

VOL 8 144 1

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the COURT of the EMERALD HILLS

KING ARON THE VAIN

CHAMPION MAXIMILIAN MCDONALD

REGENT KAZ KHARYWYNE BLOODWULFE

REGENT DEFENDER KENDRIK

KING'S GUARD

Captan-Bjorn Bjorn

Mosher

Shadowspawn

Eclipse Darkstar

Cable

REGENT'S GUARD

Astynn

Kahl Methwynne

Myrth

Thorin

Ozzy

Prime Minister Pro Tem

To Be Announced

Scribe

Lothar (BUTTERCUP) McKraken

Jester

Taldak

Executioner

Kurgin

Herald

Kahl Methwynne

GUILDMASTERS

ANTI PALADIN-Gwendon

ASSASSIN---- Lorn

MONK----- Lorn

ARCHER----- Galand

DRUID----- Astynn

BARBARIAN---Plague

GLADIATOR--- Kendrick

HEALER----- Selka

PALADIN----- Alessandra

WARRIOR----- Cain

WIZARD----- Septu

MONSTER----- Nevron

REEVES----- Nevron

SCOUTS----- Tuneat

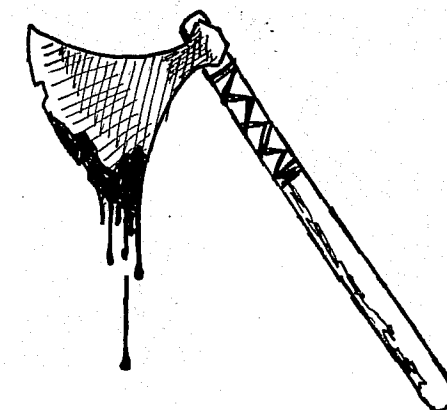
ARTS AND SCIENCES

SMITH----- Raymar

ART----- Antioch

HERALDRY-- Selka

LITERATURE-Xenos



Many apologies for the tardiness of this newsletter. Technical difficulties, holidays, vacations, bitch...bitch..moan...moan...(WAH!)

A WORD FROM THE KING....

Greetings, Salutations, and SHARPEN THE STEEL!

'Tis time the EMERALD HILLS was recognized, so we're off to strike rightful fear into the hearts of our foes and to pillage their lands, horses, women, and any other tradable bounty! Woe be to those who's loyalties oppose us! For in the end shall they all be impaled on our swords, or crushed beneath our fists!

To our allies, let them make their allegiance known, and well sounded. We welcome our new-found brothers in arms and bid them to join in the fray. For if they do not...we shall crush them into the earth for their lack of wisdom...

Let every Kingdom, Barony, Duchy, Shire, and small country hut within forty leagues be warned...We are coming for every bit of wealth, every young maiden, and each and every fermented brew.

We take neither bribes, nor surrender, nor prisoners, (lest they be to our liking!)

To our populace I say, Gather your hordes, and your weapons, and ride with me to glory!

And to Wolf Pack I say... We know you're out there...
AND WE WILL FIND YOU!

- LORD KING ARON, THE VAIN

A WORD FROM THE PRINCE

Unto the populace of the Emerald Hills. I am proud to be a part of the first Corsair-Sarecen reign. Hopefully this unification will help create a sense of unity in our land. No longer should we constantly have differences between companies. We are all loyal subjects of Emerald Hills. We should not only be united in times of war, but during times of peace as well. We are all one kingdom, The Emerald Hills. Long live us all!

I would like to congratulate Duke Lorn Ironwolf and Countess Tyranny Bathory, for surviving their reign and holding together the Kingdom. I think they did a damn fine job. !VEVOT!

As your new Regent I will do my best to up hold all that is best in Amtgard. If any one in the future should have any questions on the Arts and Sciences, or submissions for the News Letter feel free to come to me. If I am not acquainted with it I shall find someone who is.

Finally I would like to thank all of those who voted for Aron and I. Together this reign should be awesome.

Long Live The Emerald Hills!

Yours in Service,

Prince Regent Kharmyne Bloodmulf

Kaz

TOURNAMENT RESULTS

CROWN QUALIFICATIONS: WAR EVENTS

WEAPON SCRAMBLE:

1st place: Mosher
2nd place: Max
3rd place: Infinity

ARM WRESTLING:

1st place: Cain
2nd place: Mosher
3rd place: Nevron

DAGGER TOSS:

1st place: Raymar
2nd place: Aron & Maximilian
3rd place: Cearen

ARCHERY:

1st place: Raymar
2nd place: Cearen & Galand
3rd place: Nevron & Eclipse

FLORENTINE:

1st place: Nevron
2nd place: Hrog
3rd place: Myrth

SINGLE SWORD:

1st place: Hrog
2nd place: Raymar
3rd place: Taklak

SWORD & SHIELD:

1st place: Nevron
2nd place: Hrog
3rd place: Plague

FLAIL & SHIELD:

1st place: Xenos
2nd place: Nevron
3rd place: Taklak

OPEN CLASS:

1st place: Mosher
2nd place: Merth
3rd place: Infinity

DUELING DAGGERS:

1st place: Nevron
2nd place: Xenos
3rd place: Mosher

WIZARD DEAL:

1st place: Xenos/Nevron
2nd place: Max/Marik
3rd place: Thorin/Kaz

3-MAN TEAMS:

1st place:
Cain/Nevron/Shadows spawn
2nd place:
Hrog/Kaz/Myrth
3rd place:
Xenos/Mosher/Tarquin

2-MAN TEAMS:

1st place: Cain/Nevron
2nd place: Mosher/Xenos
3rd place: Hrog/Kaz

THE ANCIENT AND TIME (HA!) ART OF HERALDING

(FOR HERALDS AND THOSE WHO HAVE TO LISTEN TO THEM)

It's a typical day at the park. Everyone is milling around, waiting for a battlegame to start. Soon someone speaks up with those two little words, "Pray Attend!" Odds are, it was me, the Herald. I've been heralding (no, make that "bellowing") for a little over a year now, and I'm going to take a break from it for an indefinite period of time. In the spirit of friendship (and the hope that those who follow don't make the same mistakes I made), I offer the following bits of advice to both herlads-to-be and those who will have to listen to them:

What's it all about?

Heralding is the art of projecting information across vast spaces so that lots of people can hear and understand it (the understand bit is the important part) without completely destroying your voice. Sometimes it involves announcing battlegames, sometimes it involves heralding at court, sometimes you'll be explaining the game to vast numbers of people at a demo. In any case, the object of the game is to get the information out and at the same time, save your throat and lungs from total disintegration.

How does he do it?

The most important part of heralding is projecting your voice. This doesn't mean screaming. Screaming will get your heard, but you'll be talking like a three-year-old by the time the day is over. Projecting involves putting air and support behind your words. This can be tough if you've never done it before. Anyone who has ever sang in choir or has acted on a stage probably has a head start in the projecting biz, because you learn to speak (or sing) in a special way:

(1) E-nun-ci-ate your words. Speak slowly (at least, slower than you usually speak) and clearly. If it helps, sing the words (this is how the hawkers at Scarborough Faire can call out their wares all day without collapsing) on one tone. Support your words with a lot of air from the diaphragm.

(2) What's a diaphragm? Ok. Find your belly button (I won't look.). Put your hand on your stomach just above your belly button. Inhale deeply. That muscle you felt expand is your diaphragm, and without it you wouldn't be able to breathe. Proper heraldic breathing starts here at the diaphragm. You may feel like breathing from your stomach looks bad and gives you an immense gut, but it's the only way. Practice breathing from down there, inhaling and exhaling. When you exhale, speak. Bingo, you're speaking from the diaphragm, and you should be able to project your voice a bit farther now.

