

AVANTGARDE



Kingdom of Avacal's Official Newsletter
AS LXI (61) Quad War Special Edition

AVACAL



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QUAD WAR HAS BEGUN!

Beneath the endless azure vault of Avacal's skies, where banners snapped like storm-tossed sails and the wind carried the promise of glory, Their Majesties Hjalti and Sadb opened the great gathering of Quad War.

Before the assembled host, they welcomed honoured guests from across the Known World: Her Majesty Laura of Ealdormere, Princes Finn and Eduardo, and Tanist Liam of Tir Righ. Nobles and warriors, artisans and merchants, peers of every stripe—some noble, some perhaps a touch sketchy—and populace both young and old answered the call, filling the lands with laughter, fellowship, and anticipation.

Yet this was no ordinary gathering.

This was the beginning of a saga.

Archos Matteo called forth a mighty Thrown Weapons Tourney, where axes and knives flew through the air like Odin's ravens seeking their mark. The competition was fierce, the field crowded with eager challengers, and when the final throw landed true, the victor claimed a prize worthy of a Norse hero: an axe to carry both honour and memory.

Then came the warriors.

Armoured champions and rapier combatants entered the Rose tourney lists not merely to seek victory, but to embody the highest ideals of the Dream: Gallantry. Courtesy. Prowess. Steel rang.

Shields thundered. The crowd roared. Among the armoured host, Jacinda emerged victorious through strength, determination, and skill. Yet the field belonged as much to Yarl Arnsbjorn, whose courtesy to fallen comrades drew the admiration of all who witnessed it. For true warriors are measured not only by how they win, but by how they honour those they face.

Upon the rapier field, Duke Elias first captured hearts before he captured victory. Speaking passionately of inspiration and the mentors, rivals, and dreams that shape the paths all wander. Then, as if to prove every word spoken, he strode onto the field and claimed the day through deed as well as speech.

Yet perhaps the brightest honour came not from victory, but from virtue. With the wisdom that has become her hallmark, Queen Sadb recognized the gallantry displayed by Yusuf of Northshield. Amid the clash of arms and pursuit of glory, his conduct shone brightly enough to draw the gaze of the Crown itself: a reminder that honour remains the greatest prize any warrior can earn.

And so Quad War opened.

Not with conquest.

Not with rivalry.

But with kingdoms united beneath one sky, celebrating the ideals that make legends.

The drums have begun to beat.

The axes have flown.

The champions have risen.

The saga has only begun.

Let the skalds sharpen their tongues. Let the mead horns be raised. Let the war banners fly. For under the blue skies of Avacal, history is being written in steel, honour, and friendship.



The Second Court of Quad War

Beneath the banners of Avacal and the watchful gaze of Their Majesties Hjalti and Sadb, the second court of Quad War unfolded as a tale fit for the sagas.

First summoned before the thrones was Morris the Black. Though yet young in years, his labours and dedication had not escaped royal notice. Before the assembled populace, Their Majesties bestowed upon him Griffin's Agate, a moment greeted with cheers and proud smiles as another bright star rose in the firmament of Avacal.

Then His Majesty turned his attention to the youngest among the gathering. Calling all children forward, he spoke of treasures beyond counting of toys, sweets, and delights awaiting discovery. Like a sudden charge of eager warriors, a great horde of small folk surged forth. The field rang with laughter and triumphant shrieks as children hunted their prizes with all the zeal of seasoned raiders seeking dragon gold.

The court then welcomed Baroness Roxanne and Baron Raul, who came bearing news for the kingdom. Yet fate conspired against them, for the requisite papers were nowhere to be found. In a spectacle that shall be recounted for years to come, Baroness Roxanne abruptly fled the royal presence in pursuit of these elusive documents, leaving laughter rippling through the crowd.

Steady amid the merriment stood Master Robert Boniface, who proclaimed that he had crafted arrows and gifted them to a new archer, bringing great joy through noble generosity. He was joined by Master Francis McLaren, who spoke of the celebrated Tournament of Five Armies, while Master Robert displayed prizes spirited away from fair Ealdormere itself.

The victors of that famed contest hailed from the Barony of Montengarde. Their triumph was impossible to miss, for they appeared blessed by fortune with flowing locks of enviable splendour and the sort of dark good looks that seem almost unfairly distributed by the gods.

Yet not all contests would find their conclusion. The William Marshal Tournament, boasting forty-nine determined combatants, met an enemy none could defeat. The heavens themselves split apart. Thunder rolled across the skies, rain crashed upon the field, and the storm ended the contest. Better, it was decided, that the warriors preserve their strength for the battles that awaited on the morrow.

