

Chancellor Election Results

The Baronial Chancellor election was held during the weeks following the Midreign Feast of November 6^h-8th. The candidates included the incumbent, Tarkington Erevan of Lyon's Tomb and Glavas Zorallo, resident of Windmoor Crossing.

There was a great deal of confusion during this election as the Midreign events took priority and everyone who had volunteered to help was busy attending to the multitude of Midreign-related tasks. Thanks to the efforts of Rigel Orionis, the final decision regarding the post of Baronial Chancellor (among others) was finally reached. It is as follows:

For those who are not aware, Baron Talthyr had to return to Texas to care for his very ill sister (our thoughts and prayers go with him). As such, Rigel Orionis is now the Baron Pro-tem, Tarkington Erevan has accepted the post of Baronial Regent, and Glavas Zorallo assumes the post of Baronial Chancellor, effective January 1st, 1999.

Any questions regarding the above information can be directed to any one of the three office holders noted above.

The Quests of Midreign

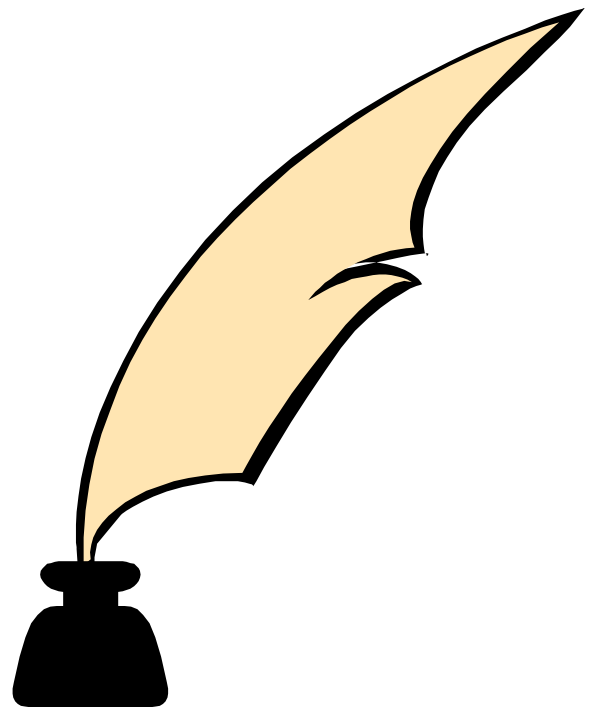
The quests during the Midreign Feast of November 6^h-8th were actually a part of an overall epic designed by Hobbit Bloodstone. Almost all of the good folk of Rising Winds took part in the epic as the challenges put forth could not have been overcome by one person alone.

The details on the quest, including the story line, monsters, and sub-quests were not available at press time but the day was full of alliances, deals, and (of course) combat galore. Additional information will be published in our next issue if it is available.

Congratulations to Hobbit on the well developed story, as well as some interesting relics, put forth for the Rising Winds first Midreign quest.

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Goblins Invade Windmoor Crossing!

The peaceful slumbering of the residents of Windmoor Crossing was rudely interrupted by the harsh, blaring, calls of a marauding horde of goblins this winter. This slovenly group of sub-primates was barely repulsed by the brave folks of Windmoor Crossing. Unfortunately, they were not completely destroyed and a band of the smelly beasts escaped into the woods, no doubt plotting future assaults not only upon the innocents of Windmoor Crossing, but of all of Rising Winds.

The initial assault by this odorous brigade of dung eaters was poorly coordinated and was easily driven back by Areth Nar, Soram the Elder, Natchet, and Zane. Habu and Glavas Zorallo didn't even awaken from their peaceful slumbering for this petty assault. As the day wore on however, the numbers of the hideous creatures began to tell on the valorous defenders of Right so Habu and Glavas then awoke to lend missile and magic support to the stick jockeys of Windmoor Crossing. With these two stalwarts now actively engaged in the defense of the lands, the goblins were once again sent screaming back into the brush. Habu even began collecting the scalps of the slain goblins and displaying them upon the ramparts, despite Glavas' repeated complaints of the foul odor which then permeated the keep.

Once dusk fell, the now ravenous horde launched one final assault on the keep while Areth Nar, Soram, Habu, and Zane were out chasing several goblin scouting parties. Even though the wall was breached, the heroic efforts of Natchet and Glavas stopped the desperate creatures just short of their goal: the gatehouse of the keep. With the invasion safely thwarted, Natchet and Glavas then retired to the relieved adoration of the residents of Windmoor Crossing while the others removed the goblin corpses for burning.

The final count found over forty bloated goblin corpses while the defenders of Windmoor Crossing lost seven poor souls to the stomachs of the horde. These martyrs were enshrined in The Tomb of Heroes the very next day.

