



Midreign II Election Results

The Rising Winds Midreign II elections were held during the weeks preceding the Midreign II Feast of June 18th-20th. The sole candidate for post of Prime Minister was the incumbent, Glavas Zorallo, and he was elected to his second term. All of the Guildmaster positions were up for open election as well with only the Wizards Guild and Monsters Guild posts being contested. Anson Pendragon and Kaesha were the candidates for the Wizards Guild and Hobbit Bloodstone and Xugx were the candidates for the Monsters Guild. Kaesha won the post of Wizards Guild GM and Xugx won the post of Monsters Guild GM. Your other GMs are as follows:

Archers: Habu, Assassins: Shadow, Barbarians: GM of Reeves, Bards: Tarkington Erevan, Druids: Genevieve, Healers: Gregor, Monks: Euronymous Erevan, Reeves: Thane Hobbit Bloodstone, Scouts: Lord Rigel Orionis, Warriors: Areth Nar

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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Weapon/Dragon Master

Here are the results for the Weapon/Dragon Master:

Weaponmaster: Malin Salazarian

- 1st: Areth Nar (14 points)
- 2nd: Glavas Zorallo (8 points)
- 3rd: Malin Salazarian (6 points)
- 4th: Rigel Orionis (5 points)
- 5th: Shadow (5 points)
- 6th: Natchet Owen (3 points)
- 7th: Dusty (3 points)
- 8th: Balvog Trueblade (2 points)
- 9th: Soram (2 points)
- 10th: Greyden Laith (2 points)
- 11th: Jalen Nathaniel Corbin (2 points)
- 12th: Chelsfiar (1 point)
- 13th: Mauriac (1 point)

Orders of the Warrior: Areth Nar (second 5^h), Shadow (second 2nd), Glavas Zorallo (second 1st), Soram (second 1st), Natchet Owen (second 1st), Malin Salazarian (second 1st)

Dragonmaster: Soram the Elder

Dragons: Natchet Owen (1st), Balkoth Nathaniel (1st), Shadow (1st), Kain Elvarez (1st), Guage (1st), Maeve (1st), Chelsfiar (1st), Habu (2nd), Xugx (1st & 2nd), Malin Salazarian (1st & 2nd), Soram (2nd, 3rd, & 4th)

Crimson: Areth Nar

Smith Credits: Euronymous Erevan

Garber Credits: Guage, Chelsfiar, Habu, Soram

Lion: Demitri Kincaid

Owl: Soram (4th), Xugx

Rose: Natchet Owen, Medeezian of Orin, Xugx, Greyden Laith

Gryphon: Malachi

Zodiac: Theolin Wolffgard

Ass: Tarkington Erevan

Ravenstar: Genevieve

Congratulations to all and thanks for participating!

Elverez Look

As many know by now, the southern towns of the Rising Winds recently combined forces and founded a new colony in response to the many evil incursions as reported last issue. The residents of Lyons Tomb and Windmoor Crossing began moving to this new land, the Shire of Gryphons Perch, earlier this month. A grand melee tournament was held to name the large hill in the center of town.

Tales of the competition tell of noble contestants (as well as those not so noble) and battles but after hours of rigorous combat in the summer heat, Kain Elverez won the day and claimed the crown of the hill his own. By decree of Baron Brock the Benevolent, the hill is now known as Elverez Look. Congratulations to Kain for a victory well earned!

The Goblins Found a New Toy

What would a new town in the Rising Winds be without a pesky batch of goblins to smite before moving in?

Yes, once again goblins were found skulking around the Barony; this time near the new town of Gryphons Perch. The good folks of the Rising Winds had barely gotten settled in their new abodes when word of raids upon caravans and other travellers reached their ears. Of course, the smell of another goblin horde was not far behind.

This time however, they were led by on particularly stinky one calling himself the Goblin King. He had reached this lofty position by looting a tomb and gaining a circlet which enabled him to control one Putish Ornog, a skeletal warrior of some infamy. Armed with his new weapon, the Goblin King proceeded to launch assault after assault at hapless merchants and travellers. Prior to the intervention of some brave Rising Winds folks, all travel and trade to and from the Barony had once again trickled down to nothing.

After toil and bloodshed however, a band of brave adventurers consisting of Gregor, Natchet Owen, and others managed to put an end to this menace by capturing the circlet from the Goblin King (who escaped once again) and placing it upon the head of Putish Ornog, slaying him for all eternity. The Baron personally gave his thanks to these brave souls who risked all for the Barony and they were feted and rewarded by the head of the Merchants Guild, Dominick. Huzzah!

