



THE CITADEL

Newsletter of the Barony of Cynnabar in the Midrealm

Summer 2018

*Words from Their Excellencies
Baron Ermenrich and Baroness Kasha:*

Chronicler

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To Their most loyal and accomplished populace, Ermenrich and Kasha, by grace of Their Majesties Baron and Baroness of Cynnabar, send greetings, good health, and prosperity.

Many of you are aware that the Baronial seneschal is in the middle of negotiations with the caretakers of a potential new meeting site. In the meantime, brief business meetings are taking place before armored and rapier fighter practice on Thursday evenings at 7:00 pm in Community Center Park on East Clark Road in Ypsilanti (across the street from the Ypsilanti Township Community Center). The park has picnic tables, shady areas, and a playground, so please bring your family and join the Barony on Thursdays.

The beautiful summer weather also sees Us preparing for Pennsic War, which will be held from July 27 - August 12. His Excellency Ermenrich will attend for the entire two-week period. We will hold Baronial Court at Pennsic on Wednesday, August 8; this year's theme is Commedia dell'Arte and will feature a commedia performance, so dig out your masks and your most extravagant clothing. If you would

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like to camp with Cynnabar and have not yet done spoken with Sir Straum or Lady Tigwyn, please do so immediately.

Another event approaching quickly is Cynnabar's Ruby Jubilee on August 31 - September 2, when Cynnabar will celebrate its twentieth year as a Barony and fortieth year as an SCA group. This weekend camping event will feature a variety of activities and celebrations, as well as food and drinks for everyone, so please let Us know whether to expect you by registering at the Ruby Jubilee website.

Until then, may your serenity be well. And may your friends be well. May all those serving you always be well. And may your worthy houses thrive in peace and prosperity.

Written this twenty-eighth day of the sixth month, in the fourth year of Our investiture, in Our Barony of Cynnabar.



Nostradamus and the Fruits of Summer

By

THL Johnnae llyn Lewis, CE

Simply mention the name Nostradamus, and the modern audience is already primed for a tale of infamy and magical spells. The subject of several rather bad “historical” television programs such as 1981’s “The Man Who Saw Tomorrow” narrated by a rather droll Orson Welles and the newer 2002 Discovery Channel far more serious program “Nostradamus: A Skeptical Inquiry,” Nostradamus is best known now as the infamous sixteenth century prophet, the Seer of Provence, and as the author of popular almanacs and, lastly a series of vague mystical writings titled the Les Propheties or the Centuries. The multi-volumed “book” in 942 quatrains is reputed to have predicted such people and events as Napoleon, Hitler, World Wars One and Two, the Kennedy assassinations, the horror of 9/11 and of course most recently, the presidency of Donald Trump. Nostradamus remains a mainstay of popular culture; there’s even been a rock opera. His likeness along with new alarming headlines predicting the Apocalypse, plague, war and famine still often greet shoppers in those remaining 21st century supermarket tabloids. Books, including graphic novels, bearing his name still crowd best seller’s lists. The internet has only added to his fame or perhaps infamy. Google the name Nostradamus and be greeted with almost 500,000 matches; Google Books alone lists 436,000 results.

Now known more simply as Nostradamus, Michel le Nostredame or Michel de Nostradamus or even Michael Nostradamus, was indeed a real person who lived from 1503-1566 in France where he is described as “fameux mede’cin et astrologue.” Like his French contemporary, the author Rabelais, Nostradamus received medical training at Montpellier, but was dismissed before graduation because his previous employment as a wandering apothecary and herbalist was grounds for immediate expulsion. What is little known about Nostradamus and overlooked by many others is that besides the later activities associated with astrology, the predictions and the fortune telling, Nostradamus was at least a partially trained medical professional of his time and was especially noted in that time for his skills in the preparation of certain cosmetics and remedies for plague. Historian Mary Hyman notes French medicine in the sixteenth century consisted of surgery, dietetics, and lastly pharmaceuticals and medicines. Working in the latter area, apothecaries worked with very precious ingredients, one of which was sugar. Nostradamus’ medical studies and later work married into that of the apothecary and hence the confectionary or “sugar” arts. That he originally came from Provence and settled in the village of Salon, has been commented upon as well, as the region to this day has a noted reputation for various sweets and preserves. Food historian Toussaint-Samat feels Nostradamus gained much from the combination of raw

