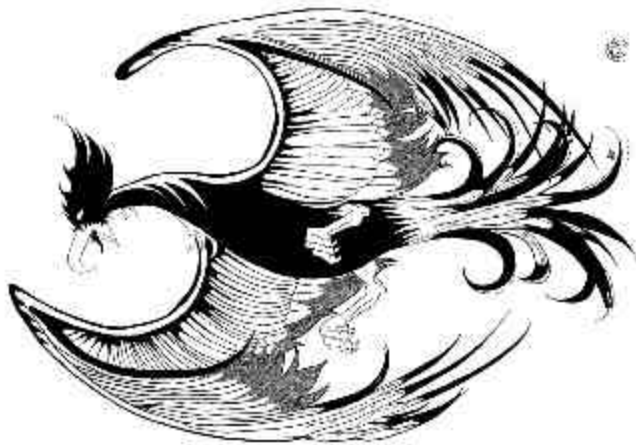


The Phoenix

The Barony of the Sacred Stone



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Barony of the Sacred Stone, SCA, Inc.
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Unto the Populace

From the Baroness

Greetings to the Populace of Sacred Stone!

It is hard to believe that 4 years is already over. I have enjoyed serving this Barony as the Coronet and representing the amazing people in Sacred Stone. It has been an experience that I will always remember. I thank each and every person in Sacred Stone for creating those memories for me. I hope that everyone will join me in welcoming Mistress Alianor and Sir Marc as the next Coronets of Sacred Stone. I am confident that they will represent us well and they will lead our Barony with heart, skill and joy. I will definitely do what I can to support them and their goals and I ask each of you to do the same.

Novice Tourney is fast approaching and we still need a few more volunteers. We are still looking for someone to coordinate water bearing on the field, the children's activities and kitchen clean-up after feast. Please be aware that each of these is an important part of the event and please consider volunteering.

The future is ours to create. By our participation in events, at local meetings, practices, etc. we indicate how we want the Society to look, feel and be. I thank all of you for taking time to help shape Sacred Stone. I look forward to working with everyone in new ways and having time to really get to know you all.

Thank you!

Kisaiya
Baroness

From the Chronicler

Greetings all,

This month we have two more wonderful stories leading up to the War of the Wings in October. This month's installments are from our own Lord Jonathan Blackbow and Lord Olivier de Bayonne from Windmaster's Hill. We also have another great archery article from Lord Christophe of Gray. I would like to thank all these wonderful lords for their contributions.

And remember, I'm always looking for new articles, artwork, class handouts, anything you would like to send me. Don't be shy!

Always in service to the Arts,
Katerina

From the Castellan

This past weekend, I have made arrangements to have an SCA demo for next year's StellarCon. My plan is simple; 4 people fighting and 2 people manning the Video Table. We have more conventions to the Barony. I want to get information to the public and make this enjoyable to all.

Achbar

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How the Kitty got her Wings

*Our excavators are unearthing the historical documents in as rapid a manner as possible concomitant with treating them with the reverence they deserve, but there has been significant damage to the repository in which they were stored. These documents have been carefully restored using only delicate applications of the finest disinfectants and revivificatives. *hic**

As always, any donations to our restorations efforts will be appreciated. Contact your local scribe for information. Small, nonsequential, unmarked bills only please.

With regards to this installment of our Mutual History, I have this to say: The records contained herein are a work of fiction with some few facts thrown in for verisimilitude. Any resemblance to actual events or people, is unintentional. Any resemblance to actual places, well, that's verisimilitude.

Jonathan Blackbow

The history of the War of the Wings is a violent one. Numerous sites around the world still bear the scars of this tremendous, never-ending struggle. Places where the Phoenix has triumphed over the Kittyhawk, and vice versa. Men still tell tales of the titanic conflicts that have taken place, and those warriors that survived those conflicts are revered beyond the ken of men. So gather round, if ye would hear of these wars.

Many eons ago the Phoenix had the power of flight which the Kitty lacked. As deities went, the Kitty was fair to look upon, but lacked that certain je ne sais quois without which no deity was complete. That certain aura which struck fear into her enemies, and awed her worshipers. The Kitty's white fur crackled with energy, which was impressive, but little else. Meanwhile, the Phoenix soared, just out of reach, and jeered and japed at the Kitty's inability to strike back while the Phoenix flew majestically overhead. This went on for some time while the Kitty cast about for a means to correct the situation.

Finally the day came when a small creature, blue in color with a white cap, crawled out of the woods and approached the Kitty. It sang a strange song and was joined by hundreds of its fellows. The Kitty disliked these strange blue creatures and ate them without a second thought.

