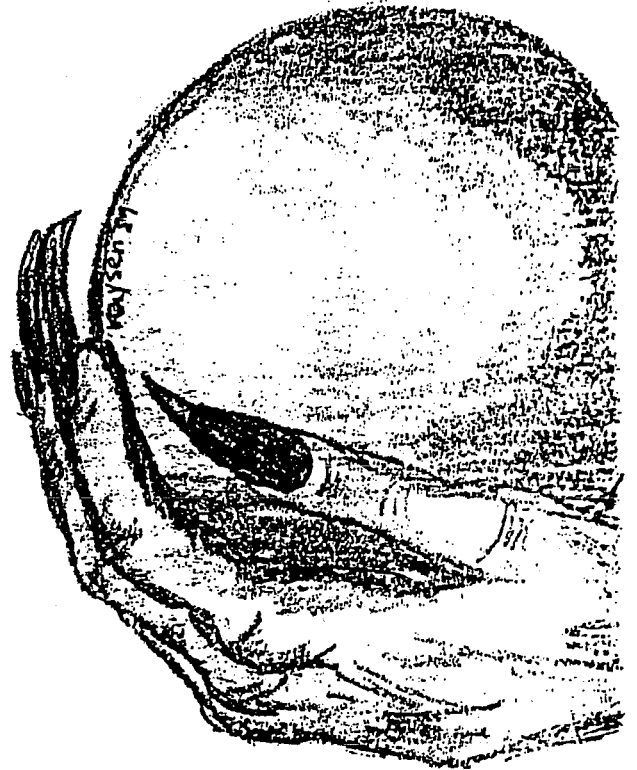
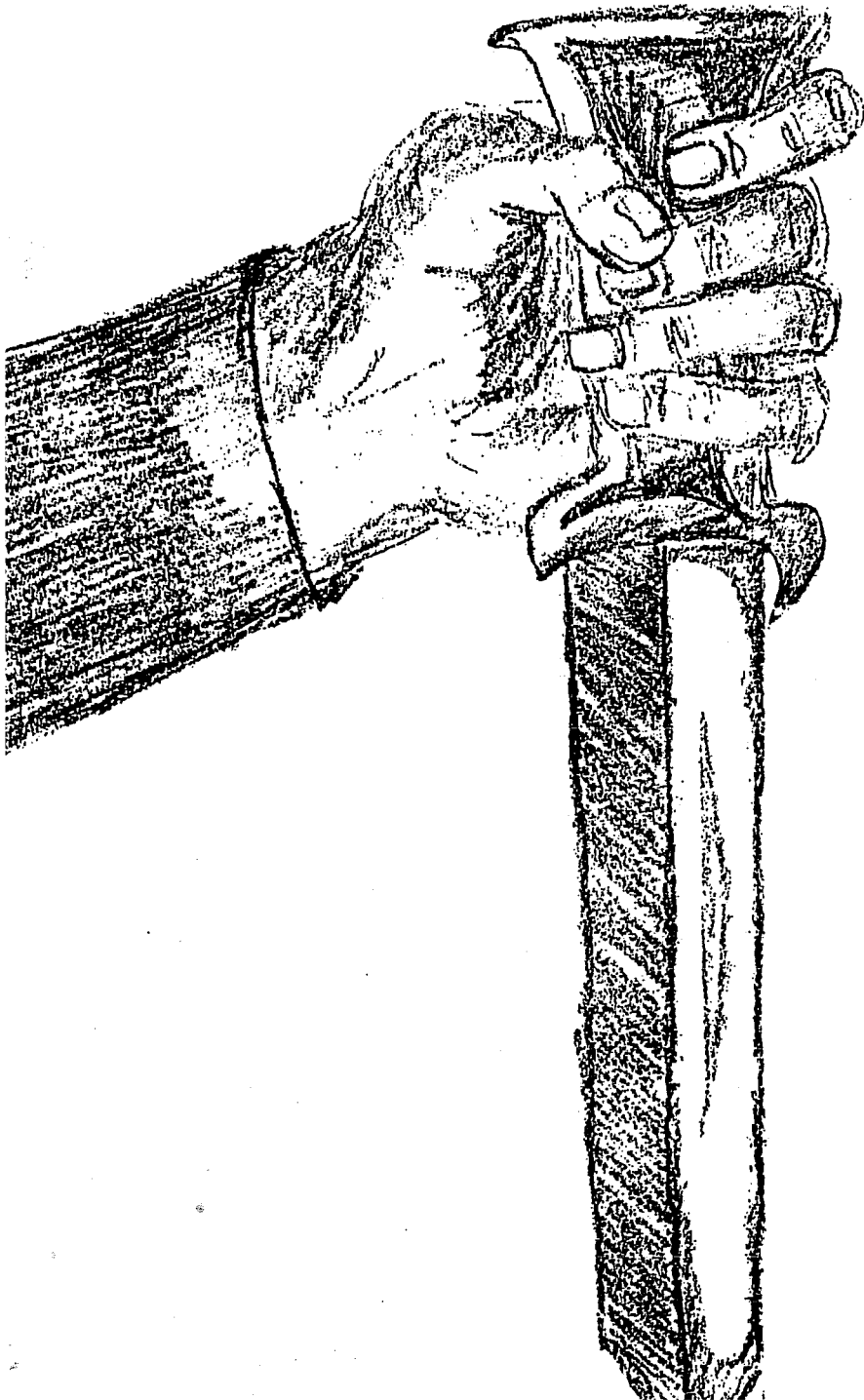


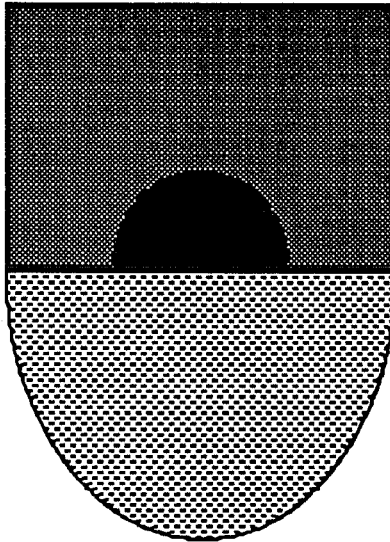
Prime Minister Aislín
&
the Kingdom of the Emerald Hills

THE HERALD'S CRY!

