

# *Tribe News*

*Lastfair*  
*10/807*

11/807 is due

Sunday October 30, 2016  
18.00 (Australian Time)

## GM Messages

### After Move Transfers

After quite a deal of lead in time these will no longer be possible as from 10 807.

### Special Hexes

If you have a unit on one of these hexes and are asking for details please make sure you quote the unit numbers.

### Religion

Formal religions may be established either individually or between players within the campaign. This does not preclude in any manner a Tribe or Clan from having their own 'unofficial' set of beliefs that they pursue, but for game purposes these are the guidelines. Once you decide to pursue a religion you (and/or others that join it) must rough out some ideas that guide your belief system and present them to me for discussion. Once accepted you must also attempt Rel1. A maximum of 8 Clans may be in any one Religion. There is a maximum of 1 Religion per 8 Clans in the game at any one time. For example, if there are 70 active Clans in the game there may be 9 Religions. The Head of Religion is responsible for much of the Religions administration.

The founding of a Religion must be announced in Tribe News. A Religion will lapse if it does not achieve a membership of at least 6 Clans within the first three months of launch (including the month of launch). Should this happen the HoR may not submit another proposal for at least 24 game months. A Religion will also lapse should its membership fall below 4 Clans.

Clans as a whole join a religion, you cannot have part of your Clan join a religion and another part remain unaffiliated. Once you achieve Rel10 you may participate in the research topics available.

Religious Structures	Rel	Eng	Wood	Metal	Stone	Stone	Logs	Brass	Lead	Comments
Shrine	2	5	1		2	1500	100			Any Village/hex, 1 per Clan required (not Elements)
Temple	6	7	3	3	4	1500	500	100		
Cathedral	10	9	5	5	5	1500	3000	500	100	1 per Religion

Clans may not build religious structures for other Clans.

See Totem (Woodwork)

Shrine

I per Clan. 0.02 to Morale (Tribe nominated by player). If site vacated or Shrine destroyed this is -0.04 to Morale)

Temple

I per Clan. 0.04 to Morale (Tribe nominated by player). If site vacated or Temple destroyed this is -0.08 to Morale)

Cathedral (see Research)

0.08 for the owner. 0.04 for all other Clans (one Tribe only). If site vacated or Cathedral destroyed this is -0.12 Head and -0.06 to Morale for other members. Brings with it Bishop (enables research of Archbishop - see Research List).

### Orders Template

Newer players should ask for a slightly more detailed version once they are a few turns in.

### Naval Movement

There is a module bug that sometimes allows Fleets to move through 1 hex wide peninsulas - the module allows this (and sometimes I miss it) - if this happens it happens - but I also rely on players who are familiar with the terrain to not do this deliberately. There are other spots where Fleets might loop and essentially go nowhere. These situations should be seen as par for the course when you are sailing into unknown terrain (historically, uncharted sea exploration was very dangerous). The bottom line is that you should sort these things out for yourself rather than alerting the GM to the fact that you did not move as intended. When you traverse the same waters a second time you should be able to construct Orders that bypass these problems.

### 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](mailto: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.

### 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 10/807

225, 224, 361, 123, 277, 213, 363, 204, 218, 208,  
232, 254, 243, 220, 274, 255, 308, 261, 230, 330,  
299, 281, 302, 408, 401, 287, 455, 469, 426, 437,  
405, 291, 411, 412, 282, 406, 442, 441, 422, 428,  
400, 085, 421, 444, 453, 430, 414, 456, 467, 466,  
463, 461, 486, 462, 464, 432, 474, 409, 479, 472,  
481, 477, 470, 473, 476, 484, 485, 483, 478, 445,

### 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,

### [Auctions 11/807](#)

Lot #	Lot 1	Lot 2	Lot 3	Lot 4	Lot 5	Lot 6
Items	Warriors 19	Slaves 14	Elephants 10	Iron 200	Pearls 20	Opium 20
Currency	(Silver)	(Gold)	(Coin)	(Provs)	(Olives)	(Spice)

### [Auction Results 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)
	137780		131	723	41268	25001
	100000			518	20700	16747
	96637			411	16800	9500
	53000			80	14000	9000
	33000					7700
	25001					100
	1005					
	200					
	100					
	31					

### [Clan Ranks 09/807](#)

85	Conscript
123	First Lieutenant
204	Sergeant
208	Corporal
213	First Sergeant

218	<b>First Sergeant</b>
220	Lance Corporal
224	Second Lieutenant
225	<b>First Lieutenant</b>
230	Lance Corporal
232	Corporal
243	Private First Class
254	Private First Class
255	Private First Class
261	Private First Class
274	Private
277	<b>Sergeant Major</b>
281	Private
282	Private
287	Conscript
291	Conscript
295	Conscript
299	Conscript
302	Conscript
308	Lance Corporal
330	Lance Corporal
361	<b>Sergeant Major</b>
363	<b>Sergeant</b>
400	Conscript
401	Conscript
405	Conscript
406	Conscript
408	Conscript
409	Conscript
411	Conscript
412	Conscript
414	Conscript
419	Conscript
421	Conscript
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462	Conscript
463	Conscript
464	Conscript
466	Conscript
467	Conscript
469	Conscript

