

Barony of the Golden Plains

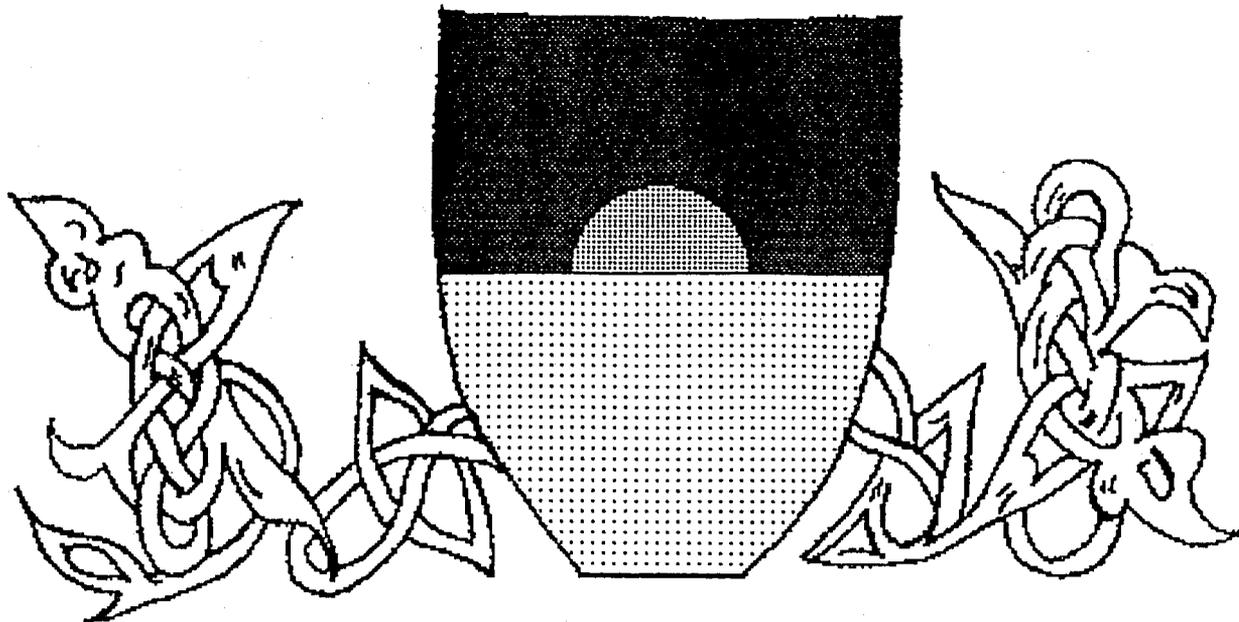
THE HERALD'S CRY

VOL. I, # 1



Joe BANE '89'

MAY 1989



COURT OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS
Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt
Vizier Pro Tem Flynn Telemon
Champion Hanson Foebane

HONOR GUARD

Little John Korbit
Flynn Telemon

COURT POSITIONS

Scribe Flynn Telemon

GUILDMASTERS

Mentors given in parenthesis if no Guildmasters elected.

CLASSES

Anti-Paladin: None
Archer: None
Assassin: (Sicarius)
Barbarian: None
Bard: None
Druids: (Nakita)
Healers: (QWFWQ, Greywalker)
Monks: (Foebane, Telemon)
Paladins: None
Scouts: (Reinholt)
Warriors: (Desari, Demon-Ax)
Wizards: None

ARTS & SCIENCES

Garbers: None
Gladiators: Hanson Foebane
Harpers: None
Heraldry: None
Reeves: None
Theatre: None
Weaponsmith: None

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by Hanson Foebane



Foebane
89

Unto the Populace of the Golden Plains, I Send Greetings

My reign is as young as the Golden Plains itself. We have established a barony in the middle of this rough terrain, the Barony of the Golden Plains. We were visited by our mother kingdom, the Emerald Hills, who were very much beyond a shadow of a doubt impressed. I hope we hear more from them and Barad-Duin.

A new challenge has come our way. I expect Amtgard to grow over the summer. This will keep our gladiators and class mentors busy. At the same time, this means the Court as well as myself may not remember your name, but bear with us. If you know friends (especially ladies) that would be interested please bring them. There's room for all. Amtgard is not all fighting; it is art, garb, crafts, entertaining and attitude.

There are several projects in the works. We're planning a Quest and an Event soon. Pray attend!