Some time later a small yet different creature, light blue in color, crawled out of the woodwork and approached the Kitty. It called itself a Tarhil and sang a different song but still a strange song, so the Kitty ate it and thought no more of the matter. Time passed, as time does. Then one day a small Devil of a darker blue color crawled out of the woods and approached the Kitty. It uttered high-pitched cries of adoration to the Kitty, which was intriguing. The Kitty left the Devil alone since it was not quite the irritant that the first had been, nor was it the useless-seeming creature the second had been. Time passed.

Then one day a veritable horde of the small darker blue Devils came from the woodwork and approached the Kitty. The Kitty had been unable to understand much of what the single blue Devil said, but the horde of blue Devils produced a sound that the Kitty could actually hear and interpret as language. They introduced themselves as being from a Clan Cameron. The Kitty batted a few of them around but her heart wasn't in it. Then the Devils motioned to the woods, and an equally sized horde of the lighter blue Tarhils scampered out. This made no sense to the Kitty, since the Tarhils irritated her previously, and so she prepared to eat them. Suddenly the Tarhils began to mutter something that grabbed the Kitty's attention. In unison, they chanted...

"I believe I can Fly / I believe I can Touch the Sky / I dream about it every night and Day / Spread my Wings and Fly away / I believe I can Soar /"

Then the blue Devils and the Tarhils did something astonishing - they flew away!

Finally something clicked in the Kitty's head - smoke erupted from her ears - and she followed the horde of flying blue Devils

and Tarhils far, far to the east, for days (L40 being a distant dream). Finally, they approached the ocean. The Kitty wasn't too wild about water, but she was so intrigued by the song she followed nonetheless. At the very shoreline, the creatures landed and faced the Kitty. They began to chant in a voice she found soothing, and so she fell asleep on the grass.

When she awoke the creatures were all camped out around her asleep. As she staggered to her feet, the Devils and Tarhils woke up and apparently began arguing with each other over who was at the front of the (completely nonexistent and imaginary) line. To avoid the squabbling the Kitty leapt to the top of the highest hill she could see and looked down on the riot.

Then she realized that that single leap was farther than she'd ever been able to leap before, and looked behind her and saw the most excellent wings ever attached to a Kitty that she'd ever seen. She looked down at the rioting and roared "STOP THIS NONSENSE!!!"

As one, the hordes laid off their squabbling and gazed adoringly up at the Kitty. "WE LOVE YOU KITTY!" they squealed. "WE HAVE GIVEN YOU WINGS!!!"

"NO LONGER AM I TO BE KNOWN AS KITTY." She thundered. "I AM...[say it with me...]"
"THUNDERCAT! THUNDERCAT! THUNDERCAT! HO!!!!!"

And from somewhere far, far away, a jazzy little theme song began playing.

"WE DON'T LIKE THAT NAME!" The Devils and Tarhils chorused. And the jazzy little theme song was abruptly cut off.

"WHAT? WHY, ER...OH FINE. I AM...[say it with me...]"

KITTYHAWK!" And her wings opened and caught the air, and she powered her way into the skies for the first time.

Far, far to the west, the Phoenix heard the sound, and came streaking across the skies in anger and fear. As she arrived, the Kittyhawk roared at her in defiance. The horde of Devils and Tarhils were scrambling to the top of the hill to get a better view of the imminent violence. This did not sit well with the Phoenix, who snarled "DIE!" and immolated the entire hill in one shocking explosion.

When the smoke cleared it was apparent that the entire hill along with the vast majority of the Devils and Tarhils had been annihilated. No longer was there any grass or growing thing to be found on it; it was merely a massive pile of sand. The few surviving Devils and Tarhils crept back into the woodwork to restore their respective races. But the damage was done; the land was destroyed, and the Kittyhawk had her wings. Men named the place where the battle had occurred, and they gave it the name Kill Devils Hill, in memory of the hordes of Devils and Tarhils that had died to give the Kittyhawk her wings. And the Kittyhawk landed and bathed herself in the blue blood of the Devils and Tarhils, that the world might ever remember their sacrifice. But only against a white background. On blue backgrounds she retained her original stunning white coat. (Magic, OK? Shut up and read.)

Many such places dot the landscape of the Known World, my eager listeners. Far to the North, in a place called Centralia, a battle of such magnitude took place between the Phoenix and the Kittyhawk that the land burns to this day, even into the earth itself. To the West, in retribution for Kill Devils Hill, on the very hilltop where Phillipus originally communed with the Phoenix and the eternal fire was first lit, the Kittyhawk summoned the winds and blew out the supposedly-eternal fire in spite of all the Phoenix could do, and since the winds howl around the place to this day, men now call the place Blowing Rock.

Thus the Phoenix and the Kittyhawk agreed to confine their struggle to the fortified lands surrounding Elchenburg, lest the world be split asunder.

Far, far to the West, a tribe of people who had greatly benefited from both the tribes of the Phoenix and the Kittyhawk had raised themselves up, and in honor of both combatants they called themselves Hawkwood; Hawk for obvious reasons, and Wood since it was the Phoenix' favorite fuel (next to pizza and beer). They were in torment at the approaching conflict since they praised both sides equally.

