

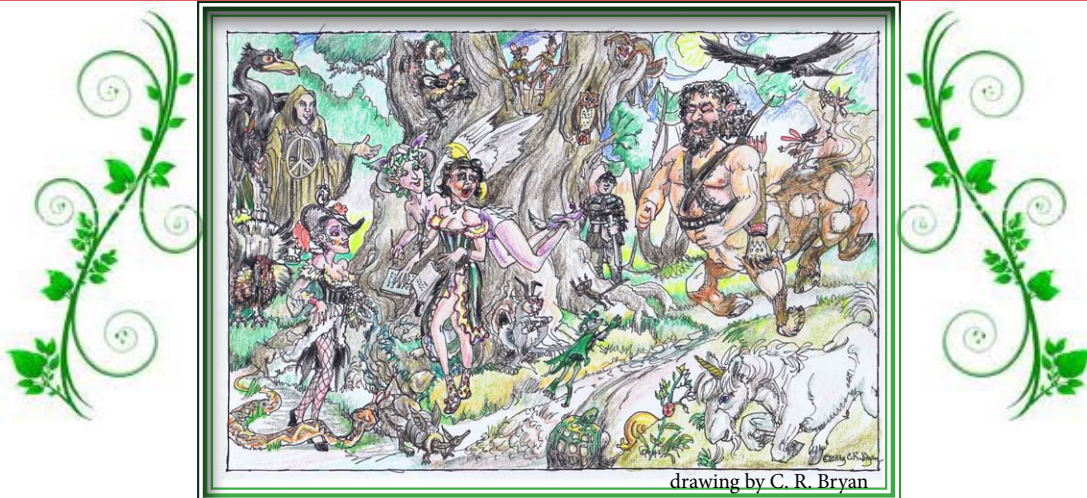
The Sherwood Crier

The Insider Newsletter of Sherwood Forest Faire

Welcome to our Holiday edition!

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Official Decree

Here Ye, Here Ye,
Until the ending of the Yule, by decree of our good King Richard, all archers are to refrain from shooting at any deer flying at sufficient altitude to indicate they may, perchance, be in the employ of St. Nicholas.

Holiday Magic in Sherwood

by Mab Middlin

"I can do this," I mutter confidently under my breath as I hurry toward Sherwood Forest, "I can do this even though the holidays are nigh upon us... I can get a scoop to feature in the Crier. I know I can snoop out something amazing." I pause momentarily and ponder, "hmm, what a curious coincidence that the words *scoop* and *snoop* are so similar... nay, 'tis probably nothing," I shrug and continue

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Medieval Moments

by Gil Faire

Ahh--the Christmas holiday season. The music, the laughter, families gathering around the table for a little cheer, the hustle and bustle of shopping for gifts at the mall with fellow bargain hunters... some armed with pepper spray. One wonders how it must have been in medieval times. Certainly pepper spray would not have been available so one surmises bargain shopping would have

[p.6](#)

Vendor's Corner

The Village Leather Shoppe
(formerly known as The Village Lanterne)

Nestled amongst the tents of the gypsy encampment across from the jousting arena is The Village Leather Shoppe. Here you will find Zane and Harriet Crockett, who are quickly becoming famed for their specialty: carved and tooled leather goods of wondrous design and expert craftsmanship.



Zane learned the art of leather carving while in his teens, but pursued it over the years as a hobby (along with music) to balance out his career in the mundane world. However, he didn't discover his



true calling as a leather artisan until Zane and Harriett's son, Scott Tyler, suggested it. Scott had worked at faires for several years with his wife, Sheryl, and he was certain Zane's leather skills would be a hit. Since then, Zane has done extensive study on coloring techniques, and on construction ideas for custom leatherwork. Harriet concentrated on designing and creating many of the other wonderful things they carry, including the extremely popular, imaginative and whimsical plague rats that enchant urchins and adults alike.

Other items you will find in The Village Leather Shoppe include: Robin Hood hats (in both felt and suede), Faerie hats of satin and flannel, period-correct "commoner" hats, (not the muffin-type), pirate and gypsy scarves, urchin-sized felt pirate hats, hair clips of feather, leather butterfly and dragonfly hair clips, and a colorful array of long, fluffy hat feathers (ostrich, peacock, and pheasant).

