

# *Tribe News*

## *Midsummer*

*05/807*

06/807 is due

**Sunday August 21, 2016**  
18.00 (Australian Time)

### [GM Messages](#)

#### [Trade Envoy](#)

At Eco6 you may create Trade Envoys. Trade Envoys may be placed with any other Clan that will accept them. The Envoy must travel physically to the nearest NPC town (for example, Shanghai) via Tribe/Element, TE/Fleet. From here on the following turn and with assistance of locals, it is sent to the town of your choice. The last stage is that it may be physically collected from this town by a unit belonging to the destination Clan.

Twice per year (during Fair months) you may deliver EITHER 2 Wagon loads of goods to units with Envoys present (a maximum of 2 Envoys may be used in any one month). OR up to

one of 50 Gold, 400 Silk, 100 Jade, 100 Diamonds, 100 Frankincense, 2500 Coffee, 2500 Tea, 500 Coin, 50 Opium, 500 Olives, 250 Spice, 200 China, 100 Pearls, 400 Ivory.

The Envoy may be captured via a Raid and/or successful combat and held to ransom (or be killed). While the Envoy is alive the spawning Tribe may not create another one.

### Intelligence Skill

Intelligence should be used in the week after you receive your Reports.

### Elements

Free Element for new players.

New players are entitled to one Element (split from the main Tribe free of any Admin levels (that is, at Adm0). And also the Trade Element. So if you have a Trade Element, a free Element and 2 normal Elements your main Tribe is entitled to four Elements.

### Player Messages

#### **0299 to All**

The Temporary Administrator 3 knocked on the goatskin door that closed off The Senior Administrator's inner sanctum from the rest of the spacious Administration Hut filled with the sound of furious scratching of quill upon parchment.

"Enter!" Came the reply as the 'click click' sound of cowie shells being moved on their abacus temporarily halted.

Letting himself into The Senior Administrators room the Temporary Administrator 3 waited until he was called over to the Cocobolo topped desk before he spoke.

"My lord, there is a representation from the Artisan's Guild to see you."

"Are they smelly?"

"A little sire."

"The go have them washed." The Senior Administrator quickly turned back to his abacus, "When that is done I will see them."

"And you are?" The Senior Administrator looked at the first of the three sodden men standing in the area outside the Administration Hut in the weak sun of the early Wintersend morning.

"Dixcart my lord."

"And what do you do?"

"I skin goats."

"So Dixcart the Skinner, what is your problem?"

"Each month sire I take the goat carcasses that have been gutted by Bourel and with my teeth and nails I removed their skins."

"And?"

"If I had a tool sire to assist me, I am sure I could double my work, at no increase cost to the tribe."

"Yes, I could see how that might work." The Senior Administrator pointed at his Temporary Administrator in a way that the latter understood this detail was to be noted while he turned to the second sodden person.

"And you are?"

"Bourel my lord."

"And what do you do?"

"I gut goats."

"So Bourel the Gutter, what is your problem?"

"Each month sire I take the goat carcasses that have been slaughtered as part of the months quota and with my teeth and nails I removed their guts."

"And?"

"If I had a tool sire to assist me, I am sure I could double my work, at no increase cost to the tribe."

"Yes..." The Senior Administrator saw a pattern beginning to form as he moved onto the final sodden person.

"And you are?"

"Plaisance my lord."

"And what do you do?"

"I bone goats."

"So Plaisance the Boner, what is your problem?"

"Each month sire I take the goat carcasses that have had their skins and guts removed and with my teeth and nails I removed their bones."

"And?"

"If I had a tool sire to assist me, I am sure I could double my work, at no increase cost to the tribe."

"Right, I am now fully appraised of your problem and agree that a solution of a new tool would benefit," The Senior Administrator teased his recently trimmed and waxed goatee beard to a point, "However I am unclear as to how you intend to resolve this?"

"Sire..." one of the sodden men stepped forwards.

"Yes Bourel?"

"Dixcart sire, Bourel is the one with the entrails in his hair."

"Sorry, please go on Dixcart."

"We three have discussed this at length and suggest perhaps a knife would suit our needs adequately."

"A knife you say?"

"Sire," Bourel stepped forward, causing the Senior Administrator to instinctively back off slightly, "a small metal tool, about the length of my hand, sharpened along one edge and to the point."

"Like the sword used by our Warriors."

"Before you sold them at the last Fair." Plaisance cut in after Dixcart spoke.

"Our brave Warriors," The Senior Administrator turned on Dixcart and fixed him with a hard stare while doing his best to ignore the seditious remark from Plaisance.

