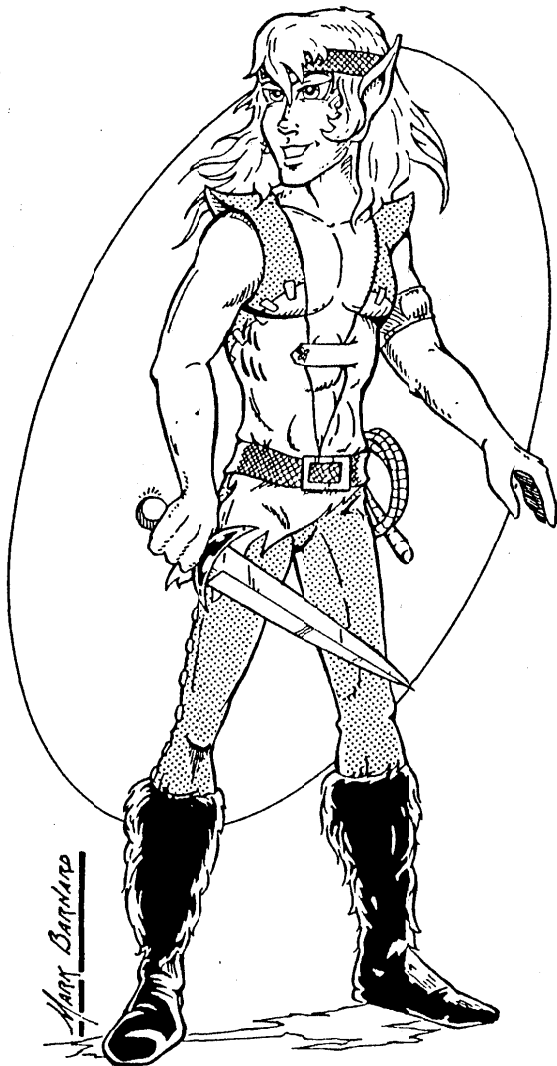


SKYFLAME



TIMBERS



Newsletter of the Timber Valley Holt

Vol. 3, No. 14

****Warm Nights, Timber Folk!****

With the approaching weeks ahead, this year will be coming to a close, and hopefully many of you can say that it has been a good past turning of the seasons. The doorway to a new year is in sight. Perhaps the High Ones will see to it that our point-eared friends will prosper over the next seasons' turning.

First off, I would like to welcome Richard Kinney and Deb Whitmer to our family of Timber Folk! Richard is taking care of Windrace and Deb is bringing in Coppermane.

Curiosity is one of my major weaknesses, so I want you to help me solve the mystery that has been plaguing me recently. What were your reactions to TIMBERS #13? We've only heard from a few of our members concerning last issue, but the majority of you haven't said anything. C'mon, speak up!

Here's another mystery--perhaps you can crack this one for us. Has anyone heard from Becky Slocombe, Lynne Joseph, or Johannes Huber? If anyone knows of their current whereabouts, please let us know.

For those of you interested in the upcoming Troll Wars story, I want you to know that headway has been slow, due to compiling information from character sheets and constructing an outline. Things are undergoing progress, but it looks like it will be several issues before it is near ready to see print. If you are a writer and wish to contribute to the project, please let me know ASAP. I also need to know which of our members require to see and verify "every little detail" of the text which concerns their character(s). Major parts will be okay'd with the involved individuals, but if we have to check with everyone on every little detail where their elf is mentioned (whether there's a speaking part or not), progress is going to slow down. If you will trust us to use your character in accordance with your CIS, things will go well. But, if you need to see "everything", let me know ASAP so I can accommodate this request.

Well, that's it for now. Take your time and enjoy this issue!



Mooncrest

Pushover

by Melissa Ackroyd-Livingston

"This'd better work," Starlight growled.
 Chill out, huh? Of course it'll work! Hatfeather reassured her. **And send, okay? He's not deaf, y'know.**
 Fine. But so much trouble just to get one male--it would make more sense just to go up to him and say---
 **Look, anybody could do that and it would sail right over his ever-loving head! You do it with cunning, or it doesn't work! Understand?*

All right, all right. But it better be worth it.
 Hatfeather meaningfully lifted an eyebrow at her companion.
 **Don't tell me you've never seen him go swimming...*

Starlight grinned. **That I have. Point taken.**
 The flame-haired huntress returned the grin and hunkered down behind the rock outcropping. **He'll be coming along the path any moment now; he does these little Upper World trips every moon--says there're pigments up there that don't grow anywhere in the valley. Nightstep would pickle his hide if he knew about it! You know what to do, right?*

I'm not the idiot you think I am.
 Right. Shh.

Jag strolled along the path like a wolf cub, gathering basket swinging crazily from one hand. Occasionally the other strayed up to brush an unruly tendril of tawny hair out of his face, but for the most part it was used in keeping his balance as he skipped around stones and hopped over crevasses on his way back to the holt. He hummed tunelessly to himself and thought only of the enchanting shades and hues for symbol-making his new finds would hopefully produce when prepared just right.

Until he heard the cry.

At first he thought it was a bird, but then realized the sound had come from no feathered throat and skidded to a halt on the steep path. He looked around him in puzzlement. Maybe it was just his imagination.

"Aigh! Help! Somebody help me, curse it!" Starlight hollered as convincingly as she could.

He'd definitely heard that. And it wasn't a bird, that was certain. Whose voice was it? His mind tried desperately to place it, but came up with nothing more than the supposition that it must be one of the wanderers who seemed to be turning up at Timber Valley every day.

And it had been a female voice, hadn't it?

Without further thought, Jag raced down the path as fast as common sense would allow and then some, pebbles skittering down before him. It wasn't long before he saw Hatfeather's green-clad form leaning over the section of path up ahead. She sat up when she heard him coming, a look of profound relief washing over her face. "Jag! Oh, thank the High Ones you heard us!" she cried, "Starlight's



fallen over the edge...

