



TDOR in Tacoma

Join trans people and their supporters on **November 19** when we conduct the annual memorial of those trans folks who have died by violence and neglect. Last year and again this year, Governor Christine Gregoire has proclaimed November 20 as Transgender Day of Remembrance in Washington State. The attitudes of inclusion and the laws against discrimination based on gender identity make this state one of the most progressive places to live in the world.

Other areas are not so great. In 2008, forty five trans people are known to have met violent deaths and this year the number more than doubles. State by state and country by country progress is being made but at a huge cost to our community. The constant pressure of losing our friends, and families is a crushing weight. But, we do not give up and we continue to fight for we are fighting for our very lives.

Every day we strive to live in peace free from the threat of hate crimes and other destructive discrimination is a day we move forward for all people. Join GASS and our allies on this solemn occasion to mourn as well as celebrate these lives.

Rainbow Center **741 St Helens Ave.**
253-383-2318 **Tacoma, WA**

6:30PM – November 19th



Trans Mens Group Hits South Sound

Nick S., NBC founder, reports.

The New Boyz Club is a Trans-Gender-Queer (TGQ) peer support & activity group for people ages 18 and older in the South Sound area. We are people who, born into the female form, currently identify either publicly or privately as another gender. This group is run in a confidential location in Olympia, WA, which helps to ensure the safety and privacy of our members. We discuss important TGQ topics and make time for peers to support one another by listening and sharing experiences. We have teamed up with GASS in order to strengthen our community by educating each other, sharing resources, and furthering our mission to get the word

In This Issue. . .

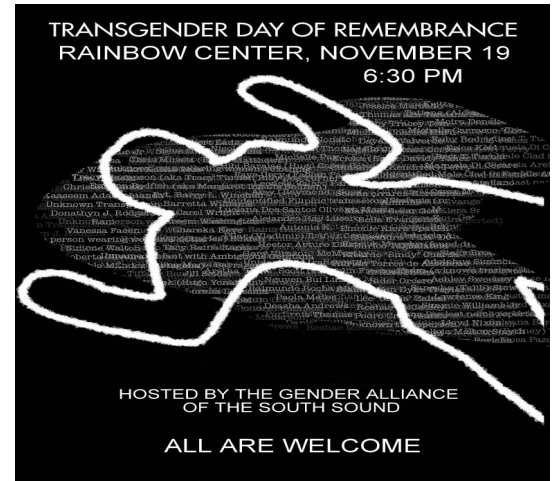
TDOR at the Rainbow Center. . .

New Boyz Club Report. . .

Original Poetry. . . .

Part 2 of

The Siege of Valiance Keep



out about trans-related issues. Our group also participates in LGBTQ events throughout the year, and members often utilize this group to serve as a catalyst for TGQ movement in other areas of their lives.

Resources and Knowledge

I began the New Boyz Club in February of 2009 with the hope that this group would strengthen the FTM community here in the South Sound. Before starting this group, I heard transmen around town saying they wished there was a group just for us. Using free advertising, it didn't take long for the word to get out that there was a transmen's group in town. Although not a large group, the resources and knowledge shared and gained are great, including the positive impact on TGQ peoples' lives. We've also worked hard to be a part of three different Pride festivals in the area this past summer, and continue to reach out to our community with great success.

In a short time, something unexpected began to happen. Several people, who didn't identify as transmen, but instead as gender-queer, wanted to be a part of this group. At first, I was unsure that NBC would be able to offer the support these folks needed. However, with some great feedback and lots of education on my part, I realized that this was truly a part of our group's mission. People who identify as gender-queer make the transition from female (in our group) to gender variant, just as transgender people do. In addition, each of us reaches for and establishes varied levels of our genders. Clearly, our struggles often pass along the same lines and are respected for their diverse nature.



