

Story of Sir Ulfius

Thursday, 14 April 2011

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Few weeks ago i was asked to write a story for our local warhammer league. The story plays no significant role in the league itself, but i thought it would be good to translate it and publish it here.

It has a Bram Stokery ring to it, mostly due to the diary form and the vampire thematics. I think all else is explained in the story itself.Â

Â Personal journal of Ban Mislav the First of the Bretonnian Hinterlands13th of April, Imperial Year 2535.Crac D'Aigle, Bretonnian Hinterlands, Dukedom of Gisoreux, Bretonnia

Inset 1: The letter

Most regarded Ban, Your HighnessI write to you, while, I do not know to whom should a soul turn when everyone had abandoned it. I do hope I'm not wasting your precious time Â come here and you will dieÂ Â with this letter. But as time passes, I am ever more certainÂ I will rip your heart out and feed small pieces of it to your descendents over the course of centuriesÂ that the task i have taken upon myself to fulfill might prove too difficult for me.Â I see you. At the moment I am traveling towards Nuln, with the box with me. All is explained in the diary which i have sent you along with this letter.Â I will dive into your bowel like a mythical giant and devour its soft tissue and life juices.Â I hope my letter reaches you in time. I have sent my best pigeon carrier.Â As you read this, I am digging your grave.Greetings and thank You for your help

UlfiusÂ

Â Inset 2: The journalÂ Â The journal of Ulfius of Bastone

Krugenheim, Talabecland, April the 3rd,Imperial year 2535Forewarned by the local population, and aware of the peril of the task I am about to fulfill, I Ulfius, second son of baron Brastias, the battle standard bearer of the duke of Bastone, Bretonnian, and the knight of the realm, master of the keep Charcavelle, write this journal, as a testament of the curious events whose unwilling participant I became, and involvement in which, will, at this point I suspect, cost me my life. We set out from Krugenheim today, and crossed the river Stir. The convoy consists of me, my escort â€“ two mounted yeomen from my realm Valdian and Bertrand, and a coach which has been sent by my principal, but whose services I have declined, while I rather ride on my horse. the curious driver of this coach stayed with us, contrary to my instructions to go back to his employer. I suspect that his will to show us the way and a certain loyalty to his master is the root of such intrusive behavior. My principal is, now late, Count Orwin von Gierke, the seventeenth count of Teufelheim, a hamlet and a castle in the eastern part of the imperial province of Sylvania, on the junction of South Stir and river Templa, at the outskirts of a forest called Tangled Woods; a man whom I have never met, and yet he chose me to be the executor of his will. I will know more of this discrepancy when I arrive in Teufelheim.Mikalsdorf, Sylvania, April the 5th, Imperial year 2535.Our guide has pushed us forward as a Shepard pushes his sheep. We rode day and night alongside the river Stir, avoiding towns and villages, and any contact with other living beings. We have passed Stirland without seeing a single village. My escort is on the brink of its nerves, fearing deceit and having ill thoughts about our guide. While we are near the Stir river, he cannot lead us astray. The guides behavior really contributes to this tension. Since we met, he had in no occasion shown his face. At first i thought how he has some awful skin disease as I heard that Nurgles plague was quite common here, but now I am begging to think that it is only a lack of manners, which are all but nurtured in these gloomy realms. The thought of Bretonnian castles seems surreal in this cursed part of the world, where nothing is certain, not even the transition between day and night. It is as if the sun it self shuns from this land, covering it with thick clouds, so that the image of Sylvania doesnâ€™t ruin the whole view.Hells Fen, Sylvania, April the 7th, imperial year 2535.It is no wonder that this person got a skin disease and that he has to wear a hood to hide his face when he lives in such an odious land. Today we passed through the southern part of the Hells Fen swamp, where allegedly, the last of the Vampire Counts, Manfred von Carstein fell. Perhaps it was so, but judging by the odor of this region his cursed body is still rotting in there. That night we made camp near some village. This brigand, that acts as our guide never sleeps. He just sits on his coach stares into the night. I suspect me and him could have a really serious disagreement if we don't reach Teufelheim soon.Hundham, Sylvania, April the 8th, imperial year 2535.The next town we enter after this one will be Teufelheim. Praised be the Lady that it is so, for i cannot gaze anymore at this grotesque scenes of life parody any more. This scoundrel, our so called guild, overcame his reluctance to enter towns over night and now towns are all we see. We passed through Waldenhof and Hundheim. We ride without rest or sleep. I am glad it is so, while it presents a riddle to me, how would I ever fall asleep after what I had witnessed here. Deformed, hunched midgets, with mischievous faces, disease, filth and a unreal, insane joy of demented peasants who giggle while looking at us and in the same time driving wagons filled with the dead.Teufelheim, Sylvania, April the 10th, imperial year 2535.We have at last arrived at Teufelheim, the town of lunatics, whose mayor could I easily be, for leaving the green pastures of Bastone only to come to this hell. And i say hell without overstating it, because the name of the town, if translated from Imperial language means just that: Devil Country. Teufelheim castle is a high and solemn, well fortified building on the hill overlooking the town, whose name it bears, and surrounded by dense dark green pine trees of the Tangled Woods. While we were passing through the town the local folk was closing the windows and hiding from my sight. Wise. They fear me? Me? I am perhaps the only one who is normal in this cathedral of deformity. I think i have solved the puzzle of Ortwin von Gierke summoning me here as his last wills executor. I reckon that he and my grandfather were old friends, because i

