

Round 1 Battle Stories

This is the report of the battles of round 1 there will be stories from each of the battles fought during the campaign but always from the perspective of the victor and written by the victor as excuses are exclusive to losers (though you may refer to them after your next win).

Evil in the Skies – The Battle for the Unknown (round 1)

The triple-tailed meteor was visible in the sky for days, burning with a purple-green hue.

The forces of evil hailed its arrival as a sign that they would soon be in ascendancy throughout the vale & beyond.

To the forces of good & their neutral allies all over the vale, it was a portent of impending doom.

The meteor brought with it a surge of dark magic & bent holes in reality; these have allowed daemons to breakthrough in to the material world & make a foothold. The ill omens continued, with crops tainted, livestock contaminated & mountain regions suffering earthquakes; which had made some of the deeper & richer veins in the mines collapse.

On the third day after the first sighting of the meteor, it began its descent; fortunately the impact area was in an unpopulated area of the vale. The initial landing spot was in the forest, just below Von Karstein Keep. The force of the impact scattered seven distinct chunks of glowing debris towards the jungle region, which borders the lands of the Fenyang Empire.

The trail of the wreckage bisected both The Forest of Averlon & the lands of the Topknot Tribe.

Every empire within the Vale without exception had seen the meteor make its journey to landfall; & those that did not, could not ignore the colossal din of its crash arrival. Almost every domain had sent an expeditionary force to the area to explore; most drawn by the noticeable power that had been deposited by the celestial entity.

The arrival of each of the forces to the region was in haste, meaning immediate coalitions of convenience were formed, to allow for the opposing forces to be dealt with; & for the unknown objects to be claimed. This meant one thing...

To Battle!!!!!!!

(Craig)

Magnus wandered forward, somewhat gracefully for a man that had already experienced death once before. The sometimes fickle magic that bound his legions to him was holding strong.

He nodded.

"Short and fat..." he muttered and smiled.

This tenuous pact with orcs, deamons and crazed god fearing men would suffice for now all that mattered was the prize.

Magnus raised his hand towards the skies, those who had fallen on this battlefield before would make fine additions to his hordes.

Crashes from the distance suggested the savage orcs in the east had found something to keep them occupied. Screams and cries to the unseen gods were replaced quickly with the clattering of hooves directly ahead.

"Horses and Armour..." he sighed a smirk twitching onto his pale face.

The divisions swelled with the recently deceased warriors that stood against mounted men just moments ago. Magnus turned to face the Kingdoms knights.

This wouldn't be too much of a bother, a mere inconvenience.

The mounted knights who showed such steel and resolve just moments before are trampled under the pursuing undead

The bind to the his forward divisions was stronger than before. Those that perished found new purpose amongst the Covenant ranks. The undead regiments had secured two parts of the meteor that seemed to be the cause of the unnatural events unfolding during the conflict and these would need to be inspected later as there were enemy and ally to deal with. Walking forests and pointed eared men alike run after testing their might against an ever growing, ever advancing enemy.

"Tall and slender..."

Bark or flesh..."

Deamons stream forward, pursuing dwarfs and elves.

Undead wolves snap at stranded Dwarven forces.

"They will all fall to the Covenant"

Magnus grins.

Ollie

Battlelines were drawn on that fateful night between two great alliances. Zarthak's small force heard wind of a large enemy presence in the local area no doubt drawn to the meteor fragments as they had been. He had managed to find allies in a local rat man (potential slave) and lesser vampire and their cohorts to allow enough power to effectively combat the pathetic forces of good. The rat was very keen to enter the sunken graveyard in the valley below to search for glowing rocks. It must be these that had drawn the enemy also, visibly milling around uselessly with the arrogance that only elves possess. It was a force of skeletons that had drawn the vampire's attentions. More troops for his unbreathing horde, if only he could wrestle control from his sandy counterpart. Nobody knew why the undying dynasties were tolerating the elven presence.

