

Volume 01
Issue 02

Can someone give me a

REZ

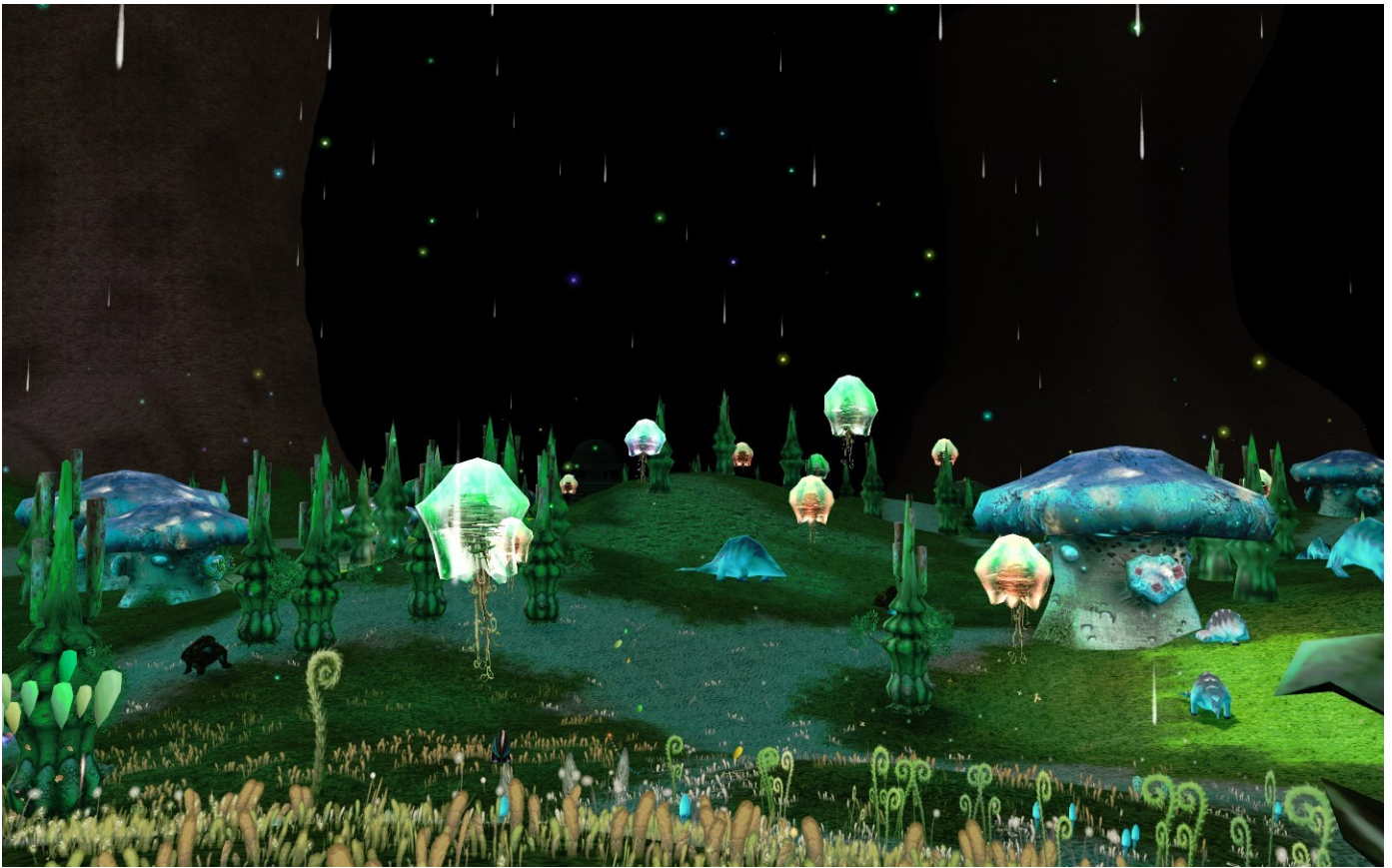
a Ryzom E-Zine



RYZOM



June 2009



Ryzom E - Zine

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Exciting times on Atys. Welcome to the second issue of REZ. With this issue we see the new era of Ryzom officially start. The subscription service is back and "Animation" has already begun to shape servers.

It will be exciting to see how the Animation initiative affects the future of the game. This initiative appears to be a role play based form of player control allowing players to do such things as take governmental or constabulary roles within cities, for example. There is a wide range of possibilities that may come from Animation, if the Event Team can take control and wield it appropriately. So far, we haven't seen much on the Arispotle (English) server, but activity continues to increase. I look forward to seeing how this pans out.

With the re-opening of the subscription service we are sure to see a somewhat chaotic flux of new and returning players. The trickiest thing for new players is getting used to how different Ryzom is in comparison to most games out there. The game can be fairly simple when a few base things are known, but can become quite complex when really digging into the guts of the game. How Actions are built and tweaked with Stanzas, how materials affect crafting recipes, how Fame affects game play, how the racial factions and cults interact with each other, and many more nuances make this world very unique. For this reason I have added an "Information for New Players" section which will point to useful resources from time to time.

While this new era of Ryzom has had a slow start, with many months of silence and obscurity, we are finally seeing the big rootball pick up some momentum and things are beginning to happen again. New life is awakening and new patches are rolling out, with the first post-subscription update scheduled to hit the servers just weeks after this issue is released. So, enjoy this issue of REZ, join us in the living story of Ryzom and immerse yourself in the amazing and beautiful world of Atys.

www.ryzom.com

Peace,
- Suibom
ryz_ezine@comcast.net

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Editor:

Suibom

Screen Captures:

Katriell – cover, page 6

Suibom – all others

Artwork:

Ryzom web kit – cover, pages 5, 10, 11

NOTE: The stories and artwork found in these pages may be modified slightly from their original form to better fit the format of this zine. These changes are meant to be kept minimal and are not meant to change the meaning piece. The changes can include such things as spelling corrections, paragraph modification, color levels, cropping, etc.



For a green and living Atys

By Thosam

Posted July 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=16160>)

Thosam dragged his heavy pack through the dirt towards his apartment. “If only the Karawan had built that teleportatin’- floatin’- steamin’- hummin’ thingee closer to Loria’s Rise Pier, my arms would be far less tired”, passing people could hear him mutter. But it was more the day’s hard work of digging the seed and amber beds in The Fount’s Deathfly Plains that exhausted him. He knew that place quite well now and really should be moving on to better grounds like The Lagoons or even start exploring the Prime Roots more. But he was happy in the Fount and his jewel craft would still be just perfect with the materials he dug.

