

# DEN GRIMME AELING


**PREPARATION:** None  
**Scroll/Promissory:** None  
**Token:** A silver coin depicting a late hatching egg.

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Herald: Their Highnesses call before them \_\_\_\_\_.

*(The named individual(s) comes forward and kneels before the Thrones.)*

Herald: There are those among us who have shared in our labor, partaken of our joy, and broken bread at our tables, yet they do not live within the boundaries of our beautiful principality. Whether they be of the Mists, bereft of our shining Cynaguan sun, marcher lords and ladies hidden by mountain and forest from our bountiful fields, Oerthans locked in winter away from our welcome warmth, or come from some land not even part of the West, they have shown that within them beats the heart of the swan, and that the blood in their veins flows sable, argent and Or. Their Highnesses, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ wish to acknowledge before Their people that among us today [is | are] [one | several] such estimable [person | people], and They would recognize them with Den Grimme Aeling.

 **Prince:** \_\_\_\_\_, you reside outside Our realm, but We know your love for the lands and people of Cynagua. We now give you this token so that all will know We accept you as one of Our own.

*(Prince and Princess add on any other words that They feel appropriate about the person receiving the award.)*

Herald: For \_\_\_\_\_, Den Grimme Aeling, hip, hip!

 **Prince/** You have Our leave to depart.

 **Princess:**

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