Most of the leather goods at The Village Leather Shoppe are tooled, though you may find a few smaller embossed items. Here is a short primer on the what's what of leatherwork:

CARVED: This is done with a specially made knife. Swirls and designs, traced or free hand, are cut into the leather by hand, but not all the way through. When dyes and highlighters are applied, it brings out the carvings.

TOOLED: after a pattern has been traced, then carved into the leather, other special tools are brought in to push down the background, leaving the foreground features raised. An

experienced artisan can smooth out the leather leaving a very refined design. Other tools are also used to bring out the details of the piece. Some tools are used to make specific patterns, like basket weave, or geometric designs. Others tools are used to make decorative borders by stamping the design side-by-side. Then, the piece is dyed to add color and contrast. A few coats of sealer are applied, and finally, blending and polishing brings out brightness and color.

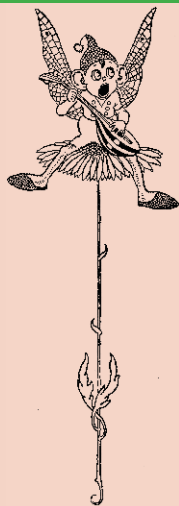
EMBOSSSED: Embossing is done with a mold made of metal or hard plastic. Usually, some form of simple or sophisticated press is used to push the mold deep into the leather. This makes it possible to mass-produce printed products.



A carved or tooled leather item can be custom made with any symbol or design. Do take time to examine a leather item before you decide to buy. Most importantly, check the edges of the piece. If they are roughly cut, then time has not been taken to finish out the product. Smooth edges mean your article will not chafe when worn.

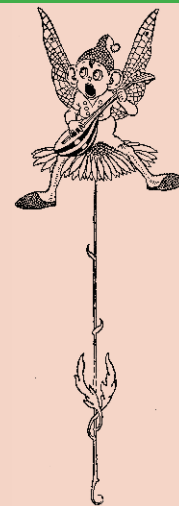
As you may have noticed from the title of this article, Zane and Harriett's shop was known formerly as The Village Lanterne but they are changing the name to THE VILLAGE LEATHER SHOPPE.... a name more indicative of what they sell... and they did grow a bit weary of being asked if they sell lanternes.

Zane and Harriett's goal is to become full-time vendors and to travel to faires throughout the land of Texas. By end of the Sherwood Forest Faire 2012 season, they will begin plans for building a permanent booth. For this season though, you can find them in the spot they occupied last year, nestled amongst the tents with their fellow gypsy-type merchants, and hollering a big HUZZAH for another SWFF season!



Proclamation:

Since it is a time for family celebration in keeping with the holiday spirit, the goodly and kind Sheriff of Nottingham announces that the beheadings scheduled for Christmas day will be postponed 24 hours and that families of the condemned may join their loved ones in the dungeon for a traditional holiday meal of roast rat lovingly catered by the friendly dungeon staff.



In the Limelight

Joe Spitler - Photographer

all photos by Joe Spitler



After a day of frolic and fun at faire, many Sherwoodians know they can look forward to reliving it all soon through the eyes and the camera of Joe Spitler. This talented man has a knack for capturing the best in all of us, and finding a photo of yourself in one of his albums is always a joy. I asked Joe how it all came to be:

“I first knew photography interested me many years ago after I bought a film SLR (single lens reflex) camera. It was an entry level Minolta and in those days I took snapshots while on vacation or sometimes at parties. When I bought my first digital camera I decided to enroll in a professional course at the New York Institute of Photography. The lesson pertaining to fashion photography particularly interested me. The assignment was to find an ad from a fashion magazine and mimic it. So I flipped through the pages of my wife, Nikki’s, magazines and selected a few that caught my eye. Nikki did the honors and spent several hours posing for me until I nailed the shot I wanted. The image was a hit with my instructor. After that assignment I realized just how much I loved photographing people.

Nikki and I began going to the Texas Renaissance Festival once a year with friends, and I focused mostly on shooting people wearing garb. I was very excited when

Elf’s Corner

by Tamuri’l the Avarial Elf

The Elf enters from the woods whilst whistling merrily to herself

HERE YE!! HERE YE!!

Please gather round for I hath been sent with wonderful news of our department.

