

Lions Faction Despatches

AUGUST 1110



- No Lion Stands Alone -

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EDITORIAL

- LIONS PACK-UP AUGUST 2010 -

The Gathering is a tricky beast. The final (and biggest) Event of the LT year never ceases to cause hundreds of bums to clench at the thought of what monsters are going to be marching through their camps, which Factions finally going to snap and go on a killing spree, and which Guild is going to refuse to accept members from a certain race due to the fact that they were looked at funny in the pub.*

The Gathering is when we all band together (well, 'band' is a strong word – maybe 'attach' or 'loosely affiliate' or 'fervently deny any affiliation') and kick the metaphorical crap out of any and all that would threaten our way of life.

You've got to love the Lions. Even our enemies love the Lions (albeit that tends to be 'Lions spread across toast'). You've got to respect a Faction that sticks to its morals even when it's guaranteed to cause several Factions, more than a few Guilds and probably an Ancestor (usually with a cheerful name like 'Zerakatcha the Maimer') to have a go at them. In short: we don't take none of your guff.

But this is all leading up to my main point, for last night, my Fellow Lions, I had a vision:

I saw the Lions standing on the field, facing off against the combined might of the other Factions. I saw the Lions stand fast as numbers that dwarfed ours charged towards us. I heard roars of defiance from our mass, daring the enemy to even swing their blades. I saw arrows flash out and strike many foes down. And then the forces met. The carnage was horrific, but we held the line. And when the smoke cleared... well, to be honest, we were dead to a man, but trust me, it looked freakin' badass, and we held that bloody line. At that point, the Lord of the Zebras told me it was time to go to school, and I woke up.

While my vision ended up in our destruction (more-badass-than-'300'-destruction nonetheless), I think the point my noggin was trying to make was pretty clear: it doesn't matter what happens at the Gathering, just as long as everyone enjoys themselves. (It's a stretch, but that's how I see it.)

* Answers: Giant Ants (with Hats), the Gryphons (with Jaunty Hats), and Ologs (with EVIL Hats.)

In closing, welcome to the Pack Up. I do so very much enjoy sorting and reading all your submissions, and everything you've given me is in here now.

Thanks a million,

See you all in the field (though this time I hope without the 'Lord of the Zebras'),

Gav

P.S: If you should happen to see the 'Lord of the Zebras', do not approach him. Just walk away. He's an angry, angry young Ungulate who only wants to borrow money.

A LIONS OF LANTIA PRODUCTION

WRANGLER BY: Gav Folens, Barry Holliday, Adam Sullivan, Paul Feldwick
and a delightful Cake in the shape of Dave Heaton.

CONTENTS BY: Derek MacAllister, Sarah Brennen, Gillian Smart, Jack Fitzmaurice, Chris
Cunliffe, Jen Phillips, Russ Phillips, Matthew Priestly, and Emma Cunliffe.

Special Thanks to Bruce Myers for use of the Lions logo; it's known to be used in Rorschach tests.

Tip of the Season:

*Towards the end of the LT year, you've got to consider the important things: How have
I survived this long, and how long can I keep getting away with it?*

News of the Legions.

The people of the Lions will be aware that two of our Legions have recently lost a great many of their soldiers.

Legio Borealis were dispatched to Al Qu'far to aid the Jackals during the battles against the Akari. Though the action was successful, many people of this Legion was lost. Many of you will remember Xivental's attack upon Fort Hatfield that cost us a great many people, including much of the Veterans of Avalon.

The decision has been taken to merge these two great legions into one, to create a new legion that can be stronger than either are, or could be, separately. Legio Borealis and the Veterans of Avalon will therefore now be combined to form the Veterans of the Lions.

A second new Legion will also now be created over the course of the next few months – this will be named Legio Orpheus. Recruitment has begun and if anybody has any desire for a career in the Legions, this is an excellent time to start. Any such people should speak to myself or a Knight Captain.

