

"Where are you from? And how old are you?"

It's a natural way to start a conversation with someone you've just met, and as we're always meeting new people in Phantasus, they are questions much in our minds.

Some respond with answers from the Waking World. But, really, come to think of it, where **is** that frog, for instance, the one walking upright on two legs and catching Phantasus flies with every smile s/he makes, from? How old his s/he and how'd s/he arrive in this dream we share with Morpheus?

Ah, yes, we all arrived aboard the Argo. How **I** got on that boat, exactly, I don't quite remember. I think sometimes I was born on the Argo ... which would make me about three months old ... but I know I'm older than that. I have these memories that make me think I'm very very old indeed and some that make me think I'm too young to have been born yet, because the "memories" seem to be from the future!! So when someone asks me my age, I usually answer that I'm both very young and very ancient. This seems contradictory. But what can I say when I remember seeing giant scaly beings (dinosaurs? dragons? perhaps), something about living with a clan of small many-armed creatures, another memory of beings with glowing heads, and yet other memories that involve animated feathers, long metallic corridors, spinning in space ... and some things that are not even memories, exactly, but misty, vague visions brought on by contemplating the surroundings I find myself in now.

Ask me my age: I am ageless. Ask me where I'm from: I'm from all around, from the Argo, from Phantasus (yes, it's the only home I've ever known). Ask me how I arrived here: perhaps it was in one of those pleasant dreams I've been having lately, something about meeting a smiling fellow wearing a gorgeous multi-colored robe who led me through a glowing arch, onto a bustling dock, where awaited a fantastical ship. Ah yes, it comes back to me now ... ;)

So how old are you? Where are you from? How'd you get to Phantasus? Reach back into your memory, deep into your imagination, and let us know! We'd love to hear from you!

--Rosaleah

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>WEDDING BELLS RING AGAIN!
--by Acolyte VIQer

associated picture:
VOW.GIF uploaded by VIQer

It was a very fine day in the city of Phantasus again this Saturday evening of November Fourth in the year of 1995, when two of our dearest friends were joined in holy matrimony by our very own Oracle Uni!

BB and Necrolyte Jackal3 exchanged their wedding vows this day with large crowd attending... At the peak count there were 35 ghosts along with the wedding party at Morpheus' Temple Tabernacle! 3 PM had arrived very quickly finding everyone getting into their places for the ceremony.

avatars."

When it comes to what you'd like to see, your responses to the - I dreamed I saw..... - thread, letters to the editor, and forum messages ARE seen. So please use them to help share your holidays and customs with all in the city! As Teresias said "That is an excellent way for us to gauge what people want." Also, don't just think about a month or two ahead. Maybe some can help give a month by month break down of holidays you celebrate, how and why? I would be more than happy to gather them together to present to the Oracles the next time so they can do some advance planning. Any interested parties can send their listings to 72007,221 and thank you for sharing!

Which brings us to the animals, and the question of the glue. All those concerned about animal rights will feel better knowing that "We can assure you that it is non-toxic, safe and even tastes good." (Which may explain reports of avatars licking the cats feet). "Glue here is really just a touch of magic to keep items in place. The Tell Me Abouts will do more of that in the future. (Actually tell about)." Which brings us to those Raven Statues around the fountain and my question about them every saying NEVERMORE! which I hear in my head anyway anytime I see them. "Well, isn't that a little obvious? Actually, the raven in many cultures represents tricksters and teacher. I guess, in a way, it also does in Poe's work."

Finally, when it comes to those great names for the cats and owl and such, you may be wondering who comes up with them? "Well actually, the animals come to us with these names. Through dreaming we are able to understand when they tell us their names. I suspect there will be a time when avatars may speak to their own animals to discover their names."

That's it for this month. If you have suggestions for the topic of future interviews, please let us know! You have my number, 72007,221 is available if you have an idea to share with all.