The cancellation of the Elgin Christmas Parade due to weather was a great disappointment yet the good kingdom of Bastrop provided a last-minute addition to our parade calendar, and we rallied to spread the word of Sherwood once again. With sixteen volunteers riding aboard Lady Gypsy Songbird’s Land Dragon, Sherwood Forest Faire joined over 125 floats to thrill and amaze onlookers turned out in record attendance for the Bastrop Cowboy Christmas Parade!! No judging was done



photo by Jimmy Peace

in this parade or surely we would have won yet another ribbon. Our volunteers also contributed mightily to the Bastrop rebuild where the name of Sherwood Forest has gone national, once again, with the televised feature of the “Extreme MakeOver Edition”



Sherwood Forest Faire opened in 2010 and I ended up going multiple times. Of course, I was back at Sherwood for the 2011 season, as well as TRF and Scarborough Fair multiple times. I like

Sherwood a lot because it tends to be a more laid-back kind of fair. The cast and crew are like family and they are very welcoming. I discovered that shooting the cast as they perform their various antics made for very interesting photo opportunities. I like to catch people as



they are clowning around rather than posing, but it's shooting close-up portraits that I really love the most. Sometimes I suggest a pose, sometimes I ask for a smile, and sometimes not. I shoot whatever feels right; most often, I come away with something good.



Right now my day job as an I/T professional is going quite well so photography remains part time. However, I am doing professional gigs; I shot my first wedding last April, and I do head shots and family shoots as well. Photography could become full time for me some day."

Visit Joe's [website](#) to see his amazing albums, and watch for him at SWFF 2012!



which arrived to help with the rebuild!

As this is our last event for year 2011, ye volunteers are well deserving of the 2-week holiday break upon us. Your privy counsel hath relayed that ye all "rock" and they are exceedingly pleased with the getting of the word of our woods into the homes of ye patrons! Sherwood Forest wishes all its volunteers a very merry holiday! Rest well my friends, as we will "rock" in the new year with the largest push known by our volunteers in the spreading of the word of Sherwood Forest Faire in the upcoming month of January!

The Elf spreads her hands and a cloud of golden glitter rises from them and settles gently upon the trees about her, making these beloved Woods festive and bright for the holiday season



Items found:

Body appendages of various sorts recently found behind jousting arena. If you are missing something please provide a description so we may facilitate a rapid return. Items not claimed will be used to garnish upcoming dungeon Christmas holiday dinner.

Contact the Sheriff's office.

Teachers wanted:

for Sherwood Forest Kiddee-Kair Preschool. Must be happy, energetic, at least marginally tolerant of children and very proficient in the use of bladed weapons. Ask for Doug the Troll at Jerusalem Pub.



Medieval Moments continued

been accomplished with bladed weapons. But I digress.

Imagine yourself back in the olden days. The feudal Lord is a kindly sort and he and his lady have invited the villagers to the manor hall for the annual Christmas feast. All come, young and old. Even those infirm yet healthy enough to be brought in by means of the family wheel-barrow or carried there upon a large son's back are able to attend. The Christmas feast day has always given the villagers something to look forward to--especially important when one's life is endless physical labor in the fields. A good portion of the produce is given to the manor and it is a joy and privilege to occasionally benefit from its comforts. They are fortunate to have such a kindly Lord. The manor exists at the end of the common along the river path past the mill and across from the stone church. The church looks new but has been there since before anyone now living was born. Everyone is amazed how clean it appears. Cleanliness was not a state many were routinely aware of so when it presented itself, it was most noteworthy.



The large wooden hall is dark and gloomy since it has been shuttered for at least a month to keep the biting cold at bay. The interior is filled with smoke and soot from years of fire but no matter--the warmth is inviting and the glow from four large logs in the central hearth provides enough light for one to get about. The firelight is occasionally punctuated by the great door opening as more and more crowd in. Since it is a feast day the Lord has had his dogs removed from the hall and tied to a nearby tree. The last thing he wants is a dog fighting one of the villagers for a scrap of meat on Christmas day. A large pot of bacon and bean soup is warmed on the central hearthstone and two large pieces of calf are roasting on a large spit. Numbers of barley loaves warm on flat stones around the hearth. Every once in a while a servant drops the bellows attending the fire, picks up a five-foot ladle and pours over the meat fat taken from the long earthenware trough on the hearthstone. The Lord's brother comments upon how once he had seen a whole calf roasted in another manor but the Lord resisted this idea. Such a large fire was much too dangerous, and besides, a calf cooked this way was usually burned outside and remained raw and tough inside.