He took his time maneuvering the piers and quays of Fairhaven, breathing the cool night air, enjoying the starlight and the rising moons. But something was not there. He stopped near the bar, puzzling. The city looked the same, long wooden piers around Tryker-made tower islands, high arches marking walkways and holding amber lanterns full of glowbugs, the half-shells over the shops lit all night through, high windmills spinning lazily in the winds. The smells were the same, the smell of lake-water, that whiff of rotting lake-life from the shore that the other races called ‘sea-breeze’, the late-night cooking smells from the food stalls. Then it struck him: the sounds were different.

Instead of the raucous laughter he was so used to, the loud shouts from the market stalls, the heated arguments at the bar; there were whispers, hushed voices, near-silence. Thosam pulled his bag up to the closest bar, put down a dapper for a pint of cold Tryker lager and listened. Something was amiss. People were talking yes, but not as usual. Not the loud banter, insults, jests and jibes he so knew, with the entire bar

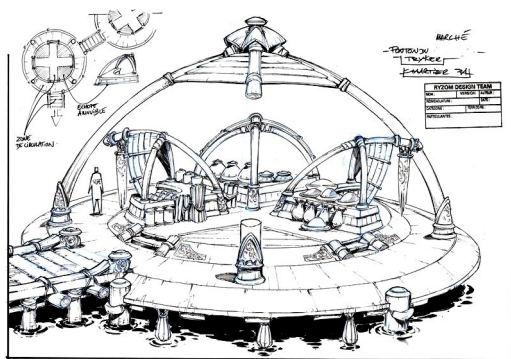
being one loud mix of bright voices from everyone talking to everybody else. Instead small groups, often only three or four huddled close together around the blue glowing lights of the bar tables, whispering, hushing each other when someone else walked by.

Sipping casually from the shell tankard, resting his feet on his bulging bag, he listened. ‘War... Jena... Matis... Karawan Guards...Conquest... Kami Spirits... War... Fyros... Ambush...War... Outposts...’ those words came again and again. He looked over the tankards rim, the shell polished to a deep coral by many thirsty lips at the faces around him. Animated and bright yes, like Trykers look, but there was a tremor of frenzy and fear in that animation and those bright eyes were wide with anxiety and uncertainty. He finished his beer, put the shell back onto the counter and walked home. The night air now seemed cold to him and the wind from the lake wet and depressing.

Inside his apartment he quickly tapped awake the glowbugs in all the lanterns he had. Their living light filled the large room with a dim light. If his mood had not been so dark, he would have called it cozy, now it seemed more like an ominous gloom. Even the night glow through the large fish eye window into the lake seemed oppressing instead of relaxing. A small school of fish came close, feeding on the plankton that was attracted even by this meager light.

Thosam sat down on the window sill and looked around in his apartment. Jena, what a load of junk and how could it get so dusty here in an underwater tower? Bits of amber and seeds everywhere around his workbench; stacks of fibers, wood bundles and vials filled with oil

and resins (not all as tight as they should be, the floor could attest to that); bags and sacks filled with all sorts of raw materials, just in case; a few Kitin trophies from his hunts; the screaming red caster pants he'd gotten when he'd joined the Redcaps; the bowrifle Crythos had made him along with the ammo boxes; the bright blue armour he had paid Neun to craft him when his jewels had sold exceptionally well one week (long since outgrown, but it was a Neun, not to be discarded lightly); the box of gifts and letters he had packed for his family in Barkdell (he really should look up Kostika or some other Samsara to get it carried to Barkdell soon.) and lots and lots of other stuff.



Thosam's eyes fixed on the poem he'd written down at one of Drakfot's recitals:

In this place Homins seek.
 Looking forward and around they peek.
 For the glow in their hand,
 they search through the land.
 For harvesters and more,
 For this neverending lore.
 They seek through the nature's force,
 for yet another source.

If there really came another war, with Matis or Zoraï or Fyros or 'just' the Kitin, what would he do? He was just a digger, a harvester, not a particularly glorious or famous one, just one of those many hardworking homins who got down on their knees every day and sifted through the dirt to find materials for themselves and others to craft with. Atys provided so Her children would live. While She also gave shells and nodes and other materials to craft weapons, Thosam doubted that She meant those to be used for Her children to kill each other with.

Deep in his thoughts he was suddenly struck by an ice-cold sensation down his neck. With a surprised yelp he jumped from the sill, only to stumble over the handle of his mace and to land on those shields he'd never sold. Spinning around he checked all corners to find that mischief who'd hit him with an Ice spell. He was alone. What the...? He checked his neck, it was wet, lake water

from the smell of it. He looked up around the window frame. Near the top there was a small thin crack in the caulk with another bead of water forming. With a sigh he struck flint and steel to light a small oil lamp. Using the flame to cautiously heat the tar, he pushed in the caulk so the window seal was tight again. No need to ask the Apartment Caretaker to do it, any true Tryker knows how to waterproof this.

Hopping down from the sill after blowing out the oil lamp, Thosam noticed something pale-green in the dust on it. (I really ought to get a house-keeper...or a girl-friend...) It was a Sarina Seed. Its thick, black, glossy shell had ruptured and a pale root was digging into the wet dust where the water had collected, while a pair of pale-green leaves stretched towards the window. He picked it up carefully, laying it down on the palm of his hand. Life wants to live, even down here in the gloom (and dirt) of my apartment, he thought. Looking around Thosam picked up a long-dead house-plant, pulled out the dried remains of a Matisian Fire Cherry (wasn't that Amratha's gift when I bought this place? And how can I forget to water it underwater?), dug a finger into the dry soil to form a hole and carefully planted the Sarina Seed in it. After giving it some water, Thosam sat on the window sill again, looking at the minute plant and wondering over its tenacious will to live.



Atys wants us to live. She wants us to grow and to prosper. She gives Her children, even the tiniest seeds, that will, that urge, that desire to grow, to develop, to become more than they are to begin with. And now we are to throw all that life away in some stupid war ordered by some stupid king ruling over some stupid homins?

Thosam thought long and hard that night what he could do. Then near morning, with the light slowly filtering through the water into his room, his tired eyes fell upon his guild badge and the symbol upon it and like that seed an idea sprouted and took root.

He grabbed his bag, still full of seeds from the day before, tipped out most of them and stormed out to the stables. O’Cautty Eoppie, the stable boy, was of course already there, waiting for customers.

Thomas smiled at him and said: “I need mektoub manure. How much is the bag?”

O’Cautty smiled back “Mektoub fodder. Of course. A standard bag is...”