The plan was simple, swarm down into the valley and murder every elf in sight. The spoils would be shared three ways to any leader still standing come the end. With an almighty clash of thunder the march was signalled. A thunderstorm that did not abate throughout the carnage. Zarthak led his slaves well, holding a flank admirably against superior power, murdering elves easily with his superior weaponry. Cavalry and spearmen alike were gunned down into the mire. An upstart elf in ridiculous garments rode at Zarthak, watching his immortal kin drop from their saddles as they charged. He was a worthy enemy, keeping Zarthak amused for many hours in a duel until finally the Vizier grew bored and called the retreat of his men. His job was done, why waste his time further to fight on?! The growing undead horde and ratkin had secured the day in the centre and right flank. Zarthak knew he would return to the dark mine with a good haul to start work on a new town to grow his power. Strong alliances had formed, perhaps these rats with a love of slavery could find common ground after Zarthak had gifted them gold. The vampire sent by the northmen could also be an asset if he could lend a few zombies for the mines. Again, he is owed plenty after giving them a large portion of his share of the findings in exchange.

Lee

The weakling enemy army rode up as the skies threatened thunder from above. My warriors faced off against pathetic human knights and their long eared allies. As soon as we were in line we marched forwards. Lightening marked our advance and men fell without a sword being swung.

My closest enemy were the fey dryad creatures so we charged and chased them back to their forrest homes.

My raiders covered my rear and my hounds my right. As we turned in the forrest the heavens hammered at us and all around, men cooked in their own armour as they were struck by blue bolts from above

Staggering to our feet we charged a unit of pristine elven knights who had yet to sully their "grandness" with glorious battle. They were chased by a pack of Khorne's favoured but the daemons perished so it was left to us to kill them all and so we did. Their leader barely escaped with his life, fleeing from my axe like the girly elf he is.

Once again lightening decimated us and I was left alone as my men died around me. My lucky shield dispersing a bolt so fierce my skin singed and blackened but still I stood. I chased the fleeing princeling, my raiders behind, mocking him and flinging axes.

At last he turned to charge, realising he could not escape and so mustering courage as a cornered rat must. I evaded his lance and sword easily. My men howled for me to finish him with savage glee on their faces, yet I could not. My axe swung true and strong but his armour held and that was it. He rode past swifly into the darkening day and angry skies.

"I'll finish you lordling!" I cried as he ran. I ordered my men to cease and sheathe their weapons.

"My name is Yargaer and I will find your home and burn you and all within to the ground. I'll rip off your ears as

trophies and sow them to my arse!"

The coward didn't look back and just rode back into the grey.

With the battle over and the mangled, lightening blacked corpses still smouldering all around me, I turned to my raiders and held out my hand.

Hafnulf, my somewhat trusted man, tosses me a heavy bag with a cocky grin. I catch and open it, and for a second just stare at the contents. The glow from within lighting my helm from below, behind it, my grin spreads as wide as an axe wound on my enemies...

Campaign Round 1 Story: Andrew Huntley's Ogres vs Llyr's Sylvan Elves.

Since leaving the Treedom, the Sylvan host of The Five Seasons had learnt a great many things. With their skill at tracking and stalking, they had picked up a nearly invisible trail of the thieves that had infiltrated their home, and taken 7 of their sacred ancient blue stones. They had followed this trail across the land, quietly becoming part of the landscape and avoiding detection. After many days searching, the trail brought them to a clearing, and a site of pure violence. It had once been a camp with a fire at its hear and sleeping arrangements encircling it. However, what the elves saw was evidence of a scene of mad carnage, a battle, and death. Blood, broken weapons, and discarded worthless items were strewn aimlessly everywhere. After some searching, the Sylvan host did not find their precious blue stone relics, but found a more destructive easier pray to track, follow, and terminate.

From the point of view of Erryn ap Llywelyn (general).

Lightning danced through the night sky like a torrent of icy blood. Huge flashes of light, followed by monstrous roars filled the sky. The wind whipped past everything, throwing debris and sound and a chill in our faces.

Through the trees and over the hills we saw our quarry. We had not caught them unawares, but they knew full well what we were after. One of the blue stones rested with their general in one of their brutal units. Behind them they had a mass of snoltings. Protecting their flank, they had a unit of their elite units, wielding enormous swords that could split a tree in half. They were willing to fight and protect their new cargo, even if they did not understand it. Its power was potent enough even for these dim whited brutes to sense.

