

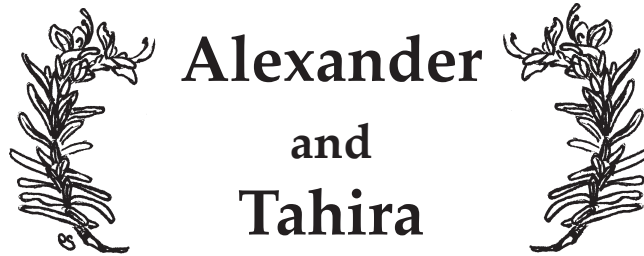
A Chronicle of Spring Crown Tourney A.S. LII



Written by the Circle of Bards of Caid

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

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



*As compiled by
Paul fitz Denis*

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~ From the Editor ~

July 2017

Spring Crown Tourney has brought us happily to the Coronation of Alexander and Tahira. 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.

Their Majesties Arippa and Bridget asked that the Crown Tournament to find Their Heirs include a Crucible, which means that you will find almost fifty poems in this volume, including *sonnets, chansons de geste, sonnets, ljóðahátt, malahattr, a carol, a triolet, a qasida, and even a gladitorial advertisement.*

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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Sir Alexander Hostilius of Caid

victorious in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

The day was chill, but stirred a gust,
From the hills onto the field blew dust.
Scouring all that lay in its path.

For many a year this brave warrior chored,
Time after time, he sharpened his sword.
Long years had he practiced to hone his skill.

Inspired by those they held in esteem,
They stepped on the field with hope and their dream,
This day there were many who longed for the prize.

Round after round, there were two on the field.
Knowing each in their heart, that one must yield.
Entreating their gods, that it not be their fate.

As the day wore on, their bodies grew tired,
Back into the fray, for they were inspired,
Minding well the honor and skill they showed.

At last there were three. So one might dream
That the day neared its end. Not so it seemed
For the three worthies left, all of great skill.

For fight after fight, match after match,
It seemed that there must be a rematch.
None were quite done, it went on forever.

At long last there were but two left alive.
Alexander and Sven. "Take the best of five,"
The king did proclaim - each let out a sigh.

The king, not in an act of waggery,
After each fight to show their mastery,
Charged them both to change out their weapons

This day had already been very long,
Each of them had by now fought a throng.
They turned to their ladies filled with hope.

Each knew well the prowess of their foe,
Duke Sven, somehow the sloth was never slow,
Alexander saw his determination.

His lady, he strove so to prove her worth,
Yet what mere mortal could have such mirth,
As to think this would be an easy task.

Three times they saluted each other,
Knowing one much kill his sworn brother,
Yet only one could reign and rule.

Weapons true and armor strong, the clash,
The gasps, the roar, a victor at Last,
Hail Alexander, Al-Caid.

...who fought for the honor of

Tahira Al-Fahida

Tahira, Horsemen maiden,
Lovely, beauty unfading

Gentle spirit, yet a warrior,
Strong of heart, kind, courtier.

Cooking and metalwork skills she shares
Alexander and she are our heirs.

Her love of our kingdom all can see
A lovely queen surely she'll be.

The blue and white she will wear with pride,
Knowing in her all our hopes reside.

Wintermist is her natal home,
Now all Caid calls her our own.

— *Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy*

*...is a young woman, born of Spanish parents in Lima, Peru,
October 12, 1582, who found her way from the City of the Kings,
Peru, to Caid's shores. Widowed, she manages the lands left to her
by her late husband.*

Duke Sven Örfhendur

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

The call rang out from Sea to Desert wide,
That once again The Crown needs Heirs at side.

For should the wheel of time take Crowns away
Then newly minted Rulers have their say.

And while 'tis true that Sven has ruled times four
With our Dear Ismay he could have one more!

The Crucible was set to test the steel,
Of fighters who would take the helmsman's wheel.

Then seven pools were drawn to keep true score,
All in the third pool left that day quite sore.

And that is due to who was placed therein,
The two who ended all here did begin!

The Crucible indeed had honor shown-
By all! Not only those who sought the Throne!

And once these fights had whittled down the field,
All watched to see who was the last to yield.

The semi-finals dropped the knights to three,
Indeed this was a mighty list to see!

Then Adam fell unto the others' might,
And once again Duke Sven was charged to fight.

So Alexander faced Sven for the Crown,
The winner gains the Throne and all renown!

The battles raged with humor, grace and skill
Before Sir Alexander showed the will.

Duke Sven had reached the finals once again,
He is, indeed, one of Caid's best men!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

...is a simple Bardic Laurel of indeterminate mass. He continues to write poems, sing songs, tell stories, and teach new performers in Caid and elsewhere. He looks forward to seeing just how wonderful and honorable the new Crown will be in our great kingdom!

Sir Adam Makandro

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

Stæinugrátr

Told are the tales / in times of old
When bold warriors / women made queens
So did seek Adam / Stæina to crown
In the fair Isles / if the Gods smiled.

Battled so bold / but stopped by two
Felled by his foes / faltered but twice
Whipped by the winds / weary and spent
Wounds stopped and staunched / Stæina looked down

Stæina spake:

“First did you face / Fekter most wise
Six decades seen / silver with years
Wielding your weapon / with hammer blows
At his anvil aimed / aid soon he sought.

“Next Niccolo / never flees he
Leonine lord / lives for the fight
By you beaten / blood in the breeze
Pride made to pay / by prowess true

“Then Þórhallsson / This bold Halldórr
Bearing two wheels / would he best you?
Nay, not this day / no triumph his
This thunderstone / thuds to the ground

“But comes Oken Bear / bloody red shield
Skilled is this Skaf / scathing his blows
Like lightning he / but lifeless soon
Soars swift your sword / sore stricken he

“All hear now how / his doom approached
Rides river horse / ringed with the dead
Blinding his blows / blades all flashing
First do you fall / finished not yet

“Then there are three / thee, hippo, sloth
Mighty the melee / meant to cull one
Long-lasting fights / left you with naught
Before both foes / beat you at last”

So stood Stæina / stalwart consort
Lonely lament / leaves on the wind
This then was not / their time to rule
By all should both / be remembered

— *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.



