

Lions Faction Despatches

May 1108



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EDITORIAL

- LIONS PACK-UP MAY 2008 -

So here we are once more on the cusp of a brand new exciting season for Lantia's heroes. What does it hold in store for us? What signs and portents await to be revealed? What bad guys shall be dispatched and who shall rise to take their place? What great deeds will we accomplish? How many of our heroes shall sadly fall - be it on a wave of martyrdom, fighting to the last, or all alone in the night - and who shall rise to take their place? Where shall the third crown rest? How many times will we be asked who we are? Will the pack-up ever appear more than three days before an event? Whatever happened to Ron the Electric Crab Monkey?

But perhaps one question stands above all these: How much mud are we going to have to wade through by the time this season ends?

Welcome to the first pack-up of the year where you will find precisely none of the answers to the above questions! But just perhaps it will raise a question or two of your own.

To all the new players joining us this year, you are very welcome. I hope you find everyone to be helpful and supportive and not too excessive in the extraction of certain bodily fluids. You will also find your friendly fluffy command and plot team completely bribable with cake. Or flapjack. And sometimes pixie sticks. Just saying :)

For anyone dreaming up new characters throughout the year, if you fancy playing something a little different such as Breed, Nereid (Choma or Nero only) or other Lantian/Orstian races, then come have a chat with the plot team and we'll see what we can do. The plot team can be reached at plot@lionsfaction.co.uk. We might not always be able to respond straight away, but we'll get back to you when we can.

As many will be aware, there is no downtime system as such. However, if there's something you desperately want to do between events, have a word (ic!) with one of the crowns at an event to get your mission approved. Drop an email to the plot team after the event to remind us and expect a briefing at the next event (but please bear in mind the short gap between some events where writing plot for everyone will get priority). Unfortunately we cannot respond to any actions that do not originate at a sanctioned or main event. Do also remember that anyone can submit a research request to the Bards' Guild at main events. This doesn't have to mean your character sits in a library reading books. There's a lot of interesting ways to do research these days :) The Bards' Guild are always

willing to help you out with how best to submit these requests and the ic cost involved. All you have to do is ask.

Enough rambling! It's a new year for the Lions faction so let's get started with one final question:

How great do we want to make it?

Backup submissions to:
baj@sprucemoose.net

Acknowledgements:

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STARRING: AMANDA HILL STEVE SPENCER DESSIE MCALLISTER RUSS PHILLIPS NIKKI
INTRODUCING: CONAN EMMA CUNLIFFE

FROM THE CROWN PRINCE OF LANTIA

LIONS

- 900 souls lost on Holy Isle
- A library put to flame on Dreamweaver Isle.
- Our people poisoned, brutalized, their minds twisted.

All these crimes, and many more, stem from the twisted mind of one man.

Thrydwulf.

I curse his name, and know that many of you feel the same.

His fanatical religion has spread across Lantia snaring the unwary and the unwilling in its wake. He offers freedom of thought, freedom of responsibility, freedom to live life. His promises are like unto dust. Instead he brings misery, suffering, and poison.

We know now that he is headed to Ontarix, Isle of Destruction and Birthplace of The Beast. There he hopes to take the Wonder of Destruction, imbue his followers with its strength and lead them on a tide of death and chaos and blood.

We will not permit this.

On Ontarix, The Lions will write a new song. A great song.

A song of battle, as we meet our enemy head on.

A song of triumph, casting down the foeman whose lies and deceits are everywhere.

A song of mourning as we remember those who lost their lives in the face of this
madness, and

A song of hope, that we will rise to face the dawn of a brighter day where the
shadow of Thrydwulf does not linger.

So we give notice to this master of lies that we are coming for him. Let our voices cry out as one. Let him know who you are!



Seraphim Darkendale

Crown Prince of Lantia

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE HIGH HEALER:

Soon, we will go to Ontarix to fight the bastard bard. No doubt we will be forced to fight our own people once more. It is essential that we avoid another 900 - the healers and bandage-users of the faction will be critical in ensuring this. Therefore, all healers and bandage users are to report to me as soon as possible, so that I can get an accurate idea of the resources available to us.

If you can use bandages, whether or not you can channel from the plane of life, you need to know about the medicine chest. The nature of it has changed since the cataclysm, and so it is important that you know how to benefit from it. Again, report to me at the earliest opportunity and I shall ensure that you are fully briefed on it's capabilities.

Anyone with an aberrant or alien pattern should also report to me. There are only limited healing resources that are effective on such patterns, so I need to know who you are to ensure that healing is available, should you need it. Equally, anyone able to heal such patterns should make themselves known to me.

Finally, I need a deputy. Asteria is currently performing this role, but she has many duties, too many to be able to perform them all effectively, and so something has to give. If you would like to be considered for the role of Deputy High Healer, talk to either myself or Asteria.