"Sorry sire, our brave Warriors."

"Do not forget that without these brave two thousand Warriors defending this village each month there is no telling what terrible fate would befall the Holy Virgin Queen Enrod." The Senior Administrator preached to all three, "Only last month they repelled an invasion of the outlying farms by a squad cannibalistic raiders."

"Was that not a gazelle?"

"A squad of cannibalistic raiders disguised as a gazelle, yes." The Senior Administrator stiffened trying not to turn on Plaisance for his continued attempts to undermine the official report of the incident.

There followed a series of mumbled apologies from the sodden three before the Senior Administrator called them back to order, to reiterate their request for the new tool.

"So," The Senior Administrator reviewed what he had been told, "a small metal tool, about the length of my hand, sharpened along one edge and to the point, similar to the sword used by our brave Warriors but smaller?"

There was no verbal response to this but a great nodding of heads, to which The Senior Administrator dispatched the Temporary Administrator he loved on an errand. The Temporary Administrator returned twenty minutes later and reported his finding to The Senior Administrator and the assembled trio.

"I have spoken with Master Hamon the blacksmith concerning your request for a small metal tool, about the length of my hand, sharpened along one edge and to the point, similar to the sword used by our brave Warriors but smaller."

"And?"

"Master Hamon asked had you considered using a scythe?"

"Not really." Dixcart replied after a quick consultation with his companions.

"Not that it matters, the Guild of Blacksmiths are not yet at that particular skill level anyway," the Temporary Administrator 3 continued, "however, Master Hamon reports that once the Guild of Blacksmiths have advance to the point where they may produce Lamps and Sythes, the Plows..."

"Ploughs!" The Senior Administrator cut in sharply.

"Sorry Sire," the Temporary Administrator 3 looked suitably cowed, "Ploughs, the Cauldron and finally the Glass Pipe, they will get on to researching the proposed Knife."

"And how long will that take?"

"Six months." The Temporary Administrator 3 consulted the notes scribbled upon his clipboard.

"There you are," The Senior Administrator turned to the somewhat drier three, "you will have your knives in six months."

"Six months to research the item," the Temporary Administrator interrupted his superior, "however Master Hamon suggested that at the present rate of skill improvement it will take two years to reach the point before he may even begin the research process..."

**0302 to all**

Jayavanan's expression soured at the thought of visiting Chanvathey. The old man was useless. He trailed at the very end of the clan as they moved, fumbled through useless supplies while mumbling to himself, and his so-called apprentice seemed worse. Still if his

friend and closest mentor suggested the visit, then he thought it would somehow be worthwhile.

Chief Jayavanan turned to his two closest friends and fellow warriors, Kiri and Ponle'ak, and motioned for them to follow him. None of the three said a word as they walked through the camp. Finally, Ponle'ak broke the silence. "Chanvatey?! Do you really think he can help you build anything? He can barely wipe his own arse!" With that Kiri bellowed with laughter. "I hear the old woman have to drag him along so he doesn't get lost on the move." Ponle'ak continued "And, that boy who straggles along after him is no better. It's a wonder that boy is still alive. They are nothing but leopard bait." Kiri nodded in agreement his smile turning to a disapproving scowl. "Yes, best if they were left behind. They slow the entire clan."

"No more of that!" Jayavanan barked. "The gods have seen fit to put every one of us here for a reason. The reason for some of us must be much more subtle."

Finally, they neared the far side of the clan's encampment. Some youngsters led them straightaway the last few hundred yards. The expression of puzzlement was clear on their face at the request.

The shelter was mere tatters over a few crooked sticks. An incredibly old man was squatted next to it. He was mumbling something to a scrawny boy who was seated in the mud next to him. Neither one of them looked up as the old man continued mumbling on; all the while fiddling with a length of knotted gut between his hands.

Kiri bellowed. "Chanvatey, acknowledge your Chief and kneel when he approaches you!" Jayavanan waved Kiri off. "Chanvatey, I have come to speak with you about many things important to our clan." the Chief said with as much of a polite expression as he could muster. The expressions on Kiri and Ponle'ak's faces though were of clear disdain.

"Ah, so you've finally come to me, Jayavanan. I knew you would. I knew it would be you." He said with a toothless grin. "You've had visions, and now you are ready to build a new great city for our people." A look of surprise briefly crossed Jayavana's face. Kiri and Ponle'ak's scowls softened slightly. "Did Phaekdei get word to you about that?" Jayavanan queried. "Hmm? Huh? No... I haven't heard from him in years. No, it's you. I knew you would be the one, and so now you're wondering how this feeble useless old fool can help you, eh? Well, most likely I can't." the old man said. Kiri rolled his eyes. Ponle'ak threw his hands up. Jayavanan waved them both off this time. "Go on, Chanvatey." the chief extolled.