The Honorable Lord William Ulfsson

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

(verse in iambic pentameter)

A pack of wolves came hunting ~ green and gold
A'flash across the verdant battle field ~ they spy
A hunting horn, three paw prints in the wold
And run to ground Bjorn, who fell thereby.

An eagle in a cedar tree took flight
The snapping pack to harry, but alas
It flew too low 'til wolves could snatch a bite
And Eowyn's Jamal fell to the grass.

Likewise a hare came bounding 'cross the field
And charged the pack of wolves in feverish mien.
The rabid rabbit quit the battlefield;
A wolven midday snack was Snorri's bane.

Alexander's golden hippo spied
The pack of wolves a'frisking on the lawn.
Tooth and claw met armored hippo hide;
The river horse dispatched them with a yawn.

Undaunted, Liam's pack shook off the loss:
Eyed a sloth in arboreal repose.
Alas, Sven proved a fractious foe to cross
And brought the wolf's son's journey to a close.

Like stars, three dragonflies encircle him
As Aesa plies her loving, healing balm.
Crown Tourney Day has ended now for Liam
Who did acquit himself with great aplomb.

— *Philippa Lewelyn Schuyler*

... is an empty vessel for the Muse.

Sir Skaf Oken Bear

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

(ljóðahátttr)

Oaken growls / The groves await
Watchful eyes of the Isles.
Dares the battle / Desert-flame
Bellow on the ocean breeze.

Slipping-horse shield / Shelters the knight
Braving the hammer-blows.
Raises his banner / Ruin to the press
A single foe will flyte him.

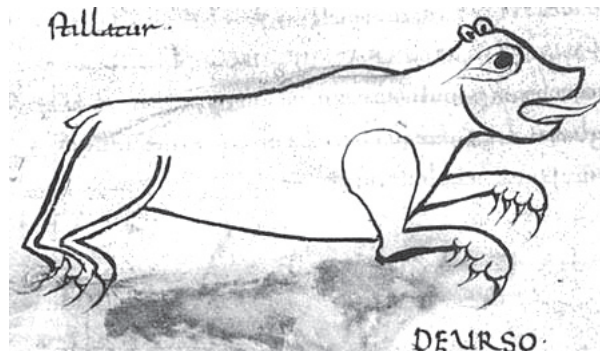
Strange the fates' roads / Respite descends
Wee is the war with no peril
Hard-driving huscarl / Hurls his foe earthward
Smites the smith's designs.

Red drake awakens / Death in him stirring
Crimson the work of his claws.
Twin of the forest / Forces an end
Buried in the badge of spring.

In shade and solace / Sorrow but brief
Mighty your mettle this day.
Welcome the challenge / Wheel the seasons
And the grove attends your gleaming

— 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 Randvér brotamaðr

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

Seven times round the crucible spun
Seven times stirred and heated and fired
Seven times melted and meted and metaled
Seven times shining brightest, star shining spire

Test my metal. Test my arm. I have heart for this fight.

Halldorr steps forth, to take up the challenge.
Swords swinging fast, swords swinging true.
But Randvér meets each and every charge.
And strives out of the field with victory anew

Test my metal. Test my arm. I have heart for this fight.

Snorri arises, he'll take up the gauge.
He'll hoist up the shield and wield his blade.
Randvér boldly answers the call.
But in the ninth trial that day, he has his first fall.

Arianne, his light, his heart, his home
She strengthens his arm, once more to roam

Test my metal. Test my arm. I have heart for this fight.

The battle is taken by Skaf this time
With hopes that his sword would be the one to shine
But Randvér is ready, his heart holds true
His courage and strength give him victory in view

Test my metal. Test my arm. I have heart for this fight.

Sven then arrives, to test the knight on the field.
Unbeaten, unbested, he arrives with his might
Round and round the battle it wages
'Til finally great Randvér falls from this fight

Arianne, his light, his heart, his home
Welcomes him into her arms, no more to roam.

— Eilidh Swann

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

Sir Omar ibn Haroun Al-Askari Al-Rumi

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

(sonnet)

A soldier of the Byzantine set forth
Across the Levant bound for distant lands.
To win a kingdom for his fair Katrin
He braved sirocco winds and burning sands.

Sir Omar crossed snow fields and storm-tossed seas
As foreign to his nature as the stars
That led him ever onward to his goal:
A kingdom he might gift his paramour.

Caid is such a land whose throne is won
By one who bests the best who fight this day.
Beset by Vikings: Snorri, Haldorr, Sven
He bested one, then fell in mortal fray.

No accolades, no wreath of rosemary.
But Omar lives to fight another day.

— *Philippa Llewelyn Schuyler*

... is a weaver of words and wadmal.



Sir Niccolo d'Angelo

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

Seven battles in the sun:
Two he lost and five he won,
But the order signifies,
In the timing meaning lies.
Niccolo, who made his shield,
And a mighty sword doth wield,
For his Irish-born colleen
He would make Caidan Queen.
But three rivals bar his way,
They for Victory will not stay,
From the Crucible all came
For a Crown and battle-fame.
Out of distant Outremer
Flies the Eagle who would dare
Niccolo to bring him down,
And he does, both gain renown.
Swiftly now his sands do run,
Warriors two (second to none),
Alexander, Adam bold —
A sight to make the blood run cold.
Time and order made his Fate
With these men and on this date.
Overpowered, Niccolo;
Hoped-for joy is turned to woe.
As the day's light slowly dies,
Silent on the field he lies.
Gallant lord, give him his due,
He who many a gauntlet threw,
Honor shown through blows and pain —
Turn the hourglass again.
Name this fighter, without fear,
Tightly cradled by his Dear,
As she does, in fading light,
Her shining parfit gentil Knight.

— *Lavendar of Lorne*

Baroness Lavender 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 Halldórr Þórhallsson

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

The custom is when Hero falls
To praise him as his just dessert.
And send him swift to Odin's halls,
His sword around him firmly girt.
"Is Halldorr come, can this be so?
Without a dragon-ship a-fire?
Without a Viking funeral pyre?
No, no, no."