At last, Baroness Roxanne and Baron Raul made their victorious return, now equipped with the necessary records. They announced that through sponsorship of armoured combat, rapier combat, and archery, an impressive \$1,417 had been raised to further improvements upon the castle. The news was met with heartfelt applause and much rejoicing throughout the populace. From the western realms came Princes Finn and Eduardo of Tir Righ, who stepped forward to honour Master Hamlin. They spoke warmly of his friendship, generosity, and steadfast support of their lands. Their words painted a portrait of a man whose kindness has travelled farther than any road, and whose reputation is cherished well beyond the borders of Avacal.

Then, for a brief moment, the court paused. Somewhere in the distance came the unmistakable sound of goats.

A strange omen, perhaps.

Or merely Quad War being Quad War. And as the bleating faded upon the wind, Baron Blue was called forth before the Crown...

As this humble scribe pauses to refill the ink, I will return with further news....

The Morning: In Dwarf Hollow

Their Majesties began the day within the holdings of Alfheim and Adeline. The Konungr walked among his people with the steady tread of one who has borne a kingdom upon his shoulders; the Dróttning moved with the keen, bright gaze of a hawk guarding all she surveys.

From that company was called forth Cayla Nielsdottir. She came before the Thrones as one who has long tended flame and kin, her hands marked by labour, her spirit marked by loyalty. The court hushed, for all knew her worth.

The Konungr spoke of her steadfast service, the quiet, constant work that strengthens households and realms alike. The Dróttning named her true, a word that in Avacal weighs more than gold. And so, beneath the clear sky and the watchful banners of Quad War, Cayla Nielsdottir was granted an Award of Arms, her name now bound into the tapestry of the Kingdom.

Thus the dawn shone brighter still for the honour given to a hearthwife whose devotion has warmed Avacal itself.



Photo courtesy of Clare Young

The Afternoon: Ravens Over the Mountains

Later that day, when the dust shimmered like ground-glass beneath the sun, Their Majesties turned their faces toward the mountains. Beyond those ridges lies fair Ayresgarde, cradle of craft and quiet brilliance. Though its folk could not cross the miles to stand before the Thrones, the Konungr and Dróttning reached for older paths—paths worn by spell and story.

They summoned the old magick, the kind that stirs the air and sets ravens listening. A hush fell as the Konungr's voice took on the weight of runes, and the Dróttning's words braided themselves with wind. Through this woven power they called to Fionnghuala of Ayresgarde, artisan of deft hands and deep heart, absent from the Great Gathering yet never forgotten.

Across the mountains the ravens flew, black wings beating against the bright sky, bearing a missive wrought with honour. In it, Their Majesties named the steadiness of her labour, the quiet fire she tends in her craft, the way her work strengthens the bones of the Kingdom. For this, they bestowed upon her the Argent Flame, a mark reserved for those whose artistry burns bright and unwavering.

When the ravens alit in Ayresgarde and the scroll was placed in her keeping, her now Ladyship Fionnghuala was well pleased. Those who saw her said her smile rose like dawn over the shire, for the words of the Konungr and Dróttning had crossed the mountains true, carrying honour to the one who had earned it.

Hold thy breath but a moment, friend of the saga. The tale yet unfurls, its threads not fully woven as this humble scribe sharpens the pen anon.....

Baron Blue was called before Their Majesties.

For many months he had served as Castellan of Montengarde, holding the lands in trust while the seats of the Minotaur Thrones stood empty. Long had the people of Montengarde waited for worthy leaders to take up the burden of Baron and Baroness, and so Baron Blue had been given a daunting charge: to find those who possessed the strength, wisdom, and dedication to lead.

Before the assembled populace, he spoke of the first candidate he had found. Sigfúst Þórvaldsson.

A traveller, explorer, and wanderer of distant lands. He had followed the whale-road across far seas, journeyed beyond the horizons known to many, and gathered knowledge, experience, and considerable wealth along the way. Coming before Their Majesties, Sigfúst did not arrive empty-handed, but bore rich gifts for the Crown as a token of respect and friendship.

The gifts were graciously received.

Yet His Majesty observed that no one should sit such a throne alone.

And so another was called forward.

Freydis, daughter of Baron Blue.

Wise and capable, Freydis was not one to rush into such matters. As befitted her experience, she approached the prospect with caution. She had been a champion. She had fostered champions in turn. She had stewarded great events and understood well the tangled paths of administration and governance. She knew that leadership was more than pageantry and fine words; it was service, responsibility, and sacrifice.

Thus she had reservations.

Questions were asked. Answers were given. The court listened.

Still, the goats bleated somewhere in the distance.

His Majesty pondered carefully. Promises made in times past weighed upon the moment, and the coronets of Montengarde stood represented before the Crown. The needs of the barony had been considered. The merits of the candidates had been measured.

