

## Lions Faction Pack Up September 2005

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### Acknowledgements

This packup has been brought to you after being pried from the hands of a dead man, doused in the blood of an angel and danced around three times widdershins. I tell ya it's a lot of work

That, and submissions from the following people Vikiy Myers, Stuart Maher, Gareth Marklew, Lee Heath, Allen Stroud, Bría McAllister, Gordon McCormick, Di Newberry, Simon Appleby, Warren, Chris (lads I'm sorry I actually don't know what yer surnames are)

### 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](mailto:lionsplotteam@yahogroups.com)

## Letter from the Editor

Well folks that was the Gathering, I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. Our first Gathering on Lions land since before I was a member of the faction at any rate, and was quite a spectacle.

Major kudos I think should go to the setup crew who did a stonkingly good job in setting and arranging the Villa Rua. I walked into the set on the Friday before time in and was absolutely gobsmacked, brilliant job guys.

On the subject of gobsmacked (I am going to wax lyrical a bit here, so please bear with me)

I joined the Lions back in 2001 I think, shortly after the Rhino era, the first significant event that I remember was the Elysium bringing Prince Ivan's shade to the camp. Since that time I have thoroughly enjoyed being part of the Lions faction, there have been some lousy times, and there have also been some great times.

Over the last year I have watched the faction transform itself, I'm not sure how it happened, or where it began, but the change is apparent to those who look for it. The Lions appear to have re-invented themselves, made themselves something better, stronger.... Ahhh I run out of superlatives (limited imagination me)

Anyway the point being, as we were marching down to the battlefield on the Monday of the Gathering I stepped outside the lines and looked back up, all I could see was a column of Lions stretching from the Gate to the field, back to the bridge in the Marketplace, each one calling out the marching chant. As we marched past the other factions I saw the looks on their faces, the best term I can use is awestruck. By the Gods we looked good, you guys looked good. Frankly it was bloody marvellous.

I don't think I have ever been more proud to be a member of the Lions faction than I was at that moment, and I would like to thank each and every one of you for helping to make the faction the way it is now.

Anyway that's far too much eulogising from me, if I'm not careful I'll end up sounding like Tremayne..... (and he's even older than I am ☺)

Onto more useful business now, as Vikiy mentioned at the end of the Gathering, Brian and Rick have been doing an excellent job in looking after faction security, both of them have now stepped down from their security roles. Consequently we will be looking for people to step in and help out with the faction security for the next summer season (specifically the on-moot and the Gathering).

Basically the Camp Security involves being a point of contact for players and main security, making sure the firepit is safe. There are no special skills required other than a fair bit of common sense, a willingness to do the job, and be able to commit the time to do so.

If you are interested in doing faction security please contact either myself or Vikiy. I can be reached via email at [Dessie@armengar.org](mailto:Dessie@armengar.org) and Vikiy can be reached at [littlemisscowboy@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:littlemisscowboy@yahoo.co.uk)

Lastly, if you have any plot ideas, group / individual backgrounds or suchlike please feel free to send them on to the twisted individuals on the plot team, who will do their damnest to make sure you get your own personal Hell on Erdreja, the plot team can be reached via email at [lionsplotteam@yahoogle.com](mailto:lionsplotteam@yahoogle.com).

That's about it folks I'm off to do some work for the winter event, hope to see you all in a few weeks

Cheers

Dessie.

p.s. I'd also like to give a huge round of thanks to Mr Barnaby Smart, who has done a stupendous job as head of plot for the Lions over the last few years. I don't think I have met a man with such a cruel and twisted streak as he has, it's true what they say, that the quiet ones are the most dangerous ☺. He has left me a very large pair of shoes to fill, however without a large set of insoles (and some odour eater spray) I'm not going anywhere near them.

Cheers Barney, it's been a blast.... Oh and I hate you.

D

## Letter from Vikiy

Dear all

Just before any event, the NPCs and plot team go through a time of ‘cross fingers, are we going to make this a good one?’ and we sometimes forget that the secret to creating a good event is for our players to have a good time and come away happy. We got the impression by time-out on Monday that you had, which means we did our jobs right.

Thank you all for a fantastic Gathering – it was so good to see so much stuff happening and the faction pulling together to get things done. I’ve heard nothing but good things from both IC and behind-the-scenes about the Lions this year as a whole and you didn’t let us down at the biggest event of the year.

