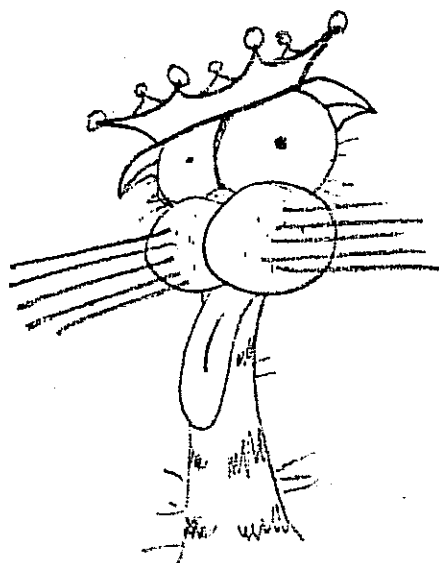
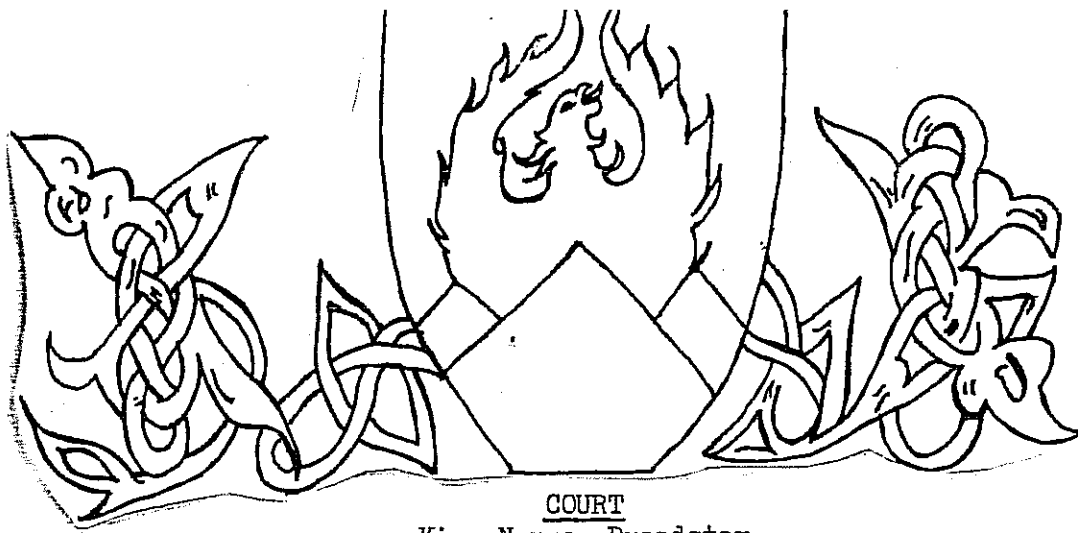


# Echoes from the Hills



Could this be a prophecy  
of King Nevron during  
CORONATION?

Vol. IV No. 5



COURT

King Nevron Dreadstar  
Princess Selka Shadowcat  
Prime Minister Aislinn  
Champion Cain sin Khali  
Princess's Defender Cynewulf Plague

ROYAL GUARD

Sem i Dore  
Alessandra Nightowl  
Gwindon Blackrose  
Tyranny Bathory  
Mosher  
Dallen

Xenos Perversus  
Lung  
Garath Blackhawk  
Taz Robear  
Kurris

---

GUILDMASTERS

Anti-Paladin: Nevron  
Archer: Beau  
Assassin: Xyphus  
Barbarian: Cain  
Bard: Taldak  
Druid: Plague  
Healer: Tyranny

Magic-User: Garath  
Monk: Shorn  
Monster: Nevron  
Paladin: Alessandra  
Scout: Garath  
Warrior: Xenos