But that is another story.

Excerpts from the *Historia Phoenicis*, currently dated to the mid-9th century, though that is under heavy debate by scholars. It exists in a single manuscript fragment in the Malleus Library (MS BS420). Due to a matchstick thrown awry (though some say due to the fiery subject matter) compounded by an 'extinguishing' augmented with alcohol (the closest liquid on hand), only a few sections remain of this once-important work in the lands of the Sacred Stone. Translation by Olivier de Bayonne.



HISTORIA PHOENICIS

...[A]nd then came the phoenix herself, Avis Magna, who hath saved our lands from torment at ... while there was much wailing and flailing and gnashing of the teeth, as old men tore at their beards and women ruined their perms by the handful! O ruinous day it was, before the flaming omen to save us!

O Lord, what excellent mercies hast Thou provided in the form of Avis Magna, and of that mysterious supper whic[h] lit [u]p the sky behind her! Of whence it came, few kno... and her name was Burrita, though where her travels have taken her none recall. Suffice it to say, her magnif..ent feast was prepared and laid upon the great stone Dinner Plate at the foot of the mountain upon which purched the Nest of the Phoenix...

...[Th]en came the heathen hosts, and they slaughtered our cattle and chewed our barley and thatched our houses like the demons they were! But it was all for naught. Scarcely an hour after Avis Magna had dined up[on] ... [f]east of Burrita, she flew overhead, her mighty beak sharp as a razor. What happened next, however (I pray, O Lord, strike not me down for recording in this tome what truly occurred!), was truly a miracle!

A great groaning sound burst, like a mighty horn, and then a great wind rushed from the wake of the soaring beast overhead, blowing out all torches and candles for miles around. Then, a moment later, a great explosion of fire and heat blew forth from the tailfeathers of Avis Magna, igniting not only her rear, but also most of the invad... [t]rembled before her greatness, and attempted to flee. Again from her tail came another miracle - a great, smoking rock, that plummeted to the firmament, crushing the res[t] [ben]eath it...

...[A?]round that glorious stone have we built a place of prayer and reflection, in order to properly pay homage to that winged creature Thou hast sent us, Lord, to protec[t] us from our enemies...

Proper Technique

Part II



Last month we talked about proper stance and how to hold the bow. This month we're going to talk about proper draw and release.

"How do I hold the bow string?" Common question. There are basically five different methods for holding the bow string in a draw. The most common technique is referred to as the Mediterranean method. The index finger is over the arrow nock, and the middle and ring fingers are below. A variation on this method is to use two fingers, index over the arrow nock, middle finger below. Some archers further modify these draw styles by placing all the fingers, either three or two, below the arrow nock. This works only if your arrows are fitted with snap nocks such that the arrow will follow the string back in the draw. Most self-nocks do not snap on the string and the arrow will fall off if not held in place by the draw fingers. With these techniques the bow string bisects the PADS of your fingers. Most books say to hook the string in the first joint of the finger. If you do this, on release you tend to pull the bow string to the side, thereby ruining your aim.

Another method common with the horse bows is using the thumb. That is, you catch the string across the pad of your thumb and hook your index finger over the nail of the thumb. This draw, as do horse bows, allow you to draw your draw hand to your rear shoulder. This technique is usually not recommended for non-horse bows as they are not designed to be over drawn. If you use the thumb hold, typically the arrow goes on the outside of the bow. That is, the arrow rests on the thumb of your bow hand, not the base of your index finger.

Next is the draw and anchor. Anchoring simply means you draw the string to the same location every single time. The objective is to have the bow string bisect your aiming eye without having to lean your head in extensively. Fred Bear and other great archers of the past anchored by placing the nail of their draw hand middle finger on their eye tooth in the upper jaw. The lower jaw moves, the upper jaw does not. Some archers just touch the corner of their mouth with the tip of their middle finger. Both of these anchor positions put your eye almost directly in line with the arrow shaft. Another anchor point is placing the web of your thumb and hand nestled into the corner of your jaw. This moves the line of sight down a bit. Other archers anchor with the web of thumb and hand just under their chin. The point here is pick a method and stick with it. Moving your anchor point on each shot is like changing your sights for each shot!

Do not release the bow string for a shot. Instead stop pulling the string with your draw hand fingers. All you need do for a good release is simply relax your draw fingers. i.e. hold a bucket half filled with water with your draw fingers at your side. Just relax your fingers and the bucket drops to the ground. Same thing with a bow string. After release your draw hand should be in ONLY one of two places. Either at your anchor point or behind your anchor point off your rear shoulder. It should NOT be away from your body, ballerina, or your draw hand fully extended behind you.

Practice these techniques one at a time until they become instinctive. Until next time, shoot straight.
Christophe of Grey

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