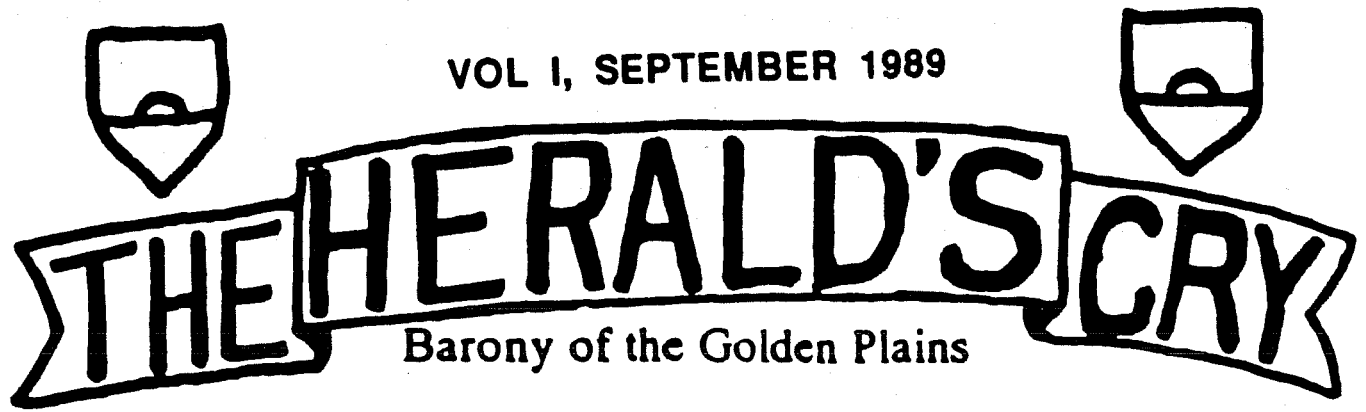


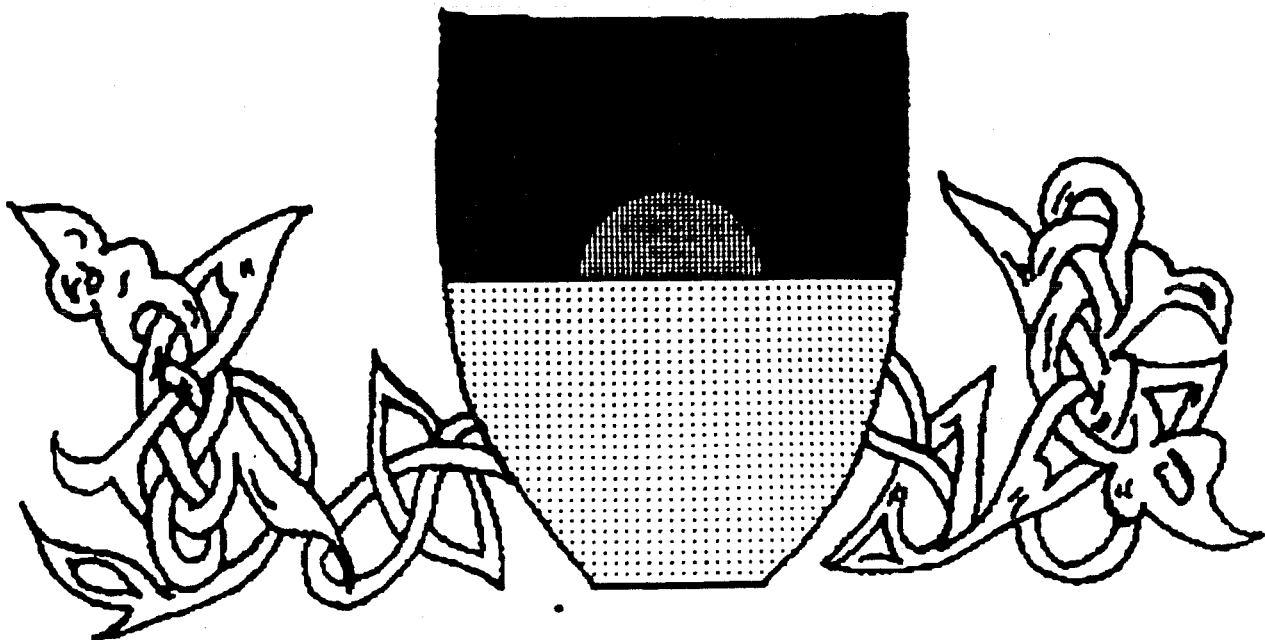
VOL I, SEPTEMBER 1989



THE HERALD'S CRY

Barony of the Golden Plains





SUMMER '89 COURT OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS

Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt
Baronial Consort Pro Tem Lady Merrily
Vizier Flynn Telemon
Lord General Hanson Foebane
Lady-In-Waiting Cathrine
Lady-In-Waiting Isabo

HONOR GUARD

Maccalus Caerwent Ex
Donar Sean Stone

COURT POSITIONS

Herald Greywalker
Scribe Sicarius Ceacus
Punmaster of Summer Maccalus

CLASS GUILDMASTERS

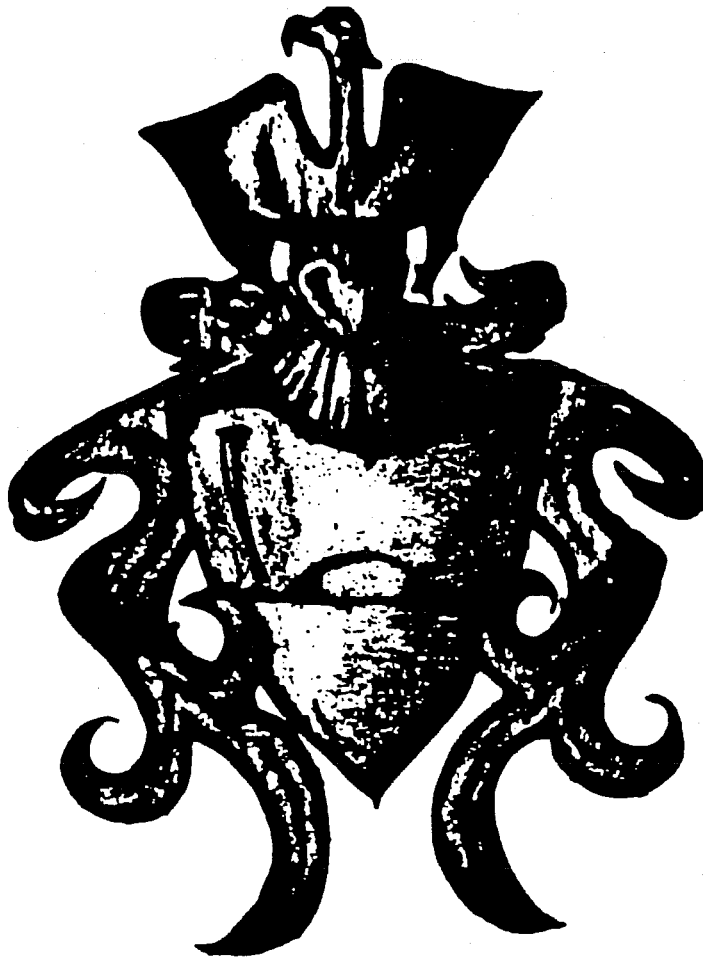
Anti-Paladins: None
Archers: None
Assassins: None
Barbarians: None
Bards: None
Druids: None
Healers: None