Thanks are also due to everyone that worked on setup – to actually get to the bar by 11pm on the Thursday instead of still painting at 1am was ace and wouldn’t have happened without the sterling work put in by the crew.

My thanks and that of Graham and Adam and the rest of the plot team go to Barney for his work during his time as your 4IC. He may have an evil streak and an ability to twist the most mundane of plot ideas into something that got everyone talking for days, but we love him just the same! (Have I embarrassed you enough Barney or should I go on?). Dessie has taken the plot baton on, so good luck to him in trying to whack faction members’ head with it.

So, we move onto the Winter event and beyond. Bookings are coming in thick and fast for Consequences and I’ll get a booking list uploaded to the site as soon as I can (gimme a week though, I only just went back to work!). We’re hoping to do the cooking inhouse this time (no burger van), so if anyone would like to volunteer to help out in some way, please get in contact soon and I’ll see what we need hands for.

In respect to other Faction events, it’s good to see that some of you do go to other events through the year and do a good job in representing the Lions to them. I’m headed to the Dragons event at the end of this month (30 Sept to 2 Oct) in Guildford, so if you’d like to come along and play friends/politics with the Dragons, please let me know ASAP. Their spaces are also filling fast, but they’re being nice and letting me have a couple of spots for you guys but only if we let them know in advance.

And that’s about it. Enjoy September and the first couple of weeks of October and I’ll see you in Stoke on the 14<sup>th</sup>.

Hugz and kisses

Vikiy

My email: [littlemisscowboy@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:littlemisscowboy@yahoo.co.uk)

All Event Bookings/Enquiries: [burningambitionsevents@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:burningambitionsevents@yahoo.co.uk)

### **Transcript of the Coronation of Crown Princess Tope Shoshoni.**

The following Coronation oath and wording is reprinted here for the Lions to read, so that they may know what was declared on their behalf and what the Queen promised to do in respect of them.

<Collum Trowbridge> I Collum Trowbridge, on behalf of the people of Lantia, all Lions and those who shelter under the Lions banner do hereby without prejudice or doubt ask the Lions here assembled to ratify the coronation of Crown Princess Tope Shoshoni. Any person who knows of any lawful or moral reason why this ceremony may not proceed must speak now.

<Silence?>

Your silence is taken as ascent.

Crown Princess Tope Shoshoni, in front of the here assembled representatives of the Lions people and their ancestors. Please swear your binding oath.

<Crown Princess Tope Shoshoni> I, Tope Shoshoni, on my honour, do hereby pledge in front of the people and under the gaze of the ancestors, that I will constantly strive to do my duty, to act in the best interests of the Lions people, to uphold the values of the Lions faction in the eyes of those who have gone before me and in the name of the Lions that stand beside me.

Life that is given to us is a precious gift, a gift I choose to spend in the service of the Lions until that service is done.

<Collum Trowbridge> Kneel!

Your oath has been witnessed. By the will of the Lions I hereby crown you Queen Tope Shoshoni. Rise and begin your reign!

**A letter from Her Royal Highness, Queen of Lantia, Tope  
Shoshoni**

*Sammerix*

*Eight day, Ninth Month, 1105*

*Lions*

*There is so much I want to say to you all, but I will try and keep my words to a minimum.*

*I am proud to be a Lion, even more so after this year's Gathering of Nations on our home turf. The other Factions came and expected us to be weak hosts, no one to be reckoned with, to be ignored. You proved them wrong. We stood up for what we believe in, for what we know to be right and just. We fought all our battles hard, irrespective of the outcomes. We did more this past Gathering to solidify ourselves as Faction and a family than I have seen in a long time.*

*I am proud to now be your Queen and I trust that I live up to your expectations and the faith you have placed in me and the Crowns who stand beside me. A leader cannot be a good leader unless the people behind them are strong and united. I will be a good leader for you with your support and trust and honour and justice.*

*With your acceptance of me as your Queen, Sapphire has agreed to take the title of Lady Sapphire and relinquish the title of Queen of the Lions forthwith. She will still have a home on Lantia, but has expressed her desire to see the world with her son Jasper and I wish her safe journeys and peaceful times in her travels.*

