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# RESCUE RANGER REPORT

By TRIPOTH



As I run to the only place that I am safe from the wrath of Revelwood, (near the Rescue Ranger punch of course since no intelligent or veteran Revelwooder would ever step foot near its eerie glow) I look back at the events that lead to this rather uncomfortable situation (Hey, you have a few swords pointed at your appendages with the owners of said weapons calling for your blood and you would see how uncomfortable you'd be. No wonder the IB is jumpy.)

No shit, there we were. Sorry for the SCA common entrance, but I never said that I was creative. My first event was the Gathering of Nuts in northeastern PA and I was there with my stalwart companion (and sometimes enemy) Zeon/Z-man. We had heard that there was to be live entertainment at the feast. Connel had said that the musicians were very good and they would play for food and alcohol. Z and I looked at each other and said, "Now that sounds like musicians to me!" We were not disappointed.

The band was fantastic and had the great hall singing songs that only their ancestors must have known. We also were not disappointed with the food and alcohol, which were made casualties of the Known World by these very same musicians (of course, this tradition continues to this very day!). We met the band afterwards. There was "Stonewall" with his classic smile and trademark hat and feather; "Q" with that Q grin and a bowl attached to his hand seemingly permanently; "The Vicar" a man of much knowledge who crushed all that opposed him at the pun-author held out by the fire pit; "The General" with his imposing appearance, his lust for beating on the drum and drinking alike, all with a friendly handshake and smile; "Olaf" who was not a member of the band, but was a menacing figure keeping watch as the protector of the band and of course, "The Iron Baron," the royalty of Revelwood, with his long flowing hair, a cigarette in one hand and a chalice of Gin and tonic in the other, all with a pompous pose fitting of his name.

This being about 13 or 14 years ago and Z and myself being only about 17 or 18, we were in awe. I should say now, for the record, that the Rescue Rangers are not responsible for descriptions that do not now fit any of these Revelwooders, as time is responsible for any changes and not us. However, the descriptions are still pretty accurate to this day. At least we think they are, but then again, we drink more punch than you do.

Being newbies to the whole scene, Z and I volunteered/ were forced into servitude at the event. We were happy to make sure that "Revelwood" had plenty of food and alcohol during the feast. We even gave the best servings to them because we thought that they were more deserving than the royalty and other uppity, muckitty-mucks that these servings were to be doled out to. Well, after the feast the band ventured out to the fire pit where they ate, drank, sang, and slung puns until the wee hours of the morning. Z and I headed back to our cabin at some point in the evening or morning because we had our

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