

Lions Faction Pack Up June 2006

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Acknowledgements

This packup has been brought to you by me blatantly badgering people until they gave me enough content to make a reasonable size of a packup

That, and submissions from the following people Graham (The Orator) Mills, Gareth (The Everliving) Marklew, Warren (Wozzie) Foat, Fergal (The Nirg) O'Brien, Rebbly (Drown in Her Eyes) Harding, Marianne (now with pronounceable surname) Wells, Russ (The Guru) Phillips, Kaz (Daniel would kill me if I wrote what I had in mind here) Williams, Stuart (razorballs) Maher, and some blatant thievery off of the message board

Contact

If you want to get something published in PackUp, you can either email it to Dessie@armengar.org or post it to Derek McAllister, 0/2 6 Kendal Avenue, Glasgow. G12 0DL

If you want to get in touch with the Lions Plot Team, we can be contacted at lionsplotteam@yahoogroups.com

Letter from the Editor

The Heartland Games are over and done with, I don't know about all of you but I had a blast. It felt good to be taking the offensive for a change, and whilst there might have been a helluva lot of "faff", marching down there and laying the smack down upon the heads of the Vipers was extremely cathartic.

Of course my enjoyment of the Games may have been something related to the fact that I, and the rest of the plot crew, got to let our hair down and play. ☺

I'd like to offer my apologies to anyone towards whom I was less than polite at the end of the Games btw (yes I'm looking at you here Mr Mather) I received some news at the end of the event, and really just wasn't in a position to be taking on any more in-game stuff.

I also encountered a new phrase at the Heartlands, it was "doing a Cormac" which despite it's unpleasantly biological connotations actually means :-

To perform the most ludicrous act imaginable under a given set of circumstances.

e.g. going to the bar when the camp is on lockdown.

I can't remember where I heard it, but it amused me, so being the kind and caring fellow I am, I thought I'd share.

Anyway Moot time ahead, some of ye will be going to Moot 1, regrettably I won't be joining you, but I wish you all a very pleasant time, try and make sure ye save some Trannies for the rest of us to beat up later.

Moot 2 is where it all starts up again for most of us, The Cataclysm is coming, one way or another the world is in for some big shakes. I've seen some of the proposals regarding the future of the world, and I think it's going to be good.

Obviously it's hard to tell exactly what is going to happen over the course of the next few events but I would be inclined to expect that there will be a lot of intense PvP role-play and combat going on, so make sure ye brush up on those weapons skills, cos whilst we're not all that likely to start the fight, I want to be damned sure we win it when it happens.

Once again we will be looking for setup people for the Moot and the Gathering, so if you haven't done so already, and you are interested in setup, please drop a line to burningambitionsevents@yahoo.co.uk and let myself or Vikiy know, and we'll sort out what we can with the main LT office.

That's pretty much it for the time being, other than to remind all group leaders that there will be a Group Leaders Meeting at 14:00 on the 16th September in the White Hart in Lenton, Nottingham.

If you are attending, please try and let me know in advance, either by mailing me on Dessie@armengar.org or just letting me know in person.

Cheers folks, see ye at the moot.

Dessie

The Ineffable wisdom of His Highness Crown Prince Tremayne

"Don't Get Dead"

What does this really mean? For many a year now I have heard it said at faction musters and other times and frankly I am sick of it.

This statement implies that by dying you are doing something wrong, that should this un-agreeable state befall you, that you have in some way failed. This, I think, leads to unnecessary reactions from some in the faction who immediately then look for others to blame for the death of their fallen comrade.

This is wrong.

For many years now I have served this Faction in one form or another and at every stage I have been willing to give my life for this Faction. Not only for the ideals it personifies but for my friends colleagues and comrades within it.

This will never change.

At Rysarius last year I came very close to returning to the Allfather only the intervention by Alana saved me from that. However, should the situation been different I would not have been aggrieved by the lot that fate had dealt me. I, along with many others went into combat with Benedict Darkendale and on that occasion he got the better of us. I would have been proud, when standing before the Golden Throne of the Allfather and him saying unto me

"Tremayne did you serve to the best of your abilities".

