

# LIONS PACK UP OCTOBER 2012: OOC SECTION

## Editorial

Hello all!

Loads of people sent in pieces for this pack up, which is greatly appreciated. This is clearly the Lions Faction Pack Up: Special Angst Edition, so thanks to everyone who contributed to the *ten pages* of obituaries. I'm sure there will be a lot of players happy to see their characters remembered here.

I hope you've all had time to recover from the Gathering (though given what a Gathering it was, I wouldn't be surprised if you're all still suffering emotional trauma,) and get tents dried out, armour cleaned, kit washed, boots polished, and most importantly, keen levels restored.

See you all soon!

Aoife

## Quiz: What's your life expectancy?

By Marianne Wells

1. You go out for a drink with your mates. When have you had enough?
  - A – A glass of sherry is enough for me.
  - B – When everyone is out of money.
  - C – After the brawl, but before the guard arrives.
  - D – When you started in Camelot and woke up in Amnor.
  - E – When you started in New Galfrase and woke up in the Underdark.
2. What's your position on the battlefield?
  - A – At the back keeping an eye on things.
  - B – Running from casualty to casualty, making sure everyone gets picked up and organising snatch squads to rescue the fallen.
  - C – Skirmishing round the edges, waiting and watching for my moment to do something awesome.
  - D – In the front line, keeping it together and watching for opportunities to seize the advantage.
  - E – Charge! And hope someone actually follows me this time.
3. The best OSP in the system is:
  - A – High Magic. Pity it's practically unavailable.
  - B – Herb Lore, aka healing that anyone can have.
  - C – Traverse Faction Wards. I come and go as I choose, thank you very much.
  - D – High Magic. Or Crushing Blow. Either way, I've got my mind set on it and I'm going for it. I've got a plan...
  - E – Immune to Fear! Nothing makes **\*me\*** run away!
4. You gain the ability to perform True Magic, but only once in your life. Do you use this:
  - A – Never: I was always waiting for the perfect time and it never came.
  - B – When all hope is lost without it.
  - C – In a carefully orchestrated set up designed to get the best use from it.
  - D – When it would be pretty handy, because what the heck, you might die tomorrow.
  - E – Immediately! Yay power!
5. What's your best anecdote?
  - A – The time when Rhino beat the Progenitor. I mean, I wasn't there, obviously, but I've heard about it and it sounds amazing.
  - B – When I crawled behind enemy lines, dropping and playing dead whenever they looked round, and managed to heal two guys I got caught.
  - C – I don't tell them. The best way to keep something secret IC is keeping it secret OOC.
  - D – Fighting for my life, back to back with my mate the night the camp got rolled and boy was I glad when the rescue came.
  - E – When I single-handedly charged the Void Rift and nuted a demon. Man, you should have heard the damage calls I took that day.

6. You found a thing! An exciting thing. You have no idea what it is, but you know the bad guys want it. So what's the plan?

A – Tell no one you've got it, then put it away somewhere safe where no one will find it.

B – Find an expert to examine it. Read up on it, and ask everyone you can think of for advice.

C – Use it as bait in a cunning trap to capture the enemy, while simultaneously having your people investigate the item.

D – Let people know you've got it, and then carry it into battle against the baddies and see how it pans out.

E – Poke it! Invoke it! What happens when you use it as a rite focus? Or as a hammer? I must know!

7. Its pitch dark and word comes round there are assassins in the camp. Where are you?

A – To be honest, by this time I'm generally in bed anyway.

B – Round the campfire singing and keeping spirits up.

C – Where I've been for the last half hour: in the enemy camp, diploming to get the attack called off.

D – Asking Belenus if he needs any extra hands on camp security.

E – Without a word to anyone, I've already started silently patrolling round the darkest areas on my own looking for trouble.

8. You'll die a happy man/woman if...

A – ...it's 40-50 years from now, surrounded by my loving family.

B – ...I died saving others.

C – Not a fair question: I don't intend to let anyone catch me.

D – ...it was epic.

E – ...I lived just long enough to see what happened when I pressed that button.

