

LIONS FACTION DISPATCHES

AUGUST 1111



- No Lion Stands Alone -

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- EDITORIAL -

Moot! The Moot it upon us!

Weep and despair, lowly mortals, for truly the end of day's cometh! Our inane gibbering will be the final sounds to echo in our bleeding ears, as our souls are consumed by....

I'm very sorry; it appears I have confused the Lorian Trust Mainline Event, the "Summer Moot" with the ascension of the Old One Cthulhu. I do very much apologise for this mix up, and will endeavour to do better next time with my facts. Though, please know that when the Dark Bringer of Destruction and Madness does indeed arrive he will be allied with the Daleks, the 'Nothing' from the 'Never-Ending Story', Jar-Jar Binks and the right leg of Simon Cowell. Just warning you.

But the Moot is on, and it's going to rock! In my experience (which is vast and all-seeing, like an Eagle addicted to binoculars) moots tend to be the ones that constantly surprise us. Sure, the GEF is brilliant, and the Gathering will always kick things into overdrive, but you never know what's going to happen at a Moot. The best laid plans of Mice and Men count for nothing when 70 angry Berserkers carve their way into your camp at 1am demanding the head of the person who looked at them funny in the bar.

Political intrigue? Please. Nothing sparks more animosity and alliance talks than the Summer Moot, what with that pesky Gathering just around the corner. And who doesn't love seeing good friends, knocking back a few drinks and singing about lost souls, happy reunions and that little tune that involves a certain shop in Cymria? No one, that's who.

So here it is, the little starter before we jet / drive or cartwheel off to that very special field for a weekend of LRP madness.

Enjoy!
Regards,
Gav

A LIONS OF LANTIA PRODUCTION

WRANGLER BY: Gav Folens, Barry Holliday, Adam Sullivan, Helen Donnelly, Paul Feldwick, Derek McAllister and an animal totem pole carved from obsidian (Dave Heaton)

CONTENTS BY: Derek McAllister, Bria McAllister, Chris Cunliffe, Emma Cunliffe, Barry Holliday.

Special Thanks to Bruce Myers for use of the Lions logo; the original is hanging in the Louvre. I'm leading a special team of Israeli Troopers to get it back

Tip of the Season:

See that person over there? They look new and nervous. Let's all help 'em out!

- AN ANNOUNCEMENT -

It is both my privilege and my pleasure to announce that my brother, Ilyrio, Lord Darkendale is now wed to Lady Bast, of Clan Mortain.

I wish them many long years of happiness, and offer my best hopes of a long and peaceful life together



Seraphim

- MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES -

The Lions forces over the last few months have been a wonderful sight to behold and it has been an absolute honour to lead you. Every member of the faction has something to be proud of, but I cannot mention everybody.

To this end, the Council and Military would like to express their thanks to the following individuals at this time:

- ☞ Zachari Neverwinter for his tireless devotion to duty and helping any and all that require any assistance.
- ☞ Vincenzo Sangrado, Ilsa Dreamstruck, Wenceslas Farrier and Cade ar Gaed for their years of faithful service to the faction prior to the Guilds noticing how wonderful they are and stealing them away.
- ☞ Ripgut Shinkicker – when foes come for you specifically, it is very easy to hide behind the lines. However, when a mission went out to free Lantian hostages from those that wanted him in exchange, he never hesitated to put himself at the fore of the battle.
- ☞ Sir Irinaye Huntington – when the Balrog attacked and was seen to be touring the camps, she managed to get our camp evacuated in under 5 minutes, saving the lives of Lions non-combatants and children.
- ☞ To all those that chose to take the field against the Balrog in order to protect our friends at the Guilds. It was not a battle that I would order any to take part in, but my thanks to all those that did. It was terribly dangerous, but we showed that the Lions would not be cowed.
- ☞ Knight Admiral Jericho Zeal and Knight Captain Gareth Redman – when I was unable to perform in my duties at the Moot, the two of them stepped into the responsibility to ensure that the Lions made a good showing through the weekend.
- ☞ Neantóg Dreamstruck-Zeal for showing outstanding control of the battlefield at the end of the Moot, at one point arranging the redeployment of forces from three different factions to close holes in the lines.
- ☞ Princess Lenia Navarre for effective use of both stealth and healing leading to many Lions lives being saved.
- ☞ To all those that stood to protect the Ritual Circle from the unloving that poured out, including the Death Knights, especially Sorrentum Hunter who ensured that whilst the chanting was being done to seal the rift everybody knew that Lions were involved.

