

Tribe

News

Harvestend

09/807

10/807 is due

Sunday October 16, 2016
18.00 (Australian Time)

[GM Messages](#)

[Newer Players](#)

Two observations

[1. Too many Foresters](#)

For example, at For3 you are allowed up to 30 people doing forestry (10 per level) Activities across the Tribe (which includes Elements) with For3. If you assign all 30 in the Tribe you cannot assign any in Elements. If you assign 30 to cutting Logs you cannot assign any to stripping Bark.

[2. Not enough Herders](#)

Quite a number of Clans assigned the same numbers to Herding as on the previous turn. Your herds are likely to grow in the month and consequently so will the numbers of herders required.

Orders Template

After Movement Transfers are being phased out. Please work towards this. However, if you are still doing some (and using the Excel template) please use two sheets (one BM and one AM Transfers) - inserted after Activities and on either side of the Movement sheet. Thanks.

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

0277 to All

Applications are invited for membership of the newly founded Honourable Company of Mercers. This is a Traders Guild 20. [See very bottom of this document](#). A most important feature for players is that Guild Membership is capped at 10.

Membership is by invitation from the Guild Master (that's me), up to the membership limit. At the time of writing I expect there to be 5 available spaces. If you're interested - or just want more information about the topic in general - please contact 0277 by email in the first instance, rather than our valiant GM who is fairly busy and would prefer not to be buried in basic questions about this. I'll field as much as I can.

GM note: if you intend to join this Guild you should cc 0277 and the GM with a reply to a firm offer from 0277 (only). Do not attempt to join by contacting the GM directly.

0412 to All

March of the Wild Angels

As Autumn approached the clan were in mixed spirits. There had been a mining accident and over a score of the People had been lost. People died all the time of course, this was the way of life, but so many at once was a tragedy. Of course there was also happiness; the hunting had been good and the clan had enough for winter, construction had commenced on a village with plans for buildings and other things that would help lift the Wild Angel clan from nomadic savages back to the former glory of their homeland. Also, the thwarting of the raiders had been cause for celebration but Bard was troubled in his heart by the inhuman torture of the bandit spy and of what it had cost Beren, the outsider who had become more withdrawn and isolated both by the weight of his deeds and by the wariness of those around him who knew what had transpired.

Bard was sitting on a fallen log in a clearing and watching the people going about their daily tasks. It was an overcast day, warm and humid, as if the weather sought to emulate his

mood. Captain Fell approached at a brisk walk and drew himself up to make his daily report. At first, his presence barely registered then the chief patted the wood beside him and Fell joined him. They sat together in companionable silence for nearly half an hour before Bard spoke. "The need was great. It had to be done."

Fell knew it was the torture that Bard spoke of. It had hung like a cloud over his chieftain's head for the past fortnight, souring the mood of all who came into contact with him. He considered carefully for a moment longer and replied. "When I was a child, my older brother, Aegimar, complained to our father of how he had competed for, and lost, the favour of a girl from a nearby village. He went on about his great efforts and his great love, all for naught as the girl had chosen a prettier boy to dance with at the Summer Solstice Fair. My father listened patiently and then told him a story, one that I heard several times but never understood until many years later."

Bard turned to look at his normally taciturn warrior but listened as Fell continued. "There was a man, a farmer, who had a modest farm, a capable wife and strong sons and daughters. He worked hard, was honest and well liked by his neighbors for he was happy, generous and fair in his dealings with all. One night, he stayed late in the village tavern, drinking and laughing with his friends until the midnight hour, when the tavern was closing. His friends invited him to stay the night with them in the village rather than risk the road home as it was known that the woods were haunted and fey and dangerous. The farmer thanked them but was determined to return home to his farm and family. Again, his friends sought to dissuade him saying, 'if you go into the haunted woods a demon might seize you and claim your soul!' but the farmer again laughed off their concerns saying, 'If a demon can claim me, a good and righteous man, simply because I am in a haunted forest in the middle of the night, then there is no justice in the world!' And with that, he bid them goodnight. The farmer was halfway through the woods when a voice behind him spoke, saying, 'There isn't.'" Bard considered the captain's words in silence for a moment. Then Fell rose to depart. Bard stirred himself and asked, "What of your report captain?"