Yours In Service,

Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt

Unto the populace of the Golden Plains
Greetings from Flynn Telemon, Vizier Pro Tem

Last month marked our first Allthing as a Barony, and it was an ecstatic time for us. We had a good number of people turn out, including two new members. Greybark, newly appointed herald, called our court to order. The Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt wasted no time in bestowing the first two orders of our realm and of his reign. Champion Hanson Foebane received the Order of the Warrior, 1st Level (Snake), for his fighting prowess, while I received the Order of the Lion for service and loyalty. Baron Reinholt welcomed the new members and announced our new member policy and the Sash System of class garb, which we hope will be adopted by the Emerald Hills in their new revision/update of Amtgard rules, the work for which is now in progress, we understand. Vizier Greybark announced the Gladiator's tourney, a pun tourney, a Quest (yeah!), and the Barony fund tourney, and suggestions for prizes are requested of the populace. I proposed the concept of the Mediator's Guild, and I'd welcome any suggestions. Greybark announced a new company he was planning called the White Hand. Then we ended court and the battling began. The day was glorious!

I'd also like to welcome the populace to the premier issue of the Herald's Cry, the newsletter of our Barony. Inside you'll find all manner of interesting things, from a record of class credits through new rules (the Sash System) to literary submissions (Legend Lore) and of course our Champion's outstanding artwork. An article from the Emerald Hills newsletter Echoes From The Hills about our Coronation is included to show what our motherland thinks of us. Any submissions and suggestions for the Herald's Cry are appreciated and invited.

Since our Allthing, a lot has happened that bears mentioning. The Gladiator tourney was held, and we now have our first Guildmaster. The Guildmaster of Gladiators is our Champion Hanson Foebane, and his Gladiators are QWFWQ, healer, and Desari, warrior. Vivat Gladiators!

On the darker side, Greybark, our Vizier, was rumored to have been captured. During his absence, the evil removed from him at birth in his homeland, the Taliminari forest, and had coalesced into a dark elven form known as Shandar Shadowwalker arrived in our land. Within a week, the two "brothers" battled, and in combat they touched and fused into a whole being, Greywalker. When Greybark was first rumored missing (feared dead), the Scribe (that's me) was appointed Vizier Pro Tem. We are glad to have Greywalker among us, as well as the new members we are slowly gaining. Vivat Golden Plains and Vivat Amtgard!

Flynn Telemon, Scribe/Honor Guard/
Vizier Pro Tem of the Golden Plains

Unto the populace of the Emerald Hills
Greetings from Lady Selka, Scribe

On our most recent trek afar, we attended the Coronation of The Baron of the new Barony of the Emerald Hills, the Golden Plains, in Amarillo. Now, the turnout was slight, this being attributed to the dread test of future life (the college SAT) but this did not put a damper on the battle or the party. We spent most of the day on Saturday fighting for our lives in the heat and flame of the Golden Plains desert, but am I complaining? No! After the major battles were over, we soaked our heads in the river, then proceeded to the home of the Vizier Greybark, where we proceeded with the Coronation of Boldwen Reinholt as Baron of the Golden Plains. Baron Reinholt recognized Greybark as the Vizier and Flynn Telemon as the Court Scribe. Afterwards, he named his honor guard as Flynn Telemon and Little John, an admirable choice. In a report from the Vizier, we find out that there is no money in the Barony treasury (surely they are a child of the Emerald Hills), but not to worry, hopefully they can only go up from there.

King Landolf took care of some personal business by making Alexander, the Guildmaster of Healers, his squire. At that time, court was called to an end and the revel began. We drank, we sparred, I cleaned, we left. The following day, Sunday, we gathered in a field and fought the dread zombie, Sir Nevron Dreadstar, the Undead One, though many made the change from human form to rotting zombie flesh, few made the change back. Immediately after the battle our troupe bought passage aboard the back of a flying dragon and oh, what a trip home, but never could it equal the trip up there. We all wish to thank the populace of the Golden Plains for their hospitality and the entertainment they provided us with. We hope to return the favor some day.



