



The RUNESTONE

Volume III Issue I

JANUARY & FEBRUARY, 2016 (A.S. I)

Barony of Western Seas | Kingdom of Caia | Society for Creative Anachronism

2015 WBA Winner
Best Overall Newsletter



April
2015

FROM THE BARON



Hi boys and girls,

So far it's been a blast, I hope that you all are having a good time at our events as much as the Baroness and myself.

My beautiful Baroness and I would like to take the time to say thank you to all the wonderful people of Western seas, for all the wonderful gifts that we were given and the time and effort everyone put in to make our events unforgettable. We still have a lot to do, we have the Royals coming in March and the Highland Games is just around the corner. So I hope that we can still keep this horse running until my time is up, and I will fall off this horse.

Thank you Western Seas, you make us proud to be your baron and Baroness.

Claudius and Milady Duibheasa



ABOUT THE COVER

This issue's cover is a colorized version of artwork used for the February issue of the Crown Prints. Digitally painted by Lady Sathbh inghean Uí Conghal with permission by the original artist, Lady Hildibjorg in Vikverska (mka Anita Ruic).

Commissioned by the Kingdom Caïd to create cover art representing each of the Barony within the Kingdom, Lady Hildibjorg stated she was "...hopping that the Barony being represented likes the end result."



Indeed, the populace of Western Seas exclaimed with joy upon viewing the original image when it was posted to the private Facebook group. A representation of the Barony's device, we see two men catching a cresting wave with their outrigger canoe as an albatross flies overhead, all framed by the classic laurel wreath. ♠

CONTENTS

From the Baron	Page 2
A Twelfth Night to Remember!	Pages 3-5
Populace Awards	Page 5
A Wanderer in Rags	Pages 6-7; 10-11
Winter Feast	Pages 8-9
Cooking with Claudius	Page 12
Events of Interest	Page 13
Chronicler's Note	Page 14
From the Winter Country Lunch	Page 14
Legal Matters	Page 15
Regnum	Page 16

RUNESTONE TIMETABLE

Distribution Date	Submissions Due
February 29, 2016 (this issue)	February 15, 2016
April 25, 2016 (next issue)	April 18, 2016
June 27, 2016	June 20, 2016
August 29, 2016	August 15, 2016
October 31, 2016	October 17, 2016
December 26, 2016	December 19, 2016

SENECHAL ADDRESS

A Twelfth Night to Remember!



Mistress
Raven
of Peronsmarsh



Greetings to one and all of our Barony of Western Seas!

I want to give a warm welcome to our new Chronicler, Lady Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal. Lady Sadhbh is currently our Webwright, and has offered to apply her considerable skills to producing our online periodical, the Runestone, as well. We are doubly thankful for her contributions to our Barony!

I also wish to announce that THLord William Walworth De Durham from Peridot Isle has been invited to be on the Board of Directors of the SCA. Congratulations, THL William!

I had the great pleasure of travelling to Oahu for the Masquerade Ball–12th Night in Western Seas, honoring our Baron and Baroness, Claudius Brutus Di Bartolomeo and Duibheasa ingen ui hÉalaighthe. I had a wonderful time meeting new folks and reconnecting with people I had not seen in a long time. I am not able to travel often, but treasure the times I am able to visit folks in our dear Barony on other islands.

I wish to especially thank Lady Æsa Knarrarbringa and Lord Jörgen Unruh for hosting me during my visit. The autocrats, Lady Æsa Knarrarbringa and THLady Una

Logan had secured a new site for us that was just about perfect for our event, with a lovely great hall, easy access, and kitchen attached.

I was especially grateful to the chef, Baron Claudius, for his thoughtfulness preparing a gluten free feast that I was able to thoroughly enjoy. Baron Claudius also prepared a vegan version of the feast! Sir Marco served in the kitchen, warming up the dishes. The feast was a culinary delight which we all enjoyed. The courses included chicken and bacon, roast beef, ham with figs and honey, saffron rice, Sicilian antipasto, sweet meats (stuffed dates), fruit and cheeses, and wassail.



The vegan menu included stuffed bell pepper and vegan saffron rice.

There was a contest for handmade masks, and many very fine examples were worn by the attendees. I especially enjoyed the family set of four masks matching their new azure and sable garb done by Lady Æsa. There were so many in awesome garb, I cannot begin to describe all, but I will mention Lady Sorchá looking extremely regal in her Japanese court clothing with a golden mask, and Lady Sadhbh adorned in her new gown trimmed with fox fur, featuring the colors chosen for 12th Night by Baron Claudius, gules, sable and or.

Sir Valeran do Pico was Herald for the various court presentations and awards given out. Lady Æsa and Lord Jörgen received our Baronial service award, the Wa'a Oar, as did Lady Sadhbh. Lady Viviana was awarded the Argent Comet.

The entertainment was delightful and varied. THL William Walworth de Durham and THL Una Logan had invited a friend from Lyondemere to visit the islands, so we were treated to a performance by THLord Robin Greenwood of Arden reciting his poetry. Mistress Genevieve arranged to gift the Barony with a special secret addition to the performances, a

delightful pair of juggler/acrobat magicians. Especially amazing to me was the juggler holding a large crystal ball, who made it appear to float from his fingers and travel all over his arms and hands. I held the ball which was heavy and hard, not the soap bubble it appeared to be! We had several singing performances.

Master Daven sang a favorite of mine, "Good King Wenceslas". THL William led the round, "We Wish You a Merry Christmas". Lord Geoffrey of Camlann did a fine performance. We especially enjoyed seeing Baroness Duibheasa and Mistress Genevieve perform duets on mandolins.

I love all our Western Seas 12th Night traditions, singing our 12th Night song, First Foot, the presentation of gifts by Cantons, our Order of Precedence, the lovely feast, and performances by our talented members. Many thanks to all who helped put on this event, and all who came to enjoy one more special 12th Night in Western Seas. ♡

A Twelfth Night to Remember!



