

Why do you torture me so?| sir

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 Friday, 23 September 2005
 Last Updated Saturday, 24 September 2005

I stood in a rank of a thousand men standing as firmly as I could because if I failed to do that I wouldn't even live to see the battle. Mud covered my face and my shield the sweat on my hand made my spear begin to slip but I held it with all my might for when it fell my life would end. I squinted past the horizon to see a blurred black line approaching. I knew what it was, it was my doom approaching and I only prayed that it would come faster to end my misery.

Not wanting to stare at the horizon where both the setting sun and approaching doom blinded my eyes I turned away to see my lord riding his warhorse with great pride. He had the horse trot behind the men where he could make an easy escape if all went wrong. Although his helmet covered his facial expression I could sense fear in him in the way he gripped his lance then loosened his grip to only tighten it again, in the tightness of his fist as he held the reigns of his horse.

The eyes under his darkening visor must of seen me for he pointed his sword forward and at the same time in my general direction and yelled "Don't you see the enemy you worthless peasant!"

I snapped my head forward and stared towards the ever-lengthening black shadow. If one didn't know better he would of thought it was the endless cloud of night that approached but I knew that it was creatures who approached the creatures were warriors of chaos who had reached the fair lands of Bretonnia. I cringed at the thought of Bretonnia becoming a chaos wasteland.

A man in the back row coughed loudly I heard my masters horse turn and the sound of sword on bone as the man's corps fell to the ground. It was miracle more men weren't coughing we had been standing in freezing temperatures for hours with out moving. Are shelters if you could call them that were also little help against the frozen wind which whipped under the rags that supported it and sickened those who failed to avoid it's long reach.

A mounted squire had reached my lord I saw his horse as it panted it legs were cut and bruised it's muscles were tight it was ready to collapse the horse looked as though it may of once belonged to the army that now was in deep pursuit of it. The fact chaos had chased him here and he had hoped to take refuge in my lords castle or some secure place he tried to act as though here were not being chased but rather had been scouting "Sir, the storm of chaos has reached our land I just returned from scouting their ranks, their numbers are infinite and their power is great you would be better off running. I nearly was caught myself... Sir!"

My master had ridden out in front of my unit to greet him. He took off his visor to better see the man's face. My master hated the man his eyes slanted as he stared at him he turned to see the oncoming chaos army and he almost looked like if he had a choice between the squire and the chaos army he would have chosen the chaos army. My lord spoke "What is your title squire?"

The squire responded looking dazed and confused "I'm only a peasant who has been given the ability to fight for my lord as a squire I have no title of my own... um sir."

"As I thought then what makes you think you have the right to lie to me as you are a worthless peasant..." (under his breath he mumbled "as worthless as they come you are") The squire only could stare back with no ability to answer his face was filled with terror he was only a child probably 15 at most but that mattered not to my lord. "Get on my horse!" barked my lord.

"Why sir?" he said as he slowly changed horses.

When firmly mounted on my lord's horse my lord galloped to the distance he was about halfway between the approaching army and us when he stopped. His horse turned and he slowly began to trot then he pushed the squire off the back of his horse and went at full gallop back. I heard his distant voice yelling back to the man "Do you think you can outrun them twice?"

The squire turned seeing the option of running did not exist he faced the foe. Truly hopeless stuck his spear into the ground and bowed to pray to the lady although peasants aren't supposed to do this I truly understood him. He looked up and charged into the ranks of chaos disappeared without the warriors even slowing to kill him. He was probably the first man to be killed in this war in the land of Bretonnia but I knew there would be more soon.

A unit of knights of the Realm approached my lord next these men stood behind my unit but I knew the men were some of the bravest and noblest in all the land. Few knights would agree to serve with one they called "unchivalrous" as my lord these knights were no exception but they felt their presence was needed and although they would have to serve under the "unchivalrous" leader they believed that was a weak excuse for not running up and meeting the chaos lords.

Their unit leader
spoke "Sir we should pray for the lady now."

"What would be the
point to distract our attention from the foe if the lady had any
power at all she would of kept the chaos lords from even entering the
lands of Bretonnia.

The knights looked
amazed many of them had never even considered not praying for the
ladies help but they did as told and resumed their deployment
position. I myself believed in the lady as the one squire had and I
prayed for her myself without moving from the position of attention.

I opened my eyes to
see the chaos warriors were within seconds of us I lowered my spear
into striking position as my sergeant said and as then came a command
which was the hardest thing any of us peasants had ever done
"CHARGE!!!" yelled the sergeant.

How could we charge
after seeing what happened to the squire how could we charge knowing
our death awaited as we touched that line of chaos. Then I
remembered what the result would be if I did not charge I turned to
see my cowering lord hiding behind our unit ready to run when all
went wrong. I spat angrily into the ground and joined the delayed
charge.

