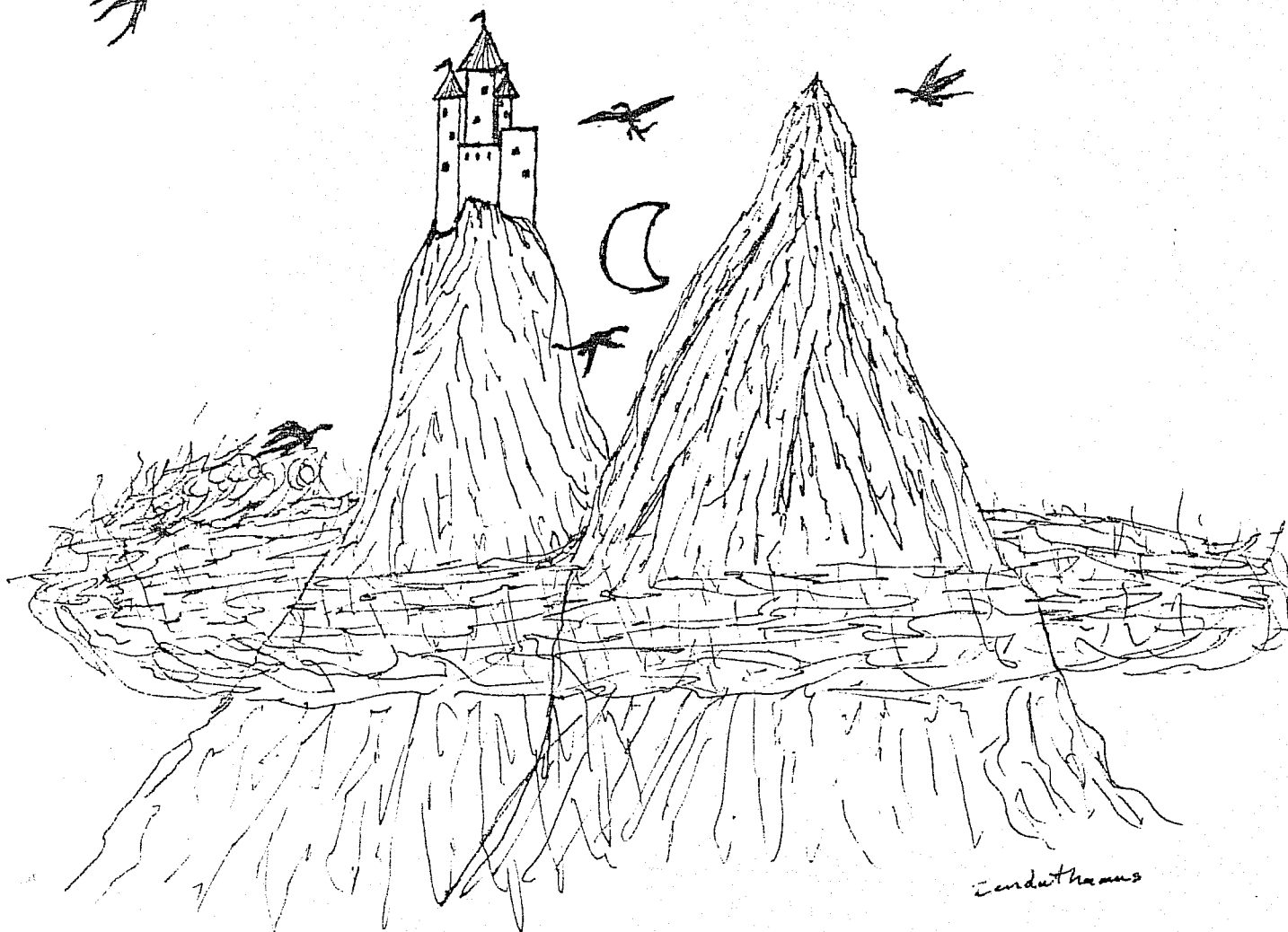


Ironcloud Chronicles



"They're here!"