Without pausing to reflect on the fact that Hatfeather was perfectly capable of hauling the other warrior back up herself, Jag quickened his pace. "Hold on, 'Feather! I'll be right there in a--whooooaaooooo!" He had stepped on one of the small rolling pebbles that littered the path, and abruptly found his feet...not where they should have been. The basket sailed out of his hand and over the cliff as he landed smartly on his rear and slid sideways down the path until Hatfeather broke his descent the hard way.

The two elves tumbled a few more spans, then collapsed on a relatively flat section of the path, Jag sprawled across Hatfeather's stomach and both of them covered liberally with dirt. Both lay speechless for a moment, the wind knocked out of them. Neither saw Starlight as she clambered up from the ledge she had been standing on, with something like chagrin and something like smugness vying for dominance on her face.

"Uh..." Hatfeather began.

"Whoops..." Jag muttered.

"Uh, Jag, could you try and--"

"Yeh, hold on." He attempted to get his hands under him to push himself up, succeeded only in slipping on more gravel and falling back onto Hatfeather. Starlight stood over them, smirking and watching the intriguing ripples of muscle on Jag's well-tanned back. Oh, Hatfeather had certainly been right on that point.

"You're less than useless, anyone ever tell you that?" Hatfeather gasped as she sat up and rolled him off her legs.

Jag shook the hair out of his eyes and regarded her with a sheepish grin. "Sure. Lots of times. Sorry 'bout that...oh! Uh, hi, Starlight." He had already forgotten that the silver-haired maiden had only moments ago been "screaming for help." He stumbled to his feet and offered Hatfeather his hand.

She took it and pulled herself up, nearly dragging them both over the side of the path again in the process. The three then simply looked at one another. Suddenly Starlight erupted with a burst of loud chortling, stepping backward a few steps from the force of her own laughter. Hatfeather and Jag stared at her in a moment of bewilderment, then joined in almost on cue. None of the trio could stop laughing for some time, one guffaw following another and resulting in another infectious round. But eventually Hatfeather managed between chuckles to suggest that she'd had quite enough of this dusty path, and knew of a perfect shaded spot to retreat to after a good swim in a tiny spring-fed pool near the Pass. There was even, she confided, a dreamberry bush there which Foxvine himself didn't know about. The other two heartily agreed that this was the best course of action.

So Starlight and Hatfeather each took Jag by an arm, and they led him down the path. Hatfeather remarked amiably that it was the least they could do to reward him for such a valiant attempted rescue. Jag smiled, and looked from one of his "captors" to the other, and decided he could always look for more pigments later.

Starlight caught Hatfeather's eye momentarily behind Jag's back.

Brilliantly executed plot, she lock-sent dryly.

Don't knock it. It worked! was the retort.

OTHER THINGS DF22(LF)

by Ruth Clark

Although the autumn night was comfortably warm, a chilling breeze could be felt, promising a frosted morning. Yellow and golden red touched leaves in the large oaks and on the ground gave evidence to the coming White Fall season. One bright yellow leaf fluttered downward, landing in a clear pond. The leaf was immediately scooped up by a small red-haired elf, and she turned slowly, the cool water around her encumbering her usual quick motions, and slapped the wet leaf against her love-mate's cheek.

"Oww! Hatfeather, watch it," Quicksilver laughed, trying to grab the girl's wrists, but Hatfeather allowed the water to carry her away, continuing to wave the leaf under Quicksilver's nose.

"What's the matter 'Silver? Can't take it?" Duskdew teased, swimming up behind her adopted brother to splash him with water. He scowled, and before the huntress could escape, he dunked her completely under water. Duskdew brushed her floating blonde hair out of her eyes and pushed herself toward the pond's bottom, then grabbed Quicksilver's ankles. With a surprising yelp, the silver-haired youth disappeared, his arms flailing, and a moment later Duskdew's head broke the pond's surface, a devilish smile lighting her face.

"Where upon did Quicksilver disappear?" Hatfeather asked, climbing out of the pond to dry herself. She ran her long tapered fingers through her short red hair and the silky locks curled around her finger tips.

"Oh, he's down there somewhere. In fact, it's highly possible that I might be standing on him," Duskdew snickered snuggly, wobbling around for balance. "Uh oh, here he comes!"

She crowed, and dived for the bank of the pond to pull herself up next to her friend. The pond's surface appeared to explode and Quicksilver splashed after his sister, spraying her and Hatfeather with water. Duskdew shrieked and tried in vain to cover her neatly folded clothing.

"Quicksilver, you brat! My clothes will get all wet!" she growled, glaring venom at the young man. Quicksilver snorted in reply and slapped more of the liquid at her.

"You and your clothes. You're so vain, Dusky," he said, emerging from the pond to lie on his stomach next to Hatfeather. The red-haired girl grinned at him, reaching out to tug at a strand of his damp hair. Duskdew picked up her green and brown shirt and slipped it over her head, afterwards fitting the long slim collar properly around her neck.

"Clothes are very important. 'Silver. They reveal a lot about an





elf," Duskdew said flippantly, starting to work with her damp hair, weaving a small braid in front of her left ear.

"Be serious, Duskdew. Clothes are something we wear when we're not doing other things," Quicksilver replied. Hatfeather giggled, covering her mouth with one hand.

"Other things? And what of these other things do you speak of, 'Silver?" Hatfeather asked innocently, fluttering dark lashes over her lavender eyes.

"You haven't taught her about other things yet?" Duskdew asked Quicksilver accusingly. "You'd think that after living with me for so long, he'd know more about such things." Quicksilver eyed both maidens warily, but gave no answer.

"The way a person dresses is very important," Duskdew continued.

"It tells a lot about your personality. And most important of all, you can tell if someone would be good at, uh, other things, by the way he dresses," she told them, smiling impishly. Quicksilver shook his head in disbelief, and untangled his leather pants from the pile of his and Hatfeather's clothing, and started to dress. "Hey, it's true!" Duskdew cried. "Look at the way Windrace dresses. Very neat; powerful. the color and style of his clothes says he's very sure of himself."

