

# Lions Faction Despatches

FEBRUARY 1109



*- No Lion Stands Alone -*

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## EDITORIAL

### - LIONS PACK-UP FEBRUARY 2009 -

**H**ere it is, first packup of the year and brimful of creativity! Just the thing to ease us gently out of a world of doom and gloom and into one of... well, Erdreja is rarely a cheerful place but its problems are nothing we can't fix with several big sticks! We start with a piss up in a brewery organised by a bunch of Norscans. This should prove very Chinese indeed. There'll be singing and dancing, drinking and carousing, and I daresay a small dose of bruising and angsting too. It'll be great.

Then it'll be time to get serious and kick some butts off our islands on spring campaign. Before we know it (what with the change in event dates), we'll be into the main event season and all that that brings...

In between, there will be packups. As long as the submissions keep coming, there will be packups. As long as you still want them, they'll be here. Which is why in this, my last editorial as I pass the torch on to the next poor sucker, I would like to thank everyone who has sent in even the smallest contribution. There have been reports, songs, obituaries, poems, adverts, pictures... it's been great. Long may it remain so. It's great to have a core group of players who always have something to add to these pages. They really keep it going. It's no less wonderful to see new names and new ideas on just what these pages can include. Thank you everyone. It's been a blast.

Good luck to everyone in the year ahead - in both worlds.

*Amanda*

### A LIONS OF LANTIA PRODUCTION

**STARRING:** AMANDA HILL, DESSIE MCALLISTER AND DAVID HEATON

**ALSO FEATURING:** GARETH HOLMES, MARIANNE WELLS, [HOUSE CARRICK], JOE LAMB, RACHEL PRINCE,  
GARETH MARKLEW AND EMMA CUNLIFFE

**SPECIAL THANKS** TO BRUCE MYERS FOR PERMISSION TO USE THE AWESOME LIONS LOGO

## FROM THE CROWNS OF LANTIA

Lions,

**A**nother year begins and with it come fresh challenges. From out of nightmares came forth the Akari. One vessel, I am told, was all it took to snare Andulus. One ship full of damned souls landed upon our island and took that which was most precious to us, the lives of our friends and kinsmen. Now, as in the past, we must raise blade and board against those that we would once have called brother.

Now, as in the dark days of Benedict, we must steel ourselves and stay not the blow 'gainst our own folk but instead set them free from the twilight that now shrouds their patterns.

Yet, not all is lost, nor is the spirit of the Lion defeated.

We must take heart that even though Andulus was lost to us the Akari forces were not able to secure their objective. The wraith taint, that which has been the greatest source of their strength, was thwarted and does not spread. Great credit here goes to each of you who fought on Andulus but in particular to the ritual teams who stood alone in the circle whilst all others fought the unliving forces hell bent on ripping our patterns from us.

In all this the land itself did take a stand. Justice, like Avalon before it, loathes and despises the corrupt souls who would seek dominion over it.

Know now: Our cause is right and just!

The land stands with us!

Our will is strong and though we are not now as strong as we might be, we will not be subjected the depredations of some jumped up fae who do not have the wherewithal to die when they should.

When next we meet in force I have little doubt that we shall again engage the Akari so let us ensure that we boot their scaly unliving backsides the hell off our islands and back down to let them fight it out with Satuun.

*Seraphim Darkendale*  
CROWN PRINCE OF LANTIA



## FROM THE UNICORN NATION

*To all my Brothers and Sisters in the Lions*

I am the Lord Unicorn Valten Dredd and at the Spring Moot I am leading my people into a place where nightmares are made real, a place where the dead hold power with fear as their currency and misery as their wine. It was a once proud Unicorn island that has been shrouded in darkness and despair for too long, where those who hold power there have assumed and laughed at the weakness of the Unicorn Nation thinking they are safe from our wrath. The island is called Far Reach and it is time for them to be afraid of us.

On this dark isle the unity of our people will be a force to be reckoned with and so I ask all of you, those who have bled with me, fought with me and drank with me to take up your arms and your banners. There is hard fighting and glory aplenty to be found on Far Reach where the courage of nations will be tested and forged in the crucible of battle, and we shall take back the night from those who seek to feast on our very patterns.

I know we face a powerful evil on the isle, the undead, twisted creatures and I hear reports of the akari befouling the ground with their twisted and murderous footsteps. This means that many of us will get to hang the effeminate masks of many dead akari from our banners and weapons, a warning to their kin that the heartlands are ready and waiting for them and their days are numbered.