To which I would have replied

"Yes! I fell in mortal combat with a creature of evil.", and hopefully he would have judged me worthy,

The point I am trying to make in a very roundabout way, is that it is no crime to die fighting for what you believe in. It is no sin to lay down your life for your friends and comrades in the hope that by your sacrifice the things that you hold dear will continue and flourish for generations to come. This is the way of honour and this, to me, is what our faction is about.

"Don't get dead"

I say

" If you are to die then make sure you take a score of them with you!"

Tremayne.

A letter to the People of Lantia

I feel numb. Numb by the torrent of emotions I have experienced over the last few days. One question rolls through my mind keeping sleep at bay:

Can I go on?

We are a shining beacon in the void, a single light against a vast darkness. We have fought hard, we have gained allies and we have shown conviction but we have failed more often than not. We have won battles but failed to strike the killing blow. We have been out manoeuvred politically and militarily. Our allies wait for our lead or wallow in indecision. And as that beacon, as the one who shouts the rallying cry, it is us who suffers the highest price.

I have seen people near breaking point and no small wonder. There have been many deaths these past few days. The Protectors, Prince Bishop's Men and Soul-Splitters but worst hit were the Armengarian's. More than 5 gave their life for our cause, for our safety. All were good friends but one in particular. Deidrac.

A fierce warrior.

A good friend.

A man who would show all concern but could also lighten the mood with a joke.

His death nearly knocked the fight out of me!

I have seen our Knight Marshall close to breaking. A man I believe in but now he is about ready to throw it all in. Too many losses to bear for a crusade we do not seem to be winning. Too many of his people taken by evil acts or simple mistakes, for in a war mistakes are so often deadly.

Can I...No...Should I go on?

The answer is yes! Why?

Because it's the right thing to do!

Because it's what differentiates us from those evil people who would oppress us!

Because to give up now would make a mockery of the lives given already in this cause!

For me, because I can see Deidrac's face in my mind and the disapproving look at the mention of giving in! I will not let his death be in vain.

I'm sure in your hearts there is a reason to go on too?

If we lose, we must lose knowing we never gave up. I would rather die in battle than die of shame.

I plead to all of you. As numb as you may also feel, do not give up now. Find that reason to go on. Our words of strength have been followed by actions of strength and we all knew there would be consequences. We have incurred those consequences but things could have gone far worse. For the memory of those who have given their lives, please continue this fight.

Your Friend

Raphael Aziriah

116th

Lion



Sage Words from the Consul Primus

Here we go again. I tell you, I have never known a people so self-critical as the Lions. At the Heartland Games, we stuck to our beliefs, to what we know to be right, and we struck, we struck hard, and we won. I don't just mean in our confrontation with the followers of Famine, but in hundreds of different places, at hundreds of different times, and in hundreds of different ways – and those are just the occasions that I had cause to hear of. All of you who were at the Heartland Games have cause to be immensely proud of your actions, and whilst we mourn for our most grievous losses, we can toast in pride the memories of those who fell, for they fell in a place and a time where they had stood proud for truth, for honour, for justice, where they had stood so that those weaker than them would have no need to fight.

And yet, despite all these great achievements, despite what has been done, still we turn on ourselves, and flagellate ourselves for our imagined failings. “We fuff too much” cry some. “We charge in heedlessly” cry others. I hear from some quarters that we are too inflexible, to incapable of adapting to the modern world. From other quarters, I hear that we run too close to abandoning all principles and honour. Some blame those in command; some commanders complain that people will not follow. People, I ask you now, let yourselves off the hook, for you do not deserve this torment that you heap upon yourself.

It is possible to be proud of your achievements, without falling pray to complacency. We are not careless of the deaths of our fellows if we do not seek to lay blame for their demise at the door of a fellow Lion. Yes mistakes are made, and lessons are to be learned but rarely, in my experiences, are the mistakes as great as the noise that surrounds them would have them appear – and those who would teach lessons are rarely less fallible than those they insist should learn.

So for once, be content. Let the Lions celebrate their successes, and mourn their losses, and then hold their course steadily down the path, and we will achieve our goals, and Erdreja will be the better for it.

Given this day, the twenty second of the tenth month of the reign of Queen Tope at my seat at Watchtown, Andulus, by I

Sir Oliver, the Lord FitzOliver,
Consul Primus,
Hammer of Justice, Etc.