VOL. I, #4

Barony of the Golden Plains





WINTER '89 COURT OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS

Baron Pro Tem Sicarius Ceacus
Baronial Regent Greywalker
Vizier Flynn Telemon
Lady-in-Waiting Catherine
Lady-in-Waiting Isabo
Lady-in-Waiting Mari

HONOR GUARD

Captain Dustin Darkenmane
Euric Bloodstone
Dalmaggnon

COURT POSITIONS

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

CLASS GUILDMASTERS

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

Monks: Hanson Foebane
Monsters: Greywalker
Paladins: None
Reeves: Flynn Telemon
Scouts: Boldwen Reinholt
Warriors: Desari
Wizards: Dalmaggnon

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES GUILDMASTERS

Garbers: Merrily
Gladiators: Boldwen Reinholt
Heraldry: Merrily

Literature: Flynn Telemon
Minstrels: Ulyrica

"The Herald's Cry" - Volume I, #4.
September-November 1989
Barony of the Golden Plains
"For the Populace, By the Populace"

Letter from Baron Donar Sean Stone
Letter from Baronial Regent Squire Greywalker
Letter from Vizier Lord Flynn Telemon
Letter from Landed Baron Sir Lord Boldwen Reinhold
Letter from Guildmaster of Reeves Flynn Telemon
Records
Glorious Event Calendar
Crown Qualification Events of Emerald Hills
-Prime Minister Aislinn
Gladiator Class-Baron Sir Nevron Dreadstar
Orders and Awards of the Golden Plains
Persona History Winner: Donar Sean Stone
Poetry Winner: Upon the Wind-Ian McLeod
Forgotten Miles, Unforgotten Days-name withheld
by request
Adventures in the Burning Lands-Jasmine Montoi
Legend Lore IV: Events at Home-Lord Flynn Telemon

"The Herald's Cry" would like to thank all Plainsmen
for their contributions and a special thanks to
Raysen, who donated the art for this issue's cover.
Keep up the good work, everybody!

(The winning entries of the Short Story and Factual
Paper portions of the Literature Contest will be
released in the next issue of "The Herald's Cry".)

Words of Wisdom

*Associate with people
that you invest your time
with, not just spend your
time.*

*To know victory, you
must first have conflict.
You never win a victory
without a battle.*

*Never beg for that
which you have the power
to earn.*

*We do not learn to val-
ue our blessings until we
have lost them.*

*A good book contains
more wealth than a bank.*

*Can't is another word
for laziness.*

*You can't make your
character in a crisis, you
exhibit it.*

*A child educated only at
school is an uneducated
child.*

*Each of us lives a life
that never has been, or
ever will be, exactly like
that of another human
being.*

*An education in letters is
excellent and necessary, but
an education of the heart,
mind and body is far
superior.*

*It is better to slip with the
foot than with the tongue.*

*If you would go to the
top, first go to the bottom.*

*Life is but an arrow.
Know what mark to aim at,
how to use the bow, then
draw it and let it go.*

*If you don't know, ask.
You may be a fool for a
moment, but a wise man for
the rest of your life.*

*Great ambition is the
passion of a great character.*

*To live is not only to
learn, but to apply. Every-
thing is a matter of proper
application.*

*Lend only what you can
afford to lose.*

To: the People of The Golden Plains.

From: Baron Donar Sean Stone.

I write this with the deepest remorse. My life has had a drastic change in it, and I will no longer be able to lead you in your dream of Antguard. This is not my decision!

I leave you in the very capable hands of Vizier Lord Flynn Telemor, and Squire Regent Grey Walker, Dweller in the Mists. They will know how to appoint a new Baron. My wishes, if they count, are for you to elect a Baron out of the remaining people who qualified, or have new qualifications.

There are people in this land that would tear up your dream. They would be no happier than to watch this Barony disintegrate. You know who they are. Don't Let It Happen. Keep the Dream Alive, for me.

Regretfully
Donar Sean Stone
Barbarian

My heart is with you and may ~~that~~ guide your blows in battle. See you some time in January.

Hark! A message to the populace of the Golden Plains,

Vizier Lord Flynn Telemon (truly a devout friend, Plainsman and pain in the neck) has asked me, your Baronial Regent, to say a few words to you through the media of The Herald's Cry. I have deliberated many a long hour trying to find the proper words to convey an important overwhelming message worthy of my elected elevated status. My verdict? There is not a grand message I need to tell you. Besides a few inconveniences, everything is going good here in the plains. I won't mention these nuances as I believe everyone is aware of and is sick of hearing about them.

I wish to offer congratulations to Euric Bloodstone on his success in the recent quest for the Sword of Flame. I would also like to extend congratulations to the up and coming winner of the Wand of Magic Bolts tourney (as I've decided to hold). It's a bit early, but better than two months late. There were a few slight misunderstandings during the Sword of Flame quest as a few of the populace were unsure of the procedures for some spells as practiced in the Golden Plains. I do believe that these problems will be taken care of before this newsletter is distributed.

As for other problems with rules that happen on a week-to-week basis, I am hereby suggesting that the guildmasters get off our lazy backsides and begin to hold regular Guildmaster Meetings, perhaps the week before each court to discuss problems encountered during battlegames of the previous month. This may help alleviate the stress produced from the petty bickering found on the battlefield each week (I should note, however, that this bickering is decreasing anyway, perhaps due to a better outlook on Amtgard. Way to go Plainsmen!)

Next on the agenda is our motherland's coronation. I would like to encourage as many of our plainsmen as possible to attend this event as it promises to be worth thy while. I do hope that several of you are planning to attend the coronation of the precious hills to the south.

Well, I seem to be doing my bit as Baronial Regent and rambling on about everything and nothing in particular. But your Vizier asked for it, which means that thou shalt suffer. Continue in the dream and keep the fires of Amtgard burning in the Golden Plains. VIVAT AMTGARD!!!

Truly yours in service,

Greywalker, Dweller of the Mist

*Squire Baronial Regent Greywalker,
Dweller of the Mist*

Unto the Populace of the Golden Plains,
Greetings from your Vizier, Lord Flynn.

Greetings, my friends and comrades, and welcome to yet another issue of the Herald's Cry. It pleases me to announce that we have finally published a newsletter that is "For the Populace, By the Populace." I wish to thank everyone who gave to this issue of the Golden Plains' newsletter and your contributions make me proud. Inside you will find letters from members of the Populace, new rules from the Motherland, persona histories, stories, poetry, and much more. Your contributions enrich our land and our culture. Thank you, one and all! Keep it up!

Vizier elections were held last week (Nov. 19) and as you all know, I was re-elected into this office. I shall attempt to continue the job I have done, hopefully spending more time than these last few months on this most important office. My Mundane affairs will soon be over (Finals are next month) and I will be able to devote the energy to being Vizier that it deserves (since I'm taking less hours next semester). If you have any suggestions on improving Amtgard and the Barony life, please bring them to me, our Baron Pro Tem Sicarius Ceacus, or our Baronial Regent Squire Greywalker. Many of you out there have some ideas (right, Lyra and Dalmaggon?), but if we don't know, how can we act on them and better your Amtgard experience?