So I ask you, will you join me my friends in helping the Unicorns to take back this island from the clutches of darkness. Will you test your steel, your hearts and faith on the blackened ground of Far Reach and smash the evil that has taken root. This is not something we can do alone and I would be humbled to stand by your side once again as we stare down whatever creature that skulks in the shadows that is deluded enough to believe it can face us in battle and survive. The land will be safe, the land will be light once more all we must do is survive the night that comes before, and with the strength of our peoples united that test will be easily passed.

Let the enemies of our peoples cower before the charge of the Unicorn and the roar of the Lion.

*Lord Unicorn Valten Kal Dredd*

## REPORTS FROM THE MILITARY

### *New Military Unit – Watchguard*

To all peoples of the Lions:

You may see light troops in this symbol – a black tower on a green background – around your island from now on. This is the Watchguard, a new legion raised in response to recent events and are here to



- Monitor the island and report any unusual activity, changes to the land, unliving armies moving in &c.
- Regularly patrol and check the circles and ports, where applicable.
- Assist the local sheriffs and populous with minor incidents.
- Prevent minor incidents becoming major ones as much as is possible.

Watchguard will be being assigned to each inhabited island of Lantia, with each major island having between 75–150 depending on size and local known threats. Please be aware that this is who they are and why they are there and extend then the same courtesy you would any other legion or official body who is there to help you and the Lions.

*Captain Solanthe Swan*

First Knight Captain

## Special Mention

- Captain Skarne of the Wolverines, for his attitude and contribution to the faction.
- Wenceslas, for constant effort and competence on duty.
- The members of House Carrick for their work at the Gathering.
- Sylvarant of the Dragons, for his self-appointed role as bodyguard and for continually risking his life for our faction.
- Crown Prince Seraphim has asked that Lance-Corporal Karnak Justice be highly commended for putting the welfare of the faction as a whole above personal feelings and rescuing those more in need before his own friends.
- The veterans of the Battle of Andulus.

This has not been an easy list to collate and almost all of those listed individually are from the Gathering of Nations. It has not been easy, however, because everybody present at the Battle of Andulus is deserving of praise. Whether for something easily noticed or quiet and barely seen work, each and every person present seem to have put their lives at risk for their fellow Lions (here I use the term as a catch all to also include our guests and mercenary attendees). And so I will not fill the dispatches with lists of names and whichever particular deed of courage I happened to witness, but merely say thank you to all of you.

## Songs FROM the HEARTH

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

### Tales of Redpath

*Redpath affirmation:*

Remember the old ways.

Know the new ways.

The old body has died.

The new body lives.

I ALLOW FOR FREEDOM  
AND I AM FREE.

I ALLOW FOR PEACE  
AND I AM PEACEFUL.

I ALLOW FOR POWER  
AND I AM POWERFUL.

I ALLOW FOR STRENGTH  
AND I AM STRONG.

I ALLOW FOR RICHNESS  
AND I AM RICH.

I ALLOW FOR KNOWLEDGE  
AND I AM WISE.

I STEP INTO MY POWER  
AND MY PATH IS RED!

I LOOK TO THE LIVING  
AND I AM ALREADY DEAD!

I AM KILLED ON THE FIELD  
AND I AM FINALLY HOME!

MY ANCESTOR LOVES WAR  
AND MY ANCESTOR IS PLEASED!

This day we rejoice for Gorgol has come! Gorgol comes! True blood of the land!

Waking from the Dream

— *I Could Not Find You* —

I heard you were missing when the bloods returned from the fight with Carrikk, I knew that your body under the rocks on the Steppes was not you.

I looked to the trees but you were not there, I looked in the river, but you were not there. I asked the wind for your voice, but there was silence, I asked the fire for your warmth, but there was only burning.

Then I remembered, that all life is dreaming and we are born asleep, how can we be frightened like a child if we only dream. At the end of this dream I will awaken and I will see my master. My master resides with the Path of Red, the ground moves, the stars dance and the black sun burns cold in the grainy sky.

I know I should not try to find you, for you are gone, you have finished your journey, you have awoken with your feet on the Path of Red. I should be joyful, for dead men in 'life' we are – in 'Death' we are alive.

My heart may now in time, cease aching for your face, my son.

