

# The Butentalers

A collection of veridic tales concerning the most noble & ancient people of Butental, as collected by fr. Frantz von Miltz sus-said Igel



Three hours walk past the tenth of Sommerzeit lies a hamlet, which they call a town. In the middle of the thorp oozes a muddy puddle, which they call a river. On both sides of the creek lie huts, which they call houses. Two or three of such houses even have upper floors, and such houses they call mansions. So stands the village of Butental.

The Butentalers; those are characters! That year when a pair of heifers had managed to calve, the Butentalers had a row-in with Verena, and it was the Butentalers that won - what did you think - and not Verena: such is their strength.

They were of course begat of a most distinguished line. They kept some old letters, and if they had not lost them and if anyone knew to read them, they would be so dumbfounded they might've fallen flat on their arse right then and there, for they say, that in those letters stood proof that the illustrious Butentaler lineage reached all the way back to Sigmar the Unifier.

The first of them to have moved to their present lands was one Cosmin Buta. He did not like where he lived previously, claiming the climate was much too cold and suited him ill. The man was rather poor in his arithmetic and often lost count of his sheep. Unfortunately, whenever someone caught him and bid him to return the alienated animals, he had the rather bad habit of charging them headfirst like a billy goat, breaking many a rib. Knowing they resented him, Buta discreetly left one sunless night, only taking as a keepsake for his name and house a few trotters from each stable - and whatever belonged to said trotters. Yet the neighbours would mount no search neither for him nor the trotters, being simply grateful to have paid such a small price for their peace.

Buta grew accustomed to his new home, had a large family, and all of them inherited the same talent where they sooner stepped on rakes than used them to bring in the bucks. The names of the firstborn sons in Buta's line have been preserved for us, and each bore his own amiable surname:

Cosmin Buta had a firstborn son named Fido Hakennäschen.

Fido Hakennäschen had a son, Franzött Saheinenork.

Franzött Saheinenork begat Gregor Hosenlos.

Gregor Hosenlos begat Laude Bärtig.



By the time of Laude Bärtig, Butental already counted over thirty huts, and Laude Bärtig sported the longest and bushiest beard among all the city fathers. And so Dame Flinklaus did not hesitate in the least, but jumped straight in it, and Laude Bärtig was elected mayor. That is, if what the people of Tepensberg say is true.

For the folk of Tepensberg claim that the people of Butental keep a certain municipal louse, and whenever they need to elect a new burmeister, all the bearded men sit around a table, place the much-lauded civic creature upon it, and whichever beard it crawls into - that man becomes burmeister. They also say the louse is called Dame Flinklaus, that she has her own little stable in the town hall, and that the fair maidens of Butental come to tend her, each day a different one, carrying her in their hair for two hours at a time.

Of course, one should not believe everything the Tepensbergers say. They are scarcely more than hillfolk, forced to eat barley bread to survive, so people mock them as "Gersteißgeburters."

The distinguished Laude Bärtig begat an even more distinguished son, Gregor Holzschuhen, whose heifer attained such renown that she was summoned to the gilded court of the emperor **Dieter IV** himself.

In those days there lived two journeymen astromancers, so learned that they knew twenty-four hours in advance what the weather would be, and so celebrated that electors and dukes practically quarrelled over which realm would have the honour of employing them to compile almanacs.

Their travels once brought them through Butental, and since night was falling, they stopped and asked Gregor for lodgings. Gregor first mistook them for itinerant booksellers and scamps, then finally allowed them to sleep in the hay. Before retiring for the night, the Azyrites studied the skies and declared: "Tonight, the weather will not hold. There will be storm and rain!"

Gregor replied: "No there won't. Tonight will be a gentle night."

And indeed it was. The astromancers marvelled, and the next morning they asked their host how he had known what the weather would be. Holzschuhen answered:

"My cow has never deceived me, not since the day I got her. Whenever a storm or rain approaches, she always comes home from pasture. Last night she did not come home, and so I knew at once the night would be a mild one."

The wizards looked at one another, then said: "Electors and dukes compete for us, and yet we have been outdone by a cow!"

At this, the first immediately slew himself with a wicker basket in a fit of rage, while the second despaired and cried: "Never again, not for one more hour, shall I be an astromancer!" and retired to the choirs of the White Order.

But the fame of Gregor's cow spread throughout the province and Empire, and when the Emperor himself heard of her, she was summoned before him and appointed Court Caelo-prognosticant. All Butental basked in the glow of her favour and it was even decided by the city fathers to immortalise her in the city's own arms.



And so Gregor Holzschuhen begat Anselm Wiehern, and Anselm Wiehern begat little Mattheus Mistrechen, who was falsely accused of stealing pears - though he remained blameless on that particular occasion.

That year the people of Butental had an enviable pear harvest, but they did not know what else to do with the fruit, so they threw it all into an abandoned well - "Let them mash themselves up down there," they thought. When the time came to fetch them out again, five went to the well with Mattheus and said: "Mattheus - you're our man. Go on, jump in and throw us the pears you can find!"

He jumped in. The well was deep, and quite a bit of water had collected at the bottom. They waited and shouted and cursed, but not a single pear came flying up. They said: "Mattheus' a trickster! He'll gobble them all up himself, then claim there never were any. Let another man jump in after him - someone more honest!"

And so every one of them, each more honest than the next, leapt into the well, one after the other. And none of them ever returned to say whether Mattheus Mistrichen truly had stolen the pears, because not one of them ever came back out.



Thankfully before Mattheus went after the pears, he himself had begotten little Anton Stiefelein.

Stiefelein was the first man in Butental to own a pocket watch - he had fashioned the watch himself, out of a genuine homegrown turnip. He had a son named Ulle Under-den-Weiden.

While Ulle Under-den-Weiden was burmeister, the most radiant Emperor **Karl-Franz** himself came to visit Butental, and the town received him ceremoniously with the latest technological marvel the town had to offer, a brand-new fire-engine. The fire-engine performed splendidly: everyone was completely soaked through - the Emperor, the Grand Theogonist, the Reiksguard, and the Footmen.

“Everywhere else we were honoured with cannon fire. Butental did not grant us even a single pistol shot. Instead, you have mercilessly drenched us. What sort of manners do you have in Butental?” asked the Emperor.

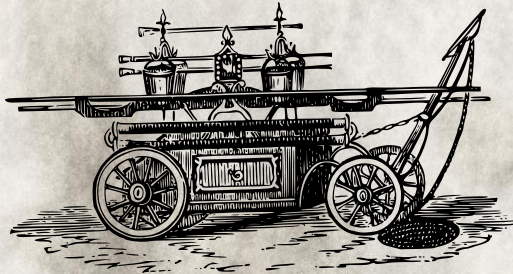
The burmeister replied: “Your Grace, Your Imperial Majesty, we had ninety-nine reasons for not firing a salute.”

The Emperor commanded: “I am curious to hear them. Speak!”

The burmeister answered: “First: we had no gunpowder.”

**Karl Franz** interrupted: “The first reason already satisfies me more than enough. Farewell and Sigmar be with ye burmeister - Butental won't see me again.”

The Emperor kept by his Imperial word, and his august foot would never again cross the town limits of Butental, demonstrating all the worth and gravity of an Emperor's oath.



And as the years passed, Butental grew too cramped for all the Butentalers. The younger generation was adventurous and went out to see the world. Some settled along the Aver, some along the Söll, and a few even reached the Black Gulf and lit their fires there.

But those who remained stayed exactly what they had always been – Butentalers.