

The Battle is to the Strong

A fierce and cold wind blew a gale across the lost winter mountain landscape, carrying the cries of eagles upon its harsh back. As the northern winds howled like an unforgiving beast, the sound of true battle could then be heard.

Sluiiick!

The Nordic warrior was the first to fall to Korelgan, the Dragonian swordsman holding a fortuitous stance against both blizzard and opponent, as the warrior succumbed to the vicious wound dealt across his chest. But the Dragonian did not stare at his opponent beyond his frightened eyes, seeing a soul flicker in fear of being sent to the Gods, for but a bare moment before his own eyes were affixed once more upon his goal, his destination.

Every battle is my journey to Glory...

He tightened his grip on his mighty sword the length of a young Hume, old and weary leather boots trudging through the snow that would try and deny him his steps through the battlefield. The northern winds still breathed fierce through the small pass as Nords of the opposition and Dragonians akin to Korelgan did glorious battle, the rugged land so blanketed with white was slowly becoming painted red with the blood of both sides.

Each fight is an honour....

Korelgan roared a mighty battle cry as another warrior lunged at him to engage in combat, wielding axe and shield at the ready. Korelgan slowed at the last moment of the warrior's swing, the tip of the axe barely skimming treacherously across his cuirass of steel. Barely a moment passed as the warrior realized he had missed and opportunity so precious as life, that his own would be ended. In those next few moments, Korelgan had stared into his opponent's eyes so fearful as the last, before his weapon cleaved clean through flesh and rendered head from body in a single and swift swing.

And each foe killed is a step closer...

Korelgan took a few seconds for short respite as the decapitated corpse fell limp upon the soft snow, baptized by virtuous battle so praised by the people of the north before its soul made its journey to the other world. Korelgan then looked around him as the biting blizzard gnawed at his scales with ice, his expression mournful of losses sustained by his people.

But a battle is never easily won, just as a destination is never so simply reached...

Korelgan then turned to the sound of a courageous horn being blown, contesting with the relentless gale as more warriors cried out in vigour, rallying before the great arch gates at the end of the pass so near. Korlegan looked to his kin as they finished off their enemies and gathered at his sides.

However... I am not alone...

All fell silent save the ever present breath of the wintery mountains, as Dragonians gathered together with weapons ready. The Nordic Thane stood at the head of the warriors, letting out a mighty battle cry to kindle a sparking morale. Korelgan did the same, leading his companion kin in a glorious roar in response to the challenge and hence began the charge, as for the first time the howling winds were challenged by the cacophony of many boots crunching upon snow.

But like all Journeys, we must be prepared to take the burden of pain...

After moments to which surging adrenaline deadened all sound spare the pounding of the heart, the forces collided in a deafening clash, warriors of both sides becoming speared, slashed and dismembered by weapons of war. Korelgan cried out in anger and pain as one of the Nords landed a blow on his side with a heavy battle axe, his armour shattering beneath the force and momentum as his blood drew from an ebbing wound in his side.

Wounds are given, but scars are earned...

Korelgan did not falter. With the strength of the mountains and the ferocity of the winds, Korelgan embodied what his people were known for: Never giving up. He plucked the lodged axe free of his fractured cuirass and slammed it down in a split second, lodging the axe blade in the warrior's head and kicking him down to come upon more opponents. Korelgan roared out once more, a mighty dragon's roar, as he continued the fight and striking down more enemies with a vigour in his blood.

Because in victory, there is glory to be found...

Sluiiick! Clshiunk...!

Korelgan's breath matched the heavy winds as he stared into the eyes of the last enemy, blank terror to be found akin to the first and second who fell before the same blade the Dragonian still held firmly, even then. Slowly the blifeless body fell to the snow, a last soul being returned to its maker. At that moment, the Dragonians all cheered at the conclusion of the battle, and even Korelgan too smiled despite his wounds.

For we fight to find what we gain from the back of our steel and blood of our wounds.

Our endeavours will always end with glory.