To these people – your Military Command, your Council and your Faction salute you.

Sir Nathaniel Huntington

Knight Marshall

- REGARDING CONSANGUA -

Events have proceeded apace as regards the issues that my family, and the faction, have been having with the Ancestress calling herself Consangua.

It had been my hope and intention that at the Great Edrejan Fayre there would have been opportunity to perform some rites relating to this menace but politics and battle overtook events there it was not to be.

During the Gryphons moot I was privy, thanks be to Karnak, to information provided by my ancestor, Rhino. He illustrated to us that the shield of faith that we had erected twixt Consangua and her followers is one that would need a great deal more strength if it were to do the job that we intended. Thusly it is to be hoped that, should the Watchers of Edreja grant it, we might be able to perform a ritual at the upcoming moot on Caer Dannon. This ritual would be to bolster and enhance the work already done by Matthias and strengthen this barrier. I would be most grateful to any who would be willing to contribute power into hampering this ancestress.

At the Fayre an assassin was captured. His name was Martin and he was from Amnor. It is unusual, in my experience for one of the Amnorian people to turn to the likes of Consangua, their own ancestress Delalaria fills a similar role within their culture how and ever it was as it was.

The assassin attempted to slay Cassie of the Ghostwalkers via a combination of venoms. He was thwarted in this attempt and given to the sheriffs. William Hook was the arresting officer.

In discussion with Martin, we were able to establish that he was once married to a lady named Elaine, that she was slain and that Martin, in grief and anger, turned to Consangua who laid claim to him and made him strong and dangerous. From this point his will was hardly his own. Further discourse was used to evoke the memories of his Elaine. The way she looked, the colour of her hair and eyes, what she sang, her nature, her disposition and her life. Eventually we asked Martin how his love would have felt about the man he had become. The man who had sacrificed all that he ever was and all that was good about him for the sake of revenge.

It is fair to say that Martin was either an expert actor, or that he completely broke down. I believe it is the latter.

He appeared to understand what it is that he had become and seemed anxious to put things right where he could, or to atone in such situations where things cannot be put right.

With the assent of Sherriff Hook, Martin has been placed under a suspended sentence for the attempted murder of Cassie. It is to be hoped that a converted follower of Consangua will do greater good out in the open than he would as a cadaver. Obviously she, Consangua, has taken ill before to those that have left her faith; case in point my Cousin, Hadrian Darkendale, and as such I would take it as a kindness that if Martin is seen to be in difficulty, and if you can render aid without putting yourself in the way of harm, that you do so.

The balance of faith with Consangua is turning. The stories that are being told by singers and storytellers across Lantia seem to be doing their work. Consangua will attempt to counter this I have little doubt but with your help and with the great work done by the many good people in this faction I have no doubt that we shall prevail.

In faith, and hope



Seraphim Aldain-Darkendale

- THE VILLAGE -

In an undistinguished part of the world lies a small town. There is nothing much about this hamlet that marks it out as different to any other town you may happen across in your travels. Indeed you could pass through almost without noticing, except perhaps to remark on the pretty little chapel to Consangua that lies at its heart. Were you to choose to break your journey here, perhaps for some refreshment in the tavern, you may be tempted to pay the chapel a visit. It is a simple, well cared for sanctuary with areas for public worship and quiet contemplation. The most noteworthy object is a painting on the west wall above the alter depicting two brothers united over the grave of their mother and sister. In the background you can see the remains of a destroyed village, a village that later was rebuilt and grew into this town. Around the picture, in shining letters of gold, is the phrase; “In Consangua's name, I swear I shall be by your side and protect you for as long as I am able.”