Monks: None
Monsters: None
Paladins: None
Scouts: None
Warriors: None
Wizards: None

COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCES GUILDMASTERS

Gladiators: Hanson Foebane

The Plainsmen would like to wish a warm and hearty farewell to the first Court of the Barony, and it is hoped that all future Courts live up to the goals and ideals of Baron Reinholt's Court. Vivat the Golden Plains!



WINTER '89 COURT OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS

Baron Donar Sean Stone
Baronial Regent Greywalker
Vizier Flynn Telemon
Lord General Sicarius Ceacus
Regent Defender Maccalus Caerwent Ex
Lady-In-Waiting Cathrine
Lady-In-Waiting Isabo

HONOR GUARD

Captain Dustin Darkenmane
Euric Bloodstone
Dalmaggnon

COURT POSITIONS

Herald Ian McNaughton McLeod
Scribe Desari
Funmaster of Autumn Sicarius
Weaponmaster Boldwen Reinholt

CLASS GUILDMASTERS

Anti-Paladins: None
Archers: Darkimir
Assassins: Sicarius Ceacus
Barbarians: Donar Sean Stone
Bards: Lyra
Druids: Nakita

Healers: Greywalker
Monks: Hanson Foebane
Paladins: None
Scouts: Boldwen Reinholt
Warriors: Desari
Wizards: Dalmaggnon

COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCES GUILDMASTERS

Reeves: Flynn Telemon

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Amtgard Auction Advertisement

The Herald's Cry would like to thank Dustin Darkenmane and Raysen for contributions to the artwork of this issue of the Golden Plains' newsletter. Any and all submissions to the Herald's Cry are welcome. Vivat the Coronation and Vivat Amtgard!

Attention Plainseem!

Our Queen has graced us with a missive unto the populace. Pray attend.

Greetings unto the populace of the Golden Plains,

My apologies to you for the lack of communications between us. I hope to rectify this. I know Sir Nevron has already taken steps which I hope several of us will be following in. I was happy to see a contingent of our Plains brothers at the Meeting of the Clans. A point I would wish to address is your sash system. It is very commendable except for 1 point credits. It is not acceptable to give a person $\frac{1}{4}$ credit for a full credit day. The point of making them play peasant class is sufficient enough. Another thing I would like to address is Allthings and Guildmaster meetings. Please have your scribe send us copies of notes and results of voting for our records. We shall do the same for you to keep you updated. I will be there for your coronation and I would like a meeting scheduled for myself and your people who hold positions. I will need an updated list of the populace, their credits, and dues paid members. We will need to start receiving a report from all of the groups under the Emerald Hills on the 3rd week of each month so that we will be able to keep an accurate record of the total populace of our kingdom. Please stand firm in the face of any opposition. Support each other, and view all aspects of any decision. Remember that we are forming a future.

Let's make it a good one that all will look eagerly to.
Please note that Duchess Reyna is there representing our
kingdom. Consider her advice for this is truly a wise woman.
Also, do not take anyone's word on rule changes or class
clarifications unless you receive it in print from us. Good
luck on your efforts in the Cultural Arts. I'm sure you will
go far.

Yours In Service,

Queen Alessandra Cheetarah Nightowl

July 28, 1989

From Boldwen Reinholt, unto the Populace, I bring you greetings.

The end of an era is bittersweet at best, and heartbreak at worst. But the Barony is in very capable hands in Stone our new Baron. His ideas and ideals will lead us well in the future months. The Populace has been my source of inspiration.

The growth and enthusiasum has made my work much easier. New faces and garb, inventive weapons, songs, legend lore, revels, tournaments. I could go on and on

The conflicts of the past are over, the future looks bright, we need more new faces and personas to aid the growth of the Golden Plains. I will help in every and any way possible. May the ideals and spirit of our Mother Land The Emerald Hills guide us to greatness.

Yours in Service,

Boldwen Reinholt

*Baron Lord Boldwen
Reinholt*



To the Populace of the Golden Plains

I'm taking this space in your Herald's Cry to inform you of my goals for this Barony and also to thank you for your trust and confidence in allowing me to be your Monarch.

I am greatly pleased and honored to be your elected Baron. I firmly believe that I can take the work that Baron Reinholt has accomplished and continue to advance and raise the Barony in the eyes of its peers. Within six months this Barony will be a County. To become a county we must have at least fifty paid members. So every one needs to bring out your friends. You and I all know that we have lots of fun in our world of Amtgard; all we have to do is convince our friends of that fact.

Starting next month we will be trying to set up exhibitions for the area schools and colleges. Also, our weekly meetings are held every Sunday at one o'clock. We will be involved in Battlegames by one thirty. Those of you who are late will have to wait until a Reeve finds time to place you on a team. Please try to be there on time so that our meetings will go smoothly.

During the time that I am your Baron we will be holding our Courts (Allthings) every month on the last Sunday of the month. As a general rule these Courts will not be long and tedious unless we have pressing business to tend to. If you have problems or questions concerning this Barony or the rules we use for combat that cannot be solved by speaking to myself or the Guildmaster of Reeves (Flynn Telemon) the monthly Allthing is the place to bring up these problems.