**The Results:** If you said mostly.....

A – You can expect to live forever, but odds are you won't enjoy it much or do anything particularly worthwhile in the meantime. Try letting your hair down and taking a chance occasionally – sure you may get caught, but you may just possibly have fun.

B – You should live quite a long time, both because you're pretty careful and because you make it clear to people that you are a sensible friend who looks after people and won't get them killed on a lunatic whim. People like friends like that, and like keeping them alive.

C – You will live happily and well in a carefully planned lifestyle, with many fingers in many pies and keeping everything running in a complicated series of intricate plans. Until someone stabs you up for being too smug – but then the more assassination attempts you collect, the more smug you can be! The winner is the person who dies with the highest price on their head.

D – You take chances and play hard, but odds are it'll take a couple of years for your luck to run out, and people will certainly miss you when you're gone. I don't know about a good-looking corpse, but you'll certainly leave a legacy of anecdotes and inspiration.

E – How have you survived long enough to finish reading this? I mean seriously, are you not dead yet? You are, aren't you? You've been killed twice while reading this, admit it!

## Character and Group Backgrounds

Have you ever wondered what would happen if the past came back to haunt your character? If the fate of your character's 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](mailto: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!

Barry,

Head of Plot

## Research requests

If you submit a research request to the LT please follow this up with an email to [plot@lionsfaction.co.uk](mailto: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

## A LIONS OF LANTIA PRODUCTION

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*Special thanks to Bruce Myers for the use of the Lions Logo.*

### Tip of the Season:

Pointy end goes in bad guy.

# Lions Faction Dispatches

October 1112



*- No Lion Stands Alone -*

*Fellow Lions,*

*The time is fast approaching when we will be free of the menace of the Elemental forces that have been plaguing us for the last two years. These creatures have captured our land, abducted our people and forced them into slavery to fight against us.*

*This has been going on long enough. The people of Emerix have suffered enough.*

*It ends on Emerix. Not one more acre will fall to them. Not one more Lantian citizen will be sent to fight their own people.*

*Our legions sail towards the Island of Pain as we speak. They will clear a path for us and then our work begins. Eleven Elemental Overlords of Time remain - three have already fallen to us. We know how to defeat these creatures and we can do it again. Not just for the people of Lantia. Not just for the friends that we have lost to them. Not even just for the King that they have taken from us. We must remember that these Overlords have enslaved their own kind - elementals - to fight against us. We fight not for revenge, but for the freedom of all. Nobody has the right to enslave others - it has always been one of our greatest and strongest laws and beliefs, that slavery is wrong.*

*This will likely be the hardest fight we have ever faced. Never before have we mustered so many forces against one foe. Not against the Akari. Not against Xivental. For these creatures have enslaved our people. They have enslaved their own people. For a time, they enslaved our Queen. They took our King from us.*

*By the time we leave Emerix, justice must be done!*

*Long live the Queen.*

*Pride and Fury.*

*Nethaniel*

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## Faction Rituals

*So another year has passed, and already the Lions Ritual Conclave are looking towards next year. Whilst we are still looking at how we'll handle the submissions next year, it's really important that people start thinking about what they want next year. I know it's early and we haven't heard the alignments of the circles where we're going, but have a think, work out what you want and if you have any questions feel free to drop us a line and we can advise you how practical it is.*

*All Rituals must be for something Legal under Lions law.*

*Karnak Justice*

*High Ritualist*

### A Message from the Office of the High Healer

*At the final muster of the recent Gathering of Nations, it was mentioned that the University of Bloody Wankers are now attacking people with strange worms that require surgery to remove. At present, the faction has few surgeons. If you are a physician, please consider learning surgery over the winter, so that we will go into the next year better prepared to face this threat. This is a skill which isn't used as commonly as some, but which is periodically extremely useful.*

