

Lions Faction Despatches

March 1111



- No Lion Stands Alone -

Grateful thanks are due to

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Contents

Editorial

Support Your Local Sherriff

An Advertisement

Regarding Consangua

Obituaries

Songs from the Hearth

EDITORIAL:

Hello there my fine and keen-filled Lantian dwellers!

Indeed, the first Lions event of the year is upon us, and what better time to catch up on the bits n' bob's that have been floating around the Isles of late.

But what indeed does the Parliament hold? There have been a score of rumours that this event has so much violence, so much sheer indignation towards the patterns of the Lions that the LT has insisted there be 'Character Counsellors' on site to help people deal with the actual magnitude of death. I can tell you now, this is complete lies, and holds no place in this fine and grounded Pack Up.

Though, I will say I've heard rumours of Balrogs in Bio-mech armour. How they got it, I don't know! They usually keep to their alchemy and what-not, but who knows? Who's to say that a renowned Scientist, who wants nothing more than to secure the future of science (but is secretly furious due to their son being taken from them in a tragic genetic accident), decides to outfit the Balrogs in exo-skeleton, nuclear powered gear with enough firepower to make the Cataclysm look like a fart in the bath?

But I digress.

There have been many rumblings indeed amongst the Isles, such as words that crops have been failing in droves, and that figures with strange movements and markings have been seen drifting through the lands. Halflings popping up and selling wares in small towns. Rumours of people frozen in place while the world moves around them, and groups of foes moving at the speed of light past bewildered guards. And what's this? Choma being set to work again? Many a quaint and curious thing indeed appears to be, as they say, going down. Let's just hope we can get to the bottom of it!

Much love,
Gav

(PS: Whoever took my last beer at the Gathering, I will find you. And I. Will. Fight You.)

Support Your Local Sheriff!

We need:

Sensible and insightful people interested in helping their faction and upholding the laws of the Lions. This can vary from cracking heads in a pub brawl to advising the council to inter-factional trials to Kerrimar-knows-what tomorrow. The hours are variable, but almost always interesting.

You get:

- Training in what the job involves!
- A copy of the laws!
- The potential to "act up" as High Sheriff on occasion - good experience and, as every people's day veteran knows, a great way to get your face known in the faction.
- Half price drinks at The Plucky Lass!

Come and find either the High Sheriff Ilsa Dreamstruck or any of her three deputies to talk it over. We'd love to have you on board.

Obsidia Fortune
Deputy High Sheriff.

(Ps. Quincannon says to point out the half price drinks are only for sheriffs and lawmen, not for buying rounds)

An Advertisement

An Opportunity for a Second Chance

Baccara Holdings has recently commenced operations from the Port of Rysarius.

Our business is to ensure the safe, and honest, passage of goods, chattels and holdings to Mauritania, The Empire Isles, Aegyptus and Maurabia.

We are in need of men and women of character and good disposition to act as agents for Baccara holdings. We are not interested in your past, but we will expect the highest standards of behaviour and integrity moving forward.

Interested parties should contact our offices in Rysarius Dockland in the first instance.

Regarding Consangua

It has take some time to be in a position to pen this missive as it relates to matters close still to my heart. At the Gathering of Nations Ivory du Bois was slain cruelly by the ancestor known as Consangua. Scant months later and the Lady Adara lies slain. Cut down by a blades-man of the same ancestor.

All this for having the audacity to break her thrall over Hadrian Darkendale, Hadrian Constantine as was.

At Her Grace's soiree it became evident that once more Consangua was working against both my family and against the Lions themselves; as she placed within our midst an agent, albeit an incompetent one, with the aim of garnering greater information about all who were there. The spy was captured and now, to the best of my understanding, will be enjoying His Majesty's hospitality in the oubliette beneath Camelot.

I write this so that there is understanding. There is no doubt that Consangua poses a threat to members of the Lions; though I doubt that her strength is great enough to threaten the nation directly. She will however think nothing of striking out against us. It is her nature. We in turn must defend ourselves and seek to find a way in which to rid ourselves of this problem.

The easiest way in which to be rid of an ancestor is well known. Prevent its worship. Deny it the thaumic energy gleaned from incantation and prayer. Efficiency dictates that this best be done by eliminating its worshippers. In this however we must be most cautious. Whilst there are known to be willing worshippers of Consangua, such as her Sanguine Knights, we equally know that there are many, like Hadrian, who do not follow because they wish to, but because they are bound by ties not of their own making. I would not wish to see another innocent die that I might have an easier life and I dare say that I am not alone in that belief.

