

The UNDERGANG



187

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EDITOR - Col. Hogan

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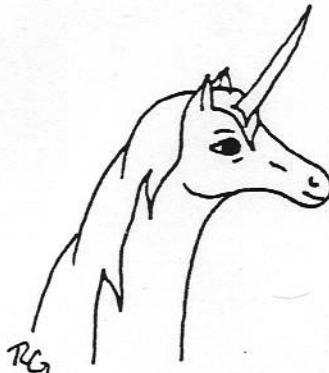
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EDITOR'S NOTE:

THE MATERIAL PRINTED HEREIN IS STRICTLY
THE OPINION OF THOSE WHO SUBMIT IT AND
DOES NOT REFLECT THE OPINION OF THE
EDITOR OR THE STAFF.

Dark Talk

ARAMITHRIS THE SELF-PROCLAIMED HERO,
AMTGARD BURNED AND HE FIDDLLED LIKE NERO.
HE SPENT ALL HIS TIME DRINKING
MEADOWLAKE WINE
NOW OUR HERO'S A ZERO.

COL HOFFSETTER

I am submitting this letter, to the populace of the remaining major kingdoms of Amtgard and to the 'Undergund' of Barad-Duin. If this finds its way into the hands of anyone from other Amtgard groups, feel free to reprint it, as i feel this should be seen by as many people as possible.

In the recent past I have been witness to many significant events, not the least of which were those surrounding the secession of Barad-Duin from Amtgard. Though the situation may apparently reek of manipulation, it can be accepted as fact, that a large percentage of the citizens of Barad-Duin voted to leave Amtgard, due to intolerance on all sides.

This is extremely unfortunate, since the greatest strength Amtgard had was that there was a place for everyone, from the 'Nice Guys' of Claw Legion, to the 'Bad Guys', of the Corsairs and the Sable Pride. There used to be a place for Barad-Duin, too.

How many times have I heard Barad-Duin put down, because they tolerated homosexuals and because they were into the arts and sciences and didn't win in wars with the other kingdoms. How often have I heard citizens of Barad-Duin refer to citizens of the Burning Lands and the Emerald Hills as a bunch of 'Sword Jocks' who were too conservative and seemed to have little imagination. They obviously never heard Dame Alissandra or Lady Selka sing and never listened as Same Esoum talked of getting her jewelry and metal-work to 'sing'. Unfortunately, all they heard was 'what a bunch of faggots'.

Through all of this, I have stood back and watched, as is my way. Unfortunately, for too long. In the end, I stand before you as much to blame as anyone else. Most of this was in good fun, but until now I couldn't bring myself to admit that 'fun' could also hide prejudice and bigotry. For that is the nature of intolerance - it hides many things. Who wants to admit that their friends could be guilty of something that they hate? But I will not simply stand back and let these events happen again.

I have always been neutral and now, more than ever, I am a homeless bard. So I pass no judgements on any one person, or any one incident. Since to do so would be without purpose. No one person, or any one incident was responsible and, most likely, no one is free of blame. Since no one can change the past, let us instead accept that what has happened has happened, and learn from it.

So, if you wish to ridicule someone because they do not do as well as you do at something, or because of their sexual preferences, remember - We should always strive to be the best at what we do. But until the day you are able to do everything that another person can do, better than they can do it themselves, you have no right to ridicule them as a person. The day we forget this is the day that Amtgard has no future...

David Seguin

ONE-LINERS

"Rhino-Hides' should be beaten with clubs, and dragged off the battlefields forever!!"

