

TIMBERS



Newsletter of the Timber Valley Holt

Vol. 3, No. 16

Greetings, Dreamberry Fans!

Take a good look at this issue of TIMBERS, and you may find a difference. Remember those **WIDE** margins at the top and bottom of the pages that have plagued the issues for so long? Due to a little experimentation and a few outside suggestions, the newsletters are now being typed up in a slightly different manner. This gives me more room to add text to each page, in addition to making the issue look a little neater in appearance. I know other Holts have used this system for some time, but it is new to me. I hope the difference appeals to you.

Okay, artists, because of the format change, there will be a different set of dimensions for full-page illustrations. For all future submissions, please draw them with a border to contain a 6 3/4" (w) by 11" (h) area. What will this look like when its finally reduced to the newsletter "digest" size? The back cover of this issue is a good example. (Thanks, April!)

Troll War Update: I know you're probably getting tired of reading "updates" about the War and are wondering when you will see it. I've often wondered the same thing myself. With the re-start up the newsletter last year, the campaign to find out who still had an interest, and correlating schedules with the writers, the whole project was put on a hold -- it was unavoidable. However, things have changed in the last few moons. Part One of the Troll War, written by Ruth Clark, is completed! Part Two is presently undergoing progress by Melissa Ackroyd-Livingston, and Linda Woeltjen is working on Part Three. Part Four is the section I am writing, and Parts Five and Six will be written by Sharon Jane Smith and Terrie Smith, respectively. It will be a long one, folks, but it is taking place! Please bear with us a little while longer, and we should have a very exciting tale for you to see.

In response to my call for a cartographer, I was delighted to have Scott Rose volunteer for the complex task of updating and redrawing the maps for the Holt, Timber Valley, and the Upper World areas. These will be released along with the new Holt Guidebook (See the Need-To-Know Page for information about the new guide).

It's been brought to my attention that a number of errors were included in the new Timeline, which was released not long ago. A supplement containing only the Timeline corrections is being put together, so if know of discrepancies dealing with your character(s), let me know as soon as possible.

And, speaking of the Timeline, here is a quick rundown of the characters illustrated on the cover of that booklet: On the left is our Holt storyteller, Two Star. To his immediate left is Shrike, Wildwood, Evenfell and Knifeblade. In the bottom corner of the illo is Shadowstar, and that elf resting comfortably at the storyteller's feet is Hushleaf.

All right, I'm through babbling. Enjoy yourselves, and may bright starlights shine on your paths!



Mooncrest

THE SNARE
by Sharon Jane Smith

(Editor's note: Up until this time, there has not been a story printed in TIMBERS which has had human dialogue in its text. To understand that the humans speak a different tongue than the elves, their language is placed inside brackets, in addition to the traditional quotation marks. If the brackets are not present around the spoken words, it is in the elven tongue. Not all of the elves speak the human's language, but Hoodwink just happens to be one who does...--TRB)

'How do I get myself into these things?' Hoodwink wondered, trying again to free his ankle. The knot only grew tighter with his struggles, and he was forced, once more, to let his body drop. Blood immediately surged to his head, and while he could stand it for a little while, he knew the throbbing would start in his temples once more.

By turning his neck, he could see, over an elf-height away, his knife. If that were in hand, he could cut himself from this round-ear snare, and get back across Rock Span before he was missed. He was to meet Big Axe and Windrace at Rock Span, but his curiosity had led him over the stone bridge. Cursing that whim had not freed him. He wished he had the ability to lift things by his will, then promptly put the idea from his mind. Dreams would not get him down.

Which is why he'd been working at the knot.

Tightening his stomach muscles, Hoodwink forced himself up again, grabbing for his leg and catching it, using it to haul himself the rest of the way up. If there were a way to hook his free leg around, so he could stay upright and get at the snare itself--

["Oh!"]

The elf lost his grip at sound and tumbled head-down, swinging from the end of the rope. He was getting dizzy now, and starting to feel nauseous.

["What are you doing up there?"]

Five-fingers' tongue--curse it, he was as good as dead! Twisting, he tried to catch a glimpse of the enemy, but couldn't get a good look at the human as he swung past. If the rope would just quiet again, maybe, when the five-fingers cut him down, he'd be able to get away.

He was swaying less now, and the ground was getting closer. Was the fool not even going to move the knife below? Hoodwink hoped there weren't more of the tribe in the area. Maybe he could free himself and run before he was taken to the Pit to be sacrificed.

He spun slowly around, and craned his head back. Just a little farther...he could reach the knife, almost. Straining his arm towards the blade, he felt leaves, grass...edging his fingers closer--

Dropping even farther, he snatched the knife, curling up to saw at the leather rope. It parted and he fell the rest of the way down, staring blankly at the snare whipping up in accompaniment to the sound of someone else dropping to the ground.

Instincts pulled him upright and Hoodwink faced his foe, wishing the forest would stop whirling around him. The figure moving slowly towards him was spinning uncontrollably and the elf shook his head hard.

["I wouldn't hurt you,"] the voice said soothingly.

He bared his teeth and growled, wolf-like. Taking a few steps backwards, his foot slipped on a tree root and he slid off balance, toppling to the ground.

["You shouldn't try moving. You're probably too dizzy to do much of anything."]

Hookwink tried to focus on the owner of the voice. If he were to be killed, surely the five-fingers would've done it by now. And, no attempt had been made to capture him. What was going on here? He blinked quickly, forcing himself to look at his opponent, to size up the human who might try to kill him--

--and saw only a female cub, grinning at him.

["You looked pretty silly hanging upside down,"] she said, obviously trying to keep from laughing, and not doing well at it.

Hoodwink gaped at her. A cub. A human cub! No, older than a cub, but not an adult yet, either. She was nothing to fear.

["You won't even thank me for the rescue?"] she asked, rocking back, fists on her hips.

["I--thank you,"] he said in a rush, not at all sure how to react to this maid.



STORY by
SHARON JANE SMITH
ART by
TED DELORME

["You're welcome,"] she replied, squatting in front of him. Her blue-grey eyes were sharp and clever; cunning, and they studied him even as he looked her over. ["You're on the wrong side of the river,"] she remarked finally.

["Yes,"] Hoodwink agreed, cautiously moving for his escape.

["If anyone else had found you, you'd be dead,"] she went on, watching him closely.

The elf glanced from side to side quickly, wondering which way to run.

["I'm not anyone else,"] the girl said, suddenly leaning back to sit, stretching her legs in front of her. ["And you're faster and stronger than me, so I'm not going to keep you from going,"]

Blinking, he realized the maid had thoroughly confused him. ["You're setting me free?"] he wondered in the guttural human tongue.

["I already did that, hollow-head."] She tapped the side of her skull with her fingers. ["I don't like seeing anyone killed, even if the one killed is a demon."] Her eyes twinkled suddenly as she switched her legs round to her side. ["Between the two of us, I don't think your kind are evil as Ariv says you are."]

