

Echoes of the Hills

Newsletter of the Emerald Hills



Volume 39 Issue 5 | November 30 2007 | Reign 39

Index - Credits

Echoes of the Hills | v.39.i.5 | November 30, 2007 | Reign 39

<i>Cover Page - Sutra Bahuas</i>	<i>Birthrite of Darkness - Squire Steel</i>7-8
<i>Index - Credits</i>2	<i>Changing Tides - Sir Delphos Darkheart</i>9
<i>Officers of Reign 39</i>3	<i>Beginning of the End - Sutra Bahuas</i>10
<i>Kingdom Calendar for Reign 39</i>4	<i>Kingdom Gallery</i>11
<i>Announcements</i>5	
<i>Endreign Quest-Kenta Redhawk</i>6	
<i>Touch of a God - Lord Gott</i>6	

*Cover by Fenris Blackwood
Photos by Various*

King Sir Trinity Skythasis



Queen Lady Tangenna Skythasis



A hand made stone EH crest by Asmodius

Officers for Reign 39

July to December 2007

Monarch	Sir Trinity Skythasis	monarch@amtgard-EH.com
Queen-Regent	Lady Tangeena Skythasis	Regent@amtgard-EH.com
Champion	Sir Morgan Ironwolf.....	champion@amtgard-eh.com
Prime Minister	Lady Dreanya Jurista	pm@amtgard-eh.com
Treasurer	Elder Vermilion	treasurer@amtgard-eh.com
GM of Reeves	Lord Gabriel	gmr@amtgard-eh.com
7.0 Rules Committee		
Representative	TBD	--

The Class Guildmasters

Anti-Paladins ..	Sir Trinity Skythasis	Archers	Squire Sutra Bahuas
Assassins	Sir Delphos Darkheart	Barbarians ...	TBD
Bards	Sir Larin Moonstar	Color	Dame Tanara StormCaller
Druids	Sir Forest Evergreen	Healers	Typhus Deathcaller
Knights	Sir Morgan Ironwolf	Monks	Baronet Sirkakhis Larethian
Monsters	Sir Delphos Darkheart	Paladins	Sir Larin Moonstar
Scouts	Squire Kenta Redhawk	Warriors	Lord Gott des Krieges
Wizards	Sir Larin Moonstar		

<i>The BOD</i>	<i>Mundane Name</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Term Expires</i>
Dreanya Jurista	Andréa Jacobs	President.....	DEC 2007
Elder Vermilion	John R. Elder	Treasurer	AUG 2007
TBD	TBD		DEC 2007
Sutra Bahuas	Jorge Rodas		DEC 2007
Rayel Greenholde	Michael Peavy		DEC 2007
Sir Morgan Ironwolf	Jason Jacobs		DEC 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 Vermilion Treasurer/EH BOD Rep/Secretary	BOD Rep
Sir Trinity Skythasis (Monarch).....	DEC 2007
Sir Gavvin Quinn	SEP 2007
Dame Faunna Demonspawn.....	MAR 2008
Sir Wolverine (President)	MAR 2008

Email the RGK at rgk@tanglewoodforest.org

Amtgard-EH.com Contacts

Webmaster

Webmaster@Amtgard-EH.com

Administrator

admin@Amtgard-EH.com

Kingdom Calendar for Reign 39

This is the preliminary schedule of events for Reign 39. Things may be added or moved as needed. At least one of the Monarchy will be attending those scheduled events shown. There will be other tournaments and Battlegames on open days, TBD.

July 2007

14SatRP Battlegame @ Mourningwood Glen
18-22Wed-SunClan
27-29Fri-SunKingdom of the Wetlands - Midreign

August 2007

4SatGecko Master @ Midnight Sun
10-12Fri-SunCelestial Kingdom - Midreign
12SunRP Battlegame @ Finder's Keep
18SatKingdom of the Golden Plains - Coronation
18-19Sat-SunKingdom Work Weekend @ Tanglewood Forest
19SunGecko Master - Workshops/Demos @ Eagleshire
25SatSummer Fest V
26SunGecko Master - Workshops/Demos @ Finder's Keep

September 2007

31-2SatPiratical Sabbatical 3
1-2Sat-SunLabor Day Weekend
8SatKingdom Dragonmaster/Weaponmaster @ Midnight Sun
9SunKingdom Dragonmaster/Weaponmaster @ Eagleshire
14-16Fri-SunKingdom of the Rising Winds Coronation
14-16Fri-SunEH Midreign / Relic Quest @ Tanglewood Forest
22-23Sat-SunKingdom Work Weekend @ Tanglewood Forest
29SatGecko Master @ Mourningwood Glen