*We've also faced doppelgänger recently. If you can channel from the plane of life, please consider learning how to carry out an advanced pattern scan. This skill will allow you to recognise a doppelgänger, as well as determine someone's pattern type and whether their pattern is alien or aberrant. Thus, this skill will mean that you can avoid wasting power trying to heal creatures that are immune to your healing. Unfortunately, it won't help you identify paladins, but it will at least mean that you don't waste power trying to heal an unliving or someone with an aberrant pattern.*

*Both of these skills are in high demand right now, and are likely to be useful in future. If you can, please put some effort into learning these skills. Both I and your faction will be very grateful.*

*In faith and hope,*

*Elrood Brond*

## Regarding Consangua

Twenty Third Day, Ninth Month, Eleven Hundred and Twelve  
Castle Darkendale  
Gallathrix

Lions,

It is done.

It would be wrong to say that Consangua is defeated but instead say that there is no longer any threat from her.

Finally the plague that has lasted five hundred years, and directly affected us for the last two has ended.

I owe a huge debt of gratitude

To those who fought against her minions,

To those who wrote and performed songs, tales and legends,

To those who would stand in rite and ritual against her evil,

To those who could find forgiveness in their hearts,

To those who were able to cast aside need for vengeance and

To those who felt able to trust me enough to end this fight in a way which I know provoked much controversy.

To each and every one of you who helped defeat this threat please accept my most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

Consangua herself has changed, and for the better. For the first time ever, at the Gathering, I heard her saying the words that I truly wanted from her. "I am sorry." For the first time in five hundred years she is capable of understanding the hurt, the pain, the sorrow and the loss that she has caused. No longer is it crude marks in a ledger or points upon a tally stick but it is real to her and now she can feel it too.

Her aspects have been changed too, gone is the burning need for vengeance. Replaced instead with the virtues that the Lions call upon each time they march into battle. Truth, Honour and Justice.

These are what make this nation the nation of heroes which it has come to be.

It is my steadfast hope that these are also the tenets that Consangua will stand by but more than this that Truth, Honour and Justice will be more than words, but the virtues that the Lions hold forever in their hearts.

Thank you.

In Faith.



Seraphim Aldain-Darkendale

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*From the Office of the Prince Bishop*

*My Fellow Lions*

*The King is Dead. Long Live Queen Lenia.*

*The Faction has suffered a great loss. Many great losses. But we can, and will, learn and grow from the experience. We stand together, one Pack, one Pride, because No Lion Stands Alone. We have strong Crowns for leadership – Caileb our spirits, Nethaniel our arms, Lenia our hearts. Our Military Command is battered, yet unbowed. The Council still leads, offering direction and support to all.*

*I call on you all, each and every one of you, to stand and be proud of who you are and what you strive for. . . To offer support whenever spirits seem to be flagging. To hold the Line against whatever foes may challenge us. To take back everything that has been taken from us. To crush the Time Elementals, the Doppelgangers, the Cult of the Kraken and ANY of those who dare to threaten us. To avenge the fallen, and live for each other. To be the absolute best that we can.*

*Because being anything less than our best is letting each other down.*

*I did not seek to become Prince Bishop. But wiser heads than mine felt I was the best choice, and persuaded me so. So I promise that I will do my best. For my Men. For the Palatinate. For my Queen, my Crowns, for Lantia and the Lions.*

*For the Future.*

**PRIDE AND FURY!**

*+ Sorrentum Hunter, Prince Bishop of the Palatinate.*

Hello again my bardic lords and ladies, 'tis Sava here again. Barman at the 'Dancing Dryad' on La Lara near Camelot for those that don't remember me from my last story. My wife has been on at me again to write another one of the many tales I hear down for you all to read, so here it is.

So this guy walks in, wearing one of them green chess tabards, Watchguard boys they are. And a good bunch o' lads too, there's a few that drink in here when they clock off. Not that they get a lot o' free time, 'tis important work that guarding.

Anyway in he walks a few cuts on his face, looks like claws did 'em to me. As he orders his beer I couldn't help but ask him what went on, you know they don't normally come in with wounds and stuff, and said they'd been attacked by something really weird this morning. You remember them Breed? That the funny Sengool made, freak that he was, turns out there's some left. I thought they'd all died. But he swears blind that they ran into a bunch of them.

