

# A Chronicle of Fall Crown Tourney A.S. LII



*Written by the Circle of Bards of Caid*

*A Chronicle of  
Fall Crown Tourney  
A.S. LII*

*Presented by the members  
of the Circle of Bards of Caid  
To Their Royal Majesties:*



**Athanaric  
and  
Sigriðr**



*As compiled by  
Paul fitz Denis*

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## ~ From the Editor ~

January 2018

Fall Crown Tourney has brought us happily to the Coronation of Athanaric and Sigríðr. As is the custom from our Principality days, our bards and poets have written praise poems for every fighter who has ever contended for the Crown of Caid.

With fine words, with humor, but always with courtesy, the poets and bards of Caid wield their pens for the amusement of Their Majesties and the entertainment of the populace. Here you will find *lais, ballades, malahattr, a kyriele, a villenelle, and more.*

So read the well-wrought words contained herein and enjoy them in the spirit they are intended. We each do our part to enrich the Realm. And fighters, as you acknowledge your bards, your fame can only grow.

In service to the Muse,  
Know that I remain,

Paul

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# Graf Athanaric Thaurismunths sunu

who won the throne for Gräfin Sigríðr in irska

A temperate day, with ample shade,  
A mass of tents, a smallish glade,  
Yet adequate for shield and blade—  
A kingly Crown is sought.

And so they come in numbers great,  
The bold of high and low estate  
In tourney here to try their fate—  
The swiftest ever fought.

And who outlasts these warriors strong?  
(His sword, it seems, can do no wrong),  
His deeds this day remembered long,  
Who would once more be King.

He's bested eight men (of some I know naught),  
But Westfall and Bremen were both fairly caught,  
The man whom he knighted his life dearly bought,  
And many a helmet did ring.

And then there were Vikings, one smooth and one rough,  
And one he could batter, and one he could cuff,  
(A squire, it was rumored, went off in a huff  
As if all the strife was a lark).

And every link of his mail is well-knitted,  
And every inch of it very well-fitted  
To him whose opponent is likewise well-kitted ;  
O'Malley is no easy mark.

At last there remain two true brothers-in-arms :  
They've both worn a Crown won 'midst battles' alarms,  
'Tis Oz and Agrippa, whose personal charms  
Are buttressed with iron and steel.

And so they remain—for a moment or two,  
Their mettle withstands what the first blows can do,  
Both knighted by Conrad, and daunted by few,  
But now in a death dance they reel.

A temperate day, for Athanaric,  
Whose history boasts a time with Rome,  
Who served the Gothic Kings aforetime,  
Before Starkhavn was his home.

His archer Lady, proudly watching,  
Her Autumn Prince ; so strong, serene,  
Will at the Feast of Twelfth Night, by him,  
Become the Kingdom's Winter Queen.

Such feats of arms by such contenders,  
Remembered in this patchwork rhyme ;  
A great rejoicing greet their revels,  
And may it be a blessed time.

— *Lavendar of Lorne*

*...received her Laurel for the Performing Arts  
(acting, singing, dancing, and theatrical production). She has  
written fighter poems from the beginning and is grateful if  
their subjects are pleased with them.*





# Duke Agrippa Morris

who fought for the honor of Lord Dawid Radzowycz

Sing, goddess, how great Agrippa fought boldly in hunting  
the crown of Caid;  
Dawid, his consort, encourager, standing there, strong at  
his side.

Stalwart he stood, while his foes came against him but  
they could not bring him down  
To the dust. Quintus, that terrible bear, fell first, claws  
shorn by Roman sword.

Eagle, Brianna, and Ketill, stout talbot, each met fleet  
Agrippa in  
Duels and both felt the cold hand of death grip their  
hearts, sent by his bright brand.

Hours slipped by and the contest wore on. Stout Agrippa  
downed Alsander.  
Ozmund and Wilhelm, great Caidan Counts, could not  
stand against Roman might.

Then came Athanaric, fierce northern wolf, and Agrippa  
heard death whisper  
Soft in his ear. With the Crown nearly his, he could not lay  
this warrior low.

Blades whirled and clashed in the afternoon sun as they  
battled for kingdom and  
Throne, but at last one swift stroke slipped past his de-  
fense, knocking him into the

Dirt and the dark closed in. Caid's crown claimed by another's  
hand in the end.  
Mourn brave Agrippa, but know that he will rise again and  
stride forth to the fray.

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

*...took the pilgrimage from her native Wales to Santiago de Compostela after the plague left her a widow. She remains in Galicia, giving of her time and monies to pilgrims such as she was.*

## Count Ozmund Rus

who fought for the honor of Countess Marisa Rus

The winds bite deep into the mountains, enraging the fires spinning like drunken Efreet through the forests of Caid. Along the borders between the sloping hillocks of the Barony of Dreiburgen and the bustling plains of the Barony of Gyldenholt, the relatively modest keep of His Excellency, Master Beorn of the Northern Sea buzzes with a practiced activity; neither reckless nor lazy, rather determinedly unhurried. Returning from Her Ladyship Avicia's villas along the ocean, stopping by Her Grace Bridget's lands to ensure his dear friend's Ducal estates and liveried servants were all safe and accounted for, he finally dismounted creakily (and with some difficulty, for his old injuries made setting a horse more and more painful as he aged) to find preparations for the wind and/or fire storms in as fine a state as could be. Indeed, he swelled with pride seeing his daughter, Lady Sofia Biarnardottir, and his best friend in the entire world, Lady Susana Leandra Macias de Santiago de Compostella (Susie for short) leaning over a trestle table in the front exercise yard, heads together, gesticulating to areas on a map and muttering to each other all the while. He limped over to the table, and neither lady raised their heads from their conference, and yet he quite clearly heard,

"You're late," Susie drily observed.

"Yes, Susie, I'm sorry, I know. I was checking on Bridget."

"How is she faring" asked Sofia.

"She has all her lands and vassals in excellent order. So too it seems do we."

"Thank goodness," Susie breathed.

"Oh yes Dad," Sofia beamed, "Susie and I have prepared everything."

"Just in time too," Susie said, calling over her back as she made her way to a two-wheeled cart, stepping swiftly up next to a driver, "I am off to see to my parents' estates. I shall be back in the morning."

Sofia and Beorn watched her off and then turned to each other.

"Dinner?"

"Dinner..."

\* \* \*

When the meal had been cleared away, Sofia nudged her father in the shoulder.

"You promised me you were going to continue Count Ozmund's Saga."

"You mean after the first part, A New Hope?" asked Beorn.

Sofia thought a moment, "Does that make this one, Athanaric Strikes Back then?"

Beorn smiled, "Oz does have a Bard's flair for the dramatic, doesn't he? Very well..."

**The Continuing Saga of Ozmund**  
**(as told to Sofia Biarnardottir by Beorn of the Northern Sea)**

Pay heed to the East where the sands swallow moonlight,  
Rising once more with the Throne on his mind,  
Hungers Count Ozmund, friend to these holdings,  
Noble dread warrior, but what shall he find?

