

Yearly Gift Exchange - A Brief Explanation  
by Alphia Biraz=pars

Once a year at our annual 12<sup>th</sup> night potluck, the Barony participates in a rather strange custom - the annual gift exchange. Not that a gift exchange is strange - just the way we do ours. The idea started simply enough. Since we never knew who would be at the potluck - lets just everyone bring an SCA related present and randomly distribute once we are there. The how to distribute part got a bit interesting. Just numbering the gifts & then drawing numbers was too simple. We wanted some choice in the gifts. So here is the way it works currently:

1. Everyone who wants brings a \$10 - \$20 gift - kind of SCA related.
  - a. Preferrably non-gender specific.
  - b. Label if it is for 21 & over.
2. Before the potluck - all gifts are wrapped & placed on a table.
  - a. Sign the list as you place your gift on the table.
3. At the potluck - each person who brought a gift draws a number.
4. The people who draw #1 thru #5 pick from the table.
5. Whoever draws # 6 either
  - a. picks from the table or
  - b. steals a gift.if a: the next number picks.  
if b: whoever's gift is stolen then can either (a) pick from the table or (b) steal  
(stealing can continue until there is no gift that has not been stolen during this round - the last person then takes from the table)
6. Repeat #5 till everyone has selected a gift.

Extra rules:

1. Only one gift per person.
2. Gifts stay wrapped until the end of the gift exchange.
3. 20 seconds to chose your pick - or the timekeeper will choose for you.
4. All disputes settled by the Baron or Baroness

As you can tell, this is a drawn out affair. It usually ends up being the entire after dinner entertainment. It can be almost as fun to watch as to participate. We also do a smaller exchange for the younger crowd with a \$5 - \$10 dollar gift. Come join in or just watch. See you at 12<sup>th</sup> night.

**Yearly Gift Exchange**  
**(to the tune of “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen”)**  
**written by Alphia & Bubba**

That time of year has come again – our yearly gift exchange  
A convoluted twisted mind must surely be engaged  
In plotting rules & twists & turns that all our gifts will take  
Oh, why don't we simply draw out names – draw out names  
For the yearly Shattered Crystal Gift Exchange

You cannot judge a gift alone by how it does appear  
Its' size or weight or shape or sound reveal nothing clear  
For Viking ships are made of cheese and amulets weigh a ton  
Clues from appearances are none – are none  
At the yearly Shattered Crystal Gift Exchange

You either love or hate our game, it's not for the weak willed  
You track your choice thru every turn and move in for the kill  
But though you guard it carefully, you do not have it still  
For it wanders round the table as it will – as it will  
In the yearly Shattered Crystal Gift Exchange

Don't grow too fond of any gift, for there's no guarantee  
That one you choose as your first pick is truly meant for thee  
Though gifts abound, they move around the entire Barony  
For the fates truly chose what you receive – you receive  
In the yearly Shattered Crystal Gift Exchange