As the villagers seat themselves on the low benches at wooden tables or on the floor beside the fire relishing the unaccustomed warmth, others bring pots of ale to pour into their rough-hewn wooden cups. They have also brought their bowls and wooden spoons tied to their belts; family implements usually handed down and carved long ago by a loving father or grandfather now deceased. The pots of ale, refilled from a nearby bucket, continually make their rounds and as the ale and warmth take effect the hall becomes noisy with chatter. It had been a good year--the harvest could have been better but there was sufficient seed for the next planting and none were in danger of starving. There were the usual number of births and deaths. The old

smith had died at the ripe old age of 39 but his son was running the old shop nicely now and was beginning to show some talent. At least half of the babies newly born did survive and it had not been a plague year. The village had been fortunate indeed. As they listen, steam rises from the cloaks of those nearest the fire filling the air with the smell of damp wool and unwashed bodies.

The Lord stands and gives a signal for quiet and all hush as the village priest approaches the hearth. The feast was formal, with food on a table and ale being brought around--the only formal occasion enjoyed by the villagers in the year. It was primarily due to the Dame that the feast was as orderly, warm and lavish as possible. The priest sings his blessing in a manner he had learned as a young man. Some of the Latin was not quite right but he knew none would notice and tradition must be followed. He and his captive listeners are relieved when it is over so the eating could now begin. Soon the bacon and bean soup is ladled into waiting bowls, loaves of warm barley bread are passed from table to table, and sections of greasy meat put upon large wooden platters and placed in the center of each. The last of the season's apples provide color and bit of extra protein by way of the waiting worm inside. They eat. The food is good. The drink is good. The company is good.

Everyone knows everyone else--for both good and ill and, for today, everyone remains on their best behavior. With the unusual experience of a full belly, the smoky warmth of the great hall, and thick heady ale, many begin to drift off to the sound of the familiar voices around them. Others continue to accept the ale refreshed from the nearby buckets and remain awake retelling the previous years' lies. They are warm, they are full, they are alive.

They enjoy this Christmas and put off any thought of the morrow. What comes in the next year will come, and God willing, they will meet in the hall again.



Attention

We need help to pass out flyers in San Antonio!!!! Scott Rhamey is the marketer for San Antonio. Scott's Dad had emergency heart surgery and Scott will be spending a lot of time & energy with him so we're desperate for some hands. We will also need help to guerrilla market the San Antonio Stock Show & Rodeo. February 9th & 10th and then again the following week, weekdays only. But, right now we need to get more flyers out!!!! I have flyers & will meet you to get them out. Call (phone number: 210-722-9919), text or [email](#) me if you can help. Any amount of time will help even if it's only for a couple of hours on a single day!!

Group Sales

If you know of a group or company who would be interested in group sales, please contact our Group Sales Manager, [Denise Lewellen](#). Also, contact Denise if you're interested in earning a little extra with group sales of your own...especially in the San Antonio and Austin markets.

Holiday Magic continued


on my way. As always, when I pass the first few trees, I feel I've stepped into another world, a different plane of existence... a magical place. Excitement rises in my breast as I hurry. Suddenly, I am yanked to an abrupt stop and I turn with a reprimand ready for whoever chose such a brusque way to get my attention. "Egad? I exclaim angrily, "my new cloak!" A sharp branch has caught me and I hear the fabric tear as I turn to examine it. I struggle to free myself, but to no avail. "Oh, thank goodness," I think to myself as I hear the distinct sound of horse hooves approaching, "I hope he is a friendly rider." I turn carefully and call out toward the sound, "kind sir, please help me for I am stuck fast."

The hoof beats draw nearer and stop just beyond a copse of bushes. I can see his head above the leaves, a huge, muscular man and golden locks that flow to his shoulders. He seems to be shirtless, which is very odd considering the brisk chill on the morning air. He raises a hand in greeting and pushes his way through the bushes.



