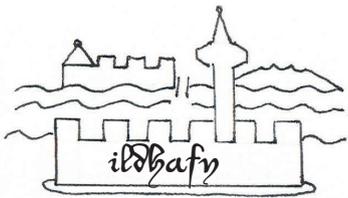


per septentrio



caveat emptor

journee



journee



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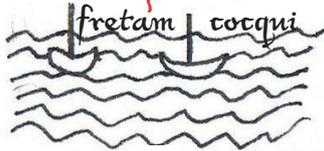
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journee



journee



journee



journee



Here be whales, seals
and divers other
monsters of the sea.



When Februarie sunne
hath corages, they folke
longen to goon on pilgrim-
ages, and travaillers seeken
strauge straydes to meet
and make merry in sundrie
laydes.

occident



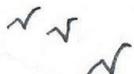
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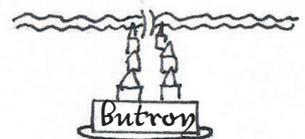
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southron gaard

semper guardant

journee



FROM THE NORTH.

Many doughty pilgrims undertake the road to Canterbury Faire each year, travelling from the North of the country in the environs of the Barony of Ildhafn, from the South of the country in the Highlands of Southron Gaard and from the West across the Straits of Lochac from those lands that once were termed the Old Principality. From the East they come not often, as the seas are wide and wild.

The City of Ildhafn marks the prime point of departure for many Faire pilgrims and is known for its large harbour with many islands and bridges. From there is a weary haul south to scale the heights of the Bombay Hills before the descent into the swampy lands of the Waikato and the quiet rustic demesne of the Canton of Cluain.

The huge inland waters of Taupo must be skirted with caution as this area is home to firey mountains which cast ash and rocks upon the unwary traveller toiling over the high road that winds its way across the desert. Some talk of trolls but this writer knows not of such ungodly beasts.

The road disgorges out into kinder terrain which is nonetheless cursed with strong winds such that carts may find themselves blown from the King's Road. There are many windmills in these parts, but whether they grind flour or full doth is not known for they rest upon the heights from which no visitor returns. In these environs is found the northern town of Palmerston, but few choose to stop there.

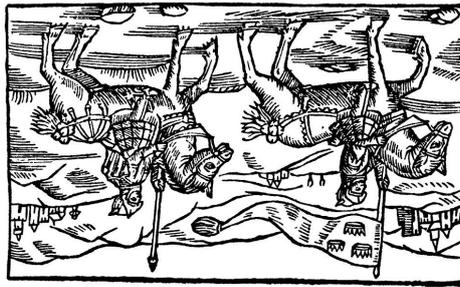
From this region doth the intrepid traveller Lady Cynthryth the Dutiful set forth most years to attend the Faire, travelling along the Kings Highway until reaching the shores of the large harbour at Darton, whereon she and many another northern pilgrim take ship to carry them across the reaches to reach restful haven in the sea-girt village of Picton or sometimes Blenheim or sometimes to carry on across the main lands of Southron Gaard.

The road is long and passes by huge salt pans which look bloody in the sun and through dark tunnels carved by the men of old who also made the iron road that borders the King's Highway whereupon are to be found sturdy beats hauling immense loads if they be not stopped.

The aforementioned Lady Cynthryth patronises the bakers of Blenheim; others would have you stop where the long headland of Kaikoura shelters many large sea creatures that gives that village its name in the native tongue. There are often seen great beasts travelling the whale road and along the shore are found seals which can provide food and fur.

From hence comes the final point to note where the large Mudde House marks the turn off the Highway and on to narrower lanes to wend down towards the river which girds one side of the Faire grounds.

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ASXLVII.



Based on the Work of
Matthew Paris
& With Notations from
Worby Folk.

Barony of Southron Gaard
in the fine

Canterbury Faire

To

To take Travellers

Both North & South

Of the Pilgrimage Routes

DESCRIPTION

FROM THE SOUTH.

From the Southern parts travellers set forth from that city of the Highlands ringed by high hills, and named for the fastness of Edinburgh but turned about for this southern realm and thus termed Dun-Edin. Herein is to be found the College of St Kessog which though small in number rank very fine people within it.

The long and weary trail takes them across many rivers which have little water but at times of great rains, and small villages which look to aid the traveller with offerings of potables and fine comestibles. Some of these places curl around sandy harbours such as the Caroline Bay which forms the outer mouth of Timaru and others form long lines alongside the King's Highway and the iron road revealing their intention to keep and hold the traveller.

But of the Faire pilgrims the greatest numbers come from the central lands of Southron Gaard, within the city once known for its Christ Church but now lacking any place of worship due to the Great & Terrible shaking of the earth which occurred there. That city is surrounded to the south by a circle of hills of twenty-four leagues in compass to a height to be seen from fifteen leagues in all directions making them a useful point for taking direction. To similar use is the wide curving bay hight Pegasus which runs from the aforementioned hills many leagues north to the headland Kaikoura.

From the port hills of the city north the land is flat and in parts fertile and in others dusty. In times past was much grain grown here but now it is a land of cows and vines to provide beef and wine. The rivers are broad but are of stone not water for the most part and bridges make passage easy. To the west are the alpine heights from whence a special few brave the crossing.

Due west of the city is the landing place for pilgrims coming from the old Principality. Most come through the port of the Barony of Rowany, from thence across the Straits of Lochac to the central lands of Southron Gaard but some choose to avoid that costly place where tolls are high and so travel directly from their own lands in Terra Rosa such as the Baronies of Riverhaven, St Florian de la Riviere, Innilgaard, Ynys Fawr, Aneala and so forth. Such travellers marvel at the green lands of Southron Gaard and many choose to wander across the Crescent Isles in extension of their wayfaring to Faire to see such sights as real mountains with snow, forests that are not ablaze, and divers animals that do not bite nor sting.

Across the river and past the place where swamp hens gather and beyond the hamlet of Amberley is the Mudde House where one leaves the Highway for the Faire grounds.