We March

The Redpath are coming, are here, they say Huzzah! Huzzah!

The Redpath are coming, are here, they say huzzah! Huzzah!

Its the end of days or so they say, we don't care, we fight anyway – An'  
we all have to spit in the dark, to collect our pay!

We drink their beers and cut off their ears, huzzah! Huzzah!

We take their gold and drink their tears huzzah! Huzzah!

We pay the lords of terror back, with swords and spears and battle-axe –  
An' we all have to spit in the dark, to collect our pay!

Gorgol comes, or so they say huzzah!, huzzah!

Gorgol comes, or so they say huzzah! Huzzah!

In Carrikk colours, we fight this way, the enemies are girls, look, they  
run away! - An' we all have to spit in the Arc to collect our pay!

## Legend of the Warchief – Lord and Commander of the unrelenting horde

There will come a time that it will come to pass that three chiefs of war will arise in the North Isle – each from different circumstance of greatness. The people of the land will follow them forsaking all bonds and oaths that previously bound them, servants will turn against master, son against father, serf against knight none asked but bidden none the less.

The first chief of war will hail from a great and noble house, born of greatness, strong of arm and rich in pocket. He will sweep the first boundaries away and lead a mighty horde of men and animals just as our forefathers ran with wolves and spoke to creatures of the air. His three wives will conspire against his friends and rebel against his wishes, they will poison him on the eve of his greatest battle, and his ghost will howl on the edge of the silver lake and slay women who hear his dread keening. His sword will drink the blood of its prey like a man dying of thirst in the dry-lands, woe betide the fool who would carry the tainted blade.

The second chief of war will achieve greatness, born to a merchant's family; his talent will be in words as well as the sword. His voice will be as beautiful as the women that sooth his wounds and temper – honeyed tones and cool touches. His hands will be as iron, carving through the enemies like wheat in the field, many widows will he make and wailing will follow the horde. The seven lords of the sea will see their ships burn and they will walk as pigs into the fires of the sky. The children of those he has slain will end his days with arcane splendour as he courts his mistress under the Seven moons. His achievements will be forgotten and his mighty spear shall bite the backs of those would wield it.

The third chief of war will have greatness thrust upon him, born into a broken people cast into the shadows of the earth. The blade shall skin the wolf and gorge on the blood of the broken wheel. His followers will walk not the earth but fly through space, tremble the earth with their might, melt stone and shatter the pride of the dragon. Snakes will coil and strike not flesh but laughter; he will fall into a web of spiders skulking in the shade but wear it as a cloak of valour. The horde will ruin the land and remake the land, animals shall dance with humans, trees talk and spirits run with heavy feet. This Warchief will vanish at the height of his power his work done, his veins empty – his armour will walk of its own accord singing his praises.

## Redpath: The Twins

**W**e have known about the twins for a long time. They were once human, but the mists and their actions, saw them, raised up.

Our folk, in the old ways knew of them, fought them, hid from them. Time passed and now only small talk of the sword-man and the shield-woman remains.

They are Jhakalaura now and under their banner the Knights Pale of Carrikk march. Although we brave Redpath do not bend our knee to the Twins, we honour their strength.

Our warriors are Carrikk's soldiers now, we are green and red, we are the Redpath and Jhak's sword is our friend.

Should our lines break, our courage fail, our strength desert us, then in arms to Jhakalaura's Knights he head. With these allies, once our masters, we can look to the future and all the precious blood of the Argents spread out in a path for us ahead on the road.

### Redpath fables: In which Morgan becomes a father to a goat

**T**here once lived a boy who lived amongst the tribes of the Lazy Moon, these are the tribes of the Savannah on North Isle where we lay our scene.

The boy was named Athar, his family was from the Ripped Horn tribe in particular, which would one day go on to become part of what is known as the Redpath. He was born during an eclipse of the sun, it is said his birth was bloody, his hands covered in glistening clots. This was considered a bad omen, for it foreshadowed destruction and the spilling of the blood of the kin, the witchdoctor in attendance gave the order for the child to be taken to the place of Skulls and Flat-Rock in order to be given back to the jealous whimsical Ancestor whom they honoured.

Instead, Athars kin hid him in the steppes amongst Trolls who served the tribes and paid tribute, they too honoured this jealous and whimsical Ancestor along with his messenger the Bee Dog. It was a very risky thing to do, this concealment of Athar, for not only might the Trolls eat the child, but also they would be undone should their deception see daylight.

