



The Newsletter of the Northern Marches, serving Allyshia, Ravenshore and Wudubolt be Secq

from The Editor

CATRIONA MACRATH

Welcome to last issue of the first year of The Strand! See, that wasn't so bad, was it?

Summer has been quite busy, as Their Excellencies will attest, with a few more grand events to attend before Fall. We've got stories, event info, some official stuff and Words from Their Excellencies.

Take a moment to put your feet up and enjoy this issue!

In this Issue

Calendar of Events	2
From Their Excellencies	2
Know your Heraldry	3
The Bridge	4
From the Exchequer	5
An Encounter	7
Northern Marches Arts and Sciences.....	7

Cover: Iain Gearr-Sheallach O'Maoilbhreanainn

Calendar of Events

Aug 11-13 Northern Marches A&S

Aug 25 Baronial Business Meeting

Sep 15-17 Pas d'Armes

Ongoing events

Heavy Fighter Practice - Tuesdays 6:00pm

Rapier Practice - Sundays 12:00pm

Apothecary Guild - 3rd Wednesday 6:30pm

Check the official calendar at allyshia.westkingdom.org/calendar for details.

from Their Excellencies

ULFAR INN SVARTI ÞORISSON

AND MEGAN PLANTEROSE

What a glorious time this is as we write what shall soon be the history of Allyshia! We welcome friends both old and new, as one of Allyshia's greatest allies (and former foes in times of friendly combat) joins Our forces to benefit us both. In the works, and with the grace of Their Royal Majesties, the proud, ancient Shire of Ravenshore will soon become a canton of Allyshia. This endeavor has been a long and toilsome process, but We are overjoyed to announce that it will shortly be at an end. We already hold our brethren near to Our hearts, and so We include the deeds and achievements of the populace of Ravenshore as though they were our own.

At the wane of midsummer, the days of war have just come to an end. The battle between the Kingdom of the West and the Kingdom of An Tir was indeed a grand event to attend! On the first day of fighting, the Allyshian forces were so great in numbers, so fearsome, that they held the field and single-handedly brought about the defeat of all the An Tirian army. Over the next few days We continued to deploy Our troops, and unleashed a hoard of archers even greater than that of Our other soldiers. Amid a busy schedule, His Excellency enjoyed viewing the rapier tournaments and war scenarios, as well as conversing with friends we see far too rarely, while Her Excellency was able to enjoy a class and visit various merchants.

Though it saddened Us greatly to miss such a large number of Allyshians this year, one of Our greatest pleasures was in seeing some members of Our populace duly rewarded and recognized at court. We congratulate Lord Kenric ap Weyland, who was granted an award of arms, and His Excellency Meshulam Aram BenYehuda, who was granted a court barony. We also congratulate Dame Katelinen Van

Walravershyde who sat vigil for her recent elevation to the Order of the Pelican. Kiddie Pool Court brought a successor to Pope Chatty Cathy. Pope Rabbinicus Fuckwitticus the Belligerent both honors and offends us all with his presence. Caoimhe and Aylwin Mac Neill were happily admitted into the Order of the Cornerstone. Huzzah to them and to Kolskeggr Skialdrbriotr Fra Einkunir and Katelinen Van Walravershyde who were given the Order of Valhalla. Cheers were heard round the camp as people tasted the marvelous soup prepared by Erik Firediver. He created a Soup so delicious, it was immediately pronounced “beer” by the papacy. His Excellency was attended daily by Yoseph BenZion and the lad was awarded entrance into the Order of Young Gentles for his constant service. Congratulations to him.

We are blessed with a populace who is in constant service to Our realms. There are many people in the barony to whom We offer thanks during wartime. Mistress Elsa Näherin Van Aurich and her event staff, plus the many members who had a hand in bookkeeping and land grab made war possible for everyone. Our keen and diligent guard kept Us well attended and reduced the amount of back breaking labor that accompanies such long and perilous journeys. All those who volunteered their service during the event are greatly appreciated. We also appreciate the many people who kept Us well fed. His Excellency was both excited and grateful to be visited by the Tunic Fairy, who left beautiful garb in his tent during the night.

There are countless others with whom We are quite pleased, and on whom We wish to bestow their just desserts at upcoming events. Alas, it has come to Our attention that many letters sent have failed to reach Us. We are seeking to correct the problem shortly. His Excellency urges the populace to contact Them using The Book of Face,

screaming, or other more viable methods.

Looking forward, we come to Northern Marches Arts and Sciences next month. We are both awed and humbled by the many talents of our Barony members. It is Our pleasure to learn more and better Ourselves by attending as many classes as possible. Warlord and the Pas d’Armes are also soon upon us. Both events shall be held in Wuduholt be Secg in the ninth month. We eagerly anticipate your company in the events to come!