If you, as a person, or persona, have any problems please feel free to contact me at anytime ("Donar Sean Stone," Marty Giles, (806)358-8462, or 4612 S Parker, Amarillo, TX 79110). I'm here for you, not the other way around.

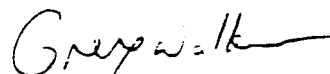
-Donar Sean Stone

Greetings Golden Plains:

Allow me to extend my thanks and gratitude for electing me to this office. I hope that my term in this reign will be prosperous to everyone and that we may keep good communications to our motherland and the other Amtgard realms. As for my goals: It is my wish to encourage more culture (that includes garb, weapons and if possible coin of the realm) in the Golden Plains to the point that the Golden Plains may rise up and be comparable, if not in stature then in pride and attitude, to the more established kingdoms. I will also try to get fund-raisers, benefits and exhibitions scheduled in the hopes of bringing Amtgard into a better light here in the Panhandle.

I would like to say that I value everyone's opinion. If you have any ideas about how these goals may be brought about, please contact me; I will listen to your point-of-view. Thank-you again for putting your trust in me. I hope I don't disappoint you.

Yours in service



*Greywalker, Dweller of the Mist
Baronial Regent
Guildmaster of Healers
Captain of the Iron Gauntlet*

Unto the Populace of the Golden Plains,
Greetings From Your Vizier, Flynn Telemon.

Welcome to the third issue of the Herald's Cry. This newsletter pays tribute to a special event in the Golden Plains, the passage of one reign and the commencement of another. As this is the Coronation issue, I have provided for both the former court and the elected court, with the old court having precedence due to the time this newsletter was prepared. We have had a prosperous first reign, but it wasn't without its ups and downs. It is against the accomplishments of Baron Lord Reinholt's reign that the next reign shall be measured, and it will be a great challenge to meet this. I do believe that our officers are capable of continuing the level of excellence that Baron Reinholt has set before them; none the less, I wish Baron Stone and Baronial Regent Greywalker good luck in the coming reign.

There is an error I've made that I'd like to correct. While serving as Scribe, I put together the Calendar of Events that the Golden Plains followed this summer, and I noticed that I was off on Vizier elections by one month. The Vizier's term should last three months into each new reign, not four. Therefore, I am scheduling the next Vizier elections for the last weekend in November, not December, leaving me to serve a five month term. I do intend to run again, but this problem needs to be corrected.

With that out of the way, I was elected into this office two months ago, and since then I have sought to perform my duties as best I could. Sadly, I haven't been able to thank everyone for their support and confidence in my ability. It is my hope that I can and will serve the Populace. There are several goals I'd like to accomplish. I want to supply newsletters to you, the Populace on at least a bimonthly basis. That means I will have a new Herald's Cry for the November court, at the least, and have part of January's prepared in case a new Vizier is elected November 26. Any and all submissions are welcome and encouraged. I want the Golden Plains to start and maintain contact with other lands. I will be releasing an Amtgard directory for the Plainsmen sometime during September, and I am collecting publications from other lands for the Barony to provide the Populace with more information on Amtgard culture and society. If anyone has any suggestions that will help this land grow and develop, contact our Monarch, our Regent, or myself, and we will listen. (Be prepared to be asked to work on it with us, since we might have our hands full.) Again, I'd like to see more contributions to the newsletter from the Populace. After all, this publication is for all of you, by all of you. Wouldn't you like a little more for your money? Vivat Amtgard!

Yours In Service,

Flynn Telemon

Flynn Telemon, Vizier and Plainsman
Guildmaster of Reeves
Lieutenant of the Iron Gauntlet

RECORDS (As Of 09/03/89)

NOTE: Six months of inactivity or request (by MIAs) removes you from this list.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>CREDITS</u>	<u>DUES</u>
Euric Bloodstone	Bb 5, Wr 2	1-90
Cathrine	Color	
Sicarius Ceacus	As 28, Wr 1	
Dalmaggnon	Wr 3, Wz 16	9-89
Finculin Danain	Sc 2, Wr 2	
Dustin Darkenmane	Mk 58, Wr 6, Rv 1	1-90
Darkimir	Wr 2, Ar 1	9-89
Calthar Demon-Ax	Wr 19	
Desari	Mn 2, Rv 2, Wr 22	11-89
Maccalus Caerwent Ex	Bb 3, Wr 20	9-89
Hanson Foebane	Mk 24, Wr 2	2-90
Mrs. Foebane	Color	
Greywalker	He 37, Mn 1, Wr 4	(Exempt)
Hogarth	Wr 2, Mk 8	10-89
Ian McNaughton McLeod	Bd 3, Wr 2	1-90
Isabo	Color	
"Leigh Morrow"	Wr 1	
Lyra	Bd 9, Wr 2	
Merrily	Color	
Nakita	Dr 20	11-89
QWFWQ	Bd 1, He 20, Wr 2	12-89
Boldwen Reinholt	Rv 6, Sc 45, Wr 5	
Sean Stone	Bb 10, Wr 2	(Exempt)
Flynn Telemon	Mk 29, Rv 4, Wz 2	(Exempt)

The Treasury of the Barony holds \$64.26.

BOOK OF THE DEAD

Dead

Drago
Gadrieal
Greybark
Iorra
Little John Korbit
Magnamus
Shandar Shadowwalker
Zatorr

Missing In Action (MIA)

Finculin Danain

GLORIOUS EVENT CALENDAR

Sept 2-3	-CORONATION OF THE BARONY OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS
Sept 9-10	-Foreign Event: CORONATION OF BARAD-DUIN
Sept 17	-Amtgard Auction
Sept 24	-Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
Oct 28	-Foreign Event: CORONATION OF BURNING LANDS Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
Nov 19	-Vizier Elections Winter Pun Tourney
Nov 26	-Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
Dec 3	-Foreign Event: CORONATION OF EMERALD HILLS (Tentative)
Dec 31	-Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
Jan 28, 1990	-Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
Feb 11	-Guildmaster Elections Weaponmaster Tourney
Feb 18	-Crown Qualifications Guildmaster Elections
Feb 25	-Crown Tournament Spring Pun Tourney Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
March 4	-CORONATION OF THE BARONY OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS
March 10-11	-Foreign Event: CORONATION OF BARAD-DUIN Foreign Event: AMTGARD OLYMPICS (at Barad-Duin)

NOTICE:

Sometime in October, Hanson Foebane will hold a Quest for the Sword of Flame. Sometime before January, Greywalker will hold a Quest for the Wand of Magic Bolts.