We held a literary contest last month to promote input from the Populace and I'm happy to say we had entries in every category: poetry, persona history, short story, and factual paper. I am slightly saddened to report that we only had one entry in each category. Therefore, the first place winners of each category are Ian (poetry), Stone (Persona History), Illyrica (Short Story), and Illyrica again (Factual Paper). These people will receive a fine winter tunic from the Barony as first place winners. Vivat the Literature contest!

As the Populace knows, Baron Donar Sean Stone stepped down from office November 12, since Mundania prevents him from attending Amtgard until January and in his wisdom, he recognized that the Barony should not go leaderless during that time. Our Lord General Sicarius Ceacus, has stepped up and accepted the office of Baron Pro Tem, in holding with his responsibilities as Champion of the Realm. While some have approached me with misgivings about our Baron Pro Tem's ability to commit to Amtgard as befits a Monarch, I feel we should try to work with him and give him a chance. I realize that Amtgard has placed second to softball and football practice in the past, but Sicarius knows the commitment necessary to hold this office and as our Champion, he has earned the right to try. Let's give him that chance. This might be the Barony's most prosperous time yet!

In closing, I wish to ask all Plainsmen to consider what offices, if any, they wish to run for in Spring Qualifications. By Corpora, the highest uninvolved person (excluding the Vizier) is in charge of the Qualifications (which will be held February 18, 1990) and must release the information on events included six weeks in advance, which would be January 7. All entrants must be registered by February 11. Three months may seem like a long time, but it will be here before anyone realizes it. Be prepared.

Yours In Service,

Lord Flynn Telemon, Vizier and Plainsman
Guildmaster of Reeves and Literature

Unto the Populace, I send greetings,

There have been several questions raised by people along the lines of, "What do I do now?", mostly by the Ladies in Waiting. Well I'm going to try to answer this question and a few others. What I remember from the Ladies in Waiting of the Emerald Hills is that they would sit around Nirvana talking, singing, working on garb, trying to set the Middle Ages mood. I personally don't want to lose any of our Ladies in Waiting, but the easiest way to lose them is when they get board and can find something else to do, somewhere else, which would be a real lose. I personally, as a fighter, enjoy their company they make being dead almost worth sitting in Nirvana. I personally wish to say thank you. And lets all try to bring somemore into the club.

Another question is on favors, Ladies, Women with titles, and Ladies in Waiting. Ladies and Ladies in Waiting may give a lord of her choice a favor with her crest upon it to were from his belt. It is a honor to wear a ladies favor, act accordingly. There are many favors and they mean many different things. For example, my favors: first my black favor with a Red Lion means I'm a member of the Crimson Pride, a fighting company, the favor that is red with gold wing and the letters HR emblazed in the wing is a Hell Rider favor, the Hellriders had one hell of a time getting somewhere and as bad a time trying to get back, but that is another story, the rust colored favor with a black hawk is a 5th level Order of the Warrior. I also have a Lady in Waiting's favors, one for the field and one for court. There are several favqrs and several meanings, but every different favor has a different reason for existing, so please respect them as the people who wear them do.

Another question brought to my attention is that of titles. Several people have proper titles, like may own Sir Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt. The Sir is the title of a Knight, I retain the title Baron because I am the landed Baron, this raises confusion, I'm a Baron by title, not by reign of the throne, that is the crowned Baron. And Lord by the first Queen of the Emerald Hills, and that was to be an ambassador for the Emerald Hills. There are others with titles Baron Stone, Lord Flynn, Squire Broneal Regent Greywalker, Squire Lord Dustin, Lady Marily and others. When you are first introduced to someone there should be an exchange of titles. If you already know someone's title address them by it. There are reasons for titles, those of us who have them, liked to be addressed by them, and when you recieve one you also will liked to be addressed by that title. It's a show of respect and courtesy.

I have tried to clear the air of a few things and tried to help everyone understand what is happening with Ladies,

favours, and titles. I selected my own name as an example because I know it best, not self promotion. I pray this clears things up a bit.

Something Sir Nevron Dreadstar said brings me to another point, we need more submissions to the newsletter. Take an hour, write a story, poem, your persona history, how you feel about a subject, speak your mind, some comments from the ladies on their views would also be nice. Please submit more to the Herald's Cry.

VIVOT OUR LADIES OF THE PLAINS!

Sir Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt

Sir Baron Lord Boldwen Reinholt

Unto the Populace of the Golden Plains,
A Missive From Your Guildmaster of Reeves.

Greetings, Plainsmen! As the Guildmaster of the largest guild in the Barony, I have come to realize that some things need to be clarified and written down so that all can look back at this record and know the facts on certain matters. I am currently trying to contact the Guildmaster of Reeves of other lands to assist in future problems, but today I will bring everyone up to date on the present ones.

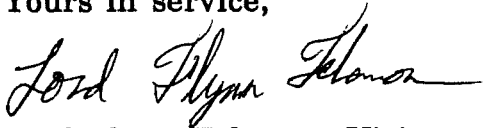
There has been many complaints about Reeves not calling shots on the battlefield. Although there is supposed to be honor on the battlefield, enough people have complained their way back to Nirvana to indicate that the problem of IRONHIDING has gotten out of hand. Therefore, let all Reeves know that they are now required to call all shots that are not taken before the receiver moves again or attacks again. If a wound was inflicted by the Ironhider, it is nullified since it was delivered after a rules violation. If the shot was delivered as the receiver is taking the wound, it still counts. This ruling will stay in effect until further notice. If you disagree with the Reeve's call, state your case politely. Afterwards, if the Reeve stands by his decision, take the wound. Further complaints will result in a one-way ticket to Nirvana (take a death), and if it gets ugly, all Reeves are encouraged to throw the violator out of the battlegame permanently. Also, to clarify a point in the rulebook, wounds received before a hold was called are not negated by the hold. (I realize that people get concerned about running into trees, park benches, or people, and they might not be able to stop with the other team running down on their back, but if they hit you before you call a hold, it was still received in the battlegame.)

