

Orc Swords in the Saddle

Special

Orc

Issue!!!



WORLD OF WARRIORS

Sword in the Sludge: Special Insert

Undoubtedly this will be the most controversial Sludge ever published. It was originally intended to be a parody of past Sludge issues. This was due primarily because I received almost nothing worth printing this semester. Even thirty-five dollars in cash prizes motivated only two members to contribute to the poetry contest. Some people may be offended by the language in the editorials. I had originally intended to edit them, but did not at the request of each and all of the authors. If a person is not afraid to express his opinion and sign his name to it I am not afraid to print it. Also, all characters in this issue are fictitious and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, orc or human, is purely coincidental.

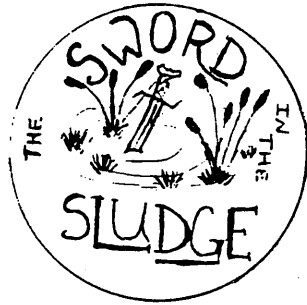
It will be clear from this issue that there are some disaffected people in Markland. But their criticism makes valid points and they have the right to express their opinion.

And finally, I apologize for the brevity of this issue and the lousey print job. Both are due to factors outside my control.

Basil

Notice to All Marylanders

There will be a fyrdmoot on August 4th at the Crusader War in People' Park at the University of Maryland. Moot starts at 9:00 A.M. . This is a good chance to bring all of the talk about secession out in the open for serious discussion. If you cannot make it call Timothy, your acting warlord, at 572-4546.



THE SWORD IN THE SLUDGE is published at irregular intervals by the

MARYLAND MEDIEVAL

MERCENARY MILITIA

The editors of this issue take full responsibility for its contents.

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O'blast, Shagratt, Gork the Splaytoal

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WARLORD'S REPORT

I resign effective July 1, 1979. Maybe I'll drop some of you a post card from Europe.

Basil

FORMER WARLORD'S REPORT

Q.R. Here guys, just a few points to clear up. (I.) one: Secession is to the general benefit of the Maryland organization. For further info call me, God and King of the Wholly Holy War of Secession, First General, Saruman's Lowland Muckstompers, c/o Isengard. (II.) two: the previous warlord, shall be nameless of course, did not resign soaly for the reason previously stated (or about to be stated, I don't know where this will be printed.) but rather, primarily for personal dissaffect'ion and emotional problems. Not to say your all not "swell", but face it, orcs you ain't . . . yet.

Points ended. Now to the social commentary. SNAP TO, TEN HUT, LISTEN UP. Markland was not created as a side branch of Scadia, our courtly cousins, but rather as an alternative to same. If we, (and we have) allow elements of Scadia, rules and regs, titles, and that wonderfully uplifted nose-posture to enter into Markland, what becomes an "alternative"; what becomes of frolic and youthful abandon(fun?)? To answer the rhetorical . . . down the tubes!!!!!! Maryland is an entity unto itself and should, and of right ought to be separate from the ties that bind to Markland. Youth be not old. Rise Maryland and conquer.

Just to close. Having not in fact less than no actually recognized authority bothers me not in the least. I speak my mind and go my way, ^{and} ~~so~~ so should you!

Q.R.

Aethelred
c/o Isengard

VICE WARLORD'S COLUMN

I will begin by telling you that I will not resign this office as I have done on two previous occasions. I will not, however, run for any office when my term expires.

Perhaps in the past I have been too critical of Maryland as a unit. This is in part due to my cynical outlook on life in general and in part due to the failure of Maryland to fulfill my expectations of what the group is capable of.

As a functional unit I believe that Maryland is confronted with a multitude of problems. There is a lack of group purpose. There is no clear cut workable constitution. There is poor coordination and factionalism within the group. The persona idea is not achieving its purpose. Knighthood is worthless. The group is burdened with too many people who would rather sit idly in the commuter lounge than pursue goals that are worthwhile for either a person or a group in the business of re-enacting the Middle Ages. I could go on.

I think it is time that we look at ourselves and decide what we are and what we want to be as a group. I am only going to be here one more year, and as far as the MMM is concerned I really don't give a shit. As it stands right now Maryland is nothing more than a loose knit social group. Our meetings have become jokes; our events are non-existent.

