

Lions Faction Pack Up
November 2004

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Acknowledgements

This PackUp comes to you courtesy of something incredibly meaningful. Just accept this.

Oh, and the contributors (who don't risk blowing up when they sit down at the keyboard). This issue, they are - Kirsten Williams, Anthony Prior, Karen Fishwick, Dan Godfrey and a few people by proxy.

Contact

If you want to get something published in PackUp, you can either email it to fergal@armengar.org, or post it to Fergal O Brien, 70 Seapark, Malahide, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

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

November 2004

Greetings,

The ic drought is over as the new season is upon us. Huzzah and other celebratory noises. In fact, this PackUp should be reaching you scant days before the event pack for our Winter outing. For those of you who are wondering, this is why there are no Fragments this month - to avoid duplication. At least, that's my excuse.

Anyway, details will be forthcoming about our spring event very soon. In fact, there should be fliers at the event next week. You can never plan too far in advance. Well, actually you can, but "you can rarely plan too far in advance" lacks punch.

Much like this letter...

Anyway, as you may have noticed, we are at something of a plot turning point at the moment. Many of the big bads have been neutered, and there is a void there. This means we are going to be running out new and somewhat different plots over the next while. Feedback received from the faction over the past two years that I've been involved has been very useful, so make sure to keep it up. You can find our contact address above.

Fergal

Party!

As most of you know, Kate stepped down as IIC of the Faction at the Gathering following four years of hard work as Queen, and several years as 3IC before that. Circumstances meant the farewell party that was planned never happened, so....

Saturday March 12th, 2005
6pm onwards
Bugman's Bar, Nottingham

Come along for a chance to say a proper farewell to Kate, drink, have fun and meet other Lions you might never have the time to talk to at events.

Chill, enjoy yourself, and have a good time with good people!

Food will be provided and late license has been applied for so the bar will be open until midnight.

Cost: £5 (to cover food and late license)

More details will be available at the Parliament
(ask to speak to Kaz Williams / Sheyna **after time out please**)
and in the next pack-up...

Missing Person

As of the 2nd night of the Gathering of Nations 1104, Li Wu Long-Xin formerly of the Order of Nemesis and also of the Company of the Mirror Shield, left his then current group telling them that he had to go off on a 'Mission', he handed back all of the groups belongings, Tabard etc, and bid them a fare-well. Li Wu did not return in the following days, although he had left belongings behind in the Lions Camp, things that he would still want. Although worried we knew that he could still be busy with this 'Mission' of his, so we gave it more time.

To this very day, no-one has heard from Li Wu again, i have been told by his Guild/The Company/The Order that he has not contacted any of their members either. Though hope shall never fade from my heart, i fear the worst fate has befallen Li Wu.

I would ask that if any know of his whereabouts or of any information that might be useful that they contact myself, Draidik Bro, or a member of either The Company or the Order as soon as possible. Thank you!

Draidik Bro
Follower of Nemesis

Diplomatic Musings

So again we gather to meet, but this time not in the familiar lands of Lantia, but in a less known island in the Spine of Tebron.

The People of Du'Pre are not well known to us, although they have been in contact with people in the Heartlands for some time. I recollect that I first met someone from Du'Pre in 1100. However more recently the Lions were approached about an internal dispute on the island. Whilst it was not appropriate to send in the Lion's armies in to address an internal issue, it is my understanding that the Countess of Arrakesh agreed that her people would help in mediating the situation. Although I believe things have settled down, there may still be some civil unrest.

For me however, there are more important things on my mind than politics. Recent events have moved so fast that it is difficult to take in where we are and what, or who we have lost.

I feel that time spent with us all together will be a time to remember and reflect, a time to grieve and come out stronger, together. We honour those who have died with our words, songs, thoughts and actions.

Take the time to share a memory of one who is gone, raise a glass, shed a tear, remember a tale of James' courage in becoming the Wonder of War, a story of Bison's grief when his brothers in the Gateguard stayed in Avalon, Baloo's steadfast loyalty or Mirrith's skill in training his Rangers.

Remember the Love of those who are lost, husband, wife, lover, brother, sister, friend or child. There are those that can not see an

end to pain that they feel, show them that you share their loss, even if your pain is different.

Those we have lost, we can never get back, but somehow we must make sure that their loss does not make our faction weaker. We must learn from those who have died and strive to take their place, knowing that we can never replace them.

For all who have fallen,

You will be remembered.

Ki'ana

Obituary

Deodyn - Company of the MirrorShield

Deodyn and I joined the Company of the Mirrorshield around the same time. The Company has always had its troubles because we will always fight the good fight, defend the weak and innocent. These are ideals that deodyn stood for and give his life for, unfortunately I was unable to stop him from being taken but I have been able to bring him home. Deodyn was a courageous strong warrior and it has been an honour to have known him and fight alongside him. The Company will always remember him in our hearts and avenge his death by bringing House Amroth to Justice.

Kieran Wolvesmaine

This poem was sent to us by Ki'ana, but it is the belief of the editor that it is the work of the late Mirrith

A Call to arms
and Lions lost
A faction proud
upon its land
We now have time
to count the cost
the pain and death
that bought our stand.

