

LIONS PACK UP APRIL 2013: OOC SECTION

Editorial

Hello all!

All around there's a definite buzz of excitement, terror and boot-polishing that can only mean it's almost time for the main event season to begin.

After a winter and spring full of great sanctioned events, a new LT online booking system and the usual death and mayhem, it's time for consequences, mass battles, seeing old friends both IC and OOC, diplomacy, guild service, avoiding dodgies when returning to camp with a pizza at midnight, rituals, assassinations, getting mugged by eight-year-olds and all the other moments that make up the LT player's "What I Did On My Summer Holidays".

So, to fuel your keen, here is a pack up with letters, notices, obituaries, event reports, and fashion advice!, sent in by many wonderful Lions.

See you in the field!

Aoife

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 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 with the details of the research so that we can ensure that you receive a timely and accurate response.

Thanks,

Barry
Head of plot

Summary of Feedback from March 2013 Event (Where All Should Pause)

Chris Cunliffe

Catering:

Excellent – 16%
Good – 13%
Average – 26%
Poor – 26%
Very Poor – 18%

The Catering at this event seems to have very much split the player-base – this pattern has been clear both in verbal feedback, and in the electronic form summarised here. Negatives tended to focus on the Friday evening meal, which most people agree was of low quality. Another issue was the method of serving on Saturday evening which, whilst a nice idea, didn't work given the size of the hall and the monsters (and plot team) being situated elsewhere.

On the other hand, many people do acknowledge that things improved as the weekend continued, with some people going so far as to say that it was the best LRP catering they have ever experienced. We have learned a great deal from this – the biggest one being how important it is to publish a menu in advance. Similarly, all of the feedback has been passed onto Serve It Forth who I know are going over it and are planning to learn from their mistakes.

Many people have stated that they would be willing to give Serve It Forth another go (this was their first attempt at Sanctioned Event style catering), but we'll be looking elsewhere in the immediate future.

Ops Desk:

Excellent: 93%
Good: 5%
Average: 2%

Again, an overwhelmingly positive response to this question. There are still some issues with character cards coming through wrong, to which I have requested that people contact me with details of the mistakes. Only two of you have done so, however, which makes it difficult to establish a pattern. If there is anybody that hasn't sent me this information yet, please do so asap.

Fights:

Excellent: 72%

Good: 21%

Average: 7%

Sunday Fight:

Excellent: 63%

Good: 34%

Average: 4%

Fighting generally seems to have been well received, with the biggest complaint being about the toilet-block light source which made it difficult to develop and maintain night vision. This is an absolutely fair point and something for us to take on board in future for night fighting. Another common criticism was that the Sunday fight was too short and didn't appear to have a win condition. As people may be aware, there were some timing issues on Sunday, but the criticism is taken on board, and we'll make efforts to improve that.

Rob will no doubt be pleased that his portrayal of Tatalus seems to have gone down very well, with many people already getting their hate on. A new big bad for people to really hate was requested at the OC meeting, so I hope that this one is fulfilling that promise for people.

Reffing/Marshalling:

Excellent: 80%

Good: 20%

Very positive feedback – whilst our Excellent rate has dropped a little, everybody now considers it Good or better, which is fantastic to see. General comments for reffing are very similar to the previous event, though thoughts seem to be that we didn't quite get the ref presence as spot on as we did at Winter.

Monsters:

Excellent: 79%

Good: 18%

Average: 3%

Monsters were very well regarded. There have been some comments about safety with polearms at night, which we'll be more careful of in future. One very positive comment was that the majority of monsters were prepared to talk if it came to it – this was much appreciated as we all know that that can be quite intimidating when you don't necessarily have a complete brief of what is going on.

Plot:

Excellent: 79%

Good: 18%

Average: 3%

The plot for the event has received generally positive comments – particular areas of note being the variety of plot going out and the business that created. The Temple linear seems to have been especially well thought of which is very pleasing – that was, of course, something out of the ordinary which seems to have worked very well. There were also comments about how nice it was to have a full ritual circle present – though we won't be doing that for every event!

Set Dressings:

Excellent: 41%

Good: 43%

Average: 16%

Site:

Excellent: 75%

Good: 23%

Average: 2%

Set dressing has been generally well thought of – many of the averages stating that they were only putting that because it didn't look good compared to the Darkendale event – can't really argue with that. The light-sources were mentioned again, and people brought up that the IC building was a little small for the number of players. We are, of course, keen not to limit player numbers too far, but it does sadly lead to this. It's something we'll take into consideration – possibly look to encourage more IC group tents at events like this one.

