



An Acounte of the Tourneyment of the
Champions of the Knowne World's Baronage

Written By:
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Chronicler of the Canton ycleped Charlesbury Crossing
Man at Arms to Count Valharic Caligua Aurelius, Knight of Atlantia



A Word to the Reader

I, Lord Cyriac Grymsdale, entered this Middle English account of the Pennsic XXXIII Baronial Champions Tourney into the Sacred Stone Baronial Birthday Arts & Sciences competition, "Use of the Phoenix," on September 11, 2004 as I had the great honor of acting as the champion for our beloved Baroness Kisaiya Zingara in that tournament, proudly wearing the Baronial tabard, and now telling the events of that day.

J, Cyriac Grymsdale, chronicler of worthy stories and deeds, dooth most humbly send greetings and prayers for good time of day to myn liege, Count Valharic Caligua Aurelius, knyght of Atlantia. It is myn honour, spellien the story of a day's tourney held upon the sixteenth day of Augustus Annus Soceitus XXXVIII, where I was present and engaged in a feat of arms. On this day Sir Kieran Annachie MacLeod, Lion of the Middle Regne, did issue forth for a fourth year, a proclamation of a tourney. This tourney was to be held for the champions of the baronage of the knowne world, and to be held in the Debated Lands during the bickering hight Pennsic.

On the morwe of the day, ful armyd for the bataille of the field that day, did I request a boone of the lovely and gracious baroness Kisaiyia Zingara. It was known to me that hir excellency's champion had been unable to travel due to matters of his estat and it was myn desire to represent hir and the baronage ycleped the Sacren Stone in this noble and glorious tourneyment. Hir excellency did grant me myn boone and acorded to accompany me to the tourneyment, God kepe hir.

After fihten in the bataille of the field and fullen myn duties to you myn liege, I did retire to the encampment of the baronage ycleped the Sacren Stone in time to refresh myn self for the tourneyment and cloth myn self in a tabard with the blazon of the baronage, vert an argent double headed phoenix. Armyd again, I did escort hir excellency to the field for the tourneyment where myn beautiful and talented ladye wyf, Lidia de Ragusa, did join us. Arriving er the host of the tourney, hir excellency did take confort in the schade on the field, and met with the barouns and baronesses present with grete cheere.

Shortly ter efter, Sir Kieran did arrive from his toils of other batailles to greet the baronage of the knowne world, and allow other baronages time to join. We were then graced with the arrival of the noble Prynce Malik 'abd al-Rahman ibn al-Safa al-Kariim of the regne of Ealdormere. Sir Kieran made known that Prynce Malik was the previous year's champion of the tourneyment. The champions did then present their barouns and baroness and tem-selue to Sir Kieran and Prynce Malik. After the baronage had taken their ese in the gallery, each champion did crie forth their name, the baronage they hailed from, and their accomplishments. It was with grete honour, that I announced myn self as your man at arms and that I was fihten on behalf of the esteemed baroness ycleped Kisaiyia Zingara. We were then instructed that the champions would display their prowess until the gallery chose a question to axe us. The champions would then hath a respyt until all had answered the question and then take up their arms, this would occur three times.

J did hath the pleasure to begin the tourney with a lord who I believe hails from your household ycleped Lord Radagaisus Vidigoia Balthi known as Rutger, Serjant of the Middle regne's Red Company and champion of the baronage ycleped Cleftlands, and acorded to myn quest to begin the bout with a round of three counted blows in the English fashion. After a flurry of traded blows, he showed grete prowess and smote me three times upon myn left leg during our exchange.

J did engage with two other digne broder at arms sithe, one who wielded two swerdes wearing a sable bawdryk with a blazon of an or castle turret and Lord Jibril al-Dhakhil, champion of the crown province of Ostgardr, bearing the blazon of argent, a falcon rising sable and on a chief rulgey vert a decrescent and a son argent. Both did defet me after a time with blows to the helme. I complimented both of hem on their prowess at the end of our bouts and found hem to be hende lordynges.