He fought with Randver, and 'tis true
His length was measured on the earth,
But then he took out Omar who
Provided some with Outlands' mirth :
Last words of warrior cheer
For Halldorr's doughty ear--
(Dear, dear, dear)—

He'd hardly taken up his blade,
As fierce a wight as one could wish,
When Knight Sir Adam of him made
A neatly carved and dainty dish.
Say not he's dead,
(Blood dripping red),
Just food for fish?

Stout fighters strive with might and main,
With force of arm and all their will,
With skill and cunning though they strain—
These Northern types are hard to kill.
"A tap upon my scone," says he,
"A scratch or two is naught to me ;
O send me back to sea.

Not in a blazing ship, I beg,
For that would be a shameful waste.
My lass concurs, break out a keg,
And 'twill revive us all in haste."
For him no Crown today,
He'll find another fray,
His blows with laughter graced.

He's Norse, of course...

— *Lavendar of Lorne*

The Honorable Lord Snorri Snarfari Bjornsson

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

Caid, Ohana

Fierce wind whips cold on Snorri's face
But cannot touch his heart,
His mind sees sun-swept beaches
Warm the field as counterpart.

Inspired by Lady Cassie,
Memories of Western Seas,
Caid is his ohana
Family service his reprise.

Through Crucible, in battles fierce
He thrice sees victory,
Rabbit and crossbow fervent
For unicorns of the sea.

To Crown lists he advances
Drafn son in honor fights,
Sword arm singing for his lady
And his kingdom's precious rights.

Victorious o'er dragon,
yields to falcon, wolves this day,
His joy in great opponents
Sweet as any victory.

— *Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano*

...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condotierri and who married her off (to her great delight) to one of his favorite cohorts. She spends her days writing stories, making paternosters, and raising dogs and cats.

Sir Jamal Damian Marcus

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

*The maelstrom, Hellespont, and the Crucible:
It's said that they assess the spirit well:
To see if it endures and can excel.*

You did aspire, for nearly thirty years
To face the fire, whenever it appears.
Within the list, contending toe to toe
Against the very best that fate could throw.

You've swum the Strait, against the rising tide,
And have stood forward, rather than aside.
And like Leander, gained the further shore,
To be united with your love once more.

Into the maelstrom of melee and war -
Always did you battle at the fore.
Around you, chaos swirls to defeat:
Your sword creates a moving oubliette.

*You've stood the test, but it is more my mind
That there's a better gauge that you can find,
Than whether match ends standing or supine.*

For when the armor has been put away,
A moment's rest you take at end of the day,
To dine and love, before you must depart.
True triumph lies within life's very heart.

— *Eichling vom Amrum*

...I guard the guardians.



Sir Ketill Olafsson

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

The time has come, the Heralds cried, to find our King an heir
We don't care if he coughs and hacks, as long as he breathes air
But he must be a fighter, with a sword or with an axe
And on this day his foemen he must leave upon their backs

To Crown Tourney Sir Ketil came, to see who he might smite
And found Duke Patrick and bold Liam on the field to fight
There also Uilliam and Roland stand upon the field
Elizabeth and Agis too, both hope to make him yield

But Ketil lays low all but one day, his fighting is not done
So now to Round One he will go, still looking for more fun
And gets a double dose, for long tall Sven comes, sword in hand
Then shows them all why he's a Duke...Sir Ketil hits the sand.

Sir Ketil is surprised to find he's looking at the sky
And wonders why some other fighter went and got the bye
He's sure that blow was just a fluke, so gets back to his feet
No doubt his next opponent he will easily defeat

He gets back up and swings his sword, he'll fight with all his force
And out comes Alexander, he's a Horseman (without horse)
Who doesn't seem to need a horse, to win his fights today
And when the field is quiet, on the ground Sir Ketil lay

The Lady Scarlet helps him up, she's proud of her bold Knight
The two men who defeated him will in the finals fight
We trust they will return in Autumn, when it's time for Crown
Where perhaps he'll make her Queen, and win them both renown

— Robear du Bois

*This makes eleven poems I've writ
And on one page it just might fit
Though it's not sent on time
It looks like it might rhyme
Even though it is lacking in wit*

Baron Rudolph Fekter

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

(sonnet)

Caid calls out for fighters brave and strong!
Our Baron Rudolph bravely heeds the call!
Though e'en the fallen will be praised in song,
The victor, our new king, alone stands tall!

As Rudolph bids farewell unto his bride
And venture out into the Crucible,
He faces wolves and ravens in his stride,
And waits in swirling sands for battle's lull.

And through the haze, there stood two Oaken Knights!
Sir Adam first defeats The Dragon-Born;
Then Oakenbear, the last of Rudolph's fights.
Though Rudolph fell... Caid! Fear not! Don't mourn!

Look forward to it, people of Caid!
Rudolph returns to fill the Crescents' need!

— Sofia Biarnardottir

...is a viking-age Swede attempting not to boil to death in the stifling heat of the Canton of Gallavally within the Barony of Dreiburgen. Currently she is between classes at school, and instead spends her summer days within chambers said to "condition" the air and drinking a lovely beverage allegedly created by those most clever people of India called, in their tongue, "nimbu pani" or a sweetened lemon water. She was once again honored to have the opportunity to pen a poem for the Crown List compilation, and is thankful to His Lordship Paul for his continued kindness.

Baron Ursul Vladislavl' pravruk

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

(malahattr)

Come forth, Ursul!	Caid calls her nobles.
Thrice-honored: archer,	Fierce battle-servant,
Bearing two banners,	Viscountess, Baron,
The Crucible comes,	Prepare now for war.

Battles with brothers,	Weary warriors,
Fighting founders foes,	Ursul moves onward.
Alexander strikes,	Roars his defiance,
Roman and Viking;	Rome conquers again.

Rising and renewed,	Ursul faces Sven,
Longship lords struggle,	Sven stands triumphant.
Fear not Caidans!	For Ursul flies free,
Not for Valhalla,	But Caid once more!

— *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.

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

...is an early 14th century Shetlander who has been asked now and again, "what is best in life?" And he has answered each and every time, "being in Caid."

Though it is well known he is also rather fond of cheese.

