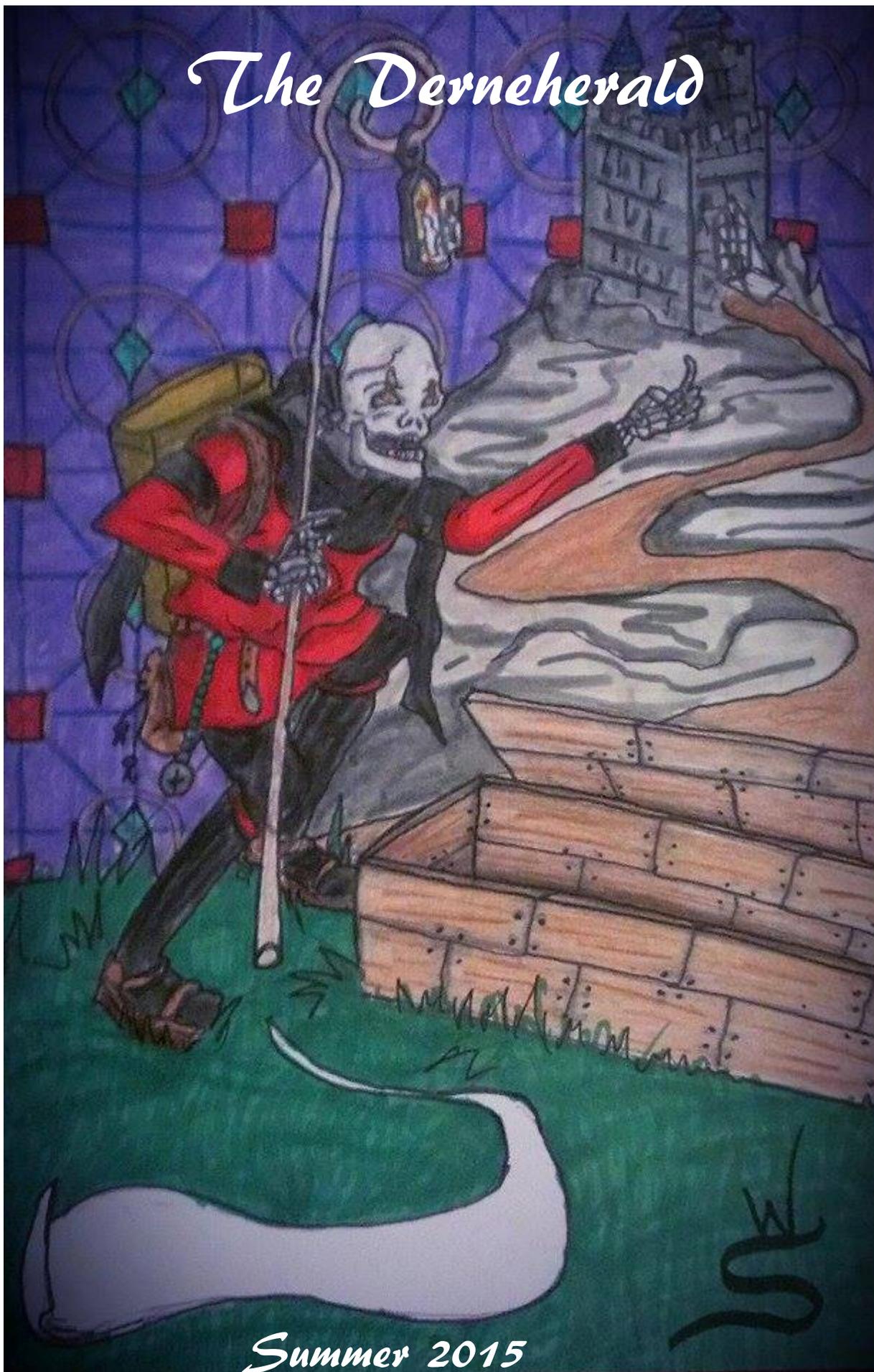


The Derneherald



Summer 2015



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Cover art by Wilhelm Salzburger. Look inside for an activity!

Letter from the (Real) Seneschal

Greetings my fellow Dernehealders!

It has been a busy quarter this time around, and now with Pennsic just around the corner, it seems that there are just not enough days to get all the projects done.