I hope no one is too offended by what I say here. My disappointment is not with any individuals, but rather with the group as a whole. There is a 4M fyrdmoot coming up at the Crusader War. If you give a shit or care in the least about Maryland be there. If you can't make it call me. Otherwise, don't complain later about anything that happens. This is your group. Let's do something with it or give it an overdue burial.

Timothy of Normandy
(572-4546)

Here are the winners in the Sludge's medieval poetry contest. Some may ask how these two were selected as the best from all the entries. Quite simply, these two were the only entries. The first piece of skaldship (and we use the word loosely) is by Timothy of Normandy. It is much favored by the orc editors for its vivid imagery, ornate style, and singular devotion to blood and gore. Left untitled by the author it is known among the orcs as the "Song of Slaughter", or sometimes the "Orcish Holiday Poem."

4M POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

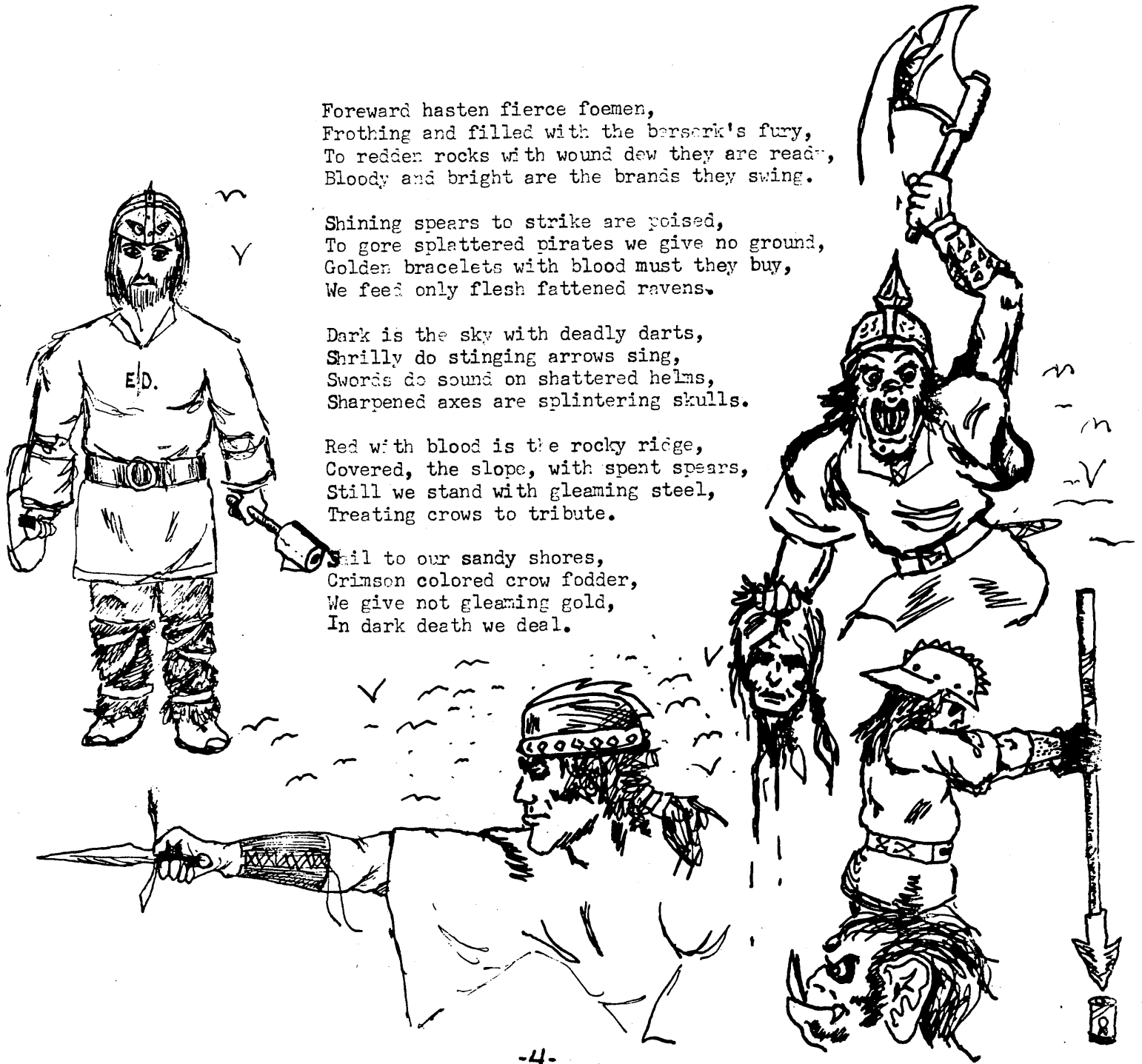
Foreward hasten fierce foemen,
 Frothing and filled with the berserk's fury,
 To redden rocks with wound dew they are ready,
 Bloody and bright are the brands they swing.