People were very complimentary of how the outdoor areas of the site were used – particularly on linears.

Event Overall:

Excellent: 75%

Good: 23%

Average: 2%

Another excellent event would seem to be the summary of the feedback. We tried some new stuff, which seems to have worked well, and it was a pleasure to see people engaging with it and going all out to keep us working hard!

Thanks to you all for your feedback – see you in the field!

Chris

A LIONS OF LANTIA PRODUCTION

WRANGLER BY: Aoife O'Connor, Barry Holliday and honourable mention to Rick Anderson for computer magic.

CONTENTS BY: Derek McAllister (who wins the Squeaking in Before The Deadline award,) Rachel Prince, Niamh Carey, John Kearney, Kirsten Williams, Jess Wardman, John Large, Emma Cunliffe, Laura O'Connor, William McKeever, Chris Cunliffe, Aoife O'Connor, Barry Holliday.

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

Tip of the Season:

A caffeinated LARPer is a happy LARPer.

Lions Faction Dispatches

April 1113



- No Lion Stands Alone -

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*From the Office of the Arcane Primus,
Camelot
Fourth month, 1113*

Lions,

For those who were not present at the Parliament on Camelot in the third month, I write to provide you with a brief overview of events and to inform you of vacancies within the Arcane department. At the Moot we will be appointing a new High Mage and a new High Alchemist, and considering the deputies for these positions. You do not have to be a mage or an alchemist to apply for these positions, although it may be helpful.

We are currently examining the duties of these positions, so I must stress the following descriptions may change either before the positions are confirmed, or shortly afterwards, but I wished to give people as much notice as possible.

Both positions sit on the Arcane Council. The Arcane Council is responsible for all wibbly matters within the Lions Faction. It consists of the High Bard, the High Mage, the High Incantor, the High Healer, the High Alchemist and the High Ritualist, and is led by the Arcane Primus, who represents the Arcane Council on the High Council. I try to hold one meeting per campaign / event to touch base with everyone, more if we have a lot of things to sort.

If you wish to put yourself forward for a position, please speak to me in person at the Moot as soon as possible. Those who wish to be considered for positions will be discussed by the Arcane Council, who will choose the final appointment. Deputies are usually chosen by the High Arcane of each Department, but must be ratified by the Arcane Council. The Arcane Council may also suggest suitable deputies.

If you are not able to make the Moot, but wish to be considered, please send me a message via imp before the Moot. If you wish to clarify anything, also please message me, as I may not receive messages here.

☞ The Arcane Council - All positions ☞

- Know your department, know their skills. Know who to call on for a specific job - who can heal aberrant patterns, who is better at dismissing, etc.*
- Help organise training for them if needed - training slots are allocated by the Head of Council based on merit for the faction. The HofC may come to you to ask if the requester will use the skill well on behalf of the faction. Know your department.*
- Let your department know they are appreciated and that the faction recognises the work they do. Tell the Arcane Primus if someone does something exceptional so it can be Mentioned in Dispatches or similar.*
- Know your field - your spells / potions / etc, how they work and what stops them working. What do they work on, what don't they work on? This will change constantly depending our allies and enemies.*
- Know how to work with those outside your field - for example, mages and incantors must also know to counter a petrification.*

- Know who you may need to brief in the Military Command, and remember the High Bard may keep records.
- Work with your Guild

Not all responsibilities must be filled by the High Arcane. Some can be the responsibility of the Deputy, if they have different specialisations / interests.

High Mage

The High Mage is responsible for dealing with magical threats to the faction, magical effects on its people, and for training and coordinating the mages in the Lions faction. More than any other position, the High Mage must work closely with the Military. Responsibilities include:

- To gather knowledge of the enemies of the Lions, how they are affected by spells, and to design effective tactics against them.
- To co-ordinate and train the faction mages in battle tactics, in terms of when to use power, and when to save it, and specific tactics for each enemy.
- To co-ordinate the faction mages in a battle line, with each other, and with other departments, such as the Military, to ensure that tactical advantages are followed up on.
- To follow the battle, knowing when to advise offensive spellcasting, and when to save power and engage in melee combined with defensive countering.
- To have an approximate idea at all times of the remaining spellcasting power in the faction, and advise accordingly.
- To know the faction Warlocks, and to be aware of initiations conducted by those within the faction.
- Enchanting and shadow magic also come under the remit of the Mages Department.

Note ~ Co-ordinating the faction mages is arguably the most important element of this post, as spellcasting in battle can often be weak, but once co-ordinated it is an extremely effective tool. This part of the job is currently under discussion with the Military.

