

# The Tale of Jean Marcel

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This tale is woven together to show the coming of the great Jean Marcel le Honorable and how he received his name, le Honorable. Honed in his martial skills and presented early ruling of his Dukedom after his father's death at the age of 15, within 5 years, before the loss at Death Pass, he and a huge band of knights, set out to rid the south of orcs.

And Now, The Tale of Jean Marcel.

It began during a Great Crusade sent by the King himself. I volunteered and the King fully supported it. He allowed me to bring his personal Battle Standard Bearer, Henry LeFort. With me I brought my true friend and companion Earl Crestonne.

With this I brought my army and whoever followed the King's order. The year was 1510. I had only recently completed the oath of my quest and found the lady. I had been assigned as Duke of L'Anguille for 5 years now and my people were worthily devoted to my rule on L'Anguille.

We ended up close to Blood River where the savage orcs had reclaimed the land. We marched onto the deserted plains. We came across a chasm. There were two openings on the side and the land crawled up to create cliff sides on the sides of the chasm. In the middle a giant boulder rest. I had a host of Knights errants followed by my single unit of Knights of the Realm that followed chivalrously behind me on my journey. Crestonne had brought along his unit of Questing Knights with him and a rabble of peasants. Henry LeMont followed along my side to the battlefield.

Henry LeFoRt lifted the banner slowly and unrolled it when it was fully extended. It glittered with pure gold and silver, jewels surrounding it. The knights looked at it in an awe inspiring sight. We suddenly heard in the depths of the chasm, &ldquo;Waaaaaagh!!!!&rdquo;

Crestonne looked into the widening chasm then turned his head back and looked at the banner.

&ldquo;How&rsquo;d you pull that off Lord Marcel? The King&rsquo;s banner is the most worthy banner to wield in a battle.&rdquo; Crestonne asked.

I looked back at him with a smile, &ldquo;I have my ways. Get your men into the position I need, it seems the orcs appear to be coming closer.&rdquo;

&ldquo;Yes sir.&rdquo; He reported back.

I looked down the chasm and told my men to follow my lead. Everyone knew what to do. The loud noises of the &ldquo;Waaaaaagh&rdquo;, screaming at the top of their orc-ish throats, were soon to be cut at my sword. My men looked at me as we traveled into the chasm with certain distrust in my thoughts but I inspired them to fight for me and I knew they would not leave.

The ravaging sounds of the orcs came closer and I asked Henry LeFort to roll the flag up once again and he did so, drawing his lance for combat. I took the lance from the back of my horse and held it forward in position to strike. With us were my unit of Knights of the Realm, 2 blocks of Knights Errants, and 2 units of Men-at-arms. We looked at the boulder in front of us and around the corner came a disheartening sight.

Black, savage, starving, heavily armored orcs approached on both sides of the boulder screaming for something to eat as they were accompanied by goblins. We looked into their eyes and the orcs did stare back at us with blood lust and discontent. I raised my lance and screamed, &ldquo;For the Lady, CHARGE!!!!&rdquo; The beat of war drums began as our men-at-arms engaged the enemy on the sides and we charged forth, lances abroad, and cut the foe asunder!

The orcs charged into our lances as I pierced their heads with the Lady&rsquo;s own lance. I picked my foes as I jabbed with my lance through the hearts of the enemy. Orc after orc came to my steed and I blocked with my shield at the lashing choppas on my side and swung back with my lance until it broke into shattered wood. I drew my blade as I kicked the orc-ish dogs off my horse&rsquo;s barding and swing my blade through one&rsquo;s head and turned to swing through another&rsquo;s body. I looked around as I saw orcs had defeated the men-at-arms and started to surround my knights&rsquo; sides. It was an overwhelming feeling as I saw us, terribly outnumbered. That&rsquo;s when I did it.

Surrounded by our own knights, I looked at Henry LeFort. I yelled to him.

