



Coronation II Election Results

The Rising Winds elections were held during the weeks preceding the Coronation II Feast of March 19^h-21st. The sole candidate for Baron was Brock the Tolerant. The candidates for Baronial Regent included the incumbent Tarkington Erevan and Jalen Nathaniel Corbin. The candidate for the post of CC Sheriff was Balkoth and the LT Sheriff's post was contested between the incumbent Hobbit Bloodstone, Euronymous, and Fleck Fenriz Blood.

Brock the Tolerant won the post of Baron, narrowly defeating Not Brock. Jalen Nathaniel Corbin won the election for the position of Baronial Regent and Balkoth assumed the post of Sheriff of CC. Rigel Orionis was named to the post of WC Sheriff after Hobbit Bloodstone chose to again serve as Sheriff of LT. As Hobbit had also won the combat brackets for the post of Baronial Champion, the runner-up Areth Nar accepted the post of Baronial Champion.

Thanks to everyone for their participation and any questions regarding the above information can be directed to any one of the office holders noted above.

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Combat/Cultural Summary

In the interests of space, here are the summaries for both the Combat Qualifications and the Cultural Qualifications.

Combat:

- 1st: Hobbit (14 points: three 1st, two 2nd, one 3rd)
- 2nd: Areth (10 points: three 1st, one 3rd)
- 3rd: Shadow (7 points: one 1st, one 2nd, two 3rd)
- 4th: Tarkington (6 points: two 1st)
- 5th: Jalen (4 points: two 2nd)
- 6th: Euronymous (4 points: one 2nd, two 3rd)
- 7th: Kalig (2 points: one 2nd)
- 8th: Salazarian (2 points: one 2nd)
- 9th: Natchet (2 points: two 3rd)
- 10th: Brock (2 points: two 3rd)
- (wounded): Beldareth (2 points: one 2nd)

Warrior: Kalig, Salazarian, Euronymous, Jalen, Natchet, Shadow (2nd), Hobbit (3rd), Areth Nar (5th)

Cultural:

Dragons: Medeezian, Kalig, Jalen, Kaesha, Fleck, Rigel (1st, 2nd, & 3rd), Tarkington, Brock (3rd & 4th)

Garber Credits: Kaesha (2), Jalen, Friar Telamachus

Lion: Hobbit (2nd), Jalen

Owl: Natchet, Soram

Rose: Kalig, Kaesha, Soram

Ass: Shadow

Gryphon: Natchet, Salazarian, Tarkington

Mask: Hobbit

Zodiac: Eidolon

Congratulations to all and thanks for participating!

Monsters Galore Invade the Rising Winds!

The once peaceful and pristine lands of the Rising Winds were literally overrun with monsters, demons, possessions, and other unfriendly folks this spring. Windmoor Crossing has spent the better part of the planting season continually repelling the assaults of the Goblins and more recently, the Fire Giants. Areth Nar had brought word of the latter's plans of assault and although the giants were destroyed, Areth Nar has not been heard from since his warning.

Crusaders Cove has had it even worse. Incursions of Frost Giants, possessions by Dark Lords, Goblins, and who knows what else have actually forced the residents of the Cove to flee their ancestral lands and relocate to find some peace. If it were only that easy. Xugx has sent word of their new lands being populated by yet more Goblins and by some fey folk. These two groups seem to be in the midst of a conflict and once again the folks of Crusaders Cove must attend to protecting their own.

Lyons Tomb hasn't had the quantity of infiltrations as the other lands but has made up for that with quality. Clan Vargr was possessed by powerful demons and controlled by a Dark Lord of fearsome power. Fortunately, these beasts chose to finalize their plans of domination during the Coronation celebration and were met with the full force of the population of the Rising Winds. While the battle was close, the beasts were vanquished with the help of our friends from Falconridge.

Ashen Hills had recently discovered an evil influence (?) inhabiting the heart of an old tree in the forest outside of town. It took many attempts before this evil could be banished from the Hills but it is unknown if it was destroyed. Also, Goblins have been snooping around the borders of the Hills and seem to be becoming a fixture in the northern regions.