High Alchemist

The High Alchemist is responsible for all potions and poisons used in the faction. Alchemy is not a static, well-defined field, and new discoveries are constantly being made. Responsibilities include:

- Having a keen interest in all things alchemical and a desire to learn more about it.
- To support and promote all aspects of alchemy which is supported by Lions law (That is potion AND poison use).
- To have an approximate knowledge at any time of what alchemical options are currently owned and available in the faction, and should the need arise, who currently has them.
- To liaise with the Faction Quartermaster and High Healer about faction stocks, and costs, ensuring support from them when needed.
- To encourage people to pay their tithe.
- To work with the Sheriff's Department on relevant matters, such as Shimmer and other new drugs which may be created.

These duties may change at any time depending on the needs of the faction.

Positions which involve substantial liaising with other Departments are currently being considered to better clarify the roles and duties.



Following on from the Parliament, for those who were not present:

Orst, Emmerix and the Doppelgangers

- *A ritual was carried out by the High Ritualist, Sir Karnak Justice, in which the Orstian Emmerix was merged with our Emmerix, and the Xivental-created patterns of the Doppelgangers were sent to the realm of Avalon.*

Regarding the Wonders:

- *The wonder of Rysarius has reformed back into the Wayward Flame. As before knowledge must be quested for. When we quested to ask questions, it initially gave cursory answer, but more detailed answers were delivered by an avatar of the Flame later.*
- *The Hammer of Destruction is in the process of being repaired - it will have the power to destroy any other Wonder, but will be no more damaging than any other large blunt object against a living pattern. I would like to take a moment to remind the Faction of Sky, Helena and Henri, who died to help us get this Hammer.*
- *Once again I extend my thanks to the Lions who went and retrieved the Wheel of Fortune, Wonder of Ceryphus. That Wonder was broken: with the help of Elspeth on the One, the Acting High Incantor, that has been reformed into an item that informs the Faction of the most auspicious time to attempt something, and the least auspicious time.*

Again, if you have any ideas for ways in which the Wonders could be reshaped to help the people of Lantia, please do come to me with them. I hope to continue to reforge them to help this Faction over the coming months.

The Ancestor known as Paragon

Finally, at the end of the ritual for Emmerix, something was pulled through the Void and landed in the centre of the desert of Tamarus. On inspection, this turned out to be a temple / tomb, dedicated to an ancestor called Paragon. We investigated the structure, which was full of hostile elementals, and retrieved a box containing Paragon, apparently locked away against his will. The lock was degrading, so it was decided to release him in a controlled manner, for which he is grateful. I would like to reiterate that the elementals are in the middle of the desert, and do not pose any threat.

If anyone hears anything of this ancestor over the coming months, I would be extremely grateful if they would inform either myself or the High Incantor of any news.

In light and faith

Karen Aldain-Darkendale

Arcane Primus and Sirene of Tamarus

Twenty Seventh Day, Fourth Month, Eleven Hundred and Thirteen
Castle Darkendale
Gallathrix

Lions,

This is, in very simple terms, a request for your aid.

I appreciate that it is unusual for someone of my surety, and not inconsiderable ego, to make such a request but if I am to take the task below seriously then it is far bigger than me and it would ill behove me to try and do this alone.

I will ask you to bear with me as I momentarily wax legendary.

As those who fought through the Cadre war will already be aware there is a void between the planes whereupon Elemental Embodiments, and their entourages, sit and watch war rage across the heavens in dynamic and titanic battles so large that their scale and impact are all but incomprehensible to those stuck in the middle. The wars continue - on and on as each Cadre vies for control of the cosmos and for Erdeja. These wars are fought oftentimes with ideology and magic, but also with the sword.

The Pattern of Good had a champion - a general, a hero who never joined his Element in the vantage point between the Planes. His name was Samael and he was the Archon of Good. Samael would crusade for his cadre, no matter the odds, from the front line. Never breaking, never running always fighting for Good wherever he could.

In the Great Library there are many tales of his heroism but one stands out above the others where Good interceded on behalf of the innocent. The element of Fate wished to swing the balance of Erdreja towards the Cadre of Famine and was about to snuff out the life of thousands of innocents.

Unsupported, and unprotected, Samael leapt forward to defend the mortals who were totally unaware of the metaphysical battle occurring within the void. Outnumbered, and fighting on a plane which supported the minions of Fate and Evil, Samael fought with a skill and courage unseen and unmatched in time. He plunged headlong into the enemy, making a target of himself and turning the enemy formation upon itself allowing others to surround them and ultimately carry the day.