He was telling me how it all went down, like, attacking like a pack etc. When his mate walks in 'avin just finished his shift too. He was at a different circle over on Azurlon I think and he says they just saw a Frithen walk past. Cool as you like, just walking like he was going to the market, even waved and said hello!

There's something fishy going on, yes yes I meant the pun. But really, them high ups should look into this, if there's a secret hole of Breed and Frithen somewhere surely we should know about it?

Anyways I must get back to running my bar or the missus will kill me, you all take care now!

Shores of Amnor

By An Elf

By Amnor's northern shores I went to think

In another's place where forest paths

Lead down to stalwart cliffs

Where waves crash and gulls call

The piercing wind blows sharp and fresh and cold

Testing the old timbers and stone walls

The hearth is clear, wood stored

Winter-stocked, the larder

The note on the table says "be welcome"

Above the hearth a name speaks more, of

The man between two worlds

Who held back a cruel tide

The forest casts long, dark sunset shadows

Shadowed too the firelit faces here

Wood-carved, they remind me

I do not stand alone

The names of those who have gone before me

Looking down from the walls and from times gone

Telling what they stood for

What mattered at the last

I remember those who I stood beside

Friends I knew who laugh and drink no more

I take my knife to wood

New-carved amongst the old

As I carve I help remind myself

Why it is I yearn and strive and fight

A future for us all

No replay of past sins

So I sit by the shore of Amnor

Uncertain where my life goes

Knowing it matters not

Only what I leave behind

When all around is dark and hard

When my path through life seems false

I ask but one question

What would Kengist do?

So I smile and recall how to laugh

Drain my glass and swallow doubt

Hold fast to friends and hope

Cease to brood and learn to live

*Today's Sermon shall come from the Book of Morbia, inspired by the Second commandment of Morbia:*

*'Thou Shalt Defend Hearth, Hoock or Honour. As these are precious to you, They art precious to me.'*

*For truly it was written, in the Third Chapter of The Book of Morbia 'so now did the younger races boil forth to do war upon the children of the Elder Ancestors, and Death did ride with them upon a pale horse which did have a nasty temper and a fondness for apples. And though the Elder races did array themselves in bright armour, and bear sharp spears, arrows, swords, axes, daggers, broken bottles, fruit knives and tools for taking stones from hooves, their might was not feared by the armies of the younger races, who did speak prophesy unto the kings of the Elder Races,*

*And they did sing loudly and together unto the Elder Races 'Thou art going home in an apothecary's cart,' and the Uruk did wave their tackle and bare their green backsides unto those who would deny them, to show that they feared them not.*

*And some among both elder and younger races did take with them to battle diverse kegs and bottles of Morbia's sacred brew, and did anoint themselves most vigorously before giving battle. Thus did Morbia speak unto these faithful, and did bless them, saying:*

*Blessed be thee, O warriors, who brave the slings and arrows. May thee know outrageous fortune, and let not bruises, nor small flesh wounds, nor papercuts slow thee in thy duty. Drink of my bounty and know neither fear nor doubt, for my holy spirits shall protect thee.*

*And these soldiers did harken unto the words of Morbia, and did gather in small groups before battle did join, and did get tanked. And once tanked these warriors did venture forth and smite the foe with hammer, clubs, maces and big sticks with nails in them, and though these warriors did take wounds, and some did fall down dead or be chopped to small bits by their enemy, they knew neither fear nor doubt.'*

*As it was written, let it be. Let us go forth knowing neither fear nor doubt. Let us reclaim that which is ours, and give a most righteous kicking to anything that stands in our way.*

*Pride, Fury, and reasonably priced Mead!*

*(The Church of Morbia holds afternoon and evening prayers daily at the Sign of Shak'Rok's Head on Tamarus. All are welcome. We have mead.)*

*Father Olsen, on behalf of the Church of Morbia*

Oi you!

Got sum stuff dat yoo need smashin? Old frag  
klutterin' up yor gaff?

