



Pilgrims Travel to Distant Lands

"In the desert of life the wise person travels by caravan, while the fool prefers to travel alone."

Arabic Proverb

In the heat of the day we have stopped along our journey to take our ease for a few days. The last week of our journey has been arduous, but we are well over halfway to my home just outside the great city of Acre from the cold and dank realm of England.

It has been a long journey, but today we celebrate the halfway point, and the sustained success. We have lost few, sickness has not overcome our numbers, and food had neither been lacking nor without some creativity. Those who are with me on this journey have hailed from many different places, and the stories they have

told me, are such that someday I shall entertain the children of my home with them, on one of those quiet nights when we are in need of such tales.

To celebrate, we have opened all our carts, and pooled together the ingredients of our stores. There are many different flavors to explore, spices to enjoy and such a variety that not even Suleiman the Magnificent or Henry the Eighth would find fault with the decadence of the food. In fact, I even believe that one of the recipes comes from the table of Henry the IV.

Yet, midst the merriment and celebration, a deep longing for my home strikes me. I greatly enjoyed my visit to the land of my father, and the time spent with my family and new friends. There

is something of me that will always feel a pull to England, and Ireland where my father's people remain. However, after spending so many years in Acre, learning the ways of the people, embracing many of them, and creating my life there, I find it difficult to stay away much longer, and wish to be on the road, and home soon.

For now, though, I welcome you, new travelers! Please, have some mint tea, take respite in the shade, spar with some of our great warriors, tell us your tales, eat well, be welcome and most of all...

As-Salamu Alaykum ...

جهان آردا

Jahanara

Saint of the Month— May 16th, Saint Brendan the Navigator

Known as the brother of St. Briga, St. Brendan apparently knew every great saint of 5th and 6th century Ireland. He was taught by Sts. [Ita of Killeedy](#) and [Erc of Kerry](#). He was friends with Sts. Columba, Brigid, Brendan of Birr, and Enda of Arran.

Brendan was a monk and a

founder of monasteries. His many cells were founded all over Ireland's island settlements. But what he is most famous for is a tale of a voyage with several of his brothers. In the story, Brendan and his other monk brothers travel the seas around the Atlantic and perhaps even the Americas in the 6th cen-

tury.

His date of birth puts him at nearly 117 years old at his death, and Brendan is known as the patron saint of sailors, travelers, whales, and anything else to do with the ocean and voyages. His pilgrimage site is in Clonfert, Ireland.

Inside this issue:

The Scribe's Review	2
From the Journal of Warder Featherstone...	2
Food for Thought	4
The Old Northwoodsman: Advice & Gripes	6
Classifieds	6
Canton Officers and FV Staff Contact Information	7
Event Calendar	7

Special points of interest:

- Feature: Gingerbread Yule Subtlety
- Introducing our very own Advice Columnist, The Old Northwoodsman!
- Book Reviews! Send us a review of your favorite books fiction and non-fiction
- Articles Needed!
- Thanks to everyone who submitted articles.

The Scribe's Review

The Jester

By James Patterson, Warner Books, 2003

Review by Michel DePriest

Hugh De Luc leaves his small French village, Veille du Pere, to join the First Crusade. The year is 1096, and Hugh is looking for the promised freedom from the village's oppressive feudal lord. His two years on Crusade account for the first (short) part of *The Jester*; the main focus of the novel is what awaits Hugh after he deserts the Holy Land.

When he arrives home to his village, he finds that masked men have killed the son he never knew he had (he was born after Hugh left) and kidnapped his wife in their merciless search for a Christian relic. Hugh begins a campaign to find his wife and bring justice to his village. In the process, he becomes a jester, entertains at court, is thrown into a dungeon, and eventually leads a peasant revolt against a duke.

Historically speaking, the novel is accurate. Those with power were not above killing to get what they wanted, and peasants did revolt. Religious fervor did drive people to extreme action and the Church was certainly not above reproach. James Patterson's dialogue is quite modern, but this is not unusual in historical novels and doesn't distract the reader too much. The ending, however, will not satisfy historical purists. Still, all in all, the novel is a good, quick read and an interesting foray in the early Middle Ages.

Year of Wonders: A Novel of the Plague

By Geraldine Brooks

Penguin Books, 2001

Review by Michel DePriest

This novel is a fictional account of the true story of the village of Eyam, Derbyshire, England. For one year, from spring 1665 to spring 1666, the villagers voluntarily quarantined themselves in an attempt to prevent spreading the plague virus, which had arrived in their town. Definitive information regarding this time in history is relatively scant, but there is a good deal of anecdotal information. Geraldine Brooks has woven factual and anecdotal information with a spellbinding fictionalized history of the town.