July 1990

Amotgard, Barony of Ironcloud

Baronial Court

Baron--Sirrakhis the Dark	Regent--Bloodmoon
Seneschal--Zendathamus	Champion--Qintahr
Scribe--C' Nedra	Regent's Defender--Darkcow

Baronial Guard

Christoon (Capt.)	Arvid
Cedric	Blackwolf
Dain	Alexzander

Class Guildmasters

Archers--Marco	Healers--Kahl Methwyn
Assassins--Cedric	Scouts--Lansidon
Barbarians--Christoon	Warriors--Quinn
Bards--Zendathamus	Wizards--Astor
Druids--Qintahr Woodhelven	Monsters--Alexzander

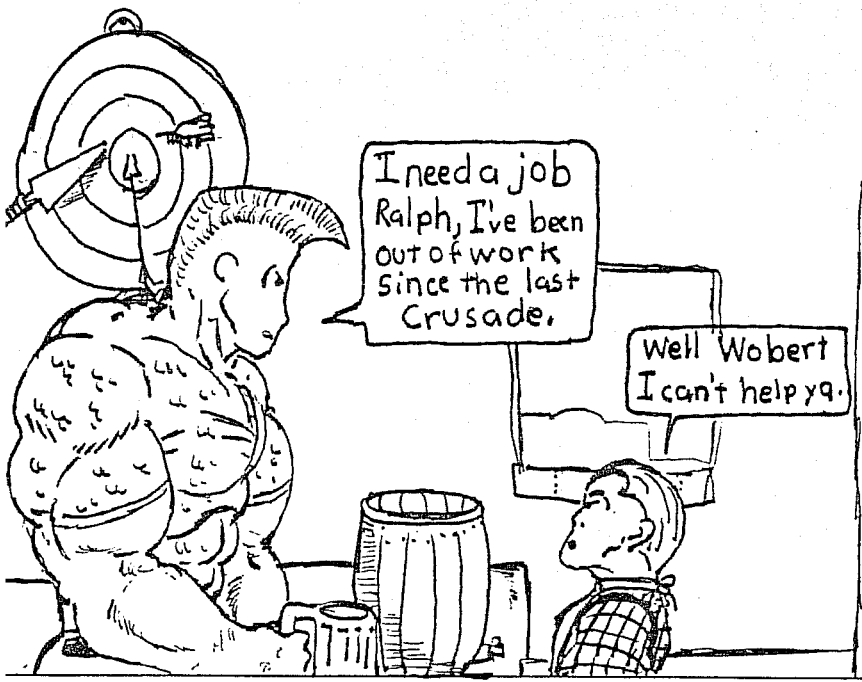
Colleges of Arts and Sciences

Arts

Art--Bloodmoon
Geshia--Faulken Wulf
Literature--Tib'bar
Cooking--Qinryhr
Garbers--Elionwy
Diviners--Qintahr
Slugs--Roslynn

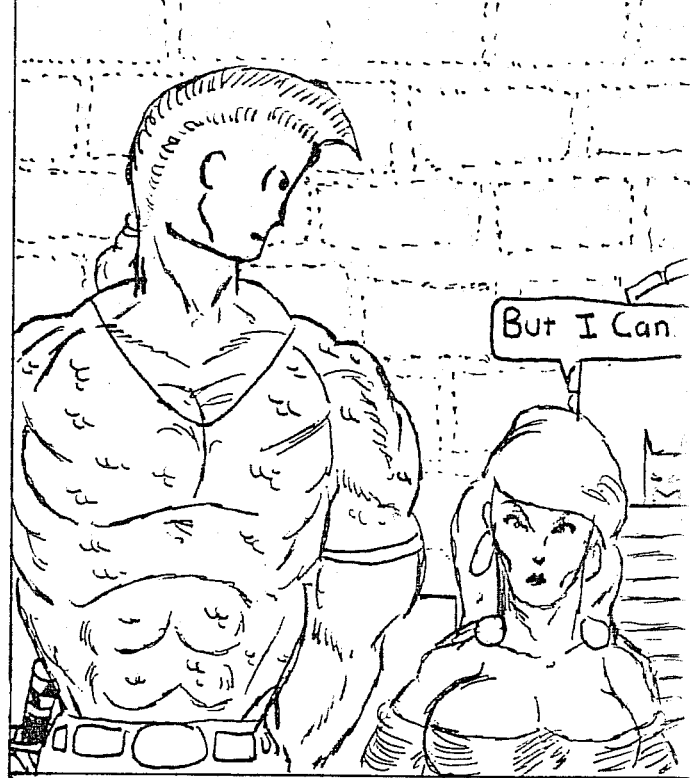
Sciences

Heraldry--Quinn
Smiths--Maxmillian
Armourers--Wulf the Eloer
Bureaucrats--Faulken Wulf



I need a job
Ralph, I've been
out of work
since the last
Crusade.

Well Wobert
I can't help ya.



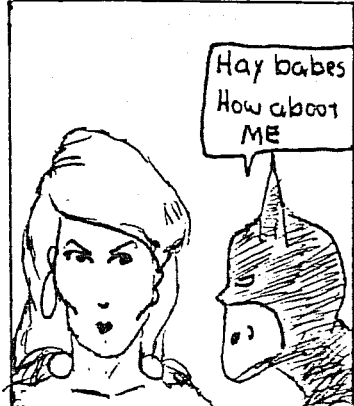
But I Can.