*The Council and other positions within the Faction are being filled again after our losses during the past year. Work with these people to build better defences, better offences, better faith and better spirit as the days get darker and more unsettled. Following the last battle of the Gathering, we find ourselves in a state of need. Sir Oliver has addressed this issue later in this collection of missives, please do read it and take heed.*

*The coming Winter Parliament is going to be tough. We are taking on Benedict again and, I am sure, for the last time. We are taking him on on what he believes to be his home turf, Orlagnon. We will prove him wrong and show that that island is part of Lantia and part of the Lions and cannot be kept from us any longer. We will defeat him, now we have the knowledge and tools to do so without any more sacrifices and loss.*

*And there I shall finish. The Lions roar has been heard in full voice once again across the Heartlands, make sure it never ever drops to a whisper.*

*May your ancestors watch over and guide you in all your endeavours.*

*Tope Shoshoni*

*Queen*

*Lord General*

*Lion*

## **A Question of Pride, by the Knight Marshall**

What is Lion's Pride?

I am a newcomer to your lands and a newcomer to your culture. My people have been accepted by you and given much and so our people in return give to the Lions what we can, in my case my military leadership. I was asked by Alana to be a Tribune of your armies and then later by the Queen to be your Knight Marshall. As an outsider that means I must understand who the people under my command are. What are there ways? Every time I look, every time I this question it all comes back to one thing. Lion's Pride.

So I had asked myself what is Lion's Pride?

In my time I have seen much of the Lion's character. The fires of revenge would burn in their eyes when they thought of the devastation wrought by Benedict; The loyalty that the Lions show their Crowns. The courage with which they throw themselves into battle. But somehow I knew this was not the Lion's Pride that is often spoken of.

Instead of looking for it, I decided to continue my duties and see if it would make itself apparent to me. Training sessions were organised and many people came at the Moot and the Gathering looking to hone their skills and improve the way they fight with their kinsmen. I saw people eager to learn, people eager to take upon them the responsibility to ensure the massacre at the spring parliament would not happen again. To make it their responsibility that they were the best they could be when the Lions called on them.

We marched onto the field at the Moot, held the circle and then marched into what was described as certain death to aid our allies, the Gryphons.

All of a sudden I saw I people come together with skill and discipline and bring their steel and arts to bear as a unit. The Lions as an army became more than the sum of their parts. We walked away from there knowing that we were the strongest faction there and that we had literally saved the day. Yet still Lion's Pride eluded me.

At the gathering we marched against the Conclave with the other factions. In a disastrous mob of disorganised faction armies we were an island of might and of metal. We turned all foes who stood against us even though many of ours fell, including one of my brothers from Armengar. The Conclave were smashed and a lot of debts we owed them were paid. Yet still I did not know what Lion's Pride was. Then, later, I saw a column wait to pass through a void gate to a field on Emmerix where they would do battle for the food to feed their people. As the Hydra led them in a chant of TRUTH, HONOUR and JUSTICE, I saw pride. Not in their discipline. Not in their knowledge of their martial prowess. Not in the knowledge that their enemies looked on them with genuine fear (Fear borne out an hour later when they could not break us, just contain us with 3 factions).

I saw hundreds of people in formation chanting and showing they were proud of being Lions.

They had Lion's Pride.

## **Settlement Details, from the Head of the Council**

Let it be known that the following named groups and units have, with the permission, best wishes and blessings of the Crowns, opted and chosen of their own free will to settle in the following named lands:

The 116<sup>th</sup>, to settle upon Orlagnon, there to repair and renew the island of Peace, following the depredations of Benedict Darkendale.

The Company of the Mirror Shield to settle upon Andulus, where they will reconstruct the long decayed harbour on the southern coast, and farm the plain lands their about.

Given at Watchtown on Andulus, on this the eleventh day of the first month of the reign of Queen Tope

Sir Oliver FitzOliver,  
Consul Primus,  
Etc.

## **Observations of a Hussar.**

Well it started off well, for those of you that couldn't hear the opening ceremony, let me state that it was emotional. Within the flip of an artefact almost everyone seemed ready to wipe the Lions off the face of the earth.

When you put the treaty agreed at the moot in context, demanding our weapon back suddenly seemed very silly.

Luckily it all worked out for the best and we got back to camp alive and the anti-conclave alliance survived and is a little wiser.