Speaking of Projects, Pompeia has agreed to be the Event Steward for Dernehealde's next event. Please do more than just consider giving her a hand with this. Think of it as an opportunity to 'give back' to the SCA and be part of what makes the magic happen for others.

Whenever a group hosts an event, it is considered that group's chance and opportunity to not only promote the best of what makes the SCA such a great organization, but also let other people come and have a day of revelry without 'having' to help out. Everyone should be willing to take a turn at helping, in whatever way they can, to put our Shire in the best light possible. Think of it as a chance to take a chance and learn something new. Yes, it can be scary to do so, but it is also an excellent chance to grow as a person and as a SCAdian.

This fall we are looking at a couple of opportunities for outreach to the communities around us. There will be a "Fashion Display" at the Athens Public Library (headed up by His Grace, Talymar and Her Ladyship, Lucina) and there remains a possibility that we will be holding a demo during a Final Friday at the Historic Square in Nelsonville (I'm hoping for September or October, but we'll have to wait and see). Just before Ohio University starts up again, they have their annual Student Involvement Fair – which we usually have a table for (well, the OU Medieval Society does) with our fight practice/demo on South Green (down by the volleyball court across from Morton Hall). I would like to see as many people as possible take part in this, as we often get a number of OU students join us. Fighters and non-fighters have a role and a place in our Shire and I would love to see more visible Arts & Sciences displayed – not just fighter related: garb, woodworking, scrolls can be accommodated, fiber arts, etc.

Okay, before this gets too much longer, I'll sign off.

Your servant,

Finche Odhinnsdottir

From the Persuivant

Sain baina uu?

It's summer again and a wonderful season to show off your heraldry by flying your banners! Bring one to our outdoor meeting/fight practice or bring materials to work on one. Heraldry is a great way to attract attention of potential newcomers and sets a lovely atmosphere.

Don't have heraldry to fly yet? Come talk to me and I will try my best at helping you create something. If you don't have anything in mind, I have resources that can be helpful such as books and a pictorial dictionary of devices. You can also check out the online pictorial dictionary as well.

While you're at it, what's your name? I mean your SCA name! You don't have one? Luckily this is my favorite aspect of being a herald. I can help with research and conflict checking. Even if you have just a preference of "I want something that sounds like _____" or "I think I want something Viking that means _____" I can help!

For name and device research, I do request that folks hand me either the name/device info they have preference on either on a sheet of paper or send it to me via facebook or e-mail (ay196310@ohio.edu) since I don't have internet access at meetings and even if I did, I'll do better research when not distracted. I do attempt to have a quick turnaround.

Are you going to Pennsic? Check out the Herold's tent! This tent has loads of references and experts in heraldry and naming. Many of the people volunteering there are the same people that provide comments and/or approval of names and devices. You can have name and device research and conflict checking done on the spot and they will submit the forms for you there, saving you a stamp.

While you're there, do you like to draw or color? Volunteer! Volunteers get an inside view of the inner processes of the Heraldry workshop that happens there and can charge their devices while they are there!

I hope everyone has an amazing summer!

Yours in Service,

Altani Unegen



Greetings from the Marshal!

Greetings friends,

Happily I have Nothing to complain about! So I would like for everyone to visit the Midrealm Marshals YouTube page and watch the KEM videos, they will help us all. Thanks everyone!

And Remember:

QUESTION: Is it legal to grab a spear haft and pull the weapon out of the hands of your foe?

ANSWER: Yes. In fact, you may grab any non-striking, non-thrusting surface of your opponents weapon, assuming you have properly gauntleted hands. This includes basket hilts.

-Gregoire de Lyon, KSCA

Greetings from the new Chatelaine!

As most of you probably know, Padraig has stepped down from his position as chatelaine and chosen me as his replacement, though he has graciously agreed to remain as my deputy until I have gained my footing as an officer. Since this is my first officer report for the Derneherald and I don't really know what I'm doing I guess I'll just state where we are in the recruitment process so far.