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#### Hall of Fame

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

#### Player Messages

**0461 to All**

#### **A Mold Ton Monk's Instructions on How to Care for Your Wooden Club**

1. Wipe your wood club with twice-distilled wine - The alcohol will get rid of any dirt or other build up that makes its way onto your club during combat or practice. A clean club ensures a great grip for hitting.
2. Find flax plants and pick their seeds. Dry them and crush them to obtain an oily liquid. Mix this with tree resin to get wood treatment oil and keep it in a tight leather pouch.
3. Keep the club in a cool, dry place - away from damp areas, and extreme temperatures. Try not to let your club come in contact with wet surfaces. If the club does get wet make sure you carry a soft cloth with you to dry it off immediately, and rub it down with wood treatment oil.

4. Keep your club dent-free - After hitting armored enemy or helms the wood of your club will become dented. Use a piece of bone, or another wooden practice club to rub out any misshapen sides. This makes sure you get a spot-on hit every time you swing at the enemy warrior.

5. Store your club handle-side up - Keep it at an upright position at all times, making sure that it's not going to get kicked or knocked over. Also ensure that it's in a cool place and away from humid or extreme temperatures.

These few steps will make sure that you keep your club in the best condition for use. Follow this regimen after each battle or practice to ensure the best hitting club for the next skirmish.

#### 0400 to All

"Now Jack, it's really simple. Sell the cows, buy bee hives."

"What could possibly go wrong..." Blonwen muttered under her breath.

#### 0445 to All

##### The Final Days of Fall

"It's the last berry."

The Wood-Hunter Jonoath spoke to his designated pack-mule, a boy whose mother called him Munagh but everyone around camp just called Mung. Mung probably thought it referred to the small beans that grew wild nearby but everyone who traveled with the pack-mule knew it was in reference to the poignant smell that emanated from the sweat off the boy's body.

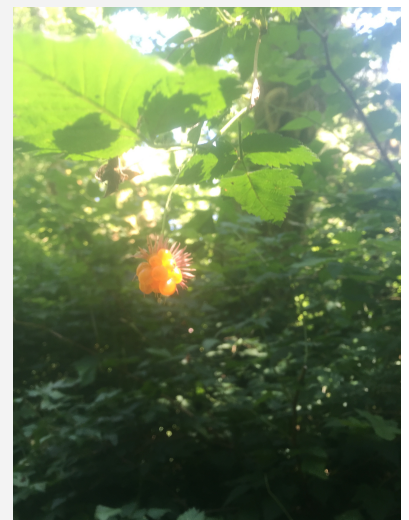
"Last berry for today, Master Wood-Hunter?"

"No, the last berry of Harvestend. After this it'll be long nights where you're pressed up against your mother for warmth when she's not out fulfilling her other duties. This will be the last one any of the Wood-Hunters bring in for the communal."

The boy looked perplexed and gave furtive glances around at the other bushes lining the little used trails through the Rej. When a bird overhead cawed, the boy jumped a little causing some of the hard beans in the coarse baskets he wore on his back to leap out and onto the ground.

Jonoath leaned over and scooped up the beans, depositing them back into the basket before continuing with his explanation, shaking his head at the mention of Lastfair when the boy's perplexed look turned to hope.

"Harvestend gives way to Lastfair, which gives... No, we will not be having Fair this year, we have only recently settled in the Rej. You want a fair, you work hard over the next six months and when Firstfair comes, be ready with your goods. Where was I." Jonoath trails off as he looks intently at the Brattleberry. "Yes, Lastfair marks the transition of Fire to Ice in the Ethertrails. Our world is moving through both the Heavens and the





Planes. We are closest to Earth, falling further away from Fire. In a few days, Fire will be completely eclipsed by Earth and our world will slip into place between Earth and Ice."

Munagh listened raptly to the Wood-Hunter, one of the Wood Tribe's designated hunters and a warrior, speak about the world. The boy's hands stayed busy, picking up small twigs for the communal meal's warming fires. He never interrupted the Wood-Hunters, the Warriors or even the Wood-Cutters for to do so would mean the end of their sharing of knowledge. Munagh's arms were weak. Munagh's legs were weak. Munagh's body had been broken by fever a short-year ago and had yet to recover, but Munagh's mind was not weak and he knew that to be part of the Wood Tribe of the Elemental Clan, he must learn all there was about the Wood, including that knowledge of the Ether that the tribes folk deemed worthy to speak about.

Jonoath continued on, paying the boy no mind. The pack-mule's job was to move and collect what the Wood-Hunters told them to but Jonoath had a way of drifting off into the Ether, or at least his mind did. He was getting old. His body felt all thirty of its years, fifteen spent in combat against man and beast.