["No,"] Hoodwink sheathed his knife cautiously, then ran his fingers through his bangs, all the while keeping a close watch on the girl. ["What are you doing alone at night?"]

["I like being alone at night,"] she responded, ["most of the time. Tonight, though, I was collecting herbs."] She pointed to the woven basket under one of the trees. ["I'm apprenticed to Ariv, the shaman. He sent me to gather certain herbs by full moonlight. They're more potent now than at any other time."]

["And you're not afraid of night demons?"]

Chuckling, the girl motioned at him. ["Not when they're spinning upside-down in a snare."]

Hoodwink glared at her, which made her laugh harder. ["If you were of my people,"] he growled.

["What?"] she asked mockingly. ["What would you do?"]

["Females,"] he grumbled, rising to his feet.

["That's what Dair says. What about females?"] Scrambling to her feet, she asked, ["What is it you're not going to me, but would if I were a ...demon?"]

"Elf," he corrected.

"Elf," she repeated, almost pronouncing it correctly the first time. "Elf," she said again, then, tapping her breast, said, ["I'm Tana."]

Reluctantly, he replied, ["I'm called,] Hoodwink."

She shook her head at the unfamiliar sounds, obviously not sure she could pronounce his name.

["I must go now,"] Hoodwink said.

["Yes,"] she agreed, a bit sadly. She was, Hoodwink realized, not much taller than himself. ["Ariv would have you skinned for power. He doesn't trust your folk,"]

["No. Not many of your people do,"]

Tana quirked a corner of her mouth. ["Some might,"]

Hoodwink heard a wolf-call, his head tilting toward it, before turning back to the maiden. He smiled suddenly, briefly, at her. ["Some of my people might learn to trust yours,"] he said, ["given a chance. I have to go. My friends will be looking for me,"] 'And I don't want them to know I've been on the human side of the Valley,' he added to himself.

The girl nodded, saying, ["Ariv will be waiting for me,"] Her eyes met Hoodwink's steadily. ["I won't tell anyone,"]

["Neither will I,"] He managed to keep from smiling. No. He wouldn't say a word. He didn't want to face one of Nightstep's lectures.

Tana sighed. ["There are others out besides me,"] she said, ["Go carefully,] Hoodwink." She lifted her hand in farewell.

He took a step, then another away from the human. He could run back to Rock Span--his leg wasn't sore anymore. ["Take care of yourself,"] he told the girl. She nodded and turned away, walking over to pick up her basket. Reaching it, she looked back at him, giving him a quick smile before walking into the trees.

'Mooncrest spies on the humans,' Hoodwink thought to himself. 'How much easier to have a friend in their tribe?' He looked after the girl. Could he trust her? Would she betray him, or keep their meeting a secret?

His mother had told him tales, when he was a cub, before she died in the fire, of the dream she had of making friends with the humans of the Valley. His fingers brushed over the purple crystal she'd worn on a leather thong, one of the few things saved from the fire that had destroyed his parents' hometree. She'd given him one, too, before she died, one he carried in the pouch at his belt.

["Tana!"]

She'd not gone far, as was evident by how quickly she returned, running back to him, her face lit with joy.

'So like a cub,' Hoodwink thought, fishing in his pouch. ["Tana, I have something for you,"] His fingers touched, caught on a leather thong, and pulled it forth. The purple crystal hung heavily on his fingers, twirling, catching moonlight. ["For setting me free,"]

She accepted the necklace with trembling hands, carefully knotting the thong around her neck. ["Thank you,] H-Hoodwink." She tucked the stone into her tunic, apologizing. ["The others would ask questions,"]

Hoodwink smiled knowingly, forcing himself to calmness. ["Would you like to meet me again?"]

Her eyes widened. ["Really? Yes!"] Nodding, she asked, ["When?"]

["When do you gather herbs?"]

["Always,"] she grumbled. ["Ariv usually sends me out when the Greater Moon is full,"]

["We can meet then,"] Hoodwink said, ["at the next full moon,"]

["All right,"] she grinned suddenly, a dimple winking in her left cheek. ["If you aren't here, I'll set a snare for you. On your side of the river,"] she added warningly.

["I'll be here,"] he promised. A second howl confirmed his suspicions. ["Now, I must go,"]

Tana reached out and punched him on the arm. ["I'll be here,"]

["And so will I,"] Waving, he turned suddenly and ran off through the trees. With luck, he'd make it over Rock Spas before Windrace and Big Axe got there.

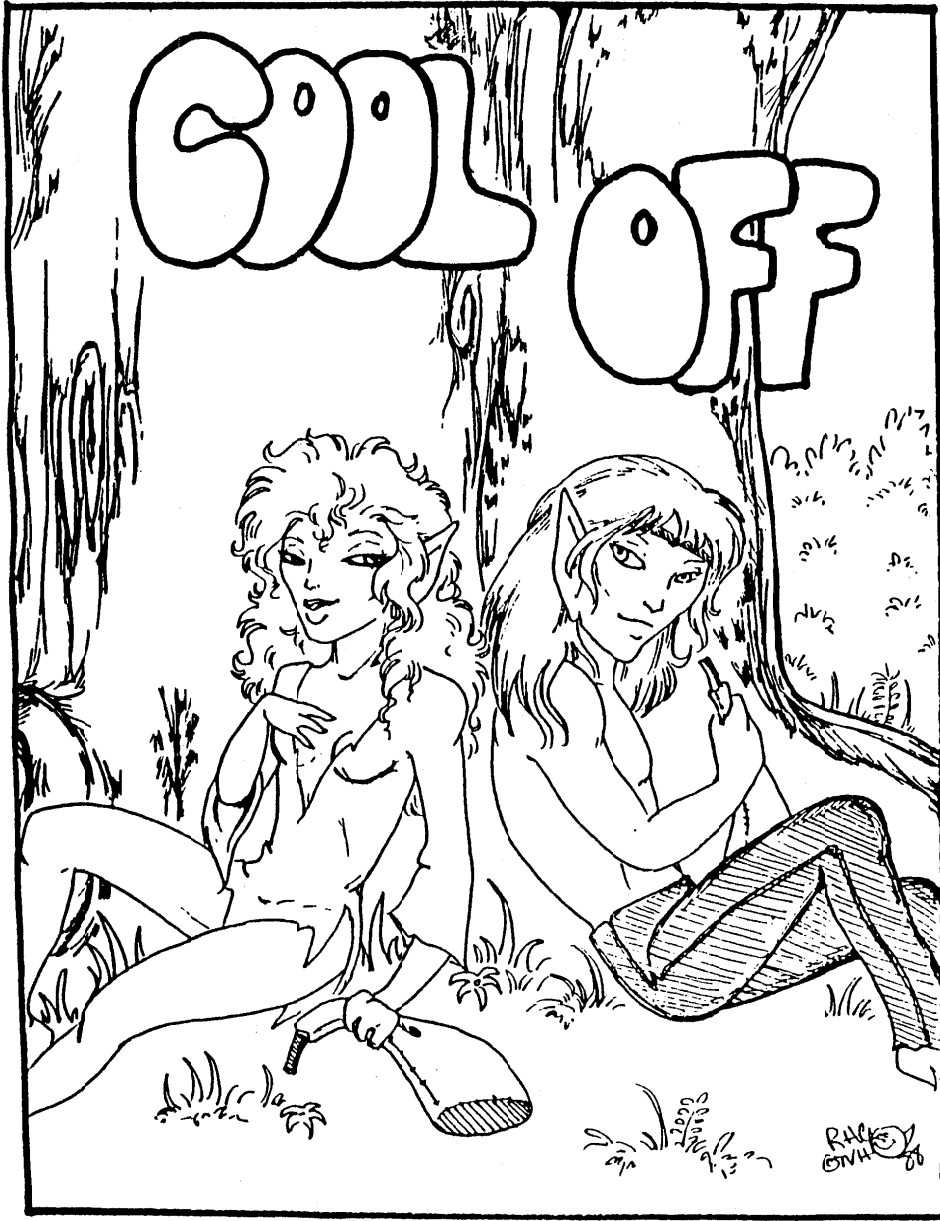
Tana leaned against one of the ancient trees, watching as the elf disappeared into the woods. She glanced up at the snare swinging above her head, caught by a faint breeze.