J then had the solas of meeting Lord Donas Mcnair, Serjant of the Middle regne's Red Company and champion of the Baronage ycleped Roaring Wastes. Alas er we cowde begin our bout in earnest we were ycleped er the gallery for our first question.

His royal highness, Prynce Malik, did then present to the champions the question of, "What does it mean to be a champion of a baronage?" Each champion did take their turn after their ese and announce hym-seluen or hir-selue to the gallery er answering the question. Many were the noble answer given to this question.

For myn self, the answers was that though I am not the titled champion of the baronage ycleped the Sacren Stone, but in myn heart I felt that the baronage should be represented in this noble and glorious tourneyment. It was myn pleasure and honour that myn gracious baroness did grant me the boone to stand here er you all and to engage in honorable combat with the fine champions of the baronage of the knowne world today.

Being a champion, means to me that I represent myn baronage and its people. I strive to engage in noble deeds of arms, as our ancestors did er us, and to encourage others to travel this path. It was myn privilege to say that Lord Rutger, who I first bore arms agenest did engage me in a deed of three counted blows, in the English fashion, despite the batailles that we hath been in today. This is what it means to be a champion of myn baronage.

After all champions had answered the question, we did don our helme and arme ourselves for the second round of prowess. I found grete hyht when Serjant Donas did approach me so that we cowde finish our bout that we were unable to begin. I bere no shame in admitting that this great lord did smite me with one blow to the head ful swathe to end our bout. God save this valiant and preaux man! He benignely allowed me the opportunity to bere arms agenest hym in another two bouts. Though he was the winner of our bouts, I dooth feel that he is a broder in our desire to recreate the ways of our ancestors.

Jdid then find grete hyht again when I encountered a dear freend of yours myn liege, Lord Redwald of Fremont, a captain of the Middle regne's Red Company and champion of the baronage ycleped Andelcrag. We did fiht for a round of three bouts and Captain Redwald did dispatch me with grete skyl. A worthy and gallant man, Captain Redwald did bid me to send you his greetings and well tidings for your estat.

His royal highness, Prynce Malik, did then present to the champions the second question of the day that being, "What is honour?" Taking myn respyt and water from myn ladye wyf, I did dwell on this question. Some of the champions were fortunate in that they had answered this question erst and were prepared. To answers this question, I did relate how honour is a virtue that no one may see, but that a person can be knowne by it. It is something that we strive to maintain and to kepe in good stead. It is also something that we try to recreate in the ways that our ancestors did in their days, by testing ourselves agenest each other in combat that our ancestors did engage in. This is what honour is to me.

Alas myn memory fails me myn liege, for I cannot recall the names of those good champions that I did contend with in the final round of prowess. I did strive with the champion of the baronage ycleped Steirbach from our own regne of Atlantia. This champion did strike me cleanly with one blow to myn helme with grete skyl. He benignely allowed me to contest with hym in another two bouts, in which he was the victor. I did then approach a champion clothed in an blue tabard and who did bear a blazon of a mermaid, but again the champions were ycleped er we cowde begin our bout.

His royal highness, Prynce Malik, did then present to the champions the third question of the day, "Why dooth you fiht?" Though other champions admitted that they had been axed this question erst now, one even by his ladye wyf. I had been fortunate enough that myn own ladye wyf had not axed me this question.

J will admit, that I had axed this question of myn self for a very long time and it appeared that God wished for me to answers this question now. To the gallery did I present this answers. I hath axed this question of myn self many times. I first started learning the art of combat under the tutelage of the grete and preaux Duc Logan Ebonwoulfe. It took me two years er I completed myn own harness to wear. This might evidence that I lacked desire, perhaps even heart to endure combat.

