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Lan D'Ork

*Doochie's Defence will be continued in the next issue.

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.



Happy Holidays



Dark Talk

-To the Populace-
This is the section where the "Bitch Letters" are put....
So send them in!!!



BLACK ROSES



A ND DEATH

-COMING SOON TO A -
- DARK SIDHE NEAR -
- YOU -

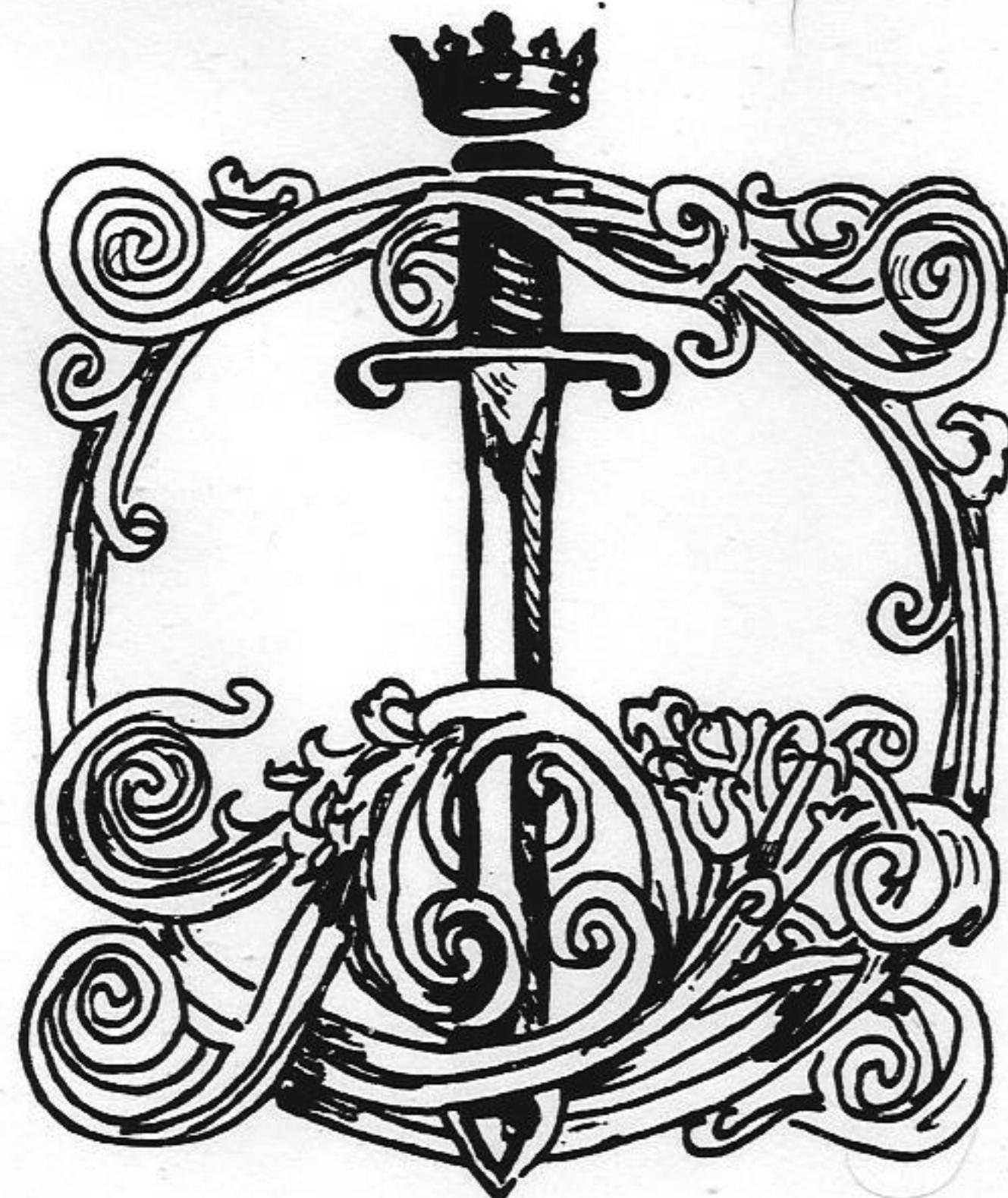


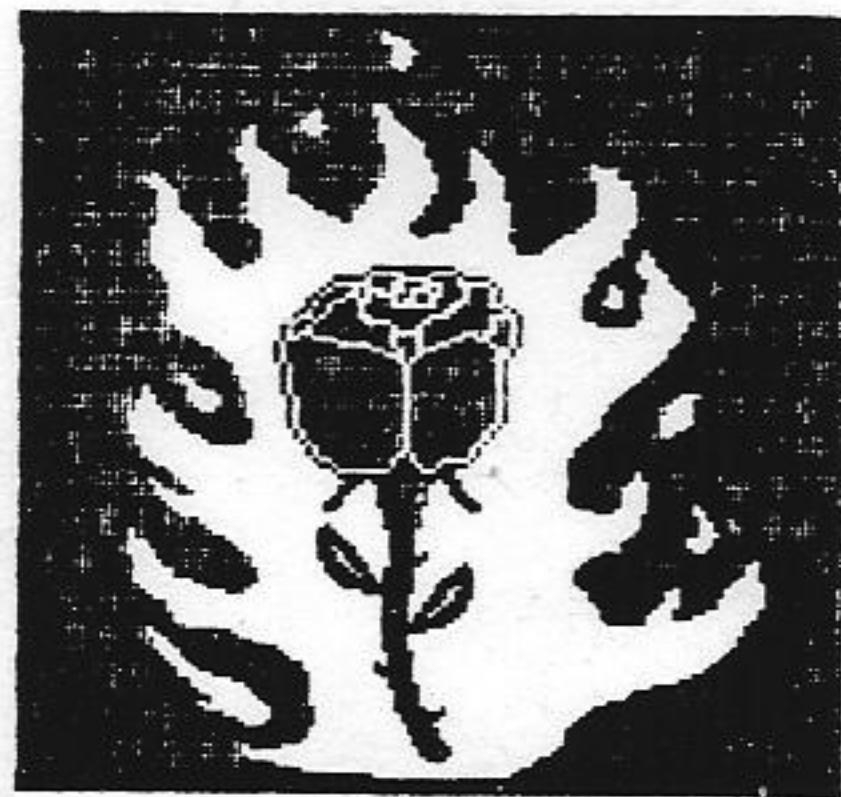
Well its finally out... thanks for the stuff guys. By the way, this Fanzine will accept stuff from our kingdom. So send it to us!! See Col. Hogan for details.

**This letter is addressed to Lynn "the Red"
Fletcher in response to her letter in the
UnderGund of Barad-Duin.**

It was said by Lynn in her justification of the UnderGund, that underground newsletters are formed because of the lack of courage to bitch to those in power. I must disagree with this, at least with the Dark Sidhe as an example, for the Dark Sidhe is a fanzine. It is unofficial, but it was not formed due to the lack of courage rather because the official news-letter, at that time, sucked. Nothing was used that was submitted by a select few, so "we" decided to do something about this censorship. The Dark Sidhe discovered the previously undiscovered and showed the Echoes of the Hills what it should look like. The Dark Sidhe is a work of art in itself because it is solely comprised of literature and art work. That is the true meaning of the Dark Sidhe and further more I believe it takes more courage to publish a "bitch letter" than it does to confront the accused. Mainly because everyone will see the print and it will become immortal in print.

-The Bad Asses-





Lord Aganar Ky' Slaron Regent of Barad-Duin

RETORT

**Sanee is the Monk of Squirrel Fu,
As "the Juggler" he gave us a view.
Now a war he has started,
As my back was unguarded
To the attack of a Narcaleptic Jew.**

