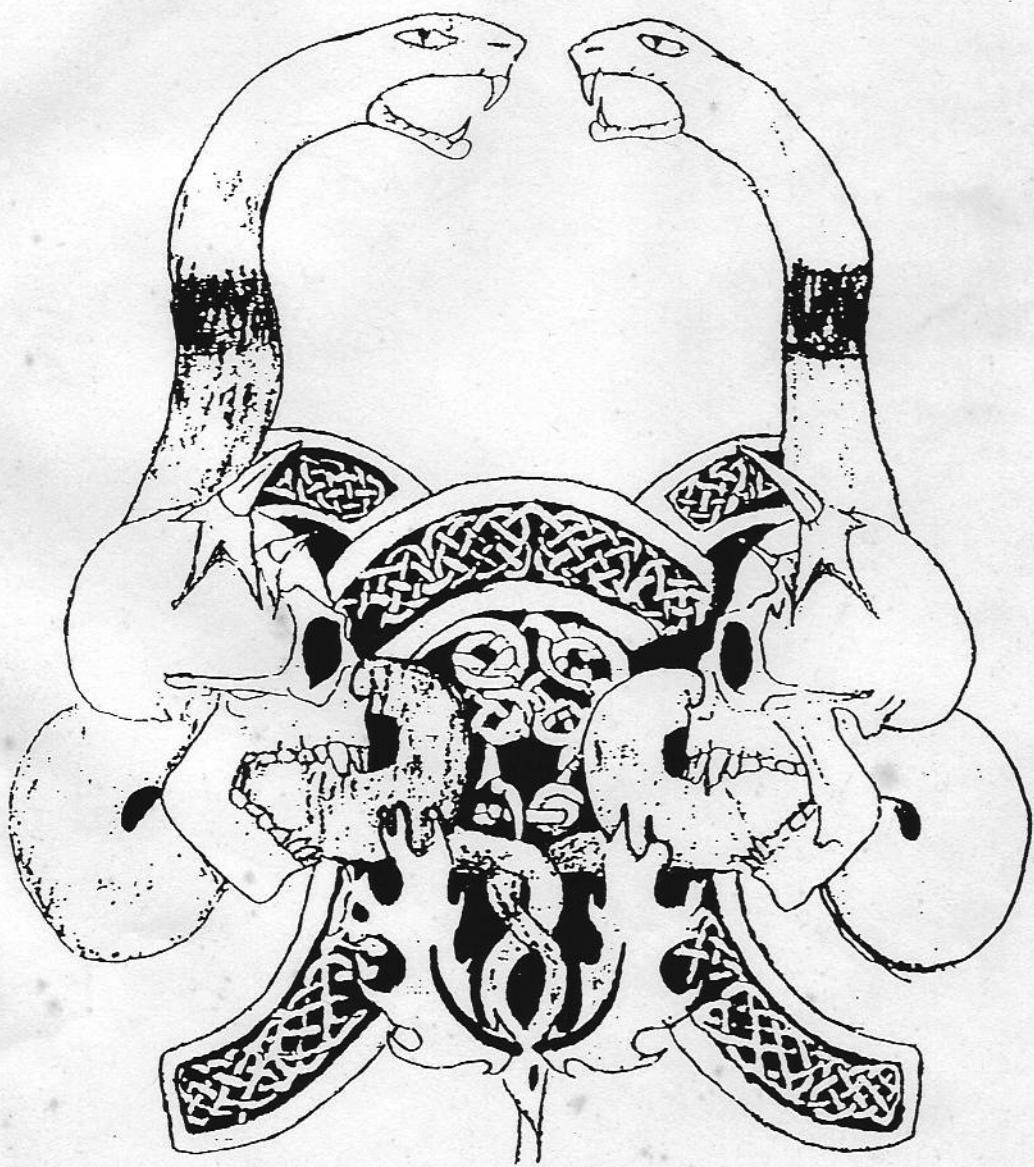


# The UNDERGANG

Vol. 1 #1

Sep. 1989



# STAFF

Editor-Col. Hogan

Type Seter - Sgt. Carter

Editors Note: The material printed  
herein is strictly the opinion of those  
who submit the contribution and do  
not reflect the opinion of the editor  
and staff.

(for The Underground)

As this newsletter hits the field, some of my more official friends may be thinking, "What? Another unofficial Amtgard publication? With a strong leaning toward publishing complaints? Give us a break! There's enough bitching around here without starting a separate newsletter for it!"

