

Disclaimer: The characters of this little fic are all the SCA personae of real SCAdians, and the events, though embellished, are part of our little College's and Barony's narrative. I am Skjaldadís, and I was present at the real event which inspired this and took photos (there is a link to them at the end). This was written with the knowledge and consent of the people in it.



In Anno Societatis XLVIII, Lord Zaven Zeitountsi was the Supreme Overlord of the College of St Basil the Great, in the fair Barony of Aneala, north of the Swan River. For many years the College of St Basil had had strained relations with its rival, the College of St Lazarus within the Shire of Abertridwr, which lay to the south of the river. Sometimes the two Colleges came together in harmony, and sometimes they challenged each other and fought at the battlefield of the Oak Lawn, but for a long time they had co-existed fairly peacefully, even joining forces to challenge the fighters of Aneala and Abertridwr on occasion.

St Lazarus had been named for the Biblical Lazarus, who had been revived from death by Jesus; the College was so called because like its namesake, it had faded and then been reborn from the ashes of Murdoch University club administration more than once in the past. For this reason, it is said, when the fighters of St Lazarus charged into battle they would cry, "BRAAAIIINSS!", as revenants do, and it struck fear into the hearts of those who heard it.

By A.S XLVIII, however, the strength of St Lazarus was waning, for there were fewer and fewer fighters coming forth to wear the green and white tabards and aid in the running of its household and maintenance of its domain. Upon seeing this Lord Zaven and his deputy Lady Skjaldadís took counsel with Lord Giacomo, Zaven's boon companion, and with Lady Elizabeth Rowe, the former Glorious Seneschal of St Basil, and together they hatched a plan.

In October of that year Lord Zaven, Lady Skjaldadís and Lady Elizabeth journeyed into the heart of Abertridwr, into the lands of St Lazarus. That College's failing strength was such that they went almost unchallenged, meeting no guardian but one rusting metal warrior, who was no match for Lord Zaven and Lady Skjaldadís.



They thus had no difficulty in ~~surrounding~~ approaching Lord Agostino Tamburri, Seneschal of St Lazarus, as he walked alone in his grounds, and in most kind terms they laid out a treaty.



“Your College is failing,” Lord Zaven said most gently and most wisely. “You have no warriors to defend you, nor artisans to clothe them, nor bards to sing their names. Your lands lie rich and fertile and your herds of livestock roam, yet there is no one to tend them. Your stores of weapons and armour lie untouched. You have no successor. Were we to challenge you, you would fall, and there would be no more resurrections for St Lazarus. But we offer you the choice to live through us. Let us shoulder the burden of your riches, and train what warriors may still seek you out, and you shall not fade into nothing.”



Some historians hold that at this point Lord Agostino objected, crying out, “This is no choice, not with Skjaldadís’ blade held to my back! This is an invasion!” but they must be confused, for this was a peaceful negotiation and a bloodless conquest, and any who claim there was a blade involved are lying. Lord Agostino was, in fact, gently encouraged by Lady Skjaldadís to see the truth of Lord Zaven’s wise words. And while Lady Elizabeth said little, her glance and her smile, too, softened his heart.

In that field he shook Lord Zaven’s hand and agreed to be a vassal lord of the College of St Basil the Great and to sign over the College of St Lazarus and all its holdings. The Basilisks (for thus are the members of St Basil informally named) rejoiced, and to seal this union of the Colleges Lord Agostino was betrothed to Lady Elizabeth. And for that he is accounted victorious after all.





The College of St Lazarus was renamed the Great Southern Basilia to reflect its new overlordship. Lord Zaven and his companions surveyed their new lands and herds and found them well, and Lady Skjaldadís took careful note of all their new holdings so that it could be added to the wealth of St Basil. Lady Elizabeth called for a goat to be slaughtered and roasted for them, and they feasted in their new domain and celebrated their peaceful conquest.



Upon returning to fair Aneala of the arched swans, they announced their new acquisition. Dameon and Leonie, the Baron and Baroness of Aneala, were most pleased at being thus enriched, and Lord Zaven became known as the Supreme Overlord of St Basil and the Great Southern Basilia.

But the lords of Abertridwr would not sit idly by while St Basil claimed territory within their lands, and in their fury were stirred to war. They marched under their red dragon banners to the fields of St Basil, and on the Oak Lawn they challenged St Basil in the name of the College of St Lazarus.

“You have won our Barony great wealth and renown, and we shall repay your fealty in kind,” said the Baron and Baroness, and so the Anealan Knights led their forces into battle by St Basil’s side. Lord Zaven, Lord Giacomo, Lady Ariel and many others fought most valiantly, and by day’s end the battle was won. The College of St Basil, aided by Aneala’s forces, had defeated Abertridwr and cemented their right to the Great Southern Basilia, and since then it has been part of St Basil’s domain.



[Public Facebook album: Expedition to the Great Southern Basilia](#)