["Not exactly what I expected you to catch,"] she said, ["but definitely cuter,"] Lifting her basket, she wended her way back towards the settlement, the cold stone warming as it lay next to her skin.

END



COOL OFF
by Ruth Clark



Truearrow dragged his hand over his sweat-covered face and glared at the mid afternoon sun that persisted upon tormenting him. He moved deeper into the shade that his hometree provided, though it did little good. It was so HOT! Earlier in the day he had swum in the lake until his skin had become as wrinkled as an over ripe, dried out dreamberry, hoping it would help cool him down, but that had only lasted a short while. Although having lived in the Timber Valley Holt for eight and five years, Truearrow still was not used to the Hot Time weather. He rubbed a hand through his blonde hair, sighing in exasperation. Why did it have to be so hot?!

"Hey, Truearrow! Hot enough for you, gorgeous?"

The hunter lifted his head to scowl at the owner of the teasing voice. Leave it to Duskdew to stroll by, looking as if the burning rays of the sun failed to affect her. Duskdew laughed gaily and clapped her hands, delighted that she could provoke such a negative response out of the usually carefree Truearrow.

"Duskdew, how can you go dancing about the Holt in this heat? It's stifling! It tires me out just watching you," Truearrow said, smiling wearily at the blonde-haired girl.

"Oh, that's easy," Duskdew sing-songed. Her hands unconsciously smoothed the front of her light green tunic, the only clothing she wore. The motion caught Truearrow's attention briefly, and the flirtatious maiden winked at him. "All I do is tell myself that it's not so hot. Then my mind tells my body that it's not so hot, and my body believes it, so I stay nice and cool." The maiden whirled around happily, then added a small skip.

Truearrow leaned forward and rested his chin in the palm of his hand. "That is so ridiculous, it almost makes sense. You don't really expect me to believe that, do you?" He arched one eyebrow over his slanted brown eyes inquisitively, grinning crookedly, glad for the distraction Duskdew offered.

"Just though I'd give it a chance. It gave me more time to look at your chest," Duskdew said, her laughter twinkling like chimes. Truearrow glanced down at his chest, wondering what she found so interesting about it. Usually, the archer wore a green, long-sleeved shirt, but because of the hot weather, he only wore a pair of dark green pants and his head band.

"You have a great looking chest, ya know," Duskdew continued, "Especially when it's all sticky and sweaty." She rolled her hips in a provocative manner and, with dramatic flourish, winked at him a second time. "In fact, I think you'd look even better if you gave up wearing those concealing pants. It would definitely make things more interesting around here and give me more things to look at." The maiden laughed, widening her spring-green eyes in a hopeful expression.

Truearrow laughed. Leave it to her to bring up her favorite subject in any conversation -- the male body. "You tell me how you stay cool, the truth this time, and I might be persuaded to discard the rest of my clothes, down at the lake."

"Aww, there's too many elves down there," Duskdew said, pouting, "Can't do anything shocking in front of the cubs. Then again, there'll be other gorgeous male figures to admire over at the lake." Her thumb and index finger absently pinched her left earlobe while she considered his offer. "Oh, all right!" she said with a quick snap of her fingers. "Stay here. Don't leave. I'll be right back."

Truearrow watched Duskdew's retreating form, then relaxed his body against the tree's slightly cool exterior, closing his brown eyes to block out the bright rays of the sun.

"Hey, lazy bones! Wake up!"

Truearrow grunted in annoyance when he received a slight poke in the ribs. He realized that he'd dozed off for a while. Opening one eye, he looked up at Duskdew.

"Well, hey. If you want, I'll leave you so that you can get back to your nap. I'm sure that at least half the Timber Folk would be more than happy to share some cold dreamberry wine with me," Duskdew said, dangling a skin full of wine in front of him. In her other hand she held another pouch, which contained an equal amount of the sweet juice.

"Cold? How can it be cold?" Truearrow asked suspiciously, reaching out for the leather bag she offered him. The skin was moist and surprisingly cool. "You had it in the Minnowbrook, didn't you? Where did you get these?"

"Hey, you don't expect me to reveal all my deep, sinister secrets in one afternoon, now do you?" The flirt sat down beside him as close as she could without sitting in his lap, and pulled the small wooden stopper out of the opening on the

neck of the pouch. "Drink up, gorgeous, cuz I'll never be this generous again, unless you offer me something more appealing than just your company, like your body."

Truearrow eyes her with amusement as she tipped her head back to take large audible gulps from her wine skin. Following her example, he pulled the cork to open the skin and took a long drink. The wine was refreshing, and more importantly, cool. Maybe this afternoon wouldn't turn out so bad after all.

"Hey!" Duskdew said a while later, punching the side of Truearrow's wine container. "It's almost gone! Go easy on that stuff, Truearrow. I've only got one skin-full left," she scolded. Her voice was slightly slurred, but her eyes were bright and alert. Truearrow was starting to appreciate the flirtatious glances she kept giving him.

"Oh, I guess I did drink it a little too fast. It was shoo good," Truearrow said in a sleepy, sluggish voice.

"Those two really make me sick," Duskdew said, changing the subject abruptly.

"Who?" Truearrow asked, trying to focus his eye on one Duskdew. Suddenly three of her had appeared and he was having a hard time deciding which one had spoken to him.

"Them. Nightway and Mooncrest," she said, waving her hand toward the two elves. They were just returning from the lake, holding hands as they walked. "First they were friends, then best friends, then lovmates, and now they're lifemates. And remember the way Nightway stood by 'Crest during his rough Recognition with Wildwood? True love." She sighed longingly, although with a trace of disgust, and watched the two elves.

