

Lions Faction Despatches

OCTOBER 1109



- No Lion Stands Alone -

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EDITORIAL

- LIONS PACK-UP OCTOBER 2009 -

Damn Akari. Ruining our good time. There we were, a faction with not a care in the world barring the Unliving hordes, Corporate Kali'sto forces, forest dwelling monsters, evil XIV machinations, bloodthirsty mercenaries and pissed off elementals. We had a lot on our already big plate, and then the bleedin' Akari go and throw a steak into the Piranha tank. If I could illustrate it via the written form, I would show you a look of indignant anger. Try to picture it. It's so angry, but at the same time so indignant. Fear my angry indignant face. Only one thing for it then; smash the Akari good and proper, the invading bastards. To the End!

Wellity wellity wellity: New pack up, new Parliment, new Lions madness. I do loves it. What's on the cards? Well, a fine amount of material from you lot, and that's for starters. I was given a provided with a lovely abundance of material from you wonderful people, and all of its included. Such wonders lie beyond; from updates on your faction business (both military and civilian), severely fantastical stories and poems, all your OOC update needs, and good old downright madness. Forget the Norscan Trench Lobster and his legion of Fried Weevils; he's got nothing on this.

He's currently infesting the Eastern wall of your house. He's an irritating dictator, but can kept at bay with Waffles pressed through the vent system.

(Head of Plot Note: Do not press Waffles into your vent system. This will attract vermin. There is no Norscan Trench Lobster.... yet.)

On a side note, a serious pointer on a previous request. The Plot Team have asked for players to submit their character backgrounds. In response, we received many character backgrounds. Now for the serious part: **THANK YOU**. Thank you so much for all your submissions. Every character background is another little thread we can weave into the great tapestry (yeah, what's got two thumbs and uses descriptions? This guy!) and the more we get, the more we can weave. Seriously, every time you submit a background, we smile. We really do. And if that wasn't enough of an incentive, your

backgrounds allow us to maybe have those of your past come back to haunt you, forgotten grudges resurface, or anything you can imagine.

Keep 'em coming, we love it.

*Now, sit back, relax, sit forward again because you find the words go all blurry, and enjoy.
Much love,*

GAV

A LIONS OF LANTIA PRODUCTION

WRANGLER BY: Gav Folens, Barry Holliday, Adam Sullivan, Derek MacAllister, Paul Feldwick and the illustrious Dave Heaton.

CONTENTS BY: Paul Feldwick, Allen Stroud, Rachel Prince, Carla Mickelburgh, Iain McNeill, Alan Wells, Barry Holliday and Petrina Light.

Special Thanks to Bruce Myers for use of the Lions logo; I dream of it.

Tip of the Season:

New players show up every event. We like new players. We were all new players at one stage. First events can be as varied as terrifying, hilarious, insane and glorious. Give them a warm welcome, help them out, and make 'em part of the Lions family.

FROM THE CROWNS OF LANTIA

My People,

The Gathering has passed and we have accomplished what we went there to do. We returned to our lands, to our families, to our friends. We have spent what time we have preparing ourselves for the Winter, for the colder nights, for what was yet to come.

It is time.

It is time to arm up and go to war.

It is time to take back our lands from abominations.

Time to cleanse Lantia of the last remnants of Roan's forces.

Time to destroy the Akari once and for all.

We have fought them at every turn and, at the Gathering of Nations we sent a message to those Elbereth and his corrupted unliving fae cohorts squatting on Lions Soil, that we are coming for them. Let us follow it through, sending the message to every corner of the islands that Lantia belongs to the Lions, and let none question our sovereignty.

So join me, all who would see this finished, join me as we obliterate the last of the Akari scum who dare to invade LIONS LAND!

Let them hear our roar and let fear visit them as an encroaching shadow of their worst nightmare. WE ARE LIONS!

TO THE END!



Herzist MacConnell

LORD GENERAL OF THE LIONS FACTION
GATEGUARD

REPORTS FROM THE MILITARY

Report from Osgar Cattedrin, Aide to Lions Forces, C/O Fort Hatfield

October 1109

My Lords & Ladies,

I write the following report to advise of the current disposition of the Lions forces:

We have, as yet, not had full details of Legio Borealis' engagement with the Akari forces at Al'Qfar but initial reports show they have taken very heavy casualties, possibly in the region of 80% dead or wounded. But word from the Jackals says they will be returning to Lantia soon.

The Expeditionary force's morale seems to be slowly recovering now word has been received regarding the death of Lord Rone of the Akari.

