THE HOUND ISSUE!
To: The Parents and the Guardians of the Youth of our Kingdom,

I would like to let you know of some of the changes to our Kingdoms Social Media Polices. These are the policies that directly affect how we can use pictures of your children. These are the policies directly from the Kingdom Social Media Office.

Policy: There should not be photographs of individual children shared on Pages. Groups of children will be allowed with the written permission of parents.

We include the approved Kingdom platforms just to help make things clearer.

Social Media sites/outlets considered Official include: Kingdom and Regional Branch Outlets. Social media sites/outlets for unrecognized groups such as households, fan groups and communities are not considered official. While there are many pages, sites, groups and other outlets, if you conduct the official business in that site/outlet, then it is Official and should be treated as such.

Current Official Approved Platforms: - Facebook - Twitter - Instagram - Google + - Meetup – Pinterest

Since Penfeathers is uploaded to the Kingdom website and anyone can see, or download it. We feel that it is imperative to add these layers of protection against online child predation.

IF you have any questions. Please feel free to contact me at mojoryanronny1428@gmail.com. If I can’t answer them, I will find someone who can.

Yours In Service,

Lady Deedre Turner,
Editor
Good day Young Lords and Ladies of our Fair Kingdom. We would like to present to you your interviews with the Hounds of Meridies. Their friends whom they happen to live with were happy to translate their barks and woofs into something we all could all understand. Here is what they had to say.

Tiberius The Royal Hound

**What is your favorite snack?**
Tiberius: Anything Meat or Cheese

**What is your favorite toy?**
Tiberius: Anything with a squeaker. I like tearing them out and just playing with the squeak part.

**What do you do on your days off?**
Tiberius: Cuddles and dog park

**What's it like being a Royal Hound?**
Tiberius: I love looking pretty in my armor and getting attention. Only bummer is I can’t feel people petting me through the armor.

**What's it like coursing?**
Tiberius: Coursing is the greatest of all activities.

**How much do you like cats?**
Tiberius: My best friend is Mordred, a 12lb black cat. We cuddle and he likes me more than other cats.

**How much do you like to take baths?**
Tiberius: I don't like baths. I mope when I see my bath stuff.

**What are you saying when you bark?**
Tiberius: I love you! Come see me! I see something!

**How much do you like kids?**
Tiberius: Little humans are my favorite humans.

**Do you like wearing clothes?**
Tiberius: I like my armor

**Do you have Garb?**
Tiberius: No garb. Just the armor

**What is your favorite color?**
Tiberius: Black and Red
**Prancer the Courser**

What is your favorite snack?

**Prancer:** I think chicken nuggets are the best. I have a unicorn pillow pet that I can't live without.

What do you do on your days off? **Prancer:** Sleep and play with my brothers and sister.

What's it like being a courser?

**Prancer:** Well, when I am going to course, I can't eat or drink for 4 hours before I run. If I do it could be very dangerous for me. Mom keeps a spray bottle of water so she can spray some in my mouth, so I don't overheat. Coursing is so much fun because I get to show how fast I can run.

Do you like being in the Princess Pack?

**Prancer:** Yes. I get to be in processions and wear garb and sometimes I get to set in the Princess lap and get special treats.

How much do you like cats? **Prancer:** They are ok, I guess but not as much fun as dog.

Do you prefer scratches or pets? **Prancer:** I prefer scratches and I do not like for anyone to touch my head.

How much do you like to take baths? **Prancer:** They are ok, but I would rather go swimming.

What are you saying when you bark? **Prancer:** Hey! Pay attention to me or hurry.

How much do you like kids? **Prancer:** I like kids and if they are good, I like to give them kisses on the nose.

Do you like wearing clothes? **Prancer:** Yes. It is fun and I look very handsome in my clothes.

Do you have Garb? **Prancer:** Yes, I have lots of garb.

What is your favorite color? **Prancer:** Black and white because it shows off my coloring so well.

I had fun reading your questions and look forward to getting more.

---

**Ashur the Emotional Support Dog**

My favorite snack is peanut butter.

My favorit toi is a blue octopus stuffie my dad, Drogo, gib'd for my birtday.