Shining spears to strike are poised,
 To gore splattered pirates we give no ground,
 Golden bracelets with blood must they buy,
 We feed only flesh fattened ravens.

Dark is the sky with deadly darts,
 Shrilly do stinging arrows sing,
 Swords do sound on shattered helms,
 Sharpened axes are splintering skulls.

Red with blood is the rocky ridge,
 Covered, the slope, with spent spears,
 Still we stand with gleaming steel,
 Treating crows to tribute.

Sail to our sandy shores,
 Crimson colored crow fodder,
 We give not gleaming gold,
 In dark death we deal.



The next poem is also highly favored by the editors. This work shows clearly the hand (and foot) of an orcish author. Yet this fine piece was not only submitted untitled, but totally anonymously as well. It was not until it was announced that it was worth \$17.50 that the infamous Barchan the Kirchak claimed it as his own. Barchan's orcish sympathies are well known.

Mark well, men of Markland
Mind this tale of glory.
Hear how Harald Horn-Helm
Hacked and hewed Sir Crangon.
Cringe as Crangon crumbles
Crippled from the head down
Freely flails while falling
Finding groin of Harald
Fairness triumphs finally
For both forfeit fiefdoms.

Fierce with flags and firebrands
Far famed Harald Horn-Helm
Leading loathsome armies
Loaded down with booty
Came upon the castle
Cared for by Earl Crangon.
Daring death he loudly
Did demand his Danegeld.
Five stout feudal bowmen
Failed to pierce his mail shirt.
Keen and cunning Crangon
Could but issue challenge
Each would engage singly
Else there'd be mass mayhem.

At the appointed hour
Armored to the utmost
Armies all assembled
Arrayed to watch the fray
"Craven coward, Crangon,"
"Crawl back home," hailed Harald.
"Horney Harald hugs hogs,"
Harangued haughty Crangon .
When these words were uttered,
Warlike cries resulted.
Still, things might have stayed staid
Save that chance intruded.
Saxon slipped in sheep shit
Stabbing Dane in stomach.

Harald's harness held firm.
He was harmed but little.
Wrathful rage enwrapped him.
Raised he then his war axe
Doomed to death seemed Crangon
Down slipped Dane on cow crap
Both jumped up and boldly
Battled with great fierceness
Whereupon at once they
Well knew who fought better.
Harald hit the Saxon's head
so that his feet hurt.
Kicked and cudgeled Crangon
Casting him in dung heaps.
Thrice he threw Earl Crangon
Through some thorny thickets.
Still the Saxon staggered
Stunned but still not dead yet.
Swatted by a swipe, he
Swung his flail while swooning
Crushing Harald's crotch-plate
Crunching Harald's gonads.
Ergo, each fell earthward
Even as the cows came
Startled and stampeding
Straight for Dane and Saxon.

When the worst was over
Where there once were foemen
Little left was living
Least of all two fighters.
Awed were all Dane archers,
Axemen, pikemen, horsemen.
Sad were Saxon swordsman,
Serfs and humble peasants.

And the armies parted
All went to their homelands.
Some sang songs of heroes.
Sick were some with sadness.

ORC RUNES

The coarseness of the Orc language has caused some to speculate that Orcish may be related to some form of early Danish, though there is no linguistic evidence to support this theory. Rather, it seems more likely that Orcish started as a throat disease, or developed as young hatchlings tried to imitate the sounds familiar to them such as barfing, belching, and farting. The fact that only nine runes were ever developed for Orcish is indicative of the fact that the literacy level of the average orc can be easily matched by a retarded basset hound. Nevertheless, from this article one can learn much about the orcish culture and temperament, as well as something about the mentality and literary integrity of the author and editors.



