

THE SHADOW PRESS

Official Newsletter for the Incipient Barony of Shadowed Stars
Constellation Region of the Middle Kingdom



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FROM THE HISTORIAN

A Call for Information!

Shadowed Stars History

Anyone who has any information about the Shire and its goings-on in previous years please send me the information. Events, officers, meeting places, any classes that were held, Knights, Squires, peers or demos... anything you can think of. All information will be appreciated. You may email me at historian@shadowed-stars.org.

Please send any documentation you have for previous Shadowed Stars people and happenings.

Thank you for the help,
Lady Zoe Dukiana

FROM THE FUTURE BARON & BARONESS

To the (incipient) Barony of Shadowed Stars from Maggie and Fergus!!

To the people of Shadowed Stars do Maggie MacKeith and Fergus MacPherson send warm greetings and thoughts of spring's renewal!

Our event, This Land is Our Land, is right around the corner and promises to be one of the biggest ever. As we prepare to take these first steps as a new Barony, we want to celebrate the history of our group and what makes us who we are. To that end, at the investiture, it is our fond wish that you will ALL join us in processing into court. This day is not about a new Baron and Baroness, but rather the birth of a new group, the Barony of Shadowed Stars.

Since Shadowed Stars is known throughout the kingdom for dance and equestrian activities, we would like to truly celebrate as we process into court and are asking that all who are interested precede us into court, dancing the Horses Bransle. This is a fun, easy dance that can be easily learned and we will be practicing it at upcoming dance practices in April and May. Those who cannot or do not wish to dance can process in right behind the dancing group.

A reminder for those who are interested: If you to make a new outfit for the investiture, Baronial colors or blue and gold are welcomed.

This event will be a lot of work for us all, but also a lot of fun. Please find time to volunteer at one of the many activities or with the event staff. We will be hosting his Majesty, as well as many other landed Barons and Baronesses and people throughout the kingdom who want to see a new Barony formed.

We look forward to showing the kingdom just why we are the BOSS!

Yours in service,

Maggie and Fergus

BARONIAL CALENDAR AT-A-GLANCE

APRIL 2015

- 1 - Archery Practice - 6pm, Hook & Arrow
- 5, 12, 19, 26 - Fighter Practice & A&S Meeting, 2pm, IPFW Dolnick Center
- 7, 14, 21, 28 - Rapier Practice - 6pm, Edge of the World Fencing Salon
- 13 - Dance Practice - 7pm, Main Library
- 19 - Equestrian Practice, 1pm, *see address on the Baronial Calendar

MAY 2015

(to be announced - see Baronial Calendar at www.shadowedstars.org)

JUNE 2015

(to be announced - see Baronial Calendar at www.shadowedstars.org)

SOLVEIG'S HEARTH

by Lady Solveig Sigulfsdottir

Greetings and well met. Welcome back to Solveig's Hearth. Come, sit down, and enjoy the warmth of the hearth.

The winter months have been busy months. So many projects have been taking shape from the Baronial regalia, to new foods for our upcoming feast, to a new St. Brigitte's cap and a new tablet weaving technique.



With the upcoming Investiture many of us have been busy making banners, tabards, dresses, shoes, trim and other accessories.

It is wonderful to see so many kind and talented gentles working on the various projects.

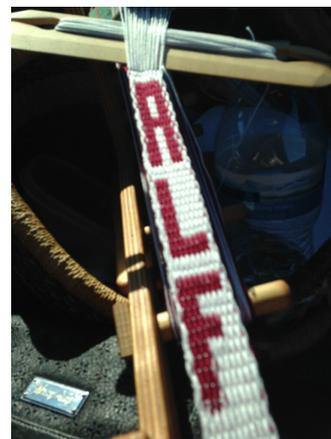
You can find us busy at work on most Sundays from 2-5 at the Dolnick center. If you would like to learn more about our projects feel free to drop me a note.

Photographer Credit: Lady Solveig Sigulfsdottir

Tablet weaving has once again become one of my favorite hand crafts. At this year's Val Day, the wonderfully talented Lady Christina Andrade taught me how to do double face/double turn.

This technique allows you to weave letters. I tried many years ago to try to learn how to do this. I took a day long class and couldn't seem to get the hang of it. However, after about an hour and a half of instruction and practice I have learned how to do it!