Squire Lady Selka Shadowcat
Scribe of the Emerald Hills

Greetings Golden Plains:

You may have noticed a change in one of your companions, a healer by the name of Greybark. It seemed to most that he reverted his position on all matters of moral, ethical, and honorable values. However, it is untrue. Rumor has it that when elves of the Taliminari forest are born, the evil essence in all of them is stricken from them and set loose upon the world. Many of these essences take on a form exactly like their "siblings" and are evil to the core. Greybark was abducted by his evil side, Shandar Shadowwalker. Shandar took his place. But even though bound in chains and unfed, Greybark escaped from his captor to hunt him down and do battle. The battle was furious but when the two touched, the enchantment keeping them separate was broken and they merged into one being; me, Greywalker. As a mixture of both good and evil I am neutral, honorable when it counts but my survival is first. Be it also known that I still retain the memories of both halves and the experience therein. I would be honored to be accepted in the realm of the Golden Plains to make my mark on all of Amtgard. Vivat Golden Plains! Vivat Amtgard!

Greywalker,

Dweller of the Mist

RECORDS

NOTE: Six months of inactivity removes you from this list.

NAME	CREDITS	DUES
Sicarius Ceacus	As 10, Wr 1	9-89
"Robert Chase"	Wr 2	
Calthar Demon-Ax	Wr 15	5-89
Desari	Wr 3	5-89
Drago	Wr 8	
Hanson Foebane	Mk 9, Wr 2	9-89
"Mike Funk"	Wr 1	
Greywalker	He 13, Wr 3	10-89
Iorra	Wr 3	
Little John Korbit	Wr 3	
Magnumus	Bb 2, Wr 1	
Nakita	Dr 4	5-89
"Jeff Patterson"	Wr 1	
QWFWQ	Bd 1, He 4, Wr 2	10-89
Boldwen Reinholt	R(F) 1, R(T) 3, Sc 31, Wr 14	(Exempt)
Flynn Telemon	Mk 11	9-89

BOOK OF THE DEAD

Dead

Greybark
Shandar Shadowwalker

Missing In Action (MIA)

"Robert Chase"
Calthar Demon-Ax
Drago
"Mike Funk"
Iorra
Little John Korbit
Magmamus



F.B.

GLORIOUS EVENT CALENDAR

Apr 30, 1989 -Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
May 7 -Pun Tourney
May 21 -Quest
June 4 -Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
June 10-11 -Foreign Event: GATHERING OF THE CLANS
June 25 -Vizier Elections
July 2 -Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
Aug 6 -Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
Aug 13 -Guildmaster Elections
Aug 20 -Crown Qualifications
Guildmaster Elections
Aug 27 -Crown Tournament
Sept 3 -CORONATION OF THE BARONY OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS
Sept 17 -Weaponmaster Tournament
Oct 1 -Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains

NOTICE:

Sometime in June during Games Plus's GAMECON, we will hold a demonstration or two. Volunteers welcome.

Sometime in July, the Baron would like to sponsor an event and especially invite Barad-Duin to attend. Ideas and assistance welcome.

NEW RULES: THE SASH SYSTEM OF CLASS GARB

The Plainsmen that visited the Emerald Hills for our motherland's first anniversary noted the extreme difficulty of determining another's class on the battlefield, since other lands had started using variant rules (such as Barad-Duin) or had dropped class garb altogether. To combat this problem, the populace of the Barony of the Golden Plains voted to create a new system of class garb. This new system, the Sash System, is primarily based on the color of sash worn around the persona's waist. We stayed with the traditional rules as close as possible, and the resulting system has been instigated in the Golden Plains. Below, the garb requirements are identified by class, with asterisks marking changes:

- Anti-Paladin - Black Phoenix device
- *Archer - Orange Sash; Bow
- Assassin - Mask over mouth and nose;
Headbands after 1st Level (as per Rules)
- *Barbarian - Light Tan Sash; Furs encouraged
- *Bard - Light Blue Sash; Musical Instrument
- *Druid - Dark Brown Sash
- Healer - Red Sash; Holy devices encouraged
- Monk - Gray Sash at 1st Level
Black Sash at 2nd Level and up
- Paladin - White Phoenix device
- Scout - Green Sash
- *Warrior - Dark Blue Sash
- Wizard - Yellow Sash; Magical devices encouraged

New members will play Warrior as part of the Barony's militia for two weeks to get a feel for combat and the classes. At the end of two weeks, each member will be introduced to the populace by their persona name, and will announce a class. The persona will either be recognized by the Guildmaster of that class or, should there be no Guildmaster for that class or should he/she be away, receive a mentor to teach the finer points of playing that class. New members then have four weeks to get garb and weapons. If the new member has paid dues by the time of declaring class, the Barony of the Golden Plains will give him a sash. Anyone forgetting their sash (after their first month) or being punished by their Guild will play the Peasant class, described below.