Mourn for those
who you could have saved
and mourn for those
whom you could not
For in the end
we have lost both
friends and kin
they meant a lot

Squabbles cloud
a wearied pride
True folk need
to turn the tide
To stand for good
and righteous cause
to bring honour
to those that died
that we may live
and return to shore.

We walk in a shadow
of our past
And remember once
our glories last.
we can be again
strong as before
for we are brave
when united all
we are Lions
Lions true
You fight for me,
I shield you.

In our our hearts
is our path
for when we search
we lose our way
Spirit holds us
to our past
and calls us back
to what we must do
we are Lions
Brave and true.

Sources of Kit

By now many of you will have noticed the pewter medallions and brooches many members of the faction are sporting with the Lions flame-emblem displayed. In case you haven't, they look something like this...



These are the work of Carla Mickelburgh (Elidara Darkleaf) and can be purchased for the bargain price of £2.50 plus 50p for postage and package.

So far this seems very much like the ad we ran in September, huh? Well, there's more to it. At the forthcoming parliament, Carla will be bringing some of the above in copper (for those who want to work hard at their colour co-ordination). She's also started branching out into group logos, so if you are looking for a nice bit of uniform kit for your group, seek Carla out (during ooc times, if possible).

Elvas

Report on the Healer's mission to Elvas, 1104
Scribed on behalf of Lanceman Jess Hawkes, Blue Lance

Friday

His Grace and I arrived fairly late on Friday night, and were greeted by an impressive shield wall between the forests of Elvas and the Hall which was to be our base. Would have looked better in Blue and Gold, but it was still reassuring that there were already defenses in place. His Grace pointed out the other Lions present to me (including His ex-Grace, Jari Dyzgati), and a few of the other notables - including a werewolf, but His Grace ordered me 'not to start anything'. I'd just have to wait for it to do something stupid. Ah well.

Turns out the Archonian hostages had been rescued before we arrived, and were wanting escort back onto the ships. The Ravenblade was unwilling to take them, as none of the crew would let anyone on who had been snacked on by Vampires. Something got sorted out, I think they went on the Morning Cloud in the end.

We were attacked by Unliving fairly relentlessly throughout the night, with a few notable exceptions:

A Shrine to Good was found, and Sister Bethany poked at it a lot whilst we guarded her and His Grace. They said something about wooden animals being needed.

I missed out on the Jaffa cakes. It turns out someone may have changed the glue for the chocolate without telling me. Further investigation may be called for...

At one point, a report came back that someone was being tortured in the ritual circle. When a further report suggested it was the missing Sargeant Larson, we mobilised and headed out at speed. Turns out another group beat us to it, but we made sure he got back safely and was plied with drink and allowed to rest and recover in peace.

I got told to stop calling the Armengarian Cosaint 'sir'. A lot.

Saturday

Again, the unliving beat on us regularly. After Orlagnon I'm fairly used to this, so it wasn't that much of a bother. Except when the ones immune to all the weaponry I was carrying insisted on wandering through our lines to make a mess of the hall. I hate unliving that have a superiority complex, so I hit them a lot on principle. Made me feel better, anyway.

I was introduced to the Bear Queen called the Blodwyn, who I noted was wearing tartan very similar to His Grace. So I asked if she would like to return the favour, and wear a Prince Bishop's tabard. She agreed, and so was promoted to acting Knight-Captain, as it was the tabard she thought looked nicest. She is a lovely person. The Armengarian Midir also agreed to wear a tabard. He seems quite taken with St John; especially the cake aspect. Though he also warmed to Keremar too. Must remind Cade of this... Cosaint looked mildly annoyed at Midir wearing the tabard. I called him 'sir' and he walked off.

His Grace decided to go to a place called Maehdros to do a rite, so I guarded them. As expected, we were attacked by salamanders and if it were not for His Grace pulling off the 'Fillipe manoeuvre' then I doubt any would have made it back. It was worrying for a while when it became apparent some of us hadn't left, then when we arrived back the others (including His Grace) had gone back to find us. The Guild

Warden Carabas got very annoyed at me when I refused to leave the circle until His Grace returned. We were later summoned back by the 'Great Spirit' (well, those involved were. I apparently wasn't good enough as I was only a guard, and so got kicked back), and they tried to bully His Grace into continuing the rite. He bravely said no, got given bane wounds to all his limbs, and the 'Great Spirit' made the list of Ancestors that are 'dicks'.

At some point, Elthorn came back. Apparently he'd been kidnapped too. With his assistance His Grace did a ritual to try and summon Elani back, but Golgul had taken counter-measures and so it didn't work.

A Villager came to us, about to give birth to an unliving baby. Mistress Debreni, the Blodwyn and myself stepped in to do the delivery. This normally isn't my place, but Debreni insisted on only females being present and I was given a sword of Suns Dawning and a small mace, should the unthinkable become necessary and the child need to be destroyed. Once the child was born and its pattern indeed found to be unliving, the Blodwyn persuaded Debreni to hand over the child without the need for me to hit her, and we went outside, Sword of Suns Dawning in hand. I never want to have to do that ever again. The child survived (only just), its pattern purged of all unliving influence, but still. Getting a tad drunk afterwards was called for.