All dates above might be adjusted due to convenience or weather, as winter is approaching. Rest assured that we'll at least gather together each week to revel somewhere.

If any company, household, or foreign land wishes to sponsor an event or knows of events here or elsewhere not on this list, contact the Vizier or Scribe of the Barony of the Golden Plains and it shall be included on the event calendar of future issues of the Herald's Cry.

CROWN QUALIFICATIONS

Crown Qualifications are approaching, August 20, 1989. Crown Qualifications is a series of cultural and war skill contests that will determine who can run for Monarch and Consort, and who can enter the Crown Tournament, whose winner will be the Lord General of the next reign. Baroness Consort Lady Merily is the sponsor of this event.

Anyone may enter! All contestants must enter a minimum number of cultural and war skill events and MUST pass the Reeves' Test (either August 13 or August 20.) Candidates for Lord General must enter 3 war skill events, one of which must be leg-wrestling (yes, leg-wrestling), and 1 cultural event; candidates for Monarch must enter 3 of each type; and Consort candidates must apply for 4 cultural and 1 war skill event. Anyone who wishes to be a Reeve next reign must also take the test, but is not required to enter Qualifications. Contestants can, and should, enter more than the minimum number of events, as it will increase their points and help them qualify for the Crown Tournament and Crown elections.

Points will be awarded to the top three people entered in each war skill contest, with 5 points given to first place, 3 points to second place, and 1 point to third place. Entries in the cultural events will receive a range of 3 to 15 points per entry. NOTICE: To qualify for the Crown Tournament, you must score at least twenty points. To run for Monarch, you must score at least 45 points in total, and Consort candidates must score at least 35. Candidates may only enter the Crown Tourney (for Lord General) or Crown Elections (for Monarch or Consort) if they have at least the minimum score required AND pass the Reeves' Test. Multiple entries in the cultural events will raise a score to the minimum necessary and are encouraged.

War skill events will be handled in a single-elimination tournament format. The following will be offered:

Single Sword	Sword & Shield	Double Swords
Leg-wrestling	Two-Man Teams	Three-Man Teams

Two- and Three-Man Teams may consist of any Plainsman, even those not running. However, the candidates must survive to qualify. Teams may use any weapon system, but must remain consistent throughout the event. Baron Reinhold will not enter any event; he has chosen not to run.

Cultural contests will be judged by the Baroness Consort and two uninvolved judges. Multiple entries are allowed in a single contest, but one item may not be entered in more than one contest. Candidates are urged to enter more than once in each cultural event. The contests are as follows:

Flat Art-Drawing, sketching and painting, etc.

Storytelling-Medieval material; Five to ten minutes; Presentation counts.

Best Tasting Cooking-Need not be medieval, but must be from scratch.

Poetry-Must be written.

Traditional Weapon & Shield Construction-Safety and skilled workmanship a must.

Hi-Tech or New Tech Weapon Construction-Same as Traditional.

Best Court Garb-Bring out your best!

Best Fighting Garb-If it isn't Court garb, enter it here!

NOTICE: All entries must be the original work of the contestants. Purchased or commissioned garb, food, etc. may not be entered.

All contestants must be registered by August 17, 1989. Candidates will bring their entries into the cultural events on August 20. To register, write your mundane and persona name at the top of a sheet of paper. Then list the war skill and cultural contests you will enter, along with a list of entries under each. Indicate the office(s) you intend to run for (Monarch, Consort, and/or Lord General) on the page. Then turn in the paper to Baroness Consort Lady Merily by the deadline, August 13, 1989.

The Crown Tournament will be August 27, 1989. It will be single-elimination and will be the traditional sword and shield. Prepare, Plainsmen, for the Month of the Crown is near. Vivat Hatgard!

*Baron
Lord
Reinhold*

All Ye Nobles And Gentles, Pray Attend!
The Barony of the Golden Plains
FIRST CORONATION

The Barony of the Golden Plains will be holding her first Coronation September 2-3, and Amtgardians from all lands are invited to attend. The site of this wonderful event will be Buffalo Lake National Wildlife Refuge.

From Amarillo, Texas, take I-27 south to Canyon, then split off onto Highway 60 toward Hereford. Eleven miles west is the thriving metropolis of Umbarger (don't blink; you'll miss it!) 100 yards inside the town limits, a large brown sign indicates the access road to Buffalo Lake. The entrance gate lies three miles south of the turnoff. You don't have to sign in at the gate and you don't have to stop. Take the right fork after the entrance, then take the left road of the next fork, and continue to the end of the camping area. You have arrived! Now, sign in here and pay your fee of three dollars per person for the weekend (this includes camping and the Coronation feast.)

The camp site is available to Amtgard starting at 6 PM Friday night, September 1, until 4 PM Sunday, September 3. Plainsmen will be there to guide and assist any visiting lands.

Some good points to the site (P):

1. One water faucet. Must bring own containers.
2. Restrooms are on site, and they are new.
3. Two large pavilions with three LARGE grills, and one fire-pit. Firewood is available and free. (Bring ax.)
4. Tournament and battlegame site is open grassy area between pavilions. Do not camp here, please.
5. Despite our name, trees are present. You can bring hammocks.
6. Spirits of any sort are allowed, so let's revel!
7. Parking is available at the site, outside and along the fence.

Some not-so-good points about the site:

1. We will camp by the light of the moon, so bring your lanterns.
2. The ground is hard and pebbly, so be prepared.
3. It can get cool at nights and deadly hot during the day, so bring what you can to compensate.
4. Bring your own feastware.
5. THIS IS A NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE; WE CANNOT HARASS THE WILDLIFE. If a snake is spotted, find Donar Sean Stone. He is licensed to remove them.

The Plainsmen and Plainswomen would enjoy your presence at this, our most special Coronation. Aivat Amtgard!