Photos by Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo
& Lady Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal



DATES IN THE SOCIETY

Most awards are accompanied by a scroll, created and penned by Scribes of the Society. These scrolls are dated by the year within which the award is granted, but the date might confuse most people.

The Society began on May 1, 1966 - which is considered the key year for SCAdians, and all dates follow after that. Award scrolls are dated in Latin with Anno Societatis, meaning "Year of the Society", then followed by the Roman Numeral for that year. As such, this being the fiftieth year of the SCA, all dates are Anno Societatis L, translated to mean the fiftieth year of the Society!

Below are common Roman Numerals to help with understanding how your award scrolls are dated...

I - 1	X - 10	C - 100
II - 2	XX - 20	D - 500
III - 3	XXX - 30	M - 1000
IV - 4	XL - 40	
V - 5	L - 50	
VI - 6	LX - 60	MMXVI - 2016
VII - 7	LXX - 70	which is
VIII - 8	LXXX - 80	A.S. L
IX - 9	XC - 90	

POPULACE AWARDS

Awards are bestowed upon people when their deeds, actions and participation merit recognition.

Be it for exemplary works of might or exquisite artistic talent, the Barony as well as the Kingdom and the overall Society awards individuals and groups with an entitlement.

Below are individuals of the Barony of Western Seas who have been honored with an Award during the period beginning November (2015), to February (2016), Anno Societatis L (50th Year of the Society).

Congratulations to all!

Awards during the Siege of Bard's Keep November 14, AS L

Baron Claudius Brutus di Barolomeo	Royal Recognition of Excellence
THLady Duibheasa ingen ui hÉalaighthe	Royal Recognition of Excellence
Zandra of Western Seas	Order of the Acorn
Jessica of Western Seas	Order of the Acorn
James of Western Seas	Order of the Acorn
Lillian of Western Seas	Order of the Acorn
Gabriel of Western Seas	Order of the Acorn

Awards during the Winter Feast January 9, AS L

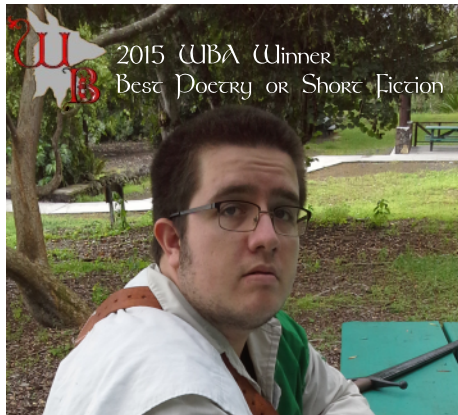
Lord Riley Frost of Farhaven	Order of the Sable Clarion (for writing)
------------------------------	--

Awards during the Twelfth Night Celebration January 23, AS L

Lady Æsa Knarrarbringa	Order of the Wa'a Oar
Lord Jörgen Unruh	Order of the Wa'a Oar
Lady Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal	Order of the Wa'a Oar
Lady Viviana of Peridot Isle	Order of the Argent Comet

For detailed descriptions of these and other awards, visit the Baronial Website at <http://westernseas.org>

For a listing of the populace of the Western Seas, visit the Kingdom of Caïd Order of Precedence on the web at <http://heralds.sca-caïd.org/op/>



The continuous tale of...

A WANDERER IN RAGS

Chapter 5 | by Lord Riley Frost of Farhaven

The ruins were in sight, after traveling for the better part of half a day.

"Are those the ones we're looking for?" Karalus asked, dragging a sleeve across his brow. Mirea looked at the map, her grin growing wider by the second.

"Yes! This is the place, alright! C'mon!" she said, setting off down the hill. Karalus inwardly groaned. Mirea was a pleasant enough person to be around, but Gods, her energy! She was easily excitable, and at least five times in the last three hours Karalus had had to get her back on track when she got distracted. He had started to doubt that they'd find the ruins before sundown when, by some miracle, they stumbled across them. Karalus had to admit though, the ruins certainly didn't look like much. Mostly piles of rubble, and most of that hard to see through the undergrowth that covered them. "This place don't look to be in that great a shape, lass." Karalus stated, gesturing to the green-choked stones. "What're ye lookin' to find here?" Mirea appeared to not have heard, instead poking around some of the stones as if looking for something on the blocks themselves.

"Lass," Karalus said loudly. "What are we lookin' for, here?"

Mirea jumped up, holding a shard of stone in her hands and wearing a wide grin.

"This was a temple, once!" she said, walking over and holding the shard out to the Wanderer. Taking it in his

gauntleted hand, Karalus examined it. Part of a religious scene of some kind – weathered and fair eroded by time and elements – adorned the shard, though he could tell one thing about the scene. All those in it were Elves.

"An Elven one, I'd guess, aye?" Mirea nodded, and walked back over to the stone pile. "Yes! One of the places for the gatherings of the Artes, if I'm remembering right!"

With that simple statement, things clicked for Karalus. In ancient days, the Arte of Magics came as naturally to the peoples of the World as did breathing or eating. In the times when Gods walked and Dragons roamed where they wished, before such things withdrew to seclusion. Some of the peoples still held that innate ability, and places such as this were unspeakably valuable for the treasures and tomes of the Arte they sometimes held. How to call down hurricanes and cause mountains to erupt in liquid fire, and more. Elves had always been good at such things, Karalus reckoned. Well, as far as he knew.

"So, we're lookin' for treasures of the Artes, then?" the wanderer asked, making his way over to his exuberant companion.

"Right!" Mirea replied, coming to her feet and looking deeper into the ruins. They were certainly a lot bigger than they looked from a distance, so well hidden by the woods were they.

"There's bound to be *something* interesting here, and if there sin't, we still might learn something!" Karalus found himself agreeing with her. Places like this *are* rare, with most having been reclaimed by the land upon which they had been built, or looted many times over by

adventurers of every stripe, creed and determination. This ruin, by and large, looked as though it had not been touched since times immemorial. That likely meant whatever its masters had left behind to keep the unwanted out were still here.

