

LAST * SEND

With an increase in the contributions of stories, artwork, and etc., TIMBERS may either increase in the number of pages or the number of times it is printed per year. Possibly even both. What do you think? Which would you have, bi-monthly issues or larger issues? Let us know your thoughts.

Currently, TIMBERS has been set to be printed four times a year: February, May, August and November. As for contributions, if you can write, draw, sketch or whatever, send it in!

A mistake was made last issue. Chief Nightstep's son is not Skyfire, but Skyflame! Skyfire was the name of one of Cutter's ancestors.

The reduced size of this issue gave us two extra pages from last issue at a reduced price. If all works well, this will probably remain the size of TIMBERS from now on. Let me know your comments on this.

Next issue: Part II of "Death Flood" (there are four parts to it). Teresa Arellanes' story of "Greeneyes - Spirrider". We will also have profiles of Timber Folk: Two Star, Longknife, Greeneyes and Rogue.

"We need a logo for Timber Valley! The tree on the heading of this newsletter is the logo for TIMBERS, but not the holt. We need a logo to go on the membership certificate and possibly a T-shirt." This contest request was issued out to all members of the Timber Valley Holt in July and August. The deadline was set at August 31, 1984. Judging will be done in September and the winner and the winning logo will be printed in T-3 in November. Good luck to all who enter!

NOTE: The membership pack is coming along nicely and should be out sometime after the beginning of the new year, 1985.

TIMBERS 3 (T-3) will be issued by the first week in November, 1984. Issues are \$0.75 each and it would be appreciated if they were paid for one or two weeks before release. This covers the price of printing and your postage. OK? OK.

Bright Starlights!

Mooncrest

*** If you are interested in other holts, here are a few that you can write to:

RAPID RIVER HOLT - Laurel Gugin * 6076 Blenheim SW * Grand Rapids, MI 49508. Membership \$6. Monthly newsletter.

TIMBERLAKE HOLT - Diana Stein * 1325 Key West * Troy, MI 48063. Membership \$5. Newsletter 10 times a year.

SHADOW ISLAND HOLT - Diana Davis * 1583 Collingwood Drive * Marietta, Ga. 30067. Membership \$6.75. Quarterly newsletter.

TIMBERS 2

NEWS OF THE

TIMBER VALLEY HOLT

Aug. '84

Cool Nights To All!

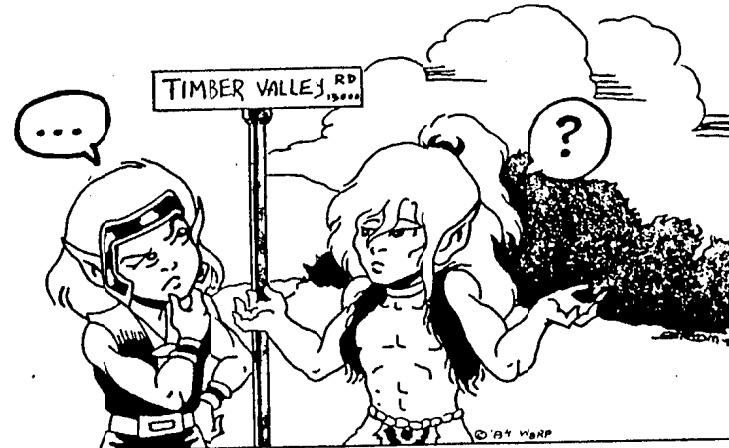
Once again, welcome to the newsletter of Timber Valley. Actually, this is not a true newsletter, but a story-letter. There is really no news to be found here, but stories, artwork and general holt reading. Anyhoo, welcome!

Since our first issue was printed three moons ago, we have gained five new members! Along the T. Valley timelines (which will be explained elsewhere in this issue), these folk will arrive at the valley AFTER the Death Flood. Why? "Death Flood" was written before these joined and it was intended for the first story in the Mythos to include a brief introduction to ALL the Timber Folk living at that time.