"I do not have long on this earth. To me every waking morning is a gift. But my apprentice, he can help you." Jayavanan couldn't restrain the expression of doubt that crossed his face. That boy had sat there this whole time wheezing and staring at them agape. "Chanvatey", Jayavanan interjected, "perhaps you can train other apprentices." "Hmm" the old man nodded. With that Jayavanan turned to Kiri and Ponle'ak and said "You will both stay here and study everything he has to teach you for five days, and then return to me." Now it was their turn to both stare agape as their chief strode off.

0412 to all

### The March of the Wild Angels

#### Part II (out of sequence - due to no fault of the author)

Fell was one of his captains and a loyal warrior but Bard knew that he would just as soon kill a troublemaker, and an outsider, if not for the clan law that dictated a trial for any crime short of murder. Bard prompted, "So, this man, he is some sort of Berserker?" He was referring to the near mythical warriors who could go into a battle rage that filled them with the spirit of the demon god Woden. Such warriors were rare and unpredictable. No tactics could be employed with a Berserk other than to unleash them and get out of their way as they would hew friend and foe in a bloody harvest.

Fell hesitated for a heartbeat. "No, my chief, In fact, he was calm throughout. He never uttered a single war cry nor cried out when struck and there was no fear or joy in his eyes while he battled. Even when we overwhelmed him he seemed barely out of breath." Bard waited for it was clear that the captain had more to add and he was struck by the notion that Fell seemed uncertain of himself. "It's his eyes. They are empty, as if he has no soul, no spirit."

Bard clapped Fell on the shoulder in a comradely fashion and said, "You mean he is like a keeper of the law?" But Fell merely smiled loyally at the weak joke. The chief took his chair of carved wood and bone and the elders stood around him. He summoned the wretch before him and noted that there was indeed something, flat, about the man's eyes. He addressed the prisoner. "What is your name?"

"Beren, son of Hassaf." Was the reply.

"Why did you kill one of our sheep."

"I was hungry and there is little else to eat in this land." Bard waited but it was clear that the man thought this was a complete answer. In truth, he reflected, it was. But any other person in his position would have added excuses, mitigating circumstances and almost certainly lies, in hope of improving their situation and encouraging their captors to treat them less harshly in their judgment. Begging, shouted defiance, offers to pay... none of these were proffered. Just a calm look that lacked even an air of challenge.

"It's his eyes." Fell's words came back to mind. Bard knew then what he meant. He had seen this once before, as a youth in the halls of his father, before the time of the fall and the great migration. An old man had been dragged before his father's seat of judgement. He had been discovered, transporting a young child, drugged unconscious and hidden under sacking in the back of his wagon. It transpired that he had a cellar filled with horrors that had brought tears to the eyes of even the most seasoned warrior. This man, having been caught and with no escape, had calmly answered all questions put to him and revealed a life of inhuman predations that went far beyond anything anyone had heard of before. There was no motive that anyone could ascribe and the man himself struggled to even understand the concept. The closest he ever came was, "hunger." His father has asked the man what fate he thought he deserved and the man had simply answered that death was the only punishment that would do. If imprisoned, he would soon die, and if let go he would surely return to his ways. His father had agreed and, although many had screamed for revenge, his father had told him afterwards that the execution had caused him no satisfaction for he had perceived the old man had a sickness of the head that had caused his actions whereas most criminals were driven by a malice of the heart.

Bard spoke again. "Beren. Our warriors may eat the heart of a stag or bear, to gain it's power but none eat the flesh of goats raw when it may be cooked. Perhaps you are a savage like the copper skinned Jamiroquai Indians to the South?"

"No. I was born in the lands to the West of here and am an outcast from my people."

"Tell me then, Beren, for what were you cast out?"

"The leader of my village desired my mate. She declined and he took her by force. I killed him."

Bard considered for a moment. There was more to this tale but this was not the time. Why had the villagers not killed him in turn, or perhaps exiled him for his 'justice'? Instead, he asked, "And your mate?"

For the first time, Bard detected a flicker of emotion in the man's eyes as he gave a short sharp shake of his head. "She is no more."

Bard turned to the elders and waited for a few moments. None deigned to speak and offer opinion, tacitly leaving the decision in his hands. Turning back to the bound man he asked a final question. "Tell me, Beren, what would your judgement be if you were in my position?"

