

The Legend

*Newsletter for the
Canton of Charlesbury Crossing*



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The Edenbras' Tales

Chapter Two

Written by: Cyriac Grymsdale (Kevin Towery)

It would be close to a year later before we return to the tale of Thomas Arundell. For this second installment we begin during a hunt that occurred during Thomas' eleventh summer. It was no surprise to find Sir Rowland had much in common with Edward, Duke of York, as both believed that a fine hunting pack should consist of three types of hounds, which is not to say three breeds. The leimers, or scenting hounds, were used to locate the game before the hunt and then were used during the hunt, as they might be needed. Two other types of hounds, the running dogs and greyhounds, formed the main pack of hounds. The running dogs known as harriers, brachets, or raches, hunted by their sense of smell. These dogs were the responsibility of servants called berners, while servants called fewterers supervised the final type of hounds, miscellaneous breeds known collectively as greyhounds, which hunted by sight. In order to maintain such a hunting pack, Sir Rowland employed one of the finest Hound Masters in all of England, William Arundell. As noted in the first chapter Sir Rowland had taken a liking to the Hound Master's son and requested that William bring along Thomas.

On the day of the hunt William turned a stern eye upon Thomas, "Boy make sure that ye do nae embarrass me today. There are a lot of men who would love to have my position and I can nae afford to lose it. I do nae understand why Sir Rowland wants ye to be brought along, but I will obey his words. Do ye understand me Thomas?" Looking up at his father, stuffing a blanket into a cloth bag he nodded before swinging it across his shoulder. "Yes da, I'll try to make ye proud..." Looking his son over again he gave a low sigh as he squeezed Thomas' shoulder. Pointing out the cart for Thomas to throw his belongings in, William walked off to the kennels to prepare the hounds and give directions to the berners along with the fewterers. Pulling himself up onto the edge of the cart Thomas kicked his feet back and forth, eyes watching the other hunting party members prepare for the journey. "Day's meet Thomas, how are ye doing this fine summer day?" Blinking as he cleared his thoughts Thomas smiled, caught unawares by Sir Rowland, "I am doing well sire. Thank ye for allowing me to come along." "Tis no trouble Thomas. Tell me where has yer father gotten himself to? We are almost finished packing and will be wanting to take our leave." Nodding Thomas pointed to the general direction of the kennels, "He went to fetch the hounds and the handlers sire. Shall I go check for ye?" Nodding his head Sir Rowland tucked a pair of gloves into his belt as he smiled at Thomas, "I would be in yer debt Thomas. Thank ye." Hopping down from the cart Thomas took off at a run to fulfill his errand.

Running to the kennels Thomas moved to the side of the entrance as a few of his father's dog handlers came through with the hounds barking and tugging at their leashes. Looking around he spotted his father and waved to get his attention. Grimacing as he caught sight of Thomas William shook his head as he made his way to him. "Boy, I thought that ye were to stay at the cart? What are ye doing here?" "Father, Sir Rowland sent me to fetch ye. He said that they are ready to leave and are waiting on ye." Muttering he glanced to the remaining few handlers and yelled out orders for them to get the rest of the dogs out to the courtyard so that they could start on their way. "Very well, let us be on our way." The last to leave William watched Thomas make his way back to the cart and gave another shake of his head. He still had misgivings about Thomas coming along on the hunt, but the decision had been taken out of his hands. Sitting astride his stallion a smile spread across Sir Rowland's features as he saw the duo of father and son join the party accompanied by the handlers and the hounds. Raising his hand and dropping it the party started its pace to leave the estates. With the sun to their back, the hunting party set out at a moderate pace heading northwest into the country of Buckinghamshire and away from the city of Amersham.

It would be two days later when the leimers would pick up the scent of potential game and the slow pace was picked up in haste. Riding in the cart that his father had placed him in, Thomas gripped the rails until his knuckles were white trying to hold on as the cart bounced along the forest floor trying to keep pace with the hunters. Not long after the hounds picked up the scent the slower parts of the hunting party were left behind as the horsemen galloped ahead to pursue their quarry. Slowing down their pace, they continued to follow the trail left by the rampaging hunters until around midday when the head driver called for a stop. Bewildered by the sudden stop Thomas stood up and asked the driver of his cart, "Why did we stop?? Everyone is getting away sir!" Turning around in his seat, the older man gave Thomas a toothless grin, "Don't ye be worrying young sir. We have to stop to get the camp ready for when the Lord and the others come back. Ye just sit here and with God's blessing they will be back before the eve." Still not comprehending, Thomas moved to the edge of the cart and took a seat, legs dangling over the edge.