“Not fodder! Manure! You know, the stuff from the other end, which comes out, not goes in!”

O’Cautty was silent for a moment, then looked at him very carefully. “I’m sorry, but unless some new Rite has been discovered, I don’t think we have any of that, at least not for sale.” he replied cautiously, but Thosam had already gone round the corner to the stables.

What was it that old Matis gardener had told him once? Not the fresh manure, it would burn the plants, but the old, well-seasoned, that would give the plants nurture. He stepped gingerly through the stalls, the mektoubs braying at him, until he came to an empty place. It looked as if it hadn’t been swept in a long time and

indeed there in the back corner a heap of manure sat, half-hidden by some old bedding. Thosam looked at it skeptically, then reached in (I dig all day and now I’m afraid to get my hands dirty? This too is a gift from Atys, some of her raw materials we so crave.) and filled his bag to the brim (I will need a new bag though). He grabbed a simple staff from his mektoub’s saddle bags and walked out the stables again.

He walked along the shore till he found a sunny spot, dug a small hole with his staff, dropped in some of the old manure, put a single seed on top of it and stamped the ground over it with his boot. A few steps further again and again, and again. Soon Thosam found a rhythm and could place a seed without breaking his stride.

All day he walked, often coming back to Fairhaven for more plant food and seeds, often with people scrunching up their noses at his ‘earthy’ smell, pointing fingers at him, laughing at him, a forager, a digger, putting seeds into the ground, instead of pulling them out. But he didn’t care. Atys gives Her children the will to live. He was one of Her children helping Her other children to live. For a green and living Atys.

A Zora’s Poem

By Drakfot

Posted May 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=14238>)

Here within I see, something hiding in the tree.
Wherever I go, whereto only I know.

As I stop for a deep breath, knowing my path be set.
As I close my eyes, raising my face to the skies.

Listen to the sound of the forest all around.
Here the the children say, when among trees they play.

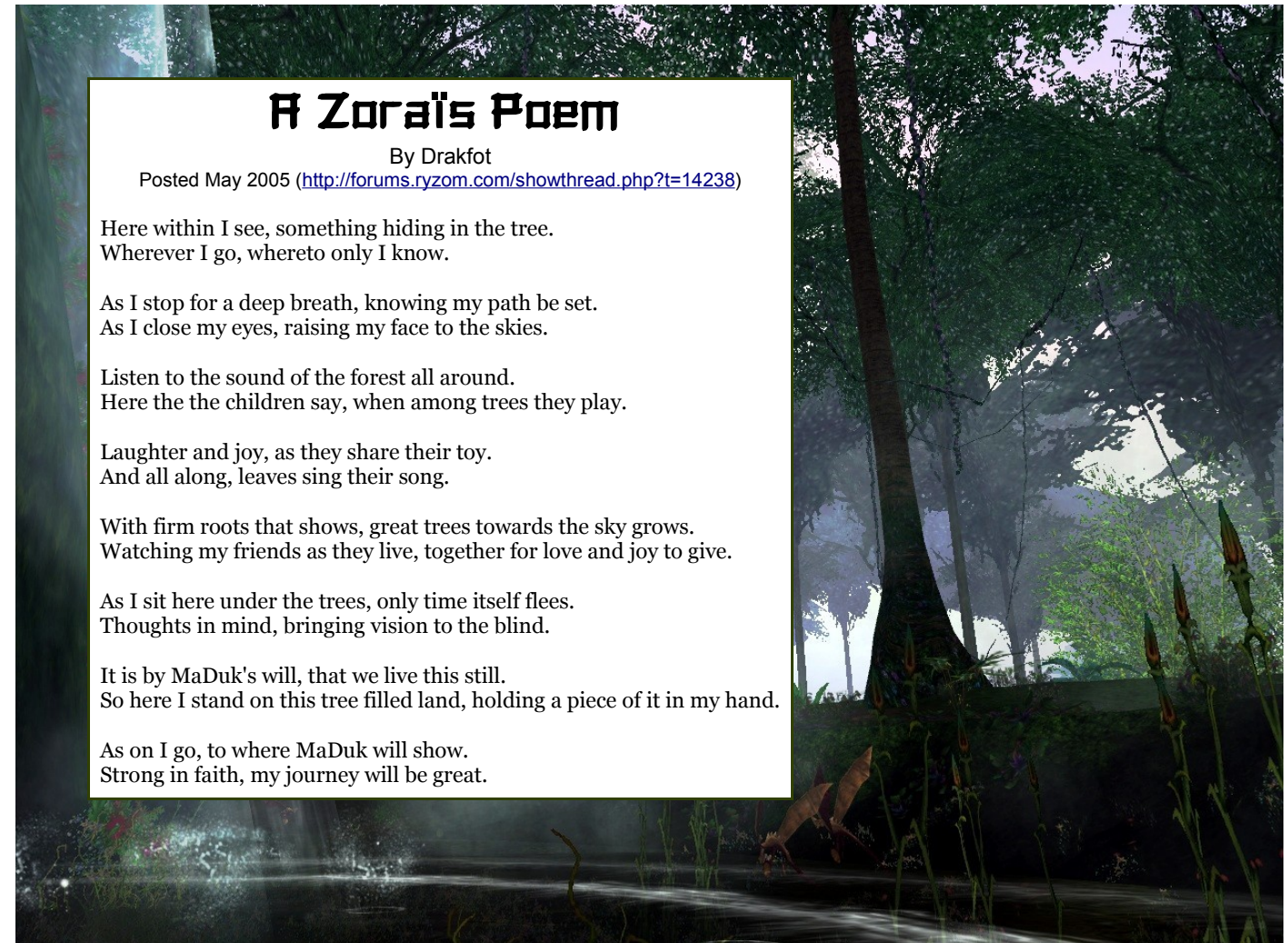
Laughter and joy, as they share their toy.
And all along, leaves sing their song.

With firm roots that shows, great trees towards the sky grows.
Watching my friends as they live, together for love and joy to give.

As I sit here under the trees, only time itself flees.
Thoughts in mind, bringing vision to the blind.

It is by MaDuk’s will, that we live this still.
So here I stand on this tree filled land, holding a piece of it in my hand.

As on I go, to where MaDuk will show.
Strong in faith, my journey will be great.