“Open the Banner! Open the Banner!” and he did. As he did this, Earl Crestonne above the high cliffs of the chasm approached the edge and laughed at the poor orcs. Bowmen stepped up around the chasm’s edge and fired downwards piercing orc helmets and armor, ripping through their starving, dry, black flesh. The goblins in the chasm looked up and fired their bows upwards hitting but few peasants. Our first step had been accomplished. The orcs still filled the chasm and surrounded us as I looked at my Standard Bearer, Maurice Chaunet, and told him to wave our banner.

It waved through the air and with that, a familiar cranking noise was heard as the appearance of masonry was seen falling onto the orcs and goblins, crushing them easily, and out of the sides of the chasm did come the rest of my knights errants lead by Jacques Priconne. He charged the sides and rears of the orcs as they suffered being run down by our brutal knights and horses running them down, caving in the orc-ish skulls. The knights’ lances pierced through each green and black body tearing the skin open and letting their black blood drown the desert sands as they came around the boulder, we opened our battle line into a straight line and pushed the orcs back like a moving wall as the knights errants blocked their escape path around the giant boulder.

Suddenly, everything went wrong. Orcs started engaging the backs of the knights errants. They fought off as many as they could before they were mowed down by blood thirsty orcs. We started to fall back as the orcs came closer. Our plan failed. We turned around to our rears and saw more orcs.

“How?” I thought.

At that moment, a body fell from the cliffs. Earl Crestonne. The orcs had come up and around the chasm sides to hit our backs and slaughtered every man in their way. Earl Crestonne had not gone down without a fight, his sword fell with him in his hands, drenched in black orc blood. Henry LeFort looked at me as I devised a plan.

“Use what’s left of the Men-at-arms and charge our rear along with the two groups of knights errants.” I told Henry LeFort, “I need you to go with them, escape now if you can, if you can’t make it, die in glory my friend.

He looked at me as I stared at him, he glowed with a holy light, the Lady was on his side. He rode out into the mob of orcs gathering by our rear as the knights did go with him. Each one engaged in combat, even still trying to prove their martial prowess. Henry LeFort did not let go of his banner as he ran with his lance in his other hand piercing orcs with each touch. His eyes glowed with a white holy glow as a sudden tragedy happened. His steed was hit by a goblin spear. His horse had flown to the ground and he stood up. He drew his sword cutting a path through the orcs as they finally got him down, he would take blows all over his armor yet he would not take a single wound as he fended them off for himself. He pushed them off of him and used his banner as a weapon as he killed countless orcs and goblins alike. He escaped the mob daringly and killed those who tried to follow him.

“I will not let you die, Duke Marcel, I will be back!” He yelled out.

My knights suffered as they were cut down from all sides until it seemed like it was me and only a few others as they too were jumped upon by orcs and probably some of them were eaten by the starving beasts, trying to tear into human flesh as they had nothing else to eat. I turned as the orcs huddled in a circle around me in their large mob and started to bang their weapons randomly on the ground. Out of the orcs came a warlord. He was twice the size of a man maybe even more. I dismounted my horse.

His name was Warlord “one tooth” DorGutz. And he looked at me with total maddening in his eyes and spoke to me in his foul English tongue.

“I’s gonna feast on yous tonight humie, yous and me’s re gunna make best friends” he said while pulling out a large choppa, “I’ve slaughtered yous friends already and now it’s your turn, humie! No crazy lady iz gunna save you now!” He grumbled.

He charged me and I pulled my sword on him as he jumped at me. I blocked with my sword and hit him with my shield as he was stunned for a minute. He looked at me with feasting eyes. The rabid warlord jumped through the air onto my shield as he went into a frenzy trying to kill me with every swift move and every blow struck my shield as I’d try to counter and he’d do the same. It was an almost impossible fight until he hit me with his elbow in my chest and it pushed me down. He charged over and went to plunge his big choppa into my body as I rolled myself to the side and kicked the Warlord orc in his side, hard as he fell stumbling to the ground. The orcs started to cry out in dissent. I got to my feet easily as the orc warlord was getting up I came over to him easily with my sword and plunged it into his body. I did it again and then a third time and then kicked his body off of my sword and onto the ground as it laid there lifeless.