I would love to pass this knowledge along to others so look for an upcoming class on double face/double turn tablet weaving.



Photographer Credit: Lady Solveig Sigulfsdottir

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Photographer Credit: Lady Solveig Sigulfsdottir

Lady Bronislawa has inspired me to make a 14th century head covering called a St. Brigitte's cap. I tried the directions from Katafalk on her web page. The cap turned out pretty well but it is a little baggy in the back.

I am making another cap, out of linen this time, that has less of a curve on the lower edge. Hopefully this will help solve some of the problem with excess fabric in the back.

With Lady Bronislawa's help I intend on learning the intricate embroidery that makes this cap so unique.



Photographer Credit: Lady Solveig Sigulfsdottir

There will be a fantastic feast at our Baronial Investiture!

I am trying out new dishes and have been cooking up a storm. So far I've tested out King's Chicken, Savory Beef, soft cheese, and cinnamon rolls.

I will be bringing different dishes to our Sunday meetings, so if you are interested, please come and sample some of our feast dishes.

Also, if you would like any of the recipes, let me know. Most of them are located on the internet on the Medieval Cookery website. (www.medievalcookery.com)

I've been busy helping to make our future Baroness's investiture clothing.

I draped and drafted a pattern for a 14th century shift. It is made out of natural linen and the hand stitching is all done with linen thread.

It has turned out very well, and if there is any interest, I would be happy to pass along my technique for making the shift. I think it would be a very comfortable garment to wear under a light weight dress in the warmer months.

Once again it is time for me to go bank the hearth, blow out the candles, and go to bed. The nights are growing shorter and there is a hint of Spring in the air. Soon, it will be time to plant the early crops like spinach, peas, and carrots. I long for the days when I can once again touch the warm earth and grow things in my garden.

If there is anything you would like to learn, drop me a note and we will see what we can do to help. Until then, let the fires of your own hearth shine bright upon your creative endeavors.

ARMORER'S CORNER

by Lord Giovanni Di Fauro

Greetings, I would like to take a minute or two to talk (or ramble) about Duct tape.

As a fighter I know duct tape is a critical tool to keep me in the fight if a strap breaks or a hinge point fails in a fight or on the field at a battle. What drives me crazy is when I see a fighter 'tape' on his armor at the beginning of practice, or worse war, never having shown up to an armoring session or asked for help in an off time.

Most of the folks who read this know I like to create armor. But my real talent is fixing things on the fly, and I enjoy doing it. And the greatest reward I receive is when a fighter comes up to me after the battle and says thanks; you kept me in the fight.

If given the chance, I will offer to fix that broken strap or loose rivet right then and there, but many a times I don't have all my tools or resources for a complete repair.

Everyone knows someone who can rivet, pound out a dent, leatherwork, etc. Usually they will assist with a repair or answer a question on how to just for you showing the motivation to fix it. All we ask is that you donate or compensate for the materials used. Really what I am trying to drive at is this: Pull out your kit and go through it.

Start with your helm. Is there duct tape on it? Take it off, even the residue from strikes and the tape from the last 'side' you were on, is it wrapped on a grill bar or over a sharp spot?

Then your arms/ hands; again, any duct tape on sharp spots? How about used as a strap or in place of a hinge?

What about your legs, knees, greaves? Do you have to tape your cuisses on every fight?

Next your chest, duct tape on the spaulders? Or holding that broken string on the lamellar?

After and only after you've done that; take a look at your shield and weapons. Make a list of repairs; find an armorer and ask, "How do I fix this?". Nine times out of ten, the armorer will offer to fix it for you, show you how to fix it, assist you with fixing it or at a minimum, tell you a quick way to fix or clean it properly! (We have shortcuts for everything!!)

Prioritize your Armor first! Then your weapons, this will keep you from passing over the little stuff.

Please! Keep the Duct tape for the weapons and marking the kill shot on your opponent!!

DRACO INVICTUS!

by Captain Ulrich Halfdan Ulfsson

March 15 through March 21 the Dragon Army made the annual pilgrimage to the Kingdom of Glenn Abhann to take the field at Gulf Wars. This year we sided with the Trimaris against Ansteorra for the war with no enemies. The Dragon Army fielded approximately forty warriors representing every legion.