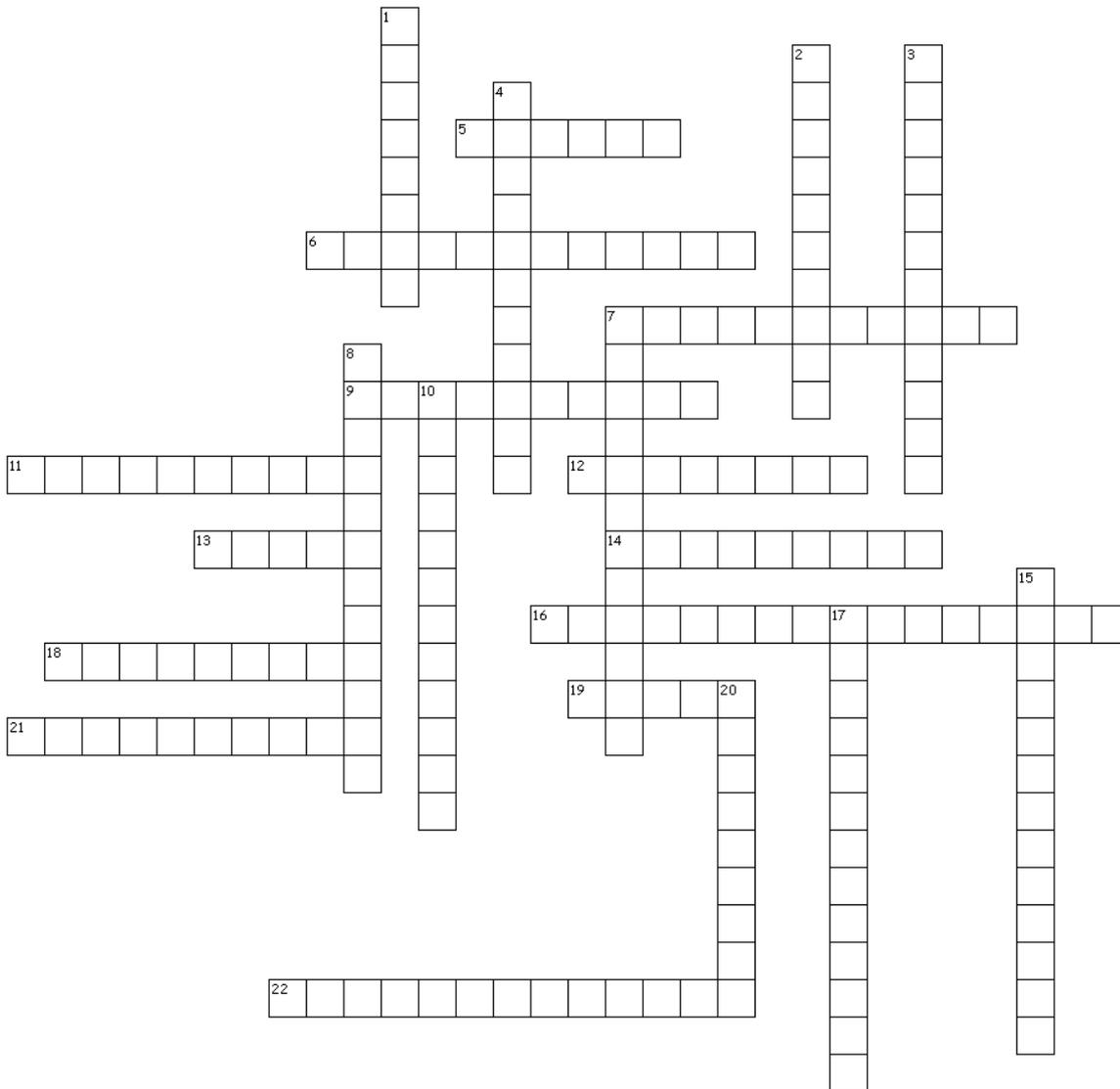
Gold Key is looking beautiful and took up two whole boxes by the time it entered my care. We currently have a couple of skirts, three capes, a scarf, nine dresses/tunics for women, one kilt, a tunic (maybe two) that could be for a male, a vest, a pair of plaid pants, a nifty little coin purse and several items that I am not sure how to name. We are still grievously short on male garb, though we are making progress one item at a time. Donated tunics would still be greatly appreciated.