BRGHCH

Fecal rune, cultivator of poison ivy, used to poison song birds, scavenger's rune, can be used as way bread in a pinch.



GNJSH

Depilatory rune, bane of white skins, friend of lampreys, can be used to hot wire old chevys.



NAACP

Sweat sock's rune, scrub woman's bane, friend of vermin and scadians, caller of maggots, toads, slugs, and other delectables.



OSHJIT

Afrodesiac rune, first carved by Bagrat in Auidil's forehead when he did reeve in Slimeheim under the outhouse.



AHHEH

Panic rune, nebish's friend, the feet signed with AHHEH will not fail thee in flight.



BASH

Armorer's rune, ash can's bane, friend of Freon, gatherer of flip tops and coat hangers.



MASH

Cook's rune, always follows BASH except after TRASH, bringer of botulism and dysentery.



TRASH

Anarchist rune, cousin of MASH and BASH, nihilist, caller of fire trucks and snipers, should only be carved on ROTC buildings, IRS offices, and geriatric wards.



QRZJH*

Emetic rune, fells trees with elf blight, should be banged into the head of a goat with a blunt stick.

* there is no English equivalent of the orc rune QRZJH. The closest approximate sound would sound something like someone throttling a cocker spaniel.

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* Guaranteed Alcohol Free

A NOTE FROM SHAGRAT

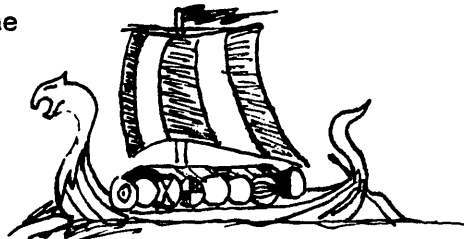
Look Youse!

I been pushin pornography since ole Sauraman departed for parts unknown, so I been around, you know? Anyway, my favorite place to hang out was a 4M feast (or even a fratricidal war) cause they was no holds barred events. I could hang out with all the local perverts at feasts, like somebody Kipchak or Aethel-somebdy . . . you know. Like I fit in! Marklanders were cool. They abused other humans. I t was fun. T'aint that way n'more. Seems they all wanna be somebody they aint. Nobody wants to be coarse, vulgar, fun loving Marklanders. Seems they lost their backbone or balls or something. Anyway, I always says, "if a man can beat Shagrat, I'll join him." Since the 4M can't beat me, I'll find someone who can. Get the picture?

signed

X

Shagrat
lieutenant of
Minus Morgal



" BUT I THOUGHT IYAR WAS BRINGING
THE POTATO SALAD "

Note to Scadians: sorry if I'm out of period, but at least we never fought in mattresses!