"Mmm, might the sure and powerful Windrace be skilled at, uh, other things?" Hatfeather asked teasingly, and, following her lovmate's example, she began to pull her jumpsuit on. Duskdew sighed dreamily and flung herself back in the cool grass, her arms folded under her head.

"Mmmhmm. He was great." She sat up again, supporting herself on her elbows, and watched her brother as he struggled to pull his green tunic over his head. "Now look at the way 'Silver dresses," she said with distaste, a smirk on her lips.

"What's wrong with my clothes?" The young male's voice was muffled by the leather shirt over his face, but then his silver crowned head emerged from the green covering.

"It's sooo...untidy. Sloppy. Tell me, Hatfeather, is he a sloppy lover, or what?" Duskdew asked her brother's lovmate, either failing to notice Quicksilver's outraged expression or ignoring the archer completely.

"But of course! He is quite nesy. In fact, he bathes me in drool and slobber." Hatfeather tried to make herself sound somewhat serious, but a smile dimpled her cheeks and her purple eyes twinkled gaily.

"What?! I do not!" Quicksilver protested.

"He does? How terrible!" Duskdew cried sympathetically. "I don't know how you could put up with it, Hatfeather. I certainly couldn't," she sniffed, turning her nose up. Quicksilver glared at the golden-haired girl, gripping his hand into a fist, wishing he

were gripping her throat. Quicksilver was quite used to having Duskdew and Hatfeather tease him, but sometimes they acted so serious in their games, he wasn't always sure whether to take them seriously or not.

"Ahh, but you must see that when you truly care for one another, faults do not mean as much as good traits. Little matters subside, like the way your lover dresses...and being drooled and slobbered over isn't all bad!" Hatfeather said sweetly, clapping her hands to her bosom and gazing up at her lovmate endearingly. "But," she began slyly, sliding over to sit next to Duskdew, "when we are near the end of our joinings, and we are caught in a sea of stimulation and excitement, he..." Hatfeather paused and fluttered her eyes dramatically. Then she sniffed as if she were about to cry and leaned her head on Duskdew's shoulder.

"Yeah, yeah. What's he do?" Duskdew demanded impatiently. This was more fun than the time she and Starlight had stolen all of Smoke's leathers and paraded him through the Holt. Smoke, of course, had enjoyed every moment of it.

Hatfeather sniffed again, glanced at her outraged lovmate mischievously, then continued, "...he hiccups! And burps! He sounds like a bagfrog during mating season! I'm completely surprised that the entire Holt does not hear him. Oh, Duskdew, my friend, it is most terrible!"

"NO!" Duskdew and Quicksilver gasped at the same time.

"Hatfeather! I do not burp! I don't believe you're actually saying these things, especially to her! She'll never leave me alone about it!" Quicksilver cried accusingly, glaring at the two girls. "Forget this. You two MUST have stayed under the water much too long," he muttered stiffly, then stormed away in a huff. "I'll get you for this, Dusky! You just wait and see!" he called back.

Duskdew crossed her hand over her knees and buried her face in her arms. At first there was no sound, then her shoulders started shaking violently, and her laughter came out deep and husky.

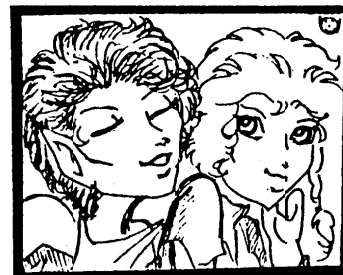
"Are you alright?" Hatfeather asked, her lips twitching into a smile.

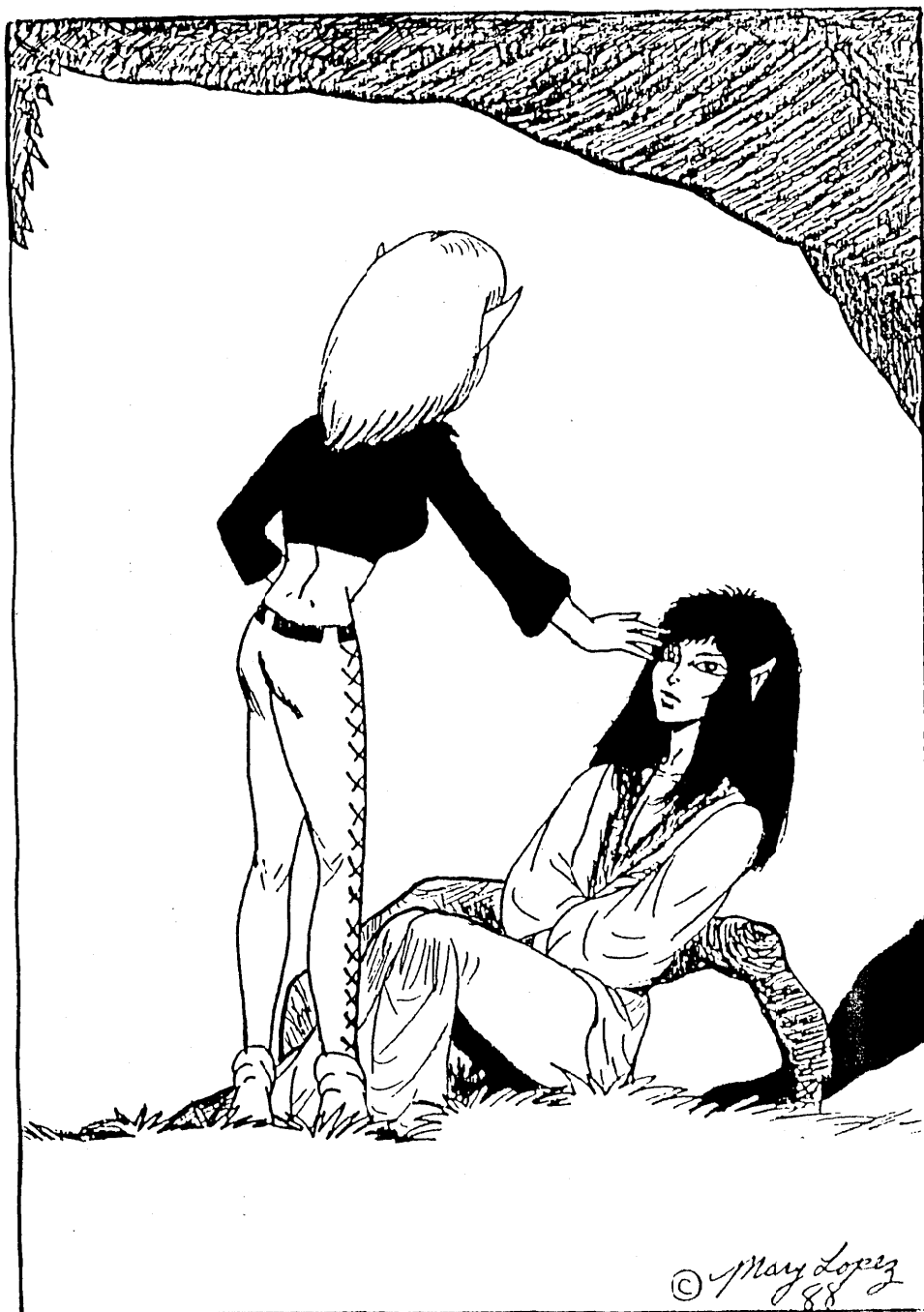
"Duskdew sat up suddenly, her face wiped clean of all humor. "Oh, yes, I'm fine. It's been quite a while since 'Silver and I have had an 'I'll get you for this' competition," she said, then grinned wickedly at her friend. "But it's gonna be a cold night for you, my friend."

