

# The Tale of Derrevin Libre

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My fellow readers, this story I have written speaks from the Game of War of the Five Realms, found in the RPG section of the forum. Regardless if you know the story or not, it should all be pretty easy to understand that Bretonnia is at civil war between many realms, broken as to who is to claim the throne while one Blood Dragon Lord has seemed to rise up and created a Kingdom of his own...Â

## The Tale of Derrevin Libre

The sky was dark, cloudy, but it seemed to always be this way since the Western nation's iron fist fell upon the world. Just north of the lands, where good was prevailing, the foolish lords were struck down by the knives of evil. The Western nation surged forward from the deep and cast a shadow upon other surrounding realms, specifically the Eastern realm, who denied Jean Marcel, the Ruler of the West, his kingship.

The Eastern realm of Bretonnia was home to the only true nobles left. The finest riders which lined up score after score readying for a magnificent charge. Brave, aye, which they were. Their lances sharpened to a point of which no living man could survive. Their lord and ruler: Rylan Bettidge the Courageous, was the only man left standing up against the West, shouting out for support, and only finding death. His blade had cut through the traitors which seized his lands countless times. Elves that betrayed his allegiance leaped into battle, their elven-craft blades, sinking deep into the chests of the unsuspecting riders of Bretonnia. The corrupted Gui de Grandison followed his allies- the Elves of Athel Loren- into battle, the Southern realm, the realm of which Gui commanded, burning that which lay in its path, taking the lands of the East.

Rylan prepared the

defenses of all his other provinces to the maximum. Men attended the walls, took to the fields, and readied for the enemies' attacks. Deep in the realm, on the front lines of battle, the cursed land of Derrevin Libre, home to the Forest of ChalÃ's, prepared the defenses against the evil surrounding it. It was the largest lot of land in Bettidge's possession and also the most prized by greedy eyes. Some backed out, the thousands and thousands of the population migrating north to get away from the evil that was around them, many, though... stayed.

Jean's blade was cleaned of the blood he had shed, foolish rebels dared to challenge his rule, his authority! Jean bent down, pulling up a body, and his teeth clenched around the neck of the man-at-arm, the sound of ripping flesh squirmed through the ears of his warriors nearby.

They trembled in fear as he stood up; the blood splatter from the last rebel was still upon his armour. Their arms and legs quivered, their weapons shaking as Jean approached them. His breathing was sharp and concentrated; it in essence was told that his breath could even kill you if you felt it against your skin, the rotting evil tearing at your flesh, burning it, just as well as your sanity. His eyes were as red as the blood he spilled on the field of battle, piercing the hearts of men in total fear and terror with every gaze.

His hands were drenched in blood, soaking through the armour's cracks. He licked his lips finely, savouring the taste for a moment before disposing it. His shoulders dropped in momentary relaxation, sheathing his great sword. He looked around the assembled soldiers. Peasants, halberds in their arms held high. Here, just west of Derrevin Libre, was a land called The Humble Chapel, named after the infamous chapel that stood at its center. Only months before did Jean's men raid the chapel's lands where the emissaries of the realms were assembled, slaughtering all. Oh, irony! A place built for the Goddess and her holiness, yet it is the home of death and other vile things.

He shook his head in discontent, thinking deeply, not a word uttered, not even a single cough came from the crowd. A scout approached Jean upon horseback, riding quickly. He snarled looking at the peasant, striking an instantaneous fear in the man, his fists clenching, waiting for good news.

"Mi-mi'lord," He muttered out, trembling, "Th-they are here." He said as he gazed into Jean's eyes, sending a shiver down his spine as he cowered away.

"What of my numbers." Jean asked slyly, looking down as he asked, trying to cast a shadow on his face.

"Thirty-Five Thousand, like you asked, sir." He said, still trembling as he was dismissed.

