

VoX Borealis

Pets of Ealdormere Edition



*Supplemental Newsletter for the
Kingdom of Ealdormere, May 2023*

Anno Societatis LVIII



Regnum Ealdormerensis

Their Royal Majesties

Their Royal Highnesses

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This newsletter is available online at <http://enewsletter.sca.org/> for current Sustaining, Family, & International members. Membership forms available at: <https://membership.sca.org>

Event Calendar

April 2023

- 1 *Deadline for May Tidings*
29 Spring Coronation, Northgaedham (Tiverton, ON)

May 2023

- 1 *Deadline for June Tidings*
13 Lady Mary Memorial Tournament Rising Waters (St. Catharines, ON)
19-23 Fruits of Our Labours (Drumbo, ON)
27 Crown Tournament (Lombardy, ON)

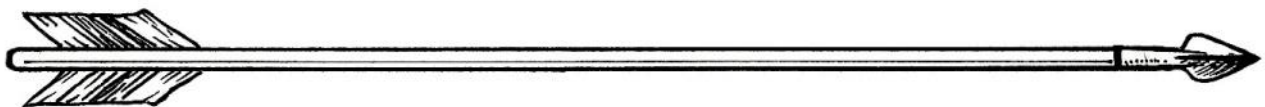
June 2023

- 1 *Deadline for July Tidings*
15-18 Murder Melee in the Meadow, Barony of Ben Dunfirth (Binbrook, ON)
28-3 War of the Trillium, Canton of Ard Chreag (Orono, ON)

Pet Friendly Events

- Murder Melee: Pets on leash, attached to public beach area.
- Trillium War: Pets on leash, has sometimes had an off leash area for dogs.
- Baronial Muster: Pets on leash, has taken place at horse farm in past.
- Huntsman's Harvest: Pets on leash, water dishes have been provided in past.

Always contact the autocrat of each event before bringing your pet. You should always get copy of current rules and considerations.



Issue is dedicated to the #Pets of Ealdormere channel on the Ealdormere Discord server:
<https://discord.com/channels/710861612176769114/864243439746809886>

Cover photo of Aang (sitting on the Kings throne) and Mulan (on the Queens throne) by her Countess Candance. The photo of the borealis by his excellency Sir Saheed.

Royal Pets of Ealdormere



Here is Bubbles the Unicorn enjoying wine and candy. As you know, unicorns are sugar eaters. She lives on candy and is especially fond of pop-rocks. Bubbles will be 4 years old in the fall.

Here is Oliver enjoying a bowl of kale topped with strawberries and bananas. As you know, iguanas are vegetarian. Oliver will be 17 years old in April.

Here are Oliver and Bubbles at Christmas. Also here's Oliver and myself at Christmas. - Queen Kayla