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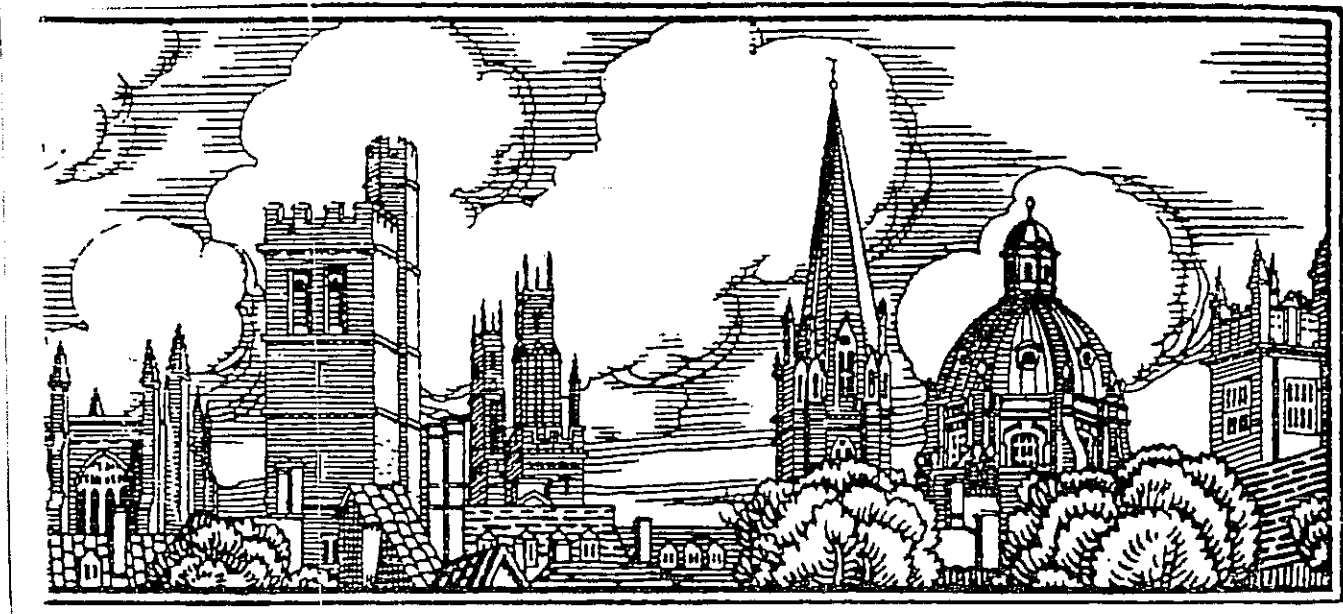
ART & SCIENCES

Art:  
Garber: Aislinn  
Gladiator: Cain  
Heraldry:  
Literature: Gwindon

Minstrel: Alessandra  
Reeve: Dallen  
Sages:  
Smith:  
Theater:

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GRACKLESNIPES	XYPHUS NIGHTBLADE
THE BARD	CYNEWULF PLAGUE
ART WORK	AVITAR BLOODAXE
UNTITLED	TYRANNY BATHORY
EX-CAN-A-BEER	LUNG HRÖG"
IN SEARCH OF DARKNESS	PLAGUE & XENOS



Unto the Populace of the Emerald Hills;

I bid thee all good tidings and best wishes, for this is my last letter unto all of thee. Soon the Crown will rest on someone else's head, and all things sour will be sweet.

In the past 6 months, many things have happened. Some good, some bad. One thing is fer-sure, Amtgard has grown. We now have the opportunity to play in two different parks. Both have their advantages and disadvantages. Some people have a deep feeling for their particular park settings. Although these feelings of home are good for the heart, we should not allow the feeling of familiarity to overcome our quest for a challenge.

The weekend of qualifications, plus the Saturday before that, showed us there are ways to travwl to both parks. Neither group wants to be forced to play in either park so a solution is needed. Some made their own decision and started playing in the different park. Others felt the need to start up a whole other group situated in the middle of the two groups. Neither solution has proved to be the wisest choice. During these next few months we should work on this problem. A combined Kingdom, where we all meet, or perhaps having a set date for a little interaction. There is always the idea of flip-flopping back and forth. The worse that could happen is we might get even more exposure. Then we'd gain new people, who in return may choose to break-off and start yet another group in another park. That could mean another twenty or thirty more fellow Amtgardians. Heavens to betsy, we wouldn't want that, would we?

Now is the time to plan our future. Allowing the Crown of the Emerald Hills to be worn by any of our Kingdoms pr nle from any Barony is a fair idea, yet it will cause a bit if confusion at first. But so did the whole game of Amtgard at first (it still does at times). As a Kingdom we can come up with a schedule for a combined Qualifications along with an agreed criteria to run for Crown. It's sure to be a grand event, something like the Burning Landers Olympiad.

The whole idea has caused a mild up-roar in all the lands, with a few people already expressing an interest in winning the crown for their Barony. This and the lack of interest showed for the position in our last qualification insures the loss to another on some future date.

Yet, that is all ahead of us, and we should concentrate on having an answer for next qualification. Thank you for allowing me this position and should I ever feel the need to over-see the group and getting all my actions scrutinized, well... I'll let you know. Meanwhile see ya in the field, and try to remember this... "Evil is its own justification. It therefore renders meaningless even such questions as power, pleasure and profit."