October 2007

6-7Sat-SunKingdom Work Weekend @ Tanglewood Forest
7SunRP Battlegame & Gecko Master @ King's Point
11-14Thurs-Sun ..World Banner Wars 8 @ Tanglewood Forest
22-23Sat-SunKingdom Work Weekend @ Tanglewood Forest
27SatMidnight Sun Monster Bash @ Midnight Sun
31WedHalloween

November 2007

9-11Fri-SunCelestial Kingdom - Coronation
9-11Fri-SunKingdom of the Rising Winds Midreign
9-11.....Fri-SunStorm Grove Fall Event
22ThursThanksgiving Day
25SunRP Battlegame @ Eagleshire

December 2007

1-2SatCrown Elections @ All Parks
8SatRP Battlegame @ Midnight Sun
14-16Fri-SunEH End Reign/Coronation @ Tanglewood Forest
25TuesChristmas

Announcements

Topic: Olympiad XXI Sir Trinity Skythasis

Unto the populace of the Emerald Hills:

Let it be known that bids for Olympiad XXI are now being accepted. Olympiad is to be held at the 20th Birthday of the Emerald Hills which will be at the Midreign Celebration in March 2008. Forward your bids to sir_trinity@hotmail.com. Bids should include Autocrats names and emails, tentative schedule, scoring methods to be used, possible expenditures that may be necessary from the kingdom, and any other pertinent information the bidder deems necessary.

Topic: Bi-Annual Financial Reports Duke Elder

The current Kingdom Financial report is here:
http://www.amtgard-eh.com/library/Kingdom_BooksSept06-Aug07.xls
And the current RGK Financial report is here:
http://www.amtgard-eh.com/library/RGK_BooksSept06-Aug07.xls

The latest Financial report can always be seen in the Treasury section of the website:
<http://www.amtgard-eh.com/Treasury.html>

Elder Vermilion
EH Treasurer

Topic: Scores and Pics for Crown Quals 40 Sutra

Scores and Pictures for CQ 40 - A+S
Scores:
<http://www.amtgard-eh.com/tourn/CQ40AS-07.html>
Pics:

Saturday @ MWG:
<http://tinyurl.com/ysul8d>
Sunday @ KP:

<http://tinyurl.com/2gnauk>
Thanks all for helping this weekend turn out to be a blast!
Regards,
S

To all A+S entrants, if you would like to receive any available judges comments on your entries, simply PM me and I will happily forward them to you!
Once again, congrats all on a fine showing!
Sutra

Topic: On-Line Practice Reeve's Test Lord Gabriel

A practice reeves test has been posted at:
www.sharktronics.com/reevestest
This test asks 6 of 50 randomized questions. These questions are multiple choice and clicking refresh will get you different questions. This is just for practice for the actual test.

PS: Thank you Rogue for the technical assistance.

Topic: Gate Duty for Endreign 39 Lady Dreanya Jurista

Note: This is about running Gate and not working Gate...
If you are interested in running Gate for events, please email me privately at dreanya@yahoo.com.
Lady Dreanya Jurista

-----Park Days and Locations-----

Thursday:

Midnight Rain @ 5pm

http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_midnightrain.html

Saturday:

Mourningwood Glen @ 12pm

<http://www.amtgard-eh.com/mwg/>

Midnight Sun @ 2pm

http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_midnight.html

Storm Grove @ 2pm

http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_stormgrove.html

Sunday:

Finder's Keep @ 2pm

http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_finderskeep.html

Eagleshire @ 3pm

http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_eagleshire.html

Soul's Crossing @ 11am

http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_soulscrossing.html

Riverstone @ 1pm

http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_riverstone.html

King's Point @ 2pm

http://www.amtgard-eh.com/park_kingspoint.html

Endreign Quest

Squire Kenta Redhawk

Have you ever wanted to play a certain monster and never got a chance to? Well here's your chance. For the Endreign quest I am posting an open casting call for any and every monster.