All naval forces continue to report no new Akari naval encounters on their blockade and patrols.

Regarding the situation on Andulus and our new 'allies' the Achreos. The transfer of the Achreos civilians to Gallathrix has begun and thus far the civilians have conducted themselves well, adhering to all orders given, however not all civilians have been removed from the island as they are only being transported out in small numbers.

The Achreos military forces, if you can call them that, have been sending us further information on the disposition of Akari forces on Andulus, however to maintain the façade with the Akari these messages are few and far between. They have promised that during the upcoming campaign to regain Andulus they will supply information of the location of the major commanders of the Akari forces so that strategic hits can be made.

They advise that the following commanders are currently on Andulus:

Lieutenant Vitra, appears to be in overall control of the Akari forces on Andulus

Captain Azhar, Vitra's right hand man and evil son of a bitch

Captain Ifran, in charge of the Choma forces

Captain Hania, magical support sent by Lieutenant Karawan from Arrakesh

They also advise that there are some unusual unliving been spotted recently around the ritual circle, they appear to be made of dust and are semi-incorporeal, we have yet to identify what they are or where they have come from.

I have received word from Knight Marshall Orpheus that the Legion of the Expeditionary Force will be spear heading the attack into Andulus by landing on the eastern shore of the island and that the faction notables will be transporting on to the island through the north western transport circle and linking up with the Achreos forces nearby. The use of transport beacons has not been successful however as the Achreos have not been able to co-ordinate all the circles to activate at the same time.

I shall send more information as I receive it.

Yours,

Osgar

Aide to Lions Forces

Report from Enrique Vilmos, Aide to the Lions Scouts

Fellow Lions,

I have pieced together information from previous scouts reports and new information gained from recent missions so that you're all aware of what we should be facing on Andulus and other matters going on round the Lantian ring.

It appears that there is some confusion about the location of Sheriffsholme. Sheriffsholme is the nickname given to the large castle in the town of Watchtown which is near the ritual circle in the centre of the island. From the reports received so far and from the few escapees from Sheriffsholme it appears the town has been destroyed by the Akari but the castle still holds, hopefully with the remnants of the Scouts and troops trapped on the island a year ago. The late Sir Oliver Fitz-Oliver saw to it that the castle had it's own clean water supply and provision of stores and a chicken farm to maintain itself in case of siege.

The Akari forces near the north western circle appear to number approx. 500 from Achreos reports and this seems to be the logical place to hit them and use as a base of operations.

On the isles of Gallathrix, Ontarix, Emmerix and Sammarix there have been sightings of new 'guardians' near the ritual circles. The Watchguard on each island report these 'guardians' have the appearance of golems made from the gems which grow on the isles. The Watchguard and the scouts have tried to question these beings but they have on the whole been largely un-responsive, however they have taken no aggressive actions against anyone using the circle.

Yours,

Enrique Vilmos

Aide to the Lions Scouts

An Open Letter from Pericles of Hydra

Friends.

We gather to test our blades against the last vestiges of the Akari. In my ears still ring the words of the King. "To the End", he said, and to the end it shall be.

My pledge has been to uphold this royal command to the best that I am able to do so. It supercedes all other duty. The Akari must be opposed, defeated and destroyed. There can be no other recourse.

Beyond this, lies a new chapter in our life as a nation. Perhaps once all is done, we can seek to determine what our place in the Heartlands is. Over the last few years it has changed dramatically and now is the time that we must learn to take advantage of that fact. In these times, the Lions speak, and the Heartlands listen, indeed so do all the southlands. It is important we continue to speak with one voice, united behind a common purpose and goal. That path must be determined and each person find their place upon it.



FROM the Office of the High Sheriff of the Lions Faction

15th day 9th Month 1109.

To the People of Lantia,

At the recent Gathering of Nations, information was received from the Wayward Flame which appeared to implicate Ilyrio Darkendale in the murder of several Lions citizens. This matter was fully investigated by members of the Lions Sheriff's office at my request and the following conclusions were drawn.

The Investigation has determined that Ilyrio was not involved in these killings and his actions were furthermore in keeping with his responsibilities as part of a special taskforce set up by the High Sheriffs with Royal assent last year for the purposes of smashing the shimmer trade across the Lantian isles.

Karnak Justice
High Sheriff

From Ilyrio Darkendale, Faction Quartermaster

To the people of Lantia,

As you are no doubt aware my name was brought up by the Wayward Flame in connection with death of several Lions citizens.

This matter has been investigated and I believe that a letter from the High Sheriff will accompany this one in the despatches.

