

The Bretonnian Ceremony

Monday, 10 October 2005

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War can be a great binder of men. Fighting side by side against a common foe can make many a new friendship. However once the War against Chaos was declared over, the Empire made it clear that a Bretonnian presence would be tolerated only as long as they kept leaving the Empirical Borders.

The King sent word to Parravon to prepare the Feast of Days.

On the dais, Morgiana sat beside the King, for she had inspired him to declare the errantry war against Chaos. She was positively beaming and none could remember her so happy. For Bretonnians of all rank and station had responded to the call to arms. They had marched across Bretonnia to a foreign Land, met the enemy and thrown back Chaos. Bretonnian Honor and Bretonnian Chivalry had proved to be victorious.

Each Duchy was well represented. Their banners fluttered in the morning breeze, and the ceremony began. Each of the Duchies were listed and the participants cited for bravery and valour and the medals were distributed like candy. It was extremely formal.

The King saying a few words to each Duke and their retinues of Barons. It was understood that many Knights Errant had earned their spurs for progression to Knights of the Realm and their awards would come in their duchies and baronies.

The Duchies names were called in no specific order, Carcassonne, Chalons, Couronne, L'Anguille and the list rolled on and on. For three hours the knights waited their turn. As it turned out the members of the Court of Cadfael were last. The king spoke.

For the resourcefulness and faithful devotion to the Bretonnian Cause by yourself and your Court. For the utter and complete strength of arms you and your court provided at every battlefield in which Bretonnia was involved. I salute you.

The King was not finished. Good Earl you will be called upon in future times to come to the aid of your Liege and Land. Your Court I consider to be my Brothers. "Freres dans la guerre et dans la paix"

At this point the crowd hushed. Had a pin dropped it would have echoed off the walls of the yard.

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The roar from the crowd could be heard a full mile away. The King recited the names of the warriors of the Earl's Court.

"Marquess Etien De Rochefort, Duc Guillaume le Courageux. Robert de Giselles, Baron Ivan Loben," The crowds uttered no calls until all the names were listed. "Etienne d'Arden, Sir Hillier...", by thunder, thought the Marquis, I suddenly feel younger. He heard more names of the Earl's Court and the names went on, his own among them. " Lord Nike, , Sir Boudwin De Brienne ,Duc Bohemond de Bastonne Sir Thomas de Bastonne, Sir Gindle,". The names were called off until there were no more names to call.

Medals were issued to each member of the Earl's Court who had fought in the War. What made these medals separate from the others were the words . "Freres Dans La Guerre Et Dans La Paix" [Brothers in War and in Peace] inscribed below the image and the seal of the King.

The king addressed the multitudes "Behold Your Heroes, Citizens!"

The crowd went wild, flowers were strewn on the road, people began to sing, merchants rushed to their shops, their tents, their stalls. The celebration was beginning. Some knights joined the crowds many went to their tents or apartments to change and gather up their families and to join the celebration.

The Marquis arrived at his apartment, very tired. "There is more energy lost at the ceremony, than in combat, I feel" His wife, happy with her husband answered, "It is your age dear, nothing more..." He ignored the comment, for it was true.

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Yet, the Marquis was not as tired as he let on. He had been planning his own celebration and it involved specific members of the Cadfael Court, dinner out and some relaxation in the Great Orange tent of a Man Of Araby which hosted cockfights, bare knuckled matches, Wrestling, Games of Chance, foods from the lands of Araby and three arenas of entertainment featuring the finest al sharqi dancers in the world.

He did not share his plans with his wife.

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