

F E W N E E T

N E W S L E T T E R O F T H E B A R O N Y O F T H E S C O R R E

W O R S E T H A N C A T S A T A L E F R O M M I S T R E S S D A E D R A

There was a widow, come listen to me,
 Who liv-ed out in the West Country,
 And a merry old woman was she, was she,
 Though her husband had been drown-ed in the deep salt sea.

To set your minds at rest, the widow in question made a comfortable living. Her husband had left her five fine fields, six sweet milk heifers, a gentle brown bull, and a profitable creamery to run. Between her snug cottage, well appointed barn, and resident family of cats, she was quite content. Of course, if that had been all there was to it, this would be a much shorter and less interesting tale.

Luckily or un, the widow had a son: a greedy grump, who worked much harder at hanging onto his mother’s money than he did at helping her make it. Grumble, as he would, about the work and --to his way of thinking—narrow profit margin, the wretch didn’t really care how well off his mother was. What mattered to him was that the more she had, the more he got.

If she asked him to weed the garden, he’d do the vegetables, but complain about the flowers. It took much too long, and besides: what good were posies. “Get goats,” he’d whine, “Let THEM eat the marigolds and petunias. There’d be less to weed, and we could sell the cheese.”

His mother would then point out that she’d need help milking the goats, as she already had her hands full taking care of the cows, but her son was nearly as good at ignoring hints as she was at ignoring his faults, and so they contrived to scrape along together for a good many years.

One evening, after a particularly wearisome day of milking, churning, and preparing fresh cheese for market, the widow announced that she was going out. Her cousin, whose son Jack was a clever one to be sure, had invited her to dinner and she was all agog to hear about Jack’s latest exploits.

“I’m sure she’d have asked you, too, dear,” the widow said, as she donned her bonnet and headed for the door, “but she knew that SOMEONE would have to feed the cows this evening if there’s to be milk tomorrow. I’ve left you a lovely dinner of stew with bread and a lump of sweet butter. It’s on the cupboard.” And with that she was off down the lane at a quicker pace than you might expect for a tired old woman.

Well, the young man grumbled, and lounged by the fire, and decided he’d need to rest before undertaking anything as strenuous as eating dinner and seeing that the cows got to eat, too. He kicked off his boots, stretched his toes towards the hearth, quaffed a cup of small ale, and took a nap.

When he woke up it seemed that there were cats everywhere. A pair of kittens were playing pounce with his toes. Their mother, a plump calico, was lapping at the last of the butter for his bread, and it seemed that the old ginger tom had already polished off the stew.

“By thunder!” the young man swore and would have wrung their necks if he could have



Art by Sorcha

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caught them easily... but they dodged the boot he threw and skittered and scrambled and ducked out of sight, even after he knocked over a crock of milk chasing them. Having failed to chastise even one of the miscreants, he finally pulled on his boots, and glaring and swearing stomped out to the barn to deal with the cows.

“Cats!” He muttered to himself, “Damn Cats! There’s nothing worse than cats!” His temper was in no whit lessened when a lean black stray had the nerve to brush up against his leg as he entered the barn. “You!” he bellowed, snatching the stranger up by the scruff of its neck. “Sneaking in here like all those other mangy thieves! You’ve been stealing the cream from the top of the milk buckets, haven’t you? You and your kind are nibbling away at my inheritance, you miserable creatures! I should kill you all and good riddance.”

“Sir!” cried the cat, which caused the young man to stop shaking him, as none of his mother’s cats had ever addressed him before, much less with such wounded dignity. “I assure you that I have never taken anything from you, indeed, I have never eaten so much as a morsel that I have not first earned.”

“What? What!” replied the young man, “Are you a liar as well as a thief?”

“Never so,” said the cat, “Though I am lately fallen on hard times, you see before you a feline paragon, the veritable king of cats.”

“A royal nuisance then,” sneered the widow’s son.

“Nay, Sir, I am a mouser par excellence, a hard worker, worthy of my due.”

“Feh!”

“Truly, Sir, you would do well to release me. It is no small thing to have the king of cats on your side.”

“I’d rather have your fur for a rug and the story of how I killed the king of cats to trade for drinks at the village inn,” his captor snarled, and dispatched the cat without further discussion. “So much for the king of cats.”

When he had finished tossing a scant meal of hay to each cow and only a little more to the bull, the young man took his trophy back to the house. The cats had gathered to clean up the spilled milk, and he took singular delight in tossing the dead cat among them. “See there, you fiends? I’ve killed the king of cats and may do as much to any of you I lay eyes or hands on again!”

There was a split second of silence, then the four cats rose as one, fluffed out to twice their accustomed size and with full-throated banshee wails leaped on the hapless lad. The calico raked his stomach. The ginger tom clawed his back. The kittens clung to his head, digging their claws into his scalp, as they bit his ears and swiped at his eyes. Round and round the cottage the young man flung himself, screaming for help and trying to pluck off his assailants, only to have them tear at his hands and arms. By the time he chanced to stumble over his mother’s broom and began to beat himself about the head and body with it in an attempt to dislodge his tormentors, the cats had abandoned their attack and vanished into the night... though it took him a good many hearty whacks with the broom before he reached that realization.

