all members of the populace on proper construction techniques with an emphasis on safety, aesthetics and authenticity.

-Quest/Battlegames: This is a new group dedicated to helping the monarchy with anything related to maintaining a fun and immersive role play theme throughout reigns; through the implementation of written roleplay and designing battlegames/quests.

Guildmasters are responsible for encouraging the interest, growth, and application of their particular discipline in the club. They are also required to inform the Monarch and/or Regent when individuals

Announcements

do work worthy of an award within their area of responsibility.

I will be getting a better description of what some of these guilds are meant to guild over, and if any of you have any recollection (ya order players) then let us know!

So without further ado, get in touch with Regent Nexus if you are interested, this doesn't grantee selection, but it sure helps! We want the populace's interest to peak now so that it has a chance to flourish with the next reign!

The Quest/Battlegame Guild began with this reign and is 5 members strong and growing, get in touch with me and join up if you feel that you can contribute to both roleplay theme'ing and quest/battlegame designing. Thanks to them, we've had consistency and flexibility in the RP theme and battlegames, and we're just getting started!

Topic: RGK Announcements for 4.13.07

Sutra

Greetings EH,

A friendly reminder from the RGK.

Find all the appropriate documents regarding land grants/rules here:

<http://www.tanglewoodforest.org/info/>

EH companies and households with land grants, or those looking to get one, here's your chance to get those hours through work weekends or cash donations!

Purchase any amount of land hours, be it your annual 50 upkeep hours or any of the 150 initial start up base hours for land grants at the amazing low price of \$20/hr!

SPECIAL DEAL: 10 RGK hours will be given for donating the cost of one indestructible table* found at Sam's Clubs. (\$120 s+h included).

*<http://www.samsclub.com/shopping/navigate.do?dest=5&item=110025>

Companies/Households with land grants:

Corsairs

Sable Pride
Fallen
Redhawks
Drunken Wyvern
Saracens
Casa De Three Jugs
Crawling Chaos
Green Dragons
Phule's Company
Rune Company

Got questions about how many RGK hours you/your company has or needs? Want to buy some hours or tables? Ask Elder at treasurer@Amtgard-EH.com. Have a question in general? Ask the RGK at rgk@tanglewoodforest.org.

MEGA WORK WEEKEND on Memorial Day Weekend - May 26-27

Slatted projects:

Fix/Re-gravel the main circle (road)

Clean out drainage trenches

Clean campsites

Remove hay bales from battle field

Fill in ruts (hay bales)

Stump Grinding

Poison Ivy removal from road edges

Treating for fire ants/biting insects

Show up for the pot luck feast Friday night, BYOB, a donated keg o' beer, and ditch lights for those who've had their fill of food or aren't old enough to partake in spirits.

Work begins promptly at 9:00 am Saturday.

Hope to see ya'll down on the land!
(<http://www.tanglewoodforest.org/>)

S

M'alice in Gothicland Status 4.23.07

Sutra Bahuas

Battlegame #1 @ Mourningwood Glen:

With one final altar remaining, the Court of Heart's leads an expedition deep into the goblin infested lands of Mourningwood Glen. There, the plan is to destroy the altar and delay Alice's 'rebirth' into the realm of the dreaming. Kenta leads an army bent on releasing Alice for unknown reasons. Reports of madness overtaking small pockets of the kingdom begin to reach the king.

Outcome:

The Court of Hearts managed to destroy/possess the altar stopping the alician rebellion to summon her (something like that right?)

Battlegame #2 @ Eagleshire:

With Alice's arrival delayed, the Court loyalist's march north to Eagleshire, bent on shattering the mirror that has imprisoned a mysterious and powerful being for ages. It is rumored that this ancient is as old as the hills themselves. If the Court fails, the beast known as the Jabberwocky would be released, returning to his master's side, Alice.

Outcome:

The Alician rebellion managed to dispel the ancient magics that ensnared the ancient evil and gained a powerful ally in the Heart's/Alician War.

Midreign Battlegame @ Tanglewood Forest:

Alice manages to find the Court of Hearts celebrating their midreign down in Tanglewood Forest. There, amusing personas like the Cheshire Cat, Gryphon, Caterpillar, and the White Rabbit make a cameo. Alice, her Jabberwocky pet, and mindless servants wage war on the kingdom proper itself. Still not strong enough to wage total war against the King, Alice must consume souls to regain her corporal state and power.

Outcome:

Alice's team beat the Court of Hearts back. Alice manages to have the Queen of Hearts captured, killed; but fails to consume her soul. The Queen, an extra-planar entity herself, will return. The

Jabberwocky and White Rabbit battle it out to the death. Now the Court of Hearts must retreat north to Midnight Sun and assist the Red King in defending against Alice's march northward.

Battlegame #3 @ Midnight Sun:

The Red King calls for help as an emboldened White King marches upon Midnight Sun. There, the red and white armies pawns fight as the kings do their best to promote their faithful servants. The winner of this battle will gain allies, an imperative goal for the second to last battle in the kingdom's northern most region; Finder Keep.

