TRANSCRIPTS FOR OCTOBER 2019

GAMES FROM FOLKTALES

PRECIOUS STONES 3
THE FAERIE FOOTMAN AND THE DRINKING HORN
THE SIREN OF THE PIER
MAN : THE BUGGANE OF ST TRINIAN'S

An experiment in podcasting for the Ars Magica roleplaying game

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PRECIOUS STONES 3

A few further notes from Kunz's *Curious Lore of Precious Stones.*

DIAMOND

The virtues ascribed to this stone are almost all directly traceable either to its unconquerable hardness or to its transparency and purity. It was therefore thought to bring victory to the wearer, by endowing him with superior strength, fortitude, and courage. Marbodus tells us it was a magic stone of great power and served to drive away nocturnal spectres; for this purpose it should be set in gold and worn on the left arm. For St. Hildegard the sovereign virtue of the diamond was recognized by the devil, who was a great enemy of this stone because it resisted his power by day and by night. Rueus calls it "a gem of reconciliation," as it enhanced the love of a husband for his wife.

Cardano takes a more pessimistic view of the qualities of the diamond. He says: It is believed to make the wearer unhappy; its effects therefore are the same upon the mind as that of the sun upon the eye, for the latter rather dims than strengthens the sight. It indeed renders fearless, but there is nothing that contributes more to our safety than prudence and fear; therefore it is better to fear.

The diamond was often associated with the lightning and was sometimes believed to owe its origin to the thunderbolt,

In the Talmud we read of a gem, supposed to have been the diamond, which was worn by the high priest. This stone served to show the guilt or innocence of one accused of any crime; if the accused were guilty, the stone would grow dim, but if he were innocent, it would shine more brilliantly than ever. This quality is also alluded to by Sir John Mandeville, who wrote: It happens often that the good diamond loses its virtue by sin and for incontinence of him who bears it.

The Arabians and Persians, as well as the modern Egyptians, agree in attributing to the diamond a wonderful power to bring good fortune, and Rabbi Benoni, a mystic of the fourteenth century, treating of its magic virtues, asserts that it produces somnambulism, and, as a talisman, so powerfully attracts the planetary influences that it renders the wearer invincible; it was also said to provoke a state of spiritual ecstasy. An alchemist of the same century, Pierre de Boniface, asserted that the diamond made the wearer invisible.

A curious fancy, prevalent in regard to many stones, attributed sex to the diamond, and it is therefore not surprising that these stones were also supposed to possess reproductive powers. In this connection Sir John Mandeville wrote: They grow together, male and female, and are nourished by the dew of heaven; and they engender commonly, and bring forth small children that multiply and grow all the year. I have oftentimes tried the experiment that if a man keep them with a little of the rock, and water them with May dew often, they shall grow every year and the small will grow great.

According to a wide-spread superstition, the talismanic power of a diamond was lost if the stone were acquired by purchase; only when received as a gift could its virtues be depended on. The same belief is noted regarding the turquoise. The spirit dwelling in the stone was thought to take offence at the idea of being bought and sold, and was supposed to depart from the stone, leaving it nothing more than a bit of senseless matter. If, however, the diamond (or turquoise) were offered as a pledge of love or friendship, the spirit was quite willing to transfer its good offices from one owner to another.

Aristotle says that no one except Alexander ever reached the place where the diamond is produced. This is a valley, connected with the land Hind. The glance cannot penetrate to its greatest depths and serpents are found there, the like of which no man hath seen, and upon which no man can gaze without dying. However, this power endures only as long as the serpents live, for when they die the power leaves them. In this place summer reigns for six months and winter for the same length of time. Now, Alexander ordered that an iron mirror should be brought and placed at the spot where the serpents dwelt. When the serpents approached, their glance fell upon their own image in the mirror, and this caused their death. Hereupon, Alexander wished to bring out the diamonds from the valley, but no one was willing to undertake the descent. Alexander therefore sought counsel of the wise men, and they told him to throw down a piece of flesh into the valley. This he did, the diamonds became attached to the flesh, and the birds of the air seized the flesh and bore it up out of the valley. Then Alexander ordered his people to pursue the birds and to pick up what fell from the flesh."