Ha, even after he had slaughtered the small revolt they tried, he still had the numbers. Jean grinned lightly as he saw the four men upon their dark, fiery horses approached him. He turned and the thirty-five thousand men lined up, wondering what was going on. Jean then nodded to the four men as they raised their arms high above their heads. They started chanting, chanting, chanting words. A dark cloud appeared over the field of the lands of the Humble Chapel. Whirls of misty clouds stirred in the wake of the horrid chanting. Jean walked beside the evil sorcerers, his face lighting up with glee. Their hair turned grey, their limbs grew heavy, their

faces and skin sunk down loosely as every man, woman, and child present fell to the ground, dying in utter agony. Screams were heard that turned to groans that turned to dusty air from their throats. They seemed to age instantly, the skin peeling from their bones, their muscles shrank and was tenderly ripped apart, turning to dust before Jean's very eyes. Some tried to run, their bones and muscles both snapping under the age that reached them, while others fell to the ground and clenched their teeth against the torment of every year that passed before them, no one would escape. Jean watched as the betraying eyes of the sacrificed stared at him, until they shriveled and eroded. All thirty-five thousand of them rotted.

He cackled as the sorcerers raised their arms again and began chanting. The sound of their voices reverberated over the millions of bodies before them. The rotting heads and skulls lit up in a sudden burst. Legs of the bones stood, their torsos rolling on top, their arms and skulls assembling themselves. Score and score of Skeletons and zombies arrayed themselves before their master. They lined in unison, ready.

The countless forces were raised from the dead instantly; it was amazing to Jean's eyes, the power, the thirst for more. Yes. The forces still living that were around slowly backed away, watching as Jean turned with an evil grin. "Warriors of the glorious Western Kingdom," He shouted to them as they stared behind him at the undead force, "Now is the dawn of our Empire! Now is the dawn of our true victory. The blood of the fools who defied us will be spilled, they will be burned, and no one will live. We will teach them to fear us! We will teach them to OBEY us! Let us leave nothing of Derrevin Libre!" The hearts of the living men were sound now, his words inspiring, despite his evil. Their discipline came back, their will to fight resolved as they turned to face the border of the Eastern realm and they marched, bows on their backs, halberds in their hands.

Jean turned to the gigantic force of the dead before him. "Forward." He whispered to them, "Leave nothing standing in your wake." The shambling masses of bones marched in perfect unison, their weapons ready to stop anything that came their way.

Shaun walked out of his house, calming the animals outside who seemed to be restless. Out of his 13 years of life on these farm lands, he'd never seen them so crazy. It mattered not. He went back in and sat down for dinner, the sky was blue; the sun was bright and lit up the room as it crept toward the distant horizon.

The table was set slowly and carefully, his mother smiling. He sat down and began to eat, as did she. "Dad said he'd be home late tonight." Dana said, looking at the empty spot, and giving a slight smile how he would complain his food was cold when he got in. "Oh. Long route today?" Shaun asked with a bright smile, knowing the longer the route: the more money his dad could make, the more money his dad could make: the happier his parents were. Nodding, Dana replied "You know you'll be old enough soon to join him too!" She said cheerfully, since she had known her son had always wished to go with him.

Shaun nodded happily. He went back outside to finish his daily chores on the farm as his mother came outside approaching him. "You know... with your new sibling arriving soon, I want you to know I love you." She said in a motherly way, such a pure love which none can replace, hugging her son affectionately.

She walked back inside slowly, thinking so deeply of her love; she couldn't wait for his return. Just being in his arms brought her into a world apart from this hard one. They didn't often have much money to their names. She gave out a sigh as she finished cleaning up the house and walked back outside to see her son.

He was planting seeds  
as she walked over, her soft smile glowing into his young heart, holding her belly in her arms, the baby was coming along nicely, only a few months until she had another child, such a blessing she could bring to this world. Shaun looked over to her, finishing up his chore.

An arrow fell through  
her head.

Shaun was left staring  
as her body hit the ground, dead. He screamed and screamed, his heart pounding, his mind losing sanity. Turning to the setting sun, thousands of men marched over the long horizon.