- SparHawk The Honorable

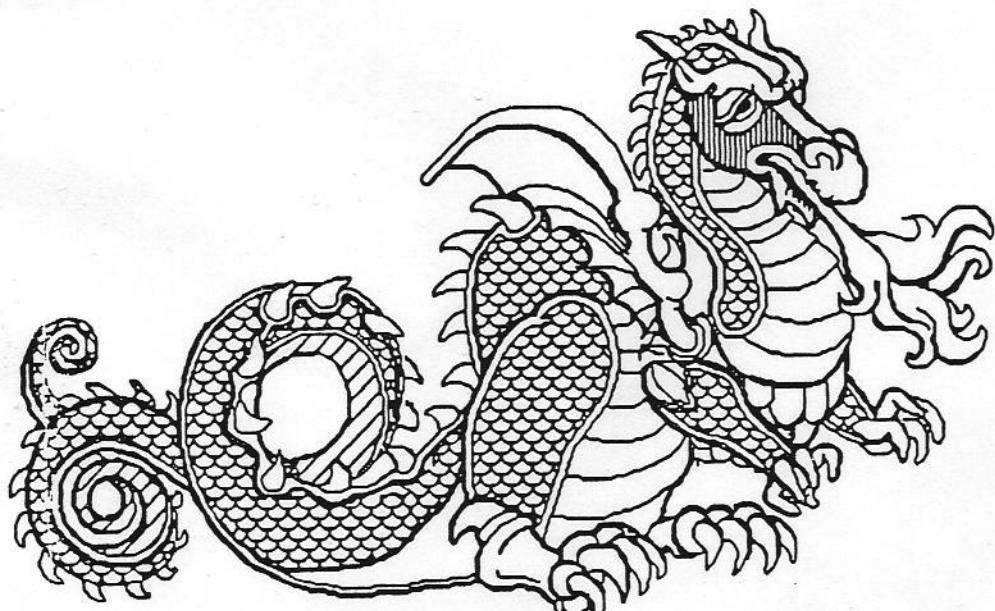
"Oh no! It's Menage-Telemien all over again!"

- Shelton Greenfire

"I'm Immortal! So why the fuck do I only have 6 lives??"

- Sinjin, Master of Mortals

Hear someone say it?? Send it in!!



Cyber!

Inspired by the role-playing game Shadowrun
Shelton Greenfire

I stepped into the rain-filled night, emerging from the flashing warmth of Club Bushida like a dracolisk hatching from an egg. As I glanced nervously around the crowded streets, my hands fished around in the pockets of my jean jacket for a smoke.

A passing Medborg provided the perfect surface on which to light a match, and soon heavy smoke filled my lungs. In 2075, everyone's a slave to something, and for me, my master was the cigarette.

Somewhere on the same streets where I now stood, staring balefully at the rain, HE was looking for me. HE (a Fuchida Hunter-Eliminator 3000 Cyborg) had been sent by the megacorporation because they believed I had possession of data crucial to their continuation as a business. Well, they were right, but I certainly wasn't going to tell them.

I donned by LI Phasers and set off down the street. The frantic beat of the city's night life surrounded me in a near overwhelming chaos of sight and sound. I wanted to lose myself and jump into the steady stream of party-goers, but that would have been foolish. If I let down my guard for even a minute, HE could tear my arms off and I'd never even know it.

Unfortunately, the 'borg caught me unawares anyway, damn, but the 3000 model was a stealthy one!

I had just turned onto the side street where my bike was parked when I felt a grip upon my jacket. As I was lifted into the air, a brutish voice spoke from behind me.

"Good evening, Adam Lund Wellstar. I am a unit 3000 Hunter-Eliminator Cyborg, sent by Fuchida Technologies. I trust your evening has been pleasant so far?"

Through the fear that was rapidly overloading my neural centers, I laughed silently. When a corporation did anything, they made sure to do it politely.

I was scared, but there wasn't a chance I would give this skinjob that satisfaction.

"Slot and run, drek-face." I hissed through clenched teeth.

There was a slight pause, and I heard a low whirr. "I sense you do not wish to participate in polite conversation. Prepare for termination."

HE released its grip, and I found myself soaring down the street. About 100 feet later, I slammed into the plassteel casing of a comm booth, and slid slowly to the pavement.