CULINARY ARTS OF ISENGARD

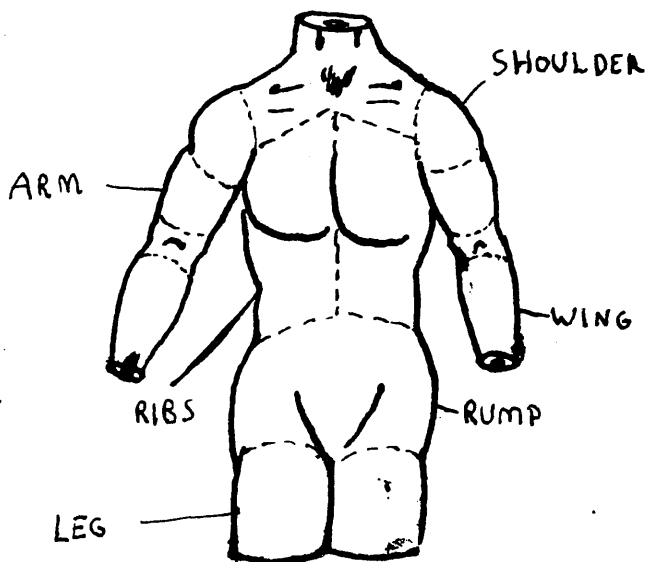
by Gork

PART ONE: HOW TO CATCH AND PREPARE AN ELF

The tried and proven method for catching an elf is still the gang-up technique. Find a clearing with enough surrounding cover to conceal 20 to 30 orcs. Each participant should have a tire iron, black jack, or pitchfork. These sporting implements will insure that you do not need to tenderize the meat later on. If your quarry is a Cambrian elf be sure not to damage the skull, as they are usually already empty and make excellent ash trays and chamber pots. Veteran elf hunters agree the best bait is generally rheinstones, paper maché umbrellas, or hash brownies (which make a great stuffing). Once your elf is properly pulped and stuffed it is ready to carve. Be sure to save the knuckles, teeth, and gall stones. They can be pawned off on Trollish tourists as genuine Indian jewelry.



Master Chef Gork's Elf



POPULAR ELF CUTS

Recipe of the Month ELF POT PIES

Bake up a large pie crust. Season one elf shank with 2 lbs. garlic.

Add:

1 cpfl. skunk cabbage
2 blsht. fresh stingwort
 $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. thoad eggs

Pour into pie shell. Mix in one can of STP Motor Oil and beat frantically. Put aside for 4 to 6 weeks and allow to thicken.

Serves:

1-4 Orcs
2-8 Goblins
or
2-12 Kobolds

AN OPEN LETTER

To all my friends, acquaintances, comrades, and enemies in the 4M.

In the 7 years I have had the pleasure and privilege to participate in this organization, I have met no people I would deem as friendly or as outgoing as all of you. I will always have fond memories of fights, feasts, beer, parades, friends, comradeship, and a sharing of a mutual interest, as well as a showcase and ^{market} for various medieval crafts. As I originally understood the militia, I saw a wild bunch of creative street players intent on sharing a common interest, and turning on the rest of the world to the simple virtues of a more pastoral time.

However, I know feel the organization has reached a point where I no longer feel like participating. Gone are the days when you could actually fight a fight or feast a feast without some paranoid, milk sop, of a Scadian child molester, or a ~~bevy~~ ^{bevy of} overweight, undereducated, sexually frustrated, crab farms telling you, "Stop! It's dangerous." Of course it's dangerous. That's why we wear armor. Any idiot in the militia who is worried about someone else getting hurt should not be in the group in the first place. Combat and behavior are very personal things. We don't need medieval hall monitors. We do need medieval actors and medieval action. I mourn for what could have been.

FUCK SCADIA
UP WITH THE CRAZIES

Dyvm Lyrmm

Hastings Revisited 1081

Contrary to popular belief, the first reenactment of the Battle of Hastings took place not on the South Chapel Lawn of the University of Maryland in 1969, but on the slopes by the Adriatic port of Durazzo (also known as Dyrrhacium) in 1081, fourteen years after Hastings.

Many veterans of Hastings, including the famed Varangian Guard, had taken service in the Roman army of Emperor Alexius at Durazzo. Robert Guiscard, in 1081, led his Norman army to take the port in a siege that lasted for several months. Finally Robert rallied his troops for one last effort, reasoning that "if God should allot us the victory, we shall no longer be in need of money. Consequently we ought to set fire to all our baggage and equipment, scuttle our ships, and then enter into battle as if we had been born in this place and intended to die here."