These brothers are remembered as the men who resurrected the town and made it what it is today. But we can't start a story in the middle. Let us look to the beginning.

There were once two Lords. High and strong they were. Their equal in wealth, strength and worth could be found nowhere but in each other, and yet they were not friends. Many were the quarrels between them, but none so heated as the one over the ownership of an area of land of little importance. These few dozen miles held lush farmland, and one small village. Many wise heads attempted to broker treaties to share the land, or offer ownership elsewhere, but the Lords would listen to none.

The day came when one of the Lords decided to grasp the land for himself once and for all. He ordered his troops to seize the area by any means. His rival, hearing this did likewise, declaring that no quarter was to be given to those who would steal what he saw as his own. The armies marched towards each other until they clashed upon the rock of the village. Fierce was the fighting, and great was the destruction wrought. Although the villagers were not purposely targeted by either side, they could not avoid being caught in the conflict and many were slain while attempting to protect their homes.

The strong men of the village came to help defend their families. The farrier, the blacksmith, the carter were there along with many others. The smith's son was left in charge of the furnace, but grew so fearful of the violence that he fled to find his mother, and so it was that the forge was left unattended. It wasn't long before the furnace grew like a caged animal until the fire broke free and flames engulfed the forge. Angry tongues of flame leaped from the roof, finding a hold in nearby thatch and spreading through the village. There was widespread panic as villagers attempted to save themselves and their possessions from the inferno. Men hauled buckets of water, and women dashed to retrieve their children and valuables, but they struggled in vain. In one small cottage, a woman braved the fire to save the pitiful trinkets she had struggled her whole life to accumulate. Her daughter caught at her apron entreating her mother to leave them and follow her to the pastures but her mother would not be overruled. The older woman had scarcely been in the house a minute when a gout of flame tore through the building and the roof collapsed with a roar. Her desolate daughter could do nothing but watch.

The daughter turned in a daze and took her familiar path through the town. Her eyes blinded by smoke and grief, she trusted her feet to lead her on. But her feet had no sense of danger and led her through the square, the scene of the most bitter fighting. She did not hear the shouts of her brothers from across the square as they tried to reach her. Nor did she see the startled soldier as he whirled to defend

himself from the figure approaching him through the smoke. She certainly did not see the blade that ended her life, and could not turn to avoid it.

The instant his blade fell, the soldier realised the terrible truth of what he had done. He dropped his sword and fell to his knees cradling the girl as his tears mingled with her blood in the dust. He held her tenderly as she breathed her last, whispering comfort to her. And so it was that when her brothers reached her side they found a broken man holding the body of their broken sister as if she were his own. The elder brother was filled with rage and snatched the soldier's sword from the dirt crying for vengeance in Consangua's name, and the soldier bowed his head awaiting the inevitable. He made no move to defend himself, only laid the child down gently, tears still spilling from his eyes. Seeing this, the younger brother stepped in front of the elder shielding the soldier from his wrath.

"My brother." He said. "Consangua demands we follow the call of honour and duty. What honour is there to be found in slaying this man? We both saw what happened. The death of our sister was a terrible mistake, and one he will regret for all his days. Too much blood has been shed this day, let us turn to our duty to prevent further loss."

"How are we to stop two armies?" cried the elder.

"We shall stand between them, and prevent them from reaching each other. We must stand together, for alone we have no hope. Together, the strength of Consangua will help us stop the bloodshed. Will you join me Brother?"

His older brother stood then and took his hand. "In Consangua's name, I swear I shall be by your side and protect you for as long as I am able."

