

THE  
MORGHUN  
CAMPFIRE.



ISSUE 1.  
MARCH '03

Dear All,

Well, here we are. A new year and another LRP season begins!

I want to start this letter with an apology. I have not paid as much attention to the unit in the past twelve months as I had originally hoped, and thus feel like I have let a lot of people down. For this, I would like to say that I am sorry.

This year will see a lot more of my OOC time and effort going into the unit as certain personal situations have improved! To begin with I would like to do something that was started several years ago by Chris Nevison but, unfortunately, at the time didn't come to fruition. A newsletter was produced once with the intention of publishing it on a quarterly basis. My hope is to restart this and produce and send *The Campfire* to all the members of the unit, starting now! My aim is to produce one in November, February, May and August (in time for The Gathering). I only have a limited amount of addresses for people at the moment and so this first issue is probably going to be thinly spread. For those of you that do receive it, please can you send me details of anyone you know who has not and I will make sure a copy is provided!

I want to make this a mixture of OOC announcements, as well as using it to distribute IC reports, plots, stories and (naturally) rumours! This means that I will be looking for contributions from any budding writers out there who would like some input!

I've just moved house and so my current contact details are set out on the back page. They will be changing later this year when I am intending to buy a house (but that won't be before November at the earliest!). Until then though, feel free to call, write or email me with questions, ideas, responses or complaints, and I will be happy to listen to or read them and try to act upon them accordingly. I will also include the details of other key members of the unit, once I have both the details and their permission to publish them!! To start with, though, you will find the details of my 'trustworthy advisors' who have kicked my behind repeatedly over the last couple of months and been your points of contact for a while, Chris Bateman and Phil Callan.

With the August issue, there will also be a copy of "An Essential Guide to The Morghuns" which is intended to provide everyone with as much background to the unit, and some of the other characters, as is possible. So, again, if you want some input into that – let me know!!

Finally, I'd also like to run an IC tavern evening/party/event at some point, so any sites you know of that would be suitable, or any plotlines you would like to see run then talk to me and I'll see what I can do!!

Well, having set these goals for the year ahead, I will move on to the IC stuff and hopefully hear from you all soon.

Mark Bateman  
(Delryn Morghun – Unit Leader)

## A Letter from The Carle.

Family,

The year strides on apace and the time to look forward to the coming months of 1103<sub>AF</sub> is upon us. Nos Kalan Mai is a time for reflection on what has been, celebration of the present and contemplation of what time and the Ancestors will bring us in the future.

Steel has smiled upon us favourably, once more, this winter. The weathers have not been too harsh and our supplies lasted us through the death and rebirth of the land that the season brings us.

Kellen, Flynn and I will be speaking at length at the coming celebrations with regards to the family's intentions for the coming year and we will welcome requests and thoughts from anyone, be they present at the time or not.

Following the departure of Ard Righ Digby, the reigns of power have fallen to Riban Rioghan Isabella of Slieve. She will need the support of the faction in these trying times in Erin as Crom Cruach still roams the land destroying all life in his path. Not all is well in Cymrija though, as rumours of disease in the mountains of Rhegedd reaches the ears of the lowlanders like ourselves, and the matters that arose in the north at the end of 1102<sub>AF</sub> were not entirely resolved. The ever present threats of the Vampire, Von Raven, and the alchemist, Morlock, still hang over our head as Kellen and Dr Usher continue their efforts to gather information and form plans against them.

Although we celebrate at Nos Kalan Mai, it is not a time for complacency and I fear there may be trying times ahead of us all.

I look forward to speaking with you all soon. Until then may the Goddess watch over you and guide your path.

Delryn Morghun

Carle of the Morghun Warhost  
Templar of Steel  
Provincial Lord of Dyfed

## **A Tale from Dyfed**

Delryn waited patiently by the gates of the keep. The watch towers had seen them crossing the plains several miles away and word of their arrival had been passed back to him. He watched as the lone horseman rode towards him and dismounted.

“M’lord,” he bowed, “I bring to you this message from the Lord General Eomear Morghun and the greetings of Captain Iestyn Ap Rhodri of the Dragon Marines.”

“Well met, Messenger.” Delryn took the scroll and opened it. Having read it, he turned to the messenger once more. “Return to your men and bid Captain Iestyn Ap Rhodri and the marines welcome to Caer Clwyd. Instruct them to use the South training camp’s facilities for the next few days. I look forward to meeting with the Captain later.”

“Thank you, M’lord.” He bowed once more, mounted his horse and rode back to the approaching marines.

The next couple of days saw the marines doing a lot of work in the Docks. There were a lot of supplies loaded onto the ships that had been requisitioned for them. Wherever they were going, it was to be for a while. When they were not loading, they were putting themselves through hours of solid drilling. The preparations were intense and many of the townsfolk took the opportunity to stand outside the camp and watch the precision of the movement of the men as they practised their manoeuvres.

It was on the morning of the third day that the marines marched through the town, led by their captain, to the docks, where they boarded the waiting ships, which had been so painstakingly prepared over the last two days. Having exchanged a few words with Delryn, Captain Iestyn Ap Rhodri was the last up the gang plank. Delryn watched and looked up and down the ranks of the marines as they took a final glance at the town, over the top of the colourful shields that adorned the sides of the ships. The dragons head on the prow of each ship turned towards the open sea as the marines sailed out of the port in Svein’s Viking Longboats.

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## Forthcoming Attractions

Nos Kalan Mai  
28<sup>th</sup>-30<sup>th</sup> March  
£30 (before 28/02/03)  
+£5 late booking

The Dragon's Eye  
17<sup>th</sup>-21<sup>st</sup> April  
from £50.00

Heartland Games 1103  
23<sup>rd</sup> May - 26<sup>th</sup> May

Moot 1 / Moot 2  
20<sup>th</sup>-22<sup>nd</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup>-29<sup>th</sup> June

GATHERING 1103  
22<sup>nd</sup>-25<sup>th</sup> August

Dragon Campaign Event / Parliament  
October  
[TBC]

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