The Honorable Lord Bjorn Zenthffeer

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

Mountain Skies

Flags flying high in windswept mountain skies
Lord Bjorn strides to kingdom challenge field
His sword and buckler honor's tools to wield.
Inspired by wondrous woman Lady Rois
He seeks by right of arms the service prize
His kingdom's Crown, to protect, lead, and shield
All within the lands and those new-revealed
Where're proud Caid's name in song doth rise.

In Crucible for seven rounds he fights
Leans with each blow into wind-driven sand
Each move to test himself, opponent true.
Four times prevails, but to three must yield rights.
Another day he'll quest to lead the land.
Today, he smiles, waits to begin anew.

— Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano

...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condotierri and who married her off (to her great delight) to one of his favorite cohorts. She spends her days writing stories, making paternosters, and raising dogs and cats.



The Honorable Lady Courtney of the White Meadow

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

Mama, tell me again about the crucible and the fire.

Sweet daughter, never fear the fire. The crucible may seem terrifying, so hot, so final. But there is a reason we need the fire so hot.

The metal goes in, seemingly finished before it started. Then the heat turns up. And up. And up. And the metal, so hard, previously unyielding, it softens and melts. It melts and melts and melts. Then it glows. The fire heats the metal more than it ever thought it could be heated. And it glows with a light all its own.

The old burns away. The smoke is not even seen. The metal never even misses what burns away. But the crucible keeps the metal safe, together, as the fire finishes its work.

The metal never knows the name of the wood in the fire. Each brand added to make the fire hotter was a tree, noble, fine, upstanding. But the fire had other plans. And the crucible kept everything together.

What came out of the crucible was finer than what went in. And the metal cooled into the brightest, purest form ever seen. And it still shined with the glow all its own.

And that is why, sweet daughter, we never fear the fire. Because it gives us the chance to find the glow deep within. A glow that belongs just to us, just to you.

— *Eilidh Swann*

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

Lady Arria Cara

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

(epistle)

'Tis in this letter we extol
The virtues of a maiden fair
For she made others pay the toll
To covet thrones in dusty air.

She met the Crucible in form
And fought her foes with equal grace
To raise a King before the storm
Both finalists she had to face!

Her edge was sharp, her eyes were keen
Her goal? Make each foe tend their due
While not the biggest fighter seen
She'd bleed less than blood got from you!

So lift your cup and heft your horn
Give Arria her honor won
She's horsemen bred and horsemen born
This Crown is through, but she's not done!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

...is a early 14th century (or late 13th century depending upon when you woke him up) Shetlander who 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!

Lord Quintus Aelius Ajax

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

Love in Battle

Fabia, lovely one, crown to adorn your fair brow will I win you.
Praise for your beauty and honor will ring over Caid.

Quintus, beloved, a crown cannot bring me the joy that your love has.
Praise that I crave is the gaze of your eyes in mine, smiling fair.

Hand me my shield and buckle my sword for I go forth to face my foes.
Pray that they fall by my swift striking blades, death comes not for me.

Heart of my heart, I stand watch by the field for you, come back to me safely.
Grim enemies stalk you, Northmen and Knights and brave Romans, too.

Bright flashed my sword on the field of honor, but fierce combat crumpled me.
Down to the dust, so no crown could I win you, my beautiful bride.

Joy of my life, oh my husband and lover, your smile is my praise.
You stand beside me, our lives joined as one, your love is my crown.

— *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 Agis Sagareos

fallen in Spring Crown Tourney, A.S. LII

The King of Caid was in need of a heir,
And devised a particular test;
All fighters could come and if fealty would swear,
A crucible would bring out the best.

Fifty fighters did come, and in armor stood,
Seven fields of honor did they fill.
With consorts and banners, and shields made of wood;
How many are just grist for the mill?

Honors are given and it's off to the fields,
By sixes and sevens they go.
To face each in turn, and see which of them yields,
Their honor and prowess they will show.

The Crown list is invoked, for those who do vie;
To the Crown consorts are introduced.
Agis makes ready as all fighters stand by,
And wait as opponents are produced.

A field seven strong will be Agis' first test;
Can he bring skill enough to advance?
the sun, wind, and dust only add to the stress,
As combatants continue their dance .

The sun shines bright off the many belts of white,
As his opponents take up their arms.
With sword and with shield he will so bravely fight,
inspired by his lady's fair charms.

Each battle wears down this Calafian man,
As the wins and the losses add up.
But with each "lay on" he finds strength from within,
as Magdalana refills his cup.

Late in the day, the crucible is complete,
We all wait to see who will advance
As names fill the air fighters rise to their feet,
While the rest here end this seasons chance.

Though Agis declared, and wanted the crown,
His day ends with the crucible's close.
But just as the sun will not too long stay down,
Too he will fight again, heaven knows.

To fight for the crown will test more than your skill,
Your determination takes blows too.
But those brave combatants with pure strength of will
Can rise to the contest and fight true.

In victory or loss, their honor stays intact,
And no blow received will get them down,
And though glittered and gold, this prize is just that,
One's honor is worth more than any crown.

— *Meala Caimbeul*

*...tried something different, one grand piece for three fighters
instead of separate and different pieces. She hopes the readers
are entertained, and more that the subjects are pleased with her
efforts.*



Fighters of the Crucible

Baron Aran Darkhelm

The King of Caid was in need of a heir,
And devised a particular test;
All fighters could come and if fealty would swear,
A crucible would bring out the best.

Fifty fighters did come, and in armor stood,
Seven fields of honor did they fill.
With consorts and banners, and shields made of wood;
How many are just grist for the mill?

Honors are given and it's off to the fields,
By sixes and sevens they go.
To face each in turn, and see which of them yields,
Their honor and prowess they will show.

His Lordship in Dark Helm would vote with his sword,
And test those who would strive for the crown.
Tis for love of the fight Aran straps on his shield,
And has smiles for each fighter drawn.

With a bash and a grin he enters each fight,
And more often than not he's struck down.
But in vict'ry or loss, he does what is right,
and never leaves the field with a frown.

To fight for the crown will test more than your skill,
Your determination takes blows too.
But those brave combatants with pure strength of will
Can rise to the contest and fight true.