"Why Dusky --hic!--. I think you're jealous," Truearrow laughed. "Don't tell me that you hope to find, uh, true love someday? From the way you act, one would think you're just out to have a good time.

"Oh sure. Of course I want to find a guy who's all my own. Or I'll Recognize. But until then, I just have to find good-looking guys who want to have a night of passionate touching, with no binding, stifling commitments the next day just because they're so impressed with my, um, obvious skills," Duskdew sniffed haughtily. She smiled, a mischievous look in her eyes. "Well, you might not be great looking, but you'll do until I can find someone else," she snickered before bodily attacking him, giving the archer no time to comment. The wine skin fell from Truearrow's hand and he raised both hands to push the aggressive maiden away without harming her. Insistently, Duskdew pulled at the waist of his breeches while she nibbled at his neck.

"Uh, Duskdew. Dcn't you think we should at least go inside my tree? Ouch! Stop biting my ear! Truearrow pushed at her shoulders, a little uncomfortable--he was not used to women trying to ravish him. Duskdew, in answer, poked him in the stomach. He winced slightly, then relented to her not-so-gentle administrations. It wasn't so bad, and he'd always thought Duskdew to be attractive...

Lulled by the wine and Duskdew's not-so-gentle advances, the archer weaved one hand into the softness of the maiden's gold-white curls to pull her closer. As he did so, he received an ear splitting shriek, right in his ear.

The two elves leaped apart, Truearrow jumping to his feet, expecting to see dozens of humans surrounding them. Instead, the Holt was empty, save for Mooncrest and Nightway, who were watching them curiously. He looked down at Duskdew, who was fussily patting her hair as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

"D-duskdew! Why did you scream?" Truearrow almost yelled. She looked at him as if he had suddenly sprouted another nose.

"You were messing up my hair," she answered with a toss of her golden mane. The curls bounced back into their unruly state, framing her innocently upturned face. The angelic expression turned to one of uncontrollable mirth, and with a laugh, she tossed him his forgotten wine skin. "Here, Truearrow. You look like you really need to cool off!"

Truearrow stated at her, then at the wineskin, a plan forming in his wine-influenced mind. "Actually, Duskdew, love, I think it's you who truly needs to cool off!" he said pleasantly, and with no other warning, he squirted the contents of the wineskin on her.

Duskdew shrieked in outrage, jumping to her feet and pulling her sticky tunic away from her body. The purple liquid slowly dripped from her hair. "Oh! You...you! Oh! I'll...oh! I'll get you for this, Truearrow!" she spat like a cat who had failed to land on its feet. With an assortment of mumbled curses and loud threat calling, Duskdew stomped away, leaving a trail of dreamberry wine.

Laughing to himself, Truearrow settled back against his tree, picking up Duskdew's wineskin. He had better be careful, he told himself, or that little she-cat would cut his ears off at the next possible chance.

"Hi, Truearrow!"

Truearrow looked up to find Mooncrest and Nightway standing over him. "Greetings, Mooncrest, Nightway," he returned, toasting them with a tilt of the leather skin filled with wine.

Nightway glanced over her shoulder in the direction Duskdew had taken, and Mooncrest asked the question that had formed in both their minds. "What did you do to Duskdew? She seemed pretty steamed when she left."

Truearrow burst into a fit of hearty chuckles, startling the lifemates. "Gee, Mooncrest, I don't know. I did my best to cool her off."

END

DF 22 GT

SURPRISE!
by TR Blasingame

****Mooncrest?*** Goldenbraid's sending reached out into the Valley, ****Mooncrest!***

Mooncrest didn't know whether or not he really wanted to answer. Two Star had given him the biggest tongue-lashing he'd ever had, concerning his pranks and wanted to remain sulking at the moment. How was he to know his joke on Rogue would backfire and hit the tribe's eldest? Two Star didn't take well to pranks and his temper had flared without restraint. The fact that Two Star's lifemate called him didn't cheer him either. She'd almost gotten accidentally included in the plot, too.

****Mooncrest! Answer me!***

Reluctantly, he sat up on the branch on which he was doing his pouting and answered the golden-haired Healer. ****Yes, Goldenbraid, what is it?***

****Mooncrest! Why didn't you answer? Never mind that, Trilight's been seriously hurt; He fell from 'Fox Perch!***

Mooncrest leapt from the branch and hit the ground running, pumping his legs as hard as he could for speed. ****On my way!*** he sent back. Trilight usually kept a level head on himself, but nothing more than just not paying attention and stepping off a ledge could upset that balance. His brow was soaked with sweat as he soon neared the Holt. He hadn't been very far away and he could now see the Thorn Barrier through the trees and pressed harder for speed.

Silverleaf's entrance to the Holt was on the opposite side of the Barrier, so he'd have to go around it before he could go in -- an inconvenience and a frustration. He'd have to bring it up at next Council to add a couple more entrances, he thought briefly. As he rounded the far side, he didn't see the shadow in time to dodge, such was his hurry. In a terrific impact, Mooncrest careened into Wildwood, throwing her and symbol-making supplies to the ground in disarray! Mooncrest was sprawled beside her, legs up against the trunk of a tree, panting heavily, when he rolled to a stop.

Wildwood sat up and shook her head dizzily. She looked over at Mooncrest and managed a smile. His hair, naturally unruly anyway, was now all in his face. All she could see was the point of his chin and the tip of a nose.

"What did I hit?" he said to the air, feebly trying to sit up. Wildwood chuckled and reached to brush the hair from his eyes.

"Me, silly!" she laughed, "Why the hurry?" Mooncrest looked at the supplies scattered from the collision through his brown locks and then back to her.

"Trilight fell from a cliff and managed to hurt



himself---" he stopped suddenly, his whole body in instant paralysis. His breathing became very faint as a whirlwind buffeted him like nothing he'd ever experience before. He felt totally exposed as a familiar yet alien word replaced the one ripped from his now-bared soul.

****Alyne...**** he cried in astonishment.

****Lar...**** Wildwood responded, just as shaken as he. They sat there and stared into the depths of each other's eyes -- the windows to their souls -- too stunned to move.

Then, Mooncrest's familiar mischievous smile crept across his lips and he leaned forward until his face was touching hers. He nuzzled her cheek gently and drew her close in a snug embrace. They knew what had happened to them -- an experience which bound them closer than any friendship or bloodline.

Wildwood ran her fingers through his unruly hair and thought about what was to come. The demands of Recognition were strong and she could feel their effect. Mooncrest would be the father of her cub, the child of their bond.

****Surprise!**** he sent merrily. She smiled lovingly into his hazel eyes and nuzzled the tip of his nose.

Mooncrest stood up and held out a hand, beckoning her to rise too. She stood up and faced him, the star of his sending penetrating deeper than anyone ever had before. This feeling left her soul exposed, naked to his probing eyes -- but that was a mutual sharing, for she could see his deepest self as clear as the air they breathed.

