

First Week: The Initial Assault

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The first week of the Second Storm of Darkness has passed. What promised to be a quick campaign to drive Evil from these lands is turning into a long war of attrition as both sides seem reluctant to give up a fight. Our armies were given the city of Littleton as a protectorate to protect and drive the foul armies of undead, ogres and chaos-warped men, elves and dwarves beyond its borders, back from whence they came. Our brave Knights prepared their defences for the initial onslaught. Our forces however brave and valiant they fought, slaying thousands from the accursed beasts and corrupted, lay in the path of the spearhead of advance of the enemy. Too cowardly to face our holy wrath in equal numbers, they swarmed our defences in numbers beyond count. Our glorious Knights however refused to give way and proved adamant in their defence. Even when the enemy overran the line and swarmed into Littleton and the surrounding lands, our brave warriors of noble blood and lowborn alike fought on against all odds, making the Alliance of Evil pay for their foul efforts to break us.

Few days ago the Generals Guillaume le Courageux and Alain de Montgallion had to face the bitter and difficult truth: our left flank in the foothills was conquered by an unholy Alliance of corrupted Elves and foul Greenskin. To fight on would be outflanked by a in sheer numbers superior enemy. On that faithful day I stood alongside these noble Generals as we watched our battered and tired armies retire to the forests behind Littleton: first few then columns of hundreds of bloodstained and weary Knights and commoners. Even though we suffered a strategic defeat, fire and pride still burned in their eyes. The bonfires who appeared one by one in the abandoned city consumed the city yet if all this seemed to hearten us as we all desired a holy wrath for honourable vengeance. It is probably for the best that the city was ransacked by them: the cleansing flames will purge the lands from their filth.

I managed to speak to some lords as they regrouped in the forests about their experience in the line of defence for the Battle of Littleton. Their accounts are written beyond. Our Bretonnian pride may have taken a blow from the cowardly enemies yet we remain strong and eager to defeat the foe in open battle. We spent the last few days to regroup and redeploy. Good news arrived from the port of Greystone: the long-awaited Bretonnian reinforcement fleet managed to breach the blockade of Evil. In a massive and bloody battle our glorious His Majesty's ships, joined with fresh Pegasus riders from Parravon, managed to destroy large parts of the fleet of the enemy. The next morning flotsam and jetsam from the foul fleets of corrupted elves, dwarves and men floated onshore, followed by the bloated corpses of these enemies. The sea was coloured a dim colour of blood and as far as the eyes reached debries seemed to dance in the currents of the sea.

The first lord with whom I spoke was Sir Arthur Ferran, an energetic general who faced many a battle and skirmish. He has slain many a foul undead and corrupted Elf. The veteran Knight managed to send the false and dishonourable lord of the Dark Elves Sesostris to his grave in an honourable duel in which the might of the Lady proved stronger then the dark arts of Chaos. His tactical skills and swordplay forced the enemy to retreat from the battle with its tail between its legs. Since too many a Knight and commoner were slain Sir Ferran was also forced to retire as to remain on the battlefield would mean a swift defeat from the following armies. Sorrow clouds this heroic battle as his trusted friend and the bearer of his personal banner, Sir Reginald, was slain in by a cowardly blow in his back by an assassin. As the blood of the paladin dripped unto the bloodstained and battle-torn banner, the blessing of the Lady cleansed it. I have seen the holiness now radiating from the banner as it rode past.

After the battle he received word from the other continent of his army, led by his brother, by a scared and pale archer by the name of Vall. The army was completely destroyed in a battle with the fearsome undead and his noble brother, Sir Guilbert Ferran, died by the hands of a vampire, wearing completely black armour. I suggest that this young and inexperienced yet true Knight of Bretonnia be awarded a medal for his gallantry and bravery. The vain vampire led Vall

live to announce his challenge to all Bretonnians: he claims he will defeat us all! Lord Ferran set out to answer this grim challenge to retain his honour and avenge his brother's death so that his spirit will rest easy. He faced the vampire lord in single combat in the destroyed city and defeated his opponent as the wrath of the Lady guided his hand. I've already had to pleasure to fight alongside Lord Tancred II of Quenelles once before and I was glad to see him, leading his men from the battlefield. After reminiscing of times past he told me the tale of one brave Knight Errant during a battle against the undead hordes. As the battle progressed the lord of the foul undead legions refused to meet our gallant Knights in combat instead raining unholy magic on our troops. Near the end of the battle, the coward saw his chance to deliver a false blow to two battle-weary Knight Errants which unit was exterminated through the course of the battle. Outraged by this act of cowardice the blessing of the Lady shone down upon the young Knight as his blows, guided by divine assistance, passed the armour of the foul vampire and destroyed him as the divine light turned his undead corpse in ashes and dust. Yesterday I met General de Montgallion once again yet to my anxiety I saw that he was wounded and bore a bandage. He told me that he was set upon by a small force of corrupted men of Chaos. Lord de Montgallion nearly managed to defeat the enemy yet was wounded in a duel with the leader of the horde. He was absolutely thrilled to tell me that he had slain his opponent in honourable combat. The General also gave special honour to a unit of archers which managed to drive off a unit of the enemy.