It was not until this year, when I discovered the writings of Sir Vitus Von Atzinger of the Middle regne, flower of chyvalrie, that I found a purpose. Inspired, I did dooth a deed of arms of five counted blows in the English fashion at a Tourneyment of Chyvalrie agenest the noble Count Valharic Caligua Aurelius.

On this very field, in the bataille did I find grete hyht this day. I was with his excellency when we coom across a lone knyght of the opposing army. Though ter were two of us, I followed myn liege's lead and we did not engage this knyght. Then on the knyghtes right side, unviewed, an ally of ours rushed forward as yif to engage the knight. Myn liege did crie out, "Sir Knyght beware on your right". This, I felt, was a true act of honour and something to strive for.

I now have a reason to fiht, to fiht not only for myn self but I fiht for the honour of myn baroness, myn baronage, myn liege, and the honour of myn ladye wyf. I fiht to recreate this hyht that I experienced and hath found on this field with these champions this day. This is why I fiht.

After the last champion answered the question, Prynce Malik did express his gratitude to the champions that had come forth and expressed his desire to hold the field agenest all of the champions. As the champions arayed, I did approach the lord who I had started to hath a bout with and expressed to hym, that you, myn liege, would not approve of me starting a bout of arms that I did not finish. He was agreeable to this and we did strive in egre combat apart from our fellows, where God showed me favor and I struck a clean blow to his helme. I did thank hym for the bout and we proceeded to join the aray of champions contending with his royal highness.

In time, it did coom myn turn to bere arms agenest Prynce Malik. Approaching his royal highness, I did express that though I am burel in the ways of kingdoms it was myn understanding that the lands of Atlantia and Ealdormere were not allies in this bickering that hight Pennsic. I did say that I wished to bere arms agenest his royal highness, but I did desire for there to be no malice held towards myn knyght, myn baroness, myn ladye, nor myn regne.

His royal highness did express that he held a fondness in his heart for you, myn liege, and he did bid me to send you his greetings and to recount for you the deeds done on this day. He also requested that I bere hym no malice and bere myn arms agenest hym in honoure combat. We then took our stances and I was able to twice strike ful swithe his defense er Prynce Malik struck me cleanly on the helme with grete skyl. I cried the blow good and well struck and thanked hym for allowing me to bere arms agenest hym this day.

Prynce Malik did engage in a few more bouts with other champions er Sir Kieran did announce that the gallery had cast their vote and requested Prynce Malik to cast his. It was announced that with Prynce Malik's vote cast that ter was a tie bitwix Ladye Isabelle d'Avallon, champion of the baronage ycleped Atenveldt, whom I did not hath the opportunity to fiht, but did greet er the tourneyment, and Serjant Donas Mcnair. In order to resolve this tie, it was decided that a fourth question would be posed to the pair of gallant champions. This question was unique, in that Prynce Malik's page had posed this question earlier to the gallery and would now be presented to the champions. Each champion was to tell, "What valor is."

Serjant Donas and Ladye Isabelle answered the question in a manner digne of reverence and their words did stir the herte of many a present. For these two champions did appear to be cut from a semblable cloth, in the nature of their answer and their dedication to the pursuit of chyvalrie. I was most honoured to hath been able to strive in arms with these good gentiles and to know the names of both. In the end, did Ladye Isabelle's answer be found to be the most worthy and she was gifted with a bawdryk displaying the blazons of the kingdoms of the knowne world and the renoun of being known as the champion of the knowne world's baronage.

These things I saw with myn tweye eyen, and yif ter be error in it, I pray that others instruct me, for I desire nothing but the truth of the matter to be told. May God bless all good gentiles who read this chronicle, and may the Lord bryngen hem to good ends, and I pray that they may never fall into the hands of the unjust, the wicked and cruel.