Of the many medicinal virtues attributed to the diamond, one of the most noteworthy is that of an antidote for poisons. Strangely enough, the belief in its efficacy in this respect was coupled with the idea that the stone in itself was a deadly poison. The origin of this latter fancy must be sought in the tradition that the place wherein the diamonds were generated —"in the land where it is six months day and six months night"—was guarded by venomous creatures who, in passing over the stones, were wounded by the sharp points of the crystals, and thus embued the stones with some of their venom. The attribution of curative properties in case of poisoning arose from association of ideas.

The diamond was also believed to afford protection from plague or pestilence, and a proof of its powers in this direction was found in the fact that the plague first attacked the poorer classes, sparing the rich, who could afford to adorn themselves with diamonds. Naturally, in common with other precious stones, this brilliant gem was supposed to cure many diseases. Marbodus tells us that it was even a cure for insanity.

Is this a demonic or faerie Ward?

An Austrian nobleman, who for a long time had not been able to sleep without having terrible dreams, was immediately cured by wearing a small diamond set in gold on his arm, so that the stone came in contact with his skin.

The fact that in this case, as in many others, the stone was required to touch the skin, proves that the effect supposed to be produced was not altogether magical, but in the nature of a physical emanation from the stone to the body of the wearer.

We are told that when Pope Clement VII was seized by his last illness, in 1534, his physicians resorted to powders composed of various precious stones. In the space of fourteen days they are asserted to have given the pope forty thousand ducats' worth of these stones, a single dose costing as much as three thousand ducats. The most costly remedy of all was a diamond administered to him at Marseilles. Unfortunately, this lavish expenditure was of no avail; indeed, according to our modern science, the remedies might have sufficed to end the pope's life, without the help of his disease.

Pot hook idea: if you know some's going to feed gemstones to a Pope, your magi can swap out the originals for temporary stones with Creo Terram spells and profit.

The old fancy that the diamond grew dark in the presence of poison is explained by the Italian physician Gonelli as caused by minute and tenuous particles which emanated from the poison, impinged upon the surface of the diamond, and, unable to penetrate its dense mass, accumulated on the surface, thus producing a superficial discoloration.

Suggested Shape and Material Bonuses
Diamond versus demons +5 (ArM5)
Resistance to damage +5
Cure or cause poisoning +5
Detect poison +5
Prevent plague +3
Cure minds +2

EMERALD

The emerald was believed to foreshow future events, but we do not learn whether visions were actually seen in the stone, as they were in spheres of rock-crystal or beryl, or whether the emerald endowed the wearer with a supernatural fore-knowledge of what was to come. {Either way, it's the Visions Flaw] As a revealer of truth, this stone was an enemy of all enchantments and conjurations; hence it was greatly favored by magicians, who found all their arts of no avail if an emerald were in their vicinity when they began to weave their spells.

[Can you smuggle one into the lab of an enemy wizard to cause lab accidents?]

To this supernatural power inherent in the stone, enabling it to quicken the prophetic faculty, may be added many other virtues. If any one wished to strengthen his memory or to become an eloquent speaker, he was sure to attain his end by securing possession of a fine emerald. And not only the ambitious, but also those whose hearts had been smitten by the shafts from Cupid's bow found in this stone an invaluable auxiliary, for it revealed the truth or falsity of lover's oaths. Strange to say, however, the emerald, although commonly assigned to Venus, was often regarded as an enemy of sexual passion. So sensitive was the stone believed to be in this respect that Albertus Magnus relates of King Bela of Hungary, who possessed an exceptionally valuable emerald set in a ring, that, when he embraced his wife while wearing this ring on his finger, the stone broke into three parts.

After stating that the emerald sharpens the wits and quickens the intelligence, Cardano declares that it therefore made people more honest, for "dishonesty is nothing but ignorance, stupidity, and ill-nature."

Emerald sharpened the wits, conferred riches and the power to predict future events. To evolve this latter virtue it must be put under the tongue. It also strengthened the memory. The light-colored stones were esteemed the best and legend told that they were brought from the "nests of griffons."

A curious quid pro quo appears in a fifteenth century treatise on gems written in French. Here, in a list of engraved gems suitable for use as amulets, we read, "If you find a dromedary engraved on a stone with hair flowing over its shoulders, this stone will bring peace and concord between man and wife." The original Latin text read, "If you find Andromeda on a stone with hair flowing over her shoulders," etc.

The emerald, according to Damigeron, was to be engraved with a scarab, beneath which was to be a standing figure of Isis. The gem, when completed, was to be pierced longitudinally and worn in a brooch. The fortunate owner of this talisman was then to adorn himself and the members of

his family, and, a consecration having been pronounced, he was assured that he would see “the glory of the stone granted it by God.” Possibly this may have meant that the stone would become luminous.