Know your Heraldry

The first rule of heraldry involves the interaction of tinctures, or colors: “Thou shalt not place a metal on a metal, nor a color on a color.” So, you can’t put a red charge on a black field. This is mainly to ensure good contrast when reading a device across the field. Look at today’s license plates, and many still follow this rule.

Color them in to help you learn!

COLORS



Gules (Red)



Sable (Black)



Azure (Blue)



Vert (Green)



Purpure (Purple)

METALS



Or (Gold/Yellow)



Argent (Silver/White)

The Bridge

BY HEATH THE WANDERER

The bridge stretched out before me, wide enough for four of us to march abreast. We did not march across this bridge today. We charged. At the sound of the horn, we ran forth, some yelling, some just trying to reserve our breath. That was me, reserving my breath. I wanted to yell, scream a battle cry of defiance at our enemy, but I am no longer a young man, and battle cries are a youthful endeavor.

As we charged into the middle of the bridge, so did our enemy. Some of them screamed and hollered, as we did, and some, as I, reserved their breath. This filled me with confidence. They were not overpowering monsters. They were men, of all ages, of all occupations, as we were. Some of them had families. Some of them loved their work. Some of them struggled while some of them sailed smoothly through life.

At mid-bridge, our shields met, backed by our bodies, and pushed on by those behind us. The midline held. I felt the crush as I pressed against the wall of men in front of me. I looked up and saw a sword raise high and my eyebrows went up to match. My arm took over, fortunately, and thrust into his armpit. He grunted out, "Oh!", looked at the retreating tip of my sword, then met my eyes with his own. He seemed to shrug, then nodded slightly, and fell over the edge of the bridge and out of my way.

The next man was shorter, but faster, swinging wildly. It took much of my concentration to block and parry each shot, for in that wildness was a practiced accuracy. I started to see patterns in the attack. Not one big pattern, but after a high shot came another, then a low shot. After a feint to my head, another head shot, then another. I saw a few patterns. My enemy seemed to have an endless supply of energy, and did not stop

until I interrupted a pattern and clanged the side of his helmet, then dropped the weight of my sword onto his shoulder. To my surprise, the voice of a woman yelped in frustration as she fell straight down.

I stepped over her into the gap and found my next opponent. He was a wide man, and I know he was a man, for his reddish beard puffed out from below his full faced helm. We clashed, but his reserve of breath faded quickly. I was able to swing a blow beyond his shield and drop him out of view.

When I felt my own reserves failing, I thought of my life away from the battle. The tedium of the accounts and the condescension from those above me, they drove me on. I am not a warrior by trade. I keep merchants afloat by tracking their money. I am trusted, but mistreated. I am vital, but not respected. Recalling this frustration revitalized me as the next person stepped up, and the next.

My comrades next to me were replaced by those behind me. I did not watch. I only watched the next in front of me. I watched when they threw a sudden push into us. I watched as they raised their weapons and shields and voices. I watched as the next one fell and the next one stepped up.

What I wasn't paying attention to was the fact that I was doing most of the stepping. Even when a comrade fell, another comrade stepped up, then kept pace with me. We were stepping forward, into the pushes, into the swords, into the swarm of the enemy I believed to be endless for a while.

Then, suddenly, no one stepped in front of me. No one stood there menacing me with sword or ax. I stood firm, stepped forward, then stood firm again. I looked around, fighting my own momentum, trying desperately not to rush forward into open grass, until I understood what was happening. My comrades were rushing

forward. They billowed forth like a cloud coming in from the ocean, rolling over the hills, and overwhelming everything.

I had no more breath for yells of victory. My legs trembled with fatigue. My sword arm hung limp and useless, though my shield arm held steady. After all, on the battlefield, one must always be ready on the defense. Maybe I am a warrior after all.

A companion came to me, elated, offering me water. I drank deeply. He spouted nonsense about another battle readying. Another string of fights. I thought I had noticed him fall, but here he was excited for another run at danger.

He was a young man, though, and I am good friends with his father. I shook my head. I told him it was time for me to sit down. I would find a shady place to rest, and eat, and drink, and I would cheer him on, for I know he would see victory, whether he stood or fell. I told him I was okay, better than okay. I stayed on my feet through the whole battle, never once feeling the sting of someone else's blade. I was satisfied that day. He gripped my shoulder and nodded, then ran off to join his younger friends.

I stood for a moment longer, alone, content. Then I shuffled off to the shade to take my helmet off and put down my sword and shield. My friend had left me with the jug of water, and, so, I sat there out of the sun on that warm day, knowing that the toil of the coming week was waiting for me. I would have something the others didn't. As I looked up from my work, I would feel the ache of today's battle. I would have the memory of a battle won with nary a scratch. I would know that my pain was hard earned. And I would grin. My grin would be noticed as I bent over my work, but they wouldn't know, because they wouldn't ask. And that is how I would sail through the rough waves of tedium.