Be wary in the future for if you hear in the distance grunts of stupidity and cries for food, calls of "Hoomans go 'Blah, blah, blah'" and other uncouth sounds and odors, the goblins are near. And they are always hungry. And smelly. Very smelly.



A WORD FROM:

BARON SIR CROSSER

It isn't easy to spot the beginning of an era. Such things are often the debate of historians, firmly seated in the realm of hindsight. For an era to be recognized in its time, it must have the heartfelt attention of those within it and the trappings or the potential of greatness. As those of us here today know, the heart of Amtgard holds the promise of both.

This is indeed a new age for Amtgard: the rise of the Midwest. The past year has seen the reuniting of Amtgard in Indiana, and the migration of Amtgard to Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. A mix of Baronies and Shires, old blood and new, owing allegiance to many Kingdoms, like colonies of some past age. It is a time of building, of meeting. It is the time that shall one day forge tradition, and father both alliance and feud.

To be a Monarch in such a time requires both leadership and foresight. What we do this day will reflect on all the days to follow, and never more strongly than when a group is young. It becomes a challenge to control yet encourage, to document yet remain flexible. It is this balance that builds a chapter, and makes it both strong and fair, a group everyone can enjoy.

To the Monarchs of the Midwest, I salute you. It is our time to build a region, to forge tradition, to lay the foundations of future plans. A better challenge, or better honor, I could not ask for.

Baron Sir Crosser
Knight of the Crown of Dragonspine
Sheriff of the Shire of Falconridge
<http://www.adhenterprises.com/AMTGARD/index.htm>



Baronial Briefs...



- The thoughts and prayers of the Barony go out to Baron Talthyr and his family. Talthyr returned to Texas to care for his very ill sister.
- Welcome to our new residents: Zane (Sean Miller)-Warrior of Windmoor Crossing, Kaesha (Elizabeth Klemenser)-Wizard of Lyon's Tomb, Raziel the Shadow (Kevin Brown)-Assassin of Lyon's Tomb, Arames (?)-Assassin of Lyon's Tomb.
- Thanks to Rigel, Kaesha, Raziel, Arames, and Glavas for travelling to Falconridge for their Midreign Feast.
- Huzzahs for Beldareth for being appointed Baronial Champion.
- Huzzahs for Soram for being appointed Shire (WC) Champion.
- Huzzahs for Rigel for winning the archery contest at the Falconridge Midreign (no really, he actually won!).
- Huzzahs for Brock for engineering the excellent role-playing scenarios at Lyon's Tomb.
- Huzzahs for the good Friar for a very fun goblin invasion (story on page 2) at Windmoor Crossing.
- Catcalls for Arames for the near-successful assassination via poison of the Chancellor-elect Glavas Zorallo (the Wizards Guild does not look kindly on such antics...).
- Catcalls for Glavas for leaving his goblet unprotected in front of an assassin.

Note: Catcalls are meant as purely tongue-in-cheek fun. :-P



MEET THE POPULACE:

FRIAR TELAMACHUS

No marauders.
No dead family.
No dragons.
No hidden royal lineage.
No dark secrets.

All in all, the man known as Brother (or Father or Friar) Telamachus has lead a fairly normal life. Born Timothy, the third surviving son of Alfred the Cooper (a freeman), he knew his role in life early on. His family was high in tradition, and being newly freed of their covenant, strove to be sterling examples of freeman society. While all sons and daughters worked in the shops, each was aware of their own position: Dennys would inherit the business when the father passed on, Gramalkin would enter the Lord's military and hope to win glory and perhaps nobility on the field of battle, Timothy would enter the priesthood and train for a holy life. It was the way things were done.

Before those destinies were to be fulfilled, there was work to do, both in the shop as apprentices or mere workers for others in Havensford. Since it was widely known that Timothy would enter the priesthood, very few masters were willing to take him on. After all, they'd just lose their investment when it was time for him to go. As a result he ended up with the menial jobs that very few wanted, including time spent tending the grapes in the vineyard and assisting the wine-master in his arts. Timothy was quick, and picked up whatever knowledge he could in this field. While no master, he was capable of setting up a cask or two during the autumn.

Eventually, as had been previously determined, it was time for him to enter the religious life. He had always been pious and obedient, but found the idea of a life of humorless poverty to be abhorrent. Luckily in the year he was to join the Order of St. Corwin the devout, the most local of any brotherhoods, a travelling friar from the order of St. Germaine arrived. After a few talks with Brother Salidimon, Timothy found this brotherhood to be concerned with the spiritual and physical well-being of the world at large and didn't take to cloistering themselves to hidden monasteries. The religious studies were supplemented by studying the physical world and the arts of healing. Alas, Timothy's parents had been set on his joining St. Corwin's and seemed unwilling to change their minds.