Sir Methanell Huntington
KNIGHT MARSHALL

Open letters to the Lions

My Fellow Lions,

I can hardly believe that it has been a year since I joined the Lions. At the last Gathering of Nations I was just a convict brought in to fight the Akari as part of my penance, however during that time the faction took me in and gave me a chance to start my life over. When I 'joined' the Penal Legion I was sure that it was the end of the road for me. I put aside hopes and aspirations I had had in order to focus on survival. For 10 long years all I did was survive but now I once again feel a sense of purpose, a reason to not only survive but also to live. A reason to fight for more than my own life but for the lives of my fellow lions, to be a part of something bigger.

So this is me saying thank you, thankyou to the Crowns for allowing someone like me be a part of their Faction. Thank you to everyone else who made this ex-convict feel like he had found a purpose, to everyone who took the time to spare a word or a few minutes. You may think it didn't mean much but it did.

So anyway for the first time in a long time the future holds potential, and whatever comes my way I know one thing.

No lion stands alone.

Olec Vargsaark

Lions,

Morbo words are not the good, so Stoopid Cat-Lady[†] is makin' the wordy. At the Moots, the evil and mean Company made two of Morbo friends 'go sleep long time'. Morbo was not there's, and the Morbo is sorry and sad. But Morbo is saying the words now cus the Morbo learns a lot from Daddy. The Morbo learns that when the bad things happen, peoples cannot just gets the sad. Peoples has to get the 'even'. Peoples has to hunt down the bad men, and makes then 'pay'. At the Gathering, the Morbo will be lookings for the bad Company men, and will be the travelling round the places where's they was seen befores.

If peoples wants to come with the Morbo, comes see's me at the Gatherings.

No more Morbo friends go sleep long time.

Bye byes,

The Morbo.



[†] *Scribe's note: My name is Silverthorn. I am not a 'stoopid cat-lady'.*

The pleasure of your company is requested for the marriage of
Cutruacan Shadefellow and Ravenfire

Sunday 8 O'Clock at the Gathering

OBITUARIES

Sir Artfiel Macenion Duval, Deputy Grandmaster of the Order of Celestial

Mace was my deputy, my friend and my brother. One of the most thoughtful people I've met, yet when the time came to take up arms, he was a brave and ferocious warrior. He died as he lived, defending those unable to defend themselves. Erdreja is a poorer and less polite place without him.

Elrood Brond

Was in life, and shall remain in death, a shining example to the world. He stood, burning brightly in the dark places where others would fear to set foot. He was an inspiration. He was stalwart and true. He knew what it meant to take that oath to Celestial. He knew what it would cost him. He paid that price, he paid it bravely and he paid it with good cheer. I will miss him. *"Your brethren shall be your shield as you are shield to them. They shall defend you unto their death as you shall defend them and when at last you go to Celestial's hall, they will celebrate the life everafter with you."*

Knight Captain Iolanthe Swan

Iolanthe was an incredibly honest woman, who wouldn't flinch from telling the truth simply because it wasn't an easy or popular thing to say. I always respected her for that, but never more than when she made me justify my relationship with my ancestor. People like Iolanthe help us do the right thing when it's not the easy thing. I shall miss her.

Elrood Brond

Iolanthe was a difficult woman, and I couldn't help but like her. She challenged me often, and I couldn't help but respect her. She was fearsomely defensive, and I couldn't help but feel for her. She gave me much to think about, and offered me new

understandings. She was loyal beyond compare, to her family, her faith and her faction. I am humbled to have known her.

✠ *Ivory*

I had a very hard time with Iolanthe Swan. Not for the reasons that others may have come to have, but because for the longest time she was a terrible Aspirant to the Prince Bishop's Men. I put her through so many extra drills she could have done them in her sleep (she did them half asleep a lot of the time), all to force her to assess her desire to join up, and she would stare at me with an impassive expression and unreadable eyes and she would do them, again and again. She would never quit, and she never complained, and she proved herself. The things I saw in Aspirant Swan are the qualities that made her a strong Lanceman and a strong Knight Captain, however much I misread the origins of those things. I know now why she joined up, and I think I know why she never quit White Lance when I gave her all the reasons she would ever need, but I came to love her sense, her honesty, her so rare flashes of humour, and I have relied on her more in the past months than I ever thought I could. I am more glad than I can say that we cleared some tricky issues. She was my friend, and I hope, I really hope, that I was hers.