Over the last few months we have had a lot of part-time returnees that have been showing up on an occasional basis, which is great! We'd love to see more of you! People have been doing a great job bringing banners to meetings and fight practices, so thank you for that! Also, I am (slowly) working on updating our business recruitment cards to hand out to interested parties and eventually I will have those ready if anyone would like a few to hand out themselves. I can't think of anything else to add except keep being awesome everyone!

- Yours in service

Morgan of Dernehealde

Awards of the Middle Kingdom



Across

3. Individual proficiency in an art
6. Service, skill and leadership in Archery
8. Exemplary authenticity in one's chosen field
9. Group Arts award
12. Performed services on behalf of the kingdom above and beyond that normally expected
13. Excellence in two of three equestrian activities
14. Excellence, leadership in melee/tournament combat, and trained others in these skills
15. Excellence, leadership in rapier combat, and trained others in these skills
16. Youth arts award
19. Group service award
21. Youth fighting award

Down

1. Individual rapier award
2. Taught and shown excellence in one or more of the Arts, Sciences or in research
4. Individual equestrian award

5. Group archery award
7. Group fighting award
10. Individual melee combat award
11. Individual archery award
12. Personal service to the Queen
17. Individual proficiency in a science or research
18. Individual fighting award usually given on battlefield
19. Individual service award
20. Youth service award

From: <http://www.discoveryeducation.com/free-puzzlemaker/>

Dear Abbot!

By the Abbot of The Abbey of Saint Leibowitz.

Greetings my good gentile folk. I set pen to paper to give sage advice to any and all that may need it. Pray send your questions to: edithdebrereton@gmail.com and she will forward them on to the Abbey.

Dear Abbot:
I fancy a local fighter but do not know how best to get his attention. What should I do?
Signed - Ldy. Infatuated

Dear Ldy. Infatuated,
The answer is quite simple! Get into armor and beat him about the head and shoulders repeatedly until he agrees to go to dinner with you. Tell him as the victor you choose where, but he has to pay. -A

Dear Abbot,
I seem to have a constant wrinkle in my wimple, what can I do?
Signed- Worried

Dear Worried,
There is nothing to fear, it is just a sign of age. Many of us have wrinkly wimples, so embrace it and enjoy! -A

Dear Abbot,
I am having problems with a wrap shot, any advice?
Signed- Straight Shooter

Dear Straight Shooter,
The wrap shot is difficult to master correctly. Try throwing at the front of their helm backwards and missing. I think that might fix it. -A

Dear Abbot,
I plan on camping at my first Pennsic this year. Any advice on what would be the single most important thing to take with?
Signed- Not in the Woods

Dear Not in the Woods,
A tent -A



Word Find: Groups of the Oaken Region

Groups of the Oaken Region

S R P X N W J S W C A S Y U R R Y P Y Z U R X Q T
S F M V A S D X E R C R Y G J P B O U M I D F R R
S D G X P E L Q I H R K W I M T I M Q X L R R S O
S F N C L V E V N A S K I R E D K T K M K O V B M
D D F A R K E G U H R R E A S T W A T C H J T F G
L E L A L N M Q B X E S A M Z W Y T O C R F H J U
P Q I E V T S E H N D T N M I I V D L K U S R N M
C F T A L N F N L D S E A C E C N K B A H R E E M
Q D L I O T Z E R U P T T N H H E W Z O S I E K O
J E J C R O S O L L E N A I R A T N Y W G E T O S
M B L U K N F I O C A R M S O F P F R E E G O D U
C A F O N R E L H H R L S Q I S Q U O B R H W N L
F A N O E L D W U T S V T P F F B R K H O T E E Q
P Z S D D R I J Y F B S Z D J U E T W A C O R R O
R D L T O Q Z M I D D L E M A R C H E S C R S B H
D A Q F E S N F J X D R G O X W Y Y T R W H A N F
Y I K L P L G A S W N L S F F K A Y G Z S V B M G
Y A J A W Z L U N E D E T T A C G V D I X M U V E
O O X O B W N G H J X U U X O B F Q D E Q Z M J V
L H V D W M B E W B K E G E C X V I M Q J S R M V
O R A V A W A Q K E G U K S P C X K H W K W G C L
W F N K N L Z O O H N Z Q G Q F S G I E X Q P J R
P D R A D S O L A J A T F N L B K H J U R D G J U
M F L E T F J F C O N M L L M B J X O L L B E S Q
X W O T Q K V L H L B E J Z K L W N T R Q D E R V