"Once Ice begins to eclipse Earth, this jungle, the Rej, will be fold in among itself. Not completely, mind you, for though the Plane of Earth may be eclipsed, we stand upon the shell of elemental-mix. No, only most of the plants will cease to yield their bounty. It'll be lean until Ice gives way to Water in Springtide. Yes, lean in deed. We've traveled too far, much too far and too close to Lastfair. The Elders tell us that the food will stretch, that the Leaf-fox will come out of sleep so we can hunt it and that the plants with affinity to the Ice Plane will suffice."

Jonoath reached out and took hold of the branch that has the Last Brattleberry and pulled with a twisting force. The branch breaks, but not cleanly. Thin fibrous strands held the branch and Jonoath grunted, twisted again and the fibers gave way. He plucked the Brattleberry from the broken branch and tossed the useless wood to the ground.

"In three months, pack-mule, this jungle will unfurl its leaves and we shall partake once more of nature's bounty. But for now, with no Fair, no seafarers and no caravans like in our old lands, we'll make due with the communals growing lean over the winter. One last berry to sweeten the pot, eyh lad?"

Munagh lifted his eyes to this month's master, holding the twisted and broken branch of the Brattleberry bush in his hands, cupping it like a mother cups a child. "Yes, Master Wood-Hunter. One last berry for the communals." The branch disappeared into the tunic, pressed tight against the warmth of his chest.

## **0426 to All**

The crowning of the new King of the Germanic Nations was a splendid affair, with music, dancing, drinking and feasting going on for 3 days. This ceremony was the day after the Great King Davash was laid to rest. Chieftains from tribes all over Germania had gathered to say their farewells to one King and then pledge their loyalty to their new King.

Arminius, newly crowned King stood in the doorway of his lodge looking out over the village, the air was brisk, though the sun shone bright. It looked like it would be a very fine day as Autumn was slowly coming to an end, the nights had started to get colder, though the first signs of snow had not appeared as yet and the rain was being kept at bay for now. Arminius wondered was this a good sign or was this the calm before the storm.

"ARMINIUS" a voice broke into his thoughts. It was Rufius coming up the main road towards his lodge with 3 of his broad chested warriors following close behind.

"Hello my friend" said Arminius with a sheepish grin to his face, "Im glad to see you standing after 3 days of celebrating".

"Thankyou my Lord, I didn't hit the grog as hard as I would have liked to, I was still waiting for the last of the Scouts to return" Rufius replied in his booming voice. "the last scouting party came in just after dawn this morning, 2 days late".

Arminius raised a questioning brow, which Rufius noticed and continued on. "They had spotted riders of unknown origin and decided to follow for a bit longer."

"Where was this and where were they heading?" Asked Arminius in a curious tone.

"The scouts said they were South East of here and heading North, it was only a small band of riders numbering no more than 20, they only appeared to be lightly armed."

"A scouting party do you think? Maybe ahead of a much larger force? Arminius said to no one in particular.

"The scouts don't believe there is a larger force behind them, as these riders seemed to have been carrying enough provisions for a few days out on their own. This is why they were late back, they decided to wait and see if the scouts returned or a larger force came up behind them, neither of which happened."

Arminius thought for a minute as to what his next action would be as King. Most of the other tribes had started making their way home yesterday, only a few stragglers remained just outside the village in their makeshift camps.

"There isn't much of a threat to our village anymore from the few remaining tribes, I want you to double our scouting party and send them head further East across the plains and see what they find. I want them well provisioned for the coming winter and they are to return by the first day of Spring, unless they run into some sort of problem or news that can't wait till Spring."

"Yes my Lord" Rufius replied as he turned to the 2 nearest warriors and gave them instructions to get ready to move out.

"Where is my brother" Arminius asked questioningly. "Ah there you are Flavus, are the Chatti ready to move out?"

Flavus had risen earlier that morning to oversee the final preparations for his tribe to begin their slow progress West, where they will set up their village and be the connection for their Western Allies.

"They are brother, it's going to be a long slow process, I hope this winter weather, which I am sure is just around the corner holds off for a little bit longer, to aid us in our progress West." Flavus said with a hint of doubt in his voice.

"Well that's some good news, I suggest you head off as soon as possible and as you said get a good head start, as winter is coming, I wish you well brother".

Arminius and Flavus grip arms in the Germanic fashion, grasping each other's forearm in a strong brace.

With that Flavus headed off towards his baggage train and started barking orders for them to move out.

Arminius turned back to Rufius, "You my friend will be accompanying me to our neighbouring village up along the Wesser River, we have some construction to do before winter sets in fully, bring about a hundred able bodies with you."

"Yes my Lord, though who will remain here to look after the village?" Rufius said in a questioning tone.

"I have already spoken with Dubnus, he should be fine and with the aid of Antenoch and Morban, between them all they shouldn't have any trouble keeping the village safe."

"Very well my Lord, with your permission I will take my leave and start getting things moving"

Arminius nodded his head and then he also returned within his lodge and started making preparations for his journey up river.

As newly King of the Germanic Nation and Chieftain of the Cherusci Tribe, Arminius was fitting into his role quite well, he believed in himself and the people around him and new that his people would rise to the challenge and leave their footprints in this world for all to see.

## 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)	7263	

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

From Seeking	from 4263
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