Since it would be a lot of unnecessary trouble to rewrite these into the story, it was decided to make them strangers who wandered into the valley. This saves much confusion. The stories of their arrivals will be printed in the future.

New to the Timber Folk, we howl for you:

John "Longknife" Lucy
Virginia "Shadowstar" Howard
Daniel "Blackfire" Jones
Johnny "Big Axe" Hunter
Teresa "Green Eyes" Arellanes



Join us now
as we observe
the first part
of "Death
Flood".

Enter now
into the valley
of timbers...

© Mooncrest

DEATH FLOOD

OF 1 (6T)

Part 1

Little Moon was rising just as the sun went down over Timber Valley. Scattered clouds floated lazily overhead as the twinkling stars became visible one by one and a slight breeze began to filter down through the trees. Over Blue River at Rock Span, two shadows moved cautiously using silence with great care, for the human's territory was just on the other side.

Rock Span, the stone bridge that reached from one side of the river to the other, had been shaped long ago by elves when the Timber Folk first settled in the valley. It was made so they could cross over to the other side of the river, but was seldom used for that purpose, for humans lived on the other side. Game was plentiful on both sides of the valley, so Rock Span saw little use.

Although rarely used for its intended purpose, two elves came regularly to the bridge. Bluetree and Twill did not make their trips to the stone archway to cross over, but to stay and use their rockshaping abilities for shaping intricate designs into the stone bridge. It was not essential that they do so, but they thrilled in the use of their talent and decided that Rock Span would be an ideal place to work.

Clearfox, another rockshaper, had died six passings of the Greater Moon ago while shaping steps into the Sheercliff beside Two Falls, the twin waterfalls of Timber Valley. She had shaped

the steps up to a solitary ledge high up on the sheer wall. While rejoicing her triumph, a young human boy had spotted her on the ledge from his lake raft and shot her down with an arrow, just for sport. Revenge had indeed been taken.

Fox Perch, as the ledge was now known, could be seen dimly from Rock Span. Twill could see it in the pale moonlight as he shaped a small wolf-like outline into a place that had been broken off by a human. They hated this bridge, the humans did; thought it was evil, since the 'beast-eared' ones had made it.

Time and time again the Tall Ones had tried to destroy it so the elves couldn't cross over, but the elf who had made it had chosen good dense rock and it sustained most of the attacks. So far, nothing the humans had come up with was able to destroy it.

Although the rockshaping abilities ran strongly in both he and his father, neither of Twill's children seemed to possess it. Softwill was eight and four, but wasn't showing any signs of it so far, and his two year old son, Season, was too young to tell. His lifemate, Dawnwatch, liked to come with them at times and just sit and watch the old powers at work.

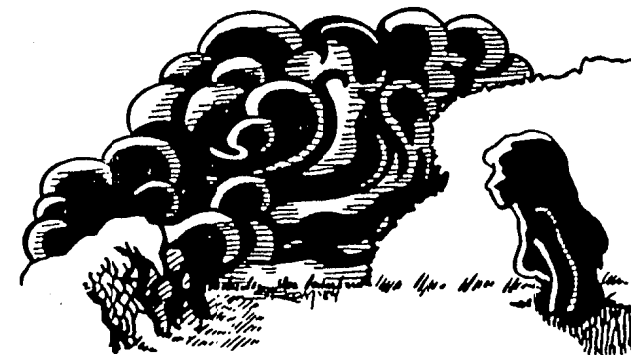
Turning back to his work, Twill began to shape a detailed image of Two Falls and Blue Lake, enjoying the cool breeze picking up along the river.

Nightstep, chief of the Timber Folk, was assembling the night's hunting party. Some of the hunters were still in their sleepfurs when his sending came. Trilight eased off Silverleaf's arms from around him softly as so not to disturb her. He did not want to wake his lovemate yet as she looked so lovely lying there amidst the furs.