What are “days off”? Mum says my job is to be emoshunal support Huffel Puff and that mostly involves naps and gibbing kisses.

I luv kittehz, but they not luv me back. Makes me sad.

Scratches AND pets, pleaz. Both r gud.

Baths r evil; wud rather be stinky.

I bark to say “I’m hungree” or “danger!” Mostly to say “I’m hungree” tho. I lub kidz; they keep snaks low to ground and gib good pets.

Not like clothes becuz they r scratchee.

I do not hab garb, but Mum is making me medieval collars and that does me an excite.

Favorite colour is grey.
Koji The Mascot

What is your favorite snack? **Koji:** Sweet potato and Salmon treats
What is your favorite toy? **Koji:** A stuffed Penguin
What do you do on your days off? **Koji:** Cuddles, dog park, and sometimes visit people.
What's it like being a Mascot? **Koji:** I love it! Everyone gives me so much attention when I show up.
How much do you like cats? **Koji:** I love them. I try to play with them, but they get scared.
How much do you like to take baths? **Koji:** Bath!!! No Please! I Don't want to!
What are you saying when you bark? **Koji:** I don't really bark. I scream and yodel. I scream when scared or upset and yodel when excited.
How much do you like kids? **Koji:** Kids are nice as long as the don't pull on my tail. I like to have them play with me and chase me.
Do you like wearing clothes? **Koji:** No
Do you have Garb? **Koji:** No
What is your favorite color? **Koji:** Blue

Aolfie The Service Hound

What is your favorite snack? **Aolfie:** I absolutely love bully bones & Sweet potatoes
What is your favorite toy? **Aolfie:** My favorite toy is that floppy pink pig. The first toy my mom ever bought me was a floppy pink pig. I'm on pig number 4, but don't tell her I know that.
What do you do on your days off? **Aolfie:** I like to snuffling in the small wooded area behind the house. Brand new smells make me very happy. I also just chill and hang out with mom.
What's it like being a service dog? **Aolfie:** It's hard sometimes. I see the kiddos or other dogs and I really want to play. It's also fabulous because I get to go everywhere with Mom, and I've traveled quite a lot so far.
How much do you like cats? **Aolfie:** I have my very own Cat! Her name is Puca and she's white and orange. We are great friends
Do you prefer scratches or pets? **Aolfie:** I love love LOVE butt scratches.
How much do you like to take baths? **Aolfie:** I'd rather not. I protest by not going where I'm told. It never works she just picks me up.
What are you saying when you bark? **Aolfie:** I'm not very talkative. I just don't like to do it. If I really need to get someone's attention, I feel a single "HEY!" always works. The only exception is when that rotten racoon comes around. If he's hedging around the back door, I tell him to leave immediately in the harshest tones.
How much do you like kids? **Aolfie:** Love em. Almost all ages. I do need to take a quiet moment away now and then, if they're very friendly.
Do you like wearing clothes? **Aolfie:** Heck yeah! I've always got to look my best.
Do you have Garb? **Aolfie:** Yes, I currently have two dresses. My favorite is the one that has the Marauder's map on it.
What is your favorite color? **Aolfie:** Pink!
Dogs were an important part of life in the High and Late Middle Ages, 1000-1500. Just like today, the dog was a companion to its master and a valuable asset capable of performing many jobs. One of the most important tasks for a dog in the medieval court was hunting. A wide variety of animals were hunted by Lord and Ladies including deer, wild boar, and mountain goat. Many of the dog breeds we are familiar with today, like Labrador Retrievers, have their origins in medieval kennels where dogs were bred to perform a specific job to make a hunt more exciting and enjoyable for the human participants, and rather than being referred to by a breed, medieval hunting dogs are grouped by type.