As for the newsletter, believe it or not, I actually agree with this half-baked idea, and here's why:

Yes, there's already not enough fun and too much bitching, but the bitching up to now hasn't accomplished anything. This bitching is different. This is not anonymous, this is not behind everyone's back. This is something we can take hold of, and take action on. The reason that unofficial newsletters start up is because people don't feel free to speak their minds in the official newsletter, or by just talking to the people in charge. We've gotten into the habit of not talking to each other. This newsletter is a sign that a lot of Amtgard feels left out.

My goal is the day when people have enough courage in themselves and faith in their leadership to say these things in the official newsletter, but until then, I think we should welcome these alternative newsletters. Let's face it guys, when the populace can't approach the leaders directly, there's something wrong. If someone can't come to me and tell me to my face what they think, something is wrong. I wish there wasn't one "side" against another "side", but there is, and we should fix that instead of giving in to the temptation to ignore it.

My interpretation is that Amtgard is suffering from an attitude problem. Too often the leaders don't want to listen to the whole populace and most of the populace doesn't want to listen to the leaders. Give these guys a chance! "Stop acting like I'm wasting your time, and I'll stop acting like your wasting my time." That's called "respect", and it's a two-way street.

Right now I don't know if either side has earned the respect of the other. The leaders can earn respect by listening and taking action. The populace can earn respect by stopping behind-the-back bitching campaigns and taking their complaints to the people who properly should get stuck with the complaints. That's half the definition of leadership, getting stuck with everyone's complaints. The complaints aren't "interfering" with our jobs, they are our jobs.

When anyone can feel free to walk up to us and speak their minds, that is not the sign of our failure, but the sign of our success.

I'll get off my soap box now. "Who me? What side am I on?" I'm on Barad-duin's side. When the smoke clears from all this, I think it will be plain that everyone is on Barad-Duin's side.

Lynn "Kefed" Fletcher

Poetry

and

Song

Our movements are silent, we do not make a sound,  
The cold glint of metal shines all around.  
In black we are clad, we hide in the shadows,  
In darkness we wait, for our pray as he follows.

We are the brotherhood we hide in the trees,  
The rich ones, they hate us, they call us the thieves.  
We live with the animals, they don't seem to mind,  
They join us in laughter, with them we are kind..

We move in closer, patiently waiting, watching our backs  
As our falcon screams out to move for attack.  
The woods seem to shift as we're moving about,  
Our prey looks startled and stifles a shout.

We are the brotherhood we hide in the trees,  
The rich ones, they hate us, they call us the thieves,  
We live with the animals, they don't seem to mind,  
They join us in laughter, with them we are kind.

We dissapear silent, of us there is no trace,  
The high ones, they'll find him left in disgrace.  
We're back in the shadows, we wait for our prey,  
Forever in the forrest, with nature we stay.

We are the brotherhood we hide in the trees,  
The rich ones, they hate us, they call us the thieves,  
We live with the animals, they don't seem to mind,  
They join us in laughter, with them we are kind.



~~BE HAPPY MY FRIEND~~

Somebody told me a tale,  
About how you've gone and found yourself a love,  
And how she whisked you away,  
On a fairy tale ride into the setting sun,  
May your fairy tales come true,  
It's hard to build a truly happy life today,  
May God's love shine down on you,  
So that all your dreams come true in the light of day,

I never loved a friend so dear,  
I'm afraid someone beautiful might be destroyed,  
Please don't fret or fear,  
For the tears in my eyes are happy tears of joy,  
Just sometimes I feel afraid,  
That there's nothing beautiful in this world,  
And that the uncaring fates,  
Won't let something wonderful fly and soar,

But will you still remain my friend,  
I'd really hate for us to end,  
Good friends should somehow always be,  
Their really good to tell your dreams,  
Don't send mine return to sender,  
But find someway to remember,  
Don't know if it's right,  
Or if it's wrong,  
All I know is whatever you do,  
Be happy my friend.

Lord my feelings are so confused,  
Despite my deep fears I know I should be happy,  
I only need one sign from you,  
Just to see you smile and listen to you laughing,  
Always remember to take care,  
~~If you don't I might somehow manage to be mad,~~  
~~If she hurts you there's no prayer,~~  
~~Still only a fool would take your love and not be glad,~~

X  
~~I'm not sure if for you it's right,~~  
~~But I know my heart sores in hopes you get your dreams,~~  
~~I hope you don't go off and cry,~~  
In your happiness I find some real hope for me,  
So just prove for me one last thing,  
That there's still true love left in this cold hearted world,  
And it's just for you that I sing,  
I've said it all so I'll leave with just one thing more,

But will you still remain my friend,  
I'd really hate for us to end,  
Good friends should somehow always be,  
Their really good to tell your dreams,  
Don't send mine return to sender,  
But find someway to remember,  
Don't know if it's right,  
Or if it's wrong,  
All I know is whatever you do,  
Be happy my friend,  
Be happy my friend,  
Be happy my friend...