(3) Pick a point a few yards away from you. Maybe it's the far end of the hall, or the back of the group of people (I usually pick the middle). Try speaking in a normal tone of voice, but pretend like you're talking to someone at that spot 'way off in the distance. If you feel silly doing this alone, get a friend to go off and stand at that point to which you're speaking. This has the added advantage of letting you know when you're doing it right.

(4) Now comes the tough part, getting something to talk about. Go talk to the Grand Duke, the Noble Duke, the Chancellor, and the Champion. Odds are at least one of them will have need of a herald at any given time. Sometimes someone in the populace just needs to borrow a set of lungs

to make an announcement. This is your time to shine.

(5) You get to start with the time-honored opening line, "Pray attend." Sing it out. Stretch that line out until you see that you're getting people's attention. Usually I say "My lords and ladies, my lords, ladies, and gentles pray attend." This is a mouthful, but if you do it right you'll have just about everyone's attention when you're done. **Don't** scream. I mean that. **Don't** scream.

Speaking Heraldically

Now that you have a grasp of the mechanics, we get to what you're actually going to say. The style you use is pretty much up to you. Some people like talking "forsoothly" and some don't. The important thing is to be consistent. Consistency will get you through more than anything short of bald-faced temerity. Pick a style and run with it.

Heralding at Court

For a herald, Court is the big-time. Odds are that you'll not only be heralding, you'll be performing the task of Chamberlain as well. The Chamberlain's job is to organize court proceedings and keep things under control and running smoothly. For this you'll need a pad of paper and something to write with.

Although no two courts are the same (even under the same Grand Duke), court proceedings run along these lines, so make some divisions on that notepad for the following (in roughly this order):

- Open Court
- Words from Grand Duke (sometimes awards are given here)
- Words from Noble Duke (sometimes awards are given here)
- Words from Chancellor
- Guild Business
- Company Business
- House Business
- Personal Business
- (Anything else)
- Awards from Grand Duke
- Awards from Noble Duke
- Closing words
 - Grand Duke
 - Noble Duke
- Close Court

Sometimes these sections will get juggled around, and sometimes there will be something that doesn't fit into any particular section. Think fast, and if all else fails ask the Grand Duke.

Ten minutes before Court starts (or fifteen or however long you think you'll need to get things organized), call for anyone having Court business to come to you and let you know about it. You'll get people telling you their name and what they want to talk about, or they'll just say "guild business," "house business," and the like. In case someone doesn't know what section their business fits into, ask them to explain it in more detail, then put it into the section you think is appropriate. Anyone who wants business to come out of order (like something setting up a quest or other unusual persona role-playing) needs to get permission from the Grand Duke to interrupt court (make **sure** the Grand Duke knows about it!).

Opening court is pretty easy. Ask the Grand Duke how he wants to do it, then follow his directions to the letter.

Ask the Grand Duke if he wants to speak unto the populace. Then ask the Noble Duke. Then ask the Chancellor. This part almost runs itself. Look attentive.

When you get to the business sections, call up the people in the order you wrote them down. When each section is done, ask if there is any other business in that section. Usually there

isn't, but you can never tell.

Ask the Grand Duke if he has any closing words. Ask the Noble Duke if he has any closing words.

Close court. The standard line is something like "This then closes the (number of court optional) court of Grand Duke (Grand Duke's name goes here) and Noble Duke (put the Noble Duke's name here). Vivat (Grand Duke)! Vivat Barad-Duin!"

That's it. Aside from these guidelines, be flexible.

If you've read all the way through this, you're probably someone who has thought about heralding. This next part is for everyone who doesn't want to herald, but instead has to listen to these bellowing fools.

How To Listen To A Herald

Let's start with the basics. "Pray Attend!" means that someone has an announcement to make. It doesn't mean "let's see who can scream 'Pray Attend' the loudest." I repeat: "Pray Attend" means **listen**, not talk.

Your herald is a hard-working, semi-harassed person, so be kind to him. If he's setting up the parameters of a battlegame, it probably isn't the time to demonstrate how clever you are to your friends. The herald wants the game to get off the ground as smoothly as possible, so listen and save your questions for after he's finished explaining the game. If he has his head on straight, he'll even ask for questions at the end of the explanation.

Heralds do not know everything. Just because he's doing all that bellowing doesn't mean he's in charge. Usually he's just a set of "rented lungs" doing the shouting for someone else. Be kind to your heralds.

Be kind to your heralds. That's about it.

Well, good luck to you prospective heralds out there, and to the rest of you, be kind to your heralds.



BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF FOAM RUBBER...

ENLIGHTMENTS

Everyday I'm asked some sort of Amtgardish question. Some are easily answered with a quick stroll thru the rulebook. Others have enough merit to involve a more thorough investigation. Before I attempted to answer some of these questions, I took the time to consult with various people. Each I felt had the ability to analyze the questions and produce a somewhat neutral answer. Other questions were answered directly from the rulebook.

1. Wizards Bladesharp-vs-Enchanted Weapon: This is almost too simple to list here. yet, due to some people's lack of personal knowledge, plus the fact that some of our wizards don't seem to know enough to inform the recipient of the difference between the two spells, this question has come up more than once. It states on page 35 of the rulebook that "bladesharp turns a blue weapon into a red weapon", or simply put, causes the weapon to do two points of damage to worn armor. This includes barkskin, but not stonesskin.

Under "Magic Clarifications", number 11, it states that "Enchanted weapons of any type destroy the above mentioned spells without killing their victim." Number 17 states, "Weapons and equipment carrying an enchantment are often referred to as enchanted weapons. This should not be confused with the wizard's 4th level spell, "enchant weapon".

Put in lay-man terms, the 4th level spell does no additional damage to worn armor or magical armor. You must first remove any armor before the spells magic will work. Sometimes the two spells can be combined and then armor points will be removed two per shot. It works the same when combined with the Warriors sharpenblade. Some higher level warriors have been known to combine their sharpenblade with a Wizard bladesharp, then stack the Enchant weapon spell atop them both. This combination will remove up to four points of armor and wounding will slay his opponent. Of course the ultimate warrior will be using all of the above plus the Gauntlets of Ogre power, thereby causing 6 points of damage, and wounds will still slay the unfortunate opponent.

2. Lowering the Cost of Daggers: While it doesn't say it out right in the rules that items may not be placed inside throwing weapons for added balance and weight. The practice of stuffing daggers with everything from washers to pennies, to even using lead fishing weights, is not the safest form of weapon construction. Under "Weapon Construction", page 16 of our rulebook, it says, "If your weapon hurts when you are struck, it's not safe."

Some may argue that in the proper hands, all our weapons could cause some form of pain. But the issue here is throwing daggers. It's been learned from past experience, that weapons spiked or stuffed with too many of these items of weight began to hurt when thrown at someone, and it doesn't help when you are struck in the face. I'm sure that even the few totally legal (safe) throwing weapons are weighted in some manner. But, the builders of these weapons have discovered ways to mask the weight or secure it so well, that it's hard to detect without tearing open the weapon. These methods include using fewer weights and securing the weights well enough that a simple shake, rattle-n-roll will still leave the reeve unsure.

Other more legal ways include stuffing the weapon with bits of foam and balls of duct tape. Making the weapon a bit bigger than most, but not oversizing it will also add some of that much needed extra weight. After all, who wants to throw a weapon that is only affective for the first ten feet, and even a stiff breeze can cause the weapon to stray off course.

