**Coming Home**

“*Too long have they plagued our homeland. Too long we have waited.*

*To long they have lived. Charge!* ”

They came with an unimaginable force. They would not be stopped, their time had come! Yet Commander Tresdin couldn’t help but fear that Slyrak would stand in his way. He had been very touchy lately, especially for a big man like him. As the castle door flew off its’ hinges there was a loud roar “*For the king!*” they charged as the orcs desperately scrambled away trying to find an escape.

Little did Tresdin know that a quarter mile back fleets of the worst creatures imaginable were charging with an obvious intent.

As they met the walls arrows pierced the air, taking out at least a fifth of Tresdin’s men. It would take a miracle, Tresdin’s eyes told you that, however his commander instinct kicked in, If his was going down, he was going with not a battle, but a war. He split his troops, one half to finish off those in the hall, the rest to charge at the attackers.

They fought long into the night, battlefield was lit by the golden glow of burning buildings. Tresdin saw their leader, Pondge, and charged straight at him. Pondge was a big bag of meat, he stank with flies constantly around him. There were hooks of metal holding him together, but the most frightening thing was his blooded hook, once it got you he had you like a trapped fly.

Tresdin had the archers barrage Pondge with arrows, then took the first swing, it hit. In rage Pondge swung his hook, hitting Tresdin on the shoulder, blood splattered everywhere, Tresdin then order a second barrage of arrows, While Pondge recovered Tresdin sent a final blow to Pondge’s head, killing instantly.

The sun soon rose, along with it an army, 10 000 strong, all charging to the enemy. Needless to say they tried to flee, some escaped, most slaughtered. As the battle ended Tresdin came to meet the leader of the charge. His name was Slyrak.

Five years on the City of Tresrak is home to over 10 000 happy citizens. It has a good trade with other big cities and one of the finest battalions known to man. Ruled not by one, but two men: Tresdin and Slyrak.