- Garb: None
- Weapons: Any single melee weapon
- Armor: None
- Shield: None
- Levels: None
- Notes: Only three (3) lives total.
Counts as fighter practice (1/4 Warrior credit).

The Sash System and the policies that go with it are intended to make the battlegame more fun for all, and help with developing personas and garb. Other lands hopefully will honor this system by using it while visiting, or possibly even adopt it in their own lands. Vivat Amtgard!

LEGEND LORE:
Voyage To The Emerald Hills

The sweat rolled off my brow as I stood facing my opponent, a Corsair from the far-off kingdom of the Burning Lands. Bearing a large heater shield coloured yellow and black and his bloodied longsword, he stood before me, having selected me for his next challenge on this field of battle and war. My hands tightened on the shaft of my glaive, eager to see how long it would take me to dispatch this vile enemy (or rather, how long I could survive his malicious onslaught.) Suddenly, an arrow flew inches before my chest. This shook me from my reverie, and I rushed forward, eager to die if need be for my homeland, the Golden Plains...

Now, Plainsmen, you might ask how I, Flynn Telemon, came to be on the battlefield of our motherland, the Emerald Hills, facing near certain death at the hands of the dreaded Corsair. This is the tale I'll weave tonight around this roaring fire. You see, it began at our Coronation and the investiture of the Barony of the Golden Plains into the realm of Amtgard. The visiting monarch of our motherland, His Benevolence King Sir Landolph, mentioned in passing during our Court that the Emerald Hills was celebrating their first anniversary in Amtgard and extended the invitation to our people. He promised the two things no true Amtgardian can resist: a good battle and one helluva revel ("war, wine, and women"). Fully half of our countrymen took it upon themselves to attend, myself included.

I made the voyage in the company of the Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt and our illustrious assassin, Sicarius, aboard the Baron's mighty chariot. Our Vizier, Greybark the Healer, and his worthy companion QWFWQ had left earlier on a mighty land dragon, vowing to prepare the way for our arrival. Our journey was heavily portended by omens. As we left the walls of the Golden Plains, a most offensive odor assaulted our noses. Looking around, we spied a manure wagon bearing the strange insignia of Hereford By-products beside us. The Baron told us uneasily, "This is a bad omen."

The journey progressed quite well, though. As we passed by a small hamlet called Childress, we saw sure signs of the events that lay before us: a burning field, bringing to mind images of raiding, such as rape, loot, and pillage. The Baron smiled and announced, "Amtgardians have been here." We became eager to arrive. Halfway through our journey, we stopped at a tavern named for a stalwart adventurer with an iron stomach, "Hardee's." Plainsmen, this man gets around, because we have seen many of his taverns before and since.

We ate and continued on our way, arriving at the Emerald Hills shortly after nightfall. We first stopped at the humble home of Sir Nevron, Prime Minister of the Emerald Hills, where we rejoined our two healers. I'm not saying that we expected much damage this trip, but that we didn't want to take chances with losing any Hillsmen that fought at our side. (Yeah, sure!) Greybark had arranged for the purchasing of beverages from a local merchant, and we began to unwind from our trip. Sicarius treated us to a daring display of skill involving his throwing daggers and a large inanimate object. He only lost one dagger.

We eventually set out for the house of Dustin Rutledge, Guildmaster of Monks, where we'd stay the night. All five of the

Plainsmen climbed into the Baron's chariot, which was very crowded with our weapons, gear, and bodies. I was crunched between the assassin and the chariot's side, the weapons holding my face against a window. Amid laughter and puns (which increased our coffers through the traditional Pun Tax), we tried a position change, with my head eventually wedged into Sicarius's armpit. I did a quick retreat and kissed the window again. It didn't matter, though, because as the Baron says, "After all, it's just the Scribe."

We arrived at Dustin's home (none too soon) and unloaded the chariot. We were being entertained by images within an All-Seeing Eye, when King Landolph and the Lady Melanie arrived to greet us into the realm, then hurriedly sped away. Late that night, we finally slept, for tomorrow was to be a glorious day.

We fought two major battles and several trench fights and practices the next day. It was full of excitement as we met many people from different lands, such as the Emerald Hills, Burning Lands, Barad-Duin, and Darkenwood. It was glorious, and the name of the Golden Plains shined brightly that day (nay, that weekend.)