3. Garb Standards: It pains me when I see a person with as few as six weeks have far superior garb than someone with five times the experience. Even if you have to cut a blanket into a simple tunic or even easier, you could commission someone to do it for you. After you've spent 12 to 24 weeks in Amtgard, you should at least own a few items of garb. It's easier for people to perceive you as your persona, if you at least look a bit like your persona.

There are also garb standards for class portrayals. With the exception of the Warrior class, all other classes require you to wear something that could possibly identify your class to your opponent. This allows for a smoother game. When deciding what class you're going to play, take in account the garb standards or lack of standards before coming out and declaring yourself an Assassin, while wearing a mask of the funny nose and glasses type.

4. Shot Down in Flames: This is something that was revealed to me while in the Burning Lands. It seems there is a way to get around losing your un-enchanted shield to an archer or scout's flame arrow. As long as you're given the time, you can extinguish your burning shield by kneeling down and tapping the face of your shield on the ground five times. But it has to be done quickly, so you probably won't be able to defend yourself while snuffing out the flames. This tactic is useless when struck with a fireball, so don't even try it.

5. Lost and Found: Well, this one is easy enough, although I myself have performed the effect of this spell incorrectly. But after going back over the spell, it was revealed that besides going back to either your base or nirvana (whichever is farthest), you don't need to wander around for any sort of a count. If a healer catches you with one of these spells, you should quickly determine which is farthest, your team's base or nirvana. If your base is further, then all you have to do is return to your base. If nirvana is further, then you must go to it first, then your base. There is nothing in the rules that says you can't run to the needed site (or sites) to get your much needed bearings.

6. The Art of Protections: Once again this is something that is different in the Burning Lands. For awhile it was thought and played here in the Emerald Hills that the various forms of magical protections would stop the first hit, whether it was a wound or a death, magic or weapon.

However, in the lands down under, I was told I could elect to take a wounding hit and get healed, in order to save my protect for that all important death shot. Under the rules, it doesn't say this freedom of choice is available. This is something we need to decide on once and for all.

7. What is a Reasonable Request?: The Bard spell "Charm" is defined as "a short poem (15 to 20 words)." The bard may then "make a single reasonable request of the victim." In a Webster's dictionary the word reasonable is defined as 1.) Fair; moderate; sane. 2.) Rational; having the power of logical thought. 3.) Inexpensively priced.

In Amtgard, the word "reasonable" can sometimes mean "crawling around a tree trunk," or "skipping thru the creeks." I've been charmed by out-of-town bards into thinking I was a rock or worse yet, a cheesecake. None of these examples sound too reasonable, much less fair. I've been instructed by bards that I have to do whatever they tell me for up to a 300 count. Nowhere under the description of the Charm spell does it say the victim has to do what the bard requests more than once. The only example is quite vague, but does suggest that a single request can be demanded. Such as go back to your base, or find the nearest fair maiden and kiss her hand. There is nothing that even suggests a certain number of times may be assigned to the request.

8. If You Could See What I See: The battlefield is full of people who always want to be the best. This is good, for it allows all of us to grow. Yet some people always find an excuse to keep themselves from being beaten. After awhile, these same

people begin to stick out, and their excuses get more and more redundant. These same people are usually the ones who manage to portray some of the more difficult classes on the battlefield. Preying on all of our somewhat lack of knowledge, these people continue to cause mass confusion on the field.

With a few exceptions, there are just too little of the populace that are in the know when it comes to the rules of our game. Most members are content to restrict their knowledge to their own class. Some may even know a bit about their opponent's ability, but only when dealing with situations that pertain to their own class. Sure, people have taken the reeves test, and some have even passed it. We do something in our lands that is rare outside our borders. We test our populace members as they rise in levels. This insures that a person at least knows something of their chosen class besides how many lives and weeks they have.

Some of our populace have always seen the need to play as many of the game classes as possible. Not wanting to stick with one class, they sometimes come out as two classes in one day. It would seem that these members would have an above average knowledge of the different classes. Yet do they really? Sure, they get by with it for a few weeks, but sooner or later something they do is noticed by an informed reeve, and they're told to stop. There should be no argument here. There is more than one place in the rules that states the reeve's word is final. Yet even that is not entirely true.

Under proper procedures a member of the populace can be given a chance to speak to the reeve's guild. The battlefield while others are all around and the game is in motion, is not one of these times. The first step in the right direction is to speak to your guildmaster, who should then seek out the reeve's guild. If you wish a more immediate answer, then seeking out the GM of Reeves could be of help. But, don't keep harping on it if he gives you an undesirable answer. He's the Guildmaster, not rulemaster.

9. Views of the Oponated: Recently, during a battlegame two teams were picked, then sent out to destroy one another. Bases were chosen and the battle for supremacy began. Sometime during the first few minutes of the game, a few members of one of the teams decided they didn't want to be on their team, or maybe they decided they didn't need any others. Anyhow, they decided to become neutrals and wander the trails aimlessly aiding or hindering those they chose to. Only, they were the ones hindered. As people started to complain, soon the reeves were sent out to find these rebels and set them back on the right track.

Meanwhile, in the next battlegame a group of blood-thirsty assassins turned on their teammates and stole their flag from their assigned base. Nobody seemed to complain too much about that, other than the betrayed teammates. Overcoming their feelings, the betrayed team overcame their combining opponents and recaptured the flags. In the same battle, new people had showed up (running on that infamous Amtgard time), and in the wake of all that had happened that day, decided to just walk the trails and take on any who they should meet. Once again the people complained (mostly the team who held both flags). Only this time the reeves didn't seem to bother these new mercenaries, and before long only the mercenaries were left on the field. People who still had lives left felt it was unfair for late people to combine together, so instead of facing this late team of merc's, the game fell apart.

In the Burning Lands, when faced with a horde of mercenaries, the two teams combined forces and ran the merc's off the field. In the rules it states, "switching sides is not allowed, unless it's within the scenario." That's pretty vague. There is nothing in the rules that says mercenaries are not allowed. It does say the reeves are allowed to assign newcomers to a team when a battle game is in progress. Just because you don't like the team you're assigned to, doesn't mean you can just up and switch sides.

If you choose to call yourself a neutral and insist on entering a pre-ordained battlegame, then you must suffer the consequences. Having no team means having no base. That in itself could complicate the whole situation. With no base, you must always return to nirvana when lost. You can't just return to base to get healed or have your equipment mended, and worst of all, where do you call yourself alive once you've died. Do mercenaries have only one life? Not a pretty thought. Answers to this problem are found easy enough, but who likes to wait for a battlegame to end so he/she can get his week's credit. We've been known to play only one or two games at times, and unless your personality is so strong to cause others to lust for more battles, you could be out of luck. This problem we have with "Amtgard Time" has really hindered our playing time. Even when the Crown and Champion are on time, so many members of the populace care little or nothing to even try to get to the park early.