However, I would like to apologise for any disturbance this may have caused you.

Yours,
Ilyrio

BIRTHS

Prince Meggido and Lady Adara Darkendale-Stone are pleased to announce the safe arrival of their son, Jerusalem, and daughter, Lily, shortly before sunrise on the 20th September, 1109.

Both mother and children are doing well.

The Prince would like to extend his personal thanks to all who attended and assisted.

OBITUARIES

Monachos Taralom – Made mistakes, and didn't always make the right decision, but he always had the best interests of his friends, family and faction at heart. He will be missed.

Songs FROM the HEARTH

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

Driftwood

(Joel Paltrow)

All verdant green our lives began
In many varied far flung lands,
We sank our roots and spread our branches,
Then were shaped by others hands.

Some found service for a time
As plank or keel, beam or stave,
Until discarded, lost, or broken,
Were cast to a watery grave.

Bourne by currents o'er the sea
Or ripped by storm from our home soil,
Washed up on this rocky shore,
Gathered in by patient toil.

Kind hand plant us in this land
New structures proud to meet the day,
Our broken roots make this land home,
We burn to keep the Dark at bay.

Sea Beast

Jasper shivered

A wind whipped along the wall, drawing with it a strong smell of brine from the sea a hundred feet below. He sat huddled against the elements gazing along the battlement that disappeared into the feeble morning light. Behind him were the stones of the ruined watchtower, which provided a crumb of reassurance against the drop to a grizzly death.

“You okay?”

Jasper looked up and recognised Mal’s genuine expression of concern. “Yeah, I guess.” He mumbled and struggled to his feet, clutching at the halberd he had lent against the stone.

“S’alright relax, its cold out here,” Mal said and it was only then Jasper noticed he was carrying a small bowl that steamed in the chill. “Brought you some stew.”

“Thanks.”

Jasper took the bowl and began to eat. He liked Mal. None of the little patrol knew much about him, but they were certainly grateful when the little man had appeared three days ago with supplies. They had been expecting to be relieved a week before, but that wasn’t Mal’s fault, and any kind of contact was better than nothing.

“See anything?”

“Nope. Not unless you count the gulls, and if you do, there’s too many.”

“Best not count ‘em then.”

As he sipped at the stew, Jasper began to feel better. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the flickering of a fire inside the tower where the others were. There were five of them in total, if you included Mal, which they didn’t for guard duty. Fish, Hedge and Klem would be warming themselves in in their blankets, whilst he sat outside. “Why’re we here anyway?”

Mal shrugged, “I dunno I’m just a cook.”

“Doesn’t make any sense to leave us here if there’s no threat, too dangerous. Even the locals say they never left folk on the wall in winter.”

“When’d you get chance to talk to the locals?”

“I didn’t, Klem did before we came up.”

They could both hear the sound of chanting voices coming from inside the tower. Mal gestured towards the noise. “That just goes to show, you don’t want to be listening to the locals too much,”

Jasper nodded. Two months previous they had all been stationed on the Ceryphus coast with the rest of the legion. Back then everyone had been worried that the undead might cross from Andulus on the wall or find a way underwater. He could remember sniggering during the big speech one of the high ups had made, dressed in a pink coat. The drill sergeant hadn’t found it funny at the time and neither had he after a twenty mile punishment run. That was the first time he’d heard the word Akari. Back then, they’d been promised a big fight, but it hadn’t happened.

Because of the Kraken.

Inside the tower the chanting grew louder, Jasper could make out Klem’s distinctive voice as he led the others - “Sea Beast, Sea Beast Sea Beast.” they repeated rhyth-

mically, over and over.

“It’s harmless stuff,” he said dismissively. “Let em pray to who they like.”

Mal didn’t seem convinced. “Back where I used to live, that kind of talk caused trouble. You know any priests?”

“I know the lodge leader back at camp. He’s never been fussed about who you worship, just so long as you do.”

“So why aren’t you bowing and scraping with em?” Mal asked.

“I’m on duty.” Jasper replied.

“What if you weren’t, would you?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because I don’t believe the creature’s an ancestor, but I can see why some people do.”

Jasper had seen it all clearly. Three weeks after the big speech, they’d mustered up near the wall, watching the undead, clambering their way towards them. The ruined battlement that stretched between the islands of Andulus and Ceryphus was a treacherous causeway, but the dead didn’t care. Instead the magically empowered corpses had seethed over the stones, carrying with them a promise of horror and violence.

The fight had looked grim. They were outnumbered and would be overwhelmed.