Our Baron, Lord Boldwen Reinholt, led us into battle (except during the officer hunt, when he sent us to Nirvana a lot) and fought gloriously, spreading the word that Reinholt was back and better than ever! That day marked a first for our Baron, for he discovered a person who could run faster than he. Reinholt had come around some trees to discover the mage Orandir of Barad-Duin standing not ten feet away. The wizard's face told of his awe (or was it "Ah, damn!"), and then Orandir dropped his weapons and fled. Our Baron chased him a ways, but the mage was leaving him behind slowly, with his hair flying in the breeze and his large sack bouncing at his hip, spell components flying everywhere. Reinholt stopped and nearly died laughing.

Sicarius battled gloriously. During the officer hunt, he stealthily crept through the foilage to kill the King! With a throwing dagger! Vivat, Sicarius! Later in that battle, Sicarius had come across the King again, who was the only survivor of a skirmish that had just ended. As he drew his arm back to throw, the Druids of the Emerald Hills protected their liege by causing the wind to blow aside a branch of the tree Sicarius was behind, whereupon the King spotted our assassin. Sicarius fled into the forest, since reinforcements were arriving.

Greybark, the Vizier, did the Golden Plains proud on the battlefield, because he killed two veteran Corsairs. The first, he traded blows with and killed as the Corsair unwisely turned his back on an enemy to assist his brethren. The other, a young lass by name of Shannon, I believe, he fought face-to-face and triumphed. Vivat Greybark! During one exciting chase, a Corsair mage sought revenge on our Vizier for killing the first Corsair. Toward the end of his run, Greybark heard a mystical encantation ("Petrify! Petrify! ...") beginning behind him. He turned and saw the mage preparing to turn him to stone! The mage finished and cast the bolt, but to his surprise, our Vizier caught the bolt unaffected, threw it to the ground, and announced "Enchantment!" because of the blessing of Lady Adella of Barad-Duin. He then sped into the woods in escape. However, Greybark ran afoul with the protective Druids of the Emerald Hills, who threw a tree in the way of his path and scraped the Vizier, marking him with the sign of Druid's disfavor.

You might well ask, "What of you, Flynn, and the healer QFWQ?" Well, Plainsmen, QFWQ and I stood guard over our kingdom's flag during the flag battle, where our enemy came to us. I was part of the first line, and QFWQ made up part of the final reserves. As comrades fell around me, QFWQ healed our wounded while I kept them off as best as I could. Several times his staff has saved my life, and I did my best to insure the safety of our flag. In fact, it wasn't until after the two of us died that the flag was finally stolen, when we were not there to protect it.

As the day turned to dusk, and the battlefield had turned red with the blood that was let that glorious day, the people left to ready themselves for the feast. We stayed behind to help clean Nirvana of the trash left by the other kingdoms, as the Golden Plains has pride and an appreciation of nature, which the other kingdoms lack except for a few of their people. Then we were off to the feast!

The food was fantastic, which pleased many ravenous appetites that night. As Honor Guard, I tested our Baron's food and drink, and to tell the truth, I had to test his tankard twice, since I wasn't too sure of poison, you see. The Sable Pride, an elite fighting company of the Emerald Hills, sponsored the feast, which had turkey, breads, vegetables, venison stew, and the most wonderfully intoxicating ice cream. Personally, I'd like to thank the Sable Pride for all the work and effort they put into the feast and revel, and I hope the Golden Plains does half as good at our first feast.

The height of the evening came when we attended the High Court of the Emerald Hills. Many were there, all dressed in their most courtly garb. Although this was our first event, the Golden Plains flew its banner proudly, with myself and Sicarius, followed by myself and Greybark as Banner Guards. In fact we were the only group to fly their banner, which made us look VERY good. Our Baron received many recognitions that night. The Consort Lady Alexandra bestowed the Order of the Lion on him for loyalty to the Emerald Hills from its creation to its first anniversary. Duchess Reyna gave Reinholt a Hell-Rider favor made from a household's flag that flew during the creation of Amtgard seven years ago, to commemorate the Baron's hellish trip to the Gathering of the Clans last year. (No, Plainsmen, that story is the Baron's Legend Lore and is his to tell.) Finally, the Sable Pride extended an offer of membership to the Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt, and he accepted, becoming part of the Sable Pride and wearing its favor. The night ended with a ceremony of lighting emerald candles to bring good fortune, and the soft candle glow cast well on the banner of the Barony of the Golden Plains. Vivat Amtgard!



August 85

FOEBANE