Meeting Dai-den

by Riveit

Posted July 2005

(<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=16287>)

The group trudged up the sodden slope in the Void. A circle of stone menhirs stood on the top of the hill. It had been a long day. They had crossed the Trench of Trials to get Starrain to the Zorai teleporters, then turned north for jungle hunting. Dreamin took point, as usual. Bowrifle slung from her shoulder, she carefully scanned the wilderness for danger. Iverem came second with amps ready and an elemental spell on her lips. Her guildmate Davrick followed closely behind Iverem. In the middle, Pero enthralled the Aedan Artisans with the story of how he was forced to cut off his long hair to keep the many infatuated Crystobel girls from mobbing him. Pipp made encouraging noises like "Ooooo, tell us more!" while rolling her eyes behind his back. Riveit followed at the back, distracted. He pulled the magically protective earring off his right ear. Black! Burnt out another one! He threw it to the ground and then inspected the ruined mess of his white light armor. It was mud colored now. With all these rips it would be worthless after another battle. Suddenly, he tripped on a tattered strip of his once-white Illuminati boots. As he picked himself up from of the muck, Dai-den struck.

With well-oiled precision, the team fanned out and fought back. Dreamin and Pero leapt into action firing shots and smashing at the giant kitin. Its ear-splitting screech filled the homin's ears. Iverem, Starrain and Jinn shot elemental spells at the kitin lord while Pipp healed. A blow from its legs caught Dreamin and threw her against a menhir, where she lay crumpled with her spine twisted sickly. Pero engaged the kitin, smashing at its legs and underbelly with his mace and nimbly leaping from its pinchers. Riveit got his muddy amplifiers into action and watched as his healing spell seized Dreamin and straightened her spine. She smoothly pulled out her sword and leaped back into the fight. Then Pero was stabbed through his gut and went down. Dreamin fought alone until Pero was healed back up. Bursts of cold, electricity, and stun shattered against Dai-den, further driving it into frenzy. Dreamin went down again, then Pero, as blows knocked them down and healing raised them back up. Minutes later, though it seemed an eternity to the homins, the Dai-den spawn screamed one last time and crumpled to the ground. They all heaved a sigh of relief and gathered next to the massive corpse. Pero pulled off his Tryker helmet and smiled at everyone, "Look, another benefit! No helmet hair with this hairstyle! As perfect as ever."

Matis -The Ring of Trust

By Drakfot

Posted May 2005

(<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=14421>)

We have seen many battles on our days since The Swarming began. We have been oppressed by this foulness for a long time. Yet still how ill it all may seem there are those men that have the courage to stand up against what they feel is wrong, courageous men that will not step back once their mind is set. Men that give all for the safe sake of Hominkind no matter whom the foe might be.

There is a distant tale about courage honour and trust. A tale that by time has shaped our very history and is forming our future to come. It is about our Great King Yrkanis and when he met hard resistance and foul acts from his own side.

Born as descendant of the great King Yasson he lived an adventurous life. When his father fell under the treachery of his own brother Jinovitch, Yrkanis tried to seize the crown and throne. Though not successful and imprisoned, Yrkanis did not lose hope nor did his strive for justice fall. He escaped from this prison and, in fear, Jinovitch ordered the death of Yrkanis. Our king had loyal followers that entrusted their life to seek the safety of our king.

Despite many attempts, Jinovitch did not get another hold on Yrkanis even though he tried and once almost was successful. As the woods were not safe for Yrkanis he moved towards a place where he could be safe and sound for the time being. It was then he met Will Styler a brave and honest Tryker. He took upon himself to give Yrkanis a place to rest and to be safe. Under this time they talked about their heritage and destiny.

When the time came for Yrkanis to move on he gave Wyler a ring from his hand with the words "Let this ring symbolize what we have achieved together. And be a sign of the trust between us". Wyler accepted this ring and put it on his hand.

When time had passed and Yrkanis felt the need to reclaim his heritage of the throne he once more stood aside Still Wyler. And valiant they fought. When battle was over they once more talked to each other. It was then Wyler gave back the ring to Yrkanis with the words "I have long carried this ring on my hand. And every day I have felt that it has strengthened the bond between us. This is no ordinary ring, it is a symbol that shall live on. Our bond shall not brake as it is so strong."

Yrkanis accepted this and took the ring back, knowing that the words of Wyler meant: whoever that carries this ring shall feel a strong bond between him and the one who gave it. This was the ring of trust.

Mercy Among the Merciless

by Xanavan

Posted Aug 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=17045>)



splof* *splof

The unmistakable sound of a forager's pick echoed through the darkness. In the dank environment of the underground cavern, nothing stirred except the harvester's arm and the pick it held, elegantly moving the damp soil aside in an anxious search for raw materials. The homin was barely visible in his black and green armor; only his face was illuminated by the soft glow of a nearby fluorescent plant. By observing his face, one could easily deduce that he was a Tryker of middle age. Though he was hunched over, focused on his work, he looked as if he would be tall amongst his people.

From time to time he raised his head sharply, peering carefully from side to side. However, nothing moved. There was no sound, save for the endless cackling of Jublas from a nearby forest as they sipped up the delicious sap from the soil. To the side of the harvester was a small channel of pure green sap, probably runoff from the recent sap storm. Suddenly, the Tryker let out a joyful "Ha!" as he pulled something up from the wet soil of the Prime Roots. It was a piece of amber, flawless, and of considerable beauty. Its smooth edges and warm color were easy to admire. The Tryker's blue eyes gleamed

with delight as he examined the piece, carefully brushing some mud from it with his finger. "Excellent!" he exclaimed. "Just perfect for a pendant. She'll love it."

The homin was so caught up in the beauty of this amber that he forgot to make his regular fervent check of his surroundings. As he moved to put the amber into his bag, he froze, stunned with fear. He felt warm, wet breath on his back. The nearby sap puddle rendered the reflection of a monstrous beast standing behind him--A Kirosta, the brutally fearless soldier of the Kitin. Without thinking twice, the homin ran, abruptly discarding both his pick and the beautiful amber piece. Letting out a disgusted snort, the Kirosta pursued the terrified Tryker. Its huge legs pierced the soft soil as the Kitin rumbled over it with considerable speed. Frantically but hopelessly, the harvester tried to outrun the beast, running through the vegetation and cutting himself often. In his shocked state, he let out a shrill cry of terror. That bloodcurdling cry echoed through the caverns, but nobody heard it. At last, the homin slammed up against the hard wall of the Roots, and sank to his knees in despair.

He slowly turned around, glimpsing the powerful creature behind him through blurry eyes. The soft lights of the Roots illuminated its smooth, green, scale-like armor. With its mandibles raised and powerful sting poised to strike, the Kitin let out a roar of victory.