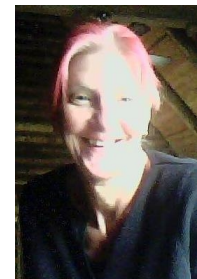
NBC is very open to all types of gender expression, be it feminine, androgynous, masculine and anywhere in between or way outside the lines. There aren't expectations of hyper-masculinity here, and we don't tolerate any messages that claim femininity to be weak or second best. This club is "peer" support run, so if there isn't respect for each member, the group is not living up to its own mission which is;

"To create a solid and supportive Trans-Gender-Queer community that promotes health of mind, body, and spirit; To build a better understanding of ourselves and our personal process of development; To share resources, encourage each other to meet personal goals, and provide a safe and respectful space for our members." Already, the New Boyz Club has accomplished many goals and continues to set more, challenging ourselves and the community we live in. Lastly, we know that in building our strength and determination, we are able to affect great change and flourish in all elements of our lives.

For more info go to www.olympiaftmgroup.webs.com

A Poem

by Lori B.



you may have your opinions of me – I've
got a few of you too

you may not feel I've met my destiny – I'm
doing what I have to do
and in the end it does not matter – opinions
that we get or give
just are we happier or sadder – we've just
got one life to live
you may not feel you're in your comfort
zone, when you are standing by me
if you don't want me, just leave me alone –
if you don't get me let me be
and in the end we will get over our
disappointments and dismays
I'm not looking for your cover – if I don't
turn you on, just turn away
you may not want me for my beauty – you
may not see what my friends see
if you won't do me, just do your duty – if
you won't hold me, set me free
and in the end it does not matter –
approvals that we get or give
just are we happier or sadder – we've just
got one life, one life to live
it's a simple kind request
it'll turn out for the best
so I'm not like all the rest
so what?

Please Help Us Help Ourselves

Please consider donating to the Gender Alliance of the South Sound to support our presentations and programs. The TDOR, our educational materials, and our facilitator trainings cost money. All these are conducted to further our goal of raising the public awareness of the right of all trans people to live in freedom.

Thank You !

The conclusion from last month's Lantern to the exciting story of:

The Siege of Valiance Keep: A Warcraft Tale

An original story by Tara Ann Wadsworth

"Are we going to all die here?" Wesley's face was a tormented mask, searching Althaea's for some hope.

Althaea closed her eyes, the days of going without sleep assaulted her and she suddenly felt weary. She searched her heart for a solution, and then prayed silently to the Light for guidance. She opened her eyes to look at the chief and said, "As sure as I live, by the Light, I will not let that happen."

The two were once again reminded of the death knight as he once again yelled out, "very well, if nobody is man enough to face me then we will let the day's festivities begin!" He spun his horse about and rode toward his camp.

The keep erupted in activity as Althaea reached for her sword and shield nearby and then ordered the men to arms. She searched for Crusarn and found him approaching her with a chain shirt in hand. "Lass, it's like you to be under dressed for a party!" He suppressed his grin in a thin attempt to mock consternation as he handed her the chain shirt. "Now get dressed deary, the guests are about to arrive."

"Oh Crusarn, whatever would I do without you," she said with a little girl's voice.

He raised an eyebrow and pursed his lips, the act caused his beard to stick out at her. "Well, you'd be dancing nearly naked in front of death knights for one," he finally said, "now get dressed."

Althaea laughed and quickly shrugged into the mail, its cold metal warmed quickly against her body and its weight felt reassuring. Crusarn's humor energized her and she no longer felt tired. She truly didn't know what she would do without the stalwart support of the older paladin. Always, he had been there to give her wisdom and guidance. The attention of the two paladins was quickly drawn to the sky as someone yelled, "Incoming flyers!" The sky was dark with incoming aerial cavalry, and flying creatures. Some carried large rocks and some carried riders. Althaea looked below and saw catapults being moved into range of the keep.