Shaun rushed inside as  
the men came to a halt. He scrambled around the house in panic, looking for anything, anything at all! A short sword was leaning against the wall, dad's spare. He grabbed it quickly, pulling it out. It was heavy to him, but he could handle it.

He waited by the door,  
hoping no one saw him run in. There was a bash at the door, then another, then another. Shaun went to the corner, tears falling from his face, his heart racing. The door burst open; he stood up and rushed towards them. Quickly he reached the bodies that entered; they were rotten, the living dead. He screamed in fear as he backed away in terror and watched one burst through the door. He closed his eyes, his mind racing. He quickly opened them, readying to throw himself at it, only to stop, his mind confused, dazed, spiraling in sudden shock. The last thing he saw were the eye sockets of his father's skull.

The Nobles saddled  
their horses, readying for the charge, the forces before them, driving stakes  
into their morale. They nodded to one another, the few hundred soldiers pulling  
down the visors on their helmets, readying their lances, sharpening the tips  
for this one last ride as the forces of evil descended upon them in masses.

"Lances ready." Said  
one, a mortified feel to his voice, the others keeping a dead silence after he  
had spoken, "May the Lady bless our charge and hope her divinity will keep the  
reckless foe away from our hearts."

The mass of men that  
poured over the hills and crossed the stream in the only open terrain in Derrevin Libre marched quickly, onward to the  
front line. The  
few hundred knights readied for a downhill charge at their foe, hoping to rout  
the enemy once and for all to leave their land and run home to their 'king'.

Horses started a  
thunderous roar as the clanking of armour upon their barded  
steeds only added to the vibration that sent the earth shaking. Their cries  
rang out into the night as their lances fell downwards, tips ready to pierce.  
Score on score of knights in this gallant charge against the thousands of foes,  
a brave day for the men of the East.

Dust kicked up

everywhere, grass and dirt tossed in the horses' wakes as the resplendent knights hit the battle's front line. Their weapons drove deep into the hearts of their foe, lances piercing skulls and bodies, the knights laughing as the bodies fell to the ground from impact. The living would flee from their lances, yet these were not living. Expressions slowly spread across the faces of the knights as those they struck down got back up, some headless, some with lances right through their hearts. Worry came over them instantly.

"What are these...

things?!" They cried out in vain, as the structures that were to be living people climbed up the lances that impaled them, or grabbed at the legs of the horse and climbed upon them, pulling knights from saddle into the hungry force below them. The living dead tore them apart limb from limb, head from neck, until there was nothing left. Some tried to flee only to be struck down as the flood of rot surrounded them, turning to see their own comrades rising from the grave they had just been sent to before they were taken.

No one was left.

The Forest of Châlons didn't stand a chance against the ravening hordes of the dead, the defenders that took up arms all burnt in the forest where the fire raged. Some say Jean, the heartless fiend of a 'man', did nothing but smile when he saw the great black cloud of smoke rise from the distant provinces. Out of hundreds of thousands who resided in the quaint province, none were ever seen again. It is said that after word had reached their ear of the ruthless attacks, most just committed suicide, knowing escape was impossible, but many doubt this.



Lord Bettidge sat on  
his throne, surrounded only by enemies, and the tale hasn't even finished yet.  
Jean took a seat upon his new throne after the reaping of the souls in  
Derrevin. His smile was as wide as the World Edge Mountains from sea to shining sea. Word came from the  
Empire to his ears that he must repent in his acts of Necromancy and surrender  
the land back to the Eastern Lord.

A sly smile was kept  
on his face, a gleam in his eye. "Bury them." He had said to the necromancers.  
"Bury them all, and let the Lord take the land back for himself."

The fires are said to  
still rage over the dead forest and plains of the desecrated lands. Should you  
venture out to discover what happened, you may find nothing but fire and ashes,  
brimstone covered rock and charred remains. Then again, should you venture  
there, it is most unlikely you will return. Some say the place heeds great  
evil, many say the warp of Chaos has overtaken the land and those who stray in  
never come out.

Oh bitter day and  
night, cold winds lash upon the face of purity now. What is honour in this  
world is no more; there is only fire and death.