

# Lions Faction Dispatches

## January 2012



**A LIONS OF LANTIA PRODUCTION**

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Flame Strike Lion is used with kind permission of Bruce Myers

**Thought of the Day:**

A smile is an inexpensive way to improve your looks.

## Editorial

Goodevening and welcome to the first Lions Packup for 2012. My name is Dessie and I shall be your guest editor today and will be mostly pointing out the highlights of this august publication.

An alternative theory is more that I shall simply do a lot of ctrl+c, ctrl+v, a bit of formatting and let the work of some very talented people speak for itself.

We're trying something a bit different with this packup also, and have provided a version which should be natively compatible with eBook readers. The .mobi version of this document should be available for download from the lions website ( <http://www.lionsfaction.co.uk> ). Give it a bash, if it's successful then I'm sure it's something that can continue.

My thanks to the wonderful people who contributed to this packup. Cheers guys, nice work.

Also, a request to the Lions as a whole. This is your packup and it is pretty much what you make of it. Please send in your event reports, letters, missives, jokes, songs, personal ads and Dwarven love poetry. Help make your packup great.

Cheers

Dessie

## Mentioned in Dispatches

As everybody will be aware, we faced difficult foes when we moved on Du Pre last year. However, despite that, losses were limited and we managed to achieve our goals by clearing the island of those enemies. Similarly, we were able to act against the Nolla and free them from the effect that they had been spreading.

Whilst everybody performed admirably, there are a few people that have made themselves notable by the actions that they have taken in recent actions:

- ☞ Marinus Arbor – Marinus showed remarkable bravery and dedication to duty in organising and performing the rites that led to the defeat of the Nolla and allowed us to act against Consangua.
- ☞ Beasty – by keeping his head under moments of significant danger and stress Beasty managed to save several lives.
- ☞ Megiddo Darkendale Stone and Belenus MacTieron – for vigilance and knowing where friends and comrades are and when they are in danger, and then the courage and fortitude to enact a rescue, holding off foes until more of the faction could arrive to defeat the enemies.
- ☞ Mara Forester – for dedication to duty and courage in extreme danger.
- ☞ Cassy Ever'Ard – despite the danger she would put herself in by doing so, she did everything she could to combat the elemental menace, making herself a target in the process.
- ☞ All of our healers and physicians for managing to save all of the lives that they did despite the desperate situation that we found ourselves in, especially on the Saturday evening.
- ☞ Garvel Moonshadow – when we faced elemental foes and we needed somebody to organise our incantors into wedges, Moonshadow performed admirably in the role of Acting High Incantor.
- ☞ All of the Scouts – the terrain made it essential to have intelligence of the woodlands around us so that we would know about the rites that our enemies frequently attempted to perform – the scouts were our eyes in the woodland and did an excellent job in extreme danger.
- ☞ All of those that, despite being too injured to lift a weapon stood watch on the Saturday evening – this showed great bravery and dedication to duty. Special mention must go to Marinus Arbor and Brom of the Prince Bishop's Men.
- ☞ Neantóg Dreamstruck – during battle she performed a vital role by ensuring that those in the front line knew that they could fall back when necessary to repair armour and allocating people to fill the gaps in the line that this action left.
- ☞ Finally, and by no means least, Bear – his bravery against Gormauk and later against the followers of Consangua should be an inspiration to us all. Though it cost him his life, he would not back down from the challenge – this man was a Champion of the Lions and should be remembered as such.

From the Office of the Knight Marshall

*Sir Nathaniel Huntington*

## Regarding Consangua

Twelve months have passed since Consangua slew Adara Darkendale, seventeen since she struck down Ivory. Many more names she has taken since, the most recent being Bear of the Korpiklaani, a champion of the Lions and a friend to many in this faction.

The urge to strike back with anger and hurt is strong, painfully strong and this is, in many ways, what she is counting upon. That in our grief and anger we will give in to vengeance and embrace her tenets.

Consangua's weapon is also her weakness however. As she strikes at us she forces the choice upon the people of the Lions. Embrace her credo or reject it.

Each time we reject her, she becomes weaker. Each time she offers us the choice and we turn her down she becomes that much less than she was before.

As you will know a rite was performed whilst we were on DuPre. Led by Marinus and with the help of many of the faction the rite was able to pierce to the heart of Consangua herself. Those who have faced her constructs have seen what happens when they face an act of forgiveness. They are forced to stop, to fall back. When they strike they do so with great force but then fall quickly. So has it been with Consangua herself.

By the power of the rite and the artefacts that we had present we reached directly to Consangua and, though she fought and squirmed and tried to strike we spoke to her. Those who were able to actively forgave her for her crimes. Those who were not stood as witness and focus to the rite.

The rite was successful and achieved that which we wished. Evidence of this came at her backlash against the Lions on the Saturday night upon DuPre. Like a wounded animal she lashed out at us, seeking to cause us the most harm she could, seeking to cause us to rage and undo the work that had been done to contain her.