Here are the rules:

1. No more than a five to one ratio (five questors to one monster)
2. All monsters that make minions (DarkLord, Vampire, WolfLord, etc) will be denied this trait.
3. Monsters will be playing for 3 hours. If you survive this time period you will be rewarded. (encouraging monsters to do their best)
4. People wishing to play monsters MUST provide a write up (Dor 8 monsters only) and be in appropriate garb (dress the part)- as per the Gm of Monsters. Anyone coming across you in the field should immediately know what monster you are playing, and not have to ask "what do i see". Make it obvious what you are.
5. Monsters must stay in the field for their time period, (no hiding in your tent or other off limits areas)

The Quest details:

This is a 24 hour quest. It will begin at 9pm on Fri and continue until 5pm on sat. (for the time sheriffs, yes i know this is less than 24 hours) Lives and abilities will reset every 3 hours. A player may also change classes at this time, but must have appropriate garb. Players may fight other players (PVP)and/or monsters. Monsters may fight players or monsters. At gate everyone will be given a bag of coins. These do not represent lives, they are just a gift from the crown.

Upon death to a player, a questor gives up one coin. Upon death to a questor, a monster gives up two coins. Upon completion of a monster's time period, a player may return to questor status, or play another monster (after checking in with command tent).

The player (singular) with the most coins recieves first chance at a relic, coins will only be counted on a personal basis and the relic will only be given to that person.

Touch of a God

Lord Gott des Krieges

The sun was bright and the sky crystal clear. Gott roamed the market place of Finders Keep searching for an apple. He didn't know why, he just wanted an apple. Roaming through the market, looking at the faces of those around him he saw the faces of a few of his converts.

He nodded to them and passed casually by. His mind was blank, he felt fatigued, drowzy, as if some unseen pressure was bareing down on him. He stepped into an alley way to rest against a wall. He sat there for a long time. He felt dizzy. He blinked and where was once the Keep he knew well there was blackness. He looked around, confused.

"Gott." A voice called to him. A deep, ominous voice. Gott dropped to his hands and knees. "How may I serve you?" Gott asked the voice.

It was the voice of his patron God.

"Your mission has been....compromised." the voice grew a little louder as it spoke these words.

"How so?" Gott replied.

"Another force is working its way into the keep. A force equal to my own." Said the God.

Gott lifted his head. "What is your command?" He asked in a low tone.

"Seek out the one who spreads the word of chaos. When you find him, don't kill him. Destroy him!" The voice faded to a whisper as Gott lowered his head and closed his eyes.

Gott awoke in the same alley as before. But it was darker now, night had fallen. He stood up, feeling un-bourdoned, and walked away to call a meeting of his converts.

Again Gott could feel the presence of his god. He felt dizzy, and tired. He blinked and was once again washed into blackness. His God had visited him today.

The deep, ominous voice spoke again.

"It is no longer safe to speak to our people in the language of the kingdom. I must teach you another, a language you will spread to the converts."

Gott bowed his head. "Teach me."

The blackness swirled away and Gott was in the keep once again.

He heard the voice of his God. "Is est lingua vos mos docui. Memor is puteus , quod operor non deficio mihi."

Gott narrowed his eyes and spoke to his God. "Etiam meus senior , EGO vadum non deficio vos."

To be continued....

Gott.

The Birth-Rite to Darkness

Squire Steel

The Journey South West

I began my journey South West into the lands of the Sable Pride. Castle Brightblade was directly on the boarder of Corsair Lands and Sable Pride Lands. It was the farthest Corsair holding on the South west Boarder. My father used to say he built his castle there, because he had many friends among the Sable Pride; but lived by the Corsair creed. They were the people of the cats. I had not had much contact with them other than my usual tag alongs with my father.

He would tell me stories of people who could change into dangerous and wild cats. If you asked me it all seemed like boyhood bed time stories. I found myself feeling strange as I neared the boarder of Corsair Lands. The deep woods of my homeland were now starting to change into more jungle like terrain. It felt as though a hundred or so eyes were peering down on me at once from the trees and jungle vegetation. I knew the journey was only going to get more intense the farther I got from my Corsair homelands in the deep forests. As I kept fourth the thick forestry was gone, replaced only by tropical jungle surroundings. The sounds of nature around me was becoming overwhelming, and there growls and hisses, and wild bird calls were deranging my senses! "Damn this blasted jungle!", I shouted at the top of my lungs.