Problems have arisen concerning the corpses of the dead for such spells as Resurrection (Healer - 3+ and Paladin - 2+), Reanimate (Wizard - 4+ and Anti-Paladin - 6), and Reincarnate (Druid - 6). Based on discussions with Guildmasters of Healers (since the problem currently lies with Resurrection) and Reeves in both Emerald Hills and Burning Lands, and my experience in combat in foreign lands, other lands play by the following rules, and so do we here: Once you are dead, you may remain at the site of your demise for up to a 100 count. If you leave the site of your death before that, or once your count is up, you must go to Nirvana and you can not be Resurrected, etc., unless a Healer (Level - 5+) casts a Summon Dead first and calls you to his location. Teammates may carry your body to your base or to a Healer, etc., but your count still continues until you reach 100 or the spell is started. Enemies may also carry your corpse away from your team, so that it can't be Resurrected, etc. Finally, you may not say anything while you are dead, except to a Reeve, so you may not ask to be Resurrected, Reanimated, or Reincarnated. If you do, the spell will not function and you may as well start on the trek back to Nirvana.

Our weapons are starting to border on the illegal. Weapons will be removed if three or more legitimate complaints are made against it in the same four week period (not month). Please, take a little pride in your work and make safe, legal weapons. Ball hilts, although they look good, are too hard and will have to be replaced by November 26. At that time, Reeves will start removing them from the battlefield, NO EXCEPTIONS. No matter how good a fighter YOU are, someone else can accidentally dive into your pommel or dodge into the path of your hilt (I've done it on several occasions) and it can cause quite a bit of pain and suffering. Let's strive to keep the battlefield safe for all participants, okay?

Remember, the Reeves' job is to insure the safety and fun of the battlegame, and with this letter, I hope I've clarified a few problems and insured the safety of our club members. The purpose of Amtgard battlegames is not to beat the enemy into the ground (although that is one of the benefits), but to have fun out on the field. Reeves do make bad calls on occasion, but arguing for over a minute about a leg or arm shot ruins the game for everyone. State your case, but the Reeve's word is law. Accept it and go on. Our motto is: "Keep the game safe! Keep it fair! And keep it moving! In that order." If you have any suggestions or points of interest, come and talk to me. Any and all input is welcome. Vivat Amtgard!

Yours in service,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lord Flynn Telemon". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping underline.

Lord Flynn Telemon, Vizier and Plainsman
Guildmaster of Reeves

RECORDS (Through 11/19/89)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>CREDITS</u>	<u>DUES</u>
Euric Bloodstone	Bb 18	01-90
Caleom	Wr 3	11-89
Catherine	Color	
Sicarius Ceacus	As 33, Wr 2	(Exempt)
Dalmaggon	Wz 27	
Finculin Danain	Sc 4	
Dustin Darkenmane	Mk 71, Wr 7, Ru 1	01-90
Darkimir	Ar 4	
Calthar Demon-Ax	Wr 19	
Desari	Mn 2, Ru 2, Wr 28	12-89
Maccalus Caerwent Ex	Bb 3, Wr 21	
Hanson Foebane	Mk 30, Wr 2	02-90
Mrs. Foebane	Color	
Greywalker	He 46, Mn 1, Ru 2, Wr 4	(Exempt)
Hogarth	Mk 16	
Isabo	Color	
Illyrica	Bd 20	11-89
Mari	Color	
Merrily	Color	
Ian McNaughton McLeod	Bd 14	01-90
Jasmine Montoi	Color	11-89
Nakita	Dr 29	05-90
QWFWQ	Bd 1, He 22, Wr 3	12-89
Boldwen Reinholt	Ru 6, Sc 55, Wr 6	04-90
Sasha	Color	
Donar Sean Stone	Bb 17, Wr 1	01-90
Flynn Telemon	Mk 39, Ru 4, Wz 3	(Exempt)

The Treasury of the Barony holds \$73.34.

The Plainsmen wish a hearty farewell to the Healer QWFWQ, who has left our land in search of adventure elsewhere. He currently serves as our Ambassador to the Independent Grand Duchy of Barad-Duin.

BOOK OF THE DEAD

Missing In Action (MIA)

Finculin Danain
Calthar Demon-Ax
Maccalus Caerwent Ex
Sasha

Dead

None

GLORIOUS EVENT CALENDAR

Nov. 26	-Allthing of Barony of the Golden Plains
Dec. 3	-Foreign Event: CORONATION OF EMERALD HILLS
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 and Elections -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:

All dates above might be adjusted due to convenience or weather, as winter is approaching. Rest assured that we will 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.

The following is a list of events and dates for the Qualifications for the IV Reign of the Emerald Hills. At this time I would like to invite you and anyone else to join us for this event. We are now seeking qualified Reeve's and Judges for the cultural and war events. Please inform me if we are to expect anyone from your lands.

Yours in Service

Aislinn

Aislinn

Prime Minister

November 11,1989

Chess Match-Lakeside Park 2:00 pm

Ducanville, Texas

November 18,1989

Qualifications-Lakeside Park 10:00am

to 9:00 pm Ducanville, Texas

War Events

Single Sword
Double Sword
Sword and Shield
Two-Man Teams
Three-Man Teams
Archery

Cultural Events

Weapon Construction
Shield Construction
Armor Construction
Fighting Garb
Court Garb
3-D Art
Flat Art
Cooking
Bardic Singing
Bardic Instrumental
Storytelling Fiction
Storytelling Non-Fiction
Poetry

Other events may be added in the coming weeks. Information concerning Coronation weekend will follow.

Gladiator

For those fighter practice days and on special tourneys on Saturdays when a group of totally sadistic fighters that live for the Ring of Steel. These true blue warriors will battle single opponents until they are slain themselves. Whether one bout or twelve, or possibly even more. Sounds easy enough, until you throw in the rule that all wounds are kept until death. So you may be wounded in your arm your first battle, win, and still fight the second opponent with the same wound, until your death. Seems a little harder now, huh?

The object is to increase your dueling record and earn more Warrior orders. By winning three duels in a row or more this will increase your dueling record and earn you orders of the Warrior.

Another little hitch is when and if you enter the Ring against a wounded victor that bout is an open match and worthless to the newcomer. Only by killing his first unwounded opponent will the gladiator start his climb up the dueling ladder.

Gladiators can earn credits and rise in levels by entering scheduled bouts that are monitored by the Monarch, Champion, or Guildmaster of Gladiators. Matches will be held the week before Allthings, during campouts and during Weaponsmaster Tourneys, and when ever the Monarch deems it appropriate.

Gladiator

Garb: as warrior
Weapons: any sword at lower levels, no throwing weapons,
plus extra weapons at higher levels
Armor: none until higher levels
Shield: small and medium shields only
Lives: 4 to begin with

Levels

1st - sword and shield only
2nd - may carry one extra melee weapon in shield hand
3rd - may carry weapons other than a sword in primary hand
4th - 1 point of leg armor may be worn
5th - 1 point of armor allowed on arms
6th - 1 point of armor allowed on torso

Gladiators earn weekly credits by entering certified bouts that are supervised by either the Monarch, Champion, or the Guildmaster of Gladiators. Most tourneys will be held one week before Allthings, during camp-outs and Weaponsmaster tourneys, and whenever the Monarch deems it appropriate.