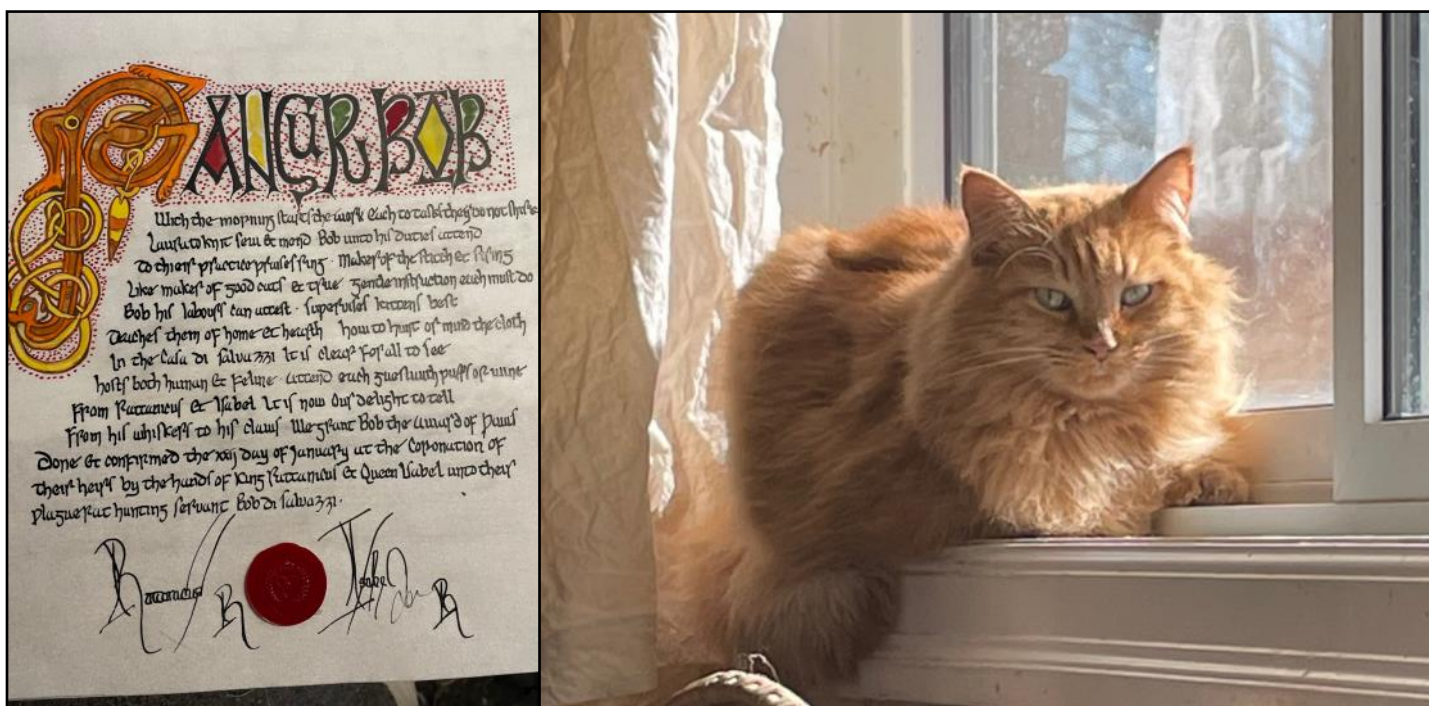
Lord Bob

Bob is blessed to be in Order of Precedence for Ealdormere. Dizzy Berusdottir, Blue of Glastonbury, and Blink Galbraith also have the Award of Paws.

"Pangur Bob"

*With the morning starts the work, each to task they do not shirk
Laura to knit sew and mend, **Bob** his duties to attend
To their practice praises ring Maker of the stitch and string
Like maker of good cuts and true gentle instruction each must do
Bob his labours can attest supervises kittens best
Teaches them of home and hearth how to hunt or mind the cloth
In the Casa di Salvazzi it is clear for all to see
hosts both human and feline attend each guest with purrs or wine
From **Rattanicus** and **Isabel** be it now our delight to tell
From his whiskers to his claws We grant **Bob the award of Paws**
done and confirmed the xxii day of January at the coronation of their
heirs by the hands of **King Rattanicus** and **Queen Isabel**
unto their plague-rat hunting servant
Bob di Salvazzi*

Wording by Emer
Illumination by Nika





I have a photo from the day of the event where I met Furiosa (October 2019) and another one from today (March 2023) to show just how much cat she has become.

The story:

Rising Waters was working with the [Welland and Niagara Falls Humane Society](#) towards assistance with a fundraiser planned for November, 2019. In order to get some publicity shots for the fundraiser, they brought four kittens and one puppy, all special needs, out to Huntsman's Harvest in October of that year. One of them was a very chill little tabby kitten who was just healing from the amputation of one of her front legs. I fell in love. About a week and a half later, we brought home Furiosa (Gunther chose the name, after the heroine of *Mad Max: Fury Road* who was missing an arm as well.) Furiosa's amputation happened after she came into the shelter with a delamination injury to her paw, and it soon became clear that she had lost feeling to it. Cats often live up to their names, and Furiosa (nicknamed Meep, because of her tiny meow) manages to move faster on three legs than most cats move on four. Furiosa also became SCA-famous when the SCA's social media picked and shared a photo of her with Queen Kaylah. As you can probably tell, Furiosa has grown into a LOT of cat.

