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ECHOES OF THE HILLS

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NEWSLETTERS

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March 2007

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Reign 40 is in its March month and already, much has been done.

Echoes of the Hills is a
continuing newsletter
donated by members of the
kingdom for the benefit of
the kingdom of the Emerald
Hills. Interested in providing
material to this publication?
Let us know!

HEADLINES

AMTGARD'S AND EH'S NEWEST 4 BELT KNIGHT

Sir Logan of the EH received his 4th belt at TKM 3. Now a Flame Knight to boot, Sir Logan is the 12th person in Amtgard to be a 4 belter. Huzzah

Continued on Page 2

2008 BANNERWARS BID AWARDED

With baited breath, the banner wars bid has been awarded. Wanna know who got it? Turn the page and stuff.

Continued on Page 2

BIRTHDAY BASH BETA SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

Imagine a free event celebrating the extended 20th anniversary of this beloved kingdom. That's right, you can make that fantasy a reality this March 28th to the 30th.

Continued on Page 2

TKM 3 DELIVERS

If you went to this years TKM, you probably had a great time. If you missed it, you'll have to wait to see a top ten list. Eventually.

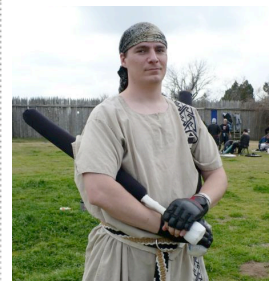
Continued on Page 2



TKM 3 Castle Siege (photo by Sir Ladyhawk)



Kaiser Sir Morgan at TKM 3



Sir Logan - EH 4-Belter

"Unifying citizens of
the EH under one
common banner
since 1988."



TKM 3 Castle Siege (photo by Sir Ladyhawk)



Brigade hosting a Caster's Clinic at KP

AMTGARD'S AND EH'S NEWEST 4 BELT KNIGHT

What could possibly happen that would produce guest appearances of Sir Nevron, Sir Ivar, Sir MHOG, and Sir Ominique at TKM 3? Could it possibly be Sir Logan's 4th belt? Yup. Now a member of the 12 member echelon, Sir Logan is the EH's newest Flame knight and 4-belter. Right on.

BIRTHDAY BASH SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

With no gate fee, you are invited to a potluck feast, 24-hr role play campaign and Saturday midday battle game, lit ditch field, rustic amenities (moon lit trails anyone?) Well here's your chance. Gates open at noon on Friday the 28th of this month. Need directions? Visit <http://www.tanglewoodforest.org> Remember kid's, it's a free event.

OLYMPIAD CULTURAL RESULTS

Congratulations to GoldCrest as Winner of the Olympiad XXI Cultural Tournament.

Congratulations to Terrik as our newest DragonMaster Winner.

Scores can be found here:<http://www.amtgard-eh.com/pm/Olympiad.doc>

2008 BANNERWARS BID AWARDED

Hot off the presses:

"Since I received no bids from anyone in the EH and I received one from outside of the EH I went with the one bid I received.

Sir Megiddo of the Wetlands and Sir Michael, Hammer of God, of the IM will be the autocrats of WBW 2008. I have the utmost confidence in them to run an awesome event.

Congrats to both of them.

Kaiser Sir Morgan Ironwolf"

So get your traveling plans ready, Banner Wars 9 is well under way. Hope to see you there.

TKM 3 DELIVERS

With Olympiad, Warskills, EH's 20th Anniversary Part 1 Celebration, and the EH's own Dragon Master making the event's schedule, attendees had a plethora of choice items to pass the time with friends and family.

