



COURT OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS - REIGN III

Baron Lord Squire Dustin Darkenmane
Vizier Desari Sagitar

Baronial Consort Jasmine Montoi
Champion Lord Squire Greywalker
Consort's Defender Desari Sagitar

HONOR GUARD

Caleom Radmoor, Captain
Euric Bloodstone
Little John Corbitt
Darkimir
Shardon Daelith Maggnon

COURT POSITIONS

Scribe Euric Bloodstone
Herald Karyllon Illyrica
Weaponmaster Boldwen Reinholt

GUILDMASTERS OF CLASSES

Anti-Paladins: Boldwen Reinholt
Archers: None
Assassins: Sicarius Ceacus
Barbarians: Euric Bloodstone
Bards: Karyllon Illyrica
Druids: Nakita
Healers: Greywalker

Monks: Flynn Telemon
Monsters: Greywalker
Paladins: None
Reeves: Greywalker
Scouts: Boldwen Reinholt
Warriors: Caleom Radmoor
Wizards: Flynn Telemon

GUILDMASTERS OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Art: Sasha
Garbers: Greywalker
Literature: Flynn Telemon
Minstrels: Karyllon Illyrica
Theater: None

Engineering: None
Gladiators: Caleom Radmoor
Heraldry: Karyllon Illyrica
Sages: None
Smiths: Caleom Radmoor

The Herald's Cry Newsletter for the Barony of the Golden Plains

Volume 11, #2 (May and June 1990)

Special thanks are extended to the contributions of Raysen the Unknown Artist, Flynn Telemon, and Sicarius Ceacus. Thank you for your help and assistance in making this newsletter possible.

Letter from Queen Andralaine of Stonehelven

Letter from Baron Dustin Darkenmane

Letter from Vizier Desari Sagitar

Letter from Flynn Telemon

Credit List / Dues Paid

Glorious Event Calendar

Awards and Orders of the Golden Plains

Olympiad '90 Results

Arakis Campaign I Flyer

"The Duel" - Sicarius Ceacus

"Vengeance in the Night" - Flynn Telemon

Any and all types of newsletter contributions are welcome and needed. Please turn in ideas, stories, poems, borders, art work (half page and smaller are best suited for a newsletter), information, etc. to Vizier Desari Sagitar.

GREETINGS UNTO THE POPULACE OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS...

I'm at a lose for words expressing my thanks for the most wonderful weekend of my life. If you all had half the fun I did, then I know you enjoyed yourselves to the utmost

Baron Dustin, thankyou so much for the whip. That's the first time anyone has given me one as a gift You have an eye for peoples likes.

Jasmine, you were ther when I needed a desire accomplished. You know what I'm talking about. It was wonderful. Thanks so much.

Desire, I didn't see much of you during the weekend. You must have been enjoying yourself But thanks for you presence and the joy you bring when you all come down to see me.

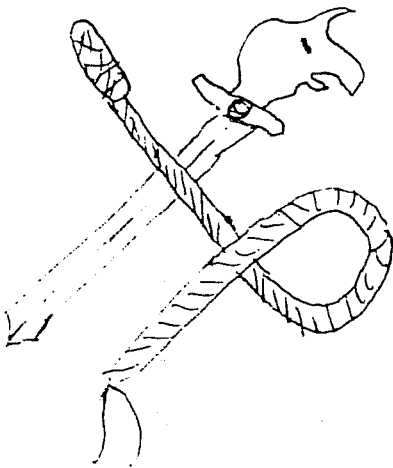
Urich. you will always be my bodyguard. If not physical, at least spiritual. That's one title no one else may never have but you. Thanks for working with Graywalker's kidnapping.

Flynn, I couldn't ask for a better royal massager (or is that the Royal Rubber). That's for being my bed warmer for one night, at least.

And last but definitely not least, my Squire Graywalker. I am so proud of you. You keep me guessing. The kidnapping was perfect and should be put down in the annals of Amtgard as the perfect crime.. Never done before. I'll keep you in mind when I want someone kidnapped..

Squelf, I'm glad you could be there with your wonderful hugs.
Hope to see you maybe at Dallas Crown.

To my favorite Barony, my deepest thanks and gratitude.
May you grow together and grow in numbers. for one day I
would love to see you as a kingdom. May we all be together
again the first of June in the Emerald Hills!!



Truly a friend —
Queen Indralaine



Onto the Populace of the Golden Plains,

First, I would like to apologize for my letter getting out so late. With mundane school and the like, I haven't been able to sit down and write. With our May Allthing settled and with all the ideas we have down on paper we will probably be able to get more members over the summer season. I would like to thank all the people who put up ideas and volunteered to do the things that need to be done to help promote growth in our group. As most of you know, there is a contract that has been passed out for all the Amtgard groups to sign. Personally, we don't sign anything until we know exactly what's in it and that all the groups be under the name Amtgard, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Inc. Flynn and myself will be contacting the Amarillo and Canyon Chamber of Commerce to see what special events are going on in these two cities in the near future. The next big event is the Emerald Hills Coronation coming up in the first weekend in June. I hope to see all of you there. If all goes as hoped we will be growing during the summer months. Vivat Amtgard!

Yours in service,

Baron Lord Squire Dustin Darkennane

*Unto the Populace of the Golden Plains,
Salutations from Vizier Desari Sagitar.*

Our Vizier elections are finally complete two weeks late and the results are obvious. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for confidence in my ability and electing me to office. I will do my best to earn your respect and be the best Prime Minister that I am capable of becoming.

There are a few things I would like to address. First, I would immensely appreciate it if you show respect for my mundane life by limiting calls concerning Amtgard. Second, dues will be credited as follows: if dues are paid on the first weekend of the month, they will be credited to that month unless otherwise requested; and if dues are paid on any other weekend, they will be credited to the following month. Finally, I am in the process of moving. As of yet, I am not sure what my address will be. As soon as I am moved, I will inform you of my new address. My phone number is still the same, (806) 655-9461.

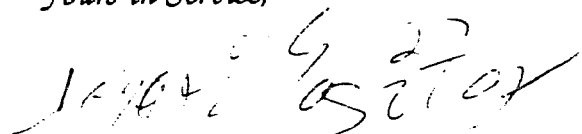
Many of you are probably wondering what to expect from your new Vizier. My goals are as follows:

- 1) To keep a permanent record of Barony funds by using a ledger and receipt book.
- 2) To provide a monthly newsletter, with the aid of my scribe, Euric Bloodstone.
- 3) To get new fliers printed and have volunteers hang them around the area.
- 4) To keep the Populace informed of happenings at home and abroad.
- 5) To provide a Barony Directory of active members in the Golden Plains.