By David S.

There once was a little Lord Aganar,  
Who loudly proclaimed to be Straitenar.  
But then he was tamed,  
And a Consort became,  
Now he's known as Lord Faganar

The above Limerick was written by Sanee the Monk in honour of the trend established by the Baron Sir Nathaniel, soon to be Duke in Barad-Duin. It is wise that ad hominem attacks in any form be public rather than solely the private jest of the Illuminati. I therefore salute the good Baron ne' Duke in his desire to publicly address the issue of character assassinations in so brave a manner.

Like rain from a storm did death fall upon them  
called had they been to meeting of freinds.  
Traitors were these turned out and let loose  
their enemies forth upon them to rend.

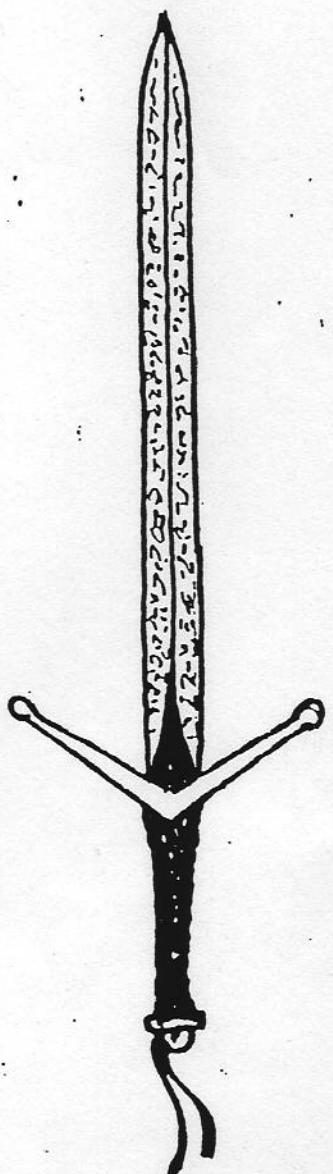
In darkness did i stumble upon them  
and called up their wraiths to tell me their tale.  
Much was my sorrow to hear of the telling  
my rage grew in bounds no mortal could know.  
I gathered my weapons and set out a hunting  
their thrice damned souls I would send unto Hel.

Long was my journey till last did I find them  
laughing in jest at the slaughter they'd done.  
Swift as the falcon I set forth upon them  
on my dark blade their bright blood did run.

I laughed in black joy at their plentiful slaughter  
and fear did take root in the heart of my foe.  
Quick did they fall in death by mine own hand  
in vengeance I reaped the dark deed they sowed.

Fury is mine. as the reaver of souls  
and damage against me i will not abide.  
Mark ye well and do naught against me  
for my vengeance is sure as the grey evening tide.

egzupicpl  
#



Prx

work





BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRIAL OF DOOCHEE THE MONK,  
HIS DOWNFALL AT THE HANDS OF THE VISCOUS AL-MOND,  
AND THE UNDOING OF THAT UNSEEMLY UNDEAD ON THE  
SAME NIGHT. by Anwe' Pesants.

I am Anwe' Pesants, a simple Churl by birth, and a games keeper on the estate of the Wercreature known as the Baron Sir Nathanalope. I was witness to events the like of which has not been seen in Badly-Dain since the defeat of the evil Wizard Crimey. I shall now recount, to the best of my memory, the actions of that night.

I was going about my churlish duties of rice farming in the coastal swamps owned by the Baron Sir Nathanalope, Lord of the House of Cactus Cresting Dragons, when a hunched back messenger arrived with a summons from the Castle itself. "Am I to procure a vile swamp creature for My Lord and Lady's Bed and Table?", I asked, thinking of the extra duties assigned me as of late.

"No", drooled the fool, "Master wants a fest to celebrate the end reign of Lord Littleless the Larger, and I do so love fests." With that, he scampered ahead. "Fests, feasts, festering feasts.", he gibbered happily.

Upon reaching the Castle, I was ushered before the Baron. He had a reputation for cruelty that belied his appearance. Fully six feet of brown bipedal jackrabbit, and between his fluffy ears sat six points of sharpened antler. I kneeled. "Oh illustrious and generous Bunny-Lord, what do you wish with thy cringing vassal," said I, hoping that it was only to plan an orgiastic feast. Planning was easy, but participation was oftentimes deadly.