It was at that time that the War of the Princes swept the land, the civil war that fractured the area. While Havensford attempted to stay neutral, they did hold a strategic position on the river. Several of the opposing forces attempted to occupy, but each time they were held off by the Free Guards. It was during those engagements that Brother Salidimon comported himself well, both in fighting prowess and in healing the injured and disabled on the battlefield. He became somewhat of a minor legend during those engagements, and provided more than enough of an example to sway Timothy's parents to let him join the Order of St. Germaine, the Arm of the Lord. Timothy traveled with Salidimon for the next year, learning what skills, both religious and physical, that he could until they arrived at the abbey. There, Timothy spent the next six years deep in the required training. He was often chastised, however, for being too rambunctious and for not taking his studies quite seriously enough. Even so, he persevered and learned the religious teachings, healing arts and a bit of self-defense necessary to become a full brother and was given his new name: Telamachus.

Even as a full brother, Telamachus was still restricted to the abbey until he completed the upper level of studies required for a friar's assignment. While the training was intense, it was primarily study with little physical training. Still wanting to keep busy, he began to tend to the monastery's stunted vineyard, and eventually brought it to fruition at which point he turned to the art he had enjoyed as a teenager: winemaking.

Over his next six years at the abbey, Brother Telamachus began to gain some little renown for the wines that the monastery produced. The monastery was able to make a fair profit from the sales of the new vintage to the local towns. Brother Telamachus passed on his knowledge, both learned and experimented, to the younger brothers to carry on because even with this modicum of success he still wished to venture out into the world. After he was certain they could carry on without him, he petitioned for his final examinations.

Passing the tests was a rather close call, but pass them he did. He showed much more talent with the healing arts than he did with religious instruction, but met what the Father Prefect felt were the minimum requirements. He was then given his first assignment: a burgeoning young shire in the northlands called Windmoor Crossing. He set off on a muddy April morning, uncertain of what was to happen, but eager to find out all the same.

(Friar Telamachus' mundane name is Eric Carpenter (decker_66@yahoo.com)).

CALENDAR

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

The Wandering Quill

I am of the opinion that a major factor in our decision to affiliate ourselves with the main Amtgard group was to achieve more organization and structure compared to the chaos that used to be. I well remember (as I'm sure you do as well) the huge pains involved in trying to setup events, battlegames, etc. prior to the founding of the Barony. It was not pleasant. Structuring the region and trying to organize it in a consistent way was/is a great move by those involved. It's an excellent way to avoid the frustrations of the past and in the future as we're growing so fast.

Adding the next level of Amtgard (offices, awards, feasts, etc.) only makes it more enjoyable, in my humble opinion (after all, we are playing *Amtgard* and these items are a part of the Dream, too). That being said, with that structure comes some responsibility for those who wish to hold the offices, etc. If all someone wants to do is show up every weekend and beat on somebody with a fun-noodle, that's great! Conversely, if someone wants to do that as well as organize events, etc. that's great, too! Again in my humble opinion, those who do both should be the one's to hold the offices, etc. It's an integral part of the fun of Amtgard; earning titles, awarding titles, debating rules, etc. Those who put in the extra effort should reap some of the extra fun (and hopefully entice the fun-noodle wackers into investing a little more time in the future). If they don't, those who organize without those extra perks will quickly become frustrated and stop doing it. And right after that, the people who show up every weekend to beat up on people with fun-noodles will get ticked off because the events are no longer organized.

Please let me assure everyone that this is not directed at any specific person or group of people. These are merely my thoughts, based on painful past experiences by myself and others, on the organization involved with being a fast-growing Amtgard land. As I said earlier, I will make time to help organize everything in the Barony within the purview of my thoughts above.

My two farthings, for what it's worth...

Glavas Zorallo, Wizard of Windmoor Crossing
Chancellor, Barony of the Rising Winds

The Blank Scroll

Ruby, Olive and Gray

Ruby, Olive and Gray,
Colors of my accouterments,
Heraldry of my soul.

My blood, crimson sweet,
Thick and gorged with life.
Baucent of my vengeful vows.

Red tinged aberration of lust
Desire to wade hip deep
Within swirling rivers of justice.

Olive memories both young and old.
Innocent spring gurgling,
Buxom Summer libertine,

Nature's unspoken promise.
Autumn abandonment fie, I die.
Frigid truculent Winter.

Gray bastions of stone.
Apathetic to belabored malice,
As hardened as my heart.

Of Mask and Iron I Abide,
Bone and Blood the immolated martyr.
Armored with fear and love.

The Garnet of loyalty is true,
Peacock's green is a scion's resurrection,
Found my razored salvation in iron.

Ruby, Olive and Gray.
Symbols of my expectations,
Shades of burial shrouds to come.

Baroness Sirrah Elspeth Sharrisselva
Disciple of Tamerica
<http://www.adhenterprises.com/AMTGARD/index.htm>

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.