He and Marisa, his love-and-life consort,  
Travelled along the bleak pathway of stones.  
Gone from the lands of their County for Caid,  
But feeling the Crescents in their blood and their bones.

Many are seeking the Thrones for the Milestone  
Forty years past did the Kingdom begin.  
Starkhafn warriors are pacing like lions,  
Though all of them hunger, only one knight shall win.

Ozmund strides, fearsome, into the Crown eric,  
Where Fearghus awaits him, with war on his mind.  
Our Count Oz, undaunted, closes to do battle,  
And leaves his first foeman, who chose him, behind.

Next came Thorbjorn, dreaded Northman coiled strong,  
Oz glanced at Marisa then our hero rushed fast!  
Shield and blade shuddered, a body went reeling!  
Oz shook not from his trance; one more enemy passed.

'Twas then, like a history book opened before us,  
Did our Oz face Duke Sven for the Throne yet again.  
For indeed they have met before, and shall meet often onward,  
It was Oz who emerged, unblooded, from the glen.

And lo then did Jamal, Knight and Laurel, face Ozmund  
Their stout arms like iron, their strength both like oak,  
Those who heard the fierce crashing are still hard of hearing!  
At the end Oz was victor, Jamal's stride had broke.

The beauteous Marisa was cheering her Champion,  
And the beauteous Agrippa was championing too,  
Count and Duke fought for the honor of Caid,  
Though Agrippa victorious, our Oz was not through!

Perhaps harder than loss was to face one's own kinsmen,  
So Ozmund faced Ulfr, brother, knight, and true friend.  
Oh how noble the fighting that eric withstood then,  
Great Count Oz did continue, Ulfr's journey did end.

Three great men yet remained to assume Caid's Kingship,  
And each of these men knew the burden it bore,  
So it was that they all had to face one another,  
Two of them would then falter, and the last etched in lore.

Once again Ozmund faced his own brother in combat.  
Athanaric, Graf and Knight, ready to rule!  
And that bout, I must tell you, was as fine as a whisper  
As keen as a sword edge, and as bright as a jewel!

For Athanaric was victor, and Prince of the Kingdom,  
And Ozmund our hero had fallen with grace.  
But I tell you this day, do not think this the ending,  
We will see, once again, that fierce cherubic face!

Let this saga show all that with losses and heartache,  
Comes strength and true purpose; a whetstone for your will.  
For Ozmund and Marisa are ready to lead us,  
And on that day, my friends, we are in for a thrill!

"I certainly hope," Sofia said, rising from her chair, "that there will even be a Caid with all these fires!"

"You needn't fear my dearest daughter," Beorn replied. "While it may very well appear as if the entire world is ablaze, never forget, we here in Caid are made of sterner stuff. Besides, have you ever heard of a viking who's given up? Why, we are as everlasting as the glaciers of our homeland!"

Sofia paused briefly before stating flatly, "Um, Dad, we're in the middle of a bunch of firestorms in December."

"Good point..."

— *Sofia Biarnardottir & Beorn of the Northern Sea*

*Sofia Biarnardottir is quite happy to return to the Saga of Ozmund, and feels quite certain that a third installment will be needed in the very near future, just in case you were wondering.*

*Beorn of the Northern Sea finds himself in the happy circumstances to once again write a Crown List poem with his most beloved daughter Sofia. The Saga of Ozmund was the first time that they had ever collaborated on the written word, and resuming this story seems warm and familiar. Which, during Yule in Caid is as Wintry as it gets one supposes.*

# Count Wilhelm Skallagrimsson

who fought for the honor of Tsyra tsheere Nanoup

Wilhelm Skallagrimsson to the tourney field did come,  
Sword and shield and armor on, he's come to win the crown.

Fighters come from all around to enter in the list,  
Count Wilhelm took his challenge, prepared to show his best.

Marshals stand and watch the fights a calm before each storm,  
Wilhelm stands proud, his consort bows, then to win the crown.

As fighters fall before his sword in round after round,  
every blow to find its place, he's come to win the crown.

Wilhelm has size and strength and a defense no one can dent.  
He smiles to his consort and fights on without relent.

Four contenders have tried their best, falling to the ground,  
But now Count Athanaric has come to win the crown.

First Twenty Nine now just eight fighters are coming down  
Two Brothers in the chivalry, just one can win the crown.

After a brave and bold display, Wilhelm takes a knee.  
But just one loss will not end his goal of victory.

Wilhelm thinks upon his goal to reign over his home,  
No duke will stand in his way, he's come to win the crown.

Passion and inspiration are not enough alone,  
when rattan hits your armor you will not win the crown.

All Caid hail Athanaric, Agrippa, and Oz,  
They shall fight for the honor good Sir Wilhelm has lost.

The Prince shall gain renown for his consort and for him,  
Sir Wilhelm will come back next time, come to win the crown.

— *Meala Caimbeul*

*...hopes her subject and the audience is pleased by this commemoration. Fighting in Crown is no small task, and one worthy of committing to our communal memory through poetry. She has participated in the recording for many years, and encourages all those who call themselves "Bard" to contact the editors and lend their talents to this worthy effort.*

# Sir Avery Westfall

who fought for the honor of Duchess Faizah al-Zarqa

Hark, from the frozen North a Knight appears!  
And Fighting for Faizeh, former Queen,  
Thus like a leopard valiant, with no fear,  
His sword and shield and mind; all polished keen.

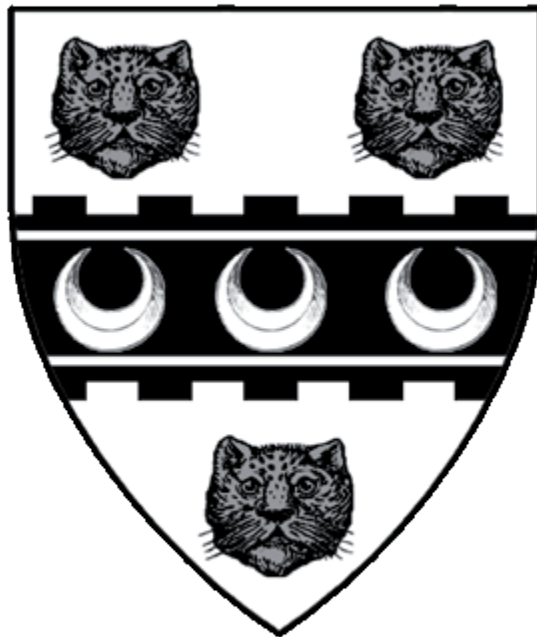
With claws outstretched, the wolf's the first to fall,  
The scarlet fox the next to lose the fight,  
See now as Wilhelm strides into the brawl,  
The leopard falls beneath the lightning's might!

And bounding back, his fangs dispensed a loss.  
He struck a golden eagle from the sky.  
The final path to Crown he had to cross,  
Instead, upon the ground he then did lie.

Fear not for our good friend Sir Avery,  
Our kind and charming Flower of Chivalry!