ALDERFORD
BRENDOKEN
CASTELLGWENT
CATTEDEN
CLEFTLANDS
DERNEHEALDE
EASTWATCH
FALCONSQUARRY
GWYNTARIAN
HROTHGEIRSFJORDR

MARCHOFTHEMARSSES
MIDDLEMARCHES
MUGMORT
OAKFORD
REDSPEARS
RIVENVALE
THISTLE
THREETOWERS
TIRNEWYDD

Ancient Math!

Mikael ibn Mehlem al Uqlidsi

The Moscow Mathematical Papyrus is an Egyptian papyrus that is almost 4000 years old, and it contains a series of 25 math problems as exercises for students. Egyptians did math differently than we do today, but can you figure out the answers to these ancient questions*?

1) If a person needs 100 logs that are 5 by 5 then how many 4 by 4 logs are needed in order to have the same amount of wood?

2) If a shoemaker can sew together 10 shoes in a full day, or can decorate 5 shoes in a full day, then how many shoes can the shoemaker sew and decorate in a full day?

3) Egyptians calculated something called the 'pefsu' to measure the strength of bread and beer that was made out of an amount of grain, calculated by divided the amount of bread or beer by the amount of grain. If you knew you had enough grain to make 100 loaves of pefsu 20 bread, then how many jugs of pefsu 4 beer could you make?

*Questions are not completely faithful to the original. Translation Source: Clagett, Marshall. 1999. Ancient Egyptian Science: A Source Book. Volume 3: Ancient Egyptian Mathematics. Memoirs of the American Philosophical Society 232. Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society.

The Anvil's Ring

T.H.L. Eidiard an Gobiainn,
O.G.R. (X2), C.W., C.E., A.P.F., C.R.C
Randomly Bardic Type Person, Storyteller and Standup Philosopher

Ah the snows have melted and the greenness of spring has finished filling the skies with leaves and the fields with plenty. And what do we do? Well many of us try to forge onward in our duties to king and crown. Others let the days slip away only to be followed with a refrain of "I wish I would have..."

There is much to learn in our society. Of every conceivable thing there are teachers and students alike. But, you may ask, how do I start learning something I have little idea about. Well simply ask.

Find someone who knows about what you want to learn and ask them. Everyone who does something with a passion will, I am sure, be willing to expound on it at great length. Be willing to ask them "Can you teach me?" Even those who are just beginners are happy to share what they know with someone who is interested.

"But I can't..." I have heard it too often over the years. Unless you have a very solid physical reason for not doing something that is the second hurdle you must overcome. Let me relate a short anecdote about a fencer I knew years ago. He was a fighter of great renown. He wanted to learn fencing and did. He became one of the best fighters you could have. One or two swords, daggers, cloaks it did not matter. He was willing to fight any and all and give them what for. He was known to perform a unique 3 foot sideways lunge that if you were not ready for it meant instant death. Did I mention he did all this from a wheelchair? Yes, that's right, a wheelchair. He wanted to know, was taught and then went on not only to excel but to teach as well. Now do you understand?

Everyone with a skill can teach. Everyone has something to share, no matter how learned the person asking may be. I love to listen to new people in the forge and watch them. I learn from my own students as they sometimes approach a problem from a different way than I am used to. From this, my knowledge grows and I can do more. Sometimes a student can ask a question that the teacher has never thought of. I can say from my own experience that this can be quite enlightening. If asked, be willing to teach. If you are interested in learning, ask. And if you ever figure out the sideways lunge, please see me.

Till next time,
-Eidiard

Wooing Igraine

Edith de Brereton

Someone suggested to me that I should take period myths and stories and use them to write poetry, and it seemed like an excellent idea, so I thought I would give it a try. The first one is this poem. The story I used is out of Sir Thomas Mallory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*, and it's the story of King Arthur's conception.