Lively Pets of Ealdormere



Martin, William and Blue, March 18, 2014. This is one of my favourite old photos. I don't know how Blue thought he was going to get up the scaling ladder, but he certainly was interested in trying. -Martin



Spit Fire, March 2023

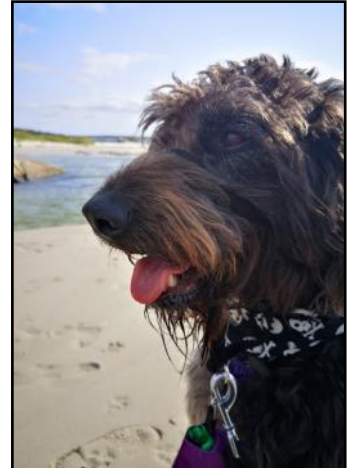
Baroncat Domi of Septentria AS 41 - 46, Sadly now gone but not forgotten, forever chasing lazer dots across the rainbow bridge— Percival & Christiana



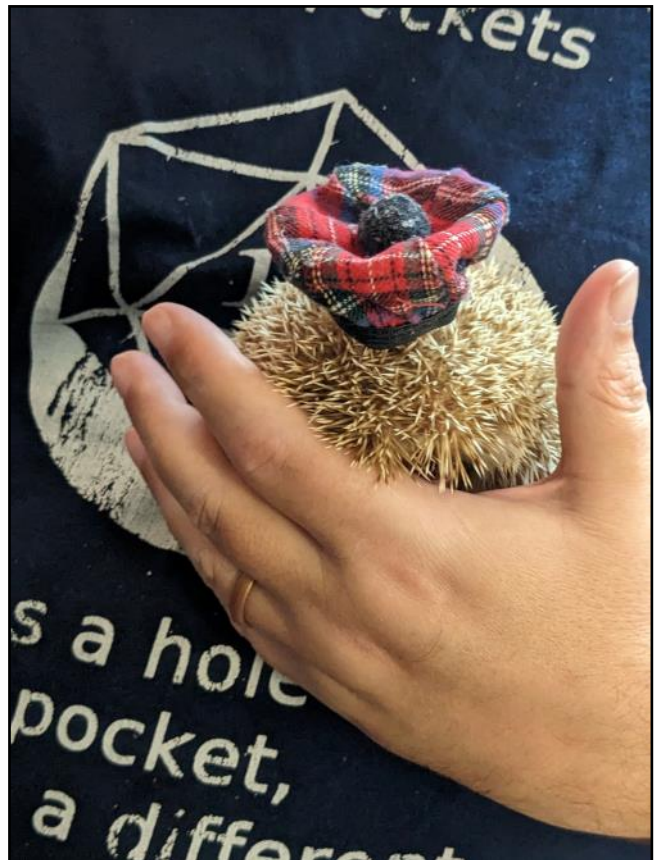
Balin the Bearded



He was given his by name years ago by Hildegarde the mom of Bruce the corgi (aka Lowrider) - Eeva

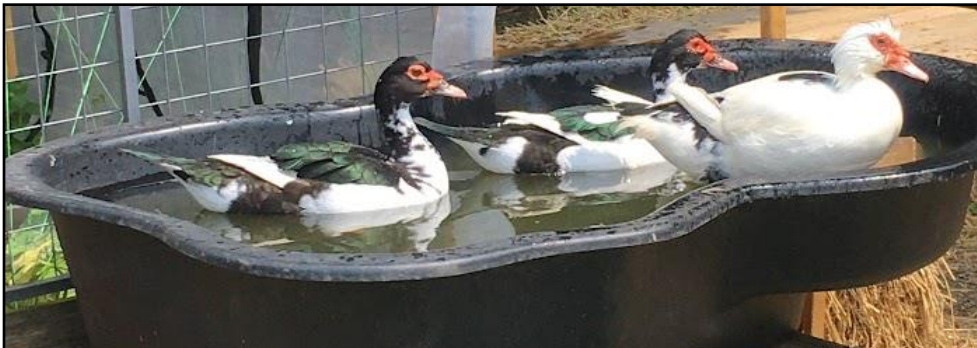
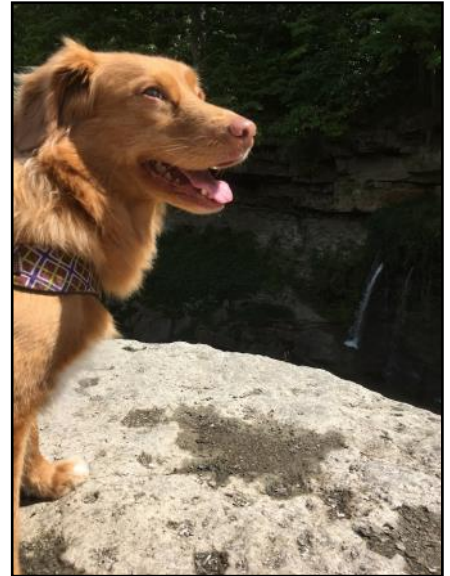