I'm reading
as fast as I
can

MY PARTY HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE
LOST MINES OF RIBATZOOMBAPDOOPOO
For two weeks and have need of a great
Warrior, ARE YOU LISTENING

You can take all
you find and gain
up to 3 Levels.



Hay babes
How about
ME



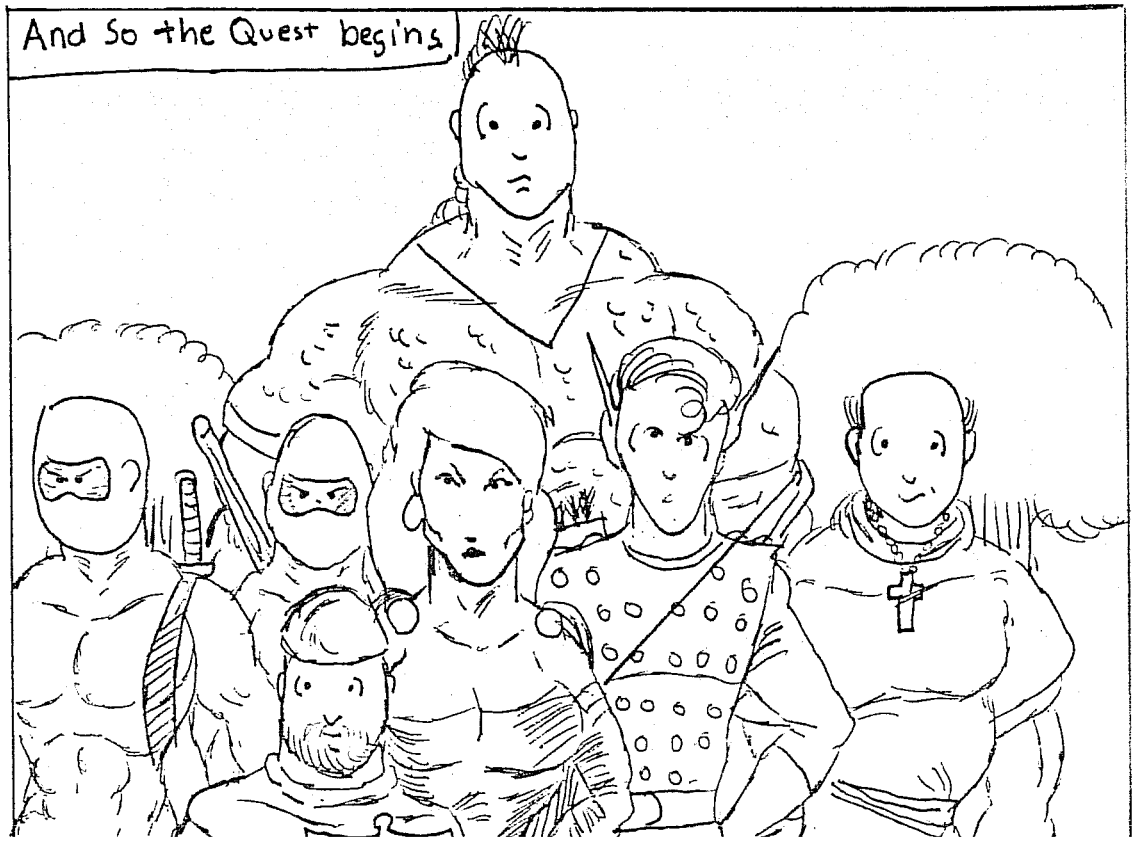
Begone
Worm

ZAP!!



SURE
I'll GO

Lets go
meet the
Group



And So the Quest begins

THE LEGEND of ANTRAGOD Presents!

THE TRIAL of BRAGARTH

DORK god (Ha, Ha) of THE Emerald Pills



Today for the crime of impersonating a dork god, Bragarth of the Dark Emerald Pills will be put on trail. His attorney Loki of Asgard said in a interview, "No Problem, Trust me."

Elevator D

HELP!

"V"



Loki's opponent is one Perry Mason. A surprise event was that the Earth Mother and not Tiamat will be the Judge.

Conviction Record
Life : 1000 Won : 1500
Death : 500 Lost : 0
Probation : 0
Total : 1500



The Jury is a group dety types, most are of the plane of Antrgog. Hang in there Bragarth and Good luck (You'll need it)



In the off chance that Loki loses well I think this guy needs no Introduction.