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>WARaffle Results - November 4, 1995
--by Acolyte Lynx

This weeks winners are:

- 1st....Hollywood
- 2nd....Ruby2
- 3rd....Necrolyte Xian

Next week's grand prize will be a lockable chest. Second and third place prizes will the same as they always are!

The Raffle Drawing is being moved to The Starway Cafe Stage beginning next week, November 11. Mark your calendars for 5:00 p.m. WAT!

Buy your tickets for next week's drawing from:

- Acolyte Electra
- Acolyte Moria
- Acolyte VIQer
- Acolyte Nicci

Acolyte Lynx

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>LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(This week we hear not only from avatars of Phantasus, including the Oracles, but we also have a missive that must have been slipped under our door while Morpheus snored, as we see it is signed by Bob Jones, from the Waking World. Because of space considerations, we publish the letters this week without comment, but of course invite all avatars to respond to 75664,663 for publication.)

To the Editors,

As new avatars arrive in the Dreamscape and activity in Phantasus increases, our community blossoms. As do most avatars in Phantasus, we care deeply about our community and we refuse to let that community become another waking-world CB.

In this early phase of our world, we, the Oracles, are spending a great deal of time with the Temple Stewards preparing for the arrival of new things--new areas, new objects, new ideas. Therefore, our modest presence in Phantasus is not indicative of a lack of caring. On the contrary, we are doing everything we can to ensure our community has the skills and tools necessary to grow and become the place we all dream it can become.

You have had more patience than we could ask for, and for that we thank you. Our pledge to you is our continued service and dedication.

Oracles Vaserius, Teresias and Uni

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Dear Editors,

Firstly can I thank you and all your staff at the Clarion for providing an excellent service to the Avatars of Kymer. I know it takes a lot of hard work and dedication to produce such a varied and interesting newspaper. (creep, creep <g>)

I am a new Avatar to the Dreamscape, but I already have my favourite events which I attend regularly. WAR, Jackals Trivia and the Kymer Quiz to mention a few. I would like to raise two points from my experience of the Dreamscape.

(a) My waking world is in Europe which puts my waking time seven hours ahead of the Dreamscape. This has prevented me from attending many of the weekday events :-(. Those that I do attend regularly at the weekend are still on very late for me. This puts me at a distinct disadvantage for some events e. g. try to work out the following Anagram MRIDAEGN CAISISMONN at 2 a.m. and you'll see what I mean. (at least that's my excuse for always coming last <g>). I know that it would be difficult to move present regular slots, but would it be possible for new event organisers to choose a more universally acceptable time for all the Avatars of Kymer.

(b) In relation to the topic of the VC always being full. It would seem that most citizens like to talk to the Acolytes because not only are they

friendly and helpful, but they also have the strongest group identity within the Dreamscape, next to the Necrolytes and the Magica. Just by clicking on an Avatar and seeing the word Acolyte gives me a profile of what that citizens' personae is. This make communication more easy, as I have an idea in common with which to talk about, namely the Dreamscape. The Acolytes also have a meeting place: the VC. This will obviously draw new Avatars to it, until those Avatars have developed a group or single identity of their own. That is why I would like to second the excellent idea of Guilds by Fawn. These would provide the opportunity for Avatars to develop their own identities, in a regular place with people of similar interests. They would also provide the Avatar with a name, that would make communication with other Avatars a lot easier. It may even solve the over crowding in the VC to some degree.

Thank you for publishing my poem last issue and by the way the solution to the Anagram was Dreaming Insomniacs <smile>.

Sincerely,

Dedanann

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Dear Editor,

In issue 12 of the Kymer Clarion, Santalus mentioned that he didn't see a resource update prior to the Starway Cafe opening and that there might be other locales already built, but not opened yet. I wanted to let everyone know that the updates they see are what we call "resource updates". That almost always means "art." Art consists of the building blocks used to "decorate" a locale. Just because the art may exist, waiting to be used, it does not mean the locales have been built yet. In the case of the Starway, most of that art was already installed when you downloaded the software. It's just that the actual locales had not been built and decorated.