****Come, my little Alyne, we know what must be done.**** he sent, wrapping an arm around her waist.

Suddenly, Wildwood gave resistance. She felt ashamed at having Recognized Mooncrest. She'd known him all her life and knew what he was like. Love was not a fleeting emotion for him -- it was life. She also knew she wasn't his love, no matter what Recognition said. He and Nightway had been lifemates for a very long time and had announced they were lifemates only a couple of years ago. Mooncrest and Nightway were lifemates and very much in love with one another.

But now, Wildwood had stepped into their balance and the thought of coming between them petrified her. She stopped in her tracks, throwing Mooncrest off guard. He saw the expression in her eyes, suddenly aware something was not right.

"What is it?" he asked, genuinely concerned. He hadn't given a thought to anything but the immediate demands at hand and didn't realize her train of thought. She looked up at him, a single tear threatening to slide down her cheek.

"I -- I can't!" she exclaimed.

"What?" he asked, the shock rivaling the one he'd just had from the Recognition itself. "Why?"

"I -- uh..." was all she could say before breaking free and running toward the Thorn Barrier's entrance.

****Alyne, wait!**** he sent, but it was too late. She was gone. Mooncrest stood there in silence, biting on his lower lip. Didn't she know that Recognition couldn't be refused? What puzzled him more was that he didn't know "why". He hoped that she would come around to the idea it couldn't be avoided soon, for he felt the yearning for her deep in his soul. She'd taken his soulname and looked upon his own private being. He needed her; needed her like no one else before.

Flustered, Mooncrest picked up her symbol-making supplies and headed for the Holt's entrance. He needed to see about his brother anyway.

Goldenbraid stepped out of the tree just as Mooncrest walked up. "How is he?" he asked, worry in his voice. The Healer smiled and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"He's okay now, but he still needs rest. I've given him the strength he needs to recover, but he needs to stay in his bed at least an eight-of-days." She seemed tired, but held it well with experience. Mooncrest thanked her and asked for entrance to his brother's tree. Silverleaf told him to come on in, but to be quiet.

Mooncrest saw his brother, covered with a brownish-white fur and head propped up on a folded cloak. His eyes were closed and he breathed softly. A discolored bruise was on his forehead and, protruding from the furs, he could see one on his left shoulder. Silverleaf smiled at him as he sat on a detailed wooden stool, carved years ago by his father, Silverhair, who stood off to the side of the bed.

"What exactly happened?" Mooncrest asked, indicating his brother, "I heard he tried to fly, or something like that."

Silverhair chuckled, ****He and I were up on 'Fox Perch' -- he said he had something exciting to tell me.**** He shook his head and smiled again, ****His news was exciting, especially to him. When we started back down the steps, he wasn't watching where he was going, so intent was he on the news. Before I'd realized what had happened, he stepped off the edge and fell.****

"How far did he fall?"

****We were halfway down the steps when he fell...****

Mooncrest looked at Trilight and made a "tsk" sound. He glanced at Silverleaf and then back to his father. "What was this terrific news he had to tell, or can you tell me?"

Silverhair grinned widely, ****Well, it's not general knowledge yet, so we were waiting until Nightstep was told before announcing it. He hasn't gotten back with the hunting party yet.****

Mooncrest didn't know what the news was, but he was itching to tell them his. "Father," he said, "I've something to tell, myself."

"What's that?" came Nightstep's voice from the doorway.

"Ah, my chief," Silverleaf said suddenly, "Our news must be told first!" She looked at Mooncrest who shrugged and grinned.

"What is it, lass?" the brown haired chief asked, rubbing his chin-beard.

"Greeneyes was healing a cut I'd gotten in the garden earlier this night. After the healing, she seemed excited. I asked her why and she told me what she thought she'd felt while healing me." Silverleaf held her arms together and hugged herself. "Although Greeneyes was certain, I wanted to make sure, so I went to see Goldenbraid. She confirmed what Greeneyes told me." Nightstep suspected what was coming, but let her tell it anyway. "My chief," she said, "I'm going to have a child!"

Mooncrest stood up, "B-but, you and Trilight aren't Recognized!?" Silverleaf's eyes sparkled as she nodded her head.

"I know! It's one of those rare times when a child is born outside of Recognition!" She threw her hands around Nightstep's neck and hugged him fiercely. Nightstep allowed a grin to show on his usually unreadable face. New life in the tribe! Mooncrest let out a loud joyful howl, one that woke his brother. Trilight decided he knew what news had been told and grinned widely.

After the initial excitement wore down, the chief looked at Mooncrest with interest. "Didn't you have something to tell also," he asked.

Mooncrest nodded and said, "Yes, I do. There may be another new life to come, besides Trilight and Silverleaf's cub."

Silverleaf's eyes got wide. "You mean -- Nightway, too?!"

"No," Mooncrest said quietly, "this child won't be hers." The room grew suddenly silent. The prankster looked around and spoke in a near whisper, "Not more than a few moments before I came in here," he paused for dramatic effect, "Wildwood and I Recognized!"

Silence. And then, Trilight coughed. "Recognized? With Wildwood?" he repeated. His brother nodded but didn't look happy.

****A few moments ago? **** Silverhair asked, ****Have you met the demands of Recognition already? ****

"And where is she?" Trilight asked.

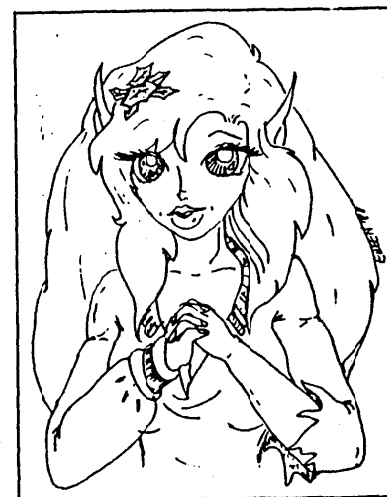
Mooncrest was about to answer, but Nightstep cut in, "You just said that there 'may be' another child born? What do you mean by that?"

The dark-haired hunter sat down on the stool and spread his hands out on his knees. "I don't understand it," he replied, "At first, she seemed happy about it. But when we started to go find a place to...to do our duty...she ran off crying, saying she couldn't."

****Couldn't? Why? **** Silverhair asked, ****She can -- has to. There's no way around Recognition! ****

"I don't know why," Mooncrest replied, scratching his head, "She didn't explain. All I know is that I...feel the need..to be with her now."

"That's true, lad." Nightstep said understandingly, "She has that need too. But, if she doesn't comply soon, both of you are going to fall ill. I know that feeling. Luckily Freshwind accepted it for what it was and let it happen. And you know the results."



"Yes, Skyflame was born." Mooncrest stood up and paced the floor. "I guess I'm gonna have to talk to her and find out what's wrong."
"No," Silverleaf put in, "that may make matters worse -- whatever the matter is."

"What do I do then? I need her!"

Silverleaf put a hand on his shoulder and shook it gently, "Let me talk to her. She may open up more."