Hatfeather grinned. "I wouldn't be too sure of that if I were you. There is always the possibility that I could call upon Windrace to see if he is not too busy for other things. I am quite sure he could keep me warm," Hatfeather reasoned.

"Oh, he's good," Duskdew purred.

Hatfeather burst into a fit of giggles, tried with no success to stifle the out-burst, then choked out, "Strange, I just heard through the trees that he was great!"





"Changing Ideals"
by TR Blasingame

"Mooncrest?" Sandstorm stood in front of the brown-haired hunter, slowly passing her hand across his fixed stare. He was sitting against a tree root in the grass, gazing steadily at nothing in particular. It was a moment before she actually got his attention. He blinked a few times and then focused in on Sandstorm's smiling face.

"Oh, hi..." He smiled as he scratched his leg absently. "What's up?"

Sandstorm chuckled and brushed her sand-colored hair from her eyes. "You've been staring off into la-la land for awhile, and I thought I'd bring you back to us!"

The tree root was a little uncomfortable, so Mooncrest rolled over onto his back and laid in the lush grass. Sandstorm knelt beside him, idly tossing bits of leaves into his hair.

"I've been thinking about that newcomer, Rogue..." he said, trailing off. When he didn't continue, Sandstorm lay on her stomach and rested her head on his chest. The fur trim on his vest tickled her nose and she sneezed twice before settling down to gaze at her friend.

"He's from outside the Valley," Mooncrest said, "a place I have no desire to ever see again. But, since the Death Flood left us with little to hunt in Timber Valley, we've had to adapt to include the Upper World plains in our tracking territory. It's only been a few years now that the Valley has gotten back to normal since the disaster, but the hunts up there continue." He looked at her watchful eyes and his own faraway stare returned. He put one hand under his head and put the other on Sandstorm's back.

"I've managed to stay out of the Upper World hunts, so I really haven't thought much about the place."

"So what does this have to do with Rogue?" Sandstorm asked, fighting back another sneeze.

"Every time another wanderer finds our Holt and tells his or her story, I get nervous all over again. I HATE THAT place!" he replied.

(Achoo!) "S'cuse me...But that doesn't mean you have to go up there."

"I know," Mooncrest said sadly, "but what if these wanderers want some of us to leave the Valley with them for some reason? If I could, I'd keep anyone from ever leaving Timber Valley!"

"That much is common knowledge," Sandstorm teased, remembering his many "speeches" about keeping anyone from making that trip up the Sheercliff Pass. "Eut?" she prompted.

"But, I know I can't." Mooncrest said softly. He closed his eyes for a moment and sighed. Absently, he ran his fingers through his friend's hair. "Perhaps I should just keep my arguments to myself. Everyone's tired of listening to me anyway..."

Sandstorm smiled and closed her eyes. Her voice became a soft whisper, but Mooncrest could hear her easily. "Although there are some who do not share your opinions about visits to the Upper World, they all respect your reasons."

The hunter opened his eyes and stared up into the trees

overhead. "I believe I've just realized that. I think it's time to give everyone a rest from my opinions, and just keep quiet."

Sandstorm looked up sharply, "No! Don't keep your thoughts to yourself -- just don't try to force them on everyone else. Everyone here has the right to speak, so don't become quiet." She smiled then, and winked at him when he looked at her. "Besides, it's not your nature to keep your mouth shut..."

"Is that so?" Nooncrest growled with a smile. "Well, sitting still while opportunity knocks isn't in my nature either!"

Sandstorm raised an eyebrow. "What kind of opportunity?"

The hunter smiled and looked off towards the topic of his thoughts. "Rogue hasn't been introduced to my favorite sport, yet!"

"You mean--?"

Mooncrest grinned wickedly, "Yes! Want to help me pull a prank on him?"

Sandstorm returned his grin, knowing his thoughts were clearer now. She hadn't actually done anything, but she believed her words had helped him grow a little. With a quick glance she noted where Rogue was talking casually to Hoodwink and Foxvine, and looked back at Mooncrest.

"Of course. I wouldn't miss it for anything!"