At this, the homin began to cry. He held out his bloody hands and washed them with his tears. The hands that had held that pick for so many years, and the hands that possessed the skill of numerous crafts. The Tryker looked up at the Kitin. One could observe a massive height difference between the two. The powerful Kitin, gleaming green and white, and the weak homin, with his green and black and now partly red armor. In these moments there was a terrible stillness as the Kitin held his weapon ready, and the homin ready to receive its blow. It never came. The Kirosta's sting lowered, its beady eyes softened. At that, it walked away, snorting as it went. The Tryker stood there for some minutes, stunned--unable to move. Another Kitin snort awoke him from his trance. With regained alertness, the homin looked around, side to side. He caught a glimpse of a ominous figure, just as it disappeared into the darkness. Something had observed that episode between him and the Kirosta.

However, this soon left his mind. At the time he focused on one thing--"I must have that amber!" he said to himself. So he retraced his steps back to where he had dropped the gem and fled in terror. "There!" he shouted, as he saw the amber lying on the soil. (Prime Root foragers make a habit of talking to themselves, to keep them sane.) He bent over to pick it up and put it in his bag. After depositing the amber piece in his bag, he withdrew a teleporter pact for the nearest city. As he spoke the words needed to put the Karavan technology into action, an odd sound lofted over from the Jubla forest. This was definitely not that of a Jubla. He canceled his teleport action. Moving swiftly, he ran towards the Jublas. At the opposite edge of the forest, he observed something he thought he would never see. A Kirosta was battling with several Kinchers!



This was not just any Kirosta. The Tryker recognized him quickly--This was the Kitin that had spared his life just a short time ago! The Kirosta's great sting swung against one of the littler Kinchers, lifting it off the ground and propelling it through the air. It crashed against a nearby Jubla, swaying the enormous plant to a 45 degree tilt. The Homin continued to watch in horror as the Kirosta's razor sharp mandible hacked the forelegs off a Kincher. The great green Kitin thrust his other mandible into the center of the vile beast, its point sharp as a Zo'Pukatoo pike. The evil Kincher let out an ear piercing cry, similar to that of a Kipucka, as it fell to the ground pincers first. At that, the final Kincher swung from behind the Kirosta, its crushing arm smashing into the head of the Kitin. The power of that blow toppled the him, and balancing on two legs, the Kirosta raised its mandible to parry the next attack. The Tryker saw that there would be no melee attack made, as the Kincher pulled it's head back, gathering up a storm of lightning.

Acting on impulse, the Tryker spoke the ancient incantation--the infamous words of the Kami lightning attack. The air stirred around him as he held up his hands, and he let out a war cry as he gathered up his last strength in effort to pull the electricity from the moist air. As the sphere of blue energy surged around him, he pushed out his hands, aiming the blast straight towards

the evil brown Kincher. The missile smashed into the Kincher's side with tremendous force and fused with the electrical energy that the Kitin had been gathering himself. The result was a blinding flash that lit up even the roof of the Prime roots. A flash so powerful that if it were set off in Pyr, it could be seen from Thesos. The wicked fingers of lightning surged around the stunned body of the Kincher and burned his thick armor until it was charred black. Finally, the storm died down. The Kincher let out a final snarl, and fell to its side in death.

Then, that same eerie silence overtook the caves as it did before. The Kitin and the Homin, each having saved each other's life, looked at each other with an incomprehensible expression. The Kirosta raised one mandible, as if to say, "Thank you, weak homin," but the mandible fell. The small, beady eyes of the Kirosta which had showed the homin mercy closed slowly, and the Kitin died.

That unforgettable memory was bound to the amber that the Tryker had harvested that day, resting on the pendant that his newlywed wife permanently wore. Every time he saw it, he was reminded that the honorable Kitin died because of its kindness toward him. The Kincher that watched this went to gather more, to punish the Kirosta for his deed. So, he is constantly reminded:

There can be no mercy among the merciless.



A Dancer's Tale

By Thosam

Posted Sept 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=18217>)

A long time ago, before we all were forced into the Darkness Below by the Kitins, in our old beloved homeland of Trykoth, there lived a young Tryker girl named Sorya O'Cauty. Sorya was the daughter of a long line of mages, but she herself had never shown any great interest in spells. Instead she was a dancer, the finest dancer anywhere between Jeniah and Breneth. Lithe and fast, graceful and strong, her dances brought joy to all who saw her, like the sun dancing on wave tops. Young sailors brought her trinkets from every shore, old sea captains lost their heart to her, but to Sorya there was only the dance.

But then the Matis came and took our people as slaves. We fought but were too few. We ran, asked our friends for help, and begged the other homins for refuge. But the Fyros were too busy chasing the Dragon and the Zoraï closed their gates and their hearts to us. And so we toiled in palaces far from our beloved shores in halls of living wood polished with our tears and our sorrows and our hearts heavy with despair.

Many other tales of great Tryker heroes were born in those years. Every Tryker living knows the names and deeds of Loria and those in her Company. But Sorya too played a part in delivering us all to accustomed freedom.

So let me teach you the Dance of Sorya. Let me show you her graceful movements, the true magic of dance and the power of its steps.

First follow Sorya's steps as she fell into Matis bondage. Heavy with shackles, filled with pain and anguish and loss of freedom, home and family. Five times you must dance to the dark beat of the deepest drum those steps, The Dance of Wooden Darkness, once for each year as a slave in cursed woods.

During those long years of chains and shackles, Sorya never stopped planning; never stopped thinking; never let her heart fall to darkness. So in her place now never set a foot wrong in the steps of Waves Remembered.

Then finally one night Sorya found a way to free all the Trykers bound like her below the palace. Like her stamp your foot right hard at the drum in the first beat of Sudden Inspiration.

Hiding her wrath behind a mien of fear, disguising her pride in a servant's bow, veiling her determination with false tears, Sorya pretended obedience to her Matis masters. Those haughty lords and ladies reveled in having broken yet another Tryker spirit as Sorya reveled in deceiving them. Show that wrath and pride and determination as you dance to the Music of Matis Deceived.

Then like Sorya shackled in her cell show them the steps of True Heart Revealed.

Next follow Sorya through the Dance of Time as she practiced her art. Not one toe put wrong as she did not, or all will be lost now, as it would have been then.



