

Noerlanda's Story

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I don't know where the name Septentria came from. I know it means seven and not five, but when I started in the Society, Septentria had five cantons. Now, only one of them remains within its borders, Eoforwic (Toronto, below St. Clair Ave. as it was then). Two have become their own Baronies, Skraeling Althing (Ottawa) and Ben Dunfirth (Hamilton) and one declined to join our Kingdom when we left the Middle, Starleaf Gate (Windsor).

The fifth has ceased to exist. It is of Noerlanda that I speak. Up to the last, it showed the spirit that has become synonymous with the heart of Ealdormere. Noerlanda was north of Eoforwic in York University. For many years, it thrived with elves and fairies, historians and the like. The Society was much less historical and somewhat more fantastical back then. As with many Cantons that depend upon the students of these fine institutions, it lost its' support as individuals graduated and new ones did not join.

Eventually, meetings were held in individual's homes and for a few years, things went well. Meetings became less often but reporting was good. Members of the Canton still introduced themselves as Noerlandians, and all was well.

One day, word came from the Society Seneschal that Noerlanda was no more. No warning, no get-your-house-in-order. We were given only a few weeks to shut down. While the small populace of Noerlanda were upset, it was understood that this day may come. Many went to Eoforwic and Vest Yorvik, some waited and became Skeldergate. Please note that Noerlanda did not become Skeldergate. That fine group started up on its' own, not from ashes left behind.

Here is where the spirit of who we are comes forth. When a Canton ceases, the Society claims all assets. But this information had not been told to the stalwart individuals of this Canton. It was known that the monies, all 109 gold coins, could not go to the people themselves. It was decided, as possibly the last group decision, that the monies should remain in Septentria. To the Chirurgeonate 25 gold coins, to the Ursus 25, and the remainder to the Barony.

In the wee hours of one morning, our Exchequer received a call from the Society Exchequer (who had to be from the West somewhere) informing her that the monies had to go to the Society coffers. No, he was informed. The money would remain here and had already been distributed with proper ceremony and receipts. Our dear Sister Catherine was told that the IRS would be at her heels. She laughed. They had no jurisdiction on a defunct Canton in the north. He threatened with Revenue Canada.

She laughed harder. Revenue Canada would not care about such a paltry sum of monies. He did not understand, after all, he dealt with the IRS.

Sister Catherine stood her ground and told him, "The monies, all 109 of them, were made for Septentrians, by Septentrians, and would remain in Septentria. That was the last official act for the Canton of Noerlanda. It remains fondly in our hearts.

I am not a wordsmith, good with the turn of a phrase or a historian with dates and places always to hand, but I was Noerlanda's last Seneschal. This story needs to be told so that we all know the history of all of our Cantons. Those that survive and those that don't. A blue field with a gold lion holding a snowflake on a field of white snow, with the tree of knowledge behind the lion, is no more.

Humbly submitted by THL Aislinne of Alainmor for Vest Yorvik's taxes AS XXXXV

