Book of Crystal Bindings

The Ever Victorious Army

The Ever Victorious Army is made up of a multitude of individual demons, but always acts as one and is always summoned as a whole body or fighting force. It is of the Essence and substance of Karakan and is though to dwell in the third of the seven Sword Planes ruled by this most puissant of deities and his mighty generals.

The summoning must take place on a parade ground or hirilakté arena at least two hundred paces wide and long, consecrated by being washed all over with the blood of tlekku with at least one spot of white fur on their bodies, the mark of the blessing of the Good Gods.

A tripod of steel rods is to be placed in the centre of this parade ground, and a bound prisoner, who must be a warrior talented enough to have killed five men with his own blade, sat beneath it wrapped head to foot in scarlet ribbons.

The summoner then recites the following poem (in Bednjallan):

Victory is thy destiny, victory thy fate,

Enemies’ names are written in sand,

The wave of war will wash them away,

They shall be forgotten, but not the deeds

Of the Ever Victorious Army, Masters of All Sanguinary Fates.

While his second-in-command strikes the three struts of the tripod with a steel sword hard enough to make sparks fly.

At the summoning the seated warrior will suddenly transform into a host of tiny soldiers a mere choptse (13mm) high carrying weapons tipped with tiny sparks of white light. These will spread out along the parade ground, forming up into companies and regiments, each behind a tiny banner decorated with red butterfly wings as our own banners are with Kheschal plumes.

One unit, the regiment of guards, will march forwards, their Kerdu at their head with a panoply of trumpeters and drummers behind him. These will ‘speak’, the noise of their military band mimicking human speech at a volume loud enough to understand.

The Army will take on any task they are asked to perform and will always succeed at it, and always asks the same price – that any casualties among their number are replaced by the summoner, the persons so designated being magically transformed into a tiny warrior of the Ever Victorious Army. They prefer young men as replacement recruits, but will accept women, the elderly and even children if none are available.

Once given their task the army will march off to battle, often summoning extra troops from their home plane for specific tasks. They can deploy ships and siege engines, and use minute carts pulled by large beetles as transport.

If the warriors of the army are examined close up it will be seen that each has a human like head with bulbous red multifaceted eyes like an insect, four arms, two with tiny hands and two with serrated blade-like claws, and two legs like a grasshopper. They also have four wings, which their lighter troops can use to fly. Many are equipped with armour made of dyed beetle hide and wear helms with the wings of gnats and midges as plumes. Collectively they have the powers of Aeriality, Denuding, Disjection, Guarding, Marshalling, Warring and Electrocution.

As noted the Ever Victorious Army is always successful, but this success may come only after a long period of conflict. When summoned in 232 AS to combat a plague of locusts sweeping across the province of Urusái they met the enemy in three mighty set piece battles and won in a mere seven days, but when deployed against the Warlord of Yuchu’ki their sappers took thirty years to reduce his sandstone citadel to a mere dune taking one grain of sand away at a time each.

Their soldiers may be tiny but they do not underestimate their effectiveness. The Iron Duke of Tsochse dressed all his guards in articulated steel, but it took a mere dozen EVA heavy infantry to slay them with their spark-pikes.

Beware the clause about providing replacements, and do not ask too much of the EVA. As noted the EVA always wins, but it may suffer horrendous casualties along the way and there is no way of stopping them once battle begins. The Mihalli say there is a plane of deserted cities and wasted fields where the inhabitants summoned the EVA to fight off Cthaggan the One of Flame. They won, of course, but only after 350 years of slaughter and taking every last living being on the plane into their army as a replacement for a lost soldier.