

# The Legend

*Newsletter for the  
Canton of Charlesbury Crossing*



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## *Canton Regnum for Charlesbury Crossing*

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# The Edenbras' Tales

## Chapter Four

Written by: Lord Cyriac Grymsdale (Kevin Towery)  
Edited by: Lady Lidia Lijovic of Ragusa (Lydia Leovic)

It is the experience of most chroniclers that tales are written to expand on the joys of life or upon events that constitute historical significance. As documented in the first chapter of this tale, it has been chosen to display the darker moments of one person's life that in the end created the man to be. With this in mind we pick up the tale of Thomas Arundell, not a year after his altercation with the nobleman, but several weeks later. The physical scars of his father's lashing could be not seen during his toil at the stables, and more often than not no one noticed the subtle change in Thomas' mannerism...nae it was the dimming of the light that was Thomas' outlook on life that was most noticed. Though only three people, Thomas, William, and Edmund, knew of the real reason for the change, it did nae stop those who viewed the Arundells with less than favorable opinions from spreading rumors.

Despite the lashing suffered at the hands of his father due to the accident with the nobleman, Thomas found to his surprise that his father had not asked Edmund to end his apprenticeship. Though he was still cleaning the stalls and filling the water troughs, Edmund had started to allow Thomas to feed the horses and educate him on the basics. However, the source of Thomas altercation, the band of kids, decided to complicate Thomas' life even more by spending their free time around the stables in hopes of causing more torment for their base amusement. While cleaning out a pen Thomas sighed, "Are ye sure Edmund that there is nae a way that ye could ask them to leave? I try to ignore them, honest I do, but it is hard."

"I know it is hard Thomas, but in everyone's life comes a challenge. Consider this one of the smaller ones that ye will have to deal with. They can roam the estates wherever they choose provided they do no harm." Edmund replied brushing several stubborn burrs out of Sir Rowland's prized destrier<sup>1</sup>.

Pausing in his work Thomas leaned on his shovel to watch the band of tormenters as they engaged in the rough and tumble sport of camp ball. Thomas took the band of youth's measure by watching them throwing the pea filled pig bladder to each other, with the receiver then being chased. With a look of longing in his eyes, he buried the shovel under a pile of dung and dumped it in the box nearby. He often wished he had his own friends to play with and more importantly, to have fun with.

"Come now Thomas, do nae let them get to ye. Ye do nae have much longer today before ye can go and enjoy the rest of the day," Edmund said catching Thomas' lingering gaze from the corner of his eye. "Ye just have to finish this pen and put some hay down in the empty stall for the new palfrey."

Shoveling out the last of the dung, he nodded his head glumly. Picking up the box of dung, he walked off to empty it, and then headed to the empty stall to begin laying the

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<sup>1</sup> Destrier was the great war-horse of the Middle Ages and were developed to carry the weight of the armored knight.

hay out. Stabbing the hay with his pitchfork, Thomas stopped for a moment, hearing a noise akin to a giggle. Looking behind him, pitchfork in hand, he blinked for a moment as he saw the mousy brown haired girl that he had seen earlier in the week watching him work. Examining her more than he had before, he noticed that she had a slightly upturned nose and that her clothes were made of dark colors, like most servants, dust stained no less. Seeing her smiling he offered a small smile in return, before throwing another bushel of hay into the stall. Turning around for another pile with his cheeks slowly burning burgundy, while at the same time trying to gain the courage to speak to her, he was surprised to find that she had already vanished when he turned around. Scratching his head, he couldn't fathom a reason why the girl seemed to be following him, unless she was hoping to get his attention, or maybe she had a crush on him? Shaking his head of such thoughts, he went back to tossing the hay into the stall. It was a silly thought, Thomas told himself, he knew that there was nothing special about him that would draw the attentions of a girl, and that it was just a passing fancy of the girl to watch someone do chores.

Finishing with the last bale of hay, Thomas found Edmund still tending to the destrier and waved goodbye. Walking out of the stables he noticed that the group of kids were still playing so he paused to watch them for a few turns of the hourglass. Having had his fill, he decided to head home, but had not taken several steps before he found himself on his knees with a sharp stabbing pain at the base of his head. Reaching back to rub the skin of his head, he could feel the tender lump already forming a knot. Casting a glance behind him he saw the cause of his pain laying off to the side, the camp-ball, and the players pointing and laughing. Picking up the camp-ball he gritted his teeth, while taking slow, measured steps before tossing the ball at the first person within reach. Watching the tawny haired kid duck the ball, Thomas launched himself forward to tackle the youth hard to the cobblestones, rolling with him while fists flew.