The Ironcloud — Chronicles July 7, 1990

Hello, and welcome to this long-awaited issue of the Ironcloud Chronicles. I apologize for the lack of any form, order, or any aspects of a good newsletter. In the future, there will be more to read, and generally a better range of "stuff". But, since this IS my first time...

I am presently accepting donations of literature, announcements, and such. It is up to all of us to make this a good newsletter that Ironcloud can be proud of.

To The Good People Of Ironcloud

I do not wish to be held responsible for the contents of this newsletter. They do not necessarily reflect my personal opinions, or those of my assistants. Those wishing to make complaints about what is written will have to go through the Bureaucrats' Guild to get to me. There is a much faster way to express your displeasure. Although you may think that fire would be a good answer, you will have no luck. I have cast a Protection From Flame on every copy. Along with myself, and my assistants. (Do you know how many lives that took?!)

Now that I have said my piece, I hope you enjoy this extremely late issue of the Ironcloud Chronicles. And peace be with you all.

--C'Neira Bloodstone

Calendar Of Events

July 21st--Crazzzzy Class day
July 28th--Parents and bring-a-newbie day
Arts Guild recruiting day
August 4th--Zendathamus's Quest
August 18th--Banner designs due
Point flag battle.
August 25th--Company Battles
September 1st--Quest for the Golden Duct
Tape
September 8th--Senechal Elections

To The Pooulace of Ironcloud:

I, your Regent, would like to thank you for your great insight in electing me. I will try to do the job to the best of my aability, and try to uphold the trust you have olaced in me. I have seen sevrsl things needing change, and I will try to change them. I will try to keep the ooolace informed of my activities at all times. I will try not to be thrown off on a power trio. I will work with the ooolace and oeoole in power and try to do what needs to be done. I will inform you of what I am doing at Allthings and Court. I will try to fulfill my campaign promises, like the war with Golden Plains, swimming, an Ironcloud Arts Fair, and an execution at every court.

Thank You
and
have a nice day,
Bloodmoon, Regent of Ironcloud

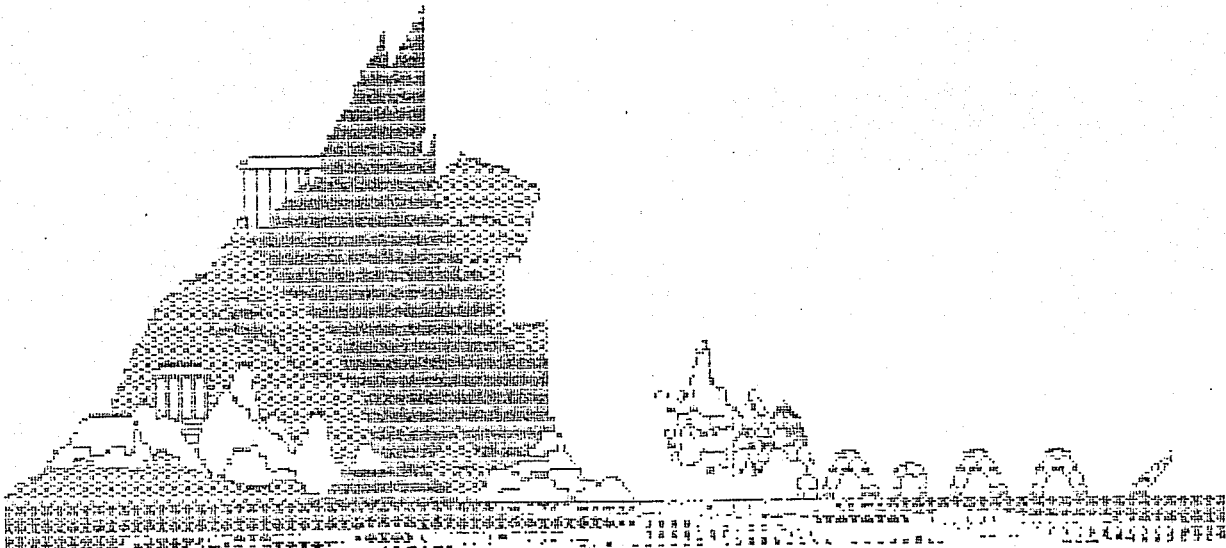
ATTENTION ARTS AND SCIENCES GIULDMASTERS!!!!

The next person executed in Bloodmoon's Reign of Terror could be
YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!

You can avoid this fate (at least temoorariially) by fulfilling your duties. Bloodmoon needs the following things from you:

1. A list of people currently in your guild.
(This means go out and find who's interested.
There must be at least three people in the guild
2. Guild device.
3. Levels system. For info see Elionwy.
4. General set-up, rules, structure, ect.