Outcome:

The Red Army managed to defeat the White army, there The king of hearts managed to disguise himself as a pawn to offer assistance in helping push the intruding army back. The White King is dead and the Court of Hearts has been awarded two loyal allies. Together, they will face off with Alice's hordes, hot on the king's trail.

Battlegame #4 @ Finder's Keep:

The Court of Heart's, in an attempt to thin out Alice's forces; have sought refuge in the northern duchy of Finder's Keep. Protected by the strongest walls next to the kingdom castle itself, the Court plans to gather it's forces and strength; assess their losses and prepare for war. The outcome here decides how powerful the king's counter attack will be.

Endreign Battlegame @ Tanglewood Forest: TBA

Sojourn

Sir Delphos Darkheart

The hour was most late as the Dark Knight sat down for a small meal.

He ate at his desk, surrounded by a myriad of supplies and tools of his trade... or rather his less profitable transference of time spent, penitence owed and his all but lifelong dreams of being a Merchant... after all, he couldn't be a hired killer forever. He was getting on in years and after a few centuries in the business, jobs were getting harder to find. More likely, some younger Assassin would think him an easy mark and try to take him down. Not that it hadn't happened before, but the repercussions had been very expensive.

Yes, yes...

Delphos loved being a "Successful Merchant"... perhaps this year he would know just how that felt. That's what he'd tell himself on the long road to the Great Walled City. A road much less travel these days, at least by his chariot. Fate had decreed that he not make the sojourn until all other matters had been completed.

And so the last day had come, with the sun not yet a thought in the moonlit sky, Delphos made the last of his preparations before his departure into the realm of the Wizard, the Dragon, the Upside Down Ship and the gateway between the worlds.

He'd managed to tool up a few trinkets for sale as the first wave of masses came washing through the timeless little village on the banks of a small river, between the realms of darkness and the world of daylight.

Near the river's edge, across from the Wizards ancient Treehouse, sat the Albatross... the inverted ship... in permanent Dry Dock.

"Why sail through space, when time will sail by us." he had once told them.

True, he had not seen the old girl in quite some time and rumor had it that she had taken on water during the last few storms and was in bad need of re-hulling.

But her main mast held firm and a docksmen had hired on to work the hull.

All she really needed was a main sail and a good wind to send her on her way.

...penitence owed and his all but lifelong dreams of being a Merchant... after all, he couldn't be a hired killer forever.

The crew was still unsettled...

Havoc and mayhem were the order of the day, as the Dragon sent mental calling to her Dark Knight. He could feel, more than a little, the tinge of reprehension, as she sent visual images into his mind. He had never learned just how to block them and probably wouldn't if he could. His love for the Dragon outweighed his sense of sanity or self preservation.

He would soon arrive to find his ship and her world in an Uproar...!!!

But, that was normal and all would be well at high tide on the Morrow.

Or, at least we will certainly make it seem so...

The Dark Knight, Assassin, Merchant, looked into his boxes and bags of many things...

"Mirrors?"... "Check!"

"Smoke?"... "Check!"

"Alright then..." he said to no one there...

"We're Ready!"

To be continued...

Alice in Tanglewood

Various

Sutra Bahuas:

Sutra waited for the rain to stop. He wondered what sort of witchery had been cast to doom the mid mark festivities. The dark inquisitor enjoyed the rain more than anything else in the world, besides a good tart; though that wasn't the point he murmured to himself.

Surely those who had quilled this midreign into their daily plans would second guess themselves, reaching the most rational conclusion possible.

'I'm not going.'

The dark ones had come together and offered their services to the fledgling king. 'A feast so irresistible...it's to die for...' the unseen voices whispered.

He gladly accepted. At all the previous kingdom gatherings he had attended, it was always the food that lured him completely. If they provided the kind of feast they oathed to bring, then he would happily lay to rest with a sated tummy.

He leaned against the tree at a small fork in the road, having spent a good hour or so digging a drainage ditch and building a small dam in desperate hopes to channel boat loads of unwelcome water into his small camp. The young man who had helped him leaned over a smoldering patch of moist leaves he had been trying to light for half the day. He never saw the culprit, sneaky as it was, sleep coaxed him gently.

He didn't remember running harder that this in his life. No, not running, more like sprinting in leaps and bounds. Stranger still was his proximity to the ground, not the usual full height he enjoyed, but a mix between a crouch and a kneel, or something oddly similar.

Hopping! That's it! Hopping, he realized to himself. Coming to a complete stop, an intense wave of frantic urgency washed over him. Sheer panic and thirst bit into his most primal instincts.

"I'm late!!!!"

They were waiting for him and he was late. Again!

He moved faster than the forest squirrel's and ten times faster than the quickest turtle. This pleased him much. The rattling in the pouch on his side caught his attention.

Jolting himself to a stop, he peered in the unfamiliar bag he had grown to lovingly cherish. In it were piles and piles and stacks and heaps of brightly colored eggs.

'Did I heist these or were they gifted to me?' he interrogated himself with a tinge of deep seated guilt.

Shrugging, he continued on his way.

"Mr. Rabbit" called out the panting voice.

He stopped to peer behind him and noticed a scattered group of armored men and women, all seemingly in a chase.

