

THE
MORGHUN
CAMPFIRE.



ISSUE 2.
MAY '03

Dear All,

Welcome to Issue 2 of the all new, all singing, all dancing Morghun Campfire!

(Well, maybe not singing and dancing...!)

The Heartland Games are upon us already, which means the year is starting to plough on at a vast rate of knots! In 12 months time (just to give you plenty of advanced warning!!) I will be psyching myself up for a night of alcohol consumption and a morning of severe pain, as it is going to be my 30th birthday on the Sunday of the Games next year. All are invited! Bring your drinking gills with you!! This year there will be some small drinking to my completion of 29 years, probably on Saturday night, so I'll see you in the bar!!

Onto business though...

I'm looking into buying a domain name for the unit and setting up a website and email forwarding (something like 'delryn@morghuns.com'). If anyone has any ideas then please fill in the page at the back and either hand it to me this weekend, post it to me or email me with your thoughts (my email and snail-mail addresses are on the towards the back). Hopefully, if we use the domain providers I'm looking into at the moment, there should even be enough email addresses available for the whole unit to have one each if you want it!

It's been suggested that we have a 'family meal' on the Saturday or Sunday evening of the Gathering this year. When this was done for the whole faction a few years ago, they charged each person £3 and subsidised the rest of it with faction funds. It consisted of chickens, bread, cheese and fruit mainly, all the normal things you'd expect to see on the table at a medieval feast! Now, hopefully, we should be in a position to do this later in the year, but I'd still like your thoughts on it (and alternative suggestions from any vegetarians as well please!).

Well, that's about it from me for this one. But... watch out for photo's being taken this weekend, because you could end up in the "Essential Guide to The Morghuns" which will be accompanying the next Issue of The Campfire, just in time for The Gathering!

Speak to you all soon, but for now I'll hand it over to the characters!

Mark Bateman
(Delryn Morghun – Unit Leader)

A Letter From The Carle

Family,

Having examined the foes that stood against us prior to Nos Kalan Mai, I find we are in a position to re-evaluate our situation, mainly in a favourable fashion.

As you are no doubt aware, both Morlock and Von Raven perished at the Dragons Eye ritual circle recently, each one apparently repentant in their demise. Von Raven was true to the words of his deal with Cullen several years ago and found a way to make himself mortal once more in order that he may rest in peace. I gather, however, that this was not enough for some, and quite rightly so. Having laid him to rest, his feet were removed and various parts of him were taken to be buried, burnt and scattered across Cymrija in the hope that he will never return to us.

It has been related to me, in one fashion, that Morlock died of a broken heart after his love rejected him when her pattern was returned to this plane and placed in the form of Dr. Usher's flesh construction, his own version of Morlock's abominations, although a little more 'tame'. It is this female form that Dr. Usher believed to be his daughter, Eleanor, following his unfortunate memory loss.

The purging of the corruption from the Dragons Eye ritual circle has been welcomed by all. We have forced Crom Cruach from the land of Cymrija and I believe it is now our duty to aid Erin in their continuing fight against him, particularly at this trying time, when they find themselves, once more, without an Ard Righ or a Riban Rioghan. Lady Isabella was apparently kidnapped at the Gathering of Nations last year and was replaced by a doppelganger by a known necromancer called Gruffydd. This information was not, however, acted upon until Nos Kalan Mai, when the Penteulu, Owain, publicly destroyed the doppelganger.

The immediate matter on our hands though is the remnants of the disease that was plaguing the land. It has been suggested that it had some great deal to do with Crom Cruach and it appears to be fading more and more as time goes by, but we do need to be aware of any outstanding isolated cases and ensure that they are treated.

I would hope that Cymrija is now in a position to take stock and concentrate on rebuilding what has been lost in these times of turmoil.

May the Goddess guide you.

Delryn Morghun

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

A Tale From Pitzburk

(The Dukes office in his Northern Palace)

There is a knock at the door.

"Enter" Duke Billi D'Axe Morghun does not even look up from his charts. Were it anyone who may cause a problem they would not have got within 60yards of his corridor let alone his office. A man enters wearing the blue tabard of the Morghun Guard. His markings show he is the lieutenant in charge of military engineering. He is plainly in awe of the duke and begins bowing and speaking at speed.

"Your Grace forgive the intrusion but I wish to speak to you on a most urgent... err... matter. I should have come sooner but..."

"Stop rambling Turquel! Sit down." The duke sits back and looks at the man hard. His dark eyes stare menacingly out from under his bushy eyebrows. He seems in a good mood but still has a face like thunder. "What is the problem?"

"The new barracks m'lord. Or rather Triv..err..Captain Tryfan sir."

"Ah our Fae" The duke sits back in his chair and looks out of the window. "So it has begun."

"You know sir?" Turquel looks puzzled he thought he had kept a lid on things.

"call it an educated guess. Tryfan is a Fae and I have had dealings with Fae before. What has he been up to?"

