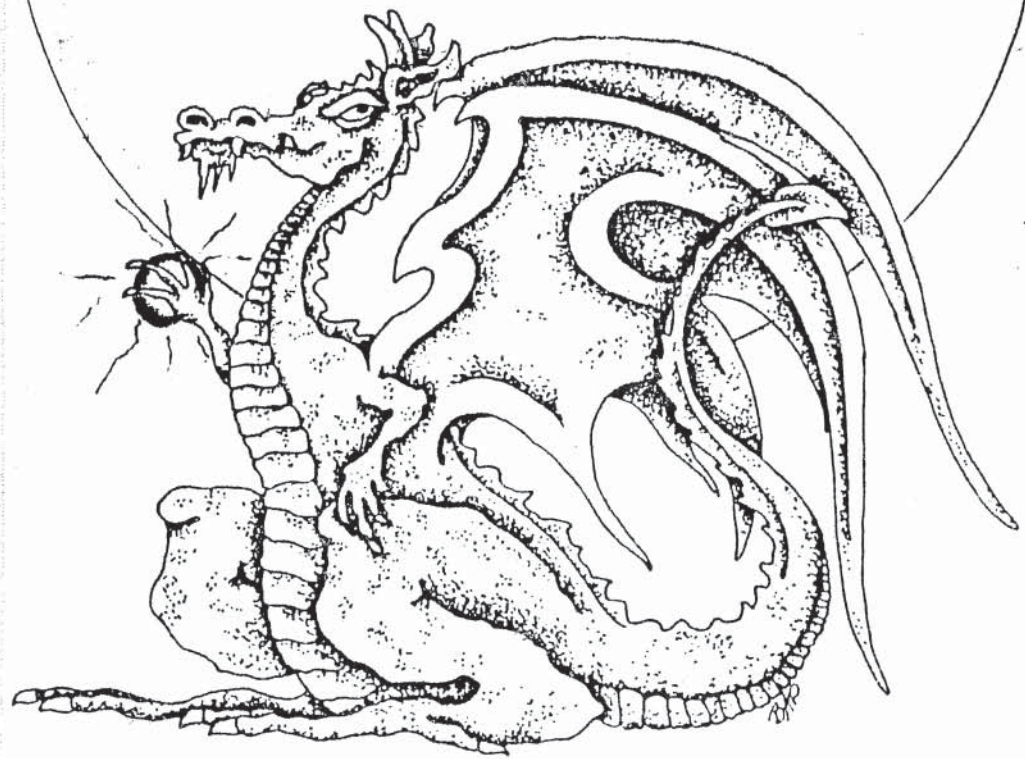


THE MONSTONE



THE OFFICERS OF THE SHIRE OF MALAGENTIA:

SENESCHAL	Deormund Wulfscyld	#
DEPUTY SENESCHAL	Malachi Olthurssun Veassllurd	#
MARSHALL	Arlof Veassllurd O' Donave'	#
ARCHERY CAPTAIN	Caradoc of Caernarvon	#
HERALD	Aslynn of Darchenwald	#
CHRONICLER	Sheppa Badgeron Veassllurd	#
MASTER ARTS/ SCIENCES	Malagrog Badgeron Veassllurd	#

MEETING DATES AND EVENTS OF MALAGENTIA

JUNE 18 Meeting in room 208 LB 6:30 - 9:00
 JUNE 28-29-30 PRESTER JOHN'S PRE-PENNSIC PIG PARTY
 JULY 16 Meeting in room 208 LB 6:30 - 9:00
 AUG. 13 Meeting in room 208 LB 6:30 - 9:00
 AUG. 16-18 PENNSIC WAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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**** THE KEYSTONE ****

With a month to go until Prester John III, things are coming together well. Arlof took 50 flyers to the War of the Roses, and I am getting the first of mine in the mail this week. We have several paid reservations from shirefolk and numerous promises from other SCAdians. Thomas of Manchester is still planning to run the quest which probably guarantees us a good contingent from Unpronounceable V. In the meantime, those of you who are attending events should make a concerted effort to publicize PJIII.

The nine shirefolk who visited the site on the 26th pronounced it a great improvement over Camp Ketcha. After the tour we shot a simulated Royal Round (see Archer's Bow). Malachi's second-place finish was very good for someone who couldn't tell one end of the arrow from the other last year, and the ladies promise some competition for Larissa in the Queen's Champion tourney at Pennsic. Larissa vows not to be defeated, however, and our spies report that she is taking extra practice with another party who prefers to remain nameless until he can hit the target himself some of the time. By the way, he is running out of arrows and he will probably be ordering some from Rivendell at Bowman's Rest soon. See me -er, him - for details and photos.

The play selected for our joint production with Vatnaskvatstadir is "Noah's Ark," with Larissa the Shrew as Noah's sharp-tongued wife. There are plenty of roles to go around; see me if you have an uncontrollable urge to volunteer. Dates remain to be selected, but we will probably present the plays once here and once in New Hampshire on consecutive evenings. Vatnaskvatstadir will be doing "The Second Shepherd's Play."

