

The Massacre of Mousillon

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A story from the War of the Five Realms game describing the takeover of Mousillon the Black Ark

Boris was tired, he had been one of the men assigned to guard the wood bridge that led to one of the Black Ark's entrance.

He looked up at it, not understanding why. For days he had searched the tall spires, the treathening shapes and shadows on the Ark above, and yet he had seen no signs of life. Until today that was.

From inside the Ark a loud creaking and groaning could be heard, and then, the huge black doors which they had guarded for days opened, revealing only darkness and emptiness as a lone tall, fair person walked out.

Boris didnt need to be a scholar to know it wasnt a human, he could see it from the almost feline movements the elf made while walking, the fey like face, and a horrible darkness looming around him.

Boris was so awestruck that he didnt even notice when the elf said something.

As if awoken from a dream, he shook his head and listened to the elf repeating his words:

"I said, to call the authority in this town now."

No aggressive tone was used, but none was needed, the mere presence commanding anyone to obey as Boris hurried to the keep, to call King Jean.

In a couple of minutes Jean was there, magnificent as ever in his armor, and wearing an expression which counceiled the stress he had been under the past weeks.

"I was told you wished to talk to me, elf." He said, in a tone none too friendly, and putting more pressure on the word "elf"

"Indeed, Human King, I did" the elf replied, in a tone akin to Jean's, but more sarcastic and putting equal pressure on the word "human".

" We have been docked here for days, and still no slaves have been brought to us."

Jean's brow furrowed, as if he had been expecting it.

"You have not forgotten our agreement, have you?"

The elf continued, clearly switching to a threatening tone in the end of the sentence.

"No, I have not".

"Then we require your reply, will you send us your slaves or not?"

The elf said with a quickly rising tone of voice and Boris stepped back, fearing the situation was getting out of control.

Jean completely halted, his face showing nothing, and for a moment he seemed like something else. Not a soldier, not a king, not a vampire like some folks said, he was just a human being. Quick as the feeling had come it vanished as Jean turned around, as if to give orders to the men.

"Here is MY REPLY!"

And in one quick movement, his sword was in his hand.

The elf was fast, very fast, inhumanly fast. But Jean was faster.

In less than a second the elf's head was flying through the air, spraying blood everywhere.

Its body remained still, the sword being held in front of it, and then it collapsed to the floor, lifeless.

Jean turned to the soldiers:

"Get everyone you can out, NOW!"

Boris ran for his life.

The chapel quarters was first, in the middle of the night a company of hundreds of elves descended through one of the Ark's passages and set to work.

Soon, half the quarter was burning, the streets filled with people running and being efficiently slaughtered by the elite dark elf warriors sent after them.

Men, women, children and elderly, all put to the sword, and but a dozen town guards to defend them.

In a city of hundreds of thousands only 200 soldiers and 900 town guards were there as the dismantling of Androuillion required dismissing thousands of troops.

The neighbouring quarters spiralled into chaos as everyone saw the fire and began fearing the coming of the Elves. The south gate was crowded with people, tens of thousands attempting to flee through one door with guards hurrying them along.

And then, disaster struck again.

100 cold one knights detached from the troops unloading into the city and quickly made their way to the south gate. Yet the street was literally full of the peasants, and so they had to cut a bloody path. The screams from the back of the crowd of peasants being run over, cut down and torn apart urged those in front to move faster, and soon it was a routing mass of people as everyone desperately went for the gate, crushing and killing each other, worrying for nothing but their survival. After thousands had been killed the detachment finally arrived to the gate, where after killing a couple hundred guards it was able to close it, and with another detachment which had been sent to the north gate and several troops going on its way to guard the river thus ended the exodus from Mousillon.

The remaining people from southern Mousillon fled to the bridge quarters, where 300 city guards had closed the quarter gates and formed barricades on the bridges and streets, but it was useless since in the northern part of Mousillon all was lost as the docks and Lost Town had been taken over by the elves, with the keep turning into a slaughter house as the elves entered pushing away the remains of the gate for the thousands of troops to pour inside. For a moment, the crowded people in the Bridge quarters waited, and then they came. From the streets, hundreds of cold one knights charged, smashing the barricades apart and entering into a square full of those who had not been fast enough to move through the south gates. The bridges were lost as the guards were unable to hold against the press of thousands of dark elves.

Every dark elf in front killed 5 humans, denying those in the back any kills for lack of lives.

The houses were torn apart as warriors entered them and killed all those inside

Babies were torn apart from their mothers and put to the sword in front of their eyes.

Children were thrown out of the windows to be crushed and mauled by the cold ones waiting below.

Women were ravaged and torn apart in a demonstration of wickedness from the druchii.

And only after two full days of systematic slaughter was there a loud horn sound from the Ark, and as quickly as they had come, the Dark elves either embarked the Ark or were sent to guard the exits and the Keep.

From a hill Jean saw his city burn, and he swore that before his time was over, he would take it back.