The emerald was employed as an antidote for poisons and for poisoned wounds, as well as against demoniacal possession. If worn on the neck it was said to cure the “semitertian” fever and epilepsy…Alluding to its powers as an antidote for poisons, Rueus asserts that if the weight of eighty barley-corns of its powder were given to one dying from the effects of poison, the dose would save his life. The Arabs prized emeralds highly for this purpose, and Abenzoar states that, having once taken a poisonous herb, he placed an emerald in his mouth and applied another to his stomach, whereupon he was entirely cured.

It speaks not a little for the beauty of the emerald that so good a judge of precious stones as Pliny should have pronounced this gem to be the only one that delighted the eye without fatiguing it, adding that when the vision was wearied by gazing intently at other objects, it gained renewed strength by viewing an emerald. So general in the early centuries of our era was the persuasion that the pure green hue of emeralds aided the eyesight, that gem engravers are said to have kept some of them on their work-tables, so as to be able to look at the stones from time to time and thus relieve the eye-strain caused by close application to their delicate task.

Psellus says that a cataplasm made of emeralds was of help to those suffering from leprosy; he adds that if pulverized and taken in water they would check hemorrhages. They were especially commended for use as amulets to be hung on the necks of children, as they were believed to ward off and prevent epilepsy. If, however, the violence of the disease was such that it could not be overcome by the stone, the latter would break. Hermes Trismegistus says the emerald cures ophthalmia and hemorrhages. The great Hermes must have had a special preference for this stone, since his treatise on chemistry is said to have been found inscribed on an emerald.

Teifashi (1242 a.d.) believed that the emerald was a cure for hæmoptysis and for dysentery if it were worn over the liver of the person affected; to cure gastric troubles, the stone was to be laid upon the stomach. Furthermore, the wearer was protected from the attacks of venomous creatures, and evil spirits were driven from the place where emeralds were kept.

Suggested Shape and Material Bonuses
calm 2 (ArM5)
incite love or passion 4 (ArM5)
snakes and dragon kind 7 (ArM5)
aiding study +3
curing the eye +3
banish demons +3
prevent spellcasting +7

THE FAERIE FOOTMAN AND THE DRINKING HORN

This week: when noblemen ruin perfectly good vis sources for no reason. The recording used in this episode was released into the public domain through LibriVox. Thanks again to all the LibriVoxians!

Once upon a time a knight was riding in the country beyond Gloucester and came to a forest abounding and boars stags and every kind of wild beasts. Now in a grove of this forest there was a little mount rising in a point to the height of a man on which knights and other hunters we reused to ascend when fatigued with heat and thirst to seek some relief. The nature of the place – for it is a fairy place – is such the whoever ascends the mound must leave his companions and go quite alone. As a knight rode in the wood and came nigh this very knoll he met with a woodcutter and questioned him about it.

He must go to there alone the woodcutter told him and say as of speaking to some other person "I thirst". Immediately there would appear a cup bearer in a rich crimson dress with a shining face, bearing in his stretched out hand a large horn adorned with gold and gems, such as was the custom among the most ancient English. The cup was full of nectar of an unknown but most delicious flavor, and when it was drunk, all inweariness fled from those who drank of it, so that they became ready to toil anew, instead of being tired from having toiled. Moreover when the nectar was drunk the cup bearer offered a towel to the drinker to wipe his mouth with and then having done this, he waited neither for a silver penny for his services nor for any question to be asked. The knight laughed to himself when he heard this. Who, thought he, would be fool enough, having within his grasp such a drinking horn, ever to let it go again from him?

Later that very same day as he rode back, hot and tired and thirsty from his hunting, he bethought him of the fairy knoll and the fairy horn. Sending away his followers he repaired thither and alone and did as the woodcutter had told him. He ascended the little hill and said in a bold voice: "I thirst!" Instantly there appeared, as the woodcutter had foretold, a cup bearer in a crimson dress bearing in his hand a drinking horn. The horn was virtually beset with precious gems and the knight was filled with envy at the sight of it.

TNo sooner had he seized upon it and tasted of its delicious nectar than he determined to make off with the horn. So having gotten the horn and drunk of it every drop, instead of returning it to the cupbearer – as in good manners he should have done – he stepped down from the knoll and rudely made off with it in his hand.