*Note from the Player: This limerick was written in rebuttal to the limerick addressed to my persona by Sanee the Monk. I hope it does honor to the trend that Sanee is trying to start, or in his belief was started by His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke Nithanalorn Draconis Dignitatis Fean Cals Ra. And if this sort of "persona charaterization" is going to continue, I would like to propose a new "service" guild: The Holy Guild of Character Assassins. I would also like to nominate Sanee as GuildMaster.

I would also like to take this opportunity to do something that did not occur Sanee... I would like to state that this limerick was not intended to offend any person besides my named target. Any negative allusions to any group are strictly in the mind of the reader. In fact many of my closest friends are jugglers...

I would also like to make a belated apology for my worthy opponent, Sanee. Personally and Persona-ly, I am heterosexual; several of my closest friends are not. I hope that this skirmish between the Monk and me has not offended them in any way.

We of Amtgard are all intelligent and open-minded individuals; we do not believe in discrimination in any form.

Naturally yours,

**Aganar Ky' Slaron
Regent of Barad-Duin
Lord of the Flaming Rose**



NOTES FROM THE BARON OF ELVYNSEA

By Squire Sionnach ó Seregon

The following limerick is written in response to Dan Good and his own bad poetry concerning Lord Aganar. I extend my apologies to the Jewish people, the Shmoosh people, and anyone else unfortunate enough to be associated with this guy.

**Oh, woe for the juggling jew
Whose body is shaped like a shmoo.
He writes all the day
Of whom others will lay
'Cause it's something that he'll never do.**

By the way, "Sanee the Monk" is the name of an Amtgard persona. When you're back on the field throwing around your plaid socks, Dan, then call yourself that. If you're not interested in attending the club, kindly keep to yourself.