ELF NAME: Jag
GENDER: Male
MATE: --
FATHER: Goldquill
MOTHER: Berryscent
SISTER: --
BROTHER: Redlace
CHILDREN: --
OTHER RELATIONS: --
DATE BORN: -154
ORIGIN OF BIRTH: Timber Valley
EYES: Cocoa-brown
HAIR: Unkempt tawny mane
HEIGHT: 4'1"
TALENT (POWER): --
WEAPONS USED: Whatever's at hand, usually his whittling tools. (He's not a fighter).
SKILLS: Cub-sitting, beading, tanning, symbol-making, drumming, woodcarving.
JEWELRY: Dangling silver three-pronged branch earring in left ear, thick silver ring set with tiger's eye.
CLOTHING: (Summer) snug low-slung black leather breeches with side-lacings revealing a hands-width near the waist; breechcloth with zig-zag pattern; brown leather armband; occasionally an open leather vest and moccasins. (Winter) breeches laced closed, layered fur boots, fur-trimmed full-hooded shirt, woolen undershirt.
OTHER INFORMATION: Jag is essentially a little kid in an adult body. He is totally without guile or pretense; he is naive, gullible and utterly unaware of his animal magnetism. Very sensual without being aware of it, has a blind spot where admirers are concerned. The perfect receiver of practical jokes--he can be played along without the slightest suspicion, and will throw a glorious tantrum when it is obvious he has been duped. Can pout like nobody's business. Has sometimes been caught doing things no one would do in public, such as talking to plants about his love life. Extremely gregarious, a social animal, but laid-back enough so that malice sails right over his head. He lives for the moment, to an extreme. He rarely remembers yesterday and is baffled by the concept of "tomorrow". Can't conceive of hatred or honest anger. Accepts the fact that all the world is a loving and generous place. He isn't lazy at all, but does everything in such a casual, easy-going manner that everyone considers him useless for most purposes. His goal in life is to have fun, and his two greatest joys in life are children and maidens.
CREATIVE CONTROL: Melissa Ackroyd-Livingston





ELF NAME: Barthram/Hushleaf
 GENDER: Male
 MATE: Tessa, Recognized Lifemate (believed dead).
 FATHER: Joxer (d)
 MOTHER: angree (d)
 SISTER: ---
 BROTHER: ---
 CHILDREN: Mimi (Gossy), daughter
 OTHER RELATIONS: Britt, uncle
 DF DATE BORN: -27 GT
 ORIGIN OF BIRTH: Rovers, a nomadic tribe.
 DF DATE OF ARRIVAL IN VALLEY: 13 LF
 EYES: Violet
 HAIR: Dark blond, shoulder length and full, braids in front of ears, bangs.
 MARKS/SCARS: No tongue, due to human torture.
 HEIGHT: 4'0"
 TALENT (POWER): Treeshaper. Cannot send, is a poor receiver.
 WEAPONS USED: Bow, tomahawk
 SKILLS: Archer, ropemaker, woodcarver, herb-wise, pony handling, dancing.
 JEWELRY: None, but has an affection for sparkly things.
 CLOTHING: Pale tan v-fronted tunic, short-sleeved, with dk brown trim, pale tan doeskin pants, dk brown knee boots. In colder weather, adds brown fur undershirt.
 OTHER INFORMATION: Due to torture from humans, cannot speak. Because of this, he is very afraid of humans, though sight of them will not cause him to "freeze". Husleaf is easy-going and happy most of the time. He is friendly & quick to smile, enjoys pranking and is a bit of a show-off. He is rash in an emergency. He respects life and loves plants. (Especially dreamberries!)
 "Hushleaf" was the name given him by the Timber Folk. He is very suspicious of Trolls, as they helped destroy the Rovers. Preservers abuse him. (He'd never seen one before arriving at Timber Valley).
 The Rovers lived in wagon homes, so has built a shelter rather than live in a treehome. He also prefers day to night. He's honest and patient with others who can't understand him, but sometimes it's very frustrating to him (Rovers are fond of their own voices). A very graceful dancer.
 CREATIVE CONTROL: Terrie Smith

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ELF NAME: Sapphire
 SOUL NAME: Teyar
 GENDER: Female
 MATE: ---
 FATHER: Treewalker
 MOTHER: Clearshade
 SISTER: ---
 BROTHER: ---
 CHILDREN: Crystalwing, daughter.
 OTHER RELATIONS: ---
 BOND ANIMAL: "Skytracer", black and white female wolf.
 DF DATE BORN: -300 LF
 ORIGIN OF BIRTH: Wanderer. Originally from a nomadic tribe, few in number, roaming the plains and woods far to the north.
 DF DATE OF ARRIVAL IN VALLEY: 16 GT
 EYES: Hazel-gold (level & narrowed).
 HAIR: White, thick bangs, hangs to waist. Two sides tied in front of ears.
 MARKS/SCARS: Small scar on right cheek.
 HEIGHT: 3'11"
 TALENT (POWER): Limited, rock/metal shaping, small pieces only.
 WEAPONS USED: Spear, knife, bow and arrows.
 SKILLS: Hunting, tracking, jewelry & metal working, arrow and spearhead making.
 JEWELRY: Large silver collar fit with three shapphires. Thin silver band on left arm.
 CLOTHING: Black leather jerkin, short open front, worn over-lapped and belted. Black trousers. Low boots. Wristbands. Long, dark colored, leather poncho in colder weather and a long-sleeved shirt.
 OTHER INFORMATION: Formerly known as Fireshade, a stong-willed ruling Elder in her original tribe. She is haunted by the death of Threeleaf, whom she mated with in Recognition, but refused to lifemate, and by her child, Crystalwing, who remains with her old tribe. She dislikes talking of her past. Her relationship with her wolf, Skytracer, keeps her sane.
 She is not moody, but rather quiet. She is friendly, but impatient, easily irritated, though not quick to real anger, which she tries hard to control, or fighting (she fears she may go berserk). She hopes her new life at Timber Valley will let her be a more boisterous and confident self again. She derives great pleasure from hunting and metalworking. She currently shares a honetree in the Holt with Frost and Knifeblade.
 She is nocturnal. A tough fighter and hunter. She's very self-sufficient and dependable. A no-nonsense type of person. She likes dreamberries only moderately, rarely getting out of control.
 CREATIVE CONTROL: April Lee



13

THE TIMELINE

GT = Green-Time (Spring). HT = Hot-Time (Summer) season.
 LF = Leaf-Fall (Fall) season. WF = White-Fall (Winter) season.