as “fameux mede’cin et astrologue.” Like his French contemporary, the author Rabelais, Nostradamus received medical training at Montpellier, but was dismissed before graduation because his previous employment as a wandering apothecary and herbalist was grounds for immediate expulsion. What is little known about Nostradamus and overlooked by many others is that besides the later activities associated with astrology, the predictions and the fortune telling, Nostradamus was at least a partially trained medical professional of his time and was especially noted in that time for his skills in the preparation of certain cosmetics and remedies for plague. Historian Mary Hyman notes French medicine in the sixteenth century consisted of surgery, dietetics, and lastly pharmaceuticals and medicines. Working in the latter area, apothecaries worked with very precious ingredients, one of which was sugar. Nostradamus’ medical studies and later work married into that of the apothecary and hence the confectionary or “sugar” arts. That he originally came from Provence and settled in the village of Salon, has been commented upon as well, as the region to this day has a noted reputation for various sweets and preserves. Food historian Toussaint-Samat feels Nostradamus gained much from the combination of raw ingredients found in Provence along with commonly and long held Moorish and Italian confectionary influences of the region.

So, it was in the 1550s that Nostradamus published the small text of recipes under discussion here. (This was prior to the publication of the first volume of *Les Propheties* or *Centuries* of 1555.) Exact titles for various editions are given at the end of this article; I shall refer to the confectionary parts here as: *Traité des confitures* for the ease of the reader. The work may have been first published in 1552, based upon certain textual references; if so, there are no surviving copies of that edition. The first edition which survives was published in 1555 in Lyon. Henry Notaker in his comprehensive bibliography of cookbooks notes new editions under various titles appeared

in 1556, 1557, 1560, 1567, 1569, and 1572. (Notaker, p15)

Nostradamus' recipe work was written with much consideration and shows a practical and practiced hand at the subject of cosmetics and confectionary. For what must been an audience seeking recipes which could be prepared by or for upper class ladies or "pleasant persons" at their leisure, he included much practical advice on the use of sugar versus honey in preparing certain preserves of fruits. This was a transitional period when the merits of sugar for certain preparations were being recognized and being promoted. Nostradamus recognized this situation, and he even goes far as to state:

"If I am to tell the truth, however, it is certain and there is no doubt about it that sugar is best for preserving jelly, because it will keep for a longer time. However, one can do as he likes in such matters, but as far as I am concerned, I award the honours to items preserved in sugar." [Boeser, p.128]

It should also be noted that, unlike the almanacs and the prophecies, the confectionary work was not published in English until the 1990s. Whereas other books of secrets, such as those by Alessio were known in a number of languages and editions and printed for decades, Nostradamus's recipe collection appeared in just French and German editions and was not reprinted after 1589.

Traité des confitures contains recipes or instructions for the making of wet or liquid sweets and in another section instructions for the making of dry preserves such as candied nuts and seeds. There are thirty major recipes (with variations noted) for such things as fruit peels, walnuts, clarifying sugar, cherries, roots, ginger, almonds, quinces, and marzipan. The elixirs

section deals with the preparation of various soaps, waters and oils. Those potion recipes are as detailed as the confectionary ones. Those interested in preparing summer fruits for preservation will find recipes for citrus fruits, cherries, walnuts, fresh ginger, quince, pears, and pine-nuts.

One suspects Nostradamus sold his fortunes, prophecies, his popular annual Almanac, and in time his recipes much as he vended his various cures and concoctions. This is what the marketplace desired, and this is what he in turn provided. Nostradamus lost his first wife and two children to an outbreak of plague. He remarried and had six more children. To support his family, he worked then as an apothecary, medical doctor, seller of remedies to prevent the plague, and as a writer of the popular almanacs and texts which contained predictions. During his lifetime he rose to the position of court physician and royal counselor; he was sought out by the nobility for fortunes and astrological readings. One senses in many ways that he worked very hard to make a living in a turbulent time.