Althaea's body began to glow softly with a protective aura that spread amongst the men around her. She shouted orders to the men as she moved along the battlements, "Footmen! To the ready... Archers! Fire when in range... Cannoneers! Target the catapults!" Her orders flowed easily as she slipped into the comfort of her command and all traces of tiredness left her.

"It's only morning, we are in for a long day lass," Crusarn said as he hefted his mace. The older paladin glowed with the light of a different aura that mingled and complimented hers and it too spread through the men.

The incoming flyers came unbelievably fast, their riders were clad in dark armor and each had an additional armored rider riding behind. Occasionally they would evade incoming arrow fire and then swoop down onto the battlements to drop off their passenger. The footmen quickly engaged the invaders and the battlements became a symphony of clashing steel and shouting men. Athaea felt a surge of power as her body glowed with the Light; her elegantly curved sword flashed as its edge found flesh. Though she did not see him, Althaea felt Crusarn's aura and knew he was close.

"Commander," yelled a voice, "incoming!"

Althaea swiveled to see a flyer bearing down upon her. She danced to one side to avoid the mount's claws and threw her shield at the rider. The shield flew straight and struck the rider in the chest with a loud clang. It was enough force to knock the rider clear of his mount and onto the battlement with a loud thud. Althaea ran toward the rider as she picked up the shield in one fluid, graceful motion and brought her sword down into a decapitating blow. The rider parried her attack at the last moment in a shower of sparks and holy light. He countered with a swift strike to buy an opening to get to his feet. As he stood, the rider was a full head taller than Althaea but she was undaunted and kept her attacks coming. Swings and thrusts were occasionally punctuated with forceful shield attacks, a technique her father had taught her to keep her opponent off guard and focused on her. The rider fought to gain advantage but Althaea gave none. Instead she positioned him and caught him off guard with a swift kick that sent him flying off the battlement to the courtyard below.

"Took you long enough, lass!" It was Crusarn, who had three other riders on him. "Now would you kindly get 'yer bum over here and help an old paladin out?"

"You have the old part right," she teased, "three should not be a problem for you!"

"No," Crusarn countered as he motioned toward the sky which was swarming with flyers, "there are plenty more that want to play and we shouldn't keep them waiting."

The two fought side by side until the battlements were awash in blood and gore. If it weren't for sand spread upon the stone, they would surely have lost their footing and joined the growing pile of bodies in the courtyard. The paladins knew not to let the bodies fall outside the keep if they could help it. The lich king's forces knew how to make even the dead fight again and they preferred to defeat their opponents only the once.

The battle went on until dusk when the invaders were suddenly called back and disappeared as quickly as they came. Althaea looked up at Crusarn and asked, "have you seen such a thing?"

"Not often," he answered as he watched the last of them fly out of arrow range. "Sometimes, when a commander knows they are fighting a well entrenched but outnumbered enemy, they will attempt to win through attrition."

"I've heard such tactics used in the first and second wars with the horde," she said as she pulled her blood soaked leather gloves off, "but even the horde abandoned the strategy because it was too costly in trained soldiers."

Crusarn looked down at the piled bodies in the courtyard. "When you can make the dead fight and have a vast number of willing conscripts, why not?"

Althaea stood silent and looked out at her men who were now fewer in number than in the morning. Each was exhausted from the day's fighting and each that looked up at her, looked to her for hope in her eyes but instead found steeled resolve. She knew that if they stayed this course, her men would become either too exhausted to fight or too few to defend. She looked out at the enemy camp, spread out in a display of

overwhelming force.

"Crusarn," she said with a slight waver as she stood looking at her hands. They were stained in blood, which had seeped into every crease in her skin and under her nails.

"Yes, Lass?"

Althaea turned to face the paladin, "Why do you think Commander Karshas duels?"

Crusarn frowned in puzzlement. "Death Knights are constantly competing for position; his duels show his skill not only to us but to his rivals in his own camp."

