

# The Chronicle of Sir Beoveld - Part One - Exile

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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!

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

me present my son,

Beoveld, a noble  
and honourable

Warrior. Let him  
seek out this

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

Beoveld the Fair.

Long and hard was  
its struggle,

And mighty the  
many blows it

Rained on the  
head of the young

Knight-Errant.  
Though strong and

Quick, little  
affected was the

Beast by the  
strikes of Beoveld.

Long into that  
night they fought,

Neither gaining  
advantage.

The Beast then  
stumbled, and

Beoveld struck,  
only to be caught

By the deceitful  
beast's claws.

Three long gouges  
did it leave down

The once-fair  
face of the young

Knight. His own  
sword, aimed for

The heart, struck  
only its shoulder,

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.