From the Exchequer

FREDA FESENMEYER

For the edification of the populace, a Balance Sheet for 2016 has been prepared.

Please note that this only reflects income and expenses for the year, not current funds.

Barony of Allyshia - 2016 Balance Sheet

EVENT INCOME/EXPENSE

Lupercalia 1/16/2016

Gate Income	\$587.00
Site Expenses	-\$150.00
Food & Misc Expenses	-\$228.68

Event Profit/Loss	\$208.32
-------------------	----------

Heron's Pool 4/15-17/2016

Gate Income	\$835.00
Site Expenses	-\$760.00
Food & Misc Expenses	-\$20.00

Event Profit/Loss	\$55.00
-------------------	---------

Yule 12/10/2016

Gate Income	\$545.00
Site Expenses	-\$75.00
Food & Misc Expenses	-\$401.00

Event Profit/Loss	\$69.00
-------------------	---------

Event Totals	\$332.32
--------------	----------

NON-EVENT INCOME/EXPENSE

Non-Event Income	\$421.67
Non-Event Expense	-\$1,453.10
Bank Dividend	\$1.36

Non-Event Totals	-\$1,030.07
------------------	-------------

2016 Ending Balance	-\$697.75
---------------------	-----------

Let all Princes, Barons, lords, squires, fencers, swashbucklers, men at arms, knights and masters of the Kingdom of the West and all other known world kingdoms know that on September 15th - 17th in Crescent City the Barony of Allyshia will host a very great festival of arms and a very noble tourney with challenge in arms for those who fight with blade, spear and bow

Autocrat contact @ *The Allyshian Tas d'Armes* 2017

The Barony of Allyshia Tas d'Armes



An Encounter

BY ZBENA OF ALLYSHIA

Once upon a time, there was a village. In this town, there was a group of people. This group of people were led by two wonderful leaders. Though these leaders were not perfect leaders, and had their flaws, they tried their best for the people. These people caught the eye of a young girl. She did not come to the village very often, and when she did, these two leaders were always there to greet her.

One of them, a woman, always had a smile to welcome everyone. She was energetic and enthusiastic. And she looked like she enjoyed spending time with others. The one time the girl visited her home, the woman taught the girl how to do a simple fiber activity that opened the girl's eyes to new things.

The other, a man, was just as happy as his partner. He was amazing, and had many similarities as the girl. She would sometimes have a chance to talk to him, only to be called for another task.

The girl would watch these two leaders with admiration and respect. She wanted to be like them when she grew up. As she grew up, the village and the leaders would help her out, and even though the leaders might change, the girl will remember the two leaders that caught her eye.

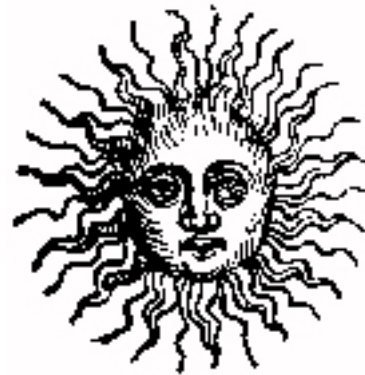
Editor's note: This charming story was written by Zbena following an encounter with Their Excellencies at Heron's Pool.



Northern Marches Arts and Sciences

We call upon thee to join us in the Northern Marches for a spectacular weekend full of arts and sciences activities. There will be a variety of classes, demonstrations, and lectures during the day on Saturday. Examples include: illumination, medieval games, basics in spinning, fiber prep, period weave structures, needlepoint, cut and thrust, camp cooking, dying yarn, sprang, labyrinths, celtic knot work, leatherwork and more. The full list can be found on the Facebook event page, or request it from one of the autocrats: Signy Jólnardóttir and [io66\(at\)charter.net](mailto:io66(at)charter.net) or Catriona MacRath [catriona.macrath\(at\)westkingdom.org](mailto:catriona.macrath(at)westkingdom.org).

Northern Marches A&S will be happening the weekend of August 11-13 in the Barony of Allyshia, at the Mad River Hospital Field, Arcata, CA. The weather will be cool, so take a break from the heat and join us for some wonderful classes!



This is the Summer (August) 2017 issue of The Strand, the official newsletter of the Barony of Allyshia. Allyshia is a branch of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. It is not a corporate publication of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc, and does not delineate SCA policies. This newsletter is available online at <http://www.allyshia.westkingdom.org>. Articles and artwork contained herein is reprinted by permission of the author/artist, and may be reproduced only with their permission. Submissions should be sent to catriona.macrath@allyshia.westkingdom.org.