A fair amount of diplomacy was archived this gathering which was luckily counter balanced by a fair amount of fighting. As much as I hate diplomacy I mustn't grumble, we now have a treaty with some fine factions, the Bears included.

And... we are now even grown up enough to tolerate Undead as long as they as sentient and owned by one of our allies. Still it is quizzical, what's worst, the Undead or slavery? Just think of the bigger picture and everything will work out for the best, but for who I have no idea.

Apart from the sour taste left in my mouth by the Mirror Shield betrayal and the sight of my Brother being eaten alive in front of me (still I'm sure he gave the beast the squits), It was a fine Gathering. Plenty of ladies that appreciate a Hussar, loads of Bears willing to lavish booze on a guest and more notches added to my sword hilt than I have achieved in over a whole year!

### **Thoughts on factions:**

Those Vipers are such slimy fethed mouthed lawyers when they know they can't win a stand up fight! Still, no reports of them being out of order, which is nice.

The Harts in my opinion are proving to be fine allies and more deserving of our thanks, respect and appreciation.

The Bears are the Bears, enough said! There on our side and are rid of the foul Dark Alliance. Did I mention that their bar is rather nice and their people (apart from the grumpy Highlanders) are hospitality itself. As long as you offend no one, then much fun is to be had in the Bears camp.

Jackals, watch your back is my advice.

The Dragons, by the All Father we tore them a new one! Yet they proved very honourable toward the prisoners they took.

The Wolves should now be known as the balls, big rusty in your face iron balls.

Lions - I hate self gratification but the Lions have done ok. Suddenly all the bollox sayings of the past have meaning again. Strong Crowns that punish anyone that crosses us. Selfless Groups and individuals willing to be a hard core backbone to the faction. I won't mention names but we all know which groups time after time loose the most people on behalf of this faction – love em hate em, - all should appreciate them and not hinder them. And a big acknowledgment should be given to Mr C, without his weapons practices I doubt we would have given the Dragons pause for thought on the battlefield.

Gabriel Sepher  
116<sup>th</sup>  
7<sup>th</sup> Pyrian Hussars.

## **A Note Regarding The Guardians by Culain Talthor**

Lions,

As many of you know, I spent a lot of time at the Gathering of Nations attempting to reinstate the Guardians of the Isles. I am happy and proud at how many of you have come forward and volunteered to take on this responsibility for the good of the Lions and Lantia.

Although I have more volunteers than Circles, do not hesitate to still step forward and put your name down. The Guardians will be chosen according to the Aspects of the Circles, and who best embodies them.

However, the Guardians alone cannot restore and maintain the Balance of the Isles. The Guardians act in concert with the Wardens and Sirene, in the trinity that the Draken set down.

The ranks of the Sirene and Wardens are also thin, and need to be filled out. If any of you think you may be fit for any of these posts, please contact Adara and Imogen, respectively.

"Three Aspects of Power: Priestess, Guardian, Warden, to balance the Ancestral, Mundane and Arcane"

Thus spoke Lantia, first and foremost of the Draken who created these Jewelled Isles.

Culain Talthor

## **A Joint Statement from the Lions Ritual Conclave**

We live in dangerous times.

As we near the much spoken of Cataclysm, our choices narrow, and our fate approaches. In such precise times the Lions have always looked in their hearts and found strength of purpose to match any intent. It was true during the Nosta Kar wars and the same remains true now.

The events of 1105 of have brought much into sharp focus. The Gathering battle revealed to us that we had been targeted specifically by those on the other side as the chief threat to their designs, hence the reason we were faced with such overwhelming odds.

Yet in all of that conflict, we did not fall, nor lose our formation. In the end we left with honour, true to our motto. Our victories were revealed after this was over.

In 1106 make no mistake; we will be the target once more. We face hardship through lack of food together, we face adversity together, we mourn together, but most of all we must stand together.

This will be a time of need. When all will be asked to make sacrifices for their nation. We must do so in the eyes of those who have sacrificed before us. Samuel, Lemming, Kiana and Rua amongst many others no less worthy of mention or respect.

As the Queen has begun, so we must continue. We must not let this world descend into the night.

It was Rua's last wish that her spirit come to rest in the Ritual Circle at Tamarus South. While we may not have the power to dedicate a pattern to a Circle, we are able to dedicate a Circle. The Circle of Rua, the Circle she created, has been imbued with her spirit and this place is now considered to be sacred by the Lions Ritual Conclave. Any attempts to tamper with this Circle will be taken as desecration of a holy place and the appropriate channels pursued.