Three healthy spritely goats was the final gift to Freydis so she could ponder the burden set before her. In delight Freydis accepted the task and the goats were a just price for a barony's future.

At last, a decision was reached.

Before the gathered people of Avacal, oaths of service and fealty were sworn upon the Great Sword of State of Avacal. Words of loyalty and duty rang clear for all to hear. Then the coronets, symbols of royal authority and presence within the barony, were brought forth.

With due ceremony and royal blessing, they were placed upon the brows of Freydis and Sigfúst Þórvaldsson. The question was answered. The empty thrones were empty no longer. Montengarde had a Baron and Baroness once more.

The populace erupted in cheers

Voices rang across the encampment.

Friends, family, and subjects alike rejoiced as the newest Baron and Baroness of Montengarde were proclaimed before all assembled. And there was much rejoicing.

Vivat Baron Sigfúst! Vivat Baroness Freydis! Vivat Montengarde! Vivat Avacal!



Final Court of Quad War

When the dust of battle finally settled upon the plains of Quad War, it lay thick as felt upon the earth. The warriors of Myrgan Wood stood victorious, their banners snapping like wolf-tails in the wind, strengthened by the fierce aid of Northshield, Tir Rígh, and Ealdormere. The steppe itself seemed to bow to their triumph.

The drums ceased. The horns quieted. And before the thrones of Koenig Hjalti and Dróttning Sadb, the Laurels of the Society gathered like the wise elders of a great clan.

Then the herald cried out the name Ogedei Bahadur, and the people murmured as one, for all knew the summons was no small thing. He stepped forward as a warrior of the steppe does calm, unshaken, with the quiet certainty of one who has already met his fate and found it worthy.

The Peerages rose to speak, the council of masters standing before the warrior, each telling of his strength, his skill, his spirit. They spoke of Ogedei as: Artist, whose hands shape beauty as a smith shapes steel. Archer, whose arrows fly true as the falcon's dive. Servant of the people, tireless as a horse on campaign. Leader, whose voice steadies the hearts of many. Fighter, whose courage rings like iron struck upon iron. But above all, they said, his artistry shone brightest, a fire seen even from distant kingdoms.

Then rose Duke Vik, and the court fell silent. He spoke plainly, as a Khan speaks when truth must be known: "Had Thrice-Master Vik ever taken an apprentice, it would have been Ogedei."

The words struck like a hammer on anvil final, undeniable, worthy. Before witnesses from across the kingdoms from the icy coasts, the deep forests, the rolling plains Koenig Hjalti and Dróttning Sadb stood.

They placed upon Ogedei Bahadur the tokens of the Order of the Laurel, marking The Eagle Staff gleamed. The Elders stood tall. The people roared their approval. Thus was Renee Carr named Pelican of Avacal and the Society, in a ceremony where land and lineage met, and where the kingdom bowed to the worth of one woman.

Stryder of Borealis was called forth, his name carried on the murmurs of the wind. For his skill with a sword, his service, his steadfast heart, he was granted the Sable Glove, symbol of honour.

And as his offhand weapon, he was gifted a hand fan not a mere ornament, but a mark of cleverness and style, a weapon of wit and wind, suited to one who moves with grace in the dance of battle.

Then summoned forth was Jacinda Johnsdottir, whose deeds had prowled through the kingdom like a lynx through deep forest. Before the thrones she was granted the Winged Lynx, marking her as one whose spirit leaps high and whose service runs swift.

The people roared their approval, and the banners trembled.

The herald's voice rose again, calling forward all newcomers those who had stepped into Avacal's story for the first time. They came shy, proud, curious, hopeful.

Koenig Hjalti and Dróttning Sadb welcomed them with warm words and gifted them tokens from the Crown, so they might carry Avacal's spirit with them as they walked deeper into the realm.

Then the event stewards were summoned, those whose hands had shaped the day's joy and kept the kingdom's business steady. They were thanked with the dignity deserved and the warmth of prairie hospitality, their labour recognized as the quiet backbone of Quad War.

The crowned heads assembled Queens, Princes, Barons, Tanists, Baronesses from the artists of Avacal they received gifts of

largesse, crafted with care, offered with honour, given so that Avacal's beauty might travel across the kingdoms like migrating geese.

Then strode forth Master-Sir-Master Nereguey of Tir Rígh, his presence carrying the weight of western seas and mountain winds.

He bowed before the thrones and spoke: "Koenig Hjalti, Dróttning Sadb come to Lions War in Tir Rígh. Taste the hospitality of our western cousins. Let our kingdoms stand together in joy as they have in battle." His words rang like a herald's trumpet. Koenig Hjalti accepted the invitation to great cheers and delight from all gathered. And in that moment as though the sky itself were listening, as though the ancestors wished their approval known the heavens split. Lightning flashed. Thunder roared its assent, rolling across the plains like a great drum of the Cree, like the war-horns of northern kings.