Glistenfire was already up and gone. Four moons ago, her lifemate, Chestnut, had mysteriously vanished one night from the hunting party. The search for him was broken off after a moon's passing...he was presumed dead. But Glistenfire never gave up. She believed him to still be alive somewhere in the valley and had been up at dusk every night since to search for him. Since Nightstep would not permit Glistenfire to go alone, Silverair, the father of Trilight and Mooncrest, was assigned to go with her to hunt for the missing Chestnut.

The hunting party for this night consisted of Nightstep, Trilight, freshwind, Grassy and Sandstorm. Before the glow of the passing sun on the Rim above had completely disappeared, the hunters were mounted on their wolves and heading out.

Sweetwater looked up at Little Moon from the spot she knelt in the garden of food plants and noticed the enormous amount of clouds gathering. She and her fellow gardener, Darkwell, had been out in the garden since the hunting party left half the night ago,



harvesting some of the ripened plants.

A breeze was picking up. The air had become humid most of the night, and moisture was in the air. From all signs the elves had come to recognize, rain was coming.

At Rock Span, Bluetree and Twill were resting from their work. As they sent to one another in the silence of the night, Twill commented that the water level of Blue River seemed to be a bit higher than usual. Bluetree suggested that rain in the North might be feeding the river far away in the Upper World. The clouds had been growing thicker and the light of Little Moon began to hide behind them.

Sandstorm's shoulder-length sandy colored hair was in her eyes from the wind as the hunting party strung up a large fat buck on a carrying pole. She was in a nearby treetop keeping watch as her friends worked below. She turned quickly as a flash of skyfire caught her eye far beyond Two Falls. She thought she had seen something in the flash, but it was now too dark to tell what.

****Sandstorm!**** -Grassy sent to her, ****It is time to return to the holt!****

****Okay, I'll be right down!**** -she replied. But just as she started to descend, the wind gusted suddenly, nearly causing her to stumble out into open air. A random branch had stopped her. She took one last look to the North as a bolt of skyfire sliced through the air, lighting up the entire sky.

"BY THE GREATER MOON'S SHADOW!" she yelled loudly. She had seen what she had glimpsed earlier.

****Keep quiet, lass! What's your trouble??** -came Nightstep's urgent thoughts. She dropped to the ground with fear playing across her face and wildly sent images of what she had seen to the hunting party.

Silverhair looked up at the sound of thunder and the rushing wind as he and Glistenfire emerged from a small cave in the Sheercliff wall.

****Looks as if it is going to be a big one!**** -he sent, indicating the approaching storm. ****It might be best if we got back to the holt!****

Glistenfire looked back at the small cave and sighed. Sheercliff was full of little caves such as this, but practically all of them were barely large enough to walk into. None could really be called caves - holes would be more appropriate. They had checked four eights and more of them, but Chestnut never turned up. Their wolves, Newdune and Smokering, shifted nervously from one paw to the next at the oncoming storm.

"Let's go." Glistenfire said gloomily as she swung atop Newdune. Silverhair was already mounted and turning to leave when he saw it.

****BY THE WANDERING STARS!**** -Silverhair exclaimed in his thoughts to his companion. ****Look...at that!****

Glistenfire's gaze followed his pointing toward the North. With a gasp of fright, she and her wolf took off through the brush! Silverhair was not far behind, for fright held him tight on Smokering's back and speed was suddenly of vital importance!

Two Star smiled at the new sword he had gotten from the Trolls. It was made of brightmetal and had a good cutting edge. The Trolls had known he would like it, so it cost him two good fox furs and a leather water skin. It was a lot, but Two Star thought it was worth it.

The doorkeeper of Troll Caverns let him out into the forest. Firefield, his wolf-friend, waited in an alcove in the Sheercliff wall for his rider. The Trolls did not permit the wolves in their domain, so he had had to wait outside.

The sound of Two Falls could barely be heard over the the wind and thunder. Two Star was right beside the North Sheercliff wall, so he never saw what the others had. Had he seen it, his heart would have skipped a beat!

As it was, the wind had strengthened to a gale that threatened to knock him off his wolf-friend.

