

Lions Faction Pack Up June 2004

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Contact

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If you want to get in touch with the Lions Plot Team, we can be contacted at lionsplotteam@yahogroups.com (for plot queries/feedback) or lionsdowntime@yahogroups.com (for downtime, strangely enough)

June 2004

And we're back,

Well, the Games were strangely serene and relaxing with the anticipated bloodbath not coming off as expected, and we lost a mere one Lion. It was also a pretty good event for the Lions result-wise with our very own Clan McEwan been very narrowly pipped at the post for overall tournament champions, Syn'n'dar and Katrina placing third and second respectively in the Grand Circle of Treachery and some dashing handsome bard whose name evades me winning the Entertainers Competition ☺.

So now we are heading into the season proper, and hosting our own Moot. Things are bound to be somewhat more hectic. What with the League still out there, the other factions yet baying for each others' blood and the Empire looming, you really shouldn't want for anything to do.

But if you do, go and monster. Trust us, it's good for your karma☺.

Fergal

Greetings people of Lantia,

As we approach the time of the year when we meet with other nations to deal with issues we are in the unique position of hosting a moot in lantia.

I look at this event in our land as a golden opportunity. An opportunity to shine a righteous light those people who live in shadows, and show them that their usual actions will not be tolerated. An opportunity also to right the wrongs that have been perpetrated against us by nations that thought that either we were unable to do anything about it, or didn't have the backbone. Oh how will they learn the error of their actions, and the strength of the Lions in their own lands.

This is also a time to show those people who hang on the knife edge of evil the path of the just, and remind them of their heritage, and proud past. We will redeem them and bring them back to the light again.

We will not allow the problems that we endure at home to threaten those who are under our protection, yet should they raise there heads, I intend, with the unswaying help of those who unceasingly stand alongside us, to decapitate them.

The lions roar loudest in our own land. They shall all learn

Prince Bison.

Missives from The Head of the Council

In order that all should be aware of the situation with the Empire, I make the following report.

At the Heartland Games, the Emperor visited the Lions camp wishing to speak to the senior Lions and representatives of the Armengarians..

The senior Lions present being myself and the Sealord, we went to meet the Emperor, accompanied by Sister Bethany and representatives of the people of Amnor.

In the meeting, the Emperor was blunt. He wants the citadel on Amnor, apparently because he built it as a weapon against the Conclave. He is prepared to let the Armengarians stay there, but only if they become imperial citizens. If the Armengarians will not hand over the citadel, it will be taken by force.

The Armengarians present explained to the Emperor that they would have to discuss his terms with their people. The Emperor has subsequently agreed to give them some time to discuss matters and come to a decision. In the meantime, I have informed the Emperor that the Lions will stand by the Armengarians whatever their decision, and that any move in force against the Citadel of Amnor would be treated as an act of war against the Lions.

And there the situation stands, until the people of Amnor make their decision.

The Ancestors alone know what will happen. The people of Amnor may wish to agree to the Emperor's terms. The High Ambassador has informed the Council that she is hopeful that a diplomatic solution may still be reached. Or it may come to war. Until we know for certain there is little we can do, but we still need to finish dealing with Benedict Darkendale, Sengool the Sorcerer and the League of Evil, so there is plenty to keep us occupied in the months ahead.

.Given at Camelot, this day, the eighteenth of the sixth month, of the year 1104 AF,
For and on behalf of the Council of the Lions and Lantia,

Sir Oliver FitzOliver,
Head of the Council,
Hammer of Justice,
Lion.

With regards to the forthcoming Moot on Akamon, it is confirmed that, under the terms of her sentence Vixen of the Children of Malar is permitted to be present without being subject to judicial or legal proceedings in relation to her Exile. It should be noted that this permission does not extend to the Lions camp.

Given at Watchtown, Andulus, this day, the eighteenth of the sixth month, of the year 1104 AF,

Sir Oliver FitzOliver,
Hammer of Justice,
Head of the Council,
Lion.

Council Guard

Lions

It has been almost a year since I took command of what was left of the Praetorian Guard.

We have been renamed The Guard as we now guard not just the royals of this faction but the council also.

We will also guard those of the lions that need us as well.

The only problem with this is that there are only seven of us. We need more people to help.

I have asked many times for help in musters and no one has come forward.

For this faction to work properly it has to have people that can do there jobs and not worry of a dagger in the back.

For this to work these people need people like us to watch out for them.

So if you think you have what it takes to be a Guard for someone's life then please come and find me, Its not hard I'm the Big Ogre with the big Mouth.