Our spears hit the
warriors they fell dead the entire first rank who had come in contact
with us had perished we motivate by this minor victory had more power
in our arms and the slightest hope of victory the second rank came
without warning our spears still inloged into the first ranks corpse
were of no help a giant warhorse hit me and I saw little more of the
battle.

My
eyes went blank I felt nothing no pain no cold of the air no warmth
of the blood in my body. Then I saw my castle my lord stood there
facing a peasant with a look of hatred unknown to civilized man a
look of a chaos warrior. Thousands of knights more glorious then
those in the battle I had fought today lined the walls of castle with
many peasants standing in front of them I lone war beaten peasant
tired and frustrated walked through the gates. My lord yelled a few
inaudible words to him and then I responded, as I was the peasant who
was there.

My lord appeared as though he had, had many problems with worthless peasants that day and was tired of it. He charged upon me this was even drastic for my lord he often said we were not worth the effort. I was glad to see I wasn't willing to go without a fight I lowered my spear and charged upon him. Fear crept across his face we hit my spear and his shield; his lance and my head. I was dead again.

Blackness

glazed my eyes once again. Beginning to wonder if this is death a sick twisted way of death where for all eternity you would see yourself killed over and over again.

I awoke or at least I thought I did I still could only see blackness but this blackness was of the horses of chaos warriors trampling over me. Light glimmered through the end of the warriors. Still I must be dead doomed to see through my eyes but not control my body for all eternity. I tried to get up as the chaos warriors had all passed and to my great surprise I could. Touching my skin and feeling the warmth of blood again and the coldness of the air I knew I had not died. The lady had saved me but for what point or purpose a small image of the lady of the lake had appeared on my shield. Although this normally meant favored by the lady it meant much more to me.

I then remembered what I had seen it must have been a vision of what would happen if I were to return I knew I couldn't go west to my lord's secondary castle. The lands to the east had obviously been taken by chaos. The lands to the south were infested with Skaven. I had only one choice the north where the conclave of light had been legend to of met.

I walked from the battlefield to see all the body of the peasants gruesomely killed and all that remained of the knights were their armor. I ran from the field as the lady gave me new energy. I saw a strangely unbroken spear guessing the peasant had fled and dropped the spear. I picked up the spear to see the engraved onto its metal side was "The motto of Lord Ryant de Cooke's land Justice is freedom for all, freedom is equality among peasant and knight alike and equality is justice."

Laughing at the words that seemed so baric figuring this land would never of survived I saw another engraving on the fine dwarven metal the spear had been made of this one was made obviously by hand and quickly "For the honor of my lord Knightly Warrior"; besides the fact that honor was spelled wrong many things hinted this was quickly engraved.

I decided to take the spear although I was no longer so impressed it didn't brake feeling the fine quality of the metal I often suspect

our spears were not made of pure metal as my lord said. I began to wonder what peasant would carry a spear like this it had made it a long way from the battle then I realized it was the spear of the squire who had hopelessly taken on the chaos warriors alone.

I walked due north for a day and a half in 6 inches of snow and with little no food and only the water I could bare to melt from the snow in my bare hands. Finally I saw a dot in the horizon to the northwest. I turned to face the dot and walked towards me it took an entire half a day to reach the dot to even see what it was… a castle.

I found a tree to sleep under that night and promised myself I would reach the castle that at most could only be a mile away in the morning.

I walked towards the castle for the majority of the day it was probably about 20 miles away but it stood so tall that it appeared to be the height of my lord’s castle from many miles away.

I walked exhausted to the gates and saw a giant statue of the lady of the lake on each side of the gate their was writing on both statues which could be read in water through a glass cover “Justice is freedom for all, freedom is equality among peasant and knight alike and equality is justice.” I had reached the land of Sir Ryant de Cooke; Knightly warrior.

The guard greeted me “Who goes there.”

I answered as my lord had instructed we pathetic peasants to answer. “I am a peasant of the great land of Lord Litson de Bitts.”

“A lowly peasant well my lord was expecting a man to come from your land ages ago but he would like to know your name.”

“My

name? I am a lowly peasant I have no name…”

“All

man and creature alike should have a name be sure to mention this when you speak to my lord he’ll help you find a name. Follow me.”

The guard turned and led me to the giant castle that I knew belonged to the lord Sir Ryant.

I wondered what would come with a name maybe I would be treated as a blacksmith who was of the highest ranked peasants and were one of the few to get a name in my land.

It was a short walk to the castle and the lord was on the bottom floor speaking at eye level with a few peasants. The only peasants who ever spoke to my lord without letting him mounts quickly lost their head.