A few examples of the hunting dog types commonly used in medieval hunting are Lymers, Raches, Spaniels, and Greyhounds. Lymers were scent-hounds who used their powerful sense of smell to track animals through the woods. They guided the other hounds and human hunters and showed them the path their prey had taken. Once the Lymers had found the scent, the Raches were released in packs of 12 or 24 to chase the animal; their barking let the hunters know where the animal being chased had gone. Harthounds were Raches that were best at hunting deer. Spaniels were smaller, long-haired dogs used for hunting birds, and paintings of them look very similar to the modern Cocker Spaniel or Cavalier King Charles Spaniel. The Spaniel flushed quail and other ground-dwelling birds from the bushes to be caught by the hunter’s falcon or hawk.
In 15th century France, a dog handler was called a berner or valet de chien. Training as a berner could begin as early as seven years old and was considered a special skill. Dog handlers were required to know the names, personalities, and even individual barks of the hounds under their care. Knowing the personalities and skills of your pack was important because handlers played a key role in planning hunting expeditions both for entertainment and food. Dog handlers not only accompanied the hounds on a hunt, they also trained, cared for the animals, and maintained equipment such as collars and leashes. A well cared for pack and good equipment helped to ensure a successful hunt.

Greyhounds were the most valued of all the hunting dogs. They are often featured in medieval portraits wearing ornate collars and were more likely to be allowed to live and sleep indoors over life in kennel. Today, we think of Greyhounds as fast, slim-bodied with pointed heads, and floppy ears, but in the Middle Ages “Greyhound” referred to all fast-running, sighthound-type dogs including the massive Irish Wolfhound. These sighthounds were so highly regarded and valuable that in the 10th century, King Howell of Wales made it illegal to kill a Greyhound; King Canute of Britain, in the 11th century, made it illegal for anyone but a nobleman to own one and in 1464, King Louis XI of France commissioned a velvet-lined, jewel-encrusted, gold collar for his Greyhound, Chier. Because of their value and the level of care required to keep a Greyhound and other hunting dogs in top condition, a good dog handler and hunt master were also held to high standards by the lords and ladies for whom they worked.

Sources:


All About Hounds

Find the following words in the puzzle. Words are hidden →, ↓, and ⇀.

- COLLAR
- COMPANION
- COURSING
- DEERHOUND
- GREYHOUND
- GUARD
- HOUND
- HUNTING
- KENNEL
- LEASH
- LOYAL
- MASTIFF
- POODLE
- SPANIEL
- TAIL
High in the hall of a kingdom in the north, on a cold winter’s eve. Everyone was enjoying a roaring fire. I sat and drank a hot cup of cider. From somewhere in the hall, what direction I do not recall. I heard, “Tell us a tale.” I take another sip and from the voice of a child I heard. “I want to hear another story about Sir Chit.” Then a lady speaks up, “Something different and unusual.” A second child jumps up and down shouting, “I want a hero!” “No one dies.” Cries a young girl.

I stand to my feet and approach the lord. He sits at the end of the hall at a high table. “If I have your lordship’s consent, I shall tell a tale this night.” “Aye” grumbles the lord. “Tell the children a tale so they may go off to bed. Pray thee kind bard make it short.” The hall cheers with laughter and I raise my hand for quiet. As the children hushed, I began my tale.

“There did I see Sir Chit ride among a company of companions and their number was 200 no more no less, 200 being the number and the number was blessed. Blessed that is for the King for which they served. 200 being the number that was to save the poor King who had become trapped by very bad men. 200 to win the day! What a sight to see, all that fur flowing over hills, all that sound deafening to the ear, each had four legs, two long floppy ears, and cold wet nose’s and the ground would never be the same with so many paws to turn the soil! Have you figured out what they were yet children? That’s right dogs! Who where they you ask? Why these were King Garamantes dogs. Never could King Garamantes turn a pup away, never could he stand to see one be alone. Always did he defend them from the evil cat’s, rat’s, and bats. He was loyal to them and they to him. One day he just vanished, and his companions had no idea where he was.”