Fell stopped for a moment and said over his shoulder, "All is as it should be my Chief." Then continued on his way.

0461 to All



Dainamuck goes hunting

Dainamuck and his friend Buddy were enjoying Deer Hunting not far from the Tribe's encampment. They were after trophy deer, not just provisions, guts, bones and skins. A huge buck walked by and Dainamuck quietly drew his bow and took careful aim.

Before he could release his arrow, Buddy pointed at a funeral procession passing on the trail below their position.

The hunter slowly let off the pressure on his bow, took off his hood, bowed his head and closed his eyes in prayer.

Buddy was amazed. "Wow, that is the most thoughtful and touching thing I have ever seen. You are the kindest man I have ever known."

Dainamuck shrugged. "Yeah, well, we were married for 35 years."

0299 to All

Demise of 0295

Trouble had been brewing for Ereonberht long before his people left the region about the Myrtle Lakes in the early summer of y806 and crossed into the Flutwide (aka Flutwidde).

This was a region of wide prairie and rolling hills Ereonberht named after his tribe, and where he had them establish a village in the foothills of the Barrier Mountains.

Ereonberht's problem had their roots in the ongoing sibling rivalry between his legitimate sons Bernward and Thankmar, both from his first marriage, and Gerhard, a baseborn child that had arisen from an incestuous relationship in Ereonberht's early life.

Always denied a position by his father's side as a result of his illegitimate birth Gerhard had never taken well to the attention his father gave to his later sons. It was however when Gerhard reached maturity that he started plotting against his siblings in any serious fashion.

Proficient in all forms of physical activity Gerhard truly excelled at Tribal and he greatly looked forward to representing his tribe at each of the biannual Fairs. Gerhard's dream however was shattered with the discovery of an iron ore deposit, the tribe quickly giving up its nomadic lifestyle for one of mining, refining and tool manufacture. With tribes merchants fully occupied with trading ores, metal and tools there was no longer an opportunity for Tribal to take place at the Fair.

Enraged by what he felt was a betrayal by his father, Gerhard called upon those Tribal players loyal to him, a number which amounted to more than three quarters of the eight hundred strong team, and whipping them up into a prairie-weed induced frenzy, unleashed them upon his father.

Over a period of less than three hours one night in the latter half of Midfall in y807, Gerhard led his six hundred strong Warriors on a rampage. Intending initially to slay his father, his brothers Bernward and Thankmar as well as another two dozen relations and in-laws, the matter quickly got out of hand and before the night had passed almost three and half thousand people had been injured or lost their lives.

Even though the physical damage inflicted upon the people and property of the tribe was great, this was nothing compared to the psychological harm Gerhard had unleashed.

Families were rent asunder as brother had attacked brother and the trust required to keep the tribe together was lost.

Within days of Gerhard's rampage the tribe had begun dissolving, at first a few families departed to join local groups, but soon the trickle became a flood and the once mighty Flutwide, under the leadership of Ereonberht, was no more.

By the end of Midfall y807 only those people loyal to Gerhard remained within the devastated village, too few in number and resources to survive the approaching winter.

0432 to All

A busy Autumn day in camp.



Gazelle to All

As with many other ideas it began at a watering hole. At the time it was, as it should be, in a rather unsavoury part of the inner city with a notorious history back in the heyday of the sly grog and SP bookmaker era. What drew this league together, outside the watch of the creator sitting in the city of churches with dice tumbling and glass tinkling in the background, is yet to be uncovered. Could it be the confines of a world with no way east or west? Was it creating a clan with its highest skill pottery & left scrabbling for provisions in land almost barren of forest? Perhaps it was rumours in the waffle of peaceful wave worshipping clans or the first King of the iron mine braying of success. Who can remember the immortal words of who's shout it was?

Veni Vidi Voro

0282 to All

I regained consciousness in stages, which is not unusual for me.

Is it still night?

Oh, my head! Wow!

Where am I? Oh, this is one bad hangover.

Maybe I should go back to sleep.

Wait. Who's that coming?

Why is he upside down?