In battlegames, a 4th level Gladiator would also gain 1 life for a total of 5 lives. At 5th level he gains another life for a total of 6 lives. At 6th level he gains pit fever, which is like the Barbarian berserk.

ORDERS AND AWARDS OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS

<u>Persona</u>	<u>Order/Award</u>	<u>Reason</u>	<u>Presented By</u>	<u>Date</u>
Caleom	Squire	Ask Reinholt	Reinholt	11/12/89
Catherine	Rose	Portrayal of Lady-in-Waiting	Stone	10/01/89
Sicarius Ceacus	Hydra	Qualifying	Reinholt	09/02/89
Desari	Dragon	Entries in Qualifications	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Griffon	Leg-Wrestling	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Hydra	Qualifying	Reinholt	09/02/89
Dustin Darkenmane	Dragon	Entries in Qualifications	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Griffon	Qualifications Warskill	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Griffon	Good Attitude 9/17/89	Stone	10/01/89
	Hydra	Qualifying	Reinholt	09/02/89
Hanson Foebane	Golden Horizon Favor	Portrayal of Dragon at Quest	Reinholt	07/30/89
	Griffon	Two-Man Tourney, Qualifications	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Warrior, 1st Level	Champion Tourney	Reinholt	04/02/89
	Warrior, 2nd Level	Gladiator Tourney	Reinholt	06/04/89
	Zodiac	Contributions	Reinholt	09/02/89
Greywalker	Dragon	Entries in Qualifications	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Hydra	Qualifying	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Squire	Ask Andie	Andralaine	09/02/89
	Warrior, 3rd Level	Crown Qualifications	Reinholt	09/02/89
Merrily	Lion	Contributions	Alessandra	09/02/89
	Masterhood of Garbers	Garber Credits in Emerald Hills	Stone	10/08/89
	Rose	Contributions	Alessandra	09/02/89
QWFWQ	Ambassadorship	Moved to Barad-Duin	Greywalker	11/12/89
	Griffon	Two-Man Tourney, Qualifications	Reinholt	09/02/89
Boldwen Reinholt	Knight of Flame	Golden Plains	Alessandra	09/02/89
	Lion	Contributions	Alessandra	09/02/89
	Lion	Contributions	Alessandra	09/02/89
	Warrior, 5th Level	Weaponmaster Tourney	Alessandra	09/02/89
Donar Sean Stone	Dragon	Entries in Qualifications	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Griffon	Weaponmaster Tourney	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Hydra	Qualifying	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Warrior, 2nd Level	Weaponmaster, Qualifications	Reinholt	09/02/89
Flynn Telemon	Lion	Scribe and Honor Guard	Reinholt	04/02/89
	Lion	Paperwork	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Lordship	Service and Loyalty	Alessandra	09/02/89

The above is an up-to-date and hopefully accurate list of all orders and special awards given in the Barony of the Golden Plains since its Investiture (03/11/89). By current policy, we are a small group and as such, we may not award titles of nobility nor may we award more than 5 orders of any one type to a single individual. As more orders and awards are given out, updates will be published in future issues of the Herald's Cry.

DONAR SEAN STONE

I don't really know how to tell my story. I guess I start by telling you who I am. My name is Donar Sven Strag (Donar Sean Stone, in English). I was a raider on the Alven Gandr (River Dragon) I was born in the small Norse village of Kistrand in the year the Christians called 1063. In the summer of my sixteenth year I was allowed to accompany the raiding crew of the Alven Gandr. During the next three years (1081-1083) the raiders and myself occupied the town of Cromarty in the land of Scotland near the Northwest Highlands. At that time I learned to speak English. In the early fall of 1083 we pulled out of Cromarty to head home for the winter.

The home port of Alven Gandr was the town of Kjelvik, some fifty miles north of my home village, Kistrand.

As soon as we docked in Kjelvik I was packed and ready for the long walk home.

The road from Kjelvik to Kistrand was not often travelled, but I noticed right off that many goats, oxen, and carts had trodden the path recently. All going north, to Kjelvik.

It wasn't long before I came upon my first group of weary travellers, then my second, then my third, and on, and on. They all told me of a great horror in Kistrand. Some called it the greatest white bear ever seen, still others called it a demon. The beast killed livestock and villager alike; no one was safe. That is why everyone was leaving.

I knew what had to be done. Kistrand was full of fishermen, and old hunters, but I was a trained warrior and no one beast, be it demon or bear, was going to run me out of my home.

My father had a large house on the south edge of the village. There, he lived with my mother and my younger sister. When I got home, after the embracing and kissing, my father told me all about the beast that had been dubbed Loki's Stepson. As far as he knew it was a large arctic bear, solid white in color and standing over ten feet tall. At first the beast only killed goats and oxen, then hunters and finally he started raiding the village about once a week, killing anything he could find.

After being home a couple of days I donned my armor, (thick furry hides with leather leggings), strapped on my great sword, and grabbed a hunting spear. I thought a little hunting would take my mind off of this stepson. I was gone most of the day and no luck. Just as I was about a mile from home I crossed the largest set of bear tracks I had ever seen. They were easy to follow in the early winter snow. They headed straight for my father's house.

I ran as fast as I could but I was too late. The door to the house had been ripped completely out of the frame. I will never forget what I saw as I entered the house. My entire family was piled in the middle of the floor by the still burning hearth. They weren't eaten like a normal bear would have done. They had just been killed, and left.

I knew I would have to leave right then if I was to follow the still fresh tracks of the stepson. I only took long enough to get a small pack full of dried fish, my four throwing axes and an extra spear.

I set fire to the house as I left asking Heimdall to grant my family speedy journey to Valhalla.

The winter nights of the arctic are never ending. At midday the southern horizon lightens as if the sun will rise from the south, but then just before it does, it darkens again, plunging you into perpetual darkness, and endless night.

I follow the beast for one full day before I finally saw him. He was travelling south into the brightening pseudo-dawn less than three hundred feet from me. He was the strangest bear I had ever seen. He walked erect and carried something over his shoulder that looked like a large sack. Even though he was standing, he wasn't over seven feet tall and was much thinner than any bear should be.