Dermal plating saved me from death by impact, but I knew it wasn't going to do drek against the 'borg charging towards me. Silent and still, I coolly watched it as it ran, until it was ten feet from me.

Muscles screaming in agony, I leapt into the air, somersaulted, and landed on my feet just to the right of the 'borg. Of course, it tried to change its trajectory to match my new location, but it wasn't quick enough.

HE slammed into the comm booth, sending shards of plassteel cascading over the road. A beacon atop the comm let out a high-pitched whine, followed shortly by the activation of a strobe.

Drek! That meant a neighborhood security patrol would be here in no time, and because I was considered "on the wrong end of a legal transaction", HE would have the patrol on its side, and I would have double trouble.

The cyborg was down, but the green shimmering of its chrome Zeiss eyes alerted me that the unit was still quite active. I considered making my break then, but at best, all that would earn me would be a lazer shot in the back.

A siren screamed in the distance. That patrol was coming fast. There was nothing to do at this point but wait.

Fortunately (or maybe the opposite), I didn't have long to wait. Just as HE stirred and began crawling to its feet, the security craft crested the house behind me.

"Identify yourself!" a voice blared.

I stayed silent and stood my ground. Experience had taught me that the 'borg was already in contact with the patrol, effectively forfeiting any chance I had of fast talk.

"Adam Lund Wellstar, you have five seconds to surrender. Beginning now.....5...."

I felt the 'borg's artificial breath on my neck. It had come up behind me, and was waiting for me to make a move, and that gave me an idea.

"...4..."

This was going to hurt, but at least I'd be alive.

"...3....2..."

I launched myself upwards.

"..1..."

For a microsecond, I perched precariously upon the 'borg's bald palate. Suddenly, a laser shot arced from the patrol craft and slammed into the 'borg. HE lurched from the blow, and I fell to the ground....

.....and ran. HE had been taken out, and the patrol craft would be momentarily confused as to just who it hit. By the time someone noticed I'd bolted, I would be a whisper in the shadows.

Later, as I chugged down some nutrisoy at Alonzo's Malts, I pondered just how easy it had been to defeat the 'borg. In this day and age, machines were considered the peak of perfection.

Ha! I grinned and raised a toast to humanity - the only way to go. Some of the other patrons in the bar stared at me and shook their heads.

As the barkeep set down another bowl, I noticed a security craft pull up into the lot, lights flashing furiously. It was after somebody...

...and I suddenly realized just who that someone was.

I was limping out the back door as the first guard entered the building. The chase was on.



CURSE

In the name of the North, by the power of earth, the land swallow your seed!

In the name of the East, by the power of air, the wind scatter your seed 'ere it finds purchase!

In the name of the South, by the power of fire, your seed will blaze, shrivel, and die screaming in agony!

In the name of all that is, was, and ever will be, a curse on your holdings!

In the name of the Mother, the fury of the storm and the rage of nature scorned, a curse on your soul!

In the name of the Horned One, the burning sun and the passion of insanity, a curse on your mind!

In the name of the nameless, a curse on you until I have justice!