"I think I know why ye brought me along now, lass," Karalus said, resting his hand on the pommel of his sword as he put his helmet back on one-handed. Mirea's eyebrows slowly raised, picking up on what he'd meant after a moment or two.

"Well, yes," she admitted. "I'm not enough of a fool to think I could poke around this place by myself and come out again in one piece," she said with a slight grimace.

"Tis' alright," Karalus said. "Only makes sense to want to bring a warrior along to a ruin like this'un. Always things the Olden left behind what are not kindly in the least in such places." Mirea sighed, shoulders relaxing.

"That said, I'd be thinkin' we'd best make camp for the night," Karalus said, pointing to the sun just beginning to dip below the crowns of the trees. "Exploring ruins after dark, not the best idea in the world. Take it from me, lass. Been there, got the dent in my helmet to show for it."

Mirea nodded, and gestured towards a clearing not far from the closest standing wall.

"There, will that do?"

Karalus shrugged. "Good a spot as any. Let's get a fire going."

"So, lass," Karalus said, staring across the crackling fire at the Elf. "How'd ye come to find out about these ruins?" He pulled back the stick he held and plucked one of the bits of

toasted apple from it. From the expression Mirea gave him, it was a question she'd been hoping he wouldn't ask. Setting aside her bowl, she sighed and stared at him. It was several minutes before she answered.

"It," she paused, "wasn't easy." She breathed a deep sigh and continued. "Many months of poking around old archives in Jeagln, hoping to find writings on one of the old Temples that hand't been already found."

Karalus nodded, popping the slice of apple in his mouth and crunching upon it quietly.

"Why Jeagln?" he asked, replacing the apple on the stick with a chunk of hard yellow cheese, and sticking it back over the fire.

"Well" Mirea said. "I'n actually from the city. Fairly large number of Elves living there, especially in the city itself." Karalus raised an eyebrow and swallowed.

"Huh," he breathed.

"What?" Mirea said, an expression somewhere between petulant and hesitant crossing her pretty face.

"Never actually been to Jeagln myself," the wanderer answered. "Interesting hearing about it is all." Mirea cocked her head to the side, studying him.

"That's actually not hard to believe. You don't talk like you hail from this region, for sure. Where are you from?" Karalus shrugged, plucking the partly melted cheese from the smouldering stick.

"Arrtan," he said guilelessly, popping the cheese into his mouth, then wincing slightly. Hotter than he'd intended. Mirea's brows went up, and the petulant expression was replaced by one of shock.

"Arrtan?" she spat. "That's over 3,000 leagues from here! By the crow flies!" Karalus chewed, and nodded.

"Mmhmm. 'Tis far," he mumbled.

Mirea stared at him, wondering.

"How'd you get out here, then?" she

asked. "Walked," Karalus replied.

Mirea's brows kept rising, and the Wanderer thought humorously that if they got much higher, they'd take flight. She made as if to ask him something else, and Karalus held up a hand, pointing to his mouth. He was too occupied with the cheese at the moment, and the last thing he wanted to do was spit it out. It was good.

"Walked, hmm?" Mirea asked as Karalus finally swallowed.

"Aye. Walked I did," Karalus answered, wiping the corner of his mouth on a clean edge of his cloak. "Took me the better part of 15 years, but here I am."

Mirea nodded, having picked up her bowl again and busied herself with it. Karalus wasn't sure what she'd packed for rations, but she sure seemed to have a healthy appetite, putting the food away heartily. Leaning back and peering up through the canopy, Karalus noted that the moon was well overhead, bathing the forest floor in a soft glow of silver-white. Not enough to navigate by, but enough that if something tried to creep up on them, Karalus was fairly sure he'd see.

"Best get some rest, Mirea," he said. "Big day on the morrow. I'll take first watch." The elven woman nodded, and finished her food with a voracity Karalus had seen most often on wolves. Or falcons. Anything but an elf, really. The night deepened as the fire started to burn lower, and Karalus listened to Mirea's soft breaths as she slept and the accompanying symphony of the woods around them. With sword close at hand he kept watch, eyes sweeping across the darkly blanketed woodland until Mirea woke and tapped his shoulder some hours later. Trusting her to keep watch, Karalus lay flat with his pack as a pillow, and fell into the soft oblivion of sleep.



Morning's thin golden light found the Wanderer and the Elven treasure hunter entering the ruins with weapons in hand and torches held high, pushing back the gloom as little light permeated the leafy shell that had consumed the ancient stones. Even in this place, the sounds of the forest followed, the sound of birds ringing from the once-wondrous arches above, the rustling and sundry sounds of many small creatures from the vines and bush to either side and underfoot. Doors wrought in rusted iron and once metal-hard oak hung rotted and rusted from their hinges, some reduced by the ravages of time to a pulpy mess that Karalus could wreck with a single swing, strike or kick. Beyond, what treasures may have lain within were gone, long since fallen to dust, or spirited away by their masters. No tomes were there to be found, nor arcane treasures worth unthinkable fortunes. The one tome Mirea *did* find was in a script so alien neither could make any sense of it. Other doors they came across, so strong were they that even with a battering ram and a team of 20, the pair could not hope to breach them. Whatever riches lay beyond were tantalizingly out of reach, perhaps for all time.

Continues on page 10...

FARHAVEN - WINTER'S FEAST



In the words of Claudius; it wouldn't be an event unless his Excellency missed the plane!

So started the day on Winter's Feast. Having caught the next plane and gotten that out of the way we proceeded with delightful day. The weather was mild and as we gathered the food was set out. Court was fun as Lord Robin was an excellent first time herald. Dame Uta told a story about the falling cheesecake. Lord Riley Frost of Farhaven received an Order of the Wa'a award. Our fair canton presented their excellencies with two swords for use in unarmored combat.

After filling our bellies with very tasty food made by all the populace, we then proceeded outside to try out the new swords. We also discussed the coming years schedule (view the Events Page). The Garrish's may host an additional event in Pa'uilo in June or August. Unarmored Combat practices will be held most Saturdays starting 10 am at Cooper Center Skate Park. As always, check the online Baronial calendar for the latest information.