For those interested in the confectionary arts, Nostradamus *Traité des confitures* will prove to be insightful and delightful reading. Predictions can be safely made that readers will find themselves in kitchens trying various concoctions and recipes while mulling over the advice of sugar versus honey when preserving this or that fruit after reading the charming text.

Availability:

There are a number of ways in which interested readers can find and read Nostradamus' confectionary recipes. I have owned a facsimile version of the *Traite des Confitures* dated 1557 since the 1970s and have purchased a number of other editions through the years.

The Bibliothèque Nationale of France catalogues the first edition in 2018 as:

Nostradamus (1503-1566)

[Excellent & moult utile opusculé à tous nécessaire, qui desirent avoir cognoissance de plusieurs exquisés receptes, divisé en deux parties [Texte imprimé]. La première traicte de diverses facons de fardemens & senteurs pour illustrer & embellir la face. La seconde nous monstre la façon & maniere de faire confitures de plusieurs sortes... Nouvellement composé par maistre Michel de Nostredame, docteur en medecine de la ville de Salon de Craux en Provence... .] Publication: (Lyon: A. Volant, 1555.)

Description matérielle : 228-[11] p. ; in-8 Autre(s) forme(s) du titre :

- Excellent et utile opusculé à tous nécessaire qui désirent savoir et avoir connaissance de plusieurs exquisés recettes, divisé en deux parties Notice n° : FRBNF37306547

While this entry seems straight forward enough, works by Nostradamus and information about the confectionary text are published and recorded under a variety of spellings and under a number of variations of the author's given name. Titles also vary. Variations for the name include: Michel de Nostredame; Notredame, Michel de; Nostredame, Michel de; De Notredame, Michel; De Nostredame, Michel; Nostradamus, Michel; Nostradamus, Michael; Nostre Dame, Michel de. Most of these are rejected now in professional cataloguing or in bibliographies in favor of the author being listed as: Nostradamus or Nostradamus, Michael. They often appear with the additional helpful SEE reference of:

Nostredame, Michel de see : Nostradamus. This also does not mean older bibliographies or catalogues won't list the earlier entries. Most often one

Finds the confectionary text under: Nostradamus, 1503-1566. Traité des confitures.

One might think that one could find the work easily under a subject heading, but even here subject headings for the confectionary book range from Gastronomy; Medicine; Preserves; 16th century; Confectionery; Cosmetics; Cookery (Jam); Cookery—early works to 1800, Fruit Utilization + Processing, etc.

The easiest way to locate a copy if one has online access, Adobe Acrobat, and a fast connection is to look at the Bibliotheque Nationale's scanned edition online through Gallica. The work online is:

Nostradamus. Excellent & moult utile opusculé à tous necessaie.

Publication: 1555. <http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k79259s?rk=21459;2>

Digitized or scanned images with the confitures' section begins fol. 133ff, and you may jump ahead to that section by inserting 133 into the pagination box. If the link fails to work, (the Bibliotheque Nationale often revises their online access points), try inserting the author and title into the search boxes and find the scanned book that way.

For those interested in German editions, it should be noted there was a 1572 Augsburg edition, followed by additional printings in 1573 and 1589. The title begins: MICHAELIS NOSTRADAMI. Google Books has a scanned copy of the 1572 edition online. <https://tinyurl.com/yafmjbsa>

Another online source offering a 1555 edition is the website: Repertoire Chronologique Nostradamus. It offers free editions of works by Nostradamus, but be forewarned the website changes or modifies addresses or access often. The text of the Traité des confitures appears here: <http://www.propheties.it/biblio/0011.pdf> [valid as of mid 2018.]