The story is told from the first person point of view of Anna Frith, a young widow who raises sheep and works for the town's new minister and his wife. Anna takes a boarder into her home, a tailor who befriends her and her sons. A bolt of cloth delivered from London brings the plague and the villagers quickly begin dying. Michael Mompelion, the town's new Protestant minister (the Puritan regime having recently ended), decides that the plague is God's test and that the only way to "pass" is to not spread the virus to those outside of the village. The villagers are aided by a neighboring duke, who provides the basic necessities in exchange for the villagers not leaving the town's borders.

Brooks has written a compelling and fast-paced novel. She peppers the work with interesting tidbits regarding, among other

topics, herb lore, mining, and midwifery. Best of all, just when you're sure you know what's going to happen next, she throws you a completely unpredictable curve. Be warned: once you start *Year of Wonders*, you won't be able to stop.

"Art of the Italian Renaissance Courts"

by Alison Cole

by Lady Gillian de Chelsey

An excellent little paperback book given to me by my Art History professor, Cole's novel is great for those interested in Renaissance art and artists, architecture and builders. Published in 1995 by Prentice Hall as a companion book for a main text, this book is still very current and up to date on most of the recent scholarship on Italian Renaissance art.

For me, the interest was the high resolution photographs of clothing and details that is just not available on the internet. I would caution beginners to take note of those paintings dealing with allegorical subjects. There may or may not be any historical support for the details of those paintings as the clothing might have existed on real people's bodies. However, reading the text provides some context.

For those interested in Italian high society culture of this time period, the text discusses the motivations and inner workings of art's place in the Renaissance court. Intrigue, deception, and political wrangling were part of the game.

For about \$20 used, this book is a good value for the beginner's library.

From the Journal of The Honorable Lord Lucien Featherstone

An excerpted portion of the chronicle of The Honorable Lord Lucien Featherstone, while in service to His Royal Majesty King Henry VIII in the great palace of Whitehall.

18th May, 1527

The world is a curious place. It possesses more dichotomy and diversity than the human mind can comprehend. It is full of wonder and beauty and joy, but also greed, avarice and hate. Today I

believe that I saw a small glimpse into the inner workings of the world for I have seen each of its ends revealed to me in stark contrast.

I began my day as I have any number of times before; arising before the light of dawn in my small house. It is dark and quiet yet, the great city lies sleeping. Even though most of my time in service to His Majesty is spent within the confines of Whitehall, I have never regretted

the purchase of this house. The palace can be a difficult place to stay within. Not to say that it does not offer its' comforts, which it assuredly does, but it is not a restful place. It is often full of celebration until all hours of the night and a sense of watchfulness that can be uncomfortable for the uninitiated.

So after dressing I begin my morning ritual and enter the streets of London. Nothing extra-ordinary to see, but that is

Featherstone, cont...

not entirely the point. This is a time for me to arrange my thoughts for the coming day and also, discordantly, to distract myself from some of those worries for a time. Some of those worries are pressing, however, and intrude upon my thoughts. His majesty Charles V and his aggression toward the League of Cognac are topmost amongst them.

Looking up I discover that much of my journey has passed and that I am on the outskirts of St. Giles's Fields. I stop for a time to push these concerns from my mind. As if waking from slumber I notice the environment around me. It is a fine late spring day, slightly cool with some clouds littering the sky. Just then I watch the rising sun set the clouds ablaze. Such small miracles happen every day, but it seems few seem to notice. After watching the handiwork of God I again resume my walk to the south walking upon the Strand for a time before I come to Whitehall.

I arrive at my office and call for a servant to gather some food on which I can break my fast. After some simple fare, I begin the process of leafing through the stack of papers on my desk. Time passes quickly this day for much correspondence must be read.

What comes of this correspondence is truly horrifying including more details of

the sack of Rome. His Holiness fled and under Spanish control. Temples looted. Rapes in the streets. It is astounding that humanity can visit such a horror upon itself.

Thankfully the remainder of the afternoon did not progress with more of such details. In fact, I had an unusual visitor that changed my bearing for the remainder of the day. An unusual guest with unusual questions. Here is a retelling of the meeting with her, one Jahan Ara bint al-Yehya amat al-Hafeeza.