You also get paid for your time guarding.

Commander of The Guard
Baloo McEwan

P.s. If you wish to become one of the thirteen Guardians of Lantia please contact me as soon as you can.

LIONS FACTION CHAMPIONSHIP

Coming to you at the Second Moot.

Open to all Lions, the event of the year! See Sebastian Du Pont defend his title against Lemur Man, presuming they both get as far as the final! Remember the winner wins all proceeds of the event.

For this year only there will be a mystery competitor, with a bounty on his head.

Test your skill against your comrades, prove your talent in the arena. Nothing to prove? Then come and have fun anyway.

Standard Entrance Fee 1 silver piece.

All other entrants negotiable.

Draw & Contests begin at 12am Saturday.

Interested? Speak to Mirririth Flanelath

All Contests are of skill, not of war!

A Wake for a Warrior

Lions

I'm a friend of Peter Swift. As you'll know, he'll be leaving us soon, and he wanted to say a few things to you. However, he never learned his letters, so I've stepped in to write for him. I'll do my best to translate his brogue into sensible common, but hey, even I'm not that good. Be seeing you around soon, I hope.

Scale

My fellow Lions

It's been nearly a year since I took Gallatrix blessing. Nearly a year since I pledged to die for you all. And a fair old year its been, and all.

You've made me proud at times. You've made me cry at times. You've made me swear at times. You've even made me smile, at times. And we've lost a fair few since I took this on. In no particular order, and sorry if I've missed a few:-

Sandrim
Nox
Solomon
Simon Franks
Belakor
Whiskers
Moses
Alvar
Connor

Lynx
Ebric
Captain Roberts
Dalamar
Acorn
Brother Drum
Fraoch
Azakel

Heroes, each and every one of them (yes, even Brother Drum). Their names live on in our memories and our hearts, and we will remember them.

When I get the Elysium, it will be my job to ferry their like to the next place. I'll be honest, I don't ever want to have to come back

to Lantia again. Because each trip will mean we as a faction are lessened that little bit more. Each trip will mean that someone that I've fought beside and lived beside has died.

Each trip will mean I've lost a friend.

I want to be able to remember you all. So there will be a wake, where I can come and say goodbye to you all, on the Friday of the second moot. This has moved from the Saturday I previously suggested, and will be at the Bogs Hole if it is there. There will be a small tab behind the bar, once I get my winnings back from Madra, anyway!

I look forward to seeing you there.

Peter Swift,
Moritorus te salutat.

A Poem for Moses

Ki'ana has asked that this piece, which was previously published as an obituary for Moses Navarre, be published again here. Her reasons can only be guessed at.

Caymen

Do not honour Caymen with your words,
Words, even these, are useless to him.
Do not offer him your tears,
They will not help him now.
Do not honour him with song and drink,
The time for that has not come yet come.

Do not offer his family, his wife, a shoulder to weep,
Give instead your arm to fight,
Do not offer weakness and acceptance,
Give instead strength and anger,
Do not offer sympathy and pleasantness,
Give instead of Blood.

Give of the Wyld, the Hunt, the Call,
Give of the Fight, the Cut, the Blow,
Offer your Arm your Teeth, your Claw,
Give of the Blood.

It is not a matter of right or wrong,
It is not a matter of Law,
It is not an issue of Good or Evil,
Nor of Vengeance or Justice,
It is just the way it is,
The way it has to be.

For now we wait.
Like Caymen in a stream,
Wait for the prey.
The time will come,

The time for action is soon
Then we shall Hunt.

If you wish to honour Moses,
When the time comes,
Join the Hunt.

Obituaries

We have only heard of human Lion lost to the faction in recent times. We are given to understand that Deodyn of the Company of the Mirrorshield did not return from the Heartland Games. We were unable to contact any members of his group for comment, but ask that you honour his memory none-the-less.

Clarifications From Armengar

It has come to my attention increasingly often over the past few months that people are confused over recent events on Armengar. Such is the way of life, and far be it from me to proscribe the fun of those who avidly cling to the grapevine. However, given that the Imperial question becomes increasingly pertinent in our everyday lives, I cannot help but feel that the misapprehensions are becoming awkward and possibly dangerous. So; with the understanding that, given the sensitive nature of negotiations at the moment, I cannot go into detail on many matters; I feel it is my job to clear up such misunderstandings.