My jaw drops and I stand dumbfounded. Why, he... he... he's not a rider at all, b-b-but part man from the waist up and horse everywhere else!!! "Greetings fair mortal" he says, his voice is deep and melodious, "might I be of help to thee?" I stare at him blankly, unable to remember what help I might need. His tail mesmerizes me as it swishes and flicks about while he waits patiently for me to respond. With a start, I collect enough of my scattered wits to ask "wh... what... what manner of creature art thou?" I stutter. "Why, I'm a centaur, milady," he says with a warm smile and extends his hand to me, "my name is Chiron." My hand is lost in his massive clasp, but he is very gentle, "I am Mab Middlin, ace reporter for the Sherwood Crier!" I answer proudly, somewhat emboldened by his kind demeanor.

"It is my honor to meet you," says Chiron, "you appear to be in need of some aid, may I disentangle you?" "Oh yes, please," I answer, "'tis a new cloak and I don't want it ruined." Chiron moves behind me and examines the problem. "Ah lady, the branch is poked all the way through the weave. It will take me some few moments to free thee." "Well, I thank you kindly for your help!" I answer with relief. "From whence have you come, sir Chiron?" I ask, "I've not seen any like you before in these parts." "Nay, milady, I am not from Sherwood, though it's been my home for many years," says Chiron. "If not from Sherwood, how came you here?" I ask. "I was taken as a wee foal from my family in Greece... oh, so many years ago," Chiron's face grows sad at this, "by a traveling band of gypsies. They carried me across Europe and made me perform in their magic show." "Oh Chiron," I exclaim, "that is so very sad!" "Ay," he answers, "I tried many a time to get away from them and return to my family, but the gypsies never left me alone." I strain to look around at Chiron, "you poor man... er... um... horse... um." I begin. "I am a centaur," Chiron reminds me gently, and I blush at my ill manners. "After some years, we finally ended up here in Sherwood," Chiron continues, "and it was here I found my chance



to escape. But I know not how to get back to my family.” I pat his hand because I can see this dredges up unhappy memories. “Now the creatures of Sherwood are my family,” he says and his face brightens at the thought.

Just then, Chiron manages to disentangle my cloak. “I thank you, kind Chiron, for your help,” I begin, but he has already turned away; some movement in the woods distracts him. “Pardon me, milady,” he says, “I see someone else has need of me.” Chiron trots over to the edge of the clearing where a small, grey squirrel waits timidly. I can tell the centaur’s size really intimidates the little tyke, but after a split-second of hesitation, the squirrel scampers onto Chiron’s downstretched hand. Their conversation is brief with much nodding on Chiron’s part. I crane my neck this way and that, trying in vain to see what was going on. Finally, I see the small animal give Chiron something and then whisper something in his ear. As he gives Chiron the item, Chiron starts emitting a warm, golden glow, barely visible, but something that was clearly not there before. “Aha, what’s this?” I think. The centaur places the squirrel carefully on the ground and hurries back to me.

“What did he give you?” I ask excitedly upon his return, my brain automatically jumps to a possible story here! “Nothing special,” Chiron says, “just an acorn from his winter stash.” “An acorn?” I ask him, “What can be so special about an acorn that would cause that glow?” Chiron looks at me, confused, pops the acorn into his mouth and chews it thoughtfully. I watch him carefully, but though the glow does not fade, nothing more happens. “I know not of what you speak, milady, but I must leave you now,” he says, “I have promised my small friend some aid and must not delay another moment.” “You, a mighty centaur, dash off at a tiny squirrel’s bidding?” I ask, surprised. “’Tis not the size of the creature,” he responds, “but the size of the need. Will you feel safe on your own?” “Ah, don’t worry about me, kind Chiron, I’m getting to be a regular around these woods and I know my way around,” I answer with a bright smile.

Chiron quickly vanishes into the forest and I turn to continue on my way. “Hmmm, magic acorns?” I think, “I’ve seen stranger things hereabouts.” “I’ll have to test this theory, but it will be tough since there are no acorns on the trees now.” I look up at the trees in the hope a last acorn might still be hanging around awaiting the final autumn drop. “No, it doesn’t... aaaaaaaaaa!” I shriek as my foot catches on a root and I tumble end over end down a steep slope and thud to a halt against a low tree stump. “Ow,” I groan. The ground is thickly covered with fallen leaves here and I lie there for a moment to catch my breath. Something is poking me under one shoulder, so I squirm around and dig it out from beneath the leaves. “It’s an acorn!” I exclaim with glee! “Now I’ll find out what’s up!” I say as I pop the acorn into my mouth and chew. It is not delicious. “Who knows how long it’s been buried there under the trees,” I think, as I gnaw away on the dry, musty-tasting thing. After a final gulp, I manage to choke it down, and I watch my hands as I do so...nothing happens, no glow. “Hmmm, very puzzling indeed,” I think.