"**I think I know what the problem might be.**" Everyone in the room looked at Silverhair, waiting for his explanation. His eyes glowed in the faint candlelight as he sent one single word, "**Nightway.**"

Nightstep understood as well as everyone else. "That's right," he said rubbing his chin, "Wildwood knows what Nightway means to you."

Mooncrest put his head in his hands, letting a deep sigh escape. He stared off into the shadows, focusing on nothing in particular. "Nightway...she doesn't know yet..."

Trilight, mindful of his brother's delicate situation, was about to send him a question concerning what he would do, when Mooncrest sat up straight on the stool. No question was asked, for they all suspected Wildwood was sending to him -- or Nightway.

"S'cuse me," the prankster said absently, walking out of the tree. Nightstep exchanged looks with the others in the room, but his own face was again unreadable.

Mooncrest stepped out of the Thorn Barrier's pass and looked around for Wildwood, who said she'd meet him just outside the Holt's protective wall. Not seeing her in the area, he sent tentatively, "**Alyne?*"

"**I'm here, Lar. To your right.**" Mooncrest looked deep into the shadows and saw her grey eyes glowing in the darkness. With a few quick strides, he stood just in front of her, wanting strongly to take her in his arms, but afraid of doing so. Instead, he hung his thumbs in his belt and stood there silently, waiting for her words.

"**Mooncrest -- Lar --I'm sorry for running off like that...**" she sent, not daring to look into his own eyes.

"**I forgive you, my dear Alyne, -- but why?*" he asked, more than curiosity behind his words. He sent his emotions, as well as his thoughts to her. "**You can't refuse Recognition, you know that.**" he sent gently.

Wildwood stepped up to him and placed her hands on his cheeks, a tear threatening to fall. She then looked into his eyes and once again felt drawn into their depths.

"**Lar...**"

Mooncrest drew her in a snug embrace, holding her to him as if to keep her from harm. He could feel her trembling and gently touched her mind. "**Alyne, what is it? Why so afraid?*"

Wildwood didn't look up, but kept her face buried in his tunic's fur trim. "**I'm not afraid,**" she sent truthfully, "**I feel...ashamed.**" The prankster's eyes grew wide at that statement, but she continued. "**You and Nightway love each other -- I can't just step in and take her place as your lifemate!*"

Mooncrest's heart grew very soft and he hugged her closer. "**Yes, it is true that I love Nightway. But, the bonds of Recognition call to us -- the High Ones have told us that we are meant for one another.**"

"**But, what of Nightway?*"

Mooncrest closed his eyes and smelled the freshness of Wildwood's hair. Her other scents claimed him too, but for the moment, he must put them aside. "**Perhaps,**" he sent thoughtfully, "**the three of us together might --**"

"**No.**"

Mooncrest pushed her back just enough that he could look into her face. "**I'm

Wildwood drew back close to him. "**We can take care of Recognition's command and then go on as before.**"

Mooncrest pushed her out to arm's length. "**As if nothing happened?*" he sent confounded.

"**No, we can't forget it happened -- especially when the cub is born -- but I can't be your lifemate. I can't do it to Nightway -- to you.**" Tears streamed down her face now as she looked up to him. Glistening in the moonlight, silver streaks reflected off his cheeks too.

"**Are you sure you want that?*" he sent.

"Yes," she whispered aloud, burying her face once again in his chest. "We can raise the cub together, all of us."

Understanding the emotion and feelings sent to him, he knew that this would be best. "**You will always be special to me, Alyne. Nothing can ever change that. You have seen a part of me that no one else has, and I've seen your own soul as my own.**"

Wildwood smiled up at her soul-mate and nodded. Without another word between them, they walked hand in hand into the woods they'd both grown up in. They had a duty to perform this night, and it would now be done without regret. Nightway would be told about it later that night, but for now, the moment was theirs to share together.

(What was Nightway's reaction? Continue reading...)

DF 22 GT

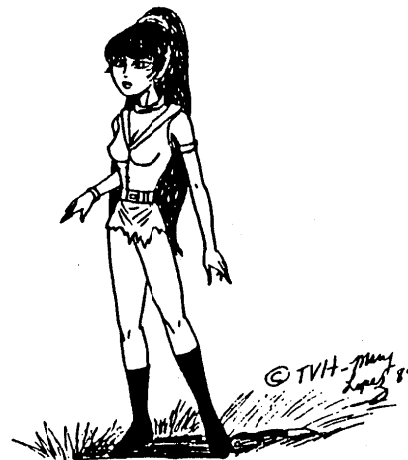
THE WRONG TREESHAPER by Teresa Arellanes

Nightway froze in her tracks. She couldn't believe what she had just seen. She had been trying to track down Wildwood to give her back some of the Symbol-making tools she had left in the Holt clearing, and it was then that she saw it happen. Mooncrest had been racing toward the Holt, not watching where he was going, and he careened into the petit symbol-maker, bowling her over and landing against a tree himself. When they had righted themselves, the two had Recognized. Nightway didn't stay to see what had happened next.

The treeshaper wandered off, half in a daze. What would this mean to the life she had begun as Mooncrest's Lifemate? But, then she thought of the cub that would be of Mooncrest's joining with Wildwood; it, too, would need a secure life. The only thing that Nightway could think to do was bow out gracefully. The High Ones had ordained that the two were right for each other, and it wasn't in the treeshaper's way to argue the point. She started to pack her things, tidying the place so that her childhood friend could move in with Mooncrest right away. Tears slowly flooded Nightway's dark eyes, clouding her vision, and so she jumped, completely startled, when Grassy entered the hometree unannounced through the window.

"Hey, Ni, way, lookit this weird piece of...what's wrong? Why the tears, Pretty One?" Grassy knelt beside his friend, putting his arms protectively around her, drawing her close. The dark-haired lass buried her head and sobbed with abandon. He cuddled her into his lap, stroking her long fall of hair in an effort to calm her. Again he tried to get an answer from her. "**What is it?*"

Nightway couldn't speak, her throat tightened if she tried. Balling her fists, she tried in vain to get herself in order, to calm down enough to answer the question. After a moment of futile rubbing, she gave up. She sent one word and two



pictures to Grassy: Recognition--Mooncrest and Wildwood.

Grassy sat back, stunned. Wildwood? Recognized with Mooncrest? The pretty treeshaper before him had once been his own lovemate, and though she was now 'Crest's lifemate, the two were still close, often understanding each other without using words or sending. It seemed slightly ironic to Grassy that just when he had been about to ask Wildwood to become lovemates with him, the prankster had shot the chance right out from under him. Or had he? Someone definitely had the wrong treeshaper in his arms at this moment. Wildwood shared his own love of wide open, grassy places; Nightway felt the deep need of the forest, a love that Mooncrest shared till it was an obsession. Grassy wasn't going to take this lying down, or cross-legged, as the case may be. He rose, bringing Nightway up with him. **Come on.**

He grabbed up her bag of clothes and she followed meekly. **Silverhair. Two Star. Goldenbraided. I have someone here I think you should knock some life back into.**

The elders received Grassy's private sending, their own full of questions. **Is someone hurt, Grassy? Goldenbraided sent, full of concern. She stood outside her hometree, her lifemate at her side, digging trovels in their hands.