*Lady
Baroness
Merrily*

WEAPONMASTER TOURNEY (WINTER '89)

SINGLE SWORD

Greywalker	3-0
Maccalus	3-1
Stone	1-1
Reinholt	1-1
Flynn	0-1
QWFWQ	0-1
Desari	0-1
Dalmaggnon	0-1

DOUBLE SWORD

Reinholt	3-0
Flynn	2-1
Maccalus	1-1
Dalmaggnon	0-1
QWFWQ	0-1
Stone	0-1
Greywalker	0-1

SWORD & SHIELD

Reinholt	3-0
Greywalker	2-1
Desari	2-1
Maccalus	1-1
Stone	0-1
Dalmaggnon	0-1
Flynn	0-1
QWFWQ	0-1

TOTAL POINTS:

Reinholt	11
Greywalker	9
Stone	8
Maccalus	4
Flynn	2
QWFWQ	1
Desari	1

FLAIL & SHIELD

Reinholt	3-0
Stone	2-1
Greywalker	2-1
Maccalus	1-1
Dalmaggnon	0-1
Hogarth	0-1
Desari	0-1
QWFWQ	0-1

STAVES

Greywalker	3-0
Stone	2-1
Maccalus	2-1
Dalmaggnon	1-1
Desari	0-1
QWFWQ	0-1
Hogarth	0-1

SWORD & FLAIL

Stone	3-0
Reinholt	2-1
QWFWQ	2-1
Maccalus	1-1
Dalmaggnon	0-1
Greywalker	0-1
Desari	0-1
Hogarth	0-1

CROWN QUALIFICATIONS, AUGUST 1989

CONTESTANTS	CULTURAL	WARSKILL	TOTAL
Desari	116	0	116
Donar Sean Stone	102	13	115
Greywalker	89	16	105
Dustin Darkenmane	58	12	70
Sicarius Ceacus	58	4	62

REEVE'S TEST

Flynn Telemon	99	Sean Stone	88
Desari	91	Sicarius Ceacus	85
Dustin	91	Dalmaggon	81
Greywalker	90	Maccalus Caerwent Ex	80

CULTURAL EVENTS

<u>BEST COOKING</u>	#1	#2	#3	TOTAL
Cookies-Desari	5	5	5	15
Brownies-Desari	4	4	4	12
Shrimp Salad-Sicarius	3	3	3	9

<u>COURT GARB</u>	#1	#2	#3	TOTAL
Favor-Desari	5	5	5	15
Rose Tunic-Desari	5	4	4	13
Reversible Cloak-Greywalker	5	4	3	12
Fur Cape-Desari	4	3	3	10
Boots-Sicarius	3	3	2	8

<u>FIGHTING GARB</u>	#1	#2	#3	TOTAL
Corsair Tabbard-Dustin	5	4	4	13
Black Cape-Stone	4	4	4	12
Blue Tunic-Desari	4	4	3	11
White Tabbard-Desari	4	3	3	10
White Tunic-Stone	3	3	3	9
Pouch-Greywalker	3	3	3	9

<u>FLAT ART</u>	#1	#2	#3	TOTAL
Polar Bear & Rider-Stone	5	5	5	15
Two-headed Phoenix-Dustin	5	5	4	14
Thor-Stone	5	4	4	13
Unicorn-Desari	4	4	4	12
Warrior & Ax-Stone	4	4	3	11
Candle-Greywalker	3	3	3	9
Hands-Greywalker	3	3	3	9
Tapestry-Greywalker	3	3	3	9

<u>NEW-TECH WEAPONS</u>	#1	#2	#3	TOTAL
Long Sword-Sicarius	4	4	3	11
Sword of Flame-Sicarius	4	3	3	10
Twin Sword #1-Greywalker	4	3	3	10
Twin Sword #2-Greywalker	4	3	3	10
Grey Handle-Sicarius	4	3	2	9
Blue Handle-Sicarius	3	3	2	8
Blue Blade-Dustin	3	3	2	8

CROWN QUALIFICATIONS, AUGUST 1989

<u>TRADITIONAL WEAPON & SHIELD</u>	<u>#1</u>	<u>#2</u>	<u>#3</u>	<u>TOTAL</u>
Buckler-Stone	4	4	4	12
Warhammer-Stone	4	4	3	11
Black Sword-Dustin	4	4	3	11
Two-handed Flail-Desari	3	3	3	9
Gray Shield-Desari	3	3	3	9
Hinged Mace-Stone	3	3	3	9
Blue Shield-Sicarius	2	1	0	3

<u>STORYTELLING</u>	<u>#1</u>	<u>#2</u>	<u>#3</u>	<u>TOTAL</u>
"Chaining Of Fenrir"-Stone	4	3	3	10

<u>POETRY</u>	<u>#1</u>	<u>#2</u>	<u>#3</u>	<u>TOTAL</u>
"Mercenary's Life"-Dustin	5	4	3	12
"Skull & Crossbones"-Grey.	4	4	3	11
"The Wanderers"-Greywalker	4	3	3	10

WARSKILL EVENTS

<u>LEG WRESTLING</u>		<u>DOUBLE SWORD</u>	
Donar Sean Stone	2-0	Greywalker	2-0
Sicarius Ceacus	1-1	Dustin Darkenmane	1-1
Greywalker	1-1	Donar Sean Stone	1-1
Desari	0-2	Sicarius Ceacus	0-2

<u>SINGLE SWORD</u>		<u>TWO MAN TEAMS</u>	
Greywalker	2-0	Greywalker	2-0
Dustin Darkenmane	1-1	Dustin Darkenmane	2-1
Donar Sean Stone	2-1	Donar Sean Stone	2-2
Sicarius Ceacus	1-2	Desari	0-1
Desari	0-2	Sicarius Ceacus	0-2

<u>SWORD & SHIELD</u>	
Donar Sean Stone	2-0
Dustin Darkenmane	1-1
Sicarius Ceacus	1-1
Desari	0-2

CROWN TOURNAMENT

Donar Sean Stone	2-0 (Later elected to Monarch)
Greywalker	1-1 (Later elected to Regent)
Sicarius	0-1
Desari	(Defaulted)

HOPE FOR THE LAND
(Poem Of The Emerald Hills)