In victory or loss, their honor stays intact,
And no blow received will get them down,
And though glittered and gold, this prize is just that,
One's honor is worth more than any crown.

— *Meala Caimbeul*

...tried something different, one grand piece for three fighters instead of separate and different pieces. She hopes the readers are entertained, and more that the subjects are pleased with her efforts.

Lord Balduin de Holte

(chanson de geste)

When King Agrippa sought to name an heir
All Caid set to mourning and despair
For few they thought could liken and compare
To those who sat the throne, that royal pair.
Now those who attempt and who would dare
Must face the fiery Crucible; beware!

So came then noble Balduin, new-made lord
Who by this Crown was lauded and adored
He sought to try all comers with his sword
Into this effort all his will he poured
He tested would-be kings and mighty roared
Did honor to his Crown and battle horde.

For by such deeds the Crucible was fired
And one by one the challengers retired
Until at last the Crown an heir acquired
Who tested thus was all the Crown desired
Now let us praise those who worked and perspired
To make it so; they should be much admired.

— *Paul fitz Denis*



Lord Brénainn Freobeorn

The time has come, the Heralds said, to find the King an heir
We don't care if he's cautious, or a man who loves a dare
But he must be a fighter, with a broadsword by his side
And he must fight out on the field, and not in bushes hide

So Brenainn came to fight all comers, on the field at Crown
And fought Duke Sven out on the field, a Knight of much renown
Then Yohan, Charles, and Arria, just to name a few
Then Alexander of the Horsemen joined in combat too

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.

— Robear du Bois

*Sonnets I have never written
With my style they just don't fit in
Sonnets never make you laugh
Humor there would be a gaffe
Love and death, and endless crying
Tragic Fates, and lovelorn sighing...
They are serious, you know it
But too dramatic for this poet.*

Lord Charles of Nordwache

The time has come, the Heralds cried, to find our King an heir
We don't care if he's paranoid, or hasn't got a care
But he must be a fighter, with a sword of any size
And he must be the last one standing, when they give the prize

The sun was shining brightly there, when Charles came to fight
And found Duke Sven upon the field, with sword and armor bright
He then fought Brenainn, and Arria, Yohan fought as well
And even Alexander of the Horsemen rang his bell

Though all his foes proved just too tough, we trust he will come back
No matter who he might face then, he boldly will attack.

— Robear du Bois

*A fighter once known as Robear
Had a face that was covered with hair
With a pole-arm he'd slay
All who got in the way
'Cause they said that his poems were just fair.*

Lord Decimus Paconis Germanicus, called Jorm of Corvus

(A Gladitorial Advertisement found near Pompeii)

Jupiter! Father of the gods! Bringer of Justice! Commander of Order, look to the lands of men! See now as one of your own, Decimus Paconis Germanicus, called Jorm of Corvus, approaches the Crucible of Caid!

Is it not so that Mars himself set Jorm's jaw? See, it must be so, for it is immovable when facing danger! Did not the God of War place both a thirst for victory and the quench of honorable surrender at our hero's fingertips?

While it is well known with those who have eyes to see and ears that hear that Bellona placed the edge in Jorm's eyes, however Jorm placed the edge on his own sword, for it is written that he who has another sharpen his blade knows not when the edge will dull, or worse, turn in his own hand!

Let Minerva's wisdom guide Jorm's arm as he tests the mettle of those who would serve Caid as its King! For as he serves to guard Sovereign and Consort, so too will he serve as Just Counsel to any and all Monarchs who would lead the People of Caid!

It is from the depths of the ocean, where dwells mighty Neptune, that we find those most precious to Jorm may rest safe and sound. For those pressures that would crush normal men trouble not our hero or his loved ones! Indeed he is kissed by sea-spray!

Fear not People of Caid! All those who fail the test shall be carried by Mercury himself straight across the River Styx to the land of Pluto! For there shall they dwell in the Underworld and trouble not our Fair Lands again!

Do mine ears deceive me? I hear the Trumpets and Drums of the Challenger of Heroes! The Guardian of Queens and the keeper of a Golden Trident! Be sure to aim well would-be Crowns of Caid, for it is openly said in the marketplace, not in whispers at court, that Jorm's armor was from Vulcan forged!

Let Apollo guide these verses and make them pleasing to he who tests Those who would Lead our Land! I remain, poet and musician Marcus Veridius Commodus Maximus, known in the barbarian tongues as Beorn of the Northern Sea.

— *Marcus Veridius Commodus Maximus*

...is a Aurelian philosopher & theoretician who once served Rome.

Lord Diederik Guiscard

(chanson de geste)

He came from Carreg Wen, where white rocks meet the sea
Two lions on his shield, along with bezants three
No neophyte with arms, a sturdy warrior he
The Crucible to face, no battle would he flee
So on his field he stood, with not one Knight but three.

At court before the fray, a Crescent Sword bestowed
With courage in his heart, across the field he strode
He faced his five opponents, the blows and blood they flowed
For valor and for grace, for gallantry he showed
For Diederik Guiscard, for him I write this ode.

— *Paul fitz Denis*

Lord Duncan MacBryce

The King of Caid was in need of a heir,
And devised a particular test;
All fighters could come and if fealty would swear,
A crucible would bring out the best.

Fifty fighters did come, and in armor stood,
Seven fields of honor did they fill.
With consorts and banners, and shields made of wood;
How many are just grist for the mill?

Honors are given and it's off to the fields,
By sixes and sevens they go.
To face each in turn, and see which of them yields,
Their honor and prowess they will show.

Like 'The Scottish Play' King, stood Duncan McBrice,
Wondering who would be his Macbeth.
He came out to fight, but cared not for the prize,
So this crucible would indeed be his death.

Knowing his fate did not weaken his resolve,
And he brought his best fight to each round.
Facing squires and knights forced his skill to evolve,
And from losses he's quickly re bound.

With a smile he looks to the lady field side,
Who in spires him before every fight.
When fighting is done and she's back at his side,
In her arms he will rest well this night.

To fight for the crown will test more than your skill,
Your determination takes blows too.
But those brave combatants with pure strength of will
Can rise to the contest and fight true.