In the story, King Uther wants a woman named Igraine, but she is the wife of the Duke of Tintagil, who he'd been at war with, and she was definitely not interested in Uther's advances. Merlin decides to step in though! While the real duke is away fighting, Uther goes to Igraine disguised as the duke, and they conceive a son. Later she finds out that the duke had been killed some three hours before Uther had come to her. She was pretty troubled by this, but once Uther took her as his wife, he told her that it had been him and that the child would be legitimate, and all was well again.

This is another rondel, so it follows that structure.

By candle's light, he sought her as his own
Without a word, as silent as the night
In rival skin, seeing through rival sight –
In that late hour, he came to her alone.

With daylight, to her fair eyes it was shown,
After he had fled with the morning light
By candle's light, he sought her on his own
Without a word, as silent as the night

Night settled now again, as she had known
Her husband's life cut short by some foul knight.
Yet... three hours later, all had seemed set right
Looking at her, eyes sharper than a stone:
By candle's light, he sought her as his own.

The White Hart (continued)

Doubtless, few save the king and perhaps the prince, had known the significance of that banner, certainly not Thomas, nephew to the king on his mother's side, and huscarle to Earl Edgar. He had seen his own lord and most of his brother huscarles fall in the onslaught that was attempting to crush their separated line of the battle. An ancient oak tree gave some protection to their backs, but their line was now little more than a pocket of resistance – a thorn in the Eastlander's side. But desperate men will grasp at any hope and the cries of "White Hart!" and "Wolf Hammer!" spread and renewed that hope, for each believed that some ally, who, renewing some ancient oath, had come to their aid.

The mysterious banner of the White Stag fell back a little as the forces it lead poured around it. Like two great horns they attacked both flanks of the eastern army. Then the center, like the head of the great beast, thrust forward into the foray. Now the Wolf milled in confusion at the unexpected attack – the momentum of battle had indeed turned. The Dragon's forces, fighting like men possessed also pressed forward; and Thomas could see a troop of men fighting their way to the rescue of his beleaguered war band.

But the tides of battle change with the whims of the Fates. A triumphant shout arose from the Wolf's men as Thomas watched the Dragon Banner raised on high by an Eastern huscarle as he rode down the hill. Headlong toward the ford he rode, doubtless heading for his reward. That which he received was not what he sought. For out of the mists of the river, from over an ancient cairn charged a rider on a chestnut-brown mare. He wore mail armor and a strange helm like none other Thomas had seen. The eastern huscarle had only time enough to raise his sword before a spear crashed into his chest, and the banner was pulled from his falling hands.

Without breaking stride, the horseman drove forward. Now a sword flashing in his hand as foemen fell to either side of the mare. She reared and her rider held the Dragon Banner on high. It caught the sun burning through the mists, and this time the cry of triumph came from the Dragon's army. Once more the fates . . . the Wyrd Sisters of old . . . had caused the momentum of battle to change. But there is a great difference between a turning tide and its final victory – many a good man would yet die before it was secure – and Thomas realized he might be one.

During his own desperate struggle, Thomas only caught glimpses of the events that followed. The rider, the Dragon Banner, and a troop of men including one with the banner of the White Stag, pressed forward toward the circular ruins wherein fought the King.

Again glancing across the field, Thomas stood in helpless horror as an Eastlander split the helm of one of the king's guards and stepped in to strike the king from behind. The blow never landed, for at that same moment a chestnut-brown mare reared above the mill of battle. The Dragon Banner was thrust on high, paused for an instant, and came hurtling down. The end spike struck deep into the Eastlander's chest, and as he fell backwards to the ground the banner waved triumphantly once more beside its King. Such are the sights that men see in battle and such are the deeds that stir the heart to story, song, and poem.

A blow that glanced off Thomas' shield brought him back to his own plight; for there were yet hundreds of the enemy that did not share his personal vision of victory. Another glancing blow, off his helm this time, brought his full attention to the opponent before him. The fighter moved awkwardly in his mail. "Never wore armor before," thought Thomas, "stripped it from yesterday's dead."

Thomas feigned a strike at the head, but then quickly slashed at his opponent's left leg. The crippled foeman fell and was left to bleed to death in the confusion of battle.

Thomas knew that his warband's only hope to survive was to push through the enemy lines and rejoin King Alric at the center. But there were so many foemen between them . . . so many. As he looked about he could not determine who was now in charge of this fast dwindling group.