Den wot yoo need is Squad D, da  
environmental way to get unwanted fings  
smashed up, 'auled away and dumped in a  
volcano - all for a modest fee.

# In Memoriam

## *Thermopylae Blaze*

*I knew I was putting you in harm's way the moment I made you my aide - that is the lot of a soldier after all - but I never anticipated this. How I regret going back to Gallathix that night. Had I been there still, it might have made a difference. Or not. We cannot second guess fate.*

*You were my friend, and you lit up the void when we were there together, as much as you lit up our lives when you returned. I will miss you greatly, my dear. We'll keep an eye on Karnak for you. Walk long in Avalon's embrace. We'll see you there soon enough.*

*+Sorrentum*

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## *Neantóg*

*Friend. Leader. Confidante. All ripped away through a hole in the Void. I pray to all the Ancestors that some part of you makes it home, and can be at peace.*

*We will never know just how good you could have been. But it would have been good. Even in your absence, you will keep me striving to be a better man. I hope you know that.*

*+Sorrentum*

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## *Maya*

*Gentle, yet fierce; innocent, yet wise; sweet, yet strong. You were an embodiment of what it meant to be a Lion, and we are much the poorer for your loss. We will remember.*

*+Sorrentum*

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## *Trull Sengar*

*You stopped wearing the colours to find your way closer to Keremar, but you still died in service to the Lions. We'll never know why you did what you did, but I cannot hold it against you. The Palatinate has lost a faithful servant.*

*+Sorrentum*

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## *Hengist*

*4 years ago I came back from the void. Meg introduced me to a hulking, chain smoking, alcoholic monster and said 'this is the king...' I almost jumped back through the void gate again. That night, I was told the tale of the Awakening of Avalon, and the Gateguard. I opened my eyes, and saw you in a different light. Over the years, I grew to know you more, respect you more... love you more.*

*You were the greatest leader of men and women I have ever had the honour of meeting, and when I became Prince Bishop, I had no concerns with swearing fealty to you, my king. I gave you a year. I wish only that you could have been here for more of it. Now you rest with the other Gateguard, last of the Seven. Enjoy home, my friend. I'll see you there again, some day. Then we will share a cup from Megatankard, tell tall tales, and remember loved ones. I am sworn to your Queen now, and will serve her as best I can until I go to my rest.*

*In the Light of the Palatinate Ancestors*

*+Sorrentum*

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## *Culrucan Shadefellow*

*I'll never again know the honour of standing by you in a shield line. I'll miss that, more than I ever thought possible. You seemed invincible in life, but everything has its season. I hope you are at rest now, my friend. We'll take care of her, and them, for you, and we'll avenge your passing, I swear.*

*+Sorrentum*

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Brother,

Near all who read this will know of your death – but your life... Your life my brother is mostly known in half stories, third party truths, rumours, bargains and lies.

You were a slaver who traded in the lives of innocents – Yes, you bought people, you bought them with your own money, brought them to a land where slavery was not tolerated, freed them and offered them the protection of your family and household.

You lined your pockets with the hard work and graft of others, yet I see around each island in Lantia schools and facilities that you provided. Schools that teach children all that they seek to know from the truth of Avalon and the Dream to politics, ethics and trade. The young of these islands have a legacy of hope and knowledge and that, my brother, is down to you.

You were crass and boorish, insincere and lived only for your love of the moment. Yes I remember it well. I remember standing on a cold February night not knowing what I should do, being so out of my depth as to be stunned to inaction. Your boorish, insincere advice was “You should go and talk with her...Tell her the truth, and see what happens... She just needs to hear it from you.” Without that advice so much that is wonderful and beyond comparison would have been missed. I remember you standing up for the honour of your wife, Bast, by returning to the faction the position and authority which, barring the Crowns themselves, would make you the richest and most influential person in Lantia.

You were an egotist who thought of none but himself, yet I recall you bending your knee not only to the faction but to Her Grace and vowing to live and die by her will.

You were brave to a fault, and put your body in the way of harm more times than I can count. More than once you took a blow aimed for me knowing that by absorbing the threat you made it possible for me to end it permanently, and trusting that I would get you back out alive.