Within an hour I was close enough to here his feet crunching in the snow. I drew forth one of my throwing axes and whispered a small prayer, 'May Thor guide my blade.' He did! The axe struck home squarely in the back of the stepsons head with a loud crack! The bear fell face first into the snow. I leaped into the air with excitement; the horror was over. Boy, was I wrong.

As I was nearing the body it jumped to its feet and pulled the axe from his head, dropping it into the snow. This was not the bear I had just killed, it couldn't be. This bear was an easy eleven feet tall and there wasn't anything thin about him, but he carried the same sack which he then dropped.

Stepson was then facing me with nothing less than an evil grin on his hideous face. A large crimson stain on his white fur showed where the axe used to be.

Before I could even gather my thoughts he charged. I had dropped the spears in my premature excitement, and barely had time to draw Heart Seeker (my great sword) and raise it half way. Stepson bore me to the ground with arms around my waist. I felt intense pain in my shoulder, chest, and upper back. He had clamped his jaws onto my right shoulder and I could smell his foul breath. There was warmth on my hands and stomach. It felt curious to me.

My blood ran down my back as Stepson continued to chew and crush my shoulder. At least my back would be warm when I died.

That's it! The warmth on my hands. I was holding Heart Seeker when he charged, his momentum drove my blade into his own chest.

I was alive with new vigor. I now had a chance. With all of my strength I drove my blade up closer to his heart. His warm blood running down my legs.

Stepson grunted with pain as he shook his head from side to side trying to rip my arm off.

Blackness was overcoming me. The pain was too much to bear.

Stepson jerked his head up trying to lift me from the ground and almost ripping my sword from my hands, but I held on driving the blade deeper into his chest, closer to his heart. The beast roared with pain and reared his head back with everything he had. By the grace of Thor I held my grip on Heart Seeker as it was driven through Stepson's heart, by his own rage.

The animal was now truly dead. I checked at least five times.

I used snow to clean my shoulder wound, but it was too serious. I would probably be dead within hours.

With Heart Seeker resting on my lap I leaned back on the body of Stepson, to continued darkness.

* * * * *

I woke to the steady slow rhythmic breathing of a heavy sleeper. My back was amazingly warm. I thought that maybe my wound was bleeding again. That's when I heard a low sleepy grunt. I jumped to my feet, and sure as the sun don't rise in winter Stepson was breathing. I flew into a rage of fury as I hacked repeatedly on his neck severing his head completely and throwing it across the snowy plains. As I calmed down I noticed that my shoulder had ceased hurting. I removed my furs to check it and only a slight scar. Totally healed.

Confusion set in and I wondered off into the darkness for some time. What happened to me? And what was Stepson? At least a day later I went back to check on the body of Stepson. It was gone. In its place was the headless body of a naked man his neck still oozing fresh blood. I searched the bag and found clothing and bedding. Nothing more.

I buried the body and the head (which was also human) in separate graves, melting water onto them to seal them in ice forever.

** * * * **

All that happened seven years ago. I now know that Stepson was a man, albeit an evil man, who was infected with a form of disease that made him change into the Ice Bear at certain times. He passed that disease on to me. Over the years of being alone in the northern waste I have learned to control my sickness and change only when I want to.

I promised the gods to never use my disease for evil means, and they granted me one wish. That was to live in another world since my family was gone. My wish was granted. I now live in the world called...Amtgard!

Donar Sean Stone

Upon the Wind

On calm days, and when it rains, the wind blows softly in my ear. It speaks to me, I listen close, to hear: its tales of yesteryear.

Tales of men both bold and strong. Men who fought many a fight, and wrote many a song.

Knights in armour, Bards with lyres, striving to please the Damsels and Sires.

In games of strength, wisdom, and skill, they proved who was fittest and who had the will. The will to do great deeds and gain glorious riches. To fight and destroy dragons and witches. At these tales my eyes do tear, I travel back to yesteryear. The wind thinks not a sole doth listen, to these tales which do glisten. I ask the wind to carry me away, from my troubles of everyday. Take me to this land of wonder, "Who cares what sun its under." I close my eyes and clear my mind, and very soon I find, that my wish has been granted this year. All I can say is, "I'm here! I'm here!"

As daylight wanes, comes to a close I ask the wind, "I don't suppose, I could stay and live forever?" "No you can't, no, never." "I must move on and gather more, I'll come again with this great lore." "Come back some day and you will learn, more stories like those you yearn." And then its gone, come to and end. My dreams that ride upon the wind.

Ian McNaughten McLeod
Court Jester
Court Herald

FORGOTTEN MILES, UNFORGOTTEN DAYS

Dark was the day when I was born to the greatest family of mages in history. Their rule is hard, and filled with many old traditions. But no one dared defy or disobey their commands ---- until I came along on that cold winters eve of 1168. As I grew, my parents were astonished and amazed by the intelligence and natural abilities that I possess. I easily learned the ways of my family, but I needed more. To explore, examine, and experience life to its fullest and meet many new and interesting people was my strongest desire.

I finally told my beloved family that I wanted to explore the world and experience new ideas and professions. My mother, Desquire Sagitar, was hurt and confused, and my father, Darkstir, was outraged beyond consolation. He said that I was disgracing the family and didn't deserve the great name I was born with. When I informed them that I was going anyway, my father disowned me by denying me a last name, and Mother could say nothing to satisfy him. But my mother did convince Father to allow me to keep the family heraldry in the hopes that someday I would reconsider and return to the family discipline.

My adventures have been long, hard, and unsatisfying. I still have not found that place in life that is full of great times and unending joy. But I have found a land that I enjoy being in and the people are precious. The 'Barony of the Golden Plains has been 'home' to me for the past eight and a half months. I plan on staying as long as this unsettled spirit will allow. Maybe this will be the place where I find my destiny.

About five months ago, I heard news of my twin brother, Drake Sagitar, coming to seek me out. I know not why, but it frightened me none the less. I have received word again from trayz, that poor brave soul, that the trip has been canceled by my father threatening the same fate as I. The rage of my father has shook the Kingdom to its quintessence, and the people are afraid of the growing heat and despair.

Adventures In the Burning Lands

I do not possess an abundance of knowledge about my past. As a matter of fact, except for my name, Jasmine Montoi, I know virtually nothing about myself. The first thing I remember is the lengthy coach ride to the Burning Lands. The strange part was....it was my coach; I was driving; yet I recognized none of the passengers. My first thought was that I was being held hostage by these strange people and forced to carry them somewhere. I greatly feared for my life. Imagine my surprise when I discovered I was part of this motley company. The company of which I speak consisted of: Euric Bloodstone, the gentle barbarian (until I met Euric I never thought that gentle was an appropriate word to describe a barbarian); Sasha the placid traverser; Squire Lord Dustin Darkenmane the indomitable corsair; Squire Baronial Regent Greywalker, Dweller of the Mist, the grey healer; Vizier Lord Flynn Telemon, an amiable monk whom I take great pleasure in knowing; Scribe Desari, a most ferocious warrior, I would never wish to be on her bad side; and last but not least Samaria Basp the white healer whom we acquired in Lubbock. I learned that I was enlisted by Squire Greywalker to carry these travellers to the coronation of the Burning Lands. I discovered that the majority of the party hailed from the Golden Plains, a small barony north of the Kingdom of the Emerald Hills.