Then the Kraken had arrived.

“You weren’t there Mal, you can’t kill what’s already dead,” he said. “We’d have died if it weren’t for that thing. It smashed them up like they were toy soldiers an’ saved our lives. I’m not going to question what they think about it.”

“I’m not questioning their gratitude,” Mal replied. “Just worried about all the bowing and scrapin. That Klem’s more than half local himself. I can understand Fish being a bit easily impressed, poor boy obviously never got the family marbles, but Hedge should know better.”

“I understand,” Jasper replied. “It ain’t just them though, hundreds of soldiers saw what happened, some of the marines too.”

“Then it needs looking at, someone should tell the higher ups.”

Jasper scowled at him. “Look around you. How’m I supposed to do that?”

Mal made as if to reply, but then shrugged and sighed. “Good point.”

The two men stood in silence for a while as Jasper finished off the stew. We he was done, he handed the bowl back. He didn’t like to disappoint Mal and he could appreciate the point.”Tell you what,” he said. “Why don’t you take a message back

about it? You'd be doing us a favour, reminding them we're still alive up here."

Mal looked doubtful. "Don't like to leave you lot alone."

"We'll be fine," Jasper reassured him. "We managed before you got here."

"Sea Beast, Sea Beast, Sea Beast!"

The chanting was a shout now. Klem's voice shook as he urged the others on. Jasper felt more than a bit jealous. All three men were in the warm and had something to believe in. What have I got? He thought,. Not a lot.

Suddenly the sky seemed to split with a deafening crack and out on the waves, as if in answer to the chants, a massive shape loomed up from the depths. Scales and spray made a new wall across the water. A hundred yards from the watchtower, the Kraken writhed wildly in mid air before crashing back into the sea.

Inside the tower the chanting stopped. Jasper and Mal exchanged glances.

"Shit."

The Book of Creation

For those who listened and those who were not able to at the time, here is a story from the Book of Creation, one that I have kept secret for too long. This is part of my gift to my new family.

Tread safely

Skiva Walker Elspragk
Lions High Ambassador
High Priestess of Clan Walker

I remember the beginning of days, when all on the face of the world was new, and full of life. I remember the time when the land and seas would rise and fall to our bidding, and all was in harmony. I remember a time before there was time, then four great cities stood upon the wellsprings of the world we have come to know as Erdreja. I remember the time when Lothiriell fair walked at my side, and we shared counsel long into the night. Lothiriell Even-Hand, she was called. Her wisdom was great as her love for her People, and her dweomercraft as Powerful as the love we shared for one another. Immortal we were, and innocent, full of the wonder of life, tempered with the import of the task before us. Together, we brought life into the world, in the shape of a son, whom we called Illianor Thuleandor, of Spirit-of-the-land, in the common tongue, who brought us much joy. I remember the rise and fall of Lothiriell Even-Hand. Then Medroth came to us, and spoke long of things he had discovered of the art, we listened with eager ears, for even then, the task we laboured with weighed heavy upon our shoulders, and we longed to find means that

would ease it. In our wide-eyed innocence, we could not know what we would unleash upon Erdreja, guided by the hand of Medroth. Neither could we have known whom guided Medroth's hand in turn, nor why Pendraeg, too, gave his sanction to our searches.

So it was Time came to Erdreja, and those that were immortal suddenly knew mortality. We looked in horror as we aged before each others eyes – a concept so alien to us as to be inconceivable. Long did the elven mages labour on a cure for the condition, and we devised the Ritual of Fazing, wherein we would gaze deep into the eyes of Erdreja, and beg her for aid. Five strode into the Morian circle. Four kings and a queen, of elven blood, the first of the first. Five descended deep into the earth beneath, and placed their heads upon the stone therein. Of the five, none would emerge unchanged. Of the five, Caelen was changed that he would ever walk in the dream of Erdreja. Sylvanost ever after would be rigid of thought. Sereg was transformed to a being trapped between life and the death – his pattern ceased to dance. I emerged immortal as the rest of the kings, but the price I would pay was almost more than I could bear, for Lothiriël did not emerge. She was the first to die upon the face of Erdreja, and I was the first to know grief. So began the time known as the Reverie, in which those whom had know Lothiriël lamented and keened and cried to the heavens ad depths, forsaking our duties to Erdreja, lost in our grief, and sorrow. More were lost to the plain of Death in the years that followed, and those that mourned Lothiriël mourned them also, so great was the horror and pain Time had wrought upon the world. Whilst observing the years of the Reverie, many elves, myself included, lost their path and purpose. When the white council convened, Lord F/Rulien stood to the fore, declaring that those elves that observed the Reverie and honoured the fallen so must cease, and forget them. In my rage at Lord Silvanost's words, and sickened with grief for the loss of fair Lothiriël, I called upon her name, and the power I knew she wielded, bidding her smite Silvanost and so was Lord Silvanost smote by Lothiriël's power. By this action, the magic we call incantation was born, and Lothiriël became the first of the elder ancestors. When others heard of my actions, they too began to call on the magics of Lothiriël, and other ancestors dear to them. By this way did incantation proliferate throughout the elder world. Here came the second betrayal of Everon Satun. As elves learned the power held by the ancestors, Everon whispered dark secrets to them, teaching them how to ask the ancestors to cause great harm, and bring ill to those whom opposed their followers. So did many followers of Lothiriël Even-Hand fall to darkness, and come to be known as Darker Elves, using their magics for woe rather than weal. This in turn corrupted the ancestors themselves, twisting their will and purpose to that of