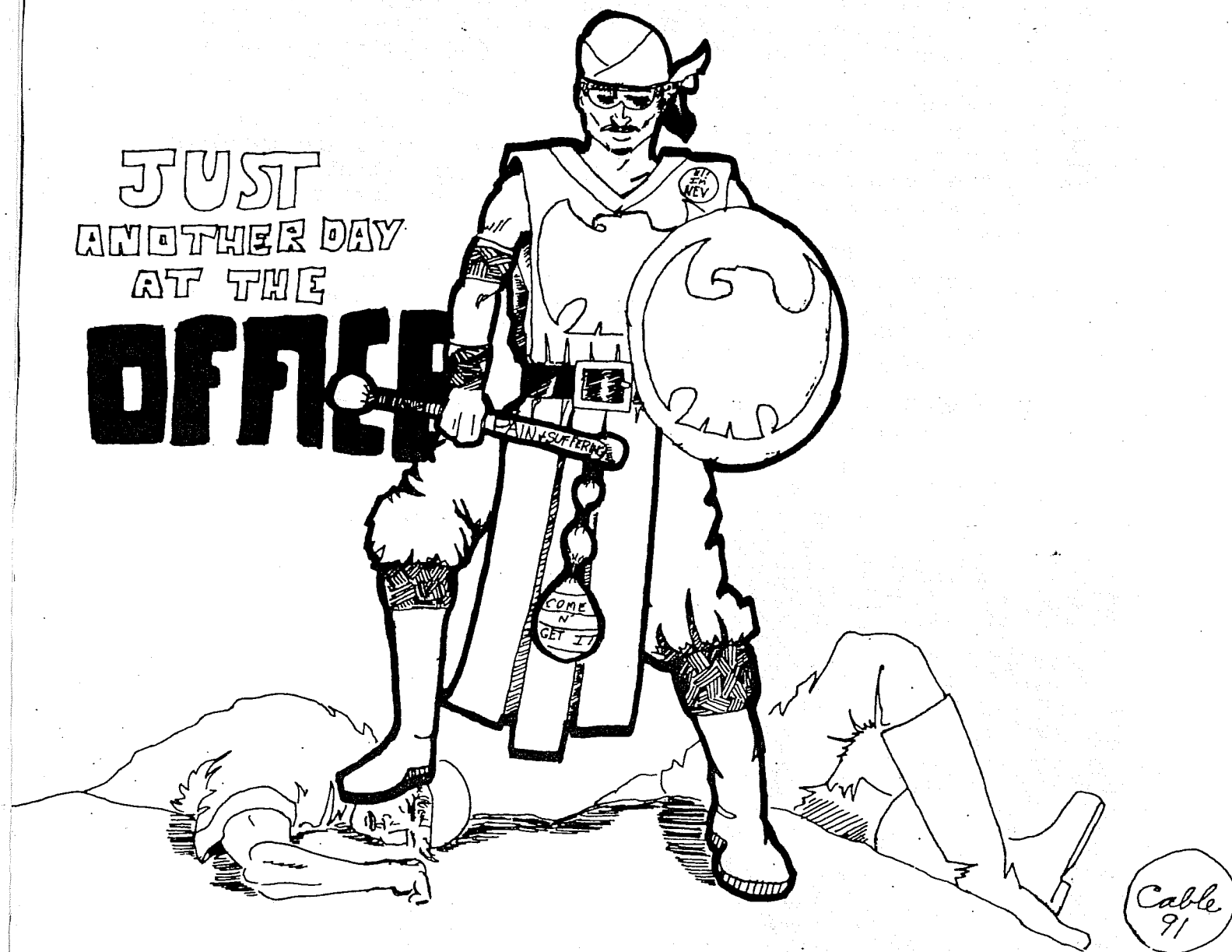
Well, that's about it. It may seem like alot, but in reality it's just the beginning. With every day that passes, more questions are asked. During the next few newsletters I'll try to answer some more questions. Meanwhile, take each battle one at a time, and try to be the most honorable fighter type on the field. It could only cause you to become a better fighter. Sometimes we get so blinded that we forget that this is all a game. A game that allows for changes, great and small. When faced with a new problem, we all must learn to adapt, adjust and overcome. This

allows us to grow and perhaps even learn something. It's hard to believe at times, but Amtgard is a great place to learn about the mundane life, except Amtgard death is just a simple 300 count.

Yours in Service,

Duke Sir Nevron Dreadstar
Guildmaster of Reeves

JUST
ANOTHER DAY
AT THE
OFFICE



ALLTHING

Recently the mundane world collided with Amtgard out at Shadowdale. Police officers have repeatedly appeared, but this was something special.

The Garland police department had deemed it necessary to send two squad cars to the assistance of an old lady facing a mad man with a gun, while five squad cars were sent to Duck Creek for a confrontation with six Amtgardians! Our people, their possessions, and their vehicles were detained, searched, and scrutinized for over an hour.

If anyone had been "carrying" live steel, alcohol, or drugs; all of Emerald Hills would be harassed indefinitely and Shadowdale would have been crushed.

The fact that nothing substantial had been found is both a relief and surprise, as I had seen open alcohol present at Tanglewood the day before. So let me explain something,

Mundanes don't understand us.

Cops don't trust us.

Bible thumpers don't like us and want us disbanded.

We are constantly facing a combination of the three.

It has been announced before, but nobody listened so here it is again. Those people who wish to carry questionable substances into the park will keep it hidden from EVERYONE except those willing to join them in jail.

There are those in Amtgard who cannot and will not be incriminated or even associated with people who are involved in illegal drug/alcohol possession, ESPECIALLY when minors are involved!

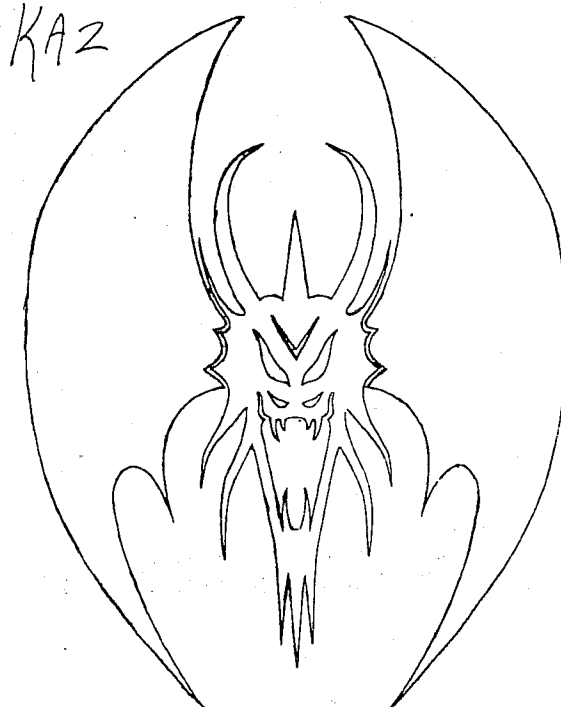
Beyond the concerns of the individual; Amtgard itself, as a whole, cannot and will not be a target of public condemnation and/or police involvement.

So this is it. If I or my officers see alcohol or drugs in the parks of my kingdom, said items will immediately be confiscated, dumped or otherwise completely removed from the site BY ME.

Second offences will result in the offender's removal.

There will be no third offenses.

Please save live steel and spiritous concoctions for appropriately scheduled events.



DUTIES OF THE (CLASS) GUILDMASTER

- 1) The guildmaster must keep records of the people playing in his class and what days they played it on.
- 2) Must keep the members of the guild following the proper rules of his/her class (i.e.- correct garb, weapons, etc.).
- 3) Notify the Monarch and Prime Minister when a person should be considered for promotion to the next level.
- 4) Administer a simple test to make sure that the candidate for the next level up in his/her class knows the rules of the class. A candidate is allowed to take the test as many times as is necessary, but until he/she can pass the test with a score of 80% (eighty per cent) or better they must play at the level they are currently at. The test consists of information specifically pertinent to their guild and general rules of play.
- 5) Help new people learn about the class and the rules.
- 6) Maintain the appearance and integrity of the class.
- 7) Dismissal of the guildmaster is by a 2/3 (two-thirds) majority vote of the active members of his/her guild and the approval of the Monarch and the Prime Minister.
- 8) The guildmaster is elected by members who have played in the class in the previous 6 months.
- 9) Guildmasters are elected by a majority vote every 6 months at Crown Qualifications.
- 10) The guildmaster must be an active member of the class he is elected for.