"But dueling is an honorable ritual of combat, we've been told the Death Knights are traitors and haven't any honor."

"Aye, that's what's been told," Crusarn said, "but the truth is, Arthas was a noble and leads his death knights with a noble's honor." Crusarn paused and then added, "many of his death knights were once paladins who had fallen from the light and retain some of the honor they once held."

Althaea stared up at the paladin with her intense green eyes. "Thank you, that's what I thought."

Realization hit Crusarn and he sucked air between his teeth. "Althaea, lass, you cannot be thinking to duel that madman."

Althaea stood silent and her green gaze never wavered. "No," Crusarn protested, "no! I'll do it, you can have me do it."

Althaea stepped forward and touched Crusarn's arm. "You know that this is why the light put me here, you can feel it too."

"You are a noble lady and military commander of House Hawkhaven, it's too big of a gamble. Let me go instead!"

"Precisely why I cannot do this by proxy, Crusarn. The stakes must be high enough to negotiate an end to this siege."

Crusarn grabbed both of her arms in a firm grip, his eyes returned her intense gaze. "There is no guarantee he will honor the bargain, lass."

"That's why you need to help me negotiate the terms of the duel, and see to it the terms are honored. I need you to swear you will do this for me."

Crusarn's grip grew tighter, painful. Althaea welcomed the sharp pain, as it helped her keep her resolve. Her eyes softened and her voice was quiet as she said, "you know this is the only way. Swear you will help me end this for the sake of the men and for the Light."

"Stubborn as your father," Crusarn said as he released his grip and let his hands fall to his side, "You have my vow, Lady Hawkhaven, I will help you."

Althaea hugged Crusarn and said, "thank you."

"You won't be thanking me when you reach the here-after and your father is there to give you a firm arse

kicking for being so reckless," grumbled Crusarn as he patted her on the head. "Now go rest, I'll see to the affairs of the keep."

Althaea smiled and turned to leave. She caught the gaze of several men as she walked passed them. Each had a look of newfound respect as they made way for her.

The morning came far too quickly for Althaea. She had not realized how exhausted her body had been, nor how much abuse she had put it through the last several days. When she donned her plate mail it felt comforting to her. With each piece she put on, the aches and sores seemed to fade and leave her feeling energized. She grabbed her helmet and paused before the mirror before she put it on. For a brief moment her face seemed to be more that of her twin sister as she quietly said to herself, "I hope you know what you're doing." Althaea put on the helmet, grabbed her armaments and walked out of her cabin to meet with destiny.

She was met by a mounted Crusarn and by chief Wesley who was holding the reins of her charger, Tannhauser. The warhorse seemed to stomp approval at her presence as she mounted it. Althaea patted its neck and said, "I miss you too, boy."

Wesley handed the reins to Althaea and said, "It is an honor to serve with you ma'am."

Althaea looked down at the Chief and noticed he looked older and more sullen today. There was sadness in his eyes that he seemed unable to hide despite the smile he presented. She grabbed his hand as he released the reins and said softly, "Chief Wesley, this is not a farewell. Have some faith that the Light will provide us a victory today."

Tears welled up in his eyes and he said, "Yes ma'am."

Althaea looked up to find Crusarn with that usual discerning gaze. "Let's meet your date for the ball."

The two paladins rode through the courtyard to the gate. The keep was quiet save for the echoing clop of the two horses. Men were assembled on the battlements and in the courtyard in their full armor. Each soldier saluted as the paladins passed. Althaea noticed that their armor was cleaned and polished and that the men assembled included those who were off their watch. Even lieutenant Norquist was present and saluting, in full dress and sober. It was obvious that word of what she had planned had spread throughout the keep. She felt proud of her men because there was no sense of the despair that hung in the air the night of her arrival. They transformed into a force worthy of house Hawkhaven and Althaea could not help but to smile.

