

Fourth Week: From Here to There

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I am tired, dog tired; it seemed like ages since I had a decent night of sleep. As I lay on the bunk in my pavilion, I listened to the rain dripping on the canvas. This gale was unforeseen: not strong yet continuous. Soon all the paths were bogged down which prevented any offensive or defensive manoeuvres, let alone a battle. Even though there was a lull in the fighting at the moment, there was a lot of movement and shifting of armies this week. I can't even count the times he had received contradicting orders which sent him to another part of the line, taking the Guardians with him. Since we have left our positions at the Peak, we haven't seen a Bretonnian flag or face, being posted along the line in defensive positions. Remarkably the lighthouse still stood, proud as ever, challenging the western seas, in spite of weeks of fighting and destruction.

The week had started well for the Council as we had taken the lands beyond the mountains. Meanwhile the allies mounted counteroffensives to drive the forces of darkness back along the line. Quickly after the fall of the defences of evil at the Cruel Peak, we managed to drive the enemies back from Brightwood, back to the starting positions in this senseless war of attrition and stalemates. Who will be the first to break? I do not know. The King sent in his latest letter that dissent is starting to rise in our homelands about this pointless war. Four weeks and still no major breakthrough or decisive actions instead a lot list of men and women of Bretonnia who will never return home. For a moment it seemed in the middle of the week that we had gained the initiative and a major breakthrough as we broke the enemy's defence and pushed them beyond the lands before they could make a stand again. It was a massive slaughter with hard and long fighting, claiming many lives on both sides. The lands beyond are beyond comprehension: a stinking and filthy bog with irritating bugs. I was very happy to lead the Guardian back to these lands. While returning to our positions we learned that an enemy counterattack had overran our positions at the Cruel Peak, nullifying everything we had fought and died for. For the remainder of the week we tried to consolidate our new positions and adapt our armies to the new situation.

I received a disturbing letter from Lady Tiriana yesterday: she asked me to return with Guardians to the temple as quickly as possible. Since there is momentary pause in the hostilities, I sent for the Guardians and am about to go. No answer to my questions yet.