Sir Chit being the helpful Knight that he was. Kept himself busy with helping Mistress fox. She was moving her children to a new den. when several men came running over the hill carrying a large sack. She began to panic, Mistress Fox thought they might be after her! Sir Chit tried to calm her. He told her to listen and hide. They crouched in nearby bush. As the men passed, the bag and whatever was in it, was bashing, crashing, and struggling in their arms. The men stopped to rest and threw the sack down near where Sir Chit was hiding. Sir Chit had to know what was in the bag. Was it some poor creature that needed rescue? Sir Chit loosened knotted rope on the bag with his teeth. To Sir Chits surprise a head of a man poked out of the bag. He started yelling at the other men. One of the men came over and thumped the man in the bag hard in the head, which made him be quiet. After a bit the man in the sack saw the little knightly squirrel and spoke. “Oh, woe is me. If only my faithful hounds were with me now, we could be away from here and safe back at home. We would cross back over the river, frolic over the winding sands, play hide and seeking in the blue forest and finally head back to the castle just up the road. But woe is me, they will never get through the enemies’ lines, they just are outside of the forest. To save me they must reach the top of yonder hill. I am doomed. Small gray one.” But he wasn’t doomed, was he? No, no he was not. Sir Chit was there, and Sir Chit had heard him. So, now Sir Chit ran as fast as he could on his little feet to Mistress Fox. She needed a bit on convincing, as dogs sometimes hunt foxes. But she believed in Sir Chit, swiftly she carried him to the castle. He told Mistress Fox to go quickly back to her kits. While he bravely strode into the grounds. He called out to the companions. The dogs started to run after him, but he held firm.
He yelled “Gentle hounds I know where your master is!” They stopped in their tracks. A noble Greyhound stepped forward and gave him a long sniff. He let out a loud yep “He smells for our “Nobel King”! All the hounds began to bark, yep and howl. The Greyhound bent his long graceful head down. “If you would kind Sir, please lead the way.” Sir Chit climbed on to the dogs back. He led them to their missing master. As I said before, “What a sight to see!” They were running over the hills. 200 dogs barking as they crashed through, under, and even over the human’s barricade. Then they attacked the evil men tents. Making them collapse on the resting soldiers. Crashing into piles of swords, axes, and spears so they could not be used to fight. Then making their way up a small hill. To a fort that had been made of wood. Half the dogs attempted to keep the soldiers busy while the others chewed their way through the fence and inside. Sir Chit had successfully led the group to King Garamantes prison. There was just one problem. The door was locked! Sir Chit asked the head of his companions to lift him up to the door. Sir Chit climbed to the top of the dog’s head and looked at the door. It was not a problem, just a simple latch with a which Sir Chit quickly flipped up. The dogs rushed inside to their master. There was jumping and yipping and lots of face licking. Finally, Sir Chit and The King got the dogs to calm down enough. Together they lead the dogs out and fought their way back out of the fort and escaped the bad guys. They ran into the forest. The head of the companions thanked Sir Chit and told him if ever he needed help that he could ask it of the 200 any time. Sir Chit thanked them and continued on as his was.

The Hall erupted in cheers then as I sat down taking the last sip from my mug. I smiled and saluted the crowd bid each of the children a good night and a safe morrow, as they went to bed. As the last child was heading up the stairs one of the dogs following the children stopped winked at me, then continued to trail after. The End

Sources:

Garamantes who was rescued by his dogs. Folio 30v: The Rochester Bestiary c.1230, copy from c.1230AD, Southeastern England. Manuscript Royal 12 F XIII

A legend tells how King Garamantes was captured by his enemies, and 200 of his dogs went behind enemy lines to escort him back to safety. The text of this manuscript concerns the characteristics of different kinds of animals, plants and stones. It seems to have been made for a librarian of the Benedictine abbey at Rochester.

Folio 17 The Rochester Bestiary c.1230, copy from c.1230AD, Southeastern England. Manuscript Royal 12 F XIII
Interesting Facts About Medieval Hounds

With Pictures By: THL Ellen DeLacey

The Beagle came into prominence in the 1300s and 1400s during the days of King Henry VII of England. Elizabeth I was fond of Pocket Beagles, which were only 9" high.

Dog nose prints are as unique as human fingerprints and can be used to identify them.

Not the only dogs present in medieval religious life and it seems that lay people bringing their dogs to church was not uncommon. Church leaders were unimpressed by all this; in the 14th century the Archbishop of York irritably observed that they ‘impede the service and hinder the devotion of the nuns.’

Alexander the Great is said to have founded and named a city Peritas, in memory of his dog.

The most dogs ever owned by one person were 5,000 Mastiffs owned by Kublai Khan.

One kind of Pekingese is referred to as a “sleeve” because it was bred to fit into a Chinese empress’ sleeves, which was how it was often carried around.