

The Legend

*Newsletter for the
Canton of Charlesbury Crossing*



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The Edenbras' Tales

Chapter Three

Written by: Cyriac Grymsdale (Kevin Towery)

Edited by: Amanda Chaffin

For the third chapter in the life of Thomas Arundell, yet another year has come and gone since the almost disastrous hunt. Shortly after the hunt, William decided to place Thomas within the Inn of Edenbras. The reasoning for this was twofold in that he felt it would allow Thomas an education and at the same time keep the child from mischief as children his age were known for (though Thomas seemed to be an exception). William would find to his dismay that on the first day at the Inn, Thomas' education was discovered to already be above that of his peers. Unable to devote time to address the child's needs, the instructor sent Thomas home with a note informing William that Thomas would not be able to hold a seat within the Inn. Having read the note, Thomas decided to wander around the Estates before he returned home and it is at this point that we begin the chapter.

Thomas knew that his father would be disappointed that Thomas couldn't stay in the Inn, mainly because now his father would have to find something to do with him to keep him out of his way. Kicking up dirt as he walked along he decided to pay a visit to the stables and Edmund Dryden before meeting his fate. Thomas cried to Edmund, "Hullo! How are the horses today?" as he climbed up to sit on the top rail of a pen.

Bent over in the process of prying a stone out of one of the horse's horseshoes Edmund looked up before setting the horse's hoof down and wiped his hands off on his brown apron before walking over to Thomas. "Now what are ye doing running around here? I thought yer father had ye in the Inn?" he asked as he leaned against the wooden corral.

"Aye, he did but they sent me home." Thomas explained, reaching into his belt to offer Edmund the letter to read as he kicked his legs along the wooden beam and noticed how Edmund's clothing seemed to be have dust sewed into the linen.

Reading the letter, Edmund's brows knitted as he folded up the paper and handed it back to Thomas. He had talked to William some and knew that he was not up to raising a child, nor trying to tend to them while he had the hounds to look after. "Yer father will nae be pleased with this..."

Thomas scowled at the news, having expected it but still not wishing to hear it, "I know, but what am I to do?"

"I do nae know what to tell ye Thomas, but ye will have to show this to yer father. Ye cannae just go about wandering around during the day, for it won't be long before he shall find out." Edmund cautioned the boy.

“I know...I just do nae wish to be a thorn in his side once again.” Sighing, Thomas dropped down from the rail and brushed off his breeches. “It was good to see ye again Edmund. I may come back later, if father allows it. Take care.” Waving to each other, Thomas took his leave from the stables and started along the path to the kennels kicking every so often at rocks on the ground, dreading having to see his father.

As he was leaving the stables a movement off to his left caught Thomas’ eye along with his attention. Standing at the corner of one of the buildings a mousy brown haired girl, roughly his age he guessed, who upon seeing his attention focused on her beamed a smile at him. Blinking as his cheeks burned red he looked away and hurried along to the kennels. In the background he could hear the music of the girl’s giggle fade. Still blushing when he reached the kennels he paused a moment to let the blood flow away from his face before spotting his father. As William spotted Thomas, the opposite occurred, his face turning red from the blood rising in anger. “What are ye doing here Thomas!!!” yelled William across the cobblestones as he stormed over to him. “Ye are supposed to be at the Inn, not lollygagging around the Estates!! Well answer me boy!!” Embarrassed by his father Thomas lowered his head and handed over the note from the Inn for him to read. Still looking at his shoes he could feel the eyes of the other handlers and trainers boring a hole into him due to his father’s yelling. Unfurling the note William scanned over it briefly and gave a long drawn out sigh. Once again his son had taken a perfectly good plan and somehow managed to find a loophole in it. “I can nae deal with you right now Thomas. Go home and when I get there we shall discuss what to do with ye.” Nodding Thomas followed his father’s order and ran off for home. Turning around to face the handlers, William’s face turned red again as he bellowed at them, “What are ye looking at?? Ye have work to do! Get to it!”