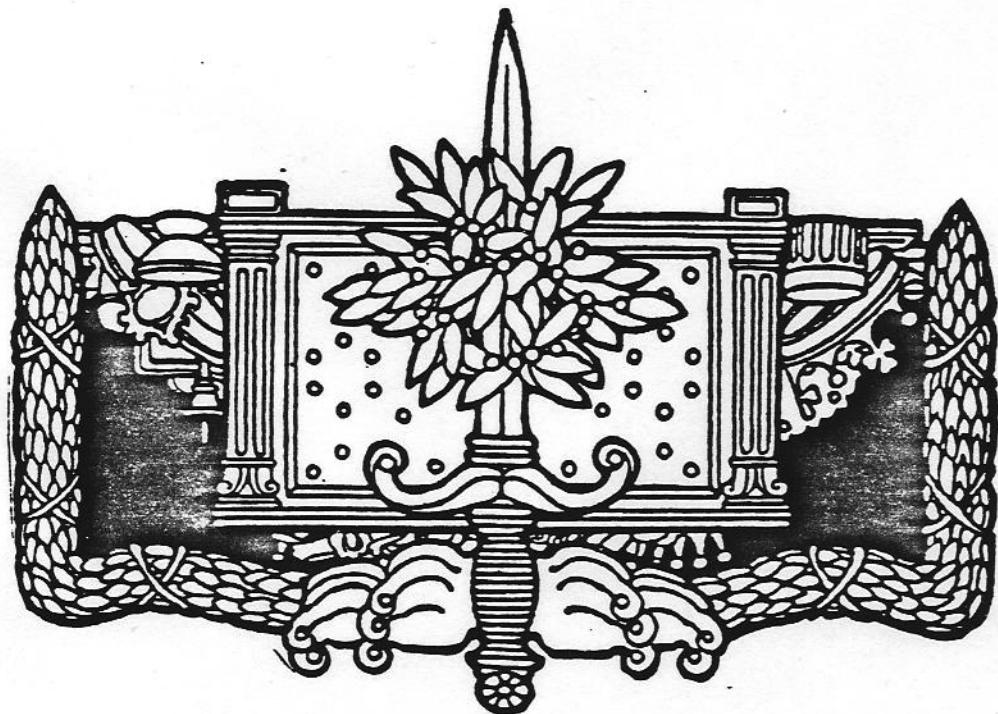
This is my will, so mote it be!

Goddess have mercy for what I have just done.

-Shelton Greenfire

In Austin there was Barad-Duin,
There trouble was always a brewin,
'Til Cain there did linger,
Grabbed crotch and threw finger,
Now Barad-Duins a ruin.

Rad Mimester

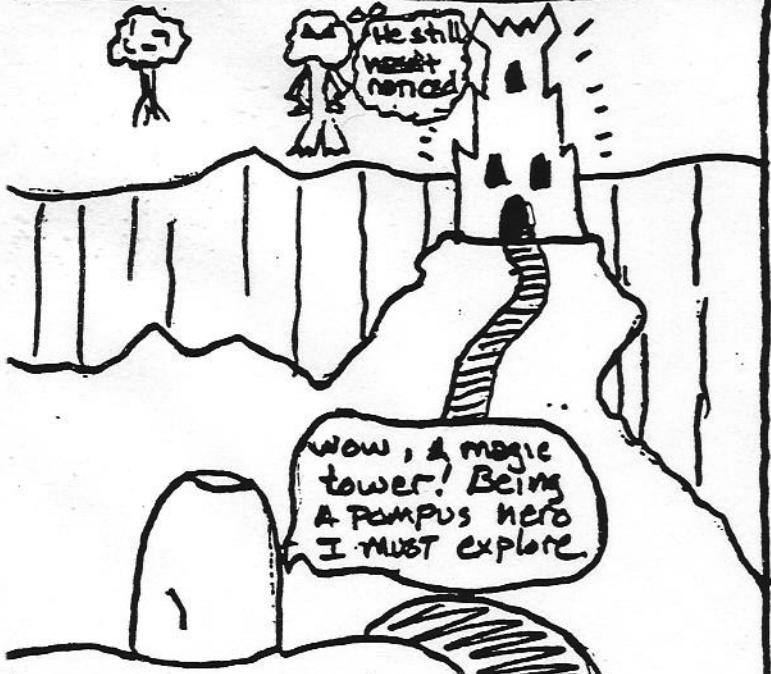


Adventure #2 of the Lan d'Ork Saga

by the bad
Asses inc.