Oh, I'm upside down. And I can't move. Hey!

Ok, this is unusual, even for me. Oh, my head!

The figure approached from the fire-light and examined me for a moment. When his gaze drifted sideward I became aware of my friend, also upside down, trussed from the same branch. I guess that's when it dawned on me that we may have crossed the wrong man. He crouched in front of us staring intently. "Og ask one time," holding up a single finger for emphasis, "One time." He said softly. "Where elephants?"

Before I could answer my friend blurted, "You don't know who you're messing with, man! If you know what's good for you, you'll cut us down right now, get down on your knees and beg, yes beg for forgiveness! When I'm through with you, you'll wish you never met us! Do you know who I am! Do you! My father - "

He was interrupted when they cut him down, scooped him up, and heaved him into the darkness. A scream of terror erupted, only to trail off. Did they - ? Did they just - ? Did they just throw him over the cliff? Yeah. We crossed the wrong guy.

The visitors' leader hadn't moved. His gaze had never left my own. Now more conscious than ever, my mind was racing for a way to avoid what had just happened to my friend. I was thinking as fast as possible; but not fast enough. They were already cutting me down. All I could do was close both eyes tightly.

When I opened one a moment later, only the leader remained. He was seated at the fire, eating, with his back to me. Thoroughly confused, I wasn't sure what to think, let alone ask. "You keep deal?"

"Of course," I croaked.

"Og know."

I just stood there, not sure what to do next. For someone who had just had a man thrown off a cliff for not answering his question, he seemed unconcerned and in no hurry. When he finished a piece of roasted goat, he reached for another, then turned to look at me. "You go now."

A warrior appearing from nowhere silently offered water, food, and my pack. I took them and without hesitation set off down the craggy path toward the crimson crescent peaking over the hill. Certain I'd be followed, the pace didn't matter; and I didn't look back. There were other ways to deal with that small nuisance. Things had obviously taken a turn for the worse, but not all was lost. At least I was still alive. And I reassured myself that the most important secret was still safe.

The visitors were breaking camp while the light gathered strength. South, they had been told, to the village. No one questioned when the leader remained by the dying embers

as they filed down the slope. Not only was he sure to catch them up, but lead a murderous pace for the afternoon after doing so.

When the last warrior had left, he returned to the cliff edge and stared off toward the east. After some time, he crouched exactly as he had an hour before, and picked up the small item that had slipped from one of the prisoners unnoticed by all but himself. "Og know," he repeated softly.

0405 to All

We were a peaceful people. We wandered the land, herding our animals and living our lives from one generation to the next. Our clans came together and went their own ways as the seasons passed and without outside forces we were little prepared for what was to come. We were bound by ties of family and our belief in the Great Spirit who watched over us all. Then others appeared from across the water. As they dragged their great ships up the beach and stripped them to build their shelters, those that had seen their arrival knew they would not leave again.

They observed from a distance to discern their intent and knew they were not as we were, families and small clans who moved across the lands as the seasons and our needs dictated. Their shelters showed a permanence we never used and even in those early days, they laid bare the land for their own plantings in ways we had never known.

For a season they watched to see if these newcomers would move inland further but they seemed content with the corner they had carved out.

One morning, they watched the only ship not stripped for timber depart from our shores. Maybe some longed for their old lives and returned from whence they came. Maybe they used it to fish from the vast waters, further out than our small canoes could reach.

Whatever it left for, it did not quickly return.

Again and yet again, the moon went its full circle and still the newcomers did not move from the small land they had claimed for themselves.

Our elders came to see for themselves. To learn the truth of the matter and seek the wisdom of the Great Spirit before deciding a course of action for the people.

Before a decision could be made, calamitous news was delivered by a lone scout. Not only had the great ship returned but it brought many more like it. More than could be counted now sat in the small bay and all day, they had disgorged their cargo of animals and tools but more telling were the women and children and the men with weapons.

For hours they watched the people come ashore and knew they would soon outnumber all the clans should they gather together at one time. The land they were on would not long suffice their needs and our peoples would need to work together for future harmony in the land or flee before them.