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A WORD FROM:

BARON BROCK THE BENEVOLENT

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, FireOak Hold in April, and Gryphons Perch in June, the Barony now encompasses four parks in three states. Not bad considering the Barony has only been in existence for a year this August!

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 Denny's 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-yer-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, whither, 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: Thane Hobbit Bloodstone

The moon was descending from its throne as the first light of the false dawn began to illuminate the trail before me. How long I had been on the road was a question that I had stopped contemplating several weeks earlier. The memories of the past few months seemed to buzz in my head like an angry insect and I had no company and no release of this mental burden. So, as I travelled I did nothing but contemplate just what had gone wrong. Travelling by both day and night I was weary and sore as my stiff, painful wounds attempted to close despite my constant travel and lack of rest. The beginning had been so beautiful and rare in its serenity. I had found my home among the strong trees and softly flowing brooks of the Duchy of Tear Glen. I had finally stepped out of the role of public office and was enjoying a life left uncluttered by petty feuds and the rigors of day to day life. I had been reunited with my father and his people and was beginning to believe that all my troubles were behind me. The days seemed to be a never ending stream of joy and pleasure and I found peace in the woods I was quickly growing fond of. Then did the outsiders come.

They came first by pairs and then by the dozen. Pirates, thieves, and warlords bent on seizing control of our peaceful land. The people tried to stop them but their numbers swelled and the Crown began to fear a civil war was eminent. The citizens of the Duchy tried to resist their wretched ways but then a dark day came to pass and one of their numbers was placed upon the throne of Tear Glen. The people of the Duchy cried out in anger and some of their number even took to arms against the new tyrannical crown. I was among their number. The people fought like they had been awakened and though they were outnumbered, they were inspired, and they dealt a terrible blow to the forces of the Crown. But, unlike most the fairytales, history is not so fair and despite the peoples best efforts, they were defeated. Many of the rebellions' leaders were put to death and I myself was to be executed and would have been killed if not for the valor of the Vargr, my father's people, which helped me escape the land I had held so dear. Hunted and alone I wandered in the area for several weeks until I was almost recaptured and decided that the land was too far gone to darkness that I could be of no help. I made up my mind to leave the Kingdom and seek my fortunes in the wild northland which no King or Duke claimed as their possession.

I had learned a new way of life with the Vargr and was anxious to arrive in the lands I knew would be free of all tyranny. As my sojourn led me northward the land began to rise up before me and the leaves began to turn. The animals grew fatter and more numerous. The air became crisp and every breath I exhaled curled up around my face as misty tendrils. It was the most alive I had ever felt. I was able to trap enough food to keep myself well fed and the furs I packed away to use later when the weather would turn truly inhospitable. I would occasionally cross paths with merchants and caravans and I would trade news and furs with them in exchange for a bottle of ale or news from the north. It was with one such caravan that I found my new home.

The leader of the group, a plump spice merchant by the name of Hazir, informed me that they were headed north and that they were in desperate need of a skilled ranger to help them find the paths through the woods that their carts and horses could negotiate. I agreed to help them and accepted only a small fee. As we wound our way around the hills of this rugged countryside we encountered several groups of orkish raiding parties. The caravan guards would quickly dispatch the filth by slaughtering a few and forcing the rest to flee. Orkish raiding parties mean that there is something worth raiding nearby and as we crested a hill I saw just what it was that the orcs were after.

There, in a small hollow created by an ancient glacier that had melted eons ago, lay a small village. The people of that hamlet had erected sturdy wooden walls that were now being over-run by a sea of vile, green-skinned abominations. With barely a shared, concerned look, the caravan guards and myself drew our weapons and charged down the slope, into the melee. The din of battle was deafening and the roar of hatred that rolled forth echoed in the tight spaces around me. As I crashed into the back line of the surprised orkish troops I heard a cheer emanate from the walls of the town; the people had seen our charge. It is said that in the midst of battle a person becomes disconnected from his body. His arms continue to swing with no conscious effort and each scratch received is filed into the back of his mind to be felt later. So it was true with me. I opened my mouth to gulp down a hurried breath and a battle cry came forth unbidden. I could tell I was slowly making my way through the foul orcs to the town walls and soon was standing with my back to the gates and a small army stood snarling before me. As my sword began to slow and my body ache, I heard the gate open behind me and the towns people came spilling out. It was at that moment that my body gave out and I collapsed exhausted.