You were no saint my brother, and I will not claim you were but you did the best that can be asked of a man and oftentimes more. A man more devoted to the Crown and to the Lions will be hard to find.

Ilyrio Darkendale, my brother, my twin, my best friend – I love you, and I miss you.

~Seraphim Aldain-Darkendale

*Polly*

*There was a young maiden who WAS a young maiden,  
Which came in quite useful when trapped in the Void.  
Her comrades would use her as bait to trap demons,  
And carefully ensured she remained unspoiled.  
With many miraculous methods of bondage,  
They lured the foul demons in hope of a grope,  
But no creature living could ever withstand  
Our Thermopylae Blaze when she's armed with a rope.  
Through all of her grand extra-planar adventures,  
Here Cheerfulness always was kept to the fore.  
Her wicked demeanour a juxtaposition  
To innocence many men failed to explore.  
She fell for a soldier, who's quite a bit older  
Which soon meant the demons sought elsewhere for treats,  
And Polly would have to find new ways of fighting,  
For Mother-In-Laws are much harder to beat.  
Once back on Eirdreja, her staff in one hand,  
And the other one usually clutching a beer,  
She found a career change to legal enforcement  
Would give Lantian criminals something to fear.  
Unplanned escalation of drunk Hyskis Chicken  
Then led to the shortest engagement we've known.  
And Polly's admirers were left to console themselves,  
Dreaming of oats that would never be sown.  
In fair Caledonia, locals were startled  
By sights that had ne'er before troubled their gaze.  
Two pale, naked bottoms that bobbed up and down  
in the crystal clear waters of lovely Loch Tay.  
She fought her last battle against an old Vampire,  
And in the King's arms did her life slip away.  
But let us remember her as she'd have wanted,  
And raise up a glass to Thermopylae Blaze.*

*Rest well, Polly. Keep a cider cold for me.*

*Tara.*

## *Thermopylae Blaze*

*I first met Polly 15 years ago, when my Lance discovered her tied to a stone altar dressed in white. This was my first experience of the concept of a "professional sacrificial virgin", as things turned out, it wasn't to be my last. By the time the night was through I'd arranged for her to join the Prince Bishops Men and she left Oak Hill for the last time to travel to New Durholme. Basic training followed and as the Nosta Kar attack gathered force she was rushed into a front line unit- mine. Within the year, we'd been rifted into the Void during the Battle of Belec, and for the next 7 years we travelled together with the rest of what had become "Void Lance". The Dragon, Void Gypsies, Scarabs, Suffragette city, "That time" when we were cut off, The Mermaid and so many more memories crazier than the last. Even after Rogan's land we ran into each other once in a while until she disappeared for good from Void as she finally made it home in 1106. I returned in 1107 and our friendship was rekindled. Looking back now it seems bizarre that we never noticed what seemed so obvious to so many others, but truthfully it wasn't until 1110 that the penny dropped. We'd spent so many years with her as the "Professional Virgin" and me as the one tying her up, that we'd simply come to think of ourselves as just good friends. However a random act of kindness, the need for closeness and a near death experience meant that we decided to take a chance, because it was better than a life of what ifs.....*

*What followed was 20 months of joy and happiness; we were married 5 months later on campaign after another near death experience and a game of "Brethren Chicken" getting spectacularly interesting. We made our promises a long time ago and as professional soldiers we knew how this was likely to end; after all, our first dance was to "Peasants War". I just never expected us not to go together.*

*We didn't have secrets, we told each other everything and we looked out for each other, if it wasn't for Polly, my life would be looking very different today. There is a saying that goes "You have no idea how long you've got so make every second count" We did and it was fitting that we spent our last day together, living it to the full and leaving nothing unsaid. By then Polly wasn't the Oak Hill girl who went into and came out of the Void, she was a vibrant beautiful woman, at peace with the world, Deputy High Sheriff of the faction, Aide to His Grace and my wife. We talked that day about what she might achieve now that she'd finally spread her wings and neither of us knew other than that whatever it would be, there'd be an us.*