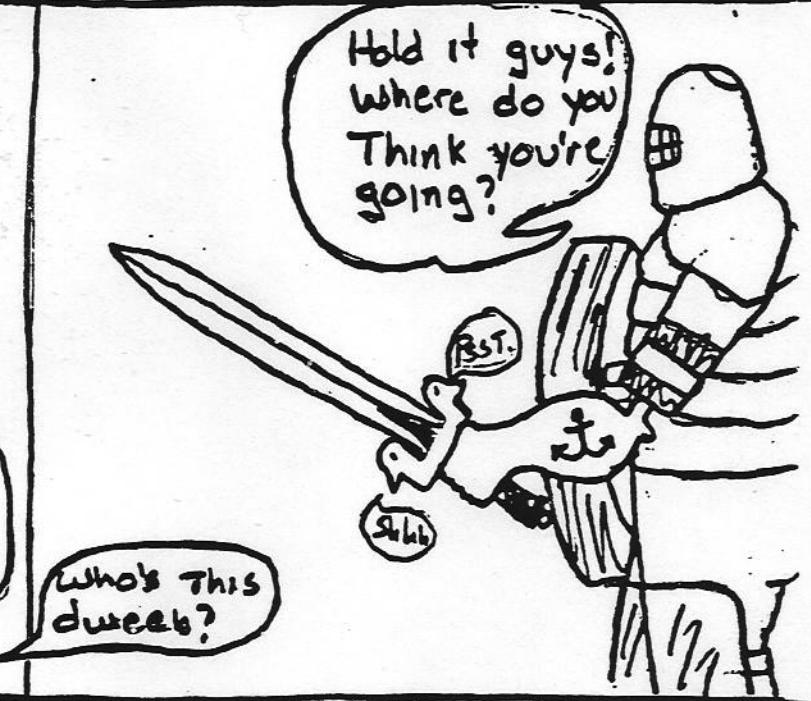
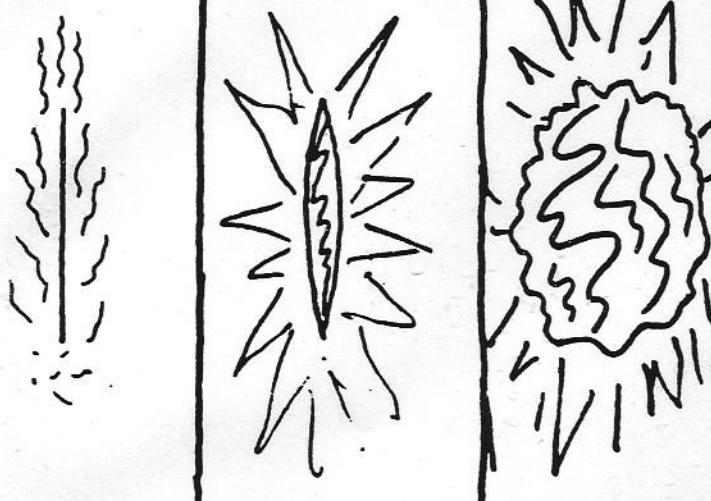


That night Lan d'Ork had a brain storm. He decided to do some real adventuring in the real world. (That's cell-ed.)



Meanwhile, upstairs something weird was happening... Yes it's a reality warp.

Did I say reality warp? I mean mystic portal.