You may imagine the widow’s dismay and disbelief when she returned home somewhat later to find that to all appearances her home had been ransacked by vandals and her son all but flayed by tiny knives. The body of the king of cats had somehow disappeared in the fray, and thus there was nothing but the continued absence of her own cats to give credence to her son’s far-fetched explanation.

As time went on, however, and no cat could be purchased, lured, purloined or otherwise constrained to stay on her tland, the widow began to suspect that there was more of truth and less of ale in her son’s tale than she had initially believed.. What’s more, as mice descended in droves and hordes of rats arrived to thrive on the cows’ feed and their produce, the son was finally driven to understand that there was, in fact, something worse than cats, and that was no cats at all.



U P C O M I N G E V E N T S

February 7, 2009

Feast of the 7 Deadly Sins

Barony of Delftwood (Auburn, NY)

<http://seven-deadly-sins.delftwood.org/>

Come with us and tumble down the Tunnel of Time from the beautiful Barony of Delftwood in Syracuse NY, into the streets of medieval Siracusa in Sicily! The Feast of the Seven Deadly Sins will make its' appearance on Saturday, February 7th, 2009, within the Ukrainian National Club, 125 Washington St, Auburn NY, 13021. Doors will open at 9:00 a.m. and close promptly at 11:00 p.m.

February 12-14, 2009

Ice Festival Demo

Barony of Endless Hills (Clarks Summit, PA)

February 21-22, 2009

Rattan Symposium

Shire of Blackwater (Olean, NY)

February 21, 2009

Imbolc 2009

Shire of Nithgaard (Centre Hall, PA)

February 27 - March 1, 2009

Tournament of the White Hart

Shire of Port Oasis

February 28, 2009

Minohi (the festival of the snake).

Barony-Marche of Debatable Lands (Allison Park, PA)

February 28, 2009

College of Three Ravens

Barony of Thescorre (Rochester NY)

<http://www.thescorre.org/calendar/events/C3R2009.htm>

The Barony of Thescorre will host its annual schola on Saturday February 28, 2009 at the Ukrainian Hall 3176 St Paul Blvd., Rochester NY 14617. The event will feature a day of classes and those gentles interested in teaching should contact Lady Collette de Paris, dean of classes (585-957-2927 or email).

F A R T H E R O F F

March 7 **A Gathering of the Bards** Dominion of Myrkfaelinn (Ithaca, NY)

March 14 **The Donnan Party** Shire of Ballachlagan (Wheeling, WV) (With the Shire of King's Crossing)

March 14 **Stormsport's Feast of the Bears** Shire of Stormsport (Union City, PA)

March 28 **Festival of the Passing of the Ice Dragon** Barony of Rhydderich Hael (Clarence, New York)

April 18 **Coronation of Maynard II and Liadain I** Canton of Beau Fleuve (Niagara falls, NY)

April 23 - 26 **Blackstone Raid XVIII** Barony of Blackstone Mountain (Ripley)

OFFICERS AND NOTABLES

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Archery Lord Eldjarn the Thoughtful
Arts & Sciences Baron Fridrikr Tomasson
Bardic Champs Lady Meadhbh
Court Jester Lord Carlo Gallucci

Fencing Lord Sigvaldi inn Enski
Heavy Weapons Lord Decimus
Thrown Weapons Lord Gaius Sergio Vettius
Youth Fighting Gabriel

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REGULARLY SCHEDULED ACTIVITIES

Fewmet endeavors to publish information as up to date as possible, but changes occur. Please check Thescore's Yahoo Group for last minute postings or consult with the appropriate officer/coordinator listed in

Baronial Social Meeting

1st Tuesday of the month

Baronial Business Meeting

3rd Tuesday of the month

7:30-9pm, 2nd floor, Adam's Street Recreation Center 85 Adam's Street Rochester, NY

Martial Arts

Archery

Sundays 1-2pm
RIT Archery Range

Rapier (Fencing)

Mondays 7-9pm, + 1st & 4th Wed. of each month
Adams Street Recreation Center

Armored Combat

Thursdays 6:30-9pm
Adams Street Recreation Center

Thrown Weapons

Watch the Yahoo Group
At the home of Athos

Arts & Sciences

Western European Dance

2nd & 4th Wednesday of the month, 7-9pm
Adams Street Recreation Center

M.E. Dance & Drumming

Mondays 7-9pm
Adams Street Recreation Center

Cauldron Bleu Cook's Guild

2nd Tuesday each month, 7:30-9pm
At the home of Devon & Daedra

Brewer's Guild

Watch the Yahoo Group

Threadworker's Company

http://www.thescore.org/Threadworkers_Company/Threadworkers/Schedule.htm

Armor Workshop

Thursdays 5:30-?
At the home of Vettius

Ravensong

www.thescore.org/Ravensong/RavensongHome.html

SONNET 61

by William Shakespeare



Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenure of thy jealousy?
O no, thy love though much, is not so great,
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.



Shakespeare