As the world expands, there will be more resource updates. To keep the size of each update small (around 250k), we will expect to have resource updates approximately every two weeks after the release of version 1.0. They should not be taken as a sign that something is definitely going to happen; they are more like maintenance. These will be regular updates which might correct art problems or add small pieces of art to the world. Don't worry that we are slowly taking over your hard-drive; one of our industrious developers has devised an excellent compression method which we hope to implement soon so we don't out grow our welcome on your systems.

I hope this has helped those with a few update questions. As for the rumors about the Oracles being to the ends of the Jungle, well, I think you will have to ask them yourselves.

Bob Jones
WorldsAway World Planning
Fujitsu Cultural Technologies

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> ANNOUNCEMENT: NEW COLUMN COMING SOON!
--by Gorgeous

I'd like to publicize a new feature in the Kymer Clarion..."Dear

Gorgeous". Letters are welcomed at Address 73513.3305. Help for the lovelorn, general avatar advice, ideas for the holidays, and a little gossip here and there will fill the column. Dreamscape is a feeling place. Write "Dear Gorgeous".

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>LATE NITE PICKIN'S
--by Lockpicker Louie

Finally, dey let me outa dat hospital. Ma head wuz still all bandaged up, but Ah wuz free ta get back ta ma woik.

Da foist night out ah decided ta jest keep low like; didn' want dat Morpheus fella ketchin' on ta me. Ah played it real loose as ah wuz saunterin' by da Jungle Gate an' watchin' fer da guards. Dey eyed me up and down, but ah jest passed 'em by, makin' dem tink ah was jest out fer ma late nite constitutional.

Took five nites ta get da surveillance pattern on dat place. But get it ah did! On da sixth nite, ah sauntered by a couple o' times jest ta make sure dat ah had it all down pat. When ah wuz absolutely sure dat da guards wouldn't be comin' by soon, ah pulled out ma handy dandy gate lock picker an' went ta woik, kinda quiet like since ah didn' want to distoib dat guy Morpeheus.

Dat wuz one easy gate ta pick, ah kin tell ya dat much! What happened after ah wen' through da gate, tho, ain't no purty picture. Da one ding ah hadn't counted on wuz a guard on da INSIDE o' da gate an' it wuzn't no two-legged guard eitha! Dat kind o' guard ah coulda handled easy like wid da rope ah'd brung.

Ah don' think ah'll be tryin' any more gates an' doors since ah'm back in dat hospital bed an' Ah'z gonna be laid up fer a long, long while. Ah dun learnt ma lesson dis time! Don' mess wid dose locked doors and gates! Ya don't wanna end up like me! Dat guard lion dat Morpheus got stationed in dere dun almost took both ma legs off ma body and dem doctors had a tuff time stitchin' me up. Dat Morpheus fella sure iz a smart one.

Oh well. Ah tried ta give yas da inside scoop! But ah guess ya'll jest hafta find out fer yerselves when all dem doors and gates finally get opened up by Morpheus hisself. Toodle-ooo!

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> CARMILA
--by Acolyte Nicci

My Friends,

Some of you may know the story of Carmila, some of you may know only portions, some of you may not know about her at all. I'll relate her tale to you as best I can, even though I feel mere words will do no justice to express how deeply I feel about her. All of these events happened Saturday the 28th of October. A night I shall remember forever.

Yesterday evening at around 7pm Milen and I were just casually walking, on our way to nowhere in particular, when we walked in front of the

entrance to the Blasted Heath. Something caught my eye: I can only describe it as a slight shimmering effect. Milen said she saw it too. The two of us, having far too much curiosity for our own good, decided to investigate. Looking closer we saw the shimmering formed a gate in the fence. We had never seen this gate before but it's very easy to miss small details and we thought this may have been the case. No one was to be seen so we decided to investigate. After all, who could resist temptation like that?