She very nearly succeeded. The loss of Bear was a grievous blow and I am aware of the raw pain that his death causes in the hearts of those who loved him. It is credit to his group, his friends and the people of this faction though that she did not succeed. At no point has she been given what she wants, her need for vengeance, her pitiful desire for blood and power remain unslaked and for that I am both in awe and indebted to you.

This is not an easy path to walk for anyone, but soon, if we stay true to this course, we will see an end to this ancestress.

To Bear, and to all those who have fallen.

To those who are left behind to remember their lives, their smiles and all that they stood for.

I salute you.

In faith.

*Seraphim Aldain-Darkendale*

# The Elysium

Over the past months, some librarians, and a group known as the Ushira of Orst have gathered information regarding the nature of the Elysium. Some of this information I have already shared, but it was presented in a somewhat piecemeal way as I was rushed at the time. I will attempt to present the information in a more readable form here.

Long ago, in the area now known as Cathay, the people sought a means to ensure that the patterns of their dead would reach their ancestors in safety. This was before the time of Incantation so the ability to lay patterns to rest, or to dedicate them was not available. Instead the people hit upon the plan of enslaving extra-planar creatures to take patterns to the Ancestral Plane upon ships built specially for the final journey.

More specifically, they enslaved Demons. Well, who wouldn't? What could possibly go wrong?

Quite a lot as it turned out.

One unfortunate summoner, whose name has been lost in the mists of time, or hushed up by embarrassed masters, summoned a Demon-Lord of illusion by the name of Tatalus. Tatalus twisted and warped the spell of summoning laid upon him until the summoner, so confused by the antics of his captive, accidentally mis-spoke his spell and instead of binding the demon, bound his own pattern to his ship. Now set free upon this plane with a ship at his command, Tatalus wrought havoc across the lands. With his band of minions, he swept across nations killing all in his path, and raising the dead to serve upon the ship, thereby neatly erasing any signs of his passage. The summoner was bound forever to follow in the ship's wake, unable to board and unable to leave.

Eventually the demons came to Lantia and began their bloody rampage across the Isles. This devastation disrupted the purpose of the Isles and incurred the wrath of the Drakken. Well, even a self-styled Lord of Illusion is no match for a bunch of angry Drakken, and Tatalus was imprisoned within the mind of the Fourteenth of their number. An odd choice of prison, but it obviously seemed like a good idea at the time. After all, what could possibly go wrong?

With Tatalus vanquished, the lesser demons slowly returned to their home plane, though some chose to remain on this magic rich land. Those who remained were caught in Orst and are now a part of the Orstian Court. A story for another time.

So much for Tatalus and his minions, but what of the summoner? With his pattern bound to the Elysium he could not return to his ancestors and it is believed that he still follows the ship to this day. When the Isles sank in the Cataclysm, the ship ferried the patterns of those who died to their ancestors, and then waited, it's unliving crew tireless and immortal, ready to resume the role of ferrying the dead when the Isles rose again in 1101.

There has been much debate of late as to the nature of the crew. I understand that they have undergone several changes of Captain since the Elysium returned, the current captain being a dead Lion by the name of Burton. They continue to appear to us as Unliving, though there is a theory that they assume this form only because our minds cannot perceive them in any other form. I intend to continue research into this phenomenon and would welcome any help that can be offered.

In Service.

*Tara Faith.*

## Report from Haneul Rosafa, Corporal, Watchguard

Well His Majesty came around all the ritual circles saying he needed volunteers to go with him to Emmerix to check and see if those Elementals had gone there while all the big wigs were on DuPre.

Who wouldn't volunteer for that? A chance to fight alongside the King! Not that I got to do much of that. We transported onto Emmerix and within seconds we were set upon by elementals, not just elementals though people too, I assume they were possessed.

Everyone fought as well as they could but we were cut down in minutes. Next thing I knew we were being healed by someone in a sheriff's tabard, but his eyes told the truth, that it wasn't him anymore; they just looked alien. We had been bound and gagged, I could see everyone from the party except the King, Ambrus and Miksa.

Thank the ancestors they, must have missed my belt knife. I was able to cut my bonds and escape to the coast. There was no way I could save anyone else, but at least I know they are alive, although they are probably one of them by now. I was able to swim out to sea till I was picked up by a fishing vessel and taken back to Sammerix.

There's no way you could take that circle by transporting, you'd need a force in the hundreds to clear the number of elementals there.

## Open letter from the Lightning Squad

So Lions you've stopped using my service? I feel hurt. Have my girls and boys not always delivered on time? Through enemy lines? At great risk to themselves? For just a few coins? I have made no secret that we will work for anyone, but that just means we're Neutral. We will NEVER read your letters and we will NEVER let anyone else get them. We just take letters from one place to another as quick as possible. Some of my workers have no other way of supporting themselves, if I don't get your letters I'll have to let some of them go! Why ask part of your military to run messages around? Wouldn't you rather they were defending people?

# Obituaries

Gareth Redman - Knight Captain, Paladin of Rhino, member of the First Circle of the Order of War, brother, friend - is lost to us. He was poisoned by an as yet unknown assailant while defending the Lions Gate during a night attack at the Gathering.