The orcs started to come closer in disarray. I took my sword out with the blood of the warlord on it and screamed out.

"If you DARE come any closer to me, you will become like your warlord. You will die just the same!"

They didn't seem to care as they came closer. I mounted my horse again and I ran into them, swiping maybe 3 goblins a piece with each clean sweep. They huddled around me as I fended for my life. My horse was evidently killed in the heat of battle as I had to live, I had to hold out long enough. I swept my blade on one side as I turned each time to face another orc. Countless times pushed onto the ground as I'd sweep them off me with the blade Bretonnia has given me. Each time they struck at me, the Lady's wrath opposed the enemy and pushed them back a few feet as I'd kill as many as I could. My arms became weaker and yet somehow I strived on, surviving on hope as whatever strength I had left would kill an orc or crush a goblin with each touch of my blade. Blood was shed all over the ground and littered with bodies as they wouldn't stop coming. They knew I would fall.

I couldn't take it as I pushed my blade into an orc and kicked him off and turned to another. I couldn't even block anymore as I dropped my shield to the ground, only the Lady could save me. I swept with tired arms again and again as my blade became dull. I fought them off for only Shallya knew how long. An orc came to me as I pushed my sword through his body, and he cried out in pain as I cut the rest of it through his side and chopped off the head of another green skin. I went turned around to kill another but as my arm was in the air, it just fell out of my hand. I had fought them until the sun had fallen.

I fell to my knees begging the Lady for forgiveness as the orcs removed my helmet and topped on me as I fended them off before my death. One quick sweep of my head and I would be dead. That's when it happened. A light boomed through the chasm and the orcs became blinded. I did not as my eyes were closed and awaiting my painful death. Silence crept up as I could hear nothing but my thoughts.

"I die for the lady, I die in simple and crucial glory, I fought until my dying breath, forgive me my Lady." I thought to myself. It started to rain.

My hearing came back slowly as I heard a voice yelling. "For the lady, I am here to avenge my brethren! For King and country, charge into battle!"

I opened my eyes to be blinded by sheer light and I looked to my side. Henry LeFort was here. He was holding his banner high for the King. I stared at it as it shimmered in the light. The rain was cool and refreshing, it was a sign. Henry and a large host of knights ran through the orcs as they ran for their lives. They were cut down along the way. Henry stopped by me and I smiled with what little strength I had and he smiled back and spoke to me.

"Well, it looks like we have a straggler."

"Well, it looks like we have a savior." I responded.

I fell to the ground a minute later, I had passed out. He dismounted and took my body. He threw me over his horse and mounted his horse again as he turned for the other direction. He rode off out of the chasm in a gallant prance. "He saved what men he could, he held off hordes of green skin for his country, he killed in the name of the Lady, these evil orcs and goblins. He purged the evil that had come to this land and he would not run from battle. He stood in line undying and undefeated in his line of duty and that was to protect himself and his pride in his country. For this, he shall be known none other than as Duke and Lord Jean Marcel le Honorable."

I woke up in my castle and I was quickly tended to by nurses. I looked up and what I saw made me bow my head. A grail, golden, and filled with jewels, hung above my door, behind it, my broadsword still drenched in orc blood and Earl Crestonne's, forming a cross with the grail in the middle. I looked to my side, in the wall were my two large wooden doors, wide open. My armor was inside. It shone like the sun as it was almost like mythril. Around the overlapping sides of the armor and certain key spots on the armor were encrusted in jewels. The finest sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and a new chain hung on the same hanger as my helmet, a golden chain. It had a small relic, inside of it, of the lady with candles to either side.

This was my story, this was my tale of misery and of glory, and let it forever be written into the books of Bretonnian history.

The End