

Tribe News

Midfall
08/807

09/807 is due

Sunday October 02, 2016
18.00 (Australian Time)

[GM Messages](#)

[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.

[Email Address for Tribe Net Orders](#)

peter.rzechorzek@optusnet.com.au

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** using Excel (though Word6 and beyond is acceptable). 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.

Player Messages

0461 to All

Dainamuck graduates from the Inactives

Finally, the big day has arrived. For ever (well, years anyway) Dainamuck (Dain to his friends and family) has been slowly moving up the ranks of the Inactives. Like many energetic boys and girls, Dain dreamed of being selected for Warrior Training. Some,

usually children of great hunters, wanted to go for Hunter Training, and others for Herder Training. There were also boys and girls from families with generations of leather-craft, woodcraft and other talents in their heritage. But for Dainamuck, it's all about being a warrior, perhaps someday a famous defender of the Tribe.

After three days of exercises and physical training tests, 24 of the candidates are called out to report to the Warrior Training area, Dain among them. On arrival at the Warrior Training area, an NCO is waiting there and has them stand in a line of four candidates, with the others forming five more lines behind the first one. The NCO (who turns out to be the Drill Sgt) tells them the ones in the first rank (line of four) are file leaders and those lined up behind them are the file members. Each person was instructed to remember their position. When they heard the command "Fall In!" they were to quickly move to the same position and stand still with their arms by their sides. The Drill Sgt then yells at them directing them to disperse and run to the other side of the field. As soon as they were all across the field and gathered together, the Drill Sgt yelled "Fall In!"

The twenty-four of us ran like madmen back across the field and for a minute, it must have looked like a couple dozen drunk groundhogs running into each other until we sorted out who was where, the file leaders in the first rank, and the rest of us for the most part, in the same position as before. The Drill Sgt looked like his face was going to explode, red, swelled, sweat popping out of his forehead. Then 2 more NCO's came out of a tent and started moving us into position. They were the corporals who would become the main source of guidance, wisdom and pain until we either became warriors, or were told to report to the Actives for further training.

It seemed like we were jerked this way and that, getting the files lined up, the ranks the right distance from the one in front of it, and so on. Seemed like an awful lot of fussing for something so minor. Once they were either satisfied with how we stood, or possibly they were just worn out, the Drill Sgt told us this was the proper way to stand when told to "Fall In." We were then taught how to be at "Parade Rest," which is really like attention except your feet are apart, your hands are clasped behind you, and you turn your head to watch the Drill Sgt. Not much "rest" there. Then there was "At Ease." This is like Parade Rest, except you can move a little, left foot has to stay in place, but you can ease cramped muscles and look around.

Believe it or not, that took the entire day!! We then had chow, eating with our file members, and finding out there were all kinds of rules and (I guess) traditions involved in eating. We must have had weak planks holding up our drinks and plates of food because they got real excited if you rested your elbow or arm on the plank. Not sure, the planks looks strong enough to me, but I didn't want to get yelled at so I kept my questions to myself.

After chow, we got a class in sanitation and camp chores that address that requirement. I'd lived my whole life in the Tribe's camps, but I guess I was either selectively blind or kind of dumb. There were lots of things I never noticed that went on around me. We learned how to select the location for a slit trench latrine, then I was one of those selected to dig them. A couple candidates laughed at us digging away and the Corporal told them they just volunteered to do the digging next morning to bury the used trenches and extend them into fresh ground. A good example of why I tried to keep my head down and pay attention.

We were all gathered together, in formation, put at Parade Rest, and listened as the Drill Sgt told a tale out of the early days of the Redclaymen Tribe.

Next thing I know, we're assigned space in a tent that holds half of us. Our bedrolls were piled up and we each found our gear and laid out the sleeping area, again with a lot of fussing by the NCOs. We spent about an hour learning how to stand at attention at the end of our sleeping space for inspection by the corporals. Suddenly, we hear the Drill Sgt's voice yelling "Lights Out. All Quiet!" The corporal shut down the lantern and the only light was what streamed in the tent opening from the watch fire.

As Dain slipped into sleep, wondering why he felt so tired, as the day had not had much hard physical work, he realized that he was a "Warrior." Well not really, but he was on the first step. He could imagine the upcoming days filled with sword fighting, sling usage, spear fighting, riding, and all those other skills the hero's of legend must have learned long ago.