As most of you know, the Barony of Iron Mountain is sponsoring the Arakis Campaign I on July 6-8, 1990. The event is to be held at the Great Sand Dunes National Monument in Colorado. Site fees are \$3.00 per vehicle to enter the Monument and 50¢ per person per night to camp. The only food being provided is a feast on Saturday night which costs \$5.00 before June 20, \$8.00 before July 2, and \$15.00 at the door. For more information and directions ask me for a flier. It sounds like a fun time!

Remember that Gathering of the Clans will be here soon. Plan now for an exciting weekend in Cloudcroft, New Mexico, on July 27-29. This is the biggest Amtgard event of the year and all are encouraged to attend. When I know more, so will you. Crown Qualifications III information will be distributed by July 15. All candidates must have their registration sheets turned in to me by August 5. Everyone is looking forward to the abundant feasting and reveling that will follow at our next Coronation. With these exciting and tempting thoughts to sweeten your dreams, I bid thee farewell.

Yours in Service,



Vizier Desari Sagitar

Unto My Friends And Compatriots Of The Golden Plains,
I Send You All My Warmest Greetings On This Day.

When I first sat down to write about how I feel regarding leaving the office of Vizier, I wanted to create a letter that was moving and sad, which conveyed a ring of dignity and honor. Now, as I sit here composing my official last letter of office to you, my close friends and acquaintances, I find myself asking the immortal question, "Why?"

Of course, my first response was "Why not?" After all, I have developed a reputation for writing long, involved letters to the Populace over this last year. You're expecting a tear jerker of a letter, full of brilliant quotes and remembered moments, and I shouldn't disappoint you, should I? (Then again, I could be wrong.)

Then I gave myself my second response: "You're right! They deserve better!" Why should I tell you how I feel when you already know! You see, you are my family and Amtgard is my home. Everyone knows how I feel about stepping down, about how I am both happy and sad. But I've had my fun, and I've done my job. You've elected a new Vizier with Desari Sagitar, one who will serve the Golden Plains well over the next six months. It's someone else's turn.

So it's time for me to try something new, to do the things I want to do. It's my turn to be a member of the Populace, and I intend to do it well. Now, let's see what we can do with this club, and get the Barony of the Golden Plains back on its feet. If each of us can bring out just one person a month to show them Amtgard, and give them the chance to see what we are all about, enough of them will stay to make life exciting again. It's summertime, prime recruiting time, so let's not waste it! Good luck to all of you, my friends, and thank you. Vivat the Golden Plains, and Vivat Amtgard!

Yours From The Peanut Gallery,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. Lynn".

Baron Lord Flynn Lyton Telemon, Plainsman

P.S. Just what does a Populace do, anyway?

RECORDS (Through 06/10/90)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>CREDITS</u>	<u>DUES</u>
Ace	Bb 2	
Eric Bloodstone	Bb 36, Mn 1	07-90
Shaelyn Heather Cain	Wr 3	
Sicarius Ceacus	As 42, Mn 1, Rv 1, Wr 3	
Little John Corbitt	Wr 5	
Dustin Darkenmane	Mk 74, Mn 1, Rv 1, Wr 40	(Exempt)
Darkimir	Ar 7, Mn 1, Wr 1	
Calthar Demon-Ax	Wr 20	
Alexander D'Koven-Wolf	Wz 1	
Damian D'Koven-Wolf	Wz 2	
Euphoria	Bb 2	
Maccalus Caerwent Ex	Bb 3, Wr 22	
Hanson Foebane	Mk 34, Wr 2	
Mrs. Foebane	Color	
Fubar	Bb 2	
Greywalker	He 69, Mn 2, Rv 5, Wr 5	09-90
Hogarth	Mk 16	
Karyllon Illyrica	Bd 40	
Kinser	Bb 2	
Shardon D. Maggnon	Wz 38	
Malak	Mi 1	
Eesabo McLeod	Color	
Ian McNaughton McLeod	Bd 20	
Mekill of Yonder	Sc 4	
Merrily	Color	
Jasmine E. Montoi	He 23, Wr 1	(Exempt)
Nakita	Dr 41	
Mari O'Brien	Color	
Pedle	Bb 2	
Caleom Radmoor	Wr 38	
Dion Radmoor	Wr 2	
Kalapia Ravenstar	He 2	
Boldwen Reinholt	An 29, Rv 6, Sc 56, Wr 7	
Desari Sagitar	Mn 2, Rv 6, Wr 38	(Exempt)
Sasha	Dr 3	06-91
Lindraael Silverleaf	Bd 1	
Slayer	Bb 2	
Donar Sean Stone	Bb 22, Rv 2, Wr 1	
Flynn Lyton Telemon	Mk 41, Rv 13, Wz 13	12-90
Zoe	He 15	08-90

The Treasury of the Barony holds \$121.49.

GLORIOUS EVENT CALENDAR

*** - Foreign Event**

July 1	Golden Plains Allthing
July 6-8	*Arakis Campaign I
July 27-29	*Gathering of the Clans VIII
August 5	Golden Plains Allthing
August 12	Guildmaster Elections
	Start Crown Qualifications III
August 19	Guildmaster Elections (continued)
	Crown Qualifications III
	Crown Tourney and Elections
August 24-26	*Coronation of Barony of Bifost
August 31-Sept. 2	Coronation of Golden Plains
October 19-21	*Coronation of Burning Lands (tentative)
Nov. 30-Dec. 2	*Coronation of Emerald Hills (tentative)
December 29	Year's End Feast II (tentative)

NOTICE:

The Barony of Bifost has applied for Kingdom status. This may prove to be an exciting event.

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.