Alas following this victory it was Samael who, in a moment of uncharacteristic hubris sallied forth to challenge Everon Satûn.

This battle was too great for him and he fell. Everon did not, however, destroy Samael but instead handed him to Fire. For thousands of years Samael was subjected to the infernal flames. Being immortal he was never granted the release of death but was forced to endure. Eon after eon of fire and pain and punishment took its toll on this once great Champion of Good. It corrupted his body and broke his mind and turned him, slowly and by degrees, to the creature we now call The Balrog.

Evil now has an agent who can walk this Egg, bringing pain and suffering to all those it encounters. His name was Samael. To this day he has never known defeat at mortal hands but he has caused the death of many. Everon, of course, does not care about whether this agent stands or falls. He is already stolen, so if he falls then, as far as evil is concerned, it is a matter of no importance.

Unless, that is, something fundamentally changes.

If Samael can be restored to what he was, The Archon of Good, then Evil suffers for it.

Everon's greatest tool of terror is defeated and Good once more is returned to its former strength.

This is the task to which I would set myself. To release Samael from the constant fire and pain that courses through his body, to return him to what he was – the Archon of Good – and to finally end the threat of the Balrog upon Edreja.

It is not a mean task by any measure, nor is it one that can, or should, be undertaken alone.

Accordingly, if there are any who feel that this is a task in which they too would see done, then I would ask for their help.

I shall be available for discussion at all the great events of the year and would be delighted to speak with anyone who feels they can help with this matter.

In faith, and in light.



Seraphim Aldain-Darkendale

Report from Arrakesh by Sheyna Darkleaf

This isn't a full event report. I'm still only halfway through that, and it's hard going. Maybe someday soon I'll have it ready for full reading, but today is not that day. So instead, here is what I recall of the Sunday of that fateful trip to Arrakesh...

14th Day, 4th Month, 1113. Sunday on Arrakesh

The morning broke cloudy, with occasional spatterings of rain. Following a hasty breakfast, planning for the big push started happening. At least, it did with the Lions. I'm not sure about anyone else.

There were too many of us for one transport group. Daolyth wouldn't leave without Apsennial. Ravenfire wouldn't leave without Red, and knowing the others have made it out. So, as the other largest coherent group here, the Lions made the decision that we would be the rearguard. We would make sure everyone else got out. We had two transporters, and we made the fateful decision that our target destination would be Garnet North. If we accidentally took anything with us we shouldn't, then better to turn up at a circle with a Legion there, than two miles from the nearest city at Camelot.

Daolyth and I went up the hill to scope out the route between the Pillar on the hill and the transport circle. The route is a clear run, there was even something akin to a path we could follow. Even doing a fighting retreat, it's a five minute trip.

We discussed the overall plan: The Pillar on the hill is the Unliving Bitch Pretty's Phylactory. We link it back to the columns in the Void using the shards we'd collected the day before, activate it (also activating the transport circle for a short time), kill Pretty (trapping her back in the Phylactory), leave the island and Erdreja will forget it, destroying Pretty at the same time. Simple, straightforward plan.

Nethaniel, Janus and I planned our personal approach to the fight. We would fight side by side, Janus as fighter, me as healing support, until I get hit by something that triggers me going furry. At that point I become a floating fighter, staying close but going where needed as I can soak things that would kill most of those there, and drag the fallen back to healers. We all agreed on this, and prepared for the fight. Nethaniel got the decay potion, as it was the only thing that would breach his defences. Janus got Locational full cure potions and Healing Salves for Nethaniel as he wasn't an Incantor. I carried the rest, including the global cure fatal and Total Heal potions, for if I had to fling myself behind lines to get someone. We were as ready as we were going to be.

This is probably a good place to mention that the only thing Nethaniel had been doing to show he was a Prince all weekend was to wear the Crown. He'd deliberately been keeping a low profile, and none of us had objected. Outside of the Lions, there were few people there who knew him as more than 'A Lion called Nethaniel'.

Pebble came over, looking for items to be given to the squad going Pretty Hunting. I handed over an Aura of Immunity Scroll, which triggered her mentioning me that her belt did that for her. She checked we were all ready, and we headed up to the Pillar...

We arrayed ourselves around the Pillar as Rath, Ittinen and a few others started the Rite to anchor the Pillar to the columns in the Void and activate it and the circle. All was going well, until first contact with the enemy. Then the fact that we weren't a coherent fighting force suddenly became very apparent...

