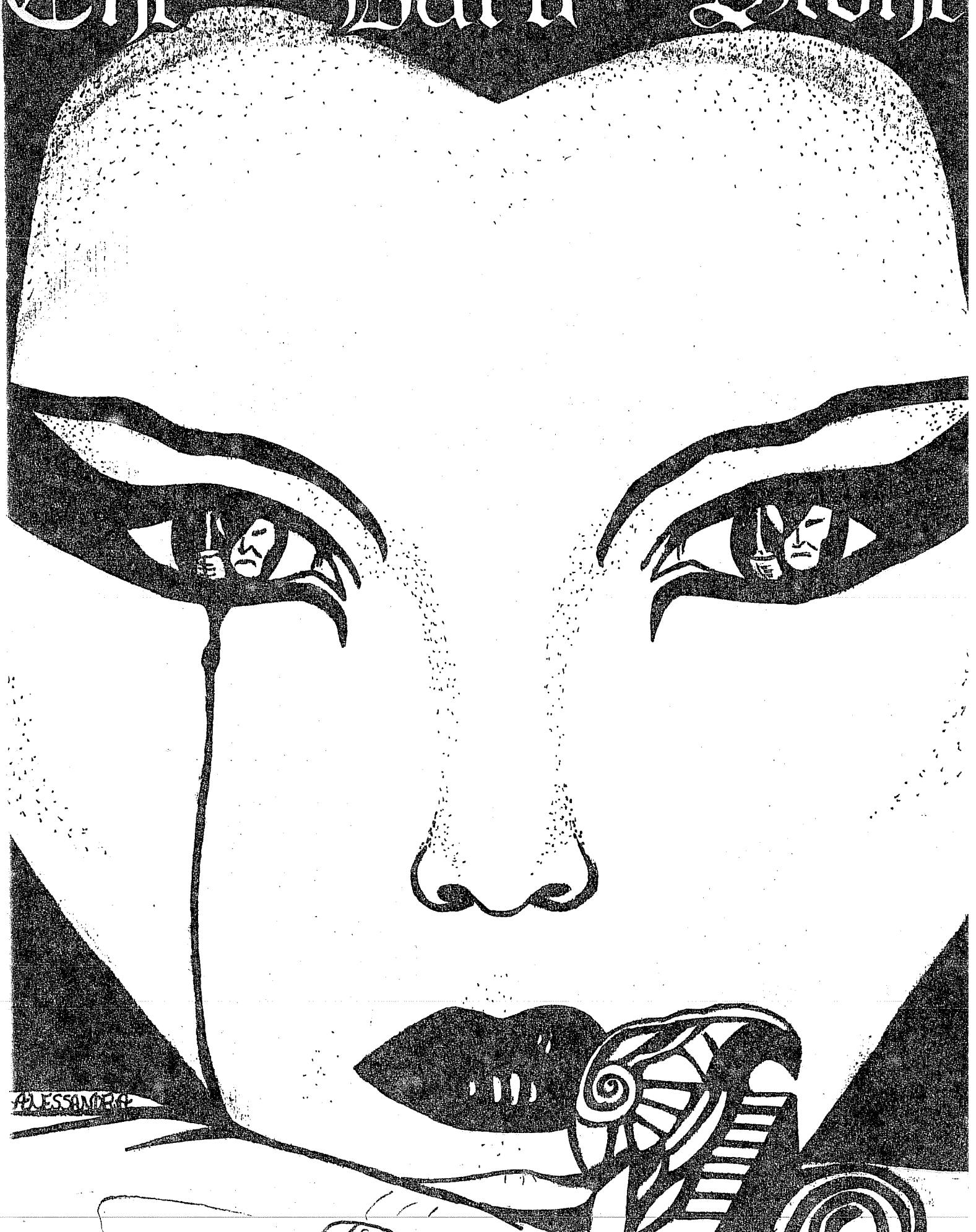


The Dark Side



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*Editor's Note: Well its finally out...Thanks for the stuff guys. This one is GREAT. By the way this Fanzine will accept stuff from other kingdoms. So send them to us. See the DARK TALK for details. It will get to us that way. Don't you all wish you knew who did this? <grin>.

*Artist: Alessandra: pgs. cover, 2
Gwindon: pgs. 1,4,6
Unknown: pgs. 3,5,6,9-11 <grin>, 12

Dark Talk

-To the Populace-

And again, for the second glorious time, D.A.R.K. TALK is open for discussion. But before we continue I must make one point. The Dark Sidhe and its contents are all in good fun and is not an attack towards mundane life. Muff said? Remember send submissions for the D.A.R.K. TALK to:

Dark Sidhe
C/O E.Stoker
1319 Jungle Drive
Duncanville, TX 75116.