ORDERS AND AWARDS OF THE GOLDEN PLAINS

<u>Persona</u>	<u>Order/Award</u>	<u>Reason</u>	<u>Presented By</u>	<u>Date</u>
Andralaine	Rose	Help - McBride Coronation, Soup	Greywalker	03/03/90
Euric Bloodstone	Hydra	Qualifying - II	Dustin	05/06/90
	Lion	Help - Oktoberfest, Travel	Greywalker	11/26/89
	Lion	Help - E.H. Coronation Feast	Alessandra	12/02/89
	Rose	Help - Oktoberfest	Alessandra	12/02/89
	Warrior, 1st	Lightning Bolt Tourney	Sicarius	01/28/90
Catherine	Rose	Portrayal of Lady-in-Waiting	Stone	10/01/89
Sicarius Ceacus	Hydra	Qualifying - I	Reinholt	09/02/89
Dustin Darkenmane	Dragon	Entries in Qualifications I	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Griffon	Qualifications I Warskill	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Griffon	Good Attitude 9/17/89	Stone	10/01/89
	Hydra	Qualifying - I	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Hydra	Qualifying - II	Nevron	06/02/90
	Warrior, 1st	Lightning Bolt Tourney	Sicarius	01/28/90
Hanson Foebane	Golden Horizon Favor	Portrayal of Dragon at Quest	Reinholt	07/30/89
	Griffon	2-Man Tourney, Qualifications I	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 I	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Hydra	Qualifying - I	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Hydra	Qualifying - II	Dustin	05/06/90
	Lion	Help - McBride, Barad-Duin	Jasmine	04/01/90
	Lordship	Service & Loyalty to Club	Nevron	06/02/90
	Rose	Help - Oktoberfest	Alessandra	12/02/89
	Squire	Ask Andie	Andralaine	09/02/89
	Warrior, 3rd Level	Crown Qualifications I	Reinholt	09/02/89
Karyllon Illyrica	Dragon	Music - Sept.89 Coronation	Stone	10/24/89
	Jovious	Outstanding Attitude	Sicarius	03/03/90
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
Jasmine Montoi	Hydra	Qualifying - II	Dustin	05/06/90
	Lion	Help - Oktoberfest	Greywalker	11/26/89
	Lion	Help - McBride Coronation	Greywalker	03/03/90
	Rose	Help - Travel; Good Persona	Greywalker	11/26/89
	Rose	Help - Oktoberfest	Alessandra	12/02/89
QFWFQ	Ambassadorship	Moved to Barad-Duin	Greywalker	11/12/89
	Griffon	2-Man Tourney, Qualifications I	Reinholt	09/02/89
Caleom Radmoor	Lion	Defense of King	Nevron	06/02/90
	Squire	Ask Reinholt	Reinholt	11/12/89
	Warrior, 1st	Lightning Bolt Tourney	Sicarius	01/28/90
Boldwen Reinholt	Baronhood	Starting new land	Landolph	03/11/89
	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
	Warrior, 5th	Gladiator, Champion Tourney	Nevron	03/03/90

	Warrior, 6th	Tourney Victories	Dustin	05/06/90
	Warrior, 7th	Tourney Victories	Dustin	05/06/90
Desari Sagitar	Dragon	Entries in Qualifications I	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Dragon	Monster Make-up	Greywalker	03/03/90
	Griffon	Leg-Wrestling	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Hydra	Qualifying - I	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Rose	Help - Oktoberfest	Alessandra	12/02/89
	Rose	Help - 2 feasts	Aramithris	04/28/90
	Rose	Outstanding Scribe	Dustin	05/06/90
Sasha	Rose	Help - Oktoberfest	Alessandra	12/02/89
	Rose	Help - E.H. Coronation V	Dust. & Jas.	06/10/90
Donar Sean Stone	Dragon	Entries in Qualifications I	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Griffon	Weaponmaster Tourney	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Hydra	Qualifying - I	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Warrior, 2nd Level	Weaponmaster, Qualifications I	Reinholt	09/02/89
Flynn Telemon	Baronhood	Serving P.M. 2 terms	Nevron	06/02/90
	Lion	Scribe and Honor Guard	Reinholt	04/02/89
	Lion	Paperwork	Reinholt	09/02/89
	Lion	Sponsoring Olympiad A & S	Jasmine	05/06/90
	Lordship	Service and Loyalty	Alessandra	09/02/89
	Rose	Help - Oktoberfest	Alessandra	12/02/89
	Rose	Help - McBride Coronation	Jasmine	04/01/90
Zoe	Rose	Help - McBride Coronation	Greywalker	03/03/90

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 and to its people since its Investiture (03/11/89). If any corrections or additions need to be made please advise the Vizier, Desari Sagitar. 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.

'90 Olympiad

CULTURAL EVENTS STANDINGS

(1st to 3rd, minimum 3.5 score or placing in top 50% required to be listed. Events listed in approximate order of completion.)

Singing

1st	Lord Scarhart	4.67	Burning Lands
2nd	MacCloud	4.33	Emerald Hills
3rd	Squire Christyl	3.00	Bifost

Instrumental Music

1st	Cirith, Dyngal, *Elicia	4.67	Burning Lands
2nd	Guildmaster Dracos	4.40	Burning Lands
3rd	Eskot	3.68	Burning Lands
*Scored for dance competition			

Recitation

1st	Lord Scarhart	4.67	Burning Lands
2nd	Queen Andralaine	4.00	Burning Lands
3rd	King Nevron	3.67	Emerald Hills

Dance

1st	Viscountess Joella	4.00	Burning Lands
2nd	Squire Christyl	3.67	Bifost

(Overall Bardic Results)

1st	Lord Scarhart	Burning Lands
2nd	Squire Cristyl	Bifost

Factual Writing

1st	Lady Gwynne	4.25	Burning Lands
	(All You Ever Wanted to Know About Crown Qualifications)		
2nd	Grand Duchess Tawnee	4.00	Burning Lands
	(Letter to The Populace)		
3rd	Grand Duke Aramithris	4.00	Burning Lands
	(The Birthing, Battling, and Babying of the Amtgard Sword)		
3rd	Grand Duke Aramithris	3.75	Burning Lands
	(An Examination of Amtgard Titles of Nobility)		



Poetry

1st	Lady Gwynne	4.25	Burning Lands
	(The Maiden)		
2nd	Grand Duchess Tawnee	4.00	Burning Lands
	(Sometimes)		
3rd	Grand Duke Aramithris	3.75	Burning Lands
	(Tarnished Knight)		
3rd	Champion Greywalker	3.75	Golden Plains
	(The Wanderers)		

Composition (Fictional Writing)

1st	Lady Marika	4.20	Burning Lands
	(Bloodthirst)		
1st	Grand Duke Aramithris	4.20	Burning Lands
	(The Browning Grasses of Neverwhen)		
2nd	Guildmaster Astrean	4.00	Burning Lands
	(Sorrow Comes on Midnight Wings)		
3rd	King Nevron	3.80	Emerald Hills
	(The Window)		

Vintners (Alcoholic Beverages)

1st	Grand Duke Aramithris	4.67	Burning Lands
	(Lemon Wine)		
2nd	Grand Duke Aramithris	4.00	Burning Lands
	(Orange Wine Cooler)		
3rd	Grand Duke Aramithris	3.67	Burning Lands
	(Burgundy)		
3rd	Grand Duke Aramithris	3.67	Burning Lands
	(Mead)		