I was lost! "There is no sense to all this madness! How in the hell could anyone live in this...this wasteland of green!" As I cursed the very ground I was walking on, I noticed that the echoing sounds of the jungle had grown silent. Something was wrong. All I had heard since I entered this blasted jungle was the hissing, growls, and damn blasted bird calls! Something was definitely wrong! I could feel the heaviness of danger coming forward. It was like the feeling one gets when they lurk into a place where they know they shouldn't be. The thickness of worry and terror swept across my surroundings in an instant! Something is here!

I can feel it! Still I can't see anything in this blasted jungle! I draw my sword, and ready Tunear's shield for the attack. I crouch and cover behind Tunear's shield. "They have me!", I think in my head. I am surrounded by a foreign terrain on all sides! "I will not be alone in my death!", I say out loud as to maybe draw something or someone out. "YOU HEAR ME? I WILL NOT DIE ALONE HERE THIS DAY! LET IT KNOW!", I shout at the top of my lungs! Crack, a twig breaks behind me! I turn only to find a giant Panther behind me! "Kord! What beast is this?", I say in my head! For I had never in my whole life even know of let alone seen a beast of this size! I was as big as a war horse, Black as midnight, and the teeth and claws were as long as dagger blades! I try hard to keep my sword hand steady like Sir Tunear had taught me all these years, but Damn it was difficult! I was not ready at all to look upon the face of such a creature! The

creature growled, and it shook the ground! I tried to back away to get some distance, but fell backwards on my ass! My training was fleeing my mind, and panic was taking over quickly! I was now on my back looking up at this ferocious creature walking up over me! "What do I do?", crept into my mind! "I'm sure to die! On Kord word, I'm sure to die!" Just then a thought pierced my mind like a dart! "Corsair stand up....on your feet boy. a battle waits for no one!", Tunear's words. My sword hand steadied, and rose to my feet to meet a wild panther growling with its mouth open wide! "Damn pirate lord guide my hand", rang in my mind as I let my sword fly! It landed home in the side of the giant beast! It let out a shout as it took a swipe at me.

A loud Klank rank out as the huge paw struck Tunear's shield, and knocked me off of my feet straight to my back! The blow had knocked the breath out of me. I lie there gasping for air, when the beast leapt on top of me! I stood over me eyes glaring, teeth shown, low growl! "Damn I had not given it enough. This was not how I should die! I had not even began to fight, and now I meet Davey Jones!", just thought that ran through my head!

The beast changed before my very eyes! It was true! The people of the cats, Sable Pride had found me! A man dressed in all black robes stood over me! He laughed for a good while, as he knew he had frightened the HELL out of me! "I can smell a Corsair from a mile away! Especially a Brightblade.", he said in a mocking voice. "Yeah....Yeah...Yeah how's your arm?", I said in an equally mocking tone. A little blood trickled down his arm, as he glanced over to see how bad the wound was. "Its a scratch boy! The girl cats cut deeper playing!", he said jokingly. I stood up on my feet putting away my sword, and strapping Tunear's shield back on my back. "All Tunear's training, and you still let fear take over your senses huh?", he asked. "Yeah, I guess practice doesn't really prepare you for the real thing.", I answered kind of ashamed. "You must never forget what you have learned, for it is the only thing that will guide you through difficult situations!"

"Pure Wisdom", I thought to myself. "The man looked aged. He was balding with dark hair. "Delphos is my name.", he said. "I have been expecting you. It wasn't very hard to find you. A kitten could have found you with all that noise you make.", he joked. "Its time to go see the Dark Lord Nevron leader of the Sable Pride.", he said glancing back at me. "Be warned boy. Few can look upon the face of the dreaded Dark Lord and live. Be warned. For if your training fails you again, you will not survive!", he said in a warning tone. "So be it then. I came here with an intention. I will see it out!", my last words as Delphos lead me through the jungle.

The Birth-Rite to Darkness

Squire Steel

Chapter 3: The journey to the Silver Castle

I followed Delphos through the Jungle. He was in his human form afraid that he would leave me to far behind other wise, but he was still quick and light on his feet for his age. He moved through the Jungle with ease, and seeming to not touch or gaze any of the plants or vegetation. It's as if he simply glided through the Jungle. Me on the other hand, I clanked and hacked at every vine, steam, and bush in the way cursing to Hextor all the way! "Blasted Jungle! All this tangled mess of plants! How in Hextor's name can anyone possibly want to live in all this wasteland of vegetation!", I thought over and over to myself.