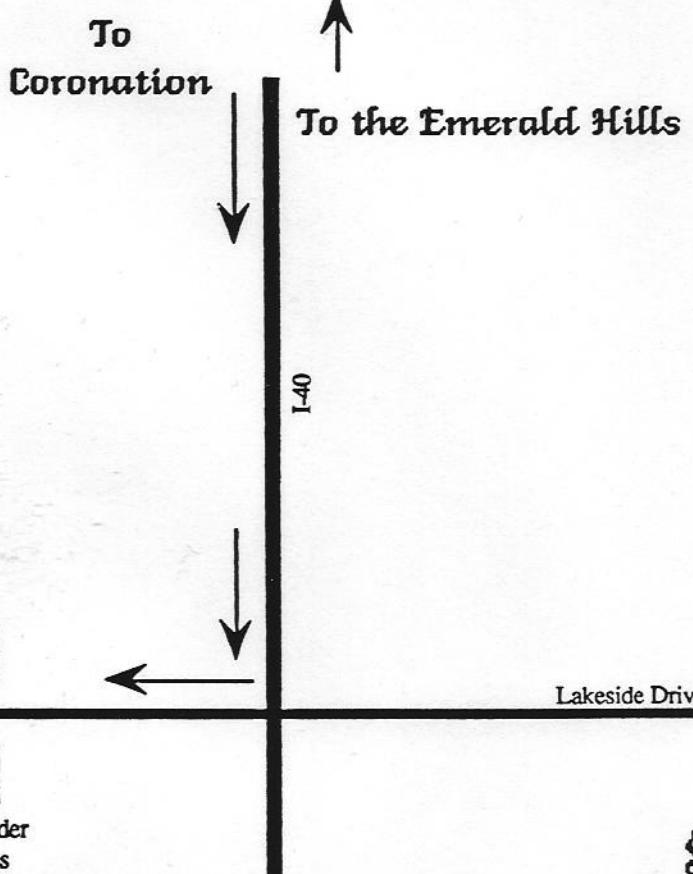
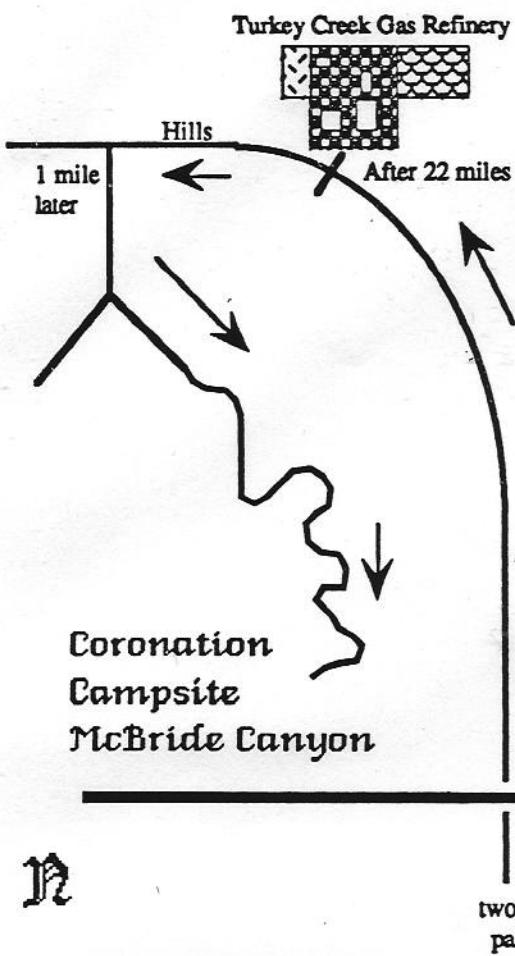


Join us next month for Part 3 of the Ian d'Ork Saga

Can you guess the word of the day?

Maybe one day I'll get recognition

NOT TO SCALE!!!

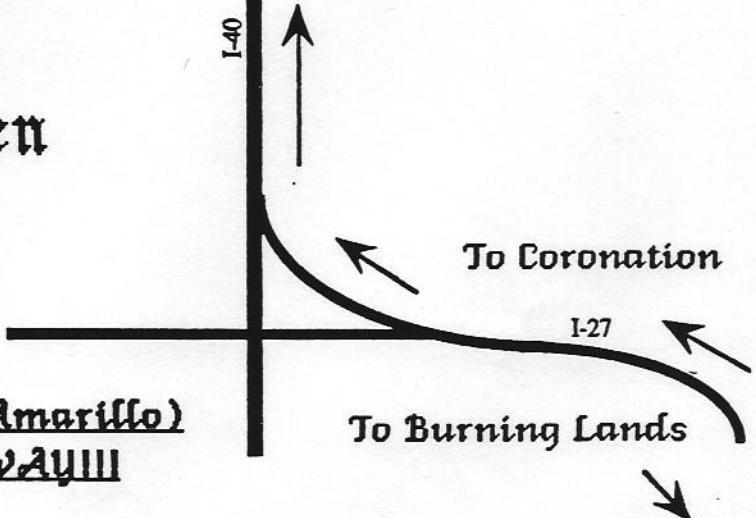


N S

Announcing the
Coronation of the
Barony of the Golden
Plains

Golden Plains (Amarillo)
DON'T GO THIS WAY!!!