"The Notables, Illuminati, and Powers of Badly-Doin are coming to a Feast, highlighted by the Trial of a Traitor, to celebrate the excesses of the Reign of Duke Littleless the Larger of House Raunchery." He paced before the arrow slit, the light of the setting sun making his fur shine in reddish stripes. So like the blood he loved to see. "I desire that you attend me in this Matter and lead a coven of churls at the serving tables.

"Gladly", I replied, thinking it a simple thing. But it was not simple. The Traitor had Duke Littleless assassinated by an Outlandish killer from the Sunstroked Lands by the name of Hokey. Luckily, he was brought back by the Healers and the culprit stood to hang for the offense. On the night of the Revel, a strange storm lashed down from the uncouth North. Possibly a weird sent by the Mages of the Barbarian Northlands. My Master ranted about the Emerald Hillbillies the whole morn as the winds swept rains, thunders, and floods down upon Badly-Doin.

"The Ides are Odd", gasped the hunched back.

"Aye", said I, "Fell shadows upon the Moon, the bitchy Black Dragon being nice to serving wenches, and I hear that the Dwarves have given Pebbles the Bard a new instrument."

"Torture, Mayhem, Musical Mangling." The hunch back did a grotesque dance in frustration.

Yet it started better than I expected. House Sara-Li, of whom it was said that no one was admitted lest he be at least half baked, showed their colors proudly. House Raunchery was there in great portly pretentiousness. The lesser, unattached Notables and Minions waved happily to the Dragonish Bitch-Lady Total Umbrage, the Big Bunny's official Welcome Wench. It began as quite a circus. Bards, Jesters, and one Traitor in Chains, followed by his wailing Household.

Ill Doochie was his name. He was a Snake styled Monk and the Lord of House Mangy Treant. He was to be tried by the Inquisitor of Inquisitors, Master of Hidden Malice, the Viscous Al-Mond of House Sara-Li. A would be drinker of blood and self styled undead. He needed the sunlight to provide a reflection in the life sized mirror always carried by several puffing servants. Their enmity had lasted for many moons. Al-Mond drove Ill Doochie to lunacy (hence the appellation "Ill", deriving from his next to final encounter with the Viscous Al-Mond). Doochie, Al-Mond believed, was providing his greatest triumph since driving DWO the Champion from office.

When the Feast ended with many burps and protestations from interior humours, the Mad Al-Mond rose from his seat and motioned for the Dejected Prisoner to be dragged forward.

"My Lords and Ladies", he cried, addressing the populace. "I bring before you a Villain, a Foul Worm in the Fruit of Badly-Doin. His trial shall be your justice and entertainment."

Hoots and catcalls from House Raunchery drowned out the gasps of many and the gobblings of House Sara-Li, who were busily raiding the Bakers Guild table. Duke Littleless the Larger looked pleased. The Baron Sir Nathanalope smiled fondly at the vile swamp creature held to the breast of his Black Dragon. For her part, she squealed in delight and stole a glance at her Doofy, the Dastardly Druid from the Dreadful Forest, a place so Dreadful that no one chose to live there except easily offended nobility. He was her latest amour, troubador, and all around sucker.

"Bring him forth to answer his Lord and enter his plea for mercy", Duke Littleless intoned regally. When Doochie was forced to kneel before him, Littleless asked simply, "Do you accept your guilt you Snake?"

Doochie glared up at the Rotund Royal. There were sobs and gasps from House Mangy Treant. Someone shouted "Ecce Homo".

"What", asked TiDrearius the Roman angrily, "who said a taunt against gays?"

"Go back to sleep", someone replied, "It was nothing"

"How plead you, Snake Slime?", rasped Al-Mond, a glint of bird lime (whence his appellation Viscous. ie. a trap; birdlime-archaic usage) in his visage.

"I plead for no mercy from you", gasped Doochie rattling his chains as he rose. He looked at the merrily assembled population of paupers, princelings and prigs. "I demand that I be given a last speech, you may find it amusing."

The assemblage gasped in amazement. Fold'em the Penniless, the foremost pickpurse in House Raunchery paused in his self appointed task of lifting useless coins of metal from the unwary, and scratched his head. "What is he up to now?", he mused.

House Sara-Li paused in their gobblings and munchings long enough to look up in wonder. Someone yelled, "Let the poor Blighter have his say an' then chop his 'ed off."

