

Scorpion Tales



March quarantine issue 9

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 to report

Chatelaine: turned in the report

Constable: nothing to report

Chronicler: Need things for the newsletter

Exchequer: all reports done

Marshals: Donated armor for the shire loaner gear.

Herald: nothing new

Web wright: updating email address links on web page.

List: nothing new

New Business: move money from C.D back into our checking. Taking a smaller amount in a longer C.D term. Caseys aunt is interested in maybe becoming a/s officer.

Old Business: putting together a presentation for the royal largess.

Other Business: na

Next meeting:

April19th at 7:00 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 Lonely Traveler

By Caitlin Christiana Wintour

The Cheviot cloud-trails / ring round the fog-
shrouded valleys and

lonely lanes weave round dark fells. / Doers of
dark deeds are here

bringing blood and sorrow / to the unwary far
from field and farm.

Yet worse things there are / then wild men in
the howling hills.

From the granite ground / grow the dark
dwarves,

black of hair and heart / earth-children with no
love for men.

The God-praisers know the prayers / to drive
the earth-dwellers down,

to exile them deep into the earth / and so their
numbers dwindle.

But their hostile hearts are strong / and some
still live and learn

to cast the unwary to their deaths, / to weave
wickedness in the wild places.

Thus men will not willingly walk / the lonely
paths of the high hills.

Fearless or foolish is he / Who does, walking
wary the high ways.

Danger rises with the raising of the mists /
deep-shrouded darkness

makes the lone traveler fiend-ship's prey.

One night a young man / made unwise by wine
made his lonely walk along the hill way. /
Doom-mist deepened and

spectral light shone / but no moon-lamp lit the
shifting path.

Then young Selwyn saw a fire / burning bright
through the fog

and grateful and glad / made his way to it.

Another man sat there in stillness. / Short he
was but stout and strong.

The stranger's hair gleamed with gems / and his
black beard

twisted with wealth-hoard / as the fog forged
strange shapes about him.

Selwyn knew a dark dwarf / and he near
despaired.

Shocked from his drink, doomed was he / unless
he stayed silent and still

in the dwarf's demesne, / unmoving and mute
until the sun rose.

Food the earth-man offered / but his victim sat
voiceless

and stared silently / at Aesir's ancient enemy.

Riddles the dwarf riddled / and their keys the
traveler kenned

but Selwyn steeled himself against the game /
and would only watch.

Finally the dwarf in reddened rage / pointed to
the pathway

and commanded the man to quit his fire.

And the traveler was tempted mightily / for it
seemed that sure was his release.

Then Selwyn recalled the sunrays / had not yet
pierced the vicious veil

and strong was temptation's scourge. / So he
did not move and mute he sat.

At last the watery rays of dawn / pierced the
pall of mist.

The dwarf vanished / the mage-light of
magicked fire slowly dying.

Selwyn stirred and cautiously crept / in the
direction the dwarf had bade him take.

He soon stopped / for the solid-seeming night-
road

showed itself a sharp cliff-fall by day.

Under his boot the granite grumbled / and he
moved back onto mountain bones.

Turning, he praised the Protector of Travelers /
and hurried home under the sun.