## **Reaction to the Actions of the Conclave, by the Head of the Council**

As a result of the actions taken by the Conclave against the crops and harvests of Lantia and other nations, the following measures are to be taken with immediate effect:

- I. All islands in Lantia are to introduce rationing of vital foodstuffs, the exact nature and system of said rationing, and the methods of distribution of foodstuffs, to be decided by the individual island.
- II. Any quantities of food stuffs gathered on individual islands not needed for the immediate sustenance of the people of that island are to be split into three portions, with the first part being retained on that island for the future good of the people of that island, the second part to be stored centrally for distribution to whosoever it be needed, and the third part to be distributed fairly amongst the island's suppliers of foodstuff to ensure that their businesses do not suffer unduly by these restrictions.
- III. All islands are to look to the maintenance and good order of their fishing fleets, and ensure that they put to sea wheresoever and whensoever conditions allow them so to do.
- IV. Her Majesty's Fleets will look to support the fishing fleets where-ever, whenever and however they may.
- V. Until further notice the illicit hoarding or unauthorised distribution of foodstuffs will be counted as a treasonous act against the people of the Lions of Lantia.

I appreciate that these restrictions may appear harsh, and we all will suffer a hungry winter because of them. However, I would rather that all of us be hungry, than allow some of us to starve. If there be blame for the lack of food, let it be pointed at those who deserve it - The Conclave.

Given, on my authority, in the name of the Crowns, Council and People of the Lions of Lantia and Avalon, at Watchtown on Andulus, on this the eleventh day of the first month of the reign of Queen Tope.

Sir Oliver FitzOliver,  
Consul Primus,  
Etc.

*Prior to his disappearance, Sheriff Dillon Kylemora of Andulus had been working on a descriptive list of Sengoolian breeds. Set out below, in his own words, is what was completed of his work*

## **Codex of the Sengool Beast Breeds**

Based on the observances of Dillon Kylemora

All the information I gather here is put together on my own (numerous) observances of the beast breeds of the sorcerer Sengool, their behaviour, their combat tactics, and innate powers. All knowledge here is based purely on my own observances and cremations. I reserve the right to be proved wrong about anything I've written here.

### **Wolf Breed**

**Original use:** Originally used by Sengool as shock troops.

**Threat level:** Not highly powerful, be wary if seen in great numbers.

**Typical tactic:** if they can, the wolves like to lure prey away to witch they will then attack in great numbers.

**Immunities:** No observed immunities.

**Powers:** At the Spring Parliament 1105 we encountered many wolf breed, one of which seemed to be much larger and seemed to be in charge of the others, this "alpha" wolf seemed to have the power to bypass armour as it hit you. This could be the result of some extensive breeding by Sengool or possibly some form of mutation; as yet we don't know.

**Intelligence:** Limited I.e. dumb.

**Typical Weapons:** 1 handed weapons seem to be their preference, they have been seen to use claws however this was only once on Rysarius.

**Spotted:** Frequently.

**First encountered:** Moot 1 '03 in Babylon.

**Other Observances:** these buggers seem to be tribal nowadays and always attack in numbers, if you see one wandering around you can bet there'll be more hiding around somewhere.

### **Lion Breed**

**Original Use:** It is believed that Sengool created the Lion breed to act as a form of battle commander to the other breed, that plus some form of above average trooper.

**Threat Level:** High.

**Typical Tactic:** Lion breed have not been seen often however when they have been spotted they seem to lead other breed as well as do combat themselves. Lions, like tigers, seem to enter a frenzy when they feel combat is not going their way. They also like tiger breed seem to like to focus on one individual and then move on to the next.

**Immunities:** Lion breed seem to have a form of immunity to some mind effecting spells, like most of the cat breed the lions are also immune to blows and spells that would strike them to the ground, their personal balance is extremely catlike. I have been told Lion breed can shrug off hits from a blunt weapon, this is not true I've fought Lions with a mace and they've definitely been hurt by them,

**Powers:** Lions have been observed to strike to bypass armour as they hit you, they can also enter a combat frenzy if they feel they are about to die.