— Sofia Biarnardottir

*...spends far more time listening to music than fulfilling the basic requirements of the human body. Nevertheless, every so often she wrests herself from her cavernous dwelling to ascend into the light, consuming mass quantities of berries and penning the odd poem or two.*



# Sir Úlfr Grímsson

who fought for the honor of Lady Þýri Asvaldsdóttir

Come, Allfather, come  
Great One-eyed Wise One  
Mighty deeds well done  
We who were there then

Call you here I must  
With thy mead aid me  
Due honor and praise  
We give thanks we saw

Grim's son, grave-face Úlfr  
For his love's favor  
First ravens he faces  
Submission soon earning

Great feats does he do  
Fierce þryi's he bears  
Foeman most worthy  
From other Úlfr's son

Wurm-foe comes whirling  
Crosses come crashing  
Standing in sword-storm  
Circling the serpent

Wound-hoe now wielding  
Armor-cracks seeking  
Stern steely-eyed Úlfr  
Soon seeing its end

Oaken-leaved omen  
Drawn now to drink deep  
This marvel marking  
Daring but death-touched

Oath-sworn for battle  
Of battle-sweat drips  
With helm-marring blade  
Does Úlfr further fight

Hear heralds calling  
Gamely Úlfr goes now  
Bold is this buck  
But bolder is Úlfr

Hare hunts in the field  
Goal growing closer  
His boasting well bought  
Leaves buck soon behind

Slumping and sluggish  
Languid and lanky  
Come from some cavern  
Fifth fight finished him

From slumber rising  
Long limbs revealing  
To reclaim this kingdom  
Úlfr blocks his fifth crown

Armed against arrows  
Úlfr's urðr approaching  
Battle-born brother  
Now death is Úlfr's doom

For battle arrayed  
Urging him meet it  
Barring his triumph  
Wins no crown this day

More song I should sing  
For few fleeting words  
Abandoned am I  
No more may I write

So worthy was he  
Forgiveness I beg  
Allfather has left  
My mead has run out

— *Paul fitz Denis*

*...is a 14th Century English herald married to a crafty Welsh lady. He was the 10th Bard of Caid and now serves as editor of this humble collection.*



# Duke Sven Örfhendur

who fought for the honor of Dame Ismay of Giggleswick

## *Sven's Hymn*

Sit now here a spell His search for the Sword Dame Ismay is at his side Friends facing forward	And listen of Sven His Quest for the Crown Apple-cheeked always Fighting for renown
First foeman facing Refr, the Red Fox Sven stopped the stride Sven is no stranger	Duke Sven's deft dealing Racing to the ready Stepped over and onward His hands remain steady
William the Wolf's Head The sloth, far too strong Martial moves made Oh ready thy blade	Went to his war's ending Wolf's baying ceasing Sven strengthens stance His mettle increasing
Count Ozmund calls Battles by brother knights Ozmund stood victor Know all, more in store	Oft have they fought Fierce former Kings Sven knelt, for now The Sloth's blood yet sings
The Black Hounds of Ketill Sven calmly swings steel There is yet more to do E'en now doth His Grace	Come barking battle So now do they fall More foes to vanquish Rise again for the call
With the gold boar spear Chivalry circles and strikes Sven is defeated well Honoring Ismay	Úlfr greets our Sven Fearsome and fair Noble now and always His friend truly rare
Fear not good gentles He hurries onward Join us once again When Sven, our true hero	Sven has not stepped back He practices more For the next Caid Crown List Writes us more Caid Lore!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

*... is a late 13th/early 14th century Shetlander in service to Robert the Bruce of Scotland. He honors his Irish Mother and Norse Father by drinking, fighting, drinking, feasting, drinking, writing, drinking, hunting, drinking, and even more drinking. How comforting to know Cirrhosis hasn't been invented yet...*



# Sir Jamal Damian Marcus

who fought for the honor of Baroness Éowyn Amberdrake

The time has come, and once again we seek Caidan Crowns!  
Those striving don their fighting gear upon the tourney grounds.  
Both new and seasoned warriors shall answer Caid's call,  
And none is quite as stunning as that roguish Sir Jamal!

His Excellency, dear Jamal, for Éowyn has fought,  
And 'pon my word, I say to thee, much heroism wrought.  
He's ridden into battle, and at Death's door he has stood.  
I must tell you all simply, ev'ry time he just looked good!

This Fall Crown was no different, many wished the Crescent Throne.  
But when standing beside wishes, oftentimes one stands alone.  
Jamal faced Jacques de Fairmont in that first round on the field,  
'Twas our charming Sir Jamal who made his erstwhile foeman yield!

In the second round Sir Halldorr sought the Kingdom for his bride,  
Now Jamal was sympathetic, but he knocked Halldorr aside.  
When Sir Skaf stepped to his brother knight, all saw strength on display,  
And when Jamal stepped right on past him, he was dazzling on that day!

Count Oz was waiting patiently, as he had so oft' before,  
And the two great knights rushed to the other with a joining roar!  
It was Oz who was the victor, Jamal forced to sit a spell.  
But I tell you all it mattered not, Jamal's still fine as hell!

As our hero raised his shield once more Sir Avery drew steel,  
Boldly did the knights encircle, feint, deflect, attack and reel!  
When Sir Avery stood the winner, Jamal stepped back and let him by,  
And it truth it did not bother him, for Jamal is hella fly!

Now what happens? What becomes of Caid's rakish Sir Jamal?  
Never fear my gentle readers, he'll once more heed Caid's call!  
But until then, never falter and do try to keep in touch,  
For as charming as our Jamal may be, our Éowyn's THRICE as much!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

*...is a late 13th/early 14th century Shetlander born of an Irish mother and a Norse father. He is either found in service to the Crown of Caid, writing or composing some poem or tune, or singing with one or more of his favorite people: his lady THL Avicia, his best friend Lady Susie, or his daughter Lady Sofia. So, he is nearly always surrounded by beauty and song!*

# Sir Killian MacTaggart

who fought for the honor of Baroness Teka Turmanov

Deeds of the great are now ripe for the telling,  
Felling one's foes for the right of the Throne,  
Owning one's honor and honoring consort.  
Fortitude, prowess, dexterity needed.  
Heeded the call, our Killian did.  
Ridding the sands of dread bandits and foemen,  
Then, with his dearest love Teka beside him,  
Brimming with pride as a Knight of the Realm.  
Helm and shield worn as he fought for the honor.  
For Caid needs her most noble to lead us,  
Trust in the process and faith in one's skill.  
Killian bowed but unbowing moved onward,  
Sword at the ready and steady to fight.  
Might is a boon, but so too then is cunning,  
Running in circles, confusing the enemy  
See how the vanquished lead cheers ever more.  
Lore must be written for Killian's heart!  
Parting the way to the path of the Sovereign,  
When losing 'gainst friends feels good and not bad.  
Sadness not warranted, Crowns ever turning,  
Burning their names in the ledger of Kings  
Rings of mail, blades of iron, hafts of yew  
True warriors all descend on the Crescent field  
Yielding one victor, the Crown of Caid!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

*...is a late 13th/early 14th century Shetlander. His father was Norse and his mother was Irish, resulting in a rather large specimen of bardic endeavor. The drinking, fighting, boasting, feasting and irascible temperament all come from spending his formative years nestled amongst the Welsh and the Scots.*



# Sir Halldórr Þórhallsson

who fought for the honor of Lady Eliane Duran

Each bridegroom seeks to please his new-won bride,  
Not all are bold enough to seek a crown!  
Yet Halldórr, battle-toughened, did not frown,  
Nor near his home in comfort did abide.  
By Eliane, how swiftly did he ride,  
Fair falcon with her ermine-laden gown,  
But in fair lady's beauty did he drown?  
Not then, but after honor's satisfied.