We entered and everything seemed normal at first. We decided that we would just walk over to the nearest oak for a quick peek, then hurry back to the road before anyone would have a chance to see. We got to the oak and walked around to the back. Behind the oak stood a large stone marker, taller than either of us and almost as wide as the tree. In the very center of it was a talisman, a jewel the likes of which I have never seen before, set in platinum. Etched into the metal were strange runes.

Excited over finding a new item, we took it from the marker without thinking, and headed off to see if we could find an Oracle, hoping for some insight on the nature of this object. We searched but all were busy with their tasks. As we exited one of the buildings on our way around town I felt what seemed to be a cold cold breeze, but there was no wind. It was like someone had traced a line down the back of my neck with ice cold fingers. Milen and I ran back to the Heath, knowing in our hearts we had taken something which we never should have. We got back to the Oak and to our amazement the stone marker had transformed into a door which lead directly into the oak. It was open slightly and we cautiously peered inside but all was dark. We hurried to the Bar-L Bar and each purchased a lantern and then went to the Temple. We went to the Tabernacle where we meditated silently in prayer to Morpheus, asking for guidance to amend whatever we had done wrong. Then we lit the lanterns, using the flame of one of the holy candles, and headed back to the Oak, frightened yet determined to set our wrongs right.

Opening the stone door further and entering the oak with our candles we saw a huge circular staircase which descended into the depths below. The stairs were carved of polished obsidian and seemed to wind downwards for eternity. When we reached the bottom of the stairs we stood in a large chamber. On the wall was a portrait of a young woman. She was beautiful ... her skin as pale as white satin, her lips a deep red, her hair a dark crimson, but her eyes - eyes which seemed to follow us from the painting - her eyes were red. Directly beneath the bed lay an empty coffin, and beside it on a table was a black box, carved of stone. On the box were two names were etched in the stone: Nicci and Milen.

I remember feeling shaken, frightened and just ... empty, inside. I couldn't bear to think of the possible harm I might have subjected my World to, all because of my curiosity. Milen and I knew we had unlocked a curse of some kind and this knowledge filled us both with dread.

We ran back to the city to try to enlist the help of our many friends. From this point on things get hazy. I remember telling everyone about what had happened and then my memories become fragmented. When I close my eyes I have a vague image of looking at my reflection in the water of the fountain and not seeing my face looking back. I saw the eyes of a Vampire starting back at me, I looked at my skin and I was pale pale white, my teeth had been replaced by fangs. I can't retrieve any solid memories from that point onwards for a period of hours.

I do remember Carmila though, strange, beautiful, alluring. The next memory I have is a feeling of fear for her. I remember a feeling of being *pulled* to the Blasted Heath once again, Milen was there when I arrived and she had felt it too. We looked and looked for Carmila but she was no where to be found. The shimmering gate had appeared in the fence in the same place that it had appeared hours ago. I even remember asking if anyone else could see it but they couldn't. It was only visible to Milen and me. Milen went though and I waited patiently for Carmila. Minutes later she arrived but was feeling ill. I suggested that I get her back to the oak and she agreed. She leaned heavily on me as if she was drained of her life energy and we slowly made our way back to the oak. Milen was there at the door and she helped me. When we opened the door we couldn't believe it. Sunshine cascaded upon the stairs which were no longer carved of obsidian but of diamond. As we began to make our way down the stairs there was a flash of light, a feeling of peace overwhelmed me and then the next thing I remember is waking up on the floor of Carmila's chamber at the bottom of the stairs. Milen was there beside me already sitting up slightly dazed. I heard her gasp and looked over to see Carmila laying on the floor on the other side of the room. We ran to her side and we amazed at what we saw. The extreme pallor had left her cheeks and they now had a hint of rose colour to them. She was breathing but it was very very shallow. We gathered her up hoping to get her out of the oak and back to the city for help but when we got to the stairs we couldn't ascend them with her. Milen and I asked Morpheus why this was so and we knew then in our hearts that it wasn't her time but that Milen and I belonged in the city. We carried her back to a pile of blankets and laid her down and she looked up at us with tears in her eyes. She silently mouthed the words "Why not me?" and then slipped into unconsciousness. I looked beside me: on the desk was the same box that had been there earlier, but instead of our names, Milen and Nicci, the box was engraved with a single name: Carmila.