**Nightway? ** Silverhair guessed. He crossed the Holt, and stood beside his age-old friends and fellow elders, watching as Grassy led the listless treeshaper by the hand. **She knows? **

Nightway's head snapped up and she glared around her, a rare flash of anger creeping onto her soft, gentle features. "Stop sending among yourselves like I'm not even here! I know... I SAW!" Immediately, Nightway was sorry for her outburst, her lower lip trembling as she said, "I'm sorry. I'm just so shaken. What hurts the most is the fact that he hasn't even told me yet -- hasn't even bothered to look for me. I'm his Lifemate. Don't I count, too?"

Silverhair stepped forward, taking the girl in a tight embrace. **Yes, you are important to him. But something stronger calls to him now, and at first, Wildwood rejected him. Imagine the shock, if you will!**

"She re...but why?! You can't refuse Recognition!" Nightway's eyes grew round, hope as well as pain glimmering in her eyes.

It wasn't the Recognition she refused. Mooncrest's sending penetrating deeply into Nightway's troubled soul. He dropped down from a nearby tree branch, and caught her before she could back away from him. The elders gave the couple some privacy, moving off toward the garden behind the Healer's tree.

Grassy glared at Mooncrest, but the prankster only smiled. **Wildwood is waiting for you. She said you would know where...and she has something she wants to ask you. Go, Grassy. Leave so that I can speak with my lifemate.** Grassy, still glaring, headed off in the direction of the Redfruit Grove, Mooncrest's eyes trailing after him as he disappeared through the thorn barrier. Then the tall hunter looked lovingly into her treeshaper's eyes, their black depths mirroring his image. He bent to nuzzle her ear, fingers intertwining themselves among the silken strands of her hair.

Nightway's heart leaped. She hadn't lost Mooncrest, though Wildwood did have what Nightway never could: the hunter's child and his soul name. She had feared losing him, and was ashamed that she didn't think she could share him with another. But, she and Wildwood had always been good friends. Perhaps...No, if their were going to be a tri-mating between them, Wildwood would have returned with Mooncrest to ask her. The look in Mooncrest's eyes told her that Wildwood had made her decision, and that a tri-bonding was impossible. A sudden thought occurred to Nightway, and she giggled, feeling safe in her mate's arms.

**What is it? ** asked Mooncrest as they entered their home, drawing the door flap closed behind him and leading Nightway to the sleepfurs.

**Are you sure you have the right treeshaper in your arms? ** She let down her hair, shook it loose, and moved closer to her mate, a seductive smile on her face.

**Definitely! **

Grassy found Wildwood at the Redfruit Grove, a short distance from the Holt. She leaned against a fallen tree, arms pillowing her head from behind, eyes closed and her mouth quirked up in a small, contented smile. The scout sat on the ground in front of her, legs drawn up close to his chest, arms wrapped around them. Unsure of what to say, Grassy blurted the first thing that came to mind.

"For a while there, it looked like someone had the wrong treeshaper!"

Wildwood opened one eye to look at her companion. "Who was that? You, or Mooncrest?"

Grassy didn't answer, but he stood up, opening his arms to her. She went into his warm embrace, tickled his side playfully, then held him back at arm's length. "There was some thing I wanted to ask you."

"I had a question for you, myself," Grassy grinned.

"You first," she replied.

"No, you."

In frustration, they both sent at the same time. **Will you be my lovemate?! ** the young lovers broke out laughing and Grassy swung 'Wood up into the air, letting her slowly slide down his body till her feet touched the ground once again. She giggled as she felt his hands playfully make circles on her sides. Wildwood grinned, poking him in emphasis of each word, "Are YOU sure you have the right treeshaper, Silly One?"

"Definitely!"

END

* * *

ART CREDITS

VALERIE BOWE: Pg 5 (Skylight, Hatfeather).

RUTH CLARK: Pg 6 (Duskdew, Truearrow).

Pg 5 (Skyflame).

TED DELORME: Pg 2 (Hoodwink, Tana). Pg 16

(Hoodwink). Pg 17 (Tana).

EILEEN FRYER: Pg 9 (Mooncrest, Wildwood).

Pg 11 (Silverleaf). Pg 12 (Mooncrest).

APRIL LEE: Pg 20 (Wavesong, Knifeblade,

and Sapphire).

MARY LOPEZ: Pg 13 (Nightway). Pg 14

(Goldenbraided). Pg 15 (Grassy, Wildwood).

KARYN OJAMAA: Pg 15 (Nightway).

TERRIE SMITH: Pg 1 (Mooncrest).

DEB WHITNER: Pg 19 (Shimmer, Pebble).



© Mary Lopez
TVH 87



Nightway
Lopez



ELF NAME: Hoodwink
 GENDER: Male
 MATE: None at present.
 FATHER: Bowstring (d)
 MOTHER: Treesinger (d)
 SISTER: --
 BROTHER: --
 CHILDREN: --
 OTHER RELATIONS: --
 BOND ANIMAL: String, black and white female wolf.
 DF DATE BORN: -10 GT
 ORIGIN OF BIRTH: Timber Valley
 EYES: Golden-green
 HAIR: Dark ash-brown. Bangs. Hair is about shoulder-blade length in back.
 MARKS/SCARS: None noticeable.
 HEIGHT: 4'2"
 TALENT (POWER): --
 WEAPONS USED: Longbow. Longsword, "Wolf-tooth". Short knife. Can use staff.
 SKILLS: Excellent archer, trap setter, hunter, branch-walking, bow-making, and arrow fletching.
 JEWELRY: Amethyst on leather thong.
 CLOTHING: (Warm weather): Black knee-high boots, grey breeches, grey-green long-sleeved cloth shirt. Leather belt. (Cold weather): Add green sleeved vest and/or brown leather sleeved, hooded vest.



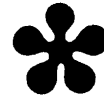
OTHER INFORMATION: Hoodwink is honest and loyal. He is quick-witted and not above playing pranks on those close to him. He can be nasty if angered. He's always willing to learn, anxious to broaden his skills. At present, he doesn't have a mate, but if he does find someone, he will only have one.

Hoodwink's parents died in a fire when he was only five, and was raised by the tribe afterwards. He doesn't really have a 'family' -- he considers all the tribe immediate relatives. He has a natural ability to use the bow, as if the weapon were a part of him. He's only now learning to use a sword, since trading for his with a troll.

He doesn't eat dreanberries very often, but when he does, he tends to over-do it a bit. (It's at times like these when his age-mates do their best to confuse him and get him completely disoriented).

Unknown to the Timber Folk, Hoodwink has a friend in the human tribe. During one private excursion into the forbidden territory, he was caught in a trap set by the shaman's apprentice, Tana. She released him of her own volition, and the two became friends. Hoodwink hopes that their friendship can one day help ease the hostilities between their two tribes.