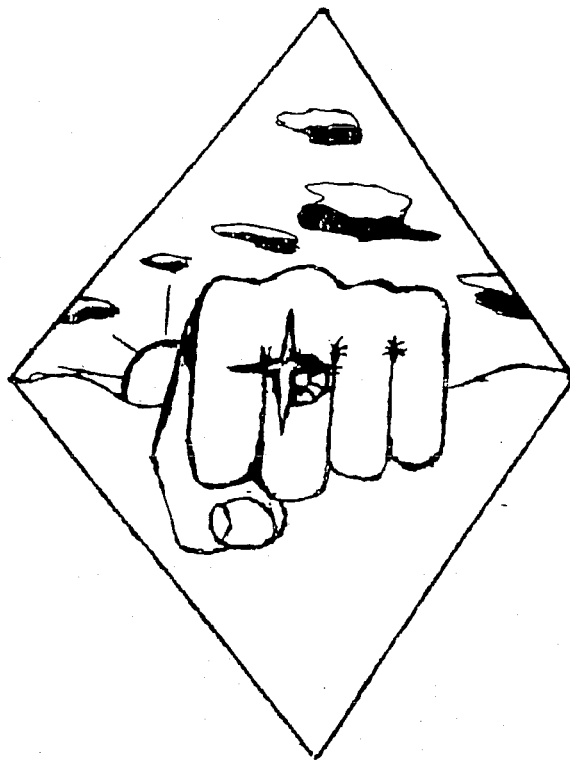
"As we look upon this land
We do not see much hope.

But as we give our hearts and tears,
The hope begins to build.

It grows very slowly,
But do not fear.

Because as it grows more and more,
We will finally defeat every foe."

Squire Lord Dustin Darkenmane
Crown Qualification, August 20, 1989



SKULL and CROSSBONES

*Skull and Crossbones are a terrible sight
Milky White on an inky black night
These mean danger, everyone beware
Don't cross the bones, don't even dare*

*The skull stands for death, an end to life
It stabs very deep and cuts like a knife
The teeth seem to have on a ghostly grin
Which bring out the terror from the chin*

*The crossbones stand for a treasure unbound
It cannot escape for it is bound
It covers the skull until it is too late
It has lured you there, used as bait*

*Together forever, the pair means death
To all who stare and take their last breath
To some it's a joke until they feel
The horrors of skull and crossbones are real.*

*Greywalker,
Dweller of the Mist
August 1989*

The Wanderers

The path lies in ambush beneath the moonlight,
Crouched and ready for the final fight.
But tonight it is silent, all for tapping feet,
For tonight is the night the wanderers meet.
There's a large man walking with armor of steel,
The heaviest blow, he would not feel.

He sees another sitting by fire,
And as he gets close, he begins to tire.
The man he sees is humble indeed,
Bald on his head and chewing a weed.
The bald one says, 'Sit and tell me your story.
Do you go seeking fame, fortune and glory?'

The big man smiles as he takes off his cloak,
And sits on the ground next to a great oak.
The man opens his mouth and says a few words.
It was said later the whole forest heard.
'I am fighter, muscle and speed,
And I fight for any good deed.

'A thousand pounds, I can press,
And I'll aid any lady in distress.
But I come from a land wrought in turmoil,
Where people die and cauldrons boil.
I fear not, for I am brave,
And thus I'll be until my grave.

'But enough of me oh humble sir.
What brings you here wrapped up in fur?'
The bald one grows stiff and stares at his palm,
But after a moment his face grows calm.
He clears his throat and after he coughed.
He begins to speak, his words are soft.

'I am holy, my god is my life.
I am lonely, I'll never take a wife.
I travel the land telling people I believe
And bleeding hearts I help relieve.
I raise the dead and cure the lame
And any undead, I can tame.

'But it is getting late and my body is beaten.'
He turns to the big man and says, 'Have you eaten?'
The two eat a good meal and go to retire.
The big man declaring, 'I'll keep watch by the fire.'
The bald one proclaims, 'By your warrior's might,
My god will keep us safe tonight!'

The night goes well for a long while
Then the warrior wakes to a knife and a smile.
The little man there says, 'I've been told
By thy bags, ye carry gold!
I could take yer gold, but I see
That ye are very much bigger than me!'

He puts up his knife and sits on the ground.
The holy man wakes and looks around.
They all sit there huddled in the cold,
As the little man speaks as if to be bold.
'I will tell you my life, it is a tale,
For I have been back and forth to hell.

I am thief, a master of stealth,
And with my abilities I acquire my wealth.
I hide in shadows and pick peoples' pockets,
And to keep me out, a wizard must lock it.
Tricks and traps are nothing to me,
My picks and tools in my hands are keys.'

Suddenly, a scream is heard to the right,
As if a lady is caught in a fight.
The big man jumps up to answer the scream,
Commanding the others to act as a team.
They fly through the woods toward the noise
Where they find monsters having a thousand joys.

When they burst through the clearing, there they found,
A lady in robes just being bound.
Her cries for help are answered by the man
With armor of steel and a sword in hand.
He swings his blade and the monsters are felled,
Banishing their souls back to hell.

*The bald one fights bravely indeed,
And the thief appears as is his need.
The rest of the battle goes without a hitch,
But for the lady in robes casting spells like a witch.
When the battle was done, they all just stared,
But no one said a word, for no one dared.*

*After a time she says to the party,
'You're wondering why a woman is so hearty.
I'll tell you my story and all of the rest.
I thank you for helping me with this big pest.
I thank you all for your heroic deed,
You have come in my hour of need.*

*'I am magi, I use forces of magic.
I change the weather and all that is tragic.
I use balls of fire, call lightning from the sky
And cause men and beasts to laugh, love and die.
Demons and devils obey my command,
And there are supernatural forces only I understand.'*

*With that in the open, they go back to sleep,
But the warrior insist on the watch he will keep.
As the sun rise up, as all nights it ends,
Each wanderer wakes, each with new friends.
They all travel together, about half the day,
Each knowing the others will go their own way.*

*They find the crossroads, and choices are made.
None will go with another, as it was forbade.
The mage is the first to leave the others,
Claiming she'd found brand new brothers.
The thief is the next to walk off with a slouch,
But first returning the warrior's pouch.*

*The warrior says goodbye to the man with the lord,
And the priest says goodbye to the man with the sword.
They turn from each other, traveling apart,
Each knowing the others will be in his heart.
The wanderers walk their paths, going their own way,
Until the light of the moon makes night of the day.*

*Now the path lies in wait beneath the moonlight
Allowing the wanderers to travel this night.
The wanderers will grow, become dragonsbane,
And then they will all meet each other again.
But 'til then they're alone, much to their sorrow,
Living their lives as there is no tomorrow.*

*Greywalker,
Dweller of the Mist
August 1989*

LEGEND LORE III:
THE CLANS GATHER

(ERRATA: I'd like to publicly apologize for several mistakes I made in my LEGEND LORE II article. The heroic young lady that healed us during the caravan battlegame was Lady Ariona. Lord Aredhel was also at the Coronation of Queen Alessandra, but I got the names mixed up. I deeply regret any damage or misunderstandings that my writing has caused. Also, Gilbert Du Quai held the honorary title of Abbot, not Archbishop, and Countess Gwynne is not a Duchess. If I've made any other mistakes in titles or names, please contact me and I will correct them. The mistakes were not by any means intentional. Now, back to your regularly scheduled Legend Lore.)