The guildmaster is responsible for the maintenance, discipline, and application of his/her class. The position is at least as much a job as it is an honor.

NOTEBOOKS

The notebooks are to help the guildmaster in his/her duties. All attendance records are to be kept accurate and up to date. They are taken directly from the Prime Minister's records. The guildmaster has the responsibility to get with the Minister at the end of the week or month and update his records.

Keeping the records up to date is important, otherwise, when a candidate is ready to attempt to advance to the next level of the class, via a test, he/she will have to remain at his/her current level until his/her status can be verified and the test can be given.

If the guildmaster or other guild members have an idea or suggestion regarding their class, it must be written in the notebook so it can be addressed at the next Allthing.

The following format must be used: *

DESCRIPTION: This should be a concise, easily understood explanation of the idea.

JUSTIFICATION: This should be a succinct, logical reasoning of why it is felt the change is beneficial.

IMPLEMENTATION: This should be at least one method by which the idea may be integrated into our system in a fair and balanced fashion.

* The guildmaster may assist, but should encourage and/or require their members to adopt and devise the appropriate format. Not only does this help insure that the guildmaster not be overburdened, but promotes better understanding of game balance and the intricacies of play within the guild.

DUTIES OF THE (CLASS) GUILDMASTERNOTEBOOKS (Cont.)

The notebooks must be brought to the Allthings, and if any information about your class is introduced or addressed at the Allthing, it should be recorded also.

Should the guildmaster lose all or part of the notebook it is their direct responsibility to replace it so that it is complete, intact, and in good condition for reference and use (This includes general appearance). The Prime Minister has a copy of all items originally placed in the book. The scribe will have notes from the Allthings.

The notebooks shall be properly maintained and cared for so that they may be passed on to the next guildmaster in the proud Amptgard tradition.

BELT SASHES

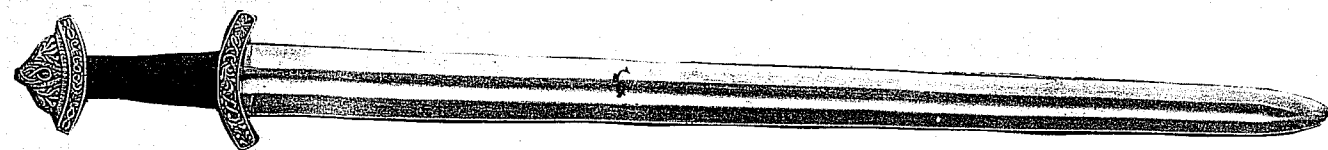
The sashes given to you indicate the honor of your position. They can be worn at any event but take care of them. They are the club's property and are passed on from guildmaster to guildmaster. They cannot take much abuse so treat them well. The next person elected into the position won't appreciate a shoddy looking sash any more than you would. Uphold the dignity and appearance of your office and you will receive the respect and honor you deserve. If you lose a sash or it needs to be repaired, see the Garber Guildmaster.

Remember, care of the sashes, the notebooks and what they contain - the records are not a duty to be quickly forgotten. They are the tools you need to perform your job as a guildmaster.

The notebooks and sashes must be turned in to the Prime Minister at Crown Qualifications so the new names can be added to be presented at the Crown Coronation Feast.

And, once again, the position is not just honor and glory - it is a grave responsibility; perhaps even a sacred trust. You were elected into service by your peers because you have their respect (hopefully) and they have entrusted this work to you and depend upon you to faithfully fulfill your duty.

THANK YOU for your dedication and service!



SUBMITTED FOR YOUR APPROVAL:

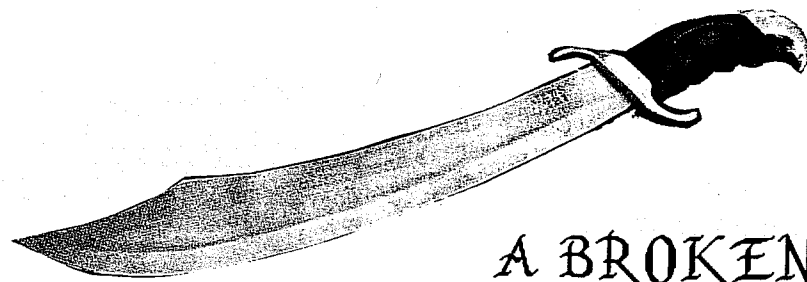
A New Relic To Be Quested on the 5th of Jan.

In BARAD-DUIN

THE HORN RESOUNDING

- I. Usable once per battle-game by warriors, barbarians, healers, and bards.
- II. The HORN RESOUNDING must be sounded thrice in a stationary position at no less than five second intervals.
- III. The first sounding shall halt all dead from returning to Nirvana for a one-hundred count, within a fifty foot radius.
- IV. The second sounding shall resurrect all dead, friend or foe, within the aforementioned fifty foot radius.
- V. The third sounding mends all armor back to full strength. Enchantments such as protects from fire, projectiles, and the like are not restored.





A BROKEN MAN

Freedom! Though it meant his death, at least he'd die free. From behind came the thundering of horses' hooves, and the unmistakable clangor of armor. He stood on the edge of a precipice. A single step would send him hurtling to his demise on the unforgiving rocks below. The horses drew nearer and the jingle of their harnesses could now be heard. A single step. He gathered his legs and leaped...

The air rushing past his ears failed to drown the command, Stop! Much to the young man's dismay, he did. It was as if he had been snatched by a soft fist of air. He felt himself drawn back to the top of the cliff, suspended in the air before two soldiers armored in chain and plate mail, black as soot. Between them rode one garbed in a heavy cloak, also black. The robed one was certainly the cause of his rescue. Only wizards wore cloaks and robes in this heat.

The Queen would have a word with you, came a raspy voice from the folds of the cloak, while the two burly soldiers dismounted. The wizard gestured, and the young man was unceremoniously dumped onto the dirt below. With another gesture, the two guards began systematically beating him.

The journey to the castle was a nightmare of pain and exhaustion. Tied with rope from his wrists to a saddle horn, he had to run to keep from being dragged. Should he trip or stumble, his captors would continue on, hauling his body over ruts and rocks alike.

At night they would continue the torment...

The first night, they gave him a dagger and told him to escape. He hadn't gone half a furlong before a meaty palm slapped on his shoulder, and a rocky fist robbed him of his senses. He hadn't even time to use the knife.

The second night, they tied his hands behind his back, and a cloth sack over his head. Then they beat him with clubs. He staggered from one blinding unseen blow to the next equally hidden smash. They left the hood on overnight, and by morning it was stuck to his face with his own blood.

The third and final night, they tied his right ankle with a short length of rope to a tree. He forced open swollen eyes to dodge the arrows they shot at him. He learned to move when he heard the bow-string thrum, never the less, one pierced his shoulder. Muttering an oath, the larger of the guards freed the arrow with a vicious yank, and stuffed a dirty rag into the hole.

Through all this the wizard cackled.

Early on the third morning they arrived at the castle. A shabby village lay just outside the grim granite walls. Four squat towers stood at each corner of the fortress, made of the same dark stone. Between eight guards and under a heavy porticulis the prisoner was led, leaving bloody footprints across the flagstones. The captive's boots had been taken the night before.

The horses having been tended to by furtive grooms, the wizard led his escort through dank and sparsely lit corridors. The battered men gave no concern to the hideous wall carvings, some of which seemed to move in the flickering torchlight. The scurrying of rats or servants echoed in the branching hallways.