She enters the room, lithely stepping past the page who escorted her to my office. I do not look up immediately, but glance upward to see her initial reaction. She quickly surveys the room, her quick eyes taking in much. She pauses slightly on a few items, however, which I note as well. The window and the view of the western courtyard with the late afternoon sun drifting in. The weapons that decorate my wall, most of them taken from campaigns I have been on. Her eyes widen some to see a scimitar amongst them. Surely, I think, a question will follow. Then her eyes shift to me and the map table that I am working upon. I roll the map of Rome and its outlying areas and take in her full measure.

She is light and fire, possessing a bearing befitting any noble lady at court. She has

an exotic, beautiful quality that nearly radiates from her. More so, though, she possesses a quiet dignity and grace that I can appreciate. Her clothes are not completely unfamiliar to me, but the look of curiosity and knowledge are easy to discern. Undoubtedly she has a great number of questions for me.

I have seen her a number of times at court, though I have never had the chance to speak with her. Court gossip is alight with such a guest. Curious that she should seek me here and not at court.

'Sayyida,' I say quietly and motion to one of the leather chairs in front of my writing desk. 'Have a seat.'

A good hour later, a knock on the door interrupts our conversation, as a page enters. He has a roll of papyrus that instantly captures my attention. Is it possible that this could be from the Sultan Suleiman or one of his Viziers? Jahan Ara curtsies in our custom and leaves quietly.

More mysteries abound. Truly I must speak with her again. Perhaps what they say is true: that what questions a person asks tell more about them than the answers they give. If so, I believe I have found an unusual and unexpected kindred spirit.

Important things to have on your Pilgrimage....

My Dearest Sister,

While I still do not support this great urge you have to go on such a dreadfully long journey, I must respect your decision and that of your beloved husband. In hopes that you would at least be prepared for your journey, I have included a list of things I have been told are most important on any journey to the savage lands to which you headed.

While I know that you have many treasures that you wish to take on your journey, remember that the more you carry with you, the less you are able to bring home to show me. I would loathe, also,

to hear that highway men attacked you and your fellow travelers and took any of those treasures. Leave them here with me, and I will cherish them and make sure they are put to excellent use. Just be certain to hire more able men for the protection of your travel party upon your return trip.

Also, I have heard that the sun beats down fiercely in those lands and thus you should be certain to wear a thin veil over your head. While I know your beauty is not quite as bountiful as mine, it would be a great shame for it to be marred by burns or the darkening of skin.

Alas, I would impart further advice to you, but the sun is setting and I have been trying to save my use of candles for the more practical purpose of decorating the main hall at night. Were we to ever get any visitors in the dead of night, we just couldn't receive them without a well lit hall. I am certain you understand.

Be well, dear Sister, and may luck follow you in your journey.

You most devoted, (and somewhat more attractive) younger sister...

Gazpacho: Tomatoes and Peppers from the New World I the Middle Ages

by Jahan Ara

When I decided to make Gazpacho for this years Squires Tourney, the only thing that came to mind was "it's somewhat Spanish, right?" While I was making it, however, I found myself curious about the origination this wonderful cold soup. Much to my surprised, Gazpacho was indeed period.

It found its origins in the Andalusia region of Spain in the form of a ajoblanco, a cold soup used for generations and comprised of olive oil, salt, vinegar, garlic and sometimes bread. When tomatoes entered into Spanish culture, sometime between their discovery by Cortez in 1521 to the first written mention of them in 1544, they were added to the ajoblanco. (Barrett) Thus the dish we now commonly call Gazpacho was borne.

So, tomatoes are period in this sense, what about the rest of my ingredi-

ents? Particularly, Bell Peppers.... Surprise... tomatoes are not the only thing that came over after 1521 and Cortez' discovery of the Aztec agriculture genius. So, happy, I realized that I'd managed another (mostly) period recipe for the Dayboard... without even trying!

- Tomatoes - Cortez discovers and brings to Spain between 1521-1544
- Bell Peppers - Cortez discovers and brings to Spain between 1521-1544
- Onions - Onions most likely fed to ancient Egyptian workers. The bulbs possibly used during the Bronze age. Greek athletes used to eat extremely large quantities of onion in hope that it would 'lighten' the weight of their blood. In the middle ages, onions were so valued that often the working

class would pay their rent with them.

- Celery - Discovered in the tomb of Tutankhamun, mentioned in Homer's *Illiad*, it has been around for quite a while in many forms.
- Limes - Considering it was brought to the New World from the Old World in the 16th centuries, it's a safe bet that they are period. Spanish limes were a brought to the country from the Levant.
- Olive Oil - Ancient Rome and beyond.