Get these things to Bloodmoon post-haste and it might not be your head!!!!!!



Greetings and Salutations!!

A long time ago there was promise of a newsletter, and now it arrives! Oh joy and happiness! The reign of Sirrakhis has been running rampant through the pansies for a short time now, but what has been happening to us?? This newsletter is designed to help answer that question, and entertain as well. Hopefully we will be able to bring you a newsletter every month.

I foresee some trouble in the future. With cooperation and leniency we will see this through. Many of these issues are discussed in another letter in this issue. I hope this issue will answer some of your questions. In the future we will try to be less tardy with these newsletters. Until next time,

Your Friendly Neighborhood
Senechal,
Zendathamus

A Little Piece Of Advice

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Pansie. Now, Pansie was generally a responsible girl, nice and sensible. Pansie was the editor of the town's newspaper. She was always good about meeting her deadlines, but had recently taken on the job of publishing it as well. One day, faced with an incredibly close deadline, Pansie gave the draft copy to a friend, so he could get it printed. He told her that she would see it in the morning. Off he skipped with the ONLY copy of the newspaper. (Pansie hadn't thought of making two copies).

Morning came, and Pansie rushed to the meeting place they had arranged and waited. And waited. And waited. Her friend never came. Finally, later that day, he showed up. Without the newspaper. "Where the HELL have you been?" she asked of him.

"Oh, yeah... Umm, we didn't have time. And there is still some work to be done on it. It's not done the right way," was the reply.

Well, there was fighting, and Pansie finally got the newspaper finished (two weeks later).

Moral: Never trust anyone else with deadlines.

Dreaming of you, I am,
Wishing for your recognition.
Fearful, though, that you won't
Meet my ambition.

Reaching for a dream,
And hoping to find it in you,
But afraid that I'm looking in the wrong place
When I stare after you.

Failed Marriages, Brief Battles, and Gestalts:
A Description of Coronation

by
Master Quintanr Wodhelven

This summer's coronation of the Emerald Hills was a joint effort between the kingdom's rulers and those of Ironcloud. The two groups were treated to the double coronation of the new monarchs, His Dread and Awful Presence, King Garath Blackhawk, and His Quiet and Drunken Presence, Baron Sirraknis the Dark.

The weekend event began on Friday, June 1st, with people pouring in from all known reaches of Amotgard, including the Golden Plains and Burning Lands (Rumor also stated that a few survivors from the doomed Grand Duchy of Barad-Duin were also present). This writer, although he tried to arrive Friday night, eventually arrived Saturday morn, to the immeasurable and obvious joy of all present.

His immediate thought were to throw illegal fourth-level Call Lightnings at the park rangers for closing the pools down. And for what reason did they commit this dire deed? Because it was flooded. They closed the lakes due to the presence of water. This Druid finds that incredibly bright.

Assuming the illegal lightning was not called, we found a camosite and pitched tents. Afterward, I commenced my social meanderings, ran into Elionwy, and subsequently had my conscious mind blasted out of existence. I have not been well since.

Everyone seem to be having a good time, though there were several complaints at the hot sun (I find it joyful that they were not complaining about a cold sun!), and that "nothing was happening..." Therefore, Regent Bloodmoon was corralled, and the subsequent battleaxe-wedding he had been planning for months took place. Sort of.

The bride-to-be was Timmian, of the Arthenian Tribe, and Solomon-Kane, a bard of unknown origin (thought his name does sound familiar...) was to be the groom. Originally, Kahl Methwyn, that most mercenary of healers, was to preside over the wedding, with myself as his assistant. This would have been possible had Greywalker of Golden Plains not silenced him at the bequest of his knight (some squires have no backbone...). A replacement healer was found, also from the Golden Plains. And, just as Kahl, she was silenced by Greywalker. As she stood there like a dumb cleric (oun, oun), Solmon took the moment to challenge the right of Bloodmoon, who was giving the bride away, to do so. It seemed that neither participant was exactly willing. When Timmian was questioned, the Valium-laden

barbarian answered, "Yeah, whatever..." and the wedding proceeded. When all and returned to the ceremony at present, they found that the presiding healer had fled, with myself in hot pursuit. After paralyzing her and returning her to court, I found it in a state of upheaval, as everyone present was in battle. Bloodmoon and I took the opportunity to exit stage-right, whistling the Boy Scouts' Tune as we did.