Modern editions may be purchased and include:

Nostradamus, Michael. *Traite des Confitures. Le Vray et Parfaict Embellissement* 1557. Paris: Gutenberg Reprints, 1979. [Facsimile of the 1557 edition entitled *La façon et manière de faire toutes confitures liquides, tant en sucre, miel, qu'en vin cuit*. This is noted as the famous “Texte imprimé” published at Antwerp by C. Plantin in 1557, two years after the original edition was published at Lyon. The spine title reads: *Traité des confitures* with running titles of: *La maniere de faire divers lavemens* and *La maniere de faire confitures*.]

Nostradamus. *Tratado de las Confituras*. Edicion a cargo de Manuel Serrat Crespo. Barcelona: Editorial Barcanova, 1982. 84-7533-006-1 Spanish language edition based on the Orban edition below. 31 recipes

Nostradamus. *Des Confitures*. Presentation et adaptation Fabrice Guerin. Paris: Olivier Orban, 1981. 2-85565-173-5 152 pp. French edition. 31 recipes.

Boesler, Knut. *The Elixirs of Nostradamus. Nostradamus' Original Recipes for Elixirs, Scented Water, Beauty Potions And Sweetmeats*. Transcribed by Carola Friedrichs-Friedlander. London: Bloomsbury, c1994, 1995, 1996. [Wakefield, R.I. : Emeryville, CA : Moyer Bell ; Distributed in North America by Publishers Group West, ISBN: 1559211555 (cloth)]

This edition was first published in Germany by Rowohlt Taschenbuch Verlag GmbH in 1994. Boesler based his work on the German edition which appeared in Augsburg in 1572. This is the first English translation of the work and given that it's been translated from the original French into German and then into modernized German before being translated into English, the term “lost in translation” may be applied to parts of it. The book is out of print but widely available in the used book markets at very

reasonable prices. It's worth buying or interlibrary loaning in as it's readable and presented in a modern font and spacing. The recipes can be easily read and adapted by a wide audience. There are 17 recipes for potions and 23 for sweets and confections. If the book is being used for an arts and sciences entry, one, for accuracy sake, should check the language of any recipe against the wording of the original French edition.

Other editions include:

Degaudenzi, Jean-Louis. *Les Recettes de Nostradamus: Recettes Culinaires et Secrets de Beauté, Traité des Confitures, des Vins Aphrodisiaques, des Plantes et des Cosmétiques*. Paris: Losfield, 1999. 209 pp. 2844120210.

Daudelin, Éric. *Fruits & Confiture: Photographies*. [Montréal]: É. Daudelin, [1982?]. A limited edition containing material from: ["La seconde partie contenant la façon et manière de faire toutes confitures liquids...., par Michael Nostradamus."]

Nostradamus. *Manières de faire toutes confitures*. Edition par Clara Schmidt; préface de Richard Roudaut. Paris: Parangon-Aventurine, 2001. 89 p. French language. 2841900460

Kosta-Thefaine, Jean-Francois. *Traite des confitures*. Paris: Imago, 2010. 134pp.?

Nostradamus. *Des confitures*. Gravures de Mario Avati. Paris: Les Bibliophiles de, 2010. Expensive limited press edition, priced currently at \$1500.

Additional Reading:

Crum, Maddie. "Nostradamus' Recipe For Cherry Jelly." *The Huffington Post*, TheHuffingtonPost.com, 8 Jan. 2013,

www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/01/08/nostradamus-recipe_n_2424491.html.
[<http://fxcuisine.com/Default.asp?language=2&Display=200&resolution=high> contains the recipe.]

Dickey, Colin. "Nostradamus Predicts...you'll Have an Excellently Tasty Breakfast!" Botched & Ecstatic, 15 Aug. 2011,
botchedandecstatic.tumblr.com/post/8954281467/nostradamus-predictsyoull-have-an-excellently.

Eakins, Emily. "Suddenly, It's Nostadamus, the Best Seller." New York Times, Tuesday, September 18, 2001. pp. E1, E6.

Foden, Giles. "Nostradamus and his pot of jam." The Guardian. 1 April 2006.
<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2006/apr/01/featuresreviews.guardianreview1>

Holloway, Johnna. "The Confitures of Nostradamus." Tournaments Illuminated. Fall 2004. Issue 152. pp. 18-20.