A Missive from Sister Bethanie

Many people know the battle that the Heartlands have been playing for a number of years against the conclave. For those that don't they a group of elder races who want to go back to a time where they were dominant. They have tried to enslave the younger races, and those that oppose them, for centuries. Now that they know we will always push for freedom they have decided to try and change our world so that we no longer exist.

There are many that have been working against them over the years, which built to a climax at the games.

Three out of their eight leaders were killed:

Aribann a shapeshifter trying to infiltrate the Guilds Ishaldra Melthern the Alchemist making all their poisons And last but by no means least Allbreeth Sim Hedrike Founder/Leader of The Eight.

Now this will throw them into disarray and they may be a lot of internal fighting to see who the new leader is however do not forget their are still five leaders left so they will still be targeting those of the Heartlands, especially lions as we played a strong part in killing their leader.

Indications of Intent by Cosaint, Master of the Guild of Bards

Lions,

Some of you I have spoken to about this already. I have been working on a project for the last while to put together a set of songs which, when performed, encapsulate a historical overview of the Lions. It's not an original idea, and I admit to having shamelessly stolen it from the Wolves. Thus far, the help of some members of your faction has been invaluable, both in terms of unearthing older songs and in ascertaining their significance.

It is my hope at this point to have the piece ready for the Gathering. I would ask, therefore, that anyone interested in helping in this endeavour contact me over the course of the Moots. I can be found, most of the time, in the Guild tent.

Cosaint

Which Cadre Are you?

Robin, with help from Jutah, Aldous, Ivory, Elrood, Mandrake and Londinium.

After Existence stated it was going to set challenges to test people's stated allegiances to their cadre (and also we drank rather a lot of alcohol), we decided to put together a handy quiz to help people make up their minds. Answer each question, then look up your scores to find your cadre of choice. So, if...

1/ Existence gives you a vast amount of money. Do you:

- a) Put it in a sock and beat him to death with it
- b) Take it down to the lake and see if you can skim coins like stones
- c) Buy everyone in your faction a present
- d) Make it into gold coin armour
- e) Carry it around at night to make some hardworking mugger's day

2/ You see a wounded man by the path. Do you:

- a) Heal him
- b) Bandage him
- c) Ignore him
- d) Mug him
- e) Murder him

3/ Your revolution succeeds and you're now Queen (or King). Which of the following laws do you instate?

- a) Everyone entitled to apprentices must offer training within the faction
- b) Instate taxes to ensure the faction command always has money available
- c) Anyone capable of casting second level magics must give an Iron Will at least one non-spell caster a day
- d) Invade Cymria!
- e) Put signposts by ritual circles so people can find places easily

4/ What's most important?

- a) Choosing
- b) Giving
- c) Winning

- d) Learning
- e) Owning

5/ Existence offers to make you an uber-powerful avatar of an element. What do you say?

- a) Yes - who wouldn't want to be uber-powerful?
- b) Yes - I could right so many wrongs/settle so many scores* if I had uber-powers
- c) No - I'd rather earn my power than be given it
- d) No - I'd rather be myself than be possessed
- e) Yes - I could help so many people that way

* - delete as appropriate

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- 1/ a) 5 b) 3 c) 2 d) 4 e) 1
 - 2/ a) 2 b) 1 c) 3 d) 4 e) 5
 - 3/ a) 1 b) 4 c) 2 d) 5 e) 3
 - 4/ a) 3 b) 2 c) 5 d) 1 e) 4
 - 5/ a) 4 b) 5 c) 1 d) 3 e) 2

5-8 points - peace: You think people should earn what they get, and value honest hard work over magic and rituals.

9-12 points - feast: You like things fair and even.

13-16 points - none: Either you can't make your mind up, or you think this whole cadre thing is a load of nonsense. Either way, you're not giving your vote to any of them.

17-20 points - famine: To the victor the spoils, you'd rather see some people living the high life than everyone getting the same.

21-25 points - war: You're a straightforward, aggressive, and somewhat angry sort of person.

Transcript of a Poster Found Across Several Lantian Towns

Nine Hundred at the Hands of The Lions

Hail the conquering heroes!

Hail the saviours of the hour!

Hail the glorious forces of Truth, Honour and Justice!

