## The Chronicle of Sir Beoveld - Part One - Exile

Contributed by James Atlantis Monday, 30 April 2007 Last Updated Thursday, 10 May 2007

I.

Listen!

We have heard of the glory in the bygone days

Of the great lords of the lance-Knights,

How those noble lords did lofty deeds.

How oft did the great Companions, warriors of virtue

True and tested bearing their colours

Resplendent, ride forth in defense of

Their lordly king?

Now ride the noble Paladins,

Champions of the Lady and defenders

Of her realm. Chief among them was

Beowulf ' the Guardian of the North!

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Who rode on the fields of Middenheim

Against the Everchosen; Who led

The Errants across the steppe to the

Lands of the Enemy. By the Lady

He was gifted for his valiant efforts,

And as a living saint did he appear

To his enemies. With gilded lances and

His sword sheathed in glowing frost,

Beowulf and his knights carved out

A domain among the Wastes.

From this bulwark of light amid the

Darkness, the White Knight set

Upon the soldiers of evil fleeing once

More into the North. It was in this

Northern land that to Beowulf was

Born a son, both strong and fair.

Raised and tempered in the constant

Warfare of the Northern Wastes,

Beoveld son of Beowulf soon was made

A mighty warrior.

II.

After years in defense of Nilfheim, the northern fortress,

It came to Beowulf a message from the

King requesting his audience. With

Beoveld and a score of his Knights, the

Lord Beowulf returned across the tundra,

Across the vast lands of the Sigmarites,

And once more unto the realm of the Lady.

The defense of the north was left to

Sir Balian, a virtuous warrior and

Companion of many years. To the King

Beowulf went, where he was received

As a returning hero. Said the King

'Beowulf, mighty lord, Castellan of

Nilfheim, I give to you the title

Baron of the Northlands, to defend

The lands you have claimed. I have

Asked you here now for your service.

Unto this land has come a threat, a

Shadow that preys upon the Lady's light.

Her maidens the prophetesses have told

That it can only be fought by the one

That shall defeat the Living Shadow,

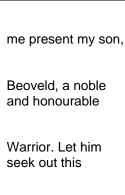
The one who resides in the North. I ask now

That you take up the defense of this land,

And seek out this beast.' Said Beowulf

'My king, you honour me. I ask however

Your pardon. Let



Threat, a noble errand, and make his

Knighthood of the Realm.' Then

Stepped forth Beoveld, strong and fair,

The image of knightly virtue. Pleased

Was the King by this virtuous offer,

And Beoveld was sent on his errand.

III.

The Beast was indeed dark, an evil upon the

Land. Prey it did on the pure,

The Lady's damsels in the dusk.

Through the sacred forests and

Holy groves it raged, and there

Was it found by



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But caught a totem it wore on

It's neck, shattering the relic. As Beoveld fell into unconsciousness, He witnessed the sacred woods spring To life, and a long glowing green Sword wielded by a green knight. As he lay, his life ebbing in crimson, He heard a voice, sweet and Harmonious. 'Fear not, young Knight, I have need of you yet. You have failed at your task, The Beast was not slain by your Hands. You must seek redemption. Find me on the Island of Mist and Fogs.'

IV.

## Beoveld left the fair land, a score

Of loyal knights with him. To

All he was dead, a failed knight.

Said nothing the King on his

Ignoble return. Said nothing his

Father. His exile now a sacrament

To find the Lady's hidden isle.

Brave, young Knights, still unproven,

Sought to follow him on this quest

Of redemption.
All sought the glory

Of the Lady, and thus they followed

Beoveld 'Thrice Scarred 'from

The shores of Bretonnia.