Cooking

1st Grand Duchess
Tawnee and
Helpers 3.50 Burning Lands
(Feast)

The Rose

1st Guildmaster
Kathon 4.60 Burning Lands
(Tapestry)

2nd Queen
Andralaine 4.20 Burning Lands
(Banner - Sword/Whip)

2nd Lady Gwynne 4.20 Burning Lands
(Reversible Favor)

2nd Grand Duke
M'Deth 4.20 Burning Lands
(Warlord Favor)

2nd Queen
Andralaine 4.20 Burning Lands
(Banner - Penny Whistle)

2nd Queen
Andralaine 4.20 Burning Lands
(Battle Flags)

Passive Construction

1st Grand Duchess
Tawnee 4.25 Burning Lands
(Wooden Crown)

2nd Squire Cristyl 4.00 Bifost
(Barbarian Totem)

3rd Grand Duke
Aramithris 3.80 Burning Lands
(Coronet)

Art - 3 Dimensional

1st Sir Esuom 4.80 Burning Lands
(Dragon Ring)

1st Guildmaster
Kathon 4.80 Burning Lands
(Crystal Pendant)

2nd Sir Esuom 4.60 Burning Lands
(Claw Pendant)

2nd Grand Duchess
Tawnee 4.60 Burning Lands
(Mirrored Crown)

3rd Sir Esuom 4.40 Burning Lands
(Unicorn Earrings)

Accessory Garb

1st (Lady)
Madelaine 4.20 Iron Mountain
(Chainmail Blouse)

2nd Lady Gwynne 4.00 Burning Lands
(Riding Cape)

3rd Grand Duke
Aramithris 3.80 Burning Lands
(Ankh Pouch)

Fighting Garb

1st Lady Marika 4.80 Burning Lands
(Ensemble)

2nd Grand Duchess
Tawnee 4.00 Burning Lands
(Wool Surcoat)

3rd Champion
Greywalker 3.80 Golden Plains
(Maroon Tunic)

Court Garb

1st Queen
Andralaine 5.00 Burning Lands
(Velvet with pants)

2nd Grand Duchess
Tawnee 4.80 Burning Lands
(Pirate garb)

3rd Champion
Greywalker 4.20 Golden Plains
(Fur Cloak)

Art - 2 Dimensional

1st Lady Gwynne 4.40 Burning Lands
(Dragon - watercolor)

2nd Grand Duchess
Tawnee 4.20 Burning Lands
(Elric painting)

3rd Arkel 4.00 Bifost
(Hydra sketch)

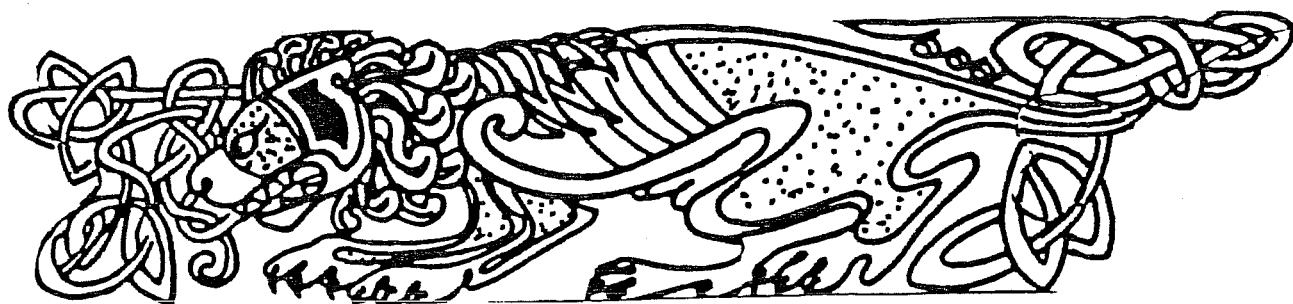
3rd Arkel 4.00 Bifost
(Red-eyed Dragon sketch)

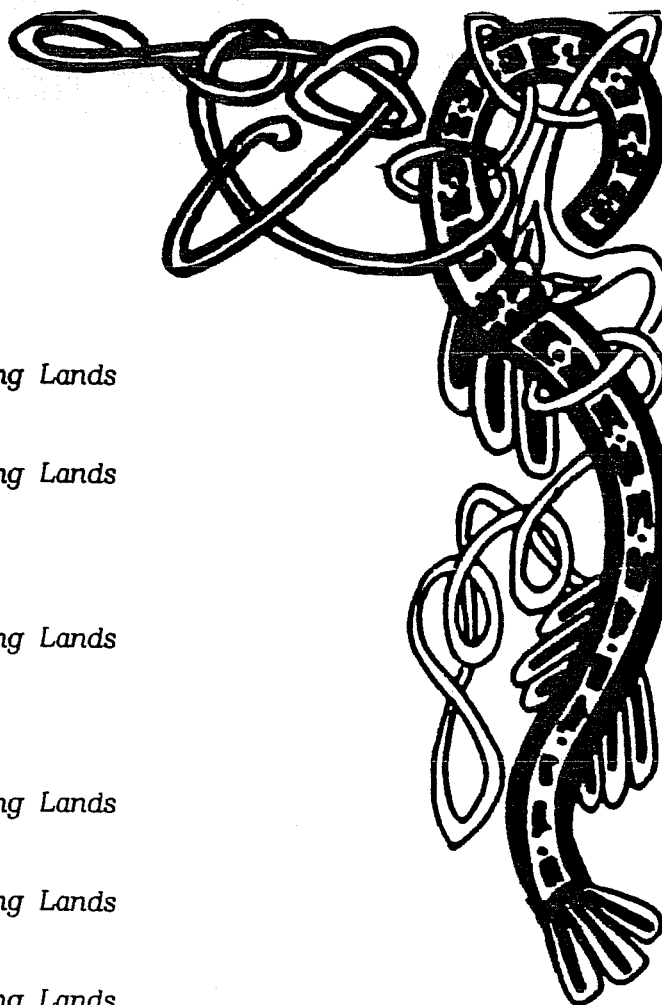
3rd Lady Gwynne 4.00 Burning Lands
(Dragon applique)

Armor Construction

1st P.M. Thorn 5.00 Iron Mountain
(Chain Vest)

2nd Champion
Stelyos 4.2 Dragonspine
(Chain & Leather)





Weapon Construction

- 1st Grand Duke
Aramithris 3.40 Burning Lands
(Florentine Swords)
- 2nd Guildmaster
Cirith 3.00 Burning Lands
(Scimitar)