Elrood Brond

High Healer of the Lions Faction
Grand Master, Order of Celestial

FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE GATE

Another season of consorting with the other nations is upon us. I hope that all will lend a hand not only guarding the gate but also with regular patrols especially when it is dark. If you find yourself with nothing to do please spare a thought for those on the gate and offer a helping hand.

Remember this is not only for your safety but for the safety of all.

As of the Gathering last year I incorporated a system involving bells. If you hear the sound of bells being rung from the direction of the gate it means assistance is needed as the gate is being attacked. Even if you do not see anything please pick up arms and head to the gate when you hear these bells being rung.

Asteria
Captain of the Gate

A Message from the Order of Celestial

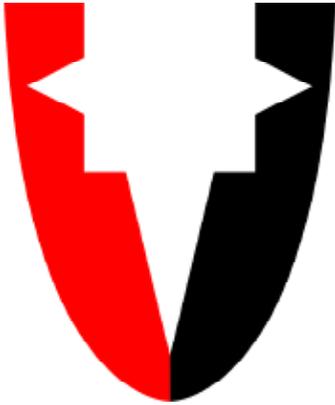
Fellow Lions,

The Order recently received an anonymous message with a song, written in response to a song written by one of the Order. This song makes it clear that some of the people currently fighting for our enemies do so not through misguided belief, or because of powerful persuasion. At least some of the people fighting us do so because they are being forced to do so.

These people, *our people*, obviously need and deserve our help. To that end, the Order has made a commitment that we will protect any such person that asks for our protection. We have put up posters to inform people of this, and a copy of such a poster appears in this packup. We have also included herein a copy of the song that we received, along with the song that inspired it, and a song that we have written in reply.

Elrood Brond

High Healer of the Lions Faction
Grand Master, Order of Celestial



THREATENED BY FOES?

Feeling Alone, Afraid and Helpless?

The Order of Celestial Offers Sanctuary To All Who Desire and Require It.

We will not allow the peoples of Lantia and the Lions to be bullied, enslaved or worse, and to that end are establishing a haven for those wishing to flee the current crises, where they may live their lives unmolested and in peace, under the Order's protection.

Contact any member of the Order for more information.

*'For a man has a right to a voice not a fight,
And oppression will never win through.'*

Rhino Khazad Rex,
King of Avalon,
Lord General of the Lions

An open letter to the Crowns, Council, and other interested Lions.

I have been travelling around Lantia for some time while on sabbatical from the Prince Bishop's Men. Having recently been to the village of Choate on Ontarix, I felt it might be useful to tell you about the place as I believe you will soon be setting up a base of operations in the vicinity.

Ontarix, like most of the isles, has been dramatically changed by the cataclysm and the merging with Orst - or the "Overlay" as I believe our Orst friends call it. This has meant many villages were cut off for a time as the landscape changed, effectively destroying the existing road structures. Having visited many villages like this, some have fared better than others. I'm glad to say Choate has been one of the more enduring cases.

The locals tell me it wasn't easy at the start. Choate is primarily a fishing village and unfortunately a number of its fishermen were out at sea when the worst of the land changes occurred. They did not make it home. It was a tragic loss to the village and at a most difficult time. Typically Choate traded fish for crops with the neighbouring village but now the road to the neighbouring village was consumed by a vast forest. Not being woodsmen and with no idea just how large the forest was or if Bellamy was even still there on the other side, they had to look to themselves for solutions. The seas continued to be rough for some time. A lot of fish washed up on land which served them for a while, but there was only so much they could gather and preserve before it rotted in the sun.

I was told the situation looked hopeless until one brave woman - widow of one of the lost fishermen, took out a small boat and crossed the sea to Gallathrix in search of food for her children. Rose was successful and together with her fellow widows, helped not only her own village, but those in an equally cut off village in the Palatinate who did not expect to find themselves now a coastal town. They traded in the different produce of both regions until eventually help came.

A party sent by the Countess Guard eventually found their way to Choate. Once discovered, the authorities worked to rebuild a road and put Choate back on the hastily redrawn map.

The people have turned back to the sea since it has calmed down and fish stocks have begun to replenish themselves. They do say they are finding some very different fish out there now. Rather tasty too, I might add! Trading continues with neighbouring villages and also with Gallathrix. They are also cultivating the land to be a little more self sufficient. I have seen many villages angered at having been “forgotten” by the higher ups of the Lions, but the people of Choate understand the scale of the difficulties we have all faced with the cataclysm and do not resent that they were left on their own for a time. Indeed they say it has given them a far greater sense of community and pulling together and has enriched them in many ways. It was very inspirational to witness and reminds me somewhat of Godswill.

Good luck to you all,

Lanceman H. Apotheosis.