Where the other 6 relics were would be a question that will have to wait until this immediate battle was over. The important thing to concentrate on right now was that one of the ancient stones of power was within my grasp and I was going to retrieve it no matter what it took.

Given the circumstances, the ogres looked truly terrifying, with their massive bellies and oversized weapons. Strength was their friend, but they would pay for their lack of discipline and bulky, slow mass.

I signalled orders for the autumn arrows and the dryads to flank to my right, using the hill for a good line of sight, and a building to block any flank threats. I knew the autumn arrows mark would be true, and the dryads would tear into the soft flesh of the brutes if given the opportunity.

I took the ice shards with me to take cover in a forest. I knew there were other pockets of trees that we could escape to if need be. The item my mother had given me upon departing would be very useful as the battle unfolds I was sure. The plan was simple, concentrate fire on the brutes with the blue stone, whilst leading the elite unit away, before sweeping in and reclaiming the blue stone.

After setting up position, the night sky came alive once more with a hurricane of sound. Lightning struck the autumn arrows and the ice shards instantly killing some of our brothers and sisters. Without losing their resolve, we kept firing our feared black arrows into the brutes, whilst the heavens danced. A huge bolt of lightning hit one of their and the brute screamed silently in its death throes as it was burned alive by the energy of the storm.

We kept firing. Even with an inferno of wind and noise our skill with the bow was too much for the ogres and they broke leaving the blue stone where it was. As they fled, they hit their mass of scraggly filth causing them to panic and flee far away from the battlefield, leaving only the absence of their presence behind.

Luck was on our side as I lured the elite ogres towards me and simply activated my mother's talisman, uttering the words she taught me to reincarnate. Mist began clouding our vision and I felt a certain weightlessness. The mist cleared, and just as I promised, we were amongst another thicket of trees far away from danger and ready to reign more arrows down on the foe.

Lightning flashed again, and again we were struck not by lightning this time but by the forest itself, the storm was causing thick branches to break and land and crush some of our number.

As the brutes rallied and tried to reclaim their stolen relic, the dryads swooped in for a vicious charge letting loose weeks of frustration at the simple half giants. They did this twice, once into the front of their general's units causing them to break and flee and catching them, and again into the flank of the elites with their massive weapons. The storm proved too much for the elites and failed to swing a hit on the allusive dryads.

Luck, tenacity, and a will to win was what carried the day for the sylvan elves. With the relic reclaimed, the journey

back to the freedom can begin. Protecting the blue stone and ensuring its safe return will see the mission completed. However, these hulking half-whits cannot be the ones who infiltrated their freedom originally. That means that here is still a hidden enemy out there who know and understand the secrets of their freedom. They possibly still pose a threat and until I found out who that threat is, my rite of passage will not be complete.

They did not kill all of the ogres in the war party. They managed to track some of them down and prize some information about the other 6 blue stones from their overly large gregarious mouths. What The Five Season warband learnt was truly fascinating and would tumble them once more onto danger's path.

The Ratmen of Ratsputin's Horde

He resented the council every step of the way back to Hellsprawl. They had positioned his mission as a simple locate and recover operation but one he would be well rewarded for. The shattered remains of his forces and his bloodied snout attested to the mission being anything but simple but successful he RATSPUTIN!!! had been.

It was obvious from moment had arrived near the fragments of the meteor he was sent to retrieve that he would have to be at his best. The area of the landing zone was heavily wooded and the buildings that did remain were in a state of disrepair or ruins. There were 2 fragments of the meteor located quite close to each other and could be easily obtained.

"Curses, they have all seen magic stone fall-fall from dark sky" Ratsputin said to Pestico as he observed the other armies converging on the craters that held the precious objective. "Bone men and pointy ears working together, to many for us to kill stab" Ratsputin continued " Dwarf slavers and fang toothed corpse raiser prove though-hard to fight even if we kill-dead the bonemen and pointy ears". Pestico offered forth a solution "why we not ask-tell the Dwarf things and fang tooth to join us and make deal-pact. Dwarfs are slavers like make-take so share that and easy negotiate with leader-boss of the deadmen" Ratsputin was impressed and a little concerned by his right pawed rat's sudden political acumen but it was a fine idea and one he would be passing off as his own if it worked. The icing on the cheese wheel was that he could send the shadow walkers to do the negotiating so if they failed and got killed he would be rid of their spying antics.