FireOak hold has yet to be confronted with any major assaults from these unnatural beasts but with the monsters rapid advance throughout the Rising Winds, their appearance there is inevitable. We hope the folks of the Hold will have the strength to repel these evil creatures.

What can be causing this influx of debris into the Rising Winds? The Baronial Officers and the Council of Lords are doing everything in their power to find the source of these assaults. There are way too many foul ones interested in the Rising Winds for this to be random in anyway. See future issues for more updates on this troublesome topic.

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Special Advertisement

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A WORD FROM:

BARON BROCK THE TOLERANT

I first want to welcome all of the new citizens of the Barony and players of the Game. For many of you this is your first Quill and Scroll, and I know it won't be your last. The last six months have shown tremendous growth and expansion of the Barony, with the addition of Ashen Hills in March and FireOak Hold in April, the Barony now encompasses five parks in three states. Not bad considering we've only been in existence less than a year!

Such rapid growth is always accompanied by growing pains and we've had our share trying to mesh personalities, overcome age difference, and bridge general gaps in communication. Many of you outside the Indianapolis area never saw or were even aware of the tensions that often developed between Windmoor Crossing and Lyons Tomb. I'm sure at one point or another both groups were ready to call it quits and disband the Barony back into separate Shires, but we gritted our teeth, persevered and came out of it a much stronger, tighter group.

Something else that has changed the face of the game in the last six months is roleplaying. Those of us that were present that first big roleplaying day back in December will never forget the absolute joy and excitement we felt as we sat in a Dennys for five hours trying to remember everything that had happened. Since that day RP has become as major a part of our game days as much as battlegames, kill-ye-killer, and juggling. No where is the role-play more apparent than on the Rising Winds mailing list. The mailing list gives us a place to relive the previous weeks events and set the stage for upcoming games, battles and confrontations. I urge everyone with e-mail access to join the mailing list, and I ask that copies of the weekly role-play be brought to each park so that those without e-mail can keep abreast of happenings around the Barony.

continued on next column

Another hurdle we're trying to overcome is to keep as many people interested in what's going on as we can. There are many facets to Amtgard and they don't all appeal to everyone. Some just want to stand in a field and hit each other foam padded swords, working on their speed, accuracy and fighting prowess. Some are there for an immersive role-play adventure with monsters, magic, and trickery. A few hang about for the atmosphere of it all, preferring to stay to the sides and add support to the players where needed. And some are there for all of it.

Whatever your interests, try to pick one thing at which to excel. If you're an exceptional fighter, try to be there to help others with their swordplay. If you love the role-play, encourage others to develop their personas, suggest ways to help them stay in character throughout the whole day. If you have a particular talent in the cultural side of things like leathercraft, garb making, or brewing, hold a workshop and invite others to learn what you know.

Above all make our new players feel welcome. Be patient with them, explain things as best you're able, and don't ignore them. We were all new to this game at one time and someone or something made us feel welcome and convinced us to come back. New players are the lifeblood of this game and without them we stagnate, wither, and die.

The next few months are going to be exciting. Many of us will be attending the Gathering of the Clans in New Mexico for the first time. This will be the first exposure the majority of the Amt-world has to the Rising Winds, we can only hope their impression of us is favorable. One of our main goals at Clan is to establish good relations with as many Kingdoms and people as possible so on that all important day in the foreseeable future, when the Kings and Queens of all the known Kingdoms gather together and are asked to vote on whether we deserve to be a Kingdom, they answer in the affirmative and the Kingdom of the Rising Winds will be born.