Malevolenently Yours

*New Rep*  
King Nevron Dreadstar  
Emerald Hills

Greetings;

It's time for another coronation. Within the next week we will be closing one chapter in the Amtgard Books of History and opening another. I hope all of you have had as much fun with this last reign as I have. At times it has been perilous, but mostly, it was, to say the least, exciting. To be honest, King Nevron and I have worked our butts off for this upcoming event, and I hope that it turns out as well as we think it will.

Well, we made it through Qualifications and it was a glorious day. Everyone fought well and with honor. The cultural events showed talent that we were impressed with. The people of Ironcloud made an impressive showing and were shocked to find out that our fighters were not unbeatable. I send a special VIVAT! to Christoph who risked his life and other unmentionables in the Javelin and Dagger toss. That effort took more "guts" than brains.

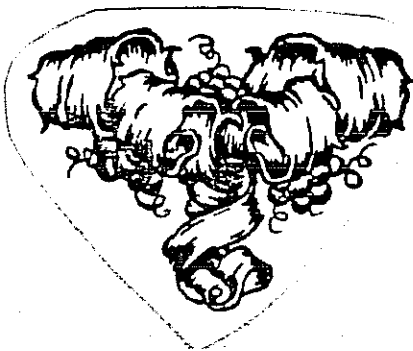
In this newsletter, you will find entrants to qualifications for flat art, literature and poetry. We had hoped to put the first place winners of these groups in here, but unfortunately those who entered took them before we could print them. If these people could get these to me, they will be printed in future newsletters.

Again, I thank King Nevron, Princess Selka and all the populace for such a glorious six months. I hope the next six months will prove to be as exciting. I hope everyone has a fun time at the Lake.

Yours in Service;

*Baroness Aislinn*

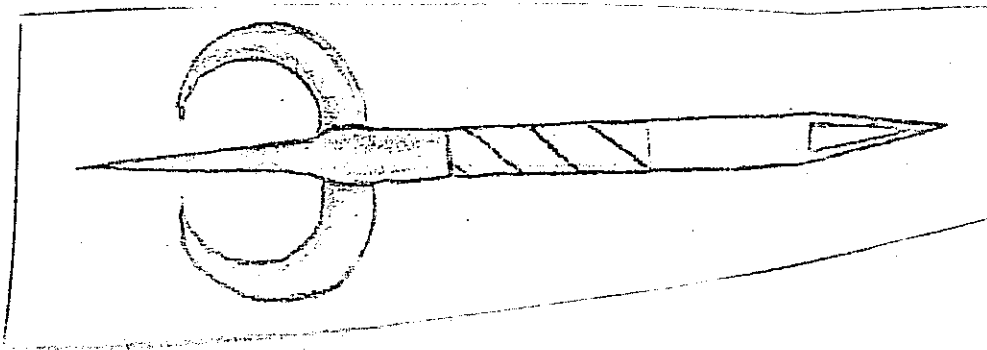
Baroness Aislinn  
Prime Minister



WAR EVENTS

QUALIFICATIONS V 5-19-90

	<u>D-S</u>	<u>SS</u>	<u>S&amp;S</u>	<u>2-MAN</u>	<u>3-MAN</u>	<u>A-W</u>	<u>J&amp;D</u>	<u>WS</u>	<u>TOTAL</u>
Garath	6	-	2	6	1	-	-	-	15
Tyranny	1	-	-	-	9	-	-	-	10
Lung	2	-	-	-	6	-	-	-	8
Mosher	3	3	2	3	9	-	3	-	24
Cedric	-	-	-	-	1	-	3	-	4
Astor	-	-	2	-	1	-	-	-	3
Christoph	-	1	1	-	-	-	-	-	2
Dane	-	8	-	-	4	-	-	-	12
Silace	-	3	-	2	-	-	-	-	5
Lorien	1	2	-	-	4	1	-	-	8
Avatar	1	-	-	-	1	-	-	-	2
Nevron	7	2	3	9	6	-	3	3	33
Selka	-	-	-	3	-	-	-	-	3
Cain	-	3	-	9	6	3	-	2	23
Xyphus	-	3	-	-	1	-	-	-	4
Plague	10	10	7	4	9	-	-	-	40
Sirrakhis	-	2	-	2	-	-	1	-	5
Semaj	1	-	2	1	-	2	8	-	14
Tibbar	-	-	3	-	-	-	5	-	8
Tunear	2	-	-	-	-	-	3	-	5
Xenos	-	-	10	4	-	-	-	-	14
Taldak	-	1	5	6	1	-	-	-	13
Bloodmoon	-	-	1	-	-	-	2	-	3
Quinn	-	6	-	2	4	-	-	-	12
Alexzander	-	-	-	1	-	-	-	-	1
Arkainie	-	-	-	-	-	-	13	-	13
Darkbow	-	-	-	-	-	-	7	-	7
Alanon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Tarl	-	-	-	2	-	-	-	-	2
Drakkar	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	-	3
Palladius	-	-	-	-	-	-	5	-	5
Septu	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	-	3
Arak	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	-	4