The ragged alliance was formed rat bone and dwarf marched against the massed missile troops of the enemy. Shooting and fireballs rained down from the enemy ranks both the shadow walkers and Skwaark's Remnants dropped like flies but where as Skwaark's Remnants had the numbers to shake the casualties off the walkers could take no more and soon departed the battlefield. The sight of the sling armed spies fleeing brought a smile to Ratsputin's face, "that will not look favourably for them in my report to the council" he thought. The brotherhood of the rusty blade had taken light casualties up until this point so attempted to bring the enemy to bear in combat and end the rain of arrows. The charge stumbled on the churned up earth of the meteor crater. This was a happy accident as they stumbled on part of the meteor they were looking for but in doing so open themselves up for a counter charge by the elves and mounted skeletons. The combat held for quite some time as Ratsputin fought in a challenge against the wood princess. She was faster and supernaturally tough through her incantations but he had survival instincts of his kind and also had arcane aids from his amulet. The combat was finally swayed from the intervention of their vampire allies who cleared the treewomen and de-stabilised the skeleton horsemen. The triumph from running down the tree spirits was short lived as in the very next maneuver the undead slammed into the rear of the brotherhood in an attempt to retrieve the meteor fragment. The act of treachery would have been repeated if he found himself with the same opportunity but this was a betrayal that needed a reply quickly. It was at this point the over confident vampire made his mistake stepping forth to accept the challenge from Ratsputin himself. The combat was a one sided thrashing from ratsputin that ended the debate as to who would be taking the meteor shard home.

The weary paws and sodden robes from the constant rain that had dogged their progress, home thoughts turned to guessing what the council would task him with next maybe the other shards if they found out what this one was or did.

Guiem the daemon master

"At last... the real world..."

Blood... yes my lord, blood... at last, after so many years waiting the daemon can do what he wants to... no, he was doing what he's made for, kill, shed the blood of every being, alive or unborn... and in the wind the only thing that the daemon hears is the voice of his God whispering... yes my son, kill them, give me their blood...

When they crossed to the other side of the veil everything was strange for them, every single aspect of the reality was fascinating for the thirty small daemons, new things to change and pollute, to enjoy and destroy... but not for Dragn'arok, he just exist to destroy, to show to all creation the unstoppable power of his god and, in that state, they reached the battle, a place of horror where their entrance in the real world, or maybe other forces disturbed the

reality itself, with lightnings and fireballs where falling indistinctly, a place like any other to fight. In front of them he can sense the souls of three of the dominant races of the materium: Elfs, fast and arrogant and weak, easy to kill if you are fast enough to catch one, and Dragn'arok is really fast; Dwarfs, stubborn and tough but slow, easy to kill if you are strong enough, and Dragn'arok is really strong; and humans, oooh humans what to say about them... the easiest to kill of all, good sacrifices for the caos god. In their side: Orcs, stupid, useless; Undead, pathetic forms of no life, always searching the immortality; and humans, yes other humans, humans who know the truth, servants of the real gods, the caos gods, the true believers, the most stupid of all, slaves without knowing it...

As he suspected the dam eternity witches had a plan and the already made a pact with one side in this battle without informing him, in other circumstances Dragn'arok could have killed this treacherous scum but not now, there was a battle and he was already riding into it. Arcaron and his sword, that's all what the daemon needed, no time for wait for the others.

First he was faced for a group of dwarfs, old and good warriors, brave and weak, as all the mortals, unable to put a single wound in Dragn'arok's body, he killed seven of them before the rest fled from him. Unlike the mortals who serve his god Dragn'arok is not consumed for the frenzy, he is wrath incarnated and can control his body, instead of chasing the cowards he turned to his right side and charged a group of elves... not a single one of them survived and without stop his charge he overuned into a new enemy, something new, something different, Dryads, spirits of the forest, something really similar to a daemon, something fun to kill. That battle was glorious, Dragn'arok with the unexpected help of some undead corpses needed all his strength to finish the forest sons.