Going back to their small house, Thomas climbed into his bed to lie down. Staring up at the ceiling, he thought about the day’s events. He knew that his father would be upset with him and once again he was correct. Even Edmund had known that his father was going to be upset with him being removed from the Inn. It seemed that every since the hunting incident his father had become more disappointed with Thomas. To the day his father still didn’t believe that he had been in any danger from the boar or that it was a miracle that the hounds had arrived when they did. Now it was simply a matter of awaiting his father’s arrival to find out what punishment he was to receive and what he was now to do during the days.

“I told ye Edmund ever since Eleanor passed away he has been a plague on my life. First he goes roaming in the woods right into the middle of the hunt and now this practically expelled from schooling. It is as if I have somehow committed a sin and God is punishing me for it. I just do nae what I am to do with him now,” rumbled William as he took another swing of his stout ale.

Edmund sighed, tired himself after a long day in the stables, “Ye could always apprentice him out William...it is how most folk learn their trade. Why nae have him learn about the hounds?”

William scowled into his mug, “I do nae trust the boy with the hounds and as ye know fully well there are already other people who think that Sir Rowland favors me. How would it then look for me to apprentice my own boy above others? The gossip would be tenfold worse than it is now.”

Taking a drink from his own wooden tankard, Edmund nodded in agreement, as he wiped his chin with the back of his sleeve. "Very true...consider this offer then. I would be willing to apprentice yer son. I do nae know if he would enjoy learning about horses and such but it would solve your situation as well my own of being shorthanded."

Running his fingers along the handle of his tankard William considered the offer, "He may not be much help to ye. But I will accept yer offer and will not think ill of ye if ye decide to release him for whatever reason." Grinning Edmund raised his tankard in a toast, "Then the matter is settled. Tomorrow he reports to the stables."

Thomas could not believe his ears when his father told him in his gruff voice that he was to be an apprentice to Edmund, now Master Edmund, and he begun work the next morning. Not wishing to raise his father's ire, Thomas merely nodded his head and accepted his position with little fanfare. The next morning found Thomas dressed in his oldest clothing and in the stables following Edmund's orders filling the trough with water along with cleaning out the stalls. As Thomas began cleaning out one of the pens his eyes happened to fall on a group of kids who were pointing him out and laughing. Turning beet red, recognizing some of the group from the Inn, he went back to shoveling the horse droppings out of the pen and tried to ignore them. So intent on trying to ignore the kids Thomas failed to notice the nobleman walking behind him as he flung a particularly fresh dropping. Suddenly the laughter of the kids dropped off only to be filled with the cursing of the nobleman while he tried to wipe the dropping off of his clothing. "I shall have ye whipped boy for this!!" Grabbing Thomas by the ear, the nobleman dragged him towards the entrance of the stables, yelling for Master Edmund.

"What is all of this commotion? Ye are going to get the horses stirred up if ye do nae lower yer voice," shouted back Edmund while he tried to settle down a particular feisty bay.

The nobleman struck an arrogant pose and sneered at the horse man, "Yer boy here struck me with dung! I have a good mind to whip him myself here and now for this affront!"

"Come now I am sure that young Thomas here did nae mean to pelt ye with any horse dung. Surely ye must be mistaken," replied Edmund as he tied up the bay and walked out of the corral.

"How can ye stand there and say that? The evidence is right here no less!" replied the noble whose cheeks had slowly started to burn in outrage.

Seeing that the noble had reached his limit, Edmund reached out to release the man's hand from Thomas' ear and take hold of him. "Sir, I do nae doubt that ye were struck by dung. However, the presence of dung itself is quite abundant in the stables and it, alone, does not determine a person's intent. Now Thomas, did ye mean to strike the lord here?" asked Edmund turning his attention to Thomas.