Arbella Carey,
Late of the Prince Bishop's Men

I can, without a shadow of doubt, say that Iolanthe gave me the greatest of all gifts I have ever received. I loved her dearly, and I miss her greatly. Intelligent, insightful, determined and graceful, she battled for for many years and I sincerely hope that she has, at last, a chance to rest with her ancestor.

*In a world of closely-guarded truth,
I'm a treasure that requires no proof,
A heavy burden without a weight,
A source of peace in a world of hate,
A perfect salve, which all wounds tends,
And a surety, at journey's end.*

Footnote Swan

Captain Swan was one of the most courageous people I have ever met. She believed with a fervour that many profess to but only few live up to. Daughter of an exiled

clan she risked her life again and again hoping to find a way to bring her people back. She was subtle like a knife when she wished, and subtle like a brick when she did not. Never in the time I knew her did she back down from a difficult question or an awkward truth. A keen mind, a fierce drive, a penetrating wit. She was an adversary to be respected, she was a colleague to be admired. She understood the path ahead, she understood what, as a Paladin, would be required of her. In the end she died that others might live. Remember her well. *“The path you have chosen is not an easy one. There will be dangers and temptations at every turn. Some will hunt you for you will stand amongst the virtuous, and they do hate and fear us. The ancestors will place many tests in your path and you must steer the course of righteousness and be not swayed by the temptations of the dark.”*

Sorrel Wildbrook

I was not there for the short time between Sorrel joining us and when he fell. From our brief meeting some time ago, I believe this to have been my loss. Thanks to chance and whim he lifted my spirits at a time they were flagging. I never got the chance to thank him properly. May he rest well with his Ancestors.

✠ *Ivory*

Talan of the Korpiklanni

You made no sense.
You made me furious.
I tried to kill you on several occasions.
By the Ancestors, I will miss you.
You will be avenged.

Teeeeegan – Ol’ Erin Boys

I miss you pretty lady. Morbo will finds and smash-bang the bad men.
You has a good sleeps, Morbo see yoo soon!

Morbo



For all ya alchemical needs
please call on me
yous frendly
Alcamist Orc
i promises to gets you good deals
and can be discreats
just find me around camp
or at da alcamists

Ripgut shinkicker

Songs FROM the HEARTH

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

Thirteen Hundred

Ivory Du Bois

Thirteen Hundred named and faces
Some I know and some I don't
Thirteen Hundred empty spaces
Some wounds heal but this one won't

Scarabs came, first one then thousands
Darkness spread across the ground
Ravaging the fortress island
Blotting out all hope they found

This foe would not succombe to sword,
Each spell and chant was just a word
This foe could not be stopped by shield
And all were forced to run or yield

Orphaned babes pulled from the torment
Hardened soldiers brought to tears
History lost in one moment
Memories of all those years

Thirteen Hundred named and faces
Some I know and some I don't
Thirteen Hundred empty spaces
Some wounds heal but this one won't

Hero of Gallathrix

Anon.

H— C—, Hero of Gallathrix
Rescues young damsels from perils of dread.
Though he appears so be-hatted and gallant it's
Terribly easy to make him turn red.

Let Me Go Singing

Karen Aldain

For Helena Shepherd, my friend, what more can I say? I cannot sum up the person you were in these few, few lines. And for Henrietta Forage, a squire who had been with us only 2 days. I liked and admired her quickly, and wish I could have known her. When Xiv's construct Achillean took them captive, they laughed, they sang, they shouted at us not to yield, not to give him the Wonder. They faced their deaths with such courage, and with such passion, determined not to be afraid, to give those who tried to save them heart. I will not forget them.