Sir Ryant turned to face me and ran towards me. “Where is your mount your supplies”” he asked in anxiety. “There are no orcs in these lands they couldn’t have…”

I answered trying to spare the knight a heart attack as he looked as though he may have if I did not interrupt him “Sir I’m not a messenger I’m the sole survivor of a great onslaught the chaos had on my land.”

“The chaos warriors here already how did you survive?” He looked at me in a critical look wondering if I was working for chaos then his eyes saw my shield “The lady saved you? Alright you have been very useful comrade…”

“Comrade? Does comrade mean peasant in your lands I’ve never been called that before.”

“Comrade means ally, what is your name comrade?” He said this in the calmest kindest voice.

“I have no name.”

“Figures
your lord was very strange in those ways you’ll be called comrade
Stephan.”

The
lord then turned and ran yelling over his shoulder “Your
information has been very valuable!” he ran to a giant bell and
rang it as loud as he could.

His
entire army came running to see what he had to say he yelled “Comrade
Stephan has just informed me that the chaos armies past further south
then expected you have ten minutes to pack your bags then we move out
immediately.

I
joined in rank with a mismatch unit of peasants I suspected they were
from many different lands. I was amazed they dared talk but the lord
would talk to them to they seemed to be allies on friend basis. I
turned daring a quick word “Where do we go?”

The
peasant turned looking surprised at me “Why so worried we go to
fight the chaos army we are one of the few great bretonnian armies
our lord Knightly Warrior was an honored representative at the
Conclave of light.”

I
turned as I had heard enough and walked enjoyed the splendid display
of bretonnian knights and peagus and the beautiful land that I had
crossed early now with a few extra men.

A
knight rode by me and said “Your comrade Stephan correct?” I
nodded wondering where this conversation was going. “Your
information has been very valuable to us but I’m amazed you were
brave enough to fight chaos again you are well on your way to
becoming a knight I would be honored if you would serve under me when
this battle is done as a knight errant of course if I can work it
with the king a knight of the realm.”

The
knight rode off leaving me even more confused. This army must be the

noblest in the entire world. I felt honored to be allowed to serve under and would happily single handily fight a thousand chaos warriors if they wished me to.

Marching

with this army was easy if they saw a peasant that looked tired a knight would ask if he would like to ride the horse for a short time.

We ate three meals a day and rested every night. Still we seemed to be traveling at a slow run and I knew we were catching the chaos beast.

After

two days of travel we came to a castle my castle. We went inside the castle and to our much surprise men still lived inside it. Knightly warrior wasted no time in finding the lord. My lord it was.

Knightly warrior looked suspiciously at me and then at him "Good Sir Litson I had thought you dead."

Sir

Litson too looked at me as seeing I were the color of his army and said "I almost was if it weren't for the lady of the lake I would have been".

"So

the lady saved several men in your battle well I come in pursuit of the foul chaos beast who have crossed the lands I request any men and food you can spare."

"I

have none." He said not bothering to think.

"You

have no food to spare no men who are brave enough to fight in this war?"

"No

now leave my castle"

"Surly

you have some throw me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost, to me, I shall give them freedom beyond their wildest dreams and let them serve in an army far

greater than yours!”

“I
said I have nothing which can serve under a master as weak as you.”

“Now
I see.” my master yelled growing angry. “Your castle wasn’t
destroyed by chaos because it already housed far eviler chaotic
people. Such as yourself well then it is my sworn task to remove you
from power.”

“You
can try.” He yelled although again I saw fear in his actions.

To
my dread knightly warrior calmed down and said “I still truly have
no fight with you but I know one who does” he turned to me “Comrade
Stephan would you like to free your realm.”

His
powerful auror propelled me to answer “I have always I’ll gladly
kill my lord and free my land.” Not sure what I said.

The
crowd dispersed around me and there I stood as I had seen once
before tired and beaten facing my lord. Yelling to him and he
yelling back.

“I
will gladly kill you weak peasant.”

I
tilted my head to pray to the lady but he had already begun to charge
at me. I clenched my spear and yelled as I charged him the “lady
shall give me victory over scum like you.”

I
remembered the vision as I charged he had killed me just like this
but I refused to slow I fought under a great lord Knightly warrior.
I would do anything for his honor I ran to my death my spear hit his
shield and his sword my head.

I
was dead again. I knew this before the sword had truly touched my head. Then I was blinded by blue my shield had grown with a mystical blue aura protecting my head. I then realized this was my chance I gripped my spear with all my might and drove it through the shield of my former lord instantly killing him.

I
fainted at the spot and when I awoke I had been crowned new ruler of my castle "Sir Stephan the brave I was called"