But who will speak for the fallen?

Who will remember the tragedy?

Who amongst you has the courage to face these simple questions?

Where is your truth?

Buried under a pile of the dead, a simple truth that the Lions will butcher their own without a second thought.

Where is your honour?

Have you mourned their loss, have you made reparations, have you given them a second thought? Have you hell, you left their corpses to rot in the sun.

Where is your justice?

Who perpetrated this betrayal, let him stand forth in front of the families. Let his life stand forfeit for the pain and anguish meted out unto your own.

Nine Hundred Souls you sent to their deaths.

Nine Hundred families have lost a loved one.

Nine Hundred stories without an ending.

Nine Hundred songs for which the words will be forgotten.

Nine Hundred meals, turn to ash in your mouth.

Nine Hundred wounds, that will never heal.

How long till you turn upon the rest of your people.

How long before Orlagnon or Akamon is buried under a mound of mouldering corpses?

Soon we will rise, and we shall bring notice to the thrones of murderers that No people should live in fear of their masters.

No people should cower in terror at the coming of their armies.

No people need run from those who claim they are but here to save them.

And by Blood, by Faith and by Toil we shall remove the yoke of our oppressors and stand proud, and we shall be free.

Extract from a Note Left on a Noticeboard on the Sunset Shipyards

.... Finally will the rake who thinks it is a fun jape to mess around with my belongings please make themselves known to me, that I might commend them on their subtle wit. It took me several hours to rearrange everything after I returned to my quarters and found everything moved exactly three inches to the left. This displays both a staggering intellect and an attention to detail which should receive due adulation.

Urquhart Makepeace III

Diary of a Mage's Guild Guard

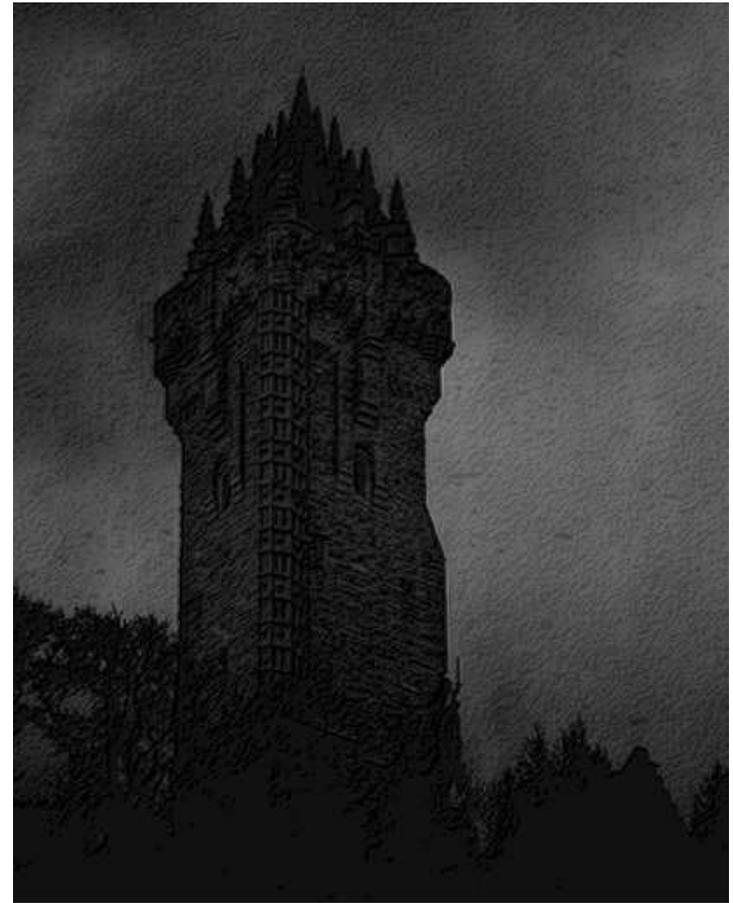
Upon instruction of Master Water, I took up my observation post on the northernmost fortification on Azurlon. Shortly after the agreed time things started to occur. Suddenly the sky grew dark and large crowds swirled together like a maelstrom of legend; lightning reached out from the sky smashing into the sea sending great jets of it skyward. Even here, some miles from the centre of the storm I could feel the impact. Vast peels of thunder rolled across us all, the local dogs all went mad, barking and growling ineffectually at the sky. This continued for the best part of an hour, when the sea began boiling and frothing, I thought for a second that the Kraken was resurfacing, but I was wrong. I was told to expect something special, what I didn't expect him to do was raise land off the seabed; I don't want to even consider the levels of power that must have been involved to pull off this feat. A large island, flat and desolate was raised off the north-east coast; I hope someone remembered to notify the Navy, they're going to be in for one hell of a shock. It must have been, I don't know, six or seven miles square. It just sat there, as did I, my mind baffled by the events unfolding before it. Then the last part, it was like an overlay at first. I remember when I was a young man my mother showed me a picture through coloured glass, as you move the glass, different parts of the picture came into view, so it was here. At first the image of a tower, slap bang in the middle of the island, surrounding it trees and hills, even a river. Each image overlaid the other in an endless cycle of colour and form, each time the tower appeared it was that much clearer, that much sharper, till without warning it stopped. Finally there it