So, it's indeed not only possible, but tasty too!

Gingerbread Yule Subtlety: For the Celebration of the Many Accomplishments of the Middle Kingdom, By Gillian de Chelseye

THE BASIC CONCEPT of the dish is the Dragon rising from the murk. It is entirely edible. The bread is closer to a soft bread pudding than a quick bread or cake. The scales are golden raisins. The eyes and teeth are blanched almonds. The dye colors are modern due to time, difficulty, and cost restrictions on medieval food colorings. When I could not obtain medieval ingredients, modern equivalents were used to produce the desired result and are noted in the recipe and instructions.

I based my gingerbread on two different historical receipts translated and redacted by other, more talented folks. Because

As a beginner, I found this project challenging, rewarding, and definitely an Art to investigate further. In my future recipe, I would use 2 pounds or more breadcrumbs to give the finished product more stability and less moisture. The sculpting process was more difficult because the finished dough was more malleable and heavy that I intended. I also would add

pepper to the dough during steeping. The reason I did not include it was that I inexplicably ran out of pepper in my house and my deadline loomed! I feel it would have given the dish more depth.

Original Recipe 1:

Gingerbrede

Curye on Inglysch p. 154 (Goud Kokery no. 18)

To make gingerbrede. Take goode honey & clarifie it on + e fere, & take fayre paynemayn or wastel brede & grate it, & caste it into + e boylenge hony, & stere it well togyder faste with a sklyse + at it bren not to + e vessell. & + anne take it down and put + erin ginger, longe pepper & saundres, & tempere it vp with + in handes; & than put hem to a flatt boyste & strawe + eron suger, & pick + erin clowes rounde aboute by + e egge and in + e mydes, yf it plece you, &c.

1 c honey
1 c breadcrumbs

1 t ginger
1/4 t pepper
1/4 t saunders
1 T sugar
30-40 whole cloves (~ 1 t)
(or 5 t sugar, pinch powdered cloves)

Bring honey to a boil, simmer two or three minute, stir in breadcrumbs with a spatula until uniformly mixed. Remove from heat, stir in ginger, pepper, and saunders. When it is cool enough to handle, knead it to get spices thoroughly mixed. Put it in a box (I used a square corning-ware container with a lid), squish it flat and thin, sprinkle with sugar and put cloves ornamentally around the edge. Leave it to let the clove flavor sink in; do not eat the cloves.

An alternative way of doing it is to roll into small balls, roll in sugar mixed with a pinch of cloves, then flatten them a little to avoid confusion with hais. This is suitable if you are making them today and eating them tomorrow.

Source: David Friedman and Elizabeth

Gingerbread, cont...

Cook: *Cariadoc's Miscellany*

<http://www.pbm.com/~lindahl/cariadoc/desserts.html#2>

Original Recipe 2:

Gyngerbrede

PERIOD: England, 15th century |
SOURCE: Harleian MS. 279 | CLASS:
Authentic

DESCRIPTION: A sweet honey confection

ORIGINAL RECIPT:

.iiij. Gyngerbrede. Take a quart of hony, & sethe it, & skeme it clene; take Saffroun, powder Pepir, & þrow ther-on; take gratyd Brede, & make it so chargeaunt þat it wol be y-leched; þen take powder Canelle, & straw þer-on y-now; þen make yt square, lyke as þou wolt leche it; take when þou lechyst hyt, an caste Box leaves a-bouyn, y-stkyd þer-on, on clowys. And if þou wolt haue it Red, colore it with Saunderys y-now.

- Austin, *Thomas. Two Fifteenth-Century Cookery-Books. Harleian MS. 279 & Harl. MS. 4016, with extracts from Ashmole MS. 1429, Laud MS. 553, & Douce MS 55.* London: for The Early English Text Society by N. Trübner & Co., 1888.

GODE COOKERY TRANSLATION:
Gingerbread. Take a quart of honey, & boil it, & skim it clean; take saffron, pepper, & throw on; take grated bread, and make it so thick that it can be sliced; then take cinnamon, & strew on; then make it square, like you would have it sliced; and when you slice it, stick in cloves. And if you'd like it red, color it with sandalwood.