I've talked with many about the events of that night and the conclusions I draw are only mere speculation gleaned from rumors and stories. I have no way of confirming if what I think is true.

Carmila was a Vampire, one of an ancient breed. When we took the talisman we unleashed her power allowing her to enter the city to spread the curse of Vampirism. Morpheus protected us by sending us Indigo and the SunRays. It is they who protected Kymer while the evil was being spread. We live in the DreamWorld and just like dreams every so often one has a Nightmare. Last night the DreamWorld was part of one of these. One can say that Morpheus wasn't protecting us by letting us fall into this but I disagree. For it is only through Nightmares that we can ever learn not to take our Dreams for granted. One can never know true happiness without ever feeling sorrow. My friends, let this Nightmare guide you through your dreaming, learn from it and value it. Morpheus has taught us each a lesson to keep in our hearts.

I don't know if I will ever see Carmila again. While she was evil a flame of goodness still burned in her heart. Morpheus recognized this and freed her from the bonds of Vampirism. And now she sleeps, deep within the confines of that oak tree. I don't know if the stone marker is still there, I don't know if it will ever form a door again. I do know that if you peer through the bars of the fence at Blasted Heath, and if you look hard enough at the branches of oak tree where Carmila dwells, you can see the slightest bit of green, the tiniest of buds ... and this gives me hope.

>TREK TRIVIA

--by Acolyte VIQer (Captain Picard)

Trek Trivia is now being hosted in the Starway Cafe "Lounge". The participants in this event have named the observation room next to the head vendroid "Lounge". This weeks Grand prize, won by Iluветar, was the great Pumpkin head remniscent of halloween

We have added a new member to the crew on the bridge and assigned everyone the official rank of commander for their proven Trek Trivia knowledge and assitance in hosting our event.

Welcome Commander Soreen, our DS9 expert! Our present crew is now four strong:

Captain Picard, Ship Captain and Original Series Expert
Commander Data, first officer of the bridge, Next Generation Expert
Commander Xian our Next Generation Expert
Commander Soreen our Deep Space Nine Expert

We also Acknowledge Tsu-Sana-O for his help filling in when some of our bridge crew cannot attend. He has helped keep these events online in our absence and we are most grateful!

Look for more new questions and soon the inclusion of more Voyager questions when networks begin showing it in other parts of the world. The bridge crew shares the responsibilities of knowledge in the areas of the Trek Movies and Voyager. We will try and answer all your questions at Stump The Trekkies on Sundays! It's either that or we have to pay up! Some of you have really cleaned up at this event, asking all those obscure questions! This only prompted us to get a little tougher at Trek Trivia, if you may have noticed at November Third Trivia!

From the bridge crew, we wish you all a great Voyager and DS9 new season... Make sure you don't miss any, you may lose out on winning a prize, maybe a few tokens as well..

Captain Picard and Crew

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>WA LATENIGHT MHAIJIK
(A Hyperlink Poem)

(text in [brackets] are the links to the next section)

Deepest hour of night...
Late...darkness...quiet...still
Stars far...bright...shining cold alone...
Light on snow...softest [shimmer]...
Whispers in through windows...
*
Moonlike glowing screen...
Cold hands awash...
[seek] keys...
*
[Dreaming]...Journey...Argo...
Scent of ocean, soft and warm...
Waves lap...ship docks...

