

The Raid - Part I

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This tale tells of the battle against Chaos, during a new Second Age of Chaos attacks. The Empire under new stress as new rabid hordes from the depths of chaos storm again in a second attempt to take the realms of men. The Chaos forces realize that the only way to get to the Empire was to take Bretonnia first.

It began like any other day. The chaos hordes were attacking the North in the Empire and they were being pushed to their limit. It was time for Bretonnia to help. Yet as I, great Duke Marcel, once again picked up my shining helmet, I had heard the land's latest rumor. An attack on Bretonnia was the rumor of young nobles and peasants alike as it was said the Norse would come from the North and aligned with this, the vile Chaos would approach in large unbelievable numbers.

Arming myself to prepare for war with chaos in the Empire, I walked down my steps once again, embedded in my jewel encrusted chain mail and joining me on this most glorious day would be me father's sword, passed down from generation to generation in my family. A great sword.

I mounted myself aloft my trusty new steed which had over the years been trained. I was now 35 and still in charge of L'Anguille as its duke. I looked down at my newfound Pegasus.

"Take flight, Skie, we must make haste." I said calmly to him. The Pegasus neighed in return and took off.

Soaring above his grand assembled army, he joined some fellow knights mounted on such a gallant steed.

"Good day fellow knights. I hope you are ready for combat, I lead off the army soon."

"Excellent, we are dieing for combat sir. But we were just talking and wondering about recent rumors we have heard. A rumor for a Chaos raid on our Northern shores. Do you believe it?"

"I'm not to sure, it is highly expectable though as we border the Empire and by dominating Bretonnia, god forbid, they could strike the Empire from two sides."

"Well sir, I have a proposition, as we are on pegasi, I say we go check out the sea as a search for any Chaos ships."

"Good idea, I would not want to leave L'Anguille with its army just to be attacked while we are away."

We rode out flying above the clouds with the other 4 knights. We landed on the very coast of L'Anguille and took off immediately again. We patrolled around the sea shortly as we then flew even further out to sea. With no sign of life we were ready to head back until we saw something, a mist creeping forth over the water, it was red mist.

We flew closer and we were engulfed by the mist as we then saw a sight that might be our last. Chaotic, wooden and steel ships, floating with marauders beating drums on the ships. We were spotted by chaos warriors by the bow and we tried to fly away as some form of daemonic cannonballs flew at us. One of our pegasi was hit as the knight fell into the water he gasped for breath as he slowly drowned in the possessed waters. We couldn't stand to watch as some mutated tentacles came above the water and took him under.

We flew back as quickly as we could as we looked back A chaotic dragon was on our tale as it weaved through the air, mouth wide opened ready to feast on Pegasus and human flesh.

I turned myself around as Skie kept flying forward. I yelled out. "I say we have some honorable aerial combat, let us defeat it or go down in honorable glory!"

At the mentioning of this I turned my Pegasus around and the other 3 knights did the same. We formed a battle line and flew towards the dragon. I pointed to one knight to go towards the far left and another to the far right. The other one right beside me was directed by me to go down and come up as I myself would begin to fight alone until the rest of my knightly friends would hit the dragon from all sides.

We came closer until I was face to face with the beast. It snapped at me as I rode around its mouth and jabbed my lance into its head. I couldn't break through the dragon's scales. A sudden turn around as the dragon snapped again at me and as I confidently flew around its mouth dangerously, its tail came up and it smacked Skie hard in the side as I started to fly out of control for Skie was wounded. While falling I pulled on the reigns and I regained control just in time to avoid a breath of fire in my direction. I turned and gave the signal.

"NOW! HIT HIM!"

With the notice, the other three of my fellow knights turned upwards and to the sides and hit the dragon's head from underneath and its sides, all the lances pierced through the scales with ease as the dragon looked around with half closed eyes and then it fell from the air into the murky depths below. With the dragon dead we flew back to shore.

"We have escaped with only one casualty, we are lucky, let's quickly warn my army and prepare the coasts for attack."

I flew down to my army and told my personal Battle Standard Bearer, Jacen Marcheur, to take care of the army and direct them to the coasts immediately. Thereafter I flew to Couronne and was going to personally warn the king himself that the rumors were true, and aid would be required.

"My King, Louen, a host of chaos is attempting to siege the coasts of L'Anguille, Lyonesse, and Couronne itself! I flew out there myself on patrol to make sure, the rumors are true my lord."

"Are you SURE of this Jean Marcel?" Louen asked.

"I am my liege." I said back.

"I shall assemble an army and send out a call to arms, we shall defeat the horrid followers of their dark gods and send them back to where they came from!" Louen said aloud.

I nodded my head in agreement and quickly left the great castle and mounted myself on Skie and took off for my coast.

Flying high upon the castle on the coast of L'Anguille, I looked at my army nervously and I landed. I mounted myself upon Sanchez, my trusted warhorse, and rode out into the lines and I directed my men.

"Quickly we must form a battle line with premium effectiveness!" I shouted.

My Knights from all around my dukedom had assembled into about 4 regiments of Knights of the Realm. I directed them to the front lines in bulks of 24. I looked upon my younger nobles and assembled them into large units of 30 each. I put them between each regiment of Knights I had already put up.

I had the peasants on the nearby cliffs that overlook the shores with their longbows ready to rain death upon the chaos along with a last line of defense close to the keep filled of newly "trained" peasants. Flying above was the same 3 Pegasus knights from earlier with an additional new recruit. I had set up trebuchets at a point so that way they could sink ships at a distance so far that they couldn't shoot back. I had myself flying above the air as well as I watched my assembled Grail Knights take position far from the shore along with two small regiments of Questing Knights composed of about 18 each.

If we were to be beaten we would retreat to the nearest castle by the shore which I myself have taken the time to take a swathe of peasant bowmen and placing them in the most strategically enhanced areas in the castle. A sudden noise was heard, they were drums. A light red mist could be seen setting over the sea.

Now we wait.