The crowd around the campfire fell silent as the stranger approached. He was new here; none the less, everyone respectfully quieted as he prepared himself to perform before this audience. The fire crackled as the man raised the wooden flute up to his mouth. He took in a short breath, and then the bard started to play. And a bard he was, for that flute practically sang. His music charged the crowd and soon, one by one, they were all clapping and stomping to the beat of the simple yet powerful piece that the man later to be dubbed "Leaping Lizard" piped before us. He finished with a flair, and shouts of "Bravo!", "Encore!", "Hazar!" and "Vivat!" greeted the slightly flustered gentleman. Leaping Lizard smiled, though, knowing he would find a home here with these people....

He was not the only one smiling that weekend, Plainsmen, not even for that same reason. Fully five members of the Golden Plains attended Gathering of the Clans VII, and each and every one felt that way sometime over that glorious weekend! Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt was right; if you can only attend one event a year, make it the Gathering of the Clans! It was the most fun I'd ever had in the longest time, and I WILL definitely be going again next year. Plainsmen, let me tell you about our fantastic weekend in the mountains around Cloudcroft.

The Barony of the Golden Plains sent five members to the Gathering, one of whom was a recent immigrant from our motherland, the Kingdom of the Emerald Hills. The Hillsman, Lord Squire Dustin Goldenmane, spent little time with his new countrymen, preferring to stay in the camp of the Corsairs, a fighting company that started in the Burning Lands and has since spread (some say like a disease, others like a tradition) to many other lands. The four native Plainsmen somehow made it through the weekend without his companionship. I, Flynn Telemon, went to represent our land, since I was the Vizier and our Baron could not make the event, and to have a lot of fun. Greywalker, Healer and Captain of the Iron Gauntlet, went to see old friends and make new ones. Sicarius Ceacus, Assassin and my faithful (?) Scribe, came along to kick butt and take names (that's the kind of Scribe he is.) The irrepressible QWFWQ finished off our party, coming along for the ride.

On our trip to the highlands of Cloudcroft, we did not encounter the almost traditional manure wagon that marked the beginning of our other trips. In fact, nothing mentionable happened until we were an hour out from the site of the festival. There, in the true Hell-Rider tradition that our illustrious Baron helped to start a year ago, the

rear wheel on the left side of our chariot suddenly went, and we hobbled to the side of the roadway. While we changed the tire, Dustin changed into warm winter garb and proceeded to tell us (again) that we should have packed some warm garb. On the few times we saw him that weekend and on the journey home, he would continue to remind us of this lack of preparation, not fully realizing that, at the time, none of us owned winter garb anyway. (We haven't gone through a winter season yet, so our garbers have had no reason to make any.) Sicarius soon had the tire replaced and we headed cautiously up into the cool mountain climate.

Into the coming night we drove, and along winding trails, following a map that was not to scale, but was understandable by non-Scouts, until we finally reached our destination: SLEEPY GRASS! With sighs of relief and plenty of stretching, we unloaded our tired and cramped bodies and set about raising camp. Dustin left us as soon as we reached for our tents, saying he had some friends to see, and scuttled off into the darkness in pursuit of battle and booze, rarely to be seen again until we left. We ate and then dutifully, Greywalker and I headed out to inform the other lands of our arrival.

Our first destination was the encampment of our motherland. Few were there, being about on other tasks or not having arrived yet. As I recall, the Queen Alessandra and her entourage were there, and bid us welcome, as did Prime Minister Nevron Dreadstar and the Lady Selka Shadowcat. I exchanged brief greetings with the Baron of Darkenwood Avatar Blood-Ax (at least I think it was him; my memory sometimes fails me.) After a few minutes the members of our motherland became involved in planning some activity, and so we discretely departed, heading uphill to the main encampment of the Burning Lands, who sponsored this event.

There, as well, we were well met. After an exchange of hugs and hand kissing (and a brief lecture on the proper etiquette of kissing a lady's hands,) I settled into a conversation with the Prime Minister of the Burning Lands, Naes WeiBdrake, while Greywalker showed off his new cloak to some of the garbers in the camp. That night I met members of a previously unknown (to us) land, the Barony of the Iron Mountain, located mundanely in Denver, Colorado. The night was interesting, but about one, I had to get some sleep. The next day, the Gathering started at full speed.

A few hours after the sunlight of the morning fell upon my tent, I roused myself from slumber, dressed and left to explore the land in which we found ourselves. Everyone's tents were erected along the forest periphery and into the woods, which rose from the bottom of the shallow valley to the top of the surrounding mountains. Below us and to the west (I think), the floor of the valley opened into a large meadow, with a fallen log at the northern and southern ends. The morning fog was slowly dissipating, and the scent of the forest filled my head. "So this is what fresh air smells like," I thought to myself. "Not bad."

That morning, we watched the beginnings of the two-man teams and finally saw in broad daylight some of the people we'd met the night before. Among them was the lady Viscountess Sir Andralaine (just call me "Andie"), who made the trip worthwhile on her own. Since she'd been out of Amtgard two years, Gathering marked her return to our quiet society, and she celebrated it in full force. Being an Amazon from an Amazon household, she naturally was very forward towards men, and more

than once I received a surprise hug from Andie. Besides her enthusiasm of being back where she belonged, she shared a lot of the culture and history of Amtgard with Greywalker and I. I grew to understand a little more the development of Amtgard to a national level, and the rise of our motherland and the Independent Grand Duchy of Barad-Duin.