"Oh no you don't!!" he shouted, cupping his hands to his mouth. Horror struck him like lightning, my hands, where are my hands he cried. In the place of his trusted 5 fingered hands, sat two white furry paws.

Looking down at himself he realized he was wearing a white coat, a furry white coat. He tugged hard and fast at it, an attempt to throw his pursuers off his trail.

"The blasted seamstress will see about this!" he grumbled and was interrupted by the sharp pain he would feel with every passing tug at the foreign material. No, it wasn't a coat, nor a tunic, not even a tabard, no. This furry white coat was his. His hide WAS this downy soft fur.

"How amusing and comforting" he accepted.
"No wait. We need to ask you a question!"

The gravity of the situation hit him like a golden tart. They were hunting him and wanted his fur. Or his eggs. Maybe his purse? Or perhaps they were extra greedy and they wanted his fur, eggs, and purse!?

With a drop of the jaw, he realized his was being considered game and was seconds away from being skinned alive, or suffer some other malignant demise at the hands of the persistent hunters.

"Oh my..."

He sprinted off again, the group of humanoids closely behind him.

Panic began to subdue and he began to reason with himself. Perhaps they are logical and rational folk. Maybe they need directions, or perhaps I stole these eggs from them? Yes, that's it! I stole their eggs, and they rightfully want them returned. He stopped again and turned around, the group coming to a skidding halt a few feet behind him. He approached the intrigued group and watched as they stepped back with weapons and shields and magic and unasked questions at the ready.

"Well, you can have them back, you can. I don't like pastel

Alice in Tanglewood

Various

colored eggs anyways. Here.” Offering the bag, he waited for a brave soul to reach out for it.

Silence.

“Well, then what is it!?” exclaimed the rushed rabbit.

“That’s it! I’m a rabbit” Sutra happily exclaimed. “No wait...”

“Mr. Rabbit, we were escorting you to the tea party and in the sudden of it all, you seemed to have a desire to escort us, or something along those lines of reason. Right?”

“Tea party? Tea party? Tea party? What in the kingdom you’re talking about, I was merely going to the tea party, and didn’t want to be late.”

“No of course not, but we need your help in finding the caterpillar. You said if we got you some tea, you would let us meet him.”

The rabbit’s ears perked up at the sound of tea. “Well I don’t mind if I do! Chai with two lumps please.” Sutra laughed thinking to himself how odd his dream had begun to twist and turn and pretzel in on itself. He always liked puzzles. And tarts. And tea. And pastel colored eggs.

The huffed and puffed group of men and women looked among themselves patting their pockets and pouches.

“Nope not here.”

“I’m fresh out.”

“Na-ah, left it at home.”

Dismay was painted on the rabbits face. He wondered what he looked like with whiskers and ears. He sure felt amusing. “No bother, come on then, let’s go find the caterpillar.”

Quickly the escorted escort followed in file and off they went, to find the caterpillar and some tea.

The crunching twigs would betray even the stealthiest of elves. Though at the moment, there were no sidhe in tow to betray.

The twitchy nose writhed smelling for fluctuations in the air. Grit, smoke, blood would all be tell tale signs of change.

Bad change.

“Well?” asked the trembling voice.

Green fields coaxed him into a harmonious daydream of rich pastures. It had been a while since his last meal of verdant

Bermuda grass and jasmine tea.

Sutra stood on his newly acquired hind legs, powerful and oddly plush, he broke his own fanciful stream of thoughts.

“Bermuda grass!? Honestly, one of these day’s I’ll just settle for tarts.”

“So then, where is he!? I don’t see him.” pestered the leader of the small hunting party.

“What? See who?” the humanoid rabbit queried.

“The caterpillar.” The sound of weary redundancy peaked on the paladin’s voice.

“Oh! That caterpillar, well then why didn’t you say so!” His large floppy ears perked up, rotating to and fro. “Ah! This way!”

The questing party was off and in a huff. They reached a clearing with three paths. All three seeming invitingly foreboding.

“Which is it rabbit!?” was asked of the excited hare.

Without an answer, Sutra led the way down the path on the right. The right path, not the center or wrong path, but the right one.

“Yes, this IS the one.” he scampered breathlessly.

There, deep in the forest sat a caterpillar. A caterpillar on a mushroom did sit, in the middle of the forest. And under him sat a dark mushroom, with a sign illegible.

“There, now you’ve what you were searching for, as for me, I’m late!”

Without looking back, the rabbit was off and beyond the grasp of greedy mortals. Off to the tea party indeed. Now if only he could skirt around Alice and her mindless pet, the Jabberwocky.

“Captain” shouted the confident scout.

The lithe figure crouched near the massive heap of cool scaly flesh. Tracing the breathless monster, the scout slid a nervous hand across the massive beast.

“A great dragon...been dead for about an hour, no more.”

The figure pointed to the chest, having only seen these mystical beast in illustrations, the scout would have a fantastic tale

Alice in Tanglewood

Various

to take home.

“There, something, perhaps a ballista shot; hit it dead on the heart.” proclaimed the observant tracker.

A large man approached the massive wound, flayed flesh and jagged bone laid open for curious inspection.

Using his sword, he poked at the edges of the broken flesh and sternum coming to an awe struck realization.