(Aaaahh, Sinjen, I could get used to this!)

In all seriousness, this "Illuminati" bullshit needs to be addressed, and since it was brought up by Dan Good, this is a natural follow-up to my limerick. People have been bitching about "the Illuminati" ever since I was Duke, and possibly even before. During my reign Gilbert started calling it "the Star Chamber." Here, once and for the record, are the facts: Yes, the Duke has his friends. Yes, most of them tend to be in powerful positions with lots of titles and awards. But listen, we're a little club. Even though our leaders are chosen through elections, very few people actually step forward to fill these positions. Consequently, the same handful of people end up running everything. With the way this club has of taking such a big chunk of everyone's time, it's hardly surprising that these handful of people have wound up friends. Is this an Illuminati? Should the Duke feel guilty that he keeps his circle of friends, and allows himself to be influenced by them? If you were on the throne, would you suddenly become a selfless saint, giving equal time and respect to everyone from

Derydlus to Dan Good? Hell no, and don't lie to me or to yourself.

But we haven't had a Duke yet who has abused the privileges of his position, and I doubt if we ever will. I'd wager to say that if anyone, even the most obnoxious, unpopular person in the club, even the Duke's worst enemy, were to approach him and voice a legitimate complaint in a calm manner, he would listen and possibly take personal action to rectify the problem. But don't demand it of him. He is, after all, just a guy who's decided to give the majority of his time for six months to Barad-Duin. No single human being can possibly hear every complaint and solve every problem. (I tried to tackle this time problem when I was on the throne by creating the Viziers, and what was the response? "Star Chamber! Star Chamber!" You can't win for losing.) Sometimes (!!) the Duke has a bad day and doesn't want to talk. Sometimes the Duke just wants to have fun (!!!) and be allowed the right to make mistakes like anyone else. Give him a break. He's running this club we're in.

Enough pontificating for now. Tune in next time for the exciting confessions of an ex-Duke, when I admit that Tholden, Conor and I did in fact take fifteen dollars of club money to have breakfast at Denny's once, and simultaneously I present the club the bill for the one hundred and fifty dollars or so that came out of my own pocket to pay for my clubhouse when the generous coffers of clubmembers seemed strangely closed. (The "Doochie" thing was actually very funny, Dan, except for that unfounded jab at Tholden. I have my suspicions about who started that rumor, and if you'd like to know the grisly financial truth about Derydlus's coronation, I can probably reconstruct it for you.)

áthas agat, y'all!

P.S. Say, Sinjen, how 'bout alittle less gruesome artwork this time around? All those claws and skulls reminded me of a bad trip I once had.



Creature of the Night

You're the demon who haunts my dreams,
Flying through the night to me,
On your broom, flying cross the sky,
With a wild light dancing in your eyes,

You're so beautiful, and that's the crime,
All I can think about, is making you mine.
I'd do anything, even sell my soul,
And I'd do it all for you.

Dressed in black, eyes glowing red,
Hair flying in the wild night wind,
Never ever seen the light,

You're the creature of the night, creature of the night,
I can see it in your eyes.

You're a creature of the night, creature of the night.

The wind whistling through the trees,
Sounds like lost souls crying out to me,
Expressing their grief, for they can see,
Because of you, I've lost all my dreams,

When I think I've gotten over you,
You fly back to tell me it just ain't true.
You wipe away all my tears,
And tell me I have nothing to fear.



Dressed in black, eyes glowing red,
Hair flying in the wild night wind,
Never ever seen the light,

You're the creature of the night, creature of the night,
I can see it in your eyes.
You're a creature of the night, creature of the night,

But at the crack of dawn,
Out with the night wind, you're gone,
Well, I'm sad, because I know it's true,
I can never put a hold on you.

Dressed in black, eyes glowing red,
Hair flying in the wild night wind,
Never ever seen the light,

You're the creature of the night, creature of the night,
I can see it in your eyes.
You're a creature of the night, creature of the night,
Creature of the night (creature of the night),
Creature of the night (creature of the night),
Creature - of - the - night!

Pebry Ap Cucorin - Court Bard of Barad-Duin,
Guildmaster of Bards and Minstrels,
and all around great dude.

Night Games

by Shelton Greenfire

The sun had just dropped below the ridge as the two Battleteams wandered into the base camp from the field. Squires, Pages, and Wards were quick to attend the needs of their lieges.

Amidst all the hustle and bustle, Romerion Landsinger rested against a tree and watched his brother, Artagel, mend a sword. The pair, like everyone else, were tired and sweaty, but not sure if they wanted to go home just yet.