saw my grandfathers shield in the entrance hall in Teufelheim, along with a variety of other shields, ranging from elf to chaos ones. Very diverse friendships, i must note. I have to note also, that all of these shields were either broken or severely damaged. Count Ortwin really did not care much for these memorabilia. Grandfather wouldn't have liked this. Teufelheim, Sylvania, April the 11th, imperial year 2535, morning I have slept particularly bad last night. The castle servants are frightened and distant. I have barely managed to find out where is it that i have to go this afternoon to attend the reading of the will. My escort was nowhere to be find. I imagine they have been fornicating with local girls whole night. Judging by the province as a whole, i reckon these women are not of high morals. Teufelheim, Sylvania, April the 11th, imperial year 2535., evening Should have I expected anything else apart from madness from mad men? At the reading of the will today, only I and the town notary were present. This notary could easily be a substitute to that awful coach driver, if judged by his social manners. The crazed old man, the count that is, had given his castle, title and all things to a person who is named only by a pseudonym, a false name: MVC, and I am not permitted to know this persons true identity. All that he had owned, the count traded for a box! Its contents remain hidden to me as well. It remains locked and sealed. I am to escort it to Nuln, and place it there in the city vault. I am also to follow specific instructions concerning the path which I am obligated to take. To make the paradox complete, the means of transportation which I am to use is the exact coach that has escorted me here. This will be the last entry into this diary before i arrive at Nuln, because i need to focus on the task at hand. At the end of this escapade, i have to wonder. What treasure is so capatious or valuable that a noblemen would give all his possessions for it. How can a single knight defend a tresure that whole armies will seek.

I note that at this moment, I Ban Mislav, became also involved in the events of Ulfiuses story. The history of troubles is written by bold deeds of indecesive men. Tomorrow we ride to Nuln.