“No, it didn't die by siege weapon, at least not from the outside. It looks like...” the careful eyes of the leader examined. “...looks like something chewed it's...way out!?”

The rest of the hunting party closed in to study the odd find. The intrigued scout eagerly speculated. “What in these lands can crawl into a beast like this and... eat, it's way out!?”

Murmurs and theories slowly mulled around the circle of questors.

A rustle in the tree line catches them all off guard as they turn to face the unseen source of the clamor. Bow's, shields, weapons, all drawn and at the ready. Maybe whatever downed the dragon was still there. Watching.

A deathly silence overtook the nervous combatants, the captain having taken the point to be the first to defeat their unseen foe.

“A trail of blood leading to a burrow!” shouted the familiar voice, a masked face announced as it leapt into the forest clearing. Confirmation and disappointment had never been so welcome, thought the captain.

“A burrow?” asked the sighing captain.

The dark shadow nodded, having decided to make his arrival loud as to not disturb the meditative trance the others had fallen into, raptured by the great corpse.

Friendly fire had never gone over well with their kind.

approx. 1hr before

The bunny settled in on it's hind legs watching as a band of treacherous looking men drug a couple corpses to the great witch, Alice.

She stood triumphantly over them, placing her hand on their head's. With a ritualistic shuttered, she would seem to grow stronger, color flushing her cheeks with every soul taken. He hadn't felt anger well up in him in a long time, all had been well in the lands of the Emerald Hills until lately. Even the great oaks looks increasingly menacing.

The great wings flapped proudly, the jabberwocky as it hand come to be named by the girl, stood over her protectively. It even snapped at those friendly to her cause, if they were foolish enough to get too close.

He saw them approaching him, a band of malicious looking warriors draped in a bland color. The black circle and triangle were all too misleading. They were the ones loyal to the lands crown. It would cost him much pain and anger, this expensive lesson in judging books, or men, by their cover.

The spear bit deeply into his left leg. A streak of pain struck a nerve. They wanted to see him drag himself to his interrupted destination.

“Aren't you supposed to introduce yourself first before striking at an innocent creature of the woods!?”

“Fine, who are you and what do you want!” barked a large man before charging another ball of dark magic.

“I'm just hopping to a tea party...there's no law against that is there!?”

The spearman struck at the leg again, and again. The rabbit was beyond grief as the smirk turned into maniacal glee.

“There...now drag yourself...rabbit...” scoffed a veteran of the kingdom as they turned to find more prey.

The rabbit grew infuriated but remained calm. Perhaps this wound could prove worthwhile indeed pondered the furry creature.

Managing to drag itself into plain view, the rabbit prepared for what was to come. The jabberwocky reached out with it's menacing fangs, clamping down on the seemingly defeated white rabbit, before flinging it at Alice's feet.

“Lookie here, look what the...jabberwocky drug in!” chided the young witch.

The rabbit remained silent.

“Behold, the queen of hearts!” shouted a slave, heralding the traitorous escort the majestic royal figure had been granted. Encircled by the same warriors who had injured the rabbit, the Queen of Hearts had been captured. Her guard, strong and mystical, had fallen, faithful to their oathes to the court of hearts.

The look of sheer amazement disfigured Alice's face.

Alice in Tanglewood

Various

"The Queen AND the white rabbit, what fortune!"

The queen of hearts was not given a chance to speak, the sword dug into the ladies chest before being ripped out from out of her.

The unquestionable smile of satisfaction that traced the queen's lips stole any victory from Alice. The moment had indeed presented itself.

The white rabbit leapt at Alice but was snagged out of mid air by the wiry dragon, swallowed in one gulp.

Darkness and slimy entrails viced the rabbit to the point of suffocation.

Alice's servants prepared the body of the fallen queen to be presented as a sacrifice to their witch goddess. Time was of the essence.

Light greeted the wounded white rabbit as he dug and chewed his way out of the great beast. Easily ripping through bone and muscle, the rabbit burrowed out.

The dragons shrieks echoed, once mighty, now slowly slumping over the great altar.

Alice's furious screams distracted her servants, leaving the queens body unattended. They never saw her body and spirit flow back into the planar stream, disallowing Alice complete victory over the royal figure.

Hitting the ground hard, the rabbit knew this last act was indeed a mortal one. With what little life beat in its heart, it managed to evade capture; making for it's most sacred place.

Home.

The thunderous heartbeat shook Sutra uncomfortably awake.

Sitting up, he realized he was back in his quarters again. A medium sized room, a small fire crackling in the corner, and the bare necessities.

Many things had passed, his ability to recall them all had become foggy at best.

Soon, he would demand answers and find his way back to her.

Alice would fail, even if it cost him more than a broken heart.

Xavir:

The man awoke with a start.

Something was wrong very very wrong. The King where was he. He was just there not to long ago.

Suddenly he remembers just dozing off to sleep. And there, there were the leaves to the fire he was trying to build all day the day before. But where was his king and friend.

He looks this way and that and suddenly sees a white rabbit hopping away. Could it be? No not possible!

He follows behind anyways. Keeping to the shadows and trying his hardest not to be found.