I, Cyriac Grymsdale, chronicler of worthy stories and deeds, do most humbly send greetings and prayers for good time of day to my liege, Count Valharic Caligua Aurelius, Knight of Atlantia. It is my honor, to relate the story of a day's tourney held upon the sixteenth day of Augustus Annus Soceitus XXXVIII, where I was present and engaged in a feat of arms. On this day Sir Kieran Annachie MacLeod, Lion of the Middle Kingdom, did issue forth for a fourth year, a proclamation of a tourney. This tourney was to be held for the champions of the Baronies of the Known world, and to be held in the Debated Lands during the war named Pennsic.

On the morning of the day, fully armed for the battle of the field that day, did I request a boon of the lovely and gracious Baroness Kisaiyia Zingara. It was known to me that Her Excellency's champion had been unable to travel due to matters of his estate and it was my desire to represent her and the Barony called the Sacred Stone in this noble and glorious tournament. Her Excellency did grant me my boon and agreed to accompany me to the tournament, God keep her.

After fighting in the battle of the field and fulfilling my duties to you my liege, I did retire to the encampment of the Barony called the Sacred Stone in time to refresh myself for the tournament and cloth myself in a tabard with the blazon of the barony, vert an argent double headed phoenix. Armed again, I did escort Her Excellency to the field for the tournament where my beautiful and talented lady wife, Lidia de Ragusa, did join us. Arriving before the host of the tourney, Her Excellency did take comfort in the shade on the field, and met with the barons and baronesses present with great cheer.

Shortly there after, Sir Kieran did arrive from his toils of other battles to greet the baronies of the known world, and allow other baronies time to join. We were then graced with the arrival of the noble Prince Malik 'abd al-Rahman ibn al-Safa al-Kariim of the Kingdom of Ealdormere. Sir Kieran made known that Prince Malik was the previous year's champion of the tournament. The champions did then present their barons and baroness and themselves to Sir Kieran and Prince Malik. After the baronies had taken their ease in the gallery, each champion did cry forth their name, the barony they hailed from, and their accomplishments. It was with great honor, that I announced myself as your man at arms and that I was fighting on behalf of the esteemed baroness called Kisaiyia Zingara. We were then instructed that the champions would display their prowess until the gallery chose a question to ask us. The champions would then have a respite until all had answered the question and then take up their arms, this would occur three times.

I did have the pleasure to begin the tourney with a lord who I believe hails from your household called Lord Radagaisus Vidigoia Balthi known as Rutger, Serjant of the Middle Kingdom's Red Company and champion of the Barony called Cleftlands, and agreed to my quest to begin the bout with a round of three counted blows in the English fashion. After a flurry of traded blows, he showed great prowess and smote me three times upon my left leg during our exchange.

I did engage with two other worthy brothers at arms afterwards, one who wielded two swords wearing a sable baldric with a blazon of a gold castle turret and Lord Jibril al-Dhakhil, champion of the crown province of Ostgardr, bearing the blazon of argent, a

falcon rising sable and on a chief rulgey vert a decrescent and a son argent. Both did defeat me after a time with blows to the helm. I complimented both of them on their prowess at the end of our bouts and found hem to be gracious gentlemen.

I then had the pleasure of meeting Lord Donas McNair, Serjant of the Middle Kingdom's Red Company and champion of the Barony called Roaring Wastes. Alas before we could begin our bout in earnest we were called before the gallery for our first question.

His Royal Highness, Prince Malik, did then present to the champions the question of, "What does it mean to be a champion of a barony?" Each champion did take their turn after their ease and announce himself or herself to the gallery before answering the question. Many were the noble answer given to this question.

For myself, the answer was that though I am not the titled champion of the barony called the Sacred Stone, but in my heart I felt that the barony should be represented in this noble and glorious tournament. It was my pleasure and honor that my gracious baroness did grant me the boon to stand here before you all and to engage in honorable combat with the fine champions of the baronies of the known world today.

Being a champion, means to me that I represent my barony and its people. I strive to engage in noble deeds of arms, as our ancestors did before us, and to encourage others to travel this path. It was my privilege to say that Lord Rutger, who I first bore arms against, did engage me in a deed of three counted blows, in the English fashion, despite the battles that we have been in today. This is what it means to be a champion of my barony.