In closing I must say that probably the highlight of the event and the most fun was Lady Shea's wonderful bows and arrows that she presented to the populace. It showed how simple inexpensive and creative ideas can make an event memorable! ♠

Photos by Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo



FARHAVEN - WINTER'S FEST



Even as the two moved through the ruins, nothing made its presence known, be it a spell-construct or worse. Once, it had felt as though something had been right behind them, but when they had turned to look, nothing but the walls of the ruins were there to see. Karalus felt more and more ill at ease the further in they went, as he figured that with the amount of noise they were making, *something* should have come to investigate by now. Mirea's usual bubbly energy seemed affected as well, as the further in they went, the more deliberately she moved, her eyes darting this way and that. With the silence and tomb-like stillness of the temple deepening with every step, it was almost a relief when something jumped them.

"Watch out!" Karalus howled, as a golem lurched from the shadows, slamming a stone fist into the floor a bare meter before the two. Standing two full heads above the Wanderer and Elf as it stepped into the light of their torches, the spell-construct seemed carved from a single monolith of stone, and once had held the visage of an ancient elven warrior. No more, as its grim countenance was mossy and lichen-caked; long since worn smooth by the ravages of endless time. Mirea gulped as she raised her short sword and stepped closer to Karalus. For his part, he was swearing under his breath in every regional dialect and hedge tongue he knew as the construct approached, its footfalls shaking the corridor. How the bloody *hell* was he going to kill something made of stone, with a sword? Raising his torch, the Wanderer prepared himself to attack the thing, when the golem came to a halt. It simply stood, for what seemed like an eternity, looking past Karalus, straight at Mirea.

"Uh ... Karalus?" she asked. "What's it doing?" Karalus shrugged, not lowering his shield as he continued to mutter curses. A minute dragged by like treacle, until the golem

moved again. With a creak and rattle of ancient stone, the spell-construct bent at the waist, and bowed deeply to Mirea, before straightening up again and turning. With thumping footfalls, it walked back into the darkness.

Both Wanderer and treasure hunter stood in utter silence as the construct's footfalls faded, until there was naught but the tomb-like stillness of the ruins again.

"Did tha' thing *bow* to ye?" Karalus said incredulously to his companion. Mirea nodded, seemingly as dumbstruck by the thing's action — or more.

"Maybe, it saw me as an elf?" she said quietly. "This is an elven temple."

Karalus blew out a breath, then started laughing. It started as an tiny sound, then quickly blossomed to gales of laughter that had the Wanderer dropping his torch and sword to brace on his knees so that he wouldn't fall over.

"What's so funny?" Mirea demanded of the Wanderer, as he started to get his wind again.

"Tha' golem knew ye were an elf!" Karalus said. "That's bloody good, otherwise, we'd be naught but carrion by now!" he wheezed. "I dunno *why* 'tis so funny t'me, but..." Mirea's eyes widened as she saw what Karalus meant, and burst out in laughter. The Wanderer held his composure for the count of three, and once more fell into hysterics. It was the stress, the fear that the two had felt in this place being expunged as they leaned on each other's shoulders, nearly in tears with their mirth for several minutes before they could compose themselves. Catching his breath, Karalus looked over at Mirea, who was still bent over.

"You alright?" he asked, straightening the helm on his head. The treasure hunter nodded, and handed the Wanderer his sword. "Let's keep moving," she said, and held her torch up to light the corridor once more. Shaking his head to clear it,

Karalus raised his blade, and started down the corridor. Neither had noticed the shadows that had crept past them and further into the ruins.

"Do ye have any idea what exactly the Old Ones might've kept in this place?" Karalus asked as he brushed aside a clutch of hanging vines, pausing to check for a trigger that might send a row of spikes swing into them. Fortunately, there was none. "Er ... the records were a little fuzzy on that point," Mirea admitted, shrugging. "But, it's reasonable to think that if they spell-crafted golems that're still active to protect it, it's valuable." Karalus shrugged, and nodded. Reasonable assessment, indeed.

In the last few minutes, natural light had started to filter into the green-choked corridors, a sign that indicated to Mirea an open space further ahead, likely a chamber of some sort, where the forest's grip was hopefully not as thick. Another sign of this, she said, was how the corridors were widening, to admit ceremonial processions in the times when the temple would still be in use. The air did not seem as close, as dead and still as it had earlier ahead, but it still held the musty smell of ancient stone and wood preserved by the forest's grip. Mirea darted ahead, crouching by another spell-construct, this one sprawled across the floor, one stone limb and much of its torso smashed to pieces by a vicious attack. Still, the ancient thing was not dead, as it turned its head to look at her with a grinding crackle as she approached and knelt by it. She looked back at Karalus, the confusion on her features plain. If this place was undiscovered, then who had attacked this thing? The Wanderer thought, and looked around into the gloom, unsure, as he had no answers. With another rumble, the spell-construct raised its intact arm, and pointed further down the corridor, as if to tell the two to go there. Karalus peered towards where the golem had indicated, and saw the faint glow of

sunlight. "Mirea, down there," he said. The Elven lass looked up, and readied her short sword. "Let's check it out," she said, and started toward it. With a grunt and a squaring of his shoulders, Karalus followed.

As the torch light faded, the spell-construct let its head rest upon the floor of its home once more. With its arm and its spell-heart smashed, no longer was it able to carry out its task, to defend the Star-Sanctuary from those that would defile it. Soon, it would die, and its consciousness would fade back to the ether from whence it had come. It had alerted the one of Folk that had come to it of the defiler's presence, her and her companion. They would cleanse this sanctum. They would finish what it had started. The spell-construct gave out a deep noise, almost like a sigh, as its heart flickered, and died. It had done its duty. Now rest called.

Karalus could hear voices from up ahead. Three of them, and they were arguing.

"Come on, jus' grab that thing and let's be on our way!"

"No, there must be more things we can find here! Imagine the riches that could be ours! The tales to tell!"

"Bloody fool, we barely took down that blasted golem! You really want to be here when another turns up?!"