0412 to All

The March of the Wild Angels

Part V

Eventually, when all was arranged to Beren's satisfaction, he turned to face the captive who, apparently remembering his role, began to yell abuse again, although with, Bard thought, a little less conviction than before. Beren, without a word, picked up a short length of stick and wrapped it in several layers of leather before binding the layers with cord. The captive renewed his cursing, spitting at Beren and promising him and all his family a slow death. His words were cut off as Beren shoved the stick between the man's jaws with an inevitable but short struggle. He turned and picked up his knife and reached forward carefully grabbing a nipple and pulling it from the man's body before slicing it quickly off. Bard had been prepared by Beren but he still couldn't contain a wince at the site. Fortunately the captive was too preoccupied with his screaming and writhing to notice. He noticed that the captive's screams were more of anger riding the pain, rather than terror and he couldn't help but be impressed. If he was an indication of the rest of his tribe, they would make fierce opponents.

Beren appeared to study the flesh between his fingers for a moment before casually tossing it into the brazier that warmed the tent. The next hours were a study in pain and torment. Through it all, the one thing that Bard couldn't understand was that Beren never asked his victim a single question nor hardly spoke to him. He knew that Beren lacked any sort of cruel streak but there seemed to be something horrifying about this random, unrelenting malice. In the afternoon, Beren had gingerly removed the gag from a man so wracked by pain that he had no strength left to curse. He lay there, chest heaving and eyes lolling till Beren carefully lifted his head and held a ladle to his lips. The captive rolled his eyes and tried to pull away but Beren had shushed him, like a kindly father soothing a child fresh woken from a nightmare. "Here now, drink. It is only water and you have need, I think." Again the man shook his head and tried to pull away but Beren was patient. "Come, you have been brave. No one can say otherwise. Where is the shame in drinking water? Every warrior since the dawn of time has drunk water and none have said less of them have they?"

Suddenly, all resistance melted away and lips were parted to accept ladle after careful ladle of water. "I will not tell you what you seek. I will not betray my people." The prisoner said as Beren lay his head gently back down. Beren's only response was to nod and place the gag, with only a little resistance this time, back into the man's mouth.

After this, the torture became a nightmare as Beren carefully began to flay the skin from the captive's genitals causing his eyes to bulge in disbelief before Beren, after tying a tourniquet around the upper left leg, moved to the mutilated left foot and began picking back layers of skin and tying off arteries and veins with string made from hair and a bone needle. He stopped at one point to apologise to his captive. "I'm sorry, my friend. Such work requires a skilled healer and I fear that I am more of a butcher. But be assured our work together, over the next week, will help me improve."

At this, the captive began to shake his head wildly and Beren, perceiving his need, removed the gag in time for him to vomit profusely before choking to death. "You son of a goat. I will go to my ancestors with pride and a song in my heart but I will never talk." The curse lacked conviction and certainly lacked energy.

Beren set the gag aside. "You are mistaken on two counts, my friend. Firstly, I do not require you to talk. You may keep your peace. Secondly, you will not die today, or for many years. No, you will be modified," and here he gestured to the foot, "and eventually, we will move to one of the trade cities where you will be sold as an attraction for people to look at. It is not such a bad life. You will be comfortable on cushions and carried everywhere and, I assure you, you will even be fed. You will never need do anything again."

Confusion creased the pain on the warrior's face. A look that dawned into horror which was again subsumed by pain as Beren returned to his work and removed the foot with a surprising lack of blood but a surfeit of screams, having left the gag off to ensure his patient not choke further.

While the warrior was passed out, Beren then set about tying a strong wet leather cord around the man's undamaged upper right arm, then moving the brazier closer to dry it out. Within hours the cord had dried and shrunk in the heat causing its wearer to moan almost constantly as he watched his arm grow dark and, eventually, start to blacken with a condition all present knew would never heal... and so it went.

After the first day of such treatment, Bard absented himself, having had all he could stomach. He had led the way in many a bloody conflict and seen men and women butchered in the battlefield sacrifice to the Allfather, Woden, but this... If he hadn't been so concerned for his people...

He could not bring himself to attend more and was ashamed of himself for it but, on the afternoon of the third day, Beren came to him with detailed information of the man's companions, their plans, strategies, allies, where they were from, numbers, everything the clan needed and more. The danger was slight as long as the clan and its tribes posted a defence force of warriors to deter these enemies and encourage them to go after easier game. It seemed the captive, who was named Alieed, had broken down and offered to tell all, if only Beren would promise to kill him.

When the warriors returned to confirm Alieed's story, Beren had driven a knife, mercifully, through his remaining eye and then proceeded to stack wood under the table and burned the body and the tent. Every instrument that had been perverted in his bloody business and even the knife, blunted and snapped, was consumed by the blaze and neither Bard, nor those warriors who had heard the pitiful screams and begging in the last days, had the heart to speak out against this uncharacteristic waste.