Thank you...I hope to see some entries from the other Kingdoms and Baronies. Yur even from Febyr. <Grin>

Bye byeski...
-me-

D
A
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This letter is addressed to Lynn 'the red' Fletcher in response to her letter in the UnderGund of Barren Ruins.

It was said by Lynn in her justification of the Undergund, that underground newsletters are formed because of the lack of courage to bitch to those in power. I must disagree with this, at least with the Dark Sidhe as an example, for the Dark Sidhe is a fanzine. It is unofficial, but it was not formed due to the lack of courage rather because the official newsletter, at that time, sucked. Nothing was used that was submitted by a select few, so "we" decided to do something about this censorship. The Dark Sidhe discovered the perviously undiscovered and showed the Echoes of the Hills what it should look like. The Dark Sidhe is a work of art in itself because it is solely comprised of literature and art work. That is the true meaning of the Dark Sidhe and further more I believe it takes more courage to publish a "bitch letter" than it does to confront the accused. Mainly because every one will see the print and it will become immortal in print.

-The Bad Asser-

BLACK ROSES



AND DEATH

- COMING SOON TO A -
- DARK SIDHE NEAR -
- YOU -

Crystal Dreams

He put the head dress on her, a silver ring adorned with beautiful crystals, that went around her head. Darkness surrounded them. Suddenly a bright light struck down on her illuminating the crystals into shattering brightness, yet she could see each individual crystal dangling down in front and to each side. She was incased it seemed in rainbows and filled with the beautiful music they put off. Each seemed too perfect, from the smallest in front to the long slender ones on the sides and they all seemed to have something to share with her. She smiled as she relaxed and opened her mind to their warmth, beauty, sounds and visions. Her mind began to consume all the information as if it had been void of experience. All of her life its happenings and sounds were nothing compared to what they could show her. She felt as if she spun in circles, rainbows shooting everywhere. The first began its story. She was in a beautiful cavern that went up forever with a crystalline waterfall, crystals hanging down and shooting up, a unicorn ran through this place of rainbows with a horn of crystal and then laughingly dove into the crystal waves that beat the shores. She was overwhelmed with all the light, the millions of colors shooting all around and the sounds of so many crystals singing, humming. Another began. It seemed to have an air of great age about it. The crystal was from a dark place. Crystal cold as if she were in space. She looked all around at the blackness and at the peircing light of the stars and realized they were one. The singing of the crystals were piercing cold and so beautiful. She wanted to reach out and touch the soft dark velvet of the skies and prick her fingers on the sharp cold crystalline stars. Her concept before was shattered. The crystals humming surged in agreement, there was not a difference between light and dark. They were just part of a whole. You cannot have a picture without both. They made it seem so easy she laughed as she touched one of the young ones and thought of this being a very long but interesting night.

Alessandra



The wind shrieked in unholy joy, as the sand howled around him in its insatiable dance of death. The sun itself hid in terror from the ravaging storm, but it was nothing to him. He felt drawn towards a destination of which he had no idea for reasons undecipherable to him. It was more than instinct, something outside himself. He did not care. He was Xergul, and he would overcome. The storm reminded him of an earlier time, when first he started his search. Then too it was in a desert, the weather in a mindless fury of destruction. Facing him was the dog. They had been the sole survivors of the awakening of the earth. Before life could start anew one of them must die. The dog was quick and viscous, it was a near thing between them. He kept as a souvenir the red cape the dog wore, with the golden symbol like a snake. Life gradually returned to the earth. All manner of beings spread across the planet, but they had legends of the elder being who was as deadly as any natural catastrophe. As the last survivor of an older order, it was somehow a destiny for him to continue. Over the eons, he had changed and mutated as had the other inhabitants, until he was unrecognizable from his former self. What his destiny was, he did not know, but he would enjoy himself along his way.

-Chronicles of Greydeth-



XERGUL

PART I

Like a newborn baby
Just Alive
You need a mother
To survive

Some work hard
Some give time
Some spend money
Others wouldn't give a dime

Of memories bought
And memories old
Through its struggles
All will unfold

The idea of her
Begun from a few
Can be destroyed
By even fewer

Night has begun
For those in power
To show weakness
Would mean to cower

It is true
The mighty will rise
But the true in heart
Will gain the prize

On a mere dream
It all began
But after all
Who gives a damn

You learn to work
With what you have
For the dream to work
And for her to last

Above all, remember:
Divided we fall!
Together we stand?



The Darkness Within

He offers his love,
black and twisted it may be,
to only the one
for she is the key.

She hold his world together;
she keeps him sane.
She provides the light
to prevent his reign.

holding her close
and to griping her tight
he loses his fears
and drinks in her sight.

Her touch is divine
and trills his soul,
but its waiting inside
to grow and consume

-Gwindon Blackrose-