Our decision had been made for us. We would leave our lands. Their ways were not our ways and all the clans gathered would not match their numbers. We would leave these lands and seek the guidance of the Great Spirit to find a new home.

As the last watchers returned, calamity struck and a shout went up as a group of strangers emerged from a corpse of trees and discovered them. As the 2 groups recovered from the surprise, our men tried to express their peaceful intentions, strange words came from the others as they rushed forward and cut our friends, our brothers and sons down.

Our presence had been discovered and their first reaction was violence to which we had no defence. Our retreat would now be flight as our people would fall before them as dry grass consumed by flames.

Many died in the gathering. Moving instead of stopping and hunting had caused hunger. Other had been too close to the fast moving invaders and entire families and clans had been lost without word or hope.

But the people came together and moved ever East. Knowledge came from those that escaped that the invaders took without hesitation and killed without mercy. None whom they caught was seen or heard of again.

Many moons passed and finally we gathered before the high mountains to the West. The elders had lead us to a place where it seemed there was no way forward. The people feared we would be crushed against the walls by the following invaders but the elders told us the Great Spirit had called us to this place,

Finally, under the light of the last full moon of the cold months we waited. For what we did not know but our faith in the elders and Great Spirit was strong.

Then, as the moon crossed the sky it's light touched upon wall of the mountains and a way was opened to us. A way to a new land of flowing prairies and low green hills. Though it was night here, the sun shone brightly and a warm breeze blew across our faces.

The leader of the elders, his eyes as pale as the moon declared "There is the land I, your Great Spirit has prepared for you. Go through, with your women and children, your cattle and your horses and find a new beginning. There may be others there, friend and foe so prepare for both but that is in the future, for now, you, my people are safe".

In the time since, we have put down roots the likes of which we never have before, building our first villages and learning to farm and delve into the land for minerals. Children are born who know of no other home but this but our stories will be told, stories of our flight before violence that they may know the risks when one people desires what another has.

We are now Ellesha no SaiDen (People of the Great Plain). We have found the mountains to the West, the jungles and fire mountains to the East. The vast forests to our North and endless waters to our South. We have tamed the strange animals we have discovered and reached out with the broken spear of peace to the peoples we have encountered, now calling some Oorlin or friend in their tongue.

We have made this land our home and we shall not easily be moved again.

This is the story of how we came to be in this land as told by Ronnoc, the son of he who spoke with the voice of the Great Spirit and, by choice of the clans, leader of Ellesha no SaiDen.

[Contributions to Facebook/TribeNews](#)

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

[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 09/807](#)

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

[Auction Results 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)
	53	14189	511	45000	75001	3
	41	4981		22434	33000	3
	31	4289		15000	23781	
	12	3501		13751	20509	
	12	3076		10031	19000	
	8	2428		10000	7780	
	5	550		9001	4068	
				8700	1001	
				8016	200	
				3000	54	
				2001		
				1019		

[Auctions 10/807](#)

Lot #	Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4	Lot 5	Lot 6
Items	Warriors 18	Slaves 13	Steel 100	Tin 200	Spice 40	Jade 10
Currency	(Silver)	(Jade)	(Brass)	(Skins)	(Fodder)	(Grain)

[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
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Hall of Fame

	Clan	Start	End	Rank
Rich Moore	0363	01 800	08 807	
Sergeant				

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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Traders Guild 20

DL1

No Books

Description

The effect of a Traders Guild is to allow a limited degree of short- range transfers between Guild Members' units along nominated [Guild Routes](#), which represent well travelled paths amongst a stable trading community. Such transfers are facilitated by locals, i.e. no player element needs to be assigned or moved.

Formation and Governance

Anyone who completes the research may choose to become a Guild Master by starting a Guild (done by informing the GM by email). Guilds are always public: the formation of new ones will be published in TribeNews and currently active ones will be listed on public TN portals. Membership of any Guild is limited to 10 clans in total, including the Guild Master. A clan may be a member of only one Guild. Membership is by invitation from the Guild Master to anyone they choose, cc'd to the GM: a clear acceptance to the offer must be sent to the Guild Master, cc'd to the GM. It is incumbent on the Guild Master to maintain the list of the membership in their Guild. Players may leave a Guild at any time by notifying the Guild Master by email, cc'd to the GM. Benefits to the departing player lapse effective

from the date of the resignation email. Players may be voted out of the Guild via 60% of membership in favour (the Guild Master counts as two members with two votes)

Any Guild may choose to write a [Constitution](#), which must be agreed with the GM. Any such document is always public knowledge and must be made available on public TN portals. It is the Guild Master's responsibility to ensure that this happens.