****Back, hurry! To the holt!**** -Two Star sent to his wolf. Mixed with the wind, rain began to fall and it felt like little needles pricking his skin as it whipped through the air.

Mooncrest and Nightway were nearly out of breath when they reached the safety of their treehomes. They had been out walking and talking together in the woods when the approaching storm sent them scurrying back in haste. Nightway was almost in a state of panic, but Mooncrest helped prod her on until the holt was in sight.

Newfur, Mooncrest's love-mate, had been drowned in the lake by a large water snake only a few moons ago. Nightway tried to help her special friend in his time of sorrow. Newfur had meant a great deal to him and the pain was almost unbearable to him. Nightway had made herself a special friend to him during this time and they had been out this night enjoying each other's company, until the storm came.

"NIGHTWAY! MOONCREST!" Goldenbraid yelled to them above the wind. She had seen their fear and immediately wanted to know, **"What is it? What is the matter?"**

The sky was now pitch black except for an occasional flare of light from the skyfire, but the elves' keen night eyes helped them find their way toward the voice.

Once inside the treehome, Goldenbraid again put forth her question. Nightway buried her face in Mooncrest's chest and wept. She was very frightened. Mooncrest stroked her long dark grey hair, which was arranged in a long ponytail.

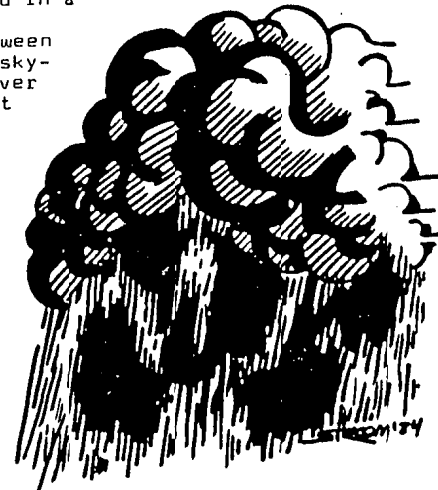
"In the North," Mooncrest said between panting breaths, "in the light of the sky-fire, we was the biggest black cloud ever to be seen over the Valley! It was not the cloud itself that was so terrible, but what was coming from it!"

"What?" the golden-haired elf urged, "What was it?"

"A wall!" he gasped, "A giant wall of water!!" Goldenbraid's deep blue eyes widened and her lips parted. "The water pouring from the cloud is like a wall, so thick it is. It doesn't seem to be thinning out and it is coming this way!!" Mooncrest exclaimed.

Just then, they received a frantic sending from Twill, who was now arriving at the holt.

****He is gone!**** -he cried, ****My father is gone!! Dead!!****



Mooncrest gasped aloud and put Nightway in Goldenbraid's arms and burst outside to fetch the grieving elf.

Twill felt arms about him, but the agony of grief blinded him from seeing who it was. ****This way, hurry!**** -he heard in his mind. Twill let himself be led, not having the will left to make it on his own. Rain had begun to descend with the strong wind.

(TO BE CONTINUED...)

**** The Timber Valley Timeline ****

Notice on the title page of "Death Flood", the letters and numbers that accompany the story titles. These are also found in the Timber Folk profiles. They are dates of when a particular event has happened. Here is how it works:

DF stands for Death Flood, the point in time that we use as a reference. DF followed by a number (DF 5) means that event took place that many years AFTER the flood. DF followed by a negative number (DF-5) means that event took place that many years BEFORE the flood.

GT means that event happened in the Green Time (Spring) season. HT is the Hot-Time (Summer) season. LF is the Leaf-Fall (Fall) season, and WT is the White Time (Winter) season. Therefore, something that happened DF 3(GT) took place three years after Death Flood in the Green Time season of that year.

The Timber Folk's year begins with the first budding of the leaves, the time when elves had first descended into the valley. DF1 designates the year in which Death Flood occurred.