As the Pillar started to ground, the entire Island rose up to object to it. Woody creatures and Dryads came out of the forest, and there was an awestruck silence followed by many, many expletives as two TREES came striding into our lines. These things were huge, towering twice as tall as the largest of us, with arms as long as they were tall, which no armour or shield (barring Arthur's) could withstand. They shattered limbs in a single strike. They seemed oblivious to most of the weapons they were being struck with, and just waded up and down the lines until we were blobs instead of a line. Oh, how I longed for the Woodcutters Axe and Vincenzo at that moment...

Then Pretty and her Unliving turned up, behind us. There were only a few people in her way, but that didn't matter that much as in that moment, Rath finished the Rite and the Pillar activated. Everyone standing near it was blasted with magic as powerful as a Harm, that hit us pretty much from head to toe. At that point I went furry, and my role in the battle changed.

*I woke up to chaos. Checking where Nethaniel and Janus were (in the thick of things, using the Axe to try and chop trees down) I spotted smaller clusters of fighters being pinned down and separated by various Unliving. I went ghoul and wraith hunting, and they hated me. Then Rhapsody and I found Pebble. She'd been separated in a skirmish, and was leaning against a tree, slowly turning to stone. Rhapsody instantly cast a countermagic to start the cure, only to have the spell fizzle out when it hit her. Cue a moment of panicked confusion, then I remembered what she had told me and screams of "The belt! Get the f*cking belt off her!" and those with actual dextrous fingers tore the thing off. I have never been so happy to have had a random conversation prefight as I was then.*

Someone evidently had cured the Rite team up, as the word went out that the Pillar was active, and we should get the hell out of there. I passed Berserker getting impromptu battlefield surgery to remove fungal spores implanted in him from one of the shambling plant creatures, and paused to check he was ok. I could see the other Lions in various parts of the fight. Nethaniel was at the head of the line, beating a bloody swathe through anything that got in front of him. Then I got snuck up on by one of the trees, and went down again. Seriously, how do you get surprised by a TREE? I woke up again just on the other side of the line, apparently having been dragged away by a dryad for a bit.

Behind me there was some kind of big doughnut-shaped void wibble happening, right between us and the circle. That lovely clear run I mentioned earlier? Not going to happen, we had to go around. And this is where the last of the plan fell utterly to pieces...

The front line carved its way towards the circle. There were small groups of fighters, battling many different things strung out behind them. At our backs were Pretty's minions, though somehow she had managed to get in front of me during the fight and was attacking those at the circle. The 'fighting retreat' was nothing of the sort, as some groups had decided they were just going to head at full steam for the circle, and everyone else could fend for themselves. I didn't even know where the circle was at this point. There were Lions in the front, Lions right at the back, so I hung back to make sure they all met up where we were heading. Nethaniel and Janus vanished to the front of the defence around what I assumed was the circle.

I spotted a cluster trying to get to Filff of Squad D, who was down behind some Unliving. Whilst they fought to get to him, I got out the Total Heal Potion and, clutching it in my teeth, threw myself through the line to him. I didn't even stop to check he was alive as I poured it down his throat, then barrelled on to the next Unliving trying to hit him again in the back, I was told later that we were simply too late.

The next few minutes were something of a blur. I wasn't even aware we had arrived at the circle, it didn't look like I remembered from earlier. There was a crush happening, it was impossible to move, manoeuvre or see what was going on except directly in front of you.

*I'm told the Wardens were the first to bug out, and this triggered a panic, with people starting transport rites and just taking anyone and everyone, including **all the other transporters**. By the time I realised what had happened, there was about a dozen of us left. Rhapsody had been transported out from in my arms as Palmen had been healing her. Clara and Berserker were bleeding on the floor about 5 feet from me, and a chap who I didn't recognise but was wielding a polearm with vicious skill, was doing his best to guard Clara's body. Further out from the circle there was a Jackal, who I believe was called Asavar, whose skin was literally burning with the Sun's Light and Ra's blessings, who was carving through the Unliving like they were made of paper. Each blow was setting them alight and snapping rotten limbs. He was a marvel to behold, but for those of us who have seen a Keremian Death Charge, it was obvious he was not coming back with us. Last I saw of him, he was aiming for Pretty...*

At this point I could still see Nethaniel to my left as a blur of red, but he wasn't moving. Ripgut was there with him. There was a creature running around with Arthur's shield. Then there was something in front of me with a sparkling silver sword, and its blows felt like molten lava burning through my entire body. I squeezed backwards in the crush as best I could, screaming, and felt Palmen use his healing to lessen the agony. At that point I realised someone I didn't know was doing a transport rite right next to me. I glanced around – there were no other transporters I recognised. I caught his attention and yelled at him to take the fallen, and to take Nethaniel. Then the void swallowed us up.