The gates creaked loudly in protest to their months of resting still as they opened to receive their passing. It became a portal to a land beyond the safety the keep provided and the paladins continued without hesitation. Althaea looked about the land, it was rocky and barren, yet signs of life existed even here. It gave her some hope that her purpose for fighting here was more than just military. The growing hope caused her aura to blossom into a bright display of golden light.

Crusarn looked at Althaea and said, "the Light's providence indeed."

The two stopped a distance from the keep and waited as two death knights approached from out of the enemy camp. Althaea could feel their dark energy even from this distance and it grew as the came closer. Her aura pushed defiantly against the energy as the unholy power wrapped unseen tendrils around it. She felt nausea as the dark energy grew and said a quick protective prayer to ward it off. Recognition grew across their faces as the two opposing commanders came upon one another.

"Lady Althaea Hawkhaven," Karshas hissed venom, "how unpleasant it is to see you. When I saw Hawkhaven's colors flown on Vanguard Keep, I did not dream that I would have the chance to kill you."

Althaea felt a creeping cold as she recognized the commander, not as Karshas but as Sir Percival Went; a man she grieved over after word of his death had reached her. She fought to steady herself from the shock and replied, "Percival, how could you?"

"I didn't!" the death knight's voice boomed. "It was you that left me and mine to die, you were to reinforce! To help push back the scourge! This is your fault!"

Crusarn moved closer to Althaea, his hand firmly upon the pommel of his mace. "We were called to defend Stormshire and you were ordered to fall back and you disobeyed. Your fall is your own, Percival!"

"Percival is dead," the death knight spat at Crusarn, "I am commander Karshas." He then turned to move closer to Althaea, "I see the Hawkhaven man servant still fights little Althaea's battles."

Althaea moved menacingly close to Karshas, his smell was that of carrion and she fought the urge vomit. Her friend, Percival was indeed dead, the creature before her was not him. "I fight my own battles... Karshas, and I have come to negotiate terms of a duel."

Karshas laughed and bared two rows of sharp teeth, "thank the unholy dark that it would reward my loyalty by delivering you right into my hands." He circled his horse around to her other side and leaned in toward her. "I don't want to fight Crusarn..."

Althaea eyed him with a piercing gaze. "You won't."

The death knight clapped in mock glee as he sat straight in his saddle. "Excellent, I will relish in displaying your flayed corpse to your men."

"The terms," Althaea said calmly, "is that..."

"Novercalis, come closer and witness terms." Karshas called out to his lieutenant in a deliberate interruption of Althaea. The lieutenant dutifully moved to his commander's side.

Undaunted, Althaea continued stating her terms. "Is that should you win, the alliance shall turn Valiance Keep to you and your army by dusk of the next day."

"And should you win," prompted Karshas.

"Should I win, your army ends its siege of the keep and leave the field."

Karshas looked her over and was brimming with confidence. "I have you at a military disadvantage, Lady Althaea. Your men dwindle and grow tired with each of my assaults while my army grows with the corpses of your very own. I need only wait to have you in my grasp. I need not agree to those terms."

Althaea sat silent until she was sure he was done then quietly said, "Then we have nothing further to discuss."

The paladin's turned their mounts to return to the keep when Karshas said, "wait..."

Althaea stopped her horse and turned to look at the death knight.

"I win, House Hawkhaven's men will surrender to me, and the rest may go."

Althaea resumed her ride to the gate and said, "unacceptable."

"Ok, fine!" Karshas called out, "I win your men leave, you win then mine do."

The paladins stopped once again and maneuvered her horse back to the death knight. "Then terms are made and accepted," Althaea smiled. "Crusarn, have you witnessed terms?"

"Yes, I have."

Karshas turned to Novercalis. "Novercalis have you witnessed terms?"

The death knight broke his silence and spoke with a deep voice, "I have."

"Then the duel may commence," announced Karshas.