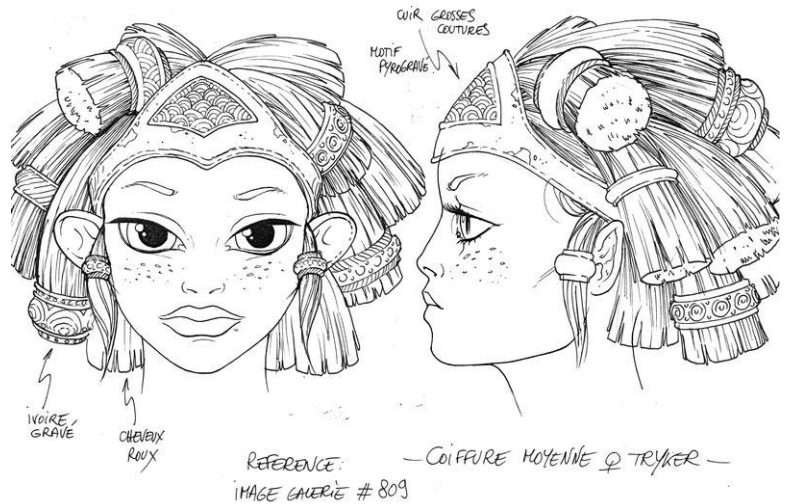
As Sorya's Dance reached perfection, she told the other Trykers enslaved of her plan. Like the word spread then, dance through the steps of Waves of Whispers as all gained new hope.

Sorya went to the Matis who claimed her as his possession. Bowing before him, she flattered his ears with a silver-tongued tale of a dance created in his honor. Curling her supple body against him like a playful kitten, she convinced him to let her perform. Play both parts well, seducing dancer, seduced watcher, as you move through Master and Servant.

A call went out to all the Matis in that palace, to all the Matis in that city, to all the Matis in that land, that their Lord commanded their presence and attention that night, to show them the submissive Tryker slave girl dancing before her Matis master. Pace yourself hard through the steps that play out the scene of messengers running, servants building a feast, guests arriving. Three times dance the Steps of Preparation as the three balconies of the Great Hall were filled with guests.

Now you are ready, so as Sorya O'Cautty was then, to face her Matis enslavers on a battlefield of her choice with a weapon of her choosing. No words do true justice to describe her. As all the slaves clapped a low, slow rhythm, she began her dance near naked, her body shining with oils under a thousand candle flames. Her dance bound the eyes of all, her leaps caught the breath of all, her spins took them all in, as she wove her ancestor's magic into her dance. None of us will ever dance again as she danced that night so make the ancient movements of Dance as Battle and Magic.

As Sorya danced and bound all Matis eyes to her, the spell began to bind them. Faces and jaws went slack, glasses went crashing to the floor from loose hands, not a word was heard from her audience as should not be heard from yours, young dancer.



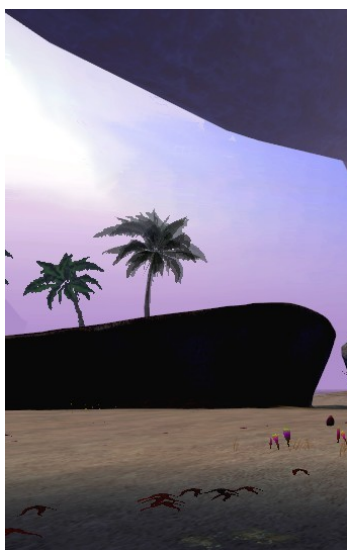
As Sorya danced through the spell she had devised, the Tryker slaves freed themselves and fled the woods that were the graves of so many of them. Even when the hurried footsteps of the last slave left the hall, no Matis could free himself from the spell.

All slaves but one. The last slave but one.

For Sorya still danced. Deep into the night she danced. Hour upon hour she stepped through the intricate movements, every foot where it should be, every gesture as intended, for one mistake would break the bond and cost them all their lives. Finally long after the sun had risen again, Sorya fell to the polished wooden floor, as you will of exhaustion, in the Spiral of the Dying Whirlpool. She was dead before the first enraged Matis could reach her. And so she too was a slave no more.

So remember this deed, young dancer, as you dance like we did then the steps of Freedom Refound and remember Sorya O'Cautty.

adapted from another legend



A Tryker Lullaby

By Drakfot

Posted Sept 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=17722>)

This is a small Tryker Lullaby sung to calm the hearts of the small ones, words made for them to find rest and longing for the days to come.

Whispering winds playing in the trees,
calmed shores of water as long sees
Come listen little child, you that runs so wild

Among them we wander and see, how far will the wind flee
As the older laugh as they say, look there watch the children play
As the wind among the tree, they play so free

A gentle and calm stroke, as the surface broke
It has its own speak, flowing gently to calmness seek
As raindrops gathered in your hand, these waters covers our land

So little child close your eyes, sleep and think of yet another day
when you shall roam among trees to with your friends play
And as you walk there on the sand, see the waters of our land





The Tale of a Civil Act

By Drakfot

Posted Oct 2005 (<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=18576>)

It was there, and it was very real. The screams had gone out over the entire city just a few minutes ago, the Kitin were approaching, and that fast. The city guards had run out into the night to strike at any thing that came in their way. The call for all Homins that could hold a sword or cast a spell was thrown out of every mans throat. They were all needed.

There, in the back of the city, he lived. He was a nice man, never to harm anyone. He heard the call, but as he was to leave he heard a voice coming from the back of the house.

"My dear, is it what I heard ? Be it so that they have finally come?" The words was from his wife, his beloved.

He stopped in the doorway and stared into the front yard of his house, knowing that it would soon turn into a battlefield. "Yes, the scouts, those that made it back alive have reported so. I must leave now.." He said and ran out through the door.

Within he held a grave fear, for his house was close to the outer border of the village, not far from an unprotected hill. He had to find guards to aid him in the battle to defend not just his house, but his family. His wife Ba'jo, his lovely daughter D'nima, they all had to live through this or he had not worth left to live for. He had to see them safe..

"Why, you are a guard officer of this town, why cannot you spare two men to guard the hill behind my house. I can fight with them, but if my house falls it means that they will have almost a clear path to the town. Can't you not see this?" He asked the officer in charge that previously declined his request for additional protection.

"I cannot spare the men. In fact, you are to report in under my orders to take part in the outer defense of this town," the officer replied.

The outer walls of the town held a wall of towers stretching throughout the lands around the city. These towers had the best of the sharpshooters in town. They could hit a stinga seed flying in the wind 200m away. They could strike down the enemy before they could even see what was attacking them. And behind these



towers the casters stood always ready to take on what slipped through. These were the defensive tactics used ever since the city was built, and it had proven effective every time.

"But you know of the capacity of the towerwalls, you know that if the enemy strikes through it will fall for the casters or the swordsman's hand, why can you not spare two of your men just to aid my house ?" He asked once more..

