

The tale of the Barons being named to their own order, unbeknownst to them signing their own scrolls (kind of):

I signed my own baronial service award last weekend, kind of. The order of the Dreamstone is the highest honor that my barony can bestow. Because of that it polls. I was made Baron of Bryn Madoc in October, and was not a member of this order. To preserve the order's sanctity, I opted to have them simply report to me IF they had business.

So there I was in court prep, knowing they had something but not knowing what. The scribe (Elizabeth of Bryn Madoc) had asked me to sign some things earlier sight-unseen. I declined, as my handwriting would be like putting a moustache on the Mona Lisa. They signed for me at my request. So then, in court prep the herald Master Hwyl said "they don't actually have business, they changed their minds."

Well enough, we did court. As we were closing it, in barged the prior baron Duke Orlando (a member) with a speech about how there was a problem and it needed fixing and he'd let it go and "we all did so we all are fixing it." The Order rose, our tears began to flow, the cloak that is draped on each new member was presented by Mistress Margala, and the Crown had it read in. The order bamboozled its temporal protectors.

That's how good Bryn Madoc is.

– Baron Knut