Now a new set of eyes, peering from either side of the helm's nasal bar, took his former opponent's place. But these were fierce and confident eyes . . . the eyes of a battle-hardened huscarle. Fear seized Thomas for a moment, but he knew that with speed, accuracy, and some luck, he might yet prevail. But great strength would be needed for only the greatest of blows would fell such a man. He threw a feigned blow to the leg followed by a quick raising snap to the head. But the sword struck an awkward glancing stroke on the edge of his enemy's shield, and under the force of the mighty blow . . . Thomas' sword broke. The huscarle's blue eyes glared at the now weaponless boy and almost seemed to smile as he raised his sword. Paralyzed, Thomas knew his death was at hand.

Portions of seconds now passed as minutes and the world seemed to slow on its axis. The blow began . . . the blue eyes gleamed and betrayed a pitiless sneer. The sword completed its upward arc . . . and the blade began to fall. The man's shield shifted to the left – clearing the way for his strike. Thomas could see within those eyes all of the huscarle's muscles tensing for the moment of impact. The huscarle leaned into the blow, and his eyes . . . his blue eyes . . . turned slowly upward leaving only the whites visible. The forward motion continued . . . but now the sword fell helplessly from his grasp. Thomas' last sight was of blood covering those blue eyes and cascading down the face in the helm as it fell before him.

Looking up slowly from his fallen foe, Thomas saw the pawing hooves of a chestnut mare, the same horse he had seen at a distance. Continuing his upward gaze, he saw the glint of mail armor and a broad sword still sheathed with the crimson blood of the fallen huscarle. Then his eyes rose to a rounded, silvered helmet with a golden face upon it. A round leather-faced shield was thrown over the rider's left shoulder. He bore the demeanor, calm composure, and self-confidence of a king or a noble. But Thomas' eyes were drawn to those in the helm. These were brown . . . warm . . . yet they seemed to pull him in and probe his soul as if searching . . . searching for something or someone. The mare pawed the ground and pranced nervously, eager to rejoin the battle. Yet the rider's eyes never waivered . . . never left Thomas'. Did he stand there for long eons or mere seconds? Then the rider nodded his head in what could have been taken for deference had Thomas not thoroughly understood his place in the world. The rider then tossed the sword that he held to Thomas' feet saying, "You will need this."

The rider drew another sword, the length of whose blade seemed to come alive and move at his touch. He turned the mare, gave another short probing glance and added, "It's yours now. My oath is fulfilled." And something in the way he said it sent shivers down Thomas' spine. Then as he stood watching horse, rider, and companions all vanished into the battle with the banner of the White Hart streaming behind them.

Still in a dream-like trance, Thomas bent to pick up the sword. Strangely, it had seemed to slide under the turf such that only the hilt was showing – and this seemed dark with dirt, and pitted with age. As he lifted it from its earthly covering, a rotted leather and wood scabbard fell from the blade. Regardless of the condition of the hilt and scabbard, the blade looked bright, well edged, and strong. It was a sword of very old design and there was a gilded ring fastened to the short crossguard.

With a jolt, the world began to spin again. Seconds again became seconds, and minutes again became minutes, and a voice asked, "Whither now my Lord?" Thomas turned to face a group of men. He now realized that time had indeed continued and the footmen following the rider had broken through the enemy line. Some bore bands of gold and silver upon their helms, others had the demeanor of earls, thanes, or huscarles, and most, but not all, were girded about with armor . . . tested in battle and time worn with the survival of many a war.

The surprise and awe in Thomas' face was easy to read as he stood there with the sword and shield hanging at his sides. One of the warriors, who carried a great axe and had a golden acorn on the nasal of his helm, impatiently spoke up, "We need to fight through and rejoin the rest of the army at the center."

"Yes," acknowledged Thomas, "but I don't know who is in command."

"You are," replied the axe-wielder.

Thomas turned to see whom the man was talking to. He expected to see an earl, a thane, or a huscarle, some seasoned veteran . . . a noble who was stepping forward to take charge . . . but there was no one standing behind him.

"Me?" came his awkward reply as he turned back again to face the group.

Then a burley, bear of a man in rusty mail pushed his way forward through the group of fighters. He addressed Thomas impatiently, "Come on boy, let's go! This isn't over yet!"