Shield Construction

- 1st Grand Duke
Aramithris 3.00 Burning Lands
(Barbarian Shield)

The Owl (Publications)

- 1st Grand Duke
Aramithris 4.40 Burning Lands
(Amtgard Card Game)
- 1st Grand Duchess
Tawnee 4.40 Burning Lands
(Burning Lands Songbook)
- 1st Grand Duke
Aramithris 4.40 Burning Lands
(Amtgard Supplements)
- 2nd Sir Delphos 3.80 Burning Lands
(The Keep III)
- 2nd Grand Duchess
Tawnee 3.80 Burning Lands
(Amtgard Money)

OVERALL CULTURAL STANDINGS - TOP 10

(20 events - compiled from up to 7 best categories per individual)

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------------|---------------|-------------|
| 1st | Grand Duchess Tawnee Darkfalcon | Burning Lands | 30.3 points |
| 2nd | Grand Duke Aramithris of Meadowlake | Burning Lands | 28.7 points |
| 3rd | Lady Gwynne of Tarnlea | Burning Lands | 24.6 points |
| 4th | Guildmaster Kathon de Stormbringer | Burning Lands | 23.3 points |
| 5th | Squire Chrystl | Bifost | 20.9 points |
| 6th | Queen Andralaine of Stonehelvan | Burning Lands | 19.0 points |
| 7th | Sir Esuom | Burning Lands | 16.1 points |
| 8th | Champion Greywalker | Golden Plains | 12.8 points |
| 9th | Lady Marika | Burning Lands | 12.2 points |
| 10th | King Nevron | Emerald Hills | 10.8 points |

NOTES:

- 20 Total Cultural Events
- 38 individuals entered the cultural contests
- 165 total entries



WAR EVENTS

(In order of completion)

Number of participants in parenthesis

Two-Man Teams (22 Teams)

1st	Sir Theo/Imagg	7-1	Bifost
2nd	Prince Argon/ Squire Balinor	5-2	Burning Lands
3rd	Sir Hellspawn/ Lorn	5-2	Burning Lands
4th	Lady Raven/ Ungol	4-2	Burning Lands
5th	Wolfram/ Longrun	4-2	Iron Mountain

Sword and Shield (38)

1st	Viscount Morluk	8-0	Burning Lands
2nd	Grand Duke Aramithris	6-2	Burning Lands
3rd	Sir Zyax	5-2	Burning Lands
4th	Grand Duke Gilos	4-2	Burning Lands
5th	Sir Reinholt	4-2	Golden Plains

Single Sword (23)

1st	Grand Duke M'Deth	6-1	Burning Lands
2nd	Honto	5-2	Burning Lands
3rd	Baron Squatmonger	4-2	Burning Lands
4th	Raxx	4-2	Burning Lands
5th	Lady Marika	3-2	Burning Lands

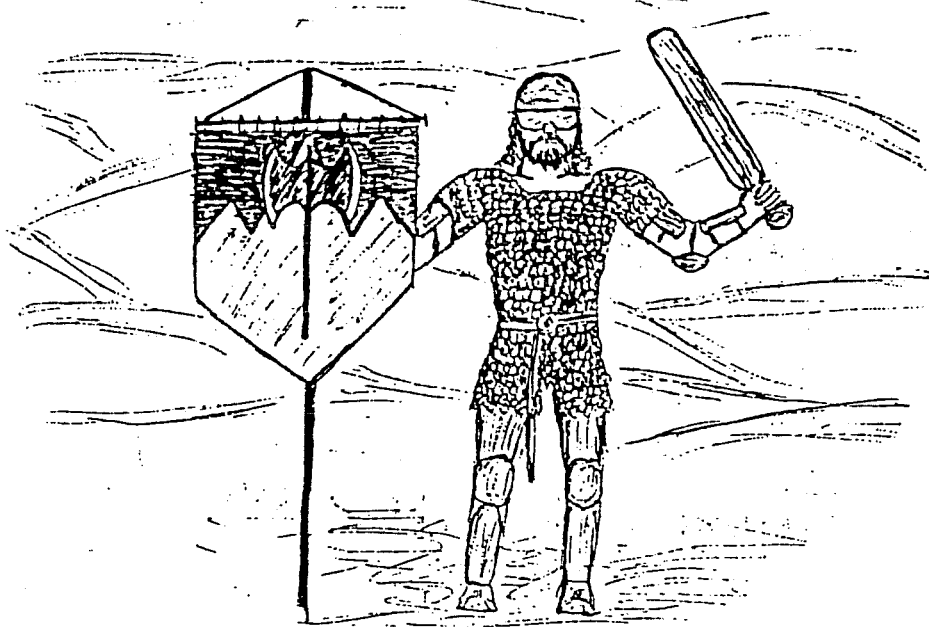
Open Class (19)

1st	Cuildmaster Cirith	5-0	Burning Lands
2nd	Grand Duke M'Deth	4-1	Burning Lands
3rd	King Nevron	3-1	Emerald Hills
4th	Baron Squatmonger	2-1	Burning Lands
5th	Sir Esuom	2-2	Burning Lands

Javelin-Dagger Throwing (13)

1st	Grand Duke M'Deth	Burning Lands
2nd	Lord Caliban	Burning Lands
3rd	King Nevron (tie)	Emerald Hills
3rd	Baron Naes (tie)	Burning Lands
5th	Raydn	Burning Lands

Arakis Campaign 2



Barony of the Iron Mountains

The Barony of the Iron Mountians requests your presense at the Great Sand Dunes National Monument for Arakis Campaign II, to be held on July 6,7 and 8, 1990. There will be battles, tournaments, and a feast to celebrate the coronation of our first Duke. Come join in the combat and revelry!

We have reserved one group campsite for 50 people, and there are other campsites available if there is a larger turnout. The site fee for the event is \$3.00 per vehicle to enter the monument and 50¢ per person per night to camp, payable when you arrive. Each campsite has a firegrate and picnic table, and firewood is available for \$2.65 a bundle. (We suggest that you bring your own. All fires MUST be kept in the firegrates.) The campground has one comfort station with dishwashing sinks, toilets, and drinking water. (There are no showers at the Dunes, but a private campground offers them for \$3.68 per person.)

The Iron Mountians will provide a feast on Saturday night. All other meals are up to individual groups. The feast will cost \$5.00 postmarked before June 20, \$8.00 before July 2, and \$15.00 at the door. This is because the nearest supermarket is 30 miles away in Alamosa.

We are looking forward to seeing you there!