Later, coronation went as planned, with most people showing up. Many of the tables provided were "claimed" by various companies, and would not allow non-members to sit. So for ten bucks each, several of my party were granted the right to sit outside court on the ground. The food was a little tough to eat as well, sort of like over-cooked roc. As awards were handed out, and actual court procedures came to a close for the first part, then-king Nevron Dreadstar announced his desire to end his reign by beheading his royal consort, Selka. To the astonishment of all present, she obeyed, kneeled before him, and was subsequently executed by the royal guard. Nevron the Nasty's rule was over. Before Nev's sudden dethronement, Baron Quinn was relieved of his duties as Baron, and granted his Lordship.

The court of the new king, Sir Garath Blackhawk, was then in order. King Garath called his personal court up, and gave the Barony over to Sirrakhis the Dark, who seemed somewhat demure at the time (It was later discovered that Sirrakhis had had his brain changed to lime jello by Elionwy). Sirrakhis awarded Lord Quinn his justly deserved orders, and court was over. Yay.

Throughout this whole mess, a stranger had appeared. Or at least he was a stranger to anyone but those from Ironcloud. Yes, Will Killigan had shown up for coronation in his assassin guise, and no one could say what he might have been up to (though there has been some speculation that an assassination was planned. Fortunately, for all sides, this did not occur).

Overall, the event was not the greatest I have ever been to, though it sufficed. The price was overmuch in my opinion, at least as far as the quality of the food served was concerned. The nonexistence of any organized battlegames was also a missed treat. However, there were several good experiences to be gotten from it all, and I am not sorry I went. And so, until next report, I'll be leaving you. Good harvest!

Hear Ye!! Hear Ye!!

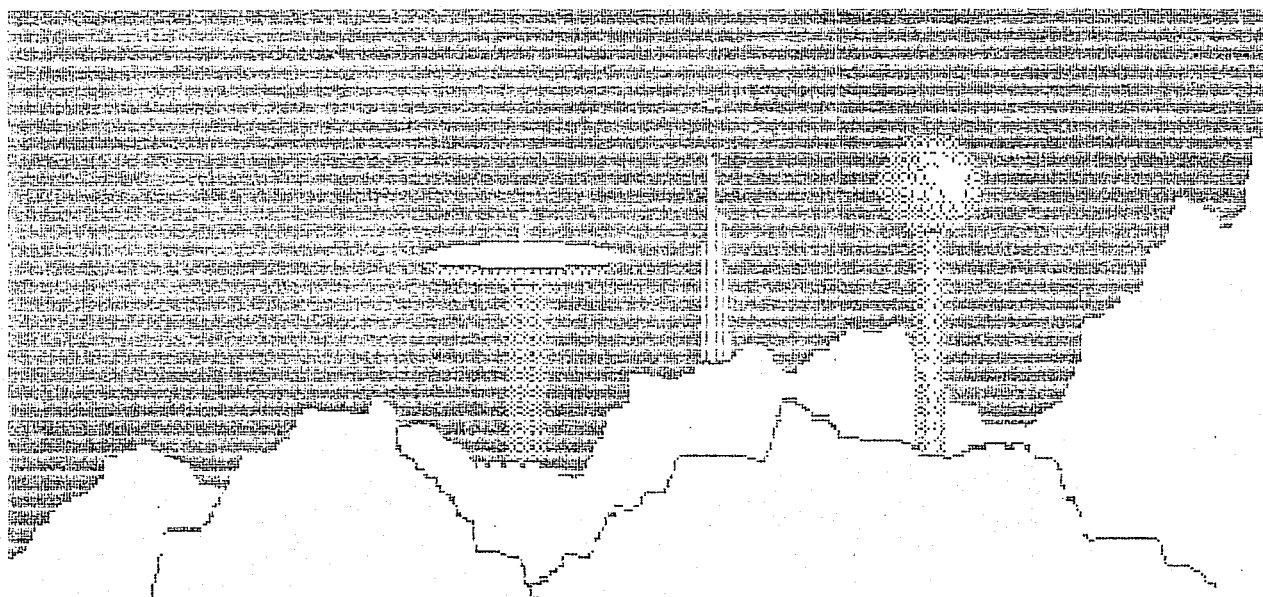
I am pleased to announce the marriage of Regent Bloodmoon the barbarian, to Zendothamus the bard. It seems that after the failed Timmian-Solomon matrimonial event at Coronation, somebody had to get married. So, a subdued and occasionally silenced Bard, Zendothamus knelt before Kahl Methwyn, along with a very reluctant Bloodmoon. The event took place without much incident (Aside from the attacks, spell matches and such). Bloodmoon's mumbled vows were heard, making all present witnesses to this momentous event. The question then arose: Who was the bride? And, would it be consummated? There will supposedly be an annulment.