I hear voices some distance away, so I head toward them. Standing within the ring of the Seven Sisters is a monk. He is dressed in rough fabric, and he carries a long crooked staff. He stands before a small cooking fire over which is suspended a pot. An elf stands beside the monk; a tiny bird is in the elf's hand, and the monk is gently removing a small twig from her wing. Another bird sits on the monk's shoulder, anxiously watching his mate. "Good day to you, brother monk," I say as I approach. "Ah, milady," he says, "well met, but please allow me a moment." Another elf appears suddenly and dips his hand into a small leather pouch; he sprinkles something from it into the steaming pot. The monk smiles his thanks, and returns his attention to the delicate operation of the wing. I watch, fascinated by his gentleness and his painstaking concentration. Finally, he places her on his shoulder next to the other little bird, and he takes a long drink from a gnarled wooden mug.



photo by [Robert Barrett](#), Georgetown, Tx

"She will thrive now," he says to me with a broad smile. A warm glow begins to envelope the monk, just as it had the centaur! "Aha" I think, "it's in the drink!" Monk looks up at me, "would you care for some this excellent tea?" he asks, "It will warm you to your toes on this chill morning." "I thank thee, brother," I answer excitedly, and unbuckle the mug at my belt. I dip my mug and take a long drink. "Nothing," I think with disappointment, "nothing is happening." "Are there acorns in this tea?" I ask monk. "Acorns? Why no! It's elderflower tea! Why ever do you ask?" he says, astonished. "Um, never mind," I answer; my thoughts are whirling...what is causing this glow? I have to get to the bottom of this!

Monk guides me to a low bench near the Seven Sisters and we sit and enjoy our tea. "Why do you live in Sherwood Forest, brother Monk," I ask, "and not in a monastery as other monks do?" "Ah, there are many in need of nurture here in these woods," Monk says, "I can be of use here." "But are not lonely and in need here yourself?" I ask. "But no, dear lady," he says with a gentle smile, "I have the oaks and pines and cedars to shelter me, I have the fruits of the woods to sustain me, and I have all the creatures of Sherwood to love with all my heart." "There is nothing more I need," he says, "I would not trade this life for one within stone monastery walls."

I get up from the bench and smile at Monk. "I thank thee for the delicious tea; it has certainly warmed me," I say, "as did your wise words." "Milady, the pleasure was surely mine," Monk says. Just then, a beam of sunshine breaks through the grey clouds. With a wave to Monk, I head off again on my adventure.

I walk along a path a short distance; my feet make no sound on the thick bed of pine needles.



photo by [Brian Key](#)

<Thwack> I hear the distinct sound of an arrow striking its target. Someone is nearby, and I decide to investigate. I walk quickly in the direction of the sound and step suddenly through the trees and into a small clearing. “Yikes!” I shriek, as an arrow whizzes past the tip of my nose, and I stand frozen in place as the feathers on my hat ruffle in the wind of its passing. “Are you daft, woman!” a lady’s angry voice exclaims, “you must not jump out like that without warning! I might have killed you!”