**Intelligence:** quite definitely one of the smartest of Sengool's creatures.

**Typical Weapons:** 1 handed weapons seem to be their preference, though I have usually seen sharp claws holding said weapons and then being used when other weapons fail.

**Spotted:** very rarely, I've only really seen about 6 or 7 lion breed though I have heard of others wandering around that I missed.

**First Encountered:** Night of the gathering 03 attacking the lions gate.

**Other Observances:** these guys are/were designed as leaders of the breed in mockery of the lions nation. I've yet to see lion breed functioning by themselves, or more than one leading any attack.

## **Bear Breed**

**Original use:** Heavy troops/Sengool's personal guard.

**Threat Level:** Very high.

**Typical Tactic:** The bears are possessed of the most general life force of all the Sengool breeds. They think nothing of ploughing straight into an enemy battle line crushing and killing as they go. Best way to deal with a bear is to get behind it with a pair of daggers and get ready to duck.

**Immunities:** Due to their immense bulk the bear breed have a thick layer of skin and muscle that renders them immune to blunted weapons, they are also immune to fear effects.

**Powers:** The bear breed are amazingly strong their blows can crush shields and armour or send an opponent sprawling to the floor. They are also capable of letting out a roar that can strike fear in the minds of everyone within a certain area around the bear. Bear breed have also been known to frenzy.

**Intelligence:** None.

**Typical Weapons:** Bear breed are usually seen to carry large branches apparently torn off trees. I have personally seen bear breed who having had their branches shattered by a mage simply reach up to the nearest tree and rip off a new weapon. Bears are also known to use their own paws to crush foes.

**Spotted:** More often than I'd like.

**First Encountered:** Winter Parliament 1103 two bears acting as personal body guards to Sengool himself.

**Other Observances:** The bear breed seem to get on well with wolf breed and have often been seen mixing with them even outside of combat.

## **Panther Breed**

**Original use:** Sengool originally made the panther breed as stealthy assassins and advanced scouts.

**Threat level:** Medium

**Typical tactic:** Usually a panther will try and sneak up behind a target and try to incapacitate his target before the enemy has realised what is happening.

**Immunities:** They seem resilient to blows and spells that would strike an opponent off his feet.

**Powers:** Panthers seem to have an uncanny ability to climb walls, doing so at quite impressive speeds they also.....

*Here the work finished, clearly interrupted by Master Kylemora's untimely disappearance. His will shall also be available to interested parties, once it has been transcribed. Oliver FitzOliver*

## Extracts of a Diary, a Day in the Life of a Trooper in the 116th

Day 114 - HMS Bardot – Aug 30<sup>th</sup> - 1105 (local date).

Another dreary day in the cramped conditions aboard this bloody ship! Larkin has been sick all morning...again! The lads have started to suggest he may be pregnant, poor sod. Murdoch presented him with some little booties cut from spare uniform. "For the nipper" he said. Larkin was too ill to offer any retort.

This morning's manoeuvres involved boarding actions with our sister ship the Emanuel. Murdoch fell in the drink, divine payback? Who says the All-Father doesn't have a sense of humour! We've been drilling on different boat actions for weeks now and I'm wondering if the Colonel will manage to secure us a home with the Lantians, All-Father protect him. I'm glad we left Fort Orientale, things there were going sour, especially since the discovery of the "Rot" in one of the troops. Not that we cared much. It was one of the locals who'd signed up and didn't follow the All-Father! Still, it did involve a lot of prayers, questioning and a high level clean down operation. Damn heathens bringing about the curse of the "plague-ridden one", which from what I hear, was the reason the Colonel decided to take back command of the troops. Mutiny, was the word bandied about, religious intolerance was muttered by the locals. I say looking after our needs was nearer the mark but as they say, never discuss politics and religion..... Especially with Heathens!

This afternoon involved deck scrubbing and sail mending which are tasks I adore about as much as a "questioning" session with Inquisitor Tremayne. The monotony was broken by Riiken though. The gnat-brained idiot mentioned Hackerty's name (lets hope the Inquisitor never reads this!) and some "machine" that he'd seen. He wasn't making much sense and made even less after he was tied between us and the Emanuel and then ripped in two. Larkin was sick for an hour. I must admit my own stomach was doing a few loops. Just another fun-packed day in the guard.

Day 115 - HMS Bardot – Aug 31<sup>th</sup> - 1105 (local date).