Hyman, Mary. "The Apothecary's Table." Slow Food. The International Herald of Taste, No. 16. January-March 2000. Web.
http://www.slowfood.com/img_sito/riviste/slow/EN/16/marmellate.html

Hyman, Mary. "Les menus choses qui ne sont de nécessité: les confitures et la table." Du Manuscrit à la Table. Montreal: Champion-Slatkine/Presse de l'Université de Montréal 1992, pp. 273-284.

Larousse Gastronomique. New York: Clarkson Potter / Publishers, 2001.

Livres en Bouche. Cinq Siecles d'Art Culinaire Francais, du Quatorzieme au Dix-Huiteme Siecle. Paris: Bibliotheque Nationale de France, 2001.

Mason, Laura. Sugar-Plums and Sherbet. The Prehistory of Sweets. Totnes, Devon, U.K.: Prospect Books, 1998.

Notaker, Henry. A History of Cookbooks. From Kitchen to Page over Seven Centuries. Oakland, CA: University of California Press, 2017.

Notaker, Henry. Printed Cookbooks in Europe, 1470-1700. New Castle, DE: Oak Knoll Press, 2010.

Sabban, Francise and Silvano Serventi. La Gastronomie a la Renaissance. [Paris:] Editions Stock, 1997.

Six Siecles de Confitures. Edited by Gilles & Laurence Laurendon. Paris: Payot, 1997. [Recettes choisies, annotees et prefacees by the editors.]

Toussaint-Samat, Maguelonne. History of Food. Translated by Anthea Bell. 1987. Cambridge, MA and Oxford, UK: Blackwell Reference, 1992.

Wheaton, Barbara Ketcham. Savoring the Past. The French Kitchen and Table from 1300 to 1789. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press, 1983. New York: Touchstone, 1996.

Willan, Anne with Mark Cherniavsky. The Cookbook Library. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 2012.

Online Resources used to verify titles include: Worldcat; Library of Congress; Bibliotheque Nationale.

Note: Websites and articles on Nostradamus come and go. Hyperlinks are often broken. For instance, at one time it was possible to find and use the confections book under “Traité des fardemens et confitures. English translation copyright (c) Peter Lemesurier. 2000.

<http://www.propheties.it/nostradamus/1555opuscole/opuscole.html> . That link no longer works and the translation appears to have vanished. Be warned.

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The Raptor's Tale Part 2

By THL Jack Black of Flint aka BlackJack

The sun was just beginning to set as The Raptor's crew secured the harbor pilot's skiff to the side. Cap'n "Black" Jack Flint, Lord and Master of the ship, extended a hand to the short, heavy set man climbing the ladder up to the deck.

"Here ye be, lad, lemme give ye a hand," Flint spoke quietly as he pulled the man on deck. "Welcome aboard me ship, lad, now, tell me who ye are?"

In a snooty tone, the man looked at Flint and spoke. "I am Sebastien Philippe de La Havre, Harbor Master for His Royal Majesty, King Henry IV, and I demand to know who YOU are, coming into my harbor on the evening tide. Protocol dictates that you shall wait the night outside the port, and have your ship brought in on the morning tide."

Flint grinned and replied, "Ye obviously were'na listenin, lad, since I told ye who I was. But since ye seem ta be a bit thick headed, I'll say it again. I be Captain BlackJack Flint, this is me ship. I'm in Calais on business, and I'll be thankin ye ta get me ship ta the docks, so that I can get ABOUT me business. The ladies waitin fer me don' like ta be kept waitin."

De La Havre looked at Flint and asked, “Just who would you have business with at this hour of the night? There are NO good businesses open after sundown, so you MUST be up to trouble!”

“If’n ye REALLY wanna know, me business be with the Maison de la Rouge. I’m fairly certain ye’ve heard of them, and I KNOW King Henry has. So, if’n ye please, get yer pudgy arse up to the wheel, and tell me helmsman where I can put me damned ship, afore I get angry, cut yer damned throat, and toss ye overboard now!”, Flint growled in a low, menacing tone. The man yelped, and ran to the wheel, to aid Mr. Bradley in docking the ship. Flint chuckled softly and winked at his first mate, Mr. Thomas, over the harbor master’s head. “Amazin just what kind of power Madame Sylvie’s name has, isn’t it, lads?”