An old man, grey of hair and beard, with sparkling blue eyes, and a face leathered by many summer suns and etched with lines of age and wisdom placed his hand on Thomas' shoulder. He wore no mail, had neither helm nor sword, but was simply armed with a spear and a round, leather-faced shield. He shook Thomas gently and spoke more patiently, "Choose your path . . . and don't look back . . . we will follow."

Now a voice from somewhere in the assemblage of fighters arrayed before Thomas shouted over the din of battle, "You hold the sword, lead the way . . . we *will* follow."

Everything was confusing . . . spinning in his head . . . happening too quickly. Thomas again looked about him, looking for who or what he was not sure. Now the large man in the rusty mail brought his gaze from some distant point in the battle back to Thomas. Slowly and deliberately he spoke the same message "You are in command now." Noting Thomas' continued hesitancy he became more gruff and demanding, "Now boy! Now!"

Indeed, there was no further time to bemuse the question of who was in command, for now the Wolf King had committed all his troops and he himself was engaged in the desperate struggle of victory or death. Thomas hefted the sword in his hand, weighing it, and seeking its balance point. He sighted a weak point in the enemy line and charged. Somewhat to his surprise, the others did indeed follow. The skill and prowess of the fighters he now led were no match for the foemen that fell before them. The wake of destruction they left behind them as they rejoined the rest of the Dragon's forces at the center of the field left that section of the enemy line thin and weakened.

He had expected to find the King leading the main body of warriors at the circular ruins, but Alric was nowhere to be seen. Again Thomas was urged to take command. He looked about him, every man who had made the charge with him was there – not a single one had fallen.

“You have the sword,” reminded the old spearman.

Instinctively Thomas rallied the remnants of the Dragon's army and charged headlong . . . aggressively into The Wolf's elite guard. Assailed from fore and aft, their faltering line waivered momentarily . . . and then collapsed. All semblance of organization disappeared and confusion now ruled supreme on the battlefield. The rout was about to begin in earnest.

Now pressed from three sides, the Eastlanders ran toward the woods of Trader's Grove. It was here that Thomas saw the king, riding side-by-side with the man in the gold-faced helmet, pressing hard against the enemy flank. From out of the woods flew a black cloud of arrows. The terrified Wolf's men paused only long enough to receive a second deadly flight. The fierce, days-old conflict had finally come to an end and the battle became one of pursuit as the foemen, taken in their pride, broke and scattered . . . and died.

When The Dragon's men returned to the field from the chase, when the sun burned through the last of the morning mist like a benediction, and when the battle fury that clouds men's minds had also lifted, they beheld the carnage of the field, and many men were sickened by the sight of what one man would do to another.

Some set about tending to their wounded and comforting the dying. Most left Wulfgar's men to suffer and die alone in the heat of the afternoon sun for such is the fate of those who are not victorious in battle they said. Still others looked for those who had fought under the banner of the White Hart to give them thanks, food, and drink. But none could be found . . . they had melted away as surely as had the mists of the morning.

Puzzled, the army now made a proper camp, took food and spoke in whispered voices of ancient ghosts, men who could appear and disappear at will yet whose swords, spears, and arrows had been hard, sharp, and deadly. Some looked toward the burial mounds, the cairns . . . the howes . . . near the river. They spoke in quiet tones using words like ghosts, spirits, elves, and demons; but still others called them saviors.

A group of surviving nobles now sought out Thomas and asked if he had seen the King, for he was nowhere to be found. Thomas then stated that he had seen him with the man on the chestnut mare . . . the one that the banner of the White Hart followed, and together they were pursuing the enemy at the battle's end.

It was not long after that the body of the king was uncovered in the round-ruins at the foot of the Dragon Banner. He had been slain, it was said, during that last desperate rush of the Wolf Guard. Surrounding him were his beloved companions – his huscarles – and a score or more of his fallen foe. Indeed he had kept his blood-oath and many an enemy had reached the Isle of Avalon before him.

Thomas did not understand how this could be, for he had *seen* King Alric at the very end of the battle riding in pursuit. Once again, a ghostly chill ran through him – riding in pursuit . . . or simply riding away . . . away with the man who had given him the sword? Riding where?

More to come in the next issue of “The Derneherald”!