Constellation made up a quarter of the Army on the field. The battles included town battles, the ravine battle, field battles, bridge battles, fort battles, and the "mother of all battles."

An allied King commented in the command meeting, "Victory follows where the Midrealm goes." I am happy to report that we were able to help bring victory to our allies in Trimaris, though everyone who made the long trip was the winners. The next Legion muster will be at Blackstone Raid XXIV at the end of April.

Draco Invictus!

ART WORK: PERSONA PIC

submitted by Bjørn Hérabani Mikkelson
artwork by Sean Berne, from Marion, Indiana



EDITORIAL: IT'S YOUR WAR, OR HOW I TOTALLY MESSED UP MY VACATION, LEARNED A TON, AND HAD A GOOD TIME ANYWAY

by Warder Philipp Reimer von Wolfenbüttel

When I was a kid, we used to joke about how my father's idea of a vacation was a prettier place to read his medical textbooks. I never understood how he could do it, at least not until I found myself at Pennsic, waking up at the crack of dawn, and feeling the all-too-familiar thrill of a deadline hanging over my head.

You see, in my mundane life, I'm a professional writer. I write marketing copy and editorials about music recording gear. I'm used to working in the "we needed this done yesterday" world of advertising and freelance journalism. It's stressful, to say the least, but I never knew how much I needed a break from it until I found myself writing for the Pennsic Independent during my one week of real vacation last year.

How did I get that gig? It's simple enough. About 45 seconds after accepting the position as the Deputy Regional Rapier Marshal for Constellation, Master Maximilian der Zauberer cornered me and said, "You do some writing, don't you? Want to make some money at Pennsic?" to which I, true to my helium-handed nature, said, "Sure," and thus became the next Rapier War Correspondent for the Pennsic Independent (PI).

Fast forward a month and some change, and I'm showing up to Pennsic trying desperately to write my first article, a Peace Week recap, enroute. I have no idea where the PI office is or really what my responsibilities are. Everyone I've tried to contact has been exceptionally polite but not quite on task. No bother—I can handle this. I'm a professional. My first order of business is to fight in La Rochelle and then to make a b-line over to the PI office (a small trailer just past Midrealm Royal) where I meet my editor and get my marching orders. That's when the bottom drops out of my vacation.

Apparently, the previous Rapier War Correspondent wasn't much of a fencer, because the task demanded that I get the pertinent information from each tourney to write summaries of the day's events, plus feature pieces on each of the war point battles. The problem was, due to the overlapping and ever-shifting nature of the schedule, I basically couldn't participate in any of the tournaments for fear of missing critical information about the next activity. At the same time, I had my duties as a husband and father to consider, and some occasional obligations to my camp to consider too.

Then there was also the ludicrous part about the deadlines. I was first given a deadline of 5PM, which was approximately when rapier war point battles were supposed to end. I said that was unworkable, and my editor was kind enough to extend my deadline to 7PM. Realistically, that gave me about an hour and a half to write and proofread two sizable articles every day. Now, I'm not a particularly fast writer, but I'm a professional, after all, so I gave it my all that first evening. I turned in my articles a full five minutes ahead of schedule, and was told I'd missed the deadline anyway. The second evening I hardly got back to camp before 6:00PM, and realizing the futility of the struggle, admitted defeat.

That put me writing my previous day's articles in the morning, racing the clock before the first activities started on the rapier list so I could have a chance to actually compete in some of the tournies. My camp got to witness a very stressed out Philipp plugging away at a Bluetooth keyboard parked before his iPhone, and I'm sure I growled at overly boisterous campmates a time or two. Then I'd fire off an email and sprint to the field to get the basic information for the morning's competitions, possibly signing up myself. By midweek, I think it's safe to say, my lady was ready to kill me in my sleep.

But it wasn't all bad. On the plus side, I had an excuse to break out of my shell a bit and introduce myself to a

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number of notable fencers from various kingdoms, something that my normally introverted self seriously struggles with. I can't say I made any lasting friendships that way, but I did get into some very interesting conversations with several delightful people. I even got to go over to the East side of the battlefield after both of the war points and discuss the action with those who witnessed a very different battle than we did.