Peanut Being Unimpressed -Estienne



Foubert Farm

Maggie (11y), Gander (2 y), Juniper (2m), Carol, Wanda, Pepper, (Muscovy ducks), Lea (hen), [and Just John]



Horse Bread by Meisterin Siglinde



I made this once, decades ago, but have long since lost my research notes. When I found a package of fava beans in my pantry, I decided it was time to try it again, as it fit well with a planned discussion on pandemic cooking. Horsebread was a bread made with dried peas and/or beans with coarse flours, used to feed horses and sometimes people – the poor or in times when food was scarce. There are references to horsebread in *The Horse in Medieval England*, Gervase Markham, and *The Tudor Housewife*; you can read details on various sources here: <http://ilaria.veltri.tripod.com/horsebread.html>.

I boiled a half cup of fava beans for about half an hour, then allowed them to soak for a day and a night. In the meantime, I added flour to my sourdough starter, and let it ferment. The next step was to grind the beans, then added them to the sourdough and added salt. I normally use about 1 tsp of salt in every loaf of bread, and it looked like I would have enough for two loaves. After a good kneading, I left the dough to rise for a couple of hours, then formed it into loaves and let it rise again before baking at 350F for 50 minutes or so. My big cheat was to use white flour instead of barley, rye, or whole wheat flour, or adding bran. I don't regret it though, as it was quite tasty.

I had hoped to show you a lovely picture of Fancy eating my horse bread, but she was a right pain tonight. After an hour of trying to catch her in the rain, I gave a little piece to one of the other horses. Apparently, she thought it was strange as she chewed it like gum for a while before swallowing. (Originally published <https://siglindesarts.wordpress.com/2020/11/15/horsebread/>)

Fancy and Siglinde



Note: For Equestrian activity questions in Ealdormere contact Equestrian Marshal, Baroness Anne von Talstadt (Rowan) (Stephanie Campbell-Heron) ealdormereequstrian@gmail.com

Thief of Caldriithig

The story, written in 2012, was based on a real story of the time when my laurel, Siglinde Harfnerstochter, had two bicycles stolen within a week. The thief was never caught, but I loved the idea of her dog, Kaboone, avenging her.—Bantiarna Dubhease ingen Laoidheach

It has previously been told (see Enid and the Hare) how a daughter of the Noble Wolf of the Cold River mated with a creature that was half jackal and half cow. Their resulting offspring was a creature who possessed the intelligence of the noble blood line married with the cunning and thievery of the jackal and the insatiable hunger of the cow. Hear now the tale of that offspring.

In his youth, he was ungovernable. He raided farms, stole chickens, and would consume them whole at one sitting. He stole sausages and hams from smoke houses. The pies and fruitcakes of the Children of the Hare were not safe when he lurked in the night. Once, he even stole and consumed the food that had been set aside for the feast at the highest of their sacred days. Although, he appeared to the naked eye as an ordinary dog, and a vapid one at that, he could break into larders and sealed chests. No one ever saw him perform his acts of thievery, but the effects of his carnage were widely known, especially to the Artisan who had been appointed by the Children of the Hare to care for him.

He became known as the Master Thief of Caldriithig and his legend grew. Parents evoked his name as a cautionary tale to children. They must always clean their plates lest the Master Thief of Caldriithig smell the uneaten food in their house and break into the house to consume the food ... and consume the children as well. When people would not share of their bounty with those who had none, the curse of "May the Master Thief of Caldriithig teach you a lesson" oft did more to reform the gluttonous than did the preaching of the pious.

In time, age befell the Master Thief. While before he had had the outward appearance of an ordinary dog, he now had the outward appearance of an old and lazy dog. Those who saw him lying on the hearth of the cottage of the Artisan doubted the veracity of the accounts of his pilfering. "Those are merely bard's tales," they'd say. "And everyone knows that bards lie." Eventually, the deeds of the Master Thief of Caldriithig became the stuff of distant legend.