Jumping down from the cart Thomas, curious as ever for his age, decided to explore the forest around him. The campsite had been set in a small clearing of the woods and at least one empty fire pit could be seen confirming that others had camped in the area before. Walking further away from the camp Thomas picked up a small stick, pretending it was a sword, and swung it around attacking imaginary enemies. Concentrating more on his enemies than the sounds around him Thomas paid no attention to the baying of hounds in the distance. Coming to some bushes around a tree no thought was given when he hacked and slashed at it. Blinking as the bush rustled in front of his eyes and a loud snorting could be heard, he took several steps backward. Emerging from the protection of the bushes was one of the largest boars that he had ever seen, though he had only seen pictures of them in books. Black hair stood on end with curved horns glittered in the sunlight the black beast stepped forward. Tripping over his own feet Thomas crawled backwards struggling to call for help but his voice had vanished. Pawing the ground in between snorts the boar lowered its head, tail swishing in the air, as it prepared to charge. Eyes wide Thomas kicked at the ground trying to get to his feet and away from the boar as fast as possible. Digging its feet in the boar lowered its head before giving a loud grunt and charging. Mouth hanging open Thomas screamed as he brought his arm across his face by pure instinct.

From the same bush line that the boar had appeared from several flashes of brown and black exploded to leap on the boar biting and jumping away. Lowering his arm, Thomas blinked several times as he finally got to his feet. It was his father's hounds! Surrounding the boar, the greyhounds nipped at its heels forcing it away from Thomas and directing it towards their masters. Backing up a few steps from the cacophony of grunting, yapping, and snarling hounds, Thomas leaned against a tree to catch his breath. Close on the heels of the hounds the hunting party also burst upon the scene of the cornered boar. Their quarry stranded and easy prey, spears were lowered to be stabbed forward into the prey's soft hide. Eyes wide taking in the scene of the murder, Thomas bent over to allow his morning's break fast to join the forest floor. Catching up with his handlers William smiled once he saw that his hounds had kept their tracking record in perfect shape, no game had yet to escape them. Looking around William caught sight of Thomas standing on the perimeter of the carnage. The smile crumpling into a grim line he made his way over to Thomas, "Boy what are ye doing here? I thought that I told ye to stay with the cart!! ANSWER ME BOY!" Trying to answer his father Thomas found his voice to still be lost. Grinding his teeth he clapped his hand on Thomas' shoulder to push him forward, "Get ye to the camp boy! This is nae place for ye. When we get home, we shall have words about ye disobedience to me." Watching Thomas slowly make his way back to the site, William sighed as he looked up to heaven wondering if Eleanor was watching him. Turning back to watch as the servants carved up the boar he called out a few orders to the handlers to get the dogs ready to settle down for the night.

That night Thomas was to experience his first taste of freshly killed and cooked food. Managing the weak excuse to Sir Rowland that he did not feel well, for the remainder of the night he drank water and ate some fruits to calm his stomach. Lying down for the night Thomas pulled his blanket close about him then rolled on his side to hide the tears as they flowed. He knew his father was angry with him, though he could not fathom why since he had stayed in the perimeter of the camp. Did his father realize that he almost lost his son or that it was not his fault the boar had turned back on its trail? Surely it was by the will of God himself that Thomas had managed to live through the horror and it was He who sent the hounds to protect him. All of these thoughts and more flew through his mind causing a restless night of tossing and turning. The hounds secure and settled for the night William sets out his blanket to make his bed. Thus ends the second chapter in the Edenbras Tales and the life of Thomas Arundell.



Canton Business Meeting

Date & Time:
September 3RD @ 7:00 p.m.

Location:
Independence Regional Library
6015 Conference Drive
Charlotte, NC 28212

Directions:
<http://www.plcmc.org/libLoc/branchIndependence.htm>

Unofficial Fighter Practice

Day & Time:
Every Wednesday @ 7:30 p.m.

Location:
HRM Logan Ebonwoulfe's home

Directions:
Please contact HRM Logan
(dukelogan@directvinternet.com) for
directions.