Over the next days, Beren was seldom seen and Bard was distracted by what had happened. He was convinced it had been the right course. The warrior had indeed been a spy, and an enemy. He had shown supernatural resolve in the face of his torment and would never have talked under lesser duress. The clans were safer, but...

"The problem with you", said his mate, Agmar, one night, "is that you're a good man as well as a good chieftain. The Chieftain will do what is necessary but the good man worries about what is right." And, as usual, he thought, she had spoken directly to the heart of the matter.

The next day, he summoned his captain, Fell, and they talked for many hours after which Bard summoned the council and made two declarations. The first was to create the office of Executioner, to which Beren was named and given one of the clans precious few swords as a badge of his office. The second was to announce an addition to the clans very few laws, to the effect that the people of the Wild Angels clan could never be subject to torture, and that such practice could only be used on enemies, only at great need, and only by the sanction of the chief of a tribe.

There was no cheering at these announcements. Word had spread through the camp and Beren, who had few friends to begin with, had become a figure of some mystery and respect, but mostly of fear.

"Tempt not the Gods." These words drifted back to Bard as he watched Beren depart with his head bowed in sadness.

0426 to All

Chieftains from the Germanic Nations have been arriving at Kalkriese for the past week since hearing of the death of their Great King Davash, Chieftain of the Cherusci Tribe.

Their Great King had passed away from an illness he wasn't able to shake. The village of Kalkriese have for the best part of a month been preparing for his funeral day on the orders of the Great King, giving specific details as to how he wanted to be buried.

A large pit had been dug up on a hill overlooking the village and river system in which was built a large Warship, this will be the burial place of the King. In it will be placed his finest possessions and the gifts that will come from the other Chieftains paying their respects.

His favourite Horse and Armour will be placed alongside him, the only weapon that wont be placed in his grave will be the Sword of the Nations. This will be passed down as it has done for generations to Arminius, who will not only take over the Chieftains role of the Cherusci tribe but also the role of the King of the Germanic Nations (The Legions of Old).

There was a nice gentle cool breeze from the SE, coming off the river as Arminius, Flavus and their mother Linza, walked down the middle of their village. As they passed villagers would bow their heads in respect to the grieving family yet no words were exchanged.

It was a sombre morning, final preparations for the burial of their father, husband and King were being completed along with the preparations for the great feast that would be had in his honour.

Other preparations were also being arrange for when Arminius would take the Great Sword of the Nations and be announce as the new Chieftain of the Cherusci Tribe and Ruler of the Nations, The Legions of Old Clan, made up of 7 of the most powerful Germanic Tribes in

the region - the Cherusci, Chatti, Marsi, Bructeri, Chauci, Sicambri and the Suebi along with another 50 odd smaller tribes of the Nations.

The trio reached the burial hut, where Davash was laying and being prepared for his final resting place.

"Im going to head out to the camp where the other tribal leaders are staying mother" said Arminius. "You can come too Flavus, its about time we made our present felt amongst these leaders of men".

"very well you 2 go about your business, you both have very important roles to fill in the next coming days" Linza said with a show of proudness on her face. "I will attend to the final touches of your father, you know no matter where he went he always made sure he looked his best, no reason why he cant on his final days here. Wouldn't want him going into Valhalla looking like a peasant now would we".

Both of her sons looked at her and smiled as they turned and headed off out the main gate.

Rufius, a huge warrior and trusted adviser was waiting for the 2 brothers just outside the gate.

"Greetings gentlemen, your escort awaits".

"Escort" Flavus said looking rather puzzled.

"that's correct young Prince, a King goes nowhere without an escort" Rufius says in his usual deep rough voice that seemed to boom across the fields, "and neither should you either since you are now a Chieftain of the Chatti Tribe", raising one eyebrow waiting for one of the brothers to challenge this, but before they could he looked back at Arminius.

"These men are the best in our tribe, you should know you have fought alongside them in battle, your father handpicked these men himself, including me" Rufius said with a sheepish grin forming across his bearded face. Very rarely did Rufius show any type of emotion on his face.

"It is not wise to walk around without your bodyguards, these days there are plenty out there that wouldn't hesitate to try and take your position from you, and that includes the Chieftains of our closest allies".

This being said Arminius nodded his head in thanks and turned and started heading off "we are going to the camp of the Tribes to meet face to face with their Chieftains". The escort fell into position behind Rufius who followed the 2 brothers to the camp, which laid up on a small hill just outside the main village.

Tents were spread over a vast area; large banners flew representing the other 6 Tribes present along with many other smaller banners of the minor tribes who also attended the funeral.

Arminius, Flavus and their escort made their way towards the centre of this setup in preparation to meet with the most powerful men of the Nations.