*Sadly that dream is now gone, as she fell in battle with the Vampire Cornelius but I know she is waiting for me in the Dream in Avalon. A year ago Cosaint wrote a beautiful song for us called again. There is a repeated line in that seems appropriate right now.*

*"And if our feet should fall on different paths and fates should blind us*

*I'll find you again"..... It's a date Pol.*

*I sang to you, a song I wrote about you, for you, and you looked at me when I had finished, and you said "Make sure they remember me". Did you know what was coming? Did you know that was the last thing you would ever say to me? Did you know just ten minutes later, you'd be dead?*

*So where to start? How to tell you, to tell all the Lions, of the Lord Ilyrio Mortain Darkendale I knew... I cannot ever claim I knew him completely, but perhaps a little... And like all people, Ilyrio grew and changed. The man who died, the man I write of now, was not the man who first came to serve his faction. But like all of us, it is how we end that matters.*

*You had a reputation, and you cultivated it so carefully.*

*You knew how to poison people, and whilst you knew the value of the assassins' blade ...  
I knew you for the anti-venoms you always had*

*You traded, and made so much money, because everyone knows the Darkendales are rich ... and you gave it to the faction, who owed you more than 400 gold at the end, and in your will, you insisted it be a gift ... and you bought food, for the Dragons refugees... you bought the things you thought the Lions needed... How much of our stores came from your pocket, I wonder? We'll never know.*

*You were a poisoner ... you were a healer – many Lions owe their lives to you and your stealth healing*

*You were a slave trader, buying human flesh ...so you could free them*

*You were the Lord Darkendale, you were Quartermaster, you were on the Council ... and once, you were Acting High Healer – responsible for the well-being of the entire faction – insisting it be a secret, of course*

*Lenia, when she was Head of the Council, once described you to me as one of the Lightest voices on it, but of course, Council meetings were always conducted in secret, and only those involved in the decisions ever knew*

*You were the bad boy ... but we used to sit up late drinking together anyway, and you would poke at the concept of good, at first like a child with a loose tooth he can't leave alone - and you couldn't leave it alone – wanting to be good, but not wanting to lose yourself, coming to understand what, and who you could be...*

*You were the Lord Darkendale, head of one of the largest reputed crime families in Lantia ... and we almost made you a Companion of the Order of Celestial for just how much you understood about good, and about doing the right thing no matter what it cost you, and for how much you did for the Lions*

*You loved your brother ... and you envied him a little, I think. Until you found out who you wanted to be. How to be good in your own way, staying true to yourself, but not competing with him (clothing aside!)*

*You never let us, the Order of Celestial rest, never let us walk the easy path. You challenged us constantly, honed us. We might not have always agreed, but you made us think, helped us see every angle. You were awarded the Medal of Master of Thought posthumously, the first person outside the Order to hold a medal since we were founded.*

*You always picked the worst time to broach uncomfortable issues, claiming such things shouldn't be put aside until it was convenient ... you were the person I most wanted to hit!*

*You could be a stubborn bastard ... but somehow it always worked out*

*You worked tirelessly to give the Lions a life on Lantia ... but you never forgot, or could let go of, Avalon*

*You were one of the strongest voices against undead and corruption ... and your heart betrayed you to a corruptor. You loved her with all your soul ... and so your heart kept you awake at night. You would not deny love, no matter the cost to you*

*You were the butt of all the jokes ... knowing the joke was on the faction*

*I was an orphan, and a member of the Order of Celestial ... You were always there for me, and you welcomed me into the Darkendales anyway, unsure of the cost to either group and uncaring, and you were family.*