Upon the field, with vigor did he fight,  
His mighty blows caused noble blood to flow,  
As for his wounds, he did not seem to care,  
His lovely lady was his chief delight,  
And losing caused his love therefore to grow,  
He shall return to crown his bride so fair!

— *Avicia de Na Baiona*

*...is a 13th century Gascon noblewoman currently residing in the charming and busy lands of the Barony of Lyondemere. She enjoys music, poetry, culinary endeavors, sampling the culinary endeavors of others, and trying almost as often as she should to control her blood sugar. When not serving the Barony or the Fair Kingdom of Caid, she can be found singing merrily to herself, or to her dreaded attack lap-dog, Rosie.*



# Sir Adam Makandro

who fought for the honor of The Honorable Lady Stæina Hálfðanardóttir

'Tis Adam Makandro who comes forth to fight,  
He'll take on all comers be they Squire, Duke, or Knight.  
The swift running Tourney brought losses and wins,  
But only four rounds for our Knight, for his sins.

He fell to the hand of the one gave him spurs,  
A belt and a chain, and to him he defers—  
That Starkhavn noble then served up his Squire  
Whose fate meted out by Sir Adam was dire.

Ulf's penchant for flowers is very well known,  
(And so far, Makandro's still eyeing the Throne),  
Succumbed to Sir Adam's strength, cunning, and power  
King's Squire now reclines in a safe, thornless bower.

But Ulf followed Patrick, that Lion in mail,  
The seven-squied General whose life is a tale  
Of trials and triumphs as both Duke and King ;  
Their names in the annals of battle must ring.

Alas for this fighter who sees his last bout :  
For stout Skallagrimson gave him such a clout,  
As if lightning struck in the blink of an eye ;  
Makandro slips down to the earth with a sigh.

What more can said, for 'tis plain to be seen  
That Stæina would make a superb Viking Queen.  
His wounds she'll stitch up (her embroidery's fine),  
She sups with three champions when they go to dine.

Sir Adam Makandro on this day of days  
Deserves more than doggerel writ in his praise.  
May verses far better add to his reward  
When his honor and courage make him Caid's Lord.

— *Lavendar of Lorne*

*...received her Laurel for the Performing Arts  
(acting, singing, dancing, and theatrical production). She has  
written fighter poems from the beginning and is grateful if  
their subjects are pleased with them.*

# Sir Ketill Olafsson

who fought for the honor of Lady Scarlet Sparhawk

When Caid's King was getting old and running out of hair  
He called a Tourney to be held at which to find an heir  
Sir Ketill Olafsson came forth with Scarlet by his side  
And off to Caid's Autumn Crown together they did ride

Once there he steps unto the field and hears his name called out  
Tis Baroness Brianna and she's dressed to kill, no doubt  
And now this mini-Valkyrie would bring Sir Ketill down  
But Ketill hits her on the head, which makes the Lady frown

Now Ketill faces Quintus, who's a horseman, but on foot  
And when the sound of fighting stops, the horseman is kaput  
Two fights - two kills - it seems to him like an auspicious start  
Each round now fighters leave the field and take no further part

Onto the field strides Sir Agrippa, grinning ear to ear  
Although Agrippa is a Duke, Sir Ketill has no fear  
In combat now the two are met, their swords ring loud and clear  
And then one falls onto the ground, Sir Ketill now I fear

He sees the clouds sail overhead, the grass is soft and sweet  
It's sort of nice to just lie there and not be on his feet  
But that's not why he came today, he does not seek defeat  
And so he gets back up again, to see who he might beat

And now Sir Ketill sees his foe, another grinning Duke  
For long and lanky Sven Orfhender, killing's not a fluke  
Sir Ketill does his best to wack the Duke upside the head  
But when the fighting's done, Sir Ketill lies as if he's dead

They carry Ketill off the field, for he's not really dead  
But after those two Dukes, he probably has an aching head  
We know with Scarlet by his side, he soon will feel just fine  
And when Crown Tourney next is held, Sir Ketill won't decline

— Robear du Bois

*Some day Robear will have to give up fighting, he is told  
Perhaps he'll take up cut and thrust when he starts feeling old  
And when light weapons weigh too much, perhaps the harp he'll learn  
But when that day comes I fear for his great sword he will yearn*

# The Honorable Lord Snorri Snarfari Bjornsson

who fought for the honor of Lady Cassie Charlesworth

*(Breton lai)*

In summer's ides, in sea-froth he returned,  
To Caid's loam, its sweet and happy berm,  
Snorri Snarfari, he that bore the hare,  
And at his side his lady and his snare,  
For he and Cassie stepped from out the surf,  
Wearied by waves, and glad to 'brace the earth,  
And they informed their August Majesties,  
Of friends and commerce, won beyond the seas,  
To 'large Caid, with luster, goods and more,  
And flood the land with gold and guerdons pour.

And they regaled our rulers with emprise,  
Of storm and wrack to see The Crescents rise,  
In glory on The Wall of great Cathay,  
When they, The Middle Kingdom did assay,  
And how they sojourned 'cross the Gobi's sands,  
Where khans and noyons rode in glittered bands,  
And how they haggled with a merchant's wits,  
For deels and buryats, silks and supple kits,  
And there were those, through amity's imbibe,  
That friended them, and traded jibe for jibe.

And those that held the Dolphin Crowns were thrilled,  
With all the deeds and merchantry most skilled,  
And how The Crescents, in their splendor hung,  
Across the meads of Chin, and Ming and Sung,  
And over steppes and vales of Tartary,  
The Crown gave praise for such diplomacy,  
That Caid's fame should fly the gannet's lane,  
Such errantry was grace for realm and reign,  
So Alexander and Tahira cheered,  
And all these works of sojournry revered.

Then Snorri and his lady joyed their time,  
In hearth and shop, in summer's pleasant clime,  
But as the sun's rondel of scarlet dipped,  
They heard the cries of tern and bittern slip,  
And thought, mayhap next summer they would quest,  
And travel lands and new adventures wrest,  
For friends and wares-they wait beyond the spars,  
In fabled lands beneath the scattered stars,  
A year away, the sea would sound its call,  
And 'cross their prow, a canvas hare would fall.