*
Enter worlds...far away...
Bright sun shining...follow street signs...
[Friendly] beings...Frogs...Monkeys...Ladies...Men...
Unicorns...Puppies...Heroine...Computer...Horse...Broccoli?...
*
Kindness...fresh...neoteric...
Is that German?...perhaps French?...
Can you type in Japanese here?...
Need some tokens?...perhaps new head?...
Can I show you where colors are sold?...
Want a tour?...What's there to do?...
So many questions...answers...games...Countries...[people]...ideas...
*
Oracles...Acolytes...Necrolytes...Magica...
Frogs are friendly...and PC heads...
Mischievous smile...< tickle>... lol...
Thieves...[crime]...laws...taxes...
Mischievous smile...< tickle>... lol...
*
Mr.Musty: "I shall not steal heads"...
"I shall not steal heads...I will be kind to other avatars..."
"I shall not steal heads...I will be kind to...
<tickle>...<tickle>...<tickle>...
The [spell] is broken....
*
Deepest darkest night...alone... hushed...
Softly breathing... rurssttllle, creeeek, ice shifts in glass...
clickclickclick _ clickclickclick , [smile] :-)
clickclickclick _ clickclickclick _ clickclickclick ?
*
Moonlike glowing screen...
Cold hands awash...
[seek] keys...

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>GHOST RACING REPORT
--by Acolyte Serena

Last week we asked:
Will Shaker go for three in a row? Or will Huckleberry break his chance at a hat trick? Before we answer, lets get to the winners. Winning one race each on 10/30 were Necrolyte Benny for 50T, and Piemur won a silver teapot.

Winning two races were Soltron, netting a horseshoe and 50T, BigJohn won a pumpkin head and 50T, and ABE (winning his first races!) won 125T. Huckleberry came away with two wins netting a spider and one of the infamous bowling pins.

Our two time, returning champion, Shaker, only won one race. Sorry to say, another had unghosted before I left the area, and when they went for the prize, that resulted in a false start which had the race being rerun. Shaker vows to regain his title, so look out all those going for that prize.

Speaking of prize, it was a very nice lighted pumpkin head (energy efficient, non polluting power) that ID's with Ghost Racing Champ 10/95 and Shaker graciously presented it to Huckleberry. Our thanks

to the Oracles for donating the prize.

November racing is upon us and everyone starts with a clean slate. So now we see who will win it for November! See you all in front of Isle Caribe every Monday at 5 PM WAT. This is your racing (and crashing) Acolyte, signing off for October.

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>A DREAM--BUT NOT A DREAM
--by Acolyte Brynne

The last thing I consciously remember is strolling down Orchid Street, headed toward the Magic Shop. I'd just come from V-Mart and NuYu where I'd been checking through the paint and head vendroids. Wanted to give myself a new look, something a little different; but didn't find anything that really grabbed me. I was in a blue funk about seeing a few more of me walking around Phantasus, and especially after seeing my female head, with its gorgeous green eyes, on a male avatar.

Wasn't really paying too much attention to my surroundings; but when I arrived at the Jungle, a movement from beyond the gates brought me back to my self again. I stopped to peek through, wondering what it was that could have moved! And that's when something really strange came over me. A darkness descended upon me and I think I must have passed out. But I'm not sure it was a true passing out, really. Do people dream when they pass out? If so, I had this really weird dream about a talking fruit.

In my dream, a very red, very ripe tomato was standing inside the gates of the Jungle. "So, you're tired of being you, are you Brynne?"

"Well, uh ... no, not tired of being ME really; just had a bit of a shock tonight though, Mister Tomato ... uh, you *are* a Mister, aren't you?"

The tomato laughed and winked at me. "Well, it depends on how you say my name. One way I'm a female tomato; the other way I'm a male."

"Uh huh." I replied, trying to understand. "So, which are you right now based on how I said your name?"

The tomato chuckled and said "I think I'll let you figure that out for yourself."

The tomato curiously waved its stem at me and mumbled some words in some weird language I'd never heard before. Just as those words were out of its mouth, it vanished into thin air and I woke up.