We arrived in Odínsholme, in Norsca. Palmen had come with me, Clara was on the floor and healers instantly swarmed over her. But Berserker's body had not come, and there was no sign of Nethaniel or Janus. The transporter apologised, and admitted he had had no idea who Nethaniel was. No-one there was willing to transport me back, even if they had known the name of the Arrakeshian circle. I was forced to shift back at that point, and I realised that I still had every last thaum of power I had woken up with that morning. The best the surgeon lady from the Guild could do was to take us to Garnet North. If other Lions had survived, that's where we had agreed to meet up. In our traumatised and exhausted states, none of us thought that if a non-Lion was doing the transport, they would most likely aim for Camelot instead...

Amelia,

Having not seen a response from you to my letter I thought I would include it here in the hope that it finds you.

I did consider my actions before I leapt and to be frank with you I would make the same choice again knowing what I do now. Our lady is deserving of respect and devotion, The actions of the lions have ensured that she will continue to be worshiped and even spread farther afield. The alternative was mutual extermination.

I am a man of law, I believe in Justice and the right punishment for a crime. This is not vengeance, vengeance is destructive and nothing good can ever come of it. If this quest for vengeance is allowed to continue then I am sure there will be a victor, but at what cost? You take your vengeance in her name, the lions retaliate and the cycle continues. Every step on this path weakens our Lady. Every time followers of her name die her worship dwindles. What good would victory be when there is no one left to celebrate?

I have lost much in recent times, more than I ever thought I could survive losing, but I know in my heart that Vengeance isn't the answer for any of it. That path only leads to more loss even if I was successful. Don't destroy yourself and those you should consider kin for this. Listen to her other aspects, remember that we are all a family in her worship and should care for each other.

In that vein I must ask you something. You say she still speaks to you but are you sure it is her voice you hear or another carrying the message? Are you sure the message you hear is from her? I have not met you but we both share a bond. I would rather see you safe than your blood spilled by manipulating forces trying to continue a pointless feud.

You know how to reach me if you wish to.

Take care of yourself.

I hope to one day soon meet you as a friend.

Marinus

*From Hadrian, Lord Darkendale,
To Amelia Constantine, Priestess of Consangua,*

Greetings.

I will be both brief and frank. Consangua and I have settled our differences, and are at peace. The blood pact is broken, and all Constantines are free to worship her should they wish, just as those who are not of the House.

We confronted her with the truth and of her own free will she renounced the Pact, freeing our progenitor, Senator Constantine.

We did not change her. We changed her mind.

There is no cause for grievance between us. Let what has passed be an end to it all. Remember her other gentler aspects, and be at peace.

Should you wish to meet and talk with me, send word. I guarantee your safety.

Yours in peace,

Hadrian

You are all invited to celebrate the lives of the fallen Lions from the past year.

This is not an event to cry or to mourn, but to talk about the people who we have loved and have lost.

It will be held at Shack'Roc's Head, the tavern run by The Company of The Brave and The Foolish, from 9pm onwards.

Feel free to bring food and drinks and seating.

All are welcome.

Bright blessings,

Clara Irontree.

Spiral Prayer

*Black Spiral, who is the ground we walk on,
Destruction is thy name.
A great storm does come.
And thy will be done in Lantia,
As it is was in Orst.
Give us this day our foes rendered dead.
And strength to destroy those,
Who trespass against you.
Lead us not into life after death,
But to the final battle.
For yours is the inevitable,
The blood, and the battle,
Until the turning of the Spiral.
Ontarix.*

Sartorial Snippets

My aunt Madeleine, in dear old Albion, used to say "Cast ne'er a clout til May be out!" and with the oncoming Moot it is advice the smart dresser would be wise to heed. It is far too easy, these days, to see the season's new growth, the unfurling leaf and lightly furred bud, and consign one's woolies to the back of the wardrobe, only to regret it on leaving the house. By resisting such impulses, however, and continuing to use one's good judgement and common sense when choosing attire, any manner of unpredictable weather can be encountered with a well-prepared smile.

Do not forget the care of your boots. It is simply inexcusable to let such a valuable article of your wardrobe fall into disrepair. Similarly, paying close attention to the state of one's outer layers has a lot to recommend it to itself. Take the time to examine seams and areas where one might expect wearing, and repair worn areas carefully. If you are in the habit of waterproofing your cloak or coat, remember to refresh the treatment.