Should a Guild Master lose the capacity to run a Guild, a deputy can be appointed by the GM from amongst remaining Guild members. This deputy may continue to run the Guild as previously run but must immediately undertake any skill development and research necessary to support it. If no-one is able to act as deputy the Guild is dissolved and all benefits are lost

[Operation and benefits](#)

A [Guild Route](#) runs between two [Caravanserai](#) (Eng 2, requires 200 logs installed at rate of 2/person) belonging to member Clans of the Guild (both Caravanserai may be owned by the same Guild member). A Guild Route consists of up to [20 contiguous land hexes](#) (including the destination but not the start, so adjacent hexes represent a 1-hex Guild Route). Rivers, Hill and Low Mountain hexes may be freely crossed by a Guild Route. Lake, Ocean or High Mountain are impassable to a Guild Route. [Each Guild Route must be individually approved by the GM](#). Any member creating a new Guild Route must provide the GM with a graphical map showing the location of the units with Caravanserai and the proposed path in hexes. *NB Guild Route details are between the individual members involved and the GM. The Guild Master and other members need not have knowledge of all Guild Routes.*

During Trade Fair months ([Turns 04 and 10](#)) each Guild Member may conduct [a single Guild Trade along an approved Guild Route](#). Such a Guild Trade is in addition to the normal fair; it does not count toward trade fair limits in any way. A Guild member may receive goods from as many members as are in their Guild, but may send goods only from a single [Caravanserai](#).

For each member of the Guild, the [Guild Master receives 5 Gold annually](#) (from locals), received on [Turn 1 of each game year](#). For computational purposes the total membership in the Guild is determined at the time the preceding turn 12 TribeNews is published. The Guild Master must show this remittance as a Transfer.

[Initial limits](#)

1. A Guild member may possess at most 2 Caravanserai at any one time.
2. A Guild member may possess at most 2 approved Guild Routes at any one time.
3. A Guild member may nominate a new Guild Route only once per game year. If already at the limit for Guild Routes, such a new proposal must nominate which route it is replacing.
4. A single Guild Trade may have at most 8 distinct items (plus barrels/containers for liquids). Only one of these may be a research item; otherwise items must be available on the public fair list or be an Exotic good such as Jade, Tea, Frankincense, etc. Books,

Artefacts, Relics, Scrolls, people in any form (population, slaves, locals, hirelings, mercenaries, etc.) and boats or ships of any kind cannot be traded in this way.

5. The total quantity of goods transferred in a single Guild Trade is limited to the capacity of **100 Wagons** (it is up to the player to calculate this - if the GM discovers an error the player will be notified, a second error and the player is forever barred from any Guild membership). Wagons capable of carrying the quantity of goods transferred must be held at the sending Caravanserai, but do not need to be moved.

6. Animals may be traded this way at a rate of 2 wagons = 2 elephants, 5 horses/cattle/dogs (untrained only), 20 goats (NB the equivalent wagons still need to exist in the sending Caravanserai).

Possible Future developments

*Depending on the popularity of this topic and GM workload, there may be considerable scope for additional research topics to improve member benefits, e.g. by increasing the number of Caravanserais belonging to a Guild Member, or quantity of goods (not number of items) transferred in a Guild Trade, or possibly even the number of Guild Routes a single member may possess, preferential rates at Trade Fairs or indeed just about anything else you can think of! Once multiple Guilds exist there may be scope to form one or more Associations of Guild Masters with the power to set rules affecting all Guilds whose Masters join the Association, and which may be able to offer additional benefits. The details of any of these ideas (or any others you may have!) are yet to be negotiated with the GM, **however all agreed research topics relating to developing Traders Guild benefits will always be on the public Research List.***