He thinks "This cant be him can it the rabbit. Why am i doing this? This makes no sense but what is this feeling i almost want to say its certainty. Something about this rabbit is familiar.

Maybe its just his gait or his clothing but something makes me believe that this could possibly be my king."

The rabbit stops. There is a rustling of leaves and from the forest come a group of the guards obviously looking for something with a fervor. They engage the rabbit in a bit of talk. From which the young man hears.

"We will escort you to this tea party of course." Says one of the members of the party.

"Ah so now there is tea and where there is tea there are tarts. And if i know Sutra the way i think i do he wont be able to resist the thought of tarts. This must be the king. But what could have happened. How did he end up like this. Is this possible at all? I don't understand." Thinks the young man to himself. His thoughts are interrupted by one last bit of information. "We will help you get there if you help us to find the caterpillar we are looking for."

"Ahh so we have made a deal now is that what this is."

They party leaves in tow with the rabbit and following a safe distance behind is the young man and friend of Sutra.

He is running now trying to keep up with the speeding rabbit "I'm late!!!!" declares the Rabbit.

"SLOW DOWN!!!" the man thinks as he is panting for breath trying his hardest to stay quite and hidden.

The chase goes on and on with out stopping.

Finally after what seems forever they stop and they party catches up and talks with the rabbit and suddenly its like everything is ok.

They continue on like nothing ever happened.

The Forest Whispers My Name

Various

Tobias Djevelet:

“Tobias,” the voice chuckled, “Many who would have you ousted have begun to spread rumors, the others do not trust you, as well the king.”

“What?!?!? who? tell us... erm... me! The elves have nothing to fear from me. lest they face me amidst my brethren and the humans. and from what i understand of their culture i do not see such an occurrence.”

“So be it. Also, tobias, they misunderstand your willingness to join the Bugbear may be misconstrued by some. namely the one who speaks like a bird.”

Tobias grunted and slammed his fist on the ground.

“Voice! send me a messenger, for my work here is not done and yet i must send word to the king of my intent.” A moment later a kestrel landed and took perch on a low lying limb as tobias wrote out his intent on a scrap of parchment, reading:

“Lord Sutra,
I have heard that some would question my loyalty and intent. the elves have not to fear my blade, nor this ensuing campaign. Even your highness himself cannot deny the arrogance of the humans is frustrating and like a mouthy child must be corrected. they tear down our trees and make absurd confines of stone and steel without caution to who or what lives there. This must cease. I only campaign against the humans. You have my sword if you ever need it, and you know that. We will hopefully see you soon, the bard sings of it. May the forest protect you.

Tobias”

Tobias then affixed the note on the bird's leg. At that the bird flew off southeast towards the land of stone and steel.

“The messenger will wait for a reply tobias, fret not, it can find you again.”

“Aye” Tobias responded looking down at his slowly but surely changing hands; turning leathery and browning yellow, he even noticed his body hair becoming more coarse and thick as well as frequent. “They are helping me, Voice, I will be weak no longer, their shaman are wise beyond the tales of the humans. I do believe this can

work. We shall prevail. I just hope that the elves see them akin to my eyes, they were better to me than the humans, and i like most of them.”

“Aye, Tobias, go now, continue your training. Your brethren are mighty but uncoordinated. Teach them to fight as one and you will surely strike down these vermin who plague me. utvungen skoget.”

“Untvungen skoget.”

Tobias then affixed the note on the bird's leg. At that the bird flew off southeast towards the land of stone and steel.

“The messenger will wait for a reply tobias, fret not, it can find you again.”

Sutra Bahuas:

The unornate bird reached the outside edges of Tanglewood forest, stopping for a moment; resting it's spent wings.

The chirping was short and unobtrusive. The little head tilted left and right at a unique angle only birds and lizards could manipulate.

With a swift swat, a withered bow caught the bird in mid song. It fell dead to the ground, twitching unfettered by life.

The rotting tree turned it's slow gaze down to the messenger bird, reaching down with sinewy finger-like projections from one of it's main limbs.

Pulling the little corpse up, a large gnarled opening exposed itself in the center of the great body of the tree. Apparently, bird had become a delicacy in some parts of

The Forest Whispers My Name

Various

the woods.

The tree bellowed before swallowing the brown bird, releasing its grasp on the message laden ave.

“Strap down the main limbs and make sure to get the fire hotter...make ready the axe's...”

The voices broke the deep silence.

A figure leapt down from a neighboring tree's protective foliage. An elf.

The corrupted wood angrily resisted against the strong restraints binding it incapacitated. It never noticed that the strong ropes were supported by the verdant oaks that inhabited the forest.

“You cannot do this, I am on sacred ground. I am a royal tree. You will answer to the qu...king for this!”

The elf shook his head and confidently replied.

“No, by Grand Inquisitor's decree, all tainted and traitorous folk of the woods must be cleansed and reinstated.....or purged.”

“And by the looks of it...” the lithe elven figure squatted down, picking up the warm bird, before removing the note and reading the name on it; said.

“You have lost your faith.”

“I am loyal to the Court of HeeeARRRRRGGGHHHH!”
The sound of working axes echoed through the woods.

The screams of the turned tree echoed through the valley. Proof that the king was indeed bent on cleansing the lands of the corruption Alice had sown.