- 653 LF BORN: Woodwreath
- 627 LF BORN: Two Star
- 596 WF BORN: Nightstep
- 596 WF BORN: Wavesong
- 555 HT LEFT VALLEY: Woodwreath
- 519 GT Chief Clifftrail is killed by a wildcat's attack.
- 438 HT BORN: Goldenbraid
- 317 WF BORN: Silverhair
- 247 HT Chief Woodmark accepts the Human leader's personal challenge, but is killed. Stormer becomes chief.
- 204 GT BORN: Windrace
- 196 LF BORN: Rosenist
- 154 ?? BORN: Jag
- 152 WF BORN: Dawnwatch
- 151 HT BORN: Buckeye
- 133 GT BORN: Twill
- 128 GT BORN: Silverleaf
- 112 GT Chief Stormer does not return from a personal excursion.
- 112 HT Stormer is presumed dead. Greylock becomes chief.
- 99 WF BORN: Trilight
- 98 GT BORN: Freshwind
- 73 GT BORN: Foxvine
- 49 WF BORN: Ferret
- 41 HT BORN: Tempest
- 32 HT BORN: Sandstorm
- 31 GT BORN: Mooncrest
- 31 HT BORN: Redlace
- 22 WF BORN: Trace
- 19 WF BORN: Nightway
- 17 GT BORN: Hatfeather
- 17 WF BORN: Grassy
- 14 GT "THE POWER" (T-7) Nightway discovers her treeshaping talent.
- 12 HT BORN: Softwill
- 11 ?? BORN: Redthorn
- 10 GT BORN: Hoodwink
- 10 HT BORN: Duskdew
- 8 GT BORN: Wildwood
- 8 HT Chief Greylock dies in strangleweed. Nightstep becomes chief after Wavesong declines taking her brother's place.
- 7 LF BORN: Twig
- 5 WF BORN: Quicksilver
- 2 GT "SCENES OF DEPARTURE" (T-7) Ferret leaves Timber Valley.
- 2 GT BORN: Season
- 2 LF "GRASSY'S SECRET" (T-6) Grassy secretly visits the Upper World and tames a grasseater.
- 1 GT "THE DEATH FLOOD" (T-2,3,4,5) Many elves die.
- 1 LF "HOMECOMING" (T-8) Ferret returns to Timber Valley.
- 2 GT "STRANGER TO THE VALLEY" (T-3) Arrival of LongKnife, first elven wanderer into TVH in living memory.
- 2 GT "BIRTH OF A FLAME" (T-11) BORN: Skyflame, son of TVH Chief.
- 3 GT Redlace meets a young troll, Dripstone, wandering in the forest; he gives him the "elf name" Thunderfoot;

- 4 HT the two become friends.
- 4 HT "GREENEYES - SPINRIDER" (T-3) Arrival of Greeneyes, second elven wanderer into TVH in living memory.
- 4 HT ARRIVAL: Jasmine
- 4 HT "NIGHTSTEP'S BEARD" (T-13) Two Star recounts the tale of why Nightstep has a beard.
- 4 WF "THE SKY IS FALLING" Lifetimes. (T-8) Greeneyes' first sight of snow.
- 6 LF ARRIVAL: Shadowstar
- 7 GT ARRIVAL: Frost
- 7 HT ARRIVAL: Big Axe and Blackfire
- 9 HT BORN: Charmer
- 9 LF "EXILE" (T-7) Arrival of Ivory.
- 10 WF ARRIVAL: Prairie Fire
- 12 GT "QUICK GETAWAYS" Lifetimes. (T-11) Quicksilver "borrows" Dusky's clothes.
- 13 LF ARRIVAL: Hushleaf
- 14 GT "ROGUE OF THE BLACK SPEAR" (T-5) Arrival of Rogue.
- 14 GT "CHANGING IDEALS" Lifetimes. (T-14) Mooncrest discovers that time changes the mind.
- 16 GT ARRIVAL: Sapphire
- 17 HT "HOW NOT TO GO SWIMMING" (T-9) Arrival of Smoke and Starlight.
- 17 HT "PUSHOVER" Lifetimes. (T-14) Hatfeather and Starlight's secret plot succeeds.
- 17 ?? ARRIVAL: Knifeblade
- 18 LF "LONER AND WOLF CUB" Lifetimes. (T-7) Rogue bonds with a wolf-cub, Pathdancer.
- 19 LF "LOOSE ENDS" (T-5,6,11,12) Arrival of Larkspur and Bearwalker.
- 19 LF LEFT VALLEY: Larkspur ("Loose Ends", part 4 T-12)
- 19 WF LEFT VALLEY: Bearwalker
- 20 GT "EAVESDROPPER" Lifetimes. (T-6) Mooncrest spies on humans--again.
- 20 HT "HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS" (T-10) Arrival of Oriole, Shrike and Woodblaze.
- 20 HT ARRIVAL: Whirlwind
- 20 WF ARRIVAL: Archer and Pebble
- 21 GT ARRIVAL: Morningdev and Windspanner
- 21 LF ARRIVAL: Morningmist
- 22 GT "SOME DAYS...IT DOESN'T PAY TO GET OUT OF THE SLEEPING FURS" (T-9,10) Rogue has a bad day.
- 22 GT ARRIVAL: Rainforest
- 22 LF "OTHER THINGS" (T-14) An interesting conversation between Duskdew, Hatfeather & Quicksilver.
- 22 WF ARRIVAL: Oakstaff
- 23 GT "ILL MET BY MOONSLIGHT" (T-12) Arrival of Catgut, a troll.
- 23 HT LEFT VALLEY: Evenfell, Jasmine, Nightfire, Rosemist and Younghawk go travelling.
- 24 GT BORN: Teal
- 24 GT BORN: Whisperswift & Random, the native Timber Folk's first set of twins.
- 24 HT King Gruboss of the Trolls, is assassinated and Catgut becomes new Queen of the Trolls.
- Timber Valley's WAR OF TROLLS begin...

