

Scorpion Tales



February quarantine issue 8

Newsletter 2021

Seneschal's Corner:

Greetings shire,

Stay safe and healthy, see you at the next meeting. Nothing else to say until something happens.

In service,

Sir Baron Killian MacTaggart KSCA

Officers reports:

Seneschal: opens meeting

Art/science: open office

Youth Activities: nothing new

Chatelaine: nothing new

Constable: not present

Chronicler: Need things for the newsletter

Exchequer: working on doomsday report.

Marshals: donated some armor

Herald: nothing new

Web wright: working on the web page.

List: nothing new

New Business: working on setting up an on-line banking, so we don't get charged the \$8. A month.

Old Business: na

Other Business: ideas for Highland War were discussed. If we use Mojave Narrows it was discussed about people paying at the park gate and then a small site donation at troll to make sure all waivers are signed. To save on bank fees and stress for the event. For an a/s contest have a mask decorating. Maybe using masks for the site token.

Next meeting:

March 15th at 6:30 via zoom

Upcoming Kingdom events

All kingdom events are on hold

All area upcoming events and practices are currently on hold.

Shire Regnum

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This is the official newsletter for the Shire of al Sahid of the Kingdom of Caid of the Society of Creative Anachronism, Inc. (SCA) It is not a publication of the SCA, Inc. and does

Arts and Science Corner

The Knight of Eire Sails Far: Sir Killian Mac Taggart

By Caitlin Christiana Wintour

An Irish *conachlonn* in praise of an Irish knight

The Knight of Eire sails far away

Away from Eire his native home

Home green and mountains fair

Far from home Killian sails from Eire

Eire of the rolling hills

Hills of iron cold and voices strange

Strange voices in the wind.

Wind from the west blows Killian to cold
steppes

Steppes to planes of Kievan Rus

Rus maid there he meets

Meets and sword offers injustice to right

Right for the sake of the Rus maid

Rus maid all light and fire

Teka fire of love.

For glory's sake they travel to a farther land

Land of Caid gold under the sun

Sun burning bright the shallow hills

Hills of the strong hand, hills of the king

King's crown won by trial of arms.

Arming well the Irish knight with his lady sail a
sandy sea

A sea of desert springs and cities bright.

Bright his armor as an Irish knight meets three
men strong

Strong warriors contending for the throne of
Caid

Caid the fair, Caid the golden, Caid journey's
home

A home hard-fought and fiercely kept

Kept safe by the strong hand of the king

King's crown glittering fair.

Fair fought was the first trial

Trial that ended with the first man's hard fall

Fall of the anvilled butterfly and castle breached

Breached that holder of the Crescent Sword

Black-moon knight next weaves war upon the
dragon

Dragon flown from the northern lights

Lights upon the field

Field of glory field of arms

Arms raining blows and sorely wounded is the
Irish knight

Knight falls to the dragon-winged lion

Lion-like comes now Killian to battle the third
man,

Man of blood and conquest on Hastings field

Field now turned to combat for the crown

Crown contested by two swords

Two swords weaving, two shields clashing

Clashing metal

Clashing bright

Clashing red until falls an Irish knight.

Knight lies still upon the field

Field of blood and honor

Honorable his lady and honorable his quest

Yet death overtakes them all.

All is silent, all is still.

Still the desert day

Day fades to dark

And darkly into star-blazing sea of night

The Knight of Eire sails far away.

Slan agus beannacht, Killian.

-- By THL Caitlin Christiana Wintour

A *conachlonn* is an Irish form of chain verse. There can be any number of syllables per line but the first word of each line must either repeat or be a similar sound to the final word of the preceding line. The first and last words of the poem should match or rhyme, and the last line may repeat the first. The *conachlonn* does not lend itself to stanzas, but as I felt they aided in understanding so I made those divisions. This poem was an honor and a pleasure to write for Sir Killian and his beloved lady.