I strain my eyes as far as possible to the right to look at her, not wishing to move my head as yet. “I am sorry to disturb you, milady,” I say as she strides toward me. “I can’t believe you’ve survived as long as you have, with such rash actions,” she says harshly, “who are you??? Has someone let the village idiot loose?” “I’m, I’m, I’m...” I stutter, “I’m s-s-s-sorry,” I blubber, and a tear slips slowly down my cheek. Strong, yet delicate hands take my arm firmly and turn me to face her, “Oh come now, don’t fret so, I will let fly no more arrows whilst you are in harm’s way” she says. “I’m truly sorry I was short with you,” read concern in her voice, “but you startled me greatly.” A rueful smile steals across her face, “I was not expecting anyone to discover me here.” I relax a little at her words and now I see she is clearly a noblewoman in both manner and dress. “What can this lovely, elegant lady be doing shooting arrows in the woods?” I think to myself in surprise. I sweep her the deepest of curtsies; “I am Mab Middlin of the Sherwood Crier, your ladyship, “please forgive me for disturbing you.” “Come, come, dear Mab,” she says laughingly as she pulls me to my feet, “I am not Queen Elinor; save that wonderful curtsy for her.” “I am Lady Rhoslyn deGreasby, wife to the Sheriff of these woods.” As she speaks, she walks to a target tacked to a tree and pulls out her arrow from its center. “Ah, look here,” she says as she bends at the foot of the tree, “here are some wonderful acorns... perhaps the last of the season.” Lady Rhoslyn picks up the acorns, “these will make some of my little forest friends very happy,” and she drops them into a leather satchel dangling from her belt. My head whips around at the mention of acorns and I watch, with some longing, as they vanish into the ornately tooled satchel. “I must discover the secret of the acorns!” I think to myself.

“Kind Lady, prithee tell me why you are alone shooting arrows in the woods?” I ask. “Well,” she answers after a moment, “I come here to practice at archery.” “It was a joy of my youth to compete with my beloved father,” she smiles at this memory, “and one I am loath to give up. “But ‘tis unseemly for a Lady of my standing to do such things, so I must come here in secret to practice this art.” “By my honor,” I say, “I will keep thy archery activities a secret, most especially from the prying readers of the Crier.” Lady Rhoslyn chortles at my words and the sadness fades somewhat from her eyes, “The skill of archery takes great concentration, such that I lose all sense of my body and my mind when I take up the bow and arrow.” “But Lady Rhoslyn,” I say, “why would you wish to lose yourself in this manner?” “I wish to guard my mind from the ache in my heart,” Lady Rhoslyn answers quietly, “the ache of wanting a child; I have not lost hope, but my years may soon steal that hope from me.” “But, no!” I exclaim, “you are still young and beautiful.” A soft, sweet smile plays about her mouth, but I can still see sadness and longing in

her beautiful eyes. “And what may I give you for your kind keeping of my dark secret?” she asks. My thoughts go immediately to the acorns in her bag, “please Lady Rhoslyn,” I ask, “I’d like one of the acorns you found.” She looks at me in surprise, but reaches into her satchel. “Here it is, though why you should wish one is beyond me,” she says as she hands me the acorn. As I take it from her, she clasps my hand in both of hers, “thank you, gentle Mab,” she whispers with real emotion, her eyes glisten with unshed tears, “thank you for listening to my dreams.”