The official war journal of the 1st Army of the Bretonnian Hinterlands The Recadent Legion, as written by the Battle standard bearer of the army Sead Ibn Ismet April the 15th 2535. imperial year Parravon, Bretonnia

I, Sir Sead Ibn Ismet, battle standard bearer to Ban Mislav, according to my duties, testify that the facts written here are true. The First Army of the Bretonnian Hinterlands, Campaign name : The Recadent Legion, left the realm on the eve of the 13th of April, one day earlier than planned, and is now en route to Nuln, and subsequently possibly to Sylvania. The army consists of 105 warriors, distributed in eight brigades, which are than distributed into four eshelons. Out of this number, there are 55 infantry men, 30 heavy cavalry, 10 light cavalry and 3 riders of special purpose. There are 20 men attending to the logistics and 4 artillery men. This is the first time that the eshelon doctrine is used in this, or any other army, to my knowledge. Personal journal of Ban Mislav the First April the 17th 2535. imperial year Blood Keep, Wissenland, Empire

Too much does the view upon the stage of Wallachs massacre remind me of the present situation. I cannot restrain myself from feeling that it is exactly the spite towards the plans of this monster that has possessed Ulfius, that fulfills his intentions tu the fullest, and that we, like a parade of heavily armored fools, hurry towards his carnival, led by the spineless Sir Ulfius. I did not sleep well last night, but not due to the provocative and insolent visage of the Blood keep, but rather while i was suffocating in my thoughts, trying to avoid the strings that Ulfiuses master laid down for us, his marionets, while at the same time attempting to avoid a contrary concept which is all but realistic. Our passage through Parravon did not pass unnoticed. I fear this endeavor will turn into a treasure hunt. Its price - a rotten golden apple. The official war journal of the 1st Army of the Bretonnian Hinterlands The Recadent Legion, as written by the Battle standard bearer of the army Sead Ibn Ismet April the 18th 2535. imperial year Nuln, Wissenland, Empire The elector count of Wissenland expressed concern towards a fully battle ready Bretonnian army passing through the Empire. Taking into regard the neighbourly relations, he pleaded for a meeting which would serve to find a mutually beneficial solution. It has been agreed upon that Ban Mislav will give a pledge in the amount of 1500 gold florins that he will attack no settlement, village or town on the territory of the Empire, and that he will leave the afore mentioned land in five day. If he fulfills the first condition but comes late to the second one, the Elector Count will charge damages from this pledge. The Treaty of Nuln was signed on the 18th of April 2535. IY on the Nuln main square. Personal journal of Ban Mislav the First April the 19th 2535. Imperial Year Border of Wissenlanda and Stirlanda, Empire

Highly trained and rapatious elector counts of the Empire! This nonsense will cost me 1500 florins. They negotiate siting on the bronze tubes of their cannons. Its not worth dying over 1500 gold pieces, but more and more i think how i have found a solution to my predicament. If the attitude of these corrupt nobles doesn't change, perhaps I even might let Ulfius and his Fiend to reach Nuln. Than, when the streets of Nuln bathe in blood, perhaps then we can discuss pledges and money. We are at the border with Stirland. I have sent outriders to reconnaissance. Personal journal of Anna of Carcassonne April the 21st 2535. Halstedt, Stirland, Empire

Amidst of all this desert I can only think of the shining streets of Nuln. As if this army yearns for suffering so it always travels from bad to worse. We left the Bretonnian mud and finally made it to a real city, only to leave it the same day and travel to the worse part of the world. Sylvania is province of the Empire on the very east of it. It is a country where it is uncertain who the servant, and who the master is. A land avoided by most. Our destination. Personal journal of Ban Mislav the First April the 23rd 2535. imperial year Tangled Woods, Sylvania

Late in the afternoon, our outriders spotted Ulfius with his carriage. Chaos broke out, and I too succumbed to it. I took the II. brigade in pursuit of the coach, but it was as if the devil chased that carriage, so fast it was. The rest of the army stayed back under the command of my battle standard bearer. We chased the coach which was moving with unnatural speed, through the narrow paths of the Haunted hills. In rare occasions when Ulfius turned to mark our position, I saw his face. He had taken his armor off and was only wrapped in what once was a mantle. His hair was ruined, and the front part of his scalp was bald, while the other was covered by a dirty hood. His face is dry and demented with some sort of a red rash beneath his eyes. His teeth are untended to and his face is randomly interwoven with facial hair. I presume he shaves with a big dagger or a sword. There is nothing planned about his facial expression. The Monster governs his