MODERN RECIPE:

- 4 cups honey
- 1 lb. unseasoned bread crumbs
- 1 tbs. each ginger & cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground white pepper
- pinch saffron

whole cloves

Bring the honey to a boil and skim off any scum. Keeping the pan over very low heat, stir in the breadcrumbs and spices.

MY END RECIPE WAS AS FOLLOWS

4 cups honey; 1 cup buckwheat, 1 cup orange blossom, 1 ½ cups acacia, ½ cup clover

1 pound loaf artisanal wheat bread; left out for a day then crumbled roughly

1, 10 inch stick Saigon cinnamon; broken into thirds

~2 tsp. ground Saigon cinnamon

~1 ½ tsp ground cloves

~½ tsp ground nutmeg

2 healthy pinches saffron

2 Tbsp fresh ginger root; micro-planed

~1 cup dried raisins; soaked in warm water, drained

~¾ cup dried currants; soaked in warm water, drained

~¾ cup dried plums (prunes); soaked in warm water, drained

Over a double boiler, heat the 4 cups of honey until hot and thin. Add ground and stick cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, ginger root, saffron and allow to steep for 15-20 minutes over medium high heat; or for however long it takes you to crumble the bread.

Add bread and stir to coat. Allow to soak over low heat until dried fruit is drained—about 5 minutes. Mash mixture with hand masher to incorporate all bread pieces.

Dice plums into small cubes. Add all dried fruit into bread/honey/spice mixture. Allow to site over low heat until thick. Should not be a paste, but should be sticky and thick; malleable enough to mold or mound onto a baking dish without falling. Using 2 day old bread makes this even easier.

Use unsalted butter to lubricate hands

then form into desired shape or press into lightly buttered baking dish. Allow to cool completely before cutting or presenting.

- I could not gain access to saunders in time to make this bread/cake.

- My choice of honey was due to a need to darken the bread (buckwheat honey) because of the lack of saunders and to mimic the taste of wild honey. (Also, these were the kinds I had in the cupboard.)

- I crumbled day-old artisanal wheat bread as opposed to modern white bread to more closely mimic medieval “white” bread.

- Instead of the powdered ginger used in modern recipes, I grated fresh ginger root very fine. I think it permeates the dish better.

- I used raw cane sugar as opposed to refined white cane or beet sugar to gain a closer texture and mouth feel to medieval sugar. The sugar here provides a decorative base for the sculpture, but can be sprinkled over the bread if serving in squares.

- I added currants, raisins, and dried plums to the recipe. These fruits would have been available to medieval people.

- A whole, peeled gingerroot was steeped in warm water with red and yellow modern food coloring to create the dragon’s fire.

- I soaked golden raisins in warm water and green modern food coloring for the scales

Blanched almonds dyed in saffron and 4 Tbsp water from dragon fire dye water were used for the teeth. The saffron turned out too weak. Plain blanched almonds provide the eyes.

The Old Northwoodsman—Sage advice from “Old Northie”

Dear Old Northwoodsman,

I have a gorgeous period pavilion that is absolutely the envy of my local group, but the last time I went camping in it, the center pole was shattered in a freak accident! I haven't had the opportunity to fix it yet, but now, the King and Queen want to borrow it. The event is only in a few days, and I simply mustn't disappoint them. I am at my wits' end.

How can I fix it fast and make a good impression?

-- Frantic in Flanders

Dear Frantic,

The answer is obvious my dear,... Three rolls of duct tape should hold the piece together, while providing the authentic medieval look we all strive for.

Or you could just go to a lumberyard and buy some wood.

Or cut down a small tree....

Good luck!

Who was the first female knight of Northwoods?

The Middle Kingdom has elevated three female fighters to the Order of Chivalry. In order they are:

Sir Fern de la Foret (1985)

Sir Elizabeth Mortimer (1996)

Syn Jocelyn le Jongleur (2004)

Dear Old Northwoodsman,

My beloved and I met during a battle against the Roman Legions by the romantic sounds of clashing swords and the screams of the wounded. We fell in love and have been hand fasted for nearly a year now, but he has suddenly decided to give up his bronze torc and leave the Celtic life behind to become a Cavalier.

I feel so betrayed. I don't want to wear all those silly frills and farthingales, but I don't want to lose him, either! I love my plaid and amber, but I just can't bear the stifling politics and drama of courtly life.

How can a good Celtic girl manage a marriage across such a time rift? But more importantly, how can I still find the good, strong, manly Celt I fell for under all that girly frou-frou bobbin lace?