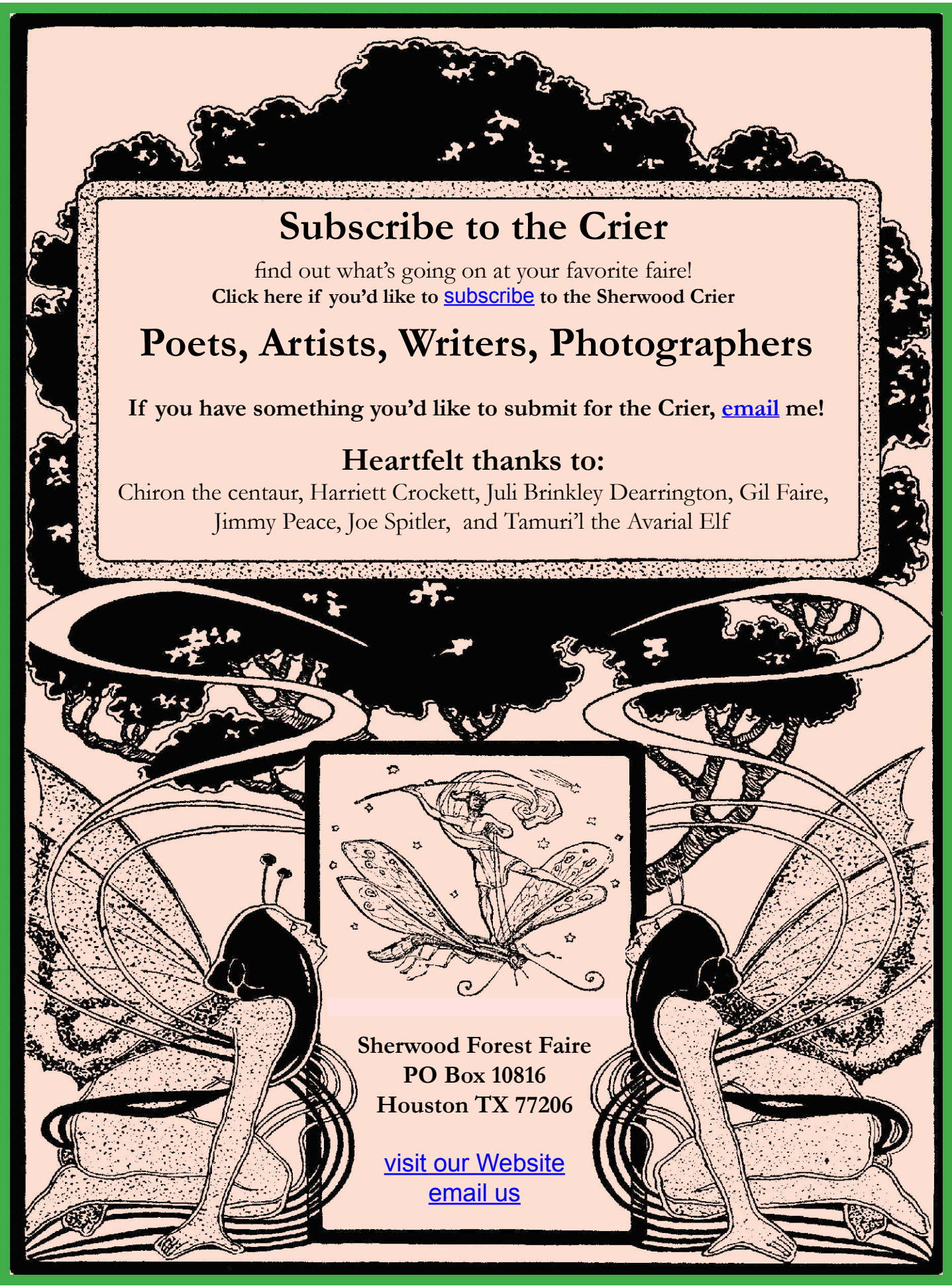
photo by Tony Goodman

I drop her another curtsy, and look up at her, beaming a wide smile at her kind words. As I turn to go on my way, I nibble on the acorn and glance at my hands. “Still no glow,” I sigh with disappointment, “it must just be *certain* acorns, not all.” I glance back at Lady Rhoslyn to wave my goodbye, but she has turned away and is now seated on a low stump... and she is glowing. “I’ve got to get my hands on one of those magic acorns!” I vow to myself, “even if I have to search every corner of these woods...nothing will stand in my way!” My feet skip the next few steps with the excitement of the adventure ahead.

Behind me, I hear a soft sob. I turn and see that Lady Rhoslyn has taken her veil from her head. Her back is to me and she holds her shoulders very erect, but I sense she is troubled. I pause, knowing I should not delay; my readers depend upon me... I have my finger on the pulse of Sherwood information... I must find the... I have to go and... I... I... I hurry back to Lady Rhoslyn. “Dear Lady, what is it?” I ask as I drop to my knees in front of her and gather her hands in mine, “whatever can be the matter?” “Ah Mab, it warmed my heart so to speak of my dreams with you,” she whispers, “I usually have no chance to share my deepest thoughts.” I rise to my feet and sit with her on the stump; my deadline for the Crier be damned, I am needed here. As I put my arm around her, my heart swells with joy that I might have caused her a moment of happiness. I look down at our clasped hands, and my hand begins to glow softly.

“Ah,” I think to myself, “Perhaps I understand now.” I think back to Chiron rushing to aid a friend, I think back to Monk and his life of love in these woods, I think of Lady Rhoslyn’s kindness toward me, and I realize it was never the acorns. Somehow the giving of oneself in this magical forest causes the glow. I smile, content to sit and share this moment with a friend.





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Poets, Artists, Writers, Photographers

If you have something you'd like to submit for the Crier, [email](#) me!

Heartfelt thanks to:

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Sherwood Forest Faire
PO Box 10816
Houston TX 77206

[visit our Website](#)
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