

Second Week: The Battle for Greystone

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Port Greystone had been wiped of the map: after their successful assault upon the city of Littleton, they turned their attention to the unlucky port. They changed the direction of their main thrust so quickly and swift that the surprised defenders of the seaport were overrun and badly stressed to hold on. Thanks to the reinforcements from other parts of the line and stubborn and glorious defence of the last guards of the port, the hinterland behind the city was held but barely.

For days the front was hard pressed ever being pushed back yard after yard. The plan was simple: to launch a surprise assault of combined Bretonnian armies, aided by our fateful allies of the Empire. At midweek we stroke and delivered a crushing blow to the first lines of the forces of darkness. Fighting was fierce however as experience has taught me: my army who was standing in reserve had to be called in to close a gap at the line. My brave household Knights and faithful commoners encountered some corrupted men of the north. A hard and difficult pitched battle followed at which we proved the more cunning and skilled. Their captain died by my hand in an honourable combat: a feat rarely seen in the barbaric and primitive hordes. Guillaume d'Ortois managed to trample their general after which they fled the battlefield. As the left the battle, they had taken a lot of my army with them: my left flank was as good as destroyed and we hold out thanks to the brave charge of a unit of Knights. We pushed them back to Port Greystone, liberating a part of it. Or rather: we liberated a part of the immense heap of rubble that now is Port Greystone: the alliance of evil had plundered and destroyed the entire city. The front was stabilised once more and the scales were balanced again: also more inland at Littleton and the foothills. From the high seas there came a huge fleet from our proud homeland, carrying supplies, reinforcements and more crusaders.

Meanwhile we managed to restore the temple and burial mount almost to its former glory. The mount on which the temple was built once again dominates the landscape. The clean white marble shines once again in the sun: a beacon of hope and honour to those who see it. Four brave Knights - Sir Heldane, Sir Nicolae, Sir Mattrim, Sir Gueron- and I have taken it upon ourselves to become the guardians for this temple for as long as the war rages on. I was on my guard duty, preventing pilgrims from entering the not yet finished interior of the temple when Lady Tiriana called to us from within the mount. The sarcophagus of the noble Lord Erick de Bastonne was crying blood from its stone eyes. Stunned by this divine sign we all looked in awe, including the pilgrims who came in with us. Yet while this holy miracle endured, I missed the peace and tranquillity which normally lingers in the stone tomb of the noble Knight. Suddenly the pilgrims cried a shout most savage and left the tomb, taking whatever weapons they found and running towards the battlefield. Surely they were inspired by the tears of the noble lord who cried for the bloodshed and was angered by the presence of evil in these peaceful lands. He wants us to cleanse the evil by blade and fire.