In victory or loss, their honor stays intact,
And no blow received will get them down,
And though glittered and gold, this prize is just that,
One's honor is worth more than any crown.

— *Meala Caimbeul*

*...tried something different, one grand piece for three fighters
instead of separate and different pieces. She hopes the readers
are entertained, and more that the subjects are pleased with her
efforts.*

Lady Elizabeth Upton

(carol)

Pange, lingua, gloriosi proelium certaminis

She came from far off northern lands
Cold snow exchanged for balmy sands
Heeding full well her King's commands
So now upon the field she stands

Pange, lingua, gloriosi proelium certaminis

Not only needles does she wield
But fearless stands with sword and shield
And though she faces on the field
Three mighty knights she will not yield

Pange, lingua, gloriosi proelium certaminis

Sing praise to her who joins the fray
To she who takes up arms this day
To she who would this trial assay
So unto her, sing now, "Ave"

Pange, lingua, gloriosi proelium certaminis

— *Paul fitz Denis*

Lord Finñr the squinter Guðmundarson

(triolet)

How fine the foes we face for Crown!
When sent to test their fighting grit!
Our Finñr set off to gain renown...
How fine the foes we face for Crown!
The Crucible was going down,
And Finñr thought, "Let me fight in it!"
How fine the foes we face for Crown!
When sent to test their fighting grit!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

...is a son, a father, a brother and a partner to women as powerful as any you would meet astride a valkyrie's steed. This may account for his great determination to be as good of an example as possible of how to behave among good gentles regardless of their size. He is also very proud of the fact that his daughter has joined him yet again for these Crown List poems!

Godfrey the Unstable

Great deeds he sought to do,
On the field where go but few,
Dressed all in black, a touch of gold
Fighting friends and others bold,
Resting only at the end of day.
Each he met and gave his best,
Yes, Godrey did great deeds this day.

Unyielding even to the dust,
Now a parry, now a thrust,
Standing tall, facing all who came.
That all would soon know his name.
At days end, he'd done his best he found
Though another would be crowned,
Lord Godrey with himself was pleased
Even after his sword he sheathed.

— *Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy*

Duke Hans von Wolfholz

From motherland he traveled by night ,
Arriving at day's first breaking light,
Passing many a weathered milestone.
Though he was well known at home,
Scarce few on the field knew his face.

His reason for being here
Some wondered with fear.
Others opined he might be moving,
Coming to see what new life might bring.
Why had he come to this tourney place?

With warm smile and confident nod,
Hair black as the raven who cawed,
He assured all he came in goodwill,
Not here for treachery or ill,
But to honor the field with his Grace.

He took to the field with sword and shield,
Taking all comers, to none did he yield,
Fighting many through the day long,
Many fell to his sword arm strong,
The blue rosette still was in place.*

Some few continued to the list
Vying for crown, by fortune kissed.
Hans kept his field, others stepped forward
To test their skill 'gainst this fine lord
Using swords and lance, and sturdy mace.

At day's end he quietly turned
For home and hearth he surely yearned.
He would return in fall for war.
Perhaps that's what he came for...
To see what threat the West would face.

— *Illuminada Eugenia de Guadalupe y Godoy*

**Duke Hans did me the honor of wearing my favor for this day.*

Sir Helgi hrafnfæðir

The time has come, the Heralds said, to find the King an heir
We don't care if he's long and lean, or if his jaw is square
But he must be a fighter with a sword or with a mace
And he must show he's willing to hit foemen in the face

Sir Helgi then came to the field, now armored head to toe
Where he meets Hans and Sabine, and gives each a mighty blow
So too did Rudolph and our Ivan feel his sword's sharp bite
Just to make sure he was fair, Sir Adam he did fight.

Upon the field he would not yield, four fell before his sword
Perhaps one day when they fight Crown, he'll end up Caid's Lord.

— Robear du Bois

*Perhaps some day Robear will come and fight in Crown once more
He'll storm across the battlefield, his broadsword dripping gore
He'll smack his foemen's helmets 'till at last he hears them scream
But maybe, at his age, this sort of thing is just a dream.*

Lord Ivan Kovachevich

The time has come, the Heralds said, to find our King an heir
We don't care if he's tall or broad, or if his hair is fair
But he must be a fighter with an axe or sword in hand
And when the rest are on the ground, on his feet he must stand

From far off Russia Ivan came, in search of worthy foes
With Hans and Sabine he does fight, and loud are all the blows
Then too with Rudolph and Sir Helgi sword to sword he fights
Against Sir Adam he fights well, but then the dust he bites

Though Sabine fell before his blade, he fell before the rest
But he will learn from his mistakes, someday he may be best.

— Robear du Bois

*As a fighter or lover, a poet or scribe
Writing songs that are silly, or mounted astride
With a lance or a pen he will not be denied
As a Baron or Knight, he is truly described.*

Baron Jared Galen

One moonlit night,
In Crescents' sight,
An Argent Wolf came bounding.

By Darkwoods deep,
Up mountains steep,
With sand-storms all surrounding.

To choose a King,
By tempered ring,
Through Crucible's surrender.

Our Favored One,
A Western son,
Will aid in Caid's splendor.

The field is thinned,
Through swirling wind,
Now Jared parts the Mists' veil.

A Crown is born,
An Oath is sworn,
Sing out, "Vivat!" and "All Hail!"

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

...is a Hiberno-Norseman currently in service to Caid, but formerly in service to The Bruce of Scotland. He honors his mother and father by continuously being the best man he knows how to be and, even when failing, owning up to his faults and continuing to work on them. It is a pity that flaws in a poem are worked out much more resolutely than those in one's self. Mayhap he will find a quill that can fix his own? Oh, and never fear, he has far too many flaws of his own to go about trying to scratch out anyone else's flaws. I mean, a gentleman needs his rest, eh?

The Honorable Lord Marcellus Padovanus

Inspiration

To wind-swept field Marcellus strides inspired
By lady fair, he seeks with glaive in hand
To test those who'd reign o'er Caid's sweet land.
Salutes Crown, opponent, wife so admired.
White tabard flows with red Templar's cross fired
Around him as he feints, thrusts, takes his stand
To meet each charge as honor doth demand,
Blows given testing mettle thus required.