★ The "Need-To-Know" Page ★

TIMBERS, Volume 3, Number 14, November 1988. The newsletter of the Timber Valley Holt, c/o TR Blasingame, PO Box 30578, Midwest City, OK 73140. Published four times a year (February, May, August, November). [c] 1988 Copyright TIMBERS. All rights reverting back to the authors and artists after printing. ElfQuest and the characters therein are trademarks of WaRP Graphics and are used with permission.

MEMBERSHIPS: A one year's beginning membership to the Timber Valley Holt is \$7. This fee entitles the new member to four issues of TIMBERS, a membership guidebook, character sheets to fill out and return, and maps of the Timber Valley area. Renewing memberships are \$6, which covers the production and postage of the newsletters. Make check or money order out to TR Blasingame. For your own protection, **DO NOT** send cash through the mail.

NOTE: Teresa (Greeneyes) Arellanes' address was accidentally omitted last issue. Correspondence can be sent to her at: 1269 Mountain View Rd, Santa Barbara, CA 93109.

S.A.S.E.: When writing to either Teresa or myself, please include a stamp or Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope for a prompt reply. This enables us to respond quicker to your queries. We'd appreciate it!

FYI: For those who may be interested, here are the costs that went into T-13: Postage for 65 newsletters = (including 5 issues sent outside the U.S.) = \$30.75. Printing for 70 issues (23 pages each) = \$78.96. Production costs of TIMBERS 13 = \$109.71. [This figure does not include materials that went into pre-production of the issue.]

PAGE NUMBERS: Many apologies for the missing page numbers last issue! Actually, the numbers were put onto the pages, but they disappeared in the printers' machines. The fault is mine for placing them too close to the edges of the paper. *Sorry!*

ARTISTS: Some members have stated that they are artists and have offered their services to the Holt. If you do not have any current pieces of art in the TVH files, please send 2-3 samples of your artwork (character illos, fillos, etc.), and let me know if you volunteer for illustrating stories, or merely want to submit fillos (filler-illos).

OLD ARTWORK: Artists who have sent in their submissions before need to let me know whether or not we can still use your "old" art that is in the files. Some are several years old and the individual artists may not wish their outdated material displayed.

WRITERS: Do you have a desire to write stories for the Holt, but have no ideas from which to work? If so, let us know your willingness to tell the tales of Timber Valley, and we'll get back in touch with you for a story assignment. Most will be LIFETIMES stories, probably about other characters than your own. Many Holt NPC's have stories that need to be told, but have no one to write them. If interested, we'll help you get started.

SUBSCRIPTION RENEWAL NOTICE: The only notice you will receive concerning the end of your subscription will be a number after your name on the address labels sent out with the newsletter. If there is a "14" on your label, this is the last issue you will receive until you renew your membership.

CHARACTER REFERENCE GUIDE: Little by little, Teresa has been working on getting all CIS's updated and formatted together for the CR Guide, and progress is definately being made! When she writes and asks for specific information concerning your character, please follow her directions! It makes her job easier if you give her the info she requests. Remember, this Guide is being made so that everyone's character(s) may be used in stories and illos. Providing information might prevent unwanted results...

("What? Mooncrest doesn't wear a ponytail, nor is his hair blonde!")
("Well, you didn't say what style or color his hair was in your CIS!")
("B-but, you're supposed to know...")

MEMBERSHIP GUIDEBOOK: In addition to putting the newsletter together and trying to get story editing coordinated with the writers, I am also working on revising the Holt Guidebook. The old one was written in 1985 and is highly outdated. An announcement will be made when it's completed as to how you can get one. The Total Timeline (a longer version than the one printed in this issue), is also undergoing revision.

MAP-MAKERS: Do we have any cartographers amongst our membership? If you are map-maker of a sort, the Holt needs your talents to redraw and update the area maps. If interested, please let me know.

LAST SEND: The information usually scattered throughout the newsletter and in the Last Send column is now being gathered all together in these "Need-To-Know Pages". Due to this, Last Send will be dropped from TIMBERS.

ART CREDITS:

Mark Barnard: Pg. 20 (Skyflame).
Ruth Clark: Pgs. 5,6,7 (Other Things).
Julie C. Dick: Pg. 2 (Pushover),
Pg. 17 (Nightstep).
April Lee: Pg. 13 (Sapphire).
Mary Lopez: Pg. 8 (Changing Ideals).
Bill Nichols: Pg. 1 (Nightstep),
Pg. 10 (Rogue).
Karyn Ojamaa: Pg. 11 (Jag).
Terrie Smith: Pg. 12 (Hushleaf).



WHERE THE TIMBER FOLK LIVE...