Two hours later, with the ship safely secured to the pier, Flint was giving orders to Mr. Thomas. “All right lad, I’m taking a small chest with a sampling of the jewels and cloth to Madame Sylvie. Keep the rest secure and dry, and I am willin ta bet that she’ll have a cart here tomorrow sometime to get the rest. Keep the mid and day watches aboard, liberty for the rest. Standard port rules apply, no booze or women aboard, and start checkin fer damage to both the ship and provisions in the morn.” Thomas saluted, and Flint walked down the gangplank, chest under his left arm.

Walking down the pier, Flint noticed a shadow in a doorway. He casually dropped a throwing blade from a hidden sheath into his palm. As he got within range to throw, the shadow spoke. “Stay yer blade, brother. It’s me, Magnus.” The shadow stepped forward, and it was as if the shadows themselves took form.

Magnus Pale, as he was known, was a wiry man, known for his expertise at

gathering information, as well as more “artistic” talents. “Madame Sylvie sent me to watch fer ya. There’s strange things afoot, brother, I suggest we away quickly. I’ve already sent a coded message to yer Mr. Thomas advising him to prepare to put to sea as quickly as possible. I’ve horses this way.” Pale moved quickly towards a small alcove between two buildings, leading out two saddled horses. Flint began to secure the chest behind his saddle as he spoke.

“A’right Magnus, what the bloody hell is goin on? I’ve not even been in port two hours, and a’ready I’m in trouble? Even I am not THAT good.” And then a thought struck him. “The Elizabeth’s Pride. Bloody hell, that damned clumsy captain was related to someone important, wasn’t she????” The two men began to ride towards the south gate before Magnus spoke again.

“Ye know, BlackJack, all the years I’ve known ye, I’ve never known ye to make a move that stupid. Ye took out a ship belonging to the Queen of England, and killed one of her royal cousins.” Magnus raised a hand to cut off complaint, and continued. “That man was apparently one of Elizabeth’s favorite cousins, whom she thought highly of. Now the word is that her pet Privateer, Sir Francis Drake is after ye. I’ve orders ta get ye to the Maison de la Rouge, and let ye discuss things with Sylvie. Now let’s get out of here, while the gold I paid the guards at the gate to let us by is still worth somethin!”

With that, both men put their heels to horse, and galloped through the dark streets of Calais, into the night.

After about two hours of hard riding to the south and east, the men slowed the horses to a walk. Flint thought a few moments, then addressed Magnus again. “Tell me, brother, what news of the House? Business is well, I hope? I’m not goin ta get attacked by Sylvie’s brutes when I walk in there, am I?”

Magnus laughed heartily. “And what if they do, my brother? You know as well as I do that every single one of them was trained by the two of us sittin here, and I know full well ye didna show them ALL yer tricks, just as I held “Aye, lad. Straight on til mornin. Even I can’t get lost here... I’ve made this journey too many times. I’ll see ye after?”

“Aye, BlackJack. After. No worries about the cart, the arrangements have been made, the rest of the goods for the house should be offloaded and on their way by dawn. Tell Sylvie that she should expect the rest of the goods in two days. Try to stay outta trouble, a’right?” Magnus turned his horse, waved, and rode off into the darkness. Flint continued on his way to his final stop for the evening.

The sunrise found a tired dirty man approaching a large mansion, set in the middle of nowhere, on a lane lined with shade trees. As he saw the mansion grow in his vision, he pulled himself up straighter in the saddle, attempting to look more awake than he felt.. As he got within range, Flint could make out the bowmen on the roof, as well as the slack way that the men at the gate were only half watching him. Chuckling softly, Flint dropped his throwing knife from it’s hidden sheath yet again, knowing he was going to get to use it this time.