A sharp breeze on his cheek startled Romerion, and he looked up, puzzled. Trepidation crept into his bones as he gazed into the forest surrounding the camp. Something was wrong, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"Artagel," he called to his brother, "Program 4. Report all data in ten minutes."

Instantly, Artagel sprang to his feet and fixed his vision on the woods. Though he wasn't moving, every sensor in Artagel's body was active and alert, concentration completely riveted in the forest in front of him.

Meanwhile, Romerion was forcing his way through the crowd towards the Ducal pavillion. At the tent's entrance he met the black-cloaked form of Sinjen. Sinjen saluted in his usual grim fashion, then cracked a small smile.

"What's up, peck?" he hissed.

Normally, Romerion had plenty of patience with Sinjen's condescending attitude, and would playfully go along with his "game". Normally.

"Sinjen," he said with forced calm, "I must see the Regent. NOW."

"Why?" The edge in Sinjen's voice was nearly tangible.

"Because, you oaf, we may have a problem!" Sinjen opened his mouth to deliver a retort, but was interrupted as the tent flap opened, and in the rapidly fading light, Romerion saw Tholden von Bazilius, Ducal Champion, poke his head out.

"What's all the racket about, folks?"

"I must see the Regent, Tholden!" Romerion purposefully raised his voice to drown out Sinjen's, who no doubt was trying to finish his insult.

There was silence for a time, after which the huge champion motioned Romerion inside. Romerion prostrated himself before the Pharaoh's chair, then turned to the Regent.

"Lord Aganar, we may have trouble. By your high standing as a Druid, I figured you were the only one who could help me confirm my fears." besides Tirion, he thought sadly, but.....

"But Romerion," the Regent spoke softly, "why me?"

"Step outside, and you'll see what I mean."

Aganar hopped off of his seat and walked out of the pavillion, whistling a cheery tune under his breath. He returned shortly with a look of concern masking his usual spritely visage.

"Your Grace, he speaks truth. Something evil stalks our forests this eve."

Sir Nithanalorn appeared deep in thought, then whispered something to the guard standing behind him. The guard rushed out of the tent, and Romerion noticed him clutching a pendant in his hand, as if to ward off evil.

The Pharaoh looked to Romerion and said, "I thank you, my loyal servant, for this information. Now, we must gear ourselves for a search. Prepare to do battle with the unknown!" With that, he left the pavillion hurriedly, followed by a rather confused Romerion.

Outside the light of many torches illuminated a camp buzzing with activity. Warriors hastily gathered together weapons and armor, while spellcasters furiously memorized spells. Archers scrambled to restring bows and restock depleted quivers.

Soon all was ready, and led by the Pharaoh Nithanalorn astride a black charger, the expedition headed off into the forest. Romerion felt as if he were entering some great beast's maw, so close did the trees crowd upon the band.

A tap on his shoulder caused Romerion to start in fright, and he snapped his horse around with a subtle twitch. Artagel stood in front of him, smiling gently while vapor trails spewed from his ears.

"It took me a while to compile all data requested," he said in his usual lilting, slightly mechanical tone. "By the time my analysis was complete, you were gone. So I ran."

Romerion couldn't help smiling at his brother's determination, knowing that before his "transformation", Artagel would never have gone anywhere without a horse.

"Relay information, please." There was a slight pause, and a barely perceptible whir.

"Analysis. Seven lifeforms dispersed throughout forest. Radiating no heat or vital signs. Picked up on motion trackers only."

"Any magic?" Romerion was hoping that the hunch forming in his mind was incorrect.

"Heavy. Charm variety, and Protections to boot."

"Shit," Romerion swore, "we got undead. Nithanalorn, I need to speak with you!"

Captin Koronada raised his hand, and the column abruptly halted. Shortly, the Duke came striding from the front.

"What's wrong, Romerion?" he called. "What has your brother discovered?"

"It's not good, Your Grace. Undead, and they sound like vampires."

"Vamp-?"

Suddenly, a cry floated across the forest, answered by another in the distance. The horses pranced about in agitation, and a few nervous coughs erupted from the men.

"Spellcasters!" the Duke shouted. "Enchantments! Particularly on the weapons, distribute them while we move. Do it NOW!"

The party reformed and began moving once again, at a quicker pace than before. The night was deathly silent, broken only by muttered incantations, which carried eerily far in the still night. Finally, it was done.

Sir Arhmaand was to comment later just how fortunate they were to have Aurendir's keen ears with them, of the outcome of that evening might have been different. For only Aurendir and Artagel heard the sounds of bats in time.

"Attack!" Aurendir screamed.

The group had two seconds to get ready when the first vampire swooped upon us. Actually, upon a rather hapless apprentice wizard. He was carried off before we knew what happened.

A glowing ball of fire exploded from Black's hand, hissing after the vampire like an energized couatl. The ball struck the vampire only on his heel, but it was enough.