Upon reaching the Burning Lands, we took lodging in the home of Viscountess Sir Andralaine (The Dragon's Freehold). Since the journey was so long, and we were so weary, not long after introductions were made and potato soup was served, we bedded down for the night (or the rest of the wee hours such as the case may be). After we broke the morning fast, it was suggested that we visit the exotic land of Juarez. The inhabitants of this country were unlike any I had seen before. They spoke a language I did not recognize. Lord Flynn and Sasha spoke a smattering of this strange tongue, so we endured.

*During our stay in this strange place, we visited a local bazaar. We were accosted by the local merchants and barely escaped with our coin.....and our lives. Both Sasha and Squire Greywalker purchased a bolt of thick local cloth which they utilized as blankets. Following our adventures in Juarez, we visited a bazaar more suited to our style in the Burning Lands. Gifts for the newly appointed King and his Consort still needed to be purchased. The bazaar yielded a wealth of ideas; but Squire Greywalker and Lord Flynn (with a little helpful advice from Andralaine) settled on **The Egg of the Phoenix**, and herbal tea for the Princess Consort's delicate stomach.*

Later into the evening, all except Squire Greywalker and Squire Lord Dustin attended a children's festival celebrating All Hollow's Eve where we joined company with Dracos, bard extraordinaire. Keeping with the spirit of the occasion, we participated in a garb judging. Dracos received honors for ugliest and most original garb and Andralaine much to her (and our) surprise captured the title of scariest. Upon the ending of the festivities, we returned to Dragon's Freehold where Dracos demonstrated his martial talents in the field of Aikido. While Killi-shandra and Hagar sparred, Euric, Squire Greywalker and I took turns being hurled across the room. He taught us some things I know I'll not soon forget. When we tired, Dracos soothed our consciousness with his music. About the time things were starting to wind down and people began setting up their pallets, Baron Lord Sir Boldwen Reinholt and Lady-in-waiting Catherine arrived at The Dragon's Freehold. As before, greetings were exchanged and things settled back down for the night.

The next day began with an air of excitement. Battlegames were about to commence that afternoon, and nightfall signaled the beginning of the coronation and the feast. Most of the day was spent readying weapons for the games and readying garb for the feast. Gilos, Aramithris, and Ariona came over to help transform The Dragon's Freehold into The Tavern of the Lusty Wench. Desari stayed from the battlegames to aid them in this immense task. While preparations were taking place, we made the journey to the site of the

battlegames. There was an art festival taking place within walking distance of the location of the battlegames. Whilst the men of the Golden Plains spent their time in battle and glory, we women waited in the shade of a mystical tree known as Nirvana. Sasha and I had an excellent vantage point to see the magnificent forms of the combatants on the field. We passed the day viewing and rating the quality of men on the field. Time passed quickly and as the battlegames drew to a close, Sasha, Squire Greywalker, Euric, Lord Flynn, Dracos, Maiv, and I went to the art festival to view their wares. Although we purchased nothing, the art festival was still entertaining. The shadows began to lengthen and we decided to return to start our preparations for the feast.

Night fell across the land and people started arriving at The Tavern of the Lusty Wench. Food was served and drink flowed freely. Needless to say, I partook my share, and then some. The Bratwurst was excellent and I especially need to mention the exquisite taste of the Barbarian Stew. I met many new people, among them, Ahira of the King's guard. Another was Orandeer of the fleet foot from Barad-Duin. Court was really an interesting experience. The new monarch was sworn in and Andralaine was awarded guildmaster of garbers. Also, there was a wedding unlike any I had seen. Amtgard was turning out to be an exciting place. I participated in a strange custom called the cloved orange (there was also a cloved pumpkin). I was corsaired at least six times, and wench-napped once. I was also captured and sold into slavery.....I earned my freedom. I have had many new experiences and enjoyed myself thoroughly, and I look forward with baited breath to the next time Squire Greywalker asks me to carry people somewhere.

Jasmine Montoi

LEGEND LORE IV: EVENTS AT HOME

"At a lake that is no lake,
Where war wages as you bake,
A Plainsman Lord comes from on high,
The week's end nears with but a sigh."
- Dreams of a Prophet

Greywalker's chariot bounced down the open path, jarring all Plainsmen aboard as it took them on to that special site near Buffalo Lake, which had dried up almost a decade before. At that site, a weekend of wondrous excitement awaited all who attended the First Coronation of the Barony of the Golden Plains, that of Donar Sean Stone. Although uncertain of the events that were to come, Greywalker, Desari, and I, Flynn Telemon, talked animatedly as the sun started to set and twilight changed day to darkness. At last, the site came into view, and the Vizier, Baronial Regent Elect, and Scribe Appointee prepared for the chariot's sudden stop.

Several seconds after the dust cloud cleared, we clambered out of the vehicle as three of our countrymen approached. Maccalus immediately informed me of my impending doom, and Dustin and Dalmagnon joined in in unison. It seemed that the directions I gave out to other lands were lacking in one or two points, and the special invitation I sent to Samaira Basp' of the now-defunct Golden Mist led her on a wild goose chase of sorts before she arrived only a half hour before. Summoning up my courage and elation at her attendance, I went to welcome my Amazon friend to my homeland. When she saw me, her eyes lit up in happiness (or maybe they were glowing in anger, I was not sure), and she approached me, arms extended in a friendly hug. When she was within attacking distance, her hands locked like a vise on my throat, squeezing my life away as she told me in that cold, passionless voice that murderers have (I began to think that it was probably anger) that my directions lacked quality and clarity. Then she dropped my weakened body and gave me the chance to plead for my life. I did, and it worked. She forgave me.