Then a Satunic ritual started in the circle. His Grace suggested beating up some demons to make me feel better, so we went to disrupt what they were doing. His Grace does a very good line in demon-baiting. I hate creatures strong enough to break my armour in a single blow. We smited them, stopped whatever they were doing, and generally had a good fight. His Grace does a very fine trade in insulting demons mid-battle. It would appear that Satun's demons do in fact learn how to cast Mage-Bolts from off the back of cereal boxes.

At around midnight, the ritual to 'sacrifice Elani' was due to happen. Plans were formed, and duely abandoned, and in the end the Vipers, Tarantulas and Lions went to the circle to stop the ritual, everyone else on guard above the circle. The Vipers and Tarantulas bugged off down the tunnel to 'stop Golgul arriving'. We thought this a stupid idea, as he may well be transporting in from elsewhere and then we'd be outside the seal when he raised it. So we stayed in the circle (all 8 of us, half a dozen lions, Finnian of the Militia, and someone whose name I don't recall) and were duely trapped inside the seal when Golgul did indeed transport in. I attempted to hit the ritualist, until His Grace pointed out this was a bad plan. We then beat on the contributors, until His Grace pointed out this too was a bad plan. So they went on with the ritual, and we chanted distractions in the name of Schaedel. And occasionally beat on the contributors (I don't do the magic thing, beating on them made me feel better). Then for some reason Golgul bugged out, and so we started beating on them wholesale. The Ritualist got pissed off and magebolted a few of us, me included. I woke up beneath a tree, with His Grace bleeding on me. I duely fixed him up, then got knocked down again. This happened a lot. With Elani rescued though, we fought a fighting retreat. I ended up holding the rear of the line with Cosaint, against a Death Knight that was barely being tickled by our weapons. With no armour left, this hurt a lot. Last thing I remembered seeing was Cosaint running as I went down. He must have come back though, as I'm still alive. I thanked him after, he told me to stop calling him 'sir'.

The night ended with a bunch of revenanty ghost things turning up. Some lass got very upset as they were her family, so we offered her drinks. Lots of them. His Grace did a rite to try and lay them to rest, but it only made them a bit quieter.

We decided its not the jaffa glue that has been changed, but the jaffa itself. This could be a problem that requires more investigating...

His Grace also periodically kicked ass at a game called 'Hera and Zeus'. There are many rules for this written down, I just thought the pictures were pretty. And His Grace seems to rule at it. Go Your Grace!

Sunday

The morning came back around, feeling a little later than it should have. Maybe the 'constant night' thing was just screwing with my timing. The Guild insisted on opening some vault door thing, which - once they went in- kicked out some kind of guardian named 'Rahg'. His Grace excelled at taunting this creature also. Hordes of unliving attacked us too, and killing them passed the time nicely. I was told off for trying to collect a full set of diseases, and duely healed by the Blodwyn. That Cosaint fellow can do a mean 'disapproving look'.

The Guild came out of the Vault with what they wanted, and we went back for lunch, only to find the hall occupied by two unliving displacer beasts and - joy of joys - an unliving Werewolf! One hastily acquired silver mace in hand, I strode forth to face it. And ran away, as the damned thing let off a rolling wave of terrifyingness. We eventually got to it and cornered the abomination. It let out a blood-curdling howl which caused me to run again, then it ran too. Right past me as I recovered. Myself and a couple of others chased it down, and beat it into a smushy furry puddle. Keremar would be so proud...

Then the Lifemasters found out where Golgul's Phylactory was. We mustered up and headed out into the tunnels. His Grace stayed behind with Sargeant Douglas and a teleport scroll, Lanceman Dalziel and myself went with the other Lions. A few skirmishes later, and we

reached the main cavern where Golgul was holed up. There was another unliving werewolf amongst Golgul's creatures, and as I paced up and down the lines following it I was told "not to do anything stupid" by Cosaint. I said "No sir" and he frowned at me. It was heartening. We gradually pushed our way forwards, but found the way blocked by a couple of unliving displacer beasts. It was at this point that one of them paralysed me, and a friendly healer dragged me back to beside a tree. Then the line fell back to my position. Then past me. Then the line of skeletons arrived. My last waking thoughts were "oh bugger" as they advanced weapons in hand...

I woke up a while later, coated in far too much of my own blood, with a life elemental standing in front of me. She/he/it healed my wounds, then ran off leaving me still paralysed. *sigh* The other Lions recovered me though, which was nice of them.

With all of Golgul's minions dealt with, he was duely smushed into the floor and his phylactory destroyed. Its a shame his other unliving Werewolf got away... We collected our fallen and headed back. I don't know the final tally of deaths, but several Bears died, and our friendly Militia man Finnian. He was a good bloke, I'll miss him.

His Grace was fine when we returned, and so we headed back to the boats and back to Lantia, a job well done...