"Be quiet soldier and move to your new posting behind the towerwall. Do this or consider not to be a soldier of this city!" the officer screamed in his face and left him standing there.

"I cannot be part of such army that declines an open path, nor that not takes its responsibility for the weaker Homins that are in utter danger, I shall return to my house and fight until we are safe or the spirit left my body." He screamed out in anger and ran towards his house.

As he ran the tears started to fall down his face, how could they not see that if his house, be it only a house, fell it would mean an almost clear path to the city center. Even if they never had attacked this way before, what guarantees will it give that they will not now. He ran, faster and faster, he needed to see his family again.

There is a saying; "When you guess something ill, never hope that it will turn into truth."

This time, it did turn into something sad.. something ill and eternal haunting of the mind of a Homin faithful to both his town and his family. This time they did attack they way he had guessed..

As he arrived to his home he saw how his wife attacked with spell upon spell while his daughter used all of the energy to heal her mother. As he came closer he saw that

they had been battling for some time, they were both exhausted, tired and worn out. He ran in front of them, taking a hard blow from a Kitin that would otherwise have struck his wife.

"Ruuun, get away, get into the city where you are safe, I will hold them back meanwhile, run now!" He screamed as he taunted a Kitin that was in his way towards his daughter and casted a rooting spell on a Ragus that was nearing. The last thing he saw was his beloved wife and her daughter running towards the city. "They will be safe" he thought and fell into the slumber of preceding death..

He walked down a long pathway of trees, the sun was clearer than it was before and the wind was refreshing. Even without noticing or knowing why he walked towards the end of the pathway, why ? As he came to what seemed to be the end of the pathway he saw a small pond of water. At the side of it was a small waterfall from which where the water fell with such calming noise. He sat down by the water and stared into its surface.

"grrkokk krrrmmm svrannnas krrmimiim," the noise came from behind him.

"Wha... what ? Oh I am sorry, is this your place, I shall move," he said in defense and surprise.

"krrroam ?" The little animal said while looking at him.

As he saw the little animal that stared at him he noticed that it had a small body, small feet and legs, same was the arms. On a a bit chubby body with a larger head and large blue eyes that whifted into purple.

"He asked you why you are here my friend, why are you at this pond now?" A female voice said from nowhere. The voice, it was so nice and gentle. But from where did it come ?



"I am sorry, I fell into a slumber, the last thing I remember is..." was all that he said..

"That you saw your wife and daughter run towards the city... Yes I know... But still you have not answered why you are at this pond of life beyond, it is not your time yet my friend." The female voice said, and the little small animal looked at him and clapped its hands.

"But, why am I here then ? Is it not my time you say ?" He asked into the void surrounding him, he was greatly confused by hearing all this, from the voice and the little animal that stood there in front of him.

"This is only the beginning of your suffering dear Homin, and you will wish that your time would be now. But so it is not, and to help you along this way that you must walk I shall send you a friend. One that you cannot see, but feel when you have lost all. This friend is named Hope and shall follow you throughout this all. Now, follow him back to where from you came, and when time is right I shall let you drink from this water but not now. Farewell Homin and remember Hope.

The little furry animal made a small noise and then extended its arm towards him, it gripped in the air telling him to hold its hand. Slowly he took its hand, he was much bigger than the little animal so that it could only grip his finger, yet this seemed enough for as soon it grabbed his finger it started to run back through the tree pathway, back to where from he came.. and as they reached the end, it made a small movement, still it was enough to toss him through a portal that was there, a few seconds ago it was not there, but as he flew through the air it appeared.

"waaaaaa..." he screamed as he fell through the portal, but did he ? For as soon as he screamed he woke up at the battlefield in front of his house, screaming of pain.

"Hey relax, you'll open the wound again," a voice told him.

"My wife, daughter, my family, where are they?" he squeezed between his breaths of pain.

"they.... they...." the healer said..

"Spit it out, where are they, where did they find shelter, answer me!" he screamed loudly

This scared the healer a bit. "I'm afraid that... they did not find shelter... when we found them they sat there. She held her daughter as she was crying.. the little girl she was just staring, out through the eternity.. And she... she cried so much.. but as I reached her she looked at me.. 'He is over there, please see to him.. tell him that we shall meet again, when the time is right' - was all that she said... then ... then she joined her daughter... I am so sorry.. I could do nothing.." the healer said with tears in

his eyes, for it is within every healer to save any Homin's life that is within his reach.

"Then there is nothing you can do for me, leave me be and let me join them.." he said, for now it was all lost, he would never find himself again. Who could, when no one was there to hold your hand throughout time? He tried to sleep, to reach the deep sleep again.

"I cannot allow that, I cannot do that..." the healer said as he sedated the man.

Time passed, and a few hours later the man woke up at a small temporarily hospital that was set up in the city. His wounds did not hurt as much as they did before. Still he had a great wound within, one that healers could not mend.

Later that evening he was able to move by himself again, despite the wounds on his body he could stand on his own legs. And as soon as he could he was thrown out of the city. For he had refused to join the soldiers at the towerwall, he was considered a betrayer of the town; even though, by pure chance, the officer had sent a scout after him on his way back. The scout had seen the attack on his family and reported in, thanks to that they could stop the attack before they reached an critical point. By following this betrayer the city was saved... For this he had to pay the worst price, the loss of his beloved wife and daughter and the decline of being one of the villagers.

As he ran through the corridor he grabbed a knife, he knew what must be done now. There was no other way out through this, not now. He ran and ran, no one followed him, he was a traitor was he not?

As he reached the gates of the village he sat down, his body was worn out. His mind dark and sad. He sat there for a few minutes, catching his breath and watching the knife in his hands. And then he decided, he aimed for his heart and as he stabbed, something, somewhere, grabbed his arm stopping his movement. He could not bring it closer to his chest no matter how much he tried, and as he used more force he could see the shape of a hand on his arm, leaving marks as they struggled. But who held him, who was it for before him there stood no one, it was just him there at the gates. Yet he could not win over this force.

He leaned his head back closing his eyes and said out loud "Who are you? Why can you not let me leave this world and join them now?"

"Now that I cannot do, don't you remember who I am. I was to follow you through this, did she not say so ? Well if you have forgotten me, then I shall tell you my name. I am Hope. And I will not let go of your arm until your ill deed has left your mind," a voice said from nowhere, it whispered in his ear.

"Oh, you.. I thought that was nothing , I am nothing.. leave me," he said. It was over, he couldn't even leave to see those he loved, those that would never leave him or call him the names he had been called the last few hours.