The message traveled to the kingdom halls and found its way to the monarch's desk.

There Sutra would eagerly pen a reply to the one he knew as Tobias.

S

Return

Kainus Von Killraven

His journey home had been long and torturous. No Healer could be found for miles. All had been needed in the battle. When he finally returned home he was feverish and incoherent. When he awoke he did not know where he was. How many miles had he covered, how had he survived, these were questions he could not work out in his delirious state. The Healers worked fervently to heal his wounds.

When his ankle was able to support his weight, Kainus began looking for his friends. Saddened he was to find his friend Tobias had been declared an enemy. Why he wondered had this happened, maybe some investigation was needed or maybe the big oaf had just done something stupid. The really bad news came as like round-house punch to the jaw. Lord Nexus was cursed with madness and Lord Gott had left the Household.

...Kainus pulled a blanket wrapped item from under his cot. Inside was his most prized possession. With care he unwrapped the bow Lanthanum had given to him. The time had come for him to strike the enemy from a distance...

Not much was known of Lord Gott departure only that he had something important to do, but Kainus's hopes were that he had gone to gather others to fight for our side. Kainus slowly walked back to his tent head hung low. Many friends were absent some would return, others were outcast for unknown reasons, and others, well their return was uncertain but he hoped to see them again.

Kainus pulled a blanket wrapped item from under his cot. Inside was his most prized possession. With care he unwrapped the bow Lanthanum had given to him. The time had come for him to strike the enemy from a distance. He loaded his quiver and slowly faded into the trees in hoping that he would find some of his friend, but better still would be to find some enemies to strike.

All the King's Men [RP for MS Kingdom Visit 4.14.07]

Sutra Bahuas

The battle had raged on for more than a few opening moves. The kings plotted and drew in the dirt under their feet.

Pawns eagerly huddled near their great red and white kings.

Arrows and thrown weapons crossed the checkered battlefield, physical insults traded throughout the cold spring's day.

Sutra settled behind the enemy lines and waited. The mask concealed any clouds of condensed breath securely. He had managed to join the rank and file of the red army undiscovered.

He had received word that the red army had suffered many casualties and need the kingdom's assistance. The white army had grown stronger since Alice's victory in the woods that tangle.

The sides had been evenly matched. This day would decide who marched north to the only kingdom duchy, Finder's Keep; the next theater of carnage.

Sutra had been given orders, as if a simple member of the red infantry.

Seek out and shatter the White King. It was plain and simple. The giant crowned head was sluggish yet remained a force to be reckoned with. The reflecting shield hung proudly on his left arm. An unknown amount of lives and protects guarded the king's hide and soul.

Sutra would soon find out how many poisoned blows would be required to mortally wound the leader.

The battle ravaged much of the land and it's inhabitants. Many red and black squares of land lay in burning cinder.

He had finished the last trap when the white army advanced. Both kings had fallen, almost one for one. This was the deciding factor.

The tactic was clear, rush the white lines and at the last possible moment, when all seemed hopelessly lost; divert the flankers to the king. A suicide mission. One Sutra eagerly accepted.

Unaware, the white king made his was towards the obvi-

ously weak left flank of the red forces, mauling and cutting down all those who opposed his rule.

The traps were triggered, the king confused, and the onslaught of red blades found their mark.

The White King was dead.
Long Live the Red King.

What remained of the white army escaped with life intact, though their bones and spirit had suffered a cruel defeat that day.

Sutra stood, face hidden, leaning over the breathless king. Removing his mask, he flung it at the corpse. The black fabric settled on the king's chest.

He wanted her to know who did this.

The Red King nodded as he realized the lone assassin's identity. The red army cheered their victory that day.

Soon, the armies would march north and meet with the other half of the court of hearts.

There, they would have much needed help.

Soon, Sutra would meet Alice in the flesh.

And it would be an encounter neither of them would soon forget.

S
[con't]

Sutra stood, face hidden, leaning over the breathless king. Removing his mask, he flung it at the corpse. The black fabric settled on the king's chest...

He wanted her to know who did this.

Call to Order

Sutra Bahuas

The court room was breaming with activity.

Paper pushers and button mashers, chair placers and wig wearers all jockeyed for position for the day's business.

The entirety of the court were all in a kafaful because it had been earlier announced the the king of hearts would be making an announcement.

Perhaps it was a recap of the kingdom's treasury plans.

Maybe it would be an explanation on the kingdom's expansion program or a quick summary on his thoughts on the conceptualized Wall of Blocking he want's erected. The supreme judgery of all things lacadistical and rudimentary stood at the steps of the great 'Divinely and Dignified Burning of the Heretics and Marshmallows' altar.

“Ladies and gentle makers. I present to you, the kingly monarch emperor tzar tyrant king, Grandfath...’ a young nickle pounder tugged at the judges robes, the large man leaning over to his left to castigate the youth. The young man whispered so-so's and what not's into the man of judging's ear. With great surprise, the large man stood straight again and fumbled with tumbling words.

“Ah, yes, right, well then. I present to you the Grande Inquisitor Sutra Bahuas!”

