

Bayou Tapestry February Edition



***"Play the Game with Chivalry, Live the Dream with Honor."
Ender of Enderwicke, Sixth Warlord of Gleann Abhann***

Photo Courtesy of Vicountess Danielle de la Roche



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The Word

From Baronos Gellir and Baronossa Brigida

Greetings to the most wonderful populace of Axemoor,

Greetings Axemoor Family,

Many may have read this, but I wanted to use it for this month's BT letter for another reason. I'll explain at the end.

Winter Wonders and I are destined to generate memories. On Thursday night, while packing for Winter Wonders, I made the comment, "I need a crest for the tournament. I'll just get a pine cone or something and tape it to my helmet. Aroon, responded, "Your device has a wolf right?" "It is", I responded, and thought nothing more of it. I finished packing and went to bed.

At 5:30 AM, I got up and found the living room light on. Aroon was sitting on the sofa, finishing up on a sewn wolf's head crest for the tournament. I'm looking for pictures of it. Anyway, when secured to the top of my helmet with bits of double adhesive Velcro, it stood up about 4 inches higher than my helm.

The day of the tournament the rules were explained as follows:

- 1) Double elimination tournament.
- 2) If your crest is removed during combat, you are eliminated completely from the tournament (regardless if only your 1st loss)
- 3) As the Norse believed that the gods obtained their immortality was obtained by eating golden apples. With this in mind, a young lady named Liz, "Ishi-goblin", was the custodian of one such apple. Whoever young Ishi felt was deserving of the apple, could be resurrected back into the tournament in the losers bracket.

As luck would dictate, I was in the first bout of the first round of the tournament. At "LAY ON!", I leapt at my opponent landing a mighty blow to his left arm. I immediately brought my sword round to throw an off side shot to my opponents head.

Well... as you would guess... as I pulled my sword round for the shot, my crest was already on the ground. I was notified....

"Ummm Gellis. You're out. Look down." Since my crest had been knocked off BY ME, I was now out of the tournament. I KILLED AND ELIMINATED MYSELF!!!!!! IN THE FIRST FIGHT OF THE DAY!!!!!! I didn't curse. I didn't get angry. I laughed.... and then flung myself to the ground and flopped around and twitched like a landed trout. I then got up, giggling. I was then asked, "Your Excellency, would like to participate as a bi-fighter for the remainder of the tournament?" To which I responded, "Hell yes! I didn't drive for 6 hours, to only fight 1 bout."

My next fight was then called. I was to cross swords with Master Stephan of Durham, "Da Debil". Da Debil and I made our salutes. At "LAY ON!" I once again lunged at my opponent (this time deliberately avoiding crossing over the top of my helm). I throw a deep wrap, striking the Debil just above the kidney belt! AH HA!!!! Vengeance is mine, since the last time I faced Stephan the victory had been his.

But wait!!!! Not only was this bout not counted in my favor... BUT MY CREST LAY UPON GROUND..... AGAIN WITHOUT RECEIVING A BLOW!!!!!! So I LOST... AGAIN! and was now twice the double eliminated (is that possible?) I once again threw myself to the ground... flopping and twisting. I then got up laughing..... and immediately punted my crest into the crowd, declaring that my crest had the mange!

At this point the crowd was called to silence by the marshal. We were informed that young Ishi had made her decision. After feeling a great amount of pity for either me or my wolf... not sure which, she had decided that I was to be allowed re-entry to the tournament. I was gifted the magic apple! WOO HOO!

I immediately requested that she aid me to reattach my crest to ensure that my future opponents would at least have to strike it for removal. I then faced 3 other opponents before I faced the mighty Loriccan on the field. We fought with the passion of the damned! The first fight ended with a double kill! We reset. The second fight began similarly to the first. I legged my opponent and then crowded him so as to open other targets. Unfortunately, as I closed, Loriccan threw a leg wrap that struck me mid-thigh. He then followed with a cross temple snap which struck true. I fell to the ground and my friend, fearing he had injured me for my fall was both dramatic and fluid, immediately asked, "Are you okay?" I responded with 38 years of sarcasm, "No.... I'm dead!"

For my display of death and carnage upon the field.... Her Highness called me forward in court. Her words echoed the sentiment of loss in the Kingdom. We've all seen fighters give their all and then fall in battle. I received accolades from Her for dying gloriously on the field. For this reason, the Valkyrie have selected me to be "Valhalla Champion".

The Word

From Baronos Gellir and Baronossa Brigida

Now what was to happen to my mange ridden wolf, one might ask. Was it put down? Was he destined for a one way trip into a garbage disposal, so that I may see his fluffy stuffing explode throughout the kitchen. Nay Nay!

I felt it proper that he reside elsewhere. I gifted him to the young Ishi-goblin, thanking her for the treasured new memory, and asking she name him properly.

She named him Death.

The next weekend, Ishi and her family were at Swamp Romp. There, she was introduced to another lost custom. Sweet asked her if he could have the honor to fight for her during the tournament. She accepted. Afterwards, Sweet was asked to sit at High Table during feast and was so ordered to bring the lovely lady that he fought so valiantly for during the day, to feast with him.

After speaking with her father, I was given permission to continue with the story. Now for what was to follow....

Four days after Winter Wonders, I was perusing Facebook and saw this picture. On January 22nd, I found out that Ishi was in the hospital getting lumps removed from her neck. This beautiful little girl was in the hospital going through surgery for possible cancer removal. My heart sank. Then I saw what she was holding. She brought Death (the stuffed Wolf's head) with her to the hospital. This showed me that not only had that wonderful event had an impact on me, but her as well.

The reason I share this story, is so that I may also share my dream of this Society. A great many of us have come to the realization that this organization makes us better than we were before we found the SCA. By reaching out to the youth, by helping a lady carry her burdens, by holding the door open for the next person coming through, we demonstrate those traits that make us a better society in both the game and reality. It is truly an honor to be a part of this organization and We are proud to know each and every one of you.

Thank you all for being part of Our family and enriching Our lives.

In Service to each of you and In Service to the Dream,

Gellir Gunnarsson & Brigida Ingvarsdottir



February 2014

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 Bogdacious
2 St. Bog	3	4 Pop Meet	5 HFP	6 RFP	7	8 Fimbul Def
9	10	11	12 HFP	13 RFP	14 Turf	15 Wars
16 Turf Wars	17	18	19 HFP	20 RFP	21 Fighter's	22 Collegium
23 Fighter's Collegium	24	25	26 HFP	27 RFP	28	

March 2014

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4 Pop Meet	5 HFP	6 RFP	7	8
9 G	10 U	11 L	12 F	13 W	14 A	15 R
16 S	17	18	19 HFP	20 RFP	21	22
23	24	25	26 HFP	27 RFP	28	29
30	31					

Officer's Reports and Citizen's Corner

Exchequer-

Good Day All,

Doomsday report is almost complete as of the date of this message and will be finished by 31 January 2014.

We have St. Bog coming up and then Gulf Wars shortly after. Lots of things happening in a short timeframe.

But, we have money in the bank.

Yours in Service,

Lady Annette

This Year in Awards

Barony:

Kingdom:

**Order of the Lamb–
Corwin Gellirsson**

**Ram's Heart-
Baronessa Brigida Ingvarsdottir
THLady Adalyde Desardaigne
Mistress Martha Effingham of
Stewart Keep**

**Award of Arms-
Lord Sigmund Grundel**