An ornately engraved wooden double door was buttressed by a half-score of fully plated guardsmen. Visors down and blades drawn, they were unmoving. Their swords crossed before the path, their oily glint barring passage. As the magic-user gestured, they raised their swords to their shoulders.

The doors parted to admit them entrance, opening into a cavernous throneroom. Massive ebony pillars supported a ceiling lost to shadow, each with a torch. Two additional torches were set low with respect to the throne, revealing shapely feminine legs, slim hips, and an ample bosom. Her face was wreathed in darkness.

Between the prisoner and the queen stood two poles, an arm's-width apart. From these, huge manacles, set above a man's height.

A sepulchral voice boomed: "Welcome Prince Quorfang, regent to the throne of Riaxanon. Queen Nishaya of the Morgrad Kingdom graciously consents to grant you an audience." The voice fell silent.

"You are the last, my prince, of those dogs I've conquered," spoke the queen, her voice mocking the gloam. "Your kingdom is no more, simply a war ravaged province in my domains. Yes, and prince you

still are, for your father is chained in the kennel with my hunting hounds. We feed him filth and rubbish, and he accepts it eagerly, and begs for more. Your mother is serving the guards' pleasure nightly, but I fear my troops aren't as gentle as they are loyal, and she may not last much longer."

During this speech, the two guards clamped the manacles to his wrists, cruelly tightening them until his bones cracked. He dangled between the two columns, toes inches from the floor. Through the haze of agony he saw the queen rise from her throne and stride gracefully towards him. Her face was one bards wrote long lovesick lyrics about.

"All because of you," she told the prince. "You could have prevented it, but you chose to withhold that which I wanted." Her eyes were two chips of ice framed by loveliness. "You couldn't see, could you?" In her right hand a small stiletto glinted. "Now you won't see anything at all." Her arm slashed, drawing the wicked small blade through hastily closed lids, cutting the eyes beneath. White hot pain lanced from his sockets through his being. He barely comprehended the queen's next statement. "Tell me what I want to know."

The prince summoned the last fragment of his courage. He bit out his tongue, and spat it at the queen. A crimson flood poured from his mouth, down his neck and chest, down his body to splash in a growing puddle of gore. Hanging there, he soon bled to death.

Hanging there, he was pulled back from the painless abyss, to face through badly healed eyes, the queen's lovely visage. The wizard stepped back. Quorfang found his tongue back in his head, but attached

somehow wrong. "You'll not escape me that easily," spoke the queen in dulcet tones. Her hand now held a glowing poker. "Tell me what I want to know." She pressed the glowing metal against his chest. The sizzle of flesh was joined with searing pain. She pressed harder, the poker burning slowly into his flesh. "Tell me..." persisted Nishaya, and boiling oil was poured liberally over him. Again he perished, wailing madly.

Then he was burned with acid, poured down his face, into his mouth, ears, and nose.

A large man with a hammer was next, smashing the joints off his limbs.

Then a spider whose venom killed as painfully as it did slowly...

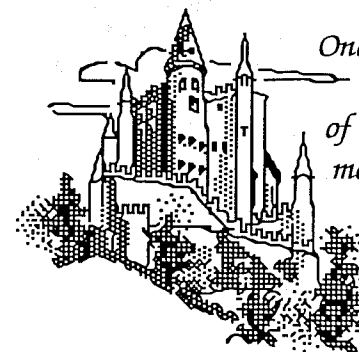
Then rats gnawed an escape from their cage through his stomach...

"Tell me," she would extract, her voice purring under his screams. Again he'd die. Again he'd be revived.

After an eternity, he gave up. His flesh was burned, blisters oozing pus. His tongue lolled listlessly through torn lips and broken teeth. His torso was a mass of wounds and sores, and his arms and legs were twisted in unnatural angles. He forced these words from a throat scarred and bleeding: "Nishaya, I love you." "That's all I wanted to know." She turned away, and Quorfang was finally left to die, this time from starvation and thirst

XENOS PERVERSUS

A Mid-Summer NIGHTMARE



Once upon a time in the country of England, there was a kingdom called Northumbria. Off the shore of this kingdom was the island of Lindesfarne, and on this island was a humble monastery. In this monastery were monks who considered themselves to be men of God. They believed in peace and love, and kept themselves safe from the evils of wine, women, and song. They knew their god was very great and would protect them from any harm. Everyone knew their god was firm, but because God loved his children, he would forgive them of any wrong, as long as they paid in cash...

Over the years many of the kingdom found that they were unable to resist the icky nasty power of Sin, and became too weak to deny their natural urges to pursue pleasure. Every time this happened the people would have to pay their god a special tax. Everyone knew that the monks of Lindesfarne would accept payment in the name of God, and soon the monastery became full of great treasures. Although the monks had no weapons, they knew they would not get robbed because no one would steal from God's house...

JUNE, 793 AD, DAWN:

WITH THE FIRST LIGHT OF MORNING THEY CAME. LONG, BLACK, SHIPS, BLOOD RED SAILS. GLINTS OF STEEL OFF SHORE WERE THE ONLY WARNING AS THE DRAGON SHIPS GLIDED NOISELESSLY TOWARD THEIR MARK. AS THE SINISTER CRAFT STRUCK DIRT, THEY EXPLODED HORDES OF HAIRY, SCREAMING, SAVAGES ONTO THE BEACH AND UP TO THE DOORS OF THE SACRED MONASTERY.

THE GREAT DOORS HAD NEVER BEEN FORTIFIED, THE MONKS WERE UNARMED. THE MONASTERY WAS FAT WITH GOLD AND UTTERLY INDEFENSIBLE. ONLY GOD COULD SAVE HIS CHILDREN. BUT THE VIKINGS HADN'T ALLOWED TIME FOR PRAYER. THEY CRASHED THROUGH THE DOORS AND SET UPON THE HELPLESS INHABITANTS IN A FRENZY.