As he got into throwing range, one guard finally took notice of him, too late. The guard never even saw Flint move, and found his right shoulder pinned to the wooden door he was leaning against. The second guard quickly found himself in a similar predicament, as he was also pinned. Flint then quickly jumped from the saddle, drawing a pistol in his left hand, and cutlass in his right.

“Now, lads, I know ye were taught better than that. Why in the hells are ye sittin here lettin yerself be taken so easily? This isn’t what Madame Sylvie pays ye for, is it? Or are ye getting lazy with the knowledge that yer Mistress be getting so powerful that most think it folly ta attack her?” Both men looked at each other, and didn’t answer. Flint laughed, and continued. “Do ye not even recognize the man who trained ye both? I realize it’s been nigh on a year since I’ve been gone, but do ye both have rocks in yer skulls?”

At the last statement, the doors began to open, dragging the stuck guards with it. Flint laughed at the two tripping over their feet as they were dragged into the grounds. As the doors came fully open, Flint found himself face to face with Madame Sylvie’s Housecarl.

“Captain, I see you have made it here safely, including your usual theatrics. Madame Sylvie is waiting for you in the main lounge. Breakfast will be there shortly as well. However, looking at and smelling you, I think a bath and clean clothes would be in order first. I shall tell Madame Sylvie that you are delayed.” The Housecarl clapped his hands, and servants came forward. Two stable boys quickly took the horse towards the stables, while a third handed the chest from behind the saddle to Flint. “I shall take that to Madame Sylvie, so that she may inspect the contents whilst you are in your bath, Captain.” Flint, knowing he would not win this battle, chose silence, handing over the chest, and allowing two more servants to lead him to the bathing area.

Two hours later, Flint found himself freshly scrubbed, shaved, and in clean clothes. He walked into Madame Sylvie’s main lounge, feeling quite relaxed. As he approached, he saw Sylvie sitting at the large round table, the chest he carried in front of her.

“Madame Sylvie,” Flint spoke, as he knelt, kissing her hand. “It does my heart good to see you well. I trust ye’ve had few problems in my absence? Magnus was as norm, maddeningly short on details.” He then took a seat next to her, which seemed to be the cue for servants to bring out platters of steaming eggs, sausage, croissants, and tea. Flint fell to with a will, piling food on the plate in front of him, while he waited for Sylvie to speak.

Pouring them both a cup of tea, Flint leaned back in his chair. “Well, Madame, it would appear that ye’ve the advantage in our dealings this day. Whilst I agree with ye, that I must need put to sea quickly, I will trust that our previous business arrangements will set the tone of our futures, and that you will deal fairly. We’ve known each other too long, since before you started this household, and know too much about each other to hurt each other. Even Magnus doesn’t know the full extent of what we have done for each other in the past. Some secrets of yours I will take to the grave, as I gave my oath. That said, you are right, I must put out to sea quickly, but I need information first. I’m told that the “Elizabeth’s Pride” captain was a favored cousin of Queen Elizabeth herself, and that she has sent her fop after me.” Sylvie nodded, and he continued. “What I need now, is to know his last known position, and any and all information concerning how he is currently traveling. Single ship, fleet, how many guns and crew he has. I need to determine what is going to be better, to attempt to hide, or take the battle to him.”

Sylvie took her cup of tea, and nodded. “I will attempt to get the information you need. You are right, Drake is a fop, but he is one of the most dangerous fops on the seas, from all accounts. His victories seven years ago against the Spanish will live forever.”

Flint thought for a few moments, and made his decision. “Okay, if you can

get the information about Drake's fleet, I would appreciate it. Use Magnus' network, and have it waitin' for me when I get to Lisbon. I don't really want ta be sailin' along the English coast right now, but if I can get enough of a lead, that will help. Also, let word get to Drake that I am runnin' fer the Cape of Good Hope. Just give me three days head start a'fore ye leak that information, if'n ye please. I think if the ship's ready ta sail when I get there, we can put out immediately. It'll take the better part of a week to get to Lisbon this time of year, but if we can get enough of a lead on Drake, we might be able to take him, and rid the world of him."