Against her ancestral servitors then I would not begin to suggest quarter. They are nothing more than simulacra of herself and serve as little more than an extension of her will. Their passing will weaken her in due course and every victory won against them moves us closer to our goal of removing her threat.

In short, amongst many other things, she is an ancestor of vengeance and of blood. These are aspects that we could by rights call claim to and wage war in their name.

But we are better than her and should not choose, nor seek, to emulate her. We can and should rise above vengeance and the need to sate our bloodlust. It is my hope that we shall.

In faith and hope



Seraphim Aldain Darkendale

Obituaries

Adara Darkendale-Stone

High Mage. Arcane Primus. Mummy. Darkendale.

Adara was called many things in her time, not all of them complimentary, but it was Adara who made the title of Darkendale mean something again, and mean something positive. She was an extraordinary woman who fought hard, both for what she believed in and for her friends. I will miss her.

- Obsidia Fortune

Adara Darkendale-Stone:

Was a woman of singular vision. She understood what was required of her position and executed her role with skill and aplomb. A woman of great beauty and a woman of great spirit she fought to bring herself from the most humble origins to become The Darkendale, a Lady and courtier of the Lions nation and much more beyond.

Cousin I loved you, and I will miss you. Whilst there is breath in my body you will be remembered. Whilst I have strength in my swordarm those whom you left shall be protected.

For the time we shared together I thank you. For the times we will no longer have I shall mourn. For those who turned their hand against you I feel great pity.

Sleep well my cousin I shall miss you.

- Anon

Songs from the Hearth

How Awesome is Kerr?

We went for a swim in the lake, while we'd been drinking.
Well that was our first mistake, and things didn't go to well.
When Karnak sank and Sorro soon remembered he can't swim.
And Polly'd left her rope upon the shore.

But Kerr was there to save us all and get us out of there,
In a paper boat.
Using fish as swimming aids she rescued us while drinking ale.
I wish I was as awesome as Kerr.

A cunning plan was hatched to make a baby Kraken.
Red Lance were dispatched (beer may have been involved)
We sallied forth across the seas to find Mummy and Daddy beasts
But found that we'd got caught between the pair.

But Kerr was there to save us all and get us out of there,
In a paper boat.
Using fish as swimming aids she rescued us while drinking ale.
I wish I was as awesome as Kerr.

Meg fancied fish and chips to cure his hangover
And so a fishing trip was the obvious response.
We headed North to icy parts where Harsulfeld said we'd find carp
Until an iceberg scuppered our fine plan.

But Kerr was there to save us all and get us out of there,
In a paper boat.
Using fish as swimming aids she rescued us while drinking ale.
I wish I was as awesome as Kerr.

- Tara Faith

Non Lux

No life is lived truly alone,
The paths of those you've never met shapes your own.
There are truths you'll learn when you've outgrown the
comfort of nursery days.
Man's tragedy is that he'll hide
The depth of affection he carries inside.
And only in grief will he see that he's lied when it comes
to a parting of ways.

What started the battle, what's the cause of the fight?

Are the shadows just Nature's response to the light?
Can a woman know peace?
Can a man find his rest?
'Non lux in Darkendali est.'

Family comes in many a form,
It's not just the people to whom you were born.
If you're lucky you'll chose your companions from
neighbours and lovers and friends.
Plucked from the streets as a child,
But what hand could tame this fair rose growing wild?
What prophet would ever have dared to foresee where this
young girl would end?

What started....

But you know that some evils are darker than men.
Would you have the strength to risk all that you are for a
friend?
Would you pick the fight that you know you only can
lose?
Pray that you never have to choose.

And now we're bereft of her grace,
We'll never again see the sun on her face.
Sweet memories are all that are left to her husband, her
children, her friends.
But the Darkness she fought lingers on,
Who'll be the torchbearer to see it thrown down?
Who'll raise the standard and summon the Dawn which
will chase this foul nightmare
away?

What started...

- Tara Faith

2 Gold Nemesis' (to be sung in a bad American drawl)

(an Out of Character Song)

Daddy was a Darkendale,
Paid my Momma Two Gold,
Asked her to leave by the Back Door,
Left us in the Cold.

Daddy was a Darkendale,
Lost in a Drunken Haze,
But I moved on and I moved up,
Found my new Horse in Galfrese,

Daddy was a Darkendale,
And some day I'll pay him back,
I'll meet with him on some Dark Night,
Upon a lonely track,

Cos I know him, he didn't know me,
I'll tell him I'm his Son,
And I'll walk back, that lone Dark Night,
To tell Mamma what I've Done....

- Marianne Wells