Thomas stammered under the ire of the nobleman, "N..No Master Edmund...I was merely trying to do my work and I did nae notice mi'lord walking by when I went to clean up a patch..."

Turning to look the young nobleman in the eye, Edmund said, "Now ye see mi'lord. Thomas here did nae mean to do ye any insult. It was a simple mistake, though one I am sure that will nae be repeated," Edmund said glancing at Thomas before continuing,

“Now if ye would allow me to mi’lord allow me to buy ye a drink and take care of yer shirt?”

Growling, the nobleman pointed at Edmund, “Do not try to patronize me, stableboy. Sir Rowland shall be sure to hear of this impudence on your’s and the boy’s part.” Swiveling on his boot, the noble strode off from the stables still cursing.

Sighing as he watched the noble storm off, Edmund looked down at Thomas, “Thomas ye may want to head home now. I have a hard task ahead of me trying to convince yer father that ye meant nae any harm. I will do the best that I can but I can nae promise anything.” Rubbing Thomas’ mess of hair Edmund nudged him forward for him to begin his trek home. Watching him go, Edmund shook his head as he walked over to the pen that Thomas had been cleaning to pick up the shovel and return it to the shed.

In the continuation of Thomas’ bad luck it happened that Sir Rowland was at the kennel visiting William when the noble strode up and began his retelling of Thomas’ insolence. Therefore Thomas was not home long before his father arrived, evidence of his knowledge of Thomas’ trouble etched on his face in throbbing veins. “How is it possible fer ye to take something as simple as wholesome work and cause so much trouble???? Do nae just sit there and nae answer me fer ye shall nae get off easy this time.”

Thomas protested the unfair treatment, hands clenching and unclenching as he fought with words, “Father I did nae mean to strike the man! A group of kids was laughing me because I had to clean the horse pens! I did nae see him!”

Gritting his teeth at Thomas’ words William pulled off his belt and folded it up. “Do nae lie to me Thomas...I will nae tolerate lying to me. Ye brought this upon yerself and perhaps ye will pay closer attention next time and nae day dreaming.” Shutting the door to Thomas’ room behind him, the sound of leather striking flesh could be heard among the cries and sobbing of Thomas. It is with a heavy heart and mind that this closes the third chapter of the life of Thomas Arundell.



Canton Business Meeting

Date & Time:
November 4th @ 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) for
directions.

Dance Practice

Day & Time:
November 4th @ 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:

Rosa Maria Gabriella da Vachan
(Melody Luke)
October 13th

Lady Dryw MacMorcat
(Dryw Freed)
October 19th

Lady Cassandra the Forlorn
(Tracey Brown)
October 23rd

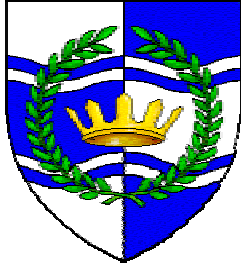
Minutes from September 3rd Business Meeting

Seneschale's Report:

Festival in the Park Demo is 19th to 22nd.

Draft copies of financial policy passed out at end of meeting for review and discussion at October business meeting.

For more in-depth minutes please contact the Seneschale



Kingdom Calendar

October 2002


4-6	University of Atlantia (RP)	Elvegast	Raleigh, NC
11-13	Kingdom Crusades (RP)	Atlantia	Darlington, MD
18-20	The Unprofitable Sports Collegium	Nottinghill Coill	King's Mtn St Park, SC
19	It's New to Me	Caer Gelynniog	Palmyra, VA
19	Chili Festival Demo	Cathanar	Havelock, NC
25-27	Silver Chalice XV (RP)	Hidden Mountain	King's Mtn St Park, SC
25-27	All Hallows XXII	Berley Cort	Sedley, VA

November 2002

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

December 2002

7	Unevent (RP)	Renscester	Williamsburg, VA
14	Feast of St. Andrews	Tear Sea Shore	Harleyville, SC



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