

# A Fall Breakfast after the Storm of Chaos

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The Feast of Days was long over and the Marquis had returned to the routine life at the Sentinel.Â Until he read the official Empirical version of the Storm.

Breakfast at the Sentinel

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Months after the conclusion of the Storm of Chaos, life returned back to its own pace.Â The Marquis d'Ascoyne Â had been instrumental in promoting an easy assimilation back into society for many members of the Cadfael Court.Â He had made six trips to the tents of the Arabian and each time came away refreshed.Â He personally accounted for over 100 nobles being cheered up by his generosity and true wives found themselves with child after the Feast of Days and many put the responsibility on d'Ascoyne.Â Â Â Â

Â It was a beautiful morning for the sky was clear of all clouds and there was a small frost over the battlements and ground of the Sentinel. The dawn was breaking and the colors of the trees were changing as Fall had the land firmly in its grip.

Â The Marquis stirred and sat up in his bed, stretched and slipped into his furry slippers. grabbing his robe, he put it on and stumbled to the kitchen. He met his wife in the kitchen and the smell of Apple pastries filled his nostrils and brightened his spirits.

Â His wife was uncommonly cheerful on mornings like these.Â "Didst sleep well, my sweet?" she askedÂ

Â "Yes." came the terse reply.

Â "And thy dreams were restfull and filled with fancies?"Â "Yes. Uh Huh".Â

Â She acknowledge his magnificent use of more than one word so early in the morning. She slid the first tray out of the ovens, while Mrs. Muggins, the cook, Â got cold milk for the Marquis.

Â "The official Empirical closing on the Storm of Chaos hath been released and delivered early this morn.

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"He reached for the parchment on the table."Bretonnia was mentioned once, I believe, dearest."Â The hand hovered over the paper. His voice had that raspy edge to it. "Say again?"

Â His wife placed the plate of pastries in front of her husband. "Yes I believe a singular reference to 'Bretonnia and our allies', possibly a very small paragraph..." Her voice was so cheery, he knew the dragon was controlling her anger.Â

Â Both ladies backed up to watch the fireworks.Â There were none. The hand trembled a bit, age or rage it was hard to tell, and then neatly snatched the paper up.

Â He studied it and folded it in half. He got up from the table and walked over to the window near the lark cage.Â "I am speechless, methinks.."Â

Â He slipped the parchment into the bottom of the cage, printed side facing up, the Empirical seal showing bright red upon

it.

Â He addressed the six larks inside the massive cage as he impaled fresh fruit between the bars.

Â " Eat well and full my songbirds and donâ€™t worry about the resultant mess from eating the fruit.Â Â Â Do your best my songbirds and when thee are done I shall mail it to the Emperor posthaste!"

He returned to the table and ate six pastries without uttering another word.

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