

The Song of 11 guts

Tuesday, 07 June 2011

Last Updated Wednesday, 15 June 2011

I always like to write warhammer literature based on actual games, like a literary adaptation of a battle report. I played a game against Ogre Kingdoms in our local league (2500 pts), lost by 400 points difference, and wanted to commemorate it by a limrick. The basic thing which makes this game unique is that my lord managed to slay eleven ogres with a combination of virtue of heroism, savage beast of horrors and the sword of bloodshead, thus breaking my opponents main unit which contained a tyrant, a slaughtermaster and 11 ogres, turning a massacre to a minor loss. The story is linked to the league plot mentioned earlier in the Story of Sir Ulfius. The limrick rhythm is not completely satisfied, but I had a lot to say so I sacrificed the rhythms a bit.

Come near, and hear me well,Â

I bring news from the gates of hell,

Where sword meets the belly,

And turns it to jelly,

There where the undead spirits yell.

The duke bretonnian, a knight of the throneÂ

His valor immaculate, his name well known,

And knights beside him, they did ride,

And common folk also at his side,

In the forest where the spectres moan.

They seek a knight, Ulfius his name,

A vile trick the reason of his recent fame,

He wanted dearly a will to enforce,

Not an evil ritual to endorse,

But fate did play her evil game.

But look ahead, what's that in our sight,

An army of ogres, prepared for a fight,

The duke is resolute, he orders: Ahead

Today the dogs of war, they will be fed

In this grim and sorrow haunted night.

The battle is on, and arrows fly,

The soldiers march, and their brethren die,

And lo a giant comes our way,

Hit by a rock from the trebuchet,

And our warden, charge, he did cry.

We hit the beast, as our wounded crawl,

We rush to slay him, before he takes his toll,

A small cut here, and a deep pierce there,

As he screams like a wounded bear

A moment of silence before the giants fall.

But no, o Lady, in the very center,
A gauntlet of ogres our knights did enter,
They lower lances, stir up steeds,
This is what the battle needs,
But the charge ends short, like a lazy canter.

Ogres roar and realm knights die,
As our pegasi towards leadbelchers fly
The tide of battle is bound to shift,
And with it our demise comes swift,
And the last thing left to do, is try.

The banner's down, and our lieges run,
The day is lost, the deed is done,
But lo, I see, a single knight,
His sword high, his intention right,
His determination bound to stun.

Our lord alone, with a handfull of riders,

Outmanouverd the tyrant with his longstriders,

The bulls and their lord, caught by surprise,

The virtue of heroism being their demise,

I'll tell you more after few cold ciders.

So, to be frank, and quick, and sum it all up,

All our plans came to a full complete stop,

I heard a scream of the archers torcher,

He screamed two times: Gorger, gorger,

Than their banner to the ground did drop.

When the last paragon questing knight fell,

The Prophetess, her fate, she could fortell,

Alone against the Ogre bulls,

Armed with awful killing tools,

She said her prayer and cast a spell.

And as she cast her final spell,

She fell down, but she casted well,

The duke burned bright, like the very Ptolos,

As he was transformed into the beast or Horros,

And a stench of vengeance in the air I could smell.

The pegazi failed, and so did the archers,

We went ahead and charged gnoblar fighters,

And all of it seemed sad and lost,

The battle over with a heavy cost,

Until the duke charged the ogre masters.

You remember the lord? the savage beast,

Heroic virtue ready for a bloody feast,Â

He stroke hard the angel of heaven,

Stroke with vigor and killed eleven,

As the tyrant and his cook fled to the mist.

He caught them at last, with the Ladys prayer,

Skinned them allive layer for layer,

Battle-stalemate, I say if I may,

The Duke, i have only this to say,

Henceforth he will be known as the Ogreslayer.