"Well sir" Turquel reaches into a leather satchel and produces a pile of hastily drawn architectural plans. He hands them to the Duke. The duke looks over them as Turquel begins to explain. "I thought it was a joke when Triv..err the Captain provided me with interim plan 1A 'Plan for an ornamental fern garden and water feature in the parade ground'. But we are on errata plan 14G now and the latest one is he wants a mud slide in the women's mess!" Turquel walks over to the duke and begins to rifle through the paperwork. "He also wants..." pointing to particular plans and maps "a giant chess board on the roof of B block with giant chess pieces to match, every 3rd building to be in Purple and those remaining in Blue and Grey, A fully working bar in the officers mess with a Cymryjan theme including sheepskin furniture, The wells to be shaped like tree stumps, 3 ornamental windmills, a Bedouin tent encampment for visiting dignitaries complete with harem on ladies. The list goes on and on. It's getting out of hand your Grace. He was a bit mad to start with but he is getting progressively worse. He spends more and more time in Arcadia, fails to turn up to appointments or is late, when he should be helping the builders he is in his room 'experimenting' with his magic's. I don't know what to do sir. He outranks me and I have no control over him. Neither it seems does he."

"He doesn't cousin." The dukes words hang in the air like ice. "He is becoming more and more Fae every day. When he first arrived he was but newly united with his Fae spirit. It was small and didn't know what to do in it's new body. But slowly it is growing into its new home. Tryfan's will is no match for a Fae in this circumstance. Much of our former houselord is already dead and buried. He is more Fae now than man and he will continue to change until all that remains is his likeness to Tryfan and he may still answer to the name. His magic will grow and at that point he will be impossible to have any control over. It is not his fault and I wish I could get my hands on those who plotted this change but apparently the Fae in question was killed in a ritual accident a short time later. I will deal with this Turquel go back to your work and should he ... it turn up send him to me under armed escort if necessary. He is not that far gone yet. There is still a lot of Tryfan in him and though he was useless at most things he was bloody good at following orders! I'll deal with this abomination!... I'll deal with him."

Laurana's Report

I had been in Rhegedd with the Black Fox tribe for 3 weeks before the War Band arrived. The area was rife with disease and I was helping to heal those afflicted.

Myself and some of the Black Fox joined the War Band as it gathered behind the front lines of the Dragon army. On this night, some of the band collapsed, poisoned. The cause is unknown to me, but they were quickly healed, and the remainder of the night passed without incident.

Later that night Eomear took half of the war Band and left for the eastern end of the Vale of Tears.

On the morn, the War Band passed through a small village, which Happy had come across. Scouts were sent out from this village and found dead daemons, and troops from the Dragon army. They also discovered several bodies that had been drained of blood through wounds on their necks. As we left the village the War Band had its first encounter with some of the daemons from the ritual circle. There seemed to be different types, and were different colours, some casting magics at the band, whilst others fought with great strength.

That night we were visited by a group of dwarves asking for our aid in closing a gate within their city as it had been over-run by daemons. The War Band was victorious, and succeeded in closing the cities gates. As a gift of thanks we were given the Hammer of Govannan, a dwarven Ancestor, to aid in the repair of our armour and shields.

Later, Von Raven approached the camp, requesting to speak with the Warmaster, Owain. We were told Von Raven had asked if we would cleanse the dragons Eye of corruption by ridding it of a daemon called the Cthon at its centre. Von Raven also asked that when this was done he be cleansed of the corruption within himself, be killed and laid to rest.

He said his brood would watch over the War Band through the night and protect our camp.

This did not last however, as the next morning daemons once again attacked the camp, some casting high level magics. Leaving no time for another attack, the War Band quickly broke camp and headed out towards the Dragons Eye. We travelled all morning and finally made camp a short way from the ritual circle itself. The War Band then decided to pay a visit to the Dragons Eye, despite warnings from King Skeld of the Black Fox.

As night fell the camp was again attacked by waves of daemons, and undead. This night also saw the War Band being attacked by abominations of Morlock's army, which were bringing disease into the camp. Once again Von Raven sent some of his brood, this time a group of female vampires, to watch over the camp on the approach from the dragons eye. These were once more distrusted by everyone but Firenzi, who seemed quite taken with them. All through the night the camp was attacked by another group of vampires, led by a vampire named Ellen, these attacked us in our beds whilst those on guard did their best to keep them at bay.

Through some miracle of Steel, we all managed to survive the night.

Next morning we observed ghostly figures gathering at the Dragons Eye. They were shadows of the past, and began re-enacting a ritual which had taken place many years ago, in which the last Penddriag had claimed he was the Dragon. This resulted in the true Dragon destroying both him and his kin, the rest is history. At the climax of this ritual the shadows turned into very real daemons and attacked.

We journeyed through the lands and came upon the burial site of the last Penddriag. After our ritualists appeased the spirits of the tomb with words and gifts, king Skeld was able to take a torc from around the Penddriag's neck. At this time the tribes of Cymrija each put forth a representative to protect the torc and its bearer till the time comes that a new Penddriag is found. The tribes finally recognised the Morghuns as a tribe in their own right, and myself as the Morghun representative.