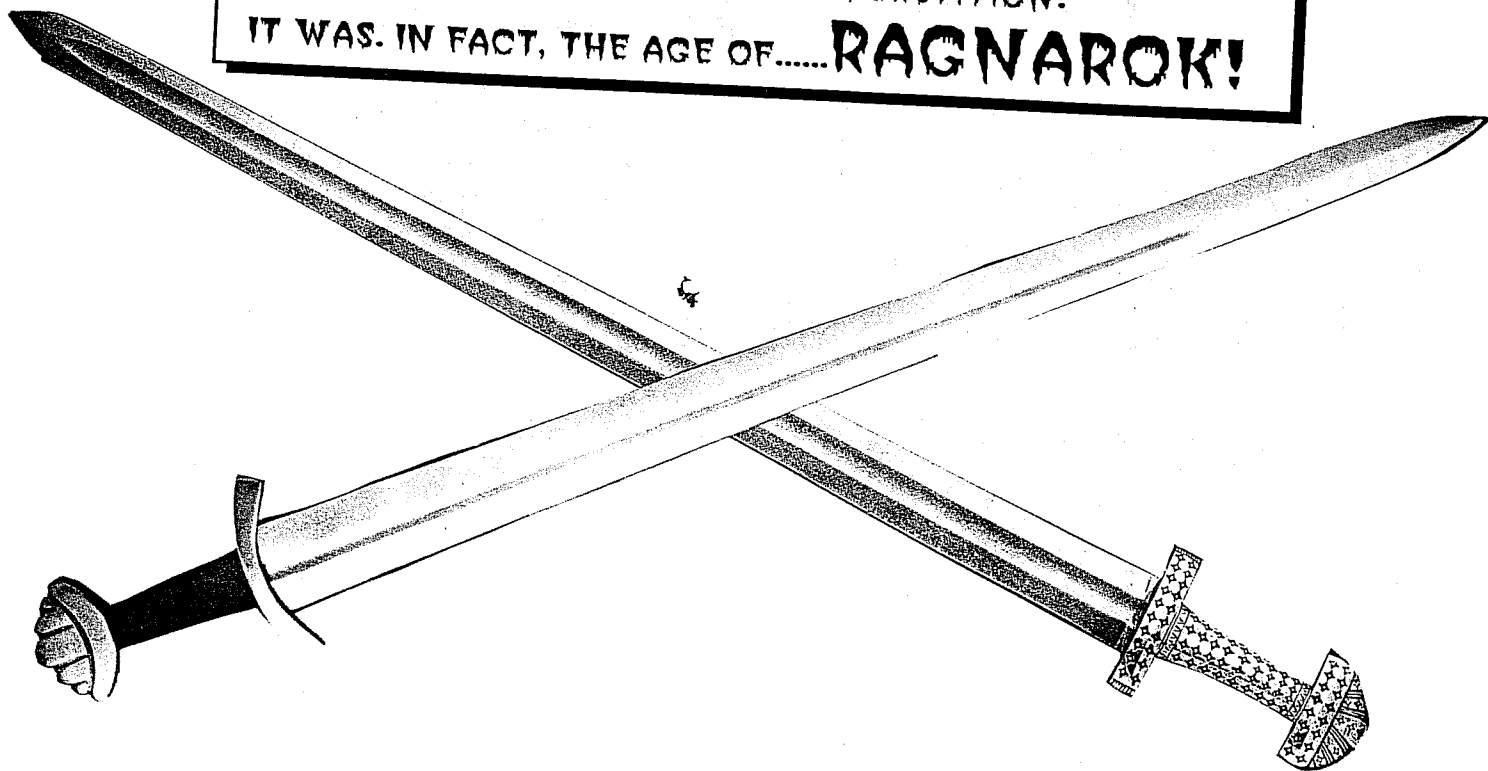
PIOUS MONKS KNELT AND PLEADED FOR THEIR LIVES DESPITE THEIR FAITH IN THE PROMISE OF PARADISE. THEY HAD SPENT THEIR LIVES WAITING TO GO TO HEAVEN, THE NORSEMEN MERELY PUNCHED THEIR TICKET TO RIDE. THE MONKS WERE CUT DOWN WHERE THEY STOOD, OR THROWN FROM THE TOWERS WHERE HID THOSE AWAITING DIVINE INTERVENTION. THE BISHOP ATTEMPTED TO EXORCISE THE INVADERS BUT DIED ON HIS OWN ALTAR AMID HOWLS OF DERISIVE LAUGHTER AS ONE OF THE NORSEMEN, DONNED A CHRISTIAN BISHOP'S GARB AND PERFORMED A SACRIFICE WITH A SCRAMASAX.

LINDESFARNE WAS STRIPPED, SACKED AND BURNED. THE INITIAL SURVIVORS WERE STRIPPED OF ALL GARMENTS, SODOMIZED, AND FORCE MARCHED INTO THE SEA. THEN, AS SOON AS EVERY MONK WAS TORTURED AND KILLED, EVERY VALUABLE THING LOADED ABOARD, AND EVERYTHING ELSE RAPED BEYOND RECOGNITION, THE SHAGGY BARBARIANS SAUNTERED AWAY.

NEWS FLEW LIKE THE WIND. NO THING LIKE THIS HAD EVER HAPPENED BEFORE. SUCH UTTER BRUTALITY! SUCH VIOLENCE! TO SAY NOTHING OF INCONSIDERATE AND DISRESPECTFUL! AND ON HOLY GROUND NO LESS!

BUT IT WOULD HAPPEN AGAIN. THIS DAY HAD BEGUN A BLOODY REIGN OF TERROR THAT WOULD SPAN FOUR CONTINENTS AND LAST THREE CENTURIES. ARMIES OF VETERAN WARRIORS WERE CRUSHED AS EASILY AS THE MONKS. RUMORS SPREAD THAT MIGHTY VIKINGS HAD HERALDED THE APOCALYPSE. OF COURSE THAT WAS AN ANSWER BORNE OF FEAR AND SUPERSTITION.

IT WAS. IN FACT, THE AGE OF.....**RAGNAROK!**



ONE MORNING

In the morning sun I sit and wait
The light envelops me, flooding gates
Animals of all kind answer my call
I am thier master one and all.

From the dawn of time I have been the one
I'll never leave untill I am done
As the sun rises higher and travels the sky
The creatures around me all begin to die.

I sit and I weep, its not what I planned
Speaking to my subjects I'm told it is because of man
What is this being, I don't recall it's name
All my animals live in peace, can't he do the same.

With the setting of the sun the land is empty
All my animals are gone, wiped out completly
This thing called man has done this to me
This thing called man will answer to me.

I gather my energy and all my power
before the night is thru all man will cower
my destruction was total, man never had a chance
I slayed them all then, started to dance.

In my wake fires did break out
Consuming all the lands, nothing could put it out
In the Morning sun I sit and I wait
The animals are all gone, there's none to share my plate.

No deer to watch run, no birds to watch fly
As the tears run down my face...I lay down and die.

Sir Nevron Dreadstar

BROTHERS IN ARMS

Together we stand Brothers In Arms
with chivalry and honor
guiding our swords

we go to war

The battle upon us
our objective is clear
to kill our enemies

LAY ON!

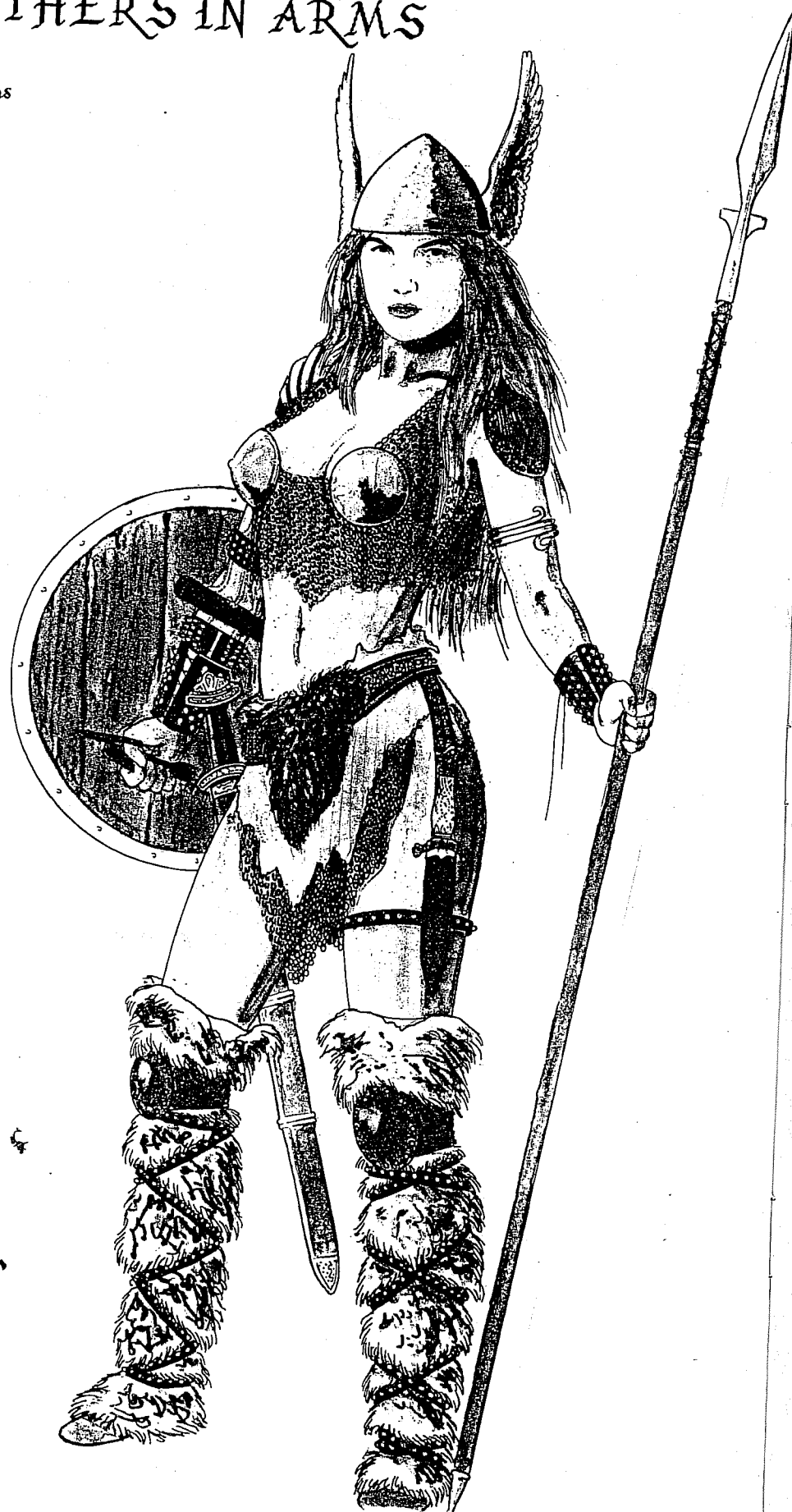
Hacking and slashing
we dismember our apponents
magic users that kill
without a touch
healers with the power of ressurection
breathing life into a once fallen foe
arise sir knight
so that ye may fight again!

Life and Death
Dictated by the swing of a sword
or by the crash of an ax

In a world of Sword and Sorcery
we kill...live...die
shake hands and kill again!

Past-Present-Fantasy
our bond is battle
our land is AMIGARD.

Eclipse Darkstar



THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE

VIOLENCE WITHOUT PAW
PAW WITHOUT ANGER

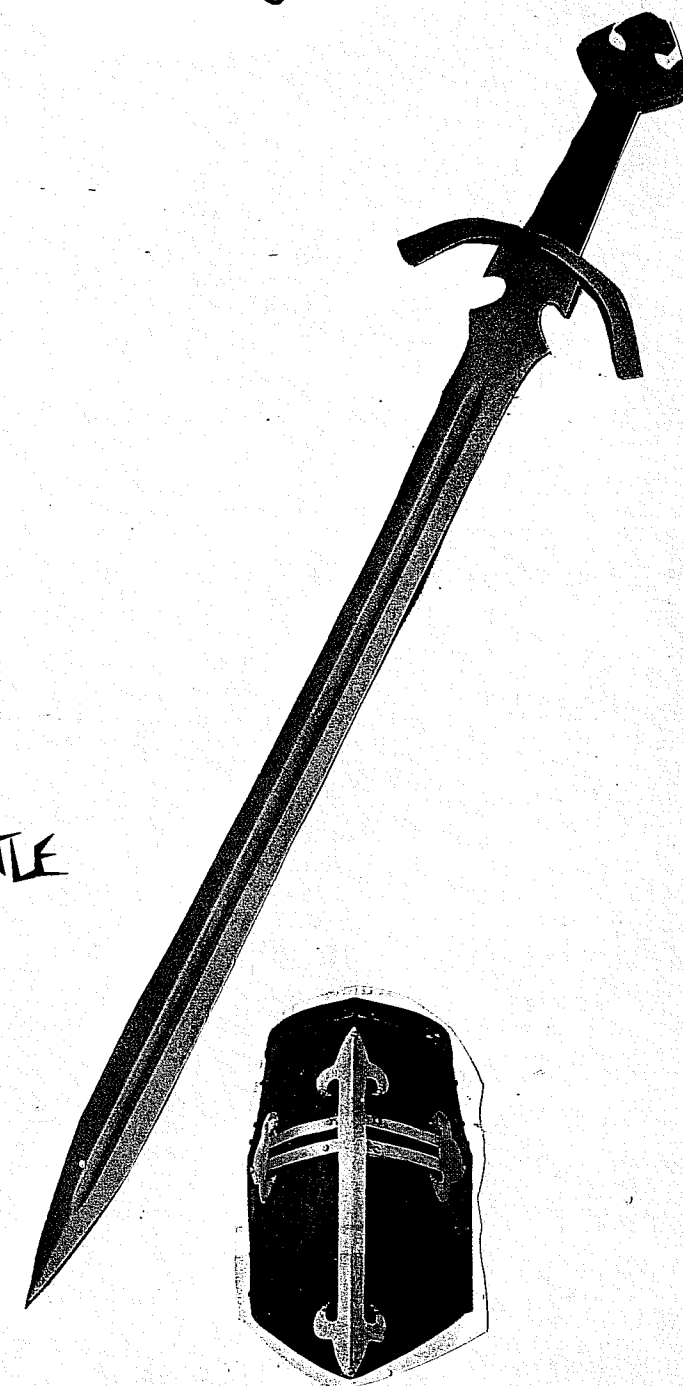
WARRIORS WE ARE
WALK OUT OF YOUR WORLD
WALK INTO OURS

ALL ARE EQUAL
NO ONE HELD DOWN
FLY, EAGLE, FLY

SHEER WTEASTY OF THE BATTLE
ONE FOR ALL
AND ALL FOR ONE

TOGETHER WE STAND
UNTIL ALL ARE GONE
AND WE STAND ALONE

FOR IN THE END..... THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE!



Eclipse

TO AUSTIN (T.F.S.)

Good luck in your venture against the alleged suite of Aramithris. If you are in need of any legal council you are more than welcome to contact me through his noble liege King Aron of The Emerald Hills. We would welcome your word at any time.

Cearean Bladen,
Mayor of Barwicke



DIRECTIONS TO THE RAID!

WE ARE AT WAR WITH BARRAD-DUIN, TORY-MAR,
AND MORGOROCK!
HERE'S HOW TO GET THERE!!!

Take I-35 South through Round Rock
Take hwy 1325(farm road). This turns into IMOPAC.
Continue south on fmr MOPAC all the way across Aus-
tin, past capitol of
Texas Hwy.
Look for hwy 290 and fl (flashing light?) marking.
Go southwest on 290 /fl(?) to Oak Hill.
290/fl split stay on 290 to next light which is Farm to
Ranch 1826.
Go 12 miles to Camp Ben McCullough (on the left).
If you get to the Driftwood Exit you passed it.
Across is a BBQ joint called The Salt Lick.

Word has it, Mathew Le Coray is waiting to kick our butts,
YEAH RIGHT!!!

*BOOGA SAYS HE NEEDS A BANNER TO COVER HIS
SWORDS...*

NOT BLOODY WELL LIKELY, MATE!!!

Happy killing

A detailed black and white map of Central Texas, showing major cities like Austin, San Marcos, and Seguin, along with numerous highways, lakes, and geographical features. The map includes county names like Williamson, Travis, and Comal, and is densely packed with place names and road numbers.