was, Stormwatch, it's smaller than I expected, but if half the rumours are true then this is as close as I'd like to get.

Things have begun to settle down a bit now, the seas have calmed, the wind has died down, even the storm has seemed to settle. It's still there, the storm that is, even now. I can hear the deep rumbling of thunder, but nothing compared to what it was. The lands around are quite solid now, it has some odd trees, like the ones that stay green all year round.

I don't think I've ever seen anything like it, certainly humbles a man.

I think I'll stick to guarding circles in future.



Obituaries

Deidrac Talthor - written by Cormac of Armengar

He exemplified what it is to be Na Firinne. Quick to anger, quick to laugh, quick to act, quick to fight, quick to sacrifice, quick to judge but slow to buy his round He exemplified what it is to be Armengarian. Loyal, dependable and stubborn and able to keep a sense of humour with his sense of duty.

He exemplified what it is to be a Lion. Honourable, truthful and just.

Friendly and able to respond when called upon.

He exemplified what it is to be a warrior. Quick with his blade and aware of his surroundings and foes. Responsive to commands and dependable He Exemplified what it is to be a leader. Cunning, ruthless and quick minded. He knew his men and understood their strengths. Ready to lead by example he was a man other followed easily He exemplified what it is to be a friend. Always loyal and always ready.

When your children seek a role model. Tell them of Deidrac.

Seisal macFionnbhar - written by Cormac of Armengar

As a brother in blood as well as arms Seisal was all you could want from an armengarian. Strove to always make himself better to serve those whom trust in us for protection. Then ready to teach others to make us stronger and better able to protect. Rest in peace brother, your watch is at an end.

Bran o'Mir - written by Cormac of Armengar

In more ways than he knew the Heart of Armengar. First to the fight and first to the bar he was ready at all times whether it was to fight down an enemy or pick up a comrade. Could see the good in people when most of us still wondered who cut their hair he has taught me about acceptance. In his heart he was always the fearless man ready to climb down the wall to certain death And when we were lost was ready to bring us back to that. There is only one more wall to climb before you are home now old friend.

Fionn - written by Cormac of Armengar

The Big fella with the bigger sword. When there was no fight he just wanted to fight.. when there was a fight he just wanted to get to the bar, when he was at the bar he just wanted the sarge to buy him a drink. Dependable fighter and solid companion. Always the first to a breach and always the last to leave a hot spot. Our lines will miss your skills. There is only one more wall to climb before you are home now old friend.

Donnacha - written by Cormac of Armengar

The showman who made the darkest days bearable. Could bring a smile to any person and lighten any moment as he took us through time. Fearless in combat he was always stood fast when needed. There is only one more wall to climb before you are home now old friend.

Scion Maceoil - written by Cormac of Armengar

A warrior with Amrengar at his heart. Scion was a fighter ready to lay his life down for his friends and people. Our walls are lessened without you brother.

Lanceman White - written by Elrood Brond

Liz White was a good soldier and a great drinking companion. Her death, trying to rescue a fallen Lion, showed her true colours - those of courage, comradeship and loyalty. Her loss will be deeply felt by all those that were lucky enough to experience her good humour and skill at arms.