Davash had been placed in his burial ship along with all his prized possessions, armour, shield and other items he will need for his journey to Valhalla.

Arminius, Flavus, their mother, the rest of the tribe and the other leaders were all there paying their respects as the druids chanted their prayers and then those villages chosen for the task started to bury the Old King in his tomb.

Arminius turned to all that had gathered, "This is a great day" he bellowed so everyone could hear. "We lay to rest a Great and Noble King and send him on his way so that he can enter the Great Hall of Valhalla and feast with Odin himself, a true place for all Warriors to meet after they have done their time here".

"I ask that you all accompany me to the Great Hall and help me celebrate the life of my father and dine with me in a great feast", raising his hands to encompass all that were there.

A great cheer went up from all around, as everyone repeatedly punched to the sky with fists, spears or swords repeating the same word over and over "Davash".



The Great Hall was busy with women going to and fro bring all types of food and drink out to the great table. Only Arminius, Flavius, Linza, the closest and most trusted of the tribe, which included Rufius and his warriors and the Chieftains of the other tribes were feasting in the Great Hall.

The rest of the villagers were feasting outside on a huge table that had been placed down the centre of the village.

The Drinking, eating and dancing would go on throughout the night and into the early hours of the morning. Then on the following day there would be the official ceremony and announcement of the new King, and once again another great feast will be held.

[Clan Ratings 08/807](#)

123, 361, 225, 224, 277, 363, 213, 204, 208, 218,
232, 254, 220, 243, 255, 274, 308, 230, 261, 330,
281, 291, 411, 085, 302, 442, 443, 401, 422, 426,
299, 295, 428, 441, 406, 400, 444, 405, 244, 408,
453, 430, 412, 437, 414, 282, 456, 287, 409, 466,
421, 469, 461, 463, 464, 296, 432, 462, 459, 467,
478, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 477, 479, 476, 465,
460, 445, 455, 481,

[Clan Ratings 07/807](#)

123, 361, 224, 225, 277, 363, 204, 213, 208, 218,
 232, 254, 220, 243, 274, 308, 230, 261, 255, 330,
 281, 085, 291, 411, 302, 442, 414, 443, 401, 422,
 295, 426, 428, 299, 406, 400, 436, 408, 430, 441,
 405, 434, 444, 451, 449, 453, 446, 412, 409, 287,
 282, 437, 432, 421, 460, 456, 461, 469, 463, 466,
 445, 462, 459, 464, 467, 455,

[Auctions 09/807](#)

Lot #	Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4	Lot 5	Lot 6
Items	Warriors 17	Hirelings 13	Steel 100	Gold 20	Silk 20	Elephants 10
Currency	(Gold)	(Cotton)	(Tin)	(Provs)	(Silver)	(Diamonds)

[Auction Results 08/807](#)

Lot #	Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4	Lot 5	Lot 6
Items	Warriors 17	Hirelings 13	Diamonds 20	Lead 200	China 20	F/cense 20
Currency	(Silver)	(Spice)	(Horses)	(Coffee)	(Fodder)	(Gold)
	112434	31	907		18980	35
	108974	11	313		12000	5
	95000	9	188		5680	4
	78591	8	120		4000	2
	15001		101			
	5001		51			
	4068		17			

[Clan Ranks \(does not include new players this month\)](#)

85	Conscript
123	First Lieutenant
204	Sergeant

208	Corporal
213	First Sergeant
218	First Sergeant
220	Lance Corporal
224	Second Lieutenant
225	First Lieutenant
230	Lance Corporal
232	Corporal
243	Private First Class
254	Private First Class
255	Private First Class
261	Private First Class
274	Private
277	Sergeant Major
281	Private
282	Private
287	Conscript
291	Conscript
295	Conscript
299	Conscript
302	Conscript
308	Lance Corporal
330	Lance Corporal
361	Sergeant Major
363	Sergeant
400	Conscript
401	Conscript
405	Conscript
406	Conscript
408	Conscript
409	Conscript
411	Conscript
412	Conscript
414	Conscript
419	Conscript
421	Conscript
422	Conscript
426	Conscript
427	Conscript
428	Conscript
430	Conscript
432	Conscript
434	Conscript
437	Conscript
441	Conscript
442	Conscript

443	Conscript
444	Conscript
445	Conscript
446	Conscript
449	Conscript
451	Conscript
453	Conscript
455	Conscript
456	Conscript
459	Conscript
460	Conscript
461	Conscript
462	Conscript
463	Conscript
464	Conscript
466	Conscript
467	Conscript
469	Conscript

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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	(includes Shipbuilding, Engineering, Water usage, some Silver expenditure etc)
Fair (to and from)	4263	

And when receiving items.

From Seeking	from 7263
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