Expedition

Having finally accepted my responsibilities, I intend to lead a party to Chomaholme, before or after the Spring Parliament, depending on how long it takes to get a group together. The aim of the expedition is twofold, to map the changes on the island since the Overlay, should any be encountered, and to provide aid to the settlement.

Chomaholme is a refugee settlement created by the much-missed Sir Oliver FitzOliver to house those of my caste who have been captured or released from their enslavers, the Yfos and Fotia. Unfortunately, the ones who are freed have been so long enslaved that they have lost much of their will to exist. The settlement was designed mostly as a holding ground, but is underequipped to deal with the unique problems presented by rehabilitating Choma slaves.

Recent reports suggest that it has failed to provide any strengthening of the will of its inhabitants, and they continue as mere shadows of their former existence. My hope is that a party of the Faction's finest can give aid where it is needed and hopefully start the process of liberating the minds of those at the settlement.

Any concerned individuals would be welcome, particularly those with physician's, healer's or cartographer's talents. Those who are skilled at breaking shackles placed upon the mind would be especially welcome.

Please contact my leystone or sign your name below if you are interested in coming. I hope to get going within a few days.

My thanks,
Scathán of Orst.

Songs FROM the HEARTH

For poems of greatness, songs of despair, and all the chords in between.

Why?

A song that be not about the Lions, but addressed to those they must fight.

Like a flash of light across the sky,
More grim tidings go by.
It's another fight, another death,
Don't you ever wonder why?

Does the gold glisten so brightly,
How great is the power you need,
That makes you forget, when blood you do shed,
That the flesh that you cut really bleeds.

And the word goes round so quickly,
Forgotten before blood dries,
Yet somewhere a corpse is lying,
And somewhere a mother cries,

Does the gold glisten so brightly,
How great is the power you need,
That makes you forget, when blood you do shed,
That the flesh that you cut really bleeds.

For every victim they once laughed,
And every target once played,
The things you hit are living,
They're not fodder for your blades,

Does the gold glisten so brightly,
How great is the power you need,
That makes you forget, when blood you do shed,
That the flesh that you cut really bleeds.

Think how it feels to be dying,
To lie there tattered and torn,
You don't like it, why should others?
Why should their friends have to mourn?

Does the gold glisten so brightly,
How great is the power you need,
That makes you forget, when blood you do shed,
That the flesh that you cut really bleeds.

Because (a reply to "Why?")

This song was sent to the Order of Celestial by an anonymous author
A song that be not to soldiers, but addressed to the author of "Why?"

It's another Sunday morning, it's another desperate fight.
We're heavily outnumbered, with no hope nor end in sight.
We talk of what comes after but it's only done for show.
Perhaps they'll kill us quickly, the only mercy that they know.

But now we hear their lines approaching and see their banners wave.
Its cold upon the battlefield, but colder in the grave.
Perhaps we'll take some down, perhaps we'll make it out alive.
But the odds are stacked against us and we know we won't survive.

The leaders may have chosen war but today they can't be found
Our masters sent us here to fight, as gladiators bound
To be thrown to the Lions: do they think we have a choice?
But Truth and Honour and Justice are for those who have a voice.

The Lion in my Heart (a reply to “Because”)

A song written in answer to the song, *Because*

By Karen Aldain

I'm watching from the sidelines, and the battle's nearly won
I'm watching people dying, so very far from home
There's some that can be healed, and some that can't be saved
It's cold upon the battlefield, but colder in the grave.

And the voices they are calling and the words are in my soul...
They're calling to the Lion in my heart...

I've healed so many people that I'm numb now to the pain
I've forgotten why we're fighting, for values, power or gain?
Remind me what we stand for, please stop me asking why?
Tell me death has purpose, remind me how to cry.

And the voices they are calling and the words are in my soul...
They're calling to the Lion in my heart...

Is it just a show of power, to stand victorious on our hill?
Or do our values count for something, even when you have no will?
When our people are against us, but their leaders gone and fled,
When it's our blades that cut our flesh, and our peoples' blood we shed.

And the voices they are calling and the words are in my soul...
They're calling to the Lion in my heart...

So let our words have reason, let our words have weight.
Let our words unite us, one people with one fate
Let us truly stand together, united in our cause
And let those who really stand against us be the ones who take the fall

And the voices they are calling and the words are in my soul...
They're calling to the Lion in my heart...

We extend our hands in friendship, our weapons by our sides
For any who will take it, we beg you not to fight
The Lions fight with Honour, it's not your deaths we seek
We'd proudly stand beside you, our allies on the field.

And the voices they are calling and the words are in my soul...
They're calling to the Lion in my heart...

In spirit we're one people who should not be split apart
So from these words take courage and know deep in your heart,
However dark your path may seem, however hard your choice
The Lions hear you calling – and we answer with one voice.

And the voices they are calling and the words are in my soul...
They're calling to the Lion in my heart...