

The background of the entire page is a complex, abstract pattern of blue and white shapes, resembling stylized, overlapping brushstrokes or geometric forms. The colors range from light blue to a darker, more saturated blue. In the center of the page, there is a large, light blue rectangular area with a thin black border. Inside this rectangle, the title "BLACKSPIRE NEWS" is written in a bold, blue, sans-serif font, centered horizontally and vertically. Below the title, the text "Issue 3" is written in a smaller, black, italicized serif font, also centered.

BLACKSPIRE NEWS

Issue 3

Ladies and Gentlemen,

This is our final issue for Winter Reign 2010-11. I hope you have enjoyed the Newsletter and will continue to support it as I hand it off to our new Kingdom Regent, Wicked. She is a nice, talented lady, and I'm sure she will do a great job with it. I hope that in time you, the populace will see fit to send us more entries. I feel that the newsletter could be a real outlet for the writers and artists of Blackspire to show their stuff and get their work out to a broader audience.

Thanks for reading...

"A Mithril Hills Night"

By Bucket Head
Mithril Hills

The blissful winds blew softly across the city of Mithril Hills, lit up only by the torches coming from the taverns where civilians comfort themselves for the night. The Shadow Wolves House could be heard outside, barking about their successful hunt, drunken and merry. The same came from the Amtaku house, though a little quieter due to their Duchess retiring early that night. Everyone from the city was in a grand mood, except for a poor rookie soldier and his captain who stumbled out of the barrack.

"Ugh... What a long day..." groaned the tired rookie as he fell flat on his butt. "Sometimes I wish you took it easy on me, Caecus..." The superior officer gave a dissatisfactory look.

"Kid. The only way to learn and adapt is to push your limits and challenge yourself-" Caecus pulled out his pipe and lit the tobacco inside, "Or you'll never make it on the battlefield."

The superior officer took in a deep breath, causing his face to illuminate from the glow of the tobacco. The rookie just sat there with his eyes sealed shut, taking in the welcomed breeze that the night gave. Caecus glanced at his pupil, knowing the kid was at his limit for the night. "He's improving," he thought to himself. "but... He's still timid... and we need to fix that." Caecus knew how hard it was to overcome the fear of being hit, for every soldier had to go through it. He also knew some would never be able to break the habit, and deep down, he expected the rookie to be one of them. Caecus sighed, tilted his head and blew out a steam of white fog.

"So... What now?" Weakly asked the rookie as he struggled to stand up. "What's next... on the agenda?" Caecus took a few more puffs from his pipe. "Well... You are in no condition to party, my friend. So retire for the night." He tapped his pipe against the wall and the embers fluttered out of it. "And that's an order! No drinking now, you got that!"

The rookie gave a quick gulp, seeing the serious look in his captain's eyes. "Okay okay I won-" tried to rely the Rookie, but suddenly the Bell Alarms filled the air.

"What!?! Are we under attack!?! " Yelled the rookie. Several soldiers rushed by them, most struggling to catch up due to being drunk. "Captain Caecus!" yelled one of the messengers. "Report! What's happened!" Barked Caecus. "Sir! It's that infamous Klepto! She stole the Homestone from the vault!"

"The Vault... THE ONE IN THE CASTLE!?! How the hell did the thief pull that off!?! " exclaimed the rookie.

"Heh, amazing... that thief never ceases to surprise me..." grinned Caecus. "Okay, thank you messenger. Make sure you tell Wolfsmane about this!"

"Aie Sir!" saluted the messenger, and quickly bolted down the darkened street.

"Alright." Said the rookie as he stretched his legs. "Let's go after that thief!" Caecus turned to him raising his brow. "You're pretty worn out kid. Think you have the energy to chase?"

The rookie paused for a few seconds and studied himself. The rookie replied, "Yeah, my adrenaline's boiling. I should be okay. Besides, good practice for me right?" Caecus smirked and took his bow from his back.

"Alright rookie, then we better give chase. But remember; this isn't practice and I'm not stopping to let you catch up. Now come!"

to be continued

*Spotlight
On...
Silverlock*



Age: 39

Favorite Class:

Wizard

Favorite Amtgard

Moment:

My favorite Amtgard moment was going to Clan as Regent of VSR with King Agar in 97. I have never seen so many people who enjoyed my poor excuse of a bad sense of humor before in my life. I actually fought until my legs gave out and cramped up. That event set the mark for what Amtgard was meant to be, for me.

Notable

Accomplishments:

Being a competitive/
good fighter after
playing for almost 20
years.

The Flame

By Cole Caecus

Mithril Hills

There is Fire, there is Flame,
There is Suffering, There is Pain,
What do you want, What do you
hope to Gain?

Did you enjoy it, Making me go
Insane?

It is cold, There is Rain,
And now leaving me is the Pain.
The Pain is gone, Now I'm Free,
I can do what I want, I can be Me.

No longer Shackled, No longer
Chained,

No longer Feeling, No longer
Pained.

Spotlight on...

Wicked



Age: 34

Favourite Class:
Monster

Favourite Amtgard
Moment:

My 1st Pac War,
getting to help raid
Black Hand camp with
water balloons

Notable
Accomplishments:

How about my favorite
instead? Winning
winning both DM and
Best of Show at Winter
Bash 2011.

“The Window”

By Izone Nasrin



“Ensnared”

By Izone Nasrin



Spotlight On...

Abdul



Age:

Old enough to know better, but young enough to do it anyway.

Favorite Class:

Assassin

Favorite Amtgard Moment:

Getting my Annihalus patch

Notable

Accomplishments:

See above.

Acknowledgments

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“A Mithril Hills Night” by Buckethead

“The Flame” by Cole Caecus

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Special Thanks

Thanks to Wicked, Silverlock and Abdul for putting up with Isona’s inane questions. Thanks again to all those who have submitted something to the Newsletter over the course of the Reign. Stay tuned for new installments.

Corrections

In the last newsletter, I mistakenly titled Abdul’s piece “Don’t Feel Bad If I Sluff You” as “Why I sluff you.” I am sorry for the mistake, Abdul. Congrats on becoming Blackspire’s new Champion.