Allowing the gang of ruffians enough time to formulate and enact their devious plan, Edmund was caught off guard when he saw that Thomas had taken the fight to them, despite their overwhelming numbers. Striding over to the rolling and flailing mass of limbs, Edmund reached down to grab the back of Thomas' tunic and yanked him off of the ground --and the youth--into the air.

"Enough!" Edmund bellowed kicking at the youth trying to scramble back up to his feet, "get out of here now before I report ye all!"

Watching the group run off, Edmund grinned while still holding Thomas by the scruff of the neck. "Well ye either put the fear of God in them and they won't try to mess with ye again or ye have just made them more determined to cause ye grief."

Chest heaving from trying to regain his breath Thomas tried to pull away from Edmund's grasp seething from the blow and the throbbing lump at the back of his neck.

"Calm yeself Thomas, ye will gain nothing from trying to settle the difference." Seeing that his words were not having their desired effect, Edmund dragged Thomas over to a water trough where he gritted his teeth and lifted Thomas, only to then dunk him into the water.

Gasping at the immersion into the cold water, Thomas flailed about to grab purchase on the sides of the trough to pull himself out of the water.

Watching Thomas drip all over the ground and brushing back the wet locks of his hair, Edmund grinned at him, "There now ye should be in a better mood."

"As I was saying, ye can nae let them get to ye like that. Though I am sure now that they are going to be more determined to cause more mischief for ye. On the fair side, I do nae think that ye have to worry about getting a thrashing for this."

"They had it coming to them Edmund. There was no need for them to strike me with the ball," grumbled Thomas. Clutching the edges of his tunic he tried to wring some of the water from the cloth.

"Ye can nae always try to protect me Edmund. At some point...they are going to try and catch me when I am alone and I am going to have to deal with them."

Eyeing Thomas, Edmund merely nodded, arms folded across his chest. "As long as ye are my apprentice, it is my job to watch out for ye and make sure that nae harm comes to ye. I think that we both know that yer father is nae going to tolerate ye attacking people. So fer now, let the matter be settled and we will wait to deal with the future when it comes. So off with ye!" Uncrossing his arms, Edmund walked off to tend to his business and leave Thomas to finish drying out.

Several days later Edmund had heard word from another servant that the father of the youth that Thomas had attacked was upset about the situation, but was ambiguous when details were asked for. Edmund was not surprised, though, when he learned who the father was: the man was a known boisterous individual who enjoyed taunting and bullying others when he could. It brought a small smile to Edmund's face to think that the son's ego had been lowered a notch by Thomas, but it also guaranteed the fact that the youths would return eventually with more vigor to bring Thomas to a new low.

Therefore it was a surprise to both Thomas and Edmund when a whole week had passed without sign of the youths. Holding the reins of the new palfrey while Edmund was bent over holding its right foreleg to check the new horseshoe Thomas asked, "Do ye think that they will return Edmund?"

Lowering the palfrey's foreleg and stepping to lift up one of its hind legs Edmund replied, "I would nae be sure. They seem to think that ye are fair game for their mischief and will nae give up so easily. But I would not worry too much about it and tend to yer duties. Speaking of which, I need ye to head to Lady Joan's abode to pick up the caparison for our fella here. Once we check to make sure it fits on him, I think he shall be ready to be shown to Sir Rowland. Ye do know where Lady Joan stays?"

Nodding his head Thomas stroked the mane of the palfrey to keep it settled, "Aye Edmund, she lives just a little way past the kennels."

"Good, good. Now that I am done with checking this fella's shoes, I want ye to go ahead and head down there. Pick it up and return with haste. We do nae have much time to check its fitting before Sir Rowland comes by to see him."

Knowing that he would have to pass the kennels in order to reach Lady Joan's, Thomas decided to make the best of the situation and ran past the entrance in the hopes of avoiding his father's attention. Reaching the opposite edge of the entrance, he paused and listened to see if he heard his father's voice yelling. Breathing a sigh of relief, he went about on his task and picked up the cloth package from Lady Joan without incident.