*I will finish with one final insight, that to me always summed up Ilyrio, and his relationship with his family and his faction. It was several years ago, before he married Bast, on the night of the opening of the Dreamstruck Brewery. Crown Prince Seraphim had asked me to share a glass of wine with him, and dance with him. We were both terrified, and useless - all shy looks and glances, and awkward conversation. Ilyrio and Seraphim went outside for air. I was so nervous. Everyone knew Ilyrio's reputation as a ... 'ladies man', and he was The Lord Darkendale, and Seraphim was the Crown Prince, and me just the Secretary of the Order. What was Ilyrio saying to him?! I dared to voice my fears to their cousin, my friend, Her Grace Ivory duBois Darkendale, the Prince Bishop. She nodded knowingly "Probably 'just shag her and get it over with' ". I was mortified, and couldn't wait for the floor to swallow me. Of course, it didn't. A little later, Seraphim came and found me. We sat opposite each other, searching for words. All I could think to say was to ask what Ilyrio had said. The answer - "To talk to the girl. Just that"... Sensible, insightful advice recognising that behind the Crown was a very shy man, and behind the shield of bustling efficiency was an equally shy girl... And so there Crown Prince Seraphim was, trying to talk to me, because his brother prompted him to act on his feelings. And the rest, as they say...*

*For everything you did for us, all of us, thank you*

*I will not forget you.*

*Your cousin,*

*Karen*

*Obituary for Maya:*

*Maya Talthor,*

*We should have invited you to join us years ago, and it is our loss that we enjoyed your companionship for so short a time. More than most of us, you knew what it meant to make the difficult decisions and do the right thing, even if it was not the easy thing. To do what you knew was right, even when you knew that your friends and comrades might not agree, and might even hate you for the choices you made. For so many years, you have been everything we look for in a Companion, but you did it in the Guilds, so we didn't notice.*

*This vile university that has taken you from us will not long survive you. But we do not move to destroy them through hate - you would not want that. But so that others do not have to suffer at their hands.*

*I hope and pray that you are at peace.*

*Nethaniel*

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Hengist MacConnell,

You taught me how to rule, how to kill, when to stay your hand and when to strike.

You brought me joy, brought me pain, brought hope, brought despair.

You made me your brother - it seems so long ago.

Like all brothers we fought, we agreed, we laughed, we argued.

We lived.

Now you are gone, the world seems emptier. But I can still hear you.

Your voice carries on, you and the others.

Drinking with The Boss!

Joking, fighting, laughing, hoping, watching, waiting, caring.

Ready.

Goodbye my friend.

~Anon

*You had a spirit about you, a sense of life, an infectious grin.*

*You brought happiness and a smile to the faces of many.*

*You showed a quickness of mind and a willingness to act – where others might not.*

*Random acts of kindness were your forte, and are indicative of your life – bringing happiness to others.*

*Thermopylae Blaze - you will be missed.*

~Anon

Cousin,

*You were the nettle amongst the roses, but let none ever say that you were the lesser for it.*

*Full of promise, your star was in the ascendance before your end.*

*I will miss our half started conversations – always interrupted – never finished.*

Now they are, and that saddens me more than I can say.

I do not know if you finally made your devotions but I pray my Lord understood your questioning and has saved a place in his halls for you.

Farewell Neantóg

~Anon

Cousin

You were the best regulator that I could ever have hoped for. Always there, approaching from an oblique angle making sure that you were never seen.

I remember you waiting patiently, never a word of complaint.

I remember you on that night when Orpheus, and so many others died, holding onto life in the face of terrible odds.

You had taken the first steps down the road as a Knight of Praetorius – when I heard about this I was so very proud of you. I still am.

Culrucan, you were a man of great courage, devotion and duty.

I know Praetorius will hold a place for you. Go there knowing that whilst there is life in my body and strength in my arm those whom you hold dear will be protected.

~Anon

Doctor John Tapper

A man devoted to doing good. Who did his best to preserve life . A man who did not care about politics or stigma or slander or anything more than trying to do the right thing by people.

Forced, by threat to his family, from his position In the Healers Guild he still sought to do the best that he possibly could.

He asked me if he could join the Family, to do his best to gather information and advance the cause of Good across Edreja – he felt that he still had more to give and he was anxious to do so.

He was cut down by murderous cowards who did not even have the decency to attack an armed man.

Doctor John Tapper- a Darkendale for less than two hours – a force for good, you will not be forgotten.

~Anon