Sylvie looked at Flint, and sighed. "If you think that this is your best course of action, then I shall wish you luck. I think that mayhaps you are overreacting, but I have yet to get all of the information back on how close Elizabeth was to this cousin you killed. I shall pass your regrets to the others who wished to see you, as I do agree, you needs be off immediately. Magnus or one of his most trusted will be in Lisbon awaiting your arrival, and will have the most current and accurate information I can get for you. Please do travel safely, and come back in one piece. You have been part of our enterprise here from the beginning, and I would take it as a personal insult if someone were to remove you from my employ. Take care, my captain, and know that all within the Masion de la Rouge wish you and your crew a safe journey."

Flint stood, bowed, and began to walk away. Stopping at the door, he turned and grinned. "No worries, lass. If I'm destined to die at the hands of some fop, I'd have been killed years ago. I'll take care of Drake, and come back with some silks and spices for you in the bargain!" He then spun on his heel and walked off.

The Barony of Cynnabar presents

Ruby Jubilee

Friday, September 31, 2018 - Sunday, August 2, 2018

A Once-in-a-Lifetime Event

Join us at this special weekend encampment in a beautiful rustic atmosphere as we celebrate Cynnabar's 40 years with competitive prize tournaments, an elegant ball, delicious food, and all the pageantry we're known for.

- **Friday evening**

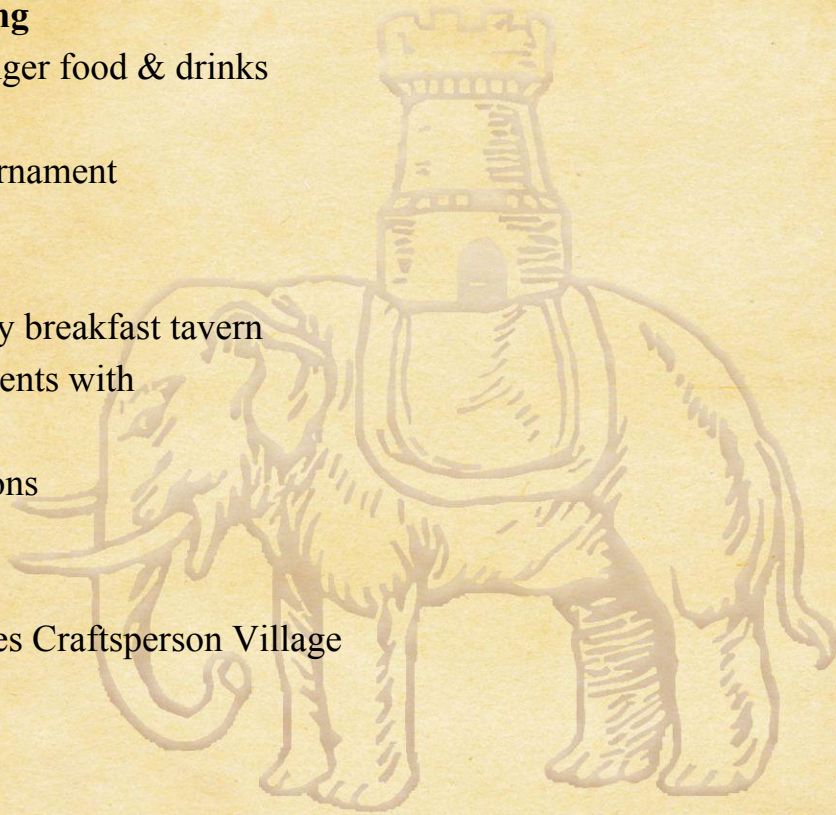
Soiree with finger food & drinks
Gambling
Torchlight tournament

- **Saturday**

Complimentary breakfast tavern
Team tournaments with
Archery
Thrown weapons
Rapier
Armored
Arts & Sciences Craftsperson Village
Lunch tavern
Baronial court
Potluck dinner
Evening ball

- **Sunday**

Complimentary breakfast tavern
Foot race
Regional armored and rapier practices
Archery woods walk
Lunch tavern



For more information, click here to visit our website: <https://www.cynnabar.org/rubyjubilee>