After all champions had answered the question, we did don our helm and arm ourselves for the second round of prowess. I found great joy when Serjant Donas did approach me so that we could finish our bout that we were unable to begin. I bear no shame in admitting that this great lord did smite me with one blow to the head very quickly to end our bout. God save this valiant and preaux man! He graciously allowed me the opportunity to bear arms against him in another two bouts. Though he was the winner of our bouts, I do feel that he is a brother in our desire to recreate the ways of our ancestors.

I did then find great joy again when I encountered a dear friend of yours my liege, Lord Redwald of Fremont, a captain of the Middle Kingdom's Red Company and champion of the Barony called Andelcrag. We did fight for a round of three bouts and Captain Redwald did dispatch me with great skill. A worthy and gallant man, Captain Redwald did bid me to send you his greetings and well tidings for your estate.

His Royal Highness, Prince Malik, did then present to the champions the second question of the day that being, "What is honor?" Taking my respite and water from my lady wife, I did dwell on this question. Some of the champions were fortunate in that they had answered this question previously and were prepared. To answer this question, I did relate how honor is a virtue that no one may see, but that a person can be known by it. It is something that we strive to maintain and to keep in good stead. It is also something that we try to recreate in the ways that our ancestors did in their days, by testing ourselves

against each other in combat that our ancestors did engage in. This is what honor is to me.

Alas my memory fails me my liege, for I cannot recall the names of those good champions that I did contend with in the final round of prowess. I did strive with the champion of the Barony called Steirbach from our own Kingdom of Atlantia. This champion did strike me cleanly with one blow to my helm with great skill. He graciously allowed me to contest with him in another two bouts, in which he was the victor. I did then approach a champion clothed in a blue tabard and who did bear a blazon of a mermaid, but again the champions were called before we could begin our bout.

His Royal Highness, Prince Malik, did then present to the champions the third question of the day, "Why do you fight?" Though other champions admitted that they had been asked this question previously now, one even by his lady wife. I had been fortunate enough that my own lady wife had not asked me this question.

I will admit, that I had asked this question of myself for a very long time and it appeared that God wished for me to answer this question now. To the gallery did I present this answer. I have asked this question of myself many times. I first started learning the art of combat under the tutelage of the great and preaux Duke Logan Ebonwoulfe. It took me two years before I completed my own harness to wear. This might evidence that I lacked desire, perhaps even heart to endure combat.

It was not until this year, when I discovered the writings of Sir Vitus Von Atzinger of the Middle Kingdom, flower of chivalry, that I found a purpose. Inspired, I did do a deed of arms of five counted blows in the English fashion at a Tournament of Chivalry against the noble Count Valharic Caligua Aurelius.

On this very field, in the battle did I find great joy this day. I was with His Excellency when we came across a lone knight of the opposing army. Though there were two of us, I followed my liege's lead and we did not engage this knight. Then on the knight's right side, unviewed, an ally of ours rushed forward as if to engage the knight. My liege did cry out, "Sir Knight beware on your right". This, I felt, was a true act of honor and something to strive for.

I now have a reason to fight, to fight not only for myself but I fight for the honor of my baroness, my barony, my liege, and the honor of my lady wife. I fight to recreate this joy that I experienced and have found on this field with these champions this day. This is why I fight.

After the last champion answered the question, Prince Malik did express his gratitude to the champions that had come forth and expressed his desire to hold the field against all of the champions. As the champions arrayed, I did approach the lord who I had started to have a bout with and expressed to him, that you, my liege, would not approve of me starting a bout of arms that I did not finish. He was agreeable to this and we did strive in fierce combat apart from our fellows, where God showed me favor and I struck a clean blow to his helm. I did thank him for the bout and we proceeded to join the array of champions contending with His Royal Highness.