In November of 1102, concurrently with an missive issued by Verspatian to the Lions on Sammerix, the Empire's unliving horde poured out of the sea onto Lower Amnor. I will make my first clarification here - yes they were unliving. In fact, they were mostly lesser Unliving such as skeletons and zombies. While the justification we have received from the Empire varies as to why they used such troops, let none tell you that they were never there.

Within hours of the horde assaulting the island, the people of Armengar had evacuated the lower isle, retreating to our traditional lines of defence at the passes to the plateau. There we held off the unliving assault for a number of months.

At the end of that year, Verspatian once again visited us. His intent, so he claimed, was to register how impressed the Emperor was with our defence, but to warn that he was to intensify the assaults. That very night, the Empire shut down our ritual circle - an act which left us stranded until a Lions naval action months later evacuated some of us to Lantia where a ritual was enacted to open the circle again. Details of that endeavour are best sought from Rua.

It is at this point perhaps that the most confusion arises. Directly after the "break-out"; and on the same weekend as the Lions took back Southern Tamerus; the Empire took the passes using

not their mindless unliving, but their Imperial troops. As such, when the Lions could join us on the walls, the adversaries were not notably unliving (and the height of the walls made it impossible to check for certain).

The next relevant events happened far from our shores, on Ustica. There the assembled Guilds put it to Verspatian that one of their criteria for negotiating with the Empire was a cease fire on Amnor. Thus began the period of negotiation in which we now find ourselves.

The current division of land is that we of Armengar hold the upper plateau and some of the lower island. The rest is held by the Empire, but no troops of theirs are on the island. Instead, this land is policed by the Mercenary Alliance. New negotiations are currently underway, but will not be discussed here.

Lest any further confusion be engendered, the matter of Heramacles (Armengar's chief ancestor) is not related to matters Imperial. Yes, it is true that he appeared and is something other than had been believed (or possibly more might be a better description). No, to the best of our knowledge, it has nothing to do with the Empire. If anyone wishes to discuss such matters with me further, approach me in person. It is easier than committing such a convoluted situation to ink.

Cosaint
Lawkeeper of Armengar

Fragments

The court on Holy Isle is in a frenetic state as preparations for the coming Moot enter their final frantic week. Missives, letters and last minute orders are carried by harried looking clerks seemingly at random from office to office, while footsore pages steal quiet alcoves.

Far off on the host isle, the sheriffs of Akamon find themselves somewhat bewildered by an increase in crime, thugishness and outright skulduggery. Preparations here have reached almost fever pitch and amidst the industry an unseemly amount of supplies and materials are going missing. Sifting through the chaos can be found a small group led by a man in the red tabard of a Celestial Knight, carefully observing and taking notes.

On nearby Archon, the democratically elected despot shows no signs of being upset at being denied entry into House Demetus by an ambulatory pile of seaweed, and the people of the isle go about their everyday business secure in the knowledge that most Demetian plans are enacted elsewhere.

The wars on Orlagnon are drawing to a close as the Legions hunt down and destroy the remnants of Epimania's forces, but the southward drive has stalled in the hills and the cry of battle becomes rarer.

Meanwhile on Pardulon, the land is being slowly but steadily resettled, and amongst the survivors and new inhabitants circulate the acolytes of a new faith, spreading word of warmth, motherhood and intensity.

If Holy Isle is busy, it is as nothing next to the Sheriffs' Headquarters on Andulus; a veritable storm of paperwork, briefings, and reassignments.

Further along the Lantian Ring, a completely different type of activity blossoms in Northern Tamerus as a new port grows and new trade opportunities present themselves to those who share

the isle with the Celestial Knights. In more quiet corners, candles are lit for the Grandmaster of the Order who was taken from them a year ago.

A different kind of loss is being felt on Rysarius, as news is sought of prominent members of the community who have vanished without a trace...

News from Gallathrix is hard to come by, and seems to show the marks of filtering. Every so often though a snippet makes its way through of the glory of St. Cuthbert and his new Knight Captain and Margrave. Who knows what is slipping onto the island?

Almost as little is heard from Ontarix, where the Countess Guard are closing ranks and living their independent lives. And it would be a foolish person who expects news from Emmerix, other than the sound of weapons falling as the Capsule Corps prepare for yet another championship.

On Sammarix though, there is always something to be heard. Be it the celebratory songs of Clan McEwan after their near brush with glory at the Heartland Games, or the deeper more primal songs of the Children of Malar in the private rites they have been performing of late. Or even the sound of waves lapping against a ship's hull as Du Pont's Traders pull into port once more.

The sounds from far off Armengar are of a different key altogether. They tell of worry, anger, and the possibility of war.