CULTURAL EVENTS

QUALIFICATIONS V 5-19-90

	<u>Cook</u>	<u>3-D Art</u>	<u>Flat Art</u>	<u>Lit</u>	<u>Poet</u>	<u>W C</u>	<u>S C</u>	<u>F Garb</u>	<u>C Garb</u>	<u>A C</u>	<u>Total</u>
Nevron	13	9.5	-	25	-	7	-	10	11.5	12	88
Selka	15	7.5	10	-	-	-	-	11.5	11	-	55
Aislinn	13	-	-	-	13	-	-	13.5	29.5	-	55.5
Lung	11.75	8.5	8	-	-	10	-	10	10	11	69.25
Erendayle	11.75	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	11.75
Tyranny	10	-	3	12.5	10.5	-	-	7	-	-	43
Gillian	-	13	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
Quinn	-	12.5	-	-	-	-	10.5	-	-	-	23
Cedric	-	11.25	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	11.25
Garath	-	15	10.5	7	11	5	14	-	-	-	62.5
Naft	-	8.5	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8.5
Tibbar	-	-	-	-	15	-	-	7	-	-	22
Xyphus	-	6	5	-	10.5	5	-	-	-	12	29
Landolf	-	13	-	-	-	-	-	-	12.75	-	25.75
Avatar	-	-	21	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	21
Astor	-	-	46.5	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	46.5
Taldak	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
Bloodmoon	-	-	11	-	-	10	-	-	-	-	21
Mosher	-	-	13.5	-	-	-	-	-	14.75	14.5	42.75
Zark	-	-	6	-	11.5	-	-	-	-	-	17.5
Semaj	-	-	3	8	22	-	12	8.5	-	-	53.5
Plague	-	-	-	21.5	25.5	8	-	-	-	-	55
C*Nedra	-	-	-	12	-	-	-	-	-	-	12
Qintahr	-	-	-	25	-	-	-	-	-	-	25
Xenos	-	-	-	12.5	-	-	-	9	-	-	21.5
Kurris	-	-	-	-	-	9	-	-	-	-	9
Zendathamus	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10.5	-	-	10.5
Roslyen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13.5	-	-	13.5
Elequin	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13.5	-	13.5
Kahl	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10.5	-	10.5



QUALIFICATIONS V 5-19-90

COMBINED TOTAL SCORES

Nevron	121	Cedric	4
Plague	95	Drakkar	3
Garath	77.5	Septu	3
Lung	77.25	Christoph	2
Semaj	67.5	Tarl	2
Mosher	65.75	Alanon	1
Selka	58	Alexzander	1
Aislinn	55.5		
Tyranny	53		
Astor	49.5		
Xenos	35.5		
Quinn	35		
Tibbar	30		
Landolf	25.75		
Bloodmoon	24		
Avatar	23		
Cain	23		
Zark	17.5		
Elequin	13.5		
Roslyen	13.5		
Arkainie	13		
C'Nedra	12		
Dane	12		
Erendayle	11.75		
Kahl	10.5		
Zendathamus	10.5		
Taldak	10		
Kurrus	9		
Naft	8.5		
Lorien	8		
Darkbow	7		
Palladius	5		
Silace	5		
Sirrakhis	5		
Tunear	5		
Arak	4		





The Dream, The Game, Life

I wish I would wake to find  
It all a dream, it all left behind  
A dream that terrifies me  
To the point of no return  
A nightmare to my conscience  
With burning anguish to my soul.

But the dream is a game  
A game you can not quit  
It goes on and on for all must fit.

Fit into the game everyone must play  
The game of life it is for you!

It is for you and you must play  
You must see it is the only way

Dying is for the weak  
The weak will not survive  
The game of life, we all will die!

Zark Harlô'

Grackle Snipes, Grackle Snipes  
Coming up fast  
Better watch out  
They'll kick your ass.

Hiding in the brush  
They'll make you shiver  
Then when your near  
They'll split your liver.