With a piercing shriek, the flaming form plunged to the ground. The apprentice was as fried as the vampire, but at least he could be resurrected. The vampire was far beyond that.

Romerion broke free from the order and cantered toward the smoking corpse. As the healing energy focused towards the body form Romerion's hand, a vampire suddenly appeared in front of him and struck him on the shoulder. Romerion extended a finger to stun the vampire, but as he looked up, he met its glowing red eyes, and

found he could not break away. Even though he knew what the vampire intended, Romerion was helpless. He hardly felt any pain as his neck was pierced by the vampire's teeth.

Meanwhile, the rest of the group weren't faring much better. SparHawk was dead, and Conor was soon to join him. Mattieu, in an apparent state of panic, was throwing iceballs to total abandon.

Sir Nithanaiorn observed grimly that the number of vampires was growing swelled from his ranks.

A cold pain pierced his back, and Sir Nithanaiorn knew he had been stabbed. Even as the cold spread through his limbs, Sir Nithanaiorn summoned enough strength to lop the vampire's head off with his own blade. His last thought was of horror as he noticed the vampire he had killed was Aurendir.

The last one to fall was Koronada. His body hit the ground with a clanking thud, and a voice suddenly cried out, "Game!"

Guildmaster Thariend, of the Reeves Guild, stepped from the trees clutching a huge book. As he did, the scene on the battlefield changed.

Mutilated corpses knitted together and rose up, whole and alive. The vampires regained color, as did their eyes. Wounds closed. Weapons repaired themselves. All returned to normal.

Both parties milled amongst themselves for a few minutes, laughing and chattering amiably. Then, they headed towards the Drunken Dragon to celebrate.

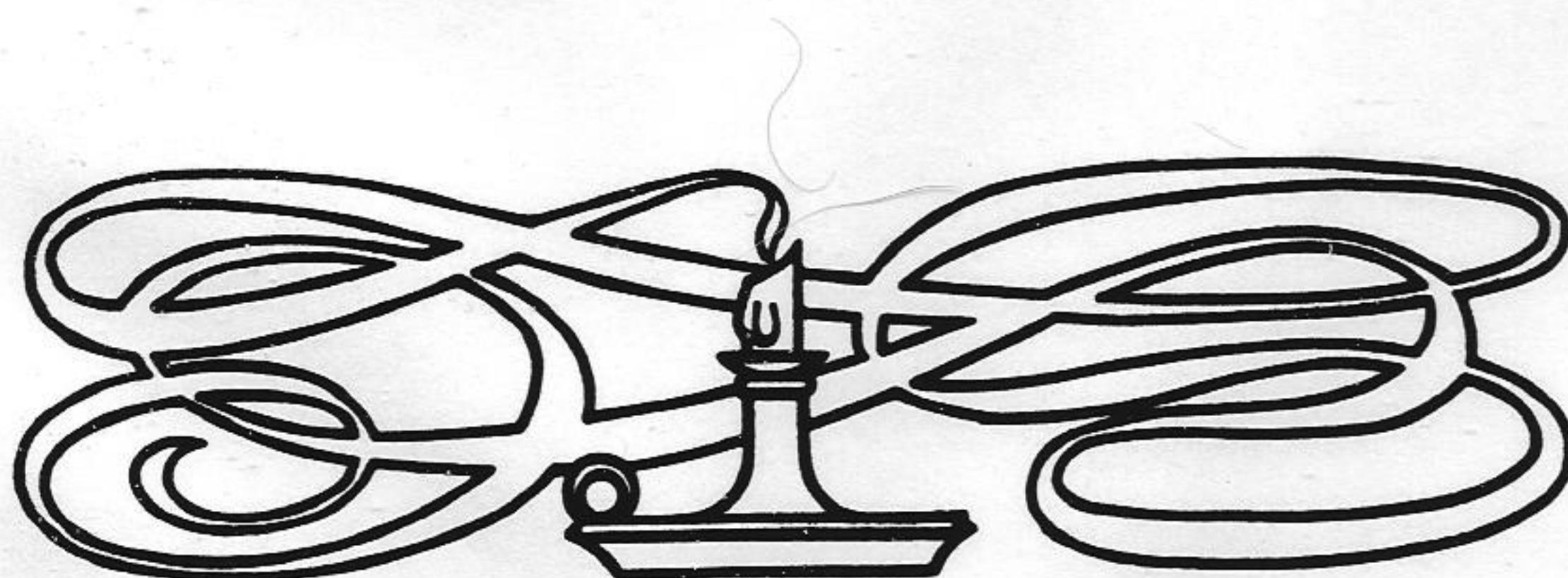
Thariend heard a horse pull up beside his, and he turned to stare at the pale visage of Mandrake.