But learn what fate overtook this knight. The good Earl of Gloucester, standing on the ferry knoll when he heard of the wicked knight had destroyed the kind custom of the horn, attacked the robber in his stronghold and forthright slew him, and carried off the horn. But, alas, the Earl did not return it to the fairy cupbearer, but gave it to his master and Lord ,King Henry the Elder. Since then you may stand all day at the fairy knoll and many times cry "I thirst!" but you may not taste of the fairy horn.

Thanks to Ruth Logano for the reading.

One of the limits of magic, in Ars Magica, is that magicians become fatigued while casting spells and cannot use magic to repair their own fatigue. The best they can do is use magic to shift their fatigue to other, nearby people. This drinking horn, however, appears to cure fatigue, at least when used in the correct ritual context. Can magi duplicate this effect?

Can Magi start the custom again and then build their covenant around this hill, so when they become fatigued (for example during a siege) they just run to the hill, shout that they are thirsty, have a drink and begin combat anew?

Which King Henry this story refers to isn't clear. With regard to the Earl of Gloucester, in the Ars Magica period the Earldom of Gloucester has had a bit of churn. Its holder from 1184 was Isabel of Gloucester (the daughter of the previous Earl). She married and the position of earl was given to her husband. Then she was widowed and remarried: it was given to her second husband. He died, and she held it in her own right for about a year, then King John gave it to her nephew after her death.

Gilbert de Clare is the Earl of Gloucester in 1220. He's also the Earl of Hartford so I'm not sure how much time he spends in his Gloucester demesnes. He's of interests with regard to the Cornish material that we've been developing on this podcast. His wife (who is another Isabel) went on to marry Richard Plantagenet, the Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans.

De Clare was an odd one. He was on the side of Prince Louie of France when he nipped over in 1215, claimed the English crown, and then headed back to France claiming that he had never claimed the English crown. During that war de Clare was captured by William Marshall, who was fighting on behalf of King John. Indeed William Marshall is the reason we now call field marshals that: the rank is named after him. De Clare must have been a pretty cunning one, because the Isabel I just mentioned is William Marshall's daughter. He became part of the extended cluster of William Marshall's sons and sons-in-law which controlled the Welsh border. These were the Marcher Lords who could, in their own areas, defy the King.

If the whole story is moved into the Ars Magica period, presumably is held by King Henry III in one of his treasuries. Storyguides wishing to use the Fair Maid of Brittany material about Corfe Castle in "Tales of Mythic Europe" may find it convenient for the horn to be stored there: your saga may vary .

THE SIREN OF THE PIER

A MONSTER FROM THE COMEDIC POETRY OF THOMAS HOOD

Some members of House Merintia report the existence of a creature they call “the siren of the pier”. It takes its name from its habit of killing sailors however, metaphysically, it is more similar to possessing spirits like the Mormo (in Realms of Power: Faerie). The siren selects the beloved of a sailor returning to port, then steals her affection away. It then puppets the possessed woman so that she breaks the heart of her sailor-swain. This causes him to commit suicide. To do this the Siren of the Pier forces a series of personality trait rolls. n

Note that the creature can attack anyone who has returned from a long distance over water. Sailors are apparently its preferred victims but merchants or soldiers from foreign wars are also common targets. The faerie cannot force these rolls on true lovers, so it avoids selecting them as victims.

Thomas Hood, a 19th century poet, wrote two works called his “Faithless poems” about women left behind by sailors and soldiers. Hood was a comedian: some of his puns don’t quite land in the early 21st century.

The recordings used in the podcast were read into the public domain by Leonard Wilson through LibriVoxt. Thanks to Leonard. Statistics for the creature will added to this post during the November Monster Challenge, as will statistics for the creature ritually prevented by the stake in the second poem.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady’s maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words
Enough to shock a saint,
That, though she did seem in a fit,
’T was nothing but a feint.
Come, girl,” said he, “hold up your head,
He ’ll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat
A boatswain he will be.”

So when they ’d made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

“And is he gone, and is he gone?”
She cried and wept outright;
“Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight.”

A waterman came up to her;
“Now, young woman,” said he,
“If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.”

“Alas! they ’ve taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;”
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she ’d said, Gee woe!

Says he, “They ’ve only taken him
To the tender-ship, you see.”
“The tender-ship,” cried Sally Brown,
“What a hard-ship that must be!”

““O, would I were a mermaid now,
For then I ’d follow him!
But O, I ’m not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales.”