The Lions write their histories in the songs we still hear now
Tales of heroes who walk by our sides to war
Will we follow in their footsteps - be their shadow or their shade,
Add new verses to the sagas of before?
We're a people who stand fighting for the things which we hold dear
Freedom truth and justice pave our path
But the price of freedom's high and it's a price that must be paid:
What will you choose to be your epitaph?

When I go let me go singing
I'll be strong and unafraid
Facing the enemy
Like Helena and Henry
Laughing to the end
Face the enemy like them
Singing as I go
Let me be brave

We stood and forged a wonder, bent destruction to our will
 Forged a hammer from the aspect of the isle
But Xiv he fought to claim it, sent his pet Achillean

Who took captives when his constructs were futile.
Helena, a shepherdess, served the Lions as a scout
 Always singing, always joking with her friends
Henry was the Order of Celestial's newest squire
 Always strong in her convictions to the end.

OOC STUFF:

Have you ever wondered what would happen if the past came back to haunt you? If the fate of your Brother was not what you thought? If a group of angry-looking Orcs came knocking on the gate, asking for you? Or a letter is found, stained in blood, with your name on the cover?

Well, submit your background to Plot Team, or you'll never know!

Here at Plot Team, we can't get enough of your submissions, and love each and every time we receive one. Please send them (and group backgrounds) to plot@lionsfaction.co.uk

It's the right decision ;)

Note: By doing so, you are giving Plot Team the power to mess around with you in all manners and forms! Don't worry, we love you all!

Burning Ambitions presents — Lions Winter Event 2010 —

Dates: 15th–17th October 2010

Venue: Sherratt's Wood Scout Camp, Morrilow Heath, Leigh, Staffordshire, ST10 4PF

Cost: £40 pre-book before 05/09/2010, £45 thereafter (space allowing). Bookings will close at 00:00 03/10/10. NB: spaces and tickets cannot be transferred without consultation with Burning Ambitions and a small admin fee will apply.

Online Booking: You can now book for Burning Ambitions events online at <http://bookings.lionsfaction.co.uk>. Both booking and payment must be received before 05/09/2010 to qualify for the reduced ticket price. When booking online you can now pre-pay for "bar scrip" tokens at £1.50 per strip of 3 as per usual.

Catering: Will be provided by Caroline Proctor & team. A meal ticket for the weekend must be pre-booked and is available at a cost of £20.00. The cost for this should be included with your booking. Saturday night meal is NOT included in the basic ticket price, it is instead included in the cost of the meal ticket

Eligibility: Members of the Lions will have priority until the advance cut-off date and non-Lion bookings will not be processed until after that time. While guests from other factions are welcome, non-Lions are asked to state their reason for wishing to attend on the booking form or have a Lions 'sponsor' who has invited them and will stand for their good behaviour.

Monsters: A limited number of monster places are available. Monsters will be fed throughout the weekend, have highest priority for the limited indoor crash space and will be given time to play their own characters if possible. Monsters must still provide a booking form. We ask that monsters pay a cost of £5.00 to set towards their food bill.

Deadlines: Booking forms and payment (payable to BURNING AMBITIONS) must arrive postmarked no later than 05/09/2010 to qualify for the advance booking discount. Thereafter the full fee will apply.

Accommodation: Pre-booked staff and monsters will have highest priority for the limited indoor crash space on a strict first come first served basis. There will not be any indoor accommodation for players at this event without exception.

Event Guide: will be emailed one week before the event, along with directions to the site and further information. Additional copies of the event guide will be available for download from the Lions Website.

Bookings and Enquiries to:

Burning Ambitions

8 Whitwell Close, Nottingham, NG8 6JS, United Kingdom

Tel: 07766 275229 (between 18:00–22:00 only please)

email: winter2010@lionsfaction.co.uk

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