Seeing this, the soldier also stood and asked permission to join his voice to theirs. And so the three men walked between the lines of battle calling for a halt to the bloodshed, and no blade touched them. Wherever they went, soldiers halted in their fight and dropped their weapons. Everywhere, men who had been baying for blood, shook their heads as if clearing sleep from their eyes, and suddenly saw the destruction around them. Enemies worked together like brothers to aid the fallen, and bring relief to the villagers. The Generals of the two armies came to the square to meet the brothers, and in the name of Duty and Honour, a cessation of hostilities was agreed.

Time and dry politics followed their paths, but the Lords were both so impressed by the miracle that had taken place in the village that they dared not thwart Consangua's will. A treaty was signed giving the village sovereign rights to determine its own future, while assuring it of the goodwill and protection of the Lords through time to come. The village was rebuilt, and the brothers were placed as its protectors. The soldier also pledged his life and sword to aiding those he had harmed, and lived there the rest of his life in peace.

And so it was that the bonds of Honour, Duty and Love overcame greed and anger.

In Consangua's Name.

- Tara Faith

- SONGS FROM THE HEARTH -

Consangua

Come sit ye down and I will tell a tale of sorrow.
A village that was ravaged by two lords who craved the land.
By the Lady's grace a child was sheltered by her brother,
And with these words he swore that he would stand 'tween her and harm.

In Blood, in Honour, in Family, in Duty.
In Consangua's Name I swear my shield will be there.
As long as I draw breath, I swear I will protect you.
Lady Consangua hear my prayer.

Stand up my friends and I will tell of faith unfolding.
The strength of Consangua flowing through a brother's arm.
The blessings he received as his sister's sworn protector,
A shield of Faith that clad them both protecting them from harm.

In Blood, in Honour, in Family, in Duty.
In Consangua's Name I swear my shield will be there.
As long as I draw breath, I swear I will protect you.
Lady Consangua hear my prayer.

Rise with me now my friends against these false proclaimers
Who twist Consangua's teachings until only hate remains.
Together we will cast them out and stem the senseless bloodshed
And see out Lady rise again in Glory and in Grace.

In Blood, in Honour, in Family, in Duty.
In Consangua's Name I swear my shield will be there.
As long as I draw breath, I swear I will protect you.
Lady Consangua hear my prayer.

- Tara Faith

Song of the Battlefield

We will fight and we will die to protect all that is ours
We will fight and we will die to protect our families
We may die and we may bleed
But we'll do our sworn duty
When the Ancestor of War is with us
We will have victory.

The battle horns are sounding and the enemy is gathered
The farmer boys are marching and we are right behind=
We won't let them die or bleed
We will do our sworn duty
When the Ancestor of Healing's with us
We will have victory.

They're marching at my orders and their lives are in my hands
They'll fight to do their duty but they're little more than boys
For every man that dies
Leaves a loved one who will cry
Consangua, Lady of War, please hear us
Lady, please hear us now.

They're bringing us the fallen and we're saving those we can
They're lining them before us and the healing's running low
For every man that's healed
There's another on the field
Consangua, Lady of Healing, hear us
Lady, please hear us now.

The healers are still working and the battle line stands firm
The enemy won't break us: it is not our destiny
As long as we can stand
Then we will defend our lands
Consangua, Lady of Healing, thank you
We will have victory.

As quickly as they're coming we return them to the battle
One day more we may live because they fight to keep us free
They'll protect us with their lives
So together we'll survive
Consangua, Lady of War, we thank you
We will have victory.

This blood is shed in brotherhood of war
These lives are saved through you our ancestor
When we follow you as one
There is nothing can't be done
Through your aid this war is won
Through your grace these wounds are gone

Lady of War be with us
Lady of Healing hear us
Lady Consangua hear us now.

- Karen Aldain-Darkendale

- RESEARCH REQUESTS -

If you submit a research request to the LT please follow this up with an email to plot@lionsfaction.co.uk with the details of the research so that we can ensure that you receive a timely and accurate response.

Thanks,
Barry - *Head of plot*

- 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!