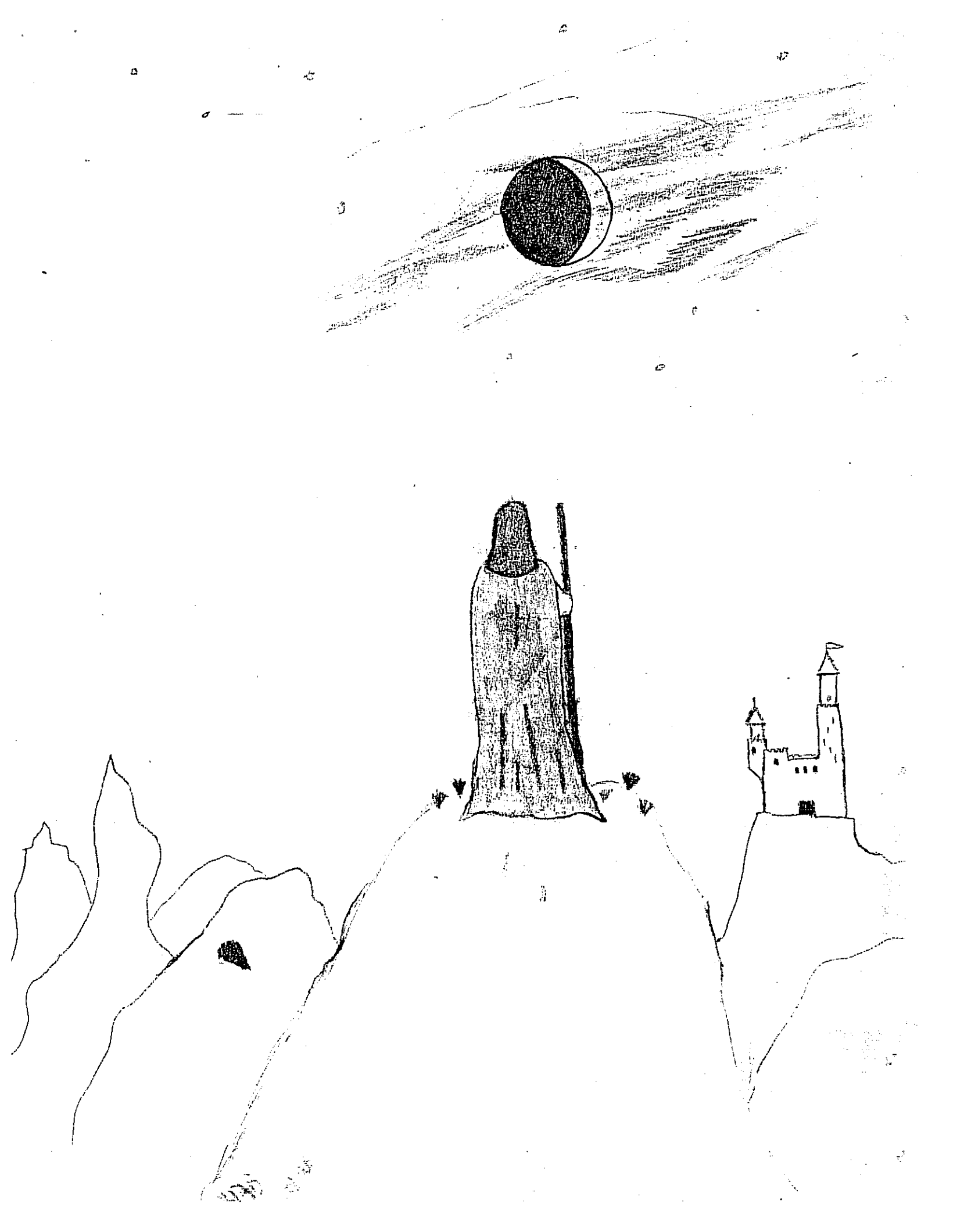
So make note of little birds  
Don't take them for granted  
Because when they grow up  
You'll be 6' under, planted.

Xyphus Nightblade

The Bard

There was a men from Amtguard  
Who claimed he was playing a Bard  
He tooted his flute,  
He plucked his lute,  
And claimed it made him hard.

Cynewolf P lague



## THE PURPLE CRYSTAL

Long ago there lived a young girl by the name of Chasity Brooder. She was a lovely young girl with white-blond hair and bright blue eyes. Her family was not much better off than poor, but their love made them thrive as if they were rich.

Chasity's family lived in a small town called Pantera. The town was beautiful, and the weather was always nice. The most beautiful house in the town was high up on a hill, and it belonged to Chasity's grandmother. The house was enormous, and it was painted baby blue and yellow.

Grandmother was very close to Chasity, but the rest of the family was distant from Grandmother. Grandmother had unique qualities that no one else possessed but Chasity; therefore Chasity and Grandmother had a very special relationship.