In Crucible he battles five, his blade
Through cold and sand, through gales twice pierces true.
His lady waits at eric's edge, her smile
A beacon warm as Western Seas crusade,
Like mason's stone foundation doth anew
Remind those seeking dreams of glory's trail.

— Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano

...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condottieri and who married her off (to her great delight) to one of his favorite cohorts. She spends her days writing stories, making paternosters, and raising dogs and cats.

Michael Mor Roy

The songs of Spring, of flow'ring trees and maidens fair,
Cannot contend with tourneys and their martial air.
The trumpet, louder than the pipe or viol,
Prefigures the sad fate of those who file
Into this place with sword and shield,
Where many must to force and weapons yield.

One such, whose name doth reference King, and Greatness too,
Breathes aspiration, and not pride that he might later rue.
He comes to fight with strength and hope and joy,
This new-hatched warrior, Michael Mor Roy.

A credit to his homeland, and his Lady too,
Though but a single victory unto him falls.
He will respond with hopes aroused anew
When once again a Crown upon his Courage calls.
The trumpet's blare doth pierce but cannot last
As Spring's renewal will, when loss is past.

— Lavendar of Lorne

Lord Miro Martellus

Raven Song

Oyez! Oyez! To eric run!
Crown Tourney is today!
The wind blows fiercely, flags fly high
'neath clouds so dark and gray.

A Corvus son, Lord Miro fights
At Sister/Queen's behest,
His red cape whips o'er tunic white
His sword sets forth to test.

His blows ring true in combat fierce
His arm doth swoop and fly,
Morrigan, Macha, Nemhain watch, soar
ravens o'erhead high.

Three times he is victorius
Three times must yield the field,
Salutes his Queen in honor
Task in Crucible fulfilled.

— Catharine Hawkwod da Barbiano

...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condottieri and who married her off (to her great delight) to one of his favorite cohorts. She spends her days writing stories, making paternosters, and raising dogs and cats.



Optimus Aurelius

The time has come, the Heralds said, to find the King an heir
We don't care if he's six feet tall, or has a piercing stare
But he must be a fighter with a sword and with a shield
And he must win his fights today, and never should he yield

Now Optimus came to the field, he'd be part of the test
He fought with Jorm and Skaf, and with Jared from the West
Then to the field came Sir Jamal, and Quintus came to fight
Sir Valrik and Tiberus would also test his might.

He's won three fights and now the time has come to take a rest
Perhaps one day when Crown is fought, we'll find he is the best.

— *Robear du Bois*

*Bad verse might make some people doze
It might smell, but not quite like a rose
But I'm stuck with this curse
And what seems to be worse
Is it's more memorable than good prose*

Count Ozmund Rus

Dream's Road

Count Oz inspired by countess fair
Doth stand upon dream's road
To challenge, test, and measure
Who'd have kingdom's crown bestowed.

He's stood before on tourney field
And king's crown did attain.
Again his blows ring strong and true
Combat's joyous refrain.

Blue favor swinging from his arm,
Each sweep he grins anew,
This crucible for Caid's crown
By right of arms to choose.

Victorious in battles six
He's helped to find a King
One who'll grant safe harbor
To all sheltered 'neath Crown's wing.

— *Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano*

Duke Patrick O'Malley of Ulidia

The time has come, the Heralds cried, to find our King an heir
We don't care if he comes on foot, or rides a jet-back mare
But he must be a fighter now, who loves to knock men down
And when the rest he has knocked down, it's him we want to crown

From Calafia Patrick came, a Duke in armor bright
Where on the field Sir Ketil and bold Liam would him fight
He also faces Uilliam and Roland on the field
Elizabeth and Agis too, both seek to make him yield

But that's enough for one day, three have fallen on the ground
We hope when they next fight for Crown, this Duke will be around.

— *Robear du Bois*

*Sir Robear should know better by now
But his poetry just ain't highbrow
He's a fighter at heart
Culture he won't impart
So he'll just muddle on through somehow*



Lord Roland Polle

(sonnet)

'Twas Caid's time to choose another King,
And Roland journeyed South to aid the choice,
A mighty Crucible was just the thing
To give each fighter's unique arm a voice!

So leaving lovely Starkhafn at dawn,
And gamely crossing deserts deep and wide,
Our hero smiled and told his foes, "game on!"
And did more than most of us did, he tried!

His pool was filled with fearsome fighters bold.
And those who sought to pass him, he let by,
If they could best him as the knights of old,
For he was quick to battle; he's not shy!

Lord Roland aided Crown and Kingdom, true,
But more than that, he honored all of you!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

*...is an Irish nobleman in service to The Bruce of Scotland.
Though, truth be told, being a Shetlander by birth, he would
have harassed Edward "Longshanks" of England for free with no
fealty involved... "How can a man be 'Longshanks' if he's shorter
than me," Master Beorn has pondered for these many years. How
indeed?*



Lady Sabine de Drogo

The time has come, the Heralds said, to find the King an heir
We don't care what their gender is, or if they shave with nair
But they must be a fighter and their foemen they must smack
With weapons made of iron, each and all there they must whack

So then the Lady Sabine did come out onto the field
She fought with Hans and Helgi, but she couldn't make them yield
Nor too would Rudolph or old Ivan yield to this fair maid
Sir Adam's known for chivalry, but she too feels his blade

But fighters learn more when they fall, she's learned a lot today
The lords of Caid best watch out, she'll soon be back to slay.

— *Robear du Bois*

*When on the field a Lady with a sword's a daunting sight
And if she's smiling at you it's because she wants to fight
She wants to see you horizontal, stretched out on the field
And don't think that you are so cute that she will want to yield.*

Skallagrimr Ulfheðinn

Valor

Rise and sing, a praise to the fallen! Brave souls,
Know not how their fates tumble slowly from the
Heights of ambition down to the depths of their doom
Still do they stand firm.

Brave souls! Swords in hand do they stride forth. Battle
Ready. Storms about them rage, lightning strikes them
Down to dust yet still do they rise and stand firm.
Crucible fire burns.