"Well, uh, no. No, of course not."

"Right! Now pack up that sphere, boys, and let's get moving!"

He looked over at Mirea, and noted how her ears were twitching, as well as the set of her jaw. If he'd heard the voices, she *definitely* had, too. Karalus now figured he had a pretty good idea why and how that construct had gotten smashed up.

"Lass, I think someone followed us in," he stated. Mirea's eyes widened, then hardened.

"How could they have gotten past us, Karalus?" she asked.

"Well, we weren't exactly paying the best of attention for a while. They could've snuck past us fairly easily," he shrugged. Without waiting for her to reply, he readied his sword, and stepped forward.

"Let's introduce ourselves, eh?" he said, and strode purposefully towards the voices. If he'd been trying to be quiet before, he awns't now. Mail and gauntlets clanking, boots stomping, tabard and pack rustling, it was if Karalus wanted to be noticed as he strode forward, Mirea running after him.

"Alright, lads," he announced loudly. "Mind telling us what— *You?!'*"

The three looters stood in the middle of the massive, beautiful chamber before a carved plinth of some kind, staring at the Wanderer like they'd just seen a demon. More than that, Karalus stared through his visor at them like he'd been slapped across his face. All three of them, he *knew*. All of them had been in Old Nans, listening to his tales, had been present when the bandits had tried to hold up the inn, and there this morning when he and Mirea had set out! "*You*'be been following us?" he snapped.

"Er..." one of them, the bard from two nights hence, began.

"Yeah, we followed you," one of the others, a heavyset and burly man in a mercenary's leathers spat. "What of it?"

Karalus shrugged, then pointed his sword at the man. Even from across the room, the message was clear.

"I don't know, 'What of it,' except that you are stealing what *she* came here to find," he growled, jerking his head towards Mirea, who was staring at the three with an expression Karalus would best describe as venomous. If a man could be by a look be slain...

"So, whatever is in tha' bag," he warned, taking a step forward,

pointing his sword at the bag being held by the bard, "I suggest ye leave it here. Or, I'll find out what it is myself. Th' hard way, if I must."

The looters looked at each other, seemingly conferring when the third man, armed with a crossbow stepped forward.

"Normally, I'd say why not. But, in this case—Go to the Hells, Wanderer. You tell good stories, but that seems like all you do," he growled. "We found it, we keep it. Borran, kill him." The mercenary grinned, and stepped forward, slapping the head of his mace into his palm as the crossbowman and the bard ran for an open door on the far side of the chamber. With a yell, the mercenary charged, bringing his mace down in a chop that Karalus blocked with a ringing clang, pushing his foe back with

a mighty heave. No simple incapacitation like the bandits with this man. The mercenary attacked again, and Karalus blocked with the torch, the wood splintering with the force of his blow. He had raised his blade to take the man down, when the mercenary's face twisted with shock and pain. With a thud the foe fell, revealing Mirea, who had stabbed the man in the back.

"Good job, lass," the Wanderer said sincerely, noting the look on her face. 'Twas likely the first time she'd ever taken a life. He'd have to talk to her later, but now was not the time. They had to catch those thieves, and find out just what it was they'd taken. If it was an artifact of the Arte, likely nothing good.

"Come on, Mirea!" he said, sheathing his sword, and pointing towards the far door. "We've got to catch those men. Let's go!"

The Elf shook her head, and gave the Wanderer a determined grin. She sprinted across the chamber and through the far door, once more into the gloom, with Karalus hot on her heels. The chase was on! ♦

To be continued in future issues...

Hi boys and girls,

Today we will be making sweetmeats, and before you say, "Where's the Beef?" we will not be using any. Sweetmeats consist of Marzipan made with sugar and almonds or pine nuts, combined with rose water. There are more complex recipes for it when doing a sculpture, but not today, we will save that for the advance class. (Sorry I am just to lazy, maybe next time.)

Sweetmeats were used in the beginning of the meal, middle, and at the end, but it was never considered a dessert, (fruit, cheese, wine, and cakes [which would be considered breads today] at the end of the meal). They were even used as a side board, there are some recipes for sweetmeats using fish and chicken; for the sick and for fasting days when you could not eat meat. Examples include stuffed eggs, calzone, bread, tortellini, tourtes (sweet cake or tart) vegetables and dried fruit. In antiquity everyone made sweetmeats of honey before the use of sugar; you had the Chinese, Egyptians, Indians, Middle East, and not far behind them Greeks and Romans. They all had preserves and jellies, and honey was used on flowers, seeds, fruits, and meats to make sweetmeats. After the barbarians came a-calling, everyone kind of forgot about it. Sweetmeats made a return during the the height of the Middle Ages on the tables of the rich and famous. The rest of Europe imitated Italy by way of Venice and Genoa exporters of Eastern sugar. By this time, confectioneries began mixing together spices with sugar. Sweetmeats were taken to rooms at night in comfit-boxes and sometimes a host would distribute the boxes as presents. So as you can see, sweetmeats have come a long way - and this is how some candy got it's start.

OK, lets get started on our Marzipan. This recipe works best so that you will not get an overpowering taste of rose water, and you can freeze the rest of the Marzipan that you don't use. Of note, I do not use the mortar and pestal with this recipe as it is time consuming, but it should be used for historically accurate preparation for Arts & Sciences. You will need:

- > One pound of almond flour (ground almonds - gluten free)
- > Two cups of sugar
- > 1/2 cup rose water
- > One cup whole almonds
- > Two cups pitted dates (not chopped dates)

1. Get all your ingredients together as in pic one
2. Put flour, sugar, and rose water in food processor pulse until it is a dough. Your Marzipan should look like pic number two
3. Slice your date down from top to bottom but not in half, as in pic three
4. Open date and put a bit of Marzipan in the middle (pic four), then top with an almond as in pic five
5. Now you eat your sweetmeats as you like!