That afternoon the camp was repeatedly attacked by the abominations of Morlock, the attack so fierce we were driven back towards the Dragons Eye. The onslaught was continued until the War band stood aside and Morlock was allowed to enter the ritual circle, which was immediately sealed and a ritual began. I do know that the ritual failed, and as such the War Band attacked the abominations guarding the circle, which then opened. A woman ran from the circle, which I believe was Morlock's lost love, Eleanor, and he followed her.

However, the ritual somehow released the Cthon from the circle's centre, and it was very powerful. Von Raven then appeared casting magics at the Cthon, which seemed to have an effect, so our mages and incanters followed suit, and the rest of the War Band chanted our ancestor's names. The Cthon fought back with magics of its own, but we prevailed and the Cthon was defeated. Von Raven then vanished.

Morlock was found, grieving over Eleanor's body, I believe she was killed in the chaos of the battle against the Cthon and abominations. His crown and book were taken from him. In his grief Morlock surrendered to the War Band, his throat was slit and both he and Eleanor were sent to wind by Kellen, using the flaming sword Holocaust.

With the Dragon's Eye now free from corruption, it could be repaired. Llyr the Builder, who originally built the ritual circle, undertook this task. That night the camp was again attacked by undead. With the banner again depleted, and the healers' power growing low, it was left to our skilled physicians, including Khane, to prevent deaths within the band.

We had learned earlier that day through messengers sent from the Dragon army, that Eomear was overdue, and people unsure of his whereabouts. Kellen, Flynn, Magfen and Drake therefore tried to contact him through mindspeak; unfortunately they could not, and were rewarded with a temporary loss of vision. They were given spirits which seemed to make this worse, not better, but still insisted on standing on the front lines, much to my own annoyance.

Later that night Owain, Firenzi, Kallistos and several other band members, all who had some form of ritualistic power, were taken by Von Raven's forces.

Next morning wave upon wave of daemons hit the camp; our healing was almost depleted as we pulled back to the eye, where scouts had reported movement. We watched as Von Raven, some of his brood and the captured War Band members performed a ritual to, I think, cleanse Von Raven of his corruption. However, the members of his brood seemed to turn on him, and a vampire named Patrick took over the ritual, calling Von Raven weak.

We were close to losing many, when Eomear arrived with healers and extra forces, enabling us to destroy the remaining undead, and stabilise all of the injured. Von Raven had been aiding us during this battle. It seems his ritual had worked, he was cleansed, and agreed to be put to death in the circle, his body was then dedicated. The wounded were then transported to Willow Abbey, and the remainder of the War Band, myself included, left with Eomear to join the band he had left behind.

We have banished the Cthon and cleansed the Dragon's Eye, defeated both Morlock and Von Raven, but most importantly, we kept each other alive.

The blessings of the Goddess be with you.

Bulletins

Following a trip to Albion a set of Cymrijan Candel stikes were brought to my attention. These Candel Stikes were slightly magical in nature and were of a considerable age, thus I write to ask if any of the Dragons know about such items.

Iago Grim.

Warning from the Chamberlains Department.

On the Friday afternoon of the Games, myself and Cerys will need to speak with the Ambassadors and deputies to the following factions, BEFORE they speak or deal with their respective factions.

Unicorns, Tarantulas, Harts and Bears

If you could all contact myself and let me know if and when you are planning to arrive at The Games we can arrange a suitable time for the fun and games to begin.

Other than that, would ALL Ambassadors, Guild Liaisons and Deputies note that I will be holding a meeting each morning between 10.00 and 10.30 on the Saturday and Sunday at The Games, Our Moot and The Gathering.

Haagen Von Diakonov.

Forthcoming Attractions

Heartland Games 1103

23rd May - 26th May

Moot 1

20th-22nd June

(Jackals, Vipers, Tarantulas, Lions, Harts)

Moot 2

27th - 29th June

(Wolves, Bears, Dragons, Unicorns, Gryphons)

Gathering 1103

22nd-25th August

Dragon Campaign Event

17th - 19th October

At Candlestone

Winter Feast

Winter [TBA]

Dragons OOC Meeting

January [TBA]

Dragons Campaign Event

8th - 12th April 2004

Contact Details

Mark Bateman

(Delryn Morghun)

32 Eton Road

Newport

Gwent

NP19 0BL

(01633) 222107

(07967) 640606

mark@continuation.org.uk

Phil Callan

(Kellen Morghun)

(07870) 187830

Kellen_Morghun@hotmail.com

Chris Bateman

(Flynn Morghun)

7, Lovage Close,

Churchdown,

Gloucestershire,

GL3 1LP.

(01452) 854186

(07974) 717488

Christopher.Bateman@Glos-city.gov.uk

CJ@blacksmithsanvil.freemove.co.uk

The Morghun's Website.

- What suffix would you like to see on the site?

.com

.co.uk

.org

.org.uk

- What type of information would you like published on there? (backgrounds specific characters or generic, back issues of the Campfire...?)

- Would you like to see a notice board on there? (not a chat room)

Yes

No

- Any other thoughts or ideas for the unit?