

Battle in the North

The snowy winds howled as the eerie cry of the mountain eagles echoed throughout the mountains. On the high mountain steeples, the sound of battle could be heard as the Nords and Dwarves of Skrijaheim waged war against the Dragonians and Dwarves of Arkathia, javelins cutting through the air to reach their marks as shields were shattered and spears were splintered, warhammers and battleaxes smashing against one or the other.

Korelgan ran up the mountain steeple that was free of any battle, towards the precipice. There, the eagles cried again from somewhere beyond the snowy haze as Korelgan witnessed the bloody battle far below.

Nords pitted against Dragonians, and Dwarves of Skrijaheim and Arkathia fighting to kill each other. Korelgan watched with fear for his homeland. He then heard cries on the wind that belonged not to an eagle, but to Nords. Korelgan turned around quickly and saw that Nordic warriors were advancing up the steeple towards Skarith Pass, the gateway from the border mountains to Arkathia.

Korelgan drew his halberd as he cried out to the skies above, running at the Nordic warriors without fear. As the Nord leader hurled his spear at Korelgan, he dove right and the spear flew past him.

Korelgan rolled across the soft, cold snow and stood up swift, dragging his halberd along with finesse as he brought it up in a wide vertical arc, cutting through the first Nord from ground up. Korelgan then kicked the next Nord off the cliff, the screams of the Hume echoing off the mountain's cold cliffs.

Korelgan then brought the axehead of his halberd towards the south and swung it around in a horizontal arc coming from the east, spinning full circle as he struck the next Nord with the axehead, lodging the blade of the axehead firmly in the side of the Nord. The Nord screamed as his steel armour shattered apart and blood splattered across the axehead.

Korelgan then pulled the halberd free as the leader ran at him. Korelgan raised his halberd to block the Nord's greatsword, their weapons locking strong as the wind continued to howl past them.

"Come off it, lizard! Your kind is fighting a losing battle!" The Nord taunted. Korelgan snarled and then kicked the Nord below the belt, sending the Nord sprawling on the snow. Korelgan then pulled out a horn and ran to the peak of the Skarith Mountain.

As Korelgan ran, the snow began to change to cold stone bricks as he reached the ruined steps that lead up to the ruins of the Skarith Skyshrine. Korelgan began to breath heavier as he moved over to the beacon.

Taking one deep breath, Korelgan then breathed pure flame upon the oily wooden obelisk inset at the top of the Skyshrine. The oil caught alight, and suddenly a pillar of smoke and flame erupted from the beacon, a firelight that could be seen as far as Vohemund Temple.

Korelgan then raised the horn quickly as the eagles cried, taking one more deep breath, the wind screaming around him as the snow fell harder, the blizzard beginning to grow angry. Korelgan then pushed the horn's mouth against his own and blew as hardest he could. A rumbling noise erupted from it that echoed off the mountain cliffs throughout the Border Mountains.

Korelgan slowly lowered the horn as he looked out over the mountains, all falling silent, save the blizzard that even then fell quieter.

Suddenly, there was an ear piercing roar from above, and Dragonians and Dwarves of Arkathia alike shouted to the sky with praise in reply. Arkath, the Dragon-God of Flame, Fiery Guardian of the North, had been summoned.

He descended, scales and wings the colour of glistening obsidian, veins of fiery magma trailing all over his majestic yet fearsome body. He landed upon Skarith Shrine, Korelgan bowing before him as Arkath roared once more, and more roars from the sky echoed his call.

Suddenly, other Dragons came to heed his Kingly summons, swooping down to destroy the invading Nords and Dwarves of Skrijaheim, as the Dragonians and Dwarves of Arkathia, laid down their arms for a moment and bowed in awe towards ancestors and deities respectively, before resuming the battle.

Warhorns began to sound the retreat, as the Nords and Dwarves of Skrijaheim could see that their battle was a losing one. They fled for their lives, in slight hopes they would escape with their lives and their tails between their legs.

The Dragons set flight in pursuit and breathed curtains of fire when they were certain that none of the Dragonians and Dwarves of Arkathia were among the enemy, their flaming breath setting many on fire, before they swooped down and began to feed upon the stragglers.

Arkath let out another ear-splitting roar as Korelgan and the Dragonians and Dwarves of Arkathia far below let out their own cries of glory and victory, filling the skies with their voice as the other Dragons then joined them.

It was over.