When Lanceman White fell, the Lions lost a good soldier. I lost a good friend.

For Dorn of House Soulsplitter and Lanceman White of the Prince Bishop's Men - written by Sister Bethanie

Thank you for accepting a request to go on a mission against those that would destroy all we are. With your help we killed Allbreeth Sim Hedrike leader of the council of eight and founder of the Conclave. You courageously fought all the way through to the leader and added your blows with others to kill him. On the way back you bought up the rear to keep back the waves of werewolves. May your memories live on long in our thoughts and may the ancestors bless your courageous patterns.

Anders Ulfsson - written by Sheyna

Anders was never a member of this Faction. Despite this, he stood with us against all that threatened our lands and peoples. He fought against the Pod Incursions, the Council of Watchers and their minions, Epimania and the followers of XIV, Marlenna of the Nosta Kar. He took an active part in fighting Benedict, even when it became clear Benedict was sending Unliving to specifically target him.

Anders was a good man, loving husband, wonderful father and loyal friend. He stood shoulder to shoulder with the Lions, even the Keremansians, fought for the Lions, supported what the Lions stand for.

The fact he never swore to the Queen (at, yes. To? No) didn't make him any less one of us and his absence will be felt, always.

go síorrai beó

Hyena - written by Sheyna

There is much I could say here about you. I could talk about your courage, your loyalty, your strength of conviction, your absolute belief in what you did. I could talk about your caring side not many saw, how you were great with children, how you were fiercely protective of your friends. But they would just be words and you were one for actions, not words. You were so much more than any words we can say about you.

You were cruelly taken from us, never now to join the Hunt or rejoin the Cycle. But so long as we remember you and honour you with our actions, some part of you will live on forever. So long as we remember, you are never truly gone.

Rockwood Stonetree – written by Sheyna

You offered comfort in a time of need when I barely knew you. You were a great scout, always willing to help, always willing to do what was needed to keep the faction safe, but underneath was a thoughtful individual who really cared.

Though you won't be with the Big Rock in the Afterlife, I have no doubt it bears a mark in your honour.

Rannak the Maker- written by Halad

Mightiest Dwarf of the mountain Borin, defender of the free peoples, fighter of the good fight, Protector of Lantia and member of The Droustinad. Rannak the Maker was the greatest being I have ever come into contact with, and it was my honour to fight along side him for 17 years after the fall of Drand and our self-exile from Ubanhof. Rannak was a master with a hammer and axe, but more than a fighter. He was my fiercest friend and he was felled by magical creatures and dragged into a world that until he went there, he didn't even know existed! Now I don't know what exactly happened to him when he went there, nor do I want to imagine it, but by these two axes, the tankard in my hand and the fire in my heart; he shall be avenged!

Thaddius Goodram - written by Cosaint

I cannot say that I knew Thaddius very well, for he was taken from us too soon.

I knew him to be a man with a keen urge to discover all that life would put in his path, and I knew him to be a loving husband. I knew him to be a man who approached life with enthusiasm.

May you rest with your ancestors Thaddius, and may your eyes be opened to all that you wished to know in life.

Colm Blackhelm - written by Void Lance

Lanceman Blackhelm was bright, dependable, and solid. The line will be much weaker for his absence - and wherever he decides to rest will be all the better for his presence

To a true Prince Bishop's Man cut down too soon in the defence of the Lions, the Dragons, and the Unicorns. It is our loss that we will never see how far you might have gone.

A glass is raised for you tonight.

Lance Sergeant Navarre – Written by Lexandro d'Averg

Rest easy.

At first I hated you and then I came to respect you.

Tirriq Moonshard - written by Halad

Tirriq was a fierce and noble fighter who died fighting for what she believed in: A free and happy world. I'd only known Tirriq for a few days and I can say that she had a marked impact on my life and on everyone who met her. She had the power of life in her hands and the power of death in her blades, the power to heal and the power to harm; yet she abused neither. Tirriq was the first Kender that I ever encountered, and I look forward to meeting more because of her. Her life was ended thanks to the void demons at the end of the Heartland Games which were as far as I know her first Games at that. The Protectors of Lantia will avenge our fallen comrade with sword, axe and hammer and ensure that the memory of Tirriq Moonshard is never forgotten.