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That ’s underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she ’d got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

“O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown!
How could you serve me so?
I ’ve met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!”

Then, reading on his ’bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, “All ’s Well!”
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned,—and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THE SIREN OF THE PIER

A PATHETIC BALLAD
("FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY")

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They 're only pegs;
But there 's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,—
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you 've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I 've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did intwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And as his legs were off,—of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died,—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.

Note the traditional ward against suicides rising as vampires or revnants here.

MAN : THE BUGGANE OF ST TRINIAN'S

This week one of our Isle of Man episodes: the Buggane of the broken church of St Trinian's. The recording used came from the book by Sophia Morrison and was released into the public domain through LibriVox by Kurt from Tucson.

A long time ago there came some monks to the broad, rough meadow, which is between dark Greeba mountain and the high road, and they chose a nice place and set up a church to St. Trinian's on it. But they reckoned without the power of the buggane who had his haunt in the mountain. The buggane was mighty angry and he said to himself "I'll have no peace night or day with their jingling bells if I let them finish the building!"

And as he had nothing else to do he took it into his head to amuse himself by tossing off the roof, so when the roof of the church was first put on there was heard that very night a dreadful sound in it. And when the people of Greeba got up early next morning they found their church roofless and planks and broken beams all around the place. After a time, and with great effort, the roof was put on again, but when it was on a great storm arose in the night and it was blown down from the walls, exactly as had happened before. This fall put fear in the people for they were sure now that it was the evil, destructive buggane himself that was doing the mischief. But though they were terrified they resolved to make one more attempt.

The third roof was nearly finished: now there was a brave little tailor living about a mile from Greeba, and because he had not too much worldly gear he made a wager that, when the new roof was on, he would not only spend the first night in the church, but also make a pair of breeches there. The wager was taken of eagerly as they hoped that if the roof was one night up it would be left on, so Timothy (that was the name of the little tailor) went to the church on the very first evening after the new roof had been put on.

He started just when the shadow was beginning to get gray by the hedges he took with him cloth needle and thread, thimble and scissors. He entered the church boldly, lit a couple of big candles, and looked all over the building to see that everything was right. Then he locked the door so that there was no way to get in. He cut out the cloth, and seating himself cross-legged in the chancel he put on his thimble and set to work at the breeches.

He paid no heed to the darkness of the lonely church at dead of night but with long thread and needle he bent low over his work, his fingers moving backwards and forwards rapidly, casting strange beckoning shadows on the walls. The breeches got to be finished or he would lose his wager, so he stitched away as fast as he could, thinking about the good money the people would have to give him. The wind was beginning to rise and trees sketched their arms against the windows. The tailor looked cautiously up and down and round about nothing strange came in sight and he took courage then he threaded his needle and began his work again. He gave another sharp glance around but saw nothing at all except the glimmer of the place near the candles an empty deep darkness away beyond them, so his courage rose high, and he said to himself "It's all foolishness that's at the people about the buggane, for after all the like isn't in".

But at that very the ground heaved up under him and rumbling sounds came up from below. The sounds grew louder underneath and Timothy glanced quickly up. All of a sudden a great big head broke a hole through the pavement just before him, and came slowly rising up through the hole. It was covered with a mane of coarse black hair. It had eyes like torches, and glittering sharp tusks. And when the head had risen above the pavement the furious eyes glared fiercely at Tim. The big, ugly, red mouth opened wide and a dreadful voice said "Thou risk. What business has thou here?"

Tim paid no heed, but worked harder still, for he knew he had no time to lose/

"Dost thou see this big head of mine?" yelled the buggane.

"I see. I see." replied Tim.

Mockingly up came a big broad pair of shoulders, then a thick arm shot out, and a great fist shook in the tailor's faced. "Dost thou see my long arms?"

"I see. I see." answered Tim boldly and he stopped his tailoring to snuff one of the guttering candles, and he threw the burning snuff in a scowling face before him, then he went on with his tailoring. The buggane kept rising and rising up through the hole until the horrible form, black as ebony and covered with wrinkles like the leather of a blacksmith's bellows, had risen quite out of the ground.

"Dost now see this big body of mine?" roared the buggane, angry that Tim showed no fear of him.

"I see! I see!" replied the tailor, at the same time stitching with all his might at the breeches.

"Dost thou see my sharp claws? roared the buggane, in a more angry voice than before.