Speaking of Barad-Duin, several of their populace attended Gathering of the Clans. Senjin and Pabyr had been there from Friday night on, and Sir Nathanalorn (without his wife, who was home cleaning up the lair, I assume) and Lady Adela arrived Saturday morning to represent their land as I did mine. Lady Adela told us of their Coronation a week after ours, and extended an invitation to attend. She also told us about the Amtgard Olympics, which will be held the second weekend of March, a week after our next Coronation, March 3. Over the weekend, the Golden Plains received invitations to many of the events this winter. We've finally entered into Amtgard society, if only partially. Vivat!

About three Saturday afternoon, it started to rain. At the time, Greywalker, QWFWQ, and I were at the tent of Countess Gwynne purchasing Amtgard supplements for the Barony. The temperature dropped even more, so I asked the scribe if she had any more cloaks for sale, knowing they had sold some garb that morning. She had two: a blue knee-length cape and a black woolen ankle-length cloak. QWFWQ loaned me the money to buy the cloak, then he saw the black and maroon guido he now wears. He just had to get himself a souvenir of the trip, so he bought it. Together, the three of us headed back to our camp, commenting on the new additions to our garb, and the rain came down harder. After we were safe in our tents, the rain turned to hail and within half an hour, the ground was white as snow. The sun came out and started to take the chill off the air, and the encampments readied themselves for the night's potluck feast.

To liven things up a bit, the Burning Lands started some battlegames, primarily Zombie Battles. (They're our favorite.) We fought on the side of the northern mountain, among the trees and moss. Four Zombie Lords started after the human (or rather, non-zombie) population, which were divided into groups of three. Slowly, the Zombies gained a foothold and began their climb to dominance in the "world," despite our heroic efforts to the contrary. Greywalker and I joined up with Rogue Rat (who changed her name a few weeks later to Samaira Basp), and we led a merry chase through the trees above the campsites. I was transformed into a Zombie twice, but each time my captain cured my illness and resurrected my then-dead corpse. Sicarius chased us and finally killed me again, but by then, we were down to the bare essentials. Only a few humans lived and so we went after these few desperate people until we had finally won. Afterwards, we played a second Zombie Battle, but the enthusiasm dropped off after a short while. (You try running up a mountainside at an altitude twice as high as you're used to!) Still, we survived unharmed until the game was called.

Down the mountainside we trod, and into the campsites, where fires heated the food that we would consume that night. At each major campsite, Greywalker and I received an invitation to dine with them. So we made a game of it. First, we got a small bucket full of "Son-Of-A-Bitch Stew" from the major Burning Lands encampment, which is so good you say its name before anyone ever tells you. ("Son of a

bitch, that's good.") After eating our first course there, we took the leftover stew to Andralaine's camp. We shared the leftovers with everyone there, then Andie filled our bucket with potato soup. Oh, heavenly! Potatoes are filling, so we took our bucket over to our motherland's encampment, where we gave some potato soup to anyone who wanted some. When the bucket was empty, I went to clean it out, since I had eaten my fill. Greywalker stayed behind to try some of their grilled chicken, which I hear was excellently prepared by Lady Selka.

The evening drifted into night, as evenings have cause to do, and midnight found us around Andie's campfire, holding the women in our cloaks and keeping ourselves warm. (Get your mind out of the gutter; we were gentlemen, although Greywalker had a thought or two.) Before we stayed at the campfire, we had listened to several bards play, including the incredible Leaping Lizard. It was then that we learned of the proper display of approval in the Burning Lands, the word "Hazar" as opposed to "Vivat." (Readers are asked to use these diplomatically. Okay, QWFWQ?) Now, except for the occasional drunken Amtgardian collecting "Alcohol Tax," we basically sat around and traded stories about Amtgard and other events. Greywalker and I mostly sat and listened, since we don't have very many stories in comparison to the other, more experienced people, but we learned a lot.

For those that have never attended a foreign event, you might not realize how open Amtgard can be. Friends are easy to make, and they will do more for you than mundane ones will. Some will give you a drink of their prized alcohol simply for saying hello, and the women will give you a hug and even a kiss for a smile. Amtgard is geared that way. For example, let me introduce you to the cloved orange. The cloved orange is a custom that nearly every event must endure, but it doesn't take much to endure it. Cloves are inserted into an orange before the event and the orange is passed around at the event. When someone of the opposite sex hands an orange to you, you remove a clove with your teeth and pass it to the other person, that's right, to their teeth. It can be as comical as two people grimacing widely to avoid lip contact, or as passionate as an open mouth kiss that leaves one or both passed out. (I wonder if anyone's ever swallowed a clove?) Then you find someone you want to kiss that will take the orange from you. Although I did not participate, Greywalker informed me that there are some "damn good kissers out there." Six oranges were distributed during Gathering and I imagine they all lost their cloves.

Sunday, around noon, the horn sounded and the formal court began. Her Majesty, Queen Tawnee Darkfalcon, and Prince Consort Aramithris walked down the aisle formed by the crowd who moved aside for their passage. Our Queen, her Majesty Queen Alessandra Cntara Nightowl, and her Prince Consort, Gwindon, followed and were seated before the gathered crowd. One by one the representatives of the individual lands were called forward, and bowed before the two Crowns, including myself. Both matriarchs held court, handing out many orders and recognitions. A lost banner was returned to Sir Nithanalorn, who trivialized the importance of its return and in fact gave it back. Even the formal court had its moment of levity, when Coshie, a pet dog of a Corsair, stepped forward in response to the awarding of some order. It was a good morning.

The fun ebbed and soon was replaced with grief as we packed to leave. After all the hugs and good-byes were exchanged, we loaded

ourselves into the chariot and began the six hour haul back to the Golden Plains. Dustin had become a Sargeant of the Corsairs, and he had earned two new names. His official name became Dustin Darkenmane, affectionately known to the Plainsmen as "Midget." He spent a large part of the trip back talking. ("Yes, we know about the winter garb, Dustin.") I was sad to leave, but everyone had a good time and I can always keep one thing in mind. There's always next year! Vivat Amtgard!

AMTGARD AUCTION

QWFWQ is sponsoring an auction to sell all of his weapons and some of his garb. Everyone is invited to bring their old stuff out and place it on the block. Old garb, new garb, old weapons, new weapons, everything is welcome. Ten percent of the proceeds goes to the Barony Treasury. Sunday, September 17, 1989. 2:00PM. Medi-Park. Auctioneer: Maccalus Caerwent Ex. Everyone invited.