On the minus side, I ultimately participated in only one tourney myself, the Atlantian Five Man Melee, though I marshaled a few others. What's more, I spent most of my war feeling stretched too thin and painfully aware of the fun I was missing out on. Had it not been for the amazing group of friends I camped with and the good times my family and I got to squeeze in between bouts of madly dashing off doing my best imitation of The White Rabbit, I think I would have had an awful Pennsic. Ultimately, I consider myself lucky to have bought an important life lesson so cheaply: it's your vacation. Spend it wisely.

EVENT REPORT

by Lady Arionna of Shadowed Stars

The Quest for the Golden Seamstress 2015 - 3/14/2015

Traditionally, many regard Friday the 13th as an unlucky day, but having already encountered and overcome several obstacles, our intrepid caravan made our way up to the Barony of Roaring Wastes on that blustery day, our spirits high with excitement and perhaps a touch of anxiousness.

When the idea of competing in the Quest for The Golden Seamstress was proposed, it was met with both excitement and some confusion, as no one in our chapter had ever attempted it before and much about the competition was unknown. Regardless, planning began apace, and in short order we had a team outlined, a model, and a plan of action. As the deadline steadily approached, our brave fledgling group was struck with misfortune as members' mundane lives asserted their priority in the form of changing work schedules, health and financial concerns, and so forth. With only two and a half weeks to go until the competition, hope was all but lost. Determined to undertake the challenge, the indefatigable Aveline de Ceresbroch cast about for anyone still able and interested in participating, and so our team the Plan Bs were formed!

Together, Aveline, Prudence, and I arrived at the venue and met Brigid and Isobel of Brendoken and immediately got to work setting up our workspace, sleeping areas, snacks and spare supplies. As we set up, we greeted familiar faces and made introductions to new neighbors. A short while later, as the final teams were hurrying to get unpacked and situated, the rules were reviewed and last minute questions were answered. "You May BEGIN!!" rings out and immediately the room becomes a furious hive of activity.



Photographer Credit: Lady Isabel Taylor

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Prudence had drawn up a complete schedule, which broke down the elements of the project, hours for sleep, different levels of priorities and more, for each person on the team. This proved to be a very useful tool, especially as the hours wore on and the ability to look objectively at the big picture became more and more difficult.

Brigid happily settled herself on a comfy couch and wove away at the silk tablet weaving with gusto while Isobel wielded her fabric shears with deft efficiency, making short work of cutting out all the necessary pieces. Prudence and Aveline toiled non-stop over the entire event, hardly stopping for the barest of breaks when I was able prepare for them small snacks and drinks. Over the course of the evening conversations would pop up here and there and there was much laughter and spirited banter. Many would take brief respites from their labors to stretch cramping muscles and wander around the workrooms admiring the various projects and to ogle and comment on the variety of sewing tools, machines, dummies, materials, etc.

After a long evening, as the sky brightened and the delicious smell of pancakes and sausage helped awaken some who had succumbed to sleep (myself among them), the judges arrived. Eyes bright with anticipation, they excitedly bounced around the room, eager to see what we all had been working on and to begin the grueling task of judging our fabulous creations. The final hours quickly flew by, as last minute fittings were done and rechecked, finishing touches were going on accessories, and checklists were reviewed. The last 20 minutes were a veritable flurry of flying fingers and fabric.

Finally, the cry “Put Your Needles Down!!” rolled over the assembly, bringing with it sighs of relief and for some, frustration. We were then given 30 minutes to change and prepare to present to everyone at the Fashion Show. While we were all excited and eager to see what everyone had accomplished, it was a struggle for more than a few people to stay awake, having worked completely through the night.

It was incredible watching the various groups present and review what their goal had been, their challenges as well as their triumphs, and to see the completed projects. Following the show, the judges sequestered to deliberate, and we all wearily set about gathering our supplies and packing up.

The judges announced the winners and distributed swag bags to the lucky teams. Our team, which sewed and constructed a 14th Century shift, kirtle, sideless surcoat, almonier's pouch, and barbette, fillet and crespine complete with veil pins forged on site, won First Place in the Novice Division for the Mid Period Category. (See the photo of our entry on page 7).

The Quest for The Golden Seamstress may be technically a competition, but you are truly only competing against your own fears and abilities.