Unfortunately fate had decided early on to not allow the return trip to be without incident. Thomas had already made his way back past the kennels before he found himself before a young lady who had stepped into his path. Startled at the sudden obstacle, Thomas backed up looking at the lass. Her clothing denoted that she was the daughter of servants, but it was her radiant beauty that seemed to sway Thomas' mind from normal to mud. "Ah...um...pardon me m'lady...I need to get by ye."

Giving Thomas a smoldering smile the girl ran a hand casually through her long fiery red hair, while her hazel eyes glittered with a look of mischief. "Now why would ye need to be in such a hurry hmm? 'Tis such a nice day out and here ye are rushing around...ye came close to knocking me down. Ye should watch where ye are running a bit closer."

Lightly blushing at the comment, Thomas readjusted the tied package under his arm. Taking several gulps of air to try and calm himself he replied, "My Master has me on an errand and I am heading back to the stables..."

Pursing her lips together, she eyed Thomas up while she moved her hand along her cloth belt. "I would have to guess that ye are Thomas then, apprentice to the stable master. Here, why don't we move out of this sun, it does so burn my fair skin, and talk some more over here," she said pointing to a small alley off to the side of the cobblestones.

Walking over to the alley with the girl, her back to the entrance of the alley, Thomas asked her, "Since ye seem to know who I am, may I ask what yer name is m'lady?"

"My name? I am Grace Thredar...", she replied with a small grin on her lips. "So tell me Thomas, what errand is it that has ye in such a rush to return to the stables?"

Enamored by Grace's beauty, Thomas took several quick small gulps. He did not have much experience, truly none, in dealing with women and was not sure why Grace would even want to talk to him. "We...we have a new horse in for Sir Rowland and I was sent to pick up the caparison for him."

"A caparison ye say? What is that exactly? Would ye show it to me?" she asked with a look of interest spread across her face, almost standing on her the tips of her toes to look at the cloth package.

"It's the cloth that they put over the horse to display Sir Rowland's arms for parades and such," answered Thomas, feeling a bit more confident now that he was discussing a subject that he was sure of his knowledge in. "I do nae think that I should open it otherwise I may get in trouble with Master Edmund."

Pouting, she took a step closer to Thomas her arm rubbing against his own. "Oh I am sure that he would nae mind. After all everyone will see it soon enough when Sir Rowland displays it."

"Ah...ah," stuttered Thomas trying to back up, confused with the desire to show the cloth to her. "It is nae proper for Master Edmund needs to inspect it first and there is nae much time for him to do so..."

“Awwwww come on Thomas, do nae be such a stick in the mud,” Grace crooned, stepping in closer, now with more body contact, causing Thomas to step back at her overwhelming aura and presence.

“I..I’m sorry Grace, but I can nae do it,” Thomas replied, sweat beading on his forehead, before darkness overtook and he found himself face down on the cobblestones, with yet another large throbbing welt on the back of his neck. Groaning as he rose from the stones, he rubbed at the back of his neck and then stared in horror at the caparison strewn along the ground with rips and holes in the material. Picking up the material, Thomas was still in shock when he reached the stables and handed the folded material over to Edmund.

“Thomas...explain yerself. What happened to this? I know very well that Lady Joan did not give ye such a piece of work in this state,” Edmund asked with the hint of steel in his voice.

“I..I do nae know Edmund. I was talking to a girl when someone struck me, and I woke up and it was as you see it now,” Thomas muttered with his eyes lowered to the ground.

“What was the name of the girl that ye were talking to Thomas? I do nae recall ye mentioning knowing any ladies.”

“She said that her name was Grace...Grace Thredar, I believe, Edmund. Do ye know her or of her? I..I did nae think there was any harm in talking to her...she seemed so nice and kind. I am sorry, Edmund...I did nae mean to bring this shame on ye.”

Edmund raised an eyebrow at the mention of the last name Thredar. It was the connection that he was looking for between the gang of youths and this latest effort. Grace was the sister of the youth that Thomas had fought. Evidently they had come up with another devious scheme to dishonor Thomas and his father.

“Ye did nae bring any shame to me, Thomas. I received a letter from Sir Rowland after ye left that he had been summoned to Amersham on some business and we have some leeway. I will contact Lady Joan to see about having a new one made. However...I can nae let this error go unpunished. I know that ye meant well Thomas, but I can nae always be lenient with ye. As such ye will oil the saddles not in use and check for any crack in the leather.”