"I am afraid that I cannot do that, and you know it. You can do whatever you want, but I cannot let you harm yourself," the mysterious voice whispered in his ears. As he heard it he tried once more to stab himself, this time the grip on his arm was so hard that he lost his hold of the knife. "Now stop this silliness and get yourself together, I will not let you be like this."

He stood up, looked into the distance and started walking, without a word. He walked and walked, killed what attacked him, and walked further.. After quite some time he reached a village. It was a large town close, or rather it was in the waters. He did not care, he walked to the bar and stared into the eyes of the barman. "Give me a bottle of your strongest firewine, now."

"We don't have firewine here, but we have some fine stingaru.." the bartender replied and put a bottle on the bar.

"Whatever, give it to me," he interrupted and payed the dappers. Then he left. He sat down by the water and looked onto the village. then he started to drink, and heavily.. How much time that had passed since he started through this journey he did not know, he did not want to know, he wanted it to end. And that it ended now.. He fell asleep by the wall of the stable that was close by the water.. he slept and slept and dreamed.

"I see that you have turned to the bottle my friend, it will not harm you as your previous thoughts did. But it will not ease your pain. Only you can." There was the voice again..

"I don't care, the pain I have is that I cannot see them anymore, I will not hear their voices in my house, not feel their hands on my skin. That is the pain I have.. I want it to end," he replied in vain.

"Only you can do that my friend, I cannot.. And I see what time brings to you now.. I think that I can leave you now, for another one has appeared my friend, you will be well," the voice said while fading out..

"I will be wha.." he said as he woke up.

"Hello there. I asked you if you were alright my friend, you look terrible," a voice in front of him said.

He opened his eyes, his sight was still blurry from the morning sun. Yet the voice, was like the voice he had heard at the mysterious pond, yet still it was not alike at all.

"How are you, can I get you something?" The female voice said again.

His sight grew clear, what he saw, or what he thought he saw he would almost not believe. There, staring at him with large purple eyes and purple hair, she stood. He did not know who she was or from where she came.

But as soon as he heard her voice and felt her touch, he knew. He knew why hope had left him in his last dream. He knew for now deep within in him it started to grow once more. His own hope...

This dear Homins is the tale of a civil act.
A tale I wish to devote to a, to me, very special Homin. *bow*



Ryzom Guild List

Compiled by Riveit

(<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=33850>)

Here is the new guild list, updated to include [RP-stance](#), Citizenship, and more accurate Cult alignment information.

For information on how the race and cult alignment affects who can join the guild, see

<http://www.ryzom.com/forum/showthread.php?t=23992> (also has other alignment related info).

The list is sorted alphabetically.

Neutral Cult Alignment

Neutral to race:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Armada	Goofymonkey		
ATYSIAN TRADERS Inc.	Trader	Semi/High	Fyros based
Devia Semita	Eciresworb		Guild for solo players
Dragons of Shadow	Daemion	Semi	Zorai based
House Etchmarc	Enon	High	
Outhouse Tribe	Browser	Light	Notes - http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=32751
Rulers of Atys	Gillest		
The Sundered Guard	Gavalin	Medium	
Veni Vidi Vici	Dyshul	Semi	Guild hall in Yrkanis

Fyros:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Fluffy Bunnies	Azad		Kami-aligned for TPs - http://www.ryzom.com/forum/showpost.php?p=377105
Insomniacs	Sashtan	None/Semi	Kami-aligned for TPs

Tryker:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Red Ribbon Army	Kyerna	High	

Karavan Cult Alignment

Matis:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Cara Via	Loracas		
Knights of Shadows	Rahia		
Legion of Atys	Sharonie		
Lost Guild of Atys	Stinger	Semi	
Melinoe	Mentaloid		
OmegaV	Ratara		
Order of the Nameless	Lexi	None/Semi	
Pegasus Foundation	Sasi		
Phaedrea's Tears	Joneyentee	Semi-RP	
Reapers of the Dark	Jayce		
Sacred Circle of Guardians	Davrick		
TheNewEmpire	Missylee	None/Semi	
The New Hope	Naratuul		Notes - http://www.ryzom.com/forum/showpost.php?p=326168

Tryker:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Aeden Artisans	Hekla		
Atys Ghosts	Zella		
Ballistic Mystix	Kilgoretrout		
Darkmoor	Trini		
Evolution	Drakfot	Semi/High	
Guardians of Jena	Mardock	Semi	

Kami Cult Alignment

Neutral to Players:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Infinity	Seti	Semi	Zorai-based
Kami Soul	Hijati		
Monks of Polonius	Xyrana	Semi	any playstyle welcome, Zorai-based
Temporary Insanity	Nitrouss	Open	Mature players 18+

Fyros:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Crescent Moon	Piirihuone		
Defenders of Kami	Jon		
East Dyron Swim Team	Ffionnys		
Exodus Syndicate	Sherkalyn		
Eye Of Atys	Braveganzar	Semi	
Knights Leviers (Uliaryn)	Uliaryn	Semi	rp/gamer friendly
Ministry of Mayhem (Yoshi)	Yoshi	None	
The Divine Council of Pyr	Wave		
The Dragon Order of Abylus	Neela		
The Sanctuary (Ryz)	Ryz	None	
The Soul	Beepe		

Tryker:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Hearts of Thunder	Sweetmarie	Semi	
Nexus	Darmina		
Team Spirit	Faa		

Zorai:

Guild Name	Guild Leader	RP Stance	Notes
Angels of Atys	Honpejai	Semi/None	Old Members or Alts Only
Guardians of the Lost	Zorvax		RP is individual's choice
Merchants of Void	Quiksilver	Semi	
Whispers of Aria	Nysha	Semi	English/Portugese bilingual guild
Twilight Whispers	Thiede	Semi	not recruiting
Walk In Twilight	Mioshani		
Zorai Guardians	Notsogood	High	

Ryzom Fan Art Sites

<http://atysartisansunited.deviantart.com/> - A collection of artwork from deviantART member artists.

http://grainesdekami.noos.org/forum/album_personal.php?user_id=67 - Very nice renditions from Wongfeihung.

<http://sunswing.reapersofthedark.com/> - A collection of amazing original art pieces.

<http://www.ryzom-movies.de/> - A huge database of Ryzom movies, art, and more.

Information for New Players

<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=26892> - An open Letter to all new Players.

<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=32529> - Uni / Silan (starter island) FAQ.

<http://forums.ryzom.com/showthread.php?t=32120> - Ryzom acronyms.

<http://forums.ryzom.com/forumdisplay.php?f=87> - Ryzom forums Newcomer Welcome Board





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