The people gasped. The banners shuddered. The thrones gleamed beneath the storm's blessing. Thus, with sky and land agreeing, the Court of Quad War was closed.

Court Reports courtesy of:
Viscountess Morrigan Bushra Clubfoot



In memorium

The horns sound out across the mountains. With heavy hearts, let it be known that Her Ladyship Fionnghuala of Ayresgarde has taken to her final voyage.

The sails raised, and her longship slips beyond the western horizon, where the bravest are welcomed with warm fires and full tankards

May the bards sing out her name, may her deeds be carried on every wind, and may those who remain find strength until we meet again in the great hall. Fair winds and following seas, Your Ladyship



At Quad War, many of us met the Invaders from Tir Righ! Sorry, Astrid says I have to call them "friends". Now their War Bells ring on our borders and it's time for us to go Befriend Them!!!

Show No Mercy!!! Befriend 'em All!!!!



TRM's Hjalti and Sabd
Wish to invite all of Avacal to
join them in "Befriending" the
Tir Righians in their own land.

We intend to have a pretty
good contingent of Avacalians
join us and will all be camping
together as a Kingdom. This is a
great opportunity to spend a
weekend with both existing
friends and making new ones
from both here and there.

Yours in Service
Jarl Hrogn Gunthersson
Kingdom Armoured Champion
Avacal



Photo courtesy of Amarah Doudican



July 18-19
Montengarde
Dragonslayer
Delacour Community Hall

August 14-15, 2026

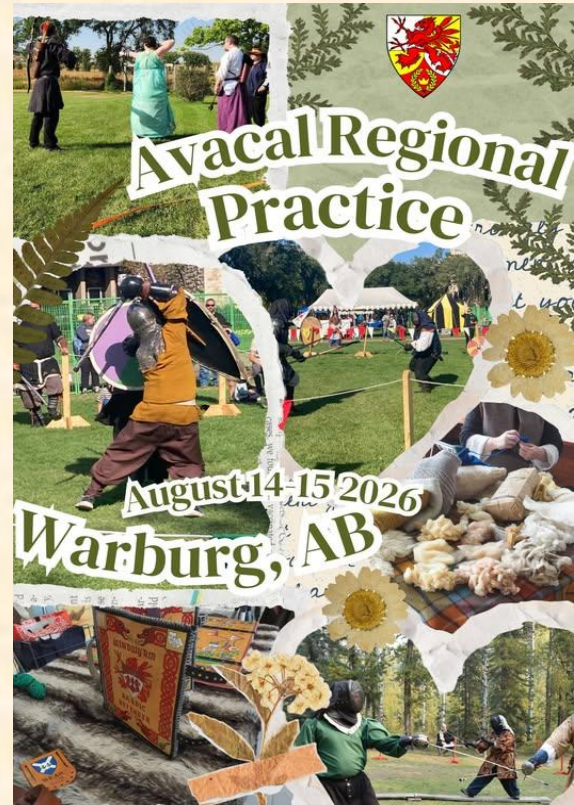
Warburg, AB

Want to have a weekend full of classes, combat, learning, and fun? Avacal is having a regional practice sponsored by the Barony of Borealis in Warburg, AB and everyone is welcome! There will be armoured combat, fencing, archery, and arts and sciences. Garb or no garb - the goal is to have a great time doing the things in the SCA that bring us joy!

We have booked the ball fields for camping and archery and the hall in case of inclement weather.

There is no site fee but donations to assist with offsetting the cost will be gratefully accepted. We would ask that everyone check in and sign in, similar to a weekly fight practice. If you do not have a current membership, you **MUST** sign the waiver, and then enjoy the weekend.

Hope to see you there!





Photos courtesy of Marie de Sandeshend



Bardic Competition

Photos courtesy of Jeffery Moore





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— OF WAR —**

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**KINGDOM OF AVACAL
ARMY CLOTHING & ACCESSORIES**

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With the sun shining and summer in full bloom, have you been eager to set up your encampment but can't seem to find all of your tent pegs or S hooks? Has your spouse been saying they'll get around to making you a trivet but keeps going a Viking or chasing the goats in the field? Or are you looking for a new tripod to give your fire that special something? Well look no further because here at Iron Sunset Forge lady Thora Volundsdottir is here to help with all your iron needs. We even make flint strikers to get your fire going. Feel free to contact us at ironsunsetforge@gmail.com (fb:iron sunset forge)

Would you like to advertise your SCA Merchant Business?
Please contact the Kingdom Chronicler at chronicler@avacal.org



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