Crows keen. Winds blow. Battle song falls so harsh on
List'ning ears. Don't weep for the fallen, though no
Crown will shine clear, bright on their brow, for Pride says
Stand firm and strike hard.

Rise and sing, a praise to the fallen warrior!
Swift sword, strong shield, Skallagrim, know your efforts
Worthy. Songs rise, Ulfheddin, full voice skyward,
Honor your courage bold.

— *Mary Dedwydd verch Gwallter*

...is a 12th century Welshwoman who went on pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela and remained in Galicia.

The Honorable Lord Tiberius Finn

Valor

The time has come, the Heralds said, to find the King an heir
We don't care if he's hirsute, or walks just like a bear
But he must be a fighter and a broadsword he must swing
And he must hit the foes he fights, and make their helmets ring

Tiberius now takes the field, the others he would test
He fights with Jorm and Skaf, also with Jared from the West
Now to the field comes Sir Jamal, next Quintus comes to fight
Sir Valrik and then Optimus each seek to test his might.

He's won two fights and with these foes that really isn't bad
When Crown is fought again, we hope in armor he'll be clad

— *Robear du Bois*

*Sometimes I'm not sure what to say
For the Bio-blurb, but come what may
I'll just make something rhyme
Once more, time after time
And just hope that it's not too risqué*

The Honorable Lord Titus Portius Aurelius

His portion is defeat this day
That many a victory yet may win.
He fought on foot and from the fray
The Horseman snatched, amidst the din,
Three hard-fought battles—quite a feat,
Throughout that long day's cauldron heat.
And who is he, this warrior son?
A Sergeant long of Judgment Keep,
A man with many honors won,
Whose labors bring him well-earned sleep.
An eagle, crowned with crimson stars,
His blazon shows to all the world :
A credit he to Roman Mars,
And proof 'gainst slings or arrows hurled.
As golden as his chosen name,
All look to see his arms advance
As Titus rides to further fame,
Braving all ploys of fate and chance.

— *Lavendar of Lorne*

Sir Uilliam Mór MacGregor

Succession

As morning mist gives way to clouds
Dark gray with hints of rain
Los Padres mounts host those who seek
The next Caidan reign.

In cold and wind, for Crucible
Sir Uilliam takes the field,
Angelic wings blaze gold on red
upon his barony's shield.

His baroness inspires him
With her smile so quick and sweet
Small daughter (not yet in this realm)
kicks cheers with tiny feet.

Uilliam's sword arm tests the mettle
Of those who'd wear the crown
His blows ring true for six of six
As weather fierce blows down.

As final round approaches
Guards the field with fellow knights
'til succession is determined
Once again all set to rights.

— Catharine Hawkwood da Barbiano

...is the daughter of a 15th century English mercenary who fights with the Italian condotierri and who married her off (to her great delight) to one of his favorite cohorts. She spends her days writing stories, making paternosters, and raising dogs and cats.

Sir Úlfr Grímsson

Joy

Shine, sky-candle,
So winter's kiss
Freezes me not
But fires me fierce.

Body warden,
Bind my bone house.
Battle ember,
Bite deep today.

Raven feeder
am I, war dog.
Foes fall to me,
Full of feud bites.

Crucible calls
Crown path blocker.
Lion, Wolf-Fur,
Life-liquid leak.

Unstable one
Un-souled; only
Eagle, Rabbit,
Eager rise up.

No ring-giver, I.
Not yet does Crown
Call me. I fight
For joy in combat.

Far off, glints gold
Fair Thyri's hair.
Fate may yet place
Fine ring on her brow.

— *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.

Sir Valrik MacIlan

The time has come, the Heralds said, to find the King an heir
We don't care if he's short or fat, or even has no hair
But he must be a fighter with a helmet on his head
And he must be the one who's left, when all the rest are dead

Sir Valrik now came out to Crown to be part of the test
He fought with Jorm and Skaf, and then with Jared from the West
The next to come was Sir Jamal, then Quintus came to fight
Tiberius and Optimus would also test his might

He fought them all, and fought them well, five fell to his attack
We trust that when they next fight Crown, this good Knight will come back

— Robear du Bois

*He's a fighter who sometimes writes verse
But the verse seems to get worse and worse
He's been told he should quit, and he has to admit
That it could be some kind of a curse*

The Honorable Lord Vasilios al-Saluki

(Arabic Qasida)

Nasib -

In times before Caid's first light.
The past Crowns Shining bright.
Came down from Western Tourneys tested.
Earned we our own Rulers by sword's right.

Rahil -

The time has come to Forge our Sovereigns new.
Vasilious brought forth his great might!
Bold victories did he gather,
Within the Crucible expedite!

Hikam -

Now whoever conquers earned it.
For Vasilios and others through this Rite,
Can steer our Kingdom onward well,
By testing ev'ry fighter in Their sight!

— *Beorn of the Northern Sea*

...is a larger than average Bard, a larger than average fighter, and, in truth, a larger than average Caidan. Maybe that is why he requires a bit more of the juice of the barley whenever he and his cousins get together to discuss the great artistic endeavors of the day. Or, it could just be that he is Irish?



Yohan... Just Yohan

The time has come, the Heralds said, to find our King an heir
We don't care if he has a beard, or if his chin is bare
But he must be a fighter, on the field he must be bold
And even if he's left-handed, a broadsword he must hold

It was a bright day in the Spring, when Yohan came to fight
And found another left-hander, Duke Sven, to test his might
He then fought Alexander of the Horsemen, known to all
Then Arria, Brenainn, and Charles to his sword did fall

The Horseman and the Duke did beat him, but he slew the rest
We hope he will come back in Fall, to see who he might best.

— Robear du Bois

*He says he is just Yohan, but it seems there should be more
Who knows how many Yohans there might be at the next war?
He could be called Yohan the Bold, 'cause he fights in your face
Or Yohan this, or Yohan that, if he'd just pick a place
If he's not careful, they might call him Lefty 'fore too long
Or Yohan the Undecided, like the Viscount in a song
Yohan the Just, or Just Yohan, to me it's all the same
He still will be my son, no matter what might be his name.*