their followers. This aspect of the law of contagion remains true of all ancestors now, save a few whom have taken measures and made contingencies. So began the fall of Lothiriel and the beginning of a time of strife, ever after remembered with pain as the Sundering Wars. In the years of darkness that followed, brother turned on sister, and father on son, and mother on daughter. Lines drawn along belief and faith – one side believing that the Darker Elf path was correct, and that the Reverie should not be abandoned – the other that the Reverie should be abandoned, along with its corruption. For myself, my choice would surprise many, but I had my reasons – I chose the path that would see the Reverie abandoned. I hunted my kin, with my rivals at my side, straight to the mouth of the underworld. There, great magics were wrought amidst the strife of terrible battle, and a rent was torn in the side of the mountain. Into this rent, we pushed the Darker Elves. My followers and soldiers staying their hands, wherever possible, that Darker Elves might live, and the line of Lothiriel survive. At the battles climax, the rent sealed with an almighty crash that shook the grounds and heavens alike, and the Darker Elves were lost to the light. Perhaps, I still hope, now forever. There, in the darkness beneath the world, Lothiriel waited, watching over her people as they sickened and died in their caverns, cut off from the source. There, she wept for her people, and sought ways to ward them from the radiations, feed them, and nurture them. Here came the third betrayal of Everon Satun. Seeking only her lines survival, Lothiriel drank deep of Everons corruption, making dark pacts with him, that her people would pay for for all eternity, until the cycle is broken. Her people were struck black, to ward them from the radiations, and hide them from the eyes of their enemies beneath the rocks. Lothiriel, too, was changed, taking in the aspect of the Queen of Spiders. Loth, she became, and her children, the Drow. Long have I considered this fate, and lamented the decisions I made during the Sundering War. Had I chosen to side with her, I may of saved her from her fate. Had I chosen not to stay my hand, I might have saved her from her corruption. Erdreja and its peoples will be my judge, just as they were my executioner. When my judgement is heard, I will not shy from it. In the mean time, I shall strive to save my Lothiriel, and bring her kin back to the light.

Other OC Stuff

Carla's Amulets

Hi fellow Lions,

I'm letting you know in this missive that I've decided I can't any more come to Events due to health reasons. Most of you know what's wrong with me, so I don't need to elaborate.

However, I'm not so ill that I can't continue to make the amulets every body says they love!

I have noticed that if I don't come to Events people appear to forget I exist and stop ordering them! The double sided ones have been a great success and with long winter evening approaching I will be only too glad to have something to do. To remind you what they're like and to show new Lions what they're missing I've attached some pictures of some I made before. Ask fellow Lions: I have made every design so far requested even when they were very difficult! My email address is available on the Forum.

Carla Mickelburgh *aka* Eliedra Darkleaf.

Character/Group Backgrounds

Ever thought it would be cool if the monsters turned up looking for you?

Ever wondered what would happen if that drow that killed your village arrived wielding your father's sword?

Ever contemplated how people would react if it turned out you were in neck deep in trouble?

Well now's your chance! Send the plot team your character/group background, or any details about your character/group and we may include them in future plot lines! Send all information to plot@lionsfaction.co.uk, preferably in a word document.

Thanks,

Barry – Head of plot

PS Bear in mind by sending us the information you agree to us using it without consultation (we can't go asking people if they mind the monsters turning up, that would just ruin it!). Please also note that sending in any information does not guarantee we'll use it – or that we'll use it in the manner you expect. The only guarantee is that we will read it and if we think we can use it ... well, you'll see!