The Duel

The silence and darkness were everywhere and dust cast an eerie pall over reality. The ordeal was ended, leaving only charred and disfigured traces of all I had taken for granted. Slowly the truth began to etch itself on my consciousness. I was the last living human being on earth. But before I could fully absorb this terrifying fact, suddenly there came a knock at the door.

The events of the previous week flashed through my mind. The great battles that laid waste the lands of the three continents, the great and horrifying spells cast upon huge armies of swordsmen and bowmen wearing varying types of armor, the huge siege engines roaring everywhere, but mainly the screams as the dark armies killed. Again I heard the knock, interrupting my memories. How I had come to survive the last enchantment of the dark magicians that had misfired, I don't know. Maybe, just maybe, someone else had escaped that horrifying blast. I got up and ran through the castle, towards the door, my thoughts racing. I stumbled over the mutilated body of one of my friends, struck in the throat by a stray arrow. I felt a pain in my stomach and retched on the body of a guard dog named Fang. Three feet away was his head, severed by a sword stroke. It was lying among the torn bodies of three dark soldiers; he had died with honor. The knock sounded a third time. I pushed the scene from my mind and continued on my way. I was in the dining hall when I first heard the knock. I was now jogging across the courtyard, jumping and avoiding the scattered bodies of the light and dark forces who were killed by the great explosion.

I finally reached the door. I undid the bolts and raised the crossbar with the winch. The door swung open silently at my command and allowed the figure to enter. I stayed in the shadows and waited until I could get a better look at him. He was old and misshapen, and was hunched over an old walking stick. How he had lifted the big brass knocker on the door, I don't know. I was about to step out to talk to him when my mind noticed something strange. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a slight glow about him, as if he was shrouded by magic. I loosened my sword in my scabbard and got prepared for the worst. Suddenly, he glanced in my direction, searching the shadows around me. I knew that because of the clouds covering the moon, and the closeness of the walls surrounding me, he would not be able to see me unless he was a dark one, who could see just as well at any hour, or if he used magic. I cast a spell upon myself, making myself invisible to any magic that might search me out. I saw his eyes stop on me and look me over. I was wearing my special uniform of the light army. It had the famous insignia of a sword in a fireball, signifying that I was one of the very few people, light and dark, who had the talent in both sword fighting and magic. I cast a cancel illusion spell on the old man, knowing that he could only be a dark one,

seeing me in the depths of the shadows that surrounded me. The gnarled, bent figure shifted and faded, leaving me staring at a dark one, a mutation, not of my own kind, who had lived underground for over three thousand years. He was around five feet eight inches tall, covered with filthy fur and a scaly hide. He had long talons instead of fingers and sharp fangs that served as teeth. He had large eyes that were mainly pupils and a big nose, gained from the poor eyesight underground. I stared at the insignia on his uniform. It was the same as mine. I now studied him a second time and noticed a long, thin shape under his cloak that looked suspiciously like a sword. The walking stick turned out to be his staff of magic, used to focus the energies of certain spells. I saw a glitter near the top of the staff. I looked at the source, seeing a small band of gold, signifying a master. I knew that he saw the same band on my own staff. I knew the duel to come would be a very long one, evenly matched. Either of us could win, but only one would. I moved into the wane torchlight of the courtyard, slowly drawing my sword from its scabbard and picking up a discarded shield from among the bodies of the dead. I spoke a key word, and the mystical runes on my sword start to glow with a brilliant white fire, fighting the blackness that radiated from the sword of the dark one.

We split the distance between us, meeting somewhere in the middle, and the battle was joined. Being careful not to slip in the blood of the dead around us, I parried his overhand swing and cast a magic missile spell at him. His sword came up and the white length of magic was engulfed in blackness and was lost. We attacked, parried, and cast spells for hours, stopping only when we were so tired that we could not move an inch. When we were rested enough, we started in again. For three days this continued, neither of us getting and keeping the advantage for long enough to make it work for us. Then, on the fourth day, I slipped in a small pool of blood and fell on my back. The dark sword went up and started to come down in a leisurely, slow arc. My arms, seemingly of their own volition, raised the shield to ward off the blow. The runes on the shield glowed and the sword was deflected, but the shield splintered under the force of the blow and the power of the black weapon. I found a small spike-headed mace with my left hand and threw it at the dark warrior. While he was busy blocking it, I regained my feet and retreated. We called a temporary halt for some much needed food and rest, agreeing to continue the battle in twelve hours.

In the morning, we agreed to leave the castle and continue our battle outdoors. We fought for three hours using our spell and swords maximum of our abilities, attacking, parrying, counterattacking, blocking spells, and dodging dead bodies. Finally I felt that I was on my last reserves. I decided to use the last of my stored powers to maintain a continuous mind blast on my opponent, a contrast to see who was really the better. If I messed up once I would be subject to my enemies mercies. I

thought back to my old school days and revived those memories of my instructor teaching me this spell. I prepared myself without letting my opponent see what I was up to. As soon as I cast the spell, I felt his mind shield go up. He had caught on. It was now a struggle to see whose magical reserves would give out first. Suddenly I felt his shield falter. This was my chance. I sent a double powered blast of psionic energy, and his shield crumbled. He was helpless. I would have to use my sword. I closed in on him, but he sent a flurry of blows at me that made me back up. I tripped over the body of a dead cat, falling on my back. My sword was jarred out of my grip. He came at me slowly, a grin on his face, saliva running down his long, gleaming fangs, and black sword raised high above his gruesome head. In a movement too fast to follow, I drew my dagger and, with a flick of my wrist, sent it deep into the right lower body cavity where I knew his heart to be. His face twisted in agony as he dropped his sword, which shattered at the death of its master, and grabbed at the dagger as if he could save himself if he pulled it out in time. Slowly, his knees buckled, pulling him down. He collapsed, finally, and flopped over on his face.

He had, however, given me something to do. If two creatures had survived the holocaust when the great enchantment misfired, destroying the earth, maybe there were even more survivors. I would spend the rest of my life travelling to foreign lands, looking for any of my people who may have survived, and fighting any dark ones who had been spared. If I found anyone, I would not be lonely, but even if I didn't, I would have something to give my life meaning.

Sicarius Ceacus

Vengeance in the Night

It opened its eyes.

Quickly, the avenger scanned its surroundings, its eyes flitting from stone to stone on the hillside below, encompassing each potential hiding place in its quiet search for enemies. Satisfied for the moment that it was safe on the hilltop under the light of the huge red sun, the avenger shifted its eyes inwards, seeing within its mind the body it now had. 'Interesting,' the avenger thought, 'an elf. I've never been an elf before.' The thought was without happiness nor hatred, for avengers as a whole are incapable of such emotions. The avenger simply noted the fact out of curiosity, as well as its, or rather his, body's maleness. The form held importance to his task, so the avenger accepted it and returned his inspection to the physical world. Glancing around, he quickly chose north, and walked down the gentle slope, on towards the target of his vengeance.