Melissa Ackroyd-Livingston / 34 Abbottsford Rd / Brookline MA 02146
 Dale Allen / 413-96-2629 / HHC 2/36 INF Box #785 / APO NY 09045
 Teresa Arellanes / 1269 Mountain View Rd / Santa Barbara CA 93109
 Mark & Terri Barnard / 8405 West Central #1702 / Wichita KS 67212
 Dale Beaver / 1511 Wales Ave #204 / Maryville TN 37801
 Becky Behler / 7190 Lake Cove Dr / Alexandria VA 22310
 Michelle Benoit / 610 Church St / Thibodaux LA 73104
 Ted R Blasingame / PO Box 30578 / Midwest City OK 73140
 Ruth Clark / Carriage House / 246 S 1st W #206 / Rexburg ID 83440 (or)
 Ruth Clark / PO Box 1155 / Corrales NM 97048
 Shelley Davis / 13943 Mathews Dr / Woodbridge VA 22191
 Ted Delorme / 2494 Etiwan Ave #B-5 / Charleston SC 29407
 Julie C Dick / 215 Oak Grove St #504 / Minneapolis MN 55403-3315
 Maria T Dodson / 2414 Shady Lane Dr NW / Huntsville AL 35810
 Ana Evans / PO Box 385 / Waynesburg College / Waynesburg PA 15370 (or)
 Ana Evans / PO Box 516 / Bulger PA 15019
 Mercedes & Marcela Fabela / 5228 East 8th / Kansas City MO 64124
 Dan Ford / Whitman College / Walla Walla WA 99362 (or)
 Dan Ford / 1176 Devonshire / San Diego CA 92107
 Aileen Fryer / 294 Main St / West Orange NJ 07052
 Ryan Gallotto / 2904 N Keating / Chicago IL 60647
 Linda Gerhart / 10803 Waterford Ct / Orlando FL 32821
 Ian Gillispie / 913 W Lawrence / Chicago IL 60640
 Wendy Haywood / 11380 William / Taylor MI 48180
 Sarah Hostettler / PO Box 1216 / Corrales NM 87048
 Lauren Janoff / 5918 Pulaski Ave / Philadelphia PA 19144
 Richard Kinney / 8719 Fair Oaks Blvd #7 / Carmichael CA 95608-2551
 April Lee / 25 Tahoe / Irvine CA 92715 (or)
 April Lee / 234 S El Molino Ave / Pasadena CA 91101
 Laura Lionson / 10392 Caminito Alvarez / San Diego CA 92126
 Gary Lopez / 105 N Pinos Altos St / Silver City NM 88601 (or)
 Gary Lopez / 704 Corbin St / Silver City NM 88601
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 Maria Manemann / 6063 Tech Station / Ruston LA 71272
 John Merkel / 9100 Beatrice / Livonia MI 48150
 Gary Milsten / 2871 SE Kelley / Portland OR 97202
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 Terrie Smith / 3675 Bellingham Ave / San Diego CA 92104
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 Lana Stein / 1325 Key West / Troy MI 48033
 Nancy Stratten / 405 S Bluff / Wichita KS 67207
 Eve Triable / 8800 East Harry #910 / Wichita KS 67207
 Melissa Van Houten / PO Box 536 / Sayville NY 11782-0536
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 Linda Woeltjen / PO Box 827 / Atwood CA 92601

TEA Time

First of all, I'd like to explain why this column is called TEA Time. My initials are T.E.A., get it? Teresa Ellen Arellanes. TA-DA!

I would like to apologize to those of you whom I owe letters. In October, I was on vacation in Wichita, Kansas with Mark and Terri Barnard, who run Bright Mountain Holt. Ted came to visit a few days and we did manage a few brainstorming sessions concerning the Valley. Please bear with me. I will write. I'm just recovering from my trip...gee, I wonder how long I can stretch this excuse?! JUST KIDDING!!!

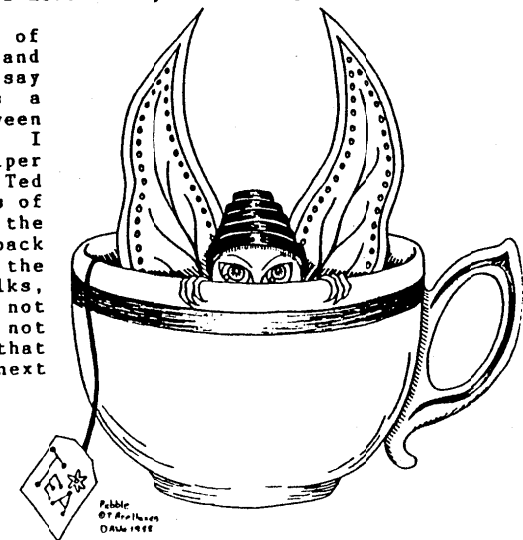
We have a bunch of members born in the season of Leaf Fall. Celebrating their Coming-of-Life-Day's in October, November, and December are: David, Deb, Eileen, Ian, Julie, Linda, Maria, Mary, Nancy, Ryan, Scott, Ted B., Teresa, and Terri. In fact, Ted and one of our newest members, Deb Whitmer, have the same birthday! Happy Birthday one and all. Ayoooooah!!!

Okay, now it's time to play a little hardball. To have the members follow CIS instructions is very important to me. ****GO AHEAD, ASK HER WHY!**** The structure we have set up for the Valley is unique and it helps us create epics like the Troll Wars. If you aren't sure what the style is, send a SASE to either Ted or myself and we will return a blank form. I am trying, and trying is the operative word here, to get the Character Reference Guide together, and let me tell you folks, it isn't easy. I have CIS's in pencil, faded photocopies, multiple copies with conflicting information, forms that are standard in other holt, but are not the unique style of the Valley. Also, we are trying to cut down on all the non-viable holt being created at random. Characters can come from the other viable, paying/printing holt as long as they're current members and it's okayed by the leader of that other holt. Also available for character origins are those set up and okayed by the TIMBERS staff. So far that list includes: Eagle Mountain, Black Rock, Safe-Harbor-On-The-Talon, Bittercreek, Sun Peak, and Forest Runners Holt. Unspecified and/or unknown origins are not useful, and most likely I will nag you about it until you fill it in.

And now speaking of postage...(!?!...AGAIN?!)...Ted and I aren't just teasing when we say SASE's are appreciated. Here is a little fact: I've spent between \$60-75 on postage since June. I don't even take my status as helper for granted. I've sent Ted SASPostcards to get small bits of information quickly across the country, and when I needed a back issue, sent him seven stamps for the reimbursement. So you see, folks, for all my nagging, I'm really not asking you to do anything I'm not willing to do myself. And with that for you to think upon till next time...

Warm Sleepfurs
& Dreamberry Dreams,

Greeneyes



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