During her childhood, Chasity spent every moment she could with her grandmother. They played together every day, and eventually Grandmother began teaching Chasity how to use the special talents which created such a tight bond between them.

Chasity and Grandmother could make things happen with their minds. For instance, just by concentrating Grandmother could make a book float across the room to her and open to a certain page. Sometimes this skill could be very useful, and by the time Chasity was fourteen she had mastered her mind talent. However, she very rarely used it because she was afraid everyone would avoid her if they knew about her secret powers.

When Chasity was seventeen her grandmother died. This was the worst moment of Chasity's life, causing her to be in mourning for several months. When her grief was over she found out that Grandmother had left her the beautiful house on the hill. She left home immediately to go live in Grandmother's house.

The house looked just like it always did except for a little built-up dust. Chasity was filled with memories of her grandmother, and it was extremely difficult for her to be in the house again.

After cleaning the place up a little, Chasity decided she would explore the parts of the house she had never seen before. Most of the places were pretty boring, but there was one little hidden place way up high near the ceiling. There was a ladder connected to a column leading to the small loft.

Chasity climbed up the ladder to find all of Grandmother's writings and drawings along with some other of her personal things. While sitting there Chasity saw a little shelf about four feet away from the edge of the loft. (The shelf was unreachable because of the distance away from the floor and the loft.) It looked like a jewelry box and a few other little containers were on the shelf. As hard as she tried, Chasity could not figure out how to reach the shelf, so she went downstairs to continue exploring the house.

The next place she went was the attic. Nothing in there seemed interesting except for a door that Chasity had no idea where it led to. As she reached towards the handle she heard a number of growls from behind the door. She left it alone and went back to the loft.

The door in the attic stayed on her mind, but she knew she was safe. Whatever was behind the door knew who she was, and it would not bother her as long as she stayed away from it.

Chasity thought and thought about how she could reach the shelf. It seemed hopeless. Finally she realized she could use her special powers to make everything on the shelf come to her. It worked.

All of Grandmother's powders were in one of the boxes, there were a few books in another, and in the jewelry box was Grandmother's jewelry along with some other little things.

Chasity found a beautiful crystal necklace in the jewelry box. The crystal was round, purple, and bound in black leather. It seemed to have a glow, as if it were alive. She put it on, and it fit as if it were made for her.

One of the books she found was full of spells and recipes. Chasity knew Grandmother had powers, but she never knew Grandmother was into witchcraft!

It was getting late so Chasity went downstairs to bed. The next day Chasity got a letter in the mail. The people who took care of Grandmother's will had sent a letter that Grandmother wrote before she died.

The letter told Chasity about the loft, and the shelf, and about the crystal necklace. Grandmother told Chasity to wear the necklace always, and Chasity should begin using her powers more and more often. The letter did not mention the door in the attic.

After a few weeks had gone by, Chasity decided to have a house party. She invited everyone she knew, and she said they could bring a few of their friends along too. Chasity hired a catering service to take care of all the preparations.

There was a great number of people at the party, and Chasity did not even know half of them. Everyone seemed very nice and polite, though.

Later in the evening Chasity noticed a strange man had been following her for quite some time. She went over to talk to him to ease her conscience (calm herself). After about five minutes he ripped off the crystal from her neck and began to run. Chasity had become so good with her powers that she was able to make him stop and float five feet off the ground. She then went over, took the necklace from him, and left him in the air. Ten minutes later came a loud growling sound from the ceiling.

An enormous head came through the ceiling and ate the man in the air. The head looked like Godzilla, and everyone at the party was terrified. Next the whole monster crashed through the ceiling crushing twenty or thirty people, and eating about five.