Come autumn's gold, the lurs of Crown pervade,  
So Snorri knelt before his lovely maid,  
And said to Cassie, now, attend my love,  
And let me bear the narwhales on your glove,  
For we have conquered seas and foreign strand,  
And braved the waves and winds with rudder's hand,  
And placed The Crescents half a world away,  
Can we ignore the portents of this day?  
I would display your favor midst the steel,  
And on your brow, a golden rose anneal.

Then Snorri said, I would draw nigh and strike,  
And those opposing, bid them do the like,  
The winding horns of valor 'gin to ring,  
And summer's done with all its merchanting,  
So let us go and set your banner's tail,  
There on the green where knights and gallants rail,  
Some yards and rope-a little ways to go,  
Compared to leagues of storm and ocean throe,  
My painted hare is yare to make its run,  
My crossbow's bolt is arcing for the sun!

And Snori stood upon the hero's knoll,  
And Cassie's banner fluttered on its pole,  
And shields as skittish as the colts of May,  
Bestirred their masters to their vows inveigh,  
And plates and scales sighed in the morning's hush,  
And tabard cloth of wroth shone in the crush,  
Then side to side the gages were exchanged,  
And listing shields upon their tree arranged,  
And Snorri chose a foe for his behord,  
Sir Andrew Baird would stand against his sword.

Sir Andrew in his shining corselet strode,  
To partner Snorri's hare with what was owed,  
And he that bore the rose of Eilidh Swann.  
Belayed the Viking, ere the noon had drawn,  
But Snorri's sword, its warrish pattern weaves,  
And Andrew's scales went wafting like the leaves,  
So long they battled 'neath the spreading elms,  
And each had hurts upon their breasts and helms,  
Until the northman broke the other's guard,  
And Andrew yielded up the martial yard.

Then Lord Mikhail rushed forward with his blade,  
And flurried well but stumbled in the glade,  
And Snorri thought, ah, Cassie might it be,  
That I will see your narwhales take their fee?  
Oh half a world has seen our sails impress,  
Our long oars vying 'gainst the sea's distress,  
And steppe and city showered us with wares,  
And friends and bounty cleansed our hearts of cares,  
Oh, I can win this little field of green,  
Some dozen steps or so, I'll see you queen!

So Snorri waited for the herald's cry,  
As autumn's leaves about his scabbard die,  
Three gouttes appeared upon a shield of oak,  
Sir Killian matches Snorri stroke for stroke,  
And honor sprouts as high as hollyhocks,  
Amidst the furor of their blows and shocks,  
But in the press, ability must tell,  
And Snorri took his wounds within the dell,  
And when the clours quelled their thunder's din,  
Sir Killian it was that bore the win.

Betwixt the rounds the Viking bound his side,  
And kissed his lady, said, I still abide,  
I fight anon, though the reaper smile,  
Love is proof against his glass and style,  
Oh, I can offer spears from far Beijing,  
And yurts and bows to ward his fatal sting,  
Chinese gowns and scales with etchings keen,  
And snow-cat skins and tunics of nankeen,  
Oh we have wits and trade to blunt his scythe,  
Some treaty fix, and here extend our life.

Another knight stepped out the desert's flame,  
Sir Ulf advanced, his lady's crown to gain,  
So Snorri raised his hare and met his might,  
Their clangor rose like herons taking flight,  
They struck and parried on the field and verge,  
Across the green their brawn and valor surged,  
And neither northman gave the other ground,  
But Ulf excelled and went another round,  
The Hare and Crossbow fell upon on the grass,  
And Ulf gave arm and glory as he passed.

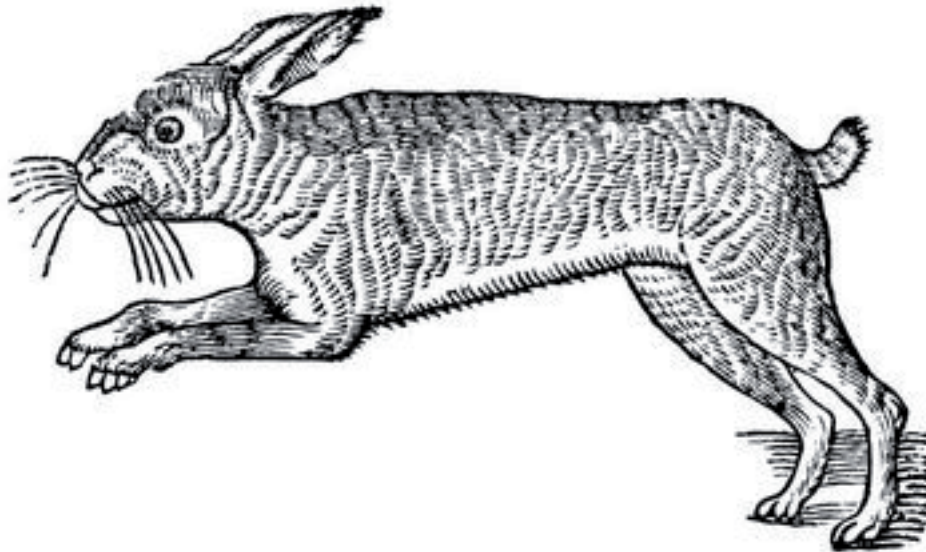


Then Cassie eased his arm from out his board,  
And from his hand, she took his dinted sword,  
And said, my hero, you have done me grace,  
In ev'ry combat, each opponent faced,  
The light of honor limned your ev'ry deed,  
And naught is lost if you have made concede,  
Your gage returns as burnished as the start,  
And many a good word your foes impart.  
So let us watch the others near their goal,  
And give them gain, their valiancies extol.

Then Snorri said, we've walked The Western Seas,  
And joyed our friends in island reveries,  
And raised The Crescents on their oaken haft,  
In distant lands where no Caidan quaffed,  
And walked the walls that broke barbarians,  
And friended Hans and fierce Mongolians,  
So let us mend and try again in spring,  
When all the jays in jollity will sing,  
But while we've sails and dragon prow and sea,  
The wide world beckons, here, to you and me.

— *Dietrich von Vogelsang*

*...is a Duke and Knight of Caid.*



# Lord Alsander Bardon

who fought for the honor of The Honorable Lady Sárán mac Duinn

*(villanelle)*

The reremouse flits in search of prey  
Sounding out the target-rich field.  
Contenders clash to gain the day.

Sable crescent joins in affray;  
The wing'd bat forces him to yield.  
And reremouse flits in search of prey.

Three bears cuff the bat away;  
A weakness of reremouse revealed.  
Contenders clash to gain the day.

A battle axe attempts to slay,  
But easily the bat has wheeled.  
The reremouse flits in search of prey.

A castle strong stands in his way  
And forces bat at last to yield.  
Contenders clash to gain the day.

The field was fierce in martial play;  
The bat knocked to the battlefield.  
The reremouse flit in search of prey;  
Contenders clashed to gain the day.