Sources:

[The Opere](#), Translated by Terence Scully

[History of Food](#), Anthea Bell

[The Medieval Kitchen](#), Odile Redon, Francoise Sabban & Silvano Serventi

[Anals of the Caliphs Kitchens](#), Nawal Nasrallah

[The Art of Cookery](#), Terence Scully



From my table to yours!

Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo

EVENTS OF INTEREST



BARONY OF WESTERN SEAS

The entire
State of Hawaii
Baronial Events

SPRING FAIRE

March 05, 2016; 10am - 4pm
u'U O Kapolei Archery Range, Kapolei
(91 Ft. Barrette Road, Kapolei, HI)
Celebrate with the Western Seas as they
welcome the new King and Queen with a
springtime fair! Contests of skill and
frivolity for all!

- Registration & Trol open to 9:45am
- Opening Court 10am
- Activities: "Hunt", Maypole & more
- Tear-down at 4pm

Site Fees:

\$15.00 per SCA members (18+)

\$20.00 per non-member (18+)

Children are free

Dry Site (no alcohol)

Attendees asked to bring a potluck dish

Email: spring-faire@westernseas.org

~~~

## Hawaiian Scottish Festival & Highland Games

April 09 & 10, 2016; 10am - 6pm  
Ala Moana Beach Park, McCoy Pavilion  
1201 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu  
Come help us celebrate Scottish culture  
with a Medieval twist! This is an annual  
event where the Barony performs fighting  
scenarios & demonstrate our arts to the  
populace. This is a public event.

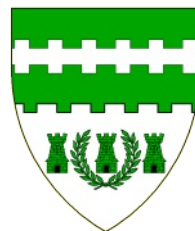
- Schedule TBA

Site Fee: none

Email: [scottishfest@westernseas.org](mailto:scottishfest@westernseas.org)

Festival Website:

[www.hawaiianscottishassociation.org](http://www.hawaiianscottishassociation.org)



## CANTON OF TORVALD

From Hawaii Kai to  
Town, then onward  
toward Salt Lake and all  
areas within

### FIGHTER PRACTICE

Every Thursday, 5:30pm - 7:30pm  
Kaimuki High School  
2705 Kaimuki Ave., Honolulu  
Practice with Schola members in various  
forms of medieval combat. From Fencing  
to Armored Combat & more.



CANTON OF  
FARHAVEN  
The entire island of  
Hawaii  
Commonly called  
"The Big Island"

### UNARMORED PRACTICE

Saturdays, 10am  
Cooper Center Skate Park

### SECOND ODD SATURDAYS

Held on the Second Saturday of Odd  
Months. Check future editions for more  
information and locations.

MARCH 12, 11am - 3pm

Dragongate Arts Day

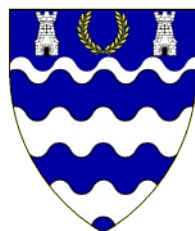
11-2591 Ohialani Rd., Volcano, HI

MAY: WaterDuck Hall

JULY: Aina Ha'aheo

SEPTEMBER: Hawaii Con (possible)

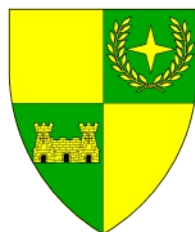
NOVEMBER: Ka'u



CANTON OF  
BARD'S KEEP  
Central & West Oahu  
From Halawa to  
Makaha to Pupukea

### FIGHTER PRACTICE

Every Saturday, 4pm - dark  
Neal S. Blaisdell Park  
98-319 Kamehameha Hwy., Aiea  
Practice Armored Combat and sometimes  
Fencing. Weather permitting.



CANTON OF  
CASTLENORTH  
Windward Oahu  
From Makapuu to the  
east all the way  
to Pupukea

COMING SOON!



CANTON OF  
VALLEY AZURE  
The entire county of  
Maui  
Including the islands of  
Molokai and Lanai

### INFORMAL MEETINGS

Contact the Seneschal for information.



CANTON OF  
PERIDOT ISLE  
The entire island of  
Kauai  
The Garden Isle

### INFORMAL MEETINGS

Contact the Seneschal for information.

## Other Events

Collegium Caidis  
March 19 & 20, 2016  
Los Coyotes Middle School  
14640 Mercado Ave., La Mirada, CA  
[collegiumcaidis.org](http://collegiumcaidis.org)

Crown Tournament  
May 20 - 22, 2016  
Schmidt Park  
13576 Mustang Rd., Victorville, CA  
[www.sca-caid.org](http://www.sca-caid.org)

SCA 50th Anniversary  
June 17 - 27, 2016  
Hendricks County 4-H Fairgrounds &  
Convergence Center  
Danville, Indiana  
[www.sca50year.org](http://www.sca50year.org)

Pennsic 45  
July 29 - August 14, 2016  
[www.pennsicwar.org](http://www.pennsicwar.org)

Great Western War  
October 04 - 10, 2016  
Information pending...

Coronation/12th Night/QC  
January 07 & 08, 2017  
Information pending...

**Information on this page is  
current as of February 18, 2016,  
and may not reflect current  
event status or conditions.  
For the latest event information,  
check the Baronial Calendar at  
[WesternSeas.org](http://WesternSeas.org)**



# CHRONICLER'S NOTE



Lady Sadhbh  
inghean Uí  
Gonghal



**G**reetings and salutations one and all of Western Seas!

I have a very hard time writing these things - for I don't like too much fanfare; so I will get right to the point.

Welcome to your new Runestone!

I hope as you go over these pages it exceeds your expectations while sparking a wee bit of inspiration in your heart. I've always felt any

publication should serve not only to inform the masses, but inspire thought, creativity and action.

This periodical is not the only part of what I'm doing - there is more which I am working on to help inspire everyone and encourage newcomers to participate. I am also the Baronial Webwright, managing the Baronial's internet needs and producing the Baronial and several Canton websites. All websites will be undergoing some updates and developments as we now have a dynamic content management system in place! This is exciting as it allows for ease in management, updates, security, and features to help drive interest plus awareness to our groups. More on this will be announced as I finalize the Baronial site and move on to the Cantons.

There is a third part, a concerted effort if you will, that will bring more social awareness as well as in queries from newcomers to the islands - a social media campaign. The details on this will be made public once it is fully ready - I can only do so much at a time! This segways to a request I have: if anyone wishes to assist with our media and marketing as either Deputy Webwright or Deputy Chronicler, view the Regnum for which email to contact me on - I am actively looking to fill both volunteer positions. I would prefer deputies to be on Oahu, but members on neighbor islands are welcome to reach out. Webwrights must know HTML and CSS. Chroniclers must have skills in writing and editing.