With the unpredictability of spring weather, light layers in plentiful supply are the ideal traveller's wardrobe, ready to refresh in the case of soakings, or sudden invitations that require a change of attire. With a little thought, the most fresh and versatile dash can be cut by rotating these layers and ensuring a flattering contrast or complementing shade. So, keep it simple, yet stylish, and remember, as my dear aunt Madeleine used to say after a glass or two, "Rock that frock!"

Miss Marguerite Kavelock-Smythe

In Memoriam

Squire Tristan of the Order of Celestial

I knew Tristan only a short time, but it was long enough to know that this was a man who had such potential to do good, to make a difference. He came to us last year at the GEF and asked to become a Knight, but died before completing his year as a Squire, cut down by Tatalus at the Spring Parliament. In that short time though, he proved himself brave and capable of true heroism, throwing himself into fights against fearsome enemies like banshees alongside men far better trained and more experienced. He never hesitated, never faltered; he was always there when duty called, right to the end. We sat and talked some nights of philosophy, of doing good and what that meant: he proved he had a keen mind as well as a keen sword - in time he would have become the true warrior philosopher - the ideal of the Order. But what I will remember most, and what I will miss most, are his smile - ever ready - and his keen wit - he knew how to make us laugh. He took such joy in what he did, whether it was working in the stables and learning the secret of the hob nob, or charging into battle - he lived every moment of his life. Who can ask for more?

Karen Aldain-Darkendale

Secretary to the Grandmaster of the Order of Celestial

Tristan

Where to begin? I don't think I've ever met someone who threw themselves into the fray with such enthusiasm. From the very beginning you were there, on your first day in the Lions - fighting against Banshees and, if I am not mistaken, a Lich. You brought with you an infectious grin and a joy of life that is rarely seen.

Before your end you started asking all the questions that I hoped one day you would. I am in no doubt that as you started down the Path that you would have made an excellent knight. It is my sincere hope that Celestial too recognises your potential and that at his side you will be truly given the opportunity to shine.

Above all else though, despite potential and courage and morals and strength, fundamentally you were just a decent person and you were a pleasure to know.

(anon)

Sir Nethaniel Huntington, Grandmaster and Knight of the Order of Celestial, Knight of Lantia, Knight Paladin of the Order of the Sacred Blood, Warboss of the Red Arra, and Prince of Lantia

Where to start? I do not have the words to do him justice. Before he was a Prince, he was my Grandmaster, and before he was my Grandmaster, he was my friend. For such an unassuming man, he collected a surprising number of titles and accolades. I can think of few men I have known who have had such an impact on Erdreja, who have embodied their ideals to such an extent that they have inspired others to follow them, and who have left such a void with their passing. From Lord to mercenary to Knight to Prince, few men have known the vagaries of life as much as Nethaniel, and he was able to use that experience to good effect, able to form a rapport with people from all walks of life.

He came to Lantia from Albion, looking for a cause and found Celestial, ancestor of duty, of protecting others, of bravery and heroism, and doing the right thing, no matter what the cost. In time, Nethaniel became his paladin and rose to Knight Paladin of the Order of Water, serving Celestial faithfully with every breath and action. He found a home in the Order of Celestial - friends, even love, and a position in the Faction. He never hesitated to do what was right, no matter if it put him at odds with his friends, his faction, and even his king, and would willingly face the consequences of his actions if he felt they made Erdreja a better place, made the Lions a better people.

Before he even earned Military rank, he was always in the front of the fight, leading us against our enemies - he was responsible for the capture of Thrydwulf, the bard who plagued the Lions for so long, and killed 900 of our people. Not long after, Nethaniel was appointed Knight Captain, but after the almost complete obliteration of the military command at the Winter Parliament 1109, Nethaniel took command of the demoralised forces, and within months was appointed Warlord of the Faction, leading us to victory against such enemies as Xivental, for which he was dubbed a Knight of Lantia by King Hengist. In turn he was offered the Crown, and asked to lead the people of Lantia, but wore it for only a short time before his death on Arrakesh. He died as he lived, fighting to keep the land and its people safe, protecting the fleeing transport groups from hideous attack as the island collapsed around them.

Nethaniel lived to embody more than the ideal of the shining Knight - he was the warrior philosopher. I know of none in the Faction more thoughtful than him, who considered the ramifications of each action so deeply, and thought so hard on the right thing to do - fools were those who never looked past his armour. He believed in redemption through heroism, believed in being the candle in the darkness - the light that gave strength, and protected and inspired. And he did - he saw into us, saw more than we ourselves did, and brought it out - he inspired so many of us to be our best, to believe in ourselves when we felt lost, to find strength we did not know we possessed. He left a legacy to this Faction that will be hard to follow - an

exemplar ideal to be the best that we can be, to make the name of Lions mean every word we shout - truth, honour, justice. There have been times we have slipped, and even fallen, and now he won't be there to pull us back to our feet, but we will not forget him, will not forget his legacy, will not forget who he helped us to be.