actions. I will not be a hypocrite, and say that i took the whole 1st army to save a careless knight, I knew there was more to it. Madness. O dark nemesis, worthy of fear. How easy you slay your victims in this land. Our pursuit took all day and all night when we at last reached the river Templa. It was obvious that such a lumbering chariot could not pass over a broad river such as Templa. But the Fiend deceived us again. Just as we were hoping to charge it, the coach started to fly and flew over Templa. Next day the remainder of the army reached our position. Tangled Woods. So, here will the epilogue of this story be written. It is dusk while i write this, and i plan to enter the forest by night. I do not want to wait, but I also do not want Tangled Woods to be amused by the symphony of armor and shields from my shivering men. The boats and a subsidiary bridge are ready to force the river. I have sent the logistics back to Stirland. This will be my last entry in this diary. The next one will be from The Hinterlands, or there won't be one.Â The official war journal of the 1st Army of the Bretonnian HinterlandsThe Recadent Legion, as written by the Battle standard bearer of the armySead Ibn IsmetApril the 23rd/24th 2535. imperial year, midnightRiver Templa, Sylvania

Inset : The speach of Ban Mislav before crossing The Templa river

Yes. I hear them as well. I hear the now, more than ever before. Their vile laughter. Petty joys of even pettier souls. They rejoice, devouring the shame of what now they can only hope to be. Dead for centuries, now brought back into the world, against their will. Nervous, jealous, angry. Yes. Your fears were correct. These pale, leeveless corpses of trees hide exactly them. Lets make our peace with that fact right now, because the uncertainty of doom is worse than its manafestation. The quicker we make our peace with it, the better is our chance to live through this ordeal. Yes. Once we enter it will be dark, unholy and dreadful. The sound of trumpets will be substituted by cold whispers of long dead souls, that promise, threat and deceive. Red eyes in the dark, howling, moaning, visions. All of that. All of that and even worse waits within. And yes, it is terrible. But, permit me to, due to the situation, and the fact that I am the one who is dragging you into this hell, permit me to state a counter argument, on this gloomy and, for now, silent night, a counter argument that is kept in silence as a forbidden book, far from the ears of those to whom it is destined. Cannons that hurl balls of steel across the battlefield powered by some strange powder, eight headed beasts that spit venom and acid, collosall dragons ridden by elves, who are older than our kindgom itself, large magical frogs that tear the very essence of magic, a cannon which is in the same time a deamon as well, immortals who drink human blood to stay allive, a beast that has no form or purpose from the Helpit, a carriage, operated by steam, with all sorts of thick armor hefted to it...Winged deamons from another realty. All of them have found them selves on the otherside of the battlefield, opposing this army. Giant trees that come allive and can tear apart a knight with one arm, monstrous contraptions from Nekhara, goblins that fly through the sky... And what do we have. A sword, a lance, a halberd, a horse and faith in The Lady. A sword. A lance. A halberd. A horse. And, oh yes, faith. Faith in the Lady of the Lake. And so, armed with virtually nothing, we are still here. In the heart of our enemys land. We attack, when it is all but unlogical to cover with fear in our homes. No, we are here, and our banner, don't tremble. IN THE MIDST OF SYLVANIA, BRETONNIAN FLAGS!! Because of all this, imagine now your worse fears. Good. Now lets dismount and kneel. Kill the Tyrant, defy the preeminant, and as always: BRETONNIA PREVAILS! Lets pray.

Personal Journal of Ban Mislava I. Addendum April the 24th 2535. After midnight Crossing river Templa, Sylvania
The fittth day has passed. I lost 1500 florins on account of that robber from Nuln. Brilliant.Â {mos_fb_discuss:22} Â Â Â