-- Blue in Eboracum

Dear Blue,

"The SCA is an international organization dedicated to researching and recreating the arts and skills of pre-17th-century Europe..." Cavalier isn't period... look for someone who enjoys lace trim and feathers LESS than you do. Enjoy!

Hey kids, If you have questions about life in the SCA that plague you, please send them to me. I'll try to answer as many as I can.

- Old Northie

Classifieds

Tired and dusty from trudging along that long Turkish road? Stop in at The Hungry Pilgrim for our world-famous All-You-Can-Eat Falafel Bar, now featuring the biggest kebab this side of the Caucasus! Special group rates. We also cater any event!

Lose your priceless armor and all your worldly possessions in the Crusades? Well, turn that frown upside down and join the Mendicant Brothers of Jerusalem as you pray for your immortal soul and take on the exciting monastic life! Accepting applications now!

Found: five wagons full of royal laundry and ten used horses in need of minor repairs. All items are slightly encased in

dried mud. If these are yours, please come to identify and claim them at the farm of Robert of the Wash, who asks that you also provide a reasonable fee of 20 crowns for each item to cover expenses incurred in retrieval.

Bored in Church? Spice up that dull altar with a beautiful and exotic portrait of your favorite saint, right from heart of Byzantium! Buy now, as the interest in these items is proving to be just smashing!

Tired of those Vikings invading your cathedral and taking all your pretty, shiny stuff? Has enough finally become enough? Well, don't just stand there, build a complicated, fortified western entrance to your beloved place of worship

today! Because everybody knows, Vikings only use the front door!

Get off your ass! And trade it in for one of the finest desert horses in the world at Wild Wadih's! Fit for a sultan, and the price can't be beat!

Do YOU have something you'd like to sell, or pander off on some unsuspecting soul?

Advertise here in the Fenrir's Voice... Just send your advertisement to fenrirsvoice@gmail.com marked "Classifieds" in the Subject of the email...

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"Don't you own a spell checker?" Gwyneth

Welcome to the new and improved Fenrir's Voice, Chronicle of the Canton of Ealdnordwuda. Please enjoy the many exciting new columns we have for you as well as articles, and a few silly fun stuff. The Staff would like to thank everyone who has participated in this issue, and we encourage even more participation from the rest of the populous in the future.

The new and improved FV, will be published every other month. It shall be available in hard copy and also online one week from each publication in downloadable format. Check out the website (linked from the main Ealdnordwuda page) for some of our weekly updated: Saints of the Day or Month, recipes from some of our favorite feasts, trivia games with a drawing for prizes from those who answer the trivia correctly and much, much more!

Let us know if you have something you'd like to see in the Bi-Monthly Editions, or on the website.

-The Staff of the Fenrir's Voice

We are online!

<http://www.midrealm.org/ealdnordwuda/fv/index.html>

Calendar of Upcoming Events

(<http://www.midrealm.org/ealm.org/calendar/index.php>)

May 2009

- 23-24 - Midrealm Kingdom A&S and Crown Tourney
{White Waters}
- 29-31 - Death and Taxes {Dun Traigh}
- Mermaid's Retreat XVI & Eastern Regional War
Practice {Turm an dem See - Northshield}
- Rose Tourney {Vanished Wood}
- Tyger Hunt XXVII {Hawkland Moor}
- 30 - This Land Is Our Land: Rumble By The River
{Shadowed Stars}

June 2009

- 1 - PALE DEADLINE FOR JULY 2009
- 5-7 - Rampage at Ragnarok XIII - 35th Anniversary
Baronial Celebration

- 6 - An Elizabethan Faire {Tirnewydd}
- Constellation Academy of Defence {Mynydd Seren}
- 12-14 - Border Skirmish VI {Ravenslake & Caer Antherth Mawr}
- Northern Oaken War Maneuvers XIII {Cleftlands}
- Push for Pennsic {Hawkes Key}
- 13 - Butt's and Bale's V: Middle Kingdom's Thrown Weapons
Event {Dragon's Vale}
- 19-21 - Baronial Border War XXVI {Rimsholt} [Ionia, MI]
- 20 - Bardic Madness XIX {Border Downs (Northshield)}
- Encampment in the Woods IX {Three Towers}
- 26-28 - Annual Howell Balloonfest Medieval Village (Demo)
{Weld Lake (Northwoods)} [Howell, MI]
- Bardic Roundhouse {Cleftlands} [Chardon, OH]
- Border Raids {Meridies}
- 27 - Crystal Chamfron {Shattered Crystal} [Wood River, IL]