The man, Beren, tilted his head slightly to the side as if considering. For a long moment he said nothing, and then, "I would order restitution for property and damages. As I have no possessions, such restitution would be in the form of service. 1 year for the goat, 1 year for injury to the warriors, as no one was seriously hurt."

The captain coughed, not very discreetly, into his fist at these last words but Bard managed to hide a smile. He considered the prisoners words and found himself reassured. It was a just sentence without the anger that often fuelled disputes and made them more, 'messy' than they need be. The real issue was how safe was it to let this stranger have the run of the camp. The Wild Angel clan were not slavers and it was not practical to keep him in chains. Perhaps he should just order him beaten and turned out into the wilds but... "And what is it that you desire in life Beren?"

0409 to all



[Email Address for Tribe Net Orders](#)

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[Web](#)

<http://tribenet.com.au/>

## Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/TribeNet/>

<https://www.facebook.com/tribenet.pbem>

## Mailing Address

On application

## Reports

The usual time for Reports to be sent to players is Friday Australian time.

The earlier I receive Orders the better the chances of me meeting this deadline. So if you complete your Orders prior to the due date please send them in.

## Orders/Email

Please include (**only**) your **Clan Number** as the Subject line and the **title of the Attached File** when sending Orders. For example, **0100**.

Preferred Format for Orders is **Times New Roman 11 or 12** through Word6 and beyond. It is my preference that Orders are not sent in the same email with questions/comments etc. Please send the latter in a separate email.

## Clan Ratings 04/807

*123, 225, 361, 224, 277, 204, 363, 213, 208, 218,  
232, 220, 243, 254, 274, 308, 230, 255, 330, 261,  
299, 085, 281, 291, 411, 302, 414, 422, 401, 427,  
295, 409, 426, 428, 406, 408, 429, 432, 435, 400,  
419, 434, 436, 430, 437, 282, 443, 405, 441, 442,  
440, 439, 412, 421,*

[Clan Ratings 05/807](#)

123, 361, 225, 224, 277, 363, 204, 213, 208, 218,  
 232, 220, 243, 254, 274, 308, 230, 255, 261, 330,  
 085, 281, 291, 411, 302, 414, 401, 422, 427, 295,  
 426, 428, 299, 406, 432, 435, 408, 419, 436, 400,  
 434, 430, 409, 405, 451, 442, 441, 282, 450, 444,  
 448, 446, 453, 452, 440, 449, 443, 412, 445, 437,  
 421, 287,

[Auction Results 05/807](#)

Lot #	Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4	Lot 5	Lot 6
Items	Warriors 17	Slaves 12	Steel 100	Iron 200	Spice 25	Opium 20
Currency	(Horses)	(Spice)	(Gold)	(Provs)	(Olives)	(Bark)
	452	37		15001	3	10000
	267	37		10000		8940
	201	36		6865		5005
	111	31		5000		4380
	94	4				3900
						3001
						2001
						1330
						1200

[Auctions 06/80](#)

Lot #	Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4	Lot 5	Lot 6
Items	Warriors 18	Slaves 13	Steel 100	Lead 200	Gold 10	Diamonds 10
Currency	(Gold)	(Iron)	(Provs)	(Furs)	(Tea)	(Silver)

Clan Ranks (03/807)

123	<b>First Lieutenant</b>
204	<b>Sergeant</b>
208	Lance Corporal
213	<b>First Sergeant</b>
218	<b>First Sergeant</b>
220	Lance Corporal
224	<b>Sergeant Major</b>
225	<b>Second Lieutenant</b>
230	<b>Private First Class</b>
232	Lance Corporal
243	Private
254	Private
255	Private
257	Private
261	Private
274	Private
277	<b>First Sergeant</b>
281	Conscript
282	Conscript
291	Conscript
295	Conscript
299	Conscript
302	Conscript
308	<b>Private First Class</b>
330	<b>Private First Class</b>
361	<b>Sergeant</b>
363	Lance Corporal
400	Conscript
401	Conscript
405	Conscript
406	Conscript
408	Conscript
409	Conscript
411	Conscript
412	Conscript
413	Conscript
414	Conscript
415	Conscript
416	Conscript

421

Conscript

085

Conscript

[..\..\Excel\Processing\Ranks.xls](#)

### Contributions to Facebook/TribeNews

Contributors will earn 2 gold or 2 Jade per story and 1 per picture/image. No more than one of each per turn.

### Rules Supplement

#### Transfer Codes

**From**

**To**

Dump

to 0263e1

General Usage

to 1263

usage, some Silver expenditure etc)

(includes Shipbuilding, Engineering, Water

Fair (to and from)

4263

#### **And when receiving items.**

From Seeking

from 7263

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