— *Philippa Llewelyn Schuyler*

*...is a weaver of words and wadmal.*



# Duke Patrick O'Malley of Ulidia

who fought for the honor of Duchess Kara the Twin of Kelton

## *The Lyst*

*(With due respect and regard for Kipling's "The Quest,"  
and thanks to Leslie Fish for putting his poem to such  
hearty & rollickin' music that I only had to hum it to  
myself and the Muse came and sat on my shoulder and  
wrote the poem for me.)*

The duke came back from the lysts,  
Victorious he came.  
From first round's battle and test,  
(Griffith endeavored the same.)  
Fighting we take no shame,  
Always one fighter will fall.  
Bow to your foe, though you did lay him low,  
Answer the warrior's call:

"Here is the sword I wield (Lay on!),  
I have another shot!  
Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long;  
But I gave as good as I got!"

"Next round I fought Adam,  
You heard my battle-cry.  
I could not take my man,  
But I could not fail to try:  
Overwhelmed was I,  
Always one fighter will fall.  
I bowed to my foe, though he did lay me low,  
Answered the warrior's call!"

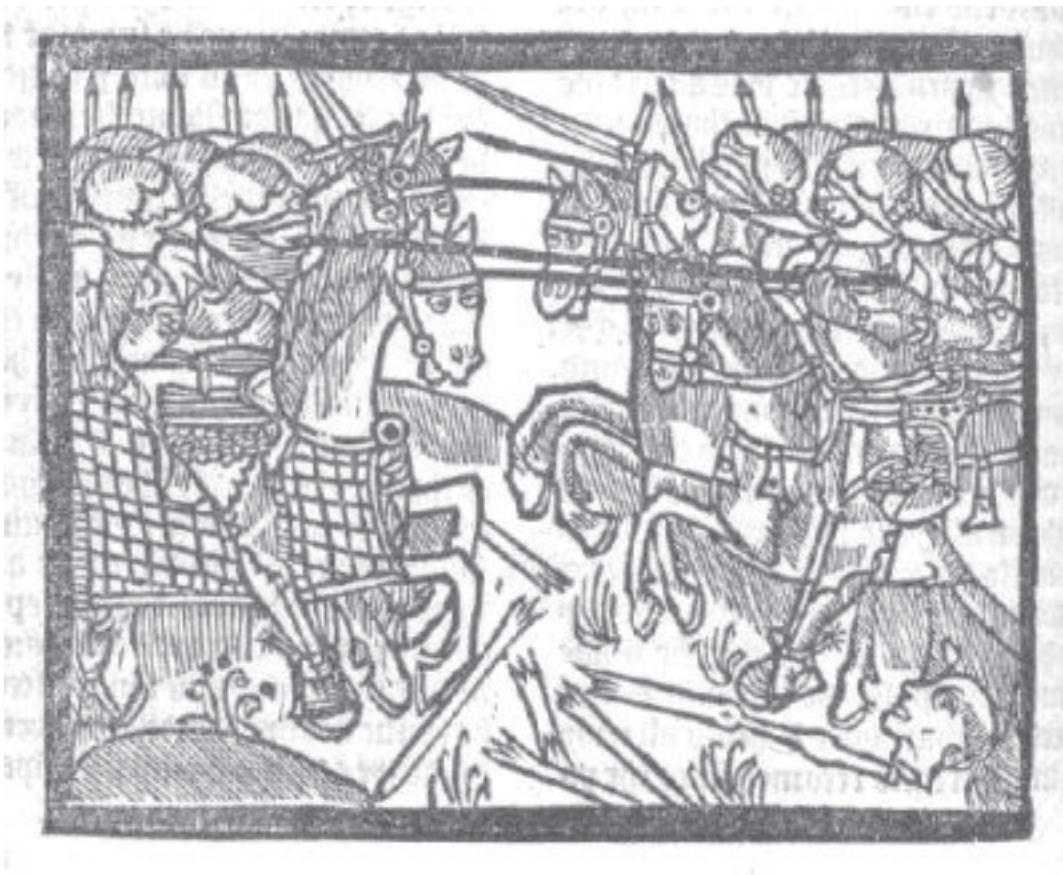
"My honor I don't hoard;  
My prowess is not cloaked.  
Ye see my broken sword,  
But never the blades she broke;  
In third round, stroke for stroke,  
Athanric won the brawl.  
The prospective king made my helmet ring,  
Answered the warrior's call!"

“My losses ye all know.  
But never the quest is vain.  
I stand and face my foe,  
And I fight til one is slain.  
Such losses bear no shame;  
I’ve shown it over time:  
When you need aid, my untarnished blade  
Will come forth to hold the line!”

“And so I will fight to the end (Lay on!),  
Battered but never forgot!  
Ay, they were strong, and the fight was long;  
But I gave as good as I got!”

— *Eichling vom Aurum*

*...I guard the guardians.*



# Master Christian de Guerre

who fought for the honor of Magista Claudia Prima in Fall Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

*(ballade)*

In heroes' vale the stalwart fight  
(Keen warriors of all degree).  
By twisting roads their blades unite  
And seek from arms ascendancy.  
From wind-swept plains of scrub and scree  
To coves where fierce the lion sings,  
No distant scribe may yet foresee  
Whose steps shall walk the path of kings.

The steward plants his slippers bright,  
In chief the kingdom's devotee;  
Lays writ aside to test his might,  
Defend a space on veterans' lea,  
To win the crescent throne for she  
Who rich the lore of Empire brings.  
So paired with form and filigree,  
Whose steps shall walk the path of kings.

He challenged in that anxious rite  
Stern desert sons who numbered three:  
So cruel the skein of Fate's delight  
To set such kin to rivalry.  
The shrouded star fell presently,  
But woe and wheel left bitter stings;  
Such turns may oft restrain the free  
Whose steps shall walk the path of kings.

Prince Athanaric, hear my plea:  
From tumult's heart take offerings.  
Let counsel close and cherished be  
Whose steps have walked the path of kings.

— *Will Schuyler the Younger*

*... is a 15th century Englishman of uncertain destination: apprenticed to the wit of arithmetic, he still at times endeavors to court the muse.*

# Sir Skaf Oken Bear

who fought for the honor of Lady Una Oken Bear

*(virelai)*

On the field Skaf walks  
As the herald talks.  
Such fun!  
It's a crown he stalks,  
Bevy of blows he blocks,  
But one  
Wraps round his shield, rocks  
His world, but won't pox  
This run.

Round two in the sun,  
He won't be outdone  
This time.  
Throws shots one by one,  
Sends them so that none  
Mistime.  
Opponent is outdone.  
Round two he has won;  
Skaf climbs!

Round three, herald chimes,  
Skaf feels in his prime.  
Crowds gawk.  
Blows fall thick meantime.  
The fight is sublime  
But, shock!  
One shot his helmet chimes.  
Skaf falls a final time.  
Crown blocked.

