

I sat on this till the Acorn came out per Mordrea's request. Mordrea [Angela Sharpe](#) has, a few times in the past, asked me for something to put in the Acorn on short notice. We've laughed about the fact that I have to be inspired to do it. So I say "what's the theme?" and she says "Pennsic or the end of the upcoming reign."

...and my brain starts to spasm. Somewhere, out of the depths, my brain says "End of Pennsic."

Now, not literally the end of Pennsic forever, just this year's. People call it Brigadoon because it only shows up once every great while; I call it Avalon because people look for it all the time and never find it.

then my brain grabs ahold of a painting I've seen called "Man At Arms" by Marc LaCourciere. It's a picture of three guys at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall. One guy has his hand on the wall, and on the other side is all the buddies they left behind looking back at them. *I* remembered it being titled "The Other Side Of The Wall."

If you haven't seen it I urge you to google it, or, if you msg me privately I'll send you the link. It's a very emotional painting. So my brain is already wacked out with Avalon, and along comes the other side of the wall. My head basically exploded. I was done in fifteen minutes.

There's more to the story and some of it's even funny, but we'll go into that later for anybody that wants to hear it.

For now,

The Other Side of the Wall at Pennsic

Last week I was at Pennsic as it tottered to an end
On Thursday night around the stroke of midnight must have been
Wet and raining, foggy too, we slogged on through the mud
Laughing, drinking, telling tales of battles we had won

The woods had been quite soaked this year, the battle been
called off
So some of us sneaked on in there to see what was the fuss.

Now they tell tales, don'tcha know, 'bout Pennsic and its ghosts
"just tales," we said, "to scare the noobs, and see who scares the
most."

So midnight hits, the stroke of twelve, we're in the woods at night
When all've a sudden the fog descends, rather unnatural, right?
I say "descends" but what I mean, it flowed along the ground
Just like you see in horror flicks, to cover what ought not be
found.

It thickened up, and a fair piece off, we saw a torch of light
And since our flashlights had all shut off, we figured it was right
To stumble towards that light we saw, tripping over the ground
But when we got there, it had moved, a will-o'-wisp to be found.

We followed further, and Gaelan said, "these woods don't go this
far
If we keep going, we'll end up bumping up against my car."
And just as I began to worry, and people began to fright
We stumbled into a clearing full of people and of light.

We walked on in and sat on down, and everybody waved
At us, then went back to their drinks, and I thought "good, we're
saved."

The fire was bright, the air was dry, the company was keen

And then I looked around and SAW, and a chill came over the scene.

The people there were having fun, the laughter and the glee
But then the words died on my lips, as faces I did see.

There's Nuala, Kane, and Muirgen too, and Duchess Arielle,
Jafar, Jaelle, Talyia, Kaylun, Gyrth, and Saint-Sever,
Ragnarr, Iain, Gauss, Will Blackfox, Thomas Smith of Ayr,
Finnr, Caitlin, Tirloch, Manfred, Gillian Clayshaper,

And those are just the ones I saw myself, right off the bat,
There were lots more there, a Society's worth, and they talked,
and drank, and sat.

And Kane stood up, and ambled over, saying, "how's it going,
bud?"

And as those words escaped his lips a chill ran through my blood.
I said "we miss you, all of you" and he nodded back, "we know.
But you know us, we don't always get to pick our time to go.
But we made it here, to Brigadoon, or Avalon, I guess,
We fight, and feast, and party hard, and then clean up the mess
And start again, and greet the noobs we get from time to time,"
I nodded and asked, "but whatya do whenever there's a fight?
Someone pulls rank, it ends right then, and there's no problem,
right?"

Kane looked at me, and belly laughed, said "you don't get it, bud;
There's nothing here to argue about, unless we make it up."
I looked around, and saw what he showed, a lot of people, there
With some in garb, and some without, and no one really cared
And some with crowns, and some without, all laughing merrily,
Because, on the other side of the wall, they were all the same,
you see.

I stayed and drank and sang with them, till dawn it touched the sky

And as they faded out I shouted, "see you next year! BYE!"

...Too many years have passed that date, and every year I've been

Been back to Pennsic, in that same spot, and camped, and wondered when

My time would come, and I'd move on to be with all my friends.

They don't believe me, nobody does, but I walk the woods and call

Till well past midnight for my friends, on the other side of the wall.