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THE ROLE PLAY CORNER

CAERWYNN'S ARRIVAL

by Caerwynn

She stepped off the wagon onto a platform that lead straight to the apothecary. She needed to pick up some supplies before heading back home after cleaning up the schoolhouse. She had just arrived two days before into a shire known as Storm Grove. Days before the arrival, traveling alone on the road with the exception of her two horses and dog for company she was nervous as to how the people would receive her. She was a stranger, and half elf. She remembered the stories of humans, growing up she had heard that the relationships between elves and humans was always somewhat tenuous in manner, especially with sylvan elves. Being raised by her father's family in the village forest known as Shori Eir "that's Wise Ash in human language" she was kept very close to home and was not allowed to talk to strangers she met on the road.

Her grandmother taught her everything she knew of herbs, bushes and trees. She was one of the wise women of the village and a healer. Her grandfather was one of the elders and very stoic in nature he kept his distance from Caerwynn until she was around ten years of age. Then he began telling her stories of her father. Of how bravely he fought in the wars. Her mother was never really mentioned except only in references to time. Caerwynn began to learn her place in the society of the village, eventually she would become teacher to the young and was well regarded for her mannerisms. But somewhere in the back of her head and heart lay the questions.....

Who was her mother? What was her family like? What was all the suspicion she heard of in hushed voices at night about the fire that took her parent's lives? These were things she needed to know and when the time and opportunity came, she said goodbye to her grandparents and the village in search of answers. So here she was, one hundred and fifty miles and nearly a year later, she arrived at Storm Grove. A new shire that has sprung up around a town that her mother's family had come from. She had inherited a cottage that surprisingly after more than forty years with no inhabitants was still in relatively good condition. It was as though it was waiting for her.

She arrived during the fall festival. A celebration of the harvest and the coming of Winter. She had spent a few days cleaning up the cottage and barn for her horses. She had acquired a new companion, a black cat that noticed her existence and decided to take up residence under the front porch. She plowed a place for a winter garden and the night of the festival she met with her new pupils and their families. The night of the festival was perfect. There was an icy chill in the air, the kind that stings your lungs when breathed in. Carrying with it the aroma of cinnamon and roasting meat, sweet bread and simmering berries. There were dances around the bonfire and the melodies of flute and drum could be heard in every corner of the shire. The shop windows were decorated with the colors of green, gold and purple and russet. Scarecrows were set out on display for all to see. Apparently there was a competition to see who could

make the most lively, lifelike and unique scarecrow.

Above, the moon was a silver circle directly in the center. Caerwynn recalled the last time it was so clear. It was the night before she left. She and her grandmother sat outside their home on a log and sipped mead. They were quiet until her grandmother spoke.

She told her in a teary constrained voice that she loved Caerwynn more than anything, and if she ever needed her, all she had to do was look up at the moon and whisper her name. Their souls would meet and talk. Caerwynn made a promise to her grandmother that she would return and she would send word when she could. She couldn't wait to write and tell of the new shire she had found. How different it was from the stories of her grandfather and the others. The cities she had passed through were not so different. When Caerwynn would meet with humans and in conversation, would tell them of her elvish heritage she noticed they regarded her differently. She learned how to deal with it as seeing that each case was different. However these people seemed to have welcomed her with open arms and she was ready to start her journey.

The journey of discovery....

Sincerely, Charlotte " Caerwynn"

THE ROLE PLAY CORNER

THE VISIT

by Caerwynn

Caerwynn places her lantern on the table in front of the fireplace. Blowing it out she hangs the herbs from the meadow on the wall by the fireplace. She walks back to her bed where immediately her eyes close as her head hits the pillow. Darkness. Something is there with her. Caerwynn is roused out of a light sleep when by something, or someone in the room with her. It is her grandmother. She starts to get to her feet to hug her grandmother when she realized that it was in spirit. Her human side had not quite learned the art of spirit detection like that of her elven peers. She didn't understand why she was alarmed. Her grandmother smiled at her in the loving way she always did when she was teaching Caerwynn about the way of things and she knew Caerwynn didn't understand right away.