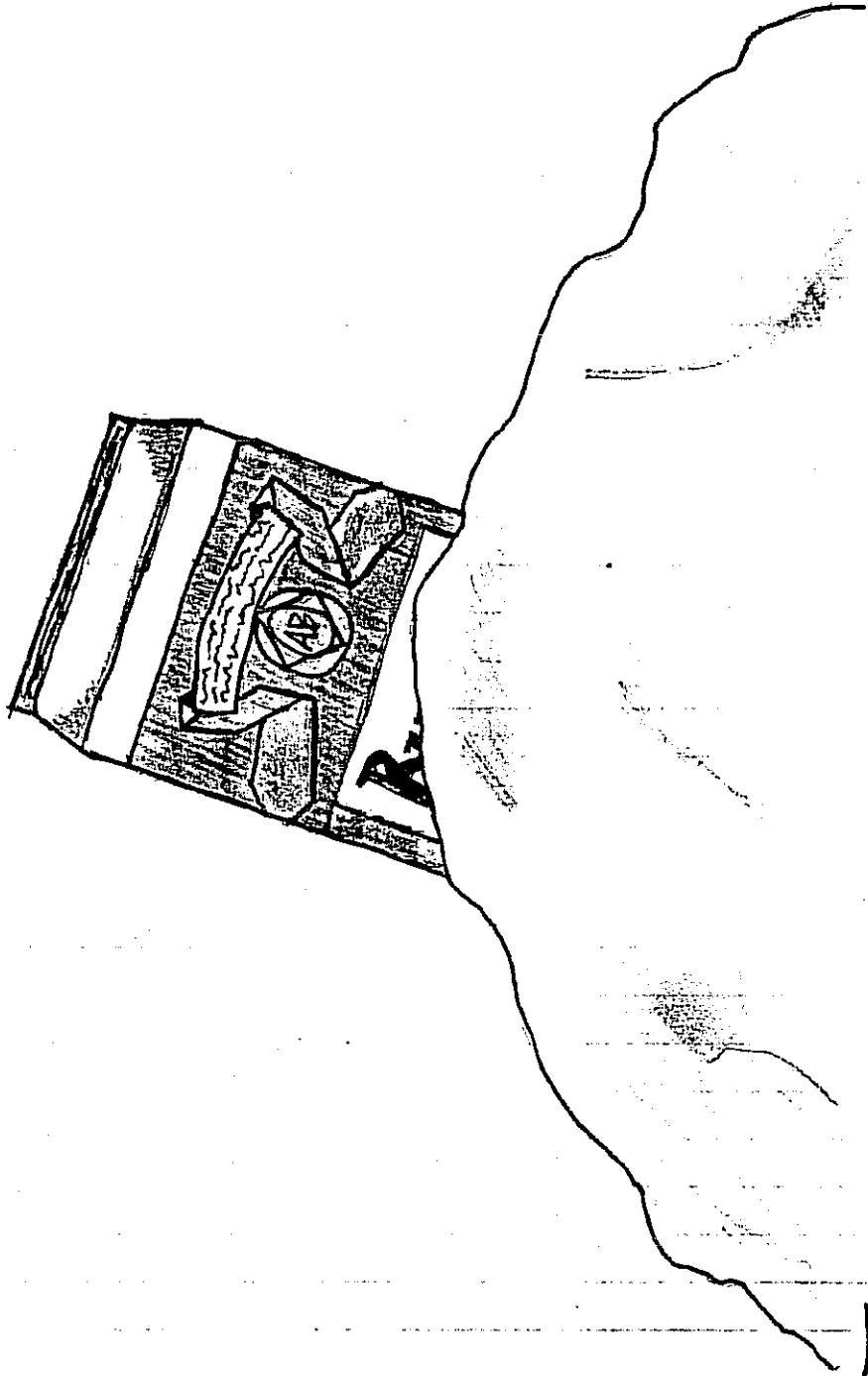
The necklace Chasity had on was glowing more than ever, and it began speaking to her. It told her to throw it in the monster's mouth, or the monster would never go away.

When Chasity looked up, the monster was right in front of her, and she was about to eat her. She ripped off the necklace and threw it in the monster's mouth. He burst into flames which vanished in thirty seconds.



THE END!!!!!!

By,  
Tyranny Bathory



EXCANA-BLEER

WING HADG

## In Search of Darkness

Down in the depths of darkness the dark forces sat, poring over the future plans for Apocalypse. There was however, one tiny problem.

"You know we can't venture further than the gates of Hades. Past the gates, we can't even stand the light of Knight." the highest generals complained.

That was a problem, for they would be blinded by the brightness and not perform as well in battle.

After days; ages even, a voice ended the problem.

"Send forth my six best demons. Send the cleverest and the strongest forth to the world above for the answer," bellowed the deep, thunderous voice of the Master of the dark, dismal demesnes.

Aexhorthall swiftly prepared his tools of mayhem. Insuring the sheen of his weapons, he then flew to his commanders pit.

"I am ready, sir." he told him. He barely concealed the excitement in his voice. A mission from the imperilious Master himself!

"You know the problem. You are to venture to the worlds above for the solution." the commander ordered.

Flying from the pit, he soared upwards to exit his realm. Flying through the darkness, Aexhorthall swept through the gate to exit on Earth's Universe. Pleased to be in the Universe of humans, who were so easy to influence, he made his way to earth as swiftly as possible.

After a year on Earth, Aexhorthall concluded that a country called United States of America was the best place to search.

Reasoning out that Sol was the brightest object humans had to face, who was most advanced? Japanese were, but, besides the fact that they were generally boring, they had no experience facing the star without a protective atmosphere.