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

*...took the pilgrimage from her native Wales to Santiago de Compostela after the plague left her a widow. She remains in Galicia, giving of her time and monies to pilgrims such as she was.*



# Lord Jacques de Fairmont

who fought for the honor of Lady Emma Rose de Harfleur

Great battle axe, wielded with power  
Lord Jacques de Fairmont strides to the field  
Sweet love for Lady Emma Rose de Harfleur  
He takes up his sword, he takes up his shield

Round one takes the challenge to Sir Jamal  
Fierce in his way, a great cedar tree  
Fresh to the lists, fighters all gather round  
Summoning strength, Jacques does stand tall  
But by end of the fight, he must take the knee  
A first loss on his fighter card is found

Emma Rose, sweet, does strengthen his arm  
With words of her love and trust in his heart  
And seeing that he has taken no lasting harm  
He returns to the field, ready for the next start

As heralds call out the fights of round two  
Rudolph now strides forth to take his turn  
A flurry of strikes, of feints, of blows  
This time Jacques' sword rings out so true  
And a first victory in the lists he does earn  
Adoration shines on the face of Emma Rose

His heart is filled with love of his lady fine  
To see her crowned here would make his day  
In her eyes he sees all the trust that does shine  
And back to the field he makes his way

Alsander is there now to bring the next fight  
With great vim and vigor he brings to the fray  
Though Jacques did his best, twas not his lot  
With all of his strength he fought with might  
But two losses now ended the time for his day  
With honor he now rested from all that he fought

It was a tough crowd, only one fell to our valiant lad  
We hope he'll come back in the Fall, once more in armor clad.

— Eilidh Swann

*...makes hot drinks, spins a bit, tells elaborate stories, dances in  
circles, and gets her pen stuck in your ear.*

# Baroness Brianna Je Nell Aisllyn of Blue Shadows

who fought for the honor of The Honorable Lord Marco Solario

## *Wyvern's Challenge*

With eagle's wings on mullet gold, fierce blue  
wyvern strides, deft sword in hand. Her armor  
shines, full sixty signs show laurel warrior  
soul, strength for kingdom, Crown, and combat true.  
On honor's field, doth shadow shield imbue  
Her quest with consequence, esteem of yore.  
Inspired by peacocks, strength of friend, the roar  
of her heart's beast resounds in challenge new.

She battles cross, combatant hounds, alas  
falls this first of rounds. For kingdom's glory  
rises, seeks again to serve as Crown.  
Each blow, each step a dance on verdant grass,  
But end is castle, caltrops victory.  
She yields, then soars to cry Caid's renown.

— Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano

*...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights  
with the Italian condottieri. She married one of his cohorts and  
now spends her days writing, making paternosters, and raising  
dogs.*





# Sir Andrew Baird

who fought for the honor of Dame Eilidh Swann

The time has come to arm up Andrew Baird,  
With Eilidh there, ye'll not prepare alone!  
For twice the Peer is twice the best prepared,  
And doubly good to sit the Crescent Throne!

What now? The Argent Rabbit doth approach?  
Dread Snorri and his Cassie take the field,  
Alas, upon our Andrew's hopes encroach  
But fear not gentle souls, he shall not yield!

Now Wilhelm bars the gateway to the Crown,  
And he is one who's sat the Throne before.  
Their battle fierce, but one gains more renown,  
Our Andrew seeks this victory no more.

Fear not for Andrew nor his dear Eilidh,  
They will, once more, strive for our Royalty!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

*...is a late 13th/early 14th century Shetlander in service to The Bruce. He has at various times been an Oriental Wrestler, a Greek Physician, a Latin Tutor, a Welsh Footman, a Frisian Horseman, a Scottish Monastic, a Swedish Nobleman, an Italian Chef, and a Spanish Duelist. However, were you to ask him his favorite vocation, he would say categorically, without a doubt, Father to Sofia Biarnardottir!*



# Sir William Ulfsson

who fought for the honor of The Honorable Lady Æsa Geiradóttir bláskeggs

*(kyrielle)*

Inspired by your sapphire eyes,  
I'll place a crown upon your brow  
That all the world may see and know  
The love that here between us lies.

Though others seek the regal prize  
I'll face each test and win somehow;  
Inspired by your sapphire eyes,  
I'll place a crown upon your brow.

Two times I fell, no more I rise;  
Swift knight and duke have laid me low,  
And yet my joy sails to the skies  
For home to you I always go,  
Inspired by your sapphire eyes.

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

*...took the pilgrimage from her native Wales to Santiago de Compostela after the plague left her a widow. She remains in Galicia, giving of her time and monies to pilgrims such as she was.*



# Baron Rudolph Fekter

who fought for the honor of Baroness Amicia Sennet de Bruges

## *Fist Home Challenge*

From Naevehjem's high reaches comes  
A Baron strong and true  
Who with his lady Baroness  
Great wisdom doth accrue.

Today he strides to tourney field  
Caid's great crown to seek,  
Fist Home to challenge all with sword,  
The Kingdom for to speak.

Castle purpure, terriers three,  
In ermine do inspire,  
Ardent anvil and butterfly  
To battle all admire.

Blows fierce rain down as sword meets shield  
Battle intense does rage.  
Yet in this first round meets defeat  
To two wheels counterchanged.

With armor gleaming bright in sun  
For kingdom raises sword,  
This time to face Or fleurs-de-lys,  
Alas falls to this lord.

Retires from glory's stand this day  
Yet serves the Kingdom still,  
Leads barony, its people great,  
To serve their Royals will.

— Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano

*...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condottieri. She married one of his cohorts and now spends her days writing, making paternosters, and raising dogs.*

# The Honorable Lord Thorbjorn hrafn Ulfsson

who fought for the honor of Lady Mihri Tabrizi

Moved by the mind's mead  
Showed when the morn-shield  
Where the crown waited  
There for the taking

man of war Thorbjorn  
shone over the green  
waxing in honor  
the time was at hand.

He that led Thor's house  
Weary of king's wage  
He and his queen held  
They called their folk then

haven of horse lords  
was yare for a list  
hope for the heir's day  
to fight for the land.

Art of the thane's arm  
Gilded the heart's grain  
To wield his war-thorn  
Beside the helm boars

and Mihri's favor  
gave champion strength  
terror of ring-lords  
brought forth on his way.

Friend of the smith-forge  
High intent's hurly  
Majesty's metal  
Man of worth minded

feller of fires  
had brought him to Crown  
made for his Mihri  
mirror of his soul.

Hasting a new helm  
Brother of war-band  
Race for the land rule  
Blood-ember's burden

hot from the home-forge  
believed in his weird  
reason for arming  
burned deep in his sheath.

Brought before banners  
Fierce warriors formed  
Two ravens tallied  
Ender of eagles

blazoned with crescents  
for choosing of foes  
test of his strife cloud  
edged forward for oath.

Two desert trials  
They came together  
Cares of the list cards  
He of the new helm

thanes from the thirst-lands  
to try Mihri's man  
caused him no worry  
had hope on his sword.