At present, we are working on a timeline to show what has happened when. If you are thinking of a story to write for TIMBERS, the present date in the timeline for Timber Valley is DF 20.

At this time we are just printing a couple of stories to show how the situations occur that lead up to the present. Your stories may take place around DF20 to make it easier, but if you want them to have taken place before that, go right ahead!

I hope this explanation clears up the confusion caused by these little numbers and letters. Now that you have read the first part of "Death Flood", we hope you will continue with us and then pick up on TIMBERS 3 next November.



Timber Folk

Name: Silverleaf
 Soul Name: Lny
 Gender: Female
 Life/Love-mate: Trilight, love-mate.
 Wolf Friend: Rainrunner, female. Reddish fur and has brown eyes.
 Father: Darkwell
 Mother: Stormfire
 Brother: --
 Sister: Freshwind
 Other Relations: Skyflame, nephew.
 Eyes: Greenish blue
 Hair: Straight silver grey, flows free to hips. Has several silver leaves positioned over right ear.
 Height: 4'0"
 Date Born: DF-28 (GT)
 Skills: Gardener, occasional hunter.
 Talent: Treeshaping
 Weapons Used: Short double edged dagger "Sticker".
 Clothing: Gold colored V-neck tunic with fringe around neck. (her left sleeve is completely tattered). Dark brown belt w/ silver buckle. Lt brown pants that fall just below knees. Gold sandals w/calf lace-ups.
 Jewelry Worn: Several silver leaves in hair. Silver and black metal band on right wrist.
 Other Information: She is left-handed. She has been able to shape trees and other plants since she was seven turns old. She is very good using her talent and she loves doing it. In gardening the holt's food plants, she likes to 'help' them grow a bit. Her hair has the sseming quality to shed water like a quaker's back. She was very close to her father and was almost emptied of spirit when he was killed in the Death Flood.



Timber Folk

→ Name: Sandstorm
 Soul Name: Rihv
 Gender: Female
 Life/Love-mate: Foxvine, love-mate.
 Wolf Friend: Thunderrun, male. Tan fur. When he runs, his feet come down hard making a thumping noise.
 Father: Two Star
 Mother: Goldenbraid
 Sister: --
 Brother: --
 Other Relations: --
 Eyes: Gold
 Hair: Wind-blown sandy colored... barely covers shoulders.
 Height: 4'0"
 Date Born: DF-32 (HT)
 Skills: Huntress, archeress.
 Talent: --
 Weapons Used: Longbow and quiver of blue feathered arrows. Small knife kept strapped in a sheath to her left leg. "Thornbit".
 Clothing: Black half shirt w/long sleeves. Blue pants w/black lacing. Black leather shoes. White cloth neck band. Three white fringes hanging off left hip.
 Jewelry Worn: --
 Other Information: She will almost always have a smile on her face. She does not have the extensive love for dreamberries that Foxvine has, but she enjoys them nonetheless. "By The Greater Moon's Shadow!" is her favorite expression when excited. She can call a squirrel to her side when she is alone; they seem to trust her. Her favorite squirrel was named Critter. She loves children, but they are rare. In times of sorrow, she will often go to 'Fox Perch to think.



Timber Folk

→ Name: Foxvine
 Soul Name: Vno
 Gender: Male
 Life/Love-mate: Sandstorm, love-mate.
 Wolf Friend: Thornbringer, male. Brownish grey fur. Hates the water of the lake and river.
 Father: Cloudblazer
 Mother: Clearfox
 Brother: Windrace
 Sister: --
 Other Relations: --
 Eyes: Blue
 Hair: Straight silver that hangs to middle of back. Hangs in his eyes with one large lock between his eyes.
 Height: 3'11"
 Date Born: DF-73 (GT)
 Skills: Dreamberry Gardener, knife thrower.
 Talent: --
 Weapons Used: Two small throwing daggers attached in upper-arm sheaths. "Jessa" has black binding on hilt (left side). "Tohmy" has tan bindings on hilt (right side). He can throw with both hands equally.
 Clothing: Tan breeches with creme lacings. Tan fur boots. Creme tunic w/elbow length sleeves. Brown leather belt w/silver buckle. Dark brown arm sheaths (for daggers).
 Jewelry Worn: --
 Other Information: He is ambidextrous. He doesn't always listen to what is being said, which sometimes gets him into trouble. He loves dreamberries and takes special care of the precious bushes. When angered, he will usually mutter curses to himself in a voice low enough that no one can hear. His mother shaped the stone stairway that leads up to what is now known as 'Fox Perch.