I suddenly felt very, very strange, not like myself at all! I looked down at my legs ... they were red! Looked at my hands. Oh no! Red hands! Red arms! "What the heck has happened to me?" I yelled. I heard an answering voice inside my head and I recognized the voice as being that of the talking tomato that was in my dream. "I gave you what you wanted, Brynne; you'd best return to V-Mart and get some clothes on though!" I quickly ghosted so no one would see me, headed back toward V-Mart and did as the voice told me.

Next time you see me, I think you'll figure out why I say that I don't think I was dreaming when I met up with that talking tomato at the

Jungle.

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>A STORY OF ROMANCE
--as related to Rosaleah by Chameleon

Sometimes, it seems, when Morpheus grants us a dream, he allows us one that we can take back with us into the World of the Awake, where its effects can be great indeed. Here is such a dream, related in Kymer, the full version of which I'm sure will soon be found in the Waking World's forum library, written by Acolyte Chameleon, as she experienced the discovery with the two who dreamed.

It is a tale of two hearts that met in Kymer. He speaks to her, she to him, and they find they have much, much in common, both in dreams in the state of wakefulness. In that wakeful world, he is separated from his wife, she from her husband. In the dreamworld, they so enjoy their togetherness that they begin to want to recognize their bond with a wedding in the Temple of Morpheus.

Lightly, lightly, they step from dream to wakingness, and, in between, they begin to tell one another of more of their lives away from Kymer. After 11 years of being wed, he tells her, and years of wanting so much to have a child to share their lives with them, yet failing in this attempt, and in the attempt, as well, to communicate fully with each other, he and his wife felt they'd grown apart and so separation was best. He'd not spoken to her, he sighs, for almost a year, though he feels he loves her still. Her story much the same, she is silent for a bit, then asks him his Waking name.

To find that she has been speaking all this time in the Dreamscape with her Waking World husband. And he with his Waking World wife. They are so happy with the discovery! After almost a year! Here they were, together in Kymer, in dream as it had been in wakefulness.

Nor does the story quite end there. For the child they'd wanted, he discovered they now had ... a daughter to share their lives in wakefulness, now that they'd been reunited in their shared dream.

As told by Chameleon, we record it in the Clarion, to share the joy with all who may read of it.

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> CITIZEN OF THE MONTH?
--by Acolyte Serena

I was awarding the prizes for CHAOS this past week, when, to my great surprise and delight, Wolf Darkmane returned his 33 token prize and asked me to donate it to the Citizen of the Month. Did we even have a Citizen of the Month contest I asked? I was told, no, but perhaps I could do something about it. You know, Darkmane is right! Why don't we have a Citizen of the Month? Why don't we acknowledge that special someone who has made our life here more enjoyable, fun and a place to keep dreams alive? Wolf, I will do something about it, but you all have to help.

When was the last time you thanked someone for all they had done for you? For all the help they had given you by just being themselves?

going out to the Magic Shop, second leg, the return to the VC outside locale.

First team memeber to return the baton for his or her team wins! We set up the teams outside the Visitor Center or VC for short. There have been instances where a teammate has crashed upon arriving to hand off the baton. In these cases we allow the next team member to continue without a baton. The handoff is verified by our on the spot judges, who are stationed at each locale and have been a great help thus far!

In the future, I will equip the helpers with spare batons for those who may crash to facilitate helping the next team member continue with a baton in hand. This will avoid any confusion in multiple leg races.

Above all, we need more players! Please be patient and ESP the host Acolyte VIQer if you want to play in the next race, announcements will be made when another race is getting ready. I must ask all that are not participating at the moment to remain ghosted to make room for the contestants to come down when they arrive at the end of the race. It's very difficult to award prizes and set up the next race unless everyone cooperates by ghosting... Please help the host as this game is VERY complex and requires keeping track of all game participants and message updates to all helpers from time to time. Please stay ghosted until called down to play. Remember, use ESP to contact the host, Acolyte VIQer.