The two rode in silence for a while, when Mandrake suddenly said, "Thariend, we're going to have a little chat about balance."

"Really? The balance of the universe? I had no idea you took-

"No, no. Game balance."

Tharinad appeared confused, then burst out laughing. The laughter rippled through the group, until the entire forest shook with peals of merriment.



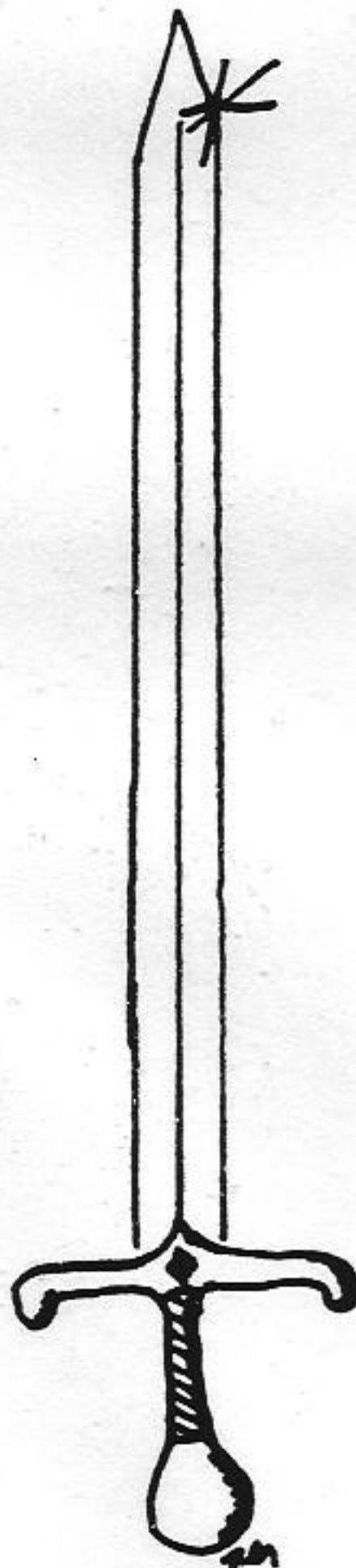
Poetry



Sunset

The Golden Sun sets
And the clouds turn to roses
His gift for Pale Moon

-Robinet-



Knights End

The sun it sinks golden
upon an twilite sky
as the knight in blackened armor
rides with heavy sigh.

For he has lost his glory
in battle not fought with steel
and he has lost his heart
on a spin of fortunes wheel.

The shadows they will linger
deep in his clouded mind
until they turn into memories
he cannot leave behind.

Till at least the knight goes mad
as he rides across the land
haunted by scenes of green hills
trapped in a world of sand.

As the moon begins to raise
in an early springtime sky
the knight in blackened armour
lies down in the sand to die.

Specter

Greed

Bloodstained creature of the night,
Selfish over its hoard.
Greedy warriors once filled with lust,
Now lie empty of their guts.

Iron fortress rising tall,
Forever guarding its jewels.
Enslaved people look on with hate,
Procession to the mines.

Female reptile, ruler of the skies,
Lured by the smell of treasure.
Bloodstained creature accepts a mate,
With suspicion and underlying hate.

Secure in his contly tower,
Corrupt man plans for power.
Eyes resting on a maiden fair,
He plots for her control.

Riding the night endlessly,
Hunting for precious stones.
The master of its domain,
Offerings of sacrifice for life.

Mercenaries mix with live undead,
A pathway to a city's gates.
Gates bar the advancement of obsession,
But gold buys soldiers' devotion.

Carting the ore back to its den,
Leathery wings tear the air!
Flame shooting from the sky.
Treachery has followed the master!

Gates creak in cold, clear night,
Advancement of souls.
The body of men march to the palace,
Ruler in king's leave is now enslaved.

Suspicions confirmed in reality,
Hate now centers the brain.
Lightning flies from the creature's eye,
And flame responds in agony.

Prisoner of unreasonable lust,
A maiden longingly waits.
Town enslaved by tyrannical methods,
Taxation just must too steep.

Flame ceases to cloudy smoke,
Lightning to arid, sulphuric stench.
Talons have ripped wings in shreds,
Eyes have crisped in the flames.

Hope eating her inside to death,
Happiness a thing forgotten.
Prosperity now insanity,
Walls built from failed crusades.

Earth, its servant, erupts in pain,
Skin, ripped and torn.
Death rides a black horse,
And takes the creature home.

Gold and silver, jewels and slaves,
To buy his happiness.
Alas, his age has grown steadily,
And death is now his fear.

Boys have grown old in age,
Wars have come and passed.
Gold still shines her deadly glow,
And lures man to their death.