I heard Delphos tell me, "Hurry up boy! If you moved half as fast as you complained we would be there by now! Move faster, and don't hack at the jungle; move with it!" "Easy for him to say. The blasted man grew up in the mess!" Soon it seemed like endless hours upon hours of traveling through this would be wasteland. My feet were killing me and my shoulder ached all over. Lugging all my equipment around was starting to take its toll on me. The climate here was also getting to me. In the Corsair forests the wind would give you a nice breeze, and the temperature was mild and nice. Here it was humid as all hell, and hotter than the ninth circle of hell! There was moisture all over, every vine, plant, and bush seemed soaked to the core with wetness! My boots were sopping wet, and my socks had gotten soaked hours ago, and they were really putting an ache to my feet. "Damn it Delphos! I have to stop. I don't know how in the hell anyone would want to willingly live in this place!", I shouted to Delphos who was a good 15 foot ahead of me.

He shouted back, "All right, all right. I suppose we can rest for a minuet. This will give me time to tell you a little about what you are getting yourself into. Nevron is feared by many. Few have actually ever seen him in person. Even fewer have lived through the experience. His sanctum radiates fear the moment you step foot through the door way of the silver castle. The closer you near his chamber the more you will have to summon all your will.

This is no story boy. Many have gone mad and have met their demise by their own hand from the terror of this place. Do not enter it with doubt! For it will be your undoing, if you allow your fear to take hold of you!" The seriousness of the situation began to sink in. I had put it to the back of my head during all this traveling, and the whole thing seemed more real all of the sudden. I couldn't help but feel a little chill creep over me. I must not doubt myself. My mission was bigger than just I. I had much to prove, and I had already committed myself too much to let anything stop me. Though I could not help but to think of what could possibly be so horrific. Images came to mind, but I had never

experienced anything in all of my life that could even come close to Delphos' words. "Its time.", Delphos told me. We began our voyage through the jungle once more. It seemed like we traveled for hours on end when Delphos stopped suddenly and turned straight around to face me. I jumped back a few steps frightened by the sudden change in movement. "There.", he pointed. I could see the top of the castle from where Delphos stood. It was amazing. I could never in a million years have thought man was capable of constructing such a master piece of stone. It was called the silver castle because the stone the Sable Pride used to create the castle came from rare source. The stone was imbued with silver color from the silver mines up river. The rock took to the silver flakes exceptionally well. The Sable Pride discovered this stone and forged a great castle from it many many year ago. The castle had stood for centuries, but it still looked as remarkable as the day it was built. Many said that Nevron had inhabited the castle since the first day construction began.

Its hard to believe that since many many a years have gone by. Legends all ways seem to distort truth in some fashion. I walked up to the great doors. They stood a good 15 feet tall, and were engraved with remarkable works of art. They seemed to tell a story of a knight who made a great sacrifice which cost him his life. I could not make out anymore of the story, but I knew I had missed much of the works meaning. Delphos grabbed my shoulder and said, "I can go no further. Your journey is yours and yours alone. You must brave through the castle on your own, and it is you who must summon all your will to speak to Nevron face to face.

Beware and mind my warnings boy! I can say no more. There will be another who will meet you at the door way should you survive. He will find you, so don't worry about where and when. The jungle has eyes!", He finished, changed into his great panther form and laughed for some time before he disappeared into the jungle.

I stood very still at the door way nervous at what lie ahead. Soon very soon I would embark upon my first adventure, and I was uneasy about weather or not I was ready. "Damn it! I better BE!", I thought to myself. I took a deep breath, drew my sword, dawned Tunear's shield, and stepped through the silver doors. The journey had begun, and soon very soon I would be tested. "Bring it! Let it come!", were the only words in my head now.

Changing Tides

Sir Delphos Darkheart

The season of frost had finally come to the hills of green and with it the word of change was carried on the wind in the wake of freezing rain.

The Dark Knight sat quietly at his desk, once again pondering the questions which had alluded him over these many years...

The answers were slow in coming and most were not of a pleasant nature.

The ships were coming! The ones bearing the new King and all his court. Delphos knew this would herald in another age for his beloved kingdom. News had already reached his ears of compromises made to serve the greater good, yet in his own heart he knew that these measures would only fuel the unrest quietly growing within the land.

Word had yet to trickle down to the common folk who fought the daily struggles on the bloody fields of honor, only the kingdom elite were privy to the goings on behind the veil of political manipulations.