W



Unto the Populace of Amtgard,
I send warm greetings and salutations from the Golden Plains.

It is my most gracious pleasure to announce that my homeland, the Barony of the Golden Plains, is to hold its second coronation in an event to span the weekend of March 2 to March 4 in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred Ninety. My fellow Plainsmen and I would like to cordially invite all to come celebrate this splendid event with us. Despite the coldness of the season, this, our first event of the year, shall be a camping excursion; come prepared with tent, bedroll and a willing bed partner to turn away the chill. Breakfast will be served Saturday morning, and a bountiful feast is offered Saturday evening (roundabout seven). Coronation Court will be held after all are fed. During the hours between meals, a special plunder quest is scheduled along with a few various other battlegames, as yet to be announced. Following the court the tales shall fly as we engage in our storytelling contest with prizes going to the best two; by populace applause, of course. Let's have plenty of participants!! Altogether, this event will cost only five dollars per person. The site is "wet" (meaning that there can be great quantities of liquor consumed), but the locals urge moderation (little do they know...) The water supply is very limited at the site so bring a chest to hold water and ice for your camp to guarantee your share. Outhouses (and I do mean outhouses!) are provided for your convenience, but showers are not available.

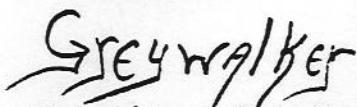
Now for the Mundane information required to attend this stupendous event: A map is provided on the back-side of this page. The following instructions make the map (hopefully) easier to understand. I do hope they are easy to follow.

From the Emerald Hills: You will probably come into Amarillo on Hwy 287. This merges into I-40 just outside of Amarillo. Follow I-40 until you reach the Lakeside exit. Exit the E-way and travel north on Lakeside. While on Lakeside you will first go under two under passes and then over two over passes. After the second overpass, exit and follow the exit ramp back around to the street you just went over. Travel east (as the map indicates) and follow the road for 22 miles. This will carry you into a very hilly region. After 22 miles there will be a complex, known as the Turkey Creek Gas Refinery, on the right. Travel one more mile to the entrance of our campgrounds, McBride Canyon. Follow the winding road (straight on the map) until it forks. At the fork, take the left road and follow it down to the campsite. At the end of the road it turns into a dirt path (maybe mud, sorry). Amtgard will be about a half mile (if that) down the dirt road on the left. Welcome!

From the Burning Lands: You will probably go through Hereford or Canyon traveling into Amarillo. The highway I-27 travels in and through Amarillo from Canyon and Hereford and connects with I-40 close to the Downtown district. At the junction of I-27 and I-40, take the exit to get on I-40 going east. Travel east on I-40 until the Lakeside exit. Exit here and go under the underpass so as to be traveling north on Lakeside. Then follow the instructions for From the Emerald Hills after "Exit the E-way and travel north on Lakeside."

As Baronial Regent, I have done my best to make this an event worthy of everyone's attendance. If you are sure of your attendance or would like to be assured of a place to make camp, call me at 806-655-7817 or Vizier Lord Flynn Telemon at 806-655-9461. We await your call. The trumpets of the enemy blare, the glory of battle calls, and the site of victory will be in the Golden Plains! Vivat Amtgard!