-Cynewulf Plague-



PRESS ON

NOTHING IN THE WORLD CAN
TAKE THE PLACE OF PERSIS-
TENCE. TALENT WILL NOT;
NOTHING IS MORE COMMON
THAN UNSUCCESSFUL MEN
WITH TALENT. GENIUS WILL
NOT; UNREWARDED GENIUS
IS ALMOST A PROVERB.
EDUCATION ALONE WILL NOT;
THE WORLD IS FULL OF ED-
UCATED DERELICTS. PER-
SISTENCE AND DETERMINATION
ALONE ARE OMNIPOTENT.

In the beginning there were the orks. They were lowly orks; they were dumb orks, but that was then. This is now.

Ages ago among these orks, one tribe excelled among the others; the dirt orks. The leaders in their arrogance gave themselves the name d'Ork (dirt orks). In time one was born among the d'Orks destined to be king. He was

Lan d'Ork

Chronicles of Greydeth

And so starts
the saga of...

Lan d'Ork Waterwalker



Saturday morning, Lan d'Ork fills his cart with his Nogard stuff...



And as usual Bi-Gar the barbarian meets Lan d'Ork by his wagon.

Hey Guy. How's it going?

Pretty good Bi-Gar. NICE TO SEE YOU OUT here.

THE REEVE McBETH STIFLES HIS STUPIDITY.

NO MAN, THAT'S 2pts



And God speak works once again.