I believe that everyone who participated not only left as a winner, but also left truly feeling like winners, having overcome much simply to participate. I know that I speak for our whole team when I say we had a wonderful time and we are all planning to return in future years!

FICTION CHALLENGE

Idea sparked by Lady Cassandra of Wyndhaven

The Shadow Press FICTION CHALLENGE

We are presenting a Fiction Challenge Contest
to the Shadowed Stars populace!

All submitted stories will be published
in a Shadow Press Special Edition on June 1, 2015.

There will be a vote open to Midrealm populace held
between June 1 and July 1, 2015.

The winning Fiction Challenge story will be announced in the
Fall edition of The Shadow Press published on October 1, 2015.

WHAT :

We are challenging any and all Shadowed Stars writers of medieval-based fiction to submit a story for a Fiction Challenge Contest.

STORY GUIDELINES:

Writers are tasked with submitting a story up to 3,000 words.

The story must have a title.

The story must be able to be read by all ages (no profanity, adult-only themes, etc.).

STORY SUBMISSION DUE DATE:

Submission due date: May 15, 2015 (only a month and a half away!).

HOW TO SUBMIT:

Send your story via email to chronicler@shadowedstars.org.

WHEN VOTING BEGINS:

Any member of the Midrealm (not just Shadowed Stars) populace can submit their vote for their favorite story between June 1 and July 1, 2015.

Prizes to be announced.

SHORT STORY: THE QUESTION

by Marcellus Germanus Ancinnius

Atropos shivered in the wet fog as she limped towards the Porta Praetoria gate of the Roman field camp. The Romans had arrived in this area near the river early this evening. Her cane of ash kept slipping on the moisture slick stones which made up the via Praetoria, while her torch sputtered in the moisture rich air, the dark trying to smother her. Her old bones ached and her joints stiffened in the wet air. She pulled her cloak more tightly around her thin, bony shoulders. She could have sent Clotho, her young body wouldn't have even noticed the wet fog, while older Lachesis, who loathed the damp, wouldn't have been incapacitated. The problem was, this Emperor was a known womanizer and she didn't trust the younger women to not fall under his spell. So now she was out in this wet, foggy night to ask a most important question of this Emperor. As she approached the gate her cane slipped on the wet stone and she almost fell.

The guards snapped to attention.

"Hold! Who goes there? Give the password!"

Ah, the famous Roman discipline. It can be a pain at times, such as this.

"I need to speak with the Emperor. It is urgent."

The two guards looked at each other and laughed.

"Turn around, hag. The Emperor is not to be disturbed, especially by the likes of you. Now move on."

Bowing her head in anger, Atropos muttered under her breath and raised her hand and pointed at the two guards. Their eyes glazed over and one bowed to her.

"Forgive us, my Lady. You may, of course, pass. The night's password is Venus."

Atropos ignored them and walked through the gate and headed toward the center of the camp, where the Praetorium, the Emperor's tent, was located. As she limped toward the large tent there were two more guards situated at the entrance flap.

"Halt! Who goes there? What is the password?"

Shaking her head, Atropos leaned on her cane.

"I wish to speak with the Emperor. It is most urgent. The password is Venus."

Looking confused, one guard kept an eye on this old hag, who gave the night's password, while the other looked inside the tent and informed the Emperor he had a guest. A gruff voice responded with a sigh.

"Send her in."

The guards held the tent flaps back for her to enter, releasing them afterward. Atropos immediately limped over to one of the flaming braziers to enjoy the warmth given out. Stretching out her arms to receive the heat, she turned toward the Emperor.

"My name is..."

The man snapped, "I know who you are, Atropos. What has the Fates to do with me?"

Atropos frowned at the man's rudeness.

"Tomorrow morning you plan on crossing the river in defiance of the Roman Senate's decree."

It wasn't a question.

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“Yes.”

“I will give you two futures, one if you obey the Senate degree, the other if you maintain the course you plan. Then you must choose which future you will follow.”

The Emperor frowned at the hag and poured himself and the old woman a cup of red wine, motioning toward a camp chair. Atropos took a seat while the Emperor sat down behind his desk full of maps and scrolls.

“I have already decided, but I admit I am curious. What are these two futures of mine?”

Atropos glared at his arrogance.