So I wish the two grooms, uh, happiness, and uh, prosperity... I guess.

Also, Baron Sirrakhis The Dark, upon finding his Lady, requested that he be married too. So, in a quiet little ceremony, also done by Kahl, he and his Lady were married. (Sort of).

Results of the Ironcloud Arts & Sciences Guildmaster Elections

Armorerers--Wulf the Elder
 Art--Bloodmoon
 Bureaucrats--Faulken Wulf
 Cooking--Ginryr Woodhelven
 Diviners--Qintahr Woodhelven
 Garders--Elionwy Loyse
 Geshia--Faulken wulf
 Harpers--Kyssa
 Heraldry--Quinn
 Literature--Tib'bar
 Slugs--Roslynn
 Smiths--Maxmillian



To The Populace:

Yea goodly people o' Ironcloud know me not, altho' yourselves, your forms, and, in particular cases, your very souls are known to me. I am among you, and I am of you. I am all in Ironcloud, the good and the bad, and the sad, uninspired indifferent. Some of yea may label me "conscious", but that would be a wrong doing. Some of yea ha' no "conscious", so I can not be labled as such. I am a simple man, with simple thoughts, and a treasonable urge to call attention to th' wrongdoings I see in the faier land of Ironcloud. Much is now amiss in th' Barony. Many practices are being followed which do not provide for the good of the populace, but for a few misdirected individuals instead. These few are tarnishing th' bright name of Ironcloud, muddying the philosophies its founders upheld, and cracking th' sperit o' th' once-great Barony. They see fit to blind themselves to th' sole purpose o' Ironcloud Government: To serve the POPULACE of Ironcloud to its best ability and highest standards.

I saw several of your countanances at the place known as Pancho's, where Guildmaster elections were held among purple chairs, tacos, and enchiladas. Something else was present, too.

Something that has been rearing its unsightly head in our fair Barony with increasing frequency of late. Some call it the "good 'ole boy system". Others call it "company honor." I call it FAILURE, blatent failure on th' part o' th' Ironcloud Goverment, and of the people of Ironcloud.

The largest, most conspicuous failure on the part of the govermit was the manner in which the elections were conducted.

Firstly, the elections were a month overdue. Then they were conducted in a manner to make any sensible mon's stummik boil.

The greatest fault is that people who know nothin' at all about a certain art or a science were allowed to vote for the

Guildmasters in that field. People who caint draw a straight line, much less tell if a line is straight or no, voted fer the Guildmaster of Art. People who caint thread a needle voted fer Garber Guildmaster. The only Guild protesting this action was the Diviner's Guild, who refused to let any but its own elect its Guildmaster. Such is as it should be. I know nothin' about the world of the spierts and such, and must place my hope in the diviner's guild that they elect the one of them best suited for the position. Hopefully next time ALL guilds will follow their sensible example. It must be said, though, that this is not entirley the fault of the people conducting the elections. The Guildmasters themselves should have taken a greater part in what transpired. None protested except the Diviner's. None ever outlined election proceedures, none ever told the Senechal Zendathamus or his assistant Elionwy how they wanted their elections conducted. Aside from the Diviner's Guild the Guildmasters never even gave the two of them a list of people in their Guild as they have been asked to do on numerous occasions, so that even if it was decided that only Guild members could vote, there would ha' been no record of who the members

were. Hopefully the new Guildmasters will rectify the situation. What distressed me more, though, is that people who obviously aren't qualified for positions not only ran for election, but WON! The chap who is the new Geshia Guildmaster is a nice enough chap, and has (according to the Barony females) a good set of legs, but what does he know about Geshia werk? I don't believe he knows bellydancing, much less how to giggle, and listen respectfully when men are talking. The same chap also won the position of Guildmaster Bureacrats, and I hope he's a good typist, and dosen't enjoy fighting much. From what I've seen in the past Guildmaster of Bureacrats was too busy to fight. I hope the Guildmaster of Minstrels can play tunes as fair as herself, and that the Guildmaster of Smiths feels up to the job of helping with the next Coronation. The new Guildmaster of Cooking is a most excellent cook, I've broken bread at her table. But she is also a busy woman, with a family to care for and studies to attend. I pray she'll find the time necessary to do fulfill her duties. And the new Guildmaster of Art--yes, his cartoons are amusing, but are they ART? I only pray he's half the artist the people who elected him feels he is.