ATTENTION!

We have some last minute members joining us. We want to welcome them into the valley of timbers and invite them to rest and enjoy the forest of the Timber Folk. They are:

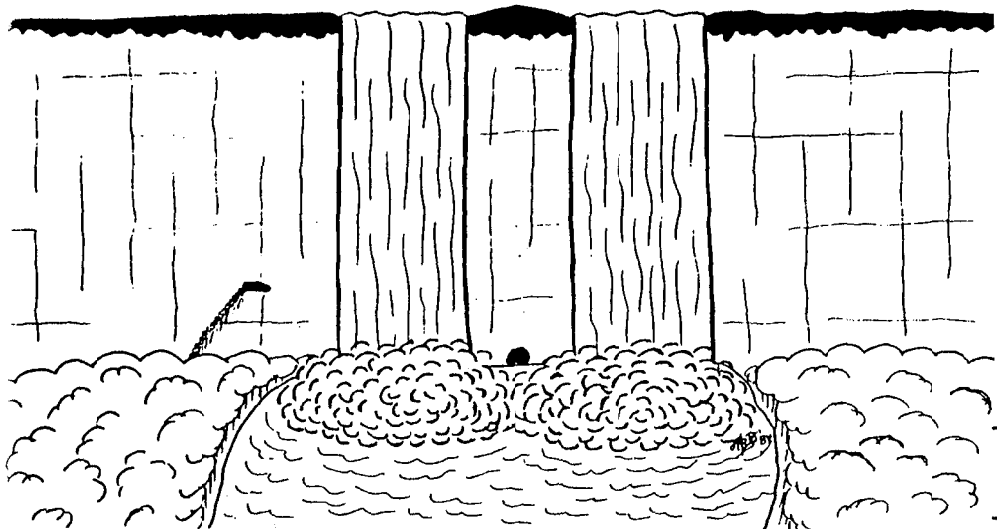
Whitney Ware
Melacy "Ivory" Luke
Cyndy "Frost" Haywood
Bill "Rogue" Nichols
Ruth Clark
Mark Barnard

**WOW! It seems as if our holt just grew and grew the last few moons! Growth pills? Only the High Ones know! I guess we should attribute some of the credit to Diana "Woodrune" Stein of the Timberlake Holt for mentioning our holt in their newsletter, SENDINGS #26. Thank you, Diana! It was appreciated!

** NOTICE OF TIMBERS **

In the upcoming issues of TIMBERS and other mail flyers, you should start seeing letters and numbers arranged together in places that a certain issue of our newsletter should be mentioned. The term, T-1 merely refers to issue #1. T-2 is TIMBERS #2. T-3 is TIMBERS #3, and so on. This saves space and is easier to type.

Two Falls



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These are the current members of the Timber Valley Holt. If you would like to strike up correspondance with any of the Timber Folk, here are the addresses.

CREDITS

Frank Strom: "Skywise & Cutter Find Timber Valley" cartoon, pg 1. "Rock Span" art, pg 2. "Sweetwater Watches" art, pg 3. "Cloudburst" art, pg 5. "Silverleaf" art, pg 7. "Sandstorm" art, pg 8. "Foxvine" art, pg 9.

Jennifer Crosby: "Mooncrest" art, pg 6.

Ted R Blasingame: "Two Falls" art, pg 10. "Death Flood, part 1" story. "TIMBERS" editor. "Lazy Wolf" art, pg 11.