Beo saor in aisce!

## FROM THE WINTER COUNTRY LUNCH

### Cream of Root Vegetable Soup

**T**his soup proved very popular at the Winter Country Lunch during our Winter Weekend in January, so much so that we ran out.

If you want to make your own, here is the recipe I used. Please understand the volumes here are approximate for a six-service recipe. When scaling up or down, there are likely to be variations. Feel free to modify this to achieve the best balance and texture for you and the number of people you are serving.

Happy eating!

THLady Meala Caimbeul

### INGREDIENTS

#### Soup:

1 onion  
8 cups vegetable broth  
2 pounds rutabaga  
(Swedish Turnip)  
1½ pound parsnips  
½ pound carrots  
1 small tart apple  
(or half a large one)  
1 small sweet apple  
(or half a large one)  
¾ cup heavy cream  
1 tsp butter  
Salt and Pepper

#### Topping:

½ cup chopped walnuts  
1 tablespoon melted butter  
1 tablespoon brown sugar

A halved Rutabaga



Sourced from Wiki Commons, CC BY-SA 3.0

### DIRECTIONS

#### TOPPING

1. Heat oven to 350° F.
2. Melt the butter and add brown sugar, stirring to dissolve.
3. Spread the nuts on a jelly roll pan and coat them with the melted sugar.
4. Bake the mixture until golden and glazed, 8 to 10 minutes. Toss and/or chop the topping as it cools to prevent it from sticking together.

#### SOUP

1. Peel and chop the rutabaga into 1" pieces. Clean and shred the carrots and parsnips. Peel and slice the apples. Dice the onion.
2. Toss the rutabaga in olive oil, sprinkle with salt, and bake at 400° until just soft and starting to brown.
3. Meanwhile, bring the broth to a simmer, then add carrots, onion, parsnips and apple. Cover, and bring to a gentle boil.
4. Add the roasted rutabaga to the boiling soup. Reduce heat and simmer until the vegetables are tender, about 8 minutes.
5. Remove from heat and puree the soup, until smooth. (An immersion blender is ideal.) Add Salt and Pepper to taste.
6. Stir in the cream and butter.

**TIPS:** If you need to re-heat the soup, do not let it boil after you add the dairy. Serve the soup topped with the nuts.

**Notes:** This is not a recipe from history but the ingredients and methods are historically accurate for pre-17th century northern Europe. The main inspirations are from *Forme of Curry* and *Le Viandier de Taillevent*.



# MATTERS OF LEGALITY & CONCERN

## THE LIST OF WAIVERS - WHEN & WHY

### SCA Model Release Form

Required to be signed by subject when...

- \*the image is portrait-style.
- \*the photo is taken in a private space at an event (such as a personal encampment).
- \*the photograph is taken at a non-public venue (such as an armor-making workshop at a home or closed event).

### SCA Photograph Grant of Use Form

Required to be signed by the photographer for any and all photos in use after December 31, 2010.

A photographer may check the "Perpetual Grants of Use" box, meaning the form is required only one time and it covers any photograph submitted for use by the Barony now or in the future.

### SCA Creative Work Copyright Assignment/Grant of Use Form

Required to be signed by the author or artist for the following...

- \*articles, poems, stories, songs - written content submitted for publication.
- \*original artwork (not clip art) submitted digitally for publication.
- No form is needed for...
- \*correspondence from officers or even organizers
- \*event notices
- \*captions to photographs

### Caid Personal Information Release

Required to be signed when...

- \*event organizers wish to use their personal email/phone number for contact
- \*officers wish to have their modern names used in the Regnum
- \*article writers wish to use their modern name in the by-line

~

Waivers are to be submitted along with pertinent works to the Chronicler and/or the Webwright. Waivers can be submitted digitally (scanned as PDF or JPG). Hard-copies received will be scanned. All waivers are stored digitally in a private filing system managed by Kingdom Caid. Hard-copy Waivers are kept on file with the Constable after being scanned.

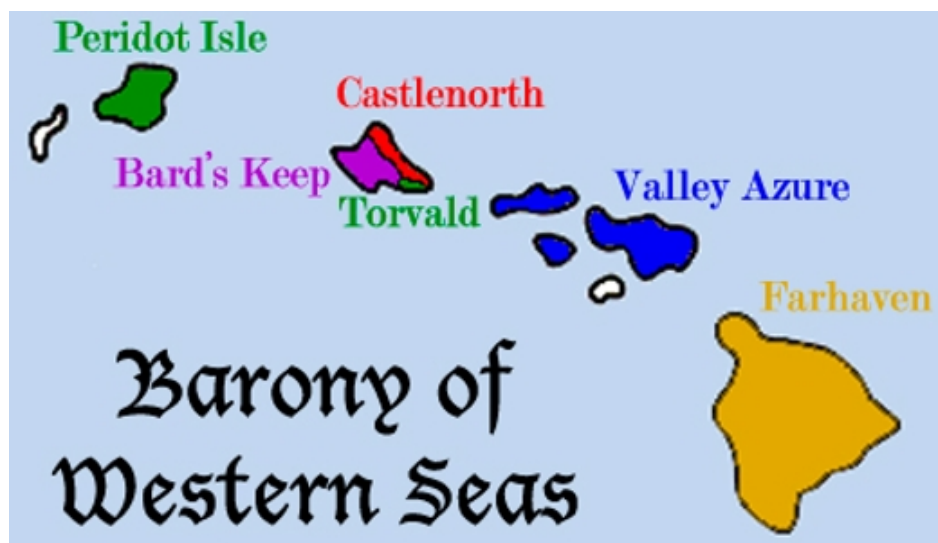
Combat & Equestrian Waivers are special waivers needed to participate in events related to each. Please speak to the Marshal for more information.

### Blue Card vs. White Card

SCA members who have (digitally) signed a Waiver of Liability when joining possess a Blue Membership Card. Members who have not signed this waiver have a White Membership Card. If a member possesses the White Card, that member must sign combat waivers at each event.

Questions? Ask the Chronicler, Webwright or Constable.

Links to waivers can be found at [WesternSeas.org](http://WesternSeas.org).



BARONY OF WESTERN SEAS  
[WesternSeas.org](http://WesternSeas.org)

This is first issue in the third volume of The Runestone, a publication of the Barony of Western Seas, part of the Kingdom of Caid, one of twenty kingdoms worldwide within the Society for Creative Anachronism, Incorporated (SCA, Inc.). This publication is not a corporate document of SCA, Inc., and does not delineate SCA, Inc. policies.

Except where otherwise stated, all articles within this publication may be reprinted in other newsletters and other publications for branches of the SCA, Inc. subject to the following conditions:

1. Text must be printed in its entirety, without additions or changes.

2. The author's name and an original publication credit must be printed with the text.

3. You must notify the Chronicler, stating which article you have used and in which publication the material has been reprinted.

Rights to all artwork are retained by the original artist. Please contact the Chronicler who will assist with contacting the artist for reuse.