Finally, remember, it's not too early to begin planning for Pennsic. I will coordinate dragon-pooling if there is enough demand. I am also available for help with garb, weapons, etc. Those of you in need of armor - my anvil should be here by the time you read this.

DEORMUND

<<<<<<<< MARGA'S HERB CLOSET >>>>>>>



VEASSLL'S DEN

In hot summer time, with war at Seashire at hand, we lose two strong Barbarians. My half-brother Arlof, and Sheppa's brother, Malagrog must wander afar. Arlof takes to cultural enlightenment with which he is sure to revel us all about the night's fire. Malagrog goes further into frozen North to Bangor and takes tribal name to spread among those folk. Malachi Veasslurd and all tribe wish them best and hope to travel and fight with at big Pennsic XIV.

Our newest barbarian wench, Moyla, is borne unto Sheppa and Malachi (through great help of my sister Marga) and is now Princess heir to Veasslurd crown. All tribesmen who seek her hand in marriage must see Veasslurd and high council for verification of sword or bow worthiness, bravery and moral deprivation to ensure Veasslurd code of honor. She is great pride to Olthurssun and Veasslurd name.

Malachi has great hopes of finding Prester John this summer at Pig Party. This year, we travel North to strange and exotic land of Bowdoinham. Last rumor of Prester John was that he had passed through the North, so we follow.

WAR REPORT: We are cursed. People at Seashire put formal curse on Malachi and Arlof and whole tribe. Our return curse is one of rattan death. This curse is sure to come true. No one, no witch, no mortal lives to see a curse fulfilled on Veasslurds. They have cursed themselves of our prideful wrath. P.S. Only good things have happened to Arlof and I since cursing. Malachi hopes we all enjoy the benefits of fraudulent Seashire magic. Ha-ha-ha. Talks with Seneschal reveal vengeance is near at hand. Soon formal war breaks out by champions, melee team or boffa. We win all battles, unless we are challenged to fake magic powder contest.

Again Malachi reminds all tribe members and friendlies of tents available at war. I bring up to four big tents, connecting end-to-end, to live in at Pennsic XIV. To arrange sleeping with Veasslurds - call [REDACTED] on farspeaker (Malachi's cave).

>>>>>>> TO BUY, TO SELL, TO TRADE, SWAP OR STEAL <<<<<<<<
Deormund (Cousin Rat, maybe?) and others are working on prototype knee and elbow armor. Interest from those needing such pieces may inspire faster work, lower prices and fighter involvement.

Also Deormund and Malachi still have a precious few shield blanks available at the reasonable price of 18 Tygers. These can be finished for approximately 10 Tygers more in hardware. Durable, lightweight shields are a must in hot combat.

Malachi has rattan for sale. 5 1/2' and 3 1/2' pieces for 15 Tygers. Great for quick pole arms, bastard swords, greatswords and two-swords. All fighters will eventually need rattan or extra rattan for broken swords and ordering pieces individually are much more expensive. Get 'em while they are hot!

Sheppa has some light dress leather for sale. Leather is in sunny black or brown, and mixes well with dirt or mud. Prices range from \$10 to \$45.

Garth of the Forest has for sale saddle leather; enough to make a full (?) suit of armor. Agric is on the prowl for it so give him a call if you are more leather-hungry than our local Roman farmers. Garth's farspeaker for hot summer is #897-3743.

MALAGROG

THE ORIGINS AND TALES OF THE VEASSLLURDS

Many summers and autumns had been spent warring with Cossacks in our quest to reach the Ukraine, and finally the foothills, a land frugal enough for the veassllurds to prosper. Khorath and I, and my half-brother, Arlof had seen each other from across bloody fields too frequently. His men outnumbered us though we had the cunning of Arlof and the madness of spirit possessed by all tribal members. We made little progress in Khorath's God-Forsaken wilderness; surging forward a few leagues one year, falling back as many the next. Many unnamed Veasslls fell in these battles as did many of the Cossacks.

Finally, the day came when one of Khorath's young sons came to our encampment carrying a message from his father. It asked to make council with the elder Veasslls concerning this warring. A return message brought Khorath and his brother to neutral ground with Arlof and I. A pact was made that we should be allowed to pass, unhindered, into the foothills providing we never returned to this area. War hatchets were exchanged and the pact was sealed, or so Khorath thought.

We had arranged to pass their lands at dawn, a fortnight hence. The time came, the Veassllurds well-armed and prepared for deceit and treachery moved forward for the Cossacks encampment. Scowling, wind blown faces formed a line that pressed our advance. Mutterings and curses issued back and forth among fierce warriors, children spat and hurled feces and the wenches ripped at each other's hair. Sheppa and Marga kicked gravel in the faces of the Cossacks, and Moyla punched a tall warrior in the loin cloth. For two hours, the Veassllurds tensely passed the line of Cossacks headed by Khorath. Upon clearing their boundaries, I turned, the tribe behind me on the other side and spoke to Khorath, saying. "We shall never be brothers in war. One who has drawn Veassllurd

blood is always an enemy. We are going now to our new land. Never approach us and we shan't press you. Venture into the wooded foothills and face our vengeance." Khorath looked hard upon me and replied indignantly, "Be careful of foolish boasts Rat-Lord." The two armies closed behind their chieftains.