In order to trick the Witchdoctor into proclaiming the traditions honoured Athars father Morgan, stole into the neighbouring tribes land (The Jagged Teeth) and did take a lamb. The next night he stole once more into their lands and did take the rich felt from the chiefs sons tent, leaving him a shivering cold come the morning. The third night he stole into their lands and with great trepidation took the

eyebrows and beard of the unconscious gleeman, a potent brew ensuring his trip to lethe.

Taking these prizes Morgan did steal in secret to the place of Skulls and Flat rock and place upon it the goat, disguised in the felt and hair of the Jagged Teeth The goat did fret but upon him Morgan did lay violent beatings. With all of these elements in place Morgan did see his work completed and did weep for this shrouded goat looked nothing like his son. He called out to all the things that change, to the bringer of war, to the lover of brotherhood and uttered his plea to save his son and lead his people from these wretched times.

His prayer was answered, soon the air hummed with many many bees which did cover the sleeping goat as a blanket, when the bees did fly away Morgan gasped and was shocked to see what appeared a likeness of his son, but for the eyes, which remained such as the fel goat.

Morgan stole away back to his people safe in the knowledge that his son would live to carry on his bloodline, little knowing the events his actions would set into motion...the sundering of the tribes, the slaying of the Ancestor of the tribes and the Ascension of the He That Must Not Be Named!

## Achilleian

*by Josef Lambsen*

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### CHORUS:

*Hail, Achilleian, Hail!  
For the light that burns brighter  
can never burn long.  
You show the truth to us all.  
That honour and courage  
and strength never fail  
Hail, Achilleian, Hail.*

Achilleian, Hail!  
Remember the words  
And the deeds and the songs  
And Histories tell,  
To ensure Burton's memory  
Always lives on.  
Of death and destruction he brought to our foes

The first to the line where the weak dare not go  
The evil to slay and the base overthrow  
And over all others prevail.  
Hail, Achillean, Hail!

CHORUS

Achillean, Hail!  
On the day when we come  
To our parting of ways.  
And though you are gone  
You'll live in our hearts  
To the end of our days.  
We know that your spirit has bettered us all  
We needed a champion, you answered the call  
You stood for our creed, though you knew you would fall  
And now, as your light burns pale?  
Hail, Achillean Hail!

CHORUS

Hail Achillean...  
HAIL!

## The Correspondence Between an Elf and a Bard (Otherwise known as You've Been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf)

*By Alfhildr Dreamstruck*

*You've been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf  
And, there's nothing you can do  
Coz you've been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf  
And you know that it is true*

I thanked you, for the things that you did,  
My manners, were impeccable  
Then I threatened, to smash your face  
If you threatened me or mine.

*You've been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf  
And, there's nothing you can do  
Coz you've been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf  
And you know that it is true*

You called me witless, a pitiful elf,  
You called me prattling, along with everything else  
You tried to have me killed by the cult  
But, look who's standing still

*You've been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf  
And, there's nothing you can do  
Coz you've been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf  
And you know that it is true*

Now look who's witless, who's pitiful?  
Now who's prattling and on the floor?  
I may not have killed you myself.  
But I still smashed you face

*You've been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf  
And, there's nothing you can do  
Coz you've been Dreamstruck Thrydwulf  
And you know that it is true*

## Get Off Our Land

or

A Message to our Foes  
*By Wenceslas Farrier*

This song do be inspired by Happenings on Andulus, because sometimes you do wish that some people would just go away.

Our foes they flock round all about,  
Our future it seems blue,  
Beset from every side it seems,  
The Lions' time is through.  
But then out steps the farmer bold,

Against the creeping throng,  
And with a phrase known ages past,  
Then this will be his song:

*Get off our land, get off our land,  
The hills are ours, the fields are ours,  
The trees and rivers through.  
Get off our land, get off our land,  
'Cause Thrydwulf's dead, Isolde has fled,  
Now you'll be running too!*

Akari, they're a fearsome foe,  
Corrupted, foul and rank,  
They strike with claws from out the dark,  
From shadows drear and dank.  
But they will learn that in the dark,  
The Lions' scouts are found,  
So Undead will soon be falling,  
To this immortal sound:

*Get off our land, get off our land,  
The hills are ours, the fields are ours,  
The trees and rivers through.  
Get off our land, get off our land,  
'Cause Thrydwulf's dead, Isolde has fled,  
Now you'll be running too!*

Now here's the fourteenth's merry band,  
Oblivion their aim,  
They're all shaped by mighty magicks,  
And bring more strife and pain.  
But the soldiers of the Lions,  
Are stalwart, true and brave,  
And quite soon they'll all be singing,  
Fourteen into a grave!

