

The Blue Strand

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER



The notorious Blythe Venell (right), standing next to an unknown, possibly equally shifty individual. Photo by Julia of the Ravens.

Letter to the Editor

RE: “To the Seas!” from the September edition of *The Blue Strand*

—— RÚNFRÍÐR KEILISELGR

Lady Rúnfríðr Keiliselgr, Seneschal of the Barony of Krae Glas and Rapier Champion of the College of St Monica, to the editor of this fine publication, Lady Joanna of Braidwood, first among Chroniclers, well wishes and blessings in proportion to the truthfulness of your columns.

I write to you with profound dismay regarding the article of “To the Seas!” by Joanna of Breadwood which appeared in your September issue. In particular, I refer to the extraordinary claim that “Readers of *The Blue Strand* may remember Blythe [Venell] from some of our previous articles as a highly loyal member of our fine Barony”. Such a statement is so contrary to fact that I struggle to understand how it ever found its way into print.

Surely your gentle readers will remember Joanna of Breadwood’s article “Scandal on the High Tides” in March’s issue, which reported that Blythe suggested an alliance between the Monicans and the College of Passalaqua against our Barony of Krae Glas *during* court. With such a disloyal cur at the helm of the Black Dolphin, I worry about its future. At present, it may be known as a respectable merchant and fishing vessel, but for how long? Will Blythe turn it to iniquity, make it sail under the Jolly Roger and crew it with smugglers and ne’er do wells of every variety?

As for myself, I am a peaceful and

loyal citizen of my College and Barony and as such it is impossible for me to regard Blythe’s actions with anything other than contempt.

Most damning of all is the testimony of Blythe’s lady, the good Daphne of Taprobana, who has declared “she is loyal to me and me only”. If even her closest companion won’t believe in Blythe’s loyalty to our Barony, then she must be a black-hearted rascal of the lowest possible nature and a true “OPOTUNIST” [sic] as Blythe has been known to say.

And yet my concern extends beyond the wicked Blythe Venell to the integrity of this publication. How can it continue to report the truth and inform the populace if it lets liars like Joanna of Breadwood publish statements in it that are so utterly divorced from the truth?

I therefore implore you as the editor to issue a correction and elevate writers who champion bravely truthful reporting like Joanna of Breadwood. As for Joanna of Breadwood, I suspect it will not be long before she becomes a member of the *Black Dolphin* herself and joins Blythe’s ever-growing crew of the damned.

I remain, as ever, a faithful servant of truth, loyalty, and my College and Barony.
R. Keiliselgr.

WHAT’S ON?

October Activities

- ☞ Saturday 10th October – Crafhall (Soapmaking) + Potluck Dinner
- ☞ Tuesday 13th October – Council Meeting
- ☞ Thursday 15th October – Fighter Training + A&S
- ☞ Sunday 18th October – Archery Training
- ☞ Thursday 22nd October – Fighter Training + A&S
- ☞ Thursday 29th October – Fighter Training + A&S

More information:

<https://kraeglas.lochac.sca.org>

Previously On: Krae Glas

—— JOANNA OF BREADWOOD

In September, Krae Glas held a ball to celebrate the 15th birthday of our Barony, which was established in 2011.

Attendees of the event were enthralled by the transformation of our regular hall into a beautiful ballroom, with wall hangings and mood lighting. There were many dances, some choral pieces performed, and a plethora of delicious foods for us to enjoy. During court there was also a chance for Rúna and I to perform our KG Birthday Play – which I have printed below for the interested.

Thank you to all who made it such a lovely event!



Dancers at the ball. Photo by Julia of the Ravens.



The Reeve of Krae Glas looks after the Barony's bank account and finances, making reports and assisting event stewards with their budgets. Photo by Rúna Keiliselgr.

Advertisement for Reeve

Could you be the next Reeve of the Barony of Krae Glas?

—— NICODEMUS NOVELLO

Greetings!

Do you like handling money (but not *too* much)? Know how to read a balance sheet?

Then Krae Glas needs you! Your Reeve, Finn, will be stepping down in the new year, and requires a successor to take on the oversight of Krae Glas' group finances.

Key requirements:

- You will need to be a current SCA member, 18 years or older
- Reliable and responsive access to email and internet
- Ability to keep on top of a variety of related administrative tasks
- Some prior relevant experience

Key responsibilities:

- Managing the finances and regular reporting on such
- Managing Krae Glas accounts, including being involved in checking event/purchase budgets and approval of expenditure
- Maintaining electronic records; familiarity with Xero and Excel is valuable (support and training are available!)
- Developing and maintaining appropriate financial procedures, and keeping up to date with relevant financial policies
- Assisting event stewards with the event budgeting and post-event reporting process

You'll find more detailed information about this role in the Reeves' Handbook at <https://reeve.lochac.sca.org/reeves-handbook/>, and on the Reeves' website.