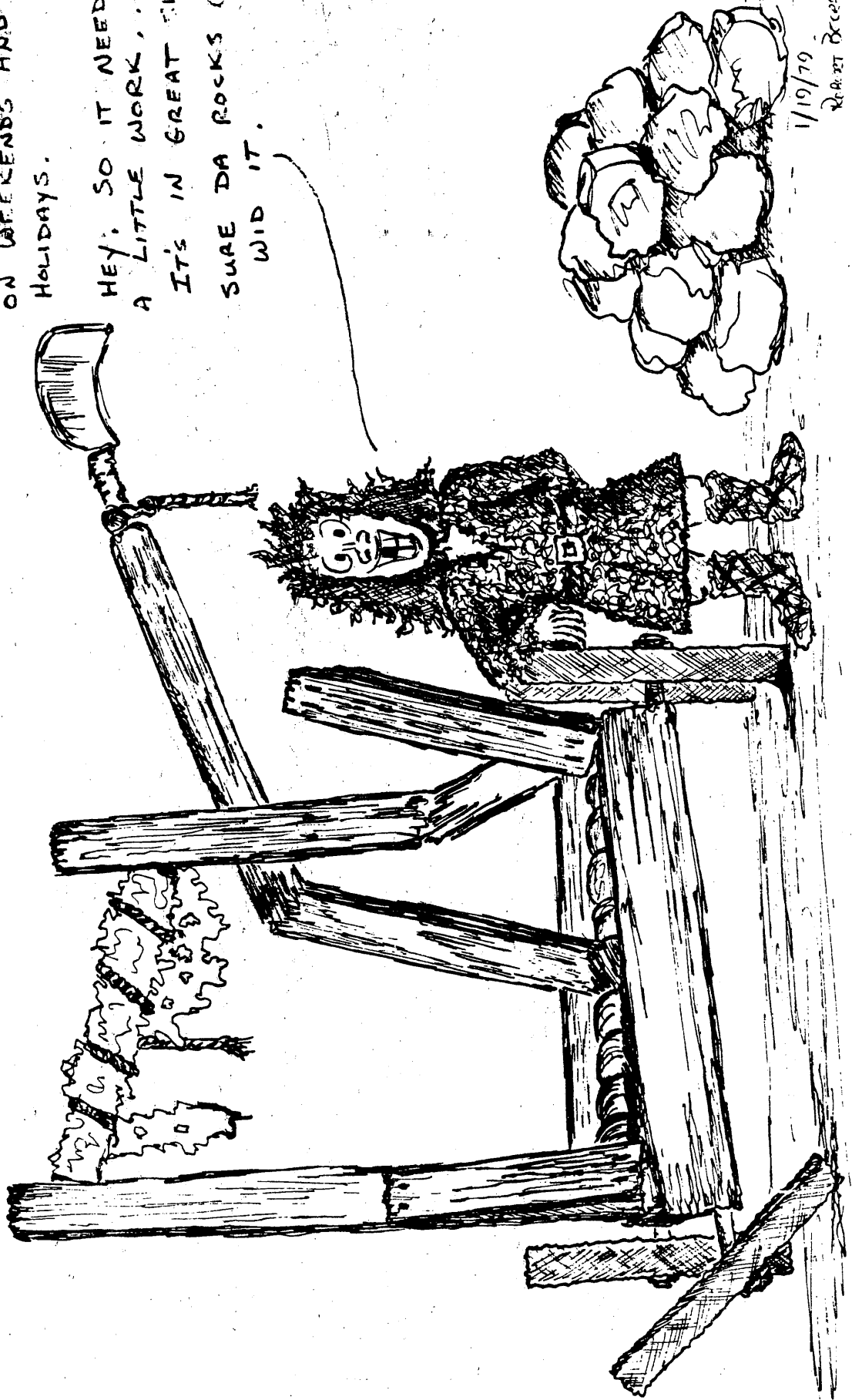
Facing the Normans' three phalanxes, Alexius had placed the Saxons with their double-bladed axes, followed by a number of archers, and then his own phalanx of troops, with a wing on either side led by his trusted generals. A group of Normans attacked the Saxon lines, some on foot, some on horseback. They were so stoutly resisted, however, that they turned and fled to the sea, intending to gain safety on nearby ships in the harbor. Seeing this, Gaita, Robert's wife, grasped a spear and rushed after the fleeing soldiers at a full gallop. They recovered themselves, and she was able to rally them back to the fight. The Saxons, though, had rushed forward with the apparent victory, and found themselves far ahead of the rest of the army, where they were overwhelmed and defeated by the Norman cavalry.

The survivors of this encounter took refuge in a nearby chapel, even crowding onto its roof, hoping to insure their safety. The Normans burned it to the ground. The Norman army then defeated the Emperor's remaining troops and took the city of Durazzo.

- Athelstan

HERE'S A GOOD DEAL.
OLD LADY ONLY USED IT
ON WEEKENDS AND
HOLIDAYS.

HEY, SO IT NEEDS
A LITTLE WORK...
IT'S IN GREAT SHAPE.
SUAE DA ROCKS GO
WID IT.



1/19/79
RABBIT DRAFT



LARRY
OREANO