CREATIVE CONTROL: Sharon Jane Smith



NAME: Tana
 RACE: Human
 GENDER: Female
 MATE: None at present.
 FATHER: Shilani
 MOTHER: Keron
 SISTER: --
 BROTHER: --
 CHILDREN: --
 OTHER RELATIONS: Coron, cousin.
 DF DATE BORN: -7 GT
 ORIGIN OF BIRTH: Timber Valley
 EYES: Blue grey
 HAIR: Brown. Has long bangs, wears hair loose most of the time. About mid-back in length, slightly wavy.
 MARKS/SCARS: Tatoo: quartered circle above right breast.
 HEIGHT: 5'0"
 WEAPONS USED: Double-edged obsidian dagger, hilt wrapped in leather. A pouch of rocks for throwing.
 SKILLS: Herbal knowledge, weather wise, learning under apprenticeship to Ariv (the tribal shaman), some healing skills--learning more.
 JEWELRY: Amethyst on leather thong.
 CLOTHING: (Warm weather): Leather shirt in beige, laced V-neckline, short sleeves are ragged. Ragged thigh hem, belt with obsidian dagger in ornately stitched sheath, moccasins. (Cold weather): Adds boots, breeches, and fur cape.



OTHER INFORMATION: Tana is quiet, watchful, and very sly, which is often mistaken for shyness. She's thought of as a dutiful child. She keeps secrets well, and is basically fearless, except for spiders and snakes. She thinks quickly on her feet. Rather sarcastic around her friends, she has a cutting wit, and will keep needling someone if she thinks s/he needs it. It takes a lot to get her mad, but everyone's should watch out when she erupts!

Tana is an apprentice to the shaman of her tribe. Although learning under Ariv, who is the main instigator in the feuding conflicts, Tana does not believe elves are nasty critters at all, despite her teacher's instructions.

Due to circumstances which introduced her to him, Hoodwink has become her friend. Through their acquaintance, both are learning more about the others' tribe than what they'd known from popular beliefs on both sides. The two races are similar in more ways than they ever thought possible. Through this friendship, Tana hopes to find a way to ease the tension between their peoples.

CREATIVE CONTROL: Sharon Jane Smith

★ The "Need-To-Know" Page ★

TIMBERS, Volume 3, Number 16, May 1989. 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] Copyright Timber Valley Press, All rights reverting back to the authors and artists after printing. The Timber Valley Holt is a sanctioned chapter of the ElfQuest National Fan Club. 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.

SASE: When writing to either Ted or Teresa, 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!

MYSTERY: "Look on page 27 of TIMBERS 13. Though these are characters from our Holt, can you guess from which recent movie this pose was taken?" The answer is the hit film of 1987, Dirty Dancing! If you've seen the movie, this pose was taken from the "Mickey And Sylvia" skit from the song, "Love Is Strange". (FYI) Thanks to those who responded!

ADOPTION: The follow characters are up for adoption by new members, providing someone actually plans to use them: Foxvine, Silverhair, Silverleaf, Twill, & Wavesong.

OOFS! On page 9 of TIMBERS 15, one of the characters pictured was labelled incorrectly. The elf in the foreground is Skylight, not Coppermane. Skylight is Valeria Bowe's character, while Coppermane belongs to Deb Whitmer. These two elves are brothers, however.

THE HUMANS' CALLING: Last issue, I asked for suggestions as to what to name our local tribe of Humans. True, the Elves refer to them as the "Tall Ones" (among other things) - but what is it that they call themselves? I did not get much of a response on this question, but it does seem as if the round-ears have chosen a name in spite of us. They are the "Ke L'Rhatan", which means, "forest people". Ironic, isn't it? Thank you's go out to the few who did provide suggestions.

SUPPLEMENT ISSUE: Out of all the other polls that we've taken for Timber Valley, I would have to say that the response to the all-art supplement issue of TIMBERS has been the greatest! During the first month after I asked for opinions, I heard from nearly half the membership! Thanks, folks. Of those who did respond, only two people did not recommend the issue. The reasons they gave were good ones, and I appreciate those comments a lot. However, the "Yes" votes were more than enough to give the project a go-ahead. Look for it sometime before TIMBERS 17 arrives in your mailbox next August.

ARTISTS: Special Note: If you have specific pieces of artwork in my files that you DO NOT wish to have printed in the above-mentioned supplement issue, I need to know by June 1, 1989. After this date, anything in the files are fair game!

FYI: This newsletter was typed up and stored into the memory of a Smith Corona PWP6BL Personal Word Processor, and printed out with a Presidential 12 daisy-wheel. The new format is typed on an 11"x14" page, using the full 8 1/2"x11" work space, and then reduced 65% to the "digest" size. The top margins are set at 5, the bottom at 11, the left at 10, the tab at 15 and the right margin at 95. The paper length is 84 lines. Both Ted Blasingame and Teresa Arellanes use this machine.

TEA TIME (or, "Greeneyes' Gossip"!)

Let's play catch up with birthday announcements! January: Melody. February: MAL (also known as Melissa Ackroyd-Livingston) & Linda Payne. March: John Mullikin and Becky. April: Ruth, April, Sharon Jane, Terrie Smith, and Linda Woeltjen! Wow! Talk about a talent-packed month! And three of them live here in California! May: William Allen. June: Maria and Dana. Ayoooooh one and all!!

Melody Luke has had an eventful season. Not only was her birthday in January, but her oldest cub (Anthony) turned four in February (start dreaming of kindergarten, Melody!). She and her husband celebrated their anniversary in April; and their third cub is on the way (Are you keeping your fingers crossed for a girl this time, Melody?!). The Luke's aren't the only ones celebrating anniversaries. Stewart and June Robertson will be completing their first year as Lifemates in June. And Terrie Smith tied the knot with her long-standing beau, in February. (Hey, Terrie, WHAT do we call you now?)

Congratulations (in advance) goes out to April Lee (another April birthday girl). She'll be graduating art school around August, and we can hardly wait to swamp her with illo and fillo assignments for the Valley!

Long Lost Friends: I called Joanne Papin/Ferret in April to check up on her. She's dividing her time between working and studying music. She also just returned from a trip to Florida to visit another long lost pal...Marilyn Morey. Both are doing well. Jo just barely missed meeting Ted B. He was in Florida visiting Sharon Jane (birthday girl #269!?!). Hey, Ted, did you get me any postcards? Do any of our Old Timer members recall Larkspur? Does "Loose Ends" ring a bell? Lost for an age: Jenny Hawthorne! She'll be graduating from MIT sometime between March and June. Let's have a nice long howl for old and dear friends! Ayooooooohooah!

As for me, I'm ALWAYS lost. At least something in the universe is constant besides death and taxes. So, till next time friends, sweet breezes and see ya (at the movies...in 90...around....etc) soon!

Greeneyes



ADDITIONAL NOTE FROM MOONCREST: *Even with the new format, I was a bit rushed to get this issue out on time -- many apologies for goofs in layout and typing.*