The Colonel has returned to the Emanuel late last night with the away-squad. No sign of the Sarge yet though and we've not had any news how the mission went...

...A couple of the Hussar's returned mid-morning but they ain't saying anything! Snooty bastards think they're better than the rest of us guardsmen. Looks like one of them didn't return though. Hopefully died in action (All-Father forgive me for saying so) but I guess I'll find out later....

...Sergeant Krieg just got back and mustered the men. News was mixed indeed. We'll be off these All-Father forsaken tubs very soon! We're now all officially Lantian's. We had to sign a document declaring our loyalty to the Crowns and this new Queen of ~~theirs~~ Ours! Word is Prince Hengist is a good man and worth following. He's got a lot of faith in us and we're under strict orders to live up to that faith.

Greater news still is that we have been given a home. A tiny island by all accounts, not that I'm complaining. Farewell sweet Bardot, may the All-Father sink you!

One of the Hussar's had died, "eaten" apparently? Stranger still is the news of the death of the Commissar. That merciless old codger killed more guardsmen than any enemy ever did. We'll be drinking to your death this evening.

The squad reported being in many fights and that we'd lost the main one. Strangely they seem quite upbeat about it. Word is that this new acting Knight Marshall has a good head for a fight and Kreig said he'd never seen the Lion's fight better....

...I'm on watch this evening. A lonely job and looking out at the stars on a clear night makes me homesick. I miss my wife and I hope she's ok. I've not seen her since before the Armageddon Crusade. How long has it been now?

Tomorrow is a new day, with the promise of a new start and a new home. I think I'm going to like being a Lantian.

## **Tales of Lions Past as penned by Perpugia Aquilla**

Cara of Armengar told me tales of some of those who have been lost to her land. As lives are lost in battle or to misfortune, we risk losing our identity and history to the winds of time. It is for this reason that I wish to hear the tales of fallen Lions from all parts of Lantia so that I can aid in the preservation of our culture.

This day, I recount the tale of Madra, late of Armengar.

It is said that Madra was already an old man when he came to Armengar, though with beastkin, age can be hard to tell. A traveller lost in a storm, he arrived in the company of his friends with all that he possessed in the pack that he carried. His worldly goods were few, but the most precious gift he brought to his new home could not be seen by any of those who greeted him. Madra was a skilled magician, and it was he who brought magic to Armengar.

A peaceful man, Madra looked upon the untutored and illiterate Armengarians and opened his heart to them. He took all who wished to learn and passed on to them, his knowledge and skills. None who sought his wisdom were turned away.

When the Fey were born to the land, Madra took the girl-child Coircre into his home and adopted her as his daughter. The love he lavished on her was testament to his kindly ways, and he was ever mindful of her safety and comfort. Years passed and the world turned. Events occurred that should not be forgotten, but are not recorded here, events that shattered Coircre's world. She took refuge first in the warmth of her fathers love, but eventually even Madra could not shield her from life's pain and she chose the escape of sleep. Following her Fey nature, she returned to the land in the form of a tree which stands to this day offering shelter to those who seek it.

Madras gentle heart was overcome with sorrow at the loss of the daughter he loved, and he took to wandering again. Many moons have waxed and waned since last his voice was heard on Armengar and none know if he will return. But this much is known. The island seems an emptier place without his quiet footsteps and learned words. He touched many lives during his time on that war-ravaged land, and often at sunset the eyes of the islanders are drawn across the plains in the hope of seeing a hooded figure shouldering a pack walking quietly towards them.

(editor's note: mwahahahahha)

## **Being a list of those holding office within the Lions Faction, as at this, the eleventh day, of the first month of the reign of Queen Tope:**

### **The Crowns**

Her Majesty Tope Shoshoni, Queen of Lantia, Lord General of the Lions.  
His Royal Highness Nathaniel Tremayne, Crown Prince of Lantia,  
His Highness Prince Hengist of Lantia

### **The Council**

Consul Primus and Hammer of Justice: Sir Oliver, the Lord FitzOliver.  
High Ambassador: Vacant, duties being performed by Pericles of the Hydra.  
Arcane Primus: Lady Ivory du Bois of the Prince Bishop's Men  
Knight Marshall: Duties being performed by Cormac of Armengar  
High Sheriff: Aldous, the Lord Trevelyan, of the Celestial Knights.  
Keeper of the Secret Seal: Rufus "Mog", the Lord Navarre, of the Children of Malar  
Viceroy to the Guilds: the Lord Footnote, of the Celestial Knights