Please send your applications by 18 October 2026 to exchequer@lochac.sca.org, with a courtesy copy to seneschal@kraeglas.lochac.sca.org.

Please include your membership number, mundane and SCA names, any relevant financial experience, and your general experience in the SCA - as well as outlining why you think you'd be suitable to the role.

If you have any questions regarding the role, its responsibilities and requirements - or indeed anything else - please don't hesitate to contact me at exchequer@lochac.sca.org.

Yours in Service,
Nicodemus Novello

New Officer Progress:
Applications Opened <<< we are here (closes 18 October 2026)
Consideration Period
Shortlist for Commentary
Consultation Period
Notice to Candidates & Scheduling
Confirmation & Handover schedule

Birthday Play for a Teenage Barony

The full text, as performed at the Krae Glas Birthday Ball

———— JOANNA OF BRAIDWOOD,
WITH RÚNA KEILISELGR

KRAE GLAS:
Aback, fellows, and give me room,
Ladies, I give you leave to swoon
I am goodly of countenance
I am unequaled in every sense
My name is Krae Glas, I tell thee.
And I flourish as the laurel tree.
Who may be likened unto me
In my youth and frivolity?
The hair on my crown is royal and
thick,
My limbs be wieldable as rattan stick;
Mine arms be both big and strong;
My fingers be all fair and long,
My chest be large as a tun;
My legs be full light for to run,
To hop and dance and make merry.
And never a trouble will I carry
For I am the heir of St Monica’s land
And it is come into my hand –
I care for no more!

Enter St Monica.
ST MONICA:
Take heed, my son, or thou’lt be poor.
Merry thou shouldst be but do not
thyself spoil;
Good fortune doth come to those who
toil.

KRAE GLAS:
Pah, tis most tedious, I like it not.
I had liever delight in the bod I’ve got!

ST MONICA:
What shall it be if thou shalt flit
From thy wealth into the pit?
Therefore, of it be not too bold,
Lest thou forthink it when thou art old.
Ye may be likened to a tree:
In youth, flourishing with royalty,
But if thou choosest not to grow with
care
Thou wilt find thy branches empty and
bare.

KRAE GLAS:
Begone mother, thy words fall on deaf
ears
I am young and bold and have no
fears.
I am as I am, and shall stay that way
So begone, I care not what thou hast
to say.

Exit St Monica, enter Stormhold.
STORMHOLD:
Listen to thy parents, thou young whelp
We only long for thee to help.
Come forth and let us sup together I’ll
show thee to control the weather!
Many a year I have tended these lands
They have become fruitful under my
hands
If thou art good and heedest my word
Thy goodly future will be assured.

KRAE GLAS:
Thou art not my real dad!
And thy advice is assuredly bad.
Yea, I go to seek merriment and joy
Stick to thy books, weather boy!

Exit Stormhold.
KRAE GLAS:
Ah, in sooth that is much better
He’s only made days colder and wetter
And that St Monica is such a pest
Just look at me, I’m already the best!
But now among all this cheer
I would I had some comp’ny near.

Enter Rúna.
RÚNA:
Bonjour, my frere, have we not met?
I am Rúna, do not forget!
Did thy parents say thou shouldst work?
The very thought makes me long to
hyurk.

KRAE GLAS:
There’s some stewarding that ought be
done
Yet far rather would I have some fun.

RÚNA:
Organisation is dull and uncool.
I suggest thou breakst any rule
Which doth thee at all constrict.
Give thyself permission to conflict.
Why, in this world there’s no greater
thing
Than constant, ceaseless shenanigan-ning.

Enter Joanna.
JOANNA:
Nay even shenanigans are far too much
Enjoyment for the *whole Populace* or
such?
‘Tis too much work I tell thee true
And surely nothing I would ever do.
For I am Joanna, Joanna’s my name And
doing nothing’s the Joanna game.

KRAE GLAS:
Thou goest somewhat too far, mayhap
Full perfect am I, no flaw nor gap
But still there may be some things I must
do
Lest on the morrow misery ensue.

RÚNA:
Planning is for the stodgy and gray
The funnest fun’s spontaneous, I say!

JOANNA:
Rúna’s grammar may have croaked
But truer words were never spoke!
Thou art already as great as thou
couldst be
So rest on thy laurels, be merry, carefree
Let’s run away, we’ll drink and sing
And never think of anything!