Althaea nodded and rode out alongside Crusarn to put a little distance from Karshas. She dismounted and handed the reins over to the paladin. "Lass, you have a bit of your mother in you after all," he smiled, "You did not need my help negotiating terms."

"If he wins, do not wait until dusk tomorrow to evacuate the Keep."

Crusarn saluted Althaea and said, "He won't win, lass."

Althaea turned to approach within ten paces of a waiting Karshas. He wore no shield but instead wielded a two-handed sword etched in glowing runic markings. Both he and his sword pulsed with a cold dark light that pressed against her aura, seemingly testing it for weaknesses in her faith. Althaea gave a customary dueler's salute which was returned in kind by Karshas and signaled the start of their duel.

Karshas wasted no time and launched into a savage attack fueled by his hatred for the paladin. His blows landed on her shield hard and caused her to stagger backwards to regain her footing.

The death knight hissed, "I'll cut your tender meat from your bones and feed you to my mount."

"You always did overestimate your ability," Althaea replied, "I'll see to it that you die...again."

The verbal barb fueled Karshas' rage into another series of attacks that Althaea blocked or parried. She found few openings to counter but took what she could get. The death knight moved with unnatural speed and dodged quite a few of her attempts.

The death knight's sword flashed and the very ground beneath her erupted in ghostly hands that grasped and clawed at her legs. Their cold touch could be felt through her armor and she stumbled to the ground, raising her shield in time to block yet another series of blows.

"What's the matter Althaea," mocked Karshas, "where is your Light to give you strength in the face of the dark?" He struck at her again, driving her shield lower with each blow as the ghostly hands clawed at her.

Althaea didn't answer, instead she prayed through teeth clenched in pain from the ghostly clawing. She prayed and extended her aura's energy into the ground, causing it to burn in golden light that spread outward from her. The hands were burned away and Karsha's feet caught fire where the light touched it, causing him to back away from it. "You forget that the presence of light always chases away the dark," she said as she got back to her feet. "Now are you going to fight, or is the mighty Karshas afraid of a little consecrated ground?"

The death knight growled and extended a hand from which a dark tendril lashed out and grabbed Althaea around the waist to pull her through the air at him outside the consecrated ground. Althaea seized the moment, and focused holy energy into her shield. As she came down she parried his sword aside and struck hard enough with her shield to stagger him. Karshas spun around and swung low but Althaea's shield was at the ready. She forced his sword down and put her weight on the flat of the blade, breaking it with a loud metallic snap and that sent her rolling into the area of her consecration.

Karshas looked at his broken weapon and the fading runewords upon it then roared in anger. In his rage he charged into her consecration to strike at her with the remnants of his weapon. Though broken, the sword strikes still had great force behind it. Althaea had to extend her aura to form a shield around her and let his attacks glance off the protective barrier while she found an opening. She found it when Karshas reared his head back for another roar so she leaped to the attack. The curved blade of her sword found flesh at the death knight's neck and decapitated him. His head fell at his feet and his eyes briefly saw understanding of his demise when they looked up at his own headless body twitching and engulfed in holy flame.

Althaea turned to see Crusarn heading to her from one direction and Novercalis from the other.

"I suppose I owe you a bit of thanks, Lady Hawkhaven, for giving me my recent promotion," the death knight said with a bemused grin as he observed Karshas' body get consumed in flame.

"You owe me no gratitude, knight," Althaea replied. "You only need to honor the terms of the duel."

Novercalis laughed. "Always business. Your reputation precedes you, Althaea."

Althaea stood silent, she watched the enemy before her closely and her aura flared about her body in a radiant shine.

"Not to worry, I will honor the late commander's agreement," the death knight said as he spun his horse and spurred it to ride toward his camp. He paused a moment and looked back over his shoulder and added, "It's about time the Lich King's forces met with a worthy opponent. We will meet again Lady Hawkhaven."

THE END



Gender Alliance of the South Sound | 741 St Helens St | Tacoma | WA | 98402 | US