If the avenger was successful tonight evil would not stalk this land long.

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'The poor couple cried out as Drachir, renegade of the orcish tribe Snagged Fang, lifted their youngest offspring screaming from the floor by her golden braids. On impulse, the man started forward, but a quick snap of the disfigured orc's arm brought a dagger's blade to the waif's throat. 'Stop,' the orc spat out, 'stop or she dies.' The quivering human huddled back with his quivering woman and their pathetic quivering sons and quivered as humans do when Drachir faced them. All of them quivered except the girl he held above the floor, her face contorted in pain, but not a sound escaped her lips after that first cry. 'Alone, the youngest human was the strongest, at least here,' Drachir thought. 'When you die, Child, your soul will return in an Orc.'

It had been easy to take the house alone. When he first left his tribe to hunt the orckiller, Drussus Flightfoot, he had trouble sacking hovels along the way, but the last five months had made him expert in the ways of raiding. At dawn, the man had left to till his field, for the winter was over and the seeds waited to be sowed. Quietly, Drachir had slipped in the back way, catching the woman unaware and taking her prisoner at blade point. The children were locked up in a closet, and Drachir had his fun with the farmer's wife, taking her as she had never been taken by her weak husband, ultimately leaving her lying on the floor, battered and barely conscious after her ordeal. When the husband returned, Drachir gathered the family in the front room of the house, for now he wanted information.

'Now, tell me, Man, where is the one known as Drussus Flightfoot? Tell me, and your daughter may live,' Drachir started pressing his dagger a little closer to the girl's neck for emphasis.

The man stuttered and stalled, but more pressure on the blade convinced him to speak. 'He ... he's on his way to the C-c-city of Te-Te-Telembe-bek, the City of Telembek,' the poor farmer said. 'He - he stopped here two days ago, bought some food, left the next morning. That's all! I don't know anything else! Please, leave us alone! Let us live!'

Drachir lurched forward, shifting quickly off his clubfoot and bringing his snarling face within inches of the poor farmer's. 'Coward! Is it the truth you say?' Drachir roared as he leaned back and lifted the girl between them, knife still resting at her neck.

Taken aback, the poor man quivered ever so much more, hissing, 'Yes!' to the misshapen orc. A grotesque, snarling grin spread across the orc's face, from right ear to the scar that marked the left side of his face, where a woodsman named Drussus had cleaved open Drachir's face from eye to jawbone. It was a wonder the orc had lived, and sometimes, such as now, it looked like he had not. Then the orc laughed roaringly.

'Then your daughter may live.' With that, Drachir suddenly snapped his arm forward, plunging the dagger from the daughter's throat into the farmer's chest. The man's eyes gaped at the orc, astonished at the fact that he was going to die. 'Enjoyed your wife; see you in Hell.' Drachir pulled the dagger back out, and the farmer dropped to the floor, dead. The body of the mother soon joined it, first by fainting, then in death. The sons screamed and tried to flee, but Drachir made quick work of the two boys. Only then did he release the girl's braids, and she fell to the floor, still never crying, shouting, nor screaming. Quietly, almost astonishingly so, the orc told her, 'I gave my word. You shall live.' Then he went to work, raiding the pantries of the house. When dusk arrived, he has gathered together food for several days, and he returned to the girl, who sat unmoving. 'You are indeed a brave child. Someday, I shall return, and take you as my mate. Feel honored, Human, for no other human has ever been made this offer.' With that, Drachir turned and hobbled off into the growing darkness.

Quietly, for the child had been so frightened by Drachir that she would never speak again, the child rose and stood shakily, watching the shadow disappear into other shadows. She walked numbly into the kitchen, searching in silence until she found her mother's large butcher's blade. Now the child cried as she added her prayers to the force of vengeance, asking for the death of the clubfoot orc. With a final thought of prayer and look of conviction, the girl raised the blade to give the final blow. She could have paused with the blade held at arm's length, possibly realizing that life was much too valuable to take it this way. She could have thought about her friends and other relatives, and of the villagers, who would have helped her through this trying time. She could have done all of this, but she did not. The blade rose up, then without hesitation quickly hurtled down, to sink home into the girl's breasts.

* * * * *

Drachir sat beside the fire, warming his hands and chuckling to himself. He was full, having eaten part of the farmer's food to fill his grumbling stomach. After he left the house he had headed north, toward the Elven city of Telembek, almost a week's journey away on foot. Once he entered the hills, he decided to cook some of the food he carried, since it would both settle his stomach and lighten the load he bore. Now, he should be off, but Drachir kept beside the fire, his mind leaping unbidden to the past. Adjusting his eye patch, Drachir tried without success to avoid dropping into the dreary fog of recollection, but the patch symbolized the damage he had received, and the orc's efforts were in vain. Sleep settled on his shoulders like a cloak, and took him in its warmth.

It happened five months ago, when the Snagged Fang tribe raided a nearby village, taking advantage of the Holiday of the Winter Solstice (Darkenday), and the arrival of a caravan, both of which meant increased wealth in the village, and therefore better pickings for the Snagged Fang. Being a cripple, albeit a strong one, Drachir was forced to stay behind and protect the tribe's women. When the warriors returned, they brought back with them much bounty, and the whole tribe, even the crippled Drachir, shared in the wealth.

Then the elven scout Drussus Flightfoot approached the orc's fortification, demanding an audience with the Chieftain. When the guards laughed at the elf's impertinence, Drussus issued a challenge to the guards, saying that he would slay any and every orc that approached him until he saw the chief. "Ha, even our crippled could defeat the likes of you," one guard shouted down to the elf, and that was how Drachir came to fight the dread orckiller, Drussus Flightfoot.

Both faced each other before the walls, shortswords in hand, the agile, frail elven body nearly diminished by the misshapen, muscular bulk of the orc. With a flippant bow from Drussus and an impatient grunt from Drachir, the two began the circling dance of duelists. At first, they tested each other, filling the air with the short melody of singing steel as each took the measure of his foe. Then Drachir took up the attack, forcing the elf back, but the woodsman quickly recovered. For several minutes the two exchanged blows, but it soon became obvious that the elf was a better swordsman. The walls of the fortification were lined with orcish faces, as they gathered to watch either person's death, not caring who won as long as the show was good. Drachir became more frantic as the orckiller's attack became more concentrated. Suddenly, the orcs in the fort started to scream, and the sounds of battle arose from behind the walls. Drussus smiled triumphantly. Drachir would never forget the words of the elf.