The clapping was split in the middle. One half was loud and boisterous, resounding in the halls of the adjusted, the other half was absent; a lifelong practice of one-handed cheering and a big chip on their shoulders had become their king.

The crowd settled down for tea and talk.

“...I want Alice captured, dead or alive. Preferably bound in chains, to be interrogated at my leisure.”

“It has been brought to my attention on this very sad day that some of those who have vowed to protect the crown have taken to walking and talking with our enemy, Alice.

What I need to know now, is as to the reasons and preareasons, seasons, and conditions that have led up to this blatant disregard for all things crowned.”

The huffling cuffafuling crowd almost shook the house of rarities down to it's pillars.

“Madness!
Preposterous!
Buttermilk!”

shouted the enraged crowd of onlookers.

“Madness, yes....yes! That's it! Sour buttermilk in their blessed charms perhaps!”

The rhetorical question silenced the crowd almost instantly. They wondered if their morning brunch had been sacked by bad buttermilk as well.

“Nay, madness, those who had been loyal to the crown have given into the creeping madness plaguing our lands!”

“At least, it's at a crawl and not a trot or canter eh?” posed the intrigued judge.

“What? Nevermind.”

Sutra waved his hands around with almost reckless abandon, before regaining composure and proposed politely.

“I want the loyalist stricken with this Alician madness, found, escorted back to the royal castle, cleansed and cured, and I want Alice captured, dead or alive. Preferably bound in chains, to be interrogated at my leisure.”

The scribe struck the last part at the whispered request of the crowned monarch.

The royal guard nodded and file out in a single file lines. Message would reach the depths of the darkest corners with the command, eager to begin the hunt.

Satisfied with his handling of the situation at hand, the dark one peered into the crowd and asked.

“How about some enchiladas?”

S

Test of Pain

Kenta Redhawk

Kenta RedHawk:

"Sick, sick again.." Kenta's feverish mind tried to puzzle out what was happening to his body. The headache and nausea were so intense, a bolt of lightning connecting his head to his stomach.

"rest easy bro, i've sent the boys to find a healer....this is a bit beyond my abilities" Sir Ice told his brother, pushing him gently back down onto the bed.

"Maybe if you just kill me, then you could rez me....feels like i'm dying already, perhaps you could just hurry it up a bit?"

=====

"Well there you are my little bandersnatches" M'Allice said sweetly.

Trey exploded through his change back into human "don't call me by that insulting Elvish name you witch"

"Calm down little one, I know how much you hate the elves. How much they've insulted you. How much they've hurt your family." M'Allice said "in fact i'm here to help your father, can you please lead me to him....I've spent so much time searching for him"

Trey gripped his hammer, nodding to his brothers still in their wolvern form.... "follow us"

=====

Upon entering the cabin Ice's sword cleared the scabbard with a distinctive ring, the etched heron standing out in the gloom; the point scraping a thin line in M'Allice's throat. "I Justicar Sir Ice place you under arrest in the name of the King"

M'Allice smiled sweetly "So a seeker of truth believes the lies of a corrupt King? Answer me this Sir Knight when has this king ever been a servant of the White? As an assassin wouldn't his very existence be opposite of all you believe in? Now, can you hold off on my arrest and execution till I help your brother? Or would you rather have him die?"

"Do what you can, I'll base my judgement on what I observe"

M'Allice looked down "Its been a long time by comrade, you are the spitting image of your many times great grandfather, the mercenary mage/warrior who was first to come to my Lord's aid. I will do all I can to aid you Howler, but beware that it will come with great pain and great cost to you"

"Is death so preferable then? When has life never cost in pain?" Kenta answered weakly.

M'Allice looked around at the family, "No matter what happens, remember and believe what I do is to help him. Now who

know's what one must do with a gangrenous wound?"

"Usually it is amputated" Ice said quietly "So what do you propose to chop off his head?"

"Nothing so drastic Sir, it is his eyes that are the problem. The madness is simply a by product of the pain. So we must remove the eyes. He is a lycanthrope, they will grow back....especially with the aid of a spell. I'm just worried that it must be done several times to ensure healthy tissue." She looked down at the patient, "you understand what this means?"

"Yes, get on with it" came the weak reply.

In a flash the hooked kukuri came off M'Allice's belt and with twin plops the ruined eyes were flung out the window, with the accompanying screams. Alice began to chant "Endless health unto thee" holding her hand over where the eyes had been.

"Now we must wait and see if it must be done again"

=====

Many "operations" later, Kenta opened his eyes....the blues of his eyes taking in the room. the boys asleep on the floor, his brother slumped in the chair...M'Allice sitting tailor fashion at the end of the bed.

"I knew you would come, I saw it"

"You were blind not because of what you saw, but what you refused to accept"

"I understand that now"

"You know what you are, what you were and what the Great Lord needs you to be?"

"Yes, I am, I was, I will be the Howler. One of the Great Lords Taken"

"Chosen brother, Chosen. Taken is a negative term the elves used to brand us as evil. We are no more evil than the idea of natural selection"

"So witch" Ice said 'you were true to your word. And for that I give you thanks. As for the arrest, I am a Knight of the Kingdom. But I will forget that I have seen you this day. The Balance give you blindness in me for restoring sight to my brother. Go your way in peace."