Thomas stared incredulously at Edmund with his mouth open wide before shutting it and nodding his head. Leaving the ripped caparison with Edmund, Thomas slowly walked to the storage area to start his task, smarting from the visible lump on the back of his neck, along with the perceived betrayal of friendship.

It was hard for Thomas to accept part of the blame for the ruined caparison, and as a result he promised himself that he would not allow himself to be duped in such a way again. It is with this resolve that we close this chapter on the life of Thomas Arundell with him hard at work oiling saddles.



## Canton Business Meeting

Date & Time:  
December 2<sup>nd</sup> @ 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:  
Duke Logan Ebonwoulfe's home

Directions:  
Please contact Duke Logan  
([dukelogan@directvinternet.com](mailto:dukelogan@directvinternet.com)) for  
directions.

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## Dance Practice

Day & Time:  
December 2<sup>nd</sup> @ 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:

No Birthdays this month!

# Minutes from October 7<sup>th</sup> Business Meeting

## **Seneschale's Report:**

Will look into the boyscout site from the demo that was held earlier in the year.

## **Chronicler's Report:**

Reports and submissions due by the 15<sup>th</sup> of each month.

## **Chatelaine's Report:**

Have some new people to return calls.

Discussed Festival in the Park demo, WarZone demo, and Coffee shop demo.

## **Minister of A&S Report:**

Nothing new going on. Asked to potentially hold KA&S for March 2003.

## **Webminister's Report:**

Use website for tracking important dates and event details. Also member profiles are available.

## **Exchequer's Report:**

Same funds.

## **Herald/Knight's Marshal Report:**

Marshallate will be cracking down on official practices and requiring signed waivers. Speak to Achbar regarding new names and devices.

## **Canton Event Report(s):**

### Pineville Demo:

Need equipment as defined in email sent out earlier in the week.

### Market Day:

Need someone to fill in cleanup position and troll needs help.

Mark d'Aubigney will act as heavy marshal and Ronan MacStalker as light weapons marshal. Feast planned and lined up.

Discussed sponsoring/comping newcomers from the Pineville demo

Next year there may be possible conflict of date with Nottingham Coil

### Twelfth Night:

Need help with troll. Everything else is fine.

## **New/Old Business:**

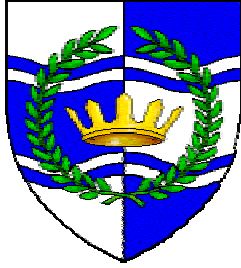
Financial Policy Discussion

Handout given at last meeting for discussion in October and vote in November.

Need policy for financial paperwork of the Canton to appear stable financially.

The policy is to provide procedures in order for the Canton to follow and remain stable.

Discussed revisions.



# Kingdom Calendar

## November 2002


1-3	<a href="#">Crown Tournament</a> (RP)	Bright Hills	Street, MD
8-10	<a href="#">Passage to the East V</a> (RP)	Falcon Cree	King's Mtn St. Park, SC
9	<a href="#">Dun Carraig Baronial Birthday</a>	Dun Carraig	Waldorf, MD
15-17	<a href="#">2nd Annual Market Day and Tourney</a>	Charlesbury Crossing	King's Mtn St. Park, SC
15-17	<a href="#">Feast of St. Dismas</a>	Cyddlain Downs	Lexington, SC
16	<a href="#">Lady and the Tiger Tourney</a> (RP)	Ponte Alto	Burke, VA
16	<a href="#">Pilgrim's Progress</a>	Tir-y-Don	Yorktown, VA
23	<a href="#">Holiday Faire</a>	Stierbach	Manassas, VA
29- Dec 1	<a href="#">Winter Campaign</a>	Ritterwald	Williston, NC

## December 2002

7	<a href="#">Unevent</a> (RP)	Renscester	Williamsburg, VA
14	Feast of St. Andrews	Tear Sea Shore	Harleyville, SC
14	<a href="#">Feast of Saint Fortunatus</a> (RP)	Caer Mear	Palmyra, VA
14	Through the Ages	Salesberie Glen	Cleveland, NC
14	Toys for Tots	Falcon Cree	Greenville, SC

## January 2002

11	Kingdom 12th Night (RP)	Charlesbury Crossing	Charlotte, NC
18	13th Night	Cathanar	TBD, NC
25	Interbaronial Twelfth Night	Marinus	Virginia Beach, VA
25	Performers' Revel	Storvik	Bowie, MD



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