Meet the Populace:

Salazarian

I was born in the Northern Wilds. My father was an elven scout, my mother a human mage. When I was 18 my father sent me out with a party of well trained and renowned adventurers and for several months I traveled with this group. On the third moon of the winter season in the year of the Falcon, the group was destroyed. It happened as so:

Fleeing a blustery winter storm the company sought shelter in a small cave in the Blood Mountains. They were tired, cold, hungry, and not as attentive as usual. Soon a roaring fire was blazing and the group filled themselves with warm food. Sleep quickly began to overcome them. I was the youngest, like all youths filled with exuberant energy which seems bubble forth like a stream, and was left on guard duty. During my watch I searched the cave in which the group had sought shelter. To my immense surprise I found a small hidden door. Having seen many traps in my time with the company I was wary of the door, but after having determined that there were no traps present I quickly opened it. Hidden behind a layer of dust and dirt was the most beautiful gem I had ever seen. Without conscious thought I took the gem from it's resting place. Of course I had no idea that this gem was a prison or that the touch of a mortal would release it's prisoner.

With a flash of light and mighty roar, a great demon sprang from the gem. His hollow laughter echoed in the small confines of the cave. This of course awoke my companions, who upon seeing the great creature of evil standing before them, quickly and without hesitation attacked. The battle that ensued was one of the greatest I had ever seen. And much to my own humiliation, I was paralyzed with fear. As I stood there and watched the battle in a trance like daze, I saw my trusted companions each fall to the power of this great evil. Soon only Daris Sparhawk, Paladin of the Realm stood against the creature of the Abyss. Singing his death song he smiled faintly as a shimmer of light surrounded him and his blade. And with that smile on his face he charged the beast, driving his sword deep into the breast of that abomination of nature. As he held fast to the blade and twisted it deep into the heart of that evil beast, the beast set about him with mighty blows. The sound of the impacts shook the walls and deafened my ears. Then in a flare of light they were gone, both Sir Sparhawk and the great evil that I had released. The bright flash of light broke me out of my trance, but it was too late. My faithful companions and loyal friends lay broken and torn in the cave.

It was then that my inaction came crashing down upon me; the horror of what I had done through my curiosity and greed. As I looked at the vacant eyes of my companions, I could see their contempt reflected back at me. No longer able to stand their stares I fled the cave, into the cold storm which raged around me. For how long I fled I don't remember.

When I came to my senses, I had no idea where I was or how I got there. I have never gone home. I just cannot face the pity that my father might show. Or worse, what if the contempt that I saw in my companions eyes shown back from my own blood? No, I cannot return home. And so with the gem I had grasped still in my hand and what little money I had, I've set out to attempt to pay for my sins. Through out the wilderness I have roamed and many battles have I fought. I joined with several different companies and served in many lands. But always has my heart ached to travel, and so I would leave my new friends and companions, and move on.

I grow weary of this however, and I have heard of a kingdom, new and young, that might welcome a new protector. Soon, I shall travel there to see if this kingdom is worth fighting for, and perhaps this time I will find the home that I have sought for so long. And maybe this time my tortured soul will find peace amongst new friends and companions.

(Salazarian's mundane name is Paul Child (Paul.Child@dfas.mil)).

CALENDAR

Please check the Baronial Website for the latest information on news and events!

The Wandering Quill

TOP TEN WAYS TO TELL YOU'VE BEEN IN AMTGARD TOO LONG:

- 10) You call your street clothes "garb".
- 9) You ask for animal skins, fun-noodles, and carpet foam as presents from people..
- 8) Your parents only refer to you as your Amtgard name.
- 7) You save dead animal skulls for use in Amtgard games. (juggling anyone?)
- 6) When your friends won't shut up, you shout at them "I silence thee!" 5 times.
- 5) You decide the best name for your baby is Deathbringer, Thor, Grognor, or the like.
- 4) You always have duct tape readily available, LOTS of duct tape.
- 3) All of the best men at your wedding have daggers hidden on them "just in case".
- 2) When you actually have enough reasons to sit down and make a "Top 10 Ways to Tell You've Been in Amtgard Too Long" List.
- 1) When a friend shouts out at you "I silence thee!" 5 times you actually shut up.

-Euronymous (URONYMOUS@AOL.COM)

The Blank Scroll



-Paul Child (Paul.Child@dfas.mil)

Comments, questions, and input on *The Quill and Scroll* are always welcome! Contact Glavas Zorallo via e-mail at lee.van@cwixmail.com or via phone at (317) 290-1271.