Over the years, he had witnessed the Artisan take on many apprentices. Now, in the autumn of his life, the Master Thief took on an apprentice of his own, a girl named November Rose. Many young children pass through a phase of taking what is not their own. They are caught, disciplined, and thieve no more. November Rose, by contrast, had entered that phase and never left. When neither whipping nor an appeal to morality had cured her of her penchant for thievery, her parents, in desperation, had abandoned her. Initially, their companionship had been one of mere convenience. He had a warm hearth on which she could sleep; she had the opposable thumb for the further perfection of his crimes. Between the distractions of her art, her shop, the coming and goings of her apprentices and friends, as well as her own children, the Artisan never seemed to notice November Rose.

"That is how it should be," the Master Thief told her. "We are alike. We are mere shadows to which no one pays heed."

"Does it not bother you that the Children of the Hare treat you like an old, worn out dog?" November Rose asked, idly chewing on a stolen cookie. "You are the Master Thief of Caldriithig. They should fear you, not trip over you."

"Once I was a legend. Now I am forgotten. Word fame is well and good, but inconspicuous and overlooked suits our purposes more," was his reply.

As time went on, the friendship between November Rose and her master grew. He taught many of his tricks, although not all, for a master never wholly teaches all to the apprentice, especially in the world of thievery.

One day, the Artisan had her horse stolen. She had been required to journey across the Cold River to the wild and dangerous northern side, where law enforcement did not enjoy the same reputation for competence as did the fertile southern side where dwelled the Children of the Hare. On the northern side, in the land of the Sleeping Dragon, she had tied her horse to a stone hitching post, as she did when at her cottage. However, when she returned from her business dealings, she had found her horse to be gone.

When all traces of a search had led to naught, the Artisan had no choice but to acquire another horse. Shortly after the completion of the acquisition, which was at great expense to her, she again had to ride to the northern side to complete the business of the previous journey. Again, she had tied her horse near the shop to which she traveled. But when she returned to the post, although every other horse remained, hers was again missing.

To have lost two horses in one week was scandalous. The sheriff of the northern shore was of no help in their recovery, merely observing the thefts to have been committed by the same person. "The scaffold or noose would be too good for that thief," her friends had said in consolation over pints of ale. "I hope he gets caught in the act," another volunteered. "I'd like to get my hands on that master thief," a third boasted.

November Rose pricked up her ears. “Master thief?” That titled belonged to her master alone.

“Now is the time,” she urged him the next day. “You must avenge the Artisan who has fed and sheltered you over the years, now that she is in her hour of need. There must be honour, even among thieves. You must come out of hiding and reveal yourself once more for who you really are.”

Suddenly, his eyes brightened, casting off the years like a cloak. And so, when the Artisan, had, for the third time, to journey to the wild northern shore, she did not journey alone. For although she never knew they were there, November Rose and the Master Thief journeyed too, at a distance. Once the Artisan had tied the horse, they watched her enter the shop where the patron of her arts resided. Sitting down to wait, to all passers-by, they gave the outward appearance of a little girl out for a walk with her pet dog.

Hours passed and then, suddenly, there he was. A man of nondescript visage with a tattered hood over his head walked boldly to the Artisan’s horse and began to untie it.

“Stop!” yelled November Rose. “You are a thief!”

“Go away, you little brat,” the horse thief snarled. “This is not of your concern.”

“Stop,” said November Rose, in a voice that was calm and unshaken. “Stop now or you will pay the price.”

The horse thief turned briefly and laughed. “Pay the price, will I?” Drawing a dagger from his pocket, he stepped away from the horse and towards November Rose. “I’m going to teach you what paying the price does truly mean.”

“Now!” she yelled.

The horse thief tried to take another step towards her, but instead found himself face down on the cobble stones. He struggled under the weight of his attacker and heard vicious growling. Quickly, he raised the hand which held the dagger to blindly stab at the beast who was digging its claws into his back.

He was quick, but the Master Thief was quicker. With one ferocious bite, the hand that held the dagger lay severed on the ground. The horse thief screamed with pain, clutching his wound with his remaining hand. With haste, November Rose snatched up the dagger. And as for the hand, the Master Thief grabbed it with his teeth, lobbed it into the air, and opened his jaw to consume it with one bite.