Loyalty, bravery, strength, commitment, conviction, insight, friendship, passion - just a few of the tributes of his friends and comrades.

He never looked for recognition, but looked for the job that needed doing, and did it with all the dedication he possessed. He was always one of the first to stand and defend the faction and the beliefs they hold dear when the need arose - quick to the front to face a threat, and not afraid to stand up for his faith or the faith of others. And yet he still found time for people, always ready with a comforting word, a piece of needed guidance, or a willing shoulder. He was there for us, on the field and off it.

He followed Rhino, a man who defined this Faction, who fought for it, bled for it, loved it, who left this plane to save it, and who came to embody it. Gareth Redman could do no less, and he died defending it. We stand because so did he.

Rest well, Gareth, this Faction mourns your loss and pays you tribute.  
Thank you.

*~ Karen Aldain-Darkendale*

Gareth Redman, Paladin of Rhino Khazad, Knight Captain of Lantia.

Whilst not all appreciated Gareth's style, nor his leadership there is no doubting his devotion to his ancestor. Equally there is no doubting his courage as he would always be found at the front, and the thick, of any battle.

Gareth Redman now feasts alongside the great names that have gone before him. May he rest well in the dream of Avalon.

*~ Anon*

Bear did not start out in Lantia. A large proportion of Lions did not, perhaps this is not so surprising. It has been said that "The Lions will take anyone!" and while this is not strictly true, if you believe in truth, honour and justice then you stand a good chance of finding a home on Lantia. I believe that is what he found; a home worth fighting for, living for and dying for. A home that in the end he was prepared to leave in the hope of drawing danger away from it and a home that refused to hear of him doing so. Bear was made Champion of Lantia for his bravery, his loyalty and his fierce desire to protect his friends no matter the danger. He was proof, if ever proof were needed, that to be Champion of Lantia you do not need to be born in Lantia, or even born a Lion. When in years to come people speak of The Champions of Lantia it will be remembered that Bear was the first and all who come after should be proud to follow in his footsteps.

I certainly am.

*~ Irinaye Huntington*  
Second Champion of Lantia

On the Saturday night of the Lions Winter Campaign, Bear, Alpha of the Korpiklaani, was lost. He was poisoned by a Consanguinite and died quickly, before we could get to him.

Bear was made Lions Champion at the Gathering 1110, chosen to represent the best of the martial ability of the Lions, and it was a well deserved honour. All those who knew him spoke highly of his bravery, his fighting prowess, his alcohol tolerance, and his willingness to help the Lions, (if not of his sanity!) He stood up for his people, defended his pack, and was a

good friend to many. In many ways, he embodied the best of the allies the Lions have found since coming to Lantia. May we meet many more like him. He fought hard, drunk hard, shared what he had, and never asked for more than a person could give.

Consangua gains from hate, from thoughts of revenge. She seeks to punish us, to scare us, to turn us to her ways so that we become her source of power. Her account with the Lions is already long: Bear was not the first to die at her hands, and his death must not turn us from our path. Her ways are not ours - we must be better than her. Bear died fighting her evil - do not become what he fought against.

As he passes from man to myth, let myth become legend and let his name be sung down the ages. As the drums beat in the night, let them sound his name in the pulsing blood of our hearts. We are Lions: he was one of us. He runs now in the Great Forest - let him rest there, and we will remember him as the hero he was.

*~ Anon*

I can claim no kinship, nor even friendship, with Bear. Nonetheless no one can dispute his spirit, his strength nor his courage. He was a Champion of the Lions, even before he was named such. He was a warrior and he was much more besides. His death was not one I would wish for anyone, least of all for a man of such greatness. I wish him peace.

*~ Anon*

# Limericks!

Because I got very bored. Unsurprisingly, they're written completely OOC and focus on the characters that I know best (and can find rhymes for), so please feel free to add your own (Do we need a regular column of poetic praise? Ask Gav, it's his pack up). If you're interested in IC fic, tales, poems and similar, there is a Livejournal.com group, LT\_fic, which might be worth checking out. At the moment its very Lions heavy and pretty PB-centric, so please come join us and add some variety.

*Marianne*

There once was a girl, Ravenfire  
Clad mostly in dead things and mire  
But when love did prevail  
She became Darkendale  
Which required a change of attire.

The beautiful Karen Aldain  
Is a great friend to have on campaign  
For she'll offer a brew,  
Coffee, herbal tea too,  
Or wine (red or white?) or champagne.

Lanceman Thermopolaye Blaze  
Whose hymen took nary a graze  
Till she met the right man  
And when courtship began  
It turned out it was only a phase.

When having a chat with Wenceslas  
You may find yourself at an impasse  
While his spelling is dire  
Its best not to inquire  
To do so would be perhaps be quite crass

Megiddo Darkendale-Stone  
The stompiest man that I've known  
With the girls that he's dated  
Life's quite complicated  
But he's never yet wound up alone

There's no decent rhymes for young Tara  
It's not like she wears much mascara  
I could go with Faith  
But she's not much of a wraith  
Though she does make a mean carbonara