"Slop, chop, blop", laughed the hunch back as he tossed left over pork pie at the strange being known as the Tricksie. A creature of many personas, 28 of whom were manifesting themselves this night.

The Viscous Al-Mond smirked. He motioned for a chair to be brought forth. "A last mercy from the loving Court of Lord Littleless the Larger, sit and tell your tale." He bowed in mock graciousness.

NEXT: DOOCHIE'S DEFENCE

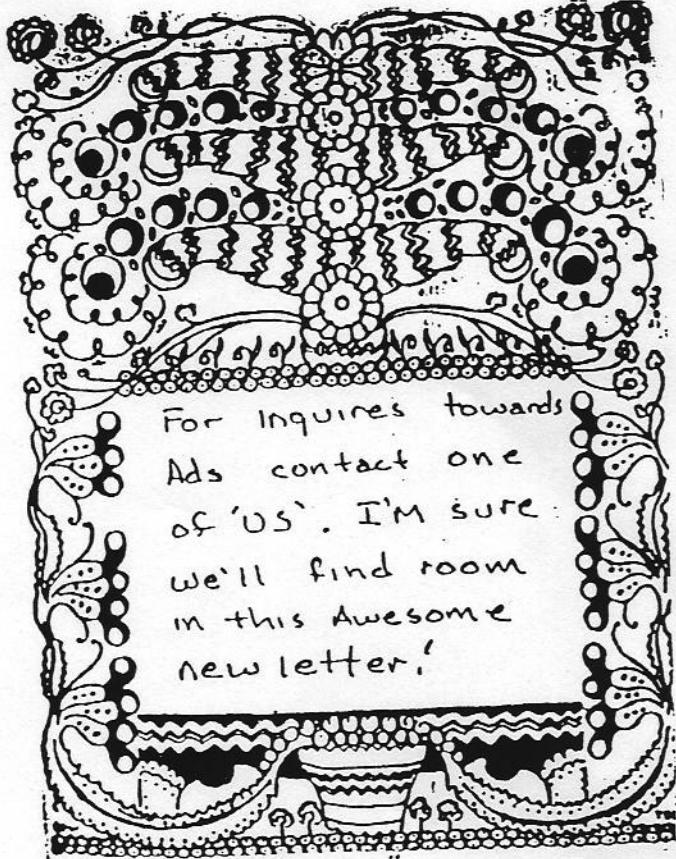
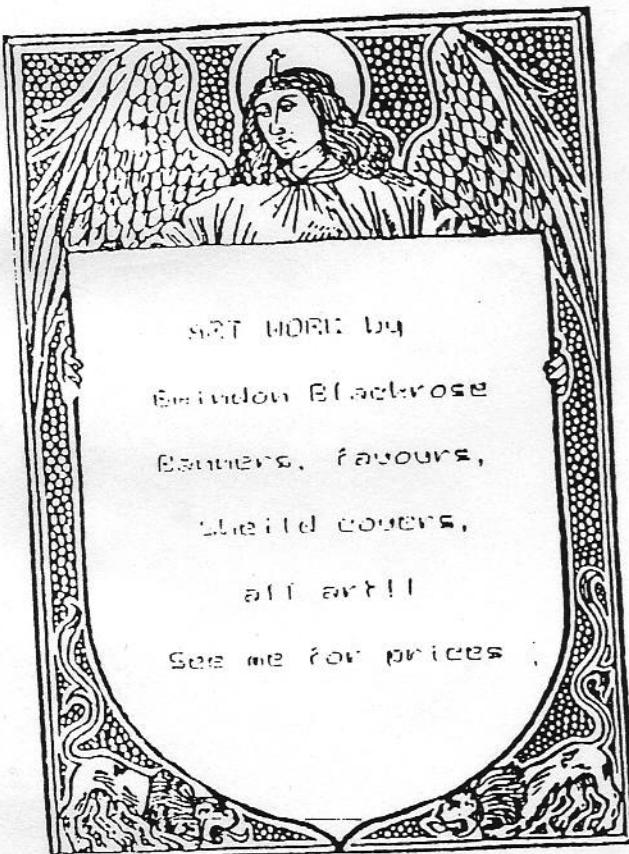
ZED

He who Pares  
Nothing,  
NEED HOPE  
FOR nothing



Weapons of War  
-by Garath Blackhawk-

Weapons made by  
superior craftsmanship  
and materials



For Inquires towards  
Ads contact one  
of 'US'. I'M sure  
we'll find room  
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Garb by Alessandra

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