"My men did it! Your tribe is finished now." Clang, clang, clang, their swords beat together. "You have served me well as a distraction and for that, I let you live, Orc. But your tribe must die." Clash, clang, clang. "You see, my friend, they killed my wife, the only woman I ever loved." With an expert parry, the elf thrust his sword in, spiraling the tip, and sent Drachir's sword sailing into the night. "She dies," and the elf paused as he whipped the tip of his blade upwards, cutting open the orc's face to expose bone and blood, "while you live. Rot in Hell, Murderer." With that, the elf took a mighty swing. Drachir expected his head to be severed from his body, but instead, he slid into unconsciousness as the flat of the blade knocked him cold.

Drachir woke the next morning to find his tribe slaughtered. His wounds were inflamed and already infection had set in. He barely stayed alive for several days, but survive he did. Drachir's hatred of the elven scout kept him going, and when the orc could concentrate enough to travel, Drachir set out to find the orckiller, and exact his revenge. By night he travelled across the land, keeping to the darkness to avoid capture. By day he raided houses and hovels, or slept when he could get it. Sleep was hard to find, and even it was tainted by the dreams. Night after night, the image of Drussus making his speech and his final attack plagued Drachir's mind, always ending in the fear, the cowardly, infuriating, shameful fear as the elven blade whipped toward his head, intent on separating his head from his neck.

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The avenger moved silently through the brush, approaching the hollow where he sensed his target lay. The bluish moon grinned down on the earth, but the avenger picked out a thornless path by its light just the same. With his left hand wrapped in white bandages, the avenger did not desire another cut before the confrontation tonight. Finally the branches separated ahead, revealing a fading fire and the sleeping body of a misshapen orc. By the firelight, the avenger noted the clubfoot of his target, the tattered eye patch over the left eye, and the deep, festering scar that ran from under the patch to the orc's thick neck. 'Vengeance meets venger,' the avenger thought as he stepped forward into the clearing and into the sight of the orc, had he been awake. Prayers were about to be answered. The orc twisted and groaned, then yelped as his dreams increased intensity. Suddenly, the orc's eye flew open and he snorted in rage. 'You! You have come to kill me at last!' The avenger smiled.

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Drachir shifted and jerked as visions of elven steel whipped through the fog of his dream, edge gleaming in the mysterious light, seeking his neck. 'Rot in Hell, Murderer!' the voice of Death boomed as the blade entered his neck. Yelping in pain, Drachir startled himself awake. Quickly, his good eye focused on the intruder into his camp, his eye growing darker under the moon as rage filled his very being. 'You!' the orc shouted, his voice shaking with five months of fear, rage, and expectation. 'You have come to kill me at last!'

The tall elf smiled, making Drachir even more angry. 'Rage ill becomes you, my faithful hound. It makes you easier to kill.' Drachir arose slowly, shakily, grasping with his right hand for the hilt protruding from his pack. The elf made no move for either the sword at his side or the bow on his shoulder. Grasping the hilt of his shortsword, Drachir whirled, both entering a defensive posture and throwing his dagger with his left hand. The dagger sailed nicely into the elf's sword arm, quickly turning the white tunic crimson.

'Orckiller, with the blade you cast aside from me. I will kill you,' Drachir bellowed loudly. The elf's arm hung useless, now dripping blood onto the ground into a slowly growing puddle. Even so, the elf continued to smile, unshaken by the bleeding wound. 'Draw thy blade, Drussus! Fight me! Fight me!' Still the elf stood, grinning even wider as Drachir started to sputter and howl. Quickly, the orc hobbled across the clearing, through the fire's smoldering embers, charging the elf. 'Fight me, Flightfoot! Dammit, Elf, fight me!'

The elf broke his smile only to say, 'It was rage that made you live; it is rage that will make you die.' By this time, Drachir was almost upon him. Shortsword held high, the orc screamed incomprehensibly and started his attack. The elf stood still, smiling at the raging beast that hacked and pierced his body, mutilating the elven frame until it was almost unrecognizable. 'Die, Drussus, die! Let your blood feed the worms! Fight me, Elf, fight me and die!' He screamed at the bloody corpse, for dead it must be, laying blow after blow, and all the while, it stood there and smiled back. Immortal, unnatural, unelven, the body stood on broken limbs with pierced organs pouring through slashes in the skin, and started to laugh. The laughter of Death fell on Drachir's ears, and slowly the orc grew still and frightened. 'Unholy art thou, Drussus! Quit thy laughter and die, already! I must have vengeance!'

The laughter stopped, and the elf said, 'Vengeance! Vengeance is mine! The child you left behind today, the one you let live, do you remember her? She was going to kill herself over you, Drachir, kill herself with a knife through her breast. She too prayed for vengeance, and I was sent. I stopped her at the last minute. I saved her!' The elf's voice grew angry, and Drachir shook before the monstrosity as it spoke. 'But I could not save the others! You have killed hundreds of people, humans and elves alike! Many have prayed for your death, my friend. Many want your blood to feed the earth. I am here to do just that!' With a flick of its wrist, a shortsword appeared in the avenger's hand. 'Any last words, Orc? Then rot in Hell, Murderer!'

Drachir shifted from foot to clubfoot and back. Awed by the creature before him, he could not bring himself to speak. Slowly, the elf's arm raised, pointing the sword from ground to the smiling moon above. Drachir's eye locked with the avenger's, and suddenly the rage filled his heart, for the last time. The orc snapped his head back, from the divine creature before him to the stars above, and screamed, 'By the Gods, avenge me!' The sword whistled through the air, and then all fell silent, save for the twin thuds as head and body hit the ground. Drachir of Snagged Fang was gone, but he did not die in fear.

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It opened its eyes.

Quickly, the avenger scanned its surrounding, taking in the bustle of peasants and merchants' wagons as they travelled over the cobblestone into the gates of the elven city before it. Satisfied that no one meant it harm shortly, the avenger turned its eyes inward, to see within its mind the body it now held. 'An orc,' it thought, 'quite a change from that of an elf.' The thought was without happiness nor hatred, for avengers as a whole are incapable of such emotions. Familiar with the body, the avenger looked again upon the physical world. 'He' turned his head toward the gates of the city, blinked his good eye and hobbled into the gates of Telembek. The avenger reflected, 'After all, a balance must be maintained.'

- Lord Flynn Lyton Telemon, Vizier and Plainsman*
- Guildmaster of Literature*