When I at last opened my eyes, I lay bandaged on a bed of straw. Sunlight poured through the window and danced as shining motes of white before my eyes. I blinked to clear my sight and sat up to see the room. I was in a small guest house behind a farm. My clothes lay in a heap with my weapons at the foot of the bed. There was a noise nearby that sounded like a great festival or celebration. I was glad to know that the town still stood. I dressed and exited the room, intent on finding whomever had been so generous to me and thank them. As I crossed the farmyard towards the house, I saw a dark man, dressed in black, headed towards me.

"You're up!" he called out to me as he squinted in the sunlight.

"And alive," I replied, "I'm supposing that I owe that fact to you?"

"Not at all," he chuckled. "It's because of you and those other brave men that I am still alive! Your fool-hearty charge is what gave the people enough courage to face the horde. We all owe you."

"For your care while I was wounded, consider your debt paid. But I would like to know who it is that I apparently saved, where am I and who are you?" I asked.

"My name is Euronymous, I'm a monk of the order of Shi-tan and you are in the Shire of Lyons Tomb." he responded with a slight bow. "And if I may ask, who are you?"

"I am called Hobbit Bloodstone son of Kurgan of the Vargr and it makes me glad to meet you."

"Welcome Hobbit." he said warmly.

I spent many weeks at Euronymous' house and soon found myself wandering the streets of the town with a certain satisfaction. It was at that point that I knew that Lyons' Tomb would be my new home. I grew to become friends with several of the townfolk and even joined together with a handful of them to form a new tribe of the Vargr. Weeks became months and the weather changed yet again into the sterile white of winter snowfall. It was beautiful. I had never seen a land so wondrous in the grips of the cold season. As the spring came upon us and the snows melted we received word from a passing merchant train that another shire in the area, by the name of Windmoor Crossing, was becoming quite prosperous and populated. We decided to dispatch emissaries to this shire and soon were celebrating with their people. We formed a barony between us and used the natural beauty of the land to name ourselves. The Barony of the Rising Winds was forged.

I have seen Kingdoms be born and die, I have witnessed feats of ultimate bravery and sacrifice, I have seen cowardice in the faces of strong men, and I have seen a dozen men stand shoulder to shoulder against a sea of foes. The winds of time blow without our consent and the serpent will one day consume this world. Until the day of ultimate battle and the eternity afterwards, may we all have the courage to stand with our brothers and sisters and hold our heads high in the face of despair.

May the Phoenix soar on forever over the Rising Winds.

(Thane Hobbit Bloodstone's mundane name is Dan Patterson(hobbit_vargr@yahoo.com)).

CALENDAR

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

The Wandering Quill

REJECTED NAMES FOR RUSTER PARK:

- 1) The Shire of the Nut Shot
- 2) The Shire of the Rhinohides
- 3) The Shire of the Ass Tracks
- 4) The Shire of the Eternal Chubby
- 5) The Shire of Rigel Moorionis
- 6) The Shire of Rigel's Doom
- 7) The Shire of Rigel's Grave
- 8) The Shire of Rigel's Tomb
- 9) The Shire of No Scouts Allowed
- 10) The Shire of We Love Wizards
- 11) The Shire of the Magocracy Forever
- 12) The Shire of Death to Cheesy Healers
- 13) The Shire of the Kinda Unintentional Headshot
- 14) The Shire of Bards Suck
- 15) The Shire of the Chicken Dagger
- 16) The Shire of Doomsdays
- 17) The Shire of Constant Evil Incursions
- 18) The Shire of Peckerwood Manor
- 19) The Shire of Flailville
- 20) The Shire of Wizards Rule
- 21) The Shire of Perpetual Backstabbing
- 22) The Shire of the Aged
- 23) The Shire of Bunnyvale
- 24) The Shire of Bubonic Place
- 25) The Shire of Mashed Potato Wrestling

-Anonymous

The Blank Scroll

Kill the Hoomans, A Goblun Lament

Kill the hoomans
Kill the hoomans
Make them bleed some more.
When gobluns come
To kill and feed
And drench themselves in gore.
It's what we do,
(In our defense)
Say naught of "evil deeds."
We fight and slay
Amongst ourselves
To fill our basic needs.
We stomp and champ
We yell and scream
We bicker endlessly.
We argue over
Who stinks more
And give them Monarchy.
And cultured? Yes!
I swear to you!
We sing and all that muck!
Though hoomans say
We can not rhyme
We do not give a [rat's butt].

-Goblin King (king_goblin@hotmail.com)

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.