As the horse thief staged away, November Rose called to him, “Be gone from this land and never return. These lands are the dominion of the Master Thief of Caldriithg and woe to anyone who comes to take from this land, except for he.”

When the Artisan returned from her employ, she was relieved to find her horse as she had left it. The Artisan had many business dealings on the northern shore and never again was the victim of horse theft.

As time went on, she considered the loss of the two horses in the span of one week to have been a joke of the Fates. She never knew how her loss and her honour had been avenged by the Master Thief of Caldriithg and November Rose.

As for the horse thief, not only did he not return to the land of the Cold River, but all fellow thieves and would-be thieves who met the one-handed scoundrel heard of beast who had inflicted his wound. And thus the Children of the Hare continue to enjoy prosperity in a land with one of the lowest incidence of crime in the known world, never realizing that their safety is due to the word-fame of the Master Thief of Caldriithg.



Painted Portraits



I had tiny period paintings commissioned of my two dogs (much easier than getting them to pose and sit still with garb on). The black Doberman in red is Kratos der Schatz. The brown Doberman in blue is Sophie Archambeau. Artist is Rose Faceless -Lady Melanya



During the Pandemic I experimented with large pets portraits done as lords and ladies with mixed success. This is Josh, as King Henry VIII, and Gracie wearing the garb of her human mistress Angela. I caught the cattitude in the Gracie portrait -Baroness Lucia

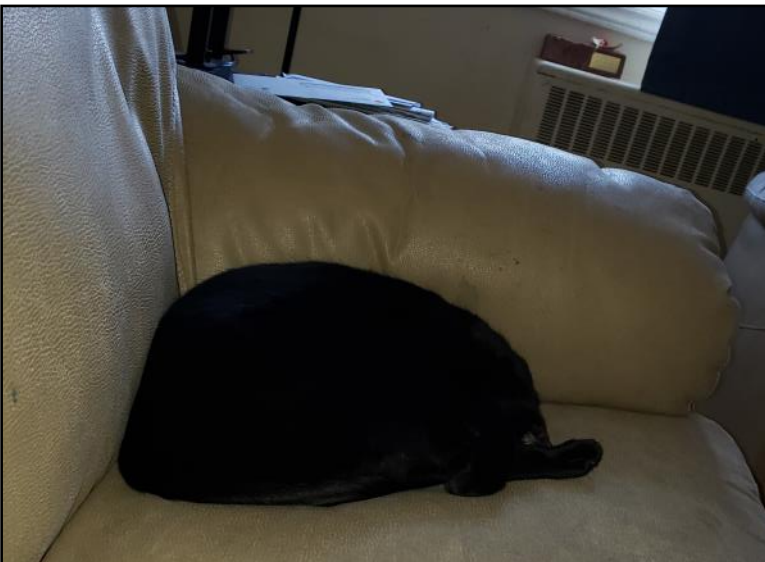
Pretty Pets



Gigi (4y), Ozzy (13y), and Josh (6y) at Casa Rosakii. (March 2023)
- Baroness Lucia



