

The Legion of Champions

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The background story for the new Bretonnian unit by Jean Marcel le Honorable, as discussed (with stat line and special rules) in the thread My New Bretonnian Unit in the Great Hall.

Please readers, read every word with an open mind as Lord Folcard of Montfort faces a deadly Mercenary Rival and Empire troops!
 Legion of Champions

During the age of King Louen in the year 1545, a massive host of empire men were spotted through the grimy ridges of axe bite pass. An alert was sounded by a lowly peasant who had been "wise" enough to tell whether the army meant war or not. At the sounding of this alarm, Lord Folcard of Montfort rushed to the nearest balcony at which to view what was being so alerted for. The host of men was being led by a mercenary general named Jamin Valkalry, an old rival of Folcard. At the hearing of the mission, Jamin had realized his chance to sip from the wealth that his rival Folcard had grown by the best way he could think of, killing him.

"Assemble the knights at once and alert Bohemond of Bastonne. My direct orders are to arm the peasants quickly and send them out as to buy us time. We must be ready in a minutes notice now go!" he said impulsively to his son.

As he armored himself with heavy chain mail amour and his lance and sword, the sudden hand of fate drew Folcard a disaster. A sudden earth-shattering noise was heard. Folcard peered over the balcony to see the stables annihilated by Valkalry's mortar crews. He rushed down the tower to the courtyard where his knights were assembling.

"Report."

"4 dead sir and 9 wounded from the blast."

A glare gleamed in his eyes as he looked at his men, worried that without a horse on which to ride upon, their honor would be shattered. As he inspected what he had on hand, Folcard's ingenuity guided his mind to the idea of a way to survive.

A sudden notice was mentioned by a yeoman scout that the enemy had brought militia crossbows and archers.

"Men," Folcard shouted, "Equip yourselves with the finest weapons that Bretonnia has offered to you; hold your weapons close to your heart where the spirit of the Lady and of Bretonnia truly rides with you. Hold your shields close to gain the protection that will give you the strength to press on. You will fight until you die, and you will die when you have proven yourselves worthy to the Lady!"

The men looked deeply into Folcard's eyes and could only gloat of the glory that was to come.

"Empire knights have reached the gates sire! They are engaging the men-at-arms and they will not last long!" a scout shouted out.

The immediate vision after this notice was arrows raining down onto the castle and into the courtyard and the sound of cannons booming at the walls. Folcard looked at the material he had at hand once more and brilliance struck him. He ran to the provincial armory in his castle and pulled out the finest shields he could find, all of which were shields of relative size of the peasantry shields, but heavier and thicker. He threw down the lance he had armed himself with earlier and drew his sword deep from his sheath and tested its balance. He then reached for the lightest swords the armory could offer and handed the equipment to all of his knights. He pulled out heavy armor of which would hopefully save them in place of their shields and handed it out to his men. Surprised, they grasped their shields firmly. They looked as if the desire to kill in the name of the Lady was the most in their mind.

Arrows shot from above and the knights held their shields high and almost jumped in glory at the sound of deflection of metal tipped arrows on their shields. A well-expected bash on the door was suddenly heard. The Empire was attempting to seize the castle by way of battering rams. As the knights readied themselves for an attack they raised their shields as the sudden blow to the door shattered it open the wood flew up and over their shields. The sudden charge of empire halberds and spearmen entered sight as Folcard directed his men towards the units they charged the spearmen. They raised their shields and the spearmen raised their spears. The knights being smart knocked their spears to the side and

lashed out with their swords cutting the throats of the scum unleashed onto Bretonnian soil. The Halberds charged the flank of the Knights as the knights put their shields up, their shields began to glow with an aura, the halberds couldn't knock their armor away and just as immediately their swords began to glow with a blessing and the knight's unleashed fury onto their flanking enemies tearing apart the men. They defended well until Jamin had arrived on top of his griffon. He aimed for Folcard as his lance pushed onto his shield but could not break through it or knock it aside. Folcard looked around and saw his men suddenly suffering. At the sight of this Folcard could do only what he could do best, fight for glory until his time was over.

He threw down his shield and looked at the Griffon's beak as it was staring back at him with the slightest feeling of bloodlust in the Griffon's look. Valkalry's Griffon hovered above the ground as Jamin would jab downwards upon fair Lord Folcard. But alas, his mind swifter than the lowly hired scum, a quick parry with Folcard's sword blocked his lance with impeccable accuracy. As Jamin grew tired of this nonsense he broke from battle just to sweep in and run through his enemy with his lance's sharp tip. Folcard was rushed by a griffon and a moment of silence occurred as time seemed to stop. Folcard had been slain. Through his armor did the lance pierce.

Jamin grinned at the shedding of his rival's blood. The grin ever too quickly disappeared when Folcard, on his knees, removed the lance's broken end from his body with his own hands. There was no blood spewing from his body, not even a small dent in his body. Folcard grasped his sword and swung upwards at the Griffon over top of him. He stabbed it quickly and through its heart as it wavered in the air before it then threw Valkalry off of his mount. A duel commenced and Valkalry had pulled a longsword from a sheath on his back and grinned in the face of his enemy. Folcard reached to his side but held strong in his other hand, his sword clenched in his grasp. Valkalry charged at him and went for a lunge aiming for Folcard's chest. A dashing display of skill, Folcard rolled off to the left of his foe as Valkalry wielded his sword around from his darting direction to swing into Folcard's side. Folcard's sword glowed as he swiftly lowered it down to block the swing and at this moment he pulled his knife from his side and with a swift stab, he cut Valkalry's throat.

Folcard took a look around and saw the rambling amount of men he had left as he led his men for a charge, slaying his opponents one by one until he was convinced he would have to leave the castle to finish his job. He looked outside the gate and was suddenly surprised. Bohemond of Bastonne had rallied a force of knights strong enough to break the Empire army. At the sight of the charging knights slaying and jabbing at the foe, Folcard felt relieved as he dropped to his knees.

"I thank you in the name of Shallya, Lady of the lake, for protecting us in our time of need even if we had no valor without our horses, we have swung the tide of battle in your favor."

This victory and show of pride for their land has been put down into legends and the King himself has started producing these great shields and starting the art of fencing among the knights of Bretonnia.