TO BE CONTINUED
IN NEXT MONTH'S
ISSUE OF

LAN d'Ork

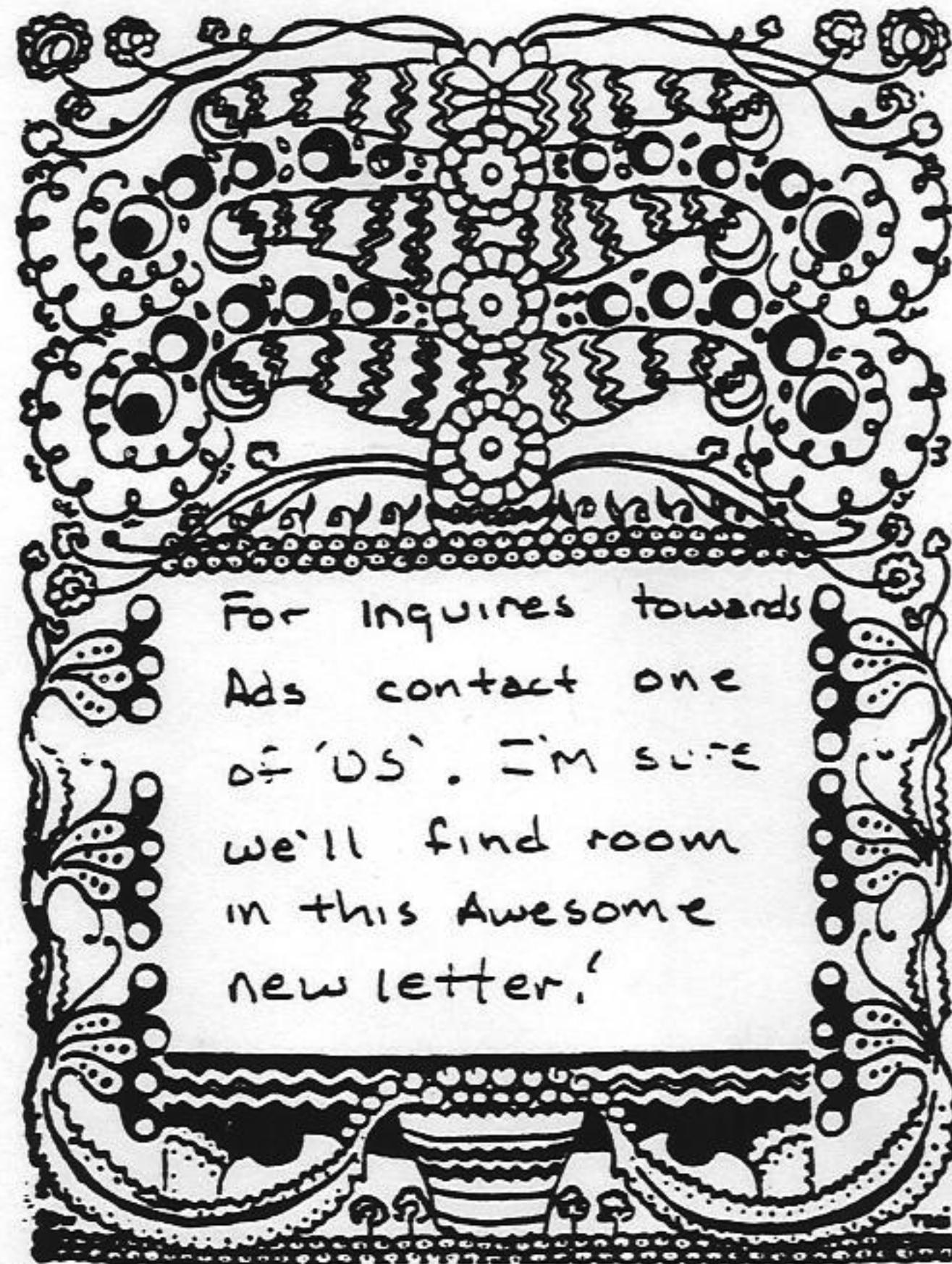
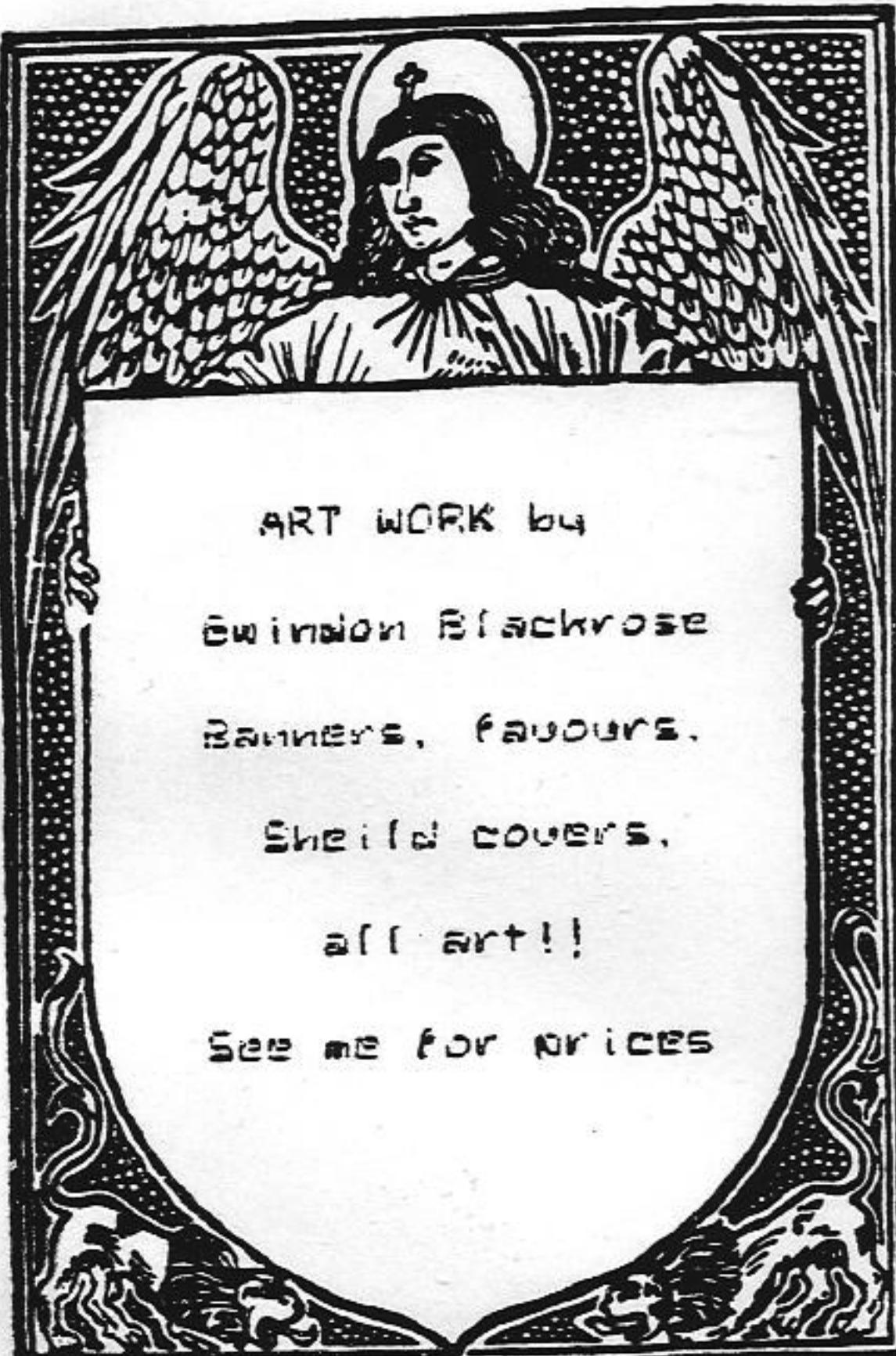
WaterWalker

"His emergence into the real world."



Weapons of War
-by Gerath 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

Garb by Alessandra

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