But in many ways, that was the public face of our Prince - the part of him that was permanently on display. For those who never had the privilege of knowing the man, he had terrible taste in very sweet wine, loved mead, and had a wicked sense of sarcasm against those he knew well. He could take a joke at his expense, and gave as good as he got. He had a very fine tenor, but so rarely got the chance to use it. Only once did he turn his hand to song writing, and I have republished it here - it embodies how he saw his faction, the people that he was so proud to serve.

Nethaniel Huntingdon was without doubt one of the best men I have ever known, and the work he did for the Order and for the people of Lantia will not be forgotten.

Karen Aldain-Darkendale

Secretary to the Grandmaster of the Order of Celestial

A Song, to be Sung to the tune of Danny Boy

*O, Avalon has fallen and we grieve her,
But now we stand, on Lantia's bounteous shores.
We stand with pride, for justice, truth and honour,
We stand as one, a wall against our foes.*

*A Lion's pride grants strength against the darkness,
That strength we'll use to strive and not give in.
Our strength is greatest when we stand together,
Stand with your Pride, and you shall always win.*

*Now as we go, to walk within the Heartlands,
Beset by war, by evil and despair.
We shall fight on, no matter what opposes us
Because our strength, our Pride is always there!*

*We must stand firm, our loyal Pride together,
Against those foes that wish to see us fall.
For justice, honour and the truth shall save us,
Because we are the Lions, one and all.*

By Sir Nethaniel Huntingdon



(OOC: Original image by John Kearney)

Nethaniel.

You were the first I chose. When chosen by the Ancestors to bring their word it was you who stood head and shoulders above the rest. Your courage in the face of adversity, your strength of character, your conviction and your drive; all of these marked you out for greatness.

It was your blade who cut down Thrydwulf, laying him low and scattering the Cult of the Beast to the four winds.

When Samael attacked the Heartlands it was you who stood and held off several of his venomous minions that I might be pulled clear before he could turn his ire upon me

In all my years I have never met your like. You earned my admiration, gained my trust and I was proud to call you friend.

I shall miss you.

(anon)

Your Highness, Grandmaster, friend,

I'm sorry. I was meant to transport us out, but was unconscious and dying, and got transported out by someone else. There was no way back.

My prince, my leader, thank you. Thank you for so much - for believing in me, for trusting me, for being such a bulwark of strength and fortitude, for sheltering those less capable than you and supporting those you could.

The faction, the Order, I have all lost a tremendous man. And yet, despite all this strength, these considered opinions and your self-control, there was, inside, that spark of silliness and humour that made each interaction so much more than it would otherwise have been.

We'll look after Irinaye for you. Enjoy your time with Celestial.

Bez, Filff,

I never really got to know you all that well, despite our regular (short) conversations on the battlefields. But what I knew of you, I liked. You were very accepting of a small, irritating shiny pink-skin. You'll be missed.

Berzerka,

Whilst I am conscious that you were not one for ceremony, formality or over wordiness I nonetheless feel a necessity to mark your passing. You surprised me, and forced me to re-evaluate my preconceptions.

You showed amazing forethought and a willingness to learn. You were prepared to step far outside that which you had been born to be in order to become something greater than before.

You impressed me, and the Lions are lesser for your passing.

(anon)

well, what can I say about Greywolf. He wasn't just one of my Legionnaires, he was my friend. I'll always remember that look of joy and surprise on his face when he won 15 Minutes to Save the World. He was always ready with advice and suggestions when I needed them, and loved chatting to me about ritual theory, and the things he'd learn from talking to the watchers. It was easy to forget that he'd only been in the Expeditionaries for a short time.

I'll miss you Greywolf. I learnt so much from you.

Amy

Ripgut, I don't know what to say. Only minutes ago, it seems, we were laughing and joking together. And now? Now it is all emptier. People say you had a unique take on things, being immortal. I think everyone has their own views, and we're all weird in some way. I liked the way you were weird.

Goodbye.

Janus, we didn't talk much, but I shall remember our last conversations on Arrakesh for a while. In that short time, I feel we came to a good understanding. I shall remember you when I take a drink now. I hope you make it to Morbia.