*Get off our land, get off our land,  
The hills are ours, the fields are ours,  
The trees and rivers through,  
Get off our land, get off our land,*

*'Cause Thrydwulf's dead, Isolde has fled,  
Now you'll be running too!*

And there's a certain Company,  
I do not care to name,  
They've taken friends and family,  
Just for a debt they claim.  
But our friends are a decent bunch,  
They're with us to the end,  
And now they're going to help us,  
A message clear to send:

*Get off our land, get off our land,  
The hills are our, the fields are ours,  
The trees and rivers through,  
Get off our land, get off our land,  
'Cause Thrydwulf's dead, Isolde has fled,  
Now you'll be running too!*

Well the healers' strength is fading,  
And swiftly comes the dark,  
Cross all of the Lions' homelands,  
Now Evil makes its mark.  
But the Lions still stand ready,  
Whilst foes have huffed and puffed,  
So now the faction can tell them,  
That they can all get stuffed!

*Get off our land, get off our land,  
The hills are ours, the fields are ours,  
The trees and rivers through,  
Get off our land, get off our land,  
'Cause Thrydwulf's dead, Isolde has fled,  
Now you'll be running too!*

## Live

by Wenceslas Farrier

This does be being a lament for the Akari, for what they were  
having and what they were losing.

There's a chill in the air  
cuts my flesh like a knife,  
and that chill in the air  
lets me know I'm alive

*So live with me, die with me,  
laugh with me, cry with me,  
Dance and sing with joy and delight with me.*

For the sun's in the sky  
whilst my friends laugh and cry,  
and the sun in the sky  
lets me know I'm alive

*So live with me, die with me,  
laugh with me, cry with me,  
Dance and sing with joy and delight with me.*

There's a song in the night  
and a fire burning bright,  
and that song in the night  
lets me know I'm alive

*So live with me, die with me,  
laugh with me, cry with me,  
Dance and sing with joy and delight with me*

You can keep your power  
my words now please forgive,  
whilst the world's in flower,  
I just want to live!

## Ice and Stone

Enduring, everlasting, constant in all things  
Unyielding stone how I envy ye.  
Cold to the touch, so similar yet so different.  
You do not fear not the touch of the sun,  
Nor the change from winter to spring.  
When the lark sounds you need not find shelter  
Lest the warmth of the day warm your surface.  
The surface melts away exposing that which lies beneath.  
Untried, untested and unsure how do I respond  
Forsake the sun and turn once more unto the moon  
Her sister cold, stark and beautiful shining  
In the night or embrace the warmth and rush  
What has already begun?  
Is the choice truly mine?

## Exiles' Song

*by Karen Aldain, Order of Celestial*

Many died under Thrydwulf, but this is the song for those he coerced into helping him, using threats, violence and mind control. They have taken themselves into exile, and left the Lions, for their crimes were called treason. But we do not forget them. Instead we ask you to spread this song, and tell them to go to neutral land, where Lions law does not hold sway. They can go to Bears Lands, and seek the Chieftan of Clan McAlwyn. We will be waiting there, and hopefully we will find a way to bring them home. What happened was not right, and they are as much his victims as any. No Lion stands alone, and we will never give up on them.

Our future's gone, our path's a ghost,  
Exiles with a shadowed past.  
Forced to serve, now traitors we -  
The villain's dead, and we must flee

*Not forgotten, not alone,  
We know a Lion's in your heart.  
Hoping for a new beginning,  
Offering a place to start.*

A long and lonely path ahead.  
We saved our lives to live as dead.  
Fugitives, we walk alone,  
Dreaming of lost lands of home.

*Not forgotten, not alone,  
We know a Lion's in your heart.  
Hoping for a new beginning,  
Offering a place to start.*

Can we really start again?  
New beginnings? End the pain?  
One more step, another way?  
Shadows lengthen into day.

*Not forgotten, not alone,  
We know a Lion's in your heart.  
Hoping for a new beginning,  
Offering a place to start.*