### **The Arcane Council**

The Arcane Primus.  
High Incantor: Inquisitor Ezekiel Crane of the Countess Guard.  
High Healer: Master Midir of Armengar.  
High Mage: Mistress Adara Darkendale of the Prince Bishop's Men.  
High Ritualist: Duties being performed by Master Rhapsody of the Celestial Knights, pending confirmation in office by the Crowns.  
Wavesinger: Mistress Thalla an' Ash of the Ash Tribe of the Soul Elves.  
(and such others as the Arcane Council shall invite to join them)

### **The Masters of Trades and Skills**

Master Alchemist: Master Petal of House Soulsplitter.  
Master Armourer: Master Runt McEwan of Clan McEwan.  
Master Archer: Master Caradawc of Armengar  
Lions Liaison to the Bank: Master Ajax of Armengar.  
Master Bard: Mistress Althea of House Demetus.

Master Healer: Master Wynne Tatton  
Master Incantor: Mistress Fionnuala of Armengar  
Master Mage: Master Shadwell of the Wild Geese.  
Lions Liaison to the Militia: master Burton Shwartz of House Soulsplitter.  
Master Scout: Master Blane

### **Other Positions of Note**

Defender of the Lions: Master Jacob Schwartz  
Master Artisan of Lantia: Master Collum Trowbridge of the Prince Bishop's Men.  
Chief Scribe and Quartermaster: Mistress Kirsten.

## **Obituaries**

Rua NiDiarmuid was a child of change. She was young when the Farseekers arrived, young when her father attempted to murder them, and young when she was put into Madra's tutelage as recompense. Diarmuid had once been talked about as the next protector but it was not to be, he represented a way of thinking that looked to the past as glory days. He did not want change even though it comes to us all. His daughter was not like this, Rua embraced the changes that swept into our island.

A true Armengarian, she did her duty as Madra's bodyguard and she did her duty as apprentice Lawkeeper. Here she ushered in a new era as it was she who was instrumental in drafting the first treaty between Lions and Amnor. A change for the better that all of Armengar can be thankful for.

Rua became a Ritualist, the first Armengarian to travel down that road. Like Delalaria she walked a dangerous path, using powerful magics to do good, to ensure the safety of the next generation of Armengarians. But she had learned from the stories of Delalaria and never allowed herself to fall into the madness that so often strikes those with the best of intentions.

Her first ritual, on Tamarus, confirmed her abilities as she managed to change a Transport Circle into a Ritual Circle, to decouple the circle at Ceryphus and link Amnor into the Lantian Chain. Here she became a true ritualist, and ever since she was linked to her creation.

In her time she helped change the way the Lions organised Rituals, she was instrumental in creating the Lions Ritual Conclave. Together they created the Banner of Two Lands which destroyed the unliving menace which had threatened her children on Holy Isle.

Leaving Amnor was no doubt a difficult decision for Rua, as it was for the many who came to Rysarius. Rua did not go to Rysarius with the others though, she could only go to one place, for Tamarus was ever bound to her fate. When Samuel died she took up the role of High Ritualist of the Lions. No longer simply keeping the next generation of Armengarians safe, but working for the freedom of all Lions.

At the Gathering of Nations on Tamarus, Rua enacted a ritual to again sweep the unliving forces of Benedict Darkendale from a Lantian Island. Again she wielded the forces of change and sent them through her ritual circle. What exactly happened none know for sure, whether it was the chaos linked to the circle, conclave influence on Orlagnon or simply Benedict's ritual protections that caused the magical backlash. As warden and creator of the circle Rua knew she could stop the energy from killing all within the circle, but only at the cost of her own life. Without hesitation she saved the lives of her fellow Lions, including myself.

Rua NiDiarmuid was a child of change. She was born an Armengarian. She lived and died by the principles of Heramacles and Delalaria. She died a true Lion. A white candle is gone from us forever.

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Words can not express the amount you will be missed, or express the anger at the way you were killed. Hunt well my friend, my sister, my guide, you will not be forgotten nor will those that you remembered in your heart.

To Ki'ana,  
Whose life and death was never as it seemed, may you find peace at last.