Please respect the legal rights of our contributors. Direct questions and requests to the Chronicler via email: [chronicler@westernseas.org](mailto:chronicler@westernseas.org).

~

Barony of Western Seas  
54-304 Kawaewae Way  
Hauula, HI 96717  
[westernseas.org](http://westernseas.org)



# BARONY OF WESTERN SEAS REGNUM

|                 |                                                |                               |                                                               |
|-----------------|------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>BARON</b>    | <b>Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo</b>     | <b>barony@westernseas.org</b> | Ceremonial head of the Barony and representative of the Crown |
| <b>BARONESS</b> | <b>Baroness Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaighthe</b> | <b>barony@westernseas.org</b> | Ceremonial head of the Barony and representative of the Crown |

|                           |                                                                                 |                                 |                                                                                               |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Office of the Seneschal   | Mistress Raven of Heronsmarsh<br>Deputy: Lord Jörgen Unruh                      | seneschal@westernseas.org       | Manages all business affairs of the Barony and sub-groups thereof                             |
| Office of the Herald      | Sir Valeran do Pico                                                             | herald@westernseas.org          | Tracks Awards, Devices and Name Resigtrations; Master of Ceremony at events                   |
| Office of the Exchequer   | Lord Jörgen Unruh                                                               | exchequer@westernseas.org       | Manages the financial matters of the Barony                                                   |
| Office of the Chatelaine  | Lady Æsa Knarrabringa<br>Deputy: Empty - Please Apply                           | chatelaine@westernseas.org      | Organizes demonstrations for recruitment and greets newcomers to the Society and the Barony.  |
| Office of the Scribe      | THLady Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaighthe                                           | scribe@westernseas.org          | Organizes the creation of scrolls for awards which includes calligraphy and illumination      |
| Office of Arts & Sciences | Mistress Raven of Heronsmarsh                                                   | artsandsciences@westernseas.org | Oversees the affairs of Arts, Crafts and Sciences, assists members with information & sources |
| Office of the Chronicler  | Lady Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal<br>Deputy: Empty - Please Apply                  | chronicler@westernseas.org      | Produces, edits and publishes the Baronial newsletter (this publication)                      |
| Office of the Webwright   | Lady Sadhbh inghean Uí Conghal<br>Deputy: Empty - Please Apply                  | webwright@westernseas.org       | Manages Baronial internet needs and presense                                                  |
| Knight Marshal            | Sir Edward of Castleguard                                                       | knightmarshal@westernseas.org   | Supervises Armored Combat activities (per island)                                             |
| Marshals of Fencing       | Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo, Oahu                                       | fencing@westernseas.org         | Supervises Fencing activities (per island)                                                    |
| Marshals of Archery       | Dame Uta Blackthorne, Big Island                                                | archery@westernseas.org         | Supervises Archery activites (per island)                                                     |
| Marshals of UAC           | THLady Duibheasa Ingen ui hÉalaighthe, Oahu<br>Dame Uta Blackthorne, Big Island | unarmored@westernseas.org       | Suprevises Unarmored Combat activities (per island)                                           |

## CANTON SENESCHALS

|                                        |                                    |                           |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Farhaven (Big Island).....             | Dame Uta Blackthorne.....          | seneschal@farhaven.org    |
| Peridot Isle (Kauai).....              | THLady Una Logan.....              | seneschal@peridotisle.org |
| Valley Azure (Maui).....               | Sir Edward of Castleguard.....     | seneschal@valleyazure.org |
| Torvald (Southeast Oahu).....          | THLord Alasdair Iain Caimbeul..... | seneschal@sca-torvald.org |
| Bard's Keep (Central & West Oahu)..... | Lord Andrew Fairburn.....          | seneschal@bardskeep.org   |
| Castlenorth (Windward Oahu).....       | Sir Marco Di Bartolomeo.....       | seneschal@castlenorth.org |

## GUILDS

|                    |                                            |                              |
|--------------------|--------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Philosophers.....  | Sir Valeran do Pico.....                   | philosophers@westernseas.org |
| Music Maximus..... | Mistress Genvieve la Minstrelle.....       | minstrels@westernseas.org    |
| Brewers.....       | THLady Una Logan.....                      | brewers@westernseas.org      |
| Wooden Spoon.....  | Baron Claudius Brutus di Bartolomeo.....   | woodenspoon@westernseas.org  |
| Sappers.....       | Sir Valeran do Pico.....                   | sappers@westernseas.org      |
| Scribe.....        | THLady Duibheasa ingen ui hÉalaighthe..... | scribe@westernseas.org       |