"We will meet again, Khorath and we shall see who boasts, the clumsy ox or the cunning weasel." Malachi spat on the ground at his feet and turned issuing his people into the new lands, naked, ass-cheeks facing the Cossacks.

Patrols from each army ventured near and onto each other's declared homelands for many weeks. Reports came from Ferret the mad and Garth of the Forest that the Cossacks had begun to feel confident of the peace. Malachi ordered his time, His vengeance growing; the tribe becoming blood-frenzied.

Arlof had prepared the battle strategy, one similar to the advance made on the Poles six years earlier. A small group led by Arlof, wielding two Celtic-design swords, broke into the lightly guarded, sleeping Cossacks camp and eliminated the watchers, in slick, slicing gestures. A startled

cry from a hut brought out the Cossacks, maces, swords, spears in hand. As they attacked Arlof and company, a three pronged attack headed by Garth, Ferret and Malachi came in from behind catching the Cossacks unprepared.

Khorath was left back to a hut's wall as flames leapt about their encampment; Malachi, and clan leaders before him. "Allow me single combat, Malachi", Garth said stepping forward, bloodied sword raised. "Neigh, me, m'lord, allow me the privilege of spilling this swine's blood." Ferret shouted, saliva flying from his red-stained mouth. "I am champion," Arlof said. "I have borne insult and injury from Khorath. He shall die at my hands in the name of Othur and the Sons."

Metal clashed as Malachi nodded Arlof to action. The Cossack lunged under Arlof's swing, looking for gut but missing widely as, Arlof sidestepped the awkward attack. Countering as Khorath passed, one of Arlof's swords caught his right shoulder. The Cossack turned wide eyed and bleeding. Again, Arlof wielded vicious combinations cutting deep into the stout man's leather leg grieves. He dropped to the ground wincing. Madly Khorath swung, hitting Arlof glancingly upon the helm. A trickle of blood appeared over Arlof's eye as he kicked the fighter over, landing upon the man's bloodied sword arm.

Arlof tossed down his right sword and lifted the tip of the other to the Cossack's bearded throat. A broad, bloody smile broke across Arlof's face, as he rammed the steel deep into the mans helm, sealing shut the mouth that had begun to utter a plea of mercy. Hoots of approval came from the frenzied on lookers, Malachi, Garth and Ferret. Drawing lines upon their faces with the split hun blood, the proud Veassllurds returned to the foothills, their record redeemed.

>>>>>>>> FROM THE ARCHER'S BOW <<<<<<<<<

The first official results of Malagentian archery are in after a rousing day of bowmanship in the land of Bowdoinham, Maine, our new camping site for Prester John's Pre-Pennsic Pig Party. This is an excellent site with plenty of room for fighting, revelry and archery, even the "Clout Shoot," the 140 yd. Oh - look - at - the - pretty - arrow - fly....

The archery captain prepared a new "backdrop" for target shooting out of two-by-fours and 4" strips of cardboard pressed solidly between. This is a grueling job to hold the cardboard strips flat with two hands, hold the nail with the third and drive the nail with the fourth. He pleads for assistance in making new ones in the future. These are very workable target backdrops and have a lesser tendency to tear off points and fletches.

The competition was designed as per War rules with timed shots at intervals of 20 yards, and untimed shots at 20, 30 and 40 yards. Malagentia as a whole did VERY well, and the discovery of some new and exciting young archers added to that greatly. About nine of us shot for 3 1/2 hours on Sunday, May 26th and plan on going again soon. For information on archery times and places, contact Caradoc of Caernarvon @ #773-4874.

THE ARCHERY RESULTS

CARADOC of CAERNARVON, Archery Captain	41 Pts
MALACHI OLTHURSSUN VEASSLLURD, Surprise at Large	31 Pts
DEORMUND WULFSCYLD, Seneschal	27 Pts
BETH, THE AS YET UNNAMED, Surprise at Medium	24 Pts
YAROSLAV DILLIGAFF (OF THE VERY RIGID BOW)	21 Pts
LARISSA THE SHREW	17 Pts
SHEPPA "I Get Better As I Go Along" VEASSLLURD	3 Pts
MARGA VEASSLLURD (Unfinished)	Pts
MARY, CAMERAWOMAN, PRODUCER, FILM EDITOR (Unfinished)	Pts

Also shot this day, though unofficial, was the Clout Shoot, a long distance, proximity-based shooting event, to which Deormund is very ept, as is the Captain of the Archers, Caradoc. Yaroslav also is a dangerous opponent at these distances. Malachi, however, is still in the swamp searching for arrows.