Ulf the unvanquished  
Met Ulf son's mettle  
Raven-thane rallied  
Such was the tumult  
Thane of the flames thought

uttered his war-stave  
made rags of his mail  
rain of his wound's dew  
shared over their shields.  
there was a chance yet

He could hand hero  
Ulf was undaunted  
Weather of weapons

Pride of the maid pierced  
Her champion hailed  
Bay leaves of battle  
Bound up his brow-band

Sky-candle's scalding  
Dazzle of dolphins  
There was still time  
Bone cage half-broken

Two deaths the norms told  
To those that would take  
So thethane staggered  
Flame-tamer flurried

Broth of the vein's breach  
As his foe ambled  
Oz held the high odds  
Count of the land court

Waft of the wound-wands  
Blood-worms went belling  
Count in his wrath cast  
He was pressed hard

Glory of elves grew  
As Thorbjorn's arm  
Surt-fire slackened  
Oz gave no offer

Ride on the crown road  
Thrilled was the worth-thane  
Malt of the mind made  
Dwarf's drink was drizzled

Mihri was merry  
Sharing the lip's swell  
Fighting-pine furthered  
There was no loss there

his loss in this lists  
under the eel-storm  
wore hard on his foe.

pounding of wounds parsed  
his weald with renown  
bought with his blood-fall  
besmeared by knight's steel.

sung from the Crescents  
demanded a vie  
Thorbjorn could take it  
believing he stirred.

this was the rule taught  
their life to the list  
surged for his shield grip  
for Mihri's honor.

boiled in Ulf's son  
as bright as the pike  
owed to his valor  
collided with Thor.

worsted the row links  
breaking the bone locks  
clours at Thorbjorn  
hacked close to the sward.

great in the heavens  
answered with might  
silence of sword-wind  
of mercy to him.

reeled to an ending  
that he had assayed  
men sang his valor  
down drenching his name.

met hero laughing  
she gave him the praise  
favor of fox-sun  
this thane had fought well.

— *Dietrich von Vogelsang*

*...is a Duke and Knight of Caid.*

# Lord Fearghus Cochrane

who fought for the honor of The Honorable Lady Arianna Foxford

## *For Kingdom Great*

O'er fair Altavia this day,  
Flags snap in brilliant breeze.  
Caid's Crown tourney is at hand  
Birds sing it in the trees.

Lord Fearghus fights for lady fair  
His wyvern for her fox,  
Her favor bright on his squire belt  
As to the field he walks.

Lady Arianna inspires  
His courage, will to fight  
As first he faces Russian count,  
A bold and fearless knight.

Fearghus stands strong, his sword held high  
Yet soon must fall to blows  
So fast and fierce, first round is lost  
To those ferocious throws.

In second round boar-spear and dog  
In combat stark are met,  
Sword rings on shield in battle true  
In honor's great duet.

Alas, opponent doth prevail  
And lord retires from field  
He's tested well those who go on,  
This tourney he does yield.

His duty is not over, though,  
Nor lady's to their Crown  
For kingdom great they do both serve  
When'er a gauntlet's thrown.

— Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano

*...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condotierri. She married one of his cohorts and now spends her days writing, making paternosters, and raising dogs.*

# Lord Griffith von Bremen

who fought for the honor of Lady Amabel Radleigh

From Bremen came bold Griffith with his sword and armor bright  
Inspired by Lady Amabel, in Crown now he would fight  
If he can beat the others who come seeking Caid's Crown  
He'd make fair Amabel the Queen, and give her great renown

He challenges Duke Patrick now to combat on the field  
But to this Calafian Knight he finds that he must yield  
He faces then Graf Athanaric with his deadly blade  
And soon upon the grass our bold young Griffith has been laid

To lose to men who have been King is surely no disgrace  
We hope he'll come back in the Spring, to see who he might face

— Robear du Bois

*Robear cannot remember the last time he fought in Crown  
Or who the friend was that was kind enough to knock him down  
He fights in wars and melees now, when melees can be found  
And feels his time well spent if someone else he can knock down*





# Lord Quintus Aelius Ajax

who fought for the honor of Lady Fabia Vara

You have asked me of the tourney  
And what fell that fateful day  
When Lord Quintus took the sword up  
For his Lady, in the fray

With his best and with his strongest  
All his finest brought to play  
For the bear would not be deterred  
In a quest for Lady fair

Comes now here the Duke Agrippa  
With his flashing smile and bound  
Flourish, feint, and step so lightly  
Ducal strength has won the round

Quintus is not disenchanted  
For his lady to see crowned  
With another go he'll take then  
Hope and light in heart he's found

Ketil meets him on the field  
Sword and shield and stalwart heart  
Quintus brings his best game with him  
To the field of swordsman's art

When the dust had finally settled  
And the herald cried the win  
Quintus took his sword and shield  
Back to Fabia's shining side

She would never fault his prowess  
She would ever help his arm  
As he lay the sword down by her  
Honor is her shining crown

— Eilidh Swann

*...makes hot drinks, spins a bit, tells elaborate stories, dances in circles, and gets her pen stuck in your ear.*



# Lord Mikhail Liutognev

who fought for the honor of Lady Arnóra Tryggvadóttir

## *Bear's Combat All Afire*

With dedication, lord, lady  
Served oak and crescent star  
In court, at home and traveling far  
In peace as well as war.

Today Lord Mikhail's great bear  
Doth seek to win the throne,  
Kingdom to lead in honor true  
As befits Caid's Crown.

Lady Arnora's lilies three  
Shine bright as armor's gleam  
As at the eric's ropes she stands  
For him to show esteem.

Ferociously her lord does fight  
Lightning bolts three and boar  
Blows rain on blows 'til he doth fall  
To Roman num'ral's Or.

Round two as well is fiercely fought  
Blows ring across the field  
In glorious kingdom's combat  
Until great bear must yield.

At closing court His Majesty  
To Him calls Mikhail  
Awards King's recognition for  
Bravery, honor, skill.

Their duty done for this one day  
Lord, lady do retire  
They will return, again but rest,  
All courage still afire.

— Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano

*...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condotierri. She married one of his cohorts and now spends her days writing, making paternosters, and raising dogs.*

# Refr Skálaglamm

who fought for the honor of Lord Thorgrimr kuggi

When Skalaglamm heard that the King was ill and health might fail  
He turned to Thorgrimner and said, "To Caid we must sail.  
We will not go to raid that land, for that would be too mean  
But when he dies, I'll take his crown, and you will be my Queen."

When he arrives this Viking finds that others too are there  
And each has come with sword and shield, to prove he should be heir.  
They'll settle it like gentlemen, with sword and shield, of course  
And only fight on foot, not on their longship or their horse

Refr challenges Sven Orfhender, known as the long tall Duke  
But learns that his victories past were not due to a fluke  
Then tries a Knight who's not a Duke, perhaps he'll have more luck  
Sir Avery then hits his head, Refr needs to learn to duck

Although he won't take home a crown, Refr's fought some of the best  
And Thorgrimner knows that it's time for her bold man to rest

— *Robear du Bois*

*Robear fought his first crown when we were still part of the West  
and challenged Douglas Longshanks, an Earl among the best  
His leg shot was too light, soon he was fighting on his knees  
Doug killed him and went on that day the Western crown to seize*



