

## vs. Dwarvs - 500pts

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Sir Beregund sat upon his faithful warhorse Longshadow. He turned to Sir Lunac, holding the battle standard high for all the rest to see. "And you said there would be nothing of interest on this side of the border." Sir Lunac did not say a word; the only response was the pawing of his steed.

Sir Beregund was responsible for only five knights, ten men-at-arms, and ten peasant bowmen. A small force for such a large border he thought. But it was his faith in the Lady that would bring him victory, not the size of his force.

As he peered over the field, he could see the Dwarven force moving into ranks. Quarrellers to the right, a bolt thrower on a small hill to the left, and two groups of warriors in the middle, some with great axes; a small force but with enough dishonorable missile weapons to prove a nuisance.

Sir Beregund ordered the bowmen into the center atop a small hill which gave them an excellent field of fire. His men-at-arms were on the left flank with his knights on the right. As is custom, he lead his men through prayer to the Lady and asked for her blessing this day.

The Dwarves sat silent, then whooped and hollered, mocking the great men of Bretonnia. But they did not move. It would be up to Sir Beregund to bring the fight to them. He ordered his men-at-arms to advance at the march, but kept his knights under restraint. The archers, overzealous to say they had fought alongside Bretonnian's finest, loosed their arrows but were long out of range.

The Dwarves still stood, coaxing their foe. The quarrelers answered the archers in kind, but, they too were out of range. The bolt thrower, through the Lady's blessing, failed to fire.

The men-at-arms pressed the advance with the knights following them to the center of the field. The Dwarves still stood, mocking the knights with their rudeness. The bowmen stood dumb-founded, knowing they were out of range but did not move out of fear of leaving their position from their protective spikes.

The Dwarves fired again. A volley of ten quarrels hurled into the knights, striking an unfortunate mount and leaving one brave knight to walk. The bolt thrower, again, did not fire. Its crew baffled as to what was going wrong.

Then, Sir Beregund let out a mighty cry and both teams charged into the Dwarven line. The men-at-arms hurled themselves with their halberds into the Dwarves armed with their great axes. The Knights stormed into the main group of warriors along with their Thane. Lances skewered three of the short warriors without any losses of their own. Halberds fell but only killed two. The main Dwarven line held, but the smaller group with the great axes buckled and ran. The men-at-arms, excited to see their quarry run, pursued and slaughtered the group.

The Thane ordered his men to attack back at the knights but could only fell one of the brave attackers. The knights returned in kind, killing five. The Thane could only look in amazement as his entire rank was destroyed. But he did not flee. The Quarrellers moved to face the knights' right flank, enough to bring them in range of the bowmen.

As the bowmen fired, only one was struck by the range of the longbow. The knights cleaved through the remaining dwarves, killing three as they went without losing a man. The Thane, with no other choice fled with his men but was charged down by the mighty warhorses.

The bolt thrower still could not function, whether due to its crew or some other source. The men-at-arms turned there attention to it and started to climb the hill where it sat. The knights wheeled around, set their sights on a new target and charged. The Quarrellers were dumbstruck. With a mighty clash, four were trampled under hoof and fled. They only had time to turn around when they were overrun and scattered.

Before the men-at-arms could make their assault, a bolt was unleashed at the back of the knights. The mean missile only imbedded in a knight's shield, causing no damage to its owner. With a might clash, the men-at-arms charged the crew. But their courage was lacking and with the death of three of their mates, they turned tale and ran.

Fortunately, the Dwarves knew they were outnumbered and outmatched. They quickly abandoned their war machine and ran beyond the border they were trying to snatch. Sir Beregund and his knights stood on the battlefield, victorious once again.