Yours in Service,

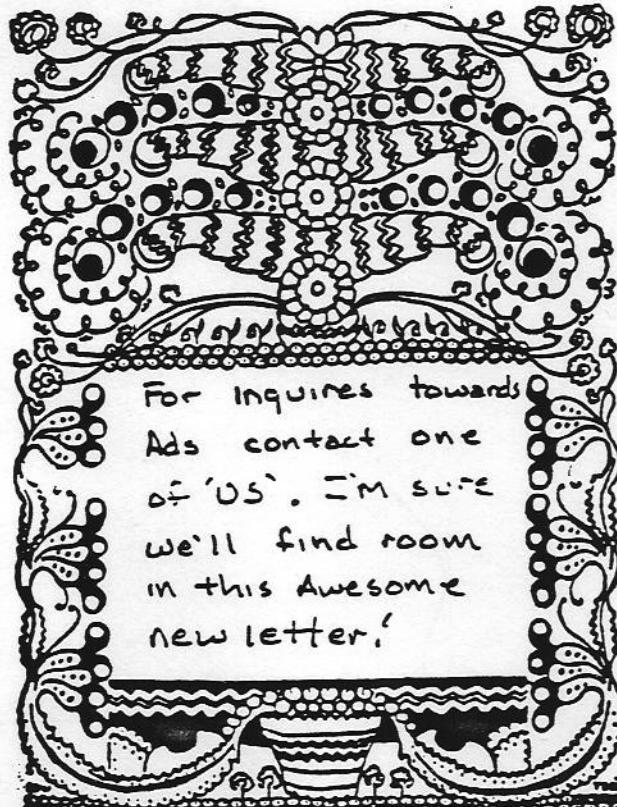
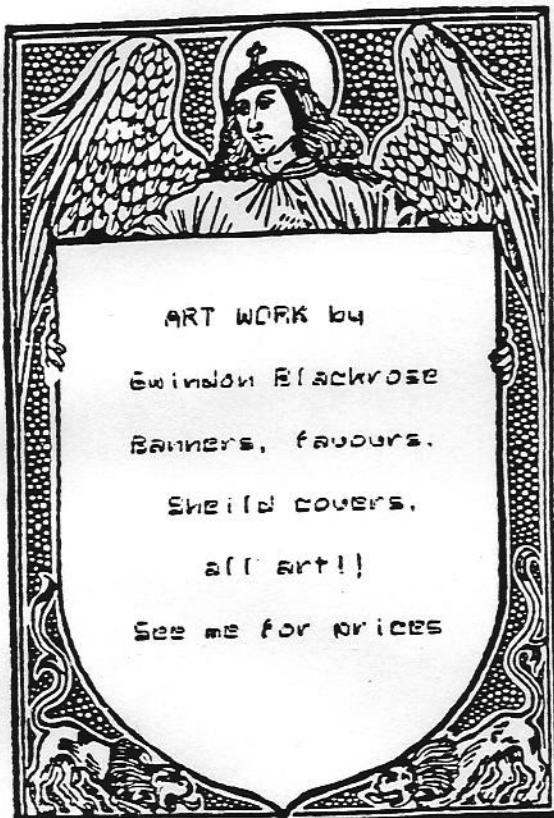


Baronial Regent Squire Greywalker,
Dweller of the Mist



Weapons of War
-by Gareth Blackhawk-

Weapons made by
superior craftsmanship
and materials



For inquiries towards
Ads contact one
of 'US'. I'm sure
we'll find room
in this Awesome
new letter!

This is the ads page we put ads here in case you hadn't noticed. So can you for a special price of 19.95. No just kidding. We'll run any ad for a donation of 5 cents per issue put out. This donation will go to the club and not us, unless we need to offset any printing bill, which is unlikely, due to free copying. But anyways its a good cause. (I hate 40 columns)

Us

BATTLE GARB!!
Tunics, tabbards, sashes,
baldrics, cloaks, robes..
See: Allauren Anderson
of Erinmore for details

Garb by Alessandra

Tunics/Tabbards	\$10.00
Shirts	\$15.00
Pants	\$10.00
Cloaks	\$40.00
Robes	\$20.00