I assisted in raising the tents of Greywalker and mine own and then changed into more appropriate attire. (We dislike naked people here on the Plains, unless it is due to an absence of garb AND Mundane clothing. We like a proper atmosphere, and Lady Godiva definitely is period.) We then began our celebrating. After I had said my greetings, I noticed a chariot coming. The word went out, "Somebody approaches!" As it got closer, Greywalker noticed it was Viscountess Sir Andralaine's, and with a shout ("Andie!") the two of us took off running, several Plainsmen falling in behind. No sooner had she stopped when about five Plainsmen swarmed the vehicle and began to unload her vast arsenal and accoutrements. Greywalker and I got a hug ("This is more like it," I thought) and we made quick introductions. As we raised her camp, I more thoroughly named each person and gave minor details, such as offices held, etc. Andie had brought with her three Burning Landers who enjoyed our battlegames with us: Killi-Shaundra, Halivorn Laquendi, and Baerath-Tul. Andralaine was thoroughly impressed with the constitution of our half-ogre Barbarian, Euric Bloodstone, who accepted her challenge and inflated her sleeping bladder all on his own.

The night rolled on, with a zombie battle held well after the darkness had fallen. During this battle, our illustrious Healer QWFWQ developed his infamous MEDITATION spell [I: "Meditation (present count)" X 100, eyes closed, weapons lowered. E: Peace of mind, and an easy target for the zombies]. When the excitement died (as did most of the people), I returned to my tent and slept through the

night.

That Saturday morn', I awoke to the bright sun's light and the gentle cool of a summer sunrise. Alas, the day grew warmer all too soon and by noon, the Populace fairly melted as we prepared for an afternoon of battlegames. We spent more time discussing the rules of a new scenario "Blood Bowl" than we did in play, and nothing was ever set down, so the games soon became just another "Last Man Standing." Under the heat of the afternoon, tempers flared but eventually settled as the sun set lower in the sky. Alas, our motherland had yet to make its appearance! Just as we had given up hope, our Scout and Landed Baron, Lord Boldwen Reinholt, spotted a dust cloud off in the distance. With a cry of "Nev!" he sped toward the coming vehicle. How he knew, I'll never know. Maybe it's one of those unrecorded Scout abilities. As the chariot stopped, many Plainsmen reinacted the scene of the night before, and surged forward as one, extending offers of assistance. Prime Minister Baron Sir Nevron Dreadstar had arrived and he brought with him Queen Alessandra Cheetara Nightowl and her Prince Consort Lord Squire Master Gwindon Blackrose! We were saved!

While Greywalker and I assisted our Prince Consort in the construction of the Royal Campsite, our beloved Queen Alessandra accepted the offer of Viscountess Sir Andralaine to use Andie's tent to change into garb. I am unsure of what Sir Nevron did, but it seemed that he was in garb mere seconds after he arrived. Maybe he ... nah, there wasn't a farspeaker booth for miles. Besides, Nev wouldn't be caught dead in a red cloak and blue tights!

The feast that night was a blast. Among the items offered on the table were ham, Barbarian stew, samples of the local vegetation, and much, much more. The guards ate first, royalty and nobility second (when the guards didn't die), and then we gentry and serfs consumed our share. Throughout dinner Halivorn toasted the Prince of Elves, Ulric, while the Barbarian Euric kept turning around, thinking someone was calling him. As the nobility had taken their fill of our entrees, Baronial Consort Pro Tem Lady Merrily took it upon herself to provide entertainment for the visiting royalty. In a loud voice she asked, "Ian, is it true that a Scot wears naught beneath his kilt?"

Full of vim, vigor, and bottled courage, Ian McNaughton McLeod, Lord of the Clan of McLeod (to which I belong), leapt up onto the royal table and, despite the protests of the Honor Guard, started to lift his kilt above his knees. Andie called for a blue ribbon and then asked Isabo Nevarre, the lady of Ian's household, to give the Scotsman the Order of the Blue Ribbon. Amidst bellows of laughter and cries of "Get that poison needle away from the Queen!" Ian raised his kilt fully for the presentation. Afterwards, the cry of "Vivat the Scot!" rang throughout the campsite.

The Queen called a special meeting of the old officers and the new, to discuss the matters of politics that eventually raise their ugly heads in any land. While we did this, the Populace listened to the fine musical talents of Illyrica, Guildmistress of Bards and Minstrels, as she played her violin for them. After the meeting was over, Court began.

Music flared from the Bard-in-a-Box as the procession of nobility came down the aisle. After all were seated, Baron Reinholt and Baronial Consort Pro Tem Merrily handed out all manner of orders, and much recognition was given to those fine Plainsmen who had worked so hard during that first reign. Then the Queen handed out two titles of her own. Our infamous Landed Baron received Knighthood in the Order of the Flame. By his reaction, it was the greatest moment of his life. Both Nev and Andie belted him, one with a fist, the other with lips. (You guess as to who did what. Get real!) Then Queen Alessandra bestowed unto me the greatest gift I possess, Lordship in

Amtgard. I was so surprised, I almost stopped breathing. As the Baronial Regent Elect, Greywalker, was about to prepare a Heal spell, I found my voice and thanked her for the honor she had given me. May the Diety watch over us and prove us worthy of our titles. After that, Baron Reinholt passed the reigns over to Baron Elect Donar Sean Stone, and Greywalker was named Baronial Regent. Andie welcomed all to office with a true Amazonian kiss and then proceeded to name Greywalker her Squire, presenting him with the red belt he wears today. Euric Bloodstone wished to address the Court, and spoke what was in everyone's heart; that Amtgard was home and he had never felt more welcome than here on the Golden Plains. We ended Court with a resounding, "Vivat Amtgard!"

Plainsmen and visitors revelled deep into the night, and all slept soundly --- until Dawn Patrol awakened everyone. If rope had been available, we would have been without one Druid and one Wizard that morning. Slowly, we groped around camp until the sun was almost directly above, then we held our Plunder Quest. The Ogre King and his merry band of OGREkind had been sighted in the hills to the northeast and they were seen with plunder in hand. Being the brave Amtgardian souls we were, we set out after the terrible menace to society. (Well, the plunder was a definite factor in the decision as well, but let us put on noble airs for the moment.)

Soon the hills were swarmed with eager Amtgardians seeking the coffers of the Ogre King. 'Twas the Hillsmen led by our Queen, who found them and retrieved the treasure. Although the Ogre King gave merry chase to Queen Alessandra and her party, they made it back to Nirvana with the treasure safely. The plunder was divided among her party, and the other participants were rounded up. The Quest was done.

Alas, the weekend was over. Our visitors had to leave, since the trip home was long and tedious. The Plainsmen cleaned the campsite and one by one, we left for home, too. As we left, I looked back on the site of Baron Stone's Coronation and sighed. I was relieved that it was over, as it was a lot of work to plan and and perform, but I was also sad, for it marked the end of another event, an event that we had sponsored, one that went so well, the greatest one of all ... that is, until the next one. Vivat Amtgard!