"My dear, there is nothing to be worried about. I am fine. I am here to tell you something that you need to know about your journey. Your father is not of sylvan blood. We met your grandfather when your father was just a few days old. He doesn't want me telling you this but I feel I must so that you can know the truth. I was of high elf heritage and I met another such as myself. We fell in love and were planning to celebrate this when he was killed in a battle. I met your grandfather when I was in a fit of despair. I had run out on my family and gave birth to your father in a forest not far from Shori Eir.

Your grandfather found me in a small house made of stone. I and my baby were ill. He took us in and later we had

our children. Your father didn't like where we lived, he knew there was something else for him. So as soon as he was able to, he walked out into the world. For years we heard nothing of him. Then one day I got a message from him. A message that contained one hundred letters, written about his adventures and his accomplishments. Some day you will see these letters. Soon after that he brought his new bride. Plump with a baby she was. I wish you could have known them. Your grandfather and uncles had a time getting the others to accept them into Shori Eir. But it was to no avail. Shori Eir was not very accepting of humans then. So they went back to the place you hold now. " A bluish white glow began to form in the heart of her grandmother's figure. " Grandmother! Wait! I don't understand.. " " Shh child, rest now, and know that I love you." The bluish white glow filled the corner of the room where her grandmother once was, then all was dark again except for the glowing embers in the fireplace.

So many questions and yet not knowing where to start, Caerwynn laid her head back on her pillow. Suddenly, small realizations came to her one by one. She was taller than her elven peers, something she always thought was because of her human heritage, but now, not so sure. She was pale compared to them as well. An ivory complexion with dark brown hair, in contrast to the golden tan and copper of the peers. The fact that the other elven mothers always regarded her as though she were someone considered to be arrogant. Something she didn't

understand nor thought she deserved. She definitely saw her father's point on not fitting in. With these and other thoughts she fell into a fitful sleep...

THE ROLE PLAY CORNER

HARPY VS. PEGASUS RIDERS

by Lady Crimson Witch

Harpy Vs. Pegasus/Rider (Taken from one of the Harpies Perspective)

Us, Harpies were minding our own business, content in flying around and guarding the covetous Glyph of Air. The Glyph of Air was our duty to guard and guard it well from evil-doers and heroes alike. Until the fateful day at the Shire of Mourningwood Glen.....

We, Harpies prepared for battle. The leader of the Harpies spotted many fighters from both Shire-folk as well as a few Midnight Sun-ers and somehow they convinced a herd of Pegasus to join in their fight. An aerial battle ensued.....

I was one of the Harpies made second in command of the "Estrogen Brigade". It was my job to get the rest of our Flock ready and prepared to take out every single Pegasus. Our job was not to engage the Rider but the winged-horses themselves. For everyone knows...No Mount equals death to the Rider. Our first engagement was confused and disoriented, we were spread out too thin almost to the point of death to ourselves. The second wave. We became the Harpy Frenzy, carefully picking our targets and rushing upon them one after another. We were excited by this new development and encouraged us to take the fight to them instead of waiting for them to come to us. The leader of our Flock took it upon herself to Charm as many of the stragglers as possible until she had a very long "Chorus Line" of both Rider/Pegasus attackers doing the Can Can in the midst of the clouds. It was a sight to behold.....

Third wave, We, Harpies were still holding our own knocking on the attackers front

door. Screeching, hooting, and hollering that the Pegasus/Riders were afraid of a small Flock of Harpy Women. Unbeknownst to Us, Harpies, We were in for a huge surprise. They all came at Us at once, slaughtering the Flock, one by one We dropped from the sky.....

The Glyph of Air was awarded to the Shire-folk for their job well done.

We, Harpies will be back and We will get our Glyph back.....



Harpy's Stare - Lady Crimson Witch

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Young Assassin in training (Photo of Everek by Lady Crimson Witch)

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FROM:

SUTRA BAHUAS

Midnight Sun
Emerald Hills

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MAIL TO:

Attn EH Member: