

'Round Midnight

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The Words Of a God

Hello Folks,

To get the inanities out of the way. Thanks to all of you that voted for me.

- **Now to the info.**

What you hold in your hands is essentially the views and plans of the officials of your park. This began as an attempt to inform the populace of our intentions and give the people some idea of where we (the powers that be) would like to go. I have basically achieved this goal. I have also managed to include a few other bits of interests that I hope you enjoy.

- **Now on to my plans.**

First off, this newsletter is not a Duchy newsletter (hence the new name), but is a personal creation I hope to continue publishing even after I am disposed. This is something anyone and everyone in Amtgard my feel free to contribute to regardless of Kingdom, Park, or sanity. Any submissions you care to make please give to me and I'll see what I can do. I am looking for anything and everything: Artwork, stories, poems, jokes, cartoon strips, songs, essays, etc. Be as creative or as mundane as you wish.

- **To the Next Topic: Events.**

I personally would like to see a bit more Duchy involvement in the goings on around kingdom. The Duchy maneuvers scheduled for the 8th of February are along the lines of what I am looking for. If anyone wishes to host a quest, or just put forth the idea for a special battlegame, please contact me or our Champion, Rath. At some point after Spring War (see calendar for dates,) I hope to arrange a Monster Culturals. This will be a competition in all forms of monsterness. Garb, makeup/body-art, stories, write-ups, props, and histories of monsters will all be appreciated. I intend to host this personally and offer to the winners of the various categories cash \$\$\$ prizes. Please let me know if any of you are interested.

Other events I would like to see the populace involved in are the Demonstrations at the Conventions. Dates for these demos are at the end of this newsletter. Please let us know you are interested. The fees are small and it is possible to have a wonderful time. If anyone reading this knows of somewhere else we can hold a demo please share. The more publicity (the good kind) that Amtgard gets the more we all profit.

Also, if you know of any charity programs or 'Good Works' that we could participate in, please share. We need to have an involvement in our communities and actually give something to the world around us.

- **New Topic! (got tired of preaching so now I'm going to B!#ch)**

You people need to start coming out in **Garb**. There are a lot of folks around that make garb and sell it cheap (or relatively so). And get some decent weapons. Stop borrowing Rath's and make your own. This isn't just a game of fighting but a Society. It should involve an element of Role Play. Think about the kind of Character you would like to play. Build a personality for yourself and actually act it out on the field. Live a little. Some of you may have noticed how some of the others play. Sir Taldak will only do certain things when he is playing a certain class, he has designed a Code of conduct for each. Rath plays a lot more like a prick when he is an assassin than as a healer or wizard. Kahl Methwyn brings a definite flare of personality to all of his activities on the field. Be creative people, it can only make things more fun.

That is about enough of my ranting. Any objections or comments can be written down and handed in at the end of class. I might even publish them.

See all of you in the Funny Papers.

Lord Bacchus, Duke of Midnight Sun
baccus@ix.netcom.com

Regent Address

I must begin by extending thanks to everyone who voted for me. It all came down to one vote, so I'm that much more appreciative of your support.

So, what do I intend to do for you as Regent? What a woman does best, of course ~ spend money!. Our last report from Prime Minister Kahl Methwyn put our treasury at over \$200.00, largely due to Your Graceless, Dukey Ewen McFadden hosting and sponsoring everything that could resemble a Midnight Sun event. (Does this qualify him for a Lion? *grin*)

Here are some of the things that I, pending Allthing approval, want to spend your dues money on:

- Implementing Kahl's idea of a system whereby one can either pay in advance for Feast, or let us know for whatever reason that you aren't going to eat Feast (Wendy's anyone?). Folks opting for this would get a little token to turn in at the gate so they'd only get charged for site fees. Incentives to pre-paying might include a lower price, having more of a say in what gets served, or having a special dish made just for you.

- Holding a real Midreign! 'Nuff said.

- Buying stuff to make, or soliciting donations of, newbie gear/garb, and NICE garb to be given as prizes in a "second-wind" canned food tourney in March. (That's when Thanksgiving and Christmas donations to food banks are starting to run out, hence the name "second-wind".)

About this last one. It's easy to hand out Roses and Garbers for these causes. But I work at Hancock Fabrics, so my employee discount can make it more cost-effective for y'all to just give me money to buy stuff. Since I don't want to be accused of selling awards, I've decided on this:

If you had planned to make a donation of fabrics, (Rath might prefer to donate weapons, Sponge might have been thinking rubber bands), and you weren't exactly sure what still needed to be bought (Garber-type people need thread, too!), and you live near a Hancock Fabrics, purchase a gift certificate and donate that. Not only is it clearly a contribution to the garb cause but it shows you took at least a little trouble and time as well as just spending money.

Awards will be given solely at my discretion; I will not be able to tell you right away what kind of award you'll get for donating anything. It will be influenced by what awards you already have, and the "widows' mite" factor if applicable.

I also welcome more ideas and feedback on what I've presented. If you can't find me, call me at (972) 454-4866 (there's an answering machine), email me at kilbia@interactive.line.com, pass a note to Rayel, Martello, or Finn, or see the address in my want ad.

Phoenix Bless
K'tai bin R'al

Kahl's Corner (or should we say closet?)

As you are all aware, I am the current Prime Minister for the Duchy of the Midnight Sun. As such, it is my job to keep track of your credits, awards, and other records. Thus, I thought it only fair to inform you of a few things that I have done to those records.

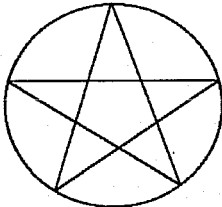
Your credits list has been updated. The list can be found underneath the sign-in sheets on the clipboard every Saturday. The list is updated once every month (usually by the first weekend of that month). So, for those of you asking about your credits, find that clipboard! If, after you see the list, you still have questions about your credits, bring them to me and we will try and find them for you.

For those who feel that the list of their credits is inaccurate, please consider the following:

1. Credits outside of the Midnight Sun are not accounted for unless a Midnight Sun sign-in was presented to me for the event in question.
2. The kingdom Prime Minister has some of the missing credits in his files or on his list.
3. A merging of these lists is planned for sometime in the future to make both lists more accurate.
4. Upsetting a Prime Minister is BAD NEWS!!!
5. Upsetting a 6th level Healer is worse!!!
6. Upsetting both at the same time warrants an immediate and painful death (without possibility of Resurrection, Reanimation, or Reincarnation.)

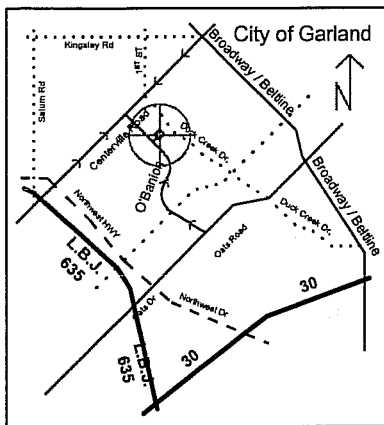
For those people who travel all the time (you know who you are), I am willing to provide you with copies of our sign-in sheet to use for turning in your credits the following weekend. Unfortunately, my telepathic powers are not what they used to be (I am, after all, over 600 years old!!), so you'll have to tell me in advance if you want them. "In advance" means just that. I require at least a one day notice to bring extra copies for distribution. Otherwise, I will have only enough to allow everyone to sign-in for that day.

The only other thing I have to say about the sign-ins deals with legibility. Ask any P.M., and they will tell you that the best way to lose a credit for the day is to sign-in so that your name can't be read. Since I have taken office, I have not had anyone lose a credit for this reason, but it has come close a few times. So, please, if your handwriting is unreadable, have someone sign-in for you. It will make my job easier (God knows I need it to be) and ensure that you get your credits.



Eternally,
Kahl Methwyn

Meanderings of Rath (AKA David Cantor), Champion of the Duchy of the **Midnight Sun**, Kingdom Guildmaster of Smiths.



Officially, **Midnight Sun** meets on Saturdays at 1 (p.m. for the wiseguys among you). Unfortunately, most don't arrive at the park until 3; with the sun setting so early this barely leaves enough time for two battlegames. In order to encourage more people to arrive earlier, I'm offering **FREE FOOD** (on a trial basis) to those who arrive before 1:15, Sign-in, play in at least 2 complete battlegames, and stay long enough to collect it.

Schedule of **FREE FOOD**

February 15th	Spring War (No freebies)
February 22 nd	All you can eat at Cici's w/Drinks
February 28 th	Burgers and Fries (TBA)
March 1st	All you can eat Taco's at my house
March 9 th	Chinese Buffet in Rowlett.

The fine print: 1:15 is determined by the clock on the dashboard of my truck. Beating me to the park when I'm late also counts. Normally trenches and ditches do not count. In badweather, if less than two games are held, playing in what games that are held counts anyway. Void where prohibited. This offer may be canceled at any time. I get to decide if you played in a battlegame or were just standing around.

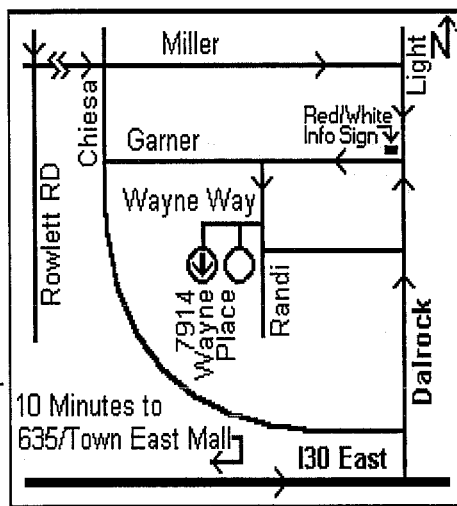
For those of you who can't get there early, I'm offering free soda to everyone who signs in—even as color—and stays at least an hour (I will verbally abuse and rag on any who swipe a soda and don't stay).

If you want to build weapons, shields or garb. I have PVC, 3m77 spray glue, Shield Material, Duck Tape, Carpet Tape, Camp Foam, Fun Noodle, Grip Material, and Miscellaneous Cloth at my home at all times. If you want to make something you can purchase my stuff at cost (or less) or bring your own.

I can be reached at Work: 972-881-8677 (ask for D.B.)

Email: tops@isource.net.

Next newsletter's Meanderings: Assassins are great! How to build weapons with fun noodle.



7914 Wayne Place, Rowlett, TX 75088

Ewen McFadden: A Short Biography

With a snort of startlement, the stag bolted from cover. Young Ewen frowned at his own clumsiness. He had spent the last hour sneaking up on the stag, careful to keep the wind in his face, trying to get that perfect shot. Then he stepped on a twig: SNAP! Off runs the quarry. "Next time I'll bloody watch where I step", he mutters, as he carefully starts after the deer. "Maybe I'll take a longer shot. Surely it can't be that hard."

The Isle of Mull on the west coast of Scotland is the home of Clan McClain of Loch Buie of which the McFaddens are a sub-clan. Castle Duart, on the east side of the isle, is the seat of The McClains. Overlooking Loch Buie on the south is Moy Castle, the Ancestral Home of the McFaddens.

Ewen grew up in Moy castle and while the family raised sheep, as most Highlanders do, Ewen spent most of his youth hunting. He became an expert with the bow and was acclaimed the best archer on the Island. Many of the well travelled claimed he might well be the best in all of Scotland, at least when the target is running. See, Ewen never did stop stepping on those damned twigs, so he had to bag his game from far away, usually while the deer was fleeing.

One day late in his adolescence, he bagged the finest stag ever. A perfect specimen of the species. When he arrived home, there were strangers at the castle. Strangers were seldom seen, especially on Mull, because it was a dangerous ferry ride from the mainland. More importantly, these were Englishmen in fancy red uniforms.

One of the soldiers spied Ewen as he took the carcass to the meat-shed. "What have we here?" He sneered, "A boy killing His Majesty's deer, heh?" He sauntered over rather menacingly. "Don't you know better than to hunt the King's woods, you fool?" He reached out and snatched the carcass - which immediately fell to the ground; it was quite heavy. (Grunt) "I'll be taking that in the name of the crown". He kicked Ewen, who tripped over a log and landed painfully on his keyster, and walked back to a wagon that was parked by the castle.

"Look what I found! We'll eat well tonight!" He laughed at the other soldiers standing around.

Ewen was a bit miffed at this. He had never been insulted in such a manner, and didn't know how to react. While he was pondering what to do, the castle gate opened and his father, The McFadden, walked out. With him was a man of some dignity; by his uniform, the leader of these soldiers. The man mounted a horse that was brought up, yelled an order, saluted The McFadden and rode off at a ground eating, but relaxed pace. The rest of the soldier's scampered to catch up.

<continued from>

"What was that all about?" he asked his father, then remembering the stag, "They stole my stag, the best I've ever got!"

"Son, we've got to talk", And the older man led the way inside.

Since this is a condensed version, in a nutshell: at this time, England had just conquered Scotland. The soldiers were going everywhere to announce the new rules by which Highlanders must live. Of course there were to be new taxes and all of that stuff. More important to Ewen was that because the King of England loved to hunt, and as there seemed to be a shortage of deer in the kingdom (or ones slow enough for the king to hit), no one was permitted to hunt deer without express permission of the king. Something which was not forthcoming to anyone not Gentle-born in England.

Ewen was devastated -- for about a day. Then off to the woods he went and hunted smaller game, squirrels and the like. These tiny, swift targets honed his skills even more. Since the meat brought in by these excursions was minimal, he was forced to other tasks around the castle, but for what time he could, he hunted. It became a game. "I shot from 150 feet yesterday, today I'll try 200."

One day, he took aim at a running squirrel 200 ft away. Leading it just so, he let fly. The arrow never arrived at it's intended target. There was a man running from the other direction, who ran right into the arrow, skewering him in the left thigh. Down he went in a howl. Bursting out of the woods right behind him was a wild boar who looked intent on tussling the guy. Ewen quickly re-loaded and let fly, killing the porker instantly.

Well, this was a surprise. First, the man was a stranger and dressed funny, kind of like a monk, but more for action than meditation. Second, and even stranger, was the pig. Ewen had never seen one. They sure didn't live on Mull. He only surmised it was a pig by descriptions he had heard and read. "Worry about that later. Let's check this guy out."

The man was still conscious and was attempting to do something about the wound. Ewen stopped him and dug out the arrow and dressed it best he could. (Standard first aid is taught to all noble-born.) The man introduced himself as Kintar. He claimed to live on Mull, but Ewen had never seen him before. Each apologized, one for spoiling the shot, the other for wounding, and then they struck up a conversation. They learned that each had a love for the land and for nature, and developed a respect and liking for one another. After a bit Kintar said he had to go home. Ewen looked up and realized that he barely had time to get back for supper. So they parted ways as friends.

Ewen didn't have time to think about Kintar for awhile. The next day a man visited the castle and spoke to the McFadden for a long time. The McClain's son was secretly raising a company to join an army being raised on the mainland to throw the English bastards off scottish soil.

To make a long story short, Ewen went off to war, fought the English for a couple of years, managed to survive, and returned. When he arrived at Moy castle, things had changed. The damn English had invaded and been thrown out, but his father had been killed, and his older brother was the McFadden now. Not only that, but Kintar was at the castle when he arrived. This was a pleasant surprise, "Kintar! How good to see you! What are you doing here?"

Kintar smiled and opened his arms for an embrace. "Your brother asked me to live at the castle and advise him. I couldn't pass up such an honor. And now you're home, so I'll have someone to talk to who likes stuff besides all that military crap."

Over time Ewen and Kintar became close friends. Kintar began to show Ewen some of his abilities. Kintar, it turns out, was a Druid of the old school. He used to live alone with the trees until the war. The English were disturbing the balance of nature, so Kintar offered his services to the McFadden, Ewen's brother.

But good things never last, especially where the English are concerned. The war continued, and Ewen's brother went. Then word came that The McClain was dead, and his only surviving heir was but a baby. Ewen's duty was to step up and be The McClain until either his brother returned, or the child reached the age of majority.

And so Ewen was The McClain, Chief of the Isle of Mull for 14 years, until the young McClain was ready to take the helm. Ewen's brother had never returned, so went back to Moy castle and studied the old ways with Kintar. Many things happened in these years, but that is for another time.

To all of you who are in *Midnight Sun* right now, this song may seem strange. The name of the group is the same, but the names are so different. And the good guys in this song were the bad guys, right?

How time changes things. But in honor of those who made *Midnight Sun* possible today... I sing a song about a time that perhaps *Brenna, Xendra, Lance, Kalden*, and a handful of others remember. The year was roughly 1992, and oh the fun we had....

"Midnight Sun"

(To the tune of "Midnight Sun", originally written by John Wetton & Geoff Downes. Performed by the group "ASIA" on their album "ALPHA")

In a land of *Barwick* air
Xaz's duchy was started there.
Games and bardies till the night
Doc's daggers flying out of sight.

And then *Thanatos*... a tree of a man
He said "How would you like to join our clan?"

Midnight Sun
Holder of light
Quite an odd bunch
Dispensors of *Saracen* punch
[REPEAT CHORUS]

And found by visitors there
Jenn & Clu's music filled the midnight air
Lance & Buddy with spell fire
The monk *Xendra* could talk for hours.

From the shadows, *Gate's* arrows took flight,
The *Shadow Demons* were alive that night !!
[CHORUS X 2]

And once upon a clan
The *Emerald Hills* fought the *Burning Lands*
The *Shadow Demons* formed a blob of death
Made of mages, warriors and the rest,

And as the ameba.. viciously hit
The foes right in their path screamed "*OS*"
[CHORUS X 2]

Goodwyn Clu da Bard, M.S.
@ > -- > -----

February		June	
13,14,15,16,17	Spring War at the Burnett County Fair grounds	6,7,8	Emerald Hills Coronation
28,Mar1,2	Golden Plains Coronation	July	
		17, 18, 19, 20	Clan!!!
March		August	
21,22,23	Emerald Hills Midreign at the Hawkwood Renaissance Fairgrounds	1,2,3	Demo at Stellar Occasion IV
May		29,30,31	Golden Plains Coronation / Harvest War with Pegasus Valley
23, 24, 25	Golden Plains Midreign		
30, 31	June 1 Demo at Project A-kon		

WANTED

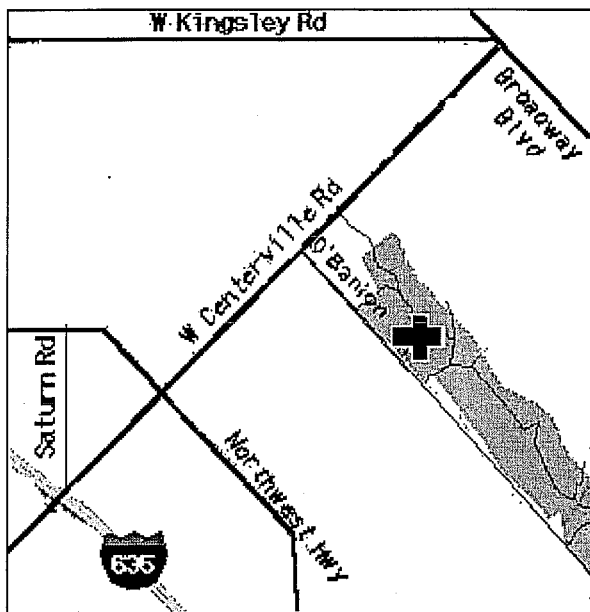
IN AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE A WORTHWHILE CONTRIBUTION TO AMTGARD AND THE INTERNET, REGENT KTAI IS SEEKING THE LYRICS TO EVERY DIRTY SONG EVER SUNG AT AN AMTGARD EVENT FOR THE PURPOSE OF PUTTING THEM ON A WEB PAGE. OTHER SONGS, SUCH AS THE ANTHEMS FOR FIGHTING COMPANIES, ARE WELCOME, BUT BE WARNED THAT PUTTING THEM ON THE WEB IS A PRIME INVITATION TO HAVING YOUR WORK POSSIBLY STOLEN FROM YOU. IF YOU CAN'T FIND KTAI, SEND YOU CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

KTAI BIN R'AL
2200 WATERVIEW PKWY. #25112
RICHARDSON, TX 75080

Sites of Legend or Ill-Repute upon the Great Web of Knowledge

<http://horus.anth.utep.edu/~amtgard/>
<http://www.intex.net/amtgard/EH/index.html>
<http://scf.nmsu.edu/~emer/DS.html>
<http://horus.anth.utep.edu/~amtgard/gp.html>
<http://www.io.com/~ches/wetlands.html>
<http://www.io.com/~ches/ck.html>
<http://www.mv.com/ipusers/young/>
<http://www.intex.net/amtgard/indx-bakup.html>
<http://www.flash.net/~hrast/>
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Acropolis/3731/>
<http://rampages.onramp.net/~squeak/>
<http://pw1.netcom.com/~baccus/index.html>

Home Site of **Amtgard**
Kingdom of the **Emerald Hills**
Kingdom of **Dragon Spine**
Kingdom of **Golden Plains**
Kingdom of **Wetlands**
The **Celestial** Kingdom
Kingdom of **Goldenvale**
Interkingdom **Guild of Scribes**
Company of the **Green Dragons**
Company of the **Saracens**
Sire Squeak's Domain
Lord Baccus' Vineyard



Midnight Sun

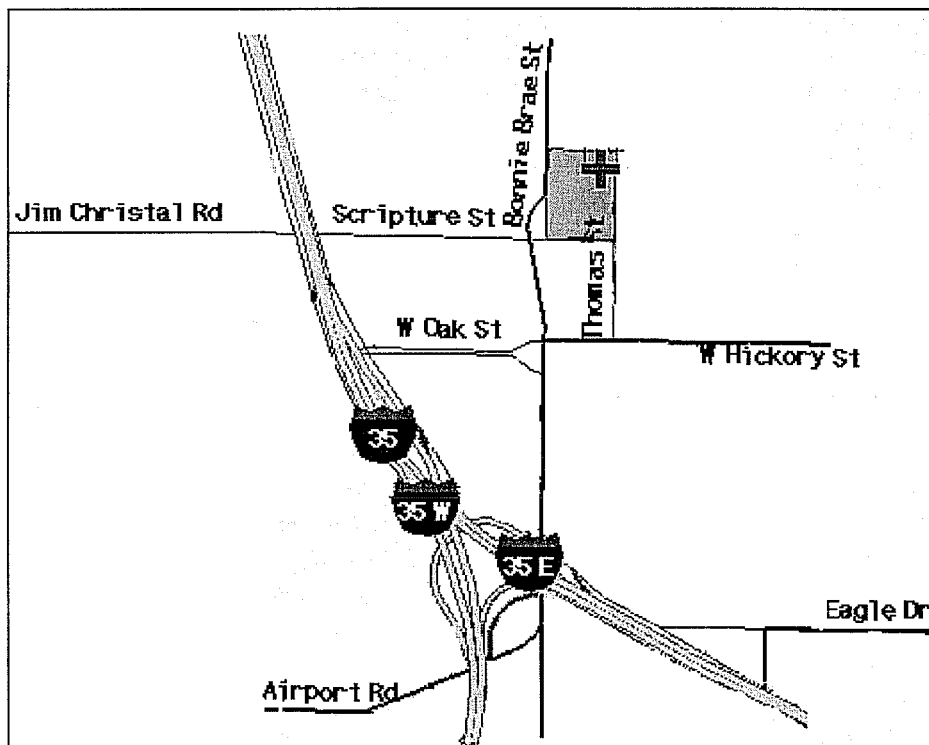
Garland, Tx

Saterdays around 1:30pm
and usually play until
around sunset.

Duke: Lord Bacchus

Regent: K'Tai bin R'al

Prime Minister:
Kahl Methwyn



Eagleshire

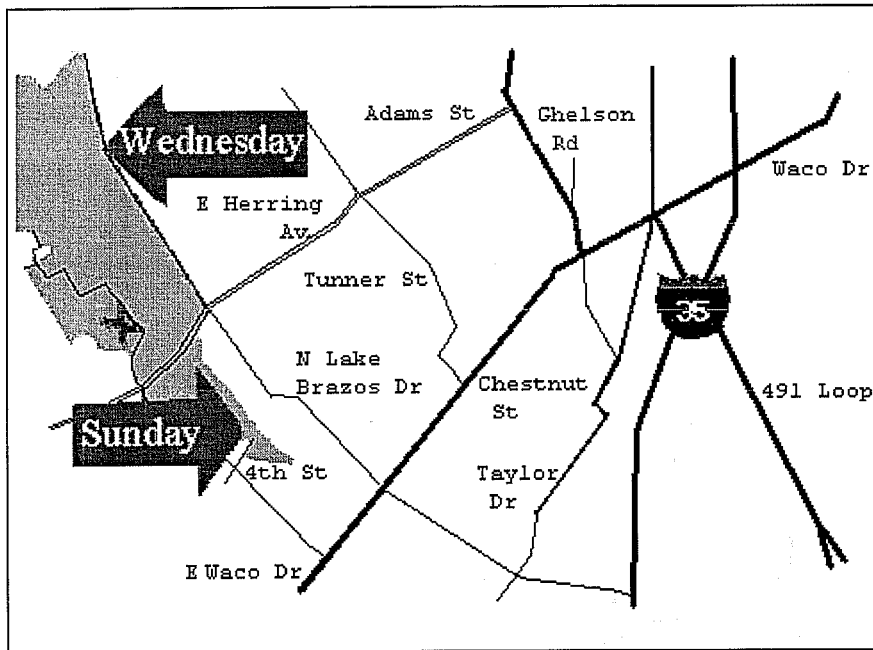
Denton, Tx
(just north of the Dallas
Metroplex)

Sundays around 3pm and
usually plays until dark

Duke: Reyals

Regent: Sir Logan

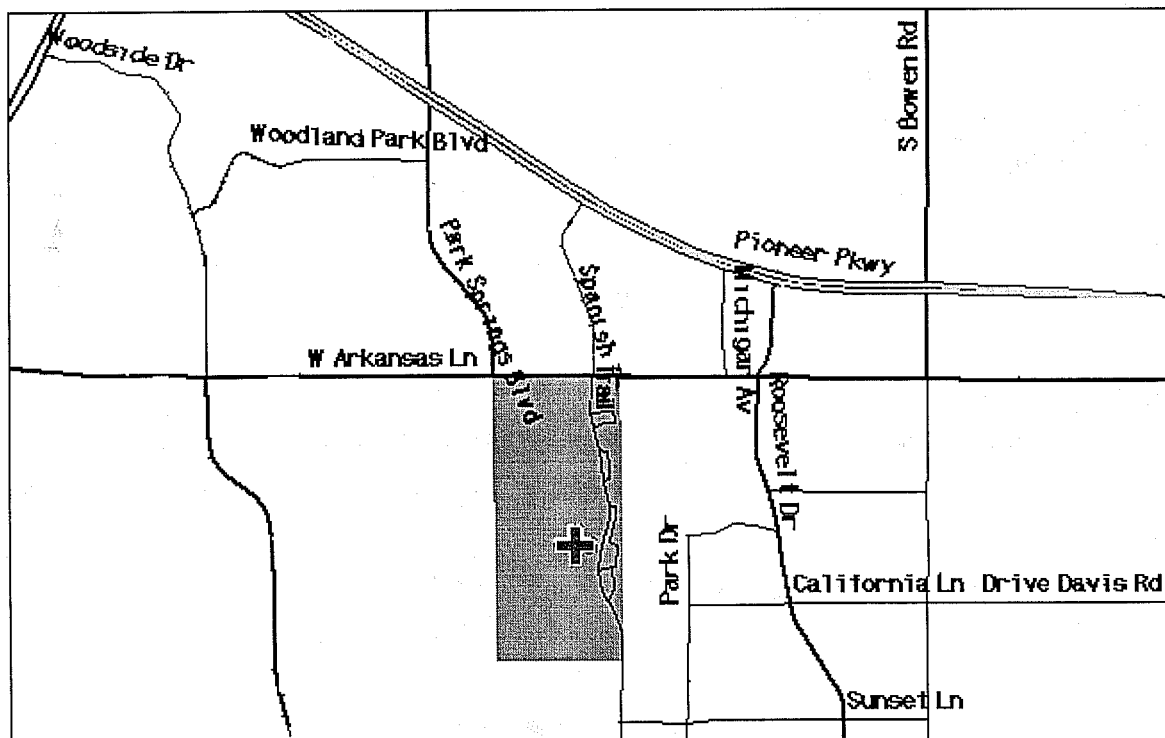
Prime Minister: Nightshade



Principality of the Borderlands Keep

Waco, Tx

Noon on Sundays in Cameron Park off University Parks across from the Cameron Park Zoo and at 6:00 in Cameron Park East off Lake Brazos.

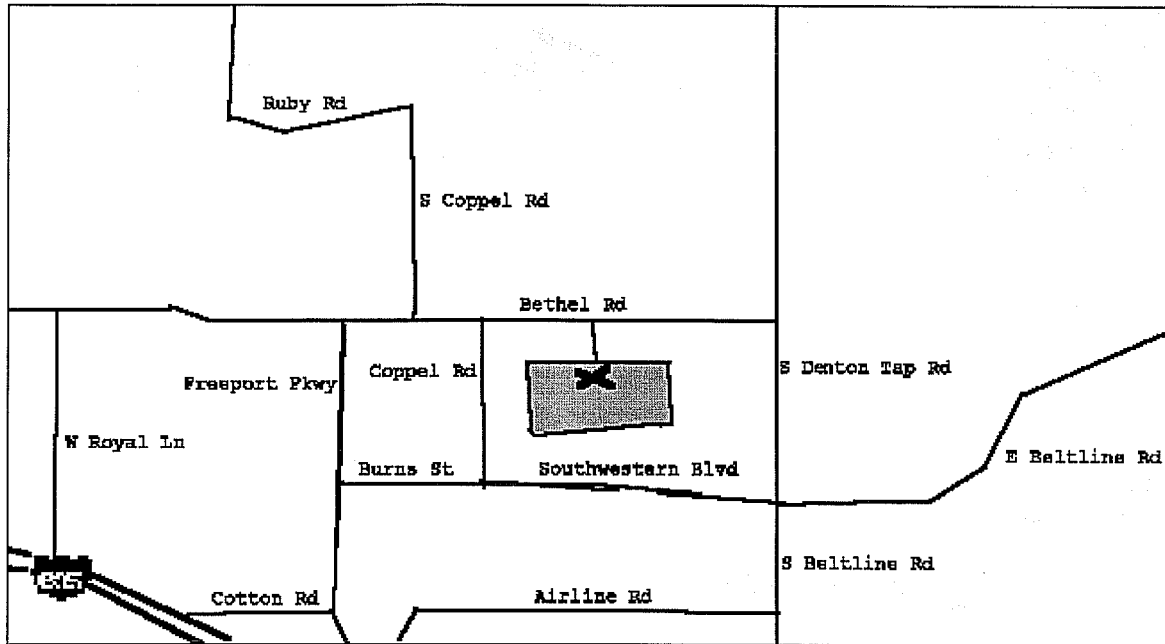


Hawkhaven

Our illustrious park in Arlington will be Back! Yes Folks thats right, they're back by popular demand.... coming January 25 to a location near your (if you live in Arlington) Hawkhaven will be meeting around 2pm on Saturdays... park officials will be elected as populace appears but contributing senior members will be Lars, Rain, Sir Infinity and Squire Feytakin.....

Shire of Shadow Haven

Coppell group meets in Coppell Tx on Fridays around 3pm (after school gets out) and usually play until around dark



Attend

All Ye that be in the Lands of Amtgard

I Wish to partake of thy Knowledge and share it will All that will hear.

Please, I pray, submit to this Most Humble Publication, Anything and Everything that thou might care to.

Any and All submissions will be considered regardless of the Creator.

Again, I Beg of Thee, Help me to make this wonderful Text truly Wonderful.

In thy most humble service,

Lord Bacchus,

Duke of Midnight Sun, Kingdom of the Emerald Hills.

Contact at: baccus@ix.netcom.com
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