In time, it did come my turn to bear arms against Prince Malik. Approaching His Royal Highness, I did express that though I am unlearned in the ways of kingdoms it was my understanding that the lands of Atlantia and Ealdormere were not allies in this war that was named Pennsic. I did say that I wished to bear arms against His Royal Highness, but I did desire for there to be no malice held towards my knight, my baroness, my lady, nor my Kingdom.

His Royal Highness did express that he held a fondness in his heart for you, my liege, and he did bid me to send you his greetings and to recount for you the deeds done on this day. He also requested that I bear him no malice and bear my arms against him in honorable combat. We then took our stances and I was able to twice strike very quickly his defense before Prince Malik struck me cleanly on the helm with great skill. I cried the blow good and well struck and thanked him for allowing me to bear arms against him this day.

Prince Malik did engage in a few more bouts with other champions before Sir Kieran did announce that the gallery had cast their vote and requested Prince Malik to cast his. It was announced that with Prince Malik's vote cast that there was a tie between Lady Isabelle d'Avallon, champion of the Barony called Atenveldt, whom I did not have the opportunity to fight, but did greet before the tournament, and Serjant Donas Mcnair. In order to resolve this tie, it was decided that a fourth question would be posed to the pair of gallant champions. This question was unique, in that Prince Malik's page had posed this question earlier to the gallery and would now be presented to the champions. Each champion was to tell, "What valor is."

Serjant Donas and Lady Isabelle answered the question in a manner worthy of reverence and their words did stir the heart of many a present. For these two champions did appear to be cut from a similar cloth, in the nature of their answer and their dedication to the pursuit of chivalry. I was most honored to have been able to strive in arms with these good gentiles and to know the names of both. In the end, did Lady Isabelle's answer be found to be the most worthy and she was gifted with a baldric displaying the blazons of the kingdoms of the known world and the renown of being known as the champion of the known world's baronies.

These things I saw with my two eyes, and if there be error in it, I pray that others instruct me, for I desire nothing but the truth of the matter to be told. May God bless all good gentiles who read this chronicle, and may the Lord bring them to good ends, and I pray that they may never fall into the hands of the unjust, the wicked and cruel.

“Feat of Arms” Documentation Notes

Background

The Middle English language was the descendent from Old English and the vernacular was spoken and written during the time from about 1150 to 1500. Middle English developed following the Norman Conquest of England borrowing great numbers of words from the Norman French of the conquerors and eventually developed into modern English.

During the late fourteenth to the fifteenth century there was evidence of writers recording the history of tournaments, deeds of arms, and other events of that were found noteworthy. This is evidenced by the work of Jean Froissart. Froissart devoted his life to literature and is most known for his *Chronicles* in French that publicized chivalric feats and deeds of arms. The writings of Froissart also provide an important source of events that occurred during his era, particularly during the first half of the Hundred Years' War.

History

The majority of writings in England would have been found written in Italian or Latin, which meant that the writings were only available to the wealthy educated class. In order to reach a wider populace and gain popularity, writings needed to be written in Middle English. It was due to *The Canterbury Tales* written by Geoffrey Chaucer around the late fourteenth century, that Middle English became a common language.

The writings in Middle English contain word forms very different from those in modern English and today's readers may not be able to understand the language of these works without study. However, some dialects of Middle English resemble modern English and the meaning of something written in them can be understood.

Method

In writing the account of the feat of arms from Pennsic XXIII, I chose to write the story in a Modern English structure and use chosen Middle English terms to replace the current Modern English terms. In order to maintain the ease of readability, I decided to not try and write the story completely in Middle English.

Following the tradition of scholars, I decided to include a copy of the account written in Modern English instead of a glossary, so that it could be used as a reference for those words that might not be able to be inferred from the reading.

Observations

This is one of my first attempts to write a tournament account in period style. Although French and Latin are not languages in which I am knowledgeable, as I continue my study of period tournament accounts, I will develop my ability to write more tournament accounts in a structure that mimics the original reports more closely.

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