At that point the battle was a living nightmare, half of both armies where already destroyed, by sword or by magic, divine punishment in form of fire and thunder. The daemon was tired, wounded, but one more enemy stand in front, the dryad matriarch, followed by her dryad maidens. Others maybe might have considered to stay and wait, for help, for an opportunity... others, not him. He charged and jumping the traps placed in the forest he challenged the matriarch. She accepted and with a wave of her hand her skin turned into stone and attacked, fast, faster then the daemon, with a power enough to destroy a Bloodthirstier. All was decided, he accepted his dead... but at the last moment, the spirit forest failed. Without losing time the daemon I throw a thrust to the spirit throat, but her new stoned skin was really resistant, was Arcaron, his crusher, the old gift of his god who broke that magic and finally the daemon defeated his enemy. With his master defeated the rest of the dryads fled, disappearing into the forest... And with that the battle finished... with a victory for the Wrath god, and with an smile his master more power was received by Dragn'arok and a new champion for the eviscerators, Tk'arr was appointed.

-Gooooood, good, he was indeed the chosen one, was an smart choice to bring him with us- Aedeb, the oldest of the eternity witches laughed, with all that sacrifices his power will grow enough to become the leader conclave, a champion for his brothers and with this new power he opened, a bit more the portal to the other side.

After a time, a blink for a mortal, a full era for a neverborn, another group of horrors appeared, their other half, the destiny seekers, another conclave, the opposite of the eternity witches and with them their master, Galastyx.

-You have done well brothers, now, shall we begin?...

Rhys

Malik marched forth with his finest warriors following him behind.

Armed with great weapons and eager for blood, they stood atop the hillside, gazing at the foes who dare too stand in their way.

with the rest of his forces scattered across the field, he marked his first kill, in a click of his fingers he summoned the winds of magic, too cast a molten ball of fire and launched into the direction of lady fat cunt and her body card. As the fiery explosion engulfed the knights, he grinned, then only too have his moment of triumph shattered.

The knights stood unharmed, in challenged.

On the far left flank, the barbarians assisted the orcs, in trying too seize the flank, becoming lost and confused they ended up becoming bogged in a small swamp, pressing forward through the volley fire coming from the dwarfs and human guns, they broke free of the swap and hastily marched towards the human gunners.

with their target insight, the Marshall galloped forward in hope too catch the barbarians in the flank too head them off but in a quick reaction the barbarians turned their blood lust towards the Marshall.

as the barbarians changed their course towards the Marshall, the Marshall tried too flee in terror but was engulfed in the horde.

He fell to the ground, only too be chopped in to pieces by the swings of their axes, his horse skinned for pelt and its flesh for food.

In spite of killing their general, his head was aloft the banner, blood soaking it red stains, his skin becoming pale. A true trophy for the gods.

Malik marched his warriors forward in aid of his allies, zombies and their general on his left, the demons of the gods too his right, he felt unstoppable, as he went too draw the powers of magic, in a desperate strain, battle of mind. he could not gather enough strength too again try to turn the knights into molten boiling flesh, still dazed from the strain. He lost focus of what was happening, coming round and reforming him self he turned too see the knights in a full on charge directed at him and his warrior's, with no time too prepare or order his warriors too flee, he was overcome by the stampede.

his warriors left disordered, they tried too flee with their lives but only too be cut down in the aftermath.

Malik was slain in the chaos, left lifeless on the floor, his followers gone, there was no one too save him...the gods showed him no mercy.

With the Marshall dead, the barbarians turned their attention too the knights guard the flank of the hander gunners but in the shock of their general dead the knights retreated in shock of the events only too rally a few yards back, with hopes of avenging the fallen general, they turned too face there enemy, they was greeted with the sight of savages, coated in blood, flailing weapons, screams of anger and a head aloft a pike.

The barbarians smashed into the knights, knocking too off the riders too the ground, only too be hacked apart and their heads too be more trophies of their triumph.

realizing they was wrong too turn too face the horde, they tried too flee, only too be chased, cut down and sent too the slaughter.

Even tho the sorcerer laid dead, the battle was won, blood was drawn and they forces which opposed them laid too waist. They gathered the body of their fallen general, too return too the fortress with tales of tragedy but with victory in the hands.