"I see! I see!" answered again the little tailor, without raising his eyes and continuing to pull out with all his might.

"Dost thou see my cloven foot"? thundered the buggane, drawing up one big foot and plunking it down on the pavement, with a thud that made the walls shake.

"I see! I see!" replied the little tailor as before, stitching a heart at the breeches and taking along stiches.

Lifting up his other foot the buggane, in a furious rage, yelled "Dost thou see my rough arms? My bony fingers? My hard fists?" Before he could utter another syllable, or put the other foot out of the ground, the little tailor quickly jumped up and made two stitches together. The breeches were at last finished. Then with one spring he made a leap through the nearest window.

But scarcely was he outside the walls when down fell the new roof, in a terrible crash. That made him jump a great deal more nimbly than he ever did before. Hearing the buggane's fiendish guffaws over laughter behind him, he took to his heels and sped hotfoot along the Douglas Road – the breeches under his arms and the furious buggane in full chase.

The tailor made for a church only a little distance away and knew he would be safe if he could only reach the churchyard. Faster still he reached the wall. He leaped over it like hunted hare and fell, weary and spent, upon the grass under the shadow of the church where the buggane had not power to follow.

So furious was the monster at this that he seized his own head with his two hands tore it off his body, and sent it flying over the wall after the tailor. It burst at his feet with a terrific explosion, and with that the buggane vanished and was never seen or heard of afterwards.

Wonderful to relate the tailor was not hurt and he won the wager, for no person grumbled at the few long stitches put into the breeches, and as for St. Trinian's Church, there is no name on it from that day till this but... "broken church" for its roof was never replaced. There it stands in the green meadow under the shadow of rocky Greeba Mountain and there its gray, roofless ruins are to be found.

If you go looking for a life of St Trinian, to find what he's the patron saint of, you won't find him anywhere on the Internet, at least not with this spelling. Trinian appears to be a Gaelic form of the name Ninian and Saint Ninian is known through the southern part of Scotland. He was the apostle to the southern Picts. The church was originally called St. Ninian's and its name changed to Sant Trinian's.

If you do look up Trinian, what you will find is a series of comedic movies, that were released in the United Kingdom, starting in the 1950s. They are based on a series of cartoons drawn by Richard Searle while he was imprisoned by the Japanese in World War 2/ This Trinian's is a girls boarding school in which the teachers are sadists and the students are juvenile delinquents. If you wanted a training school for common folk who were thieves, much like The House in Egypt, or the training schools run by House Tremere, there would be, at least from the films, a good excuse to put one here.

If you wanted to train a gang of adolescent, female thieves I'd remind you that there are thief Virtues and flaws in "Between Sand and Sea". A useful aside the first Trinians film is called "The Belles of St Trinian's". The main reaosn the buggane destroys the place is the bells, because in many parts of Muthic Europe the Dominion aura spreads as far as the church bells can be heard.

Despite its cloven hoof, I think the buggane is a fairy. When it chases the man it doesn't merely come up out of the floor and grab him. It instead forces him to do a series of Bravery rolls. Demons don't do this – fairies however feed on strong emotions and therefore the gradual emerging and the ritualistic asking of questions seems just like the sort of thing that a faerie would.

It seems a strangely coincidental timing that the creature gets through its litany and is able to step out onto the ground and chase brave Timothy only movements after he manages to put the closing stitch into his set of breeches. In one version of the story, it only starts chasing him after he drops his needle and scissors (which would mean that he had discarded his iron) however that doesn't occur in this version of the story. Instead he jumps out of a window and runs to a church, then throws himself over the churchyard wall. Once he's on sacred ground he is protected.

The buggane throws its head, which explodes. Explosions are rare in folk tales that predate gunpowder, but let us assume that it is a vast illusion like a ball of fire. Notably the ball of fire doesn't do Tim the Tailor any damage – it's just to scare him. Again I think this demonstrates that the buggane is a fairy rather than a demon, despite being unable to cross onto holy ground.

The buggane has several other powers. It can travel through the ground. It can cause storms and it lives in a mountain, so you could suggest that it's a magical creature. If it's a spirit of the mountain I don't see why someone stitching pants would force it to go away. I don't see why it wouldn't just throw boulders down on the church. Magical creatures don't care about stories – they care about material effect.

So there's a strange twist – if you'd like an area which may have a fairy aura to set up a covenant you could do worse than start a school for criminally inclined adolescent girls at the broken Church in the Isle of Man.