Dance Practice

Day & Time:
September 3RD @ 6:00 p.m.

Location:
Independence Regional Library
6015 Conference Drive
Charlotte, NC 28212

Directions:
<http://www.plcmc.org/libLoc/branchIndependence.htm>

Happy Birthday to:

August 4th
Lord Dagonet d'Marlowe
(Nathan Cottrell)

August 7th
Lord Cyriac Grymsdale
(Kevin Towery)

August 9th
Isabella Lamont
(Liz Luke)

August 31st
Baron Achbar ibn Ali
(James Morrow)

Minutes from July 1st Business Meeting

Seneschal's Report:

Position of Canton Knight's Marshal is open. Achbar suggested to fill in being a warranted marshal with Cyriac as deputy. Discussed with Achbar and agreement was reached.

Boy Scout Demo. Needed to confirm the activities taking place at the demo and whether rapier fighters are allowed. Gawain stated that he did not think that the rapier fighters were desired to be present. Concentration will be on the heavy fighting and Arts & Science.

Baronial Birthday. Discussed what to make for the birthday. Kilmeny suggested medallions as the Baroness was short of them. Discussed what order to create medallions for and decided to email to find out what order was needed the most.

Waxhaw Highland Games Demo. Received information from the Games and their requirements for having a SCA booth. Required to pay a fee and dress in Scottish clothing.

Festival in the Park Demo. Discussed making sign for announcement.

Herald's Report:

Need to submit more Names/Devices. Expressed desire to judge heraldry at Market & Tourney Day.

Chronicler's Report:

In this month's (June) newsletter, is the first chapter of the Tales of Edenbras.

Minister of A&S Report:

Recorder practice will be at Mistress Jessamyn's house at 7 o'clock on July 2nd.

Canton Event Report(s):

Market & Tourney Day at Charlesbury Crossing:

Talorgen volunteered to fill position as autocrat. Dates are November 16th, 17th, and 18th. If interested in volunteering for other positions, please contact Talorgen.

Twelfth Night:

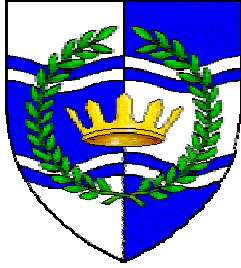
Site has been confirmed and reserved. The theme will be Winter Revelry and the color scheme is blue and red. Contacting motels/hotels in the area to confirm discount deal.

Pineville Demo

Contact made with Kristy Detwilder (Pineville Parks & Rec director) to inquire as to the interest in having the SCA at their Fall Festival. The Fall Festival is October 19th and is a one-day affair. Cyriac (Kevin) and Louise (Heather) to coordinate with Kristy an area for the demo.

General Populace Announcements:

Bardic practice will be held at Dryw's house from 7 o'clock to 9 o'clock.



Kingdom Calendar

August 2002


2-18	Pennsic XXXI		Butler, PA
10	War Orphans Pity Party	St. Georges	Pickens, SC
24	Post Pennsic Revel	Storvik	College Park, MD
30-1	Baronial Birthday	Sacred Stone	King's Mtn State Park, SC
30-1	Land War I	Stierbach	

September 2002

6-8	Coronation (RP,HP)	Atlantia/Windmasters Hill	Carthage, NC
13-15	Autumnus Festus	Crannog Mor	Blowing Rock, NC
13-15	Siege of Glengary	Sylvan Glen	Glengary, WV
13-15	To the Point	Cyddlain Downs	Lexington, SC
14	Dante's Inferno	Black Diamond	Willis, VA
20-22	Celtic Cattle Raids	Nimenefeld	Holly Springs, NC
21	Erntefest	Lochmere	Mt. Airy, MD
27-29	Viking Thyng	Yarnvid	New Canton, VA
27-29	Tourney of the Golden Moon	Hawkwood	Kings Mountain, SC

October 2002

4-6	University of Atlantia	Atlantia	TBA
11-13	Kingdom Crusades	Atlantia	Darlington, MD
18-20	The Unprofitable Sports Collegium	Nottinghamhill Coill	King's Mtn St Park, SC
18-20	Silver Chalice XV	Hidden Mountain	Cheraw, SC
25-27	All Hallows XXII	Berley Cort	Sedley, VA
25-27	Avalon	Sacred Stone	King's Mtn State Park, SC



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