Special thanks to all who have helped me with this in the past:

- Kran
- Acolyte Chameleon
- Acolyte Electra
- Acolyte Nicci

And anyone else I may not have mentioned here!

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>BLOODLINE GO FOR BROKE MONTH
--by Marianne G

Winning prizes in the GO FOR BROKE trunk pick were The White Rose winning a Teddy Bear Head that you can see her sporting all over the City. Rose promised to love and protect the Teddy and was so pleased that she had finally won it, she turned her remaining points over to others who had not had a chance yet. Handyman was using some of those donated points when he won a lockable chest that had him grinning from ear to ear (or was that just the head he had on at the time?) He also took home a lantern to light his way. Hera also won a Lockable chest, while New Mula won a male vampire head. Hera, please contact me when you can, I have an answer to that question you asked before, thanks. Magica Gigaki had lots of fun turning in heads, and it paid off with 8 picks. She walked off with an orchid, some red eye and roses in a vase, and a new record of 5 empties picked! The old had been held by Feu Des Astres, when picking for himself and Dedanann he had gotten four empties in a row! Rounding up for another pick, Feu walked off with 300 Tokens this time. Necrolyte Benny traded up to win a trophy and Meri left with a martini and a teapot. She must have looked like she was thirsty.

Non-winners, those not winning any major prizes, were put into a

pot and a name was drawn to win one grey chest, formerly used to store prizes in this event. Dedanann, you are the winner, please contact 72007,221 to make plans to claim your prize, or I can turn it over to Feu Des Astres if you'd like for you.

That wraps the event up, as no one else contacted me, other than Handyman, to set up a time for trade up, or trade in. Hope to see you all with your best luck forward next year when we host this event again.

Speaking of hosting events, November is Bloodline Turkey Trot month! We need teams with four members to register by contacting myself or BLD Stalker. Registration fee is 200 tokens per team, payable before the race, and you should register for races to be held on the 12th and the 26th this month. There must be a minimum of three teams running to hold the event and those not racing will be able to gather at the start/finish line (South Fountain Center) to place bets on the race, and to see (in ghost mode) the start, the finish and a play by play announcement that will be available during the race so you know who is in the lead.

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>ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED- One Pony Tail Head. Must be reasonably priced for a poor avatar. Please send pictures of front, back and side view. Does not need to be blue. Send photos and price to Marianne G, at UID 72007,221 and Morpheus bless you.

URGENTLY SEEKING- Yul Brenner or Charlotte_N, where are you? I'm told that you can help me with the permanent blush that Morpheus seems to think I should wear on my cheeks. I know it's a 'female' head on a male body, but I'm not so embarassed about it that my cheeks have to be so red! Can you help? My wealth is in friendships rather than tokens, yet I believe I can pay a reasonable price for your services. Contact me, please! --Sullivan

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>CHAOS, Inc
--by Acolyte Serena

What is Chaos Inc? Chaos Incorporated is a total unknown every week. We may be trying out a new game to see how it plays. Maybe we'll be giving an old one a twist! Maybe it will be a paint party that week, or a singing contest. No one knows! We may not even know till we get there to host it! We do ask that you come early to hear the instructions for that event at that time. CHAOS, Inc is on Wednesday evenings at 5PM WAT in the Bar-L Bar Storeroom. Yes, Wednesdays will not be the dead day on the calendar any more!

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank The White Rose for being kind enough to consent to be my co-host and helper at future CHAOS games. Anyone who has held events before, knows how much better they run with someone to assist you. The White Rose is now an official member of the CHAOS, Inc support staff, and we'll send you the straight jacket once we get your size :D

This week we re-did Seesaw1 Scramble that was originally played on

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Articles, poetry, etc:

Do you have a poem you'd like published? An Article? Submit them to the above email address with the subject of ARTICLE SUBMISSION. The Kymer Clarion is currently token-free to all members; thus, we are not presently paying for submissions. We are currently considering our position on this and will notify our readers and potential authors should we decide to begin paying tokens for articles.

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