M'Allice's features shimmered slightly, her disguise folding back into place. Adian looked at her long time friends "Always remember nothing is as it seems"

King of Pain

Various

Sutra

King of Pain:Sting

There's a king on a throne with his eyes torn out
There's a blind man looking for a shadow of doubt
There's a rich man sleeping on a golden bed
There's a skeleton choking on a crust of bread

King of Pain

Sutra stood in the gentle solitude of the moment.

Had it been his ignorance or was it the desire to not see what was so obvious that shook him so?

Madness had crept deep into the hearts of men here.

Alice had indeed found a way, creeping into the minds and souls of the unfaithful. It pained him to think that those who had once been strong and loyal, began to find warped answers in their new found doubt.

Sutra strained his eyes back unto the kingdom map. The corruption was born in the murky shallow swamplands of Mourningwood, had an unexplainable connection to the north in Eagleshire, crept down to the the kingdom lands of Tanglewood; turned on it's heel towards Midnight Sun, and was headed straight for the most northern freehold in the kingdom. Finder's Keep.

He would call upon allies from the depths of the darkest pits to the heights of the brightest heavens.

He traced the disconnected points, forming an unseen trail as thoughts crept painfully through his skull.

His runners would have reach Finders Keep by now, finding the duchess in the lands untouched by the madness yet. He hoped his warning would not be ignored. Instead, he recounted the previous visits towards the well fortified city. It was indeed something to remember.

The strong walls were breached by dark gods themselves,

only to be repelled by a furious passion, even they could not resist.

This self proclaimed witch goddess would fail, if not at Finder's Keep, she would fail in the depths of Tanglewood.

He had seen her in his dreams and visions, seen her vises and devices. He had begun to listen more intently to his advisers.

The kingdom would make it's last stand soon.

He would call upon allies from the depths of the darkest pits to the heights of the brightest heavens.

Soon, Alice would now his name.

S,
[con't]

Tobias Djevelet:

Tobias, upon returning from the meeting in the woods, near the place he frequently fished, sat down in his hut and light his pipe. His eyes moved to the sword wrapped in fur that had been presented to him by the desert born elf. "Something about special properties?" Tobias said to himself as he took it from his pack and unwrapped it.

Therein lay a sword with no scabbard. A sword that shined brighter than the chains worn around the necks of royalty. The silver veining making a decorative and intricate pattern down the blade, mounted in brass and ironwood. It was beautiful. What would normally be a longsword to most was a shortsword to him. It would bite clean and let one know when they had been struck. Perfect for the dog-men that occasionally plagued them.

Tobias was grateful.

He now had a quest.

For this he would surely be remembered.

House of the Black Rose

Crimson Witch

Crimson listened to the meeting with mounting horror and disgust.

Light Elves and Dark Elves putting aside a two thousand year old feud was too much for her drow ears to take. It was preposterous to think we could ever get along.

"Welcome home cousin," the sylvan female said trying to embrace her.

Crimson calmly stepped back to slap the other elf's cheek, "I think not, my cousin, I and those of the House of the Black Rose have not forgotten our drow heritage. Embrace these "night elves" all you like. Us true Drow, will always be your enemies."

After the meeting Crimson looked at her sons. "Evrek and Draik, let us find those that still serve the Lord of the Dark and offer our services to him.

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www.thecomicasylum.com

Prayer by a Flaming Sword

Gott Des Krieges

Gott sheathed the sword of flames and turned his attention to the west. His legs moved in sequence without his consent. In mere moments he found himself at the alter of a mighty god. As he opened the door of the alter he realized that it had been abandoned for quite some time. The statue of the idle lay on the ground covered in the dust of long-forgotten years. It was a large statue, but easy enough to restore to a standing position. Hours passed by and the alter had been restored to a decent look. "This will do for now."

Gott said as he wiped his brow. He stepped toward the statue of the dragon-like god and placed his sword with the tip in the floor in front of him. He held the pommel of his sword as he gave a silent prayer to the ancient god.

The feeling on his shoulder was still there. It felt warm and comforting. "Father..." He muttered and continued his prayer.

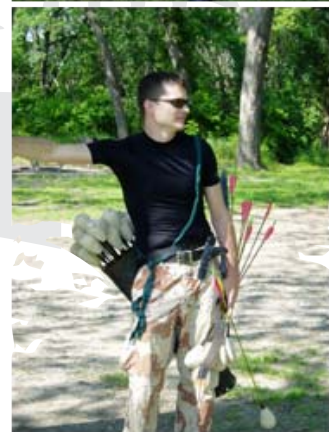
Candles burned and the statue seemed much more spectacular than earlier. It's eyes were rubies imbedded in the silver body of a dragon wrapped around a spear. As he prayed he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned his head quickly, but saw nothing.

The feeling on his shoulder was still there. It felt warm and comforting. "Father..." He muttered and continued his prayer.

Moments later his prayer was finished and the hand removed itself from his shoulder. He looked around the alter trying to find something that might explain his father's appearance. Darkness was all he found in the dim light of the candles.

Kingdom Gallery

Various



Lady Aylin's Gallery:
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