Despite promises made by the next crowned leader of the land, the great celebration was to be held long before the time of recognition. The gathering had been taken from the place of reverence and would be held in a foreign land far to the south.

This did not bode well with the Dark Knight nor the other Ancients who had spent many years attempting to uphold the sanctity of those traditions long forgotten by the elite of the present day. Delphos knew that this gathering would happen in the name of the Hills, but it would be empty and hollow and would not be recognized by those who held the true magic of the land within their hearts.

Only those who misused the power of their station and seek to undermine all that the Ancients had worked to accomplish would join this false celebration. All in the name of Continuity, Conformity and Control, cloaked in the guise of the Common Good. These false leaders would once again split the Kingdom in half...

The great Kings of the last reigns stood helpless

against the plans of the new crown, yet talk of resistance had begun in the dark corners of secluded places, unheard by the watch dogs of the new order. For those who spoke openly were viciously attacked and torn asunder by the ever present thought police, who deemed themselves above the common folk and would not allow such heresy.

The Dark Knight's thoughts drifted back to the time when the True Rebels of the Hills determined their own fate and fought against the oppressive Overlords...

Now those who would rewrite history and distort the facts in exchange for their own glory were once again in control of destiny.

He hoped that the younger champions of freedom would rally to the cause, take up arms against the new regime and make a stand as the Rebels of Old had done in the past.



Delphos knew that his own voice could no longer carry the message across the Hills and stop the Changing Tides...

To be continued...

The Beginning of the End

Sutra Bahuas

Angrily he raked at the burning flesh. Traces of scarred tissue gave way to fresh weeping wounds. The blood did not gush with vigor as with the first tears.

His wounds wept a thick black sap which his heart laboriously struggled to pump through his veins. He had grown weary. He had heard and seen too much, felt enough.

The world had darkened considerably for him almost a year ago to the date. It was a path he had been ignorantly eager to tread.

Had he known. Had he only...known.

His bloodshot eyes traced the gently rolling hills, eerily illuminated by the ivory moonlight.

With half closed eyes, the glowing threads slowly revealed themselves. The tapestry was in eternal flux. Woven by invisible hands, he could make out the pulsating lines that criss-crossed, overlaying each other in predetermined patterns.

Tightening and slacking, glowing and fading; fates were cast upon the faithful and heretics alike.

It was the terribly seducing scents that tugged at his spirit.

Fear, pain, love, anguish, passion, all had a distinct glow and palpable taste. The unfathomable breadth of the infinite emotional gamut saturated the atmosphere around him.

Constricting coils of confusion weighed him down, unforgiving shackles imprisoning him to this mortal game.

He wanted to go back. To her.

Tonight would be the same as every other night.

Disappointing.

He had received word from faithful spirits on the silent state of the northern keep. The confusing tumult overtaking the once prosperous keep deeply concerned him. How had his brothers and sisters dealt with the months of inaction and lack of progress in their homelands.

Sutra tilted his head towards the stars, yearning for an easy answer. He was well aware that difficult questions would require difficult solutions.

He prepared the fresh gauze, packing it firmly against his moaning flesh. His vision had become obscured by matters he had faithfully attended to, keeping his word to the rightful monarch who sat in the kingdoms throne.

Soon, the dark arch-duke would grow weary of the crown; a new soul would in turn accept the burden it promised.

The elves had known peace for almost a seasons harvest.

The dark finvarra could feel the approaching storm. The new crown would take his newly earned prize by violence.

Fleeting visions of burning shires and baronies flashed behind his trembling eyelids.

Duke Sir Morgan would take each shire, barony, and duchy by force.

A new war was stirring behind the veil of diplomatic civility. Questions flowed like a raging rapid in his fatigued mind.

Would the kingdom finally burn, crumbling from the inside? Would the elves be greeted with open arms or flashing swords?

Sutra gripped the last knot in his right hand, securing the new bandage on his left forearm. He could only wish for a peaceful resolution.



Not this time.

One thing was certain.

Death and famine were coming.

S

Kingdom Gallery

Various



Lady Aylin's Gallery:
<http://community.webshots.com/user/aylinkaryn?vhost=community>
Sutra's Gallery:
<http://photos.yahoo.com/jrodas00>
Dame Nightengale's Gallery:
<http://s110.photobucket.com/albums/n97/nightengael/>
Sir Ice's Gallery:
<http://s119.photobucket.com/albums/o133/IceAndPaddi/>