Glad to be away from a land where cars and trains were too easy to crush and burn, he blinked into existence in Arizona.

"Some parts of Hell don't even look this bad." he thought.

Sheathing his swords, Aexhorthall glided upwards to glimpse more of his surroundings.

Seeing miles of wasteland all around, Aexhorthall decides. "Why Not?" Sending snow from the atmosphere, He then drifts towards New Mexico.

At about that time, the space shuttle was landing on White Sands. Recognizing that it was a space craft, he rocketed towards it. Ripping through the cockpit, he tore the head off the nearest human.

Back in the pit Aexhorthall presented his shaded helmet to the Master of Nether. Not even being able to fit the puny thing on his head, he ordered the eternal suffering for Aexhorthall.

Skragg materialized in the same Plane, a millenium before, outside a dun colored brick family abode. Shouldering the flimsy oaken door and bar aside as he strode into the kitchen, he first noticed a frantically barking canine. Pinning the family mongrel's jaw closed and to the wall with a knife for the humor was worth more than the pittance of vitality the beast claimed. The memory of the dog suspended by his jaw, whimpering and no longer barking would elicit a chuckle for many ages.

Stretching his awareness, he found a more plentiful, more vital, life force almost immediately above him. A thrust of an open hand through the ceiling was rewarded with the rending of the life's flesh. Tasting the blood sent a wrenching, though not unpleasant, through his limbs. With a snarl, he leapt to the level above, to see two humans, clutching at one another in abject terror.....Humans.

The tastiest blood of all.

With a roar of delight he ripped the man and wife to bloodless gobbets of meat, strewn about the room.

Skragg had quite forgotten what he was about.

It was two days and three villages later that an engorged Skragg was thrown into a deeper pit than was called for.

Doompterra was summoned. Listening to the details, she decided Earth was as good a place as any. She had to collect a debt anyways.

Debt paid off. The Faceless One, as she was known here, began her study.

Tired of pesky humans and their whining, she started a couple of wars and ruin of a tower to confuse some humans who thought they could build it to reach past clouds and into other planes.

Moving to remote islands, she figured it out.

Teleporting home, she told of the reptiles and amphibians she had studied and their protective flaps over their eyes.

Enraged by anyone thinking he would have to alter himself for a mere war with some other plane, he ordered her wings cut, and her brain snapped so she would wander like an idiot till she ceased to exist.

Nullloid heard his instructions, and presented his solution at once. "It's obvious. Rip the Master's eyes out." Nullloid was made to tread in his own vomit for thirteen thousand years, and it is said his eyes graced the Master's ears even longer.

Zapping into a plane unknown to Vhisccioghus, he came upon a small mammal on a large mammal. The larger one seemed to be having a seizure at his presence. Sending an energy blast, the mammals head exploded. The smaller mammal seemed to fall off as the larger fell slowly.

"Chingala Cabron!" yelled the smaller.

Tiny thunderclaps sounded and Vhisccioghus felt his armor penetrated a few times. Striding forward, he seized it's head. Pulling, the top half of it came off. But the mammal still moved! How can it be?

Examining, he found it was a covering, with a hole in the middle for your head! Tossing the puny human aside, it had gone limp anyways, he vanished to appear home again.

Presenting it to the Master, he bowed with a flourish.

"What awful taste!" he screamed! Rendering it to pieces, he ordered Vhisccioghus to be lowered into molten iron one inch every twenty-five years.

Maerdepip flexed his pinions, filling them with the stuff of Void, and sought a different plane than his competitors, one he beleived would hold the answer. Soaring in the arid desert air over barren mountains, the demon espied in the distance a curious thing: A stone spire, of smooth sides, stabbing the length of a gladiator field above the lifeless plain! Atop this granite needle sat a magician of primitive caliber, deep in thought or meditation. Into his face blazed the sun. As the demon soared closer, he saw the shaman's eyes were covered with an oddly shaped band of ebony iron. Rending the protections as easily as the flesh of the shaman, he snatched the band from the corpse's pulped skull, still undamaged. Observing closer, he found the Mage's soul somehow transferred to the cold metal band. Setting the band on his head, he found that he could see clearly, but without the uncomfortable blaze of the sun. Not only was his vision protected but his entirebody felt as if he had entered a cool damp cavern.

The Legions of Hell had the answer, Maerdepip knew. The Greater Demons agreed, and awarded the discoverer his reward, a promotion in rank.

It is said that now and then the Generals (and occasionally, The Master, himself) will walk amongst the planes, and may even occasionally be seen at Amtgard.

Cynewulf Plague and Xenos Perversus