Exit Rúna and Joanna
KRAE GLAS:
Wait up, they ran out so fast!
I tried to follow and I ended up past.

Enter Rowany.
KRAE GLAS:
That’s the oldest woman I ever saw!
There’s naught to do but stand in awe.

ROWANY:
What ho, thou slack-jawed youth!
Dost thou not know staring’s uncouth?
And whilst I have thy ear anon
Pray do not tread upon my lawn!!

KRAE GLAS:
How couldst thou say such a thing?
I am the fairest of fair, the kingliest king!
I am Krae Glas - who doth thou be?

ROWANY:
The Barony of Rowany.
Forty-four long years, the rise and fall
Of Kings and Queens, I’ve known them all
And still I’ve strived and toiled and bled
And never let it inflate my head.
Was that Rúna and Joanna I espied?
Do not make such ne’er-do-wells thy
guide
Or thou wilt drift from strand to sea
And never become as old as me.

KRAE GLAS:
What dost thou mean, “never be old”?
Am I not young and strong and bold?
Have I not a goodly countenance?
I am unequaled in every sense!

ROWANY:
If boasting were all it took to grow
So many fellows I would now know.
Look around thee, what dost thou see?
So many good gentles worked to build
thee.
Great warriors, great artisans, together all
Have lent their might to warm thy hall
But strength today means little ere long
If thou dost not pass thy knowledge
along
The old become tired, the young
confused
Or burn brightly and vanish, their vitality
used
Once I was like thee, fifteen of age
And my stories had filled up many a
page
But my scribe’s inkwells were not yet dry
And in me the Dream could never die
And so I harkened, and still harken well
To all the counsels my people tell
I nurture my people, remember my past
And grow such that my hearth shall last
And if like me thou wishest to live
Then of thyself thou ever must give
And toil, and toil, for steadfast renown
To build thy name and keep thy crown.

KRAE GLAS:
Must I really work all my days?

ROWANY:
There are no other ways.
But it shall make thee prosperous and
strong.
And thou’lt live in gladness thy whole life
long.

KRAE GLAS:
Since I must, I shall do as I should.
I thank thee for thy counsel good.
I’ll nurture my people, remember my past
And grow such that my hearth shall last.

ROWANY:
[to the audience]
Thus have we brought our matter to an
end
Before all gentles who here attend.
Would every man be content,
Lest another day we be shent.



Languages are often represented by linguists as branching off from each other, similar to a tree. This tree was photographed in Curraghchase, Ireland, by Wiki Commons user Darragh27, shared under the CC BY-SA 4.0.

The Joy of Etymology

A reflection on the enduring culture within our words

FINN OF ST MONICA

One of the things I love most about linguistics, and more specifically etymology, is the occasional glimpses you get into cultures and ways of thinking long dead. My favourite example of this came a few years ago while I was studying Irish.

When I am learning a language, I will often look up the etymology of an unfamiliar word, to get a better understanding of why it means what it means. For instance, if you were learning English for the first time and came across the word *keelhauling*, as most first-time learners of English do, you might learn that it is a particularly nasty naval punishment consisting of pulling someone all the way under the hull of a ship. If you dug a little deeper, however, you would learn both the words *keel* and *haul*, as well as the suffix *-ing*, and would gain a much firmer understanding of the practice.

And so we come to the Irish word

cosúil, which is roughly equivalent to the English word *like*. Cosúil comes from the Old Irish word cosmail, which is derived from the root noun samail. Going further back to Proto Celtic **samalis* and you can begin to see the relationship to some other, more familiar words, namely Latin *similis* (similar) and ancient Greek *homalós* (same), the root of our prefix *homo-*, of *homosexual* fame.

It turns out that all of these words are descended from the Proto Indo-European word **sm₂-h₂el-ó-*, which means “having the same upbringing”, and it is astonishing how vivid a snapshot of the Proto Indo-European worldview is contained in that word, especially when taken in conjunction with the meaning of its descendent terms. It speaks of a culture that places a great deal of importance on upbringing, on knowing the same games and the same rituals, of eating the same food and climbing the same trees. A culture which, while long dead, continues to impact the way that we think and feel even today.

From the editor

Technically it’s all from me, but still

If you want to write it – I want to read it.

And I want to make everyone else read it too :P

You could have an article about whatever niche topic you want added to this very newsletter!

You could be as unhinged as me. It could happen.

Send any write ups (almost any length, I can make it work) completely without context to joannabraidwood@gmail.com. Make it happen.



About the editor

Joanna of Braidwood is probably a little mad.

If you made it this far, thanks for joining us.

That’s all folks! Huzzah!

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