Even more distressing is that people who really had no idea of who would be qualified for a position VOTED. People who never listen to the Barony's singers and instrumentalists voted for the

Guildmaster Harpers. Females who have never had to trust their lives on the battlefields to a sword voted for the Guildmaster Smiths. Men who are too busy to sit down on a blanket for three minutes voted for the Slug Guildmaster. People whos idea of po'try starts out "There was a young man from Nantuckett..." voted for the Guildmaster of Literature. The most unnerving, scary, terrifying, and unsensible thing is that these people, who had not an idea of who they should vote for, voted in one of two ways: 1) They voted for their friends, or they 2) voted with their company. They voted blind, they voted uncarring, they voted with complete disregard to the Barony of Ironcloud. These people have proven, in my eyes at least, that they do not deserve to call themselves Ironclouders, for they could care less about The Barony of Ironcloud.

It's a shame to think that what was last August a group of intelligent, concerned individuals who argued over where to put commas in the newsletter, for God's sake, have been reduced to uninformed, uncarring wretches who are willing to let just anyone take up the reins of the Government. I only pray this trend (if indeed it is a trend) ends before the next elections. Senechals should at least be able to count, and to read and write the King's English. At least. Barons should be able to work with the entire populace, and other governments, to insure that Ironcloud can offer its populace the very best. At least. I don't wish to be writing a elegy for what was Ironcloud a year hence. I don't want to see our Barony strangle itself with ineffeciency and ignorance, as it is trying to do now. Ironcloud is at a turning point--it can rise and float like a phoenix, our settle into lifeless, spieritless ashes.

The Gulg's Story

Hush child, listen
I have a tale,
Hear what I say,
Listen well.

Remember this,
Know it a'right,
It's the Grug's black bite
That kills at night.

Once was a child,
Named Corin Dalay
Who was warned of the Grug
Night and day.

He was not haunted,
He did not believe
So he teased and
Taunted with unfailing ease

When darkness fell
Across the land,
Introduced by
The Dark Lord's hand,

Creatures rose from
Unmarked graves,
And Gulgs came forth
From their dark
caves.

To the king's side,
To answer his call,
Rushed Corin Dalay
And his friends one and all.

The battle is ended
And also the war.
Corin Dalay bears
Only one scar.

Slain by the Gulg,
He lies at rest,
Sword at his side
Hands on his chest.

The Gulg of the night
Is cat-like and black.
If you come upon him
You will never go back.

Do not cry, child,
Do not run.
For I am the gulg
And your time has come.

--Gil



It Comes With The Territory

by

Quinnryn Woodneiven
(Mary D. Butler)

What shall you play? What's your relief?
Faery and Elf, Dragon and Thief,
Warrior, Barbarian, Druid And Chief.
Incredible words beyond belief.

Welcome to Amotgard, Feast at our table.
Enter our forests and fight if you're able.
Dress up in silks, and satins and sable.
Freak out the mundanes, they'll give you a label!

Look at the cultists! Were you in a play?
Have you made sacrifice to Satan today?
We think you look weird, wouldn't you say?
The restaurant's now empty, won't you go away?

They've called the cops to come out to the park.
"They're chopping up children there in the dark!"
Our weapons are fake! Don't worry, and hark!
We're only Amtgardians out for a lark!

IRONCLOUD QUALIFICATIONS ONE RESULTS

BARDIC POETRY

1--Slayerhawk/Quinn
2--Zen/Bloodmoon
3--Lorien

COOKING

Elionwy
Hawkscry
Sirrakhis

STORYTELLING

Qintahr
Elionwy/Hawkscry
Cecric

POETRY (LITERARY)

Gillian
Gillian/Elionwy
Lorien

SOLO

Bloodmoon
Hawkscry/Quinn
Elionwy/Zen

ARM WRESTLING

Lorien
Landolf
Dane

DUET, ECT.

Quinn, Qintahr, Zen, Elionwy, & Hawkscry
Zen & Quinn
Hawkscry, Qintahr & Elionwy

WEAPON

Gareth/Tarl
Landolff
Gareth/Gwyndon/Avatar

PERSONA HISTORY

Qintahr
C' Nedra
Hawkscry

SHIELD

Zen
Gareth/Avatar
Tarl (Taz?)

FICTION

Qintahr
Qintahr
Zendathamus

2-D

Hawkscry
Sirrakhis
Qintahr/Quinn

HIGH POINT TOTALS

Elionwy--123.5
Qintahr--106.5
Hawkscry--91
Zendathamus--88.5
Quinn--88

3-D

Hawkscry
Gillian
Gillian/Qintahr

COURT GARB

Kathryne
Elionwy
Elionwy

FIGHTING GARB

Sirrakhis/Landolff
Zen
Slayerhawk/Hawkscry