“If you forgo crossing the river, you will live a long and productive, though staid life. You will be awarded Praefectum of Gaul, and live out your life governing the province putting down the occasional rebellion. You will lose your political influence in Rome, but will be secure in your position. You and your wife will have many children and grandchildren. You will become a notation in history, but after a few hundred years history will forget you.”

The flat expression on the Emperor's face told Atropos this version of history didn't sit well with him.

“And the second version?”

“If you cross the river in defiance of the Senate's decree, you will conquer Rome, defeat all of your enemies, and be declared Dictator for life.”

A slow smile crossed the Emperor's face.

“There is more. You will not have anymore children from your wife. Your life will be cut short, but future generations will study your life and your campaigns. For more than two thousand years your name will be one of awe and admiration”.

The Emperor had a thoughtful look upon his youthful face as he gazed at the brazier's blaze.

“You must choose which future you will seek. Will you be a steady candle who's flame slowly dies out, or will you be as the flare of a torch, bright and hot, then suddenly plunged into water?”

A grim smile covered the Emperor's face.

“I would rather flare like the sun for a short period knowing people knew I had existed, than sputter like a wax candle for a lengthy period, finally going out without anyone's notice.”

Atropos nodded her head and rose out of the chair.

“So be it. Such will be how your Life Thread is to be woven. Good evening, Emperor.”

“Good evening to you, Atropos.”

As she walked through the gate flaps held open by the guards, she looked back at the Emperor. He had already forgotten she had been there and was going over his maps and correspondence. A slow smile spread over her wrinkled face as she walked into the wet, foggy night.

On 10 January 49 BC, leading one legion, the Legio XIII Gemina, Emperor Gaius Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon River, the boundary between the Cisalpine Gaul province to the north and Italy proper to the south, a legally-proscribed action forbidden to any army-leading Emperor...and into history.

BARONIAL OFFICERS

Seneschal

Lady Solveig Sigulfsdottir

Chatelaine

Lady Gwendolyn of Shadowed Stars

Minister of

Arts & Sciences

Lady Gwerith verch Albrecht

Herald

Lord Ruzhko Chobotar

Exchequer

Lord Wultgar Munchen Stern

Knights' Marshal

Lord Fergus MacPherson

Rapier Marshal

Warder Philipp Reimer von Wolfenbüttel

Archery Marshal

Lord Alfairin Fani

Equestrian Marshal

Lady Gwendolyn of Shadowed Stars

Webminister

Warder Philipp Reimer von Wolfenbüttel

Chronicler

Lady Broinninn ingen Magnusa

Dance Coordinator

Lady Gwerith verch Albrecht

Historian

Lady Zoe Dukiana

Chief Armorer

Lord Giovanni Di Fauro

FROM THE CHRONICLER

THE BARONY WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU!

- ◆ We need everyone to submit: Editorials, Shadow Snaps, Event Reports, Persona Bios, Persona Pics, Artwork, short stories and longer stories for the Fiction Challenge Contest!



- ◆ If you would like to create a regular or semi-regular column or have ideas of things we can include in future issues, please contact me at chronicler@shadowedstars.org!

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS:

- ◆ Submit by June 15, 2015, for inclusion in Summer edition (July 1 publication).

RULES FOR SUBMISSIONS:

- ◆ Release Form types:
 - * Creative - For all articles, poems, original artwork that is not a photograph, and the like // I bring this to you and I keep on file.
 - * Photographer - For photographs // I bring this to you and I keep on file.
 - * Model - For the recognizable person(s) in the photograph(s) // You get signed by people in your submitted photograph and keep on file.
- ◇ **Model Release forms do NOT need to be turned in with your photo submissions!**
- ◇ Model Release Forms are available for download from the Publications page at shadowedstars.org/publications or at midrealm.org/chronicler.
- ◇ **Photographers - If you are unable to print a needed Model Release form, let me know and I will make sure you have a supply of printed ones to keep with you!**
- ◆ Shadow Snaps:
 - ◇ Submit as many photos as you can of our Barony activities as well as events and happenings of the groups around us! (You must have taken the photo yourself.)
 - ◇ Need with Submission: Name of Event, date, location, SCA titles and names of those in the photo
- ◆ Images from the internet:
 - ◇ If you include an image from the internet with your submission, please make sure to include the active link to it

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