His chonkiness Gregor of lower Brampton
- Mistress Augusta



This is my house panther Sir Knight - Ulric, Amergris

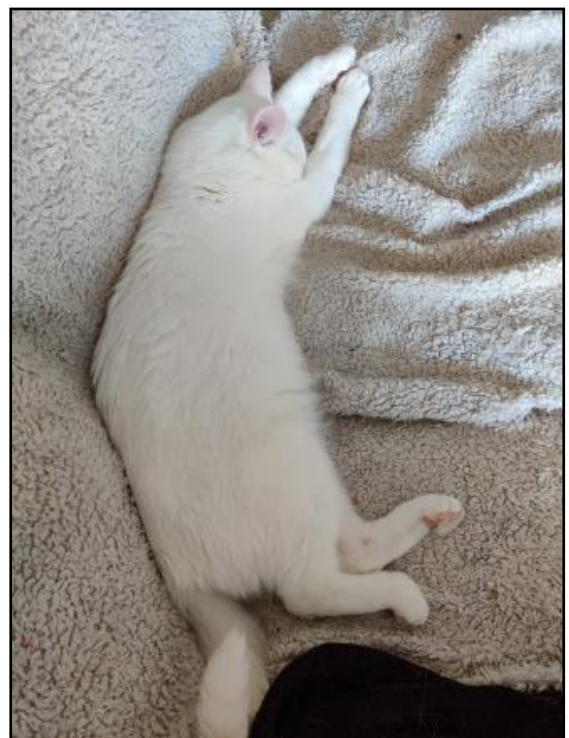
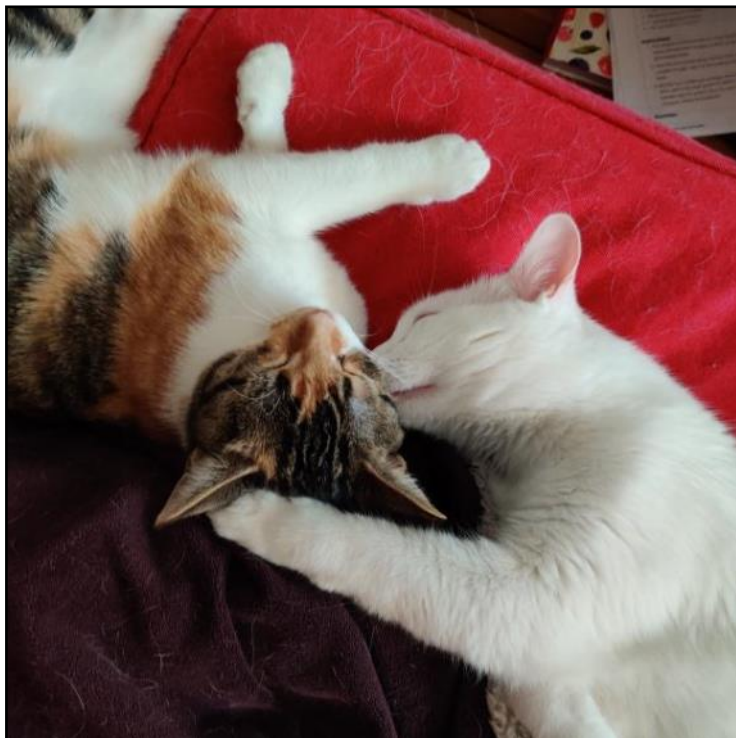
Victory for Viktor by Baroness Catherine

I'd like to take a moment to introduce one of my pets and to tell y'all an incredible story. This is Viktor. My chonkster. He's 7, and I've had him since he was a tiny kitten. Early this past November he got out of the house. He sometimes did, but always came back before dark. This time he did not. The next morning we went out and found evidence of a struggle, and large tufts of his fur. We've had brazen coyotes in the neighbourhood and feared the worst. The dog was able to track him part way (we found more fur), but he lost the scent crossing the road. We were heartbroken.



Imagine my surprise when I got a phone call in mid-January, from a farm 20 km away (and across a major highway). They had a cat that had come to their door, and they thought it might be him. It was! The poor baby was so incredibly skinny, with some healed injuries and frostbitten paws. He immediately crawled into my arms and fell asleep, exhausted. We got him to the vet and it turns out he'd been surviving on field mice, but just barely. He'd lost over half his body weight and you could count every rib. 2.5 months lost in an Ottawa winter.

And now I'd like to show you him today. Fully healed and recovered and living his best life. Miracles do happen.



Editor's Folly Josh



Tidings & Vox Submissions

Have an event announcement? A short story, news, or a research article that you would like to share? The Tidings has room for submissions!

To submit, please email ealdormere.kchronicler@gmail.com and include your SCA name with your submission.

Please register events at <https://www.ealdormere.ca/how-to-register-your-event.html>

Future Vox Ideas include: Champions, Martial Practices, Lego, Feast Cook recipe review, and more. If you have an idea for a Vox issue please reach out to Baroness Lucia.



Cover Art

Cover photo of Aang (sitting on the Kings throne) and Mulan (on the Queens throne) by her Countess Candance. The photo of the borealis by his excellency Sir Saheed.

THE TIDINGS THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER FOR THE KINGDOM OF

A few things we're required to say...

This is the May 2023 AS 58 issue of The Tidings, the official newsletter of the Kingdom of Ealdormere.

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